# Chapter 1

I checked my watch for the third time, confirming I was a full fifteen minutes early to Brad's place. Typical of me—always eager, always first to show up whenever he was involved. My palms left damp prints on the steering wheel as I drummed my fingers against the leather.

I needed to get it together. It was just a hike with my buddy. The same hot-as-hell buddy I'd been fantasizing about for months, but still.

"Get your shit together, Alan." I tilted the mirror to check my reflection.

My hair looked decent enough, but was it *hot*? I fidgeted with the dark strands until they looked artfully disheveled rather than just messy. I blew into my cupped hand and sniffed, then popped a mint in my mouth. The tank top I'd chosen showed off my arms nicely. All those extra swimming sessions had been paying off. I wanted him to notice.

My eyes darted between my phone and his door, watching for any movement.

The blinds of his apartment were drawn. Was he awake yet?

Our hiking trip had been his idea. "Let's hit the mountain trails while the weather's still good," he'd said, slapping my shoulder in that casual way that sent electricity through me. Just thinking about it made my dick twitch inside my navy hiking shorts.

I looked down at the growing bulge.

"Seriously? Now?" Going commando had been either the best idea ever or the worst, but too late now. My cock was already half-hard at the thought of spending the weekend alone with Brad.

I closed my eyes, trying to calm down. Two days of hiking together. Sweaty, alone on mountain trails. Brad in tight t-shirts that showed off every curve of his chest. Brad probably taking his shirt off when it got too hot, those perfect abs on display...

"Fuck." I tried to adjust myself. The last thing I needed was to be at half-mast when he came out.

*Came out. Brad was never going to come out. He has a fucking girlfriend, for fuck's sake.*

Another check in the mirror. Another swipe through my hair. My heart pounded like I was about to go on a first date instead of a casual hike. But there was nothing casual about the way my body reacted whenever Brad was around. The way his shorts stretched across his tight ass when we worked out together. The lingering touches when he spotted me at the gym. The way he'd started finding excuses to be shirtless whenever I was in the locker room.

Shit. This was going to be a long two days.

Just as I was yelling at my boner to behave, I spotted a familiar figure on a bright purple bicycle pedaling down the sidewalk. My heart sank to my balls.

Dave. Fucking "Camp David."

He wore tight spandex shorts that left nothing to the imagination and a cropped t-shirt with "THIRSTY? SUCK ME" emblazoned across it in rainbow letters. I slid down in my seat, praying he wouldn't notice me.

His head turned, his perfectly styled hair not moving an inch despite the breeze. His face lit up like a Christmas tree. Damn, he'd seen me. He swerved his bike toward my car.

He approached with the enthusiasm of a piranha that had spotted blood. I contemplated starting my car and peeling out, but it was too late. He was already tapping on my window with a manicured finger.

I reluctantly rolled it down. "Hey, Dave."

"Well, well, well!" Dave leaned his elbows on the car door, peering in with exaggerated interest. "What are you doing lurking outside Brad's apartment at this ungodly hour? Planning to scale his balcony and steal his underwear? That's my department, honey."

"We're going on a camping trip."

"Camp? Just the two of you?" He fanned himself. "My goodness. All that pitching tents and sleeping in tight quarters."

"It's just hiking, Dave. Nothing—"

"Oh, I bet you'll be helping him erect his tent pole, won't you?" Dave winked. "Sleeping in the same tent? Snuggled up in your sleeping bags? Can be cold out in the woods. You'll need to share body heat."

"Jesus, Dave, it's not like that."

"Sure, sweetie."

"Dave, for fuck's sake." I cut him off.

"You know, it's a shame I wasn't invited on this little excursion of yours. If I was coming along, at least one of you would be guaranteed to get laid this weekend."

The mental image of Dave prancing around the forest in neon spandex with "MORNING WOOD" across the front, made me cringe.

"Hard pass."

"Never pass on hard, darling." Dave leaned further in. "I could help break the ice between you two. I've seen the way you look at him when you think nobody's watching. Like he's a protein shake and you're three days into a cleanse."

"Dave, I swear to God—"

"I'm just saying, honey, I could be your wing-girl."

"Dave. Go. Away. Please. For the love of all things holy, just leave."

Dave straightened up with an exaggerated pout. "Fine! Be that way. But when you're sitting awkwardly by the campfire tonight, both of you too chicken-shit to make a move, you'll wish Camp David was there to help light your fire." He wiggled his hips.

I rolled my window up, not caring if I caught his fingers in it. Dave stepped back, blowing me a kiss through the glass.

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do!" he called as he pedaled away. "Which leaves you plenty of options!"

The front door of Brad's apartment swung open and there he was. Someone had replaced my saliva with sand.

Holy. Fucking. Hell.

He wore the tightest compression shirt I'd ever seen. It clung to every ridge of his torso like it had been painted on, outlining his pecs and the deep cuts of his abs. The fabric strained across his chest.

*Fuck me.*

*Please.*

Tight hiking shorts hugged his ass and showcased his muscular thighs in all their glory. Those countless squats and deadlifts he was always bragging about had paid off. His quads flexed with each step as he headed toward my car, a rucksack slung over one shoulder.

If he slowed down, I could probably knock one out before he reached the car. I was seconds away from—

Brad spotted my car and broke into a grin, raising his hand in greeting. The movement made his bicep bulge against his sleeve. I gripped the steering wheel tighter.

"Get it together." I willed my erection to subside before he reached the car.

He was getting closer now, powerful thighs flexing with each step. I was parched, staring at him like he was an oasis and I'd been lost in the desert for weeks. Hungry and desperate, like it wasn't only three hours since I last jerked off.

I'd woken up at 5 AM, too excited about today. I stumbled to the bathroom, and turned the water to hot.

Under the spray, I'd closed my eyes, letting the water cascade down my chest. My hand had found my cock immediately. Water and pre-cum made the glide smooth and perfect. Fantasy-Brad in the shower with me, his massive body pressed against mine, 8 inches grinding against my ass, sliding between my thighs.

My hand had moved faster, twisting at the head the way I liked it. My other hand cupped my balls, tugging gently as I imagined Brad's fingers there instead.

"Been wanting to fuck you since freshman year." Fantasy Brad says. Fantasy Brad pushes me against the tile, his cock pressing insistently against my hole.

"Hey man!" Reality Brad called out as he reached the car.

"H-hey." Real smooth, Alan. Real fucking smooth.

Brad swung his rucksack into the back seat before turning to me with that cocky grin of his.

"Dude, I've got more gear in the garage. Help me load up?"

I nodded, unable to trust my voice like I was thirteen again.

Brad led me to his garage, while I hung back, trying to think about anything that would kill my erection. Demented politicians. Tax returns. Girls.

"Got my tent and the cooler in here," Brad said. "Better over-prepared than under, right?" He slapped my shoulder. Brad pointed toward the back corner. "Cooler's over there."

I spotted the red cooler. Before I could move toward it, Brad bent over to grab his camping pack from the floor.

His shorts, already tight enough to be illegal in several states, stretched across his ass like they were fighting for their life. The fabric outlined each curve of his muscular glutes in glorious detail. His thighs flexed as he widened his stance for balance, and I could swear I saw the outline of his balls hanging between his legs.

"Can you..." Brad's voice sounded distant through the blood rushing in my ears. "Can you grab that corner? It's caught on something."

He stayed bent over, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, making his ass flex with each movement. The pack wasn't caught on shit: he was just standing there, bent over.

"Alan? You gonna help or just stare at my ass all day?"

"I wasn't—I was just—" Fuck.

"Whatever, dude. Just give me a hand."

*Where do you want my hand?*

We loaded my car, and climbed in. I started the engine, grateful for something to focus on other than the way Brad's body filled the passenger seat. The car was ten degrees hotter with him in it. I pulled away, trying to keep my eyes on the road instead of sneaking glances at his thighs.

"So," I cleared my throat. "How's the training going? Get any new clients this week?"

Brad stretched his arms above his head, making his shirt ride up. "Yeah, picked up three new ones. This one dude though, Caden, total beginner. Fat as a whale. Can't do a proper squat without falling on his ass."

"You'll whip him into shape," I said, gripping the wheel tighter. "You always do."

*Whip him. Whip me.*

"That's the plan. Told him I'd have him doing proper squats in a month. "

"Bet you're great at helping guys improve their form from behind," I said, "I hear you really know how to push them to go deeper."

*Did I really just say that?*

I snuck a glance at Brad, but he was just nodding, scrolling through his phone.

"Yeah, form is everything," he said, missing the innuendo. "Can't build proper muscle without the fundamentals. And a lot of hard work. Getting Caden into shape is going to be hard work, but I need the money to get through college."

"Yes. Hard work. Hard."

His cologne flooded the small space. Something woodsy and expensive. Intoxicating, masculine but with subtle hints of citrus that made my head spin.

Why the fuck was he wearing cologne on a hiking trip? There weren't going to be any girls where we were going. At least, I hoped not.

The cologne grew stronger as he leaned over to adjust the AC vent on his side. His chest was right at eye level, his shirt outlining every ridge and valley of his pecs. I could see his nipples pressing against the fabric.

"Thanks for driving, man," Brad said, settling back. "I need to chill today. Late night last night."

"No problem."

Brad spread his legs wide. His thigh pressed against mine. The pressure sent a jolt straight to my groin. I bit the inside of my cheek to distract myself.

"Sorry," Brad said when he noticed the contact. "Cramped quarters." But he didn't move away.

I felt the solid muscle of his quad, twitching when he flexed.

"Yeah. Cramped."

"This trail we're hitting has some serious elevation." Brad showed me his phone screen with a map. "Gonna be a real leg burner."

"Good thing I've been working on my stamina," I said. "Though I might need you to push me from behind on the steep parts."

*Push me from behind.*

"No problem, man. That's what friends are for."

Again, nothing. Jesus Christ. Either he was completely oblivious or deliberately ignoring me. I didn't know which was worse.

"So the trail's about two hours, right?" I asked.

"Yeah, take the freeway and I'll navigate when we get closer." Brad shifted, making a small grunt of discomfort. From the corner of my eye, I watched as he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his shorts.

"These shorts are riding up," he said, lifting his hips off the seat to adjust himself. A sliver of tanned skin between his compression shirt and the waistband revealed the deep V-cut of his obliques disappearing into his shorts. "Probably shouldn't have gone with the performance fit for a long drive."

I gripped the steering wheel tighter. "Maybe you should've worn something looser."

"Nah, these are perfect for hiking. Just gotta get comfortable."

That's when I made the mistake of glancing over. Brad had his hand down the front of his shorts, obviously repositioning himself. The outline of his hand moving beneath the fabric sent a jolt of heat through my core, and I jerked my gaze back to the road so quickly I nearly swerved.

"Eyes on the road, Alan," Brad chuckled. "I know I'm distracting, but try to keep us alive."

"You wish," I said, trying to ignore how his hand was still lingering at his waistband, fingers stroking the skin there.

The traffic ahead slowed, forcing me to brake. Brad shifted again, spreading his legs even wider. The movement caused his shorts to ride up further, exposing most of his muscular thigh. I could now see the faint dusting of golden hair on his skin, catching the morning sunlight.

"Much better," he sighed. His legs were now splayed wide open, one knee brushing against mine with every slight movement of the car.

The car was like a sauna. Every bump in the road made our legs rub together.

"So which trail are we hitting?"

"Mount Wilson. It's a good hard one." Brad stretched his arms above his head, making his shirt ride up again.

"Oh yeah?" I couldn't resist. "I like 'em hard and long."

Brad nodded enthusiastically.

"Exactly! Nothing better than a hard one to really work up a sweat. Gets the blood pumping, you know?"

I was only too aware of where my blood was pumping. "Definitely into pumping. And coming... up the trail, I mean."

"We should do this more often," Brad said. "I love getting hot and sweaty in nature."

"Yeah, I love getting dirty outdoors."

"The weather's perfect for it today. These shorts are riding up like crazy." Brad tugged at the fabric. His compression shirt rode up, exposing that strip of golden happy trail. "Getting all bunched up in the wrong places, if you know what I mean."

I grunted.

His right thigh pressed more against mine, hot skin on skin. The shorts pulled tighter across his groin, and fuck. Fuck. I could see the clear outline of his cockhead through the fabric.

His hand rested on his inner thigh, fingers dangerously close to the bulge in his shorts. "Maybe I should've gone commando."

I nearly drove off the road.

"So I've been testing out this new routine with my clients," Brad said, his eyes lit with that enthusiasm he got when talking about fitness. "High-volume, lower weight. Really focuses on time under tension."

I nodded, only half-listening as I navigated through a yellow light. Brad's passion for training was usually infectious, but right now all I could focus on was the way his hands moved animatedly as he spoke, those strong fingers that could probably wrap entirely around my—

"You listening, man?" Brad nudged my shoulder.

"Yeah, yeah. Time under tension. Got it." I cleared my throat. "What kind of exercises?"

"It's all about slow, controlled movements. Like for shoulder presses—" He straightened in his seat and started demonstrating the motion, raising his arms above his head.

Now his shirt exposed his entire lower abdomen. His abs were carved from stone, each defined muscle casting small shadows in the morning light filtering through the windshield.

"See how I'm controlling it on the way down?" Brad's voice sounded distant as I forced my eyes back to the road. "That's where the real work happens. The negative. Most guys rush it."

*I'd take it slow, real slow, and then—*

"I've been doing five sets of twelve, really focusing on that slow count," he continued, oblivious to my suffering. "By the fourth set, my delts are on fucking fire."

My dickhead pushed against my waistband, creating an obvious tent.

"Looks intense." The steering wheel kept me from being able to bend forward, and my shorts were too loose to keep anything contained. A small wet spot formed where the tip of my cock pressed against the fabric.

"That's the whole point," Brad said, dropping his arms and letting his shirt fall back down. "If it's not intense, what's the—"

His words cut off. From my peripheral vision, I could see his head turn toward my lap. Fuck. He'd noticed.

The silence stretched between us. I kept my eyes locked on the road, pretending I hadn't noticed his gaze drift to my lap. I gripped the steering wheel so tightly my knuckles turned white, and I forced myself to loosen my hold before I snapped the damn thing off.

"So, Alan…" Brad broke the silence. "Did you get laid last night?"

"What? No," I said. "Why would you ask that?"

Brad shrugged, his shoulder brushing against mine. "Just making conversation, man. You've seemed tense since we left."

*Stop saying tents.*

"No, I did not get laid last night. Not all of us are swimming in pussy like you, man."

"Please," Brad scoffed, stretching his arms above his head again. "You could get plenty if you wanted. I've seen how the girls look at you around campus."

My stomach did a weird flip that had nothing to do with the winding road. "Oh yeah?"

"Yeah, man. Megan is always asking about you. And that redhead—what's her name? Amber?—she practically undresses you with her eyes whenever we're at the gym."

I kept my eyes on the road. What was I supposed to say to that? That I hadn't noticed because I was too busy watching him bench press? That I couldn't care less about Megan or Amber when Brad was walking around campus in those criminally tight workout shirts?

"They're not really my type," I said at last.

"What is your type then? You never talk about it."

If he only knew why I hadn't been getting any "action." How could I tell him that the only person I wanted to fuck till the end of time was sitting right next to me, fondling himself in my passenger seat?

I said nothing, focussing on a truck ahead of us that posed no driving challenge whatsoever. The pressure of his leg against mine burned through my shorts.

But the fact that Brad was keeping such close track of who was interested in me... was he watching me that carefully?

"Just saying. You've got options, man. Plenty of fish in the sea and all that shit."

We were silent as I put my foot on the accelerator and overtook the truck, going too fast.

"Speaking of getting laid," Brad said, a cocky grin spreading across his face, "Jennifer and I hooked up last night."

My heart lurched. Of course he'd fucked Jennifer: tall, blonde, perfect Jennifer, the kind of fitness model body that matched his own.

"Oh yeah? How'd that happen?"

Brad's grin widened. "Met her at Diesel after my evening session. She was looking fucking incredible in those little spandex shorts." He made a chef's kiss gesture with his fingers. "One thing led to another, ended up at her place."

I swallowed the bitter taste in my mouth. *Fucky lucky Jenny.*

"So, are you and Jennifer going steady now?"

Brad burst into laughter, his head tilting to expose the strong column of his throat. "Going steady? Who are you, grandpa?" He slapped my shoulder. "Jesus, Alan, nobody says that anymore."

My cheeks burned. "You know what I mean," I said. "Are you guys like... official now?"

"Nah, man. We're just having fun." His voice softened. "But we've been hanging out more lately. She's pretty cool.. Hot body, you know, and—stuff, you, know."

"That's great," I said, though the words like glass in my throat. "Really great."

"We're getting pretty close. She gets me, you know?"

I stared straight ahead at the road. That familiar ache settled in my chest—the one I felt whenever Brad talked about his conquests. Only this time it was worse. "Just having fun" was one thing. "Getting really close" was something else entirely.

Brad's hand was still on my shoulder, his thumb tracing circles against my skin. Did he realize he was doing that?

"Yeah? So what's she like?"

I imagined Brad's massive dick sliding into Jennifer.

"Fucking incredible, man." Brad adjusted himself again, his hand lingering on the bulge in his shorts. "She's incredible in bed, man. She's so flexible, you wouldn't believe the positions we got into. Had her bent in half, legs over my shoulders..."

My dick straining against my shorts. The image of Brad naked, muscles flexing as he fucked... fuck.

Of course Brad was falling for the girl with perfect flexibility and perky tits. What else had I expected?

"Great," I said. Brad's thigh was still pressed against mine, a constant reminder of what I couldn't have. And what fucking Jennifer had all last fucking night.

"Hang on," I said. "I thought you were having a midnight training session last night?"

"I was!"

The car's AC struggled against the rising heat outside. Sweat beaded at my temples as the sun beat down through the windshield. Brad had cranked his window down, his arm hanging out, fingers drumming against the door. The wind tousled his short blonde hair, making it stick up in places.

"Man, it's fucking hot," he complained, tugging at his shirt collar. The movement exposed more of his collarbone, a glimpse of defined chest muscle.

I nodded, keeping my eyes fixed on the road ahead. "Yeah, AC in this piece of shit can't keep up."

Brad turned toward me. "Hey, you want to know a secret?"

With Brad, "secrets" were usually something that would make me both horny and miserable. "Sure, hit me."

He leaned closer, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper despite us being alone in the car. "We *were* training… you know, trying out some new, er, skills."

I raised an eyebrow, dreading what was coming next.

"She let me put it in her ass. We did anal," he said. "First time for both of us."

My knuckles went white. The image flooded my brain before I could stop it—Brad's muscular ass flexing as he drove into her ass, his strong hands gripping her hips. Fuck.

"You ever tried it?" Brad said, studying my face.

I swallowed hard. "I, uh... not really something I talk about, man."

"Come on, it's just us. I'm telling you everything."

"I'm not into kiss and tell." I focussed on a road sign ahead.

Brad laughed. "Well, let me tell you, it was fucking incredible. So tight, man. Like nothing I've ever felt before.

"She was so nervous at first, but then I got her all relaxed. Used tons of lube, worked her open with my fingers." His eyes had taken on that glazed, faraway look. "When I pushed in... holy shit. She was crying out, gripping the sheets. I thought maybe it hurt too much, but she kept begging me not to stop."

I bit the inside of my cheek hard. The car was ten degrees hotter. The road disappeared. The car swerved.

"Fuck, sorry."

"Keep your eyes on the road, man. Though I get distracted at the gym too. Some of those guys..."

Brad's eyes flicked down to my lap, then quickly back up.

"You've been putting in work at the pool. Looking solid."

The silence stretched between us. Brad reached for the radio dial.

"This quiet's killing me," he said. Static crackled through the speakers as he scanned through stations.

His hot breath tickled my neck, sending goosebumps racing across my skin.

"Nothing good on," he said, his lips so close to my ear that I could feel the warmth.

All I had to do was turn my head and his mouth would be there and—

Brad flicked the radio off with a sigh but didn't move back to his side. Instead, his eyes met mine for a moment. I forced my gaze back to the road.

"Mind if I get comfortable?"

What did that mean? I managed a nod.

"Thanks, man. This drive's longer than I thought it would be."

His breath was still hot against my neck, his body still angled toward mine, his thigh pressing more against my own. The wet spot on my shorts had grown larger, and I silently thanked whatever gods might be listening that I'd chosen dark navy shorts this morning.

"Fuck, Brad," I turned my head, our faces inches apart. "If you keep pressing against me like that, I'm going to have to pull over and do something about it."

Brad's eyebrows shot up, his eyes widening. He broke into a loud bark of laughter.

"Jesus, Alan!" He slapped my shoulder. "That's a good one, man! Didn't know you had it in you."

My face burned so hot I thought my skin might melt off.

"I'm serious," I said.

But Brad was already settling back into his seat. "Fuck, dude, you had me going for a second there! That's hilarious. You sound like Dave. You know that guy? Always making those gay jokes. Everyone calls him Camp David."

My erection wilted as humiliation washed through me.

"Yeah," I forced out. "Just joking around."

Brad punched my arm playfully. "Man, you should've seen your face! So serious! For a second I thought—" He broke into another round of laughter. "Classic, bro. Fucking classic."

If I could disappear, or the earth could open up and swallow me whole... Right now.

"So anyway," Brad finally said. "About Jennifer..."

Brad kept going on about Jennifer's perfect ass, how she'd begged him for more, how he'd made her cum three times. Each word drove a dagger deeper into my chest. I stared at the empty highway ahead.

What the fuck was I doing here? This whole camping trip was a goddamn waste of time. Brad had spent the entire drive so far talking about fucking Jennifer.

And *fucking* fucking Jennifer.

"...and then she started riding me reverse, man. Her ass was bouncing right in my face while she worked my cock. Fucking incredible view," Brad continued.

*Like I give a shit about Jennifer's ass-bouncing technique.*

Three years of friendship, three years of this torture. Watching him parade around the gym in those tight shorts that left nothing to the imagination. Suffering through his endless stories about conquests while I jerked off alone in my apartment later.

There was no way Brad would ever fuck me or let me suck his cock. Even a quick handjob was out of the question. Not in this lifetime or the next.

And here I was, driving hours to some remote campsite with him, still nursing this pathetic fantasy that something might happen between us. That Brad would realize he wanted to *experiment* with his college buddy. What a fucking joke.

"You alright, man? You're gripping that wheel like you're trying to strangle it," Brad said.

"I'm fine," I lied. "Just concentrating on the road."

Maybe after this trip, I'd delete his number, join a different gym, find some other guy who actually liked dick.

I glanced over. His perfect jawline, those blue eyes, the way his shirt hugged his chest. Fuck. Who was I kidding? I wasn't going anywhere.

"Fuck, I need to piss," Brad said. He shifted in his seat again, adjusting himself with an exaggerated groan. "Been holding it since we left."

My eyes flicked toward the horizon where a blue sign appeared, advertising a rest area a mile ahead.

"Want to pull over?" Brad said. "Could stretch our legs a bit too."

*We could stretch* something.

Brad standing next to me at a urinal, his dick in his hand. My dick in my hand. My dick in *his* hand—

I flicked on the turn signal and merged toward the exit. Brad pushing me into one of those dingy single-occupancy restrooms. His strong hands hold me against the cold tile wall, his cocky grin inches from my face. "Been wanting this for so long," he growls before crushing his lips against mine.

His thick fingers dig into my hips, spinning me around to face the wall. His zipper coming down. Hot breath on my neck as he whispers filthy promises in my ear—

"Earth to Alan," Brad's voice broke through my fantasy. "You missed the exit, man."

"Shit." I quickly checked my mirrors and pulled over to the shoulder, preparing to turn around.

"Damn, what's got you so distracted?" Brad's hand squeezed my thigh once before withdrawing. "Must be something good."

If he only knew.

I swung the car into the rest stop, tires crunching over gravel as we pulled into the deserted parking area. Early morning sunlight filtered through the surrounding pine trees, casting long shadows across the empty lot. Not another vehicle in sight. A small, weathered bathroom building with peeling paint and a sad-looking picnic area off to the side.

"Thank fuck," Brad said, unbuckling his seatbelt before I'd stopped the car.

"Fuck, I really need to go," he said, grabbing his crotch and squeezing. The movement made the outline of his shaft even more defined, and I glimpsed the ridge of his cockhead through the material.

"Been holding it since we left," Brad said. "You coming?"

*If only.*

My phone buzzed.

"You go ahead. I'll be there in a minute."

I watched Brad stride toward the restroom, his powerful legs eating up the distance. My phone buzzed in my hand, and I looked down at the notification.

Camp Dave. Fuck.

**Dave:** enjoy the camp! sending you extra lube for that monster aubergine emoji! tell muscle boy if he cant find his jockstrap I know exactly where it is. but it needs a good wash oops-a-daisy #accident #overexcited

*Jesus fucking Christ.*

**Me:** That's fucking gross. I told you we're just friends.

**Dave:** honey, I've opened more closet doors than a hardware store salesman. youre not fooling anyone with those puppy dog eyes every time he bends over at the gym.

I groaned and tossed my phone onto the passenger seat.

But Dave knew.

I imagined Brad. He pushes open the restroom door, the muscles in his back flexing beneath his sweat-dampened shirt. He moves with that familiar swagger—hips rolling, shoulders back, taking up every inch of space the doorway allowed.

I should follow him. That was the plan, right? But my legs felt like concrete, unwilling to move. Instead, I sat frozen. Brad, standing at the urinal, those cargo shorts pushed down to free his dick.

He'd wrap those thick fingers around himself, squeezing as he relieved himself. But then... what if he didn't stop there?

Maybe he glances over to my urinal. See my cock, already hard, waiting for him. Then his hand wraps round his cock, moving slowly at first. His cockhead flushed and shiny, peeks through his fist with each upstroke, getting himself erect. He bites his lower lip, that same expression he got when he was concentrating at the gym, pushing through those last few reps.

His breathing heavier, his broad chest rising and falling. His other hand braces against the wall, forearm muscles flexing with the effort. Or maybe he slides his hand under his shirt, pinched a nipple or traces the ridges of his abs.

Pre-cum leaks from his slit now, making his strokes wetter, the sound of skin on skin echoing in the empty bathroom. He increases his pace, his ass clenches with each thrust into his fist.

I gripped the steering wheel tighter.

My hand fell from the key in the ignition to the gearshift between the seats. The rounded knob fit perfectly in my palm, cool and solid. Without thinking, I let my fingers wrap around it, squeezing gently. The shape, the firmness—I stroked my thumb over the top of the gear knob, pretending it was the swollen head of Brad's cock. My breathing grew heavier as my hand slid down the shaft of the stick, then back up, establishing a slow rhythm. The smooth surface warmed under my touch.

"Jesus," I muttered, realizing what I was doing but unable to stop. My own cock strained against my shorts as I continued to stroke the gearshift, fantasizing it was Brad in my hand. I imagined the sounds he'd make—those deep groans I sometimes heard when he was straining through the last few reps at the gym, but different. More desperate. More needy.

I pumped the shaft faster, my hips unconsciously rising off the seat. Sweat beaded across my forehead as my hand worked the gearshift like it was Brad's thick cock, hard and ready for me.

And then he cums. Bucketloads of his cum shoot into the urinal, onto his hand, onto me.

"Fuck."

This was torture. My balls ached with need, but I couldn't jerk off right here. What if Brad came back and caught me? What if I came all over my car interior? The seats would never forgive me.

I glanced toward the restroom door. Brad had been in there for maybe two minutes. How long did it take to piss? The restroom probably had stalls too. Private spaces with doors that locked.

"Fuck it."

I pushed open my car door, wincing as my erection strained against my shorts. Walking was awkward. I adjusted myself, holding a baseball cap over my crotch. Thank god the rest area was deserted.

The concrete path to the restroom felt miles long. Every step was agony, the friction of my shorts against my sensitive head unbearable. Pre-cum leaked, sticking the fabric to my skin.

The restroom door was heavy, metal and cool against my palm as I pushed it open. The smell of industrial cleaner and damp concrete hit me. The harsh fluorescent lights buzzed overhead, casting everything in an unflattering glow. Brad stood at the urinal, his broad back to me, one hand braced against the wall above.

"Hey man," he said without turning. "Decided to join the party after all?"

"Yeah," I said, my eyes fixed on his back, watching the muscles shift beneath his tight shirt.

I shuffled to the urinal furthest from him, leaving two empty ones between us. Standard men's room protocol. Nothing to see here. Just two bros taking a leak.

I unzipped with trembling fingers, careful to angle my hips forward to hide my erection. There was no way I could piss like this: I was rock hard, the head of my cock slick with pre-cum. I stared at the grimy wall in front of me, focusing on the cracked tiles and remnants of graffiti someone had tried to scrub away.

"Fuck, I needed that," Brad groaned, the sound echoing off the tiled walls and straight to my dick. "Should have gone before we came out."

I tried to keep my eyes fixed forward, but my peripheral vision betrayed me. I caught glimpses of Brad at the urinal; his stance wide, hips pushed forward. And his cock... Jesus. Even soft, it looked thick, hanging heavy from a nest of golden hair. Much bigger than what I'd caught fleeting glimpses of in the locker room.

The sound of his stream hitting the porcelain echoed through the bathroom, steady and strong. My cock twitched uselessly. You can't piss with a hard-on.

Brad sighed. "Fuck, that feels good."

The fluorescent lights flickered overhead, casting shadows across the floor between us.

I stole another glimpse of Brad's thick cock as he shook the last few drops free.

He turned his head, catching me red-handed, staring at his junk.

"Dude," Brad laughed, his voice echoing off the bathroom tiles. "You checking out my dick?"

I snapped my gaze forward, staring intently at the graffiti scratched into the wall above the urinal.

"What? No, man. Just zoning out."

"Sure. Whatever you say. Not surprised. Girls always want to see it." He turned toward me, leaning one shoulder against the wall. "Can't blame 'em. Pretty impressive, right?"

I kept my eyes fixed on the wall in front of me.

"They all love it," he continued. "Big enough to get the job done but not so huge it hurts them… unless that's what they want… And I know how to give it them." He chuckled. "Makes 'em cum so hard they forget their own names."

Images flashed through my mind of Brad naked, working over some faceless woman, his thick cock sliding in and out, hands gripping hips, that confident smirk never leaving his face.

Before I could stop myself, the words tumbled out:

"What about men?"

The question hung in the air between us.

"I just meant—" I tried to backpedal.

Brad's laughter echoed off the bathroom walls, cutting through the tension. My heart hammered in my chest as I waited for his response, my cock hard in my hand.

"Men? Shit, that reminds me." He zipped up, still chuckling. "Funny story. Last week I was in the gym showers, right? I come out and catch that dude Dave—you know, Camp David. Straight-up sniffing my jockstrap."

"What?"

"No joke. Dude had my jock right up against his face, taking a deep fucking whiff like it was some fancy wine or something." Brad shook his head. "Should've seen his face when he realized I was standing there. Turned red as fuck."

"What'd you do?"

"Told him he could keep it. Said I didn't want it anymore after his face had been all over it. Poor bastard looked like he was gonna die from embarrassment, but then—" Brad grinned wider, "—motherfucker actually thanked me. Can you believe that shit?"

*Fuck. If I'd known it was that easy, I'd have buried myself in Brad's kitbag, and never come up for air.*

"So yeah," Brad continued. "That's my experience with men. But hey—" He flicked water off his fingers and grabbed a paper towel. "—everyone's got their thing, right? Dave's just a little more obvious about it than most."

I kept my eyes locked on the wall, but I could still see his movements in my peripheral vision. Brad wasn't tucking himself away. He was just... standing there. His cock still out, hanging thick and heavy between his legs. He made no move to zip up, almost like he was giving me a show.

One second stretched into five. Ten. Fifteen. Way longer than necessary to finish up at a urinal.

"Problem with your aim?" he asked, his tone teasing but with something else underneath. His body angled toward me now, making it impossible not to notice he was still exposed.

"Nah, just... give me a minute."

Brad tucked himself away with deliberate slowness. "Take your time, Al. No rush."

I remained frozen at the urinal, my cock still hard in my hand. No way could I turn around now. The sound of the faucet turning on echoed through the empty bathroom as Brad moved to the sink.

"You good over there?"

"Yeah," I said. "Just... give me a minute."

In the mirror's reflection, I could see Brad washing his hands, the muscles in his forearms flexing with each movement. He pumped the soap dispenser twice, working up a thick lather between his palms.

"Take your time," he chuckled, his eyes catching mine in the mirror.

I glanced down, pretending to focus on my impossible task. Brad rinsed his hands and then, instead of reaching for a paper towel, he stretched his arms overhead, his shirt riding up to reveal that perfect set of abs again.

"Getting pumped for hiking," he said, bringing his arms down and flexing his biceps in a classic bodybuilder pose. His muscles bulged impressively under his tight white shirt. "Gonna crush those trails today, bro."

He checked himself out in the mirror, tensing his abs into ridged valleys of muscle. His shirt strained across his chest.

Water from the still-running faucet splashed up, soaking the front of his shirt. Dark patches spread across the white cotton.

"Shit," Brad laughed, looking down at himself. He made no move to dry off, instead running his hands over the wet fabric, smoothing it against his skin.

The wet shirt was nearly transparent, clinging to every ridge and valley of his chest. His nipples stood out against the soaked material, hard and visible through the fabric. My erection throbbed with renewed intensity.

"Guess I should've been more careful," Brad said, his eyes meeting mine again in the mirror. He smoothed the wet shirt across his pecs, his fingers circling one nipple. "What do you think, Alan? Too distracting for the trail?"

Brad plucked at the soaked fabric. "Though the breeze might feel good, you know?"

I gripped the urinal harder. My cock refused to soften as Brad continued admiring himself, wet muscles on full display.

Brad looked me up and down, his eyes lingering a moment too long at my crotch.

"Piss shy, huh? It's cool, man." He clapped me on the shoulder, his wet hand soaking through my tank top. "I'll head back to the car."

His palm against my skin sent electricity down my spine. I nodded, incapable of forming words with my dick throbbing in my hand.

Brad's footsteps echoed off the tile floor as he sauntered away, those cargo shorts hugging his ass. The heavy metal door clanged shut behind him, and I exhaled.

Alone.

I looked down at my aching cock, the head purple and glistening with pre-cum. There was no way I was leaving this bathroom without taking care of it first.

I slammed into a stall, tripping over my own feet. The metal door rattled as I slid the bolt into place. My fingers trembled so badly I could hardly manage it.

"Fuck."

I leant back against the door. The stall was disgusting. Years of neglect had left the toilet seat cracked, the porcelain stained yellow-brown.

Graffiti covered every inch of the metal partitions. Crude drawings of cocks and balls, phone numbers, propositions scrawled in permanent marker and scratched with keys. "HUGE 9" LOAD HERE TUEDAYS 3PM" someone had written near the toilet paper dispenser. Another message promised "DEEPTHROAT KING" with an arrow pointing down.

My eyes caught on a drawing of two men: one bent over, the other behind him. The artist had taken their time, even adding little splashes to represent cum. Below it, someone had written "TOOK 5 LOADS HERE YESTERDAY."

Stains streaked down the walls in several places, unmistakable evidence of what went down here regularly. The floor wasn't much better, suspicious dried splatters marking the grimy tiles.

"Fuck." I wrapped my hand around my aching shaft. "I'm coming back here."

Maybe I'd stop by after a workout when I was already pumped and sweaty. Maybe Tuesday, 3PM.

My shorts slid down to my ankles with a single push. My cock sprang free, bobbing in the chilly bathroom air. I wrapped my fingers around it, hissing at the contact.

"Fuck."

I imagined Brad at that urinal, cock in hand. Wet shirt clinging to his perfect chest. Nipples hard against the fabric.

My hand moved faster, squeezing tighter. Brad's mouth around my cock, looking up as his lips stretched wide.

"God... Brad..."

My hand moved frantically on my cock as I pictured Brad's wet shirt clinging to those perfect pecs.

"Fuck." I leant back against the cold metal door.

The fantasy shifted in my head. What if Brad came back? In my mind, Brad would walk right up to my stall. He'd see my feet under the gap, my shorts puddled around my ankles. He'd know exactly what I was doing.

"Fuck it," Fantasy-Brad would say, pushing against the door.

I'd stumble back, cock still in hand, pre-cum dripping onto the floor.

Brad would fill the doorway, those blue eyes darkening as they took in the sight of me—desperate, exposed, caught.

"I knew it," he'd growl, pulling me out of the stall. He'd grab me by the shoulders, spin me around, and slam me face-first against the wall. Not caring if one of the Tuesday 3pm'ers came in.

"This what you want?" His breath hot against my ear, his chest pressed against my back. "You want me to fuck you right here in this filthy bathroom?"

His cock grinding against my ass.

"Yes," I'd moan, pushing back against him.

His hand would wrap around my throat, holding me in place as his other hand yanked his shorts down. That thick eight-inch cock would spring free, slapping against my ass.

"No prep," he'd growl. "Just spit and my fat cock stretching you open."

I'd hear him spit into his palm, the wet sound of him slicking himself up. The blunt head of his cock would press against my hole, demanding entry.

"This is what you've been begging for, isn't it?" he'd say, rough with lust. "All those times in the gym, stealing looks in the locker room."

Then he'd push forward, the thick head breaching me, stretching me wide.

I stroked faster. Brad's massive cock stretching me open, his hips slamming against my ass.

Brad's grip on my hips tightened, leaving bruises as he pounded into me. "Fuck, you're tight, Alan. So fucking tight for me."

I'd push back against him, taking him deeper. "Harder. Fuck me harder."

The sound of the bathroom door swinging open echoed through the tiled room, but Brad didn't stop. His rhythm didn't falter.

"Well, well... Looks like someone beat us to our usual spot."

"Fuck, we got company," Brad said, but his hips never stopped pistoning into me.

In my fevered imagination, a shadow fell across us, and I looked up to see another man—tall, built like a linebacker, with a shaved head and thick beard. Maybe one of those Tuesday 3PM guys from the graffiti.

"Room for one more?" The stranger's voice was deep, commanding.

"What do you think, Alan? Want to make this a proper party?"

"Yes. Fuck yes."

The stranger unzipped his pants, revealing a thick, veiny cock that was already hard. He stroked himself slowly, watching as Brad fucked me against the wall.

"Your boy's got a hungry look," the stranger said. "I think he wants to be the center of attention."

I stared up at the stranger, my mouth already watering at the sight of his thick cock jutting toward me. Brad's rhythm didn't let up for a second, his hips slamming into me, each thrust forcing a moan from my lips.

"Open wide," the stranger said, guiding his veiny shaft toward my face.

I parted my lips eagerly as he pressed the swollen head against my mouth. Pre-cum hit my tongue as I took him in, stretching my jaw to accommodate his girth.

"Fuck." Brad dug his finger into my hips. "Look at you, taking cock from both ends."

The stranger gripped my hair, pushing deeper. "That's it. Take it all the way down."

I relaxed my throat, letting him slide in until my nose pressed against his coarse pubic hair. The musky scent of his sweat filled my nostrils as I swallowed around his thickness.

"Goddamn. You got skills."

Brad' cock hit my prostate. "He's a natural cocksucker."

I moaned around the stranger's shaft, the vibrations making him curse and tighten his grip on my hair. My cock hung heavy between my legs.

The stranger fucked my face in earnest, matching Brad's rhythm from behind. I was caught between them, filled at both ends, a toy for their pleasure.

"Look at those eyes watering," the stranger said. "He fucking loves this."

"Squeeze that ass, Alan. Show us how much you want it."

I clenched around Brad's thick shaft while hollowing my cheeks around the stranger's cock.

My balls tightened as heat built at the base of my spine. I bit my lower lip hard, stifling the moans threatening to escape. My hips jerked forward, fucking into my fist as I imagined bending Brad over, watching those back muscles flex as I pushed inside him.

My orgasm rushed toward me like an oncoming train.

"Fuck... fuck..."

My cock pulsed in my hand as I came, thick ropes of cum splashing against the toilet bowl and floor.

Reality came crashing back. I grabbed some toilet paper to clean myself.

I stood there for a minute, trying to catch my breath, my softening cock still dripping. The mess I'd made. Cum splattered across the toilet bowl rim and thick strands sliding down the side onto the already-stained floor.

"Why clean up?" I tucked myself back into my shorts. "This is basically what this place is for."

I zipped up, then stepped back to admire my contribution to the bathroom's collection. My load looked impressive. Thick and copious, right at home with the other stains.

My eyes drifted back to the graffiti. All those anonymous hookups, guys meeting here just to get off together. No strings, no complications. Maybe that's what I needed instead of this endless pining for Brad.

I traced my finger over a blank spot on the metal partition. I could add my number, maybe come back next Tuesday at 3pm, see who shows up. Maybe I just needed anonymous cock instead of torturing myself over Brad's perfect body.

I fished in my pocket and found a black marker I'd used earlier to label my water bottle. The cap came off with a satisfying pop, and I pressed the tip to the metal surface.

"THICK 6.5" COCK LOOKING FOR FUN" I wrote, then added my phone number beneath it. I stared at it for a moment. What if Brad came in here and saw it? What if he recognized my number?

Fuck it. If I was lucky, he might ring me…. I added "COLLEGE JOCK" underneath, then capped the marker and slipped it back into my pocket.

Brad must be wondering what was taking so long. Oblivious to what I'd just done while thinking about him.

But for how much longer?

# Chapter 2

I rejoined Brad at the car, my legs like jelly.

"Everything come out alright?" Brad said.

I nearly choked. "Yeah, just... took longer than expected. Getting old."

"No worries, man. Let's hit the trail before it gets too late."

The drive to the trailhead took another hour, winding through increasingly dense forest. Brad's shirt had mostly dried, but still clung to his chest in a way that made it difficult to keep my eyes on the road. He spent the ride scrolling through his phone, showing me pictures of the hiking spot we were heading toward.

"Sick views at the top," he said, holding up a photo of a spectacular valley vista.

"Dude, check this out," he said, tilting his screen.

My eyes widened as I saw a photo of Jennifer, naked and posing suggestively on a bed.

"Shit, Brad!" I turned away. "Don't show me that!"

"What? She's hot as fuck." He swiped to another photo. "Look at those tits, man."

"Put that away," I said. "You shouldn't be showing those to anyone."

"Jen wouldn't care. She's cool like that."

"Well, I care. I don't want to see pictures of naked women, okay?"

Brad laughed. "You queer or something?"

"Look, we're almost at the trailhead," I said. "That sign there."

Brad glanced up from his phone, distracted by the wooden marker. Thank fuck.

"Oh shit, you're right," he said. "Perfect timing. I'm dying to stretch my legs."

I pulled into the small gravel parking area, grateful for the change of subject. Only two other cars sat in the lot, not too crowded for a Saturday. The forest loomed ahead, tall pines swaying in the afternoon breeze.

"Great," I said, grabbing my backpack. "Let's get moving."

Brad hopped out first. "Ready to tackle this head, Alan?" Brad slung his pack over one shoulder.

"Always eager for a good trail head," I said. "The deeper the wood, the better."

Brad nodded. "Yeah, it's about four miles to the clearing where we can set up camp. Terrain gets pretty intense toward the end."

We signed the trail register and set off down the path. The moment we stepped under the canopy of pines, the temperature dropped several degrees. Dappled sunlight filtered through the branches, creating shifting patterns on the forest floor.

"Man, feels great under these trees," Brad said. "City's been so damn hot lately."

I watched a bead of sweat roll down the side of his neck, disappearing beneath his collar. "Yeah, nice to get some relief."

The trail narrowed as we continued deeper, forcing us to walk single file, with Brad taking the lead. This gave me the perfect vantage point to watch the way his cargo shorts hugged his ass with each step, the fabric pulling taut across his muscular thighs.

This was going to be a very long, and very hard, hike.

By mid-afternoon, my thighs were burning. Each step up the steep trail sent waves of pain through my calves. I'd been trying to hide my labored breathing for the past hour, but it was getting harder to maintain my facade of fitness.

"You good back there?" Brad called over his shoulder, not even breaking stride as he navigated the rocky path.

"Never better," I wheezed, bending over, hands on knees, while he wasn't looking. Sweat soaked my tank top, clinging to my back.

Brad paused at a switchback ahead, taking a swig from his water bottle. Sunlight filtered through the canopy. He didn't even look winded.

"Seriously though, need a break?" he said as I trudged up to meet him.

"I'm fine." I refused to admit defeat. "Just enjoying the... scenery."

*Like your ass.*

Brad grinned. "For someone who claims to love outdoor activities, you're looking pretty rough, man."

"Remind me again why you invited my out-of-shape ass on this death march?" I groaned, collapsing onto a nearby boulder.

"Because you're fun to be around," Brad said, tossing me his water bottle after I'd emptied mine. "Besides, I figured you wouldn't pass up a chance to prove you could keep up with me."

I took a long swig, trying not to think about how his lips had been on the same bottle seconds earlier.

"Also," he said, "we're almost there. The clearing is just beyond that ridge." He pointed to a pine-covered hill about a quarter mile ahead. "Perfect spot to camp. Hidden from the trail, soft ground for the tent, completely private."

"Private, huh?" I raised an eyebrow, immediately regretting how suggestive it sounded.

"Yeah, man. Private enough that no one will hear you whining about your sore muscles." He reached down, offering his hand to pull me up. "Come on, not much further."

His grip was firm and warm as he hauled me to my feet, our bodies close enough that I caught the musky scent of his sweat mixed with pine. He held on a beat longer than necessary before releasing my hand.

"Lead the way," I said.

I wiped my forehead, grateful he couldn't see my face. The afternoon sun pierced through the pine canopy, casting golden streaks across his hair.

We trudged uphill, pine needles crunching under our boots. Birds called overhead, and I heard water splashing somewhere to the right. Brad stopped suddenly, and I almost crashed into his back.

"Yo, check this out." He stepped off the trail, pushing through some thick undergrowth.

Holy shit. A perfect hidden bowl, surrounded by towering pines. Soft grass carpeted the ground, and fallen logs created natural benches around the edges. The late sun filtered through the branches, making everything glow.

"Fucking sweet spot, right?" Brad dropped his pack. "Total privacy. Got that stream nearby for water. Ground's nice and flat."

I leaned against a tree, chest heaving. Brad wiped his forehead with his forearm. His soaked white t-shirt clung to every ridge of muscle, completely transparent now. I could see his nipples through the wet fabric.

"Damn, that hill was steeper than it looked." Brad's pecs strained against the cotton.

"Yeah, brutal climb."

Brad grabbed the back of his shirt and pulled it away from his skin, fanning himself. His abs rippled. Jesus, I could trace every cut line of his eight-pack.

"Fucking hot today." He wiped sweat from his temple. The afternoon sun caught the moisture on his skin, making him gleam like some golden god.

"Need water?" I said, desperate for something to focus on besides his body.

I stepped forward. My boot caught on a thick pine root and I stumbled, arms flailing. "Shit-"

Brad's hand shot out, catching me at the small of my back. "Whoa, got you."

My breath hitched. His hand stayed there, steady and warm against my skin. Those strong fingers spread wide, holding me firmly. One thumb stroked. Maybe by accident, maybe not.

I should've straightened up. Should've laughed it off. But I stayed frozen. My cock surged.

His hand stayed pressed against my lower back several heartbeats longer than any straight guy would leave it, surely? The pressure of his palm increased, pulling me a fraction closer.

"Thanks," I said. "Almost ate dirt there."

His hand lingered for one more endless moment before dropping away. The spot where he'd touched me felt cold now, empty.

"Can't have you getting hurt before we even set up camp." Brad's voice pulled me out of my daze. He yanked the bottom of his shirt up, revealing the ripped muscles of his stomach.

I looked away. I'd seen him without his shirt a million times before. I mean, we worked out together all the time. This wasn't a big deal.

Except every time he did it, my cock twitched like it had a mind of its own. That trail of dark hair disappearing into his shorts... Fuck.

"Like what you see?"

I glanced up to see him flexing, those muscles jumping under his skin. "Shut up, asshole," I said.

He laughed too.

Brad walked over to the packs, giving me a clear view of his muscular back and shoulders. Sweat trailed down his spine. God, I wanted to trace that path with my tongue. Taste his skin.

This was insane. Being alone with Brad in the woods was messing with my head. Only two days to get through, I told myself. Then we'd be back in the real world, acting normal again.

Setting up camp shouldn't have been this hard. I stared at Brad's ass, cargo shorts hugging that tight, heart-shaped butt. His calves flexed as he bent down to check the ground.

My eyes traced the curve of his ass, straining against the fabric, and then locked on his muscular thighs. I wanted them locked around me, as he stuck his cock in my ass.

Brad stayed crouched, pretending to examine the ground, giving me a full view of that glorious ass.

Yeah, he knew I was watching him. And he was loving it. Playing with me, enjoying the show, knowing I was drooling over that perfect body.

Bit by bit, he straightened up, those powerful thighs tensing as he rose. He turned with a smirk.

My face was on fire now. I blinked like an idiot, my mouth hanging open. Brad's eyes flicked down to my lips, and my tongue swept over them again.

He kept quiet, enjoying my discomfort. My brain had shut down.

"Clear area over here," Brad said, walking a few feet to his left. "Good spot to set up the tent."

I followed him, wiping my palms on my shorts. Brad dropped his pack, then spread his arms wide, encompassing the space. "What do you think?"

"Looks good." I focused on the ground, pretending to examine the soft grass under my feet. "Should be perfect."

Brad turned to unzip his pack. I didn't miss the quick glance he threw over his shoulder. He knew he'd gotten to me, and the bastard was loving it.

I bent down to help him rummage through his bag, making sure he got an eyeful of my ass in those tight hiking shorts.

I rocked back on my heels, stretching my arms over my head. The movement pulled my tank top tight against my chest, outlining my own abs.

*Let's see how he likes it.*

Brad froze, his hand halfway into the backpack.

"Might be a storm tonight."

I let my arms fall, the stretchy fabric clinging to my skin for a moment. I knew he'd seen the hint of my nipples. "Yeah?"

His eyes met mine, sharp and challenging. Brad stood up and closed the gap between us in two long strides. He stopped inches away, so close I could smell the fresh scent of his sweat mixed with the forest pine. Our eyes locked. His stare dropped to my lips, making my mouth go dry. I licked them, tasting the salt from our climb.

Brad's gaze flicked down to my tank top, lingering on the damp fabric stretched over my chest. My nipples pebbled at the attention, but I held his stare, refusing to be the first to look away.

He wants to play?

*Let's play.*

Our bodies hovered closer, and closer still. I could sense his breath now, warm on my skin. His eyes darted to my mouth again, those full lips of his parting. My heart was pounding, my skin was electric, every nerve ending alive and tingling.

I half closed by eyes and leant forward. Just as our lips were about to touch, he stepped back, breaking the spell. His eyes flashed with surprise.

 "Should get it up before dark," he said. "We need to get the tent up before dark".

My cock was hard. I shifted, needing to adjust, but scared the motion would give me away. I'd fantasized about Brad a million times. Out here, alone together...

"Hey," he said, already moving into the trees. "I'm gonna get some wood."

*Already got some.*

"Yeah, good idea. I'll keep unpacking the bags." Fuck, I was so turned on.

Brad strode off, and I let my gaze linger on that muscular ass.

*Jesus, snap out of it*.

I needed something to distract myself from the growing tension between us. I busied myself with the tent, but my mind kept drifting.

God, I'd stroked myself raw thinking about him over the years. Hell, I deserved a PhD in jerking off to him. In my bedroom countless times, my hand working frantically while I pictured his cocky smile, those perfect abs, the way his ass looked in gym shorts. I'd bury my face in the pillow to muffle my moans, imagining it was his neck I was kissing, his body pressed against mine.

The first time it happened, I felt guilty as hell. He was my friend, for fuck's sake. But that didn't stop me from lying in bed that night, replaying the way he'd looked coming out of the pool at the university rec center, water streaming down his chest, those swim trunks clinging to the obvious bulge between his legs. I came so hard I saw stars.

The gym was the worst. Or best, depending on how you looked at it. Watching him squat with those powerful thighs, his face straining with effort, sweat dripping down his neck... I'd have to excuse myself to the bathroom, lock myself in a stall, and jack off furiously while the memory of him was fresh in my mind. Those veins in his forearms as he curled dumbbells, the way his t-shirt rode up when he did pull-ups, revealing that trail of golden hair disappearing into his waistband.

Then there were the showers. Jesus Christ, the showers. I'd lingered more times than I could count, pretending to wash my hair while stealing glances at Brad. The memory of water cascading down his broad back, over that perfect ass... I'd memorized every inch of him, filled the gaps with my imagination in the privacy of my bathroom later. I'd let the steam fill the room, and close my eyes. I could almost feel his slick body against mine as I worked myself to completion, Brad's name a whisper on my lips.

I'd been pathetic, honestly. Thinking about being alone with him in the wilderness. About what might happen. This morning, knocking one out in the bathoom. Last night, twice in quick succession.

God, the number of loads I'd blown thinking about that perfect body, those blue eyes, that cocky grin. Sometimes I wondered if he knew, if he could tell how much I wanted him when we worked out together.

And now here we were. Miles from anyone. Tension thick enough to cut with a knife.

With a shaky sigh, I turned back to the packs. If he kept teasing like this, the next two days would kill me. I had to get a grip.

I bent down to unzip my backpack, using the movement to adjust my cock. It was hard and insistent. I couldn't remember the last time I'd been this turned on.

I heard the crunch of footsteps. Brad emerged from the trees, carrying a bigger armload of wood. His face was flushed, his shirt darker with sweat, and his biceps corded with the effort. I wanted to lick that sweat from his skin.

Our eyes met for a fraction of a second. His gaze flicked down, and I knew he'd seen the tent that my cock made in my shorts. I did nothing to hide it. I wanted to get it out and jerk off in front of him.

He dumped the wood next to the fire pit, then wiped his hands on his shorts. The tips of his fingers brushed the button of his waistband, inches from his cock.

"I got wood," he said.

Brad led the way a few feet over to a flat, elevated area. It was the perfect spot for the tent.

"What do you think?" Brad asked. I forced my gaze up from his exposed skin.

"Yeah, it's great," I said. "It's really private here. No one will disturb us."

Brad put his hand on my shoulder, lingering. I took a step back, needing to put some distance between us.

"Let's get it up," he said.

I stared at him.

"The tent, we should get the tent up. Sun's going down soon." Long shadows cast across the clearing.

We crouched over the backpack. Brad's warmth radiated beside me.

"You've got all the right equipment," said Brad. "And plenty of it. Where's the hammer?"

I tried to locate the tent pegs. My tank top hung loose, leaving my chest exposed. I could feel his eyes on me, but I pretended to search, enjoying the way he drank me in.

"Here." I handed the pegs to him.

"Thanks." Brad's breath tickled my ear.

I got a perfect view of his thick thighs. That tantalizing V where they met his hips, the fabric of his shorts stretching across his lap, and, fuck, the bulge of his growing erection. My mouth went dry, my cock stirred.

I imagined running my hands over that erection, claiming it with a deep, passionate kiss.

"Have you got the pole?" Brad said.

*Boy, do I have the pole.*

"Here." I grabbed a tent pole and held it out to him.

Spreading out the groundsheet became a whole new game. Brad stepping onto the flat area and slinging the tent over his shoulder. Brad crouched, ass out, his tight cargo shorts hugging his sculpted glutes. I tried not to stare, but fuck, it was hard not to appreciate the view when he was serving it up like this.

I pictured that thick meat, growing harder by the second. Teasing it free, wrapping my fingers around that girth, and—

"Hold this," he said, handing me one corner of the groundsheet.

We stretched to reach opposite corners of the sheet. Brad's thigh pressed against mine, his bicep brushing my shoulder.

I wanted more. We got to work setting up the tent. Our hands brushed again, this time as we both reached for a tent pole. His fingers lingered. I froze.

Brad's eyes flicked to mine. I held his stare.

Brad took the tent pole and positioned it upright.

*He can hold my cock the same way.*

"Come on, slide it through," he said. My fingers trembled as I fed the pole through the loops of the tent.

"Push it harder, come on," Brad said.

"Like that?" I asked, as I pretended to strain against the pole.

"Yeah, just like that."

I pushed the pole harder.

"That's it, almost there," Brad said. My skin prickled, aware of his eyes on me.

With a final grunt, I gave one last push, sliding the pole into place. I stayed bent over, my chest heaving as I fought for breath. I wanted to look up, to catch his eye and see if he was enjoying this as much as I was.

"Fuck, that was a workout," I said, wiping my brow. Brad steadied the pole. I wanted to trail my fingers over that hard muscle.

"Yeah, you earned a rest." I held his gaze. He knew what he was doing to me, the tease.

"Guess we'd better get the rest of these up," I said, gesturing to the remaining poles.

Brad nodded, his eyes never leaving my face. "Yeah, everything needs to go up."

With the main structure secured, Brad grabbed the hammer and a handful of tent pegs. He moved to the corner of the tent.

"I'll hammer these in," he said, positioning the first peg.

Brad raised the hammer and brought it down with precise force. His bicep flexed with each strike, the muscle rippling under his skin. The white t-shirt clung to him. His shoulder blades shifted beneath the fabric.

The sun beat down on us, and beads of sweat trailed down Brad's neck, disappearing into his collar. He paused to wipe his brow with his forearm, then yanked his shirt up to fan himself.

I couldn't look away if I tried.

Brad glanced up, catching me staring. He smiled and made a show of stretching his arm, exposing more of his chiseled torso.

"It's hot," he said. He grabbed the hem of his shirt and pulled it off, tossing it aside.

It sailed through the air and landed on a nearby log.

I'd seen Brad shirtless countless times. at the gym, at the pool, but out here in the wilderness, with no one else around, it felt different.

Jesus fucking Christ, he was perfect.

The late afternoon sunlight bathed his torso in golden light, highlighting every curve and dip of his muscles. His chest was like something carved from marble. Broad and powerful, with defined pecs that cast slight shadows beneath them. That light dusting of golden hair between them caught the sun, making him look like he was glowing from within. Fuck, I'd always loved that trail of hair, the way it narrowed as it crept down his abs.

Abs. Six perfect squares of muscle. The kind you only get from relentless dedication. When he turned to grab another tent peg, I caught sight of the obliques cutting into his sides, creating that perfect V-shape that disappeared into his shorts.

His shoulders were broad and rounded with muscle, tapering down to a narrower waist. Those biceps that had been teasing me through his t-shirt were even more impressive bare, thick and corded, with a vein running along each one. When he bent his arm, the muscle bunched and peaked, making my fingers itch to trace its shape.

My eyes drifted to the trail of hair below his navel, leading down into his cargo shorts. I wondered what it would be like to follow that trail with my tongue, to taste the salt on his skin, to feel those muscles quiver under my mouth.

He positioned another peg, bending forward. I watched a bead of sweat roll down his spine, tracing the perfect groove along his back. My fingers itched to follow its path.

Brad looked over his shoulder, catching me staring again.

"Like watching me work? You know, I could use a hand over here."

*I'll give you a hand. Up and down your cock.*

"What do you need me to do?"

"Just hold this in place." He nodded at the guyline. "I'll do the hammering."

With each swing of the hammer, the tension between us grew, along with the bulge in my shorts.

The hammer fell with a thud, driving the tent peg into the ground.

"That's the tent up. Come on, time to set up inside," Brad said, ducking down.

I crawled in after him. The tent wasn't tiny, but it wasn't spacious either. Just enough room for two grown men to sleep side by side.

*Or one on top of each other.*

Brad spread out his sleeping bag, his muscular back glistening with sweat in the dim light filtering through the tent fabric. I unrolled mine next to his, close as I dared.

"Let's test this out," I said, pressing into the camping mattress. "Ground's pretty hard."

*Not the only thing.*

Brad's hand pushed me down onto the sleeping bag with playful force. I fell backward, landing with a soft thud on the padded surface.

"How's it feel?" he said, hovering above me.

"Pretty comfortable."

"Move over," he said, as he reached across me to adjust his own sleeping bag.

As he leaned over, arranging his gear in the corner of the tent, his ass was inches from my face. His shorts stretched tight across his perfect glutes, and I could make out every muscle.

*I could just reach out and grab—*

"Shit, sorry man," Brad said, glancing back and catching my wide-eyed stare. But he didn't move away. If anything, he seemed to push his ass even closer to my face.

"It's gonna be tight in here tonight," Brad said.

I was painfully hard now. I needed relief, but the game was too good to end.

"It's rock hard," I said. "Rock hard." I placed a hand on the groundsheet, testing the firmness of the earth below.

"Guess it'll have to do." Brad glanced at my hand.

"Feels pretty firm to me," I said.

With a swift move, Brad pushed me. I laughed, and rolled onto my back.

"You dick!" I laughed as he loomed over me.

From this angle, I had a perfect view up Brad's shorts. My eyes widened as I took in the muscular curve of his thigh.

*Fuck, he wasn't wearing any underwear.* Protruding from the leg of his shorts—was that his cock? Just the tip, a pink, fleshy hint of what lay beneath. I imagined the rest of it. I wanted to touch, to feel the weight of it in my hand.

"Something wrong?"

"N-nothing," I said.

Brad stood up. "Well, I'm gonna go rinse off in the stream. Getting all this... sweat off me." Brad grabbed a towel from his pack. "You want to join me?"

"I'll... uh, I'll catch up. Gotta organize my stuff."

"Suit yourself." He ducked out of the tent, and I watched his ass disappear through the flap.

The moment he was gone, I scrambled to my knees, crawling to the entrance. I watched him saunter toward the tree line, towel over his shoulder. Every step he took made his muscles flex in ways that should be illegal.

I crept out of the tent, keeping low and quiet. The forest floor crunched under my feet as I followed, staying far enough behind that he wouldn't notice me. When Brad disappeared beyond the trees toward the stream, I veered right, circling around to approach from a different direction.

The sound of rushing water grew louder as I reached a dense thicket of bushes. I dropped to my hands and knees, crawling forward until I found a perfect vantage point. Through a small gap in the foliage, I could see the stream. And more importantly, Brad.

He stood with his back to me, cargo shorts already discarded on a nearby rock. His naked ass was even more perfect than I'd imagined: firm, round globes tapering to powerful thighs dusted with golden hair. The late afternoon sun caught the contours of his body, highlighting every curve of muscle.

I pressed lower to the ground. If he turned around, I'd see everything. Everything I'd been fantasizing about for months.

# Chapter 3

Brad stood at the edge of the stream, his back still to me. My heart pounded as he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his tight black boxer briefs.

He paused, glancing over his shoulder, scanning the forest. I ducked lower, pressing my body against the cool earth. The scent of pine needles and moss filled my nostrils as I held my breath.

When I dared to look again, Brad was stretching, arms reaching for the sky. His back muscles rippled beneath his skin, tapering to a narrow waist.

Beautiful.

I imagined cupping those firm cheeks, feeling their weight in my hands. I drop to my knees on the soft forest floor behind him, my face level with that godlike ass. I lick the sweat from his crack.

"Fuck, Alan," he groans as I spread him open, my thumbs digging into the firm muscle.

I bury my face between those cheeks. I press my tongue against his hole, until he is pushing back against my face, until he is begging for more. He trembles as my tongue works him over, probing and circling his tight entrance through the damp cloth.

Reality real Brad shifted his stance by the stream. A light dusting of golden hair covered his thighs, catching the sunlight filtering through the trees.

He stepped into the stream, a sharp hiss escaping his lips as the cold water hit his skin. Water splashed up his calves and thighs.

Brad waded deeper, until the water reached mid-thigh. He cupped water in his hands and splashed it over his chest and arms, rivulets running down the grooves of his muscles. My cock strained against my shorts as I watched him run wet hands through his short blonde hair.

He looked around once more, scanning the tree line. I froze, not daring to move a muscle. Something about his careful survey of the surroundings made me think he wasn't just checking for random hikers.

Was he hoping I'd follow him?

Satisfied that he was alone, Brad bent down, submerging himself to the waist. When he straightened, water cascaded down his body, highlighting every curve and plane of his muscular torso. Then, with deliberate slowness, he turned around.

I swear to God time stopped. I knelt there frozen, hidden among the bushes, as Brad turned around.

And there it was. His cock. Half-hard and fucking massive.

