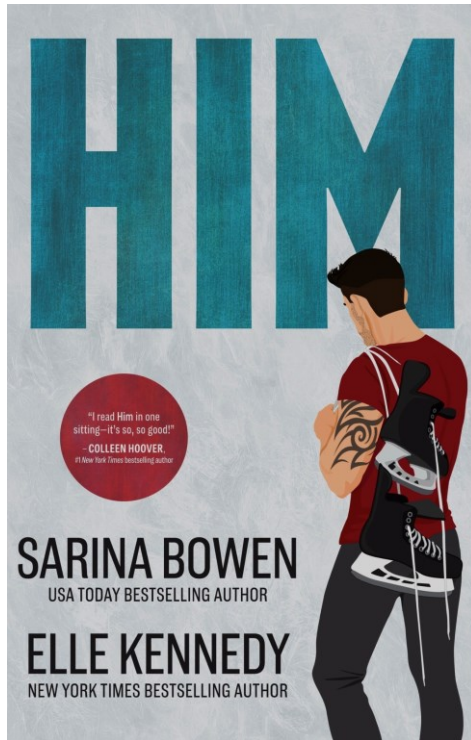


# HIM



*Young Adult*

**By Sarina Bowen and Elle Kennedy**

ISBN: 9781942444077



## **Book Summary:**

Two young men rekindle their flame as they become lovers again.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains aberrant sexual activities; explicit sexual nudity; excessive/frequent profanity and derogatory terms; alternate sexualities; and alcohol use involving minors.

**5** /5

**Aberrant Content**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
2	He looks sick as hell, and I'm not surprised. Last I saw him, he was sucking on a bottle of whiskey like he was trying to make it come.
3	He doesn't give a shit that I like to fuck dudes.
4	One night of no-strings fun, a BJ, a fuck, whatever their liquid courage allows them to try, and then they disappear.
9	Holly's fingers drift down my back, ending their journey on my bare ass. ...She doesn't usually stay over, but last night's sex marathon had lasted until four a.m., and I would've felt like an ass hustling her into a cab that late. ...Spectacular morning sex aside, her presence makes me uneasy.
11	My friend-with-benefits is sexy as hell, and my dick gives a little twitch of gratitude for the fun we already had. ...She runs her hands up her flat stomach and onto her tits. With her eyes locked on me, she gives her nipples a flick then licks her lips. My dick does not fail to notice.
15	"Loser gives the winner a blowjob," he said just as I swung.
18	"That's awesome, dude. I love it when another guy holds my stick."
31	I felt the liquor's warmth slide through my chest just as Wes said, "Let's watch some porn."
39	The last barrier standing between Jamie Canning and a blowjob. ...I'm a competitor, always have been. Didn't matter how much I wanted Canning's dick in my mouth. ...Sucking each other off?
40	"Let's watch some porn."
41	Last year I'd enjoyed a couple of drunken make-out sessions and a hand-job exchange with a guy from school. ...On the screen, the blonde was moaning like crazy. Spit-roasted and loving it. ...But I couldn't resist sneaking a peek at his crotch a minute later. And then my breath hitched, because holy shit, he was hard, a long, thick erection straining beneath his athletic shorts. I was sporting the same visible boner, and I know he saw it. He probably thought it was the porn. ...My dick throbbed for him.
46	My knees are on the bed now, and she's scooting back, shucking off her shirt. My own shirt hits the floor before I lower myself over her body, taking care to hold most of my weight off of her. Except for my hips. Those sink decadently onto hers, and my dick wakes up and says, lookee what we have here. Holly grabs my head and pulls me down for a kiss. I taste lime and tequila and willing, happy girl. "Mmm," she moans. "I've been waiting all day for this."
51	"You think I'm too chicken-shit to blow you?" ...I wanted to get off. The longer we sat there discussing sex, the more certain I was. Touching my best friend was all I could think about. ...On the screen, the blonde was on her knees, sucking one of the guys while jacking off the other. ...And now he was horny. His hand had moved, resting just above the waistband of his shorts. ...Then I put a hand between my legs, just resting it there. "This is killing me," I said. It was the most truthful statement I'd made all day. I took a slow stroke down my hard cock and

Page	Content
	<p>then back up again. I could feel his eyes on me, on my hand. And that made me even crazier.</p> <p>...I licked my dry lips. "I really need to jerk. You mind?"</p> <p>...I shoved my hand under my waistband and gripped my aching shaft. I didn't whip it out, though. Just gave it a slow tug beneath my shorts.</p> <p>...Holy hell, he was getting off on seeing me jerk it. And neither of us was looking at the laptop now. Canning's gaze stayed glued to the slow movement of my hand beneath my shorts.</p> <p>"You can, too." I hated the gravelly sound of my voice just then, because I knew that I had an agenda. "Go ahead. It'll be less weird for me."</p> <p>...All the bad analogies fled my stupid brain a moment later when Jamie reached into his shorts and pulled his dick all the way out.</p> <p>...He was pink and thick and perfect. With the fingers of one hand he stroked the underside—up and down. The lightest touch. I envied those fingertips. I cupped my aching balls and tried to take a deep breath.</p> <p>...I wanted to bend down and take him in my mouth. I wanted it so badly I could taste it.</p> <p>...We were both stroking in earnest now.</p> <p>...I wanted to be the one making him pant like that.</p> <p>...Stroking himself, he let out a hot breath.</p> <p>...His gaze locked with mine again and I almost came right there and then. My cock had swelled in my hand, pulsing. Aching. But somehow I managed to put on a careless tone, my trademark up-for-anything drawl that half the time is a total front.</p> <p>...Releasing myself, I reached over to cover his hand with mine. He tensed, and for a split second I thought he was going to push me away.</p> <p>...But then he let go, leaving my hand there alone. And I was holding his dick. Finally. He was hot and hard, and the ends of his soft blond pubic hair tickled my fingertips. I squeezed, and all the air seemed to drain out of his body, his torso practically melting into the mattress.</p> <p>...I stroked my palm along that hard shaft, acting like what I was doing was no biggie.</p> <p>...Maybe the flush on his cheeks was all thanks to the whiskey and not from the feel of my other hand yanking his shorts down further. Maybe his breathing quickened because alcohol was surging through his bloodstream and not from my fingers curling around his shaft.</p> <p>I shifted on the mattress, kneeling in front of him as I pumped him in slow strokes. My entire body throbbed with uncontrollable need, my erection heavy between my legs.</p> <p>..."What are you waiting for, Ryan? Suck it already."</p> <p>...And right now he was taunting me about sucking his dick.</p> <p>...I took a breath and lowered my head.</p> <p>Then I closed my mouth over his swollen tip and sucked.</p> <p>Jamie's hips snapped up instantly, his breath leaving his throat on a ragged shudder. "Oh Jesus."</p> <p>I remember wondering if he'd ever been blown before.</p> <p>... "More," he muttered. "Take more. Take it all."</p> <p>I sucked him deeper into my mouth, almost to the base, and just when he moaned, I released him, gliding my tongue along the long, hard length of him until his dick was glistening. I lapped at the moisture leaking out of his tip, and the taste of him infused my tongue, making my head spin.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>I was blowing my best friend.            ...“Fuck, yeah.” Canning’s hips began to rock as I took him in my mouth again.            I licked the crown of his cock, teasing, savoring, then taking him deep again.            ...“Jesus, Wes, you’re way too good at this.”            ...His fingers suddenly tangled in my hair, tightening when I swallowed him as far as I could take him.            “Oh Christ. Keep doing that, man. Let me fuck your mouth.”            ...I quickened the pace, squeezing his shaft on every upstroke, tighter than I thought he’d like, but he kept muttering harder, faster.            My eyes squeezed shut as I worked him over, determined to make him lose control, to make him feel the same urgent need wreaking havoc on my body. “Wes...” A choked sound left his lips. “Fuck, Wes, you’re making me come.”            His fingers pulled my hair to the point of pain, his abs tightening as his hips rocked faster. A few seconds later, he groaned. The husky sound vibrated against my lips as he went still, thrust deep, and came inside my mouth while I swallowed up every last dro—</p>
69	<p>“You didn’t talk to me for four years because you thought I’d freak out about you sucking me off.”</p>
80	<p>Why can’t I look at him without imagining all the dirty, dirty things I want to do to him?</p>
81	<p>“Just a hook-up? Since when are you into a friends-with-bennies arrangement?”            ...“Nah, I’m all about fuck buddies.”</p>
82	<p>“Really. So you’ll just stick your dick in anyone?”            ...“So you like ‘em big.” A broad grin fills his face as he winks at me. “So to speak.”</p>
96	<p>Telling him how much he wants to screw him right now? Offering to blow him in the bathroom?            ...“What are you waiting for, Ryan? Suck it already.”            “Fuck, Wes, you’re making me come.”            ...I’ve been on the receiving end of some pretty phenomenal blowjobs these past four years, but can I tell you what was said during them?            ...My dick stirs, remembering that mouth wrapped around it.            ...Maybe he decided to throw the guy a bone before he... throws the guy a bone.</p>
98	<p>Wes’s tongue darts out to lick at the raindrops on his bottom lip, and I catch a glimpse of his tongue ring.            ...It wasn’t there when his tongue had circled the head of my cock the night he gave me the best BJ of my life.            ...Ryan Wesley had given me the best BJ of my life.</p>
100	<p>He doesn’t get to finish that sentence, because I’m smashing my mouth against his.</p>
101	<p>Jamie is kissing me.            Jamie is kissing me.            Jamie is kissing me.            ...The pressure of his mouth?            ...The shocking sweep of his tongue over my bottom lip?            ...But holy fucking shit, I want it.            Rain pours off the awning and slides over our heads as my best friend’s lips latch onto mine.            ...His mouth brushes mine, over and over again, and when I part my lips to draw a shaky</p>

