



*He came.
He saw.
He came again.*

the great cock hunt

Alex

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The Cheat Sheet

There are a lot of people in this book. It was a reunion so I met up with a bunch of people from the past and I also talked about the people in my regular, current life. So here's a little list of the players so that if you're reading and you're like—Wait, who the fuck is that again?—you can look back and find out here. They're in no particular order, so you'll just have to wade through.

Lizzie: She's my best friend. We went to college together and still talk every day and see each other all the time. She's straight and kind of single and she's really pretty.

Tommy: He's my other best friend. He also went to college with us and the three of us—Tommy, Lizzie, and I—all went up to reunion together. He's like my partner in crime and we spend a lot of time together. And oh yeah, sometimes we hook up with each other, but just for the sex.

Bram: Bram is the guy I'm dating at the time I wrote the book and went to the reunion. We weren't like strict or monogamous or anything yet, but we had a thing. Anyway, he didn't go to college with us but you'll read a little about him.

Geoff: Geoff went to college with us and dated Tommy during our junior year. We haven't been in touch with him since graduation.

Dave: Straight as a nail and sexy as a naked rugby team, I had an intense crush on him and was kind of in love with him a little too. Tommy, Lizzie, and I were all really good friends with Dave. Over the past few years we'd all lost touch with him.

Zoe: A shameless self-promoter, we were friendly in college. Lizzie is still friends with her and I talk to her sporadically. She's had worse than bad luck with men and with Zoe there is always a story.

Jack: Jack was the one true love of my life. We went out for about a year and then things went wrong. He went to school with us also but was older and not part of our reunion class. Currently, he's dating a twink named Andrew.

Dylan: He was the campus drug dealer who we were hoping would still be good for a score. A nice guy, friends with everyone; we heard about him a lot but didn't really keep in touch after graduation.

Andrew: He's some skinny, young twink with incredibly important hair who is dating Jack. He didn't go to school with us; in fact, he might have been in diapers at the time.

Coach Donnelly: The very hot and straight coach of the college tennis team. I played on the team in college. And I lusted after him.

Thad Newland: Thad was a pompous, absurdly rich asshole who was friends with Lizzie—and by extension distantly friendly with me—back when we were in school. We don't really keep in touch with him but Lizzie follows his life in the society pages and in posh magazines.

Liza: The self-crowned princess of our college, Liza thought she was the shit. She was friendlier with Lizzie than with me, and Tommy doesn't like her at all. She was on the girls' tennis team freshman year and she also thought the coach was smoking hot. Lizzie still keeps in touch with her.

John Doyle: A hot, fun guy who also played on the tennis team with me. We were all friends with him but none of us kept in touch with him after college—on purpose. He's now married to a sweet moron.

the great cock hunt

The Real Thing

Guys always ask me if the shit I write is real. And, well, yeah it is, mostly. I mean the sex is based on real encounters; the characters are all based on real people; the contexts of the stories are pretty much real; and the places it's all set in are real. But to protect the not-so-innocent, and to keep myself out of a courtroom, I've got to change a bunch of shit around and make it so that the average reader can't easily recognize who I'm talking about; or more important, who I am. So some people's characteristics might be interchanged and some circumstances a little flip-flopped, but the important shit is real.

I'm not all ashamed of my sex life or anything but we live in a society that pretty much frowns on my lifestyle. I've got a real-life job that I like and want to keep, and a family I'm pretty close to who really doesn't need to know the explicit details of my sordid sex life, and so I need to protect my privacy. Then there're all the lunatics out there. I mean I've watched enough ripped-from-the-headlines *Law & Order* episodes to know about all the crazies in our world, but until I started keeping this blog, and getting a shit-ton of insane stalker-like e-mails from guys, I never realized how real-life crazy so many fuckers were. For real. So basically I've tried to mess it all up enough for the truly guilty to get away OJ-free.

Now, on to the book...

Me

Hi. So here's the thing. I have a lot of sex. A lot of really good sex. But there's more to me than just that. But that's kind of why you bought the book: the sex, I mean. So let's just cut right to the chase. I've got this blog and in it I write about my never-ending quest for great cock and maybe for a boyfriend as a side effect. Well I always knew that I liked to get laid a lot—and that I was pretty lucky in that department—but I never realized just how different I was until I started the blog, *The Great Cock Hunt*. All of a sudden it got really popular and all these guys started reading it and sending me comments and e-mails and shit. It got kind of heady for a while and it was fun and the hunt just carried on. The blog became this detailed journal of my quest for great cock, but my life isn't totally one-dimensional (although some people have accused me of that), and so I write about my friends and my job and shit like that too. But mostly I write about sex.

The thing is, when it comes to sex, my goals are short term. Most people expect me to be looking for “the one”—that great guy who I can settle down with and love until I'm like old and don't even know I'm drooling. And, well, part of me wants that too. I think. But at the same time, going out and scoring new tail all the time is fun too. I used to have a guy, a regular boyfriend and all that, so it's not like there's something majorly wrong with me. I've got all the basic pre-reqs: good face, in shape, pretty-hot-gym-going kind of body, more than half a brain, and can carry a conversation and all that. It's just that I get all wrapped up in the having sex part and, well, that's easier than actually emotionally bonding with someone and putting myself out there and risking getting hurt. Again.

Okay, let's take a step back. Here's me (the Google version anyway): I'm a single, just-hit-thirty-and-freaking-about-it, very handsome—but definitely not a ten—guy who lives in Manhattan. I've got a pretty good job, make some nice dough, and come from a pretty supportive, loving and comfortable family. I'm in really good shape physically, but it's not easy. I work out all the

time and I have to try to watch what I eat. I mean, I'm not like a no-bread Nazi or anything, but if I skip a week of the gym and have lots of cake, I'll notice it in my stomach. I work with a trainer and someday I'll have the body I want, but maybe never because I just can't stay away from chocolate chip cookies. They're like my crack. And because no matter how ripped I get, I have trouble thinking anything is good enough.

I try to be a pretty good, honest and upright guy. I don't like to play a lot of games and I try to be as up-front as I can. I've got neuroses like everyone else and I totally will walk by someone I kind of know and not acknowledge them; but that's more out of insecurity—me figuring they're going to do it to me first—than anything else. I try to stay away from hard drugs but smoke pot pretty often. I just love it. I don't call myself a stoner anymore because that's like so college, or Seattle or something, but I haven't gone a week without weed since like...well, um, ever. Occasionally I'll do some coke but usually I try to lay off that crap. I'm definitely a drinker and I like to have a good time. I can hold my alcohol pretty well but I'm a totally cranky bitch when I get majorly hungover.

I've got a few really close friends and a lot of what I call tangent friends. You know, they're like friends of friends, people I've met and see every once in a while, or hook-ups, but they're not the kind of people I'd call up and tell my problems to. My closest friend is Lizzie. She's my best girlfriend, my Grace, and I'm her Will (except I'm not as neurotic and I have a better body than he does; and I'm not a lawyer). Yeah it's gross but we've basically been through everything together. We've seen each other naked, tried deep kissing, traveled together, showered together, and all that too-close-for-just-friends crap. Like I can pick my nose in front of her and she can fart in front of me and neither of us would care—that kind of close. She's single and needs to meet a good guy. She's a total catch: pretty, smart, in the know, and loaded. What more could you ask for?

My other close friends are Tommy, Nick and TJ. Nick and TJ are like a pair. We've known each other forever. We went to high school together and have been friends ever since. They're like my rocks, my touch-base-with-almost-every-day kind of friends, but they're not my out-partying-and-slutting-it-up-all-night friends. Sometimes they are, sometimes I can get them to play, but usually they're home. And now Nick has a boyfriend so it's been a big see-ya-later for a little while. But Tommy: now he's my party-boy partner in crime. We're like the cock crusaders. Tommy makes me look like a virgin. You know that famous, old basketball player who had sex with like more than twenty thousand women—Wilt Chamberlain, I think? Well, Tommy's on track to top the dude. And I don't mean in the fuck-up-the-ass

sense. Tommy's a total slut with barely any morals and the ethics of an Enron executive. He plays hot games with guys and is into just about anything: threesomes, foursomes, sex parties, orgies secretly videotaping people, raunchy porn, you name it. If my life was a cartoon and I had good sitting on one shoulder and evil on the other, TJ would be the good and Tommy would be the evil and depending on the day Nick would probably be on top of my head hovering between the two. Lizzie would be at the manicurist in this scenario.

Porn is like my other best friend. I love porn. If my parents wouldn't totally freak out, I'd love to be in the porn business. I don't think I'd be a porn star, I'm way too shy for that, but I'd love to produce movies or something. I always say that when I'm older and have some money to burn that porn is going to be my side project, my mid-life crisis. Like my dad got a car that goes so fast he's afraid to drive it, I'll make a movie so hot I'd be afraid to see it. I'm not like an addict or anything; I just dig it. And I just don't understand why so many people get their panties all in a bunch about it. It's just sex: relax!

Another of my passions—and this one you could probably call an obsession—is straight guys. Maybe it's the whole safety factor, like I can't really have them, or maybe it's just the unattainable challenge, but nothing gets me harder than a sexy straight guy. I love straight men who are willing to experiment but who do it grudgingly; married men who like to dabble with dudes on the side; and straight guys who might like a nice massage with a happy ending. Yeah, that shit totally gets me going.

Right now, at this point in my life, I've got two major straight-guy relationships going on. I always seem to have one; even back when I thought I was straight I'd say some of my male friendships were questionable. But whatever; we'll get to some of those. Right now I pretty regularly meet up with this dude Gordon. He's single with a girlfriend—they're engaged (but by the time this thing gets published they'll probably be married)—and totally gay-curious. He comes over for totally one-sided sessions where he likes me to get him off. Over time he has let me go further and further with him—but always with no reciprocation. Which is fine with me because that would ruin the fantasy. The minute he asks to blow me or begs me to ride his ass, he's history. (Maybe...)

My other straight dude is Hot Sales Guy. Oh God, I love him. He is just my perfect physical ideal. He's not the smartest guy in the world or anything but he's so damn sexy that I'd almost consider dying to have a go at his body. He totally makes me mental and I think he knows it and I think he gets off on teasing me a little. We work together and go on business trips together and

we've had a few fun encounters but nothing actually sexual. At least not while he's been awake...

So even though I say that I like to hook up all the time and that I'm not looking for anything serious, I try to get into serious things and try them on for size sometimes. I just don't always do it with the best people. Case in point: Reese. He is this absurdly beautiful, conceited asshole who I met and hated instantly. But after dating for a little while—because, you know, it makes sense to date someone you hate—I kind of started to like him. Then I liked him more and more. We got pretty close, dated a lot, and he was great in bed. Not only was he so beautiful but he was kinky and got into some light bondage and shit and that got me cranked. But he treated me like crap—used to blow me off a lot and then one day up and disappeared. I found out later that he moved in with his ex-boyfriend but, well, whatever.

Then there's King Kong. He's a guy I hooked up with back when I was dating Reese but didn't really start dating until after Reese was over. Sometimes I thought he moved too quickly and then I wondered if I was just slow, but he had the biggest dick. He was totally nice to me and he treated me generally well (until the end—but isn't it always that way?) but there wasn't much of a challenge there and sometimes I thought he liked me too much. My friends thought I was crazy to even look at another man but, well...there's my problem. The grass is always greener and all that crap.

Anyway, things didn't work out with King Kong in the end. Even though I totally blame him, it was really both our faults. His more than mine, don't get me wrong, but I was still a little culpable. It's been hard getting past him. Lizzie says it's always like that: you never realize how much you actually loved someone until he's gone. I'm sure like every pop star known to man has written a sappy song on the subject, but I think it's kind of true. So, like taking medicine that tastes like shit every day but that you eventually get used to and fail to taste any longer, I'm moving on from King Kong.

But in the end, King Kong, Reese, Lenny, and God knows how many other random dudes I've dated in between, were all nothing when compared to Jack. I think—usually secretly—that at the root of all of my relationship bullshit is Jack. We went to college together but didn't really know each other at the time. He was a few years older than me and was friends with the older brother of a guy I hung out with. But the year after I graduated we met up at a Homecoming weekend thing and totally got into each other. He was absurdly smart and cultured and sexy as hell. I fell in love with him like instantly. I think it was the first time I was really totally in love. I was completely in love with every ounce of him. I would have settled down with him, put on an apron, and had a fucking family if he wanted. But he didn't love me back. He

led me on pretty well, he told me he loved me, and we tried to make a relationship happen—or at least that’s what I thought we were doing—but then he dumped me. I was crushed, destroyed; I had never before experienced sadness that real. But I survived and I fucked my way out of the misery. Then like a year later, we ran into each other again and we tried to date again. I hadn’t forgotten him for a second and was still so in love; my feelings were so raw. My friends all said I was crazy; they said I was an idiot and they were right: he dumped me again. It didn’t hurt as much the second time but it kind of hardened me a little. I don’t tell people this and haven’t even really admitted it to myself, but I still love him as much today as I did then. I don’t know if it will ever go away.

In the beginning...

Anyway, this whole Great Cock Hunt thing started with these e-mails that Tommy, Nick, TJ, and I used to forward around to each other. We called them the Morning-After E-mails and we’d send them the morning after being out together describing—sometimes in graphic detail—the dudes we hooked up with. They were funny and hot at first and more than once I’d find myself closing my office door on a Friday morning and taking my cock in hand while I read about Tommy tying up some stockbroker and riding his ass like a rodeo star. But like all good things, it came to an end. Kind of. It’s just that the guys all kind of got bored and lazy about sending theirs out. But I was so into it. It was like cathartic and erotic at the same time and I really liked it. So instead of being the only one to send the e-mails, I started this blog.