I'd seen glimpses in the gym showers, the outline through thin gym shorts, but never like this: exposed, uninhibited, and growing harder by the second.

It hung heavy between his thighs, already thickening despite the cold water. Even semi-erect, it had to be at least seven inches, with a girth that made my hands itch to wrap around it. The head was flushed pink against his pale skin, emerging from a loose foreskin. A prominent vein ran along the underside, pulsing.

*Fuck.*

Brad's hands moved to his chest, scooping water and letting it run down his sculpted torso. His fingers traced the contours of his muscles, following the rivulets as they traveled south. When his hand brushed against his cock, he shuddered.

He cupped his balls, rolling them in his palm. His cock grew harder. He wrapped his hand around the shaft, giving it one slow stroke from base to tip.

"Mmm," he hummed.

Brad washed himself, seemingly in no hurry. Water sluiced over his broad shoulders and down his back. He ran both hands through his short blonde hair, water droplets flying from the golden strands.

The entire time, his cock remained erect, bobbing with each movement. The head now emerged from his foreskin, glistening wet.

I fought the urge to reach down and touch myself. The sight of him naked, wet, aroused: this was better than any fantasy.

I got out my phone, and took a picture.

Brad cupped water in his hands and let it cascade down his muscled arms. Each movement was deliberate, performative, like he wanted the forest itself to witness his perfection.

I couldn't breathe.

My hand moved to my crotch. I rubbed myself through my hiking shorts. The fabric created enough friction to send sparks of pleasure up my spine.

His cock hung heavy between his thighs, swaying with each movement. He scanned the treeline again, eyes narrowed, head turning from side to side.

Satisfied he was alone, Brad's hands traveled lower. He cupped water and let it run down his stomach, then splashed more onto his groin. His fingers lingered, washing his thick shaft with careful attention.

*Holy shit.*

The shaft thickened, rising from its downward hang. The head deep pink.

I took another photo, and another.

I couldn't take it anymore. I undid my zipper, careful not to make a sound. My cock sprang free, erect and ready.

I wrapped my hand around it, stifling a groan of relief. So good. Hard like granite. The first stroke nearly made me cum right then and there.

Brad's hand had stopped pretending to wash. He gripped his shaft now, stroking from base to tip. His other hand braced against his thigh as his head tilted back. I could see his chest rise and fall with quickening breaths.

"Fuck." I matched my strokes to his rhythm.

Brad's cock had to be at least eight inches now, thick and curved upward. His hand could barely close around it as he pumped, water splashing with each movement.

I bit my lip to hold back a moan, my hand moving faster on my own shaft. The sight of Brad masturbating was better than any porn I'd ever watched. His cock was even bigger than I'd imagined during all those late-night jack-off sessions.

Brad's hand moved in slow, deliberate strokes up and down that thick shaft. Each pump sent splashes of water into the air.

My hand squeezing tighter on the upstroke as he did. I bit my lower lip to stifle the groan building in my throat. My heart pounded so hard I was certain he would hear it, even over the gurgling of the stream.

Brad's breathing grew heavier. He paused his stroking, glancing around one more time. I ducked lower, pressing my cheek against the cool earth, hardly daring to breathe. Pine needles prickled against my skin.

When I looked up again, Brad had shifted his stance, widening his legs. Water swirled around his muscular thighs as his free hand moved behind him. My breath caught as I watched him reach between those perfect ass cheeks. His head tilted back, eyes closed, as he pushed one finger inside his hole.

"Fuck," he said, loud enough for me to hear over the stream.

My cock throbbed, a bead of precum oozing from the tip. Without thinking, I shifted position, bringing my own free hand behind me. I'd never done this before—well, OK, hundreds of times in private. But not while watching my best friend finger himself in a forest stream.

I slid my middle finger between my cheeks, circling my hole. The sensation sent shivers up my spine. As Brad pushed his finger deeper inside himself, I did the same.

The dual sensation was overwhelming: my hand pumping my cock while my finger breached my entrance. I watched Brad through heavy-lidded eyes, my movements mirroring his. When he pushed his finger deeper, I did too. When his stroking hand picked up pace, mine followed.

Brad's hand moved faster now, water splashing around his fist as he pumped his massive cock. The muscles in his forearm flexed with each stroke, veins standing out against his skin.

"Fuck... fuck..."

Sweat trickled down my forehead despite the cool forest air. I pressed my finger deeper inside myself, searching for that spot.

"Fuck! Ah... shit!"

His cock pulsed, the first rope of cum shooting from the tip in a pearly arc before splashing into the stream. Another followed, then another, each accompanied by a deep, primal grunt that sent shivers down my spine.

The sight of Brad's orgasm pushed me over the edge. White-hot pleasure exploded from my core, radiating outward through every nerve. I bit down on my forearm to muffle my cry as cum erupted over my fist, spattering onto the forest floor.

Brad continued to stroke himself, milking every last drop as his cum dissipated in the clear stream water. His massive body shuddered with aftershocks, muscles twitching under glistening skin. When the last waves subsided, he let his head fall back, chest still heaving.

I collapsed against the cool earth. Cum covered my hand, warm and sticky between my fingers.

Brad stood in the stream with his eyes closed, catching his breath. The afternoon sunlight caressed his wet skin, turning droplets into diamonds as they ran down his perfect body. His softening cock still hung impressively between his thighs. He gave it a few last optimistic strokes.

I lay there, spent and shaking. I'd watched my best friend, the guy I'd been fantasizing about for months, stroke himself to completion. And he had no idea I'd witnessed his most private moment.

The hottest thing I'd ever seen.

I wiped my hand on the grass beside me. I'd spied on my best friend jerking off in a stream, and I'd gotten off on it. Hard.

Brad waded out of the water, his wet skin glistening in the dappled sunlight. Instead of reaching for his clothes, he stretched out on a flat boulder at the edge of the stream. The rock had been baking in the afternoon sun for hours, and I could almost feel its warmth as Brad's naked body settled onto its surface.

"Fuck, that feels good," he said.

Water droplets clung to his muscles. His cock, still semi-hard, lay against his thigh, impossibly thick even in its relaxed state. His chest rose and fell.

Brad folded his arms behind his head, causing his biceps to bunch up on either side. His eyes closed against the sun, a slight smile playing on his lips. He looked at peace, and utterly magnificent.

I needed to leave. Every second I stayed increased the risk of being caught. But my body refused to move, captivated by the sight of Brad's naked perfection stretched out before me.

A bead of water traced a path from his collarbone down the center of his chest, following the valley between his pecs before disappearing into his navel. Another droplet slid along the ridge of his hip bone, drawing my eye back to his groin.

Minutes passed as Brad basked in the sunlight, his skin drying. He sat up with a satisfied sigh, running a hand through his damp hair. He glanced at his watch and frowned.

"Better get back," he said to the empty forest.

I ducked lower as he stood and stretched once more, arms reaching for the sky. Then he bent down to retrieve his shorts from the rock. I watched as he stepped into them, the black fabric sliding up his powerful legs until it cupped his ass and package snugly.

Brad gathered his things and headed back toward the campsite. I scrambled to my feet. I needed to get back before he realized I was missing.

I sprinted through the forest, cursing under my breath as branches whipped at my face. My legs felt shaky, partly from the intense orgasm I'd experienced and partly from the adrenaline in my system.

My shorts were still unbuttoned, and I fumbled with the zipper while dodging pine trees. I nearly twisted my ankle on an exposed root but managed to stay upright. By the time the clearing came into view, my lungs burned and sweat plastered my tank top to my skin.

I made it to our campsite with maybe thirty seconds to spare. I grabbed the bundle of kindling I'd collected earlier and began arranging it in the firepit, trying to steady my trembling hands. My heart still hammered like a jackhammer, and my face felt flushed.

"Get it together, Alan." I forced myself to take deep breaths. "Act normal."

Brad strolled into the clearing. "Hey. Been busy?"

I glanced up, hoping my face didn't betray me. "Just getting things ready for later."

Brad dropped his backpack by the tent and stretched. He pulled out a white t-shirt and slipped it on. I looked back down at the firepit.

"Want a beer?" he asked, unzipping the small cooler we'd hauled up here.

"God, yes. It's been thirsty work."

He tossed me a can, and I caught it one-handed. The cold aluminum felt good against my palm. We popped our tabs in near-unison, and I took a long, grateful swallow.

Brad settled onto one of the logs surrounding the firepit, tilting his face toward the late afternoon sun. Golden light filtered through the pine branches overhead, casting dappled patterns across his features. He looked relaxed, content.

We sat in comfortable silence for a few minutes, drinking our beers. My pulse slowed to something resembling normal.

"So," I said, "enjoy your bath in the stream?"

Brad's eyes remained closed against the sunlight. "Yeah, man. Water was cold as hell, but felt good after the hike."

"I bet it felt really good," I said. "Nothing like getting wet and wild in nature, right?"

He cracked one eye open. "What?"

"You know, getting in touch with your natural side. Letting it all hang out."

Brad stared at me blankly. "Sure, whatever. It's just water, dude."

I hid my smirk behind another swig of beer. If only he knew.

The sun beat down through the gaps in the pine canopy, creating pockets of intense heat in our clearing. Sweat trickled down my back. My tank top clung to my skin, damp patches spreading under my arms and down my chest.

"Damn, it's still hot out here," I said, tugging at the fabric.

Brad nodded, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. "Yeah, that stream's looking better by the minute."

"Screw it," I said, grabbing the bottom of my tank and pulling it over my head. The air hit my damp skin, bringing immediate relief. "That's better."

I tossed my shirt away and stretched my arms overhead, flexing my lats and abs. Years of swimming had given me a decent physique. Not as bulky as Brad's gym-built body, but defined in its own way. I turned, making sure Brad had a clear view of my torso as I pretended to work out a kink in my shoulder.

"These mosquitoes are gonna love us," I said.

From the corner of my eye, I caught Brad's gaze tracking the movement of my muscles. He lingered on my chest, then dropped to my abs, staying there a beat too long to be casual.

"You've been hitting the pool more often?" he said.

I tried to appear nonchalant while my stomach fluttered. "Couple times a week. Nothing crazy."

Brad nodded. "It's showing."

Without warning, he reached down and grabbed the hem of his t-shirt. In one smooth motion, he pulled it up and over his head, tossing it aside to join mine.

"What?" he said, catching me staring.

I set down my bottle, needing my hands to be free, ready for whatever came next. Brad's eyes never left mine.

I cleared my throat, willing my voice to sound casual. "So, you work out?"

Brad took another swig of beer. "You know I do. It's my job to stay in shape."

I held his gaze. "It's working."

Brad's smile widened. "You think so?"

"You always know how to make an impression."

Brad licked the foam from his lips.

*As if I had just cum on his face.*

I tried not to stare, but it was impossible to look away.

"What, you don't like it?" he said.

"Like what?" I played dumb, my heart hammering in my chest.

"The beer." He took another sip. "Figured you'd appreciate the hoppy flavor."

"Yeah, well, I prefer something with a little more kick."

With a laugh, Brad set down his bottle. "You wish you could drink like a man, you mean."

I picked up a pinecone, throwing it at him with a grin. He dodged, laughing, and our eyes met. The moment stretched out in a way that made my pulse race.

"Nice throw," he said.

"Just practicing my aim."

Brad grinned. "Think you're pretty good, huh?"

"I have my moments."

Brad leaned closer, his warm shoulder pressing against mine. My body stiffened instinctively, unused to such intimate contact. But then I relaxed, my muscles melting into his touch.

His thigh pressed intentionally against mine, a bold move that sent a jolt through my body. I held his gaze, feeling the heat radiating from his skin. We stayed like that for a moment, the weight of his leg a tantalizing hint of what could be.

I swallowed. "You playing dirty now?"

Brad's eyes sparkled with mischief. "Just making sure you're really as good as you think."

I leaned back on my elbows, the movement causing my abs to flex. I saw his eyes drop to my crotch, a silent testament to the effect he was having on me. I felt my cock twitch under his scrutiny, the bulge in my shorts growing more pronounced.

Brad had always been aware of his effect on others, and he knew how good he looked in that moment. Sweat began to bead on his golden skin, trickling down his neck and between his pecs. I watched, my mouth agape, transfixed by the droplets of moisture snaking their way across his chiseled torso.

Brad shifted closer, his thigh still pressed to mine, a boldness that both excited and terrified me. My eyes flicked to his, a million thoughts racing through my mind.

As the evening deepened around us, we cracked open more beers. The alcohol buzzed pleasantly through my system, taking the edge off my nerves but heightening everything else—especially my awareness of Brad's bare chest inches from mine.

"Dude, you remember Jessica from the gym?" Brad asked, his words looser now, his body swaying as he took another swig.

"The brunette who's always on the stair climber?"

"Yeah, man. She was asking about you last week." He nudged my shoulder. "Said you had 'shoulders to die for.'"

I rolled my eyes. "She's just being nice."

"Nice?" Brad laughed. "Bro, she drools when you wear those compression shorts. And she's not the only one. That redhead from spin class, what's her name? Amber? She keeps trying to get me to introduce you two."

I took another long pull from my beer. "They're cool and all, but..."

Brad studied me, his eyes catching the last rays of sunlight filtering through the pines. "You never seem interested in any of them. There's gotta be someone you're into." He leaned closer. "Who is it? Sharon with the yoga mats? You hang around with her a lot."

"Honestly, we're just friends," I said, picking at the label on my beer bottle. "I don't see them that way."

"You know," he said. "It's okay to be into a friend. Sometimes that's better. You already know each other, already have that connection."

My heart hammered. The beer had loosened something in me.

"There is... someone," I said, watching a moth flutter around our lantern rather than meeting his eyes. "A friend I've known for a while."

"Yeah? Anyone I know?"

I nodded, still staring at the moth, its wings casting giant shadows across our campsite. "Yeah. You definitely know them."

Brad turned to face me. His knee pressed harder against mine, and I couldn't tell if it was intentional or just the beer making him loose with his movements.

"So, have you said anything to this *friend*?" Brad said. "About how you feel?"

I took another swig of beer. The alcohol hit me, making everything feel dreamlike: the dancing flames of our small fire, the darkening forest around us, Brad's bare chest catching the golden firelight.

"No way. I just... think about them a lot."

I smelt the beer on his breath mingling with his sweat.

"When do you think about them?" he said.

The question hung in the air between us. I knew I should laugh it off, make some joke, keep things light. The alcohol had stripped away my filters, leaving only honesty.

"When I jerk off."

I kept my eyes fixed on the flames, afraid to look at Brad's face.

Brad didn't move away.

"Yeah?" he said. "What do you think about them doing?"

The darkness and the isolation of the forest made me reckless. Nothing mattered out here.

"Everything," I said. "Things I shouldn't be thinking about a friend."

Brad's eyes gleamed in the firelight. "Like what?"

"Like... stuff I shouldn't be thinking about. Things friends aren't supposed to do together."

"Come on, man. We've all jerked off thinking about a friend. I can handle it."

A breeze rustled the pine needles overhead.

"I think about... I think about them pushing me down. Taking control."

"Yeah? That's what gets you off?"

"Sometimes I imagine them behind me. Inside me."

I had said the words, impossible to take back. I could feel Brad's eyes on me.

"Wait," he said. "You mean like... fucking you?"

I nodded, unable to look at him.

"So this friend… it's a guy?"

The point of no return. Three years of friendship could be destroyed in one moment of honesty.

"Yeah. It's a guy."

Brad snorted. "Get the fuck out of here. You're not gay."

"What?"

"Dude, I know gay guys. You're not like them." He gestured with his beer. "You're not like fucking Camp David, always prancing around and shit."

"Dave? What's wrong with Dave?"

"Nothing's wrong with him. I'm just saying he's obviously gay. You're not like that. You're normal."

"Normal? What the fuck is that supposed to mean?"

"Come on, man. Dave sniffs jockstraps in the locker room. He makes everything about sex and talks with that voice. You know what I mean."

"You're missing the point," I said. "Being gay isn't about how you act or talk. And Dave—"

"Dave is fucking obsessed with my jockstrap," Brad interrupted, taking another swig of beer. "Found him in the locker room last month going through my gym bag."

My irritation vanished. "What?"

"Yeah, caught him red-handed after practice. Everyone else had cleared out, and I forgot my protein shaker. Walked back in and there's Dave, holding my fucking jockstrap up to his face, eyes closed, sniffing it like it was goddamn aromatherapy."

"Seriously?"

"Dead serious. And get this—" Brad leaned closer, lowering his voice even though we were miles from anyone else. "Dude had a massive hard-on in his shorts. Like, pornstar level. Didn't even try to hide it."

My cock stirred. "What did you do?"

"What could I do? Told him to fuck off." Brad shook his head. "You know what that shameless bastard did? He fucking winked at me. Said my cock must taste as good as my jockstrap smelled, and asked if he could find out."

"Jesus. What did you do?"

"Told him he could keep the fucking jockstrap since he loved it so much, and got out of there."

I tried to laugh. All I could think about was Dave with Brad's jockstrap, breathing in his scent, getting hard from it. And *fuck*. I wished it was me who had that jockstrap. I'd have done the same thing, buried my face in the fabric that had cupped Brad's cock and balls.

"Dave's comfortable with himself," I said. "He knows who he is and doesn't give a fuck what anyone thinks. That takes more balls than most guys have."

Brad looked surprised at my sudden defense.

"Besides," I said, "being gay isn't about how you act. It's about who you're attracted to. Dave's just one type of gay guy. We're not all the same."

"We?" Brad's eyes widened.

I realized what I'd said and didn't back down. "Yeah, *we*. And Dave's a good guy. Sure, he's over the top sometimes, but he's never pretended to be something he's not. He's got more integrity than half the guys on campus."

Brad held up his hands. "Whoa, didn't know you two were so tight."

"We're not. I respect him." I took another swig of beer. "And I'm tired of people thinking there's only one way to be gay."

Brad stared at me for a long moment. "So you're really...?"

"Yeah," I said. "I am."

"And you want a guy, fucking you?"

Brad's expression was unreadable in the flickering light. His jaw tensed and released. He took another swig of beer.

He burst into laughter, the sound echoing through the clearing. He doubled over, clutching his stomach, his bare chest heaving with each guffaw. My stomach dropped like I'd plummeted off a cliff.

"Oh man," he said, wiping tears from his eyes. "Alan, buddy, you know I love you, but..." He shook his head. "Let's be real here. If this fantasy friend of yours is fucking you, that makes way more sense than the other way around."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"No offense, man, but your little swimmer's build isn't really... dominant material. And let's be honest," he gestured toward my crotch, "that little thing isn't gonna fill anybody up. I've seen it enough times in the showers. Mouse cock."

Heat rushed to my face. "What the hell? My cock is perfectly normal sized! No, *bigger*."

"Sure, sure," Brad nodded. "Whatever helps you sleep at night, buddy."

"You have no idea what you're talking about. I'm not small."

"Yeah? Prove it."

Was this really happening? The beer buzz hummed through my veins.

"Fine," I said. "I'll show you mine, but only if you show me yours."

Brad's smile faltered, like he hadn't expected me to call his bluff. We stared at each other across the flickering firelight, neither willing to back down.

"Deal. I've got nothing to be ashamed of." He set his beer bottle down with a thud.

The forest around us held its breath.

Brad held my gaze as his hands moved to the button of his cargo shorts. He popped the button open.

"You ready for this?"

He lowered his zipper, the metallic sound loud in our secluded clearing. He hooked his thumbs under his shorts, lifting his hips to slide them down his thighs.

His cock sprang free, thick and already half-hard. Thick at the base, with that slight upward curve, nestled in a patch of golden hair. I'd seen it before, only that afternoon, but now I was close enough to see every detail.

"Holy shit."

Brad grinned. "What, never seen one before?"

"Not like that."

He wrapped his hand around the shaft, giving it a casual stroke. The head flushed a deep pink.

"Told you," he said. "Now your turn.."

I undid the button on my hiking shorts. I paused: I was going commando, there was nothing else between me and complete exposure.

"Come on," Brad said. "Fair's fair."

I pushed my shorts down in one quick movement, revealing my cock, already hardening from the anticipation and the sight of Brad's impressive member.

Brad's eyes widened. "Damn, Alan," he said. "You've been holding out. That's... not what I expected."

I felt a flush of pride at his reaction. Maybe I wasn't as thick as he was, but my length was nothing to be ashamed of.

"Guess you don't know everything about me after all," I said.

# Chapter 4

We sat there, both exposed, both vulnerable. Brad's gaze alone felt like a physical touch, making me grow harder by the second.

"Stand up," Brad said. "Can't really compare like this."

My legs were unsteady as I rose from the log. We moved toward each other.

We stood facing each other, a foot apart. His cock was thicker, mine slightly longer. The heat radiating from his body made my skin prickle with goosebumps despite the warm night air.

"Wait, this isn't fair," Brad said, gesturing toward my fully erect cock. "You're already hard. I'm still getting there."

"Not my fault you have that effect on me."

"Yeah? Well, let me catch up then." He wrapped his hand around his shaft and began to stroke. "You keep going too. Make sure you're at your full potential."

I watched his hand move up and down his length. I gripped myself.

"Fuck," I said.

"That's it," Brad said, his breathing becoming heavier as his cock hardened. "Get it nice and hard."

We stood there, stroking ourselves.

"Now we're both at full mast," he said. "Stand closer. Let's see who's really got more to work with."

I stepped forward. The proximity was intoxicating: the smell of his skin, the heat of him, the evidence of his arousal inches from my own. We continued stroking, our rhythms syncing as we sized each other up.

Brad noticed my gaze. "Impressive, huh?"

The sight of his cock, thick and hard, sent more blood to my shaft. I felt my face flush as I imagined what it would be like to have him inside me, stretching me wide.

"Biggest dick wins," I said, trying to sound casual. "And looks like I've still got you beat on length."

"Maybe, but it's all about the girth, man. That's what really counts." His hand continued to move up and down his shaft, thumb circling the head.

I couldn't drag my eyes away. "I don't know. Length gets you places girth can't reach."

"You sure about that?" Brad said, moving his hips forward. "Mine's way thicker. Guaranteed to stretch you out better."

*Stretch me out.*

"Only one way to find out for sure," I heard myself say before I could think better of it.

"Oh yeah? How's that?"

I reached out, fingers trembling. "Let me check."

I wrapped my fingers around his shaft, feeling the heat and weight of him. Fuck. My thumb and middle finger couldn't meet around his circumference. He was thick, thicker than I'd imagined all those nights alone in my bed.

"Jesus," I said.

Brad's sharp intake of breath sent electricity straight to my dick. "Told you," he said. "Now you try yours."

Without removing my hand from his cock, I wrapped my other hand around my own. The difference was undeniable: my fingers easily met when circling my shaft.

"Shit," I said. "You win."

There was hunger in his eyes now. "Knew it. And don't worry, it's not about winning." His hand covered mine where I still held him, guiding me into a slow, deliberate stroke. "It's about what we can do with what we've got."

My hand moved almost of its own accord, driven by liquid courage and years of desire.

"Fuck." The sensation was overwhelming: the heat of him pressed against me, the contrast between my skin and his, the hardness that pulsed against my palm.

My fingers could only just encompass our combined girth. The feel of his cock against mine sent currents through my body. I squeezed, watching his reaction closely, ready to pull away at the first sign of discomfort or rejection.

But Brad didn't pull away. Instead, he thrust into my grip, his cock sliding against mine in a way that made me bite my lip to stifle a moan.

"Don't stop now," he said. "Show me what those hands can do."

I established a slow rhythm. The friction of his cock rubbing against mine was better than any fantasy I'd conjured alone in my bed. The weight of him, the heat, the slight curve that pressed against my shaft. So fucking hot.

"Jesus, Alan." Brad's hips moved in time with my strokes.

I couldn't tear my eyes away from the sight of our cocks together in my hand, both flushed and hard. Pre-cum made our shafts slicker as I continued to pump.

"This okay?"

Brad put his hand over mine, guiding my movements, showing me how he liked it. "More than okay." He leaned closer. "Should've done this months ago."

My entire focus narrowed to the sensation of our cocks sliding together in my grip, to the sounds of Brad's pleasure, to the intoxicating knowledge that at last this wasn't just another fantasy.

Brad brought his hands to my hips. His fingers were hot against my skin, leaving trails of fire as they explored upward over my abdomen. His thumbs grazed my nipples, circling them until they hardened into sensitive peaks. Fuck, I'd always been sensitive there, but having Brad play with my nipples was on a whole different level. I pushed my chest forward, silently begging for more of his touch.

"I've always wondered what you'd feel like," he said. He traced the definition in my swimmer's shoulders, squeezing appreciatively.

His hands roamed downward my sides. I was still gripping both our cocks, my rhythm faltering.

"Your fucking body, man," Brad said. His hands slid around to my lower back.

He cupped my ass, his large hands kneading the muscle there. He squeezed hard as he pulled me toward him.

"Let go," he said.

Brad yanked me against him. Our naked hips collided, our cocks pressed between our bodies.

"Fuck," I said, my hands flying up to grip his shoulders for support.

Brad's grip on my ass tightened as he began to roll his hips. Our cocks slid against each other, trapped between our bodies, creating exquisite friction.

"This what you've been thinking about?" Brad said. His fingers dug deeper into the flesh of my ass, massaging, exploring. "This what you jerk off to?"

I managed only a nod as I matched his rhythm. The pressure of his thick cock sliding against mine, the heat of his hard body, the scent of his sweat mingling with pine.

One hand slid into the crease of my ass. Our movements grew more urgent as we rutted against each other like teenagers. The friction was maddening.

I gasped when his middle finger slid between my cheeks, probing insistently.

"This what you want?" he said.

Brad's finger circled my entrance, teasing me with light pressure. I pushed back against him, seeking more. When the tip of his finger breached me, I bit down on his shoulder.

"Fuck, you're tight," he said, working his thick digit inside me.

The initial burn gave way to intense pleasure. My knees weakened as his finger pushed all the way in, curling to brush against my prostate. Stars exploded behind my eyelids.

"Oh god. "ight there."

Brad increased the pressure of his finger while grinding his cock harder against mine. His finger inside me and his thick shaft rubbing against my own was overwhelming. Every nerve ending in my body seemed to fire at once.

"You gonna cum for me?" Brad's finger thrust deeper, hitting that perfect spot again. "Cause I'm close. So fucking close."

I could only whimper as he worked me from both inside and out. Our cocks slid together, slick with pre-cum. My balls tightened, drawing up close to my body as the tension built to an impossible peak.

"Brad—I'm—" The first wave hit me.

"Fuck, me too," Brad groaned, his finger driving deeper inside me as his hips jerked erratically.

We came together, our release spilling hot between us, coating our stomachs and chests. My vision blurred at the edges as pleasure crashed through me in violent waves. Brad's finger remained inside me, prolonging my orgasm until I was shaking.

We collapsed onto the soft grass beside the fire. The night air was cool against my overheated body, raising goosebumps despite the lingering warmth of our encounter.

I stared up at the stars visible through the gap in the trees, trying to process what had happened. My body was boneless with satisfaction and electric with lingering pleasure. I could still feel the ghost of Brad's finger inside me, the pressure of his cock against mine.

"So," I said at last. "Is this what you were expecting from this hiking trip?"

Brad propped himself up on one elbow.

"Yeah," he said. "Pretty much."

I blinked. "Wait? You planned this?"

"Not exactly planned," he said, his fingers tracing patterns in the cum on my chest. "But hoped for? Yeah."

"But I thought... I mean, you're straight, aren't you?"

Brad was quiet for a moment.

"Until about ten minutes ago."

Something warm bloomed in my chest that had nothing to do with the nearby fire. "Bullshit," I said.

"I'm serious." Brad locked his eyes on mine. "I've thought about it, about you, for a while now. But thinking about something and actually doing it..." He trailed off, glancing down at our bodies, still sticky with evidence of what we'd done. "Turns out the reality is a whole lot better than I imagined."

"You've... thought about me? Like, doing this?"

"Yeah, man. For a while now."

"How long is 'a while'?"

"Remember that swimming competition last spring? When you took first place in the 200 meter?" Brad's voice was soft, hesitant. "That's when it started. You climbed out of the pool, water streaming down your body, and I couldn't look away."

The memory flooded back. The chlorine sting in my eyes, the roar of the crowd, the exhausted triumph. And now I knew Brad had been watching me, lusting for me.

"You're serious right now?" I searched his face for any hint of his usual teasing. There was none.

"Dead serious. I've jerked off thinking about you more times than I can count."

A flush of heat spread through my body. My cock, which should have been spent, gave an interested twitch. "When?"

"After watching you swim. After our gym sessions." His thumb stroked circles near my nipple. "Sometimes just after you'd text me goodnight."

"Jesus," I said. "When was the last time?"

Brad smiled. "This afternoon."

"What? When?"

"In the stream. Couldn't help myself. Got myself off thinking about what I wanted to do to you later."

I shifted my weight, my cock still sticky with our combined cum. "Brad..." I cleared my throat, my face flushed. "I saw you at the stream."

"What?"

"Yeah. I followed you. I saw you, and... fuck, Brad. The way you were stroking yourself..."

"You perv. How long did you watch?"

"Long enough to see you shoot your load into the water. You were moaning something. Couldn't quite make it out though."

Brad's face reddened, which was a first. I'd never seen him blush before. "Fuck. Did you… did you jerk off?"

I nodded. He grabbed my ass, pulling me flush against him.

"I was thinking about bending you over in the gym showers. Making you take my cock while everyone could hear you moaning like a slut."

"Fuck, Brad."

"Been wanting to fuck you for months. Every time you bend over to pick up weights... every time you do those fucking squats..."

"Why didn't you say something sooner?"

"Wasn't sure you'd be into it." His hand slid between my ass cheeks, teasing. "Didn't want to fuck up our friendship if I was wrong."

"Well," I rocked back against his exploring fingers, "you weren't wrong."

"You seem tense," he observed, his fingers kneading the muscle of my leg. "Long hike got you all wound up?"

"Something like that."

His hand inched lower. "Let me help with that."

Before I could respond, he held my cock. I gasped, my hips jerking at the contact.

"Fuck," I said.

Brad's expression remained confident, but I caught the slight flare of his nostrils, the darkening of his pupils. His hand cupped me fully now.

"This okay?" he asked.

His fingers traced my hardening length.

I reached over, my hand hovering before landing on his thigh. Brad's muscles tensed beneath my touch, but he spread his legs. I put my thumb and forefinger around his cock.

"Jesus."

Brad's hand worked me more deliberately now.

We lay there, hands working each other, our breathing synchronized and ragged. Brad's technique was different from mine. Firmer, more assured, his thumb swiping over my sensitive tip, spreading the moisture gathering there.

"Fuck, Alan. Your hand feels so good."

Brad's hand wrapped around my cock. His grip was firm but gentle, the rough skin of his palm creating delicious friction as he started stroking me. Blood rushed to fill my shaft.

"Fuck, you've got a nice cock," Brad said, his thumb circling the sensitive head. "Love how it gets so hard so fast."

His thick member was already starting to swell, the veins becoming more pronounced under my touch. I matched his rhythm, stroking him from base to tip, feeling him grow harder with each pass.

"Jesus," I gasped as his hand squeezed just right. "Where'd you learn to do that?"

"Been practicing on myself, thinking about doing this to you."

Pre-cum leaked from my slit, making his strokes wetter, smoother. Every ridge of his palm sent sparks of pleasure through my groin.

His cock was massive in my hand. The thought of what it might feel like inside me made my mouth water.

Our hands moved in sync as we explored each other's bodies. The afternoon sun filtered through the trees, casting dappled shadows across our naked forms. The only sounds were our heavy breathing and the wet sounds of our hands working each other's cocks.

"Can I ask you something?" Brad's said.

I nodded, my hand never stopping its motion on his thick shaft. "Anything."

His eyes darted down to my cock and back up to my face. "What's it like? You know... sucking… sucking another guy's cock? You ever done it?"

"Couple of times…"

*Couple of hundred.* "It's..." I paused. "It's incredible, honestly. There's something so hot about feeling someone in your mouth, tasting them, making them lose control. The weight of it on your tongue, the way you can feel every pulse... And then you push them to the edge…"

Brad's cock twitched.

"I want to try," he said. "But I don't want to mess it up. "

"You won't," I said. "It's not complicated."

"Tell me how. What feels good?"

I tried to focus despite the pleasure clouding my brain. "Start slow. Use your tongue on the head first. It's the most sensitive part." I traced my finger around the crown of his cock to demonstrate. "Then gradually take more in your mouth. Use your hand on what doesn't fit. Don't forget to play with the balls."

"What about teeth?"

"Cover them with your lips. And use spit. Lots of it. Wetter is better."

"Anything else?" His eyes were fixed on my cock now, studying it with newfound interest.

"Pay attention to reactions. You'll know what feels good by how I respond. And don't worry about taking it all. That comes with practice."

Brad nodded. "What about... you know... gagging?"

"Just go at your own pace. Don't try to deepthroat right away. Focus on the head: that's the most sensitive part anyway. And use lots of spit."

"And when you, he cums?"

"That's up to you. You can pull off, let him cum on your face or chest. Or..." I licked my lips. "You can keep sucking, swallow every drop. Nothing hotter than that."

"Fuck," Brad said.

I rolled on my back. Brad hesitated, and then climbed over me, sticking his face into my crotch, my cock inches from his face. I wanted to thrust straight into his mouth. He wrapped his hand around my cock, studying it like he was trying to memorize every detail.

"Start slow."

His tongue darted out, tentatively licking the head of my cock. I wanted to cum right there.

Brad's tongue circled the head of my cock. His inexperienced movements were tentative at first, exploring the unfamiliar territory with cautious licks.

"That's it," I said. "Try taking just the tip in your mouth."

Brad's eyes flicked up to meet mine. His lips parted, and the wet heat of his mouth enveloped my cockhead.

"Fuck yes." I fought the urge to thrust deeper. "Now use your tongue while you suck."

He followed my instructions, his tongue swirling around the sensitive ridge as his cheeks hollowed with suction. For someone who'd never sucked a cock before, Brad was catching on fast.

"You're a natural," I said, threading my fingers through his hair. "Try taking a little more."

Brad slid his lips further down. His hand gripped what couldn't fit in his mouth, working in rhythm with his bobbing head.

"Use more spit," I said. "Make it sloppy."

He pulled off, letting saliva pool in his mouth before descending again. This time, the obscene wet sounds of his sucking filled the clearing. My hips jerked.

"Fuck, Brad. That's perfect."

His confidence grew with each passing moment. He started experimenting on his own, alternating between shallow, fast bobs that focused on my sensitive head and deeper, slower movements that took me to the back of his throat. When he gagged, I tried to pull back, but he gripped my ass, holding me in place.

"I'm getting close," I said, feeling the familiar tightening in my balls. "You don't have to—"

But Brad didn't pull away. Instead, he doubled his efforts, sucking harder while his hand squeezed and twisted around my base.

"Oh god, Brad, I'm gonna—"

The orgasm hit me like a freight train. My vision blurred as pleasure exploded through my body. I couldn't hold back my cry as I emptied myself into Brad's eager mouth, pulse after pulse of hot cum shooting down his throat.

Brad swallowed everything, his throat working as he gulped down my release. Only when the last spasm subsided did he pull off, a thin string of saliva and cum connecting his swollen lips to my softening cock.

"How'd I do?"

"Fuck," I said, still coming down from my high. "You sure that was your first time?"

A sheepish grin spread across his face. "You know, I tried to suck my own cock once."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah," he nodded, looking almost proud. "I watched some video where this flexible dude did it. Thought I could manage it too. Got close enough to feel the heat of it on my lips, but couldn't quite reach. Nearly threw my back out trying."

The mental image of buff, confident Brad contorting himself into a pretzel made me snort. "That's dedication, man."

"What can I say? I was curious." His cock was still rock hard between his muscular thighs, neglected during his oral exploration of me.

"Well," I said, "seems only fair that it's my turn now."

I positioned myself between his legs. I wrapped my fingers around the base of his thick shaft, feeling it pulse against my palm. Lowering my head, I took my time, breathing in the scent of his cock and balls and sweat and hair before running my tongue from base to tip in one long, slow lick.

"Fuck," Brad said, his hand finding the back of my head.

I swirled my tongue around the swollen head, tasting the salty pre-cum that had gathered there. Then, maintaining eye contact, I parted my lips and took him in, hollowing my cheeks as I descended.

The weight of him against my tongue was intoxicating. I'd fantasized about this moment for so long, and the reality exceeded every expectation. Brad was thick enough to stretch my lips, the veins of his cock prominent against my tongue.

"Holy shit, Alan." His fingers tightened in my hair.

I relaxed my throat, taking him deeper with each bob of my head. Brad's hips started moving, small thrusts at first, but growing more enthusiastic as I matched his rhythm.

"Your mouth feels amazing."

His thrusts became more insistent, his cock hitting the back of my throat. Rather than pull away, I grabbed his ass, encouraging him to take what he needed.

Brad's hips bucked faster as I worked him with my mouth. His fingers tangled in my hair, gripping tighter with each thrust. I could tell he was getting close by the way his cock swelled against my tongue and the increasing urgency of his movements.

"Fuck, Alan—I'm gonna—"

I doubled my efforts, hollowing my cheeks and taking him as deep as I could. His pre-cum coated my tongue, and I moaned around his thickness, sending vibrations through his shaft.

"Oh shit, I'm cumming!"

The first hot jet hit the back of my throat, followed by pulse after pulse of his release. Stream after stream flooded my mouth. The taste was bitter and salty, but it was Brad's: the sweetest thing I'd ever tasted.

Brad's grip on my hair loosened as the final spasms subsided. I continued to suck and lick, cleaning every drop until he tugged me away, too overwhelmed for more stimulation.

I didn't swallow. I had a better idea.

I crawled up his body, my legs straddling his muscular torso. His eyes were half-closed, still hazy from his orgasm. His chest rose and fell with each deep breath, sweat glistening on his defined pecs.

"Fucking amazing," he said.

I didn't respond. Instead, I leaned down until my face was inches from his. The surprise in his eyes turned to understanding, then to excitement. He knew what I was about to do.

I pressed my lips to his, and he responded immediately. His mouth opened under mine, his tongue darting out to meet my own. That was the moment I released his load, letting his cum flow from my mouth into his. Our tongues slid against each other, his own seed passing between us.

Instead of pulling back or gagging like I half-expected, Brad moaned into my mouth. His arms wrapped around me, one hand sliding up to grip the back of my neck, holding me in place as he eagerly accepted his own cum. He swallowed it down, his throat working, then licked deeper into my mouth to get every last drop.

When we finally broke apart, a string of saliva and cum connected our lips. Brad's eyes were dark.

"Fuck," he said. "That was so fucking hot."

"Didn't think you'd be into that," I said.

His hands slid down to grip my ass. "Neither did I. But with you? I'm into everything."

He pulled me down for another kiss, slower this time, more deliberate. I could taste traces of himself still on his tongue.

"Holy fuck," he said. "That was... fuck."

I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand. "Better than jerking off?"

"You have no idea."

"Oh yes, I do."

We collapsed back onto the soft grass, our naked bodies bathed in the dappled sunlight filtering through the pine branches overhead. The forest clearing became our own private world, far from reality. Birds sang in the distance leaves rustled in the breeze. The heady scent of sex hung between us, mixing with the earthy pine smell of our clearing. I was completely satisfied, my mind blissfully empty for the first time in months. No more hiding, no more pretending.

Brad's breathing slowed as he stared up at the sky.

"You okay?" I turned to look at him.

"Yeah," he said. "Just... processing, I guess."

He hesitated. "That was incredible but... This doesn't make me gay, does it? Cause I don't feel gay."

"What does that mean?"

"I mean, I'm not like Camp David or anything."

I propped myself up on one elbow. "What do you think Dave is like?"

"You know," Brad gestured vaguely. "All that camp shit. The way he talks, walks, dresses. That whole 'honey this' and 'sweetie that' thing he does."

"Brad, not all gay guys are like Dave. Most aren't. Being gay just means you're attracted to men. It doesn't mean you have to act a certain way. You don't need a label at all. Just be yourself. Don't worry about fitting into some box."

Brad was quiet for a minute. "OK. For the first time in forever, I feel like I am being myself." His eyes met min. "With you, I don't have to be 'Gym Brad' or 'Alpha Brad' or whatever the fuck everyone expects."

"That's all that matters," I said. "Being true to yourself."

"Yeah, you're right."

I looked at him, taking in his flushed face and satisfied smile. His blonde hair was messy from my fingers, and a thin sheen of sweat made his muscled chest glisten.

Brad's hand found mine in the grass.

"Can't believe we finally did this."

# Chapter 5

Morning sunlight filtered through the tent and warmed my face. I woke to the gentle chirping of the dawn chorus outside, disoriented before remembering where I was. And who I was with. Brad's muscular arm draped across my waist, his chest pressed against my back. His steady breathing tickled the nape of my neck, each exhale warm against my skin.

Holy shit. It wasn't a dream.

I lay still, savoring the weight and heat of his body around mine. He'd pulled me against him sometime during the night, tucking me into the protective curve of his larger frame. My ass nestled snugly against his groin, my back absorbing the radiant warmth of his chest.

This felt so right, so perfect, but… What did last night mean to him? Was this a casual hookup he'd regret once we returned to civilization?

I shifted slightly, and that's when I felt it. Hardness pressing against my ass. Brad's morning wood strained against his boxer briefs, the length of it nestled between my ass cheeks. Each tiny movement seemed to position his cock more deliberately against me, like our bodies knew how to fit together.

The solid heat of him sent a jolt of arousal straight to my own cock. I stifled a groan, wondering if I should pretend to be asleep or turn around and face what we'd started last night.

Brad's breathing changed rhythm. His arm tightened almost imperceptibly around my waist.

I didn't dare move, afraid to wake him and break the spell.

My dick hardened. I pushed back against him. The memory of how he'd looked naked yesterday, how he'd felt in my hand, in my mouth—it made me ache to feel more of him.

The steady rhythm of his breathing, the heat of his skin, the firmness of his erection against me: torture and bliss.

I turned over to face Brad, moving as slowly as I could. The morning light filtering through the tent cast a golden glow on his features, softening the usual cockiness I was so used to seeing. His jaw was dusted with golden stubble that made him look rugged and even sexier than usual. His lips were parted. I wanted them stretched around my cock.

My gaze wandered down his body. The sleeping bag had shifted during the night, revealing his broad chest. He was still wearing his t-shirt, now rumpled from sleep, and it had ridden up to expose a strip of toned stomach. Lower still, the boxer shorts were tented by his impressive morning erection.

Fuck. The outline of his cock strained against the fabric. My mouth watered at the memory of its weight on my tongue, the taste of him lingering.

My hand hovered uncertainly above his stomach. This was Brad, my secret crush, the guy I'd been jerking off to for months. And now he was here, hard and gorgeous, after a night when all my fantasies had started coming true.

Fuck it. I couldn't resist.

My fingers slipped under the waistband of his boxers. I paused, listening to his breathing, then slid my hand inside. My fingertips met warm skin, then coarse hair, and then they wrapped around the thick shaft of his cock. Hot, heavy, hard.

Christ, it felt even bigger than last night. The silky skin stretched tight over what felt like steel. I memorized every vein, every ridge through touch alone. I pulled down the front of his boxers to admire the full length of his cock.

"Fuck."

I started with slow, gentle strokes, drawing my hand up from base to tip. My eyes flicked constantly between my hand and Brad's face, searching for any sign that he might wake up. His breathing remained steady, his lips parted. The only change was a subtle tension that appeared in his jaw.

I twisted my wrist at the head of his cock, the way I liked to do to myself, and was rewarded with a soft moan. His hips shifted, pushing up into my grip.

His dick grew even harder, if that was possible. The veins stood out more prominently, and I could feel his pulse through the shaft. I kept my eyes locked on his face, watching for any sign he might wake up. Part of me wanted him to; part of me was terrified he would.

The soft sounds Brad was making in his sleep emboldened me. I established a steady rhythm. Up and down, twisting on the upstroke, paying special attention to the sensitive spot under the head. His breathing quickened, his chest rising and falling faster beneath his t-shirt.

I felt a wet slickness against my thumb. A bead of pre-cum glistened at his slit. I spread it around the head with my thumb, making the glide of my hand smoother, slicker. Another drop followed.

I lay back beside Brad, overwhelmed with lust as my left hand continued to stroke his magnificent cock. Fuck, I needed to touch myself too.

With my right hand, I pushed down my shorts and boxers to free my erection. My cock sprang up. I wrapped my fingers around it, matching the rhythm I was using on Brad.

"Jesus." I was dizzy from the sensation of two cocks in my hands.

It was awkward at first, trying to coordinate both hands moving at different angles. My left hand continued working Brad's impressive shaft, while my right gripped my own aching hardness.

The feeling was fucking incredible. Each time I stroked upward on Brad's thick cock, feeling that ridge beneath the head, I'd mirror the same motion on myself. Pre-cum leaked freely from both of us now, making my hands slick and the glide smoother.

Brad's breathing was shorter, shallower. His hips pushed up to meet my hand. I watched his face as I worked both our cocks.

"Fuck, Brad."

My wrists were starting to burn from the awkward angle, but there was no way I was stopping. The dual sensation of pleasuring him while taking care of myself was too good. My right hand flew over my own dick while my left maintained that perfect pressure on his. I rubbed my thumb over his slit each time I reached the head, spreading the wetness, using it as lube.

His incredible cock was now wet and gleaming in the morning light.

I stared at the bead of pre-cum glistening at the tip of Brad's cock, unable to resist any longer. My mouth watered at the sight, and before I could overthink it, I leaned forward, bringing my face closer to his groin. The scent of sleep and arousal filled my nostrils as I extended my tongue and delicately lapped at the slick droplet.

I couldn't help letting out a soft moan as I savored it.

Brad's body tensed. His eyes fluttered open, confusion clouding his gaze as he tried to process what was happening. He blinked several times, looking down at my hand wrapped around his shaft and my face hovering inches from his cock.

"Alan?" His eyes were still unfocused.

"I—" I swallowed hard. "I woke up next to you and couldn't help myself. You were hard, and I... wanted to touch you again."

Brad stared at me.

"Let me finish you off," I said, resuming my strokes before he could tell me to stop.

That familiar cocky smile I knew so well spread across his face.

"You just can't get enough, can you?" He raised himself up on his elbows to get a better view of my hand working his cock.

I stroked him faster. As I was about to lower my head and take him into my mouth, Brad's hand shot out and wrapped around my wrist, stopping me mid-stroke.

The sudden grip startled me. My eyes darted up to meet his, questioning.

"I've got better plans for this big boy," Brad said. His fingers tightened around my wrist, establishing control.

He sat up. He leaned in close, his morning breath mingling with mine.

"I'm gonna fuck that tight ass of yours, Alan. Been thinking about it all night. Spreading those cheeks and watching my dick disappear inside you inch by fucking inch." He grabbed his cock. "Gonna make you take every fucking inch of me while you beg for more. Gonna pound you so fucking hard you'll feel me for days."

The crude words from Brad's mouth, that perfect, gorgeous mouth, made my whole body burn with desire.

"Are you sure?" I said. "You've never—I mean, with a guy—"

Brad cut me off, pushing me onto my back and looming over me. His muscular arms caged me in as he stared down, that cocky smile never leaving his face.

"I've never been more fucking sure of anything," he said. "And you're gonna take it like a good boy, aren't you?"

His dominance sent a fresh wave of arousal surging through me. My insecurities melted away.

"Yes. Fuck yes."

Brad dug through his backpack. My heart pounded against my ribs like it was trying to escape. Was this really happening? After months of secret fantasies, Brad was about to fuck me in a tent in the middle of nowhere.

Brad's rummaging became more frantic. "Fuck, where is it?" He pulled out his toiletry bag triumphantly. "Lube. And condoms."

I raised an eyebrow. "You just happen to carry lube and condoms on a guys' camping trip?"

"Always be prepared," he winked. "It's like the Boy Scout motto, but for getting laid."

Brad tore open the foil packet with his teeth. My cock twitched against my stomach.

"Fuck, you look good like that," Brad said, as his eyes they raked over my naked body. "All ready for me."

He rolled the condom between his fingers, getting ready to put it on. My mouth went dry at the sight of his massive cock, the head swollen and purple, a drop of pre-cum glistening at the tip.

"You're so fucking big," I said.

"And you're gonna take every inch."

He positioned the condom at the tip of his cock, then started to roll it down with agonizing slowness. His eyes locked with mine, making sure I saw every movement of his fingers as they worked the latex over his shaft.

"See what you do to me?" he asked. "Never been this hard in my fucking life."

He smoothed the condom down his length, taking his time, making a show of it. He paused halfway, wrapping his hand around his shaft and giving it a few slow pumps.

"Jesus Christ," I said.

Brad grinned, enjoying torturing me. He continued rolling the condom down until it was snug at the base of his cock. Then he poured lube into his palm and started stroking himself, coating the latex-covered shaft until it glistened in the morning light filtering through the tent.

"Like what you see?" he said, still stroking himself.

I nodded, mesmerized by the sight of his hand gliding up and down his enormous length. My cock was desperate for attention.

"Good," Brad said. "Because I've been wanting to do this for a long fucking time."

Brad's strong hands grabbed my hips and flipped me over onto my hands and knees in one fluid motion. The sleeping bag rustled beneath us as I positioned myself, ass up. My heart hammered, pulse racing.

"Fuck, that's a nice view," Brad said. His hands spread my cheeks apart.

I felt the hot, blunt head of his latex-covered cock pressing against my hole, the lotion making it slick and slippery as he rubbed it against my entrance.

"Wait," I said. The tent walls closed in around us, the space cramped and confining. "This tent is too small. We'll tear it down or something. I think we need to go outside."

Brad paused, his cock still pressed against me. "Outside? Are you fucking serious? What if someone sees us?"

I glanced over my shoulder at him. "It's dawn. No one else is up this early, and we haven't seen another person since we got here." I pushed back against his cock, making him groan. "Besides, don't you want more room to really give it to me?"

Brad stroked his cock. "Fuck it," he said.

We unzipped the tent and stepped into the cool morning air. The forest was silent except for birdsong, bathed in the golden light of early dawn.

I spotted a fallen tree trunk about twenty feet from our campsite, thick and sturdy-looking. Perfect.

"There," I pointed, already moving toward it.

I reached the log and bent over it, bracing my hands on the rough bark and sticking my ass high in the air.

"This angle work better for you?" I asked, wiggling my ass.

He moved behind me on his knees, his strong hands gripping my hips. The confidence in his touch made me tremble. This was Brad—gorgeous, athletic Brad—who could have anyone he wanted. And right now, he wanted me.

"Relax," he said. "I'm gonna take care of you."

I dropped my head between my shoulders, nervous.

"I'll go slow," Brad said. "At first."

I felt his slick finger circle my entrance, teasing, applying gentle pressure without pushing in. My breath hitched. Every cell in my body focused on that single point of contact.

"Fuck, Alan," Brad said, leaning over me, his chest brushing my back. "Been thinking about this ass for so long."

His finger breached me, the intrusion both strange and thrilling. Brad moved with gentleness, working his finger in and out, paying attention to my reactions.

"That's it," he said, his voice a mix of tenderness and filth. "Open up for me. Gonna make you feel so fucking good."

He added a second finger, stretching me, curling his fingers to find that spot inside me. My body jolted.

"There it is," Brad said. "Gonna hit that spot with my cock until you're screaming my name."

His fingers worked me open, scissoring tenderly while his other hand stroked soothingly down my spine. The contrast between his filthy words and careful touch was driving me wild.

"Please," I begged, pushing back against his fingers. "I need more."

Brad moved the head of his cock to my hole, then pushed it in.

"Fuck!"

The blunt pressure of his cock head against my entrance made my entire body tense. Despite his careful preparation, the initial stretch burned like fire. "Holy shit, you're huge."

"You okay? Want me to stop?"

"Don't you fucking dare," I growled through gritted teeth, though my body trembled with the effort of accommodating him. The burn was intense but what I craved: the unmistakable feeling of being filled by Brad's massive cock. The head popped past my tight ring, and I let out a strangled moan.

"So. Fucking. Tight," Brad said, his fingers digging into my hips.

Every inch he pushed forward sent shockwaves of pleasure-pain radiating through me. My cock hung heavy between my legs, dripping pre-cum. I felt myself stretching around his girth, struggling to accept him.

He eased in another inch. The burn transformed into a deep, satisfying fullness that had me panting with need.

Brad started with controlled, shallow thrusts. Each careful push sent sparks racing up my spine. He maintained this maddeningly patient rhythm, his hands kneading my ass.

"More." I pushed back against him.

His pace increased, each thrust going deeper than the last. The controlled power behind his movements made my toes curl. Brad was finding his rhythm now, his hips moving with increasing confidence.

"Fuck, you're taking me so good."

His praise ignited something competitive inside me. If Brad thought I couldn't handle him, he was wrong. I'd always tried to prove myself to him, and this was no different.

"Give me all of it," I said. "Don't hold back."

"You sure?"

"I can take whatever you've got."

Brad gripped my hips tighter and thrust forward, burying himself to the hilt in one powerful stroke. I cried out, stars exploding behind my eyelids as he hit my prostate dead-on.

"Holy fuck," Brad gasped. "You feel amazing. So much better than—" He cut himself off, his hips stuttering.

"Than what?"

"Than I ever imagined," he said. "Fuck, Alan, I didn't know it could feel like this."

Brad's hands gripped my hips, pulling me back onto his cock with each brutal thrust. His cock hitting depths inside me that I never knew existed, slamming against my prostate.

"Fuck, Alan, you're so fucking tight." His pace became more frantic, more primal. "Taking my cock so fucking good."

I was lost in the overwhelming sensations, caught between searing pain and mind-numbing pleasure. Each thrust burned and stretched me beyond what I thought I could handle, but sent waves of ecstasy from my core. My knees dug into the soft earth, the morning dew soaking into my skin as Brad pounded into me.

"Harder," I begged. "Please, Brad, fuck me harder."

He gripped my shoulders and used the leverage to slam into me with renewed force.

I couldn't take it anymore. I reached down and wrapped my hand around my aching shaft, stroking myself in time with Brad's thrusts.

"That's it," Brad panted above me. "Jerk that cock while I fuck you."

My hand flew over my shaft, pre-cum making each stroke slick and frictionless. Pressure mounted at the base of my spine as Brad's cock hammered me mercilessly.

"I'm gonna cum," I said. "Brad, I'm so close."

He pulled me upright.

My cock erupted, sending thick ropes of cum arcing through the morning air. The first pulse shot past the fallen log, painting a streak of white across a patch of ferns. The second splashed onto the forest floor, stark white against the dark soil and decomposing leaves.

"Holy fuck."

I collapsed onto the grass, rolling onto my back. Brad knelt over me, his cock still hard and angry. He tossed the condom aside. Then he wrapped his hand around his shaft and stroked himself furiously.

"Gonna mark you." His hand was a blur on his cock. "Gonna cover you with my load."

His muscles tensed, abs contracting as his orgasm built.

His eyes locked on my softening cock, still twitching from my intense orgasm.

He aimed his cock at mine. "Gonna cum all over your dick."

"Fuck, do it," I said. "Cover me."

"*Cumming*."

The first jet of cum shot from his cock with impressive force, landing in a hot streak across my shaft. The second pulse followed immediately, coating my cock head. Brad kept stroking, milking every drop onto me as he groaned through clenched teeth. His cum felt scalding against my skin, pooling around the base of my cock and dripping down onto my balls.

"Holy shit," he panted, squeezing the last drops from his tip directly onto mine. His cockhead touched mine as he deposited the final drops of his release.

Brad stared down at his handiwork: my cock glazed with his cum. His face showed something like awe, as if he couldn't quite believe what he'd just done.

Brad collapsed beside me on the grass. We stared up at the morning sky peeking through the pine branches. Our bodies were slick with sweat, cum, and dew.

Brad turned his head toward me.

"So... is it time for breakfast yet?"

"Seriously? That's what you're thinking about right now?"

"Hey, fucking your brains out works up an appetite. Even better than a workout."

His eyes dropped to my cum-covered chest. He dragged his fingertips through the mess, drawing patterns.

"Look at you. Fucking covered in me."

Brad traced circles around my nipples, then dragged his fingers up toward my collarbone, leaving glistening trails across my flesh.

"Breakfast time," Brad said, pushing his cum-coated fingers into my mouth. I sucked his fingers to catch every drop.

"Fuck." Brad said. "Look at you, so fucking greedy for it."

His fingers pushed deeper into my mouth.

"Damn, Alan," Brad said. "That was hot as fuck."

I licked my lips.

"Protein shot, straight from the source," I said, patting my stomach.

Brad burst into laughter. He rolled onto his side, his naked body golden in the morning light filtering through the trees.

He reached down and gave his cock a few lazy strokes.

"You know, if you're still hungry, I could offer you some more sausage. There's plenty on the menu."

The fact that this gorgeous man wanted me still felt like some kind of fever dream.

"You're insatiable," I said.

"Only for you."

I couldn't stop grinning like an idiot as we cleaned up and pulled our shorts on. We moved around the campsite making breakfast, but something had changed between us. We couldn't seem to stay apart.

Brad came up behind me while I was filling the coffee pot, wrapping his strong arms around my waist and kissing the back of my neck.

"You know," he said, "this is way better than jerking off alone in the stream."

I leant back into his embrace. "Speaking of... I could use a wash. We're both kind of a mess."

Brad's eyes lit up.

After a quick breakfast, we headed down the narrow trail to the water. This time, there was no hiding, no pretending. We walked hand in hand, stopping every few feet to kiss against a tree trunk or grab each other's asses.

At the stream, Brad didn't waste any time stripping off his shorts. His body was magnificent in the daylight, golden and powerful, his muscles rippling under sun-kissed skin. I followed suit. It felt good to be completely exposed in front of him.

The water was cool as we waded in. Brad pulled me close, wet bodies sliding together as he kissed me deeply. His hands explored my back, tracing the contours of my shoulders, the dip of my spine, the curve of my ass.

"Turn around," he said, reaching for the soap we'd brought. "Let me wash you."

I closing my eyes as his strong hands worked lather across my shoulders and down my back. His touch lingered on spots that made me gasp.

"Your body is fucking perfect," he said, his soapy hands sliding around to my chest, fingers grazing my nipples. "I've been wanting to touch you like this for so long."

I turned to face him, taking the soap. "My turn."

I washed his chest, marveling at the firmness of his pecs, the ridges of his abs. When my hand dipped lower, we both inhaled sharply.

"I can't believe we wasted so much time," Brad said, pulling me into another kiss as the stream washed the soap from our bodies.

After our time by the stream, Brad and I spent the day exploring the forest together. But we barely noticed our surroundings. Every few minutes, Brad would pull me against a tree trunk, pressing his body against mine, his lips hungry on my neck, my jaw, my mouth. The guy I'd fantasized about for so long couldn't keep his hands off me.

"You know," I said as Brad's fingers slipped under my tank top for the hundredth time that day, "we're supposed to be hiking."

"I am exploring nature. The natural wonder that is your body."

I rolled my eyes. "That was terrible."

"You love it." His hands squeezed my ass.

And damn it, I did.

At sunset, we made our way back to camp, lips swollen from kissing, bodies buzzing. Brad insisted on building the fire, showing off his outdoorsman skills while I dug through our supplies for dinner.

"Sausages?" I held up the package.

"I love sausage."

The fire crackled as dusk fell around us. I skewered the sausages onto sticks, and we held them over the flames. Brad sat close enough that our thighs pressed together, his hand stroking my knee.

When the sausages were done, I handed one to Brad. I should've known what would happen next.

He took his time examining the meat, then looked into my eyes as he ran his tongue along its length.

"Fuck, Brad,"

"What?" He feigned innocence, then wrapped his lips around the tip, sliding down until his mouth engulfed the sausage.

My cock stiffened. Brad knew what he was doing. He pulled the sausage out with a wet pop, then took another exaggerated bite, moaning obscenely.

"Something wrong, Alan?" he asked. "You're not eating."

I stared at him, remembering how those lips had felt wrapped around my cock. My sausage remained untouched in my hand as my hunger for food was replaced by a different appetite.

"You're such an asshole."

Brad grinned, taking another deliberate bite, juice dribbling down his chin.

The campfire's orange glow flickered across his face, highlighting the mischievous glint in his eyes.

"Hungry?" he mumbled around the meat. He leaned forward, offering the other end of his food.

"You're ridiculous," I said, but I couldn't stop myself from leaning in.

I took a tentative bite, my eyes locked on Brad's. We continued eating, taking small, deliberate bites, moving closer with each one until there was only an inch of sausage left between our lips.

"Lady." I pointed at myself.

"Tramp." Brad pointed at himself.

With one final bite, our lips collided. Brad's mouth was hot and slick, tasting of smoke and meat and desire. He swallowed quickly and then his tongue was pushing into my mouth, his hands gripping my face. My hands found his waist.

The kiss deepened, growing hungrier by the second. Brad climbed onto my lap, his powerful thighs straddling mine. I could feel his cock hardening against my stomach, matching my own erection. My hands slid down to grip his ass, pulling him tighter against me.

Brad's tongue explored my mouth hungrily. The heat from the campfire couldn't compete with the burning need growing between us. His ass flexed under my grip as he ground against my hardness.

"Fuck, I want you again," he said.

I slid my hand inside his shorts. Brad groaned, his forehead pressing against mine as I traced the outline of his shaft. The dampness at the tip had already soaked through the cotton.

"Don't tease me," he said.

With newfound confidence, I pushed my hand beneath his boxer briefs, wrapping my fingers around his thick cock. The velvety hardness pulsed against my palm as I squeezed.

"Jesus, Alan." His hips bucked upward.

I began stroking him.

"Fuck, you're good at that," he gasped as my thumb swirled over his sensitive head, spreading the wetness around his tip before sliding back down his shaft.

"I love how hard you get for me," I said.

"Fuck, Alan," he said. "There's something I want to ask you."

His eyes were dark with lust, his lips swollen from our kiss. I nodded, willing to follow wherever he wanted to lead.

"I've been thinking about—" Brad suddenly froze, his head whipping toward the forest.

That's when I heard it too: voices, growing louder, approaching the clearing.

"Shit."

# Chapter 6

We scrambled to pull up our shorts. We stood there, chests heaving, cocks still hard.

The voices grew closer, carrying through the forest. Footsteps grew louder, crunching through the undergrowth. I could make out two voices, both male, their words indistinguishable.

"If we keep quiet, perhaps they won't see us."

Two figures emerged from the trees.

One was tall with a shock of brown hair and a freckled face, his sturdy frame filled out his plaid shirt and jeans. The other was a dark-haired, olive-skinned hunk with a strong jawline and mischievous hazel eyes. Both were insanely hot.

"I'm Jake, this is Mike."

"Brad, Alan. Hi."

"You boys having a party without us?" The freckled guy, Jake, grinned. Mike, his buddy, followed close behind.

"Thought we heard something out here. Saw your fire from the trail," Mike said. He gave me a wink as he stepped closer, and I felt my face flush. "Wanted to say hi to some fellow campers."

"Just having a little fun," said Brad.

Jake raised an eyebrow. "Sounds like it. What were you boys up to? Having some fun, were we?"

Brad shrugged. "Something like that. You guys up for a drink?" He pulled a couple of beers from the cooler.

Mike's eyes swept over us. I was sure he could see the outline of our half-erect cocks in our shorts. "Looks like we're not the only ones who like a little adventure. Mind if we join in?" He reached for the bottle, taking a swig and offering it to Jake.

I cleared my throat. "Yeah, no, we're fine. Just, uh, got a little carried away, too much beer, that's all." I gestured to our empty bottles.

"No, everything's fine," Brad said, his voice steadier than mine. "We were just, uh, blowing off some steam."

"Don't mind us, boys," Mike said. "Keep going." His eyes flickered to the tent.

"Mind if we join you?" Jake stepped closer. The campfire cast shadows that danced across their lean, muscular builds.

"Sure," I said. I gestured to the logs. "Pull up a seat."