Page	Content
	<p>breath, he takes full advantage and slides his tongue inside.            ...Desire surges through me and spirals down to my balls, drawing them up tight. When his tongue touches mine I damn near keel over.            ... I know the moment he feels my tongue ring, because his tongue curls around the metal stud and he moans against my lips.</p>
102	<p>“Your tongue ring...” His voice is hoarse with excitement. “I want to feel it on my cock.”            ...There’s a hard wall behind me and an equally hard one in front of me. Emphasis on hard, because holy hell, he’s rocking one hell of a boner. It presses against my thigh as he eases even closer, until his lips are inches from mine.            ...Jamie shifts his hips, a breath panting out as his erection brushes my leg.            ...It’s the only explanation for why I curl my hand around the back of his neck and tug him toward me again. Our mouths meet in another kiss. Soft this time. Agonizingly slow.            ...Groaning, I push my chest against him and spin us around so he’s the one against the wall, and I’m the one grinding up on him. He makes a surprised noise, but it turns into a husky rumble when I deepen the kiss and drive my tongue into his mouth.            ...I fuck his mouth with my tongue the way I want to fuck him with my cock. Deep, hungry strokes that leave us both breathless, and now he’s the one clutching my shirt.</p>
109	<p>My issue is the giant boner he gave me tonight.</p>
112	<p>My dick hardens against the mattress. I’m actually hard, and all he’s done is walk in and undress.            Wes sighs. “How are you feeling?”            “Horny.”            ...But it’s not my head that needs fucking.</p>
114	<p>Kicking the sheet off, I put my hand on my dick.</p>
115	<p>But I was not built to withstand the sight of Jamie Canning stroking himself.            ...His palm is cupped over his dick, the fingertips just brushing the cockhead. He takes a deep breath and then pushes it out slowly, his back arching a little ways, his hips rolling a few degrees.            ...In two paces I could have him in my mouth.            ...He doesn’t turn his head to look at me, because he doesn’t have to. We both know where my attention lies. He squeezes his shaft once. Twice. Then he opens his hand, letting the fingers drift down. He cups his balls, his thumb skimming the delicate skin.            I hear a hot gasp, and realize it’s come from me.            ...“What the fuck are you doing?” “I really need to jerk. You mind?”            ...My hand creeps down into my boxers without my approval. Jamie is pumping himself now. Slowly, up and down. He pauses to rub his thumb over the head, and my throat constricts.            “Wes,” he says, his voice like gravel. “I need your help.”            ... “Looks like you’re doing fine on your own.”            That’s when he finally turns his head to look at me. As he rubs himself, he swallows, and I see his Adam’s apple bob roughly.            ...He’s watching the hand in my shorts.            ...“Please,” he says.            That one word is enough to get me off my bed. I’m standing in the center of our room now, hands on the waistband of my boxers. I yank and let them drop to the floor.            And now he’s staring at my cock, stroking his.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>...He moves further onto the bed, making room for me.</p> <p>...His arms reach for me, pull me in.</p> <p>We're side by side, chest to chest. And Jamie Canning is kissing me again.</p> <p>...His tongue is in my mouth and I take greedy pulls on it, loving every second of it.</p> <p>Our lower bodies grind together, and he lets out a soft moan, rocking harder into me. His cock slides over my belly, lines up with my own aching shaft.</p> <p>..."Fuck," I choke out.</p> <p>His eyes slit open, searching my face as his tongue comes out to lick his bottom lip.</p> <p>...Probably the opposite of what I'm doing when I slide my hand between our bodies and grasp both our cocks in my hand.</p> <p>Jamie's spine arches on another husky moan. "Oh shit. That's good."</p> <p>I jack us slowly, squeezing on each upstroke. His mouth finds mine again. His stubble scrapes my cheek as he angles his head to deepen the kiss. That magic tongue slides between my lips again, hungry and eager.</p> <p>...We're both leaking, making it so fucking easy for my fist to slide over our slick cocks. My balls are heavy, tingling with the need for release. A few more strokes and I'll probably blow, but Jamie doesn't let it happen.</p> <p>He wrenches out of my grip and plants both palms on my chest to shove me onto my back. My dick sails up and slaps my navel, and he groans at the sight before wrapping his fingers around my shaft.</p> <p>"Can I..." His voice comes out in a rush. "Can I suck you off?"</p> <p>...I have to be, because there's no other explanation for why my best friend is offering to put his mouth on my dick.</p> <p>...It's Jamie's fingers skimming along my hard length. Jamie's breath hot on the tip of my dick as he slides down and brings his mouth within inches of me.</p> <p>...His lips are hesitant as they graze my cockhead.</p> <p>...I'm too close to coming already, just from being in the same bed as him.</p> <p>...I almost lose my mind when his tongue touches me.</p> <p>...He licks a slow circle around my tip, then kisses his way down my shaft. He's kissing my dick, light, open-mouthed caresses that blow my fucking mind. Holy shit. Jamie Canning is a cocktease.</p> <p>"You trying to drive me crazy?" I growl after he kisses another path up my cock.</p> <p>His chuckle vibrates through me. "Is it working?"</p> <p>"Yes." I slide both hands through his hair, cupping his head. "What about you? Enjoying your first taste of dude?"</p> <p>He laughs harder now, broad shoulders quaking as he crouches between my thighs. "It's..."</p> <p>His tongue finds me again, tickling the underside of my shaft. "Different."</p> <p>He wraps his hand around my base and closes his mouth around my cockhead, giving a slow, decadent suck. "It's..."</p> <p>He sucks again, taking me deeper this time, and my cock pulses uncontrollably. He must feel it on his tongue because he groans, loudly, desperately.</p> <p>...That it's perfectly cool for a straight guy to love blowing another man?</p> <p>But he doesn't give me the chance to say anything. He just dips his head and his hot, wet mouth surrounds me again.</p> <p>My hips shift on the mattress, pure lust sizzling in my cock and balls as my best friend works me over. I keep one hand tangled in his hair. The other claws at the sheet, bunching it tight between my fingers.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>...That and the sounds Jamie is making. Husky groans, wet pops, a deep growl as he takes me almost all the way to the back of his throat.</p> <p>...“Going to come,” I ground out.</p> <p>The climax seizes my balls and shoots up my shaft, hot jets spurting out of my cock just as Jamie’s mouth releases me. He strokes me through the release, his breathing heavy and eyes gleaming as he watches my come land on my abs, my chest.</p> <p>...And then the fucker does it again—he smiles. He fucking smiles as he lowers his head and licks one pearly drop off my stomach.</p> <p>... He keeps kissing my feverish flesh, licking, nibbling, and I just let him explore, offering myself up as his sexual guinea pig. He’s tasting every inch of me, his mouth moving tentatively over the ripples of my abs, my hips, my pecs. I moan when he licks one of my nipples, and he peeks up at me, his lips curving.</p> <p>“You like that.”</p> <p>I manage a nod.</p> <p>He does it again, this time closing his lips around the tiny nub and sucking on it. I can feel his erection against my thigh, leaving streaks of moisture against my skin. Drawing a breath, I reach down and grasp him, and now I’m smiling, because his tongue freezes on my nipple as his entire body tenses.</p> <p>He thrusts into my hand, and it’s all the invitation I need. “On your back,” I mutter.</p> <p>Jamie rolls over so fast it makes me laugh. He props his arms behind his head, one brow cocked as he nudges his hips up, all but taunting me with his perfect dick.</p> <p>...I slowly crawl up his body, propping my elbows on either side of his head. ...Swallowing, I lower my mouth to his in a soft kiss. Fuck, I taste myself on his tongue, and it’s enough to send my mind spinning.</p> <p>...Four years’ worth of meaningless sexual encounters flash through my head as I break the kiss and slide down his body again. All those guys I hooked up with in the past... they’re a blur. They’re faceless. Sometimes they were faceless even when I was with them. I got off, they got off, but I wasn’t fully present.</p> <p>...“Trust me, I’ve still got it,” I whisper as my mouth descends toward his cock. And I’m going to prove it to him.</p> <p>...His erection is millimeters away and it’s mine.</p> <p>...I grip his shaft and give it a light squeeze. He shudders in response, watching me.</p> <p>Waiting. Licking my lips, I bend down and swipe my tongue over the little slit at his tip. He teased me before, and now it’s time for some payback. I’m going to worship every inch of Jamie Canning’s cock. I’m going to torment him with my tongue until he can’t remember a time when my mouth wasn’t on his dick bringing him pleasure. I’m going to—</p> <p>Jamie comes the second I wrap my lips around him.</p> <p>Yup, he fucking comes, and I don’t know whether to laugh or groan as he starts to shake with release. In the end I do neither—I suck him all the way down to the base, drawing a strangled cry from his lips as I swallow the salty drops that shoot down my throat.</p> <p>When he finally goes still, I raise my head with a sigh. “Really, dude? That was like two seconds. You have the stamina of a pre-teen.”</p>
126	<p>One girl is wearing a top that’s cut so low her tits are practically hanging out of it, and a spark of heat ignites my groin. Shi-it. That rack is spectacular.</p>