I guess I was a better writer than I thought because thousands of dudes started to read it. I mean like a ton of fucking guys. All of a sudden I was getting e-mails from sexy, hung studs all over the world wanting to hook up, to just be e-friends, or whatever. It was surreal. I became like an authority. Guys who were just coming out would e-mail me asking for advice and guys who were thinking of bottoming for the first time would ask me how to deal with the pain and how to keep their assholes clean. It was kind of amazing. I got more and more into it and then some book publisher e-mailed me and asked if I’d be into writing a book about it all. At first I was like, I’m no Jackie Collins, I can’t write great literature. But they persisted and I kept thinking about it, and, well, here we are.

So back to the beginning: like I said, I get a lot of sex, and this upcoming long weekend is sure to be a trip down cock memory lane. Lizzie, Tommy and I have a college reunion this weekend. This will be our second big reunion since we graduated: I can’t believe we’ve been out of school that long and that we’re that old but it’ll totally be interesting and fun—at least we hope. And, of course, I hope we’ll get some tail. At the very least I’m sure a

lot of hot memories will be jogged. And since I don't really know how to write a book, I'm just going to chronicle my trip like I would for my blog and go from there.

Here goes...

The Rich Kid

I had left work early and was heading home to pack for the weekend, which I feared could take forever, and then Lizzie was coming to pick me up and then we were picking up Tommy and hitting the road; it's like a four and half hour trip when you drive fast. Anyway, I was walking into my building and ahead of me was a guy just coming in from a run. From down the street I couldn't quite make out the jogger, but I thought it might be The Rich Kid, my neighbor Jason from upstairs. We've been known to hook up from time to time and he's kind of hot and well, he looked good in a tank top damp with sweat and loose shorts.

Jason is this spoiled young guy whose parents bought him a place in my building when he graduated from college. He's some trustafarian (trust fund baby) who hasn't really worked since I've known him but thinks that his photography hobby is his career. He's like twenty-three, very handsome, but WASP-featured like crazy: straight blond hair neatly cut, creamy white skin like a J-Crew catalog model, clear blue eyes, angular face with prominent cheekbones, and a totally arrogant chin. He's about five feet, nine inches, walks with perfect posture, and was trim and fit when I first met him but he's been working out and has added a little bulk since then. When I first saw him, before I met him, the first thing I thought was: hot. And the second was: Aryan Youth. Hitler would've loved this guy.

He lived a few floors above me and had a balcony that I totally coveted. He also had a body and an ass that I used to covet, and then I got my hands on it and I didn't need to yearn anymore. Since he's lived here I've had my hands—and other body parts—on and in it a few times. But he's got a constant revolving door of boyfriends—to whom he's usually faithful—so I never know when I see him if I'm going to get lucky or if he's in the middle of another torrid but short-lasting relationship. Today he was single.

So when I got into the lobby he was stretching against the wall next to the elevator while waiting for it to arrive. Or so I thought. His back was to me

and I checked my mail and walked over to the elevator. He looked over his shoulder and smiled hello and I said hi. Then he pushed the button; he'd been waiting for me. He asked what was going on and why I wasn't at work and we got in the elevator. I told him I was going to a college reunion and all that and he gripped one of his feet and pulled it up behind his ass and stretched his leg. I told him his body looked good and he blushed. Two minutes later the elevator stopped on my floor and he followed me out. Relatively quiet alarms were going off in my head; I knew I should be packing and getting ready to go to the reunion but I mean, come on, here was this hot, young, blond, fresh-from-a-jog guy looking for some action. Who was I to say no?

So we went in my apartment and I told him that I was kind of in a hurry and he smiled and said that was okay, he wasn't looking to be courted. He pulled his tank top off over his head and I dropped my bag and unbuttoned my shirt. His meaty pecs, swollen from his new workout routine and damp from his jog, glistened, and with my shirt half off I went up to him and knelt a little and took a bite of a nipple. He let his head hang back and I chewed on his sweaty chest and ran my hands down his sides to the top of his shorts. I pulled them down a little and reached my hands inside his underwear to cup his ass cheeks. He murmured something and pulled the rest of my shirt off so that the cuffs were trapped around my wrists.

I pulled off of him and freed my hands from my shirt and while I busied myself with that he started to work on my belt buckle and my pants. I had worn boxers that day and my boner was tenting out the front of my pants. My cock surged a little when he pulled the zipper down past my cock-head and then my pants fell to the floor. I stepped out of my shoes and pants and he pulled down my boxers. I was naked except for my socks and he had a hand wrapped around my cock. He was still wearing his shorts when he knelt in front of me and stuck out his tongue to lick at my cock.

Standing there in my living room—where for some weird reason I seem to have more sex than in my bedroom—I closed my eyes and focused on his lips sliding up and down my shaft. He had a hand on my hip and the other was following his lips up and down my shaft. I started to pump forward a little but I didn't want to get too excited. I knew I had to fuck him. I knew that was what he wanted.

I pushed him off my cock and stroked it a little while he was still on his knees looking up at me. He had pulled his dick out of his shorts and was stroking it and we both just watched each other pump our cocks for a few minutes before I knelt down in front of him. I pushed him back on the rug and pulled his shorts and underwear off over his sneakers. He moved to take them off and then I thought, leave them on. I've always wondered why in porn

movies sometimes—usually ones about jocks or whatever—the guys are buck naked and fucking with their sneakers on. I mean, how did those situations come to pass? I used to wonder. It's not like most guys walk around naked and leave their socks and sneakers on when they have sex; and it's not really all that easy to get your clothes off with your sneakers still on. It was just some dumb porn invention, I thought, but as I was looking down at The Rich Kid, buck naked and hot on the rug with a hand wrapped around his cock and his sneakered legs in the air, I thought, I get it, this is kind of hot. Anyway, I told him to stay there and I hopped up for a condom. In the process I pulled my socks off. Even though it was hot to bone him with his sneakers still on after a run, I didn't need to be wearing my socks—it made me feel like Fred MacMurray from one of those old rerun shows.

I ripped open the condom and rolled it down my cock while I was walking back to him. I lubed up my stick and got down on the floor again. I got a pillow off the couch and put it under his ass and without much prep—I was pressed for time—I lined my cock up with his chute and pushed it inside. I love watching a guy's face—no matter how experienced a bottom he is—when my cock-head first passes his sphincter. It's always that mixture of pain and surprise and then total excitement. I grabbed onto his ankles and slid my cock farther into his ass. He let go of his cock, which was half hard, and let his hands fall to his side. I started to pump my dick in farther and deeper until my balls were slapping his ass and I was in all the way.

His nuts were shaking in their sack each time I slammed my cock all the way home and his head was thrashing from side to side. I looked at the clock on the table and knew that Lizzie would be here soon and so I sped it up. I started to fuck him faster and faster and he noticed the renewed vigor and opened his eyes in surprise. He told me that he wanted to ride me and I fucked him with a few more fast and deep strokes and then dismounted. I lay down on my back on the floor and then he straddled me and then brought himself down into a crouch. He grabbed my cock and aimed it at his hole and then he sat down slowly on my cock. With it in deep he started to rock back and forth and to try to massage my cock with his ass muscles. I guess I had an ecstasy grin on my face because he looked at me and was like “What's funny?” and when he said it he squeezed his ass round my cock.

“Nothing. Nothing at all,” I told him. “Just your ass makes me feel so fucking good right now.” There's nothing like complimenting a bottom on his prowess mid-fuck to get him going. He started to bounce up and down on my cock with vigor. His cock was flapping around and had gotten fully hard again. Each time he pushed himself down on me his cock would flap down and a drop of pre-cum would hit my stomach.

I wanted to fuck the cum out of him; I love to feel a guy's ass spasm around my cock when he pumps out his load. But before I could grab his dick—great minds think alike I guess (or horny ones at least)—he sat down hard on my cock and leaned forward, putting his weight on my chest with one hand. With the other he grabbed his cock and started jerking it really fast. His ass started moving slower and slower over my cock and I tried to slam my hips up to keep it going while I knew he was about to explode.

He leaned back a little like he was riding a mechanical bronco, let go of my chest, and he rubbed his ass lips hard and tight up my pole and then let his load fly. His cum splattered out onto my stomach and into my belly button and his ass kept contracting and tightening around my cock. He was still for a few seconds while his orgasm overtook him, and I just watched his face and his body and got even hotter. When he finally let go of his spent cock and loosened his ass a little, I grabbed his hips and started to fuck his ass hard. But the position wasn't working for me and so he hopped off and bent over the couch.

With his hands on the seat of the couch and his legs spread, his sneakers still on, I slipped my cock back into his ass. He moaned as I entered from this angle and then tried to focus on making his hole tight and keeping my cock inside. It felt glorious, which sounds lame, but it really did. His ass was amazing at massaging a cock and his ass had mine going. I used a free hand to rub his cum around my stomach and massage it into my abs. This position was great and I was looking down at his narrow, ripped back and the interplay of the muscles and I slapped his ass a few times and let loose. I came hard, slamming my cock hard into his ass and filling the condom with cum.

With my cock still in his ass he kind of stood up and I wrapped my hands around his tight abdomen and ran them over his stomach and up toward his pecs while my cock still spasmed out a few aftershocks inside him. We broke away and I collapsed back onto the couch and looked at the clock. I was so fucked.

The Ride

So Lizzie isn't talking to me. Well, not really but sort of. She was pissed that I made her wait downstairs for like fifteen minutes while I finished packing. When I got in the car she told me I was a prima donna and I was like, whatever, and made a comment about the two suitcases she had in the trunk for a three-day weekend. There was going to be nowhere for Tommy to put his shit, let alone sit, in the back of her tiny convertible. She told me not to worry and then looked at me and could tell I had something to tell her.

"Spill," she said as she pulled out into the traffic.

So I told her why I was really late and she rolled her eyes and told me I was a little fucker. Pretending to be hurt I was like, "You think it's little?"

"Fuck off," she said with an amused smile. "I can't believe you kept me waiting downstairs so that you could get some tail. For God's sake, don't you ever get enough?"

"Well, yeah," I said, pausing for a minute, "but I mean, what's really enough?" She didn't answer and I continued with, "You know when opportunity knocks—"

"Oh please."

"Sorry," I said.

So after like two minutes of silence during which I feared she might really be pissed, she told me that she talked to Zoe this morning who told her that Liza was going to be at reunion. Liza and her whole saga I'll get to later, but Zoe is a whole other bag of problems. Lizzie and I were both friends with Zoe in college but Lizzie has a much higher tolerance for overly high-maintenance people and so she's kept in touch with her much better through the years than I have. I hear from Zoe like every few months and usually can only talk to her if I'm medicated. Our conversations are usually about her and when I'll get the pleasure of seeing her, and sometimes I totally zone out and watch porn

on the computer while she babbles on.

But Lizzie says I'm too hard on her, that's she not that bad. And other than a few phone calls a year and a dinner or two I don't really have much interaction with her so it's fine. But like a year and a half ago, a few months after I started the blog, I was dating impossibly beautiful Reese. He's the one I thought was a total asshole when I first met him but then subsequently fell for. And one night, while I was waiting for Reese to pick me up, Zoe called and told me that he's her cousin. They had seen each other at some family affair and somehow I came up and she felt she needed to call and warn me about him. She told me that while he was handsome and suave and all that, he was a user and an asshole and that I should be wary. I cut her off and ignored her advice.

Well wouldn't you know, a few months after that, I was sitting at Lizzie's, and Zoe was there, and I was lamenting about what an asshole Reese turned out to be. He totally treated me like shit for far too long—and I let him—and then toward the end he up and disappeared on me. When I called him on it he basically acted like I was nuts to have developed such strong feelings for him. "It was never that major," was basically what he told me and I was humiliated and disappointed. But to her credit Zoe did not say she told me so. Instead she acted sad for me, concurred that he can be an asshole, and then got around to telling us about her boyfriend troubles. She always has boyfriend troubles.

So back to the car. I asked Lizzie if Todd was going to be there. Todd is Zoe's ex who caused her all sorts of problems and drove her to a self-imposed exile in her extraordinarily over-made-up bed (she's way into fancy linens) for about two weeks. This was just a year after college, when we were closer, and I've still never heard a story so fucked up as what she got into after that.

Lizzie pulled over and double-parked in front of Tommy's and called him to come downstairs. Two minutes later he came out of the front of his building and she looked at me and was like, "Imagine that: someone being ready when they're supposed to be, someone equally as afflicted with dick addiction too. I guess there *are* miracles in the world."

"Point taken," I said, hoping this last exchange would put the issue to bed.

So after some extensive finagling and maneuvering we got all of our collective shit, and Tommy, into the car. Lizzie pulled away from the curb and Tommy said, "Why were you late?"

Perfect, I thought.

Lizzie just looked at me and smirked and turned up the music. "Tell him," she said. "I'm sure I'll have to live through the details at some point this

weekend; might as well get them over with now.”

So I told Tommy the story, the abridged version, but with a few couldn’t-leave-out details thrown in, like the sneakers, and I started to get horny again. It was like I was writing it for my blog; I so often get horny reliving the situations and then have to beat off afterward. So I adjusted my cock and tried to finish the story quickly.

As soon as I did, Tommy wanted to go tit for tat and tell us about his experience with The Grifters. Not the old movie—these two guys he met at The Cock, a popular New York City bar we hang out in sometimes. I had heard a very brief synopsis but I was at work at the time and never got a chance to catch the whole story.

Before he could start Lizzie was like, “Can we just pause on the gay sex for like a minute?”

“Why would we do that?” Tommy asked, totally seriously.

“Because there are other things in life.”

“Like what?”

“We never talk about pussy, for example.”

“And why would we talk about that?” Tommy asked. Then mischievously he added, “Did you get some?”

For whatever reason Tommy and I always talk about sex. I mean, we talk about other stuff too, but I think that we talk more about sex than about anything else. So it was no surprise when Lizzie started groaning that she’d had enough gay sex talk after my detail of The Rich Kid afternoon. I can understand why Lizzie thought the conversation was getting a little gay-sex heavy, but I wanted the details. And I knew, despite her feeble protests, that she did too.