The four of us sat in a tense circle, the fire casting an eerie glow on our faces. I felt Brad's thigh press against mine, a silent reassurance. I took a breath, the musky scent of our arousal still heavy in the air, mixing with the pine and campfire smoke.

The moon rose higher, its pale light turning the clearing an ethereal silver. I sneaked a glance at Brad, his profile outlined by the fire, and felt my chest tighten.

"Hey," Jake said. "Anyone for some serious booze?"

He reached for his bag, pulling out a half-full bottle of whiskey. Brad raised an eyebrow.

"Now we're talking."

We passed the bottle around, the whiskey burning a path down my throat, warming my insides.

I glanced at Jake and Mike, my eyes taking in their lean, muscular builds. They exuded a confident sexuality that filled the small space between us. Jake's bright gaze flicked from Brad to me.

The conversation was light as we got to know each other.

But then Mike said, "How about we play a game? Truth or dare?"

Jake snorted, taking another pull from the bottle. "What are we, teenagers?"

"I'm still a eighteen-year-old inside." Mike's eyes swept over our little circle, lingering on Brad's thighs. "Come on, it'll be fun."

"I'm game," Brad said.

Jake hooted. "Oh, now it's a party."

Brad shot me a sideways glance, his lips curling into that confident smirk that always made my knees weak.

"I'll start," Mike said. "Brad, truth or dare?"

Brad took another swig from the bottle, the muscles in his throat working as he swallowed. "Truth."

Mike's eyes narrowed. "What's the longest you've gone without jerking off?"

"Three days. During a fitness competition."

"Three days?" Jake said, reaching for the bottle. "Sometimes it amazes me if I can go for three hours without getting little Jake out."

"You're meant to restrain yourself for competitions. Had to keep my testosterone levels up. Build up the manpower."

Jake whistled. "Must've been quite the load after that."

"You have no idea. Thought it was never going to stop coming out."

Jake's face lit up, his elbows resting on his knees.

"Three days must've been torture for someone like you."

Brad took another swig from the bottle before passing it to me. Our fingers brushed, sending electricity up my arm.

"Well." Brad stretched his legs out. "After the competition ended, I couldn't even wait to get home." He paused, his eyes flickering to me for a second. "I was so fucking horny. Driving back from the venue, hard as fuck. Couldn't even wait till I got home."

"So what did you do?" Mike asked.

"What do you think I did? One hand on the wheel, one hand on the cock."

I shifted uncomfortably on the log.

"Pulled my pants down just enough to get my dick out," Brad continued, his eyes half-closed. "Pre-cum dripping everywhere. Three days of build-up, man."

Jake whistled low. "In traffic?"

"Nah, back roads. But still, couple of cars passed. Didn't even care." Brad's hand moved to adjust himself in his shorts. "Kept stroking, trying to keep the car straight."

Brad's voice got husky.

"This big eighteen-wheeler came up behind me," Brad said, gesturing with his hands. "I didn't even notice at first. Too busy jerking my dick, you know? But then I saw headlights in my mirrors."

"Oh shit," Mike said.

"Yeah, too right. Truck overtakes, and I'm sitting there with my cock in my hand, stroking away." Brad's eyes gleamed. "Couldn't stop. I was too fucking close."

My shorts tightened as I pictured the scene. Brad in his car, his thick cock in his hand, those muscular forearms flexing with each stroke.

"So what happened?" Jake asked, taking another swig from the bottle.

"The truck matches my speed. I look over, and this burly dude is staring right at me. Gray beard, trucker hat, the whole deal."

"Fuck," I said, unable to help myself.

"For a second, I thought I was screwed. Like, about to get reported or some shit." Brad laughed. "But then the guy just grins at me. Gives me this knowing look, you know? And then, he gives me a fucking thumbs-up."

Jake and Mike burst out laughing.

"No shit?" Mike asked, wiping his eyes.

"Hand to god," Brad said. "Trucker dude gave me a thumbs-up, then sped off. Left me there with my dick in my hand, but fuck if that didn't push me over the edge. Had to pull over. Came so hard I hit the fucking windshield."

The bottle shook in my hand as I raised it to my lips, trying to hide how turned on I was.

"But that wasn't enough," Brad said.

"Further down the road, I saw the truck pulled over at some rest stop."

My cock twitched in my shorts. Fuck, I was getting hard again.

"So what happened?" Jake said.

Brad's tongue darted out to wet his lips. "I pulled over too. Couldn't help myself. I was still fucking hard, you know? Three days of build-up doesn't go away with just one load."

I shifted on the log, trying to hide my growing erection. Brad's shoulder brushed against mine, and I knew he could feel the heat radiating off me.

"I got out of my car," Brad said. "Crept through these bushes at the edge of the parking lot. And there he was. Sitting in the open door of the cab. Dick out."

"No fucking way," Mike said.

"Way," Brad said. "Jerking it like his life depended on it. Thick thing too, all veiny and shit. He was watching something on his phone, grunting, his big hairy belly jiggling with each stroke."

The image was so vivid: Brad hiding in the bushes, watching the stranger pleasure himself, both of them connected by this secret moment of shared depravity.

"I stayed there for maybe ten minutes," Brad said. "Just watching him go at it. He came all over his steering wheel, shot like a fucking fountain."

"Jesus," Jake said, adjusting himself in his jeans.

"Never told anyone that story before," Brad said. "Not until now. Got home, dropped my gym bag in the hallway, and went straight to my bedroom. Second load was even bigger than the first. Didn't even need any porn. Thought I was gonna pass out from how good it felt."

"Fuck," Jake said. "That's hot."

In the shadows, I caught a glimpse of something unexpected. The tip of Jake's cock had slipped out from the leg of his shorts, pink and glistening in the firelight. He knew it was showing, but made no move to adjust himself.

"Jake," Brad said. "Truth or dare?"

Jake sprawled back against the log, eyes glinting in the firelight. "Truth. I wanna see what that dirty mind of yours comes up with."

"What's your biggest turn-on?"

Jake's tongue darted as he considered. His eyes swept over our little group, lingering on Mike.

"Watching," Jake said. "I love to watch."

I noticed Mike's cock twitch in his tight black jeans at Jake's words. His eyes had gone dark with desire.

"Tell us more," Brad said.

Jake shifted position, adjusting his obvious erection through his jeans. "I love watching people lose control. Seeing the moment when they can't hold back anymore. When they're so turned on they forget anyone's watching."

Mike let out a shaky breath, his hand drifting to his crotch.

"Watching someone get hard," said Jake. "Seeing how much they want it. That's what gets me going."

A flush crept up his neck. He leaned forward, elbows on his knees, voice dropping to almost a whisper.

"I was hiking up here recently," he began. "Went off-trail to take a piss and heard these... sounds."

My skin prickled with heat. Next to me, Brad squeezed my shoulder.

"Two dudes, in their twenties. One was bent over a fallen log, ass in the air," Jake continued. "The other guy was fucking pounding into him. Neither of them had any idea I was there."

Mike shifted.

"I froze. Couldn't move, couldn't look away. The top guy had the bottom's hair in his fist, yanking his head back. The bottom was fucking loving it, begging for more."

A cold wave of realization crash over me. Jake was describing *us*: me bent over the fallen log, Brad pulling my hair and pounding into me. Holy fuck.

"I stood behind this big redwood, watching them fuck for like twenty minutes." Jake paused. "My dick was so fucking hard I thought it might break. Pulled it out right there and started stroking."

"Sounds hot," Brad said, oblivious. "Bet they were having a good time."

Panic rose in my throat. What if he found out someone had watched us? It might freak him out. Might make him regret everything we'd done. Make him regret me.

"I think a lot of guys come up here," I blurted out, my voice higher than normal. "For, er, privacy, you know? These woods are perfect for... getting away from it all."

Jake's eyes locked with mine. My heart pounded so hard I was sure everyone could hear it over the crackling fire.

"Oh, I bet they do," Jake said, never breaking eye contact. "This clearing is... particularly secluded."

"We chose it because it's hard to find," I said quickly. "Have you found any other good sites around here?"

"Anyway," said Jake, ignoring my attempt to change the subject. "They came, I came. I came so hard I had to bite my arm to keep from making noise. Still the hottest thing I've seen in a long time. Love watching guys lose control like that, especially when they think they're alone."

Brad's hand found mine in the shadows, giving it a squeeze. I wondered if he'd figured it out. But his expression remained relaxed, curious.

Jake leaned back against the log. He took another long pull from the whiskey bottle before passing it to Mike.

"Alright, next question," Jake announced, his ice-blue eyes scanning our small circle. "Who's the most embarrassing person you've ever jerked off thinking about? And don't give me that 'I don't remember' bullshit. We all have that one fantasy we're ashamed of."

Mike ran a hand through his dark curls. "Easy. My mom's yoga instructor. Dude was like fifty with a gray ponytail and this shitty tribal tattoo on his shoulder. But fuck, those yoga pants left nothing to the imagination." He shook his head, grinning. "Jerked off to him after every Thursday class for like three months."

"Jesus," Brad laughed.

All eyes turned to me. I swallowed hard, feeling my cheeks warm—.

"Um." I stared into the flames. "My old swim coach. He was married with kids and everything. But so fit." I paused, remembering Coach Wilson's broad shoulders and the way his swim shorts clung to his ass when they got wet. "He had this habit of adjusting himself during practice. I'd watch him from the pool and then jerk off in the changing rooms…"

"Brad?" Jake said.

Brad's thigh pressed against mine. I expected him to make up some story about a teacher or an older woman, something safely heterosexual.

"Camp David," Brad said. "Really gay guy on our swim team."

I nearly choked on the whiskey. "What? Dave?"

Brad nodded, a flush creeping up his neck that had nothing to do with the alcohol. "Yeah. I told you I caught him sniffing my jockstrap? I thought it was so fucking disgusting, but that night…"

"Holy shit," I said.

"Something about knowing he was sniffing my stuff," Brad continued. "It was fucked up, but also... I don't know. Hot in a weird way." He rubbed the back of his neck. "I jerked off thinking about him doing it at least three times. Think that might have been when I started getting interested in gay stuff."

I sat there stunned.

Jake straightened up. "Your turn, Alan. Truth or dare?"

The alcohol buzzed through my system, making everything feel warm and hazy.

"Truth."

Jake's smiled. "Who has the best ass in this forest?"

Three pairs of eyes turned to me. Brad nudged my shoulder, eyes gleaming with interest.

"I... uh..." I stammered, taking another swig of whiskey for courage. An idea struck me, and I felt a surge of boldness. "Hard to say without proper evidence. Why don't you guys line up and let me see?"

Mike burst out laughing, slapping his thigh. "Man's got a point. Scientific method and all that."

Brad smiled. "You serious?"

"How else am I supposed to give an honest answer?"

Jake was already on his feet, turning his back to me. "Come on, boys. Give the man what he wants."

To my surprise, Brad stood up next, followed by Mike. They lined up side by side, their backs to me.

"On three, bend over," Jake said, looking over his shoulder with a wink. "One, two, three!"

They bent forward in unison, hands on knees. Three perfect asses presented themselves to me, each straining against their shorts in the firelight. Brad's black cargo shorts hugged his muscular glutes tightly, while Jake's worn shorts stretched across his firm buttocks. Mike's ass looked equally tempting in his tight jeans.

What had started as a joke was now making my cock stir back to life.

"Well? What's the verdict?"

"Fuck," I said, pushing my hand into my shorts, and stroking my cock while they looked the other direction. I took another long drink of whiskey, my eyes roaming over the three perfect asses.

Brad glanced back over his shoulder. "Made your decision yet?"

The firelight cast shadows across their bent forms, highlighting every curve and muscle. My hands itched to reach out and grab, to squeeze and explore each of them in turn.

My eyes lingering on Brad's perfect ass. The shorts stretched tight across his muscular glutes, outlining every curve. The way his broad back tapered down to his narrow waist made my mouth water, remembering how that body had felt under my hands.

"Brad." My face burned. "Definitely Brad."

Jake groaned.

Mike laughed, slapping Jake on the back. "You can't compete with those gym glutes, man."

Brad stayed bent over a moment longer, looking back at me with a gaze that made my cock throb. Then he straightened and turned to face me. His lips curled into that cocky grin that always made my stomach flip. Without saying a word, he flexed his chest subtly, the muscles rippling beneath his tight white t-shirt.

"Good choice," he said. The firelight caught in his eyes, turning them molten. He flexed again, rolling his shoulders back to emphasize his broad chest and thick arms.

The grin never left his face as he flexed his biceps, the movement casual enough that the others might not notice, but deliberate enough that I couldn't miss it.

"Like what you see?"

Blood rushed south, making my already hard cock even harder.

"Want a closer look? Wanna see this prize-winning ass?"

Brad's eyes locked with mine before he turned away from the group, facing the darkness of the forest beyond our campfire.

"You want a better look? Alright then."

He hooked his thumbs in his shorts and yanked them down in one swift movement. His ass cheeks bounced free, pale and firm in the firelight. The tight boxer briefs he wore underneath did nothing to hide the perfect curve of each muscular globe.

"Fuck," Jake whistled "I concede defeat. Alan was right."

Mike raised his bottle in a toast. "To Brad's ass! May we all be blessed with such glutes!"

Brad chuckled, as he gave his ass a little wiggle before pulling his shorts back up.

When Brad turned around, his face was flushed, but his eyes danced with mischief. He winked, adjusting the front of his shorts where his own excitement was becoming evident.

"Satisfied with your answer now?"

"Definitely. Scientific method never fails."

He sat by me again.

The fire's heat licked at my exposed skin, but it couldn't compare to the burning I felt inside. Once I caught my breath, I turned my attention to Mike.

"Mike. Truth or dare?"

Mike didn't hesitate. "Dare."

"Demonstrate your favorite sex position," I said.

Without a word, Mike stood, stretched his muscular arms overhead, giving us all a perfect view of his chiseled torso, then dropped down onto all fours on the soft grass near the fire.

He lowered his chest to the ground while keeping his ass raised high, arching his back in a perfect curve. His jeans hugged his round ass, highlighting every defined muscle. He looked back over his shoulder, eyes glinting in the firelight.

"Fuck, you look good like that," Jake said.

"Nothing beats getting fucked from behind," Mike said. "The feeling of someone gripping your hips, pulling you back onto their cock..."

He adjusted his position, spreading his knees wider. "The way they can hit all the right spots, going deeper than any other position." Mike was getting lost in the fantasy. "And when they reach around and grab your cock while they're pounding you..."

Jake adjusted his erection through his jeans. His eyes never left Mike.

"Best part," Mike said, "is how they can pull your hair, force your face down, make you take it exactly how they want to give it to you." His eyes locked with Jake's. "Total surrender."

The tension was so thick you could cut it with a knife. Jake looked ready to pounce, a predator sizing up prey.

Brad leaned in close behind me.

"Fuck, I'd like to try that," he said, so low only I could hear it. Brad's gaze flicked to Mike's arched back and raised ass, then back to me.

"Fuck... the way he describes it..."

I couldn't help but imagine Brad in that position: his muscular body on display, that perfect ass raised high, begging to be filled.

Brad's squeezed my shoulder. "Would you...?"

My heart hammered. Brad wanted to try bottoming. And he wanted it with me.

"Yeah," I said. "Fuck yeah, I would."

Jake and Mike were watching us.

"Jake," Brad called. "Truth or dare?"

Jake considered. "Truth this time."

"What's the hottest thing you've ever done outdoors?"

Mike's face split into a wolfish grin. He glanced at Jake.

"Fuck, where to start?" said Jake. "We love the outdoor life, even if it's just in our garden. Don't think the neighbours can see... But it was probably that time on the Ridgeline Trail last summer. Mike and I were about five miles in, hadn't seen another soul for hours."

"We stopped to take some photos. Mike's always carrying that fancy camera. I was standing there admiring the view when I felt him press against my back. Next thing I knew, he'd spun me around and slammed me against this massive pine tree.

"He yanked my shorts down just enough to expose my ass," Jake continued. "Then straight in, enough spit to get his cock wet. Fucking took me against that tree."

I pictured the scene. Jake's body pinned against rough bark, Mike's pale hands gripping his hips.

"My cheek was scraped raw from the bark," Jake said. "Mike had one hand clamped over my mouth to keep me quiet, the other holding my wrists above my head. Fucked me so hard my knees nearly gave out."

Brad slid closer. His knuckles brushing against my outer thigh.

"The danger of getting caught made it even hotter. We heard voices on the trail. But I didn't stop. Just covered his mouth with my hand and kept fucking him until we both came. Shot my load all over that tree without even touching myself. Pretty sure if we went back, you'd still see the stain, there was so much of it."

Brad's thigh pressed harder against mine.

"Brad," Mike said. "Truth or dare?"

"Dare."

"I dare you to watch Alan make out with me for a full minute."

"Fuck yeah," said Brad. "Alan, get over there."

I rose on unsteady legs, my erection straining against my shorts as I crossed the small distance to Mike. He spread his thighs wide, patting his lap invitingly.

"Come here, pretty boy," he said.

I straddled Mike's muscular thighs, settling my weight onto his lap. His cock pressed against me through his tight black jeans, hot and hard. My cock rubbed against his defined abs through the thin material of my shorts.

Mike's hands slid up my chest, one continuing to cup the back of my neck.

"Ready?"

Instead of answering, I closed the distance, pressing my mouth to his. Mike's lips were soft, opening to deepen the kiss. His tongue slid against mine, tasting faintly of whiskey.

Mike's hands moved down my back, traveling over each ridge of muscle before grabbing my ass. He squeezed hard, pulling me tighter against his cock as our tongues tangled together.

Mike's fingers dug into my ass cheeks, kneading and spreading them through my shorts. I ground down against him.

Brad watched us, his eyes wide and hungry, lips parted as he panted. His hand had moved to his crotch, palm pressing against his obvious bulge. Next to him, Jake stared just as intently.

Our kiss growing rougher as his hands continued their assault on my ass.

My hips moved of their own accord, grinding down against his hardness. Through the thin fabric of my hiking shorts, I could feel every ridge and vein of his thick shaft pressing against me.

"Time's up," Jake called out.

Mike's mouth lingered on mine for a heartbeat before he pulled back. His lips were wet and swollen from our kiss, a lazy smile spreading across his face.

"Damn, Alan," he said, giving my ass one last squeeze. "You taste even better than you look."

"*I nearly came*," he whispered.

I climbed off Mike's lap on shaky legs, my cock hard and leaking a wet spot through my shorts.

Brad stared at me with naked hunger. The outline of his cock strained against his shorts.

"Fuck," he said as I walked back to him.

When I sat down beside him, Brad's arm wrapped around my waist. His fingers dug into my hip, and he leaned close to my ear.

"You look so fucking hot when you're turned on. Watching you kiss him... Christ, Alan. Got me hard as a fucking rock."

Brad shifted, pressing his erection against my thigh.

The fire crackled in the silence.

"Mike, truth or dare?"

Mike's licked his lips, still wet from our kiss. "Fuck it. Dare."

I leaned forward. "Show us how you like to get your cock sucked."

A grin spread across his face. He brought his hand up to his mouth. He extended his first two fingers, then pushed them between his lips.

"Christ," Brad said.

Mike's eyes never left mine as he demonstrated, hollowing his cheeks as he sucked his fingers deeper. His tongue worked around the digits, showing how he liked it—firm pressure, flicks across the sensitive underside.

He pulled his fingers out with a wet pop, then ran his tongue from the base to the tip in a slow, deliberate motion. His other hand moved to his crotch, adjusting his obvious erection through his jeans.

"Like that," Mike growled. "Slow at first, getting it nice and wet." He slid his fingers back into his mouth, cheeks hollowing as he sucked harder. "Then deeper." His fingers disappeared to the knuckles.

Jake let out a low, desperate moan from across the fire, his ice-blue eyes fixed on Mike's demonstration. His hand had moved to his crotch, palming his erection through his jeans.

"Then right at the end," Mike pulled his fingers out again, voice dropping to a growl. "Love when they look up at me while I cum down their throat."

"Fuck, that's hot," Jake groaned.

I felt Brad move closer, the heat of his body enveloping me as he pressed his chest against my back. His breath was hot against my ear, coming in short, heavy bursts. His cock pushed against me, harder than I'd ever felt it.

Brad's fingers tightened on my hip, pulling me more against him. His other hand slid onto my thigh, inching close to my straining erection.

Mike's eyes slid from me to Brad, a predatory gleam in his gaze. "Brad. Truth or dare?"

Brad's chest expanded against my back as he took a deep breath. His cock twitched against my ass as he answered, "Dare."

Mike's lips curved into a wicked smile. "Take off your shorts..." His voice dropped to a husky whisper. "Slowly."

My throat went dry as Brad stood up behind me. He moved to stand in the open space between our logs and the fire, the flickering light dancing across his muscular frame.

"You want a show?" Confidence radiated from him as he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his shorts.

Jake whistled low, settling back on his log to watch. Mike's eyes narrowed, his tongue darting out to wet his lips as Brad began to move.

Fuck, I'd never seen Brad like this before. His hips swayed to an unheard rhythm as he inched his shorts down. First revealing the sharp V of his hipbones, then the waistband of his tight black boxer briefs.

Brad turned, giving us a view of his perfect ass as he continued to lower the cargo shorts. The fabric of his boxer briefs stretched across his muscular glutes, hugging every curve.

When he turned back around, a massive bulge straining against the black fabric. The head of his dick pushed against the waistband of his underwear, a damp spot forming where pre-cum had leaked through.

"Jesus," Jake muttered.

Brad kicked his shorts aside, standing proudly in his t-shirt and briefs. The firelight accentuated every ridge of muscle, every vein in his arms, and the obscene bulge.

I realized with a start that we were all down to our underwear now—Jake in loose boxers that did little to hide his growing erection, Mike in tight briefs that showcased his package, me in briefs with my hard-on embarrassingly obvious, and Brad... fuck, Brad in those boxer briefs that left nothing to the imagination.

Jake let out a whistle, his ice blue eyes fixated on the massive bulge in Brad's boxer briefs.

"Fuck, man, your cock is huge," Jake said, adjusting himself through his boxers. His own erection was visible, but nothing compared to what Brad was packing.

Mike nodded in agreement, as he stared openly at Brad's package. "Jeez, how many inches is that monster? That's gotta be the biggest dick I've ever seen."

I couldn't help but smile, remembering how Brad's cock had felt inside me last night—stretching me, filling me. My own dick twitched at the memory.

Brad's cheeks flushed, but his cocky grin remained in place. He glanced down at his own bulge, then back at Jake and Mike.

"Nah, I'm nothing special," Brad said with a casual shrug that didn't quite match the pride in his eyes. "I bet you guys are packing just as much, if not more."

Jake snorted, shaking his head. "No fucking way, dude. That thing's enormous."

"Only one way to settle this," Mike said, a mischievous grin spreading across his face. His eyes darted between all of us before landing back on Brad. "Let's compare. All of us. Right now."

Brad's eyes widened, but his competitive nature kicked in. He squared his shoulders, the confidence radiating off him almost palpable.

"You guys sure you want to do this?" Brad asked, his voice dropping lower. "Don't want anyone feeling inadequate."

Jake laughed, standing up from his log. "Fuck that. I'm game if everyone else is." His hand drifted to the waistband of his boxers, fingers playing with the elastic.

I swallowed hard, my heart racing in my chest. The thought of seeing all three men naked, cocks hard and on display, made my own dick thro.

"I'm in," Mike said, standing as well. His bulge strained against his tight briefs as he moved closer to the fire.

All eyes turned to me. Brad's gaze was particularly intense, a mix of desire and possessiveness darkening his blue eyes.

"Alan?" Brad's voice was rough with arousal. "You up for a little competition?"

"I'm in."

We formed a loose circle near the fire, the flames casting flickering shadows across our bodies. The air felt electric, charged with desire and competition.

"I'm in," I said, my voice rough with arousal.

We formed a loose circle near the fire, the flames casting flickering shadows across our bodies. The air felt electric, charged with desire and competition.

Brad looked around at all of us, his blue eyes dark with lust. A cocky grin played on his lips as he stood there in his tight boxer briefs, his massive bulge on prominent display.

"Who's first?" Brad asked, his voice deep and challenging.

Before anyone else could respond, Jake stepped forward. Without hesitation, he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his boxers and yanked them down in one swift motion. His cock sprang free, bouncing before standing at attention.

"Fuck," I whispered, my eyes locked on Jake's exposed manhood.

Jake's cock was beautiful—around six and a half inches long but what it lacked in exceptional length, it made up for in perfect proportion. It was cut, the head a deep pink that contrasted with the pale shaft. The crown flared out in a perfect mushroom shape. His cockhead glistened with a drop of pre-cum that caught the firelight, making it shine like a pearl.

The shaft was straight, not too thick but solid and sturdy, with a prominent vein running along the underside. His balls hung tight beneath, nearly hairless and compact. Jake had trimmed his pubic hair short, a neat patch of dark brown above his cock that made the pale shaft stand out even more.

As Jake stood there, his ice-blue eyes challenging us all, his cock twitched. The movement sent another bead of pre-cum welling from the slit at the tip.

Jake gave his cock a casual stroke. His foreskin slid over his glans before retracting, revealing the shiny head once more.

My mouth watered at the sight. While not as impressive as Brad's monster cock, there was something appealing about Jake's dick: perfectly proportioned, immaculately maintained, and eager for attention.

Jake nudged Mike. "Show 'em what you got, baby."

Mike flashed a confident grin, his eyes holding mine for a moment before he slid his thumbs under the waistband of his tight briefs. Unlike Jake's quick reveal, Mike took his time, pushing the fabric down over his hips. The dark material stretched over his bulge before releasing his cock with a soft snap as it cleared the elastic.

"Holy fuck," I whispered, unable to tear my eyes away.

Mike's cock was magnificent—easily seven and a half inches long and thick as hell. While not quite as long as Brad's monster, what Mike lacked in length he more than made up for in girth. His shaft was beautifully proportioned, with a slight upward curve that looked like it would hit all the right spots. Unlike Jake and Brad, Mike was uncut, his foreskin retracted to reveal a glistening, purple-pink head.

The shaft itself was a work of art—thick veins wrapped around it like vines, pulsing with each beat of his heart. His cock was darker than the rest of his olive skin, a beautiful tan color that deepened to an angry red at the head. As I watched, a large bead of pre-cum formed at the tip and then rolled down his length.

Mike's balls hung heavy and full beneath his impressive shaft, covered with a light dusting of dark hair. A trail of coarse hair ran from his navel down to the base of his cock, framing it beautifully.

He gave his cock a slow stroke, his large hand only just holding all its thickness. His foreskin slid back, revealing another glistening drop of pre-cum.

"Damn, Mike," said Jake. "Been a while since I've seen that bad boy."

"What about this morning?" said Mike.

I stared, mesmerized, as Jake reached out a hand toward Mike's impressive dick. My breath caught in my throat as Jake's long fingers wrapped around Mike's thick shaft, giving it a slow, appreciative squeeze.

"Fuck, that's still the thickest cock I've ever held," Jake murmured, his ice-blue eyes darkening with lust as he pumped Mike's length.

Mike groaned, his hips automatically thrusting forward into Jake's grip. Pre-cum leaked from his slit, coating Jake's fingers as he continued his slow, measured strokes.

Jake's eyes flicked to Brad, who was still standing there in his tight boxer briefs, his massive bulge straining against the black fabric.

"Your turn, big guy," Jake said, releasing Mike's cock with one final squeeze. "Let's see what you're packing."

Brad's confident demeanor faltered. A flash of uncertainty crossed his handsome features as his hand moved hesitantly to the waistband of his underwear. I'd never seen Brad look shy before—it was endearing, especially knowing what he was hiding beneath that thin layer of fabric.

"Come on, Brad," I encouraged, my voice thick with desire. "Show them. They'll be impressed, trust me." I met his eyes, giving him a reassuring nod. "I should know."

Brad's lips quirked into a small smile at my words. His confidence seemed to return as he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his boxer briefs. With one smooth motion, he pushed them down his muscular thighs, letting his massive cock spring free.

"Holy shit," Jake breathed, his eyes widening.

"Jesus fucking Christ," Mike added, his own impressive cock twitching as he stared at Brad's endowment.

Brad's monster cock jutted out from his body, easily eight thick inches of pure male perfection. The slight upward curve, the prominent veins mapping the shaft, the broad mushroom head already glistening with pre-cum—it was everything I remembered from last night and more, somehow looking even bigger in the flickering firelight.

"Goddamn, dude," Mike said, shaking his head in disbelief. "That thing's fucking massive."

My eyes darted between all three men, comparing. Brad's cock remained the most impressive—thick and heavy, the full 8 inches curving upward. The head was swollen and red, already leaking pre-cum down his shaft. I couldn't wait any longer.

I stood there watching the three naked men. Brad's massive dick hung between his legs, Mike's thick uncut cock, and Jake's perfect cock twitching. The sight of them exposed and hard sent waves of heat through my body.

I swallowed hard. Next to Brad's monster and Mike's thick cock, I wasn't sure how I'd measure up.

"Don't be shy," Brad said. His eyes filled with desire and... pride? "Show them what you've got."

Jake nodded. "Come on, man. We're all hanging out here." He gestured to his exposed cock.

I hooked my fingers under the waistband of my underwear. The fabric caught on my hard-on as I pushed down, then released as my cock sprang free, bouncing before pointing straight out from my body.

The cool night air felt amazing against my heated skin. My dickhead was swollen and red, a drop of pre-cum forming at the slit.

I pulled my underwear down to my ankles and then kicked it aside. Standing there naked in front of three guys made my heart race. I pushed my hips forward, aiming my cock at them.

"Damn, Alan," Mike said. "Not bad at all."

My dick was standing at attention but not quite at its full potential yet. The cool night air and my nervousness had kept me from reaching my complete hardness.

"Just wait," I said.

I wrapped my hand around my shaft and gave it a slow, deliberate stroke from base to tip. The familiar pleasure shot through me as my fist glided over my sensitive skin. I thumbed the head, collecting the drop of pre-cum that had formed there and using it to lubricate my next stroke.

With each pump of my fist, my cock grew harder, longer, thicker. The veins became more prominent, the head swelled and darkened to a deep purple-red. My balls tightened beneath my shaft as I continued my ministrations, putting on a show for the three pairs of eyes that were locked on my groin.

After a few more strokes, I was at my full, impressive length: a solid 7 inches of thick, veiny cock. In the firelight, with my hand wrapped around it for comparison, my dick looked massive. I wasn't as thick as Mike, but I was longer, and while Brad had me beat in both departments, I'd somehow ended up longer than Jake's perfect 6.5 inches.

"Holy shit." Jake stared at my erection.

I gave my shaft one more slow stroke, making sure they all got a good look at my full length. Pre-cum oozed from my slit, running down over my fingers as I held my cock proudly.

"Looks like I'm not the smallest guy here after all," I said.

"Fuck." Jake said. "Think we have a clear winner."

Mike nodded in agreement, staring at my cock.

I gave my shaft a slow stroke, pulling the skin back to reveal more of my sensitive head. Another bead of pre-cum formed at the tip, catching the firelight.

The four of us stood in a circle, our hard dicks pointing toward each other like some bizarre compass. Despite Brad's impressive eight inches curving upward, all eyes had fixated on mine.

"Fuck, Alan," Mike said, his eyes widening as he stared at my dick. "I think thickness counts for more than length, and you've got us all beat there."

Jake licked his lips. "That's the thickest cock I've ever seen. How the hell do you fit that monster in your pants?"

Brad's competitive nature seemed forgotten as he gazed at my cock. His hand moved to his own impressive length, stroking it as he looked at mine.

"I think we have a winner." Mike said, clasping my shoulder. "That's the prize-winning cock of the night."

Jake's eyes gleamed. "Absolutely. And I think the winner deserves a special prize, don't you guys?"

Brad's grin turned predatory. "Oh yeah. A very special prize."

"What kind of prize?" I said.

Mike and Jake exchanged glances. "You'll find out. But I promise, you'll enjoy every second of it."

"You heard the man," said Mike. "Let's make sure Alan here enjoys his victory."

"What do you have in mind?" I asked.

Jake stepped closer. "Oh, I think you can guess." He reached out, his fingers tracing the waistband of my shorts. "But first, let's get you out of these."

Jake backed me towards the log. "You have no idea what you've won, Alan."

I felt my legs hit the log and I lowered myself down, my cock still erect. Jake and Mike stood over me.

"You gonna make him wait, or you gonna give him his prize?" Brad said.

Jake dropped to his knees in front of me. "I think it's time."

He leaned forward, his tongue snaking out to lick a path up the underside of my cock. His hot breath teased the sensitive head, his tongue swirling around the tip before taking me into his mouth.

"Fuck," I said, my hips bucking. His hands were on my thighs, holding me in place as his mouth worked its magic. The warmth and wetness of his mouth enveloped me as he took more of me into his throat.

"You like that, Alan?" said Mike.

"Fuck yeah." I grabbed Jake's shoulders for support.

Jake hollowed his cheeks, sucking harder, his tongue massaging the sensitive underside of my shaft. His fingers ventured towards my balls, cupping and weighing them, rolling them as his mouth continued its expert torture.

My labored breathing and Jake's wet, sloppy blows filled the clearing, mixing with the crackling campfire and distant night sounds. My hips began to thrust into Jake's mouth, seeking more of that incredible pleasure.

Jake's lips slid up and down my shaft. Each time he went down, he took more of me, until I felt the tip of my cock hitting the back of his throat. He didn't gag, just swallowed around me, creating a tight, wet suction that made my toes curl.

Brad and Mike stood on either side of us, both stroking their cocks as they watched Jake devour mine. Brad's cock looked even bigger in his fist, his hand sliding up and down the impressive length. Pre-cum dripped from his slit, making his strokes wet and slick. Mike's thick uncut cock disappeared into his fist with each downward stroke, the foreskin sliding over his swollen head before pulling back to reveal it again.

The sight of them jerking off while watching me get my dick sucked was almost too much. I groaned, my hips thrusting upward.

Mike stepped closer, his cock now inches from my face. "Jerk me off," he said.

I wrapped my fingers around his thick shaft. The heat of him surprised me. His cock was velvet-covered steel in my hand. I slid my fist up and down his length, feeling his foreskin roll over his swollen head with each stroke.

"Fuck yeah," Mike said, his hips pushing into my grip. "That's it."

Brad stepped closer. His cock swung before stopping at my eye level.

"My turn."

I spat in my other palm and then grabbed Brad's length. My hand barely fit around his girth, but I began to pump, squeezing on the upstroke, how I knew he liked it.

Now I was in heaven: Jake's hot mouth on my cock, and two cocks in my hands.

I worked my wrists in opposing rhythms: one hand gliding up while the other slid down. Brad's smooth shaft with prominent veins versus Mike's rougher skin with that amazing foreskin that rolled over his cockhead with each stroke.

"Make me cum," Mike said, his eyes locked on mine.

I focused my attention on Mike's thick uncut cock, letting go of Brad. With both hands now free to work, I gripped Mike's shaft with one hand while the other played with his balls, rolling and tugging them.

"Fuck, just like that." Mike thrust forward.

I spit on his cock for extra lubrication, then worked him faster, squeezing tighter on the upstroke and twisting my wrist as I reached his sensitive head. His foreskin glided over his swollen cockhead before pulling back to reveal the glistening purple crown.

"I'm gonna cum," Mike warned. His cock swelled and pulsed in my grip. "Fuck, Alan!"

The first rope of cum shot from Mike's cock with surprising force, landing hot and thick across my chest. The second spurt hit even higher, splashing against my collarbone. Mike continued to thrust into my fist as he came, his cock pumping out more cum with each pulse. Some of it landed in Jake's hair as he continued to suck my cock, but he didn't seem to mind or even notice.

"Fuck, that's so hot," Brad said, his eyes fixed on Mike's cum dripping down my chest.

I reached for Brad's cock again with my cum-slicked hand, and the combination of Mike's hot load and my tight grip pushed him over the edge. His cock swelled in my hand, and with a strangled cry, he erupted. Hot streaks of cum shot across my shoulder and neck and chest, mixing with Mike's. Brad's entire body shuddered as he came, his muscular thighs trembling.

His face—that cocky, handsome face I'd fantasized about for so long—contorted in pleasure as he emptied himself onto me.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum." My hips bucked into Jake's eager mouth.

Jake doubled his efforts, his tongue swirling around my sensitive head while one hand pumped my shaft and the other massaged my balls. The triple assault on my senses pushed me over the edge. My cock swelled against his tongue as the first wave hit me like a freight train.

"Fuuuuck!"

I exploded cum into Jake's mouth. Each pulse sent another hot jet down his throat. My vision blurred at the edges, and for a moment, I thought I might pass out from the intensity. Jake kept sucking through it all, swallowing as I pumped load after load onto his tongue.

When the last spasm subsided, Jake pulled back, letting my softening cock slip from his lips. Instead of swallowing my final shot, he looked up at me with mischievous eyes. He opened his mouth, displaying my thick white cum pooled on his tongue.

The sight was so fucking hot—my pearly cum glistening in his mouth, some of it clinging to his lips and the inside of his cheeks. Jake tilted his head back, and we all watched as some of my load slipped over his bottom lip, trailing down his chin. More followed, dripping in thick rivulets down his neck and across his chest, mixing with the droplets of Mike's cum that had landed in his hair earlier.

Jake grabbed his own neglected cock, which stood erect against his stomach. He started jerking himself furiously, his hand a blur on his shaft as my cum continued to ooze down his chest. His ice-blue eyes never left mine as he pumped himself, his breathing growing more ragged with each stroke.

"Gonna cum," he grunted.

His back arched as his orgasm hit. The first shot cleared his chest, landing somewhere in the grass behind him. The second and third spurts were as powerful, painting white streaks across his toned stomach and chest, mixing with the trail of my cum already there.

# Chapter 7

We sat in a daze, basking in the afterglow of our orgasms. I felt light-headed, the whiskey and sexual release combining to create a pleasant buzz.

The evening had turned cooler. A breeze rustled through the trees, sending a chill across my cum-splattered skin. I shivered, aware of how exposed we all were.

"Fuck, it's getting cold," Brad muttered, reaching for his shorts that had been discarded in our frenzy.

I watched him pull them on, his cock still semi-hard and glistening. Something about seeing him cover up felt oddly disappointing. Moments ago, we'd been lost in a tangle of limbs and desire with Jake and Mike, and now reality was creeping back in with the cool night air.

"Anyone got a towel or something?" I asked, glancing down at the mess on my stomach and chest.

Mike tossed me a bandana from his pocket. "It's clean... well, clean enough."

I wiped myself off and reluctantly reached for my tank top. The fabric felt rough against my sensitized skin.

Jake pulled on his hiking pants without bothering with underwear. "Nothing worse than putting clothes back on after getting all sweaty," he said, adjusting himself through the fabric.

Brad sat on the log by the fire, now wearing only his shorts, his chiseled torso still bare and flickering in the firelight. He took a swig from a beer bottle, his eyes meeting mine with an intensity that made my recently spent cock twitch.

"You cold?" he asked me, patting the space beside him.

I pulled on my shorts but left my tank top in my lap as I joined him. Our shoulders touched, and despite everything we'd just done, this simple contact felt strangely intimate.

Mike and Jake had both dressed too, though Jake had only bothered with pants, his muscular chest still exposed. Mike wore a thin t-shirt that clung to his damp skin.

"This fire feels good," I said, leaning into Brad's warmth.

The four of us sat in a comfortable silence, the crackling fire the only sound besides our still-steadying breathing. Dressed but disheveled, we formed a strange tableau of reluctant propriety after our uninhibited encounter.

Brad passed the bottle around again, the whiskey burning a path to my stomach, soothing the tension in my body.

"That was something," Jake said.

Mike nodded, his eyes flitting between Brad and me. "Sure was."

We sat in comfortable silence for a few moments, the only sounds the crackling fire and the distant night creatures. I felt my body start to relax, my mind drifting to the events of the night, when Jake's voice snapped me back to the present.

I leaned back against the log, my body pleasantly spent after our group session. A light sheen of sweat and cum still clung to my chest, but I couldn't bring myself to care. The night air felt good against my naked skin, and the whiskey had left a warm glow in my belly.

Brad tossed me a beer from the cooler. I caught it one-handed, cracking it open with a satisfying hiss.

"Damn, that was intense," I said, taking a long pull from the can.

"You can say that again," Brad replied, settling beside me on the log. His thigh pressed against mine, warm and solid. His cock had softened but still looked impressive, resting against his muscular thigh.

Mike nodded, running a hand through his dark curls. "Best camping trip I've been on in ages."

We fell into comfortable silence, sipping our beers and watching the flames dance in the fire pit. The occasional pop and crackle of burning wood punctuated the night sounds around us. Nobody seemed in a hurry to get dressed, our naked bodies illuminated by the golden firelight.

I stole glances at Brad beside me, admiring how the flickering light played across the contours of his muscled chest. He caught me looking and smirked, nudging me with his shoulder.

After a while, Jake stood up and stretched, his lean body silhouetted against the fire. He walked over to where Mike was sitting, his cock swinging with each step. Without a word, he straddled Mike's lap, facing him.

"Hey there," Mike said, his hands finding Jake's hips.

Jake didn't respond with words. Instead, he leaned forward and captured Mike's lips in a deep kiss. Mike's hands slid up Jake's back to pull him closer. Their tongues tangled as Jake ground his hips down against Mike's lap.

"Hey, I think it's time we gave you boys a real performance, don't you think, Mike?"

I sat there mesmerized, beer in hand, as Jake straddled Mike's lap. The firelight danced across their bodies, highlighting every curve and edge of muscle. My mouth went dry at the sight.

"Fuck," Brad whispered beside me, his eyes wide and fixed on the scene unfolding.

Jake rolled his hips in a slow, hypnotic rhythm against Mike's lap. His movements were fluid, practiced. He knew how to drive Mike crazy. Mike's hands gripped Jake's waist, fingers digging into his skin as Jake arched his back and ground down harder.

"You like the view?" Jake called over to us, a mischievous grin spreading across his face as he continued his impromptu lap dance.

Brad nodded wordlessly beside me. I could feel the heat radiating off his body, his breathing growing heavier.

Jake leaned forward, his lips meeting Mike's in a kiss that was nothing short of pornographic. Their mouths crashed together. Mike's hands slid up Jake's back and into his hair, pulling him deeper into the kiss.

"Jesus," Brad said. "Never thought I'd say this, but watching two guys make out is fucking turning me on. Fuck, it's like watching gay porn, only a hundred times better."

I turned to Brad, a sly smile spreading across my face. "Oh yeah? Like watching gay porn, huh? And how would you know what that's like?"

Brad froze, beer halfway to his lips. His eyes widened, and I caught the faintest blush creeping up his neck—something I'd rarely seen on his typically confident face.

"I, uh..." He took a quick swig of beer, his eyes darting away from mine. "I might have watched some. You know, just... checking it out."

"Checking it out?" I pressed, enjoying his discomfort a little too much. The alcohol had made me bolder than usual. "Just happened to stumble across some dudes fucking, did you?"

Brad ran a hand through his short blonde hair. "Fine. I watched some. For research."

"Research?" I couldn't help but laugh. "What kind of research involves gay porn?"

He nudged me with his shoulder, harder this time. "Fuck off. After that day at the pool, when I started thinking about you... I got curious, alright? Wanted to know what it was all about."

My laughter died in my throat. "You watched gay porn because of me?"

Brad nodded, his eyes meeting mine. "Yeah. At first I told myself it was just research, you know? Like I was studying for a test or something." He laughed at himself. "Watched a few videos. Then a few more. Then I started searching for specific stuff."

"Like what?"

"Guys built like us," he admitted, looking away toward Jake and Mike, who were still entangled in their own world. "Fit guys. Swimmers. Personal trainers." He took another swig of beer. "Guys with your build."

My cock twitched at his words. The mental image of Brad sitting alone in his apartment, watching men who looked like me, stroking himself...

"Did you jerk off to it?"

Brad's eyes locked with mine, something dark and hungry in them. "What do you think?"

Jake smiled wickedly before capturing Mike's lips again, this time slower, deeper. Their kiss was unhurried but intense, a perfect counterpoint to Jake's rhythmic grinding.

Brad's eyes were fixed on Jake and Mike's erotic display, but his hand had found its way to my thigh. His touch was hesitant at first, fingers grazing the fabric of my shorts. I swallowed hard, trying to focus on the show in front of us, but all I could feel was the heat of Brad's palm as it rested on my leg.

"They really know what they're doing," Brad whispered, his voice husky.

His hand began moving in small, lazy circles on my inner thigh. Each motion brought him closer to my crotch. I held my breath as his pinky finger brushed against the edge of my half-hard cock.

"Yeah," I managed to reply, though my voice cracked.

Brad's hand traced the outline of my cock through my shorts. The fabric created a delicious friction as he rubbed me slowly. I bit my lip to stifle a groan. Jake and Mike were lost in their own world, but I was losing myself in Brad's touch.

"Getting hard again already?" Brad's voice was teasing, but strained with his own arousal.

Before I could answer, his fingers found my zipper and tugged it down with agonizing slowness. Jake and Mike remained oblivious, too wrapped up in each other.

I lifted my hips as Brad's hand slipped inside my shorts, past the waistband. His warm palm pressed against my bare cock, which was rapidly filling with blood again. The skin-to-skin contact made me suck in a sharp breath.

"Fuck," I whispered.

Brad's eyes flickered between my face and Jake and Mike's performance. His hand wrapped around my shaft. He didn't stroke. My cock hardened in his grip.

"You recover quick," he said.

Even with the erotic show happening feet away from us, all I could focus on was how Brad's strong hand felt wrapped around my cock.

Jake climbed off Mike's lap, his movements fluid and deliberate. He knelt between Mike's legs, hands sliding up his thighs until they reached his waistband. With practiced fingers, Jake unzipped Mike's shorts, the sound cutting through the crackling of the campfire.

Mike lifted his hips, allowing Jake to tug the shorts down enough to free his cock. It sprang up, already fully hard, the thick shaft glistening in the firelight. Jake wrapped his fingers around it, stroking it a few times, his eyes locked with Mike's.

"Fuck, look at that," Brad whispered beside me, his hand still wrapped around my own cock inside my shorts.

Jake lowered his head, his tongue darting out to lick a slow stripe from base to tip. Mike's head fell back, a groan escaping his lips as Jake took the head into his mouth, cheeks hollowing as he sucked.

"Jesus, that's hot," Brad muttered, his grip tightening around me. His eyes were glued to the scene, watching as Jake's lips stretched around Mike's thick shaft, taking him deeper with each bob of his head.

I turned to look at Brad's face, fascinated by the naked desire I saw there. His lips were parted, breath coming faster as he watched Jake work Mike's cock with obvious skill.

"So," I asked, my voice low enough that only Brad could hear, "in all that gay porn you watched... did you see guys sucking cock like that?"

Brad's eyes flicked to mine, then back to Jake and Mike. He nodded, his throat working as he swallowed. "Yeah," he admitted. "Watched a lot of it, actually."

"And?" I pressed, curious about what had drawn him in.

"And it was fucking hot," he said simply, his hand resuming its slow strokes on my cock. "Hotter than I thought it would be."

I watched Jake's head bobbing between Mike's thighs, his technique smooth and practiced. The wet sounds of his mouth mixed with Mike's low groans sent shivers down my spine. Brad's eyes were fixed on them, his hand still lazily stroking me inside my shorts.

"Have you ever thought about it?" I asked, keeping my voice low.

Brad turned to me, eyebrow raised. "Thought about what?"

I nodded toward Jake and Mike. "Sucking cock. Ever wonder what it's like?"

Brad's hand paused on my shaft, his thumb resting against the sensitive underside. He swallowed, Adam's apple bobbing in the firelight.

"Yeah," he admitted, voice rough. "Been thinking about it a lot lately."

My heart hammered against my ribs. "Do you want to try?"

Brad's eyes darkened, flickering between my face and my exposed cock in his hand. After what felt like an eternity, he nodded. "Yeah. Show me how."

I straightened up, pulling my shorts down further to fully expose myself. Brad shifted position, moving to kneel between my legs on the forest floor. The sight of him there—muscular, confident Brad on his knees before me—made my cock twitch.

"Start slow," I instructed, one hand moving to cup his face. "Just lick the head first, get used to the taste."

Brad leaned forward, his breath hot against my skin. He darted his tongue out, tentatively licking across the swollen head. I groaned at the contact.

"That's it," I encouraged. "Now wrap your lips around the tip, just the tip. Keep your teeth covered with your lips."

He followed my instructions, taking the head into his mouth. The warmth and wetness made me buck my hips, but I stayed still, not wanting to rush him.

"Use your hand on the shaft," I guided, my voice strained. "Stroke while you suck."

Brad wrapped his strong fingers around the base of my cock, beginning to stroke in rhythm with the shallow movements of his mouth. His eyes flicked up to mine, seeking approval.

"Perfect," I breathed. "Now take a little more. Go down as far as feels comfortable."

Brad sank lower, taking another inch into his mouth. His technique was unpracticed but enthusiastic, and the sight of his lips stretched around me was possibly the hottest thing I'd ever seen.

Brad's mouth was warm and wet around my cock, his unpracticed movements sending waves of pleasure through my body. I threaded my fingers through his short blonde hair, guiding him. His eyes met mine, filled with determination and lust as he tried to take more of me.

"That's it," I said. "You're doing amazing."

My attention was divided between the incredible sensation of Brad's mouth around my shaft and the erotic display happening feet away from us. Jake had pulled Mike up from the log, both men standing now, bodies pressed together as they kissed.

"Get on all fours," Jake said.

Mike complied without hesitation, dropping to his hands and knees on the ground. He positioned himself facing Brad and me, giving us a perfect view of his face and chest. The firelight cast dancing shadows across his muscular body as he settled into position, forearms braced against the forest floor.

Jake knelt behind Mike, his hands roaming over Mike's back and ass. He reached for something in his discarded shorts – a small bottle of lube that glinted in the firelight. He squirted a generous amount onto his fingers before reaching between Mike's legs.

Brad's technique was improving with each bob of his head. He'd found a rhythm now, one hand wrapped around the base of my cock while his mouth worked the upper half. I groaned as he hollowed his cheeks, the suction making my toes curl.

"Fuck, that's good," I managed, stroking his hair encouragingly.

Jake had positioned himself behind Mike now, his thick cock pressed against Mike's entrance. With a slow, deliberate push, he began to sink inside. Mike's face contorted in pleasure, his mouth falling open as Jake filled him.

"Oh god, yes," Mike moaned, his eyes locking with mine across the small clearing.

The intensity of his gaze as Jake began thrusting into him sent another wave of arousal through me. Brad must have felt it, my cock twitching in his mouth, because he redoubled his efforts, taking me deeper than before.

Jake established a steady rhythm, his hips snapping against Mike's ass with each thrust. The sound of skin slapping against skin filled the clearing, punctuated by Mike's moans.

I pulled Brad's head back, my cock slipping free from his lips with a wet pop. His mouth looked red and swollen, his eyes dazed with lust.

"I want you to fuck me," I said. "Like Jake is fucking Mike."

Brad's eyes widened, darting between my face and the spectacle of Jake pounding into Mike.

"You sure?" he said.

"Total fucking sure," I said, already turning over. I positioned myself on all fours, crawling forward until I was face-to-face with Mike. His eyes met mine, heavy-lidded with pleasure as Jake continued thrusting into him from behind.

"First, lick my ass," I called over my shoulder to Brad. "Get me wet."

His warm hands spread my cheeks apart. His breath was hot against my skin.

"Like this?" And then his tongue was there, a light swipe across my hole.

"Yes," I hissed. "Just like that. More."

His confidence grew with each stroke of his tongue. He lapped at my entrance, circling it, then pressing the tip of his tongue inside. In front of me, Mike watched, a knowing smile on his lips despite the pleasure contorting his features with each of Jake's thrusts.

"You guys look so fucking hot," Mike said, his face inches from mine.

I leaned forward, closing the distance between Mike and me. Our lips met, tongues sliding together as Brad's tongue worked magic on my ass and Jake's cock drove into Mike. The kiss was messy and desperate, broken by gasps and moans.

"Brad," I called. "I'm ready. Fuck me now."

I felt Brad's weight shift behind me, the blunt head of his cock pressing against my wet entrance. One hand gripped my hip while the other guided his cock. He pushed forward, the pressure building until the head breached my entrance.

"Holy fuck," Brad groaned as he sank deeper into me, inch by inch.

I rocked back against his hand.

Brad added a second finger, scissoring them gently to stretch me.

"Gotta get you ready."

The squelching sounds of lube filled the clearing as he worked me open, his fingers pressing deeper with each thrust.

Jake and Mike's eyes burnt into my skin as Brad fingered me. The knowledge that they were watching, witnessing my submission to Brad, sent a thrill through me. My cock leaked pre-cum onto the ground beneath me.

Brad withdrew his fingers, leaving me feeling empty. I heard the sound of more lube being squeezed out, followed by the slick sound of Brad coating the bottle.

"You ready for this, Alan?" Brad said. The cool glass of the bottle pressed against my entrance, waiting.

"Fuck yes," I groaned, pushing back. "Do it, Brad. Put it in me."

Brad chuckled, the deep sound rumbling through me. "So eager," he teased, but I could hear the strain in his voice.

The smooth, rounded end of the bottle pressed against my hole, cool despite the lube. Brad applied gentle pressure, and I felt my body begin to yield, opening up.

"That's it," Brad encouraged as the bottle's neck breached me. "Take it, Alan."

I moaned as the bottle slid deeper into my ass, the glass warming quickly inside me. The sensation was incredible—hard and unyielding yet somehow perfect as Brad worked it in with shallow thrusts.

"Holy shit," I gasped as Brad twisted the bottle, angling it to brush against my prostate. Sparks shot through my body, making my cock jerk and drip.

Brad established a rhythm, fucking me with the bottle in long, controlled strokes. Somehow, he knew precisely how to angle it, how deep to go, how to make me writhe and moan beneath him.

"Look at him take it," Brad said to Jake and Mike, pride evident in his voice as he masterfully worked the makeshift dildo in and out of me.

I couldn't believe this was happening. The smooth glass bottle stretched me open as Brad worked it in and out with practiced skill. Each time he twisted it, the neck rubbed against my prostate, making me shudder with pleasure.

"Fuck, Brad, that's so good." The burn of the stretch faded into pure pleasure, and I found myself wanting more.

I glanced over my shoulder to see Jake and Mike watching intently, their cocks hard again. Mike was stroking himself, his eyes locked on where the bottle disappeared into my ass. Jake had moved closer, his hand running up Brad's bare back as he watched.

"You take it so well," Brad said, his voice husky with desire. "Your ass swallows it up."

The praise made my cock throb beneath me. Pre-cum dripped to the ground as Brad continued to fuck me with the bottle, each thrust sending waves of pleasure up my spine.

"I bet he'd take your cock even better," Jake suggested, his fingers now threading through Brad's hair.

Brad's rhythm faltered for a moment, and I heard his breath catch.

"Would you like that, Alan?" Brad said, withdrawing the bottle. My hole clenched around nothing, feeling empty and desperate to be filled again. "You want my cock instead of this bottle?"

"Yes. I need your cock inside me."

His hands gripped my hips, and I felt the hot, blunt head of his cock pressing against my entrance. After the cool glass, his flesh felt like fire.

"You sure?"

"I've never been more sure of anything. Fuck me, Brad."

Jake and Mike had taken things further. Jake was on his knees behind Mike, his jeans pooled around his ankles. Mike was on his hands and knees, his jeans pushed down to his thighs, his ass presented to Jake.

Jake tore open the lube packet with his teeth, squeezing a generous amount onto his long fingers. He spit on his palm for extra moisture, then smeared it onto his throbbing cock. The lube gave his shaft a sexy sheen as he stroked himself a few times, making sure it was good and slippery.

My breath hitched as Jake lined up his cock behind Mike's ass. He grabbed Mike's hips, pulling him back forcefully, and then his cockhead was disappearing between those glorious, beefy cheeks.

"Oh, fuck," Mike moaned, his body tensing as Jake invaded him.

Jake threw the lube to Brad, who caught it with a grin.

Brad's mouth was still wrapped around my cock, but he released me long enough to say, "Ready for this, buddy?" His eyes glittered with lust and determination

My breath caught in my throat as Jake lined up his cock with Mike's hole, the head disappearing inside. Mike groaned, his head hanging low as he rammed his hips back, impaling himself on Jake's cock.

"Fuck, you're tight," Jake muttered, his hands gripping Mike's hips. He began to thrust, his cock sliding in and out of Mike's ass with ease.

I pulled Brad off my cock, my voice hoarse as I spoke. "Fuck me."

Brad's eyes widened, his breath coming in short gasps. "Are you sure?"

I nodded, my body buzzing with need. "Please."

Brad stood, pulling down his shorts and boxer briefs, his hard cock springing free. We moved over close to Jake and Mike, and I lay on my back. My shoulder touched Mike's.

Brad asked, "You're sure about this?"

"Do it."

I lifted my legs, my knees pulled towards my chest, exposing my hole to Brad's hungry gaze. I felt vulnerable, offering myself to him like this, but the fire in his eyes fueled my desire.

He leaned forward, his tongue extending to lick my hole, and I gasped at the wet sensation. He swirled his tongue around the sensitive ring of muscle, teasing me, driving me wild. His tongue delved deeper, probing, and I moaned, my hips bucking.

"God, you taste good," he muttered, his breath hot on my skin. His tongue flicked across my hole again, this time bolder, more demanding. He pushed his tongue inside, wriggling it, making me squirm.

"Oh, fuck," I groaned, my hands gripping the grass, feeling the soft pine needles beneath my fingers. "That feels so good."

Brad pulled his tongue out, his mouth watering at the taste of my hole, then leaned forward, pressing a soft kiss to the sensitive skin. I felt his breath, hot and heavy, his lips caressing me.

"Please. I need more."

Brad smirked. "More of this?"

He dove back in, his tongue probing my hole, teasing the rim, before pushing inside again. I groaned, my body tensing as he licked and nibbled, driving me wild with need. His tongue was relentless, sending shocks of pleasure through me.

I looked over at Jake and Mike, seeing them locked in their own passionate embrace. Jake was thrusting into Mike with abandon, his hips slamming against Mike's ass. Mike was grunting, his head thrown back, his hands gripping the ground for support.

The sight of them sent a jolt of desire through me, and I felt my cock twitch. Brad sensed my need, his tongue withdrawing as he sat back on his heels, his eyes devouring me.

"I need you."

Brad reached for the bottle of whiskey, taking a long swig. Then, he handed it to me, and I did the same, the burn of the alcohol doing little to soothe the fire raging inside me.

Brad set the bottle aside and leaned forward, pressing a soft kiss to my lips. His mouth was hot and tasted of whiskey and me. I moaned into his mouth, my hands reaching for his shoulders, pulling him closer.

He pulled back, a wicked smile playing on his lips. "You're sure about this?"

I nodded, my voice hoarse with need. "Fuck me."

Brad's smile widened, and he reached for the lube, squirting a generous amount into his palm. I watched, my heart pounding, as he coated his fingers, then reached between my legs, his fingers probing, seeking my hole.

I gasped as he found it, his finger pushing inside, the sensation sending sparks through me. He scissored his fingers, stretching me, preparing me for what was to come. I felt his finger twist inside me, finding that spot that made my breath catch in my throat.

"Oh, fuck," I groaned, my hips bucking. "There."

Brad chuckled, his finger stroking that spot inside me that had my vision sparkling. "You like that?"

"Yes," I breathed, my eyes screwed shut as I savored the feeling. "Don't stop."

Brad added another finger, stretching me, scissoring and twisting until I was moaning and squirming beneath him. "You're so tight," he murmured, his breath hot on my neck. "So fucking tight."

I whimpered, my body craving more. "Please, Brad. Now."

Brad withdrew his fingers, and I felt the cool air on my skin for a moment before the head of his cock found my hole. He paused, giving me a chance to adjust to his size, then pushed forward.

I gasped at the sensation of being filled, my eyes screwing shut as I took him in. Brad was thick, stretching me, filling me in a way I'd never experienced before. I felt the head of his cock reaching deep inside me, my body clenching around him.

"Oh, fuck," Brad whispered, his voice hoarse. "So tight."

He paused, giving me a chance to adjust to his size, then began to move, withdrawing almost all the way, then pushing back inside. I groaned, my hands grasping his arms, my nails digging into his skin.

Brad set a relentless pace, his hips snapping forward, his cock plunging into me. I felt my body stretch to accommodate him, the burn turning to pleasure as he hit that spot inside me over and over.

I opened my eyes, wanting to watch him, to see the pleasure on his face. His head was thrown back, his eyes closed, his mouth open in a silent moan. His muscles flexed with each thrust, his biceps bulging, his abs rippling.

I reached up, running my hands over his chest, feeling his muscles clench and release with each thrust. "God, you feel so good," I whispered, my voice raspy with desire.

Brad opened his eyes, meeting my gaze, his face a mask of pure lust. "You have no idea," he grunted, his hips slamming forward, driving his cock deep inside me. "So tight, so fucking good."

I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling him closer, wanting to feel him even deeper. Brad's hands gripped my hips, guiding my movements, our bodies moving in sync, the slapping sound of our skin filling the air.

The night air was heavy with our grunts and moans, the musky scent of our sweat mingling with the earthy forest. I felt Brad's cock twitch inside me, his breath coming in short, sharp gasps.

"I'm close," he breathed, his eyes pleading. "Can I—"

"Cum on me. Please, Brad."

I gripped Brad's shoulders, my nails digging into his skin as he pounded into me. My whole body felt like it was on fire, every nerve ending singing with pleasure. Beside us, Jake was hammering into Mike, their bodies slapping together in a frantic rhythm.

"Fuck, I'm close," Jake groaned, his movements becoming erratic. With a grunt, he yanked his cock out of Mike's ass and stroked it furiously.

The first rope of cum shot across Mike's lower back, thick and white against his tanned skin. The second spurt went higher, landing on his shoulder blades. Jake kept cumming, an impossible amount, and as he jerked his hips forward, the next blast arced through the air and landed hot and wet across my chest.

"Jesus," I gasped as more of Jake's cum splashed onto my stomach and thighs. It seemed endless, like he'd been saving it up for days.

Jake grabbed Mike's cock with his cum-slick hand, jerking him hard and fast. "Your turn," he growled.

Mike's whole body tensed, his face contorting in pleasure. "Fuck, fuck, FUCK!" he shouted as his cock erupted. His cum shot out in powerful jets, landing across my face, chest, and stomach. I felt it hot and sticky on my skin, mixing with Jake's load.

Brad's rhythm faltered as he watched. "Holy shit," he grunted, his eyes fixed on my cum-covered body. With a primal growl, he pulled out of my ass and fisted his cock, pointing it directly at me.

"Take it," he demanded, his voice strangled. His cock pulsed in his hand as the first shot hit my chin, the second my chest. Brad kept cumming, marking me with his seed, adding to the mess already coating my skin.

I lay there on the grass, panting, covered in cum, my cock still rock hard and aching for release. Before I could reach for it, three hands wrapped around my shaft—Brad, Jake, and Mike all gripping me together.

"Let's make him cum," Brad said, his eyes locked with mine.

Their hands moved in unison, sliding up and down my length. The sensation of three different hands, three different pressures, was overwhelming. My back arched off the ground as the pressure built.

"I'm gonna—" I couldn't finish the sentence before my orgasm crashed through me. My cock pulsed in their grip as I came hard, my cum joining the rest coating my body.

I collapsed back onto the grass, covered in four loads of cum. A laugh bubbled up from my chest as I lay there, debauched and satisfied.

"Fuck," I said, looking up at the three gorgeous men surrounding me. "It's going to be a long night, isn't it?"

# Chapter 8

I woke up, light filtering through the tent fabric, creating a warm amber glow around us. The memories of last night flooded back—the taste of cum, the feeling of multiple hands on my body, the sounds of pleasure echoing through the woods. Brad was still asleep beside me, his muscular bare chest rising and falling with each breath, a gentle snore escaping his parted lips. He looked peaceful, almost innocent—quite the contrast to the wild man who'd claimed my body just hours ago.