Page	Content
127	<p>But I'm pretty sure that my dick is an equal-opportunity player. Because I love women. I love how soft they are and the way they smell and how they feel in my arms. I love fucking them and going down on them, and I'm never faking it.</p>
137	<p>There's nothing wrong with looking at porn.          ...I click on the title: Hot jocks suck 'n fuck.          Did I mention I'm browsing gay porn?</p>
138	<p>Well, just one of the dudes is talking. The other guy is only capable of wet slurps and deep moans as he goes to town on the first guy's dick.          "Fuck yeah... oh fuck yeah... suck that big cock..."          Okay, that's just cheesy. I laugh as I imagine myself ordering Wes to "suck that big cock".          ...I click on something labeled Poolside fuck. Sounds promising. I like pools and I like fucking. Can't go wrong with that, right?          "You like that big dick in your hole, boy? That's it, boy, take it—"          ...I hit the jackpot on my next selection. Two very attractive guys are making out on a bed, grinding their hard cocks together.          My dick says hello.          ...There's something about the grip they have on each other that turns me on. ...There's a hungry, forceful energy to their kissing that I appreciate. That my dick appreciates.          ...I'm hard now, my gaze fixed on the screen as I watch one guy kiss his way down the other one's stomach. When his mouth engulfs his partner's erection, a jolt of heat shoots up my spine.          Sucking in a breath, I reach down and grip my aching cock. Oh fuck, that feels good.          I keep watching. Keep stroking.          And the messed up thing is, I'm not even mentally replacing the guy's face with Wes's. That had been one of the reasons for this little experiment, to find out if it's just Wes who turns me on, or dudes in general.          The guy receiving the blowjob releases a husky moan. The masculine sound of it does something to me. His partner sucks him harder.          I'm literally five seconds away from coming.          Chillax, I order my dick. We're just getting started.          But the little goalie's got a mind of his own. He won't quit throbbing, so I hit the fast forward button to skip to the real test.          The anal.          And holy shit, that's some serious pounding. I wince as the sound of flesh slapping flesh bursts out of the laptop speakers. Jesus. How is that guy not screaming in pain?          He is screaming, though. Well, moaning. And there's grunting. They're not careful with each other, but all that graceless enthusiasm looks like fun. I keep staring at the guy who's taking it. His biceps bulge as he jacks himself, his eyes slammed shut, his neck taut with pleasure.          And then he's coming, and I'm not far behind. The computer falls off my lap as I stroke faster, cupping my balls with my other hand. I gasp for air, my eyes glued to the screen, to the sight of two men screwing. My spine arches as my cock twitches in my hand, spilling all over my stomach.          ...I pick up the laptop again and click on a new category. Good ol' fashioned lesbian porn. I'm too spent to jerk it again, but I still click on a thumbnail, one that shows two smoking hot brunettes tangled together on a white couch. I hike my shorts back up, one hand</p>