She laughed, said no, called Tommy an asshole, and then asked why we never want to hear about her adventures. “I could start a blog too,” she said. “The Great Cunt Hunt, I could call it. It could be about all the men yearning for a shot at my pussy.”

Tommy yawned elaborately and then was like, “I’m sure Alex would read it. He’s all about the straight guys. Me, I snooze during the snatch talk.”

“You’re such a fag,” Lizzie said. Then, resigned, like the martyr she loves to pretend to be, she said, “Go ahead. Tell us about The Grifters.”

All excited, Tommy jumped forward in the backseat so his head was between ours and he told us how he was minding his own business, having a

drink and checking out the dudes at the club, when this cute, tall guy on the skinny side came up to him and offered to buy him a drink. The drink Tommy was already holding was full so he looked at it and told the guy sure, if he wanted to wait around for a few minutes. He was telling us the story like he couldn't have cared less, but knowing him, I'm sure he turned on the flirt big time when he delivered the "want to wait around" line.

The guy waited around. He told Tommy his name was David and he had a firm, hard handshake that turned Tommy on. They bullshitted for a little about what they did and where they lived and where they liked to hang out and all that crap and then the guy moved pretty quickly onto sex. It was already close to midnight so Tommy figured that the guy wanted to lock up his chances or move on. Tommy was into his program and was thinking he'd let himself be "locked up," so to speak.

The guy asked Tommy if he got into anything wild, which is kind of like asking the Pope if he prays. Tommy asked him to define wild and he said he liked to get into some light bondage and master/slave shit sometimes. Tommy said that was cool and asked the guy—even though he knew the answer from how forward the guy was trying to be—if he was into being the master or the slave. The guy said master right away and smiled at Tommy, telling him the things he'd do when he had him chained into a sling with his asshole gaping open and hungry. Tommy was getting turned on by the talk, and said he considered letting the guy top him, but that he really wasn't into a whole chained-to-a-sling thing. So he told the guy it sounded hot but that it wasn't what he wanted to get into. The guy looked disappointed.

"Of course," Tommy said to the guy, "if *you* want to climb into the sling and spread your legs, I might be persuaded to poke around and give you a good time."

The guy, David, smirked in response and ordered another round of drinks. Tommy was looking him over and trying to imagine him naked. He was tall and trim and Tommy figured he could go either way: he could be that kind of skinny that isn't muscle, just skinny, or he could be toned to the max, which is what Tommy was hoping. The guy had a pretty good ass and Tommy massaged a cheek while the guy bent over the bar to get the bartender's attention. His ass felt solid.

So they were on their next set of drinks and standing closer together and the guy pinched Tommy's nipple through his T-shirt (which I'm sure was Baby Gap tight). The guy said he wanted to drop to his knees right there in the bar and to haul Tommy's cock out of his pants and swallow it. He reached for Tommy's cock and rubbed his crotch through his jeans. Tommy flexed his boner and the guy grinned and was like, "You sure you don't want to hang in

my sling?”

Tommy said he reached around and slapped the guy's ass and said, “I'm sure, big guy.” I could just imagine the scene: two guys in the mood to be tops doing the who's-going-to-bottom dance. It's funny because most people complain that everyone's a bottom and that it's hard to find good tops, but Tommy always seems to run into other tops when he wants to top but can never find a hot top when he's itching to get fucked. Whatever, if life was easy there'd be no interesting stories to tell.

At this point I interrupted with skepticism and said: “So, like, Mr. Master Top wanted to drop to his knees?”

“Exactly,” Tommy said with an eyebrow arched in suspicion.

Anyway, Tommy continued. So he and David decided they were into each other and that they wanted to fuck around and they decided to recruit a bottom who'd let them both fuck him. They scanned the crowd and Tommy suggested this blond, muscled, Chelsea number who he'd been eyeing all night. David turned him down, said he was too pretty, and said they should still look. They both agreed that this other tall guy, a beefy redhead, seemed pretty hot and they called him over to chat. After less than a minute of pleasantries David was like, “Into a three-way? We're looking for a bottom to take us on.”

The guy was kind of taken aback for a second. Tommy was too; he's all into being forward, but even he thought it was a little much to be like, “Hi-how-are-you-want-to-bottom-for-us?” The redhead didn't immediately say no; he blushed and they talked for a little longer. Tommy actually liked the guy and he was into the dude's massive arms. He flexed for Tommy and Tommy massaged that bicep a little lewdly. It was weird though, Tommy thought, because as they talked more and as the hot redhead got more into them, David seemed less interested. Tommy really thought they could have found their man but then David was giving him the on-to-the-next signals. Weird.

Eventually David had turned away from them both and it was just Tommy talking to the redhead. He asked Tommy if he was definitely with David because he got the sense David wasn't into him. Tommy didn't really know and the redhead went to the bathroom and he asked David what was going on. David said he could go either way with the redhead, that he wasn't all that into him. Tommy said he thought he was hot and David was like, “I'll fuck him if you want.”

So the three of them ended up back at David's apartment in Brooklyn with the second bedroom that's a photography studio with a sling. David was

all over Tommy and kind of ignoring the redhead. The redhead was trying to be cool and get into the whole thing. Tommy had told him that David was into the whole master/slave thing and that maybe that's why he was being kind of surly. The redhead got into it and once in the studio was like, "What do you guys want me to do? Sirs."

David told him to strip. The redhead pulled his T-shirt off and those fucking bowling-ball biceps were flexing like mad. He had a big chest with a light layer of auburn fuzz that disappeared when it hit his stomach. He had a pretty flat stomach that wasn't all worked-out tight and then a bubble ass that Tommy drooled over when the underwear came off. Tommy and David got naked too and the redhead ended up on his knees feeding on both of their cocks. Tommy pulled David's face to his and they started to make out: Tommy fucking David's mouth with his tongue, and the redhead stroking Tommy's cock and slurping on David's.

Tommy got into David's bossy attitude and the way he was making the redhead subservient; the redhead seemed into it too. While the redhead was sucking Tommy's cock, David was poking and slapping his face with his own cock, milking out some pre-cum and rubbing it up the redhead's face, toward his eyes. The redhead had hulking shoulders and Tommy leaned over and grabbed onto them while he fucked the guy's mouth. He said his cock was feeling so good that he could have cum then but David pulled them apart and told the redhead to get into the sling.

David turned out to have a kind of toned, tight body that wasn't really very muscular. He did have a nice chest and a firm ass, his cock was big, and he had fat, low-hanging nuts. Tommy watched while David strapped the redhead's ankles into the straps on the sling and then started to grease up his hole. Tommy said the redhead was wiggling his ass and moaning just from the finger fucking he was getting and Tommy couldn't wait to get into his ass. David, being a gracious host—Martha Stewart would have been so proud—let his guest go first. Tommy rubbered up and then aimed his cock-head at the guy's pucker. He pushed inside and the redhead bit his bottom lip when Tommy slid his cock farther in.

While Tommy was fucking the redhead's ass, David was straddling the guy's face and feeding him his nuts. He was bouncing up and down, dropping his nuts into the redhead's mouth. The redhead was gripping the chains holding up the sling and his muscles were flexing while Tommy invaded his ass and David choked him with his fat nuts.

Tommy said that the scene was really hot, and I certainly thought so; my cock was aching and leaking in my jeans while he told it in detail. Even Lizzie said it sounded hot and that just egged Tommy on to give us more of

his blow-by-blow of the encounter.

David and Tommy switched places and David started to fuck the redhead's ass mercilessly. He was slamming in so hard and fast and the redhead could barely catch his breath. Tommy was trying to stick his cock in the redhead's mouth but the kid was getting fucked so hard he couldn't focus. Tommy was beating off over the kid's face, letting his nuts graze the guy's lips and nose as he was watching David fuck him silly.

David made a show of cumming and came hard up the redhead's ass. David sunk his cock deep inside and literally fell on top of him on the swing, both of them panting while David dumped his load up the redhead's ass. The redhead hung his head back and stuck out his tongue, inviting Tommy to stick his cock inside his mouth. Tommy did and with the redhead's head hanging backward Tommy fucked his mouth.

David had managed to stand up between the redhead's legs and was stroking the guy's cock. The redhead was getting close and was writhing a little in the sling while Tommy kept his mouth full. Tommy plunged his cock in deep, practically choking the guy, and the redhead came hard onto his stomach. His first shot hit his chest and the rest spewed out onto his abdomen. The guy was moaning around the cock buried in his mouth, and David was still milking his cock. Then David leaned down and took the spent cock in his mouth to lick off any last cum and Tommy kept pumping into the guy's mouth. He was about to cum and he pulled out and the redhead started to chase after his cock with his tongue and Tommy put just his cock-head back in the guy's mouth and splattered his load all over the redhead's mouth and chin.

Tommy went to grab his underwear and to wipe himself off and David helped the redhead out of the sling. When Tommy turned around the redhead and David were making out by the sling, David nursing the redhead's spent but slightly swelling again cock. Tommy stepped into his jeans when they broke the kiss and David told the redhead that he loved him. The redhead replied in kind and they kissed a little more while Tommy finished getting dressed.

It turns out that they're a couple. They'd been together for a few years and liked playing these games. They pretend not to know each other and have hot-as-fuck encounters with strangers. So that's why Tommy calls them The Grifters. He said he was scammed. But then he was like, "I could get scammed like that every day and be a very happy man."

"Amen," I said.

Big Gulp

So it was shortly after that story that we pulled into a rest stop. We had stopped at one just outside the city before we started and I got one of those sodas that are like bigger than a two-liter bottle. Sodas like that, Big Gulps or whatever, always remind me of grossly overweight, lottery-playing addicts in low income suburbia that would be the subject of a Michael Moore film on how Americans need everything to be big. But whatever, that's not what we're here to talk about. What I wanted to convey was that I had drunk the entire thing and that unless I got to a bathroom quickly, this book would end up being about water sports, and not the fun kind that involve boats.

So Tommy got in line at the McDonald's and I went to the bathroom. There were only two urinals and both of them were occupied and so I went into the stall. The stall wall didn't meet the bathroom wall very well—the bracket was loose—and I could get a decent view of the urinal on the other side of the stall wall. I had to pee so badly I didn't pay much attention to the other guys in the bathroom and while I was pissing I tried to look through the crack. I couldn't see much of the guy but I could see the fly of his jeans open and his cock hanging out and pissing. He was uncut and his foreskin covered almost all of his cock-head.

I finished pissing but didn't flush the toilet. My cock was still feeling kind of excited and as I watched the guy tuck his cock back in and flush the urinal I stroked myself a little. I thought about Tommy's story and how hot it was and I had this image of the hot redhead, his ass being plowed, and I was stroking faster. Someone else came to the urinal and I leaned forward to try to catch a glimpse. Again I couldn't see the guy but I saw him unbutton and unzip his pants, pull down his tightie-whities and haul out a long cock. He started to piss and his hands started to massage his lower stomach, just above his cock, and I spit in my hand and stroked faster.

Thinking about the redhead and the guy next to me with the long cock got me hot and I closed my eyes and imagined that guy at the urinal coming into

the stall and feeding me his big cock. I thought about all of those bathroom stories I'd read about in porno magazines: about rendezvous in bathrooms with glory holes or when guys get on their knees and stick their hard-ons under the wall for some anonymous guy, whose face you never see, to suck. I thought about how hot and dirty that would be and how exciting it would be if this guy with the long cock went into the next stall and stuck his rod under the divider.

I'd be on my knees, I imagined, slurping up his long cock and working my own with my fist. And then the guy with the foreskin, the dude who'd already left, would be in the stall on the other side of me. And he'd be poking his cock through a glory hole and I'd start licking it and the head would emerge from the foreskin and I'd get his uncut cock nice and hard. Then I'd stroke his throbbing pole while I returned to the long cock on the other side, poking under the wall waiting for my mouth. All the while I'd never see these guys' faces and they'd never see mine. I'd have that kind of hot, dirty bathroom sex that you see in movies. I don't know that I'd ever have the balls to do it for real—I mean, I've definitely had some hot bathroom sex before, but never at a public rest stop—but just thinking about it, thinking about that uncut cock exploding strings of cum onto my face while I was still stroking the other cock, made my dick tingle.

I started thinking about swallowing the long-cocked guy's load with my mouth all covered in the other dude's jizz and while listening to the uncut guy zipping up and leaving, then I was there. My cock exploded and ropes of cum splashed down onto the toilet. I opened my eyes and noticed that the guy at the urinal next to me, the long-dicked guy, had left; I hadn't noticed him flush or anything I was so wrapped up in my fantasy. But there was no one there now and I was still stroking my spit-slick cock and cum was jumping out.

Quickly I tucked myself back into my pants and tried to clean up my mess as best as I could. I flushed and came back out. Tommy and Lizzie were sitting outside and Tommy was eating French fries. Lizzie asked if I was all right because I had been gone a little longer than normal, and I said I was fine. We got back in the car and headed to school.

Getting There Incognito

Lizzie insisted that we check in at the hotel and shower and primp and all that crap before going on to campus to register and be seen, which is why it was kind of funny when we walked into the hotel lobby, Lizzie looking a little worse for wear, her hair up in a messy ponytail, we ran into the biggest campus gossip and troublemaker ever: Liza.

Brief background. Liza was the upper-echelon of campus society; she wasn't so much part of the most popular clique as she *was* the most popular clique. She was a rung or two above any station that I ever aspired to, and as Lizzie's best friend, I was on her radar. Tommy, on the other hand, was never all that worthy of her social largesse. Liza was also famous, in my mind at least, because she fucked incredibly humpy Coach Donnelly. But we'll get to all that later.