My head hurt: too much whiskey and not enough water. I stretched, not wanting to wake Brad.

Outside, I heard Jake's chuckle through the thin tent walls, followed by Mike's deeper tones. I shifted to peek through the small gap in the tent flap.

Mike had Jake pressed against a tree. Both of them dressed only in shorts, and only just. Jake's pale skin glowed in the morning light, his eyes half-closed as Mike kissed down his neck. Mike's hands roamed over Jake's chest, teasing his nipples.

"Fuck, you're insatiable," Jake said.

Mike's pushed his hips into Jake's crotch. "Can't help it. Still thinking about last night."

They kissed deeply. Jake's hands slipped down to Mike's ass, pulling him closer. Mike slide his hand into Jake's shorts.

Mike dropped to his knees in front of Jake. My hand slid down to palm my hard cock through my shorts, and I started to jerk.

A rustling beside me made me freeze. Brad rolled over, his eyes blinking open to meet mine. His morning wood tented the sheet, and a smirk spread across his face.

"What's up?"

"Jake's cock," I said. "Look at them."

Brad shifted to peek through the tent flap. His chest pressed against my back, his cock nudging my ass, settling between my cheeks. His breath was hot on my neck as we watched Jake's head fall back against the tree, Mike's mouth working his cock.

"Damn," Brad said, sliding down to cup my erection. "Gets me hard thinking about last night. The way you took my cock..."

I pushed back against him, grinding my ass against his hardness. Jake's moans grew louder as Mike deep-throated him.

"Want to give them a show of our own?" Brad's fingers slipped under my waistband and wrapped around my cock.

He started stroking me. "Fuck yes."

Brad's other hand yanked my shorts down, exposing my ass to his grinding cock.

"I think they can see us," I said.

"Good. Let them watch."

Brad reached past me, and unzipped the tent flaps wide open. The morning air hit our heated skin, making my nipples harden. Brad lay back, spreading his thick thighs apart. His cock stood proud against his abs, the head glistening with pre-cum.

"Fuck, look at that view," Mike called out. He still knelt in front of Jake, but both men had turned to watch us.

Brad wrapped his large hand around his shaft. He started stroking himself, putting on a show. His other hand played with his heavy balls, rolling them between his fingers.

"Like what you see?" Brad smirked, his cock pulsing as he squeezed the base.

Jake's eyes were glued to Brad's cock, his own erection still wet from Mike's mouth. "Fucking hot."

Brad's hand moved up and down his thick shaft. His muscles flexed with each stroke, abs tightening as he worked himself. Pre-cum made his cock shine in the morning light.

"Damn, Brad," said Mike. "You're putting on quite the performance."

Brad increased his pace. His cock looked massive in his grip. He spread his legs wider, giving everyone a perfect view of his tight hole and heavy balls.

"That's it," Jake said, palming himself through his shorts. "Show us how you like to get off."

Brad's chest flushed red, his hips starting to thrust up into his hand. His free hand moved from his balls to pinch his nipples, making his cock twitch.

I sat frozen, my cock hard as I watched Brad pleasure himself for our eager audience.

His muscled body was on full display, his cock hard and leaking as he stroked himself. Jake and Mike were both watching now, their own activities temporarily forgotten.

"You know what gets me really fucking hard?" Brad said, as his hand moved up and down his shaft. "All that porn I watched. Researching, you know?"

"Tell me," I said. "What did you like?"

He squeezed the base of his cock. "Fuck, man. I saw these two guys rimming each other. I didn't even know that was a thing, but holy shit, it was hot."

 "Rimming?"

"Yeah," Brad nodded. "One dude eating out the other guy's ass. Like, his tongue was just going to town. I couldn't stop watching. The way the bottom was moaning... fuck."

I imagined Brad's tongue against my hole, pushing in and out, in and out.

"And there was this other video," Brad continued. "Three guys. One was getting fucked while sucking another dude off. They called it spit-roasting." He laughed shakily. "I jerked off three times watching that one."

"Jesus."

"There's so much shit I never knew about. Like how they'd finger each other first, stretching the hole. Or how they'd milk the prostate." His cock twitched in his hand. "Got me so fucking turned on thinking about doing that to you."

Mike let out a low whistle. "Look who's become a connoisseur of gay porn."

Brad grinned, not even a hint of embarrassment on his face. "When I get into something, I go all in. And the double penetration stuff? Two cocks in one ass?" He shook his head in wonder. "Didn't think that was possible. Made me hard as fuck watching it."

"Fuck, I've had so many dirty thoughts about you guys." Brad's tightened around his shaft. "Used to watch Alan at the gym, imagining bending him over in the shower."

"Tell us more," Mike said, palming his bulge through his shorts.

"Mmm, yeah. Wanted to eat Alan's ass for hours. Dreamed about his tight hole stretching around my cock." Brad's hips bucked up into his grip. "Thought about it every time we worked out together."

Jake moved closer. "What else did you fantasize about?"

"Watching Mike fuck Jake got me so hard last night." Brad's voice was rough with arousal. "Always wondered what it'd feel like to get fucked. Want to feel a thick cock stretching me open."

The thought of Brad wanting to bottom sent waves of heat through my body.

"Imagined getting spit-roasted," Brad continued, his hand moving faster. "Taking Alan's cock in my ass while Mike fucks my mouth. Jake jerking off on my face."

Pre-cum coated his fingers. His abs flexed with each stroke, muscles tight with building pleasure.

"All three of you using me. Taking turns filling my holes with cum. Want to be your dirty little slut." Brad's breathing grew ragged. "Fuck, wanted it for so long. Love watching you guys stroke your big cocks. Want to taste every drop of your cum."

Brad's hand moved faster on his thick shaft.

"Alan, your huge cock would stretch my virgin hole so good," Brad said. "Want you to pound me until I can't walk. Mike can feed me his cock while you breed my ass."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. My jock friend who I'd thought was straight until twenty-four hours ago, was confessing his filthiest fantasies in front of everyone. My cock throbbed as he described wanting me to stretch his virgin hole.

Without warning, Brad shifted position. He rolled onto his side, then his stomach, before pushing up onto his knees. He reached back with both hands and spread his cheeks apart, exposing his tight pink hole to everyone.

"Fuck, I want you so bad, Alan," Brad said, his hole clenching as he displayed himself. "Want your thick cock stretching me open."

Brad's fingers dipped into the crack of his ass. He wet his middle finger with spit before circling his exposed pucker. My breath caught as he pushed the finger inside himself, his tight hole swallowing it up to the first knuckle.

"Shit," he hissed. "Wish it was your cock, Alan."

I moved behind him, mesmerized by the sight of his finger disappearing into his ass. Without thinking, I wet my own middle finger and pressed it against his stretched rim, alongside his digit.

"Yes," Brad gasped as I pushed inside him. "Fuck, that feels so good."

The heat of his insides gripped my finger tightly. I could feel his walls pulsing around me as he adjusted to the stretch. Brad started rocking back, fucking himself on our combined fingers. His muscular ass flexed with each movement, his hole swallowing our digits.

"More," he said. "Gimme more, Alan."

I worked my finger alongside his, feeling his tight channel stretch to accommodate us both. Brad rode our fingers, pushing back to take them deeper with each thrust.

His chest heaved. His hand was a blur on his massive cock.

"Need all of you to use me. Fill every hole with cum." Brad's voice grew desperate. "Want to be your cockslut. Your dirty fucking whore."

His hips bucked wildly as his orgasm approached. His thick cock pulsed in his grip.

"Oh fuck, gonna cum. Gonna shoot my load for you." Brad's abs clenched tight. "Watch me cum. Want you all to see how much I..."

His words cut off in a deep groan. His cock erupted, shooting thick ropes of cum across his chest and abs. Each pulse made his muscles flex. Cum splattered up to his neck as he kept stroking, milking out every drop.

Brad's body trembled through the intense orgasm. His cock twitched in his grip as the last drops of cum leaked onto his fingers. His chest heaved as he caught his breath, covered in his own hot load.

"Holy fuck," he panted, his cock still half-hard against his abs. His cum-covered chest rose and fell as he came down from his high.

"Fuck, that was hot," Mike said, grabbing his obvious erection through his shorts. His eyes roamed over Brad's cum-covered body.

Jake nodded. "Fucking incredible show."

I couldn't tear my eyes away from Brad's muscular form, his chest still heaving as he caught his breath. His confession about wanting to get fucked kept replaying in my mind, making my cock throb. The sight of his cum glistening on his abs made my mouth water.

"Did... did you mean it?" I said. "About wanting to get fucked?"

Brad's eyes met mine, a mix of vulnerability and desire in his gaze.

"Yeah," he said. "Of course I meant it. Been thinking about it for months." His hand traced through the cum on his chest. "Want you to be my first."

My cock pulsed at the thought of being the first one to stretch his virgin hole.

I stared at his perfect body, imagining pushing into his tight ass for the first time.

I shifted closer to Brad, running my fingers through the cooling cum on his chest. Jake moved to sit at the foot of our tent, his expression thoughtful.

"First time bottoming can be intense," Jake said. "But fuck, it's amazing with the right person. Key is lots of prep and taking it slow."

Mike nodded. "Remember my first time? Jake spent like an hour working me open with his fingers. Thought I'd lose my mind from wanting his cock so bad."

"Hang on," said Jake. "No way was that your first time."

"Well, first time with you."

"Tell him how it felt," Jake said.

Mike's eyes glazed over. "Fucking incredible. The stretch burned at first, but then... holy shit. When he hit my prostate, I nearly came right there. Never felt anything like it."

Brad's cock twitched, starting to harden again. "Did it hurt the first time?"

"A bit," Mike said. "But if you have a man that knows what he's doing, it's fine."

I watched Brad's cock twitch back to hardness as Mike described his first time bottoming. My mind drifted back to my own first experience.

"I remember my first time," I said. "It was with this guy from my swim team sophomore year. He was a senior. Carlos."

Brad's eyes were curious and hungry for details.

"We'd been flirting for weeks. One night after practice, everyone else had left." My cock hardened. "He bent me over one of those pool benches in the locker room."

"Fuck," Brad said.

"He wasn't gentle like Mike's describing. Didn't used any lube." I winced at the memory. "Just spit and determination. Hurt like fucking hell."

Carlos's hands had gripped my hips, his thick cock forcing its way inside me. The burning stretch had been almost too much.

"But then he found my prostate. And holy shit. Changed everything. Started seeing fucking stars."

Brad's hand moved to his cock, stroking as he listened.

"Couldn't walk right the next day. Had to tell coach I pulled something during practice." I laughed. "Not a total lie."

"Did you like it?" Brad said.

"Eventually, yeah. But that first time was rough. Too fast, not enough prep." I met his eyes. "That's not how I'd do it with you."

The memory of Carlos grunting above me, his cock pounding into me while I gripped the bench for support, flashed through my mind. The pain and pleasure had been overwhelming—the fullness, the stretch, the way my cock had leaked untouched.

"What I learned," I said, "is that it's better when someone takes their time. Makes sure you're ready. Uses plenty of lube."

"And that's what you'd do for me?"

Mike squeezed Brad's thigh. "Alan will take good care of you."

"Will you? Take care of me?"

"Of course." I leant down to kiss him. "We'll go as slow as you need. Won't do anything you're not ready for."

Jake pulled a bottle from his backpack. "Here, best lube for anal. Water-based, won't damage condoms." He tossed it to me. "Start with one finger, lots of lube."

Brad's breathing quickened. His cock was hard again. "I want it. Want to feel you inside me, Alan."

Mike grinned. "Look how eager he is. Gonna be so hot watching you pop his cherry."

"Remember to breathe," Jake said. "And don't be afraid to tell Alan if you need to slow down or stop."

I squeezed a generous amount of lube onto my fingers, watching it drip down my hand. Brad got on his hands and knees. His back muscles rippled as he adjusted his position, spreading his legs wider.

"That's it," Jake said, moving to kneel beside Brad's head. "Focus on your breathing. In through your nose, out through your mouth." He demonstrated with exaggerated breaths.

Mike settled on Brad's other side, taking his hand and interlacing their fingers. "Squeeze if you need to," he said. "I've got you."

Brad nodded, his breathing syncing with Jake's rhythm. His cock hung heavy between his legs, pre-cum already dripping onto the sleeping bag.

"Keep breathing like that," Jake said, running his hand soothingly along Brad's spine. "Nice and steady."

I moved behind Brad. His tight hole clenched as I traced around it with my wet fingertip. Brad's grip on Mike's hand tightened, but he maintained the steady breathing Jake had shown him.

"You're doing great," Mike said, squeezing Brad's hand back. His other hand stroked Brad's hair. "Just relax and let Alan take care of you."

Brad's breathing remained deep and measured as I circled his virgin hole with my fingers. His thighs quivered, but he stayed still, following Jake's breathing pattern.

"That's perfect," Jake said. "Relax. Let everything else fade away."

Mike's thumb rubbed circles on Brad's hand. "We've got you. Just breathe."

"You're doing great," I said, applying gentle pressure against Brad's virgin entrance.

I pressed harder. His hole clenched reflexively before relaxing under my persistent touch.

"Fuck... that feels..." The tip of my finger breached him.

I held still, letting him adjust to the new sensation. His muscles fluttered around my fingertip as he continued the deep breathing.

"That's it," Jake said. "Nice and slow. Let yourself open up for him."

Brad's body trembled as I eased my finger deeper, stopping whenever I felt resistance.

"You're taking it so well."

My finger disappeared into Brad's tight heat, his hole stretching around the intrusion. His breathing stayed deep and measured, but little whimpers escaped his throat.

"More." Brad pushed back against my hand. "Please, Alan..."

"Patience," said Jake. "Let your body adjust. There's no rush."

I continued the slow penetration. Brad's virgin hole gripped my finger. His muscular back was covered in a light sheen of sweat, muscles rippling as he fought to stay still.

I leaned forward, tracing my tongue around Brad's rim in light circles. Brad's body shuddered.

"Fuck, Alan..." Brad pushed back against my face. His cock leaked onto the sleeping bag.

I alternated between broad strokes and pointed jabs with my tongue. Brad trembled as I worked his hole.

"That's it," Jake said. "Now try pushing inside."

I stiffened my tongue and pressed against Brad's entrance. His tight ring of muscle resisted for a moment before yielding. I fucked him with my tongue.

"Holy shit," Brad said. "Right there, don't stop..."

My tongue pushed deeper into his virgin territory.

"He's a fast learner," Mike said.

I focused on the spots that made Brad moan loudest. My tongue alternated between rimming his sensitive hole and fucking into his tight heat.

Brad's cock dripped pre-cum. His body was covered in sweat, as I ate his ass with growing confidence.

"You're driving him crazy."

I redoubled my efforts, determined to make Brad fall apart. His moans grew desperate.

I pressed deeper, making me imagine how incredible he'd feel around my cock.

I twisted my finger inside Brad, searching for his prostate. His back arched when I found it.

"Fuck, Alan... Need more..."

"Ready for another finger?" I added more lube.

"Please..."

"Remember to breathe," Jake said. "In through your nose... out through your mouth..."

I pressed a second finger against Brad's stretched hole, watching his muscles clench. His breathing faltered for a moment before syncing back with Jake's pattern.

"That's it. Nice deep breaths. Let your body relax."

My second finger slipped inside alongside the first.

"You're doing great," I said.

"Burns..." But he didn't pull away. His cock stayed rock hard.

"Focus on the breathing," Jake said. "In... and out... Perfect."

Brad's hole loosened, allowing me to press deeper.

"You're taking it so well," Mike said. "Such a good boy."

Brad pushed back against my hand.

"Stretch me open," Brad said. "Please, Alan..."

I scissored my fingers, watching his hole stretch around the intrusion.

I twisted my fingers deeper inside Brad, searching for that special spot. His muscles clenched around me as I crooked my fingers upward, pressing firmly.

"Holy fuck, right there!" Brad's body jerked when I found his prostate. "Fuck, Alan... don't stop..."

I massaged that sensitive bundle of nerves. His shaft pulsed with each press of my fingers, clear fluid pooling beneath him.

"Look how wet you are," I said, rubbing slow circles over his prostate. "Your cock's dripping like a faucet."

Brad's hole clenched around my fingers.

"Need more. Give it to me, Alan..."

I added more lube. "Ready for another finger?"

"Yes, fuck yes." His grip on Mike's hand tightened as I pressed a third finger against his entrance.

His body yielded more easily now, accepting the additional stretch. My third finger slipped inside alongside the others. Brad moaned.

"That's it," Jake said. "Let yourself open up."

Brad adjusted to the fuller sensation. His cock hadn't stopped dripping, pre-cum forming a sizeable puddle on the sleeping bag.

"So full. Feels so fucking good..."

I found his prostate again, rubbing it hard. Brad's muscles rippling under his sweat-slick skin.

"Right there." He ground back against my hand. "Don't fucking stop..."

His cock swung between his legs. Each press against his prostate made his shaft twitch and pulse.

I pulled my fingers out. Brad whimpered at the loss. His hole gaped, glistening with lube in the morning light.

"Please," Brad begged, looking back at me over his shoulder. "Need your cock inside me. Need you to fill me up. Want it so bad. Been dreaming about your cock stretching me open."

I stared down at myself. I'd never been this hard in my life. My shaft was flushed deep red, the veins bulging, the head glistening with pre-cum. The sheer size shocked even me: I'd measured myself before, who hasn't? But fuck, I looked bigger than ever, my erection straining upward toward my stomach.

"Holy shit." I gripped the base. My fingers couldn't even close around it.

Jake reached into his backpack and tossed me a foil packet. "Here. Extra-large."

I tried to tear it open, fumbling with the slippery foil. After a couple failed attempts, Jake chuckled.

"Let us help with that." He took the packet from my shaking hands and tore it open.

Mike slid closer. "Fuck, Alan. No wonder Brad's been so eager. You're fucking huge."

Jake extracted the condom, pinching the tip between his fingers. "Hold still."

I held my breath as Jake positioned the latex ring at my swollen head. His fingers brushed against my sensitive skin.

"Easy there," Mike said, moving to help. His warm hand wrapped around the base of my cock, holding me steady.

Jake pressed the condom against my leaking tip while Mike held me tight. They looked like they'd done this for each other countless times before, their movements practiced and confident.

My cock pulsed in Mike's grip as Jake unrolled the condom downward. The sensation of their hands on me was overwhelming: Jake's fingers working the latex down my shaft while Mike's palm kept me anchored, his thumb brushing against my balls.

"Breathe, Alan," Jake reminded me. "Don't want you blowing your load before you even get inside Brad."

"Gonna make you feel so good, Brad." I squeezed more lube onto my covered cock. I stroked myself even harder.

"Here." Jake helped Brad adjust his position. "Arch your back more, spread your legs wider."

Brad followed Jake's instructions, his muscular back dipping as he presented his ass. His hole clenched around nothing, wet and ready.

"Perfect. Just like that."

I moved between Brad's spread thighs, my slick cock brushing against his entrance. He trembled.

"Please," Brad whimpered. "Need it inside me. Need you to fuck me."

I gripped Brad's hip with one hand, using the other to guide my cock to his stretched hole. The head pressed against his entrance, making him moan deeply.

"Ready?" I added even more lube to be safe. It dripped down his crack, deliciously wet.

"Yes, fuck yes." His hole clenched against my cockhead. "Want your cock so fucking bad."

I pressed forward, watching my cock head stretch Brad's virgin hole. His body resisted at first, muscles clenching against the intrusion.

"Breathe."

Brad's breathing synced with Jake's guidance. His hole yielded to my persistent pressure until the head of my cock popped inside.

"Fuck!" Brad gasped as he adjusted to the new sensation. "So... so big..."

I held still. His inner muscles squeezed my cock head.

"You're doing great," said Mike. "Just relax."

"Don't stop," Brad said, strained but eager. "Please... need more..."

Lube dripped into his asshole. Then I pressed forward, sinking into his tight heat inch by careful inch.

"Go slow," Brad said. His cock hung heavy between his legs. "Feel so full..."

I continued the careful penetration, mesmerized by the sight of my shaft disappearing into his hole. His body stretched around my girth.

I pressed deeper. His shaft pulsed between his legs.

"Don't stop." He pushed back to meet my thrusts. "Need all of you inside me..."

I pressed forward until my hips met Brad's ass. My cock grew inside his virgin heat. His back heaved, sweat glistening on his skin.

"Fuck..." Brad's voice was rough. "I feel... every fucking inch of you..."

I gripped his hips tighter, fighting the urge to thrust.

Brad moaned. "Never felt anything like this..."

Mike squeezed Brad's hand. "You're doing amazing. Taking all of him so well."

I ran my hands over Brad's sweat-slick back, feeling his muscles quiver under my touch. His hole clenched around my buried cock, making us both gasp.

"You feel incredible," I said. "So hot and tight around me..."

"Need you. Need to feel you move..."

I gripped Brad's hips tighter, pulling back until only my cock head remained inside him. His hole clenched around me, trying to keep me deep.

"Fuck yes. Do it to me, Alan."

I established a gentle rhythm, rocking my hips in long, careful strokes.

"So tight. So good."

Brad took me deeper each time.

"Harder. Please, Alan... need more..."

Jake and Mike's eyes locked on my cock shifting in and out of Brad's ass. They were stroking their cocks in sync to my thrusts.

"Give him what he needs," Jake said.

I increased the force of my thrusts. His hole accepted me.

"Yes, fuck yes."

I angled my hips, searching for that special spot inside Brad. His whole body jerked when I found it, a deep moan echoing through the clearing.

"Holy fuck, right there!" Brad said. "Don't stop..."

I focused on his prostate.

"So fucking good." Brad pushed back harder. His moans were loud, desperate. "Your cock feels amazing inside me..."

Jake and Mike stroked themselves faster.

"Gonna make me cum," Brad said. "Fuck the cum out of me..."

I hammered his prostate with each thrust. Moans turned to shouts of pleasure, echoing through the trees.

"Yes, fuck yes! Don't stop... gonna cum..."

I maintained the relentless pace, as I pounded his sweet spot.

"So close."

"Gonna cum," Brad said. "Your cock's making me... oh fuck..."

His orgasm hit. His hole clenched around my shaft as thick ropes of cum shot from his untouched cock, spattering the ground.

"That's it," I maintained the steady assault on his sweet spot. "Cum for me, Brad..."

He shook with each pulse of pleasure, hole squeezing my cock. The sight of him coming undone pushed me over the edge.

"Fuck, I'm cumming too." I buried myself deep inside him. My cock exploded, filling the condom as his hole milked every drop from me.

Brad reached back, gripping my hip to keep me pressed tight against him as we rode out our orgasms together.

I collapsed against his back, my cock still throbbing inside him as we both fought to catch our breath.

"Holy fuck," Brad gasped, his hole still clenching around my softening cock.

Mike and Jake moved around us, their cocks still rock hard and glistening with pre-cum. They circled to the front where Brad could see them, stroking furiously. Jake's pale cock looked angry red at the tip, while Mike's thick uncut shaft had its head peeking out from his foreskin.

Jake gripped Brad's chin, tilting his face upward. "You want our cum, Brad? Want us to feed it to you?"

Brad's eyes widened, still full of lust despite having just cum. His tongue darted out to wet his lips.

"Wanna taste it. Want your cum all over my face."

"Fuck yeah." Mike fisted his thick cock faster. "Gonna paint that pretty face."

"Open your mouth," Jake said, his hand a blur on his cock. "Stick out your tongue."

Brad opened wide. Jake and Mike aimed their cocks at his face.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum." Jake pressed his cockhead against Brad's cheek. The first rope of thick white cum shot across Brad's face, cheekbone to lips.

Brad's tongue darting out to catch what landed near his mouth.

"Fuck, that's hot," Mike said, pressing closer. "Here comes mine—take it!"

Mike's cock erupted in thick pulses, spraying Brad's face with more ropes of cum. Some landed on his outstretched tongue.

"Swallow it," Jake ordered, milking the last drops onto Brad's lips.

Brad closed his mouth and swallowed audibly. When he opened again, he licked his lips, capturing more of their seed.

"So fucking good," Brad said, eyes half-lidded with satisfaction. "Tastes amazing. Thank you."

I collapsed forward onto his broad back.

We lay back on the cool grass in satisfied exhaustion, our heavy breathing slowing. Brad's head rested on my chest, his body pressed against my side. Jake and Mike flanked us, their presence comforting in our shared afterglow.

The sun filtered through the pine branches above, warming our cooling skin. A gentle breeze carried the scent of pine and sex through the clearing.

# Chapter 9

Brad stirred beside me, his arm still draped possessively across my chest.

"So..." Brad said, scratching his chest, his eyes meeting mine with uncertainty. "About last night..."

I felt my stomach tighten. "Having regrets already?"

"Fuck no," he laughed, pressing a quick kiss to my lips. "Just wondering what took us so long."

We took our time getting up, sharing lazy kisses and casual touches as we moved around the campsite. There was a new ease between us, the years of tension finally broken.

"Let's get this tent packed up," Brad suggested, pulling on his shorts. "I'm starving."

I nodded, starting to collect the scattered clothes and gear. Brad worked on the tent poles while I folded the footprint. The domesticity of it felt comfortable.

Brad's phone chimed from somewhere in the tent. He dug through his backpack, checked the screen, and he frowned.

"Everything okay?" I asked, noticing the tension in his shoulders.

"Yeah, fine," he muttered, shoving the phone in his pocket. "Just... give me a minute. Nature calls."

Before I could say anything else, Brad disappeared into the trees, moving quickly and purposefully away from our campsite. I stood there holding a half-folded tent, wondering what message could have rattled him.

I watched Brad's back as he disappeared into the trees, my mind filling with possibilities. Was he going to jerk off again? The thought made my own cock twitch in my shorts. Maybe he needed a moment to process everything that had happened. Or maybe he just needed to take a piss.

But what if he'd gone to the stream? The same stream where I'd watched him that first day, where all this sexual tension had started to boil over.

I finished folding the tent half-heartedly, my thoughts drifting. I imagined following him there, the cool water lapping at our ankles as I bent over one of those smooth rocks. Brad's strong hands gripping my hips, his thick cock pressing against my ass, already slick and ready for him.

"Fuck me right here," I'd tell him. "I want to hear you moan with the water rushing around us."

He'd push into me slowly at first, both of us adjusting to the cold water and the heat between us. Then faster, harder, his balls slapping against me with each thrust, water splashing around us.

My dick was hard. Fuck it. I needed to find him.

I abandoned the campsite and headed toward the stream, following the faint path we'd used yesterday. Morning sounds filled the forest—birds calling, leaves rustling—but I focused only on finding Brad.

When I reached the stream, the sunlight danced on the water's surface, creating flickering patterns that reminded me of last night's campfire. But the banks were empty. No Brad. No sound of splashing or moaning or anything to indicate he was nearby.

I stood there, disappointment washing over me as cold as the stream water. Where had he gone? What was in that text that made him leave so abruptly?

I dipped my hand in the water, its coolness shocking against my skin, bringing me back to reality. Whatever fantasy I'd conjured up would have to wait. Brad wasn't here.

I followed a different path through the woods, my cock already half-hard with anticipation. The forest was quiet except for my footsteps crunching on pine needles and the occasional bird call overhead. Something told me Brad needed space, but my body had other ideas.

After a few minutes of searching, I spotted him through a break in the trees. He was perched on a large flat rock that jutted out from the mountainside, offering a breathtaking view of the valley below. But Brad wasn't admiring the scenery.

His back was to me, shoulders hunched forward, one hand holding his phone while the other moved rhythmically in his lap. Even from where I stood behind a thick pine trunk, I could see his arm flexing with each stroke.

My cock stiffened to full hardness. Fuck, he was jerking off. Again. Something about Brad masturbating drove me wild—maybe it was seeing someone so confident and cocky reduced to basic animal need.

I should have announced myself, should have turned away and given him privacy. Instead, I silently slipped behind a closer tree, my heart pounding in my chest. From this new vantage point, I could make out the side of his face. He stared at his phone screen, his lips parted and breathing heavily.

My hand moved to my shorts, pushing them down enough to free my aching cock. I wrapped my fingers around my shaft, matching Brad's rhythm stroke for stroke. The thrill of watching him, unaware of my presence, made pre-cum leak from my tip.

Brad shifted position, giving me a partial view of his thick cock sliding through his fist. Whatever he was watching on that phone had him rock hard, his cockhead purple and shining with pre-cum. He let out a low groan that sent shivers down my spine.

I bit my lip to keep from moaning as I stroked myself faster. The voyeuristic thrill of watching Brad while touching myself was almost too much to bear.

I took a deep breath and stepped out onto the rock, leaves crunching underfoot. Brad jumped at the sound, twisting around with wide eyes. His phone tumbled from his grasp, landing screen-down on the stone.

"Jesus fucking Christ, Alan!" He scrambled to cover himself, but his cock still jutted out from his shorts, hard and glistening. "How long have you been standing there?"

"Long enough," I said, moving closer. My erection tented my shorts. "Looked like you were enjoying something on your phone."

Brad's face flushed red. He grabbed his phone and shoved it in his pocket. "I was just... fuck, this is embarrassing."

I sank down beside him on the rock, our thighs almost touching. The view from here was stunning—miles of pine forest stretching into hazy blue mountains—but my eyes stayed fixed on the outline of his cock.

"Don't stop on my account," I said. "Actually, I'd like to help you finish."

I reached for Brad's shorts, but he jerked away.

"Not right now," he said. He tucked his still-hard cock back into his shorts.

"What's going on? Did I do something wrong?"

Brad stared out at the view. "Got a text from Jennifer."

"Jennifer?" The name hit me like a bucket of ice water. "What did she want?"

"She sent me a... picture."

My stomach dropped. "And that's what you were looking at? While jerking off?"

He showed me the phone. Jennifer lying on a bed, legs open wide, fingering her pussy.

"Alan, I think I made a mistake. Last night, everything we did... I was drunk, we were all caught up in the moment."

"Are you fucking kidding me?" I stood up, my erection gone. "After everything you said? After what we did together?"

"I'm sorry. I'm not... I don't think I'm gay. Or bi or whatever. Everything that happened between us was a drunken mistake."

The words hit like physical blows. My chest felt tight, making it hard to breathe.

"So what was all that talk about wanting me for months? About jerking off thinking about me? Was that bullshit too?"

"I was confused," Brad said. "But seeing Jennifer's text... I realized I still want her. That's what feels right to me."

"Cock or cunt, then?"

"Cunt. I think. Cunt. Definitely. Cunt."

I took a step back. "Right. So you used me to experiment, and now you're done."

I reached for Brad's shorts again, not ready to give up. My fingers brushed against the hard ridge of his cock through the fabric.

"Alan, don't," he said.

I started to rub him.

"Your body's saying *do*." I pressed his erection. "Jennifer's not here. I am."

Brad's head tilted back as I continued to massage him through his shorts. For a few glorious seconds, he gave in, his hips pushing up against my hand, seeking more pressure. I thought I had him.

"Fuck..." he groaned, then jerked away. "No! Stop!"

Brad stood up, adjusting himself in his shorts.

"What the fuck, Alan? I told you this was a mistake, and you still try to... I'm not gay!"

My face burnt. "You seemed pretty fucking gay last night when you were begging me to fuck you harder."

"That's not fair," Brad said. "I need some space. I'm going back to camp."

He stormed off, leaving me alone on the rock with my wounded pride and the spectacular view I could no longer appreciate. I sat there for a few minutes, trying to process how everything had fallen apart so quickly.

When I finally dragged myself back to the campsite, Brad was packing up his gear. We worked in silence, collapsing the tent and stuffing our sleeping bags.

"Could you hurry the fuck up?" Brad slung his pack over one shoulder.

This wasn't the same guy who'd held me last night, who'd whispered how amazing it felt to be inside me. This was a stranger wearing Brad's face, desperate to escape everything that had happened.

"We should at least say goodbye to Jake and Mike," I said. "They're probably wondering where we are."

"There isn't time."

"Seriously? It'll take five minutes. They're our friends."

"Don't know who you're talking about. We never met anyone. I'm not going to be seeing them again."

Jake and Mike emerged from the trail, fresh berries in hand, .

"Whoa, where's the fire?" Jake asked, as he took in Brad's rigid posture and my defeated stance.

"You guys leaving already?" said Mike. "Thought we were gonna hang out another day. After last night, I was looking forward to round two."

"I've got to get back," said Brad. "Work stuff."

Jake exchanged a look with Mike. "Come on, man. Work can wait. My ass is still tingling from watching you fuck Alan last night. You've got serious skills for a newbie."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Brad said. Jake took a step back. "Nothing happened last night."

The silence that followed was deafening.

"Uh... dude," Mike said, "we were all there. You fucked Alan. And then this morning, gay as—"

"I said nothing happened! I'm not gay. Nothing gay happened here."

Jake's mouth fell open. "Are you serious? Your dick was literally in Alan's ass and then—. You moaned like a porn star."

"You guys are fucking delusional," Brad said, avoiding eye contact. "We got drunk, passed out, that's it. Anything else was some stupid fucked-up fantasy of yours."

Mike looked at me. "Alan? What the hell is going on?"

"Just leave it," I said. "He got a text from his girlfriend. Apparently, that changed everything."

"Jennifer?" Jake said. "The same Jennifer you said wasn't doing it for you anymore? The one whose ass you said couldn't compare to Alans?"

"Shut the fuck up!" Brad's face was red. "I'm out of here. This whole trip was a mistake."

Jake's expression hardened.

"You know what, Brad? Fuck you," he said, slipping his hand into his shorts.. "You loved every second of it. You were begging for more. So here it is. More."

Before I could process what was happening, Jake pulled out his cock, already half-hard. He started stroking it lazily, his eyes locked on Brad's.

"See something you like?" Jake said. "Last night you couldn't stop staring."

Mike moved behind Jake, reaching around to replace Jake's hand with his own. "Maybe he needs a reminder of what he's giving up."

Jake tilted his head back against Mike's shoulder, groaning as Mike's fingers wrapped around his shaft, working him to full hardness in seconds. Back and forth, back and forth.

"Want a go, Brad?" Mike said. "Jake's got a nice dick. Imagine that in your mouth."

"Or your ass," said Jake.

Brad's eyes were glued to Jake's cock, his expression a mess of revulsion and hunger. For a split second, his tongue darted out to wet his lips. I recognized the lust in his eyes—the same look he'd given me before we'd crossed the line together.

His eyes were fixed on Jake's cock, now fully erect in Mike's grip.

"Fuck, that feels good," Jake said, thrusting into Mike's hand.

I glanced down at Brad's shorts.

Tented.

His body was betraying him even now. My own cock hardened. I slid my hand down and rubbed myself through my shorts, not even trying to hide it.

"Look at Brad getting all worked up." Mike sped up his strokes on Jake's cock. "Your girlfriend's picture didn't get you this hard, did it?"

Brad swallowed. He shifted his weight from one foot to another, unconsciously adjusting his stance to accommodate his growing erection. For one glorious, hopeful moment, I thought he might break. His hand twitched at his side like he was fighting the urge to touch himself... or maybe to reach for Jake.

"It's all yours, Brad, if you want it," said Mike. "This gorgeous big fucking cock. In your hand. In your mouth. In your ass."

"Shit, I'm gonna cum," Jake gasped. "Fuck, Mike!"

Jake's cock shot cum onto the forest floor. Some landed on a nearby tree trunk, dripping down the bark in pearly streaks. Jake's whole body shuddered.

When the last spurt dribbled over Mike's fingers, Jake turned his head and captured Mike's mouth in a hungry kiss. Their lips locked as Mike continued to milk the last drops from Jake's cock. A kiss deep and filthy.

Mike pulled down his shorts. The two men ground their bodies against each other. They were just getting started.

Brad's face twisted with rage.

"No! Stop it! What the fuck is wrong with you?" Brad backed away. "You're all fucking perverts! Bunch of goddamn faggots!"

The slur hit me. I'd heard it before in high school, even in college, but never from Brad. Never from someone whose mouth had been on my cock hours earlier.

"Brad—"

"Don't touch me!" He recoiled. "Get your shit together. We're leaving. Now." He glared at me. "Drive me home, Alan. I want to get the fuck away from these queers."

The ride back was a long, excruciating stretch of silence. I gripped the steering wheel so tight my knuckles turned white, glancing at Brad in the passenger seat. He stared out the window, jaw clenched, body angled away from me.

"So we're really not going to talk about this?" I finally asked as we merged onto the highway.

Nothing. Not a flinch.

I tried again twenty minutes later. "Look, I get that you're confused. What happened this weekend was intense, but—"

"Shut up," Brad cut in. The first words he'd spoken since we left the campsite.

"Nothing to talk about? We fucked each other's brains out for two days straight, and then one text from Jennifer and it's nothing?"

"I said, shut the fuck up."

"Was any of it real? All those things you said about wanting me for months?"

His silence was answer enough.

I pulled up in front of his apartment building. "So what happens now? We just pretend none of this ever happened? Go back to being workout buddies who don't acknowledge the fact that you've had my dick in ass, and you loved it?"

A flash of guilt crossed his face before he reached for the door handle. Brad grabbed his backpack, got out of the car, and slammed the door shut with enough force to make the whole vehicle shudder.

He stormed toward his building, shoulders hunched. Not even a backward glance.

I sat at my kitchen counter, staring at my phone like it might explode in my hand. Three days had passed. Three days of silence, of replaying every moment in my head, of how everything had turned upside down so quickly.

"Just do it, asshole." I tapped out a message.

*Hey. Can we talk about what happened?*

I hit send before I could overthink it, watching the blue bubble appear in our message thread. The "Delivered" notification appeared beneath it, and I set the phone down, trying not to stare at it like a lovesick teenager.

 I checked my phone every few minutes, but no reply came.

That night, after a few beers and a lot of self-loathing, I tried again:

*Look, I get that you're freaked out. I think we should talk about it instead of pretending it didn't happen.*

Next morning, my patience had worn thin.

*So that's it? We fuck for a weekend and then you ghost me? Real mature, Brad.*

Still nothing.

Two days later, after cycling through anger, hurt, and resignation, I made one final attempt:

*I miss my friend. Can we at least try to salvage that part?*

This time, something different happened. Instead of "Delivered," I saw an error message: "Not Delivered."

I frowned, and tried again. Same result.

"What the fuck?"

When I pulled up Brad's contact again and tried to call, an electronic voice said, "Number not available."

Brad had blocked my number.

He'd erased me from his life with the tap of a button.

The next day, I dragged myself through a mindless workday, unable to focus on anything. By evening, I was exhausted but wired, humming with frustrated energy that had nowhere to go.

I stripped down and fell onto my bed, staring at the ceiling. My mind kept replaying every moment with Brad: his hands on my skin, the sounds he made when I touched him, the way his body responded to mine.

"Fuck this." I reached for my phone.

I scrolled to a folder labeled "Hiking Pics." Landscapes, campfire shots, and a few of Brad. OK, more than a few.

An innocent one from our hike, him standing on a rock overlooking the valley, arms stretched wide, his fitted t-shirt riding up to expose a sliver of his lower back.

Hot.

Brad setting up the tent, Brad by the campfire, Brad drinking a beer at sunset.

Hotter.

Brad asleep in the tent, his shirt off, shorts pushed low on his hips, cock making an obvious bulge.

Brad at the stream. I zoomed in on this one—his back to me, completely naked, water cascading down his muscular ass. I remembered taking this while hiding behind a tree, my own cock hard in my hand as I watched him bathe. The droplets clung to the light dusting of golden hair on his ass cheeks, his balls visible between his legs as he bent over to splash water on his face.

Brad by the fire, shirtless, his cock out, erect while he stroked himself. His eyes were closed, head tilted back, abs tensed. I'd pretended to go take a piss and snapped it quickly before he noticed.

Brad sprawled on his sleeping bag, naked, cum drying on his chest, his softening cock still impressive.

Brad was face down on the tent floor, ass raised slightly, his hole red and open from the pounding he'd taken. Cum ran down the inside of his thigh.

Hottest.

I wrapped my hand around my hardening cock. My thumb slid over my cockhead, spreading pre-cum down my shaft.

I closed my eyes, letting my imagination take over. In my mind, Brad wasn't rejecting me on that rock. Instead, he was pulling me closer, whispering how much he wanted me, needed me.

My strokes quickened as I pictured pushing him back onto the flat stone surface, our bodies pressed together under the open sky. Fantasy Brad moaned my name as I took his cock in my mouth, his fingers pulling my hair.

"God, Brad," Pleasure built at the base of my spine.

I imagined him begging for my cock, spreading his legs, offering himself to me completely.

My orgasm hit hard and fast, cum spurting across my stomach in hot pulses. I stroked through it, milking every last drop.

I lay there, sticky and spent.

I rolled onto my side, bone-tired. I'd deal with the mess later.

# Chapter 10

Two weeks of silence. I finally stopped checking my phone every five minutes. The ache in my chest hadn't gone away, but I was learning to live with it.

Friday night found me sprawled on my couch, halfway through a six-pack and some mindless action movie. My phone sat on the coffee table, and I was proud of myself for not glancing at it for at least twenty minutes.

Then it buzzed.

My heart leaped into my throat. I lunged for it so quickly I knocked over my beer. It foamed across the table and dripped onto the floor.

Unknown number.

Not Brad, but someone was reaching out.

I swiped to unlock, my thumb leaving a smear of condensation from the beer can.

*Hey sexy. Saw your number in the men's room at the rest stop. Pics?*

My stomach dropped. The rest stop bathroom. Where I'd jerked off thinking about Brad that first day. Where I scrawled my number on the wall in a pathetic moment of horniness. Some random horny stranger had seen my number, and was desperate.

I buried my face in my hands. What the fuck was happening to my life? One weekend with Brad had unraveled everything I thought I knew about myself, about us. And now here I was, getting booty calls from bathroom-wall admirers while the man I wanted wouldn't even acknowledge my existence.

My thumb hovered the delete button. But a tiny, desperate voice whispered that any connection was better than none.

The beer buzz gave me enough courage to type a reply.

*You wouldn't believe the things I can do with my mouth.*

I hit send before I could think better of it. What the fuck was I doing?

*Hot. Free tomorrow? 3pm at the rest stop?*

It was real. A hookup.

*I'll be there*. *How will I know it's you?*

*Black pickup truck. I'll flash lights twice when I see you pull in. I'm Frank. You?*

I replied with the first name that I thought of.

*Brad*.

The next morning, the hangover was mild compared to the anxiety churning in my stomach. I could just not show up. Block the number. Pretend it never happened.

But as the clock ticked toward 3 pm, I found myself showering, paying extra attention to certain areas. I brushed my teeth twice. Put on my tightest jeans and a shirt that showed off my arms.

*This is fucking insane*. But I grabbed my keys.

My palms sweated against the steering wheel. Every mile marker brought a new wave of doubt, yet I kept driving.

I pulled into the rest stop at 2:58 pm, scanning the lot for a black pickup. It was there. I flashed my headlights twice. He responded the same way.

I parked three spaces away.

I could still drive away. Nobody would know.

But I wasn't here for Jeff, whoever the fuck he was. I was here because I needed something, anything, to replace the ache Brad had left behind.

I pushed the restroom door open with sweaty palms. The fluorescent lights cast everything in that sickly pale glow that made even the cleanest places look dirty. Not that this place was clean. The tile floor had seen better decades, and the whole room smelled like industrial cleaner, not masking what it was meant to hide.

I tugged at my gray tank top, self-conscious about how it clung to my torso. I ran a hand through my hair, trying to appear casual, like I'd just stopped in to take a piss on a long drive.

The door opened, and he entered. Frank. Early fifties, salt-and-pepper hair that looked expensive to maintain. He wore a crisp button-down with the sleeves rolled up, revealing tanned forearms dusted with silver hair. A heavy watch glinted under the harsh lighting.

Our eyes met. He held my gaze. I looked away first, heart skipping.

He went over to the sink, and turned on the taps to wash his hands, took his time drying his hands, the paper towel making a rough sound in the quiet bathroom. His cologne drifted toward me, something woody and rich that probably cost more than my entire wardrobe.

"Brad?" he said, deep and controlled. The kind of voice used to giving orders, to being obeyed.

I was standing at the edge of a cliff. All my doubts dissolved under his gaze. This was about need, pure and simple.

I nodded.

"You can call me Frank."

Frank stepped away from the sink, his expensive shoes clicking on the tile as he checked under each stall door. Part of me wanted to bolt, but a stronger, needier part kept me rooted to the spot.

"All clear," he said.

He moved toward me, closing the distance until I found my back pressed against the cold tile wall. Up close, I noticed the fine lines around his eyes, the immaculate shave that still left a shadow of stubble on his strong jaw. He radiated power and control.

"I've been in meetings all day," Frank said, resting one arm against the wall beside my head. His wedding ring caught the light. "Need to blow off some steam."

I couldn't look away. His eyes held mine with an intensity that made my knees weak, like he was evaluating every inch of me. I felt small under his gaze, but not in a bad way.

His hand brushed against the front of my shorts, tracing the outline of my hardening bulge. His touch was light but confident, testing my reaction while asserting his control.

"I saw you pull in," he said. "You've got that hungry look." His hot breath sent shivers down my neck. "The kind that says you need something you're not getting anywhere else."

His authority filled the small bathroom, wrapping around me like an invisible rope.

"On your knees," he said. An order.

I'd never been spoken to like that before. With Brad, there had been give and take, playfulness. This was different, pure dominance radiating from a man who expected to be obeyed.

His manicured fingers moved to his belt. The leather was rich brown with a subtle designer buckle that cost more than my entire outfit. The soft hiss of leather sliding through belt loops echoed in the tiled bathroom. He took his time, enjoying my anticipation.

I hesitated. Part of me—the part that always had to challenge Brad, that never backed down from competition—bristled at being ordered around like this. I wasn't some submissive toy to be commanded. I opened my mouth, ready to say something smart, to establish that I wasn't going to just roll over.

But Frank must have sensed my internal struggle. His hand shot out, gripping my chin between his thumb and forefinger. His skin was warm and rough, his grip on the edge of painful.

"I said, on your knees, boy." His blue eyes hardened with an unshakeable certainty that I would comply.

I sank down, Frank's hand guiding me until my knees hit the cold tile floor.

I was eye-level with the impressive bulge straining against his tailored slacks. I was caught between intimidation and hunger.

I stared up at Frank from my knees as he unzipped his slacks with agonizing slowness. The sound of the zipper teeth separating filled the rest stop bathroom. My mouth watered as the opening widened to reveal dark blue silk boxers underneath. A wet spot had already formed where the head of his cock pressed against the expensive fabric, a small dark circle of pre-cum soaking through.

"Tell me what you want," Frank demanded, his voice dropping an octave, thick with arousal. His hand rested on his bulge, idly stroking himself through the silk.

My tongue felt heavy in my mouth. This wasn't like with Brad—fumbling, mutual, familiar. This was raw and humiliating in a way that made my cock throb against my hiking shorts.

"I want your cock," I said.

Frank laughed, a deep rumbling sound that wasn't kind. His fingers tangled in my hair, not pulling yet, but establishing control. "Louder. Tell me what you really are."

I swallowed hard, my throat dry. Part of me wanted to stand up, to tell this stranger to fuck off, that I wasn't some cheap whore in a rest stop bathroom.

But I was drowning under waves of need that had nothing to do with Brad's rejection and everything to do with the primal hunger coursing through me.

I was a cheap five cent whore.

"I'm... I'm a cocksucker," I said. My dick throbbed against my shorts, a traitor confirming my admission. A small wet spot of my own had formed where my tip pressed against the fabric.

Frank's hands moved to the waistband of his silk boxers, tugging them down with practiced ease. His cock sprang free, thick and imposing. Seven hard inches jutted out from a silver-peppered thatch of pubic hair, veins rope-like against the shaft. The head was swollen and purple, glistening with pre-cum at the tip.

I stared, mesmerized. Even in my shock, I couldn't help comparing—thicker than Brad's, not as long, but somehow more intimidating with those prominent veins mapping the shaft.

"Open wide, slut," Frank growled, one hand wrapping around his cock while the other gripped my chin. His thumb pressed against the corner of my mouth, forcing my lips apart. Before I could respond, he pushed forward, the hot, salty head of his cock sliding past my lips.

The taste hit me. Clean but male, bitter with a salty undertone.

Frank didn't give me time to adjust. He thrust forward, his cock sliding deeper until it hit the back of my throat. I gagged reflexively, my throat constricting around his thickness as my eyes widened in shock.

"Fuck," he hissed, not pulling back despite my struggle. Instead, his right hand moved to grip my dark hair tightly, holding me in place as I fought against my gag reflex.

"That's it. Take it all," he commanded, his fingers tightening in my hair. He controlled my movements now, pulling me forward then pushing me back at a pace that served his pleasure alone.

My eyes watered as I struggled to accommodate his girth. Tears streaked down my cheeks, and saliva dribbled from the corners of my mouth. The humiliation of it should have been a turn-off, but my cock was harder than I'd been since that first night with Brad.

Frank pulled out, leaving me gasping for air. Before I could recover, he slapped his wet cock against my cheek with a meaty thwack. The weight of it felt substantial against my face, leaving a streak of saliva and pre-cum across my skin. I flinched at the contact, but didn't pull away. Couldn't pull away.

"Tell me who you belong to right now," Frank demanded, his voice cutting through the bathroom's stale air. His blue eyes bore down on me, cold and demanding. The fluorescent lights cast harsh shadows across his face, making him look even more intimidating from my position on my knees.

My mind raced. Twenty-four hours ago, I would've laughed if someone suggested I'd be kneeling in a rest stop bathroom, being face-fucked by a stranger. Yet here I was.

"You, sir," I gasped, the words tumbling out before I could stop them. My voice sounded foreign to my own ears – desperate, needy, broken.

Frank wrapped his hand around the base of his thick shaft and stroked. Each movement brought the swollen purple head within inches of my face, close enough that I could feel the heat radiating from it. A bead of pre-cum formed at the tip, threatening to drop onto my upturned face.

"And what are you?" Frank pressed, his rhythm steady and methodical. His wedding ring glinted under the harsh lighting as he worked his cock in front of me. The sight of it sent another surge of shameful arousal through my body.

I hesitated for a moment, fighting the last shreds of my dignity. But I wanted this, needed this, more than I needed my pride.

"I'm your dirty rest stop whore," I replied, the filthy words sending a shock of electricity down my spine. I was stunned at how they inflamed my desire, making my cock throb even harder against the confines of my shorts. My hands trembled at my sides as I resisted the urge to touch myself.

Frank gripped my shoulder, his fingers digging into my flesh through my tank top. His strength surprised me as he yanked me up from my knees, spinning me around to face the stall.

"Get in there," he ordered, his voice leaving no room for argument. "Bend over the toilet like the filthy slut you are."

My legs trembled as I stumbled into the stall, my mind racing with equal parts shame and overwhelming arousal. The fluorescent lights buzzed overhead, casting harsh shadows across the graffiti-covered walls. Every rational part of me screamed to leave, but my body moved on its own, obeying his commands like they were hardwired into my system.

I gripped the edges of the toilet tank, my knuckles turning white. My breathing came in short, shallow gasps as I heard Frank enter the stall behind me, the door clicking shut. The sound of the lock sliding into place was deafening in the tiled bathroom.

"Pull those shorts down. Show me that ass," Frank growled, his hand sliding up my back, pushing my tank top higher to expose more skin.

I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my navy hiking shorts, hesitating only briefly before sliding them down my thighs. The cool air hit my exposed skin, raising goosebumps across my flesh. I wasn't wearing underwear, hadn't been all day. My ass was bare, my cock hung heavy between my legs.

Frank let out a low whistle of appreciation. His rough palm slid over the curve of my ass, squeezing hard enough to mark.

"Fucking perfect," he murmured, then I heard the distinct sound of a cap opening.

I glanced over my shoulder to see Frank holding a small travel-sized bottle of lube. He caught my eye and smirked.

"Always prepared for sluts like you," he said, squirting a generous amount onto his fingers. "You're not the first boy I've bent over in here, and you won't be the last."

His slick fingers found my hole without preamble, circling roughly before one thick digit pushed inside. I gasped at the intrusion, my body tensing instinctively.

"Relax," Frank ordered, though he didn't slow down. Instead, he worked his finger deeper, twisting and turning with practiced efficiency.

One finger quickly became two, stretching me open with minimal care for my comfort. The burn mixed with pleasure, making me moan despite myself. My cock hardened further, bobbing between my legs as Frank's fingers found my prostate and pressed against it.

By the time he added a third finger, I was panting, pushing back against his hand, silently begging for more.

Frank leaned over me, his clothed chest pressing against my back, his hot breath tickling my ear. Three fingers deep inside me, he twisted his wrist in a way that made stars explode behind my eyes.

"Beg me to fuck you," he commanded, his voice a dangerous whisper against my skin. "Say it like you mean it."

I gripped the toilet tank harder, my knuckles white with tension. The cold porcelain under my fingertips contrasted with the heat of Frank's body behind me. His fingers slid out, leaving me empty and aching.

"Repeat after me: I'll take any cock you give me," Frank ordered, his voice brooking no argument.

I hesitated, swallowing hard. This was further than I'd ever gone—further than even Brad had taken me. But some primal part of me needed this, craved this anonymous degradation.

"I'll take any cock you give me," I whispered, the words burning my throat.

Frank pressed his cock against my ass, the thick head nudging my slick entrance. He teased my hole with deliberate strokes, never quite pushing in. Each pass sent electric sparks up my spine, making my own cock throb between my legs.

"Please," I gasped, not recognizing my own voice.

With a low grunt, Frank pushed forward, the bulbous head of his cock breaching my entrance. The stretch was immediate and intense, burning despite the preparation. I bit my lip to keep from crying out as he worked the tip in and out, opening me gradually.

"Wait," I gasped, a moment of clarity cutting through my lust-fogged brain. "Are you going to put on a condom?"

Frank laughed, a cold sound that echoed against the bathroom tiles. His fingers dug into my hips, holding me in place.

"You're not worth the effort of a condom," he sneered, pushing forward more insistently. "Rest stop whores take it raw."

"I'll take any cock you give me," I moaned as Frank pushed in deeper, stretching me wider than Brad ever had. The burn gave way to a fullness that made my toes curl inside my hiking boots.

The businessman established a brutal rhythm, his tailored slacks bunched at his knees. Each thrust drove me forward, the toilet creaking ominously beneath us. I braced one hand against the graffiti-covered wall, my fingers splayed wide, desperate for purchase as Frank pounded into me.

I gripped the cold porcelain harder as Frank established a punishing rhythm behind me. His cock stretched me wider than I thought possible, the burn of it sending shockwaves of mingled pain and pleasure up my spine. Each thrust slammed me forward, my knees buckling.

Frank's breathing changed, becoming more ragged, more animal. The polished businessman with the expensive watch and crisp button-down evaporated.

"Fucking tight little slut," he said, his hips snapping forward. "Taking daddy's married cock so good in this filthy bathroom." His words were crude, pornographic, pouring from his mouth in a torrent of degradation. "Bet you love knowing my wife has no fucking idea I'm balls deep in some rest stop faggot right now."

The filth spilling from his mouth should have disgusted me, should have made me want to run. Instead, each dirty word sent electric pulses straight to my cock. I wanted to eat dirt.

"You like being used by a married man, don't you, you fucking whore?" Frank said. The wedding band on his left hand caught the fluorescent light as he pulled me back onto his cock.

I nodded, beyond words, beyond thought. The degradation mixed with the pleasure of his cock hitting my prostate on every thrust had reduced me to nothing but sensation and need. All the frustration with Brad, all my crushed hopes, disappeared in the raw animal pleasure of being used.

Frank's hand shot forward, grabbing a fistful of my dark hair. He yanked my head back. The new angle drove his cock even deeper, making me gasp.

"Answer me," he said, his voice cold despite his obvious arousal.

"Yes sir," I gasped, struggling to form words as he continued to pound into me. "I love being your whore." The words came easier now, flowing from my mouth with shameful sincerity. My competitive nature—the part of me that always had to challenge Brad, that never backed down—had surrendered to this strange man and the pleasure he was giving me.

Frank's thrusts became more erratic, losing their punishing rhythm. His fingers dug deeper into my hips, leaving marks I'd feel for days. His breathing turned ragged, punctuated by guttural groans that echoed off the bathroom tiles. The slap of skin against skin grew louder, more desperate.

"Touch yourself, slut. Show me how pathetic you are," he commanded, his voice strained with approaching release.

I wrapped my trembling hand around my cock, which was slick with pre-cum. The first stroke sent jolts of pleasure up my spine, mixing with the sensation of Frank's thick shaft pounding my ass. I pumped frantically, matching his wild pace.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," I chanted under my breath, my hand flying over my shaft. The dual sensations were too much—Frank's cock hammering my prostate and my hand working my own length. The tension coiled tight in my groin.

It took embarrassingly few strokes before I was right at the edge. I bit my lip hard, trying to hold back, but it was useless. My orgasm crashed through me like a tidal wave. I came with a muffled cry, my whole body shuddering as cum spurted from my cock onto the dirty bathroom floor. My ass clenched around Frank's shaft as waves of pleasure racked my body.

"Fucking tight," Frank grunted, his thrusts becoming shallow and jerky. With a final brutal thrust, he buried himself to the hilt in my ass and groaned. I felt his cock pulse inside me as he filled me with his load, his fingers digging into my flesh.

Before I'd even caught my breath, Frank pulled out. I heard the snap of latex as he removed the condom, followed by the sound of it hitting the bottom of the metal trash can. Behind me, there was rustling as he adjusted his clothing, tucking himself away and zipping up his expensive slacks.

I slumped against the stall divider, feeling Frank's cum trickle down my inner thigh. My heart hammered in my chest as I struggled to process what had happened. The intense shame and arousal swirled together in my gut, making me feel dizzy.

Behind me, I heard Frank calmly tucking in his shirt and adjusting his clothing. In less than thirty seconds, he went from animal to executive again. I dared a glance over my shoulder and could hardly believe this was the same man who'd called me every filthy name in the book while fucking me senseless.

His salt-and-pepper hair was well combed, his expensive button-down showed barely a wrinkle, and his face had returned to an impassive professional mask. The only hint of our encounter was a slight flush across his cheekbones and the lingering scent of sex.

I fumbled with my shorts, pulling them up with trembling hands as Frank exited the stall. He moved to the sink and began washing his hands, pumping the soap dispenser twice and scrubbing between each finger. His movements were precise, almost surgical, as he rinsed away any evidence of our encounter.

I finally managed to get myself together enough to stumble out of the stall. My legs felt like jelly, and I could feel his release still warm inside me. My hair was a mess, my tank top twisted, and I knew I looked like what I was. Someone who'd just been thoroughly used in a public bathroom.

Frank's eyes met mine in the mirror as he dried his hands on a paper towel. His wedding ring caught the fluorescent light as he checked his expensive watch – the kind that probably cost more than my car.

"Same time next week?" he asked, his voice returned to the polished, authoritative tone of a businessman, not the growling animal who'd bent me over a toilet.

I nodded weakly, still trembling from the intensity of the encounter, unable to form words. My body had already answered for me, my cock giving an interested twitch despite having orgasmed minutes before.

Without another word or backward glance, Frank straightened his cuffs, adjusted his watch, and strode out of the restroom. The door swung closed behind him with a soft whoosh, leaving me alone with the buzzing fluorescent lights and the reality of what I'd done.

I staggered to the sink, legs still trembling like I'd run a marathon. Frank's cum leaked down my thigh, a warm reminder of what had happened. My reflection stared back at me from the spotted mirror—flushed cheeks, hair wild, eyes dilated.

"Jesus." I turned on the faucet. The cold water shocked my system as I splashed it on my face. With wet paper towels, I cleaned between my legs, wincing at the tenderness.

What the hell was wrong with me? I'd let a complete stranger—a married man old enough to be my dad—fuck me in a public restroom. Called myself his whore. Begged for it. And the worst part? I'd fucking loved it.

The degradation, the filthy names he'd called me, being treated like nothing but a hole to fuck—it had turned me on more than anything I'd experienced with Brad. The realization sent a confusing mix of shame and arousal through me. I'd always thought of myself as someone who needed connection, romance, at least some level of respect. But apparently, being used like a piece of meat hit some button deep inside me I never knew existed.

I adjusted my tank top and ran my fingers through my hair, trying to look less like I'd just been fucked in a bathroom stall. My shorts still felt askew, but they'd have to do.

Just as I was about to leave, the distinct rumble of a motorcycle engine cut through the ambient highway noise outside. The powerful growl grew louder, then cut off, followed by heavy footsteps approaching the restroom.

The door swung open with a creak, and a mountain of a man walked in. He had to be at least 6'4", broad-shouldered and solid, with a thick beard and arms covered in tattoos. A worn leather vest stretched across his chest, patches indicating membership in some motorcycle club I didn't recognize. His jeans were faded and tight in all the right places, hugging thick thighs.

Our eyes met in the mirror, and he gave me a slow, deliberate once-over, lingering on the obvious bulge in my shorts. The corner of his mouth lifted in a knowing smirk.

I felt my cock stir against my thigh, hardening despite having come minutes ago. My body's betrayal was immediate and shameless, responding to this stranger like a dog to a whistle.

I froze, caught in the biker's predatory gaze. My cheeks burned hot, freshly fucked, hair mussed, lips swollen. The evidence was written all over me.The biker's eyes traveled down my body again, this time slower, more deliberate. His tongue darted out to wet his lips as he stepped into the bathroom. The door swung shut behind him with a heavy thud.

"Well, well," he rumbled, his voice deep as thunder. "Seems like I missed the party."

My cock, the traitorous bastard, twitched against my thigh. What the fuck was wrong with me? I'd just been used by one stranger, and here I was, getting hard for another. The ghost of Brad's rejection still stung, but apparently my libido had other ideas about how to cope.

I should have pushed past him and left. Should have gone back to my car, driven home, taken a long shower, and tried to figure out what the hell I was doing with my life. That's what a sane person would have done.

Instead, I found myself rooted to the spot, heart hammering against my ribs, as the biker moved closer.

"Name's Hank," he growled, stopping mere inches away. He was so close I could smell the leather of his vest mixed with cigarette smoke and something distinctly male. Up close, I could see the crow's feet around his eyes, putting him somewhere in his forties. A thick scar ran through his left eyebrow, and his beard had streaks of gray.

"Alan," I replied, my voice embarrassingly weak.

Hank's hand shot out, lightning-fast, and gripped my jaw. His fingers were calloused and strong, tilting my face up so I had no choice but to meet his intense gaze.

"You look like you could use another ride, Alan," he said, thumb brushing across my bottom lip. "That business type didn't quite satisfy you, did he?"

Rex approached the urinal, unzipping his worn jeans without breaking eye contact with me. The metallic sound of his zipper cut through the silence of the bathroom, deliberate and slow. His eyes—dark and knowing—held mine in the mirror, daring me to look away first.

I pretended to wash my hands, pumping more soap than necessary onto my palm. The water ran cold over my fingers as I stole glances in the mirror at Rex's tattooed arms. Intricate designs covered every inch of visible skin—shapes that looked like flames wrapping around his thick forearms, some kind of tribal pattern on his bicep, and what might have been a skull near his elbow. The ink moved and flexed with his muscles as he positioned himself at the urinal.

"Like what you see, boy?" Rex caught me looking, his voice like gravel wrapped in velvet.

My face flushed hot, embarrassment mixing with arousal. Despite feeling caught and exposed, my competitive nature kicked in—the same instinct that always made me rise to Brad's challenges. I stood taller, shoulders back.

"Just admiring the artwork," I said, surprised by the steadiness in my voice.

A slow smile spread across Rex's bearded face as he turned away from the urinal, giving me a full view of his thick cock. It hung heavy between his legs, substantially larger than average even in its semi-hard state. The metal of his Prince Albert piercing caught the fluorescent light, a silver ring through the head that made my mouth go dry. His pubes framed the impressive display.

"This is my favorite piece," Rex said, giving himself a slow stroke. "Custom work."

Rex moved to the sink, crowding my space rather than using one of the other empty basins. His broad shoulders boxed me in as he pumped soap into his massive hands. His proximity sent waves of heat radiating into my personal space, the leather and musk scent of him filling my nostrils. Every muscle in my body tensed at his closeness, my skin prickling with awareness.