Page	Content
	<p>resting on my crotch as I settle in to enjoy the view. And enjoy it I do. I'm hardening again. The lust isn't as strong as before, but that's because of the orgasm I just had, not because the girls aren't doing it for me. They are. Big-time. Their soft curves and pretty pussies and those sweet whimpers.</p>
141	<p>I think about removing that T-shirt to kiss his chest, and my dick begins to grow heavy.</p>
142	<p>The fucker had jerked off. I would have been happy to help him out with that, but clearly he'd rather go solo than let me touch him again.</p>
146	<p>I offer a pointed look at his very noticeable hard-on. ...I erase the rest of the distance between us. I'm hardening already, which is no surprise, because I've been thinking about this all day. My hands land on skin cool from the water. I brush his nipples with my fingertips, and they stiffen immediately. His ear is right beside my mouth, so I stick my tongue in it, making him gasp. "Get on my fucking bed," I whisper. ...Two seconds later, he's there. And I'm stretching out on him like a blanket, and jamming my tongue into his mouth. ...His hips roll beneath me, his cock bumping and scraping against mine. It aches. My balls are tight already. Rubbing off on him feels amazing, and I love that his sweet mouth is a prisoner of mine. But I don't want to come yet. ..."Have you ever been acquainted with your prostate?" ...So now I'm getting off the bed to dig in my duffel for the bottle of lube I keep in there. His eyes follow the bottle when I sit back on the bed. ...So I lean down and take the tip of his erection in my mouth. "Fuck," he gasps, arching his back. ...I torture him with my tongue until he's practically levitating off the bed. "Lift this leg," I whisper. Drunk from my teasing, he hikes his knee without complaint, and I position him so I can reach his crease easily. I dribble some lube onto the fingers of one hand. Then I drop my head and take his cock in my mouth. When I start sucking, he gasps. But when I slide my fingers between his ass cheeks, he goes silent. ...I release his dick and place a kiss on its tip. "You okay?" He takes a slow breath. "Yeah," he says as I tease his hole. ..."Can you take more?" ...I apply some more lube and then penetrate him with the tip of my finger. "Relax for me, baby." He tries. So I reward him with some kisses right where he wants them. "Mmm," he says. "That I like." I give him some more. Since I've weirded him out with the ass play, he's not teetering on the edge anymore. I lean down, sucking and licking and just generally bringing out my A game. And at the same time, I'm working a finger slowly toward his prostate. When I finally get there, everything changes. "Ohfuckohfuck," Jamie whispers, his thigh muscles trembling. I rub his prostate again and give another good suck. He moans, and I reach up with my free hand to cover his mouth. ...Smiling, I resume my wicked ministrations, my finger sliding inside him in time to the long, lazy strokes of my mouth. Jamie begins to shift his hips, thrusting into my mouth. And it's not just his dick he's thrusting. It's his ass, too. He's bumping it toward me, seeking me</p>

Page	Content
	<p>out. Jesus. He's trying to fuck my finger.            ...His dick grows impossibly hard in my mouth, and I groan when his ass bears down on my finger.            ...His arousal surrounds us like a thick mist, pulsing in the air, in my cock. I slide the pad of my finger over his prostate again, and he croaks out a curse, and I'm loving it. "Has anyone ever told you before that you're sexually adventurous?"            ...Jamie groans again. "Keep doing that. Please... don't stop..."            This guy is under the impression that stopping is even an option. I would, of course, if he asked me to, but as long as he's begging for my mouth? For my finger?</p>
151	<p>Kissing, foreplay, intercourse. I've tried almost every sexual position known to man, even the crazy ones you see in porn, where the chick pulls some exorcist-contortionist maneuver while I pound into her.            ...Because even though Wes's mouth engulfs my cock like it's trying to swallow me whole, the arousal humming in my blood is centered solely on the pressure between my ass cheeks. It's good pressure. A slight burn that turns into a mind-melting rush of pleasure each time he hits this one spot inside me.            ...And experiencing it is a million times hotter than watching it happen to some other guy in a porn clip.            ...As weird as the new sensations coursing through me and tingling in my ass. I wasn't sure I'd like this, but I do.            ...When his tongue ring scrapes the underside of my dick, I shiver, my breath catching. His finger is lodged inside me, and I wonder what it would feel like if he slipped another one in there. Or if he used something other than a finger...            I suddenly think of the porn I watched earlier, the husky moans of the guy who was being drilled, and the dirty memory makes me clamp harder around Wes.            He lifts his head abruptly, his finger stilling but not withdrawing.            ... "Are you going to... fuck me now?"            ... "Just wanted to do this," he says roughly, and then his finger disappears as he slides up and brushes his mouth over mine.            The kiss goes from sweet to molten in a matter of seconds. His tongue fills my mouth in deep, hungry strokes that make me gasp. I'm eager for more, desperate for it, but he's gone again before I can blink, crawling back between my legs.            This time when his finger slips past that puckered ring of muscle, I welcome the burn. I crave it. Wes licks a hot line from the tip of my cock to my aching balls, teasing the delicate sac while his finger toys with me. When I try to push my ass against it, he retreats, a dark chuckle fanning over my shaft.            ...I need to come before I self-combust. "Stop being a cocktease," I growl. "Give me what I want."            His tongue ring teases my slit. "Yeah, and what do you want, baby?"            "For you to suck me dry."            Wes pushes his finger in deeper, rubbing that spot that makes me see stars. My prostate. Why hasn't anyone ever told me the prostate was some kind of magical pleasure zone? Are there unicorns and orgasm fairies dancing around in there?            "Ask me nicely and I'll consider it." He grins up at me.            I narrow my eyes at him. "Make me come, jackass."            ... His lips tickle the head of my cock.            ...The sucking, the blunt fingertip rubbing inside me. It's not long before the tension</p>

Page	Content
	<p>gathers again. A knot of pleasure that coils tighter and tighter until finally I cup the back of Wes's head and bear down on his finger as the orgasm shoots through me. Out of me. Wes drinks me up like he can't get enough, humming around my cock, and I have to tug on his hair to get him to stop once my dick has had enough.</p> <p>...When my breathing finally slows to an almost normal rate, Wes is straddling my thighs, his hard dick in two hands. He jacks himself slowly. My gaze rests on his erection, long and proud, the engorged head making my mouth water. It's the same response I have when a girl parts her legs for me, offering that sweet paradise to my mouth or dick. I never thought another guy's package could look appealing too, and I really wish I knew what it meant.</p> <p>..."Give it to me," I say roughly, beckoning to his erection.</p> <p>..."You feel like returning the favor?" When I nod, he moves closer and straddles my shoulders, then grabs the second pillow on the bed and tucks it under my head. The added height brings my mouth to cock-level. I swallow, then flick my tongue around the head. "I'm almost there," he admits. "Yeah?" I tip my gaze up, but keep my mouth on him, lightly scraping my teeth over his dick. A soft groan escapes his lips.</p> <p>..."That was before I spent twenty minutes fingering your ass."</p> <p>...Jesus, I'm getting hard again. It's like I can't get enough of this guy. "Turned you on, huh?" I drawl.</p> <p>"Oh yeah." He nudges his cockhead forward, and I open my mouth, letting him slide inside. My hands drift around his body to cup his ass. I squeeze and he groans again, pushing in a bit deeper. With my hands occupied, it's hard to control how much of him I take, but he's not a jerk about it. He doesn't plunge deep and force any deep-throat action on me. He seems to sense my limits, the same way he senses shit on the ice—when to pass the puck, when to take his time until that perfect opening reveals itself so he can slap one in. He fucks my mouth in fast, shallow strokes that match his fast, shallow breathing. I taste his pre-come on my tongue. It's a heady flavor that makes me wonder how it would feel flooding my mouth, sliding down my throat.</p> <p>...Or that I'd be kneading another man's ass cheeks, urging him to orgasm while I clamp my lips around his dick.</p> <p>"Coming," he warns.</p> <p>I stick with him until the end this time. The first hot spurt hits my tongue, the second goes to the back of my throat, triggering my gag reflex. I breathe through my nose and swallow, my heart pounding as my best friend gasps through the orgasm.</p> <p>That wasn't... bad. The taste of him is strangely appealing.</p> <p>I indulge in one more lick before allowing him to pull out.</p>
156	<p>"Hit me." His breath tickles my nipple, and it hardens. Instantly.</p> <p>"Have you ever..." I'm not sure how to phrase it. "Bottomed? Is that the right word?" His shoulders tremble as if he's trying not to laugh. "As good a word as any. 'Been fucked' also works. 'Taken it up the ass', also a goodie."</p> <p>"Okay. Well?"</p> <p>He shifts a bit. "Yeah. I have. Once."</p> <p>..."The beginning, it hurt." His tone is rueful. "But that's probably 'cause we were both eighteen-year-old morons and neither one of us thought to bring lube."</p> <p>..."Spit'll only get you so far," he's saying, oblivious to my turbulent thoughts. "So it took a while for him to... yeah."</p>