Always a fashion plate, and the daughter of parents who taught her very early to believe she was much better than she really was, Liza lead the trendsetting efforts at college. After graduation she landed some very important yet entirely trivial job for a high-end, famous-label fashion company in New York. There she met and somehow tricked one of the sons of the owner to fall in love with her and now they live happily ever after with servants and children in Los Angeles.

Anyway, back to the hotel lobby. Always one for the dramatic hellos, Liza came rushing toward us, L.A.-aerobicized arms outstretched, and hugged and kissed us each without making any body contact. Tommy hates her and made a face like he was wading through a life-sized trash compacter while they air hugged. Lizzie rolled her eyes at me in a just-my-fucking-luck look and tried to quickly exit with a promise to see her later. But Liza was having none of that.

Tommy and I went up to the counter to check into our rooms and when we returned Lizzie and Liza were sitting on the couches in the lobby. They

were talking about some girl whose name I remember but face I can't picture, when Liza turned to me and said, "Are you still dating Zoe's cousin?"

"Um, no," I said, a little caught off guard.

"That was the last time I talked to Zoe. Forever ago. And she told me about you and her cousin. It's so cute."

"He was a fucking prick," Lizzie said with a politician's smile. Like when you're watching the news and the politician is telling you that forty people died in the war today but that it's really going well and for a good cause.

Liza ignored this and turned back to Lizzie and said, "So do you still talk to Zoe?"

"Yeah. Not every day but we see each other once or twice a month."

"How's she doing?" Liza asked like she's trying to tactfully ask a widow if the funeral was fun.

"Fine," Lizzie said. I was proud of her. Because the urge to gossip—especially about a story like Zoe's—is a strong one, and I was glad she didn't succumb to Liza.

"I heard that he was robbing banks and everything," Liza said.

Lizzie laughed and said that's not true and Liza asked her if she knew the whole story. Lizzie said she did but that she didn't have the energy to tell it now. Liza pestered her for another few minutes and then looked at Lizzie and said, with a tad of pity, "Yeah, you need to freshen up. Promise you'll tell me tonight!" Then she turned to Tommy and me and said, "Bye, boys."

"Bye," I said with a plastic smile.

Tommy had already turned to go up to his room and Lizzie and I caught up with him. "I forgot how draining these things could be," I said.

"I forgot how many people I didn't like," Lizzie said with the same look she'd have if she'd bitten into a rotten piece of fruit.

"You two love it and you know it," Tommy said. And he was kind of right.

Bram

My phone rang just as I was opening my hotel room door. It was Bram.

Bram's the guy I've been dating for the past two or three months. I'd known him for a while, a couple of years really, but we just started actively dating each other recently. He's a cool guy. A while back I used to date Bram's roommate Andy. I wouldn't really say date; we never really had a date. Well sort of. We had lunch a few times but not really as dates. Mostly we were fuck buddies who happened to work in the same office building. It was like cock convenience at its best. Anyway, when Andy found out—not that it was a secret in any way—that I had hooked up with Bram he kind of freaked. I mean, they were roommates and I guess it might have been slightly uncool of me to fuck his roommate, but I mean we didn't have the presumption of any sort of commitment.

So when I first fucked around with Bram, we three-wayed with my boyfriend-at-the-time King Kong (so nicknamed for the size of his mammoth cock). But recently, now that King Kong was out of the picture and Andy was too, Bram and I have been hanging out a lot together. It's been one of those cool, no-commitment gigs like I enjoy, but the more time we spend together the more I feel it drifting toward an unspoken relationship. It's just about getting to the point where we talk or e-mail almost every day and we basically expect to see each other every Saturday night. This is the point where I always get a little freaked in relationships and want to bail. Sometimes I do something stupid to sabotage it and other times I let it go on too long and end up in a deeper hole than I should be. No pun intended; Bram fancies himself a top mostly anyway.

We've never talked about it or defined it in any concrete way, but I just know he feels it too. Like in clubs or bars when he puts his arm around me or gets possessive when I'm talking to other guys. He'd never tell me not to but I know it kind of bugs him. And, well, sometimes I'm not all that mature and I do it just to bug him. I know that's kind of lame and that as like the hero of

this book or whatever I'm supposed to be likeable and all that, but I'm just being honest. We all do dumb shit—don't act like you've never done anything childish to get attention or inflate your ego. But that's beside the point. Basically, I've got something going with Bram and he called before I had even dropped my bag on the floor of the room.

He was sweet and calling to make sure that we got there okay and to tell me that he missed me already. I told him that I missed him too even though I really didn't. I mean, it's not like I don't care about him, but I saw him last night for Christ's sake. It's like one of those automatic things that I feel like you have to say back to someone or else you seem like a dick. So we talked for a little while about work and then about music and the new Rufus Wainwright disc that he'd just gotten that I recommended after ordering it on iTunes. He didn't like the disc as much as the two earlier ones, but he said it was growing on him. Music was always a tense topic between us so I was glad he didn't start in on how much he hated the album. Then he told me his plans for the weekend and shit and then just before we were going to hang up he said, "Now be a good boy."

"Why on earth would I do that?" I asked, half kidding, half not.

"Because I'm sure all those repressed college boys who never had you back then are going to pounce on you."

"Umm—" I didn't know what to say to that other than, "I fucking hope so!"

"Alex..." he said pleadingly.

"What?" I asked, playing innocent even though I knew what he was driving at. But now, on the threshold of a college reunion, was not really the right time to talk to me about monogamy. Not that I ever wanted to have that conversation with him—at least not anytime soon—but it was kind of uncool to hint at it now. So I made him either spit it out or give it up.

He gave it up. "Nothing," he said. "Just have fun and be careful."

"I will."

"Okay. Well, I miss you. Bye."

"Bye," I said.

Alarm bells were ringing really softly in the back of my head.

The Page Numbers Are Done

So I was listening to Steven Wright, the comedian, the other night while I wasn't working on this book. And he said, "I'm writing a book. I have the page numbers done, now I just have to fill in the rest."

It's like being inside the tightest, softest ass of the hardest, hottest guy and not being able to cum. It's like you should be able to, you do it all the time, and this is definitely a hot situation. But it's just not rising up your shaft. What the fuck is wrong with you? Why can't you blow this load?

So now I finally understand writer's block. This book probably would've been out sooner but it's not that easy to write a whole book. And it's not like writing my blog; like with the book I have to actually be good. People have to want to read all—or at least most—of it and I have to hold their interest and shit. The pressure is intense. Talk about performance anxiety....

Black

Sometimes being in our group of friends was like a blood sport. Back in college we were ruthless people. We all loved each other but there was just something a little challenging in all of our relationships. Your best friend could turn against you on a dime. And it's not like they would really want to hurt you; it was almost like a one-upmanship kind of thing. Or it was just trying to save face. We weren't an easy group of people to befriend. Or at least we didn't used to be. We've all so mellowed over the years, matured and all, but back in the day we could tear each other apart like no one's business. All out of love, of course.

Case in point. When we were driving over to campus from the hotel, Lizzie just happened to advance the CD changer from the steering wheel so I didn't notice anything and all of a sudden on came the slit-my-wrists song that I had with Jack just after college. As I mentioned, Jack was the one love of my life who broke my heart and then stomped its shattered pieces into dust; the guy who ruined me for other relationships. The song was like my favorite college song and Lizzie and I used to drive around the lake and listen to it over and over again whenever things were bad and we needed to feel better, and it always worked. Then it was co-opted by Jack and me; it became our song.

I always thought that would be so cool. To be a singer with an amazing voice and to sing fucking cool songs that people would totally dig and through which they would define parts of their lives. I love how music has that intangible power; how just hearing the beginning of a song can conjure up all sorts of memories and emotions and sometimes even physical reactions like tingles or shock. It fascinates me that you can love a band and then never want to hear them again because the memory it brings carries too much pain; or conversely how you can listen to the same band over and over and over again because you think every word they sing was written just for you.

For the most part, for me at least, I associate music with relationships. Not

always romantic ones, but ones with friends and family too. That's why the song that Lizzie put on, which used to be a favorite, but had then become the song symbolizing my ultimately unrequited love for Jack, was now verboten. Sometimes the power that music has can really suck though. You know, you have a few bad relationships and that can totally render a previously enjoyed album as contraband. Come to think of it, if you fall in love like three times you can totally kill an entire band. If you're really into music and you have a favorite band that not a lot of people know about, and you introduce a boyfriend to them, and then you listen to it all the time together and then he dumps you, you're just not going to enjoy the band as much after that. And of course if the whole band isn't killed, he'll inevitably have a favorite song on the album, which you of course love, because you kind of love them all, and then you break up and that song makes you think of him every time you hear it.

Well, shit, it makes you want to date musically illiterate people. Like this guy King Kong I used to date. If you've ever read my blog you've heard all about King Kong. But in a nutshell he was a hot, smart guy with a massive dick and we dated—and fucked really, really well—for a long time. He was the longest post-Jack relationship I ever had. And he was also the relationship I took the furthest. We really got along well together but we both also did some stupid shit. I think he was ready for a more serious relationship than I was. The thing was I didn't think I'd ever be really ready for a serious relationship again. It was hard: I was still, years later, stinging over Jack and I seriously doubted that I wanted to go through all the potential hurt again. I wanted to have fun, get a regular fuck buddy and still sleep with other guys, and never have to put myself out there like that again.

King Kong made overtures toward a more exclusive, serious dating relationship, and I tried to put them off. He even told me that he loved me once. I didn't know if I really loved him; in retrospect, I think that I could have if I had let myself, but I wouldn't let the walls down. As he moved forward with our relationship, I gave him vague assurances that I was in it too, but I held off being serious for a while. I think I held off for too long. I did finally come around and commit to him more than I had to anyone else, but by that time he was bitter that it had taken me so long and he tried to hurt me just to show that he could. And he did. And we fought. And like a moron, I still thought it was worth trying again.

When I sit back and think about King Kong I don't know if he was really an asshole all along, or if, more likely, my behavior drove him to that end. I wasn't cruel to him and didn't lie to him or anything; I was just non-committal when he wanted a pledge. And his downfall was immaturity; he

couldn't handle my nonchalance about our relationship and so he acted out to fuck it up. And he did.

Anyway, the good thing about King Kong, taking this whole ramble full circle, is that he had horrible, seventh-grade musical taste, so when it was over I didn't lose any of my favorite music. No joke—he loved Debbie Gibson and if I never heard her bubble-gum lyrics again I wouldn't be too sorry. So maybe the lesson I should take from this is that I should date people with poor musical taste. But since that isn't all that likely, because King Kong was a total exception, and I can't usually respect people without some decent musical leanings, maybe I'll try to limit relationships to albums. And then I'll only listen to the other albums when I'm alone. That way if we break up and it's devastating I won't have to stop listening to the band entirely, just one album.

Anyway, back to the car, "Black" by Pearl Jam was still playing, I turned to Lizzie and said, "Thank God he won't be here this weekend."

Coach

I mean, how could it be a gay sex book without a story about a coach? It's like almost a prerequisite, right? But it's not what you think. Unfortunately.

The three of us were in the main college center building and we were registering for reunion weekend. We got these cheesy plastic bags filled with crap we'd leave in the hotel rooms and name tags: I hate name tags. Well, actually I have a love/hate relationship with name tags. I hate them because I feel like a nerd at an electronics trade show when I have to wear one, but I love them because I'm not always so great at remembering people's names. Sometimes I can be a walking oxymoron. Anyway, we registered and were looking around, waxing nostalgic and all that, when Lizzie practically punched me in the ribs.

"What?" I said and I looked at her. She was staring straight ahead with a look of horror and titillation on her face. She was staring at the profiles of two men we all knew: John Doyle and the college tennis coach. I'd fantasized like mad about one and slept with the other. Shit, I thought, between seeing them and running into Liza in the hotel lobby, all the drama was starting too quickly. I wasn't prepared.

Back before I met Lizzie I was on the tennis team. And let me tell you, Coach Donnelly was a stud-fucking-muffin. He had an ass that wouldn't quit in his tight, white tennis shorts and he always wore a shrunk-too-tight college T-shirt or polo shirt on top. He had an incredibly well developed chest and thick biceps and amazing legs. He would stand to serve and you could see the muscles of his body working to get the ball over the net and all I wanted was to get his balls in my mouth. But Donnelly was straight.

Oh, and John Doyle was on the tennis team too. Still quite handsome, tall and lithe, lean with those great green eyes, the dirty blond hair, and that pert ass, a ton of memories were flooding back. He was the stud of the locker room after practice and he looked like he could still play that role today. But

he was straight too.

I looked back at Lizzie. She had her own issues with these guys, and we both turned a one-eighty and walked the other way, content to deal with seeing them later. Tommy just followed, lost in his own memories.

The Zoe Story

I first heard the complete Zoe story from Lizzie. I mean, I had been involved as it had been unfolding; it took more than a year for the whole thing to play out. So I got some of the details—not realizing they were important details at the time—over the year. But it wasn't until the shocking conclusion, and its aftermath, that Lizzie formulated a way to tell the story in its entirety, relatively succinctly, to those who didn't have the balls to ask Zoe herself. The funny thing is, that if Zoe is anything—other than materialistic, shallow, and overweight—she's a self-promoter and anyone could have asked her for the story themselves and she'd have gladly told them, ad nauseam.

In all honesty, I didn't write this part of the book (I did edit it a little). Lizzie and I talked about it and she asked me to let her try writing the story since I'd decided to include it and since it was “hers” to tell. Even though we both knew it was really Zoe's to tell, but I certainly wasn't going to ask her. Zoe doesn't know anything about the blog, or the book for that matter, and hopefully it will stay that way. So if you happen to know the real-life Zoe, and this story sounds familiar to you, don't tell her you read about it here! So without further ado, here's how Lizzie tells it.