"You look like you could handle more," Rex said, his voice dropping to a rumble. He finished washing but didn't reach for a paper towel. Instead, his still-damp hand found my arm, water drops and soap residue transferring to my skin as his calloused fingers traveled from my shoulder down to my wrist in a deliberate caress. The roughness of his touch sent electric pulses through my body.

My breath caught in my throat. This was madness. I'd just been fucked by Frank, and now I was getting hard again for this tattooed stranger. Some desperate part of me—the part still smarting from Brad's rejection, the part that had discovered how much I enjoyed being used—stirred to life.

"Maybe I could," I said.

Rex's eyes narrowed. His hand moved from my arm to grip my chin, forcing me to look into his intense gaze. "Not maybe. Yes or no." His directness caught me off-guard, a stark contrast to Brad's hesitation and confusion. There was no uncertainty in Rex, no questioning—just raw intention and purpose.

I swallowed hard, my Adam's apple bobbing against his grip. My cock was already hardening again, straining against my shorts in a visible bulge that I couldn't hide. With my chin still trapped in his grip, I nodded, surrendering to whatever was about to happen.

Rex's massive frame dwarfed mine, turning the already cramped bathroom into something claustrophobic. His presence seemed to absorb all the available oxygen, making each breath I took feel heavy with his scent—leather, tobacco, and raw masculinity. The fluorescent lights cast harsh shadows across his bearded face, highlighting the intensity in his eyes as he studied me.

Without warning, he moved forward, pushing me back until I collided with the cold tile wall. One tattooed arm shot up beside my head, caging me in. The colorful sleeve of ink—dragons and flames intertwined with skulls—flexed tantalizingly close to my face. His forearm muscles tensed, veins prominent beneath the artwork.

"I saw that suit leave," Rex said, his face inches from mine. His breath washed over me, a mix of mint and expensive whiskey. "You let him use you?"

The memory of Frank pounding into me was still fresh, my ass still sensitive from the roughness of our encounter. I should have felt shame, but instead, perverse pride bloomed in my chest.

"Yes." Confessing my sluttiness to this stranger was both liberating and humiliating in the best possible way.

Rex's eyes darkened, pupils dilating with lust.

"Good boy," he said. "Now it's my turn."

Rex leaned in, and I braced myself for aggression, but what I got instead blindsided me. His lips met mine with unexpected tenderness, the coarse hair of his beard tickling my face as he kissed me with a gentleness that seemed impossible from such a massive, intimidating man. His mouth moved against mine with practiced skill, soft and probing rather than demanding.

The contrast between his appearance and touch short-circuited my brain for a moment. This wasn't what I expected from the leather-clad biker with tattooed arms and a Prince Albert piercing. The mismatch ignited something in me – my competitive spirit flaring to life, the same instinct that always kicked in with Brad.

I pressed back hard against his mouth, my hands grabbing his leather vest to pull him closer. I wasn't going to be passive this time. If this mountain of a man could surprise me, I could surprise him right back. I nipped at his lower lip, grinding my hips forward against his solid thigh.

Rex rumbled with approval, deepening our connection. His tongue slipped between my lips, tasting faintly of whiskey and mint as it explored my mouth. The gentle probing was masterful, not forceful, nothing like the rough treatment I'd expected. We French-kissed standing against the bathroom wall.

Rex broke away. "Don't fight me, boy. Surrender."

I went pliant in his arms.

"That's it," Rex said. His palm slid under my tank top, rough fingers tracing the contours of my abs before moving up to find a nipple. "Good boy."

Rex stepped back, his eyes never leaving mine as his fingers found the worn leather of his vest. The faded patches—motorcycle clubs, brotherhood emblems, cryptic symbols—caught the harsh fluorescent light as he unzipped it. The metallic rasp of the zipper echoed in the bathroom, deliberate and teasing. He shrugged the garment off his broad shoulders, revealing a canvas of ink that took my breath away.

Tattoos covered almost every inch of his torso. A massive dragon wrapped around his right pectoral, its scaled body curling down his ribs, flames erupting from its open jaws. Tribal patterns adorned his left side, intersecting with what looked like Norse symbols. Dog tags were tattooed over his heart, with dates I assumed marked significant moments in his life.

My eyes traced the artwork, moving over the sculpted terrain of his body. For a man in his forties, Rex was solid muscle—not the sculpted, gym-rat physique of Brad, but something harder, earned through years of physical work rather than vanity exercises.

I couldn't help myself. I reached out, my fingers finding the dragon's head on his chest. I traced the outline, feeling the slight texture difference between inked skin and bare. Rex's chest rose and fell beneath my touch, his breathing deepening as my finger followed the creature's body where it curved around his nipple.

"You like art, boy?" His voice was a rumble I felt more than heard.

"This is incredible," I admitted, still exploring the contours of his chest with my fingertip.

Rex caught my wrist, stopping my exploration. His eyes darkened as he looked down at me.

"Strip," he commanded, his voice leaving no room for argument.

Something in his tone sent a shiver down my spine. This wasn't Brad's playful challenges or Frank's businesslike demands. This was pure dominance, raw and undiluted.

I crossed my arms, grabbing the hem of my gray tank top, and pulled it over my head in one fluid motion. The cool air of the bathroom hit my exposed skin, making my nipples harden. I stood there, chest bare, my swimmer's build on display—lean muscles defined but not bulky, my olive skin a stark contrast to Rex's paler, ink-covered torso.

Rex's eyes raked over me, one hand reaching out to trace my collarbone. I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my navy hiking shorts, hesitating. Unlike Brad, I wasn't wearing anything underneath.

"All of it," Rex added, noticing my hesitation.

I hesitated a moment too long, my thumbs still hooked in the waistband of my shorts. Maybe it was a flash of self-consciousness or the lingering sting of Brad's rejection making me second-guess myself. Whatever the reason, Rex wasn't having it.

"Too slow," he growled.

Before I could react, Rex's massive hands grabbed my shorts and yanked them down with enough force that I heard a seam rip. The navy fabric pooled around my ankles, but to Rex's surprise—and evident approval—there was nothing underneath.

"Commando," he rumbled, his eyes darkening as they fixed on my half-hard cock. "Fucking perfect."

My face burned hot with embarrassment and arousal as I stood exposed in the dingy rest stop bathroom. When I'd decided to go without underwear this morning, I'd been thinking about easy access with Brad—not being stripped bare by a leather-clad biker with forearms thicker than my thighs.

Rex reached out and wrapped his calloused hand around my shaft, giving it a firm squeeze that made me gasp. His grip was confident and possessive, thumb brushing over the sensitive head where pre-cum had already started to bead.

"Getting hard for me already," he said, his voice a deep rumble that seemed to vibrate through my entire body. "And after you just got fucked. Greedy boy."

His hand stroked me with deliberate slowness, coaxing me to full hardness with embarrassing ease. My cock thickened in his grip, responding to his touch despite having already come twice today. My hips bucked forward seeking more pressure.

"That's it," Rex encouraged, his free hand moving to the back of my neck, gripping the short hairs there. "Show me how bad you need it."

I stood naked in the rest stop bathroom, exposed under Rex's intense gaze. His heavy boots echoed on the tile floor as he walked around me, appraising my body from every angle. His hands explored my skin, rough fingertips trailing across my shoulders, down my spine, and over my ribs. Each touch left goosebumps in its wake, my skin hypersensitive to his deliberate exploration.

"Nice body. You work out?" Rex asked, his massive hands squeezing my ass. His fingers dug into the muscle, kneading the flesh in a way that was both painful and pleasurable.

"Swimming and weights," I said.

Rex moved back in front of me, his height and bulk making me feel small. His tattooed hand rose to my face, thumb pressing against my lower lip. His eyes locked with mine, dark and commanding.

"Suck it," he ordered, the single word hanging between us.

I parted my lips and took his thick thumb into my mouth. The taste of salt and leather flooded my senses as I closed my lips around the digit, my tongue working against the rough pad. The intimate act was strangely submissive, more so than even being bent over for Frank had been.

I sucked his thumb like it was his cock.

Rex's other hand returned to my throat, fingers spreading across my windpipe.

"Good boy," Rex rumbled, his thumb pressing down on my tongue. "Very good boy."

Rex's massive hands gripped my shoulders and pushed me back against the cold tile wall. The shock of temperature against my bare skin made me gasp, my body pinned between the unyielding surface and his imposing frame. His leather-clad legs pressed against mine, the rough material rubbing against my naked thighs.

"I'm going to choke you till it hurts," Rex said, his voice dropping to a dangerous whisper. His calloused fingers traced the contour of my throat, applying the slightest pressure—just enough to make me swallow hard against his palm. "Tap my arm twice if it's too much."

I nodded, my cock throbbing with anticipation. The idea of surrendering control to this stranger should have terrified me, but after Brad's rejection, there was something liberating about being wanted so intensely, even if just for my body.

Rex's fingers tightened around my throat, cutting off my breath momentarily. "Words, boy," he demanded, easing his grip enough to let me speak.

"Yes, sir," I gasped, the words falling from my lips without conscious thought. The "sir" surprised me—I'd never called anyone that before, not even during sex. My cheeks burned with a mixture of embarrassment and arousal at how quickly I'd slipped into submission with him. Just hours ago, I'd been trying to prove myself to Brad, to show him I could be his equal. Now here I was, naked in a rest stop bathroom, eager to be dominated by a leather-daddy stranger.

Rex spun me around, his strength overwhelming as he pressed my chest against the cold tiles. His boot nudged my feet apart, spreading my legs into a wider stance. I braced my palms against the wall, my breath coming in quick, shallow gasps.

"Face the wall," he commanded, his massive hand splayed between my shoulder blades, pinning me in place.

I felt his presence behind me, the heat of his body radiating against my exposed skin. His free hand trailed down my spine, fingers tracing each vertebra before settling at the small of my back. The touch was almost tender—a sharp contrast to the firm pressure keeping me immobile against the wall.

Without warning, Rex pushed two thick fingers into me. The intrusion burned slightly despite Frank's earlier attention, but my body accepted him easily, still open and slick.

"Still loose from the suit," Rex noted with a dark chuckle, his breath hot against my ear. "Did he fuck you good, boy? Left you all ready for me."

My cheeks burned with humiliation and arousal at his crude assessment. I wanted to protest, to maintain some dignity, but my body betrayed me as his fingers twisted deeper, searching with practiced precision.

When Rex found my prostate, I couldn't help the moan that escaped my lips. He pressed against the sensitive bundle of nerves, firm, rhythmic pressure that sent waves of pleasure coursing through me. My knees threatened to buckle as he continued his merciless massage.

"That's it," he whispered, his other hand sliding up to encircle my throat again. "Let me hear how much you love it."

The sensation of his thick fingers inside me was overwhelming. The pleasure from his prostate massage intensified tenfold. My cock leaked copious pre-cum onto the tile floor below, forming a small puddle between my spread feet.

The bathroom's fluorescent lights flickered.

"Feel this?" Rex growled against my ear, the hard metal ring of his Prince Albert piercing pressing against my sensitive entrance.

I sucked in a sharp breath as the cold metal touched my rim, creating a sensation I'd never experienced before. The steel jewelry circled the head of his massive cock. My body tensed with nervous anticipation.

"Y-yes," I said. The cold, hard circle of metal contrasted with the hot flesh of his cock head, making my nerves fire with confusing signals of pleasure and uncertainty.

Rex's massive arm snaked around my body, his tattooed forearm coming into view at the corner of my vision. His grip was confident, practiced.

"Breathe in," Rex commanded, his voice rumbling through my back where his chest pressed against me.

I obeyed, filling my lungs with air as ordered, my chest expanding against the cold tile wall.

As my lungs reached full capacity, Rex pushed forward in one steady, relentless thrust. The piercing breached me first, the metal ring creating an entirely new sensation as it stretched my rim, followed by the thick head of his cock and then the full substantial length of him. He bottomed out inside me with a growl of satisfaction, his hand tightening fractionally around my throat as he hilted himself.

Rex established a powerful rhythm, his 230 pounds of muscle driving his 8 inches deep inside me with each thrust. The sheer weight of him pressed me against the bathroom wall, my cheek and palms flat against the cold tiles as he pounded into me. Each powerful thrust drove the air from my lungs.

"Fuck," I gasped.

His chest pressed against my back, the raised lines of his tattoos rubbing against my skin with each powerful movement. His dog tags swung forward, slapping against my shoulder blade with a metallic clink that punctuated his grunts.

"Take it, boy," Rex growled into my ear, his beard scratching against my neck as his hips slammed forward. His voice vibrated through me, deep and commanding, brooking no resistance.

I floated in a haze of pleasure, the lightheadedness from his grip intensifying every sensation. The world narrowed to this—his massive body dominating mine, the restriction of my breathing, and the overwhelming fullness as he claimed me.

The Prince Albert created an intense friction that hit my prostate with each stroke. The metal ring caught on that sensitive bundle of nerves, sending electric jolts through me that had my untouched cock jerking and dripping. It was unlike anything I'd experienced before—the unyielding hardness of the steel contrasting with the hot flesh of his cock.

Rex's pace intensified, his powerful hips slamming into me with animalistic force. His dog tags slapped rhythmically against my back, the cold metal a sharp contrast to our sweat-slicked skin. Each thrust drove me harder against the bathroom wall, the tiles cooling my feverish cheeks. The piercing on his cock created a sensation I'd never experienced before—the hard metal ring catching on my most sensitive spots, making my legs tremble.

His grip on my throat tightened, then relaxed enough to let me gasp for air. "Who do you belong to right now?" he demanded, his voice a primal growl in my ear.

My mind went blank. Two days ago, I'd been pining over Brad, desperate for his approval, trying to prove myself his equal. Now, pinned against a rest stop bathroom wall by a leather-clad stranger twice my age, all that competitive fire had been fucked out of me.

"You, sir," I gasped without hesitation, the words tumbling from my lips in complete surrender. My swimmer's pride, my need to win, my constant self-comparison to other men—all of it obliterated by the overwhelming physical domination of this man.

A rumble of approval vibrated through Rex's chest against my back. "Good boy," he praised, his massive tattooed arm snaking around my waist. His hand wrapped around my neglected cock. Pre-cum had been dripping from my tip, providing enough slickness for his rough palm to slide along my length with delicious friction.

The dual sensation of his thick cock pounding into me while his hand worked my shaft was overwhelming. Heat pooled in my groin, my balls tightening against my body.

Rex sensed my approaching climax and tightened his grip around my throat again, his thumb pressing against my pulse point. "Don't come until I say," he ordered, his strokes slowing to a torturous pace that kept me right on the edge without pushing me over.

Rex pounded me, each thrust harder than the last. The stall wall creaked and groaned under our combined weight, the cheap metal hinges threatening to give way. My palms were slick with sweat against the cold tile as I struggled to brace myself against his powerful rhythm.

"Fucking take it," he snarled, his massive hands gripping my hips hard enough to leave bruises.

The bathroom echoed with the obscene sounds of our bodies colliding—skin slapping against skin, my desperate moans, and Rex's deep grunts of satisfaction. Anyone walking in would hear us, but that possibility only added to the forbidden thrill coursing through me.

With each brutal thrust, the metal ring of his Prince Albert piercing dragged across my prostate, creating an indescribable sensation. The unyielding hardness of the steel combined with the hot flesh of his cock sent waves of pleasure crashing through me. My legs threatened to give out as that relentless piercing hit my most sensitive spot again and again.

My cock leaked continuously, forming a puddle on the floor between my feet. I was dangling on the very edge of orgasm, desperate for release but unable to fall over that precipice without permission.

"Please, Sir," I begged, my voice breaking with need. "Please let me cum. I can't—I can't hold it anymore."

Rex's thick fingers wrapped around my throat again, applying enough pressure to make my pulse throb against his palm. He leaned close, his beard scratching against my ear as he growled, "Not yet."

His thrusts became more erratic, losing their punishing rhythm as his own orgasm approached. His breathing grew ragged, hot against my neck, and his massive body pressed me even harder against the wall.

Rex's massive body tensed against mine, his rhythm faltering as his breathing grew ragged. The powerful muscles in his thighs flexed against my ass, his grip on my hip tightening to an almost painful degree. His cock swelled inside me, the metal piercing pressing against my inner walls. I felt every twitch, every pulse as he approached the edge.

"Now, boy. Come with me."

The rush of blood and oxygen to my brain was immediate and overwhelming. As air flooded my lungs and blood surged back to my head, every nerve ending in my body seemed to fire at once. The sensation cascaded through me like an electrical current, amplifying the pleasure beyond anything I'd ever experienced. Without even touching my cock, I erupted, shooting rope after rope of hot cum across the bathroom wall. My vision blurred at the edges, stars dancing behind my eyelids as wave after wave of pleasure crashed through me.

Rex grunted deeply behind me, a sound so animalistic and raw it didn't seemed human. His hips slammed forward one final time, pinning me against the wall as he pulsed inside me. I felt every hot jet of his release, the sensation magnified by the metal ring of his piercing as it pressed against my prostate with each throb of his massive cock.

"Fuck," he growled, his body shuddering against mine.

My legs finally gave out, buckling beneath me as the strength drained from my body. I would have collapsed to the filthy bathroom floor if not for Rex's strong arm wrapping around my waist, keeping me upright even as aftershocks of pleasure continued to ripple through both of us. His muscled forearm supported my weight effortlessly, holding me steady against his sweat-slicked chest as we both struggled to catch our breath.

I braced myself for Rex to pull away immediately, like Frank had done—transaction complete, back to strangers. But he didn't. His massive frame remained pressed against me, his breathing slowing as he stayed buried inside me.

With surprising gentleness, Rex's tattooed hands gripped my shoulders and turned me around to face him. I winced as his pierced cock slipped free, leaving me feeling empty. For the first time, I got a proper look at his face—the weathered lines around his piercing blue eyes, the meticulously trimmed salt-and-pepper beard framing a mouth that had moments ago been growling filthy commands.

Without warning, Rex dipped his head and captured my lips in a kiss. Not rough or demanding like I'd expected, but almost... tender. His beard tickled my chin as his mouth moved against mine. I froze in shock before melting into it, my hands hesitantly coming up to rest on his broad chest.

When he pulled back, his expression had softened, the dominant leather daddy replaced by something more vulnerable.

"You did good, boy," Rex said, his gruff voice gentler than before. His calloused thumb brushed along my jawline, tracing the path where his hand had earlier constricted my breathing.

My heart raced at the unexpected praise, a different kind of warmth spreading through me. I'd been used by two men in this filthy bathroom, but only Rex was treating me like a person afterward.

He reached for the paper towel dispenser, tearing off several sheets. With movements far more tender than I would have thought possible from those massive hands, Rex cleaned the mess from my stomach and thighs, even wiping between my legs. The intimate aftercare made me blush harder than anything we'd done.

"Thank you," I whispered, not knowing what else to say.

Rex simply nodded, wadding up the soiled paper towels and tossing them in the trash. Then, fully naked and seemingly unconcerned about it, he took my face between his hands and kissed me again—deeper this time, almost possessive. His tongue explored my mouth, claiming me one last time before he finally stepped back.

I watched, still dazed, as he efficiently pulled on his leather vest and jeans, transforming back into the intimidating figure I'd first encountered.

I leaned against the bathroom wall, my legs still trembling as I watched Rex adjust his clothing. His massive tattooed arms flexed as he pulled his leather vest over his bare chest, then zipped up his worn jeans, tucking away what had been inside me. With each piece of clothing, he transformed back into the intimidating figure I'd first seen—the gruff biker whose mere presence had made other men avert their eyes when entering the rest stop.

Yet I'd seen beneath that facade. I'd felt his gentleness afterward, experienced the care in those calloused hands that had moments earlier been controlling my every breath.

"You're a natural," Rex said, his deep voice echoing in the tiled bathroom. He gave me a wink that made my stomach flutter. "I'm here every other Thursday."

The casual offer hung in the air between us. I swallowed hard, realizing he was suggesting this wasn't a one-time encounter—that he wanted this again. The thought sent a confusing mix of excitement and nervousness through me. Two days ago, I'd been fixated solely on Brad, and now I was standing naked in a highway rest stop bathroom considering regular hookups with a leather-clad daddy twice my age.

Rex reached for the paper towel dispenser, tearing off a fresh sheet. He produced a pen from his vest pocket and scribbled something on it before extending it toward me.

"In case you don't want to wait."

I took the paper towel with shaking fingers. Written in bold, decisive strokes was his phone number, along with the name "Rex" and a small drawing of what appeared to be a dog tag.

I leaned against the cold tile, still naked and trembling from the intense encounter with Rex. My heart hadn't quite settled back to its normal rhythm when I heard the bathroom door swing closed behind him. The mix of shame, satisfaction and confusion swirling inside me was overwhelming.

"Holy fuck," I whispered to myself, staring at the phone number in my hand.

I was sore in places I'd never been sore before, my throat still tender from Rex's grip. But there was a peculiar satisfaction in my body: a feeling of being thoroughly used in the best possible way. I reached for my discarded clothes, wincing as I bent down.

That's when I heard it.

The distinct high-pitched whine of an import car pulling into the rest stop parking lot. The sound was unmistakable—that particular blend of turbo whistle and aftermarket exhaust that screamed "look at me." I froze mid-motion, my shorts halfway up my thighs.

Through the small window high on the bathroom wall, I could see a neon-green Honda Civic with an absurd spoiler coasting into a parking spot. The bass from its sound system vibrated through the bathroom walls.

"You've got to be kidding me." I pulled up my shorts and grabbed my tank top from the floor.

My legs still felt like jelly, my ass tender and slick with lube and Rex's cum. I needed a shower and a nap, not another encounter. But something about the adrenaline still coursing through my system made my cock twitch with renewed interest. Two men had already used me in this filthy bathroom today—what was one more?

The car door slammed, and footsteps approached the bathroom. I was still shirtless, my hair disheveled, and my body glistening with sweat. The evidence of what I'd been doing was written all over me. Yet instead of scrambling to make myself presentable, I leant against the sink, heart pounding as I waited to see who would walk through that door.

My day, it seemed, was far from over.

# Chapter 11

The restroom door banged open, a high-energy remix blasting from outside before being cut off as it swung shut again. I yanked my shorts up, my heart hammering against my ribs. Fuck, I was still reeling from what Rex had done to me, my ass tender and my mind foggy with post-orgasmic haze.

Into the harsh fluorescent lighting bounced what looked like a fucking college kid. He couldn't have been much over twenty-one, skinny as hell with bleached blond hair tipped with pink that seemed to glow under the buzzing lights. Multiple piercings adorned his ears, and a silver ring hung from his septum. His pale skin glowed in the dingy bathroom, and despite his slight frame, there was something predatory in the way his eyes locked onto me.

I must have looked a state: disheveled, flushed, and obviously just finished getting fucked in a public restroom. My attempt to look casual failed spectacularly as my shaky hands struggled with the button on my shorts.

The kid's eyes traveled down my body, lingering on the obvious bulge I was trying to tame and the wet spot where Rex's cum had leaked through my clothing. His straight teeth appeared as his lips split into a knowing grin that made my cock twitch despite my exhaustion.

"Oops, did I interrupt something?" he giggled, his voice higher than I expected. The fluorescent light caught on his septum ring as he tilted his head, making it glint mischievously. There was something unsettling about the way he looked at me. He knew what I'd been doing and wanted in on the action.

I watched in alarm as the kid's hand flicked to the main door's deadbolt, turning it with a solid click.

"Don't want anyone ruining our fun," he said, the casualness of his tone somehow making it more unnerving.

My stomach tightened. I'd already been through two intense encounters, and my body was sending mixed signals – exhaustion warring with a treacherous spark of renewed interest.

The boy began to circle me, like a curious cat sizing up potential prey. His skinny frame moved with surprising grace, those too-bright eyes taking in every detail of my disheveled state – from my tousled hair to my hastily fastened shorts with the telltale stain.

"You look proper fucked already," he observed, that high voice echoing off the bathroom tiles. His fingers trailed along the sink edge as he completed his circle, coming to stand in front of me.

I felt heat rush to my face. Something about his youthful appearance made me acutely aware of my twenty-five years. Not that I was old by any stretch, but next to this kid, I felt like I should know better.

"How old are you?" I asked. My cock was still interested despite my brain's warning signals, and I needed to at least establish this wasn't illegal on top of everything else.

"Twenty-one last month," he replied with an exaggerated wink. "Legal in all fifty states, babes."

The slang term made me wince internally. Fuck, I really was getting old if "babes" sounded that foreign to my ears.

The kid hopped up onto the sink counter with surprising agility, his ass landing on the porcelain with a soft thud. His ripped skinny jeans clung to his narrow hips and emphasized his lanky frame as he swung his legs back and forth. The contrast between his boyish demeanor and the hungry look in his eyes was unsettling.

"I've been watching the parade of men in and out of here," he admitted playfully, his fingers drumming against the counter edge. "The big tattooed daddy type who just left? Very hot. But you're more my speed."

I tried to regain my composure, reaching for my tank top that had somehow ended up crumpled on the floor near the urinals. The damp fabric stuck to my skin as I pulled it over my head, wincing at the soreness in muscles I hadn't used in a while.

"Not leaving, are you?" The kid pouted, his subtle eyeliner making his eyes appear larger and more innocent than his words suggested. "I'm Tyler, by the way. Figured you should know my name before we get to the fun part."

I paused, my hand halfway to the door bolt. There was something disarmingly innocent yet knowing in Tyler's expression that made me hesitate. His youthful face held an unexpected worldliness, and despite the warning bells in my head, I couldn't bring myself to walk away. His presence filled the dingy bathroom with an electric energy that compelled me to stay, even as exhaustion pulled at my limbs.

"I bet those two didn't ask what you wanted," Tyler said, swinging his legs back and forth from his perch on the sink counter. His skinny jeans rode up, revealing pale ankles above his chunky sneakers.

I stared at him, thrown off by the perceptive comment. He'd somehow cut right through all the bravado and adrenaline of my previous encounters, exposing something I hadn't even admitted to myself. Rex and Frank had both taken what they wanted, dominating me. I'd gotten off on it, sure, but Tyler was right—neither had asked what I wanted.

"Hit a nerve?" Tyler giggled, his septum ring catching the fluorescent light. He slid off the counter with unexpected grace, landing lightly on his feet. "I'm not like them."

The way he moved toward me was pure confidence, his slender frame somehow filling the space between us. Despite his youthful appearance—the bleached hair with its pink tips, the multiple piercings, that subtle eyeliner enhancing his already expressive eyes—there was nothing childish about the way he approached me.

"What do you mean?" I said, my voice unsteady. I backed up until my shoulders hit the cold tile wall. Somehow, this skinny kid—five inches shorter and at least thirty pounds lighter than me—had me cornered. I could have easily pushed past him, yet something in his intense gaze held me in place as effectively as Rex's muscular arms had earlier.

Tyler stopped inches from me, close enough that I could smell the sweet scent of energy drink on his breath and something sharper beneath—a hint of weed, maybe. His head tilted back to maintain eye contact, but despite the height difference, I didn't feel like I had any advantage whatsoever.

"I mean," he said, his voice dropping lower, "that I want to know what Alan wants. Not what he'll take, not what he'll submit to. What he craves."

Tyler edged closer, his slight body pressing against mine, pinning me to the cold bathroom wall. The impact knocked a small gasp from my throat as something substantial pressed against my thigh. Through his tight skinny jeans, an impressive bulge—disproportionately massive compared to his slender frame—pressed against me.

"Holy shit," I muttered my eyes widening as I felt the unmistakable outline of what had to be at least seven inches straining against denim.

Tyler's face lit up with that now-familiar giggle. "Everyone always says that," he replied, grinding his hips forward to emphasize his point. "Big surprise in a small package."

The contrast was mind-boggling—this boyish frame housing something that substantial. My cock, which had been in a state of semi-arousal after my previous encounters, twitched traitorously against my shorts.

Tyler's eyes flickered down, catching the movement. Without hesitation, his slender hand shot forward and cupped my growing erection through the fabric. His grip was confident and possessive, contradicting his youthful appearance.

"You've had your fill of being used," he whispered, his fingers squeezing my cock with surprising strength. His voice had dropped an octave, losing that playful lilt and becoming something darker, more commanding. "Now it's my turn to mark what they've broken in."

The words sent a confused shiver through me. Something about his tone suggested he wasn't just talking about sex—there was an almost territorial quality to his statement that both unnerved and aroused me. After being dominated by Frank and Rex, there was something different in Tyler's approach, something that suggested a new kind of claiming.

Tyler's eyes held a wild gleam that shocked me - not because it was out of place, but because it matched his youthful face. Like he'd been holding back his true nature until this moment. His fingers still gripped my cock through my shorts, but his other hand now rested flat against my chest, pinning me to the wall with surprising strength.

"I need to piss so bad," Tyler said, watching my reaction with intense focus.

I blinked, confused by the sudden shift. My brain struggled to process his words against the backdrop of our charged interaction. Was he seriously pausing this to use the urinal?

"Um, okay? The urinals are right there," I gestured vaguely to my right.

Tyler's lips curled into a predatory smile, his pink-tipped hair falling across one eye. "Not in the toilet, silly."

His words hung in the air between us, heavy with implication. I felt my breath catch as understanding dawned on me. Shock and unexpected arousal flooded through me.

"Wait, you mean...?"

Tyler nodded, his septum ring catching the harsh fluorescent light. His fingers tightened around my erection, and he pressed his body closer to mine, that disproportionately large bulge grinding against my thigh.

"Ever been marked before?" Tyler asked, his free hand already moving to the zipper of his skinny jeans. The metallic sound of the zipper teeth separating seemed unnaturally loud in the tiled bathroom.

I hesitated, a flutter of nervousness spreading through my chest. This was unfamiliar territory—something I'd never even considered before. Even after everything I'd done tonight, watersports felt like crossing into a whole new realm.

"I've never..."

To my surprise, Tyler's expression softened. His hand released my cock and moved up to cup my face with unexpected tenderness. His thumb traced my cheekbone with a gentleness that seemed at odds with his earlier intensity.

"We don't have to," he said quietly. "It's cool. Not everyone's into it."

Something about his sudden deference triggered something in me. Maybe it was my competitive nature, or maybe it was that I didn't want to seem vanilla after everything else I'd done tonight. But his willingness to back off made me perversely more interested in continuing.

"No, I want to try," I said. I surprised myself with my own eagerness, my cock still rock hard despite, or maybe because of, the taboo nature of what we were discussing.

Tyler's face lit up. The septum ring bounced as he grinned.

"Awesome!" he said, bouncing on his toes. "Let's start easy. Kneel down for me?"

I knelt on the cold bathroom floor, looking up at Tyler as he pulled his skinny jeans down enough to free his cock. What emerged was nothing short of shocking - a solid 7.5 inches that seemed impossible on his slight frame. The proportions were all wrong, like someone had transplanted a porn star's dick onto this skinny twink's body. His cock was pale like the rest of him but flushed pink at the tip, jutting out proudly from a patch of blonde hair.

"Holy fuck," I said, stunned by the size disparity. His erection looked even more massive against his narrow hips and skinny thighs.

Tyler smirked down at me. He wrapped his slender fingers around his shaft, giving it a few lazy strokes while I watched, mesmerized.

"Just on your chest first," Tyler said, as if discussing the weather and not about to piss on me in a public restroom. "Need to get hard enough to aim proper."

My heart hammered against my ribs as I processed his words. I'd agreed to this, but the reality of what was about to happen hit me. Still, my cock throbbed against my shorts, my body betraying any hesitation my mind might have.

I reached down and pulled my tank top over my head again, exposing my torso to the harsh bathroom lights. My swimmer's build looked substantial compared to Tyler's slender frame, making the size of his equipment even more surprising.

Tyler's eyes darkened as they raked over my chest and abs, his hand working his cock more purposefully now. His pink-tipped hair fell across one eye as he gazed down at me, his septum ring glinting under the fluorescent lights.

"God, you're hot," Tyler murmured, his voice dropping to a husky whisper that seemed to vibrate through me. His cock hardened in his hand, the head swollen and glistening. "Ready?"

I swallowed hard and nodded, my breath coming in quick, shallow bursts as anticipation built. Tyler's young face tightened with concentration, his skinny hand still gripping his massive cock. For a moment, nothing happened, and I wondered if he was having second thoughts.

His features relaxed into an expression of relief. A clear stream erupted from his cock, spattering against my chest with startling heat. I gasped at the sudden wet warmth spreading across my skin.

"Fuck yes," Tyler whispered, his voice thick with satisfaction.

The liquid ran in rivulets down my torso, tracing the contours of my chest and abs. It was nothing like I'd expected – warmer than I'd imagined, almost burning against my skin. The sensation was bizarrely intimate, more personal than even the sex I'd had earlier. There was something primal about it, something that both humiliated and aroused me beyond reason.

My eyes remained fixed on the golden stream as it painted my body. The contrast of the liquid against my olive skin fascinated me, the way it flowed and pooled in the ridges of my muscles. My cock strained against my shorts, harder than it had any right to be after everything I'd already done tonight.

"Fuck, that's hot," Tyler moaned above me, his voice cracking with excitement. He directed the stream in patterns across my chest. "You look so fucking good like this."

The sharp, acrid smell filled my nostrils, mingled with Frank's expensive cologne, Rex's leather and sweat, my own cum.

I gasped as Tyler clenched his muscles, cutting off the stream with visible effort. His skinny chest heaved, his septum ring quivering with each breath. A drop of liquid clung to the tip of his massive cock before falling to the floor.

"Stand up," he commanded, voice husky. "I want to try something."

My legs trembled as I rose from the cold tile floor. The wetness on my chest cooled rapidly in the air-conditioned bathroom, making me shiver. Tyler's eyes tracked the movement of the liquid as it continued to trail down my abdomen, disappearing into the waistband of my shorts.

"Turn around," he instructed, his voice dropping an octave. "Face the wall."

I obeyed without hesitation, turning to face the grimy bathroom wall. The tiles felt cold against my palms as I braced myself. My pulse pounded in my ears, my body electric with a strange mixture of submission and desire.

"Spread your legs."

I widened my stance and pressing my forehead against the cool tile. The position left me exposed and vulnerable, the dampness on my chest now pressing against the wall. My breath came in quick, shallow gasps, anticipation coiling tight in my gut.

Behind me, I heard Tyler moving closer. His slender fingers hooked into the waistband of my shorts, tugging them down to expose my ass. I felt the cool air on my skin, followed by the warm pressure of Tyler's fingers tracing the rim of my hole.

"You've been thoroughly fucked today," he observed, his fingertip circling my sensitive entrance. I winced at the tenderness there, evidence of my encounters with Frank, Rex, and the earlier outdoor session with Brad. Tyler's touch was gentle but purposeful, exploring the used muscle with curious precision.

"Now I'm going to make you mine in a way they never could," Tyler whispered, his breath hot against my spine as he pressed closer.

Tyler positioned his still-hard cock at my entrance, the substantial head pressing insistently against my used hole. After Frank and Rex, I was tender, but something about Tyler's commanding presence made me want to submit one more time. His skinny frame belied the massive cock now poised to enter me, and I braced myself against the bathroom wall.

"Relax," he instructed, his voice dropping to a soothing tone that contrasted with his earlier intensity. He pushed in slowly, the initial resistance giving way easier than expected. My body, already opened up from my previous encounters, accommodated him with less struggle than I anticipated. The familiar burn of penetration mixed with the lingering wetness on my chest where he'd marked me earlier.

I felt him slide deeper, inch by inch, until his narrow hips pressed against my ass. Despite his slight build, there was nothing small about what he'd buried inside me. My breath came in ragged gasps as I adjusted to his substantial presence.

Tyler sighed contentedly behind me, his slender fingers digging into my hips. His breathing quickened, and I felt his chest press against my back as he leaned forward to whisper in my ear.

"Now for the real fun," he murmured, the septum ring brushing against my earlobe.

For a moment, nothing happened except his cock twitching inside me. Then I felt it—a strange warmth spreading inside me, different from cum, more intense and flowing. The realization hit me at the same moment the sensation registered: Tyler was pissing inside me.

"Oh fuck," I gasped, my back arching as the unusual feeling radiated through my core. The warmth penetrated deeper than I thought possible, a liquid heat filling spaces I didn't know existed. The sensation was unlike anything I'd experienced—intimate in a way that transcended ordinary sex, invasive yet oddly satisfying.

"Now you're really mine," Tyler whispered, his boyish voice commanding as he remained seated inside me, the warm liquid still flowing into my depths.

I gasped, overwhelmed by the taboo intimacy of the act. My entire body trembled as Tyler's urine filled me in ways I never imagined possible. The sensation was so alien yet somehow primal—like he was claiming territory no one else had marked before.

He began thrusting, the urine creating obscene squelching sounds that echoed off the bathroom tiles. Each movement pushed some of the liquid back out around his cock, running down my thighs in warm rivulets.

"Fuck... Tyler..." I panted, my forehead pressed against the cool tile wall as he established a steady rhythm. The combination of his substantial size and the wet heat inside me created a sensation that had me seeing stars. My legs trembled with the effort of keeping myself upright.

"Say it," Tyler demanded, gripping my hips with surprising strength. His fingers dug into my skin hard enough to leave bruises, the skinny frame behind me containing unexpected power. His cock slammed deeper, forcing more liquid out with each thrust.

"I'm yours," I moaned, my own cock hardening again despite my exhaustion. After everything I'd done tonight—with Frank, with Rex, and now with this twink—my body should have been spent. Yet somehow, the depravity of this final encounter had sparked something primal in me.

"Whose piss is inside you?" Tyler pressed, slapping my ass. The unexpected sting made me jerk forward, a surprised cry escaping my lips.

I found myself overwhelmed by the taboo act, my body responding with an eagerness that shocked me. The sensation of Tyler's warm release filling me created a fullness I'd never experienced before. My cock throbbed against my stomach, demanding attention despite everything I'd already been through tonight.

"Whose piss is inside you?" Tyler demanded again, his voice thick with dominance despite its youthful pitch.

"Yours, Tyler, yours," I gasped, reaching down to stroke myself. My hand moved in desperate jerks, matching the rhythm of his thrusts. Pre-cum leaked copiously from my tip, mixing with the sweat and other fluids already coating my body.

Tyler reached around, swatting my hand away and replacing it with his own. His fingers were long and strong as they wrapped around my shaft, establishing a pace that complemented his thrusts.

"You fucking love this, don't you? Such a nasty slut," Tyler teased, his slang making me feel both old and incredibly turned on. "Getting used three times in one night and still begging for more. That's so fucking based."

His youth contrasted with his sexual dominance. A dynamic I found arousing. His hand worked my cock with skill while his substantial length continued pounding into me.

The dual sensation of being filled and stroked drove me rapidly toward another climax. I couldn't believe my body still had anything left to give, yet the pressure built in my core. Tyler's warm release still filled me, sloshing with each thrust, while his skilled fingers pulled me closer to the edge with each stroke.

"I'm gonna—I can't—" I stammered.

"God, you look so beautiful like this," Tyler said, looking up at me with those deceptively innocent eyes. I struggled to catch my breath. The praise hit differently coming from him—his boyish face contrasting with the filthy acts we'd engaged in.

He pulled out in one smooth motion. Warm liquid trickles down my thighs as he spins me around to face him. The fluorescent lights of the rest stop bathroom cast harsh shadows across his features, highlighting the piercings that adorned his face. His eyes were dark with lust, pupils blown wide as he drank in my debauched state.

"Let me see your face when you come," Tyler said, dropping to his knees in front of me. His massive cock still juts out from his skinny frame, wet and glistening. My cock is desperate for release.

Without hesitation, he took my cock in his mouth, moaning around my length as he tasted the evidence of my earlier encounters. The sensation was almost too much—his hot, wet mouth enveloping me. His tongue swirled around my shaft, tracing veins and exploring every inch as if cataloging the night's activities through taste alone.

My fingers tangled in his bleached blonde hair. The pink tips created a surreal visual against my skin, like something from an avant-garde art film rather than a seedy bathroom encounter. The contrast is mesmerizing: this beautiful young man on his knees before me, expertly working me toward another climax.

Tyler worked my cock with his mouth like a man possessed, his technique belying his young appearance. His lips stretched wide around me, taking me deep, then retreating to swirl his tongue around the sensitive head. The assault on my senses would have been overwhelming on its own, but then I felt his slender fingers probing between my legs, seeking entrance to my already used hole.

Three fingers pushed inside me without warning, sliding into the well-lubricated passage, still slick with his piss and remnants of my earlier encounters. His fingers curved upward with deliberate precision, finding that spot inside me that made stars explode behind my eyelids.

"I can't... I've already..." My body had already given so much tonight; I wasn't sure I had anything left to give.

Tyler hummed around my cock, the vibrations traveling through my shaft and into my core. The sound was encouraging, demanding, even. His fingers pressed against my prostate, massaging it with determination that bordered on cruelty given how spent I already was. The dual sensation of his hot mouth and insistent fingers pulled sensations from depths I didn't know I possessed.

A wave rose from my core despite my exhaustion. My hands fisted in his pink-tipped hair as my orgasm crashed through me, ripping a hoarse shout from my throat that echoed off the bathroom tiles. My body convulsed, muscles spasming around Tyler's fingers as my cock pulsed weakly in his mouth. After everything I'd given tonight, only a trickle of cum emerged, the barest essence of what I'd spent with previous partners.

Tyler swallowed what little I produced. When he finally pulled off me with an obscene pop, he looked up with unmistakable pride in his eyes, lips glistening and swollen.

"Got every drop," he said a smirk of triumph, his tongue darting out to catch a stray bit of fluid at the corner of his mouth.

My knees felt weak as I leaned back against the bathroom wall, utterly spent. Tyler rose to his feet in one fluid motion, his skinny frame belying his surprising strength. His massive cock jutted out from his slim body, looking almost comically disproportionate.

"My turn," he announced, wrapping his slender fingers around his shaft.

His boyish face twisted in concentration, pink-tipped hair falling across his forehead, multiple piercings catching the harsh bathroom light as his hand worked his impressive length. Pre-cum glistened at his tip, his breathing ragged.

"Close your eyes," Tyler said, his voice deeper than his appearance suggested.

I obeyed, too exhausted to resist. The sound of his rapid strokes filled the small space, punctuated by his urgent gasps. I could sense him getting closer, his breathing hitching in that universal tell.

"Fuck," Tyler groaned, and I felt the first warm splash hit my cheek.

Several more followed in quick succession across my forehead, my other cheek, my chin. Some landed on my lips, the salty taste mixing with the lingering flavors of the night's previous encounters. The warm streaks ran down my face, marking me one final time; cum rather than urine, but the intent was the same. Ownership. Territory. Possession.

"Perfect," Tyler said. I opened my eyes to find him admiring his work, his expression almost artistic in its appreciation. "You look fucking hot with my load all over your face."

Before I could respond, he pulled out his phone, the camera app already open. The quick flash blinded me.

"Hey—" I started to protest.

"Don't worry," Tyler assured me with another boyish giggle. "Just for my personal spank bank." He tucked his still-impressive cock back into his skinny jeans. "Something to remember you by. Can't wait to get home."

I sagged against the bathroom wall. I had been used in ways I'd never imagined possible. Tyler's cum was cooling on my face when I felt something gentle - a wet paper towel dabbing at my cheek.

"Hold still," Tyler said, his voice softer than the commanding tone he'd used moments ago. His touch was unexpectedly tender as he cleaned my face with methodical care, one section at a time. The contrast between this nurturing gesture and the filthy acts we'd performed was jarring.

"First time with watersports?" he asked, eyes meeting mine as he wiped across my forehead. The septum ring glinted in the harsh fluorescent light, his pink-tipped hair falling across his face as he concentrated on his task.

I nodded, still too dazed to form words. My mind struggled to process everything that had happened tonight - from Frank's verbal degradation to Rex's breath control to Tyler's marking me inside and out. But it was this quiet moment of care that somehow felt the most intimate.

"You were amazing," Tyler praised, his voice genuine as he finished cleaning my face. He dampened another paper towel and moved to my thighs, kneeling to wipe away the evidence of our encounter and those that came before. His touch was almost reverent now, a stark contrast to the dominant force he'd been minutes earlier.

When he finished, Tyler rose to his feet and leaned in, pressing a sweet kiss to my lips. It wasn't hungry or demanding like the kisses we'd shared during sex - a gentle connection more intimate than anything we'd done before.

Tyler lingered.

He pulled out a small eyeliner pencil, which he uncapped with his teeth. He grabbed my arm.

He scrawled his phone number across my skin. "Text me sometime."

He bounced as he pulled his skinny jeans back up over his slim hips, personality shifting back to youthful energy. The dominant figure was replaced by what a typical college kid who might be headed to an indie concert.

"This was, like, totally the highlight of my year." His eyes sparkled with genuine enthusiasm, making him look even younger than before. "Seriously, you have no idea."

Before I could respond, he stepped forward and pressed his lips against mine. The kiss was playful and light.

As he pulled away, his hand swung down to deliver a sharp, playful smack to my ass that made me jump.

"Next time, I'll bring friends," Tyler promised with an exaggerated wink that was both innocent and filthy at the same time. He gave a little wave, then turned and skipped toward the exit.

I collapsed to the filthy floor. The tile was cold against my naked skin, disturbingly slick with cum, piss, and sweat—some mine, most belonging to the parade of men who'd used me over the past hours.

What the fuck just happened? I stared at my reflection in a puddle of something I didn't want to identify. Who was this person I'd become? Three weeks ago, I'd been pining after Brad, my straight best friend, too scared to even hint at my feelings. Now I was sprawled on a public bathroom floor, marked inside and out by three strangers, my body used in ways I'd never imagined.

Yet despite everything, my thoughts circled back to Brad. His rejection still stung worse than the physical soreness penetrating every muscle. I could still see the way he'd looked at me afterward like what we'd shared was a mistake, something to be ashamed of.

My cock twitched against my thigh at the memory of Brad inside me. I wiped at my eyes, angry at the tears forming there.

What was wrong with me? After everything I'd done, all the degradation I'd willingly subjected myself to, I still wanted Brad. Not these strangers who saw me as nothing but a hole to fill. I wanted the man who'd held me afterward, who'd whispered my name like it meant something.

# Chapter 12

I dragged myself through my apartment door, every muscle aching from the afternoon's activities. The shower I'd taken at the gas station on the way home had washed away most of the physical evidence, but nothing could cleanse the hollow feeling settling in my chest. My keys clattered into the bowl by the door as I stumbled toward my bedroom.

The familiar surroundings felt strange after what I'd done. My IKEA lamp, the stack of engineering textbooks, the framed photo of the college swim team—Brad's arm slung around my shoulders, both of us grinning. Everything looked exactly as I'd left it, but I felt different.

"Fuck," I muttered, collapsing onto my bed.

I should've felt satisfied. Three hot strangers had used me in ways I'd only fantasized about. But instead of afterglow, all I felt was emptiness and disgust. I grabbed my phone, checking for messages even though I knew there wouldn't be any from Brad.

My cock hardened despite my exhaustion. The memories were still fresh—Frank's commanding voice, Rex's massive hands holding me down, Tyler's huge cock stretching me open. I slid my hand into my sweatpants, gripping myself.

"Just get him out of your head," I said, stroking slowly.

I closed my eyes, trying to focus on Rex's tattooed arms, the way his muscles flexed as he pounded into me. But as I stroked faster, the image shifted. It was Brad's blond hair I saw, Brad's blue eyes staring into mine.

I switched to thinking about Tyler's pierced cock, the way he'd marked me. But even as I remembered the sting, Tyler's face blurred and transformed into Brad's cocky grin.

"Goddammit," I groaned.

Frank, Rex, Tyler—it didn't matter which one I tried to focus on. Their features kept morphing into Brad's. His laugh. His smell. The way he'd looked at me in the tent that first night, vulnerable and wanting.

My back arched as I came hard across my stomach, Brad's name caught in my throat. As the pleasure subsided, tears of frustration pricked at my eyes.

No matter how many strangers I let fuck me, I couldn't escape him.

I decided to hit the gym around midnight, needing to work off the toxic cocktail of emotions swirling inside me. Anger, frustration, jealousy—they formed a tight knot in my chest that no amount of stranger cock could untangle. The campus gym was open 24/7, and I knew Brad's schedule well enough to be certain he wouldn't be there.

"Probably too busy fucking Jennifer," I muttered as I swiped my card at the entrance.

The place was deserted. The emptiness allowed me to drop my facade, slamming weights onto bars with more force than necessary, grunting as I pumped out reps that burned through my muscles. Each repetition was punctuated with thoughts of Brad's face when he'd rejected me. The way he'd said it was a mistake. How easily he'd dismissed what had happened between us.

After forty-five minutes of punishing my body, sweat dripping down my face and back, I headed for the showers. The locker room was dimly lit, steam billowing from the shower area. I hadn't expected anyone else to be here at this hour, but I could make out a shadowy figure through the mist.

I hesitated, towel clutched around my waist. Maybe I should come back later. But something about the way the person was moving caught my attention—the dramatic sweep of an arm, the slight shimmy of shoulders while soaping up.

"Is that... singing?" I whispered to myself, straining to hear the soft melody echoing off the tile walls.

As I moved closer, the steam parted enough for me to recognize the lean swimmer's build, the styled hair somehow maintaining its shape even under the shower spray.

"Dave?"

The singing stopped. Dave spun around, his eyes widening in surprise before a delighted smile spread across his face.

"Alan, darling! What a delicious surprise to find you lurking in the shadows," he cooed, making absolutely no move to cover himself. "Come to wash away your sins, or looking to commit some new ones?"

I rolled my eyes at Dave's shameless display. He was naked, water cascading down his toned body, not even pretending to be embarrassed.

"Nothing to wash away here," I said with forced bravado. "I'm clean as a whistle."

Dave's perfectly shaped eyebrow arched. "Well then, sweetie, that can only mean one thing." He turned off his shower and stepped toward me, water droplets glistening on his skin. "You're here to commit some delicious new sins." He winked and reached for my towel. "Let Camp David guide you to the promised land."

I stepped back, clutching my towel tighter. "I'm not in the mood for flirting, Dave. Just let me shower in peace."

Instead of being deterred, Dave paused, studying my face with unexpected intensity. His usual camp persona slipped for a moment, revealing something sharper, more perceptive. He leaned closer, water from his hair dripping onto my shoulder.

"Brad troubles?" he asked.

"How d'you know?"

"I can smell heartbreak and sexual frustration from a mile away."

My shoulders slumped.

"What are you talking about? There's nothing between Brad and me."

"Honey, please. I've known about you two since that camping trip you did. The way you both came back to campus with that freshly-fucked glow? A blind nun could've spotted it."

My heart pounded against my ribs. How the hell could he possibly know we were at Pine Ridge? We hadn't told anyone where we were going.

"And now he's back to playing straight with that Jennifer girl." Dave leaned against the shower wall, unbothered by his nakedness. "Oh sweetie."

"Let me guess," Dave continued, "he texted you that it was all a mistake, probably after some girl sent him a dirty selfie? Classic closet case."

I grabbed Dave's arm, no longer caring about my towel slipping. "How the fuck do you know so much about Brad?"

"Classic closet case. I keep very... close tabs on the hot straight boys around campus," he slurred, his voice dropping to a theatrical whisper as he pressed a finger against his lips.

The steam from the showers thickened around us, a bizarre bubble of intimacy I never expected to share with "Camp David" of all people.

"What does that even mean?" I said.

Dave's studied my face as if deciding whether I was worthy of his secrets.

"Promise not to judge?" Dave said, his usual flamboyance subdued. His voice had lost some of its affected quality. "Everyone else thinks I'm just a joke..."

"I promise. What's your secret, Dave?"

Dave's leaned closer to me.

"I may occasionally... appropriate items from certain athletic specimens for my personal enjoyment," he said, glancing around the empty locker room as if someone might be listening.

"You what?" I tried to look shocked, but felt my cock stir beneath my towel.

A knowing smirk spreading across his face.

"Don't act so scandalized, Alan. That little twitch under your towel tells me everything I need to know." He winked, stepping closer until I could smell the vodka on his breath. "We all have our little hobbies. Mine just happen to involve the intimate garments of well-endowed athletes."

I swallowed hard, unable to form a response. My mind was racing with images of Dave stealing Brad's underwear, pressing them to his face, breathing in his scent.

Dave, emboldened by my reaction, reached for his messenger bag on the nearby bench. His eyes never left mine as he patted it.

"In fact..." he said, his voice dropping even lower, "Brad had a particularly vigorous workout last week. I was here."

Dave's eyes sparkled with mischievous delight as he reached into his bag and produced a white jockstrap with the university logo on the waistband. I recognized it. I'd seen it peeking out from Brad's shorts countless times during our workouts.

"The holy grail, honey," Dave smirked. "One slightly used jockstrap, courtesy of Mr. Eight-Inch Wonder."

So it was true what Brad has told me. "Brad just... gave that to you?"

Dave giggled, twirling the jockstrap around his finger like a trophy. "Not exactly, honey. Let me paint you a picture." He leaned against the tile wall, comfortable in his nakedness. "Brad was here, working out those delicious glutes of his. We ended up in the showers at the same time. Just the two of us.

"He noticed me looking. Hard not to with that monster he's packing. And instead of getting all homophobic straight-boy on me, he said, 'Like what you see, Davey-Boy?'"

I swallowed hard.

"I told him I'd been admiring his collection of jockstraps for months. And he said, you won't believe this, he said I could have the one he was wearing if I jerked off right there in front of him." Dave's eyes glazed over at the memory. "Said he wanted to see how much I wanted it."

"And you did it?"

"Faster than you can say 'daddy issues.' When I came, he peeled off this beauty—" he snapped the elastic of the jockstrap, "—and tossed it to me. Said it was the hottest thing he'd seen all week."

My brain short-circuited as Dave's words sank in. Brad had jerked off while watching another guy? After telling me what we did was a mistake? After running back to Jennifer?

"Bullshit," I said. "Brad's straight. He made that very clear."

Dave rolled his eyes with theatrical exaggeration. "Oh honey, about as straight as my grandmother's spaghetti when she's had too much wine."

"Fuck off."

"Oh please," Dave said, not fooled for a second. "You look like you want to grab it and run."

My cheeks burned with embarrassment—because he was right. Despite everything that had happened, despite the hurt and rejection, my cock was responding, thickening beneath my towel, creating an unmistakable tent.

Dave's eyes drifted downward, a triumphant smile spreading across his face. "Well, well," he said, "looks like someone else appreciates fine athletic wear."

"Fine. Let me see it. Just to confirm it's his," I said, trying to sound skeptical.

Dave placed the jockstrap in my palm with a ceremonial flourish. "Enjoy the communion, my child."

The fabric felt warm in my hands. I pretended to examine it, turning it over as if inspecting it for authenticity.

"See the tear on the waistband?" I said. "He caught it on a locker door a few weeks ago."

"Oh honey, you *are* familiar with the sacred garment," Dave giggled, watching me intensely.

I brought the jockstrap closer to my face, pretending to check the label. It was near enough that Brad's scent hit my nostrils. Sweat, musk, and something else: cum and precum.

The rich, masculine smell hit me like a drug. I breathed in again, forgetting where I was and who was watching.

"Fuuuck."

My fingers ran over a crusty patch on the fabric. A wave of jealousy and arousal crashed through me as I realized what I was touching.

"Are these... cum stains?"

Dave's eyes lit up.

"Some Brad's, some mine," he said matter-of-factly, as if discussing the weather. "That big splatter there? That was there when he gave it to me. Pure Brad. The rest is my contribution."

"What the fuck? He let you cum on his...?"

Dave leaned closer, his breath hot against my ear. "Not just let me, honey. He asked me to." His voice took on a deeper tone, mimicking Brad: "'Show me how much you want it, Camp David. Cum on me while I finish.'"

My head spun: betrayal, jealousy, and shameful arousal. Brad had told me our encounter was a mistake, that he wasn't gay, yet here was evidence of him engaging in something undeniably homosexual just hours later.

"You're lying," I said, though my fingers still traced the dried stains, imagining Brad's cock pulsing as he shot his load.

Dave shrugged. "Believe what you want. When I was stroking myself, he kept his eyes on my cock the whole time. When I came on his jock, he moaned like a fucking porn star and shot all over himself."

I closed my eyes, the image vivid in my mind - Brad with his head thrown back, jerking his thick cock while Dave's cum landed on his jockstrap. The mental picture made my own cock throb beneath my towel.

"Why would he do this after rejecting me?"

Dave's expression softened. "Because Brad's terrified of what he really wants. It's safer to get off with the campus queen everyone already knows is gay than to admit he has real feelings for you."

I could feel Dave's eyes on me as I pressed the jockstrap against my nose, breathing in Brad's scent like a drug. My towel was tented now, its flimsy fabric doing nothing to hide my arousal.

"Fuck, that's hot," Dave murmured, his own erection bobbing between his legs as he watched me. His usual camp demeanor had shifted into something rawer, hungrier.

I should have been embarrassed, but I was too far gone. Lost in the moment, I rubbed the cum-stained fabric across my lips and cheeks. My tongue darted out, tasting the salt of Brad's dried sweat and something else.

"Jesus," Dave said, his hand moving to his cock. "I knew you had it bad for him, but this is delicious."

The taste of Brad's essence sent electricity down my spine. I imagined him watching me do this, imagined him getting hard while I worshipped his used underwear. Would he be disgusted, or would it turn him on like it had with Dave?

"You can keep it... for a price." Dave's voice cut through my fantasy.

I blinked, coming back to reality. Brad's jockstrap was still clutched in my hands, pressed against my face. The locker room materialized around me again—the steam, the sound of distant showers, the cold tile under my feet.

"What?"

Dave's eyes glittered with mischief. "I said you can keep Brad's little memento. For a price."

I swallowed hard. "What do you want?"

Dave stepped closer, his erection nearly touching my towel. There was no hesitation, no embarrassment as he stated his terms bluntly: "Your cock inside me, tonight."

My breath caught. I stared at him, searching for any sign he was joking, but his expression remained serious beneath the playful exterior. I looked down at the jockstrap in my hands, then back at Dave.

"I..."

"Think about it," Dave purred. "You get to keep Brad's cum-stained jock, and I get that impressive package you're hiding under that towel. Everybody wins."

I hesitated, weighing my options. This was crazy. Yet the fabric in my hands felt like a lifeline to Brad, a connection I wasn't ready to give up.

"OK." I finally said.

Dave's fingers curled around the waistband of Brad's jockstrap. He'd somehow gone from offering it to me to sliding it up his own hairless legs.

"What the fuck are you doing?" I said.

Dave adjusted himself in the pouch, his stiff cock barely contained by the white fabric. The university logo stretched over his erection.

"Maybe this helps," Dave said. "Now you can close your eyes and pretend I'm Brad." He ran his hands down his chest in a way that was nothing like Brad's confident movements, but the jockstrap—the fucking jockstrap—made my cock throb anyway.

I stood there like an idiot. This was messed up on so many levels, yet I couldn't look away from Brad's jockstrap stretched over someone else's hard cock. The dried cum stains were visible on the white fabric, making the whole scene even more depraved.

"This is fucked up." But I didn't move.

Dave reached for my towel. "Let's see what Brad's missing out on, shall we?"

I should have stopped him. Should have pushed him away, grabbed my clothes, and gotten the hell out of there. But I didn't. Dave dropped to his knees in front of me.

The towel fell away. My cock stood to attention.

Dave wrapped his fingers around the base. "Fuck, no wonder you swim so fast with this rudder," he said, giving me a long, slow stroke from base to tip.

Dave's hot tongue swirled around the head of my cock, teasing the sensitive ridge with expert precision. He knew what he was doing, alternating between light, flickering touches and broad, flat strokes that made my legs tremble.

"Oh fuck," I groaned as he focused on the underside of my shaft, tracing the thick vein there with the tip of his tongue.

He pulled back to catch my eye, his lips wet and swollen. "You like that, swim boy? Should I show you what else I can do?" Without waiting for an answer, he dragged his tongue from my balls all the way to the tip in one long, slow movement that sent electric shocks through my entire body.

My hands hung uselessly at my sides while Dave continued his skillful assault. The sight of Brad's cum-stained jockstrap stretched across Dave's ass as he knelt before me was too much. Something primal surged inside me—a need to take control, to dominate.

Before I could second-guess myself, my hands shot forward, fingers tangling in Dave's hair. I gripped hard, messing up his immaculate coif, and pulled his head back.

Dave's eyes widened in surprise, but instead of pulling away, he moaned deeply, a sound of pure pleasure. "Yes," he hissed, "fuck yes. Use me. That's it—show me who's boss."

His words unleashed something in me I hadn't known existed. My grip tightened, and I guided his mouth back onto my cock, pushing deeper than before.

"Turn around," I commanded, shocked by the authority in my voice. "Against the lockers."

Dave scrambled to obey, almost tripping over himself in his eagerness. He braced his hands against the cold metal lockers, arching his back to present his ass to me. With one hand, he reached back and pulled Brad's jockstrap aside, exposing his pink, hairless hole.

"Is this what you want?" he purred, looking back over his shoulder at me.

I spat on my fingers, moving to prepare Dave as he waited—ass up, elbows braced against the metal lockers. When my slick fingers slid between his cheeks, I was surprised to find his hole already slippery and yielding.

"What the—?" I muttered, fingers easily slipping inside where I'd expected resistance.

Dave looked back over his shoulder with a devilish grin. "I came prepared. Literally. Been thinking about this all semester." He wiggled his ass provocatively against my hand. "Ever since I saw you in those speedos at the first swim meet."

My cock throbbed at the admission, my ego inflated despite myself. I lined up my shaft with his hole, pressing the head against him.

"Fuck, you're really wet," I groaned as I started to push in.

"Don't keep a girl waiting, honey."

I pushed in slowly at first, watching with fascination as his body accepted me. The sight of my cock disappearing into him while Brad's jockstrap stretched to the side was too much. Something snapped in me. I grabbed Dave's hips and slammed forward, burying myself in him.

"Oh shit!" Dave cried out, his voice echoing off the tiled walls.

His hole gripped me, tight but yielding, clearly experienced. I pulled back and drove in again, harder this time. The metal lockers rattled, metal vibrating against metal filling the locker room.

"Yes, fuck me!" Dave hissed, pushing back to meet my thrusts.

I pounded into him, each thrust making the lockers rattle and clang. The rhythmic metallic banging seemed to punctuate each stroke as I drove deeper into him. My fingers dug into his hips, pulling him back onto my cock with increasing force.

The jockstrap—Brad's jockstrap—was stretched tightly across one of Dave's ass cheeks, the university logo visible with each impact. I couldn't tear my eyes away from it, from the knowledge of whose cum stains were drying on that white fabric while I fucked Dave against the lockers.

Dave's asshole gripped me tight as I continued thrusting, finding a rhythm that had us both gasping between curses. The lockers rattled with each impact, our bodies slapping together in the empty locker room.

"Harder!" Dave looked back at me with wild eyes. "Fuck me like you wish Brad would fuck you!"

Something primal ignited inside me at his words. The truth in them ripped through my restraint like tissue paper. My vision narrowed, and I wasn't fucking Dave anymore - I was taking out every ounce of frustration I felt toward Brad.

"Shut the fuck up," I growled, grabbing a fistful of his hair and yanking his head back. My hips pistoned forward with a force I didn't know I possessed, driving my cock deeper into him.

The lockers shook, the metallic banging echoing throughout the tiled room. Anyone could walk in and catch us: the coach, another swimmer, fuck, even Brad. The thought only made me pound harder, my balls slapping against Dave's ass with each brutal thrust.

"Oh fuck yes," Dave moaned, his fingers clawing at the metal lockers. "That's it, Alan. Show me what Brad's missing."

I didn't recognize the animal sounds coming from my throat as I drilled into him, the forbidden location adding a dangerous edge to my arousal. My legs trembled with exertion, sweat pouring down my chest and back as I gave myself over to pure sensation.

Dave reached back with one hand, grabbing my hip and adjusting the angle of my thrusts.

"There!" he cried out, his voice breaking. "Right fucking there!"