Page	Content
163	<p>I settle in a little further, my dick waking up to the fact that I'm this close to Jamie's ass. Funny how he thinks it's weird when I sniff his hair, but he's perfectly fine that I'm about two seconds from dry humping his backside.</p> <p>...We've been going at it every night like puck bunnies in heat this week.</p> <p>...It's like a blowjob relay race around here.</p> <p>...But my favorite thing is just to make out while we rub off.</p>
164	<p>"Bummer. Blowjobs, then?"</p> <p>..."Is that your way of asking if we're sexting?"</p>
165	<p>We haven't talked about fucking since the one time. I want him so badly, but only if he wants it.</p> <p>...I climb off him and yank his shorts down. And his briefs. His ass is perfect—strong and round, with a tan line cutting across at his waist. I kiss the tan line, because I have to.</p> <p>"Mmm," he agrees, his eyes shut. I watch as he pushes his hips into the bed. Like me, Jamie has two speeds: horny and asleep.</p> <p>I yank off my shirt and then my shorts.</p>
173	<p>Forty minutes later I have Jamie's dick in my mouth and I'm stroking his prostate like a champion. He's writhing and begging. "Give me more," he pants. "Give me the D. You know you want to."</p> <p>I release him with a pop, and practically swallow my own tongue. The casual way he's asked me to fuck just blows my mind.</p> <p>..."Christ. Sometimes it feels like you've got your whole arm up there, anyway. How is it so different?"</p> <p>...Don't get me wrong—I want inside that fine ass of his more than I want my next breath.</p> <p>...But if we do this, I won't just be fucking Jamie.</p> <p>...And while he waits he's gently jacking himself and staring into my eyes.</p> <p>...I'm going to fuck the only man I've ever loved. I can hardly breathe as I reach for the lube. Then I realize I need a condom too, so I climb off the bed in search of my duffel bag. I stashed a whole box of them in there, though I'm not entirely sure why. When I took the job at camp, it was for the sole purpose of spending time with Jamie, not to go on some kind of sex spree with the gay locals.</p> <p>...I take my time with him, more generous than usual with the lube.</p> <p>..."One finger won't be enough this time." My voice is so gravelly it stings my throat. "You'll need to get used to more before I... uh..."</p> <p>..."Just say ballsack if you want me to stop."</p> <p>...Now he snickers, but the sound dies when the tip of my finger circles his hole. His ass cheeks instantly clench. Not in fear, but anticipation. I see it in his eyes, a raw gleam of heat, before he lifts up his other knee and all but puts himself on display for me.</p> <p>...I tease and caress for several long moments before slipping my finger inside. My other hand grips his erection. I'm selfish, but I don't want him to come until I'm buried inside him, so I don't take him in my mouth or jerk him as hard as I know he wants. Slow, featherlight strokes are all he gets as I work my finger into his tight hole.</p> <p>When a second finger joins the party, his brows draw together. Beads of sweat break out on his forehead. Mine, too. Loosening him up is one of the hottest things I've ever done. It takes all my concentration. Stroking, teasing, twisting, getting him ready for me.</p> <p>At three fingers, he moans loud enough to wake the dead, and I release his erection to press my palm to his mouth. "Quiet, baby."</p>

Page	Content
	<p>“Wes...” He’s squirming now, pushing his ass against my probing fingers. Every time I connect with his prostate, he pants out a breath. “I need more.” ...And I’m so hard it hurts. My heartbeat takes off like it’s on a breakaway as I tear open the condom packet with my teeth. I cover myself with one hand, then pour lube on the condom to get the latex even slicker. My fingers continue to torment Jamie’s ass.</p> <p>“You ready for it?” I rasp.</p> <p>...Gripping my shaft, I position myself between his big thighs.</p> <p>...Hell, my hand is trembling around my cock as if I’ve never done this before. But I haven’t done this.</p> <p>...The head of my cock nudges his hole. He tenses again, clenching to deny me entrance. I find his erection and stroke my fist up its length. “Breathe,” I whisper. “Relax for me.”</p> <p>...I push forward again, and this time I’m able to ease in. Just the tip, but holy hell, the pressure is incredible. He’s hot and tight, squeezing me into oblivion.</p> <p>“Ohfuckohfuckohfuck.” It’s all he seems capable of saying as my cock tunnels deeper.</p> <p>...If I last more than five strokes, it’ll be a miracle.</p> <p>...His erection pulsates in my fist, but I don’t stroke it. Not yet. Not until he begs me to.</p> <p>“Jamie... you doing good?”</p> <p>He moans in response.</p> <p>I’m all the way in now, and my dick is in heaven. I’m in heaven. I lean forward and cover his torso with mine, my elbows on either side of his head as I bend down to kiss him. Then I start to move.</p> <p>“Oh... God...” He whispers the words into my lips and I swallow them up with another tongue-tangling kiss.</p> <p>I fuck him slowly, letting him get used to the sensation, but Jamie Canning is a master at adapting. It’s him who wraps his arms around me, who hooks his legs around my ass. It’s him who starts rocking up to meet my every thrust, and him who says, “Faster, Wes” as I desperately try to go slow.</p> <p>“Don’t wanna hurt you,” I mumble.</p> <p>“Wanna come,” he mumbles back.</p> <p>I smile when he snakes one hand between the tight seal of our bodies, trying to find his cock. He’s burning up, his face and chest flushed with desire. When he bears down on my ass and groans in frustration, I take pity on my man and rise to my knees again, yanking his hips to pull him closer.</p> <p>The new angle makes him curse. His fingers seek out his erection, but I gently bat them away. “My job, baby. I make you come.”</p> <p>I withdraw until just my cockhead remains inside him. Our gazes lock. His breathing quickens.</p> <p>Then I jack his dick in a long, hard pump at the same time I slam back in.</p> <p>...He bites his lip to keep from groaning, his gorgeous features strained. He’s close. I can see it in his eyes, feel it in the urgency with which he grinds his ass against my groin.</p> <p>I’m covered in sweat. My own release is imminent and I want so badly to prolong it, but that’s like passing the puck to Gretzky and asking him not to take a shot. There’s no stopping the orgasm. It sizzles in my balls and ripples through my shaft, and I come while still jacking Jamie’s cock.</p> <p>My world is reduced to the man beneath me. I nearly act out a scene right out of a chick flick and shout “I love you!” while I shudder in release. But I fight the temptation and focus on getting Jamie where he needs to go. My dick remains rock-hard despite the mind-</p>