Zoe and Todd dated in college for a while, a few years actually. She was in love with him, allegedly. At least she proclaimed it to everyone but him and assured all who would listen that he was in love with her too. The problem was that although he must have liked her on some level, everyone knew he was gay. She was totally blind to it. Like looking at a field of healthy grass and insisting that it was purple, she would ignore any of the glaring signs. Sadly, she used to have to get him wired or wasted or something just so he'd screw her. She thought she was pregnant once, but no one really believed her. She claimed he broke her heart when it finally ended. Then, when she found out he was gay, and that not one other person in the world was shocked, she went into a kind of depression. She didn't get over it until after she graduated. It was tragic.

Shortly after graduation Zoe met Danny. Or should I say, re-met him. Relatively instantly Danny became the new love of her life. Danny's younger than us—than Zoe—so he was still in college when they met again. They ran into each other at the U.S. Open for the first time in years. They had gone to summer camp together a lifetime ago and they remembered each other while waiting in the wine line during a boring match. Anyway, they began this torrid affair. Two weeks later they were madly in love. She'd never been so happy in her life. No one had ever been so good to her; no one had ever made her feel that way. She went on and on. They talked every day, saw each other every weekend while he was away at school. Total bliss. You could vomit they were so fucking happy.

Fast forward. Their relationship had been going strong for more than a year. They were still together, still madly in love. She was thinking about wedding dresses and caterers and he was finishing his five-year, undergrad-and-master's degree combo deal. He was still away at school during the year, in Boston actually, and Zoe lived in New York City.

Okay, fast forward again. Now it's his graduation weekend. His parents, his sister, his brother and his wife, and Zoe all went up to Boston for the graduation. He was going to BU and had an apartment in the Back Bay. His parents were staying at the Four Seasons and Zoe loved that. Status is like oxygen to her. They all went out for dinner on Friday and then they spent Saturday traipsing around Newbury Street, leisurely shopping, having lunch and drinks: the basics.

On Saturday night they were all at a trendy bar with banquettes, sitting in one of those semi-circle booths having drinks. Danny got up to go to the bathroom while Zoe was sitting there with his family, talking to his sister, appraising his mother's jewelry, basically just passing time. Now Zoe had thought that Danny had been acting weird all weekend, but she wrote it off as just nerves about graduating and his parents being there and everything. So she thought.

So an hour went by and Zoe and the family were still sitting at the table and Danny hadn't come back. Then another half hour went by and Zoe was like, "Where the hell is Danny?"

They all began to wonder for a while and by then it was almost two hours since he'd gotten up. The family didn't really seem all that concerned. His father ordered another bottle of wine, but Zoe was about to have a coronary. So she got up to look for him. She glanced around the bar, peeked back by the bathrooms, glanced into the kitchen—you know, because there was such a likely chance he'd be in the kitchen. But of course she didn't find him anywhere. So she went over to the bouncer and asked him if he'd seen a guy

about so high, who looked like she described, etcetera, etcetera, you know the drill.

The bartender smirked and he was like, “Lady, you just described every guy in the bar.” Then, before she had a chance to get annoyed at the less-than-helpful response, he said, “But...there’s been this guy in the bathroom for a while.”

In no time flat Zoe whipped around and stormed toward the bathrooms. By the time the bouncer noticed she was gone, it was too late for him to tell her that she couldn’t go in the men’s room. She was never all that concerned with propriety anyway and she stormed right into the bathroom. There she found Danny, standing up, drinking a beer from a bottle while talking on the pay phone.

When Danny saw Zoe, posed in her dense cloud of make-up, perfume and anger, he said, “Oh shit! I’ve gotta go. Bye,” and he hung up the phone.

Now, Zoe loves to cause scenes almost as much as I like sex, and, well, she was in the men’s room. So she screeched his name at the top of her lungs to get his attention, not to mention the attention of the two guys over at the urinals and the grunting man in the farthest stall. Then, since she basically had the entire city’s attention, she screamed at him to tell her why he’d been in the bathroom for the past two hours. Why had he left her alone with his lecherous family, she demanded to know. Why was he not sitting with her? Paying attention to her? Why? Why? She didn’t ask Danny if anything was wrong. No, that would’ve been too selfless; in her world, everything had to be about Zoe.

When she got no response to her barrage of questions other than a confused, blank stare, she lowered her voice to a mere howl and asked, “What the fuck is going on?”

Danny just looked at her, still dumbfounded. By the way, this is exactly how Zoe told the story, chock full of all these nutty, totally daft details that make you realize she’s a little off her rocker.

Anyway, she said that Danny was staring at her speechless. Since she was clearly not generating enough attention cooped up in the men’s room, she grabbed Danny by the arm and dragged him outside the bar onto the sidewalk. There was a line of people waiting to get into the bar. Even though she liked an audience, at this point she knew she needed to find out what was up. He had been acting weird all weekend and now this and he didn’t even have any answers for her; fuck answers, he had no response at all. So she pulled him to the side, away from the crowd, and once again demanded he tell her what was going on. Sometimes you should be careful what you ask for.

He burst into tears. His big puppy-dog eyes filled with tears and he started to bawl. Taken aback, she looked at him like he had nine heads; she'd never seen him cry before. Then he started talking. At first she couldn't understand him and she just tried to console him while he cried onto the shoulder of her expensive silk shirt. In the back of her mind she was thinking, if this guy tells me he's gay after what I went through with Todd, I'm gonna go Bobbit on his ass and cut that dick of his right off.

"Besides," she said, when she recounted the story, "he was blubbering all over me and silk stains."

He got hold of himself, held back the tears, and began again. "Zoe, everything I've ever told you has been a lie." Now when someone starts with a line like that you know you don't want to hear the rest. But like watching a plane crash in slow motion you are powerless to stop it.

"It's like you don't even know me," he said. "No one does. Shit, my life is such a mess." He started crying again but he quickly got himself back under control, sniffled, and continued. "My whole life is a lie. *Our* whole life together's been a lie. I'm so fucked up; everything sucks, my life is falling apart, I should just die. But, I love you."

He was smart enough to stick that "I love you" in at the end. Based on the history of those who have crossed Zoe before and lived to tell, her reaction to Danny was not nearly as bad as it could have been; we all think that's because he stuck in the cry of love. His life didn't suck badly enough for him to miss that trick. Either that or she was getting soft in her old age: her late early twenties.

Still though, Zoe was wondering what the hell was wrong and praying—for his sake *and* hers—that he wasn't about to tell her that he was gay. He sniffled some more and cleared his tears again and then he said it: he told her that he was a drug addict. "Cocaine actually," Danny said.

Then the details just started to spill out of him like vomit. He told her that he was a total addict, that he'd been using almost every day, that he was in enormous debt, and that he'd stolen a ton of money. Danny told Zoe how he stole money from his parents and from her and how he was on the phone in the bathroom trying to find some money and when he couldn't he was begging his dealer for more credit. Then he told her the worst.

Usually at this point in Lizzie's retelling of the story people halt her. They don't believe her and they say it's just not possible for someone to be dating someone for two years and not know they were a major coke-head. To which Lizzie always replies: you must not know Zoe. Open the dictionary and look up self-absorbed and you'll see her picture. Then she tells them to hold on to

their hats: the story gets better.

“Zoe,” Danny said, “There’s more. I blew all my tuition money on drugs. I’m not really enrolled in college, haven’t been all year. I’m not graduating tomorrow.”

Danny’s entire family, siblings flown in from the west coast and all, were still sitting obliviously at a table inside the trendy bar. Outside, Zoe and Danny were a mess on the street. At least he’s not gay, she was thinking. But all of her perfect, catered wedding at the Waldorf dreams seemed to run from her like OJ fleeing the cops. Then Zoe said she wondered if this was what it’d be like in hell. She had always hoped hell would be better than that, she used to say, that at least there’d be a wealthy section or something. I told you she’s messed up. According to her this is what she was thinking about just after he told her this.

Danny slumped down onto the curb, his foot in the gutter. He looked up at Zoe, who was towering over him in all of her synthetic might, and again he played the scene beautifully, like a pro. Danny told Zoe how much he loved her, how she was the only person in his life he cared about, not even himself; he told her how he needed help and rehab and how he could only make it with her love and support. Since she loved being needed almost as much as she thrived on causing scenes, she bought every ounce of his drivel. She’d always wanted to take care of someone; she sat down next to him and began to rub his back.

After Zoe reassured him that she was always going to be there for him, and that she loved him too, she told him that she was going to go inside and tell his parents that they were okay. He begged her not to; he told her there was no way he could face them. Initially she wasn’t sure what to do, but then she thought of how her father would react if she told him she blew all her college money on drugs, and she understood his hesitation. The whole debate was moot though, because his sister walked outside looking for them at that moment. When Danny saw her he started to cry all over again and he buried his head between his knees.

Zoe told Danny’s sister what was going on and the sister went back inside to tell his parents. Not even a minute later, before she had a chance to assess the damage to her blouse, while Danny was still sobbing in self-pity, his parents walked outside. Zoe just stared at them bug-eyed to see what they would do. They did nothing. Danny’s father said, “Why don’t we all go to bed and get some sleep. We can discuss this all in the morning.”

Zoe was totally perplexed to say the least. Danny just seemed out of it and not too shocked at his parents’ lack of a reaction. They went home together to

his apartment and his parents and siblings went back to the hotel. The next morning, as if nothing at all had happened, Danny got up and showered like he was going to graduation. Zoe went into the bathroom and she was like, “Do you remember what happened last night?” And Danny flipped out and slammed her hard against the wall and cuffed her with the heel of his hand. She freaked out. Another scene ensued as she ran away from him, out of the apartment, onto the street. She ran down Commonwealth Avenue, away from his apartment, and all she was wearing was a green bra, pants, and jewelry. Of course Danny ran after her screaming how sorry he was and of course she forgave him.

Once back inside he began to shake and he told her that the night before, when he was on the phone in the bathroom, he had been begging his dealer for a few grams on credit. No luck. Danny had been without any drugs since the afternoon before when he had snorted the last of his stash in the back of the third floor of Virgin Records on Newbury while Zoe and his parents were shopping a level below. He started crying and fell into a lump on the floor. Zoe was afraid he was totally going to fall apart and didn’t really know what she was supposed to do. Then his parents got there.

Like a fairy God-family they whirled in, scooped up Danny, said goodbye to Zoe, and waltzed him into recovery. Zoe was left behind in his apartment, bewildered and pissed off. She started to search. And she didn’t like what she found. In addition to all sorts of drug paraphernalia she found a huge stash of biracial porn: magazines and books and DVDs all about dirty, hard core black girls who like it wild and hard. She thought she was going to throw up.

Lizzie says that Zoe is like an author on a book tour and that even though she pretends to detest the attention, she is coming to reunion all ready to tell her story to anyone who will listen, as many times as she can. I’ll get into the rest later, when she tells it in a bar to a group of horrified-like-they’re-laughing-at-you-not-with-you people.

John Doyle

John Doyle was the poster boy for homoerotic, straight to the next dick, nothing a six pack wouldn't cure, and all the other sayings. That's how straight he was: kind of not totally. But I didn't know that at the time. It was the end of my freshman year and we were on the tennis team together. He was tall and slim with dirty blond tight curls, green eyes, and skin that always looked just slightly tanned. He was toned and trim with a very nice body and a fat cock, fatter than you'd expect on such a narrow frame. I'd had ample time to see it as he leisurely showered after practices and matches. And he had no problem strutting around the locker room naked while he shaved, etcetera. I always made sure to get a locker in the row that ended at the sinks. I can't tell you the number of times I sat on a bench untying and retying my shoes while I stared longingly at his ass as he shaved. It was lightly creamy like coffee with way too much milk and there were a few wisps of hair, a peach fuzz almost, at his crack. The best part was when he'd lean over the sink to rinse the shaving cream off of his face and his ass cheeks would spread a little. He had a low-hanging nutsack and I'd watch it slightly sway, slightly hairy, and I'd have an insta-rod.

Sometimes if I stayed late enough after practice I could watch him during his shower and then throughout his shave. I'd be so hard by then and dying to cum—preferably in his mouth—that I'd go into the last row of lockers and walk almost all the way to the end. I'd put my bag on the bench and open a locker so that the door blocked anyone's view of me from the beginning of the row. Then I'd whip out my cock and spit in my hand and close my eyes and replay the pictures of his hot body. I'd picture him in the shower tugging on his cock and letting his nuts swing in the water, rinsing the soap off of himself. I'd imagine poking my tongue into that soft crevice between his asscheeks and licking up and down his crack and then tonguing his wrinkly tight hole.

My fantasy would be enhanced by the sounds of the locker room. I'd hear

him turn off the sink and I'd hear someone else walking by. I'd hear someone say hey to him and his answer back and then I'd hear a locker open in another row that I thought was his. I'd imagine him slipping his tight underwear up his legs and then tucking his cock into the pouch. I'd imagine myself walking into his aisle just as he did that. He'd look at me and I'd smile and push him back on the bench. I'd go after his crotch with my mouth and I'd chew on his cock through his underwear. I'd get his white undies all sopping wet and I'd taste the outline of his hard, fat boner through the fabric. He'd be writhing in ecstasy, never having felt so good in his life (hey, it was a fantasy, okay?) and then I'd slowly pull his underwear down and let his hard, damp cock pop out and slap me in the face.

Then I'd hear a locker close and a bag zip up and someone walk out the door. And I'd imagine it was the other guy, the one who'd said hello to him, and that now we were alone, just the two of us. And all of a sudden I'd hear the shower and realize that he'd gone back in and I'd go over and see him stroking his cock under the spray of water. His eyes would be closed and he'd be pinching one of his nipples while he slowly massaged his cock. His fingers would graze the head but mostly they'd stay with his fist on his shaft. I'd throw caution to the wind and I'd get naked and walk into the shower. There was no holding back my feelings—or, well, my dick really. My cock would be poking straight out and he'd look at it and then look at me and smile. I'd walk right up to him and he'd grab my cock and stroke it in the slick, warm shower water. With his other hand he'd reach out and tickle my nuts and I'd reach for his cock. We'd both start jerking each other and I'd lean forward and bite, and then suck on, his nipple and I'd drag my tongue all over his trim, muscular chest.