I followed his guidance, hammering into the spot that made his whole body shudder. The jockstrap was twisted around his thigh now, Brad's dried cum stains visible on the stretched fabric. I couldn't tear my eyes away from it as I fucked Dave with everything I had.

I was so deep in my frenzy that I almost missed it at first—the incredible sensation that enveloped my cock. Dave's ass seemed to come alive around me, gripping and releasing my shaft in undulating waves that traveled from base to tip like a skilled hand. The pressure would intensify near the head, then release, then grip me again near the base in a milking motion that made my eyes roll back.

"Holy shit! How are you doing that?" I gasped, my rhythm faltering as the pleasure short-circuited my brain.

Dave looked back over his shoulder with a wicked grin, somehow maintaining perfect composure despite the pounding I was giving him. His voice was steady, almost conversational, as if we were discussing the weather instead of fucking against the locker room wall.

"Years of practice, honey. I could milk a cock blindfolded in a hurricane."

As if to demonstrate his point, he performed another rippling contraction that started at my base and squeezed upward, ending with intense pressure below my cockhead. The sensation was so overwhelming I had to brace my hand against the locker to keep from collapsing.

"Fuck," I panted, trying to maintain control. "That's... incredible."

"Just relax and let Camp David do the work," he purred, continuing those maddening internal contractions while pushing back against me. "There's a reason I'm the most popular boy at the campus glory holes."

I'd never felt anything like it. Dave's ass was doing things around my cock that I couldn't even understand, much less describe. The rhythmic contractions, the perfect pressure, the way he seemed to target every sensitive spot at once—it was fucking incredible. Better than anything I'd experienced with Brad or anyone else. Brad might have had the muscles and the looks, but Dave had skills that made my knees weak.

"Fuck," I groaned, my voice cracking. "How are you doing that?"

Dave worked his magic again, sending another wave of pleasure radiating from my cock through my entire body. "Natural talent, sweetie. But we should move before Coach Wallace shows up for his 4 o'clock paperwork."

"Move where?" I managed to ask, not wanting this sensation to end.

Dave reached back and gave my ass a playful slap. "The showers, dummy. More room to play, and we can wash away the evidence."

The suggestion hit something primal in me. Without pulling out, I wrapped my arms around Dave's waist and half-carried, half-staggered us toward the shower area, both of us laughing at the awkward shuffle.

Once there, Dave reached over and twisted the shower knob. Cold water hit us first, making us both gasp, before quickly warming. The steam rose around us as water cascaded down our bodies. I pressed Dave against the white tiles, my cock still buried inside him.

"Fuck me like you mean it," Dave commanded, his hands splayed against the shower wall for support.

I didn't need to be told twice. The warm water ran down my back as I started pounding into him again, the wet slap of skin against skin echoing in the tiled shower stall. Water streamed between our bodies, making everything slicker, hotter.

"God, yes," Dave moaned, pushing back to meet my thrusts.

With surprising dexterity, Dave reached between his legs and behind, his fingers finding my perineum with expert precision. He pressed and rubbed in small circles, stimulating that sensitive spot between my balls and ass in perfect rhythm with my thrusts.

The dual sensation—his skilled ass gripping my cock while his fingers worked that pressure point—was overwhelming. I had to brace one hand against the tile wall to keep from collapsing. Pleasure built at the base of my spine, radiating outward in waves that made my vision blur.

"Holy shit," I gasped. "I'm gonna—"

The hot water made everything even better as Dave rode my cock inside him, but soon he pulled off me, leaving me achingly hard in the spray.

"Follow me," he ordered, wet feet slapping against the tile as he strutted out of the shower.

I turned off the water and hurried after him, my hard cock bouncing with each step. Dave led me through the locker room to a wooden bench against the far wall.

"This is Brad's spot," Dave announced, running his hand lovingly over the polished wood. "After every workout, every swim practice, that perfect ass of his sits right here while he changes." His eyes gleamed with mischief. "And now you're gonna fuck me on it."

My mouth went dry. "How do you know this is where he sits?"

Dave rolled his eyes. "Honey, I've memorized that man's entire routine. Now sit your cute butt down."

I hesitated for only a second before lowering myself onto Brad's bench. The wood felt cool against my wet skin. Dave wasted no time, straddling my thighs facing away from me, his back to my chest. With expert hands, he reached between us and positioned my cock.

"Watch this," he said, lowering himself onto me.

I groaned as his tight heat engulfed me again. Dave didn't stop until he'd taken every inch, then rolled his hips experimentally. The sensation was incredible. From this angle, I could see my cock disappearing into him.

"Brad always sits here," Dave said, bouncing lightly on my lap. "Right where your cock is splitting me open."

He started riding me in earnest then, his thigh muscles flexing as he lifted and dropped himself on my shaft. Dave worked himself on my cock with precision, controlling the angle, depth, and speed in a way that had my eyes rolling back.

"Touch me while I ride you," he commanded over his shoulder. "Make me cum on Brad's bench."

I reached around his slim waist, wrapping my fingers around his cock. It was impressively hard, slick with precum. I stroked him in rhythm with his bouncing, feeling his ass tighten around me each time my hand slid over his sensitive head.

"Yes, just like that," Dave moaned, picking up speed. "Brad won't know, but I'll remember every time he sits here."

I gripped Dave's cock tightly as he bounced on my lap, his internal muscles working my shaft with incredible precision. His back arched, his head falling back against my shoulder as his riding became frantic.

"Fuck, I'm close," he gasped, voice higher than usual. "Gonna cum all over Brad's precious bench!"

His entire body tensed. His cock pulsed in my hand as he exploded, shooting thick ropes of cum across the wooden bench. One, two, three powerful spurts painted the polished surface, some even reaching the edge where Brad would normally place his gym bag.

"Oh god, yes!" Dave cried out, his hole spasming around my cock.

The sight of Dave's cum marking Brad's sacred spot sent me hurtling toward my own climax. The rhythmic contractions of his ass around my shaft, combined with the filthy visual of his seed marking Brad's territory, was too much to handle. Pleasure crashed through me like a tidal wave.

"Fuck, I'm cumming."

My orgasm hit with an intensity I'd never experienced before. Wave after wave of electric pleasure coursed through my body, radiating outward from my cock. My vision blurred at the edges and my toes curled as I emptied myself deep inside Dave.

"BRAD!" I screamed, the name tearing from my throat before I could stop it.

As soon as the name left my lips, shame crashed over me. I froze, mortified, as the last pulses of my orgasm faded. Dave was still seated on my lap, my softening cock inside him, witnesses to my embarrassing outburst.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean—" My face burned.

Dave turned his head, giving me a knowing smirk. He didn't seem the least bit offended or surprised.

"Honey," he said with a dismissive wave of his hand, "they all scream someone else's name the first time." He winked. "Trust me, I've heard them all."

I followed Dave out of the locker room, my body still tingling from our encounter. The afternoon sun hit us as we pushed through the gym's double doors into the parking lot.

"That was..." I started, not sure how to finish the sentence.

"Life-changing? Mind-blowing? The best fuck you've ever had?" Dave suggested with a grin, flipping his highlighted hair out of his eyes.

I laughed despite myself. "All of the above."

Dave pulled out his phone, tapping the screen a few times before holding it out. "Give me your number, stud. This doesn't have to be a one-time thing."

I hesitated for only a second before taking his phone and punching in my digits. When I handed it back, our fingers brushed.

"Brad's not the only fish in the sea, you know," Dave said, his voice losing some of its usual camp flamboyance. His eyes met mine with unexpected sincerity.

I sighed, running a hand through my still-damp hair. "I know. I just... I'm still hung up on him."

Dave patted the pocket of his tight shorts where I knew Brad's jockstrap was safely tucked away. His expression was knowing, almost sympathetic.

"I know. But when that's not enough anymore, call me."

Before I could respond, Dave stepped forward, grabbed my face between his palms, and pressed his lips against mine. Unlike our earlier frantic fucking, this kiss was slow and careful. His tongue slipped expertly between my lips, exploring my mouth with a confidence that made my knees weak. His fingers caressed my jawline as he deepened the kiss, drawing a reluctant moan from my throat.

My hands moved to Dave's waist, pulling him closer. The kiss lasted long enough that I forgot we were standing in the campus parking lot.

When Dave finally pulled away, his eyes were heavy-lidded, a satisfied smirk playing on his swollen lips.

"That's to remind you what you're missing while you're sniffing that jockstrap alone in your room," he said.

"Dave, that was incredible, but I..." I looked down, struggling to find the right words. "I still have feelings for Brad. It's stupid, I know, especially after how things ended, but—"

Dave pressed his finger to my lips, cutting me off with a knowing smile. "Say no more, honey. Camp David's been around this track enough times to know when a boy's heart belongs to someone else." He flicked his wrist dismissively. "Brad's an idiot if he doesn't see what he's missing, but your little gay crisis isn't my problem to solve."

"Thanks for understanding. And, uh, thanks for the fuck. It was seriously amazing."

Dave's eyes lit up with amusement. "Oh sweetie, I know. I've got a waiting list of curious boys on this campus." He leaned in. "And not just students. Professor Williams from Economics? Married with three kids and begs for my ass every Tuesday after his evening class."

"No way!"

"Way," Dave nodded. "And Coach Peterson? Let's just say he's very hands-on with his 'private coaching.'" He made exaggerated air quotes, then gave a theatrical sigh. "The curse of being the campus bicycle: everyone gets a ride."

I couldn't help but laugh at his self-deprecating humor.

Dave patted my cheek. "Thanks for the lovely afternoon delight, Alan. That bench won't feel the same for Brad, and I'll think of you next time I'm watching him change." He winked, then turned to walk away, adding over his shoulder, "Oh, and when you finally get over that muscle-bound idiot, you know where to find me."

He stepped back, adjusted his shorts, and turned with a dramatic swivel of his hips. Dave sashayed away toward the student apartments.

Just before rounding the corner, he glanced back over his shoulder and blew me a kiss.

# Chapter 13

I sat alone in the darkest corner of The Underground, hunched over my third whiskey of the night. The ice had long since melted, diluting the amber liquid as I swirled it mindlessly. My thumb scrolled through weeks of one-sided texts to Brad on my phone screen, each one more pathetic than the last.

"Hey, can we talk?"

"I miss hanging out, man."

"Did I do something wrong?"

"At least tell me what happened..."

Fucking silence. Not even a "read" receipt to give me the satisfaction of knowing he'd seen my desperation. The whiskey burned going down, but not enough to numb the ache in my chest.

"Fuck you, Brad," I muttered, tossing back the rest of my drink and signaling the bartender for another. My head was already swimming, but I didn't care. Maybe if I got drunk enough, I'd finally have the balls to delete his number.

A burst of loud laughter cut through the bar's low murmur, drawing my attention to the entrance. My stomach twisted into an knot when I recognized that laugh – Brad's unmistakable, full-throated guffaw that I used to love hearing around our campfire.

He strode in like he owned the place, all six-foot-one of toned muscle showcased in a tight button-down that strained across his chest. But it wasn't his perfect physique that made my mouth go dry. It was the petite blonde tucked under his arm, her manicured hand possessively splayed across his abs.

Jennifer. Had to be. The girl from the text that had ruined everything.

She was beautiful in that conventional, catalog-model way – long blonde hair cascading over tan shoulders, tight dress hugging curves in all the right places. She gazed up at Brad with adoring eyes as he said something that made her giggle and press herself closer to him.

The whiskey in my stomach threatened to come back up. My fingers tightened around my glass so hard I thought it might shatter. Every muscle in my body tensed, frozen between the instinct to flee and the masochistic urge to watch them together.

I nursed my fourth whiskey, the alcohol doing nothing to dull the pain of seeing Brad with her. Every few seconds his hand would slide down from her waist to give her ass a possessive squeeze through that tiny dress. Each time he did it, she'd press closer into his side, and I'd take another burning swig.

"You good, man?" the bartender asked, eyeing my empty glass.

"Fuck no," I muttered, pushing it forward for a refill.

Brad leaned down, his lips almost brushing Jennifer's ear as he whispered something that made her throw her head back in giggles. His smile afterward was wide and genuine—the same smile he'd given me after he came inside me that morning in the tent.

Gone was the fitness bro in tanks and shorts that showed off his thick quads. Instead, he wore a crisp white button-up tucked into straight-leg jeans that concealed the muscular thighs that had wrapped around my waist. He looked like some finance bro at a networking event, like he was trying to erase every trace of the Brad I knew.

But my cock didn't seem to care about his betrayal or his makeover. Under the bar, I felt myself hardening in my jeans at the sight of his broad shoulders stretching the fabric of his shirt, at the memory of how those strong hands had explored every inch of my body. Even as rage and humiliation burned through me, my erection strained against my zipper, a reminder that my body still wanted what my heart couldn't forgive.

I shifted on the barstool, hating myself for reacting this way, hating Brad more for making me feel like this—discarded and replaced, yet still desperate for him.

I slid off my stool, stumbling as the alcohol hit me all at once. I grabbed my drink and retreated to a shadowy booth in the far corner, where I could watch them without being seen. My hands trembled as I sank into the cracked vinyl seat, its darkness enveloping me like a shield.

"Fucking coward," I muttered to myself, but I couldn't bear the thought of Brad seeing me—seeing what a wreck I'd become while he looked so goddamn happy.

From my new vantage point, I had a perfect, torturous view. Brad led Jennifer to the bar, his hand possessively pressing against the small of her back. The same spot where he'd gripped me that night by the campfire. The same fingers that had dug into my skin while he moaned my name.

Jennifer turned toward him, tilting her face up with a smile that made my stomach churn. Then she leaned in, pressing her glossy lips against his. It wasn't just a peck—her mouth opened against his, hungry and demanding. Brad's eyes closed as he kissed her back, one hand sliding up to cup her face in that gentle way he'd once held mine.

I watched her fingers trail up his chest, unbuttoning the top button of his shirt to expose the hollow of his throat. She rubbed slow circles over his pecs, feeling the firm muscle beneath the fabric. My jaw clenched so hard I could hear my teeth grinding. That chest had been pressed against my back. Those pecs had heaved against my palms while I rode him.

I tore my eyes away long enough to flag down a passing waitress.

"Double shot of tequila," I growled, draining what remained of my whiskey. "You know what? Make it two. Quadshot."

"You sure about that, hon?" She eyed me skeptically.

"Extremely fucking sure," I replied, not bothering to soften my tone.

When she returned with the shots, I didn't even wait for her to set them down before grabbing one. The liquor burned worse than the whiskey, but I welcomed the pain. Anything to dull the sharper agony of watching Brad build a life that had no place for me in it.

I downed my second tequila shot and slammed the glass on the table. Through the alcoholic haze, I noticed Brad excusing himself from Jennifer, pointing toward the restroom. She nodded, sipping her pink cocktail as he disappeared around the corner.

My opportunity had arrived.

I pushed myself up from the booth, and made my way across the bar. Each step felt like I was walking underwater, but determination—and liquid courage—propelled me forward. Jennifer stood alone, scrolling through her phone.

"Hey," I said, sliding into Brad's empty spot at the bar. "You're Jennifer, right?"

She looked up, eyes narrowing before her face settled into a polite smile. "Do I know you?"

"I'm Alan. Brad's friend." I flashed what I hoped was a charming smile. "We go way back."

"Oh!" Her expression brightened. "Brad's mentioned you before. You guys went camping recently, right?"

I laughed, the sound hollow even to my own ears. "Yeah, we had quite the adventure in the woods. Brad's probably told you all about it."

"Not really." She twirled the straw in her drink. "He just said you guys hiked and stuff."

"And stuff," I repeated, letting the words hang between us. "Brad's always been one for trying new things, hasn't he? Especially with you, I bet."

Her cheeks flushed. "What do you mean?"

I leaned closer, lowering my voice. "I mean, he seems like the type who'd really push boundaries. Behind closed doors." I raised my eyebrows. "Or maybe not so closed. Must have been pretty uncomfortable for you the first time he wanted to try the back door."

Her blush deepened to crimson. "Excuse me?"

"Don't worry, I get it. He can be very... persuasive. Those big hands of his guiding you where he wants you." I took a swig of her cocktail without asking. "Trust me, I know exactly how it feels when he's behind you."

Jennifer's eyes widened.

"And between us," I continued, my voice slurring, "he might act all dominant, but you should see how he melts when the roles are reversed. Takes it like a champ."

Jennifer stared at me, confusion creeping across her face. She tilted her head, her blonde hair cascading over one shoulder.

"I'm not sure what you're trying to imply," she said, brows furrowed. "Brad's never mentioned anything about... that."

I snorted, the alcohol making me bolder. "No? Never told you about how he likes his nipples played with? How he arches his back when you hit the right spot?" I leaned in closer, the bar's dim lighting casting shadows across my face. "Or how he moans when he's taking it deep?"

She laughed nervously, uncomfortable but still not getting it. "Brad's not... I mean, we have a pretty normal sex life."

"Normal?" I scoffed. "Let me guess—missionary position, lights off? That's not the Brad I know. The Brad I know likes to experiment. Especially when he's been drinking." I took another sip of her cocktail. "Has he ever called you by someone else's name? In the heat of the moment?"

"I don't think—"

"Has he ever moaned 'Alan' while you were fucking him?" I said, finally dropping all pretense.

Before Jennifer could process what I'd said, a strong hand clamped down on my shoulder, spinning me around. Brad's face loomed inches from mine, his blue eyes blazing with fury.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" he hissed, fingers digging into my shoulder.

I smiled lazily up at him. "Just getting acquainted with your girlfriend. Sharing stories."

"Get the fuck out of here, Alan," Brad growled, his voice dropping to a dangerous whisper. "Before I drag you outside and beat the shit out of you."

My cock twitched in my jeans. Even now, with his face contorted in rage, he was gorgeous. Those strong hands that had once caressed me now promising violence.

"That supposed to scare me?" I slurred, my inhibitions obliterated by alcohol. "Go ahead. Pin me down. Show me how strong you are."

Brad's grip tightened, his knuckles whitening. "I swear to God—"

"You threatening me is kind of hot," I said. "Almost as hot as when you begged me to fuck you harder in that tent."

Brad's fingers dug into the flesh of my arm, his grip like iron as he yanked me away from the bar. The alcohol in my system made everything spin, but his rage was sobering.

"Jennifer, I'm going to sort out this queer freak once and for all," Brad snarled over his shoulder, his voice dripping with disgust. "Wait here."

My stomach dropped at his words. Queer freak. So that's what I was to him now.

He dragged me through the crowded bar, his fingers bruising my bicep as people stared. I stumbled over my own feet, only just keeping upright as he pushed me through the maze of tables and chairs.

"Brad, let go of me, you fucking—"

He jerked my arm harder, cutting me off.

"Shut your fucking mouth," he hissed. "You don't get to talk right now."

He shoved me through the bathroom door so hard I crashed into the sinks. Brad followed me in, his broad shoulders blocking the exit as he turned and engaged the lock with a decisive click.

The sound echoed in the small space, final and threatening. We were alone.

Brad stood with his back against the door, chest heaving, jaw clenched. His blue eyes burned with anger, disgust, maybe even hate.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" he said.

I leaned against the sink counter, trying to appear casual. "Just thought your girlfriend should know who she's really dating."

Brad shoved away from the door, crossing the bathroom in three swift strides until he was right in front of me. His cologne hit my nostrils—spicy and masculine—mixed with the faint scent of whiskey on his breath. Our faces were mere inches apart, his blue eyes boring into mine with an intensity that made my heart race. I could see every detail of his face—the slight stubble along his jaw, the tiny scar above his right eyebrow from a childhood accident, the flush of anger coloring his cheeks.

"You're a fucking mess," he growled, his voice low and dangerous.

With deliberate motions, Brad reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone. He placed it on the edge of the sink beside us, never breaking eye contact. The metallic clunk of his phone hitting the porcelain echoed in the small bathroom.

Before I could respond, his hands shot up and grabbed fistfuls of my shirt collar. The fabric twisted in his grip, tightening against my throat. He pulled me even closer until our noses nearly touched, his knuckles digging into my collarbone.

"You think you can just waltz up to my girlfriend and tell her that shit?" Brad's fingers flexed, tightening their hold on my shirt. I could feel the heat radiating off his body, smell the mint on his breath. "After I told you it was a mistake? After I made it clear I'm not gay?"

Despite the alcohol clouding my brain, I was acutely aware of every point where Brad's body was close to mine. His powerful forearms tensed as he held my shirt, his broad chest inches from mine, rising and falling with each angry breath. My back was pressed against the cold porcelain of the sink, trapped between it and Brad's imposing presence.

Brad took a step toward me, fists clenched at his sides. "You had no fucking right to say those things."

"Why? Because they're true?"

"Having fun playing straight?" The alcohol had dissolved whatever filter I might have had left. "Must be nice to just flip a switch and pretend nothing happened."

"Nothing did happen. It was all some dumb fantasy of yours." Brad's face darkened. "What do you want, Alan? Why are you here? Why are you doing this?"

I laughed. The fluorescent lights cast harsh shadows across his perfect face, highlighting the tension in his cheekbones, the fury in his eyes. I pushed myself away from the sinks and stumbled.

"What do I want?" The tiled floor felt uneven beneath my feet as I stepped closer to him. "I want to know why you're such a fucking coward."

For a moment, Brad stared at me, his breathing heavy, his nostrils flaring. Then something shifted in his expression.

"I'm not gay," he said. "What happened in the woods was a mistake."

I laughed again, louder this time.

"Your cock didn't seem to think so when it was buried in my ass. And when I fucked you and you sucked my cock and ate my cum and then begged for more and more and more."

Brad's hands slammed into my chest, my lower back hitting the porcelain edge of the sink. But the rage in his eyes hurt worse than any physical blow.

"Keep your fucking voice down." He glanced at the bathroom door like someone might burst through it any second.

Something snapped inside me. All the hurt, all the rejection, all crystallized into burning anger.

I shoved back against his chest with both hands. He stumbled backward.

"Why?" I spat, following him as he regained his footing. "Afraid your beard might hear that you like getting cock in your ass?"

His face contorted with fury. In one swift movement, he grabbed fistfuls of my shirt and slammed me against the wall. The back of my head hit the tile with a dull thud. All I could focus on was Brad's face inches from mine.

"You don't know what you're talking about," he said, his fingers twisting my shirt so tight I could feel it straining against my collarbone.

Our faces were so close I could count his eyelashes, see the tiny flecks of darker blue in his irises, smell the whiskey on his breath. His chest heaved against mine, our bodies pressed together from knee to chest. Despite everything. my cock betrayed me.

"Don't I? I know everything. I know how you sound when you come. I know how your face looks when you're buried inside me. I know how you scream my name when I'm fucking your ass."

His grip on my shirt tightened, knuckles white. The moment stretched: bodies pressed together, breathing heavily, neither willing to back down.

"No you don't. Nothing happened. I'm with Jennifer now. She's all that matters. Not some fucking queer like you."

"Does she know how you moan when you're getting your dick sucked by a man? Does Jennifer know you like to grab the back of my head when I'm on my knees? That you fucking whimper when I take you all the way down my throat?"

Brad's pupils dilated. His grip on my shirt tightened so hard I heard a seam rip. His right hand released my shirt and balled into a fist.

But that wasn't what made my breath catch in my throat.

Despite the fury radiating from him like heat, despite the disgust twisting his features and the hatred in his eyes, I could feel his erection pressing against my thigh. Hard. Unmistakable.

"Your girlfriend might believe your bullshit," I said. "But your cock don't lie."

The hard line of his erection twitched against me. I smiled.

"You can pretend all you want, but your body remembers what we did."

"You're hard right now," I said.

"Fuck you," Brad growled, his voice guttural and raw. But he didn't move away. If anything, his grip on my shirt tightened.

I saw the conflict raging behind his eyes. Desire warring with denial, anger with need.

I reached down between us, my fingers brushing against the front of his jeans before cupping his erection through the denim.

Brad's breath hitched. His resistance was wavering, the hand that had been balled into a fist now flattening against the wall beside my head. His hips betrayed him, pressing forward almost imperceptibly into my touch.

We were suspended in time: my hand on his cock, his body caging mine against the wall, both of us breathing like we'd run a marathon.

"Tell me to stop," I said. I pulled down his zip.

Brad closed his eyes as I slipped my hand inside the opening of his jeans. My fingers brushed against the cotton of his boxer briefs, finding the hard outline of his cock straining against the fabric.

"Fucking faggot," he said. "Don't stop, you fucking faggot."

I didn't know if he was talking to me or to himself.

I pushed my hand further, sliding beneath the elastic waistband of his underwear. My fingers wrapped around his bare cock. It was hot and heavy, already leaking pre-cum that slicked my thumb as I ran it over his sensitive head.

"Still think you're straight?" I stroked his cock with deliberate slowness. His shaft pulsed in my grip, betraying everything his mouth refused to admit. "Does Jennifer make you this hard?"

"Shut the fuck up." Brad crashed his mouth against mine.

My head knocked back against the bathroom wall. This wasn't a kiss, it was an attack. His teeth scraped against my lips before he bit down on my lower lip, hard enough that I tasted the metallic tang of blood. I groaned into his mouth, the pain mixing with pleasure as his tongue pushed past my teeth, claiming and angry.

His hands moved from my throat to my shoulders, fingers digging into my flesh with bruising intensity. I was still stroking his cock, feeling it throb and leak against my palm as we kissed like we were trying to hurt each other.

Suddenly, he broke the kiss and spun me around with such force that my chest slammed against the bathroom mirror. The cold glass pressed against my cheek, fogging instantly with my ragged breath. Behind me, Brad's reflection stared back with wild eyes, his face flushed and hair disheveled. One hand pressed between my shoulder blades, keeping me pinned against the mirror while the other reached around to unbutton my jeans.

"This doesn't mean anything," Brad growled, yanking down my pants with such force that the button popped off and skittered across the tile floor. The denim pooled around my ankles as he pressed his still-clothed body against my ass, his erection grinding against me through his open fly. "This is just to shut you up."

I stared at Brad's reflection in the bathroom mirror, watching the battle rage in his eyes even as his hands pulled at my clothes. His pupils were blown wide with arousal, but his brow furrowed with self-loathing. The harsh fluorescent light revealed everything: the sweat beading on his forehead, the flush spreading across his cheeks, the way he kept biting his lower lip as if trying to punish himself for wanting this. For wanting me.

Every few seconds, his eyes would flick up to meet mine in the mirror, then dart away as if burned by the connection. His breath came in ragged pants against my neck, hot and damp, his chest pressing against my back with each inhale. The weight of him pinning me to the mirror felt both like a threat and a promise.

"This doesn't mean anything," he repeated, more to himself than to me. His voice cracked on the last word.

I laughed, the sound harsh and bitter even to my own ears. My breath fogged the mirror with each exhale, obscuring his anguished expression.

"Tell yourself whatever you need to," I taunted, pushing my ass back against his groin. His cock twitched against me in response, hard and insistent despite his denials. "But we both know what this is."

Brad's eyes hardened in the reflection, jaw clenching so tight I could see a muscle jump in his cheek. Without warning, he brought his hand to his mouth and spat into his palm, the crude sound echoing in the small bathroom.

"Shut up," he growled, reaching between us.

I felt his wet fingers slide between my ass cheeks, rough and impatient. There was no gentleness like in the woods, this was all anger and need. He circled my hole once before pushing a finger inside, the intrusion burning from insufficient lubrication. I hissed at the sensation but pressed back against his hand, encouraging him despite the discomfort.

"Fuck," I gasped as he added a second finger, scissoring them inside me. His other hand gripped my hip hard enough to bruise, keeping me in place as he worked me open with quick, punishing thrusts.

I winced at the burn of his fingers stretching me open, but pushed back against the intrusion, wanting more despite the pain. My palms slid against the foggy mirror, leaving ghostly handprints as I braced myself. The bathroom's harsh lighting reflected every detail of Brad's face: the concentration in his furrowed brow, the way his lips parted with each breath, the conflict still evident in his eyes even as his fingers worked me open.

"So fucking tight," Brad muttered, almost to himself. His voice was rough with desire, a grudging admission that seemed to escape without permission. His fingers curled inside me, hitting that spot that made my vision blur at the edges.

I couldn't help myself. Maybe it was the anger still coursing through my veins, or maybe it was the need to make him acknowledge what was happening between us.

"Tighter than Jennifer?" I asked, meeting his eyes in the mirror with defiant challenge.

The words hung in the air for a split second before Brad's face transformed with fury. Without warning, his hand left my hip and came down hard across my ass, the sharp crack of skin against skin echoing off the bathroom tiles. The sting bloomed hot and immediate, spreading across my flesh in what I knew would be a perfect handprint.

I cried out, not in protest but in shocked pleasure, my cock twitching against the cold porcelain of the sink. Behind me, Brad's breathing turned ragged, his fingers still buried inside me as he stared at the red mark forming on my skin.

The pain was immediate and intense as Brad pushed inside me, his cockhead breaching my tight hole with only his spit and pre-cum for lubrication. I gasped, the sound echoing off the bathroom tiles, my fingers scrabbling for purchase against the slick mirror. The burning stretch bordered between agony and ecstasy, my body fighting against the invasion while craving more of it.

"Fuck, Brad," I hissed through clenched teeth as he continued to push forward, giving me no time to adjust to his thickness. "Slow down—"

But he didn't slow down. His hands gripped my hips with bruising force, pulling me back onto his cock as he drove forward in one relentless thrust until he was balls-deep inside me. I felt impaled, split open on his length, every nerve ending screaming with the dual sensations of pain and fullness.

"This what you wanted?" Brad's voice was rough and strained as he started to move. Each thrust was punishing, as if he was trying to fuck the attraction out of both of us. "This what you've been chasing me for?"

I couldn't answer, couldn't form words as he established a brutal rhythm. All I could do was brace myself against the sink, my knuckles turning white from gripping the porcelain edge. My eyes found our reflection in the mirror: my body bent forward, Brad looming behind me, his muscled chest visible where his shirt had ridden up, the perfect V of his abs disappearing into his open jeans.

But it was his face that caught and held my attention. Brad's eyes were squeezed shut, his features contorted in an expression that couldn't decide if it was pleasure or pain. His bottom lip was caught between his teeth, bitten bloody as if he was trying to punish himself for the pleasure his body was feeling. Sweat beaded on his forehead, running down his temple as he thrust into me with increasing urgency.

He was fighting it, fighting himself, even as his body sought release inside mine.

"Look at me," I said.

Brad continued thrusting into me, his eyes still shut tight, face turned away as if he could pretend this wasn't happening, as if he could fuck me without acknowledging who I was.

"I said look at me, goddammit," I growled, reaching back to grab his hair, forcing his face toward the mirror. "If you're going to fuck me, then fucking look at me while you do it."

Brad's eyes snapped open, startled by my aggression. In the mirror, our gazes locked: his blue eyes wide with something between fear and arousal, pupils blown so wide they swallowed the color. For the first time since he'd slammed me against the wall, there was nowhere to hide, no pretending this was anything other than what it was: him buried deep inside me, both of us desperate for each other despite everything.

The moment our eyes connected, something shifted. Brad's rhythm faltered for a half-second before resuming with renewed intensity. His thrusts became harder, more desperate, the harsh slap of skin against skin echoing off the bathroom walls. Each punishing drive of his hips sent shockwaves through my body, pushing me against the cold porcelain of the sink.

"Fuck," he hissed, never breaking eye contact in the mirror. "Fuck, Alan."

It was the first time he'd said my name since this started, an acknowledgment that destroyed his last defense. His face contorted with pleasure he couldn't deny anymore, jaw clenched and nostrils flared as he drove into me with abandon.

Without warning, Brad's right hand snaked around my waist, reaching for my neglected cock. His fingers wrapped around my shaft in a grip that was almost painful, rough and possessive. He began jerking me off in time with his thrusts, his palm slick with my pre-cum.

"This what you need?" he grunted, his hand working my cock with the same angry desperation as his thrusts. "This what you've been fucking begging for?"

Brad's eyes never left mine in the mirror as his thrusts became more erratic. The sounds filling that shitty bathroom were primal. Skin slapping against skin, his grunts mixing with my moans, the wet squelch of his cock driving into my hole.

His fingers dug deeper into my hip with one hand while the other continued jerking me off with brutal efficiency. I could feel his heart hammering against my back, his breath hot and ragged against my neck. We were both close, so fucking close, but I needed something more. Something he'd been denying me since that text from Jennifer.

"You've been fucking her, haven't you?" I panted, watching his reflection for any reaction. "While you've been ignoring my calls?"

Brad didn't answer with words, but his cock twitched inside me—a physical tell he couldn't control. His rhythm faltered for a second before he resumed his punishing pace, his jaw clenched tighter as if restraining himself from speaking.

The response of his body told me everything I needed to know. My anger flared hotter, mixing with the pleasure building at the base of my spine. I pushed back harder against him, taking him deeper, watching his composure crack further with each thrust.

"Tell me," I demanded, my voice dropping to a dangerous whisper. "Tell me you thought about me when you were fucking her."

His pace faltered again, his breathing becoming more ragged. His eyes dropped from mine in the mirror, unable to maintain contact as his mask slipped further. I could see his internal struggle written across his face: the desperate need to keep holding onto his straight identity warring with the undeniable reality of his cock buried deep inside me.

I reached back and grabbed his hair again, yanking his head up so he had to look at me. "Say it," I hissed.

"Every... fucking... time," Brad finally admitted through gritted teeth, the words sounding like they'd been torn from somewhere deep inside him. His voice broke on the last word, raw with reluctant honesty. "Every time I was inside her, I closed my eyes and saw you."

Brad's body tensed behind me, his movements wild and uncontrolled. His thrusts lost their rhythm, sometimes shallow and rapid, other times deep and grinding. His chest pressed against my back with each labored breath, hot and damp with sweat. I could feel his heart hammering through his ribcage, his muscles trembling with the effort of holding back his release.

"Fuck, fuck," he panted, fingers digging deeper into my hip. His other hand still worked my cock, though the strokes had become erratic, matching the desperate cadence of his thrusts. Each time he drove into me, the mirror fogged more with our combined breath, our reflections blurring at the edges like we were melting into each other.

His head dropped forward, forehead pressing against my shoulder blade as his hips snapped against me with increasing urgency. I could feel the tension coiling in him, his whole body vibrating with the effort of holding back.

"Gonna cum in your tight ass," he growled. "Gonna fucking fill you up."

The raw possessiveness in his tone sent electricity down my spine. I wrapped my hand around his, increasing the pressure on my cock as I stroked myself. Pre-cum leaked from my slit, making our joined hands slide slickly along my shaft.

"Do it," I pushed back against him. "Mark me. Make me yours."

Brad's entire body went rigid at my words. With a guttural roar, one final, brutal thrust, he buried himself to the hilt. His cock pulsed as he came, filling me with his cum. His fingers dug into my hip hard enough to leave marks as wave after wave of his orgasm crashed through him.

The sensation of him filling me, marking me, combined with the rough friction of our joined hands around my shaft, was too much. My vision blurred at the edges, my legs trembled, and with a hoarse cry I shot over the edge.

"Fuck, Brad." I splashed ropes of hot cum across the bathroom sink and mirror. My cock pumped out spurt after spurt. My entire body shuddered with the force of my orgasm, muscles clenching and unclenching as I painted the porcelain with my release. I couldn't remember the last time I'd cum so hard, my balls aching as they emptied. The sight of my jizz dripping down the mirror, marking Brad's territory as much as mine, sent another aftershock through me. My muscles clenched around Brad's still-pulsing cock, milking the last drops of his release.

The smell of sex hung thick in the air.

As our breathing steadied, I lifted my head. The mirror was smeared with handprints and fog from our breath and my cum, but I could still see my flushed face, Brad's muscled form behind me, both of us glistening with sweat.

Brad's eyes met mine in the reflection. I saw something raw and vulnerable: satisfaction, maybe a flicker of tenderness. But as I watched, the light in his eyes dimmed. Clouds rolled in to block the sun; shame and regret darkened his features. His jaw tightened, his shoulders stiffened, and his gaze dropped away from mine.

His walls came back up brick by brick, mortar by mortar, rebuilding the fortress. The man who'd just fucked me with such desperate passion, who'd admitted to thinking of me while with Jennifer, was disappearing before my eyes.

I braced myself against the sink as Brad pulled out roughly. The sudden emptiness left me empty. I heard the wet sound of his softening cock being stuffed back into his underwear, followed by the metallic zip of his jeans. I remained bent over the sink for a moment longer, my legs still trembling from the intensity of what we'd done.

I reached for my boxers and pants, pulling them up with shaky hands. Brad's cum continued to leak out of me, creating a damp spot on my underwear that I'd feel for hours afterward.

Brad moved to the sink farthest from me, turning on the water with more force than necessary. The pipes groaned in protest.

"This didn't happen," he finally said, breaking the silence as he pumped an excessive amount of soap into his palms. He scrubbed his hands as if trying to remove more than physical evidence. "This was a mistake. A fucked-up mistake that never happened."

His fingers were turning red from the hot water and the force of his scrubbing, but he kept washing.

"Sure. Just like it didn't happen in the woods. Or in the tent. Or with Jake and Mike." I pulled my shirt down. "Funny how many things 'never happened' between us."

Brad cupped his hands under the rusty faucet, collecting water before splashing it across his face. Once, twice, three times: each splash more aggressive than the last. His eyes darted across his reflection, checking for any evidence of what we'd done.

My ass still ached pleasantly, his cum still damp against my thighs. There was a splash of my cum on his shirt, but I said nothing.

"You can keep pretending, Brad. But your body knows what it wants." I gestured toward the sink where we'd fucked. "That wasn't confusion or experimentation. That wasn't a mistake. That was need."

Brad froze for a second, but he didn't turn around. He didn't argue. He grabbed a paper towel, dried his hands and face, and then moved toward the door, a man fleeing something he couldn't face.

"She won't make you feel like I do," I said.

Brad paused with his hand on the doorknob. For a moment, I thought he might turn around, might finally face what was between us.

"This doesn't change anything," he said.

"Are you fucking serious? After what just happened—"

"Listen to me very carefully, Alan. This shit ends now. I'm not gay. I'm not into men. Whatever... weird phase this was, it's over."

His finger jabbed into my chest. "Learn your fucking lesson. Stop chasing me. I've got Jennifer. I've got my life figured out. You need to back the fuck off before you ruin everything. If you ever tell anyone about any of this, the camping trip, today, I'll fucking end you. You understand me? This never happened."

Desire versus denial, truth versus comfort.

"Go back to your 'girlfriend'," I said. "I'll be here when you're ready. Your cock will always be welcome in this ass."

Brad unlocked the door and stepped out, never looking back.

# Chapter 14

I stood outside Brad's apartment building, the rain slamming against my shoulders. My gray hoodie was soaked through, the fabric clinging to my skin. I might as well have been standing there naked for how exposed I felt.

The street light cast a sickly yellow glow across the wet pavement. Everything was distorted through the curtain of raindrops, which suited my mood. Nothing had felt right since that day at The Underground.

I pulled out my phone. I scrolled through my messages to Brad one more time.

**Alan:** We need to talk.

**Alan:** Can you just answer me?

**Alan:** Fuck you, Brad. At least have the balls to tell me to my face.

**Alan:** I miss you.

Three weeks of silence. Three weeks of seeing him across campus with Jennifer tucked under his arm. Three weeks of watching him turn in the opposite direction whenever he spotted me. Once, our eyes had locked across the quad, and for a split second, I thought he might acknowledge me. Instead, he'd whispered something to Jennifer and led her away, her laughter floating back to me.

I approached the intercom panel.

Water dripped from my nose and chin. What the fuck was I even doing here? What did I expect him to say? That he'd made a mistake? He wanted me instead of her? He was finally ready to admit who he really was?

My finger trembled. One press and there'd be no turning back.

I pressed the buzzer. Seconds stretched into minutes. I was about to press it again when the intercom crackled to life.

"Hello?" Brad's voice came through the speaker. Cautious. Guarded. Like he already knew it was me.

"It's Alan," I said. "We need to talk, Brad. For real this time."

Silence. I could picture him on the other side, leaning against his wall, running his hand through his hair like he always did when he was stressed. Maybe Jennifer was there with him, watching with curious eyes as he struggled with what to say.

Just as I was about to speak again, to beg if I had to, the buzzer sounded. The lock clicked open.

I pushed through the door, water dripping from my hoodie onto the worn lobby carpet. Each step up to the third floor was slow, deliberate. Water squelched in my shoes and dripped down my back. My jeans felt like they weighed fifty pounds.

As I climbed, I rehearsed what I wanted to say. I needed to be clear. Direct. Not angry like at the bar, not desperate like in my texts.

"I'm not here to fuck up your life, Brad. But we can't pretend nothing happened."

By the third floor, I'd settled on my approach. No accusations. No ultimatums. Just the truth. That he could run from me, but he couldn't run from himself.

I reached his door and paused.

I knocked. At last, the door swung open.

Brad stood in the doorway, shirtless, wearing only a pair of black basketball shorts that hung low on his hips. My eyes betrayed me, tracing the familiar landscape of his body—the defined pecs, the rippled abs, the V-line disappearing beneath the elastic waistband. Memories flooded back unbidden: my hands gripping those shoulders in the dark tent, my tongue tracing that collarbone, his heat against mine as we moved together.

"What do you want?"

His arms crossed tightly over his chest, biceps flexed, jaw clenched. His eyes wary.

Behind him, I could see into the apartment we'd hung out in countless times. It looked the same but felt different. A pile of sports equipment crowded one corner—his gym bag, a basketball, weights. A pink sweatshirt was draped carelessly over a dining chair, an unmistakable feminine presence claiming the space. Jennifer's. My stomach clenched.

"Jennifer's not here," Brad said, blocking the doorway with his body. "If that's why you came. But she'll be back soon."

He thought I was here for a repeat of the bathroom incident, sneaking around behind her back. Like I was nothing but a dirty secret he was trying to bury.

"I know she's not here," I said. "She's visiting her sister in Portland. Posted about it on her Instagram story three hours ago."

"Been keeping tabs on my girlfriend, Alan?"

"Fuck you, Brad. I'm here because we need to talk, and I'm tired of you pretending I don't exist."

Brad studied me for a moment, then stepped aside without a word. I entered his apartment, dripping water all over his entryway tile. The familiar scent of his place hit me: that mix of protein powder and cologne.

"You're soaking wet."

"No shit."

Brad flopped onto his couch, one arm stretched across the back cushions, legs spread wide in that cocky way that used to drive me crazy. The distance between us—him lounging on the sofa, me standing awkwardly by the door—felt deliberate and vast.

"So talk," he said. His jaw was clenched tight, and his free hand kept fidgeting with the remote control. His bare foot tapped against the carpet.

I took a deep breath. "I'm not here to beg you to come out or leave Jennifer or whatever the fuck you think. I'm here to tell you that this is the last time you'll hear from me."

A flash of genuine concern broke through his facade. He put down the remote.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means I'm done, Brad. Done with the mind games. Done being jerked around. Done being your dirty secret."

"It's complicated, Alan," Brad said. His voice had lost that harsh edge, replaced with something almost pleading.

"No, Brad. It's really fucking not complicated at all. You like dick. You like my dick. You've had it in your mouth, your hand, and your ass. You came so hard you nearly passed out when I was inside you. It's not complicated; that's you being too afraid to admit who you are."

Brad stood up from the couch in one fluid motion, his height and broad shoulders filling my vision. With deliberate steps, he moved toward me, each footfall making the distance between us shrink.

"You don't understand," he said. "Jennifer, my family, my job—"

"Save it," I interrupted, even as my traitorous body reacted to his proximity.

The space between us—once a safe buffer—had collapsed to mere inches. I didn't know if was going to fight me or fuck me.

"I need more time," Brad said. His eyes dropped to my lips. "This isn't easy for me, Alan."

I backed up, hitting the wall behind me. One hand rose between us, palm out, maintaining the distance he seemed determined to erase.

"No. You don't get to do this anymore," I said, even as my body screamed at me to let him close that gap. "You don't get to toy with me whenever Jennifer's out of town."

Brad's fingers wrapped around my forearm, his touch igniting a hot trail up my skin despite my soaked clothing. Even after everything, my body responded to his contact. It wasn't fair how he could still do this to me.

"Come on, Alan," he said, his thumb making small circles against my wet skin. "You can't tell me you don't feel it too. This thing between us—it's fucking intense.

"It's always been electric with us," he moved closer. "Even that first time at the campsite. You can't fake that kind of chemistry."

The warmth of his hand, the familiar scent of him—my body remembered everything my brain wanted to forget. He moved his hand to my waist, fingers pressing into the damp fabric of my hoodie.

"Jennifer never makes me feel the way you do," he said. His other hand came up to cup my jaw, thumb brushing against my lower lip.

And then, I saw it.

This was Brad's pattern. When words failed him, when emotional honesty became too difficult, he fell back on the physical. He'd rather fuck me senseless than admit what he really felt—or didn't feel.

His lips hovered millimeters from mine, his warm breath ghosting across my mouth. I turned my head. His kiss landed awkwardly on my cheek, breaking the spell.

"I deserve better than being someone's dirty secret," I said, pushing his hand away from my face. "I deserve someone who's fucking proud to be with me, not someone who treats me like a shameful mistake."

The rain from my clothes had created a puddle on his floor, but I didn't care. Let him clean up my mess for once.

"I'm not asking you to announce it to the world, Brad. I'm just asking for basic fucking respect. But you can't even give me that."

Brad's expression crumpled. He ran both hands through his hair, grabbing fistfuls as if trying to hold himself together.

"Alan, please, listen. I'm not—I don't—" His eyes darted around, looking anywhere but at me. "Things with Jennifer aren't... I need to figure out how to…"

"You're not fooling anyone, Alan," he said. "You didn't come over here for some heart-to-heart." His voice dropped to that husky whisper that used to make my knees weak. "You came over because you knew Jennifer was gone. Because you wanted this."

"That's not why—"

"Bullshit I know you. I see how you still look at me across campus."

Before I could react, Brad grabbed my wrist. His grip was firm but not painful as he pulled my hand toward him.

"Tell me you don't want this," he whispered, pressing my palm against the front of his basketball shorts. The heat of his hardening cock radiated through the thin fabric.

He guided my hand in a slow, circular motion over his growing bulge. Even through my anger, my body responded, my cock twitching to life.

"See?" Brad's eyes were half-lidded. "This is why you're really here. This is what we both want."

His cock was hard, straining against the fabric of his shorts. I could feel its familiar shape, the thick ridge of the head, the impressive length that had once consumed my thoughts. Brad guided my movements, making me squeeze and stroke him through the material.

"Stop acting like you're above this," he said. "We both know what's going to happen tonight."

I yanked my hand away from Brad's crotch, feeling like a pendulum swinging between rage and desire.

"Fuck you," I spat. "You're not going to manipulate me again."

Brad's eyes darkened. He took a step back, running his tongue across his bottom lip, that cocky smirk returning to his face. This wasn't the reaction he expected.

"You want to know what I've been thinking about? What's been keeping me up at night? I've been watching things," he said. "Videos. Research. Dirty stuff that makes me hard just thinking about it."

Despite myself, my cock twitched in my wet jeans.

He leaned in, lips grazing my ear. "I want to rim you until your legs shake. Until you're begging me to fuck you. I saw this video where one guy ate the other out for like thirty minutes straight. Made him come without even touching his dick.

"There was this other one," he said, his breath hot on my neck, "where the bottom was on his back, legs up, and the top destroyed him. Fucked him so deep he was hitting his prostate with every thrust. The bottom was crying from how good it felt. I can do that to you."

He pulled back enough to look into my eyes, gauging my reaction.

"Is that what you want, Alan? You want me to make you cry from how good my cock feels inside you?"

His fingers traced the outline of my hard-on through my jeans. "I've been practicing too. Got some toys. Look."

Brad reached under a cushion on his couch and pulled out a black silicone dildo. It was thick and realistically shaped, with pronounced veins running along its shaft.

"See this?" He held it up between us. "After you left that night, I couldn't stop thinking about how it felt. You inside me."

He ran his fingers along the length of the toy.

"I ordered this the next day. Couldn't even wait for two-day shipping. Paid extra to get it here faster."

"The first time I used it," Brad continued, "I was so fucking tight. Had to go slow. Thought about you the whole time."

He sank down onto the couch, legs spread wide, the dildo resting on his thigh. The basketball shorts did nothing to hide his erection.

"By the third time, I could take the whole thing. Fucked myself with it while watching those videos. Imagined it was you."

Brad's eyes locked on mine.

"I want you to use it on me, Alan. Want to feel your hands controlling it, pushing it into me. Want you to find that spot again."

He held the dildo out to me, an offering.

"I've got lube in the bedroom. We could go there right now. Jennifer won't be back till tomorrow afternoon."

"Goodbye, Brad."

The words hung between us like a physical thing. The only sound was the steady drip of water from my clothes and the distant hum of the refrigerator.

Brad stared at me. Disbelief washed over his face; eyebrows raised, eyes widening as if he couldn't comprehend that I was walking away. Then came the flash of anger: jaw clenching, nostrils flaring, fists balling at his sides.

I turned before my resolve could weaken. Each step toward the door was both impossibly heavy and strangely freeing. My hand closed around the cold metal of the doorknob, and I pulled it open without looking back.

The hallway stretched before me, empty and quiet. I stepped through the doorway and pulled the door closed behind me with a soft click.

Brad didn't follow.

The rain had stopped.

The pavement glistened under the streetlights, puddles reflecting the urban glow like scattered mirrors. Everything smelled fresh—that unique scent after rain when the world feels cleansed, when even city air carries a hint of promise. I filled my lungs with it, breathing deeper than I had in weeks.

My shoulders relaxed. My jaw unclenched. My fists uncurled.

My phone vibrated in my pocket—once, twice. Brad, texting to say he'd made a mistake? Or offering another round of empty promises?

The device went silent again.

Whatever he had to say, it could wait. Maybe forever.

I turned the corner and disappeared into the night, leaving wet footprints that were already beginning to fade.

# Chapter 15

I couldn't sleep. My bedroom ceiling had become a movie screen playing the greatest hits of Brad and me on endless repeat. Three in the fucking morning and all I could think about was his smell, his laugh, the way his muscles flexed when he moved.

"Fuck," I muttered, kicking off the sheets that felt too heavy on my skin.

My cock had been half-hard for an hour, demanding attention I didn't want to give it. Because jerking off meant thinking about him more, not less. But my hand slid down anyway, gripping myself through my boxers.

I closed my eyes and there he was—Brad at the stream, water cascading down his perfect back, his hand working his thick cock. The memory was crystal clear: how he'd looked over his shoulder, checking if anyone could see him. How his ass had clenched as he stroked himself. How fucking beautiful he'd been, bathed in dappled sunlight.

"God damn it," I groaned, pushing my boxers down and taking my cock in my fist.

I spit into my palm for lubrication, my strokes getting faster as I remembered watching him from behind that boulder. The way his breathing had changed, how his shoulders tensed when he got close.

My hips lifted off the mattress as I pumped harder, remembering the size of him, how it felt in my hand, my mouth, inside me. I was so close now, my other hand squeezing my balls as the pressure built.

Then his voice echoed in my head: "This didn't happen."

My rhythm faltered but my body was too far gone. I came with a strangled moan, spurting across my stomach and chest, the pleasure crashing through me for all of three seconds before the emptiness rushed in.

I lay there, covered in my own cum, feeling hollow. What had once been my favorite jerk-off fantasy now left me feeling pathetic. Used. The satisfaction that should have followed my orgasm had been hijacked by the memory of his face in that bar bathroom—how quickly he'd wiped away any evidence of us.

I glanced at my phone: 10:50 PM. Fuck it.

I rolled out of bed, wiping myself clean with a t-shirt before pulling on gym shorts and a tank top. Sleep wasn't coming, and my brain wouldn't shut off. Might as well make use of being awake.

The campus was eerily quiet as I walked through it. Most students were either studying in their dorms or out drinking. The gym was a concrete bunker, windows dark except for the permanent safety lights that kept the place from being pitch black.

My ID card beeped against the scanner. The door clicked open.

Inside, the harsh fluorescent lights gave everything a sickly glow. The weight area looked different at night—more shadows, more angles, almost menacing. Only two other people were there: some girl on a treadmill with headphones in, and a janitor mopping the locker room entrance.

Perfect. No one to notice me.

I went straight to the bench press, loading plates aggressively. 185, 205, 225. More than I usually did, but tonight I needed to feel something besides the hollow ache in my chest.

The first set burned by the tenth rep. I racked the weight, breathing hard through my nose.

Ninety seconds rest. I stared at the ceiling, at the ugly acoustic tiles with water stains. How many times had I lain here and glimpsed Brad spotting me from above, his face upside down, telling me to push through one more rep?

Second set. The bar felt heavier. My triceps trembled by rep eight. I forced out ten.

Sweat began running into my eyes by the time I positioned myself for the third set. The bar came off the rack feeling like it weighed a ton.

"One," I grunted, lowering it to my chest.

The sound of my harsh breathing and the clanking of the weights echoed in the nearly empty gym. My shoulders screamed as I pushed through rep five, then six.

"Fuck," I hissed, arms shaking on the seventh. My chest was on fire.

Eight. Nine.

On the tenth rep, the bar barely moved. My face contorted with effort, teeth clenched, veins popping in my neck.

Sweat dripped down my temples, running along my jawline. My vision narrowed to a pinpoint, the world reduced to me and this fucking weight crushing down on my chest.

Just like Brad crushed me. Just like I let him.

I strained until the veins in my forehead felt ready to burst, then with one last desperate push, I racked the bar. Pain shot through my shoulders and chest as I collapsed back onto the bench, gasping for breath.

Two-twenty-five used to be my max with Brad spotting. Now I was doing sets of ten alone, night after night.

Fourteen days since I'd walked out of his apartment. Fourteen nights I'd dragged myself here when sleep wouldn't come, which was basically every night. The routine had become clockwork: arrive at 11 PM, warm up for fifteen minutes, then push myself until my muscles screamed louder than my thoughts.

I took a long swig of water, then wiped my face with the towel draped over my shoulder. My reflection in the mirror across the gym looked haggard—dark circles under my eyes, cheekbones more pronounced. I'd lost weight. Food didn't taste like much these days.

"Two more sets." I added another ten pounds to each side of the bar.

Brad would've told me I was being stupid, risking injury. But Brad wasn't here. Brad was probably in bed with Jennifer, pretending he'd never had his cock inside me, never shouted my name when he came.

I positioned myself under the bar again, gripping it until my knuckles turned white.

I was mid-rep when a beam of light split the darkness. The door swung open, breaking my concentration. The bar wobbled above my chest.

"Fuck," I hissed, arms straining as I racked the weight with an ungraceful clang.

I'd chosen this ungodly hour specifically to avoid running into anyone. The campus gym was supposed to be deserted—just me and my misery having quality time together. That was the whole damn point.

A figure appeared in the doorway, silhouetted against the hallway light. Even before I could make out the face, I knew who it was from the exaggerated pose—one hand on hip, the other resting against the doorframe like he was auditioning for a Calvin Klein ad.

"Well helloooo, gorgeous! Fancy meeting you here in my nocturnal playground."

Dave. Fucking Camp fucking David.

He sashayed into the weight room. Pure theater—head tilted back, shoulders pulled down to maximize his collar bone exposure, hips swaying like he was on a runway.

"Jesus Christ."

Dave's gym outfit was predictably outrageous. His tank top was cut so low at the sides it barely qualified as clothing—more like two thin strips of fabric connected by a neckline, showcasing his lean swimmer's torso and pink nipples. His compression shorts were a size too small, vacuum-sealed to his ass and package, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination. The bulge at the front was either impressive or artificially enhanced—with Dave, either was equally possible. The whole ensemble was completed with pristine white training shoes that looked like they'd never seen a drop of sweat.

"Don't stop on my account, sweetness," Dave said, making a show of fanning himself while openly ogling my sweat-soaked tank. "The view from here is simply divine."

I sat up on the bench. Dave sauntered closer, his eyes wandering over my sweat-drenched body like he was mentally undressing what little I had on.

"Fuck, Dave. What are you doing here?" I grabbed my towel and wiped my face. The last person I wanted to see tonight was Camp David, especially after our locker room encounter. Every time I saw him now, I remembered his hands on me, the smell of Brad's jockstrap, and the hollow feeling afterward.

Dave circled the bench, trailing his fingertips along the barbell. "Oh, honey, I'm always here at this hour. The night belongs to those of us with... appetites." He gave an exaggerated wink. "Though I usually have the place to myself. The janitor lets me in after hours when I bring him those little Danish pastries from the café downtown. And when I say, lets me in, I mean sometimes he lets me in, if you know what I'm saying. Some men will do anything for a cinnamon swirl."

Our last encounter had left me feeling even more fucked up than before, and I wasn't in the mood for Dave's games tonight. But there was also something almost comforting about his complete lack of pretense. At least Dave was honest about what he wanted, unlike some people.

He leaned against the squat rack, cocking one hip out and giving me his best sultry gaze.

"Need a spotter, handsome? Or just someone to admire the view?"

The harsh gym lighting caught the definition in his swimmer's shoulders, the lean muscle that came from countless hours in the pool. Despite his flamboyant persona, Dave was legitimately built.

I sat up on the bench, putting a good foot of space between use.

"I'm good," I said, reaching for my towel. "Almost done anyway."

I wiped my face. The rough cotton against my skin gave me something to focus on besides Dave's presence.

When I lowered the towel, Dave was still watching me, but not with his usual predatory stare. His eyes moved over my shoulders, down to my chest where my tank stuck to my skin, then to my arms where veins still stood out from exertion.

"You look like shit, by the way," he said, but his voice lacked its usual sharp edge. "And I mean that in the most concerned way possible."

I folded the towel and placed it beside me on the bench. "Thanks for the update. I hadn't noticed."

"How long have you been coming here at night?"

"Couple weeks," I said. "It's quiet."

"And lonely. Trust me, I'm the reigning queen of midnight workouts. I know what it looks like when someone's avoiding the daylight crowd."

"Just trying to get my sets in. Nothing more to it."

Dave crossed his arms, his expression softening. I'd never seen him look so... normal.

I looked away from Dave, fixing my gaze on the weight plates stacked against the wall. His scrutiny made me uncomfortable.

"So," Dave said, shifting his weight to one leg and draping himself against the weight rack with practiced casualness. "Haven't seen our golden boy Brad around much lately."

My grip tightened reflexively on the towel in my hands. The sound of his name made my chest constrict.

"No idea," I managed, keeping my voice flat. "We don't coordinate our schedules."

Dave's eyebrow arched, not buying my bullshit. "Mmhmm. That's not what I heard. Word around the pool is that you two were practically joined at the hip. Or... other body parts."

His words bounced off the concrete walls of the empty gym. The girl on the treadmill had disappeared, and even the janitor had moved on to another area. Just me and Dave in this cavernous space filled with iron and shadows.

"You shouldn't believe everything you hear."

A small, knowing smile lifted one corner of his mouth.

"Oh, honey, I don't need to hear anything. I can see it written all over your face every time someone says 'Brad.'"

"It's over with Brad," My voice was steady but drained of emotion, like I'd rehearsed this line too many times in my head. "Actually, there never really was a 'with Brad' to begin with. Just...whatever the fuck that was."

I stared at my hands. Two weeks of midnight workouts, and I hadn't admitted it out loud to anyone. Yet here I was, confessing to Dave of all people.

Something shifted in Dave's expression. The theatrical mask he wore like armor seemed to slip, revealing a flash of something I'd never seen before. His shoulders dropped a fraction, the exaggerated posture softening. The perpetual smirk that defined his face melted into a more contemplative line. Even his eyes changed: less sparkling provocation, more quiet understanding.

"That particular brand of closet case takes no prisoners," Dave said, his voice missing its usual singsong quality. "Trust me, I've got the emotional scars to prove it."

Dave lowered himself onto the bench beside me. The metal frame creaked under our combined weight, the sound amplified in the empty gym.

We were at eye level now. His thigh hovered millimeters from mine, not quite touching but close enough that I could feel the heat radiating from his skin.

"You know," Dave said, "beneath all this glorious fabulousness—" he gestured at himself with a brief flash of his usual flamboyance before settling back into this new, more subdued version, "I actually give pretty decent advice about guys like Brad."

I waited for Dave to launch into some performance, but instead, his voice dropped into a register I'd never heard from him before. The exaggerated lilt vanished.

"I know what it's like," he said, "wanting someone who'll never choose you back. Been there so many times I could draw a map of the territory."

His words hit me with unexpected force. The raw honesty in his tone made me really look at Dave. Without his animated expressions and theatrical gestures, I noticed details I'd overlooked before: the slight crease between his eyebrows, the way his jawline tightened when he wasn't smiling, the unexpected depth in his eyes.

Those eyes met mine now. I expected him to glance away—that's what people do when accidentally making real connection—but he didn't. I didn't either.

"All this—" Dave waved his hand with a flourish over his body. "The camp, the fabulousness, the outrageous slut persona. It's just armor, you know?" He laughed. "Pretty fabulous armor, I'll admit. But armor nonetheless."

For the first time since I'd known him, Dave wasn't performing. He was just... there.

"Most people never bother looking past it," he added. "It's easier to dismiss the screaming queen in the corner than deal with an actual person with, God forbid, real feelings."

I studied Dave's face in the dim light of the empty gym, seeing him truly for the first time. Not the theatrical persona that swished through campus leaving a trail of scandalized whispers, but someone who understood rejection. Someone who'd built defenses against the same pain that was tearing me apart.

"You know what's fucked up?" I said. "I can't even hate him."

Dave nodded. "Wouldn't it be easier if you could?"

The air conditioning kicked on with a distant mechanical hum, sending a cool current through the otherwise stagnant air. I could feel sweat cooling on my skin, making me aware of how exposed I felt. I hadn't talked to anyone about Brad.

I turned my water bottle in my hands, the plastic crinkling with each turn.

I considered telling Dave about that last day with Brad, about the words that kept replaying in my head, about how I'd walked away feeling both liberated and gutted. I considered asking if the hurt ever really goes away, or if you just get better at carrying it.

The water bottle made another revolution in my hands.

Dave wasn't filling the space with his usual stream of innuendos and camp observations. Just... quiet. I'd never seen him go more than thirty seconds without making some outrageous comment or striking a pose. This stillness felt almost unnatural on him, like watching a hummingbird freeze mid-flight.

In the harsh fluorescent lighting, I could see the fine lines around his eyes that his carefully applied concealer usually hid—evidence of sleepless nights or maybe just the toll of maintaining his exuberant persona day after day. His lips, normally curled into a mischievous smirk, were pressed together in a thoughtful line. The performative sparkle had left his eyes, replaced by something softer, more vulnerable.

For a second, I caught something in his expression that knocked the wind out of me: loneliness. Raw, undisguised loneliness that he normally buried beneath layers of outrageous flirtation and theatrical gestures.

"Shit," I said. "There's actually a real person under all that glitter."

Dave held my gaze.

"Surprise," he said.

Something shifted between us. We'd both been wounded by the same kind of man, both built defenses to survive it. His defenses just happened to be sequined and mine were made of midnight workouts and meaningless hookups.

I took a deep breath, surprised at what I was about to say.

"You want to grab a drink somewhere?" The words tumbled out before I could second-guess them. My voice had a tentative edge I hadn't meant to reveal. "I mean, not here. Obviously."

Dave's eyebrows shot up, genuine surprise replacing his usual calculated expressions.

"Shit, I didn't mean—" I ran a hand through my sweaty hair, feeling my face heat up. "Not like that. Not for a hookup or anything." I winced at my awkwardness. "Just... I could use a beer. And maybe talking to someone who gets it. That's all."

I gestured vaguely at the space between us. "I'm not hitting on you."

Dave looked at me for a long moment, studying my face. Then his lips curved into a smile I'd never seen before. It softened his entire face, transforming him from "Camp David" into just... Dave.

"I think I'd like that," he said. "Drinks with someone who isn't trying to get into my pants for once. Novel concept."

Dave's smile transformed his face. As I looked at him - really looked at him - I noticed the softness around his eyes, genuine warmth replacing his usual calculated gleam. A small dimple appeared on his left cheek, something I'd never noticed before. Without the exaggerated facial expressions and theatrical flair, his features settled into something unexpectedly handsome.