Page	Content
	<p>blowing climax. I keep fucking him, keep thrusting forward as my hand works his erection. "Oh... yesss..."</p> <p>Sheer bliss rolls through me when his release soaks my fingertips. He comes on a strangled cry. And keeps coming. And then comes some more.</p> <p>I guess nobody can say he didn't enjoy himself.</p> <p>When he finally goes still, I collapse on his sticky chest and growl in his ear. "That was the hottest thing I've ever seen."</p>
179	I don't ask him for anything except orgasms.
181	The kids aren't nearly as hung over as they should be. I'd forgotten how the teenage body can bounce back from anything.
182	<p>"Coach Canning's girlfriend has a great rack."</p> <p>...More than a dozen teenage boys are now eye-fucking Holly in her teeny shorts and skimpy top.</p>
191	Jamie's big hands roaming Holly's feminine curves. His cock sliding inside her. His lips lifting in that dirty grin he always gives me right before he puts his mouth on my dick.
193	Something worse... like fucking his ex.
205	"Okay, now picture this. You wake up on a weekend beside your really hot boyfriend, and fuck like horny hedgehogs for a couple of hours. Then you spend the rest of the day watching sports on television, and nobody ever says"—he pitches his voice high—"honey, you said we could go to the mall!"
212	<p>He kisses me.</p> <p>...I open for him and our tongues tangle right away. I moan into his mouth, and it doesn't matter, because the music is going again, and the darkness gives us plenty of privacy. Jamie's fingers weave into the hair at the back of my head. He tastes like good beer and sex. I'm standing in a lake with the most beautiful man wrapped around my body, and his dick is hard against my belly already.</p> <p>...I cup his ass, unable to resist sliding a finger down his crease and teasing his hole. He moans into my mouth. "You are goddamn addictive, Wes."</p> <p>...I've only fucked him one other time since that first night almost a week ago. Our second time, I took him from behind and had to cover his mouth the entire time to stop him from making noise.</p> <p>I want him again now, but screwing in the lake isn't really an option. No condom or lube, a lawful of people less than a hundred yards away.</p> <p>I move my hand to his groin and give his erection a soft stroke as our tongues tangle in a hungry kiss. Then I jump, because his hand is on my backside now, his fingers traveling between my ass cheeks.</p> <p>"Gonna fuck you one of these days," he whispers.</p> <p>Yeah, I know he will. I know I'll let him, too.</p> <p>...His finger breaches my hole and I hiss out a breath. Jesus. I'd forgotten how sensitive all those nerve endings are.</p> <p>"You like that, huh?" Droplets cling to his perfect face as he smiles at me. A filthy, beautiful smile.</p> <p>"Mmm-hmmm." I jam my tongue in his mouth again, grinding my cock against his as he tentatively plays with my ass.</p> <p>He kisses me back, just a brief taste, before breaking our mouths apart. He's in the mood</p>

Page	Content
	<p>to talk. No, he's in the mood to torment.            "So tight," he sighs.            The angle allows just the tip of his finger to penetrate me, but even that is deep enough to make me moan.            "My dick's gonna like being in you, Wes." His lips latch onto my neck, dropping greedy kisses on my wet skin. "And you're going to be begging for it."            I shiver. I think he's right.            When his finger disappears, I bite back a disappointed groan. That fleeting tease had turned me on like nobody's business.            "But not tonight." He says it decisively, as if he's carrying out some conversation in his own head. That dirty smile returns as he leans in to nibble on my jaw. "Tonight, I want you to fuck me. I've been thinking about it all day."            I growl. "You need to shut up, Canning. Otherwise I'll do you right now. Bend you over that log over there and take what's mine."            Wet lips place a kiss right under my jaw. "Promises, promises." Then he disentangles from my body and swims backward as if he has no care in the world.            Swimming with a hard-on is extremely difficult. But maybe I should be thinking of my stiffy as a floatation device. Or an oar, because God knows it's long and hard enough to single-handedly propel an entire fucking canoe.</p>
214	<p>His briefs are black and my boxers are navy-blue, so there's no peekaboo happening with our dicks, but still, traipsing around in our underwear might be a bit too racy for Lake Placid.            ...I put it in drive and breeze out of the lot, tensing when Jamie reaches over and strokes my package over my wet skivvies.            "Won't be able to drive in a straight line if you keep doing that," I warn him.</p>
216	<p>I park in the small dirt clearing near the trailhead, and before I can even kill the engine, Jamie is climbing into my lap.</p>
217	<p>A couple of weeks ago, getting it on with a dude had freaked me out. Now it's as obvious as breathing that everything about this guy turns me on—his raspy voice, his powerful body, the tattoos inked all over his golden skin. My mouth is on his in a heartbeat, my tongue down his throat as I straddle his muscular thighs.            He sighs against my lips. "You're such a horndog."            I totally am. I rock into his lower body, my palms skimming up and down his broad chest. The question now isn't whether I want to fool around with this man.            ...But I might have been too hasty with my choice of hook-up spots, because the front seat is too small to accommodate two horny-as-fuck hockey players.</p>
218	<p>He still looks like he's trying not to laugh, but his gray eyes are now glittering with lust. Keeping our gazes locked, he eases his boxers down his hips.            I shuck my briefs as he covers himself, then curl over and take him in my mouth. The medicinal taste of the latex fills my mouth, but I ignore it. This is the first time lube hasn't entered the equation, so I want to make sure the condom is nice and wet before I dare ride his cock.            God, and that's something I never imagined I'd be doing. Riding another man's cock.            "Baby," his voice is low and husky. "I'm loving that, but you don't have to do it. Give me my wallet."            I fumble into the front seat one more time and pass it to him. He removes another packet</p>