We'd both start to moan and he'd lean in to me, resting his forehead on my shoulder as I still stroked his cock and he started to spasm. He'd cum all over my stomach and my own cock and then he'd start stroking me faster. He'd drop to his knees and I'd look down as he'd poke out his tongue and swallow my about-to-blow cock. I wouldn't believe it and I'd be beside myself with lust and excitement and I'd be so close and about to empty my nuts down his throat, about to coat his tonsils with my load.

And I'd cum hard into the empty locker. My cum made a thumping echo as it hit the floor of the hollow metal locker. I didn't care who heard; I was lost in John Doyle cock heaven. I kept stroking with my eyes squeezed shut and all the images of sexy John Dole would fly through my head like a slide show set to super-fast speed. Then I'd get my breath back and compose myself. I'd tuck in my cock and lick the cum off my fingers. Then I'd leave the gym, leaving my load of cum there to either dry up or be found by some

other random, and hopefully hot, guy.

That was a whole other fantasy I used to masturbate to before bedtime: the hot thought of some hot stud, either straight or bi-curious or whatever, opening the locker to change and finding the pile of cum on the floor. The guy would be turned on and would look around, unsure if anyone would see him, and a little scared knowing what he was about to do was wrong. Then he'd scoop up some of the cum, taste it, and then rub it over his own hard cock and jerk off with it as his lube.

Dinner With Fat Lizzie

Tommy and Lizzie both know about the blog and about the book. Lizzie said she'd castrate me if I didn't make her thin, beautiful and fabulously dressed when I wrote about her. The thing is, she is all those things so it's not like I have to lie, but I did like to tease her. The other day we were having dinner and she said something that pissed me off, not in a major way, just something trivial—I don't even remember what—and I was like, "That's it. Your character just gained twenty-five pounds and has a terrible complexion."

She looked crestfallen, like I'd just killed her puppy or something. I laughed and told her she'd better be nice to me or I'd move on to disfigurement. She gave me the finger.

That first night we were out for dinner at this Italian place we used to love in college: Things are always so much better in your memory. I mean it was good and all, but why three diet-obsessed, carb-fearing New Yorkers thought it would be a good idea to go for Italian food is beyond me. Lizzie either eats plain fish and steamed vegetables or a salad, and while Tommy and I will indulge a little, it was rapidly becoming summer and bathing suit weather. So we were there for dinner, not really eating, and we were talking about this book.

"You're going to need to have so much sex this weekend to fill up a whole book," Tommy said.

Lizzie rolled her eyes and without actually uttering a word said, "What else is new?"

Ignoring Lizzie's incredibly verbal eyes, I was like, "Not really. Well, I mean, I hope so, but I'm going to write about some of the old shit; The memories of some of the hot sex I'd had or wanted to have."

"Yawn," Tommy said.

"Trust me," I said, "it won't suck."

Then, out of the blue, Lizzie said, “Do you know what thread count your sheets are?”

“Huh?”

“Thread count,” she said, as if I was dense. “Do you know what they are?”

“I don’t know,” I said. “They’re nice and soft. Why?”

She started to tell us about Duffy, the slightly intellectually challenged stockbroker she’d been dating and how she hated sleeping at his house because his sheets itched her. She was like, “I’m not being a princess either; they really are, like, awful. When we have sex and he’s on top of me I get, like, rug burn from rubbing against the sandpaper sheets.”

“That’s kind of hot,” Tommy said. “I never knew you were into pain.”

Another roll of the eyes. This one said: Why am I always surrounded by stupidity? “I’m not into pain,” she said. “That’s the whole fucking point. How do I tell him that he needs new sheets?”

Tommy was like, “Why don’t you call Carrie Bradshaw and you and your *Sex and the City* friends can have an episode about it. You know Charlotte’s dealt with this before.” Tommy always teases Lizzie about her perfect, debutante-like life and about her world-tragedy-caliber problems like her masseuse double-booking on her.

“Fuck you. I’m serious,” she said.

“Why don’t you buy him new sheets?” I suggested. “Like a present.”

“We’ve only been dating for two months.”

“So? Is there a rule about when you can buy someone sheets?”

“Can you ever buy someone sheets?” Tommy asked. “Isn’t that like in the whole here’s-a-new-vacuum-cleaner-for-Mother’s-Day kind of camp? Who the fuck wants sheets as a present?”

“Have you seen Lizzie’s sheets? I’d take them as a present. They’re like more than my rent each month.”

“It is kind of weird,” Lizzie conceded, “buying someone sheets. It just makes such a difference during sex; having it on good sheets, I mean.”

Tommy started singing a line from that Rufus Wainwright song, “Cigarettes and Chocolate Milk”: “A little bit heiress, a little bit...”

“Whatever,” she said.

In The Closet, Literally

Looking across the restaurant, Tommy said, “Look who the fuck just walked in.”

I looked over. It was this guy named Geoff. Shit. I knew this was going to come up. You know how there are some things that you just never want to admit but they won’t go away. And then it gets to the point where if you admit it now, so much time and effort has built up, that it makes it seem like five hundred times worse than it did back when you did it? Well that is what is about to unfold at our dinner. Shit.

So junior year I kind of had a crush on Tommy. Not anything major or anything I really talked about, and actually this is the first time I’ve ever admitted it to anyone in public. So, yes, Tommy is going to read this and then hold it over my head for the rest of my life but you have to make sacrifices for art, right? I mean, who would want to read this book if it wasn’t at least a little juicy? So, yes, there it is, I had a crush on Tommy. And sometimes when you have a crush you do stupid things. I did a stupid and perverted thing.

Tommy wasn’t interested in me back then but we were totally friends. We’d scam on guys together and whatever but it wasn’t like now where we sometimes fuck around. This was also back in the days when Tommy would fall in love with every guy he slept with. He’d hook up once and think that he’d found the guy he would spend the rest of his life with. At that time, neither of us knew that he’d spend his life with thousands of guys. At the time of this story, he was in love with Geoff.

Geoff was a nerdy-cute guy the same year as us who lived in the same dorm. He used to date girls but then like six weeks before Tommy and Geoff hooked up he came out of his own closet in a seriously public way. Much to his uptight, Connecticut girlfriend’s dismay, he ended up making out in a popular bar with a freshman in the all-male a cappella singing group. They’d barely swapped a milliliter of spit before the entire club—including the

uptight girlfriend—was clued in on what was going on. I don't remember her name but it was something terribly waspy like Millicent or something, and by the time she flew over to him in a fit of disbelief, the a cappella kid had his hand inside Geoff's fly and Millicent, or whatever her name was, was shrieking in horror and slapping Geoff's arm. Millicent ended the semester under a cloud of embarrassment and bitterness and then transferred out to another school. Geoff stayed on, not the least bit ashamed, but quickly ditched the too-skinny-to-even-be-a-good-twink a cappella singer and took up with Tommy.

So one night we were all out and I knew that Tommy was going to bring Geoff back to his room. I was horny and frustrated and Dave—who I promise I will come back to explain about later—was about tongue deep in the mouth a sophomore girl whom I now hated with ferocity. I left without saying goodbye to anyone and in a drunken stupor of self-pity I walked back to campus. By the time I got there, I had an idea. Tommy never locked his room. So I went there and knocked, fearing that he might have already gotten back. When no answer came I went inside and looked around. His room was a rectangle and to my left was his desk and a wall of windows and a door to a balcony (college rules were to stay off the balconies but that, of course, never happened) and to my right was his twin bed. At the end of the bed, diagonally across from me, was a small rectangular hallway, perpendicular to his room, with a locked door that led to the hallway, which served as Tommy's closet. They had these rooms on every floor; they were never supposed to be dorm rooms, they were study rooms, and then when the campus got too crowded they converted them into posh singles for upperclassmen. Tommy had lucked out. I walked into the closet and unlocked the door to the hallway and waited.

Tommy and Geoff came home about a half hour later and I had almost passed out standing up against Tommy's clothes. I was jolted alert by Geoff laughing and the door opening. I heard them come in and they turned on the light but I couldn't see anything yet. They were both talking about nonsense and then all I heard was bodies rubbing together and the sound of lips kissing. I stayed put, hoping they'd move to the bed. They must have broken apart and Geoff said, "Let's get naked."

Tommy said okay and I heard zippers and rustling and then I saw Geoff in all his nakedness climb up onto Tommy's bed. Geoff was a redhead with a tight body and not much muscle definition. He did have decent biceps—that I'd noticed before—but he could have benefited from some time in the gym. His pubes were a darker red than his hair, but a fire-crotch he had, and then Tommy climbed onto the bed and pushed Geoff back and got on top of him. I'd seen Tommy naked a bunch of times and he had a great body and a really

nice ass. His ass was his best feature and he knew it. Geoff's head was on Tommy's pillow and his arms were grabbing Tommy's ass as Tommy ground his cock into Geoff's groin and they made out with each other.

My cock was rock hard and I had cursed myself for not letting my fly down earlier. I was afraid it would make a noise if I pulled it down, so I grabbed the tab and I waited for Tommy to move and then I quickly pulled it down, hoping the sound was lost in the rustling of their bodies. It must have been. Now Tommy's ass was staring me in the face and he was sucking on Geoff's cock. Geoff's cock was of average size and had a thin shaft and a fat, bulbous head. Tommy was rocking his head up and down and Geoff's eyes were closed and his head was moving from side to side on the pillow. He was breathing really hard.

My jeans were open and my fly down and I had hoisted my cock out of my underwear. I had silently spit in my hand and was stroking along to the scene unfolding in front of me. I was still kind of drunk and not all that steady on my feet and I had to be careful not to fall and alert them to my presence. Geoff reached down and pulled Tommy off his cock. He told him he was too close to cumming, and he pulled Tommy up to kiss him again. They rolled around, kissing, and Geoff ended up on top of Tommy. This is before Tommy learned to get more creative with positions.

Geoff pulled himself away and got up off the bed. I didn't know what was going on and I moved farther back inside the closet, trying to disappear into Tommy's clothes. Then it got darker and I realized that Geoff had gone and turned out the light. I also realized that the sleeve of the shirt that was up against my face was my shirt. Tommy had said he didn't have it: liar. It took a minute for my eyes to adjust to the dark and I saw that Tommy was sitting up on the bed facing the wall of windows. Geoff walked back over to him and sunk to his knees and buried his head in Tommy's lap. I pulled myself out of his clothes to watch better. And then I silently took my shirt off the hanger and put it on over my T-shirt. I wasn't going to let him keep it.

Tommy put his hand flat on the bed behind him, flexing his triceps nicely, and hung his head back while Geoff bobbed his head over Tommy's cock. I was getting close and with a free hand I reached into my underwear and massaged my nuts a little. They were sweaty and my hands were sticky with precum and saliva and my heart was racing ten miles a minute. Tommy sat up a bit and grabbed hold of Geoff's head, maneuvering it up and down at the precise speed and depth he wanted. He was moaning a little and he was switching from watching Geoff blow him intently to letting his head hang back in pleasure.

Geoff's nice biceps were flexed as he had a hand on each of Tommy's

thighs and he was letting Tommy guide his head. At one point Tommy kept his head still and started to buck his hips, fucking Geoff's mouth. Geoff gagged a little and coughed but kept taking Tommy's cock. Then Tommy grimaced and lifted his ass off the bed and held his body up with one hand and held Geoff's head with the other and came hard into Geoff's mouth. Tommy didn't let Geoff's head up and he was gagging and swallowing as Tommy dumped his load down the guy's throat. As much as I had wanted to see Tommy's cumshot, it was hot as fuck watching Geoff try to swallow it while Tommy's tight body convulsed like mad.

I was about to blow and when Geoff stood up, his raging boner pointing right toward Tommy's face, I knew I would in a nanosecond. Tommy opened wide and bent down a little and Geoff stuck his cock into Tommy's mouth. Tommy sucked on his cock and I enjoyed the perfect side view, watching the dick disappear between Tommy's lips only to reappear again and then start the ride all over again. I bit down hard on my lower lip and came hard into my hand. I tried not to drop any pecker tracks on the floor and tried to keep my cum in my hand and in my underwear. I kept cumming while Geoff kept pushing his cock into Tommy's mouth and Tommy reached up and grabbed Geoff's nuts.

I was still quietly breathing heavy, my orgasm subsiding, and my crotch a sticky mess. Geoff's cock was buried nuts deep in Tommy's mouth and he was on his tiptoes and about to let loose himself. I guess he started to cum, he told Tommy he was cumming, and Tommy pulled his head back and took the rest of Geoff's load on his chin and on his chest. I wished I was Geoff at that moment. I so wanted to watch my cum dripping off of Tommy's face.

Spent, they both laid back on Tommy's bed looking up at the ceiling and I watched as their cocks shriveled up and their chests rose and fell. I pulled my shirt up and wiped my hands off on my stomach and then I tucked my sticky mess back into my pants and pulled them up. Then I realized I was fucked. How was I going to know if they were asleep so that I could leave? And then to make it worse it dawned on me that the hallway outside the door had the lights on: brightly. Would that wake them up? I was fucked. And so tired. But I had to stay. Quietly I crouched down on the floor and sat, resigned to wait. And wait I did.

I had nodded off once or twice but had managed to stay awake for about an hour straight and had not heard a peep—other than steady breathing—from either one of them. I decided to make a run for it. I knew that if I could get out quickly and run fast I could be around the corner and in the stairwell before they saw me even if they did wake up. I stood and slowly turned the door handle and then I counted to three, pushed open the door, was momentarily

blinded by the light of the hallway, and then I quickly closed it, not as quietly as I'd hoped, and ran for the stairs. I made it back to my room without encountering another person and once inside I locked the door and panted. Wow.