The air in the empty gym felt lighter somehow, clearer. We weren't Camp David and Brad's rejected fuck buddy anymore. Just two guys who recognized something familiar in each other's pain. .

"I'd like that," Dave said simply.

I reached for my gym bag, slinging it over my shoulder as I stood from the bench. Dave rose beside me, not rushing to fill the silence with chatter. He waited patiently as I gathered my water bottle and checked my phone out of habit. No messages from Brad. For once, I didn't feel the familiar twist in my gut.

We walked side by side toward the exit.

I shouldered the gym door open, letting Dave pass through before me. My watch read 1:13 AM as we stepped out into the night. Campus had transformed in those hours I'd spent pounding weights, the daytime chaos replaced by an eerie stillness.

"Thanks," Dave said.

The blast of cold air hit me like a physical force after hours in the stuffy gym. My sweat-damp t-shirt clung to my back, but the chill was refreshing against my overheated skin. I inhaled deeply.

"Fuck, that's better," I said, rolling my shoulders. "Felt like I was breathing recycled farts in there."

Dave laughed. "Such poetry."

Our breath clouded in front of us in pale puffs that dissipated into the darkness. The temperature had dropped sharply while we'd been inside, turning what had been a mild evening into something with a definite bite. Dave rubbed his bare arms, his skin prickling with goosebumps in the thin tank top he'd worn to work out.

As we approached the narrow path that cut between the library and the old administration building, Dave shifted closer to me. Our arms brushed, small points of contact that no longer felt charged with his usual deliberate provocation.

"Drink? You mentioned a drink?" Dave's words came out on visible puffs of breath.

"Yes, but where? Most places'll be closing soon."

Dave glanced at me, his face half-lit by a passing streetlight. In that moment, with the shadows emphasizing the angle of his jawline and the light catching his eyes, I realized he was actually handsome when not performing his usual routine.

"I'm not feeling The Underground. Too many wannabe frat boys even on a Tuesday." He grimaced. "And before you suggest Firehouse, their beer selection is just variations on piss in a glass."

I laughed. "Fair criticism. I didn't take you for a beer snob."

"There's a lot you don't know about me, Alan." He said it lightly, but the words carried weight. "I prefer whiskey neat, beer when it's worth drinking, and those fruity cocktails only when I'm playing up the act."

We reached the edge of campus, the administrative buildings giving way to the small businesses that clustered around the university.

"There's a place about three blocks from here," Dave said, pointing east. "Morgan's. Little dive bar tucked between that sketchy pawn shop and the twenty-four-hour laundromat. They've got decent whiskey, good beer, and—nobody from campus really goes there. It's quiet. We can hear each other talk without shouting over shitty remixes or drunk sorority girls."

At Morgan's, nobody would know "Camp David." There'd be just Dave.

"Sounds perfect."

I'd never been to Morgan's before, even though it was only a few blocks from campus. The place was small, with soft amber lighting casting a warm glow over worn wooden tables. A mellow saxophone drifted through speakers, just loud enough to fill the silence without drowning out conversation. It was nothing like the pounding bass and shouting crowds at The Underground. The handful of patrons, mostly middle-aged locals, didn't glance up as we entered.

We claimed a corner booth with cracked leather seats, the table surface worn smooth by decades of glasses and elbows.

"What'll you have?" Dave asked.

"Just a beer. Whatever IPA they have on tap."

Dave nodded and approached the bar. I watched him talk to the bartender. His usual flamboyant gestures were dialed down to nothing. When he returned, he placed my pint of amber liquid in front of me and set down what looked like a whiskey with a twist for himself.

"Old fashioned," he explained, catching my glance. "Bourbon, bitters, sugar, orange peel. Simple but complex, like me." A ghost of his usual camp persona flickered across his face before fading.

I nodded and took a sip of my beer, unsure what to talk about now that we were here. Without the context of campus or the gym, I realized I knew almost nothing about Dave beyond his reputation.

"So..."

"So," Dave echoed, running his finger around the rim of his glass. "This is weird, right?"

"Yeah. Weird."

We sipped our drinks and avoided eye contact.

"You know what's even weirder?" Dave finally said. "I've seen your dick, but I don't know your major."

I choked on my beer. The frank observation, delivered in Dave's matter-of-fact tone, broke through the tension. A laugh escaped me.

"Environmental science," I managed once I'd recovered. "With a minor in conservation biology."

Dave's lips twitched into a smile. "That's... not what I expected."

"What did you expect?"

"I don't know. Business? Sports management? Something aggressively heterosexual."

"Because environmental science is so gay?"

"No, because..." Dave's hands settled on the table instead of fluttering through the air like they usually did. "Because you seem like someone trying to fit a mold. The athlete who doesn't rock the boat."

The accuracy of his observation caught me off guard. As I considered his words, I noticed how Dave's entire demeanor had shifted. His shoulders had relaxed, dropping away from his ears. His fingers traced simple patterns on the condensation of his glass instead of making elaborate flourishes. His voice had settled into a lower register, losing its affected pitch.

"I actually give a shit about the planet," I admitted. "Always have, even when I was a kid. Used to drive my dad nuts when I'd lecture him about recycling."

Dave smiled—not his usual exaggerated grin but something softer and more genuine. The amber lighting from the fixtures above caught in his eyes, turning them from their usual pale blue to something warmer, almost gold at the edges. I'd never noticed before how his eyes crinkled at the corners when he smiled for real.

"What about you? What's your major?"

"Theater production," he said, then laughed at my expression. "I know, shocking. But it's lighting design, props, videoing performances, video editing."

"You're not on stage?"

"Everyone assumes I want to be on stage because of..." he gestured at himself, "all this. But I'm more interested in what happens behind the scenes."

As he spoke about lighting techniques, filming techniques, and set design, I found myself genuinely interested. Dave was animated, but not in his usual performative way. This enthusiasm was natural, unforced.

"Camera work. It's all in the editing. How you tell the story you want."

I was seeing the real Dave for the first time. Passionate and knowledgeable, beyond the caricature he presented to the world. He was telling his story, his real story, unedited.

The conversation flowed easier than I'd expected, our initial awkwardness dissolving as rounds of drinks kept coming. Two beers became three, and Dave's old fashioneds kept pace. We'd migrated from majors to music (turns out we shared an embarrassing love for early 2000s pop punk), then movies (Dave had strong opinions about cinematography in horror films), and somehow to childhood pets. I found myself laughing at his story about a disastrous attempt to teach his pet turtle to do tricks.

"I was convinced Gerald—yes, I named my turtle Gerald—could learn to come when called," Dave said, his eyes bright with amusement rather than his usual calculated sparkle. "Spent an entire summer trying to train him with lettuce rewards."

"Did it work?"

"Not once. That bastard ignored me completely." Dave drained his glass. "But I loved him anyway."

The bartender approached our table, setting down the check between us. "Last call was ten minutes ago, gentlemen."

I glanced at my watch. Almost 2:30 AM. We'd been talking for over an hour.

We both reached for the check, our fingers brushing against each other. I looked up, catching Dave's eyes, and something in his expression made me pause. His gaze held mine, open and unguarded in a way I'd never seen before. The moment stretched between us, neither of us pulling away.

I saw past all his layers to something vulnerable underneath. The amber light caught the flecks of darker blue in his irises.

"I've got this. My idea, my treat."

Instead of arguing with dramatic flair or making some innuendo-laden comment about owing me, Dave simply nodded. "Thanks… Next one's on me."

The bar was empty, the bartender wiping down surfaces with increasing purpose. The night had shifted something between Dave and me – stripped away the personas we both wore like armor.

"We should probably go."

Dave slipped into his jacket. As we moved toward the door, he hesitated, his usual confidence seemingly abandoned.

"Alan... Would you maybe want to have one more drink? At my place?"

The invitation hung between us, free of innuendo or camp performance. Just a question.

Brad's face flashed in my mind: his smile, his blue eyes, the way he'd turned away from me in the rain. For a moment, I felt the familiar pull, the reflex to measure every decision against what Brad might think or do. I pushed the image away.

"Yes," I said. "I'd like that."

Something relaxed in Dave's expression: not triumph or calculation, but simple relief. He smiled.

We stepped outside into the night air, colder than before. As we turned toward the residential streets, Dave's hand found mine.

I didn't pull away.

# Chapter 16

We walked back to Dave's place in a comfortable silence, my head pleasantly buzzed from the drinks. When he unlocked the door to his apartment, I wasn't sure what to expect—maybe rainbow flags everywhere or some kind of shrine to male swimmers—but what I stepped into surprised me .

"Welcome to my humble abode," Dave said, flicking on a few lamps that cast a warm, diffused glow across the space.

I guess I'd been expecting pink glitter feather boas, make-up mirrors, and Judy Garland posters. But no, the apartment was... stunning. Minimal but inviting, clean lines and thoughtful design choices. A slate gray sectional dominated the living room, facing large windows with simple roller blinds. Black and white photography hung on the walls: artistic nude studies that were more elegant than explicit, alongside what looked like landscapes from national parks.

"These are gorgeous," I said, examining a striking photo of a male torso obscured by shadow. "Did you take these?"

"Some of them." Dave moved toward the kitchen. "Photography minor. Beer?"

"Sure."

While he grabbed drinks, I noticed small potted succulents and a larger fiddle leaf fig in the corner. Nothing said "Camp David": it was refined, masculine, and thoughtful.

Dave returned with two bottles and dropped onto one end of the couch, kicking off his shoes and stretching his legs. I settled into the opposite corner.

"I'm guessing people don't expect this when they come over," I said.

Dave smiled. The soft light from the modernist floor lamp behind him caught the highlights in his hair. The gentle glow from carefully placed lamps created pools of warmth in the otherwise cool-toned space.

"That's kind of the point," he said, taking a swig of his beer. "The queen everyone sees on campus is just one part of who I am. And not the important part."

"Wait, you were in competitive ballroom dancing?" I asked, my voice rising with genuine disbelief. The mental image of Dave—the guy I'd only ever seen flouncing around the locker room making crude comments about jockstraps—in a tailcoat executing perfect waltz turns was too much.

I leaned forward to set my beer down, laughing so hard I nearly spilled it. The bottle tilted, and I had to catch myself, gripping the neck tighter as amber liquid sloshed inside.

"Fuck," I gasped, righting the bottle on the coffee table. "Sorry, I just... you're serious?"

Dave gave a proud but embarrassed nod in confirmation. "Three-time regional champion," he said, his voice quieter than I'd ever heard it. "My partner Eliza and I dominated the Under-21 Latin category. My cha-cha was fucking legendary."

I stared at him, still grinning but with something shifting in my expression. It wasn't mockery—it was something closer to wonder. How had I spent three years seeing this guy around campus and never actually seen him at all? The Dave sitting across from me wasn't just some one-dimensional stereotype. He had history, talents, passions I knew nothing about.

"That's... impressive," I said. "Why'd you stop?"

Dave traced the rim of his beer bottle with his finger, a small, private smile playing at his lips. "Realized I was more interested in leading than following," he said. "And more interested in my male competitors than Eliza." He looked up, meeting my eyes. "That caused some complications."

I nodded, still processing this new information. There were so many layers to Dave I'd never bothered to discover, hiding behind the flamboyant facade he showed the world. For the first time, I felt like I was seeing the real person beneath.

"It wasn't just some hobby," Dave said, his voice taking on an earnestness I'd never heard from him before. "Four consecutive years of championships—Junior Latin Division, then Standard, then Latin and Standard in the Youth category." His eyes had a distant look, like he was seeing himself on those dance floors again. "My last competition, the Grand Nationals in Chicago, my partner Eliza and I took gold in four of five dances. Perfect scores in rumba."

As he spoke, his hands began to move. Not with the theatrical flourishes I was used to seeing, but with precise, controlled gestures that suggested years of muscle memory. His right hand curved gracefully in the air, fingers poised as if holding an invisible partner at the small of their back. His left hand extended outward, palm up, in perfect frame position.

"In ballroom, everything communicates through the frame," he demonstrated, his fingers tensing. "The tiniest pressure here," he indicated with his thumb, "tells your partner which way to turn. It's a language without words."

I leaned forward, genuinely fascinated. This wasn't me humoring the campiest guy on campus—I was captivated. I'd always been shit at dancing, all elbows and uncertainty, but Dave spoke about it with such passion that I could almost see him gliding across polished floors, commanding the space around him.

"Do you miss it?" I asked.

Dave's hands dropped, and he looked at me with surprise, like he hadn't expected a real question. "Every day," he admitted quietly.

Something shifted in the room between us. The music had changed to something slower, more intimate. I studied Dave's face in the soft lamplight, seeing the intelligence behind his eyes, the careful way he chose his words when he wasn't playing a character. It hit me how little I'd known about him before tonight—I'd seen only the performance, never bothered to look past it.

"Why didn't I know any of this about you?" I asked, genuinely perplexed.

He gave me a small, almost sad smile. "Because you never asked, Alan. Nobody does."

The conversation fell into a brief, comfortable lull. Dave reached across the coffee table for his phone. The movement was casual, but there was something deliberate in it, like he'd made a decision. He unlocked the screen with his thumb, the blue light illuminating his face in the dimly lit room.

"You know," he said, not looking up as he began scrolling through his photo gallery, "I have proof of my ballroom days."

I watched his thumb slide across the screen, flicking through images too quickly for me to see. His expression shifted subtly as he navigated backward through what must have been years of photos. For a moment, he paused, his finger hovering above the screen. I caught a glimpse of uncertainty in his eyes—a flash of vulnerability I'd never associated with the Dave I thought I knew.

"Look, I don't show these to just anybody," he said, his voice quieter than before. He hesitated again, as if reconsidering, before turning the phone toward me. "This was me at seventeen."

I leaned closer to see the screen. The photo showed a younger Dave, almost unrecognizable in formal dance attire—a tailored black suit with satin lapels that hugged his frame. His hair was slicked back severely, emphasizing high cheekbones I'd never noticed before. He stood in perfect posture beside a pretty brunette in a sparkly red dress, both of them holding a large trophy and beaming at the camera.

"Holy shit," I said. "You weren't kidding."

He swiped to another photo: this one showing him mid-dance, his back arched, one arm extended above his head, the other wrapped around his partner's waist as they executed what looked like an impossible move.

"This was our winning rumba routine," Dave said with pride. "The one that got us perfect scores."

The contrast between the disciplined, elegant dancer in the photos and the outrageous character he played on campus was striking. Which one was the real Dave? Or were they different parts of a whole person I was only beginning to understand.

I continued studying the photos as Dave swiped through them. Each image revealed a version of him I never would have imagined. This Dave had a conservative, neatly-trimmed haircut—no highlights or styling products—just clean-cut precision that matched his immaculate posture. His expression in many of the competition photos was deadly serious, focused in a way that contradicted everything I thought I knew about him. More surprising was his clothing outside the ballroom context—button-downs, tasteful polos, and in one group shot, what looked like a school uniform with a tie knotted at his throat.

"When was this one taken?" I asked, pointing to a photo where he stood with what appeared to be his family, all of them dressed formally for what might have been church or some kind of special occasion.

"Easter Sunday, junior year of high school," Dave said, his voice softer than I'd heard it all night. "About six months before I came out."

I looked closer at his face in the photo—the rigid smile, the tension around his eyes, the careful distance he maintained from his father despite standing right beside him.

"You look like a completely different person," I said.

"I was, in a way." He took the phone back, swiping through a few more images before stopping on one that showed him in a dance pose that looked physically impossible. "This was me before I decided the closet was too cramped for my wardrobe."

He smiled at his own joke, but something flickered across his face—a shadow that didn't match his light tone. For just a moment, I caught a glimpse of pain in his eyes, raw and unfiltered. It vanished, replaced by his usual easy smile, but I'd seen it—a momentary crack in the facade that suggested the journey from that serious, buttoned-up teenager to "Camp David" hadn't been without its costs.

I watched his face, noticing how his fingers tightened almost imperceptibly around his phone, how his breathing changed subtly before he forced another smile and continued swiping.

"You're full of surprises," I said, shaking my head with genuine admiration. "Competitive ballroom champion, photography, this apartment..."

Dave set his phone down on the coffee table. Screen-down, like he was closing a chapter of his life he'd just allowed me to glimpse.

"Most people don't bother looking past the show," he said. No dramatic hand flourishes accompanied his words. No exaggerated facial expressions or campy vocal inflections. Just Dave. "It's easier to be the character everyone expects. The minute I walked onto campus, I saw how people looked at me—they wanted the gay stereotype, so that's what I gave them."

The room felt smaller somehow, more intimate. The soft lamp light created shadows that seemed to pull us closer together on the couch. Outside, the occasional car passed by, headlights illuminating the window before darkness returned. Music still played in the background, but it felt like part of the atmosphere rather than something separate.

"Truth is," Dave continued, "nobody wants the real version. They want the performance. Camp David makes them comfortable because he fits in the box they've created. He's predictable. Safe."

I realized the space between us on the couch had diminished. Whether he had moved closer or I had, I couldn't be sure, but I could now see the flecks of amber in his eyes, the slight tension in his jaw as he spoke about his alter ego in the third person.

"The locker room stuff, the dramatics—it's armor," Dave admitted. "People laugh at the caricature, but they don't look too closely at the person underneath. And sometimes... that's exactly what I need."

His voice had lost all its theatrical quality. There wasn't a trace of the flamboyant persona I'd encountered countless times around campus.

"Everyone's got me sorted," Dave continued, running his hand through his unstyled hair. "I'm Camp David: the guy who sniffs jockstraps, the walking punchline, the campus slut who'll fuck anything with a pulse." He laughed, but it was hollow. "And you know what? That's convenient. They think they know everything about me from one glance, so they never look deeper."

I studied his face in the low light. Without his performance—the exaggerated expressions and dramatic gestures—I noticed the intelligence in his eyes, the slight melancholy in the set of his mouth. There was such depth there, at odds with the shallow character he projected. His fingers tensed around his beer bottle as he spoke, revealing a vulnerability I'd never noticed before.

"Shit," I whispered, feeling a sudden weight in my chest. "I did the same thing to you, didn't I?"

Dave's eyes flicked up to meet mine, surprise evident in his expression.

It hit me like a punch to the gut—how easily I'd dismissed him, filed him away under "campus queen" and never bothered to look further. Every time I'd seen him in the gym or locker room, I'd only registered the stereotype, not the person. I'd laughed at "Camp David" without ever wondering who Dave actually was.

The realization must have shown on my face. My shoulders sagged and I ran my hand through my hair, feeling ashamed. All this time I'd been obsessing over Brad not seeing the real me, while I'd been blind to the real Dave right in front of me.

"I get it," I said finally, my voice quiet but sincere. "People see what they want to see." I met his gaze. "I'm sorry I didn't see you."

Dave's expression shifted, his eyes taking on an unexpected perceptiveness that made me exposed.

"It's like Brad and you, isn't it?" he said.

My body tensed, a reflexive tightening in my shoulders and back. The mention of Brad's name wasn't what I'd expected. Dave's voice held no accusation or mockery—just a quiet understanding that somehow made it worse. It was like he'd spotted a wound I was pretending wasn't there and touched it to confirm.

"He only sees what he wants to see in you too," Dave continued. "The version that's convenient for him, not the whole person."

I forced myself to relax, consciously unclenching my jaw, letting my shoulders drop. I'd spent weeks trying not to think about Brad, about how he could fuck me in a bathroom stall but pretend I didn't exist when his girlfriend was around.

"I've watched him with you," Dave said, his voice still measured, gentle. "The way he reaches for you when nobody's looking, then acts like you're just some buddy when others are around." He shook his head. "It's not that different from people who laugh at my jokes then roll their eyes when I walk away."

As Dave spoke, his expression softened further, the corners of his eyes crinkling with something like compassion. Nothing in his tone suggested judgment or pity. He wasn't Camp David making a scene—he was just Dave, recognizing a familiar pain.

I felt naked, transparent. Like he could see every moment Brad had used me, every text I'd sent that went unanswered, every hopeful glance across a crowded room that Brad had ignored.

I nodded. There was no point denying it. "Yeah," I said. "It's exactly like that."

The truth hung between us, simple and undeniable. Brad saw what he wanted to see in me—someone who could satisfy his curiosity without threatening his carefully constructed image. Someone disposable.

A silence settled between us, but it wasn't the awkward kind that begged to be filled with nervous chatter. It felt contemplative, like we were both turning over important realizations in our minds. The moment stretched out, punctuated only by the soft music drifting from his speakers and the occasional distant sound of a car passing outside.

I glanced down at the space between us on the couch—maybe two feet of cushion. That gap was the space between who we pretended to be and who we actually were, between the personas we'd crafted for self-protection and the vulnerable humans beneath.

Through the window, city lights twinkled against the night sky. The world out there was distant and small compared to the weight of what was happening in this room; an unexpected connection with someone I thought I knew but had never seen.

The careful way he held himself, the intelligence behind his eyes, the quiet strength in his posture—all of it had been there all along, hidden in plain sight behind his outrageously camp performance.

Dave lifted his beer bottle. "To seeing clearly."

I raised my bottle to meet his. "To seeing clearly."

Our glasses clinked together.

I glanced at the wall clock. 4:17 AM. Nearly dawn. We'd been talking for hours.

Dave had tucked his legs underneath him on the couch, his posture more relaxed than I'd ever seen on campus. Without the performative gestures and exaggerated mannerisms, he looked younger, more vulnerable somehow. He'd changed into gray sweatpants and a faded band t-shirt after we'd arrived, and his hair had fallen loose across his forehead.

"I can't believe it's this late," I said.

"Shit, I have an 8 AM tomorrow. Today." He didn't make any move to suggest I should leave, though. Instead, he just settled deeper into the couch, at ease in a way that made something in my chest loosen.

"Should I head out?" I said.

"Only if you want to," he said, taking another sip of his beer. The Dave I was seeing tonight was light-years from the caricature I thought I knew.

Dave reached for his laptop on the coffee table, something serious settling in his eyes.

"Look, Alan, I need to show you something about Brad."

I tensed at the mention of Brad's name again. Dave opened his computer, his movements measured and precise, unlike his usually flamboyant gestures.

"Brad isn't just confused or closeted. He's dangerous—to himself and to guys like you who care about him." He navigated to a website with a dark background and explicit thumbnails: HungAndHorny.com.

"What is this?" I said, though I knew it well.

"I found something a few weeks ago that you should see."

He scrolled down. My stomach dropped: a thumbnail of Dave, recognizable despite the angle, in our campus locker room. Jerking off while pressing a jockstrap to his face.

"What the fuck?"

"Brad uploaded this."

I stared at the screen, my stomach dropping. The video showed Dave in the locker room, sniffing Brad's jockstrap while jerking off.

"What the fuck?"

Dave closed the laptop. "I... I wasn't entirely truthful about how I got the jockstrap."

I waited.

"Brad didn't just give it to me after we hooked up." Dave drew a deep breath. "He caught me in the locker room one day. I thought everyone had left, and I... well, you can see what I was doing."

The confident facade was gone now. Dave looked smaller somehow, vulnerable in a way that made my chest tighten.

"Brad gave me the jockstrap on one condition: that I jerk off in front of him while he watched." Dave's voice cracked. "I refused at first. Told him to fuck off."

He ran his hand through his hair.

"Then he showed me a video on his phone. He'd been recording me the whole time." Dave's eyes filled with humiliation. "He told me if I didn't put on a show for him, he'd upload it everywhere. Make sure everyone on campus saw it."

I felt sick. This wasn't the Brad I thought I knew—or maybe it was exactly who he was, and I'd been blind.

"So you did it?" I said.

"What choice did I have? I performed for him like he wanted. The whole time he kept his phone out, making it clear he was recording that too. Extra insurance, he said."

"That fucking piece of shit," I said.

I couldn't reconcile the Brad I'd been so hung up on with this manipulative asshole who'd film someone for blackmail.

Dave's eyes fixed on a point somewhere past me.

"There was still more, Alan." His voice was barely audible. "Brad got out his cock while I was... doing what he asked. He jerked off watching me. Didn't say a word, just stroked himself while I degraded myself with his fucking jockstrap."

My stomach clenched.

"After we both... finished," Dave said, "he just walked off. Didn't say a goddamn thing. Like I was nothing." His hands twisted together in his lap. "Then a few days later, he texted me a link to the video on that site. He uploaded it, in spite of what he said."

I dropped back onto the couch. The cushions sank under my weight, bringing us closer together.

"Can you get the video taken down?" I asked, already knowing the answer. "Report it to the site or something?"

"Of course not. Those sites don't give a shit. And even if they did take it down, Brad would just put it somewhere else." He rubbed his eyes. "Besides, it's already been viewed hundreds of times. You can't put that genie back in the bottle."

"Police?"

"I tried. I have, er, a friend, at the station. But he says it's too common. They can't do anything. They're not interested."

As the silence settled between us, I found myself truly looking at Dave for the first time. Not the caricature I'd been so familiar with, but the actual man sitting across from me. The dim lighting cast soft shadows across his features, highlighting angles and expressions I'd never bothered to notice before.

His eyes caught me first. There was an intelligence there that Camp David's exaggerated mannerisms had obscured. His gaze held steady, observant and thoughtful, revealed a depth of understanding I'd missed. Those eyes had been watching and noticing everything while everyone dismissed him as just the campus queen.

When he smiled, a small, genuine curve, it transformed his entire face. Warm and unguarded in a way his performative expressions never were. I realized that I'd probably never seen his real smile before tonight.

His hands, which normally punctuated every sentence with dramatic flourishes, now moved with grace as he reached for his beer.

I shifted on the couch, closing some of the distance between us. My posture changed: the defensive slouch replaced by an alert, engaged position. I leaned in, elbows on my knees.

Dave's eyes flicked down to the lessened gap between us, then back up to my face. Surprise crossed his features.

I set my beer down on the coffee table with a decisive clink. The sound punctuated the silence that had settled between us, marking a decision I hadn't realized I was making. My fingers lingered on the bottle before I pulled my hand away and looked at Dave.

"Why me?" I said.

"What do you mean?"

"Tonight. At the gym. Why did you approach me? Of all the guys on campus who'd be easier targets, why focus on the one who was hung up on someone else?"

A flash of that familiar Camp David expression crossed his face—the mischievous smirk, the theatrical widening of his eyes. "Honey, my sexual history is basically an open book with illustrations. You've seen firsthand how I operate." He waved his hand dismissively. "I'm not exactly known for my discriminating taste."

I shook my head. "No, not that," I said. "Not the act. Not Camp David." I leaned forward. "You. The real you. Why did you invite me back here? Why show me all this?" I gestured around the apartment, to the dance photos, to everything he'd revealed tonight.

The playful facade fell away. Dave's expression shifted, becoming unguarded. His eyes met mine without deflection. The transformation was so complete it felt like watching someone step out of a costume.

The space between us on the couch constricted, charged with a new tension entirely different from the sexual energy I'd encountered in locker rooms and bathroom stalls over the past week. This was deeper. An intimacy built on recognition rather than desire.

Dave's chest rose and fall with a measured breath. He set his own drink down, mirroring my gesture from moments before. The distance between us was electrified, as though the air itself had become a conductor for the current passing between us.

Dave was still. The question I'd asked seemed to have penetrated below the surface, reaching the person beyond the performance.

"You could hook up with anyone," I said. "Guys line up for you at parties. But instead, you reached out to me tonight, when I was clearly a mess, obsessing over Brad. You showed me your real apartment, your real life. That wasn't Camp David looking for a quick fuck. That was..." I gestured toward him, "...this version of you. The real one. Why?"

I'd never seen him without words before. Even in the most awkward situations on campus, he always had a quick retort or flamboyant comeback. But now, his theatrical arsenal was depleted, leaving just the man behind the mask, contemplating my question with seriousness.

Soft music drifted from hidden speakers—something classical I couldn't identify but that fitted the elegant space. No traffic sounds penetrated the windows, no neighbors' voices filtered through the walls.

I waited. For once, I wasn't rushing toward the next moment, the next possibility. Instead, I simply existed, here, now, in this space with Dave, watching him consider his response with a care that suggested my question mattered more than I'd anticipated.

Dave finally broke the silence.

"Because I saw myself in you tonight."

The words hung between. Just raw truth.

"That look on your face at the gym—I know that look. I've worn it." He rubbed his thumb against the condensation on his beer bottle. "The way you stared at nothing between sets, like you were trying to lift the weight of someone else's rejection."

Each phrase he spoke landed like stones dropping into still water, sending ripples through the quiet room.

"I spent three years chasing after Ryan Hoffman, you know him: captain of the wrestling team." Dave's fingers tightened around his bottle. "Yes, he's a gay as a unicorn shitting glitter at a Pride parade. As gay as they come, and boy, does he cum. He'd fuck me in empty classrooms, then walk past me in the hallway without a glance."

I watched his eyes as he spoke. The usual mischievous sparkle had disappeared, replaced by something nakedly vulnerable. The mask had slipped, revealing an expression I recognized too well from my own mirror.

"I saw you tonight, and it was like looking at myself from then," he continued. "Except you didn't have your armor yet. You were just... raw. Bleeding for everyone to see."

Surprise washed over me. I'd been so consumed with my own pain that I'd never considered others might recognize it from their own experiences. Never imagined that flamboyant, confident Dave of all people, would be the one who understood.

"But there was something else too." Dave finally looked up. "The way you looked at me tonight in the gym, after I dropped the act for a second... you looked at me like I might be more than just 'Camp David.' Like there might be someone worth knowing underneath." His voice grew so quiet I had to lean closer to hear him. "Nobody's looked at me like that in a long time."

The raw honesty in the room made it almost impossible to maintain eye contact. Both of us kept glancing away, then back, neither able to bear the vulnerability of the moment yet unwilling to break it.

I considered Dave's words, the raw honesty of his admission hanging between us. In that moment, I saw him. Not as the caricature I'd dismissed for years, but as someone who understood rejection and longing in the same visceral way I did.

This wasn't the desperate grabbing I'd done in bathroom stalls or the frantic need that had driven me to strangers. This was something else.

I slid across the couch, closing the distance between us with purpose. My movement wasn't rushed or impulsive—it was measured, certain. Dave's eyes widened, but he didn't retreat or launch into his usual deflective humor. He simply watched me approach, his breathing changing as I moved closer.

"Alan?" he whispered, his voice stripped of all theatrical inflection.

I didn't answer with words. Instead, I reached up and placed my hand against his cheek. His skin was warm and smooth under my palm—so different from Brad's perpetual stubble. Dave remained still, like he was afraid any movement might shatter the moment.

I leaned forward and pressed my lips to his. The kiss was nothing like our frantic encounter in the locker room, where we'd collided with desperate energy, all teeth and tongues and urgent hands. There had been nothing gentle about that—it had been raw and animalistic, driven by need rather than connection.

This kiss was deliberate. Soft. I could taste the slight bitterness of beer on his lips, feel the careful way he responded—hesitant at first, then with growing certainty. His hand came up to rest lightly on my shoulder, not gripping or pulling, just touching. Connecting.

In the locker room, we'd been performing—me as the heartbroken man seeking distraction, him as the outrageous flirt. Our bodies had crashed together in a transaction of pleasure, but we'd remained strangers.

This was different. The gentleness of this kiss acknowledged the genuine people we'd revealed to each other tonight. My lips moved against his with an honesty that scared me more than any anonymous hookup ever could.

Dave's hand hovered for a moment before his fingertips made contact with my face. The touch was feather-light, giving me every chance to pull away. His fingers traced along my jawline, each point of contact sending small currents across my skin. There was something reverent in how he touched me, as though he was afraid I might dissolve under his fingertips.

The kiss stretched on, neither of us willing to end it. What had started as a simple press of lips deepened, not with the frantic urgency of our locker room encounter but with a slow-building intensity. I could feel the slight tremble in his lips, the careful way he matched my rhythm. Seconds stretched into a full minute, maybe longer—time seemed irrelevant compared to the sensation of being present in a moment that wasn't clouded by desperation or performance.

This desire felt different—cleaner somehow. Not the frantic need to forget Brad or the mechanical release I'd sought from strangers. Not Dave's exaggerated camp performance or my own desperate grasping. Instead, there was something almost tender in how we moved together, a recognition passing between us that transcended physical attraction. His hand moved to cup the back of my neck, fingers threading through my hair, holding me with a care that made something ache deep in my chest.

When we finally separated, Dave's eyes remained closed an extra beat, his breath warm against my lips. When he opened them, the person looking back at me was completely, authentically Dave—no trace of his campus persona remained.

"What was that for?" he said. The vulnerability in those four words hit me.

I brushed my thumb across his cheekbone.

"For being real with me," I said.

My hand lingered on his face, tracing the contours I'd never really looked at before. This touch wasn't sexual—it was something more intimate, an acknowledgment of the person beneath the performance, a silent appreciation for the courage it had taken him to drop his defenses.

I let my hand fall from his face, my fingertips trailing reluctantly down his jawline. The connection between us felt too profound for a single night of comfort. This wasn't just about physical release or forgetting Brad. Something genuine had sparked between us—something I wanted to explore while present, not exhausted and emotional at 3 AM.

"Have coffee with me tomorrow," I said, the words tumbling out before I could overthink them. "An actual date."

The word "date" hung in the air between us, heavy with significance. Not a hookup. Not a casual fuck. A date. Something I hadn't had in... I couldn't remember how long. Something that acknowledged we were two people interested in knowing each other, not just bodies seeking temporary satisfaction. The word carried weight—expectations, possibilities, vulnerabilities. The frightening prospect of being seen for who I really was, beyond the desperate mess I'd become over Brad.

Dave's expression transformed at my words. The smile that spread across his face wasn't the exaggerated, theatrical grin of Camp David that I'd seen countless times around campus. This was something different, somthing real. It started small upward curve of his lips, then expanded until his entire face was illuminated. The smile reached his eyes, crinkling the corners and making them shine with a warmth I'd never noticed before. A small dimple appeared in his right cheek—a detail I'd somehow missed despite years of seeing him around campus. His whole face softened, the careful guardedness melting away to reveal genuine joy that seemed to radiate from somewhere deep inside him.

That smile. Authentic, unguarded, happy. All the response I needed.

The living room seemed to transform around us. The same space that had felt like a sophisticated snapshot into Dave's hidden life now became intimate, almost sacred. We sat facing each other on the couch, neither of us moving to close the small gap between us after that first kiss. Something more significant than physical desire held us suspended in this moment.

"A date," Dave repeated, as if testing how the word felt in his mouth. The way he said it—with gentle wonder rather than his usual dramatic flair—made my chest tighten.

I nodded, aware of my vulnerability. "A real one. Where we talk. Where we're just... ourselves."

His eyes held mine, and I saw recognition flicker there—the understanding that we were crossing into territory neither of us had navigated in a long time. Not the familiar terrain of hookups or the emotional wasteland of pursuing unavailable men, but something sustainable. Something honest.

"I'd like that," he said simply.

The classical music continued its gentle flow around us, filling the comfortable silence that followed. I noticed how the warm amber glow from his tasteful lamps softened everything—the hard edges of furniture, the angular planes of his face, the sharp corners of my recent pain. The light seemed to wrap around us like a protective cocoon, holding this fragile new connection safe from the outside world.

"You know," I said quietly, "I think I've spent so long hiding parts of myself I'm not sure what's real anymore."

Dave's smile was gentle. "I understand that better than most."

My gaze dropped to the space between us on the couch—just a foot of empty cushion that somehow represented the final barrier between his world and mine. As if sensing my thoughts, Dave's hand moved hesitantly into that neutral territory, palm up. An invitation, not a demand.

I looked at his outstretched fingers, remembering how differently they had touched me just hours ago in the frantic darkness of the gym. Now, in the warm glow of his apartment, this simpler gesture felt infinitely more intimate.

I placed my hand in his. Our fingers interlaced, each point of contact a small communion. His thumb brushed across my knuckles, and I felt something inside me uncoil—a tension I hadn't realized I'd been carrying for months, maybe years.

Our clasped hands rested on the couch, bridging the gap between us. Neither of us spoke.

"I have to go," I said.

"But—"

I kissed him.

The night air felt different against my skin as I walked to my car, like something fundamental had shifted in the universe.

Back at my apartment, I tossed my keys on the counter and stripped off my clothes, heading straight for the shower. The hot water washed away the sweat from the gym and the emotional exhaustion of the past weeks. For the first time in ages, my mind wasn't consumed with thoughts of Brad's rejection or the hollow encounters with strangers.

After toweling off, I fell onto my bed, staring at the ceiling. My hand drifted down my stomach, an old habit when alone with my thoughts. I closed my eyes as my fingers wrapped around my cock, expecting Brad's face to materialize behind my eyelids like it always did.

But tonight was different.

Instead of Brad's cocky grin and muscular torso, I saw Dave's genuine smile—not the exaggerated camp version he showed the world, but the real, vulnerable one he'd revealed tonight. I remembered the softness in his eyes when we'd talked at the bar, the gentle way his fingers had touched my face when we kissed.

My cock hardened as I pictured Dave's body—leaner than Brad's but defined in its own way. I thought about his hands, how different they felt against my skin. Not rough and demanding like Brad's, but attentive, like each touch was deliberate.

"Fuck," I whispered into the darkness of my bedroom, stroking myself faster.

I imagined Dave's lips moving against mine, the warmth of his breath, the way his eyes had looked straight into mine without walls or pretense. My free hand played across my chest, fingertips tracing patterns that I imagined were his.

For months, every fantasy had featured Brad's body, Brad's cock, Brad's hands—even when I was with someone else. But now, as I worked my shaft with increasing urgency, it was Dave's face I saw, Dave's voice I heard in my mind. Not performing, not acting, just being himself with me.

The realization made my breath catch. My back arched as I came, Dave's name almost escaping my lips instead of the silent curse I usually bit back.

# Chapter 17

I arrived at Perks & Study fifteen minutes early, a bundle of nerves and excitement that had kept me up half the night. The coffee shop was packed, end-of-semester energy crackling through the air like static electricity. Students hunched over laptops, surrounded by fortress walls of textbooks and empty coffee cups, their faces illuminated by screen glow and desperation.

"Double shot to go for Joshua!" a barista called over the din.

I snagged a small table by the large windows just as students vacated it, leaving behind the scent of energy drinks and highlighter ink. Outside, spring sunshine bathed the campus quad in golden light. Students sprawled across the grass, some actually studying, others merely pretending to while soaking up sunshine after the long winter months.

I wiped my palms on my jeans and tried to look casual, like I wasn't about to have my first real date in ages. The barista called out another name, followed by the mechanical whir of the grinder preparing fresh beans.

The espresso machine hissed, punctuating the low hum of conversation and keyboard tapping. A girl at the next table muttered formulas while her study partner stared at a textbook, highlighter poised but unmoving. I wasn't the only one navigating complicated territory.

2:47 PM. Still thirteen minutes early.

I twirled my straw through a mountain of whipped cream, watching as it collapsed into the caramel-drizzled monstrosity beneath. I'd specifically ordered the most ridiculous thing on the menu—a triple-shot vanilla caramel frappuccino with extra whipped cream, chocolate drizzle, and those little cookie pieces sprinkled on top. It was pure anxiety fuel, sugar and caffeine combining into a perfect storm that would probably have my heart exploding out of my chest within minutes.

"Jesus Christ, Alan. Did you leave any sugar for the rest of the customers?"

Dave held a simple black coffee in hand, eyeing my drink with theatrical disgust. Despite his mock horror, he looked good—really good. He'd toned down the campus flamboyance but was still unmistakably Dave, wearing fitted jeans and a crisp button-up that hugged his body in all the right places.

"I panicked," I said. "I don't even like sweet coffee." I pushed the cup away.

Dave slid into the chair across from me. "My trainer would literally make me do burpees until I vomit if I consumed that." He shuddered with exaggerated horror, placing a hand on his heart. "Like, actual death by exercise. My obituary would read 'Local sweetheart's heart attack after whipped cream incident.' Whip *and* cream!"

I relaxed. "Is your trainer that tough?"

"Honey, the man is a sadist with certification." Dave touched his abdomen. "These abs don't maintain themselves. Especially not when tempted by whatever the fuck that is." His fingers traced over his shirt in a gesture that was both casual and hot. My mind went places it shouldn't go during a coffee date.

I pushed the frosty monstrosity toward him. "Want a taste? Might be worth a few burpees."

"You're evil."

I shrugged. "Look, we can't all dedicate our lives to having abs you could grate cheese on. Some of us have to maintain our dad bods through careful cultivation of sugar and occasional push-ups."

"Dad bod? Please. You're hiding some serious definition under that shirt."

"Swimming's different. It's basically just not drowning, but with style."

Dave laughed. A genuine laugh, not his exaggerated campus cackle. "Fair point. Though I notice you didn't deny the abs comment."

"Maybe I'm just modest."

"Or maybe," Dave leaned forward. "You're as vain as the rest of us but don't want to admit it."

Our conversation flowed easier than I expected, shifting from workout routines to professors we both hated to a shared love of trashy reality TV that neither of us admitted to watching. The coffee shop noise faded into background as we talked.

I reached for a napkin at the same moment Dave did, Our fingers brushed. The brief contact sent an unexpected jolt through me. Neither of us pulled back immediately.

"Sorry," I said.

"I'm not either."

An hour into our date, I caught myself just staring at him, a stupid smile on my face while he described how his dance partner had accidentally ripped her pants during a particularly ambitious tango.

"What?" Dave paused. "Do I have something on my face?"

"No. Nothing like that. I just..." The warmth spread through my chest.

The door swung open, letting in a blast of spring air and the sounds of campus life. I glanced up automatically.

"Fuck."

Jake and Mike strolled in, looking like they'd just walked off a outdoor catalog shoot.

My fingers tightened around my cup hard enough to dent the cardboard. Dave noticed my sudden tension and turned to see what had caused it.

"You okay?"

Jake moved with that same easy confidence I remembered all too well. The same confidence he'd had while fucking naked beside a campfire.

Mike followed close behind him, wearing a dark green henley that clung to his muscular arms and chest like it had been painted on.

The disconnect between seeing them fully clothed in this mundane setting versus my vivid memories of them made my brain short-circuit. The taste of Jake's sweat, the sound of Mike's grunts, the their hands on my body.

"Earth to Alan," Dave waved a hand in front of my face. "Did you just see a ghost or something?"

I swallowed hard. Dave had no idea about what happened on that camping trip, did he? He knew about Brad and me hooking up, but did he know about the foursome?

"It's some guys I met on a trip once." I tried to avoid looking at them, as if that stop them seeing me.

But it was too late. Jake's had seen me. He pointed out me out to Mike.

Jake didn't hesitate. He navigating between tightly packed tables with determined strides.

"Alan, we found you!"

Mike followed a few steps behind, his eyes flickering curiously between me and Dave. I noticed Mike's attention assessing Dave, trying to piece together who he might be to me.

"Hey, guys," I said.

Jake and Mike pulled chairs up to our table.

"Alan! How've you been, man?"

"I'm good, Jake. Just... you know, hanging out."

I fidgeted with my coffee cup, nerves jangling.

"We've been looking for you everywhere. Mike finally remembered seeing the university logo on your backpack, so we've been searching the campus for you. Didn't have your phone number after you left the camp so suddenly."

"Well, here I am. It's good to see you again."

 "Have you seen Brad recently?"

"No," I said. "Brad and I aren't together anymore. It didn't end well."

The table fell silent. Dave pressed his knee against mine.

"Shit, I'm sorry," Jake said.

"Yeah, well..." I shrugged. "Turns out experimenting is one thing, but dealing with the emotions that come after is another. Some guys can't handle it."

"Brad decided what happened between us was a mistake. A drunken experiment that went too far."

Dave's hand found mine beneath the table.

"Uh, guys, this is Dave," I said. "Dave, these are Jake and Mike. We went camping together a while back."

Jake extended his hand. "Nice to meet you. Are you two...?"

"Oh my GOD, honey! So YOU'RE—"

Then something shifted. Dave's shoulders relaxed, his hands settled, and his voice dropped back to its normal register.

"—actually, scratch that whole routine. I'm Dave. Nice to meet you."

I felt my jaw drop open. "Wait, what?"

Jake leaned closer, lowering his voice despite the ambient noise of the coffee shop. "Yeah, man. Word is Jennifer absolutely lost her shit about three weeks ago. Gossip around the gym is that Brad asked her to peg him."

"Peg him?" Dave said.

Mike nodded. "Apparently, he bought this big black silicone strap-on and left it on her pillow with a note. She freaked out, called him all sorts of names, and stormed out."

"Holy fuck," I whispered, trying to process this information. Brad—Mr. Macho, always-in-control Brad—had asked his girlfriend to fuck him in the ass.

Jake's eyes gleamed with the satisfaction of sharing prime gossip. "But here's where it gets really pathetic. Jennifer hasn't been back to his place since, but Brad's telling everyone they're still together."

"My friend works at the laundromat near his building," Mike added. "Says Brad comes in weekly to wash women's clothes—clothes that are obviously new with tags still on them sometimes."

"He's leaving her shit around his apartment to make it look like she still comes over," Jake finished, shaking his head. "Underwear draped over the bathroom door, makeup on the counter, the works. Billy from the rugby team stopped by last week and said the place is like a shrine to a relationship that doesn't exist anymore."

I sat back in my chair, stunned.

Dave's hand squeezed mine under the table, a silent gesture of support. His thumb traced small circles against my palm.

"Karma's a bitch," Dave said. "And apparently, sometimes she wears a strap-on."

Mike's demeanor suddenly shifted. The grin faded from his face, replaced by something more somber. He glanced down at his coffee cup, turning it slowly before looking back up at me.

"There's something else you should know, Alan," he said.

Jake's posture straightened. Mike's eyes flicked toward Dave.

"It's okay," I said, placing my hand on Dave's forearm. "Anything you need to say to me, you can say in front of Dave. I have nothing to hide from him."

Mike nodded. He leaned forward, elbows on the table, his voice low.

"It's about Brad," he began. "I think you need to hear it."

Mike's expression darkened as he pulled out his phone. His thumb slid across the screen.

"We found this last night. Didn't sleep after."

Jake put his hand on Mike's shoulder. "Just show him, babe. He needs to know."

Mike turned the phone around, holding it where only I could see. The website was familiar—the same trashy amateur porn site Brad had uploaded that video of Dave to months ago.

"Fuck..."

The thumbnail that made my blood run cold. Four naked men in a forest clearing, *our* forest clearing. The image showed Jake and Mike, their faces fully visible. And there I was, on all fours, my face in profile.

Brad had his back to the camera, unrecognizable.

"What? When...?"

"Posted three days ago," Mike said. "Already has five thousand views."

I turned the phone to show Dave.

"That motherfucker."

Blood drained from my face, replaced by a wave of nausea so powerful I had to close my eyes. The coffee shop spun around me as memories crashed through my mind—

"He must have set up a trail cam," Jake said.

"I think I'm going to be sick," I said, gripping the edge of the table.

"I'm sorry for dropping this bomb on you, Alan," Jake said. "We debated whether to show you at all."

I shook my head. "No. Don't apologize. I needed to know. Better to know what kind of person Brad really is."

I fell silent, staring at my half-empty coffee cup while thoughts crashed through my mind like storm waves. Brad hadn't just rejected me—he'd turned our experience into cheap entertainment. Exploited me, all of us.

Had he been planning this all along? Was that why he'd suggested that particular clearing? Had he known before we even left campus what he intended to do?

The voices of Dave, Jake, and Mike blended into a low murmur around me as they talked. I caught fragments—Mike mentioning legal options, Jake suggesting how to get the video taken down, Dave asking about how many views it had gotten. Their conversation flowed around me like water around a rock, as I sat stunned and silent.

"...at least his face isn't clearly visible," Dave was saying.

"Still recognizable to anyone who knows him," Jake replied.

"The police?" said Mike.

"They won't do anything."

I barely registered their words. All I could think about was Brad setting up that camera, Brad uploading that video, Brad watching it afterward, Brad showing it to others maybe, laughing.

Brad, who I'd once thought might care about me.

As the conversation continued between the three of them, I noticed Jake's arm draped around Mike's shoulders, his fingers tracing small circles on Mike's upper arm. There was something so natural about it—no hesitation, no furtive glances around to see who might be watching. Just the easy affection of two people comfortable with each other and their place in the world.

Dave leaned closer.

"You okay?"

Mike reached over to brush a crumb from Jake's shirt, their eyes meeting with quiet understanding.

Then I looked at Dave—really looked at him. The man who'd shown up at the gym when I was at my lowest. Who'd dropped his camp persona to show me his real self. Who'd been patient while I worked through my feelings for Brad. Who'd never once asked me to hide anything about myself or our relationship.

This was what I'd been seeking all along. Not just the physical rush of hooking up with Brad, or the thrill of secret trysts in bathrooms and tents. What I wanted—what I needed—was this openness. This ability to just exist together without shame or fear or hiding.

Jake laughed at something Mike said, their foreheads almost touching as they shared the moment. The intimacy between them wasn't just sexual—it was a complete acceptance of each other that Brad and I could never have had.

With Brad, every touch had been charged with secrecy. Every moment together had been shadowed by what would happen after, by who might find out, by what it all meant. Even in our most intimate moments, something had always been held back—a wall Brad couldn't or wouldn't break down.

I looked at Dave's hand intertwined with mine under the table and realized that for the first time, I wasn't hiding anything from anyone. Not even myself.

# Chapter 18

I met Dave at Perks & Study again, the same coffee shop where we'd run into Jake and Mike. It felt fitting somehow. I'd been carrying this weight around for days, and I needed to tell someone.

"Brad filmed us," I blurted out as soon as we sat down with our drinks. "That night at his apartment—there was a camera. I found out because he accidentally texted me a screenshot instead of sending it to some guy he was bragging to."

Dave's eyes widened, his usual theatrical expressions replaced with genuine shock. The froth from his cappuccino left a small white mustache above his lip that he didn't bother to wipe away.

"Jesus fucking Christ," he whispered. "That's beyond fucked up. But honestly? I'm not surprised."

"What do you mean?"

Dave leaned forward, lowering his voice. "Remember when I told you about hooking up with him? There was this weird moment when he kept positioning us in front of his dresser mirror. I thought he was just into watching himself, you know? But there was this little red light I noticed afterward. I convinced myself it was nothing."

I watched Dave's fingers tighten around his mug. "I felt so... used. Like I wasn't even a person to him. Just content for his spank bank or something worse."

"I know how you feel," I said. "And I'm done letting him get away with it."

Something cold and determined settled in my chest. "I think it's time Brad got a taste of his own medicine."

Dave raised an eyebrow. "What are you suggesting?"

"We invite him for a threesome. To 'clear the air' between all of us. But this time, we're the ones with the cameras."

A slow, mischievous smile spread across Dave's face. "Honey, I like the way you think. And as it happens, I have professional-grade cameras from my ballroom competition days. Used them to review my performances, but they'll work perfectly for catching Brad with his pants down. Literally."

I pulled out my phone. "Let's text him now. Bet he can't resist the ego boost of thinking we're both desperate for him."

Dave and I crafted the message together: *Hey Brad. Dave and I have been talking. Maybe we can clear the air between all of us. Three's company? Tonight?*

"Hang on. This won't work. He blocked my number."

My phone buzzed.

*Fuck off. Both of you. I'm done with your games.*

I stared at the screen. Dave rolled his eyes. "Charming as ever. But I think he's just playing hard to get."

"I'll try again, but leave no room for misinterpretation."

*Brad, not looking for drama. We just want you. Dirty want. Us. You. bed. Together. Fuck fuck fuck suck suck suck cock cock cock. No strings.*

I hit send.

"Think he'll bite?" Dave asked, taking a sip of his coffee.

"Brad's ego won't let him resist," I said with more confidence than I felt. "He's always prided himself on being irresistible. The idea that both of us want him at once will be too tempting."

"Even after how he treated you?" Dave raised an eyebrow.

"Especially after how he treated me. In his mind, it just confirms his power. That I can't stay away despite everything."

We watched my phone like it was about to explode. The minutes ticked by with no response.

"Maybe he's grown a conscience," Dave suggested.

The phone lit up.

*You fucking sluts need my cock. What time?*

I arrived at Dave's apartment an hour before Brad was supposed to show up. My hands shook as I fiddled with the small black camera Dave had handed me.

"These are professional grade," Dave explained, taking it back from my trembling fingers. "Totally undetectable unless you know what you're looking for."

Dave's apartment looked different today. He'd tidied up, but more than that, he'd transformed the space. Mood lighting, expensive-looking sheets on the bed, and a carefully arranged selection of toys and lube on the nightstand.

Dave mounted tiny cameras in strategic locations—one above his bed angled to capture the entire mattress; another disguised among his bathroom toiletries; a third hidden in a bookshelf.

I sat on the edge of the couch, suddenly overwhelmed. "What if this backfires? What if he—"

"Hey." Dave set down the tablet and came to sit beside me. His usual flamboyance melted away, replaced by genuine concern. "We don't have to do this if you're not comfortable. We can call it off right now."

"I need to do this. For closure. But I'm scared."

Dave pressed his lips against mine.

When we broke apart, I was breathing hard.

"Sorry, that wasn't part of the plan," Dave said.

"Maybe it should be."

The doorbell rang right at 10 PM. Dave flashed me a reassuring smile before transforming into full "Camp David" mode, his posture shifting, wrists going limp, eyes widening dramatically.

"Places, darling!"

I opened the door to find Brad leaning against the doorframe, wearing that cocky smirk I used to find irresistible. His fitted black t-shirt hugged his chest, and he'd spent extra time styling his hair.

"Hey," he said, stepping in without waiting for an invitation. His eyes swept the apartment. "Nice place."

"Welcome to Casa de Camp," Dave trilled, sauntering over and running a finger down Brad's chest. "I've set out some toys for later, but don't worry, we'll start gentle."

Brad's swagger faltered for a half-second. "I can take it. I'm just here for a good time."

I headed to the kitchen. "Drink?"

"Whiskey. Double," Brad called.

Dave draped himself over the couch, patting the cushion beside him. "Come sit, you absolute specimen. God, those shoulders. I could just climb you like a tree. Want that big trunk between my legs."

Brad sat awkwardly, keeping space between them. I returned with the drinks, catching Dave's subtle nod toward Brad's glass. I'd poured him a triple, not a double.

"To experimenting," Brad said.

"Is that what we're calling it?" I said, sitting across from them and meeting Dave's eyes.

"What else would it be?" Brad said. "Just guys blowing off steam. Just like you said, fuck fuck suck suck cock cock. Just natural. It's not like it means anything. Nothing fucking gay."

"Oh, honey," Dave cooed, inching closer to Brad, "your cock didn't seem to think it was 'nothing' when it was buried inside Alan's ass. I've heard all the details."

Brad shifted. "Whatever. I've done wilder shit with chicks."

"Do tell," Dave said, refilling Brad's glass. "I'm dying to hear about your… techniques."

Brad drained his second glass. His face had that flush I recognized. Dave refilled Brad's glass without asking, and Brad didn't object.

"So," Dave said. "I want all the juicy details."

Brad's lips curled into that smug smile I'd seen a hundred times before. "Yeah, plenty of hot chicks. This girl Soniya, India bitch, could do this thing with her tongue where—"

"Boring," Dave interrupted with an exaggerated yawn. "I mean really, straight sex is like watching paint dry. Once you've seen one vagina, you've seen them all." He waved his hand dismissively. "I'm more interested in your... masculine adventures."

Brad stiffened. "What are you talking about?"

"Oh, don't play coy with me." Dave's fingers walked up Brad's forearm. "Alan here was just the beginning, wasn't he? The gateway drug to cock."

"Fuck no," he said too quickly. "You think I'm some kind of faggot?"

Dave didn't flinch. Instead, his smile widened. "Oh, honey, methinks the lady doth protest too much. Come on, we're all friends here. You can tell us. Was Alan your first? Your only? Or have there been others warming your bed?"

"There was... maybe one other guy."

"Do tell," Dave said.

"Just some dude from Grindr. It wasn't a big deal. I was drunk."

"And…?"

"Alright, fuck it. You wanna know the truth?" Brad gave in. "Since that camping trip, I've been hooking up with guys. Like, a lot of guys."

Dave gasped dramatically.

"Remember Coach Peterson from the gym? He's on Grindr. Dude's got a thing for younger guys. Let him fuck me in his office after hours." Brad's voice had a boastful edge. "Your swim captain Johnny too. The one with the girlfriend? Yeah, he likes getting on his knees. A lot."

I choked. Johnny was aggressively straight, always making gay jokes in the locker room.

"That tall TA from your econ class," Brad continued. "The one with the glasses? Fucked him in the library study room. And get this—you know Jennifer's brother Mike? He's a farmer. I fucked him in the back of his pickup, out in the fields. Called me every name in the book while I did it. Then begged for my number. Jennifer doesn't even know he's gay."

I felt sick. All this time I'd been torn up about Brad rejecting me, and he'd been out there fucking every guy he could find.

"Even fucked that barista at Perks. The one with all the tattoos who's always flirting with the girls. He's got a boyfriend, but whatever. Said I was better."

Brad drained his glass again, leaning back with satisfaction at our shocked expressions. "What can I say? Once I got a taste, couldn't stop. It's like I unlocked something in myself."

"So you've just been... experimenting with everyone except me?" I said.

"Don't take it personally," Brad shrugged. "You were getting too attached. These other guys know the score. Just sex, no feelings."

His movements had that loose, exaggerated quality of someone well on their way to drunk.

Dave caught my eye with a subtle nod before clapping his hands together. "Well, this is getting boring. Just talking? Come on! Let's play a little game to spice things up."

Brad's eyes lit up. "What kind of game?"

"Truth or Drink," Dave said, grabbing a fresh bottle of whiskey from a side table. "Someone asks a question. Answer truthfully or take a drink. And if you drink, you have to do a dare instead."

"Fuck yeah," Brad said, sitting up straighter. "I'm down."

I feigned reluctance. "I don't know, guys..."

"Don't be such a pussy," Brad snorted. "Afraid I'll make you admit how bad you want my cock again?"

Dave giggled. "I'll start! Brad, who was the first man you fantasized about?"

Brad hesitated for just a moment before downing a shot.

"Fuck it, I'll tell you," Brad said. "First guy I ever jerked off thinking about was Coach Miller. Senior year of high school. Fucking bear of a man." Brad's eyes took on a glazed, distant quality. "Those thick forearms covered in dark hair. The way his polo shirts stretched across his chest. I used to stay late after practice just to watch him in the shower."

Dave leaned forward, completely dropping his camp persona. "Go on."

"He caught me looking once." Brad's voice dropped to a husky whisper. "Didn't say anything. Just stared back at me while he soaped up his cock. Fucking huge thing, hanging between his thighs like a goddamn third leg. That night I couldn't stop thinking about him. How his hands would feel on me. How his beard would scratch against my skin. I came so fucking hard I nearly blacked out. Then spent the next two years telling myself it was a one-time thing."

"Until Alan," Dave prompted.

Brad's eyes met mine, holding my gaze for the first time all night. "Until Alan. Swimming with him, watching the water run down his body in the locker room. Finding reasons to touch him. Spent so many nights with my hand on my dick thinking about him."

"But Coach Miller was first," Brad said, refocusing. "The first man who made me realize maybe I wasn't as straight as I thought."

Dave glanced at me. "Now, Brad. How about a dare? Fifty push-ups, shirtless."

Brad had forgotten that we were meant to be taking turns. He was so eager so show off his body. peeled off his tight black t-shirt, revealing his muscular torso. I tried not to stare at the defined ridges of his abs as he dropped to the floor, executing perfect push-ups and counting out loud.

Three rounds later, the questions had gotten personal. Brad was significantly drunker. He described in graphic detail what he'd done with Johnny in the locker room, and Matt behind the supermarket on Second Avenue, and some stranger in a alleyway downtown, didn't even know his name. He was now down to just his boxer briefs, which did little to hide his erection.

Dave's eyes gleamed. "I want you to strip completely naked and recreate those thirsty gym poses from your Instagram. You know, the ones where you're barely hiding your junk with a towel? But this time, no towel."

"Fuck it," Brad slurred, hooking his thumbs into the waistband of his boxers. "Not like you haven't seen it all before."

I made a show of protesting. "Guys, maybe we should slow down—"

Brad's boxers hit the floor. His cock sprang free, already half-hard and bobbing slightly as he struck an exaggerated bodybuilder pose.

"Rate this, bitches," he said, flexing his arms and chest.

My cock stiffened in my pants as Brad turned to show off his ass.

Brad's naked body gleamed under Dave's apartment lights. His cock bobbed as he flexed, growing harder by the second. I couldn't tear my eyes away despite knowing what kind of person he truly was.

Without a word, Dave slipped off the couch and onto his knees in front of Brad. Dave's mouth enveloped his cock in one smooth motion, taking him to the root.

"Holy fuck!" Brad gasped, his hips jerking forward.

His hands flew to Dave's head, fingers tangling in his hair. He gripped hard, pulling as Dave worked his length with practiced skill. Brad's eyes found mine, half-lidded and hungry. He seemed to be seeking my approval, or maybe my jealousy, as Dave sucked him enthusiastically.

"Alan," Brad moaned. "Get over here."

I stood and crossed to him, my own cock straining painfully against my jeans. Brad grabbed the back of my neck and pulled me into a deep kiss, his tongue thrusting into my mouth with the same rhythm Dave was using below.

Brad's free hand moved to my waistband. He fumbled with my button before finding the zipper. "Bet you're fucking hard for me."

I was. Despite everything, despite hating what he'd done, my cock strained against my boxers.

"So fucking eager." Brad yanked down my zipper, and shoved his hand inside my boxers.

"Fuck… Forgot how big you are."

He pushed my jeans down my hips with clumsy, aggressive movements, then hooked his fingers into my boxers and pulled them down too. My cock pointed straight at him.

"Fucking monster," Brad said. He started to stroke. "Dave, you seen this fucking thing?"

Dave momentarily released Brad's cock. "I'm well acquainted with Alan's attributes," he said before diving back onto Brad.

Brad's hand moved faster on my cock. His strokes were rough but effective.

"You like that, don't you?" Brad's eyes locked with mine. "Always did. Always will."

Dave suddenly pulled off Brad's cock with an obscene pop, a string of saliva connecting his lips to Brad's glistening head. "Why don't we take this to the bedroom?" he suggested, his voice husky. "It's much more... comfortable in there."

Brad nodded, his cock slick with Dave's spit. "Fuck yeah."

As Brad turned toward the bedroom, I caught Dave's eye. He gave me the slightest nod, confirming what I already knew – the cameras were set and recording. Everything was ready.

I followed Brad into Dave's bedroom, my body pulsing with a mix of desire and purpose. The tastefully arranged room—with its plush comforter and ambient lighting—felt like a stage set for our final act.

Brad sprawled across Dave's bed, his cock standing straight up as he reclined against the pillows. His eyes raked over me, possessive and hungry.

"Take those fucking clothes off," he ordered, stroking himself lazily. "I want to show Dave how you take my cock."

I pulled my shirt over my head and stepped out of my jeans with deliberate slowness. Dave leaned against the doorframe, watching with an intensity I'd never seen in him before. I knew he was mentally tracking the camera angles, making sure we captured everything.

"Get on all fours," Brad commanded, patting the space in front of him. "Face that way."

I positioned myself carefully on the bed, making sure Brad was facing the primary hidden camera mounted on the bookshelf.

Brad knelt behind me, his hands roughly spreading my ass cheeks. I heard him gather saliva in his mouth before feeling the warm wetness land on my hole. Without warning, he shoved a finger inside me, the rough intrusion making me wince.

"Still tight," he grunted, working a second finger in with minimal preparation. "Gonna feel so good around my cock."

Dave approached the bed, a foil packet held between his fingers. "Safety first, stud."

Brad frowned. "I don't need that shit."

"No condom, no fuck," Dave said. "House rules."

Brad snatched the condom with a scowl. "Whatever. It's not like I haven't fucked him raw before."

I glanced over my shoulder, watching Brad reluctantly roll the condom down his length. He positioned himself behind me, the blunt head of his cock pressing against my barely-prepared entrance.