Page	Content
	<p>and tears it open. This one is full of lube. A second later, a deliciously slippery hand slides up my crease, rubs my taint and makes me shiver.</p> <p>“That’s handy,” I rasp.</p> <p>He doesn’t answer. He’s too busy working me open with his fingers.</p> <p>When we do this, there’s always one awkward moment when he first breaches me. Before my body gets the joke. But now that I know how this works, it doesn’t even slow me down. I’m eager for it. And it’s only a couple of minutes later when I’m pushing Wes’s hand away and straddling his lap again.</p> <p>The way I handle him is nothing like the way I’d touch a woman. He’s as big and strong as I am, and I don’t have to worry about hurting him. His broad shoulders make a sturdy place to put my hands. Rising up, I wait for him. He positions himself beneath me, and we both hiss when I slide down over his hard cock.</p> <p>For a moment I don’t move. We’re nose to nose, blinking into each other’s eyes. Wes’s tongue emerges to slick my lower lip. And I dive onto his mouth, jamming my tongue inside. There isn’t a lot of space for me to move, but it doesn’t matter. I’m riding him in short, fast strokes. The angle is heaven—I can bear down on him just where I need him. Wes is cupping my ass in strong hands, and with each thrust, he lets out a sexy grunt. Our chests rub together as our mouths lock again. My dick is trapped between our stomachs, slicking us both with pre-come.</p> <p>My climax takes me by surprise. One second I’m fighting Wes over whose tongue belongs in whose mouth. The next, I’m fighting the urge to explode. And losing. “Fuck. I have to come.”</p> <p>Wes moans into my mouth, and I jam myself down on him one more time. That’s when I feel it—the whole-body orgasm. My limbs tingle unpredictably as I slump forward, my face landing in Wes’s neck. The world goes fuzzy at the edges, but I feel myself shooting all over him while he bucks beneath me.</p> <p>He lets loose a growl, and the muscles in his neck tighten all at once. Then he drops his head back and shudders through his release.</p>
239	<p>A warm hand lands on the juncture between my legs, settling over the thin fabric of my underwear. The gentle pressure encourages me to roll my hips into his hand. A little friction would feel terrific right now. But all I get is the soft sweep of his thumb across my groin.</p> <p>...Sinking into the bed, I close my eyes while he bathes me with soft kisses and even softer touches. When I reach up to put my hands on his chest, he corrects me, gently moving my hands back down onto the mattress.</p> <p>...He doesn’t even chuckle. Instead, he clicks off my lamp and begins to shed his clothing. Every scrap. I lie there on my back while my eyes grow accustomed to the dark, admiring each newly exposed inch of smooth skin and hard muscle. An impressive erection bobs against his stomach. I want to sit up and take him in my mouth, but I wait lazily instead. Whatever Wes has planned, I’m pretty sure I’m going to enjoy it.</p> <p>Then he’s bending over me, kissing the strip of exposed skin between my T-shirt and my briefs. “Mmm,” I sigh. I’m so hard, and he hasn’t really even touched me yet. His hands slide into the elastic of my shorts and I lift my hips. Whoosh, they’re gone. The next second, he puts a hand across my mouth and then deep-throats my cock in one gulp. The heat and pressure are so swift and shocking it’s a miracle I don’t bite his hand. Wes works me over with his eager mouth, while my stomach quivers and my hips roll. Jesus Christ. I know we have to be absolutely silent, but I may not survive it.</p>



Page	Content
	<p>By the time he releases me with a pop, I'm trembling everywhere. Wes disappears from my line of vision for a moment. When he returns with a condom and a bottle of lube, I sigh with relief.</p> <p>...Then he straddles my thighs, crouching there on his knees. For the first time since he walked into the room, we're kissing for real. And I'm so hungry for it. All the softness from a few minutes ago burns off like steam, leaving a brush fire in its wake. These kisses are hard and molten. I capture Wes's tongue in my mouth and suck hard.</p> <p>He moans—the first real sound I've heard from him tonight—and I swallow the sound down my eager throat. On his knees, he ruts slowly against my body, our chests bumping, our cocks aching. Wanting him hurts so good.</p> <p>Eventually he sits back a bit, breaking our kiss. I reach for the condom, hoping to move things along. But he takes it out of my hand, tearing the package.</p> <p>Instead of sheathing himself, he reaches down and rolls it onto my cock.</p> <p>The breath halts in my chest. "Really?"</p> <p>Wes kisses me instead of answering. Another tongue-tangling scorcher. Then he pops open the lube and applies some to his own hand. He reaches back, a serious expression on his face. I can tell when he penetrates himself, because he bites his lip.</p> <p>"Let me do that for you," I whisper. I lube up my hand and reach between his legs. Wes puts both fists on the bed and leans into my body, kissing my jaw.</p> <p>I caress his taint, and he sighs into my ear. When I finger his crease, he lays his head on my shoulder. "That's it," I breathe. When I penetrate him, he freezes for a second. Then I hear him take a deep breath, and I feel him relax.</p> <p>He's hot and tight and like nothing I've ever felt. I ease inside. He alternately fights me and then relaxes. I stop to apply a ridiculous amount of lube to my hand. And now I'm able to reach his spot. I move my finger in a beckoning motion, and he shivers against my body.</p>
244	<p>I sink down onto his dick. Jamie's mouth opens on a silent groan, and those beautiful eyes go half-mast. The burn returns, but it's nothing I can't handle. I give myself a minute to adjust, and I use the time to take Jamie's gorgeous face in my hands. For a second I just admire the view. He's flushed and sex-tousled, burning up with arousal. I came to Lake Placid hoping we could still be friends. I got much more than that. And I'm so grateful.</p> <p>The kiss I give him tries to let him know that. He's almost whimpering into my mouth now, so maybe he hears me. I give my hips an experimental thrust, and I like the results. So I brace my hands on Jamie's shoulders and begin to slowly fuck myself on him. I shift my hips until I get the angle just right. And when I do, it's miraculous. Pleasure pulses through my body each time I thrust. It's so, so good.</p> <p>Beneath me, Jamie takes my weeping cock in hand. His lips are parted, his throat working. I see yearning anywhere I look at him. It's in the set of his jaw and in the ripple of his forearm while he jacks me.</p> <p>He licks his lips. "If you come, you'll take me with you."</p> <p>Now that he's said it, I really want to. Closing my eyes, I slow my pace and focus on the pleasure of each stroke. Out and in blur together. There's only the ruffle of bliss I get from him.</p> <p>When I open my eyes again, it's Jamie's expression that finally takes me there. It's a cocktail of desire and wonder so potent that I feel myself tip over the edge. "Jamie," I gasp, chasing the sensation. Leaning into it.</p> <p>I shoot and he shudders beneath me. I collapse on his messy chest before it's over. My lips land beside his ear and I moan quietly while my ass clenches around his cock.</p>