Before I could get to sleep that night I replayed the whole scene in my head and beat off again to the fantasy. I came hard again and finally got to sleep. The next day I met up with Tommy in the afternoon and he told me about hooking up with Geoff and how someone tried to barge into his room in the middle of the night. It was weird, he thought, because he's never used that door in his closet and had always kept it locked. I asked if someone actually came in and he said he didn't think so. Then he asked me where I had disappeared off to the night before. I told him I was in a bad mood and had simply gone home and crashed.

A few weeks later I met Tommy after a class and I was wearing the shirt I'd taken from his room that night. He told me he had been looking for it and asked when I had taken it back. I said I didn't know, a few weeks ago or whatever, and brushed it off. Ever since then, I think he'd wondered a little less about who had been in his closet that night. While he's totally alluded to it, and teased me about it indirectly, I've never admitted it. And now, sitting at reunion, Geoff walked into the restaurant.

Lizzie knew the truth. I had never come out and admitted it to her but she just knew. And when Tommy said, "Look who the fuck just walked in," Lizzie said to me, "Did you ever admit that it was you in the closet that night?"

Whitney

Geoff saw us, and Tommy waved, and he and the WASPY-looking young lady with him walked over to our table. He said hello to us all, bent down to kiss Lizzie's cheek, and shook both mine and Tommy's hands. He looked much the same as I remembered, only a little more handsome. He'd prematurely grayed and the salt and pepper looked good on him. He had developed character lines around his eyes that made him further endearing and he looked to be in trim, healthy shape. He turned toward the woman next to him and introduced us to Whitney, his wife.

I almost choked on my wine and I looked right at Lizzie who couldn't help but break into a slight smile on her shiny, masterfully painted lips. Tommy stood up and grabbed her hand and bent over to kiss her cheek. "Great to meet you," he said, all smiles. "Geoff and I were close friends in college."

I noticed the look Tommy gave Geoff when he said that and it seemed to have its desired effect: Geoff became uncomfortable. Unlike in college when he flew out of the closet and declared his homosexuality to anyone who would listen, he seemed a bit ashamed of it now. Lizzie broke the awkward silence and introduced herself to Whitney and then I followed suit. Tommy invited them to sit down and to have a drink, but Geoff politely declined and said he had a table waiting. He left amid great-to-see-yous and see-you-arounds that felt totally insincere and I looked at Tommy and said, "You have to bag him this weekend."

Tommy picked up his glass of wine and was like, "Duh."

Blow Break

Lizzie wanted to go back to the hotel after dinner that night and fix her hair. She'd gone to the bathroom like eleven times during dinner, each time coming back dissatisfied with her hair. She said it was still early and she really needed to blow it out a little better. When Tommy and I rolled our eyes she said that we could just get a drink in the bar at the hotel. "Charge it to my room," she said.

Back at the hotel, Tommy and I were sitting at the bar and he asked me if I had jacked off in his closet that night. Still playing dumb I was like, "What are you talking about?"

"The next morning, after Geoff left, I went into the closet and there was a streak of dried cum on the door to the hallway."

"So?"

"Well I'd never jerked off in that closet. And believe me, I might lie and tell you I can shoot that far, but I can't."

I looked around the bar, pretending to be bored, and said, "Again so?"

"It's kind of cute."

"What's cute?" I asked, wishing some alumni would walk up to us and change the subject. But the bar was pretty empty.

"You. You've had a crush on me all this time. I knew it the first time we hooked up."

I looked at him totally dismissively and was like, "Get over yourself."

"Alex, I know it was you. Who on Earth else would it've been?"

"How the fuck should I know?"

"Is this how it's going to be? We're going to be like eighty and in a hot gay nursing home and you're still going to deny that you watched me hook up

that night?”

“If you’re still going to cling to absurd fantasies then yes, I suppose it will be,” I said and leaned forward to order another drink.

Tommy grabbed my ass and I looked at him. “You stressed?” he asked.

“Not really,” I said.

“I am,” he said with a devilish grin. “Let’s go upstairs and old Tommy’ll relax you a bit. Give you a little of what you ‘didn’t’ watch all those years ago.”

I couldn’t deny that I was horny. And I was all tense between this story coming up and being at reunion and Bram calling and everything else. I would’ve loved a blow job. “Lead the way,” I said, “cocksucker.”

Upstairs we went to Tommy’s room and he pushed me back on his bed. I lifted my head up and watched him unbuckle my belt and pants and pull them down until they were around my thighs. Then he rubbed my cock through my underwear until he felt a little precum soak through and then he pulled my underwear down—a pair of Ginch Gonch favorites—and released my cock. He looked up at me with a grin and said, “I’m on a Great Cock Hunt of my own.” Then he opened wide and wrapped his tongue around the head of my cock.

I let my head fall back on the bed and I closed my eyes. I could feel the wine swirling around my brain and I thought about hiding in his closet all those years ago. He was sucking my cock into his mouth at this point, with his saliva-slick hand wrapped around the base, jerking up to meet his lips. Tommy and I had fooled around a ton of times and it never lead to anything. We were just always best friends and once we got that first time out of the way, it became like a randomly regular thing. If we were both horny or hanging out and we didn’t want to go meet other guys, we’d just sometimes fuck around with each other. It came in ebbs and flows and sometimes we’d do it a lot for a month or six weeks and then not hook up again for four months. It had been a long while since we’d last hooked up, and I forgot how good his mouth felt on my cock.

He was twisting his fist around my shaft and swirling his tongue all over my cock-head and I was in ecstasy. I was starting to writhe a little on the bed and I was tensing my ass in response to the sensations. He kept sucking on my dick, diving down to my crotch until his nose was buried in my bush and his throat was massaging my cock. Then he pulled himself off of my cock completely and I opened my eyes and looked at him. My cock was standing there, wet and sloppy and throbbing and he stood up at the foot of the bed,

smiled, and took off his shirt. His body was great, in even better shape than when we were in college: solid and muscular but not too body-builder ripped. Then he climbed back on the bed and grabbed hold of my dick once again. He brought it back to his mouth and he kissed the head, sticking the tip of his tongue out and teasing my piss slit. With his hand he was jerking my cock and I was getting really close. He pulled off for a second and milked out some precum that he used as lube to jerk me off more.

I told him how amazing it felt, how it was just what I needed, and he swallowed my cock to the root again. He deep-throat sucked me and let his hands wander up under the tails of my shirt and up toward my belly button. That part of my lower stomach, right above my cock, is so sensitive and it just got me more and more turned on. I tried to spread my legs a little wider but they were trapped in my pants that were still around my thighs. Then he pulled his hands back and slurped his way up my shaft until just the head was in his mouth. He gripped my cock with his fist and started jerking me really fast and tight while his tongue was stuck out, teasing the head of my cock. I couldn't stand it anymore and his hand never slowed down and he kept licking at my cock and the ridge just under the head and I blew my load. He gripped my cock even tighter and pulled on it harder and my cum shot up into his face and onto his chin and onto his tongue. With my cum still sitting on his tongue he licked the excess off of my cock and swallowed. Then he looked up at me and said, "Yum," and smiled with some of my jizz drooling down his chin.

With my cock still in his hand, and with me still panting and coming down from the great fucking orgasm, he said, "It was you in the closet, Alex. Just tell me."

"It was me," I said.

Self-Medicating

Lizzie called my cell phone while I was still coming down from Tommy's blow job. She said she was in the bar and she wanted to know where we were. I told her we were up in Tommy's room, that boys need to freshen up too, and she was like, "Whatever. Oh hi-how-are-you?"

"Who are you talking to?" I asked.

"Sooooo good to see you too," Lizzie said. I couldn't tell if she was being fake or sincere.

"Who's there?"

"Zoe and Claire."

"Oh." I was psyched that Claire was there; she's great and lives down south on like a plantation or something and so we don't get to see her much.

"No, it's Alex," I heard her say. "Yeah, he and Tommy are upstairs primping."

"Lizzie," I said.

"What?"

"Tommy and I are going to smoke a bowl; do you want some?"

Then I heard Claire yell into the phone: "Get down here! I need to see you!"

"Okay," I said. And then, "Lizzie we'll be down in a few."

"You boys better save me some!"

"Of course. Have fun!" And I clicked off.

Tommy was over by the window. He had just opened it and he was standing there with no shirt on and the top of his jeans unbuttoned. He was holding the pot pipe and the lighter up to his mouth and I thought he looked

pretty hot. He sucked in a big hit and then held the bowl out to me. I took it and followed suit. A few hits later I was lying back on the bed looking at the ceiling and feeling really good.

Tommy had gone to the bathroom and came out wearing just his underwear. He was going to change. He looked good, his body looked really good, and I was looking at his half-hard cock poking out of his boxers. I told him to come over to me and when he did I pulled his boxers down. He was like, "We have to go downstairs."

"They can wait," I said, and I put his cock in my mouth.

His balls were completely shaved and I stroked the silky smooth skin while I sucked his cock to hardness in my mouth. He let out a purr and then reached behind him to get the pipe off the table. His cock got pretty hard and I started to deep throat it and get the whole shaft in my mouth. I'd found with Tommy that he totally responds when you blow him fast, like really quick bobs of your mouth up and down his shaft. And so while he was sparking the pipe, I went to town on his cock. He sucked in hard on the pipe and his abs tightened up and became kind of concave and I tickled them a little while he coughed and blew the smoke out. With each cough his cock throbbed in my mouth and I knew that was sending all sorts of sensations to his brain.

He pulled his cock out of my mouth and slapped it against my cheek. I went for his nuts and sucked on them and licked and lightly nibbled and bit them. He was banging his wet cock against my nose and face and slapping it hard. I could feel drops of what was either precum or my saliva hit my face and I pulled back and grabbed his cock and sucked it inside my mouth again. I reached behind him and cupped his ass cheeks and pulled him closer to my face. I swallowed him to the root and kept him there, swallowing over and over and trying to tease his cock-head to the point of no return. It worked.

A minute or two later, after I'd started to pump my mouth up and down his shaft all fast again, his body got all rigid and I knew he was trying to hold back. I slapped his ass cheeks hard, over and over again, and then pulled off quickly and jerked his cock fiercely. His dick exploded and his cum shot out at me. I hadn't thought about the fact that I was still basically dressed and his cum got all over my clothes. He slapped his cock against my face, letting the last of his load eke out and then he backed up and let his cock hang there.

"You're a fucking mess," he said, laughing.

I went into his bathroom and wiped away as much of his mess as I could and then darted out to my room to change my clothes. Fifteen minutes later we were down in the bar with Claire and Zoe and Lizzie and we were ready to hit the first official reunion event.

Stroke Break

Okay, we're going to take a brief pause from the whole reunion weekend story and talk about cumming for a minute. Like an emergency broadcast test, I promise it will be over soon and we'll get back to the story at hand. It's just that I have such a hard time writing all this stuff and not getting hard as a fucking rock. So I have to take some jerk-off breaks while writing or I'll never get anything done and my cock will get so clogged with cum that I might never be able to break the dam. I guess it's a different kind of writing process, writing a book largely about sex. I doubt that F. Scott Fitzgerald and, like, Dostoyevsky had these problems. But who knows.

So anyway, like I was saying, I just paused for a minute to stroke out a load. And it felt fucking good. But I'd been writing this shit all morning, and it was already two-twelve in the afternoon, and so I had a lot built up. You know how sometimes you blow like a major load and you're feeling good, coming off the high, still panting a little, and then you realize that your dick isn't finished? It's finished for that moment, but it's telling you that it's got way more excitement and cum backed up in there and that you're going to have to get off again, soon. Sometimes that happens to me if I don't bust a nut for a day or two and then I watch like some amazing porn or something. And it happened today. I watched a quick, hot video on my favorite site, and then I popped off a load. And now I need to once again.

I just watched a hot video where an allegedly straight dude, Patrick, my total favorite amateur porn star, gets his ass plowed for the first time. I was hard in an instant and I was watching his face while the guy slid his cock up Patrick's ass. Patrick was experiencing that amazing mixture of pleasure and pain, that perfectly shaken cocktail that makes hairs stand up and balls shrink up, and I was feeling it myself. I wiggled down in my chair and spread my legs so that I could finger my hole while I stroked my cock. I pumped myself in time with the dude fucking Patrick's ass and I watched intently.

Patrick had an amazing body, all perfectly muscular and well built, and a

great head of hair on top of a handsome face. Patrick's own cock was big and flopping and half-hard and it was amazing to watch him get fucked so well and so hard and in like a minute I had to spray my next load. I edged myself a little, surprised I was ready to cum again so quickly, but it's all so mental. This was my favorite video and my favorite guy and I bought into the fantasy totally and so as my mind was whirring with thoughts of his first fuck, and of me being able to fuck him, and all that, my cock just got ready a little too quickly. I decided to let it go.

I sucked on a finger and got it nice and slick and then I poked it hard up my ass while I stroked my cock furiously. I was looking down at my swollen dick and my hand whipping over it and then up at the computer screen, at Patrick getting pounded in a new position. And I held my breath and bit down on my lower lip and pumped my cock hard. I also jammed my finger in and out of my ass until I felt my ass needing to clench down hard if it was going to be able to hold back my cumshot. I quickly added another finger, forcing my ass open and I was trying so hard to hold back and then I lost it. Surprisingly, I had another forceful load and the first shot of cum hit my upper chest before the rest of it splattered out over my heaving chest and stomach. Shit.

Well that was the kind of break I needed to drain my cock so I could get back to writing without my mind wandering to all sorts of crazy fantasies. Thanks for indulging me. Now, where were we...?

Cock And Tails

Rich doesn't equal hot. I mean, I guess I see it so often in New York City that I don't think about it, but when you go to a college reunion and see guys who were rich in college and who are just richer now, and obnoxious about it, even though they did nothing except cash trust fund checks and work in the family office, it's only fair that they look like overfed pigs. Inevitably they're spoiled and out of shape with jowls around their waists and at least you feel like something is fair in the world. And you know what, if you're going to have that much money and be that insufferable about it, then you deserve to look like that. But what really sucks is when that same asshole was gorgeous in college and is even fucking hotter now. That really sucks.