"Ready to put on a show?" he whispered, gripping my hips tight enough to bruise.

With one brutal thrust, Brad entered me. I gasped at the sudden invasion, my body tensing around him.

"You fucking love my cock, don't you?" Brad growled, establishing a punishing rhythm. His hips slapped against my ass with each thrust. "Tell Dave how much you missed this."

The pain of Brad's rough entry quickly gave way to unwanted pleasure as he pounded into me. His thick cock stretched me, hitting that spot inside me that made my toes curl despite everything I knew about him now.

Dave circled the bed, watching us with hungry eyes before climbing onto the mattress. He positioned himself in front of Brad, his knees on either side of my shoulders. From this angle, I could see the considerable bulge straining against his tight briefs.

"You've been bragging about all the cocks you've sucked," Dave purred, peeling down his briefs to free his thick, curved cock. "Show us what you've learned."

Brad's pace faltered for just a second, his hips stilling as Dave's cock bounced inches from his face. Then, to my shock, he leaned forward eagerly, his mouth opening wide to accommodate Dave's length while maintaining his grip on my hips.

Dave groaned as Brad swallowed him down, one hand gripping Brad's hair to guide him. "Holy shit," Dave moaned, his eyes finding mine. "Look at the fucking closet case go! He sucks cock better than most guys I know!"

I felt Brad's cock twitch inside me at Dave's words, growing even harder. Instead of pulling away in shame, Brad moaned around Dave's shaft, his hips snapping forward with renewed vigor. The humiliation was turning him on, making his thrusts wilder and more desperate.

Dave held Brad's head in place, fucking into his mouth while Brad continued to pound me. Brad's fingers dug into my flesh, leaving marks I knew would linger for days.

"I want to change positions," I gasped out between thrusts. "Let's give Brad the full experience. I think he deserves it."

Instead of pulling away in shame, Brad moaned around Dave's shaft, his hips snapping forward with renewed vigor. The humiliation was turning him on, making his thrusts wilder and more desperate.

Dave held Brad's head in place, fucking into his mouth while Brad continued to pound me. Brad's fingers dug into my flesh, leaving marks I knew would linger for days.

"I want to change positions," I gasped out between thrusts. "Let's give Brad the full experience. I think he deserves it."

I could feel Brad's rhythm falter slightly as Dave reached for something beside the bed. The familiar click of a lube bottle opening rang out over the sound of our heavy breathing.

"Don't stop fucking him," Dave instructed Brad while squeezing a generous amount of clear gel onto his fingers. "But I think you might enjoy this."

I felt Brad's grip on my hips tighten as Dave moved behind him. Brad's body tensed against mine, his cock pulsing inside me.

"What the fuck are you—" Brad's protest cut off, transforming into a surprised groan as Dave's slick fingers found their target.

"Just relax," Dave purred, his voice honeyed but commanding. "You've been curious about this for a long time, haven't you?"

Brad's hips jerked erratically, caught between the twin sensations of fucking me and being penetrated. His breathing grew ragged against my neck.

"Holy shit," he gasped, his initial tension melting away. Instead of pulling away, I felt him push back against Dave's probing fingers while staying buried inside me.

"Look at that," Dave said with wicked delight. "He's opening up beautifully."

Brad let out a sound I'd never heard from him before—a needy, vulnerable whimper that made my cock throb. His thrusts became shallow as he focused on the new pleasure Dave was introducing him to.

"Fuck, your ass is greedy," Dave commented, adding another finger from the way Brad arched his back and cursed. "Taking three fingers already. Been practicing on your own, Bradley?"

Brad didn't deny it, just moaned shamelessly and worked himself back onto Dave's fingers with increasing urgency. His cock was rock-hard inside me, but his attention had shifted to the invasion from behind.

I seized the opportunity, pulling myself off Brad's length and turning around to face him. His expression was transformed—eyes glazed, mouth hanging open, totally lost in pleasure.

"I think he's ready for something more substantial," I suggested to Dave, watching Brad's face flush with embarrassment and arousal.

I caught Dave's eye over Brad's writhing body. There was a gleam in his gaze I recognized immediately – we were about to go off-script. This wasn't part of our original plan, but fuck if it wasn't perfect. With the smallest nod, we communicated everything we needed to. Brad, lost in his newfound pleasure, noticed nothing.

"I think we should give our friend here the full experience," Dave said, his voice silky with intention. "Let's reposition."

Before Brad could protest, I hooked my hands under his knees and pulled him toward the edge of the bed. Dave's hands joined mine, flipping him onto his back in one fluid motion. Brad landed with a surprised grunt, his rock-hard cock slapping against his abs.

"What the—" Brad started, but his words died as Dave pushed his legs up and apart.

I couldn't help but smile, knowing the primary camera on the bookshelf now had a perfect, unobstructed view of Brad's face and spread-eagle position. His cock stood against his stomach, his hole glistening with lube, and his expression—a mix of embarrassment, arousal, and need—was captured in crystal clarity.

"Fuck, look at you," I whispered, positioning myself beside Brad's head while Dave knelt between his spread legs. "All exposed and ready."

Dave squeezed more lube onto his thick cock, stroking it while Brad watched with wide eyes. "You wanted to experiment, right? This is what you've been craving."

Brad's chest heaved with rapid breaths, his cock twitching against his stomach. He looked like he might protest, but when Dave pressed the head of his cock against his entrance, all that came out was a desperate moan.

"Just relax," Dave instructed, pushing forward with careful pressure.

Brad's eyes rolled back as Dave's cockhead breached him. His hands fisted in the sheets, knuckles white with tension as Dave worked himself in with small, controlled thrusts.

"Fuck, fuck, FUCK," Brad chanted, his body gradually accepting the invasion.

Dave took his time, sliding deeper with each gentle push until he was buried to the hilt. Brad's legs trembled on either side of him, his whole body quivering as he adjusted to the fullness.

"God, you're tight," Dave groaned, holding still. "Breathe through it."

Brad whimpered, his face a portrait of vulnerable surrender. Sweat beaded on his forehead as he clutched the sheets, exposed and opened up in a way I never thought I'd see.

The look on Brad's face as Dave stretched him open was pure shameless bliss. His mouth hung open, uninhibited moans pouring out as Dave's cock worked deeper inside him. I couldn't tear my eyes away from the sight – Brad fucking Chambers, campus ladies' man, pinned down and getting his ass pounded.

I moved closer to the edge of the bed, grabbing the bottle of lube from the nightstand. I stroked my cock, watching Brad's hole stretch around Dave's thick shaft. The thought forming in my mind was almost too good to pass up.

"You think one cock is good? Let's see how you handle two," I said, applying extra lube to my cock with slow, deliberate strokes.

Brad's eyes flew open, a mixture of fear and desperate arousal. His gaze flickered between my slick cock and Dave's, which was still buried deep inside him.

"I-I can't take both... it's too much..." But his cock betrayed him, twitching against his stomach and leaking pre-cum.

"Oh please," Dave said, grinding his hips in a way that made Brad gasp. "Mr. Big Shot Personal Trainer can't handle a little challenge? I thought you were always bragging about pushing limits."

Brad's competitive nature kicked in as Dave's taunt hit home. He licked his lips.

"Fuck it. Do it. Both of you."

I positioned myself at the edge of the bed, my cock slicked up with lube and throbbing with anticipation. Dave remained buried deep inside Brad, holding still as our eyes met in silent agreement. Brad's chest rose and fell with rapid breaths, his hole stretched taut around Dave's thick shaft.

"Ready for more?" I asked, my voice rough with desire.

Brad's eyes glazed. I pressed the head of my cock against his already filled entrance, feeling the resistance of his stretched rim against my sensitive tip.

"Breathe out."

Brad bit down hard on his lower lip, drawing blood as I pushed forward. The tight ring of muscle fought against the intrusion, but gradually yielded as I worked just the head of my cock in alongside Dave's shaft.

"Holy fucking shit," Brad gasped, his entire body trembling violently beneath us. His back arched off the bed, muscles straining as his hole stretched around both our cocks. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

His fingers clawed at the sheets, knuckles white with tension. Sweat poured from his forehead as he struggled to accommodate us both. I could feel Dave's cock through the thin membrane separating us, hot and pulsing alongside mine.

I pushed inch by excruciating inch, the tight heat and friction almost overwhelming. Brad's body quivered, suspended between agony and ecstasy.

"I can feel you," Dave groaned. "Can feel your cock rubbing against mine inside him."

The sensation was unlike anything I'd experienced before—Dave's hard length sliding against my own, separated only by the thinnest layer of Brad's inner walls. Each tiny movement from any of us sent shockwaves of pleasure through all three bodies.

I watched Brad's face contort with overwhelming pleasure as both Dave and I filled him. His eyes rolled back in his head, eyelids fluttering as he processed the intense stretch. Without either of us touching him, his cock leaked copious amounts of pre-cum, forming a small puddle on his toned stomach.

"I'm so fucking full..." Brad moaned.

His glazed eyes stared unseeing at the ceiling as drool leaked from the corner of his mouth. He was lost in the overwhelming sensation, reduced to pure physical response as we stretched him beyond what he thought possible.

After giving him a moment to adjust, Dave and I locked eyes, establishing a rhythm. We began moving, coordinating our thrusts—as I pulled back, Dave pushed forward, ensuring Brad remained constantly filled while avoiding overwhelming him.

The sensation was mind-blowing. Each time I pushed in, I could feel Dave's cock sliding against mine inside Brad's tight heat, creating friction unlike anything I'd experienced before.

"Fuck," Dave said as pleasure overtook him.

Brad's hands clawed at our bodies, trying to pull us deeper.

"Fuck my hole... destroy me... need it so bad..." he begged. "More... harder... please..."

I couldn't believe what was happening. The straightest guy on campus was taking both our cocks at once. His body was at our mercy, writhing and trembling.

I increased my pace, driving deeper into his stretched hole alongside Dave's thick shaft. The sensation of our cocks rubbing together inside Brad's tight heat was indescribable.

"Who would've thought Mr. Alpha Male would turn into such a cum-hungry bottom?" I taunted, gripping his thighs harder as I thrust. "All those times you acted so dominant with women, and look at you now."

Brad's neglected cock bounced wildly against his stomach with each thrust, angry red and leaking pre-cum across his abs. He hadn't touched himself once—didn't need to. The double penetration was stimulating him so intensely that his cock jerked and twitched without contact. Our bodies found a perfect rhythm, Dave pulling back as I pushed forward, then reversing, ensuring Brad was constantly filled.

"Fuck, fuck, FUCK!" Brad howled as we picked up speed, his back arching off the bed. His eyes were unfocused, lost in a haze of overwhelming sensation.

Dave suddenly grabbed Brad's hair roughly, yanking his head back to face the camera he'd been recording with. Brad's tear-streaked face came into perfect focus, his expression a mixture of shame and ecstasy.

"Tell us who you belong to now," Dave commanded, giving Brad's hair another sharp tug.

"You! Both of you! I belong to your cocks!" Brad cried out, tears streaming freely down his face from the intensity. His voice broke as he continued, "Please don't stop! I need this so fucking bad!"

I couldn't believe what I was witnessing. Brad was a quivering mess beneath us, stuffed full with both our cocks. His head thrashed from side to side, eyes unfocused, mouth hanging open as he took everything we gave him.

"Look at you," I said. "Taking two cocks like you were born for it."

Brad's neglected cock stood erect against his stomach, angry red and leaking a puddle of pre-cum onto his abs. On impulse, I reached down between our bodies, my fingertips grazing his swollen shaft.

The effect was electric. Brad's entire body went rigid, his back arching off the bed as if he'd been shocked. My fingers had barely made contact when his cock erupted violently, shooting thick white ropes of cum upward with astonishing force. The first blast hit his chin, the second his chest, as he screamed loud enough to wake the entire apartment complex.

"FUUUUUCK! OH GOD! FUUUCK!" Brad howled, his body convulsing.

His ass clenched around our cocks with vise-like pressure, squeezing us together inside his channel. The sudden tightness was overwhelming, the sensation of Dave's cock pulsing against mine inside that constricting heat pushed me instantly to the edge.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum," Dave gasped, pulling out.

I followed his lead, sliding out of Brad's abused hole just as my orgasm hit. We both aimed our cocks at Brad's trembling form, stroking ourselves furiously as we exploded. My cum shot in thick spurts across his chest, mixing with his own release, while Dave aimed higher, painting Brad's flushed face with pearly strands. Some of our combined load landed on Brad's gaping hole, which flexed and winked, too stretched out to close.

Brad lay spread-eagled before us, utterly debauched and used. Cum dripped from his chin, plastered his hair, covered his heaving chest, and leaked from his raw, gaping hole. His muscular body shook with aftershocks, small whimpers escaping his lips as he struggled to process what had just happened to him.

I pulled back, my cock still twitching from the intense orgasm. My condom was bulging with cum, and seeing Brad spread out before me—his powerful body covered in his own release, his hole gaping, his face glazed with Dave's load—something primal took over.

I pinched the tip of the condom and rolled it off my cock. The latex sagged with my warm load. I moved toward Brad's face, holding the cum-filled reservoir between my thumb and forefinger.

"You know what comes next, don't you?" I said, hovering the bulging condom tip over Brad's face.

Brad's eyes widened, but he didn't look away. His tongue darted out to wet his lips in what seemed like anticipation. I squeezed the condom, watching as thick globs of my cum dripped onto his cheeks and lips.

"Fuck..." Brad said, his eyes never leaving mine.

I emptied the entire contents onto his face, my cum mixing with Dave's across Brad's flushed features. Some dripped down his chin, threatening to fall onto the sheets.

Brad's tongue darted out, lapping at my fingers. His eyes closed as he sucked my cum-covered index finger into his mouth, tongue working to clean every drop.

"Jesus Christ," Dave said.

Brad's hand came up to his face, gathering the remaining cum with his fingers. He brought his cum-coated digits to his mouth and sucked them clean, his eyes locked on mine the entire time. He repeated the motion, scraping every drop from his face and swallowing it down with obvious hunger.

When he'd cleaned his face, he licked his lips one final time and swallowed hard.

"Didn't want to waste a drop," he said.

I flopped onto my back next to Brad, both Dave and I breathing heavily from our shared exertion. Brad lay between us, his muscular body glistening with sweat and covered in multiple loads of cum. His chest heaved as he recovered from what had to be the most intense orgasm of his life.

"Fuck," Brad groaned, his hand drifting down to his cock. "I'm still so fucking horny."

I raised an eyebrow, surprised to see his cock was still semi-hard despite the earth-shattering climax he'd just experienced. He wrapped his fingers around his shaft and began to stroke.

"Damn, you really are insatiable," I said, propping myself up on one elbow to watch him. "Go for it. Cum again."

Brad's hand moved faster, his breath hitching as he worked himself back to full hardness. His eyes were fixed on the ceiling, his muscular body tense with renewed desire. Pre-cum beaded at his slit as he found his rhythm.

"Need some help with that?" Dave asked, his voice honeyed with desire.

Without waiting for an answer, Dave's hand joined Brad's on his shaft. I shifted closer, adding my own hand to the mix. Our fingers overlapped, creating a tight, slick tunnel for Brad to thrust into.

Brad's hips bucked upward as all three of us stroked him in unison. His cock swelled even harder under our shared grip, veins standing out prominently against the shaft.

"Oh fuck, that's good," Brad moaned, his head thrown back as we worked him together.

His body tensed, muscles straining as we brought him closer to the edge again. I leaned down, my lips next to his ear.

"Let go," I whispered. "Show us how much of a cum slut you really are."

Brad's back arched off the bed as he reached his second climax, his cock pulsing beneath our hands. His load wasn't as voluminous as the first, but several thick spurts of cum landed on our fingers and his stomach.

I pulled my hand away, scooping up the warm, pearly liquid with my fingers. I brought them to Brad's lips, my eyes locked with his.

"Open up," I commanded softly.

Brad's lips parted without hesitation. I slipped my cum-coated fingers into his mouth, feeling his tongue immediately work to clean them. He sucked greedily, swallowing his own release with a moan of satisfaction.

# Chapter 19

I stepped into the campus gym locker room, the familiar smell of sweat and cheap deodorant filling my nostrils. Dave stood by our prearranged lockers, his back to the door as he pretended to sort through his gym bag. When he heard my footsteps, he turned, flashing me a sly smile that made my cock twitch.

"Right on time," Dave whispered, sliding his finger across his phone screen before tilting it toward me.

I leaned in close, our shoulders touching. On the screen was the edited video of Brad from last night—his muscular body writhing as he took both our cocks, his face contorted in pleasure, mouth hanging open as he begged for more. Dave had added text overlays with Brad's most damning confessions: "I've been hooking up with guys behind Jennifer's back" and "I recorded all my hookups without telling them."

"Fucking perfect," I muttered, feeling a rush of vindication. "He'll never be able to explain that away."

Dave tucked the phone back into his pocket with a wink. "The power's in our hands now."

The locker room door swung open with a creak. Brad shuffled in, looking like absolute shit. Dark purple circles hung beneath his bloodshot eyes, and his usually immaculate hair stuck up at odd angles. His cocky swagger was nowhere to be seen.

When he spotted us, his face paled. He hesitated before walking stiffly to his locker three down from ours.

"Morning, Brad," Dave chirped with exaggerated cheerfulness. "Sleep well?"

Brad flinched at Dave's voice, fumbling with his combination lock. His hands trembled slightly as he tried twice before getting it open.

"Fuck off," he mumbled, but there was no real heat behind it—just exhaustion and defeat.

I watched as he lowered himself onto the bench, wincing as his ass made contact with the hard surface. He shifted uncomfortably, trying to find a position that didn't aggravate his thoroughly used hole.

"Problem with the bench?" I asked innocently. "It seems fine to me."

Brad shot me a venomous glare, but I could see the fear behind it. He knew we had him by the balls.

I casually leaned against the locker, watching Brad struggle with his gym bag. His movements were stiff, each wince telling the story of what we'd done to him last night.

"Sleep well, Brad? You look wrecked," I said, keeping my voice light and conversational.

Brad froze for a half-second before continuing to unpack his workout clothes, refusing to meet my eyes.

Dave stepped closer, placing a hand on Brad's shoulder with mock concern. "Rough workout yesterday?" His voice dripped with innuendo, and I had to bite my lip to keep from laughing.

Brad shrugged Dave's hand off. He glanced around the locker room to ensure no one else was within earshot, then leaned in, his voice dropping to a harsh whisper.

"Nothing happened yesterday. We're not discussing this." His jaw clenched so tight I could see a muscle twitching in his cheek. His eyes darted between us like a cornered animal's.

I watched Brad squirm, savoring the feeling of having the upper hand for once. The bruise on his collarbone—the one I'd sucked into his skin last night while he moaned like a whore—peeked out from under his t-shirt. His eyes caught mine looking at it, and he hurriedly adjusted his collar.

Dave suddenly snapped his fingers and shifted into full "Camp David" mode, his wrist going limp and voice rising to that theatrical pitch that turned heads across campus.

"Honey, denial isn't just a river in Egypt! But whatever helps you sleep." He fluttered his eyelashes one hand on his hip.

Brad's face flushed crimson, veins bulging in his neck. He slammed his locker shut with such force that the entire row rattled, the metal clang echoing through the locker room.

"I'm serious. It NEVER happened. And if either of you says otherwise..." His voice shook slightly, threat hanging unfinished in the air between us.

I held up my hands innocently, playing the good cop to Dave's theatrical bad cop. "Hey, no one's saying anything happened," I said, my tone reasonable, calming. I shot Dave a look that told him to ease up.

Brad's shoulders relaxed a fraction, but suspicion still clouded his face as he reluctantly turned away and started changing into his workout clothes. He pulled his shirt over his head, revealing the scratches down his back from where Dave's nails had dug in while I fucked him from behind. Watching him struggle to keep up the charade was almost as satisfying as the revenge itself.

As Brad stepped out of his jeans, I noticed him wince again. Our eyes met, and I saw something beyond the anger and fear—a flash of confused desire that he was desperately trying to bury.

I kept my face neutral as Brad turned away from us, still trying to maintain the fiction that nothing had happened.

Though he claimed to want distance, Brad chose the bench directly across from us to finish changing. He could have moved anywhere in the empty locker room, but there he was, just a few feet away. As he pulled his gym shirt from his bag, he hesitated before putting it on.

Instead of the quick change I expected, Brad straightened up, rolling his shoulders back. The movement was deliberate, calculated. His broad back flexed, muscles rippling under his skin as he stretched his arms overhead, making a show of it. I caught Dave's eyes widening slightly beside me.

"Gonna be hitting chest today," Brad announced to no one in particular, voice carrying in the empty locker room.

He turned to face us in just his boxer briefs, abs tensing as he did a half-turn that showed off his obliques. His eyes flickered to mine, then Dave's, then away—checking if we were watching. We both were.

Brad's hand drifted to the waistband of his underwear, fingers hooking into the elastic. With deliberate slowness, he tugged it down just enough to expose the defined V-cut of his hips and the thicker, darker skin at the base of his cock. Not enough to be pornographic, but enough to remind us what we'd been worshipping last night.

"Gotta make sure everything's in place," he said, adjusting himself with unnecessary thoroughness.

Dave and I exchanged a look but said nothing. The locker room remained silent except for the distant hum of the air conditioning and Brad's slightly heavier breathing. The contradiction was so obvious it was almost painful—denying everything had happened while simultaneously putting on this display for us.

I bit the inside of my cheek to keep from smirking. Brad wanted a reaction, wanted confirmation that he still had power over us despite what had happened. I wasn't going to give him the satisfaction.

I followed Dave out of the locker room and into the gym proper, where the midday rush was in full swing. At least fifty students were scattered across the facility, grunting and sweating on various machines. The air buzzed with the collective whirr of treadmills, the clank of weight machines, and the pounding bass from someone's obnoxiously loud headphones.

Large-screen TVs mounted around the perimeter displayed a mix of ESPN highlights and fitness programs featuring impossibly fit instructors. Half the gym-goers seemed more focused on the screens than their actual workouts.

Brad emerged from the locker room shortly after us, scanning the crowded space like a predator searching for the perfect spot. His eyes locked onto an empty treadmill in the front row, in front of the main mirror wall where he could admire himself while pretending not to. Classic Brad move—always wanting to be seen, especially now when he needed to project normalcy.

"Look at this asshole," I muttered to Dave, nodding toward Brad as he strutted across the gym floor, nodding and fist-bumping random guys along the way. The perfect picture of heterosexual gym bro camaraderie.

Dave looked at me. "Time for a little cardio sandwich?"I grinned back. "Exactly what I was thinking."

We watched Brad settle into his chosen treadmill, adjusting the settings with exaggerated focus. Once he started walking, headphones in and gaze fixed straight ahead, Dave and I made our move.

I claimed the treadmill to Brad's right while Dave slipped onto the one to his left. The look on Brad's face when he realized we had boxed him in was worth the price of admission—pure panic flashing across his features for a split second before he forced his face back to neutral.

"Fancy seeing you here," I said, cranking up the incline on my machine. "Great spot you found us."

Brad's jaw tightened as he stared straight ahead, pretending to be absorbed in whatever was playing on the TVs.

I watched Brad jabbing at the treadmill control panel, cranking his speed up to a punishing 8.5 mph. Sweat immediately began to bead on his forehead as he transitioned from a casual jog to an all-out sprint. Classic Brad—turning a simple workout into a dick-measuring contest.

"Going for a personal record?" I asked innocently, keeping my own pace steady and controlled.

Brad ignored me, his shoulders hunched forward as he pounded away at the treadmill belt. His reflection in the wall-length mirror ahead told the real story—his face was a twisted mask of conflicting emotions. His jaw clenched so tight I could see the muscle twitching, eyes darting between Dave and me with undisguised fear. Behind that practiced alpha-male aggression, I recognized the look of someone terrified of losing control.

"Fuck, look at those quads working," Dave stage-whispered to me across Brad's treadmill. "Reminds me of last night when he was—"

"Shut the fuck up," Brad hissed.

Dave pivoted away from us, his attention landing on a pretty brunette adjusting her ponytail at the water station. In an instant, he transformed into full Camp David mode.

"Oh my GOD, honey! Is that a Lululemon set? The color is absolutely STUNNING with your complexion!" Dave gushed, waving his hands expressively. The girl giggled, charmed by his over-the-top friendliness.

"Thanks! Just got it yesterday," she replied, twirling to show it off.

"It's giving me LIFE right now. You are serving BODY today, queen!" Dave continued, his voice carrying across the gym floor.

I bit back a smile as Brad grew more agitated beside me. His pace increased again—now hitting 9 mph—while his eyes kept darting to his phone, which he'd propped on the treadmill console. Every thirty seconds or so, he'd check the screen, his fingers twitching as if fighting the urge to grab it.

"Expecting an important call?" I asked, nodding toward his phone.

Brad's only response was to increase his incline, his breathing now coming in harsh pants as he pushed his body beyond what was sustainable.

Brad winced again as he tried to adjust his stance on the treadmill. Every few steps, he shifted his weight, his face tightening with discomfort. The machine's pounding was aggravating his thoroughly fucked ass. He kept reaching back to adjust his shorts, pulling the fabric away from his tender skin when he thought no one was looking.

"Everything okay there, Brad?" I said. "You seem a little... uncomfortable."

His head snapped toward me. A muscle twitched in his jaw as he forced his expression into something resembling casual indifference.

"I'm fine," he growled, pressing buttons to increase his incline further. "Just focused on my workout."

Sweat poured down his face now, his breathing ragged from both exertion and anger. His knuckles whitened as he gripped the treadmill handles.

Dave, never one to miss a cue, fanned himself with one hand, his other pressed against his chest. He leaned across the space between our machines, making sure Brad could hear every word.

"It's getting hot in here!" he exclaimed, eyebrows wiggling. "Almost as hot as—"

Brad's head whipped toward Dave, his eyes flashing with raw fury. The threat in Brad's glare was dangerous, cornered-animal rage that promised violence if Dave finished that sentence.

In that moment, with Brad's attention focused on Dave, I caught Dave's eye and gave him a subtle nod.

The signal we'd discussed earlier.

It was time.

Dave's tapped something on his phone and tucked it back into his pocket. His face remained neutral, but his eyes danced with anticipation.

"What the hell?" someone shouted from across the gym.

The wall-mounted TVs flickered, causing several students to stop mid-rep and stare. The ESPN highlights that had been playing stuttered, pixelated, then vanished.

Brad continued his punishing sprint, oblivious to the commotion, his eyes fixed on the distance as sweat poured down his face. He hadn't noticed yet.

"Dude, look at the screens," a guy on the rowing machine called out.

The TVs stabilized, now displaying a high-definition video feed that made my stomach drop even as adrenaline surged through my veins. It was happening.

Dave had done it.

The video on the screens, all the screens in the gym, opened with an extreme close-up of a muscular male torso—the lighting professional, the definition of each ab clearly visible. The face remained out of frame, but there was no mistaking Brad's distinctive chest tattoo, the small nautical star just below his right pec.

Brad's pace faltered as confusion spread across his features. He followed the gaze of everyone in the gym to the screens above. His eyes widened in horror as he recognized his own body.

"What the fuck?" He stumbled on the still-moving treadmill. His feet scrambled to regain footing, but panic destroyed his coordination. He pitched forward, catching himself on the handrails just before he could faceplant.

Heads swiveled between the screens and Brad, making the connection in real time. The entire gym fell into shocked silence.

Brad's face drained of color, his mouth hanging open in mute horror as the camera pulled back. There was no concealing his identity now. The video showed him on his knees, face flushed and lips parted. The unforgiving 4K resolution captured every detail, from the beads of sweat on his forehead to the desperate hunger in his eyes.

The gym fell into stunned silence as the audio kicked in through the speakers, Brad's voice filling the space.

"Please... I need both of you... please..."

The real Brad froze mid-stride on the treadmill. His legs stopped moving, but the belt didn't, sending him stumbling backward. He caught himself on the handrails, white-knuckled and shaking. His fellow students gaped between him and his digital double.

On screen, the video cut to an even more explicit angle—Brad on all fours, his muscular back arched as Dave entered him from behind. His mouth was stretched around my cock, eyes rolled back in ecstasy as he eagerly serviced both of us at once.

"Oh fuck, you love this, don't you?" Dave's voice purred from the speakers. "Tell everyone how much you love cock."

The video captured Brad's enthusiastic moan of agreement around my shaft, the sound unmistakably affirmative.

Beside me, the real Brad made a strangled noise, something between a gasp and a sob. His hands clutched at his phone, desperately trying to do something—anything—to stop what was happening. But it was too late. His dirty secret was playing on every screen in the gym, his carefully constructed facade crumbling in real-time before dozens of witnesses.

I stared at the screens with equal parts shock and perverse satisfaction. Dave had edited the video so that both our faces were blurred or cropped out of frame, leaving Brad as the only identifiable participant.

The gym fell silent except for Brad's recorded voice blasting through the speakers: "Harder... fuck me harder... I need it deeper... please..." His desperate begging echoed through the cavernous space, the raw need in his voice impossible to mistake for anything else. The contrast between that unfiltered desire and his current terror was striking.

Students began pulling out phones, some recording the screens while others pivoted to capture Brad's live reaction. The clicks of camera shutters and the soft beeps of recording functions starting created an eerie soundtrack beneath Brad's moans coming from the speakers.

"Is that Brad Harrison? The personal trainer?" A female student in bright pink leggings gasped, her hand covering her mouth in shock. Her voice cut through the silence, causing a ripple of whispered confirmations to spread through the gym.

The color drained from Brad's face at the sound of his name. His eyes, wild with panic, darted between the screens and the growing crowd of onlookers. His legs, still moving mechanically on the treadmill, suddenly lost their rhythm as the reality of his situation hit him full force.

Brad stumbled forward, his foot catching on the still-moving belt. His arms flailed wildly as he fought to keep his balance, his body pitching dangerously to one side. His fingers scrambled for the control panel, jamming repeatedly at the stop button with such force I thought he might break it.

"No, no, no, NO!" he shouted, his voice cracking with panic as the belt finally slowed beneath his feet.

I watched in perfect horror—fabricated, of course—as the video jumped to its most explicit segment yet. The camera zoomed in on Brad's sweat-slicked back, then panned down to show both Dave and me penetrating him simultaneously. One inside his ass, one in his mouth. The shot was framed to highlight Brad's face contorted in pure ecstasy, his muscled body quivering between us as he took both cocks eagerly.

"Fuck my hole... destroy me... I need it so bad!" Brad's desperate voice echoed through the now-silent gym, bouncing off the walls and weights and treadmills. The raw, unfiltered need in his voice was unmistakable. No one watching could possibly believe this wasn't consensual—his begging was too authentic, too passionate.

I widened my eyes in mock surprise, my jaw dropping open as I stared at the screens. Dave caught my eye for a millisecond—a dangerous moment where I almost broke character—before he schooled his features back into perfect shock.

"Oh my GOD! Is that BRAD?!" Dave shrieked, his voice pitched higher than usual, finger pointing dramatically at the screen. His performance was Oscar-worthy, the perfect blend of scandalized and titillated. "Brad HARRISON? The PERSONAL TRAINER?"

Brad's treadmill had stopped, but he remained frozen in place like a deer caught in headlights. Sweat poured down his face—no longer from exertion but from pure panic. His chest heaved with ragged breaths as he stared up at his most private moments playing for everyone to see.

Students began to circle Brad's treadmill, phones out, some openly recording his reaction while others whispered behind their hands. The crowd grew thicker by the second, a ring of shocked faces and raised phones forming a human barrier around him.

"Dude, is that really you?" someone called out.

Brad's fight-or-flight response finally kicked in. He lurched forward, trying to push through the growing crowd, but people were packed too tightly now, all straining to get a better look at the gym's star trainer being dominated on screen.

"Get out of my way!" he shouted, his voice cracking with desperation as he shoved against the wall of bodies.

Brad exploded off his treadmill, body coiled like a spring as he launched himself toward the nearest wall-mounted TV. His face had transformed into a twisted mask of pure terror and desperation.

"Turn it off!" he screamed, arms outstretched as he leaped up, fingers clawing at the display that hung just beyond his reach. His fingertips scraped uselessly against the wall beneath the screen. "FUCKING TURN IT OFF!"

The crowd backed away from his wild movements, creating a small circle of space around him. Someone laughed nervously at his frantic attempts to reach the TV.

Just as Brad dragged a nearby bench beneath the screen, preparing to climb up, the video cut to a new angle. My stomach tightened with a sick mix of excitement and guilt as I watched what played next.

The screen filled with an extreme close-up of Brad's face—eyes rolled back in his head, mouth open wide, tongue extended. Thick ropes of cum covered his features, dripping from his forehead, cheeks, and chin. His expression was one of complete surrender, absolute ecstasy. A look I'd never seen on him before outside that night.

The gym went silent again.

Then Brad's recorded voice echoed through the speakers, clear and unmistakable:

"I belong to your cocks! I'm just a fucking hole for you to use!"

The words hung in the air for a second of perfect, shocked silence.

Then, from somewhere in the back of the crowd, a single snicker broke through.

Brad froze on top of the bench, one arm still outstretched toward the TV. His head whipped around, trying to identify the source of the laugh.

Another chuckle rippled through the crowd, then another. Within seconds, nervous laughter spread like a wave across the entire gym. Some people tried to hide it behind their hands, others turned away, shoulders shaking with mirth. But the dam had broken.

Brad's face transformed from shock to humiliation to rage in the span of heartbeats. His eyes found mine across the gym, wide and filled with an emotion I'd never seen there before—pure, unadulterated betrayal.

I watched Brad's world collapse in real-time, a sick mixture of satisfaction and guilt churning in my stomach. The man who'd used me, recorded me without consent, and tossed me aside was finally experiencing the public humiliation he so richly deserved.

Brad spun around wildly, facing the crowd of gym-goers whose phones remained aimed at him like weapons.

"This isn't—they made me—it's not what it looks like!" he shouted, voice cracking with panic. His eyes were wild, darting between faces as sweat poured down his temples. "It's fucking fake! They drugged me!"

The desperation in his voice might've been convincing if the evidence wasn't still playing in high-definition on every screen. His digital counterpart moaned just as he tried to continue his denials, creating a surreal counterpoint to his panicked claims.

"Dude, that's you," someone called out.

"Holy shit, is that cum on his face?" a man said, his voice a mixture of disgust and fascination.

Brad's attention snapped toward the screens again. His movements were jerky, uncoordinated. A cornered animal trying to escape. The crowd's reactions only intensified his panic: some people were laughing outright now, while others watched with scandalized expressions, whispering to each other behind their hands.

"Who the fuck is doing this?" Brad screamed as he turned in circles, searching for the culprit.

His gaze locked on Dave, who was watching the scene unfold with satisfaction in his eyes. Something clicked in Brad's mind.

"YOU!" Brad lunged forward. "You fucking did this!"

I stepped between them instantly, my heart pounding as I placed my hands on Brad's chest, feeling the heat and tension radiating from his body. His momentum nearly knocked me over, but I held firm.

"Brad, what are you talking about?" I asked, eyes wide with innocence. "Dude, calm down! How could Dave possibly hack the gym's TV system? He knows nothing about video. He's just a camped up failed actor."

The gym doors slammed open with a metallic crash. Campus security guard Royce—a former linebacker with biceps the size of my thighs—muscled his way through the crowd. His eyes darted between the screens, Brad's panicked face, and the circle of students with raised phones.

"What in God's name is going on here?" His booming voice cut through the chaos.

Brad's eyes locked onto the screen, his face contorting with fresh horror as he saw himself. Degraded, marked, and loving every second of it.

A bright flash cut through the tension. Brad whipped around to see a girl in a bright yellow sports bra lowering her phone, having just captured the perfect shot of him standing next to his humiliation displayed in 4K resolution.

"Hashtag straighttogay," she announced to nobody in particular.

Brad's phone erupted in his pocket, vibrating so intensely it created a visible bulge against his gym shorts. He fumbled it out with trembling hands. The color drained from his face as notifications cascaded down the display—texts, Instagram tags, Twitter mentions, faster than he could process.

"No, no, no." He scrolled frantically through his phone. "It's fucking everywhere!"

Brad's knees gave way. The man who'd strutted around campus like he owned it, who'd used people and discarded them without a second thought, collapsed to his knees in the middle of the gym floor.

"Make it stop! Please, Alan, make it fucking stop!"

His desperate gaze shifted to Dave, who raised both hands in an exaggerated shrug.

"I have no idea what's happening or how to stop it!" Dave said. "Looks like someone finally exposed the real Brad Harrison to the world!"

I stood frozen in place as Royce approached Brad, his security uniform stretching tight across his massive shoulders. The gym had fallen into an eerie hush, everyone watching the drama unfold with a mix of shock and morbid fascination.

"Sir, I need you to come with me," Royce said, his deep voice cutting through the silence. He placed a heavy hand on Brad's shoulder, making Brad flinch. "This situation needs to be addressed immediately."

Brad's head swiveled around the gym. His eyes, wild with panic, registered the dozens of phones pointed at him from every direction. Some people weren't even trying to hide it anymore, filming his breakdown with their arms outstretched. Each flash of a camera seemed to hit him like a physical blow.

"Everyone's watching... everyone's recording..." Brad said. His phone continued vibrating in his hand, an endless stream of notifications pouring in as his humiliation spread across campus networks in real-time.

Just then, the screens throughout the gym synchronized to show the final clip of our revenge video. This was the most extreme footage we'd captured—Brad on his back, legs spread wide as Dave and I penetrated him together. His face contorted with pleasure so intense it almost looked like pain.

"Tell us what you are," my recorded voice demanded from the speakers.

On screen, Brad's eyes rolled back as he gasped out, "I'm a worthless cum hole! Just a fucking worthless hole for you to use! Please fill me up!"

The gym erupted in shocked gasps and nervous laughter. Brad's face crumpled. Something inside him broke.

With a strangled sob, he wrenched away from Royce's grip and bolted toward the exit. The crowd parted, creating a pathway for his escape. No one tried to stop him as he crashed through the double doors, disappearing into the bright afternoon sunlight.

Dave leaned toward me, his eyes wide with fabricated shock. He raised a hand to half-cover his mouth, but his stage whisper was deliberately loud enough for everyone nearby to hear clearly.

"Well, bless me. Who would ever have guessed!"

# Chapter 20

I couldn't believe how nervous I felt walking back to Dave's apartment after dinner. The Italian place he'd picked had been perfect, down to earth, simple, good food. We'd talked for hours about everything from our favorite obscure bands to childhood memories of swimming lessons. He'd made me laugh more in one night than I had in months.

"Can I get you something to drink?"

"I'm good."

I stretched out comfortably on Dave's couch, feeling more relaxed than I had in ages. Something about him just put me at ease now that we'd gotten to know each other. The pretenses were gone, and what remained felt honest in a way that still surprised me.

"Hey, did you hear what happened with Brad after the gym thing?" Dave asked, handing me a glass of water before sitting down beside me.

I shook my head. "No, and I don't want to. I've blocked him on everything. Phone, social media, even my thoughts if I can help it."

Dave studied my face for a moment. "You're not still hung up on him, are you?"

"No, it's not that." I fidgeted with the glass. "It's just... I can't stop thinking about what we did."

"What, exposing that asshole for who he really is?"

"Yeah." The word came out heavier than I intended. "Look, I know Brad was wrong for recording us without consent, but... what we did wasn't any better, was it? We set him up, got him drunk, recorded him at his most vulnerable."

"That was different. It was justice."

"Was it though?" I set my glass down. "We became exactly what we hated him for being. We violated his privacy, humiliated him publicly."

"Alan, he deserved it."

"I'm not defending what Brad did," I said. "It was fucked up. But so was our response. Two wrongs don't make a right."

"I didn't think you'd feel this way," Dave said.

"Neither did I, until I had some distance from it." I looked directly at him. "I've spent so long being angry at Brad that I didn't realize I was becoming someone I don't like very much."

"Fair enough… But you might want to know this. The university found more videos on his laptop."

My stomach tightened. "More videos?"

"Yeah, and not just you and me. Turns out Brad had hidden cameras in the gym and locker rooms. Had been recording guys for months."

"Jesus Christ."

"He even got Jennifer to put one in the girl's locker room: said if she didn't, he'd publish his videos of her all over the net. So she did. Didn't stop him publishing the videos her though, poor cow. The university asked him to leave. No one's seen him since he cleared out his apartment last week."

I stared at Dave. "So he's just... gone?"

"Pretty much. He put up a few posts on Instagram claiming he was innocent, that he was being framed." Dave rolled his eyes. "But people just blasted his comments with screenshots of everything. The videos, his confessions, all of it."

I sat back, letting out a long breath. "Fuck. I mean, he deserved consequences, but that's..."

"A lot. I know. I didn't expect it to go that far."

We were quiet for a few minutes. Outside the window, it was dark. The moon had risen.

Dave ran a hand through his hair. Not the dramatic flourish he used when playing up his Camp David persona, but a nervous gesture that made my chest tighten. He caught me watching and smiled.

"What?"

"Nothing. I just…"

The silence was electric.

When Dave adjusted his hair again, I reached out and caught his hand.

I leaned in first, my lips meeting his. Exploratory, tender: the kiss of two people discovering each other without rushing.

He pulled away. "I'll get some wine."

Dave moved to his kitchen, where he pulled out a bottle of red wine and two glasses. His hands trembled as he poured, a small splash landing on the countertop. He wiped it quickly with his thumb, then sucked the wine off with a nervous laugh.

"Sorry, I'm not usually this clumsy."

"It's okay," I said. "I kinda like seeing you without the performance."

Dave sat beside me, closer than before. He set his glass on the coffee table without taking a sip.

"This feels different. Different than when we..."

The locker room. That seemed like a misunderstood disaster now. Two different people then.

I took a small sip of wine. Its warmth spread through me before setting my glass down next to his. "It is different. That night... that wasn't really about you and me."

"It was about Brad," Dave said. "For both of us."

"Yeah." I laced my fingers through his. "I was angry and hurt and trying to feel something, anything, other than rejected. You were... convenient."

Dave's eyes flickered with something that might have been hurt.

"That came out wrong," I added quickly. "What I mean is, it was about my fucked-up feelings and using sex to forget them." I squeezed his hand. "But tonight is about us. About getting to know the real Dave, not Camp David."

Dave's smile returned. "I'd like that. To explore this, I mean." He picked up his wine glass, taking a sip. "Though I have to admit, I'm a little terrified."

"Of what?"

"Of you seeing the real me. Not many people do."

I ran my fingers along Dave's jawline, tracing the sharp angle where stubble had started to form. No glitter, no performative angle: just the natural, masculine contour of his face. His skin was warm, rough with end-of-day growth. Something about this simple contact was more intimate than anything we'd done before.

"You're thinking too much. I can hear the gears turning."

Dave closed his eyes, leaning into my touch.

"And I want to find out more about the real Alan."

"This is me."

Dave hesitated. "I know about Frank. And Rex. And Tyler."

The restroom. "Oh, fuck."

Dave caressed my face.

My face flushed hot with shame. Fuck. Of course Dave knew about the rest stop. The gay community around here wasn't exactly massive. I pulled away slightly, my eyes fixed on the floor.

"Hey," Dave said. "Alan, look at me."

I forced myself to meet his gaze, expecting judgment or disgust. Instead, his eyes held nothing but understanding.

"You think you're the only one who's had desperate moments?" Dave's tone was so different from his usual camp delivery—raw, honest. "When I first came out, I spent three months hooking up with strangers in that restroom. Every Sunday afternoon like clockwork."

"That's different."

"Is it?" Dave shifted closer. "I was trying to fill something empty inside me. Validate that I was desirable even if I wasn't lovable." His fingers traced circles on my palm. "Frank's been lurking at that rest stop for years. And Rex—well, let's just say we've all made questionable choices with men who have Prince Albert piercings." Dave's smile was wry, a flash of his usual self. "And Tyler... that kid has daddy issues deeper than the Mariana Trench. Makes you feel like you're the only one who understands him, right?"

The tension in my shoulders began to dissolve. "Yeah, actually."

"We've all been there—anonymous hookups, bathroom stalls, rest stops. Places where we didn't have to be ourselves, just bodies filling a need. It doesn't make you damaged or unworthy."

"I felt so pathetic afterward."

"I know. But you were just trying to feel something after Brad hurt you. I get it. I really do."

Dave's sipped his wine, the carefully constructed Camp David persona seeming to fall away. There was something raw in his expression now, something I'd never noticed before.

"You know," he said, setting his glass down with deliberate care, "this whole flamboyant queen act? It started as armor, but it became a cage too."

"What do you mean?"

Dave leant back against the couch. "People expect Camp David—they want the sassy comments, the drama, the outrageous flirting. Nobody wants the real me. The real Dave who sometimes just wants to watch documentaries in sweatpants and cry over sad movies."

"I'd watch documentaries with you. And sad movies."

"The thing is," he continued, "when you're always the comic relief, the slutty sidekick, people don't see you as someone to date. They see you as someone to fuck secretly and laugh about publicly."

Shit. Wasn't that exactly how I'd seen him until recently?

"So I lean into it. The more outrageous I am, the less it hurts when guys just want me for sex." Dave's fingers traced the rim of his wine glass. "I've sucked off half the swim team in locker rooms. I've been fucked by married professors in their offices. Hell, I've even blown three guys at once in a bathroom stall at The Underground.

"The campier I act, the more I can pretend it's just a character getting used. Not the real me." Dave looked at me. "Camp David gets groped at parties and blown in bathrooms. Real Dave sits alone wondering why nobody ever calls the next day."

"That sounds lonely."

"Fucking lonely," he agreed, a bitter laugh escaping him. "But at least I'm getting laid, right? That's what everyone thinks. Good old Camp David—always down for anything, however depraved. Need your dick sucked while your girlfriend's in the next room? Dave's your man. Want to try pissing on someone? Dave won't judge. Nothing is too dirty or shameful."

I leaned forward, brushing my lips against his. The kiss was soft, unhurried. No desperate need driving us, just the quiet desire to connect.

"Tonight, I want the real you, the real Dave," I said.

His eyes opened, searching mine. He smiled. His hand found mine.

Our lips met again, but this time, the hesitant exploration gave way to something deeper. His mouth opened, inviting me in, and I accepted. The taste of red wine lingered on his tongue as it slid against mine, slow and deliberate. There was no frantic pawing at clothes, no desperate grinding. Just the luxurious sensation of two people taking their time to discover each other.

My hand moved to cup the back of Dave's neck, fingers threading through the short hairs at his nape. He sighed into my mouth, his arms wrapping around my waist to draw me closer. Unlike our locker room encounter where everything had been about release and forgetting, this was about presence, about feeling every second, every touch.

Dave's thumb traced circles on my lower back, sending pleasant shivers up my spine. I shifted closer as his tongue danced with mine. The heat between us built, a slow-burning fire rather than an explosion.

After several minutes of slow, deep kisses, Dave pulled back, his breathing uneven. His eyes dark with desire, but clear with intention.

"Are you sure about this?"

I stood up, never breaking eye contact. I extended my hand to him, palm up. An invitation, not a demand. Dave looked at my hand, then back at my face.

He placed his hand in mine, strong yet gentle. I gave his hand a gentle squeeze and pulled him to his feet.

I led him across the apartment toward his bedroom.

The room was bathed in warm light from a single bedside lamp. He reached over and dimmed it further, casting long shadows across the walls. Like we were creating our own sacred space.

I reached for the buttons on his shirt, working them open with deliberate slowness.

"You're quiet." I slid the shirt from his shoulders.

Dave swallowed. "I'm usually talking to distract people from really seeing me." His fingers found the hem of my t-shirt, lifting it over my head.

As his shirt fell to the floor, I noticed something I hadn't seen before—three small scars tracing a curved line across his right shoulder. I ran my fingers over them, feeling the smooth texture against my fingertips. Dave tensed under my touch.

I leaned forward, pressing my lips to each scar in turn, a silent question.

"Dance competition injury," he explained. "A lift gone wrong when I was seventeen. My partner was heavier than she admitted, and I wasn't as strong as I claimed." He smiled. "My coach made me compete anyway. Said I'd never make it professionally if I couldn't handle a little pain."

I kissed the scars again, lingering this time.

Our hands continued their slow exploration, each item of clothing removed another layer of protection shed. When I unbuttoned his jeans, I slid them down with care, not grabbing or pawing like before. He did the same for me, his fingers skimming my hips as he lowered my shorts.

This was nothing like our first time. Then, it had been all about the fucking jockstrap, and the fantasy of someone else: anger and lust and desperation.

This time was… real.

I slipped my thumbs under the waistband of his boxer briefs, pausing to look into his eyes before lowering them down his legs. He stepped out of them gracefully, before doing the same for me.

We took a step back, really looking at each other for the first time. No pretense, no performance, no fantasy of someone else.

Just us, seeing each other clearly.

I looked at Dave's body in a way I hadn't during our frantic encounter in the locker room. In the soft amber glow, his lean swimmer's physique was a study in graceful strength. His shoulders were broader than they appeared under his usual colorful shirts, tapering to a narrow waist with definition that spoke of years of disciplined training.

My eyes traveled down the subtle ridges of his abs—not the showy six-pack that Brad obsessively maintained, but the functional core strength of a dancer. Light brown hair dusted across his chest, thinning as it trailed down his stomach before thickening again below his navel.

Between his legs, Dave's cock stood fully erect. A beautiful 7 inches with a pronounced head that glistened with pre-cum. The veins along its length pulsed with his heartbeat.

"You're fucking gorgeous," I said, not realizing I'd said it aloud until I saw the flush spread across Dave's chest and up his neck.

"You don't have to say that."

"I'm not saying it because I think I should. I'm saying it because it's true."

My fingers reached out, tracing the line where his hip bone created a perfect valley leading toward his groin. His cock twitched in response, another bead of pre-cum forming at the tip.

"I didn't really look at you before," I said. "Not properly."

Dave's breathing quickened as my hand moved to his erection. "And now?"

"Now I can't look away."

I reached out, my palm finding the warm plane of Dave's chest. His skin was lean, smooth, with just the faintest dusting of hair. For the first time, I wasn't comparing, just noticing. My fingertips traced the subtle contours of his pectorals before sliding down to explore the definition of his abdomen.

"Can I touch you?" Dave asked.

I nodded, watching as his hands moved hesitantly toward my body. His touch was feather-light at first, almost reverent as his fingers traced the outline of my shoulders, then moved down to my chest. There was no grabbing or frantic groping, just careful exploration, like he was memorizing every inch.

"You're beautiful," he said. His eyes followed his hands as they traveled across my skin.

When his palm brushed against my nipple, I inhaled sharply at the unexpected jolt of pleasure. Dave noticed, his movements pausing.

"Good?"

"Yeah," I breathed. "Really good."

A smile curved his lips as he circled my nipple again, watching my reaction closely. Not too rough, not too light, sending waves of sensation through me.

I stepped closer, closing the gap between us until our bodies were flush against each other. His cock pressed against mine, hot and hard, but neither of us rushed to escalate. His lips found my neck, placing soft, open-mouthed kisses along the sensitive skin there. Each press of his lips, each brush of his tongue was deliberate, focused on drawing out my pleasure rather than rushing toward his own.

I realized with startling clarity that this wasn't Camp David putting on a performance. This was Dave—just Dave—being present with me. There were no theatrical moans, no exaggerated movements designed to impress. Just genuine connection.

His mouth moved to my collar bone, then down to my chest, his tongue flicking experimentally across my nipple while his hand continued exploring lower. When his fingers wrapped around my cock, the touch was so perfect that my knees nearly buckled.

"Lie down," I said, guiding him backward toward the bed.

Dave complied, stretching out on his back, his eyes never leaving mine. I followed him down, positioning myself above him to kiss his lips once more before beginning a slow journey downward. My mouth explored the column of his throat, the hollow between his collar bones, the subtle curves of his chest. Each kiss was an appreciation, an acknowledgment of the real person beneath me.

I continued my slow journey downward, my lips brushing against the taut skin of his abdomen. Dave's breathing grew more ragged with each kiss, each gentle touch. As my tongue traced the line of his hip, I felt his fingers thread through my hair—not pulling or directing, just connecting.

When I glanced up, what I saw made me pause. Dave's face was open, vulnerable in a way I'd never seen before. There was no trace of Camp David's theatrical expressions or rehearsed reactions. No witty comeback waiting on his lips. Just Dave, his eyes half-lidded with pleasure, his bottom lip caught between his teeth.

I placed another kiss on his hip bone, still watching his face. A small, involuntary sound escaped him—not the exaggerated moans he'd performed in the locker room, but something quieter, more genuine. Almost like he was surprised by his own pleasure.

"No one's ever touched me like this," Dave whispered.

I paused, resting my cheek against his thigh as I looked up at him.

"What do you mean?"

Dave's eyes met mine, naked vulnerability in his gaze. His chest rose and fell with uneven breaths.

"Like they're memorizing me," he answered after a moment, his fingers still gentle in my hair. "Like... like I'm worth taking time with."

The raw honesty in his voice hit me hard. I understood that for all his outward confidence, all his flamboyant displays of sexuality, Dave had rarely—maybe never—experienced this kind of attentive intimacy.

His admission left me silent, a lump forming in my throat. For a moment, I just held his gaze, fingers tracing small patterns on his thigh. Then I lowered my head and pressed my lips to the soft skin where thigh met groin, inhaling his clean, masculine scent.

"Let me show you how I see you," I whispered against his skin.

I trailed my tongue along the crease of his hip, working my way toward his cock, which lay hard and pulsing against his stomach. Pre-cum had pooled at the tip, creating a small, slick puddle on his abs. I took my time, savoring the anticipation building between us.

When I finally wrapped my hand around the base of his shaft, Dave's breath hitched audibly. His cock felt substantial in my grip—not as thick as Brad's, but longer and more elegant somehow, curving with a pronounced head that begged for attention.

I lowered my mouth, letting my warm breath ghost over the sensitive skin before my tongue darted out to taste the bead of pre-cum at his slit. The flavor was cleaner than I expected—salty with a hint of sweetness. Dave's whole body tensed at the contact, a soft "fuck" escaping his lips.

With deliberate slowness, I circled my tongue around the head, tracing the ridge where it met his shaft. His cock twitched against my lips in response. I took just the head into my mouth, sucking while my hand worked the base in a twisting motion.

"Alan," Dave moaned, his voice stripped of any affectation—just raw, genuine pleasure.

I took him deeper, relaxing my throat to accommodate his length. Unlike our locker room encounter, I wasn't performing or trying to impress. Every sense focused on his pleasure, on the weight of him against my tongue, the pulse of blood beneath taut skin.

My free hand cupped his balls, rolling them as I established a rhythm. Taking him deep, then retreating to focus attention on the sensitive head. Dave's fingers tightened in my hair, not forcing, just holding on like I was his anchor in a sea of sensation.

I glanced up the length of his body to find him watching me, lips parted, pupils dilated. The sight of him only intensified my desire to make this good for him.

I took him deeper into my throat, savoring the way his cock filled my mouth. My rhythm intensified as I felt his thighs begin to tremble beneath my hands. His fingers tightened in my hair, not pushing or forcing, just holding on like I was his lifeline.

"Fuck, Alan," Dave gasped, his voice stripped of any theatricality. "I'm getting close."

That only encouraged me to double my efforts. I hollowed my cheeks, creating a tight suction as I bobbed my head faster. My tongue pressed against the underside of his shaft, feeling the prominent vein pulsing against it. His pre-cum flowed more steadily now, the salty-sweet taste coating my tongue.

Dave's breathing became ragged, his hips starting to rise off the bed to meet my mouth. Unlike our locker room encounter, there was nothing performative about his reactions now—just pure, unfiltered pleasure.

"Alan, I'm gonna—" His warning cut off with a choked moan. "If you don't want to—"

I answered by taking him as deep as I could, my nose pressing against his neatly trimmed pubic hair. I wanted this—wanted to taste him, to experience everything about the real Dave.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming!" Dave cried out.

His cock pulsed powerfully against my tongue as the first spurt of cum hit the back of my throat. I swallowed immediately, then again as the second wave flooded my mouth. His flavor was distinct—warmer and sweeter than I'd expected, nothing like the bitter aftertaste I'd experienced with others.

I kept swallowing as he continued to release, never breaking the seal of my lips around him. His fingers clenched and unclenched in my hair as aftershocks of pleasure rolled through his body.

When the last pulse subsided, I released him, making sure to lick the sensitive head clean. Dave's eyes were half-closed in blissful exhaustion.

"Holy shit," he whispered, his voice hoarse. "That was..."

Dave's eyes found mine, a vulnerability in them I'd never witnessed before. His hand cupped my cheek as he whispered, "I want you, Alan. I want you to fuck me."

The directness of his words sent a jolt through my entire body. This wasn't Camp David's theatrical begging—this was Dave, raw and honest, telling me what he needed.

"Are you sure?" I asked, my voice rough with desire.

Dave nodded, his eyes never leaving mine. "I've never wanted anything more."

He reached toward his nightstand, producing a condom and bottle of lube. His hands trembled as he passed them to me, and I was struck by how different this was from our locker room encounter. There, he'd been all performance and practiced moves. Here, his nervousness made everything more intimate, more real.

I positioned myself between his legs, slicking my fingers with lube. As I pressed one finger against him, I kept my eyes locked on his. I watched his pupils dilate when I breached him, saw the flutter of his eyelashes as pleasure replaced discomfort. When I added a second finger, his lips parted on a silent gasp, but his gaze remained fixed on mine—a connection unbroken.

When I finally rolled on the condom and positioned myself at his entrance, Dave's eyes betrayed a flicker of apprehension followed by absolute trust. I pushed forward, watching his face register every sensation—the initial resistance, the gradual yielding, the moment when pain transformed into pleasure.

"Keep looking at me," I whispered as I sank deeper.

His eyes—typically bright with mischief—were dark with desire now, pupils blown wide. I could see everything in those eyes—vulnerability, need, and something that looked dangerously close to adoration.

Once inside him, I paused, giving him time to adjust. Dave's legs wrapped around my waist, pulling me deeper. The unexpected movement drew a groan from both of us, but our eye contact never wavered.

"Move," he urged.

I began to thrust, establishing a gentle rhythm. Unlike with Brad or any of the strangers at the rest stop, this wasn't about one person taking while the other gave. Dave matched my movements, his hips rising to meet mine. We found our cadence together, neither leading nor following—just two bodies moving in harmony.

Dave's eyes remained locked on mine, creating an intimacy far more profound than the physical act itself. In those clear depths, I saw myself reflected—not as Brad's secret or as a convenient hookup, but as someone worthy of attention. Someone worthy of care.

As I moved inside Dave, a sudden realization washed over me. Brad wasn't here—not in my thoughts, not in my comparisons, nowhere. For the first time in months, my mind wasn't filled with images of Brad's body or haunted by memories of his touch. It was just Dave and me, connected in this moment, nothing else intruding.

The clarity of this realization must have shown on my face because Dave's hand moved to my cheek, his thumb tracing my jawline. His touch anchored me, grounded me to the present.

"Stay with me," Dave whispered, his voice soft but steady. "Right here."

Dave's eyes held mine, refusing to let me drift away from this connection we'd found.

"I'm not anywhere else. Just here. Just you."

The truth of those words hit me hard. I wasn't thinking about Brad's rejection or comparing Dave to him. I wasn't substituting one body for another or using this as a way to forget. I was with Dave—seeing him, feeling him, wanting him for who he was.

Dave's expression changed, a vulnerability crossing his features that Camp David would never allow the world to see. His eyes glistened as he pulled me closer, deepening our connection in ways beyond the physical.

The intimacy between us was overwhelming—not just the joining of our bodies but the raw honesty in his gaze meeting mine. We had both dropped our masks. No more hiding behind my casual indifference or his flamboyant persona. Just two people seeing each other for perhaps the first time.

A small sound escaped Dave, something between a gasp and a sob, and I knew he felt it too—this unexpected emotional connection that had blindsided us both. His hand trembled against my face as he held me there, our eyes locked, our bodies moving together in perfect rhythm.

I increased the pace of my thrusts, feeling a familiar tension building at the base of my spine. Dave's body responded to my urgency, his hips rising to meet each thrust. His cock, which had softened after his earlier orgasm, was now hard again, leaking pre-cum onto his stomach.

"I'm getting close," I breathed, my rhythm becoming more erratic.

Dave's legs tightened around my waist, pulling me deeper. His hands moved to my shoulders, then to my face, cupping my cheeks firmly. There was an intensity in his eyes I'd never seen before.

"Look at me," he said. "Stay with me."

His thumbs stroked my cheekbones as he held my gaze. The intimacy was almost too much—more intense than anything I'd experienced before. But I couldn't look away. Didn't want to.

"Fuck, Dave, I'm gonna cum," I gasped, feeling the first waves of my orgasm building.

"I've got you. Let go."

The orgasm hit me with unexpected force—not just a physical release but something that seemed to tear through every defense I'd built. My body shuddered as I came harder than I could ever remember, buried deep inside him. My vision blurred, but Dave's hands kept my face steady, forcing me to maintain eye contact through the intensity.

"That's it," he said. "I see you, Alan. I see all of you."

Even as the aftershocks of my orgasm rippled through me, I felt Dave's body tense beneath mine. His pupils dilated further, his breath catching as his second climax overtook him. His cock pulsed between our pressed bodies, warm streams of cum coating both our stomachs as he came untouched.

"Alan," he gasped, my name like both a prayer and a revelation on his lips.

When the last tremors subsided, I pulled out and collapsed beside him. Dave shifted to maintain our connection, one leg thrown over mine, his arm across my chest, his face tucked into the crook of my neck. Our sweat-slicked bodies remained intertwined, neither of us willing to separate.

I removed the condom, tied it off, and tossed it in the small trash can beside Dave's bed. When I turned back to him, the sight caught me off guard.

Dave looked utterly vulnerable—his usual confidence stripped away. His eyes were wide, almost afraid as they searched my face. I'd never seen him like this, unguarded and raw.

I rolled onto my side to face him. "You okay?"

He nodded quickly, too quickly. Something glistened in his eyes, and I realized with a start that they were tears, gathering at the corners, threatening to spill over.

I reached out, brushing away the first tear that escaped down his temple. The tenderness of my own gesture surprised me, but it felt natural in that moment. Dave's breath caught at the contact, his eyes closing as more tears slipped free.

"I've never..." he started. His voice cracked on the words, and he shook his head. His hands moved in a small, helpless gesture before dropping back to the sheets.

I knew what he was trying to say. What we'd just shared wasn't just sex. It was something neither of us had experienced before.

"Me neither," I finished for him.

Dave caught my hand and pressed it against his cheek, leaning into my touch.

His body fit perfectly against mine, his head resting on my chest, my arm curled around his shoulder. The quiet between us felt comfortable, not the awkward silence of strangers or the tense pause between Brad and me.

We'd somehow found a sanctuary in each other's arms.

"You know," Dave finally said in the stillness. "For years I've been Camp David because it was safer than being just Dave." His fingers drew small circles on my stomach as he spoke. "No one wants just Dave."

My fingertips traced the outline of his face—across his forehead, down the slope of his nose, along the curve of his cheekbone, over the soft fullness of his bottom lip. I memorized these contours, the true features of the man behind the persona he showed the world.

"I do," I said. "I want just Dave."

His smile—not the dramatic, theatrical one I was used to seeing across campus, but something gentler and infinitely more genuine—spread across his face.

And in that moment, I knew with absolute certainty that the trail had led exactly where I wanted to be.

We moved toward each other, our lips meeting in a kiss unlike anything we'd shared before. Not desperate or hungry, but gentle and affirming. His mouth was soft against mine, the slight pressure of his hand on my cheek an anchor keeping me in this perfect moment.

When we finally pulled apart, I rested my forehead against his, our breaths mingling in the small space between us. A realization flooded through me with sudden, breathtaking clarity: what I'd felt for Brad had been infatuation—an obsession with someone who could never give me what I needed, powered by the thrill of forbidden desire and the rush of being wanted, even if secretly.

I watched Dave drift into sleep, our linked hands a promise between us, and felt something I hadn't experienced in longer than I could remember: peace.