Page	Content
249	I can practically hear his unspoken taunt—get ready to suck my dick, Canning.
250	The asshole has just repeated the same words he'd said to me last night right before he'd shoved his cock in my ass.
255	<p>His lips are on mine before I can finish that sentence.</p> <p>Jamie pushes me up against the door and jams his tongue in my mouth, and I instinctively kiss him back despite the WTF bells going off in my head. He grips my waist and grinds his lower body against mine, groaning roughly.</p> <p>Jesus Christ. I'm not sure where this sudden onslaught of passion came from, but my dick sure appreciates it. After a minute or two, I'm an iron spike behind my zipper. Jamie notices, and his hands are almost frantic as he fumbles for the button of my jeans.</p> <p>"Owe you a blowjob," he mumbles.</p> <p>Right. The shootout. I'd forgotten about the prize. Not that it matters, seeing as we blow each other regularly without needing a shootout to justify it.</p> <p>He tugs my pants and boxers down my hips, sinking to his knees with damn near desperation. The alarms in my head blare louder.</p> <p>"Hey." I thread my fingers through his hair to still his frenzied movements. "What's gotten into you?"</p> <p>"Nothing yet." He licks the head of my cock, and I see stars. "But I'm hoping this will get into me pretty soon."</p> <p>Then he takes my entire length in his mouth, proving without a doubt he's picked up a few new tricks this summer. He can deep-throat like a champ now, and normally I'm all over that.</p> <p>...His urgency thickens the air. I lean back against our door and try to give myself over to him, but in spite of his magic mouth, I can't quite focus. Slipping a hand under his chin, I urge him upward. "Come here."</p> <p>Jamie gives one more good suck, which I feel down to my toes. When he stands, I turn us around so his back is to the door. Cupping his chin in both hands, I examine his gorgeous face. His cheeks are flushed, and his big brown eyes are full of some emotion I can't quite read.</p> <p>I'm going to find out what's up, but first I kiss him. Once. Twice. "Canning," I whisper. "We don't fuck until you tell me what's on your mind."</p>
287	<p>But a second later our lips brush, then press together. I moan even before Jamie's tongue parts my lips. I kiss him hard, and he gives as good as he gets.</p> <p>Time slips. Once we start kissing we don't stop. My lips are swollen and I'm so hard it's painful. But this isn't about sex. Each kiss is a promise of more to come.</p>
289	<p>I'm going to be horny all evening.</p> <p>...He reaches down and squeezes my dick through the wool trousers. "You get a blowjob later, just for saying that."</p> <p>I groan. Then I have a thought so evil I almost can't say it with a straight face. "Tonight, I want you in nothing but my Toronto jersey."</p>
304	I'm pretty sure I'm going to have to calm him down with a blowjob.
305	<p>I climb onto his body, leaning down to tongue his nipple, and he moans. "What kind of situation?" I ask between licks.</p> <p>He lets out a shaky breath. "I thought it would be fun to wear a plug out to breakfast today. That way you could fuck me when we got home..."</p> <p>..."But then you said, 'Let's just look at a couple of rugs.' And that was, like, hours ago.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>Every time I walk across another store, this thing massages my prostate. If you don't fuck me in the next five minutes I'm going to explode."</p> <p>...But my dick has plenty to say. I'm already hard at the idea of Wes being prepped and ready for me. I drop my mouth onto his and he moans again. My tongue glides across his piercing and we're off to the horny dog races.</p> <p>We kiss as if there's a meteor heading straight for the Toronto metropolitan area. Wes's eager hands roam my ass while I suck on his tongue. His eagerness is like a drug, and I want hit after hit. I can feel how hard he is, even through all of our clothes. He wants me to fuck him, and he's all primed and ready?</p> <p>"Mmm," I moan into his mouth.</p>
306	<p>"I can tell," I argue, squeezing his hard dick as I climb off him. He moans one more time, cursing me, the sofa and also the universe.</p> <p>...Then I adjust myself and try to think about boring stuff to deflate the tent I'm pitching in my shorts.</p>
306	<p>"I can tell," I argue, squeezing his hard dick as I climb off him. He moans one more time, cursing me, the sofa and also the universe.</p> <p>...Then I adjust myself and try to think about boring stuff to deflate the tent I'm pitching in my shorts.</p> <p>...I tug my shirt off. Then I drop my shorts. "I'm naked!"</p> <p>That does it. He throws open the bedroom door and speed-walks down the hallway, nude, carrying a bottle of lube. By the time he reaches me, I'm sitting spread-eagled on the back of the sofa like a porn star, stroking myself.</p> <p>Wes spares the couch a single glance. "Dude, my couch is wearing a condom."</p> <p>I grab his hips and pull him close to me. "I noticed that," I say, kissing his jaw. "That's because it knows I'm about to bend you over it."</p> <p>Wes groans. "Promises, promises." He slips a hand between our bodies and cups it over my hand. We stroke each other while our kisses grow deeper and hotter.</p> <p>I reach around his body and cup his ass. When my hand finds the toy lodged there, I groan into his mouth.</p> <p>"Do it," he pants.</p> <p>Everything begins to happen very fast. With a firm grasp, I remove the toy, while Wes slicks up my dick. He yanks me off the sofa's back and braces himself against it. "Go," he orders. I come up behind him and grip his hips, the head of my cock sliding between his taut ass cheeks. Just like the other night, I'm floored by the sensation of being skin to skin. There's no barrier between my throbbing dick and his tight ass, and when I drive deep on the first stroke, we both groan with abandon.</p> <p>"Fuck me," he demands when I go still.</p> <p>But I'm too busy savoring the incredible feeling of being inside him without a condom. I roll my hips and he growls like a grumpy bear.</p> <p>"I swear to God, Canning, if you don't move, I'm gonna—"</p> <p>I pull out, then slam right back in. He makes a choked sound, his entire body trembling.</p> <p>"You're gonna what?" I ask mockingly.</p> <p>Rather than answer, he just moans again. Low, agonized. Shit, he's desperate for it. I guess I would be too if I'd walked around all day with a plug rubbing on my prostate.</p> <p>I smooth my hand down his strong back, then lean in and plant a kiss between his shoulder blades as I withdraw again. "I like you like this," I murmur. "That sexy ass in the air. Having</p>

Page	Content
	<p>you at my mercy. Hearing you beg.”</p> <p>...Laughing, I quicken the pace. Three, four frantic thrusts before I slow down again, which draws a strangled groan from his lips.</p> <p>“You need to learn some patience,” I tell him. But shit, I’m teasing myself as much as I’m teasing him. My balls are so tight they hurt, already tingling with the telltale signs of impending release.</p> <p>“Screw patience,” he grumbles. “Wanna come.”</p> <p>“Sulking ain’t helping your cause, dude.”</p> <p>“No? How about this then?” He pushes his ass back against me and starts fucking my cock, fast and greedy.</p> <p>Holy hell. There’s no way I can hold back now. It’s too good. I’m too horny.</p> <p>My fingers dig into his hips as I slam into him, each deep thrust sending me closer and closer to the edge. Our breathing grows labored as our bodies slap together, but I need more. I need... I plant my hands on his chest and tug him up so his back is plastered to me. The new angle makes him cry out in pleasure, and then he twists his head toward me and our lips meet in a scorching kiss that fogs my brain.</p> <p>We’re joined in every way possible. My cock inside him, our tongues fused together, his powerful body straining against mine.</p> <p>I reach around him and grip his erection, slowing the movement of my hips. I jerk him in long, lazy strokes that match the languid thrusts of my cock.</p> <p>“I don’t come until you do,” I whisper. Then I slip my tongue in his mouth and suck on his tongue ring, and that’s all it takes for him to shoot all over my hand.</p> <p>...His ass ripples around my cock, squeezing me so hard it triggers an orgasm I feel in the tips of my fingers and the soles of my feet. I give in to it, my arms wrapped around my boyfriend’s strong chest as I come inside him.</p> <p>We’re both unsteady on our feet, so I pull out and tug him onto the couch.</p> <p>...“Wha...” I grin when I realize what he means. “The bareback thing is kinda messy, huh?”</p> <p>“Messy’s fun.” His breath heats my shoulder. “But once the plastic comes off, we should probably lay down a towel or something if we’re going to fuck on this couch.”</p> <p>“If?” The way we go at it, there won’t be a single surface in this apartment we haven’t fucked on.</p>
310	<p>“You know. Easier. When you were with women, it didn’t take them half a fucking hour to prepare for sex.”</p> <p>...“How many women have you fucked, Wes?”</p> <p>...“Plenty of women need a lot of warm-up time. So I have to call a technical foul here just on rules alone. But also—that’s just not the point. We have a lot of quick and dirty times. That’s what blowjobs are for.”</p> <p>...“Dude, stop. I’m not pining for pussy.”</p> <p>...“Can you promise me you won’t worry about this? Because there’s no way I can prove it to you, except by having lots of sex with you.”</p>
324	<p>Maybe he’s thinking the same thing I am—if his mom visits, we’ll have to hide all the sex toys in the bathroom cabinet.</p>

<b>Profanity/Derogatory Terms</b>	<b>Count</b>
Ass	125
Bitch	6
Chink	1
Cock	66
Dick	75
Fag	4
Fuck	279
Goddamn	17
Piss	13
Prick	3
Pussy	8
Shit	110
Tit	3