So his Rolex almost hit me in the face when he reached over me to get a drink from the bartender. I turned to look, annoyed, even though it was packed crowded, and Thad Newland, more gorgeous than ever, complete with faker-than-fake smile was like, "Hey! Ross, right?"

"Um, Alex," I said. "Hey."

Thad Newland made most of the panties in college wet. And a few of the jockstraps too (mine included). He was incredibly handsome, a great athlete, and came from a richer-than-anyone-has-a-right-to-be family. But he knew it and he loved it and he lorded it over people. He had been known to threaten to buy stores and bars in town in which he received unacceptable reverence—I mean service—and he'd been known to tell the ladies that checked your ID before entering the dining hall on campus that he didn't wait on line and if they wanted to keep their "little jobs" they'd let him in ahead of everyone else. He was a prick. But the girls—and some of the boys—all loved him, or wanted to be just like him, anyway.

I'd heard tidbits about him over the years and Lizzie had showed me pictures in *Town & Country* and it just seemed like Mr. Perfect was getting even worse. I remembered how I used to fantasize about him; he was in my

ever-rotating roster of dudes I'd jerk off to before I was out and open to acting on my homosexuality—and after that too. After I became friendly with Lizzie though, and got to know him a little, my fantasies about him changed.

Lizzie suddenly appeared at the bar and said hello to us both and accepted a kiss from Thad. While they exchanged hellos I remembered how my fantasies about the gorgeous, rich asshole had changed. I used to fantasize romantically about him: about him wanting me and courting me and us dating and then having romantic and hot sex on the terrace of one of his mansions. Kind of like a gay Harlequin romance novel but he was way sexier than Fabio. We'd make love in those fantasies: kiss for hours, stroke and caress each other, and then gently slide our cocks up each other's asses.

But then I got to know him and it all changed. I'd lie in my bed at night, covers down by the foot of the bed, naked with my cock in hand, and I'd imagine coming into the dark basement at my parents' house. Thad would be there, tied up, and sweaty and dirty, and eager to do anything if I'd just let him go. I'd walk up to him with a whip in my hand, a cat-o'-nine-tails actually, and gently let it fall against his back and I'd ask him if he was going to behave. He'd say yes and I'd tell him to stand up. He would be wearing only a pair of gym shorts, and his muscular chest, with the slabs of pectorals, would be glistening and rising under his breath. I'd tell him to lose the shorts and he would.

He would be wearing a sweaty jockstrap and I would whip it with the cat-o'-nine-tails and watch his gut clench and his cock stir. Then I'd whip it harder and harder and I'd watch his cock grow to complete hardness within the jockstrap, straining the pouch. I'd pull the jock off and watch his hard, long cock flop out and bob as it pointed toward me. I'd swat it a few more times and watch him grimace and I'd make him beg for me to stop. When I did stop I'd order him back on his knees and tell him to open wide. I'd unzip my jeans and march up to his face, with my hard cock poking out, and then I'd poke my cock into his mouth. I'd hold his chin in my hand and guide his face exactly where I wanted it and then I'd mercilessly fuck his mouth and throat until he was gagging to the point of almost vomiting. Then I'd stop. I'd ask him if he wanted more and he'd say no. Then I'd slap him across the face, first with my hand a few times and then with my cock, and he'd say, "Yes, please, sir, yes."

"Alex," Lizzie said sternly and I was snapped from my memory.

"What?"

"Didn't you go to their house?"

"Whose house?"

“Aren’t you listening? Pam and Tom’s in Montauk.”

“Oh yeah, it was beautiful.”

“I looked at it,” Thad said, “but it was too small.”

“Small?” I said, perplexed. I remembered being impressed by the, like, seven bedrooms.

“I wanted something a little bigger than a cottage,” Thad said. “I like to have a bunch of people up on weekends.” My cock had gone soft again.

“Of course,” Lizzie said. Like it was totally normal for someone to think that a place the size of the Metropolitan Museum was too small for a summer house.

“My girlfriend at the time had great taste and she really dealt with the decorator...”

I ignored the rest of his drivel and let my mind wander back to the images of him on the floor of my basement, choking on my cock. I’d made him stand up, in the fantasy, and bend over an old work table. He’d know what was coming and he’d squirm and say, “No, don’t.” I’d ignore his pleas and he would beg, “Please, please.”

I’d slam the cat-o’-nine-tails down on his broad, muscular back a few times and watch his skin turn red and be like, “What? What, slave?”

He’d calm down and say, “Nothing.”

I’d reach over and grab a paddle and spank his ass hard and say, “Nothing what?”

He wouldn’t immediately respond and I’d paddle his ass some more, watching him wince with each slap and he’d finally say, “Sir! Nothing, sir.”

Then I’d dip my fingers in a vat of lube and spread his ass cheeks apart. I’d push two fingers roughly up his ass and his back would arch and he’d wiggle around and grunt but not say a word. I’d dig my fingers in deep, pushing harder into his guts, and then I’d pull them out and listen to him exhale in relief. Then I’d add another finger and jam them back up in his ass again. My cock would be hard and dripping at this point and I’d give his ass a break and roll a condom over it. Then I’d aim my cock-head at his tight pucker and unceremoniously slam it past his sphincter and deep into his ass. He’d holler in shock and pain and the muscles of his arms and shoulders would flex as he grabbed onto the table, enduring my assault on his ass.

I’d fuck his ass fast and hard, driving my cock in deep and then pulling out almost entirely—and sometimes entirely—and then I’d slam it home

again as deep as I could go. Every time he stopped writhing, when he'd be getting used to the fuck and actually be starting to enjoy it, I'd grab the paddle and pound it against his silky, hard, white asscheeks. He'd yelp and holler for a second and then I'd fuck him harder. I'd reach down under his stomach and find his cock, which would be hard and leaking despite his protests. I'd stroke it with my lubed-up hand and he'd exhale and his legs would weaken.

I'd start stroking him as fast I could, and fucking him at the same pace, and I'd be looking down at his rich and powerful body, all sexy and beautiful, and I'd feel a familiar rise in my nuts. I'd slam my cock home and leave it deep in his ass and I'd flex my cock, making it grow in his ass and I'd stroke his cock even faster. I'd watch his shoulders tense as he gripped the table harder and he'd lay his head on one cheek, and I'd see the grimace on his face and then hear him grunt and moan when he shot his load. I'd work the cum out of his cock and let it fly all over the floor.

When he'd finally subside and his body would calm down from the intense anal pounding and the orgasm, I'd pull my cock out of his ass and pull him up off of the table. He'd be sweating and panting and weak and unstable on his feet but still so magnificently beautiful. I'd push him down to his knees and tear off the rubber and hold his head back by his hair so that he was looking up at me. I'd stroke my cock slowly over his face and then I'd go a little faster and a little tighter. I'd get really close and I'd tighten my grip on his hair and aim my cock at his face and then I'd explode, my nut busting and my cum splattering all over his handsome face and his strong broad shoulders.

It would be an amazing orgasm and he'd look up at me with my cum all over his pretty face and he'd thank me. He'd thank me again and again as I put my cock away, zipped up, and went back upstairs, leaving him a sated mess on the basement floor.

When I finally got the end of replaying the fantasy in my head, and my cock was rock hard again and leaking in my pants, I realized that he was still talking to Lizzie about his mansion in Montauk and that she looked bored and in need of rescue. Good friend that I can be, I looked at her and said, "Oh my God there's Eric. We have to go say hello."

Graceful hostess that her mother taught her to be, Lizzie politely excused herself from Thad and said, "What took you so long," under her breath as we walked away.

"Remember that fantasy I used to have about making him into a gay sex slave?"

"Yeah," she said.

“I was reliving it while he was droning on about how hard it is to be rich and vapid.”

She looked at me and said, “There is something seriously wrong with you.”

Then we walked over to Eric, a guy we were both friends with whom we haven’t seen in a few years. He gave us big hellos and we went to the bar and did some shots. At the bar we ran into two other people we all used to be friends with and we talked and did a few more shots and all thoughts of Thad—the pleasurable and not so pleasurable ones—vanished from my mind.

Tommy found us at the bar and asked if we’d seen Dave. I told him that we hadn’t yet and that I had no clue how to find him. Tommy said, “Well I have one idea.” He was looking across the bar at JoEllen.

“Oh God,” I said. “Can I really do it?”

He looked at me and said, “Let’s get some more liquid courage.”

Lizzie had gone off to say hello to this girl Carolyn she was friends with and Tommy and I sidled up to the bar next to this cute guy, Tom, who we both used to think—or hope—was gay but who was sadly very straight. We spent the next forty or so minutes drinking and talking with Tom and also with some other people we used to know and it was fun to reminisce and laugh and smile. By that point I’d seen a ton of great people and we’d had fun talking to many of them. I figured it was time to risk another crappy alumni experience in exchange for the chance at gaining some valuable intelligence. So I walked over to JoEllen, someone we’d been hoping not to have to see.

Agony

“He called it his lake house,” JoEllen said in an I-was-so-disgusted tone. “Honestly, calling it a puddle is being kind. But a lake? Hardly. Some people can be so affected.”

“JoEllen,” I said with mock enthusiasm.

She hadn’t noticed that I’d walked up to her and she turned and feigned utter delight to see me.

“Oh hi, Alex. How are you? What’s going on? I haven’t seen you in so long. How’s New York? You’re in New York, right?”

“Um, yeah,” I said. “New York’s great and things are good. How are things with you?” I was playing it cool. I didn’t want to just blurt out and ask her. I knew she’d be so pissed and probably not even tell me if she knew.

She was saying how her husband had some ridiculously impressive-sounding job running the world or something and how she was trying to get pregnant and was very busy shopping. I didn’t like her that much back in college and it was instantly so easy to remember why. The only nice word to describe her is—Well, there is no nice way so I’m not going to bother trying to make one up. She was still going on about some people she runs into at her club or her yoga studio but then she said, “How’s Lizzie?”

“She’s great,” I said, looking around for her, thinking that it would be so perfect if Lizzie came and saved me right now, but I didn’t see her anywhere. “She’s here somewhere,” I said.

“How does she look?”

“Um...” I couldn’t believe she asked me that. I mean, what did she think I was going to say? And I knew she was dying for me to tell her that Lizzie didn’t look good. But I mean, Lizzie’s my best friend. Why would I ever say that? Anyway, I decided to go overboard and said, “Fucking gorgeous: young,

thin and sexy.”

“Oh,” she said with a look on her face of overwhelming sadness, like I’d just related a detailed account of a wolf disemboweling a toddler.

I couldn’t bear to prolong the agony. I bit the bullet and asked, “Have you seen Dave?” She smiled like she was waiting for me to ask. I felt like a moron. I tried to pretend I didn’t really care but I don’t always do nonchalant all that well. “No,” she said.

“It’ll be cool to see him; we haven’t spoken in ages, years really,” I said.

“Wow,” she said, totally mocking me. “But you two were so close.”

“Yeah,” I said, pretending that I didn’t know that she was trying to be a cunt; pretending that I wasn’t imagining her in the middle of a road getting run down by a Mack truck full of immigrant day laborers who she wouldn’t speak to if her life depended on it.

“Well, it was good to see you,” I lied. “I’m going to get a drink.”

“If I see him I’ll tell him you’re looking for him,” she half-heartedly hollered after me.

Dave

Dave was one of my best friends in college. He didn't go to college with us; he was a local, a townie, we so generously called them, and he worked as a bartender at a popular college bar. It was a pretty small town so almost all of the bars were popular with the college kids and it was always cool to "know" a bartender. But that's not how I met him. I met him because he was dating this girl that I was kind of friends with, JoEllen. She was pretty hot as far as girls went but a little psycho and as soon as he started to show real interest in her, she dropped him. But I think she didn't count on how close he and I had become, and how he'd developed a friendship with Lizzie too, and so when she dismissed him from her life, he didn't exactly go away. And that kind of bothered JoEllen; but I didn't give a shit. In fact, I kind of liked that.

So Dave was—is—straight and when I first met him I wasn't exactly gay yet. Well, I mean I was gay, but just not out to that many people. I got lectured a few times by Lizzie and others who knew my secret—that our relationship wasn't healthy and that I was going to get hurt—but I ignored them all. We weren't having a gay relationship, I would say, we're just friends; even though I wished harder than I'd ever wished for anything else that we were in fact passionately in love and boyfriends. Dave, in addition to being a super-great, friendly guy who would do anything for a friend, was model-handsome. He wasn't too tall, about five feet, nine inches, and he had green eyes and light brown hair. He was really well built and in great shape and just had the most handsome face. His smile could stop traffic and his ass could cause a ten car pile-up.

So anyway, our lives went on and we became closer and closer. Dave also grew closer to Lizzie and to a few of our other friends in college. We hung out all the time and he and I did everything together—the G-rated version of everything, no sex stuff. Finally I had to tell him that I was gay and it was like a major struggle but I did it. He wasn't all that shocked—just like Lizzie predicted—and he was pretty cool about it. He asked me if I had a boyfriend

and I told him that I didn't and then he asked me a few other random questions about who else knew and then he thanked me for telling him. I almost cried. He said that it didn't change anything for him, he still loved me like a brother, and that he really appreciated that I trusted him enough to tell him.

I felt this bizarre combination of trust, love, gratitude and duplicity. I mean, I was so grateful that he reacted the way he did and I felt so cared for and loved in a way that I don't often experience outside of close family relationships. But I also felt so duplicitous. I mean, I lusted after him like no one's business. I couldn't count how many times I'd jerked off to fantasies of him naked and letting me suck on his cock. Or worse, of us both cuddling naked together in his bed, him ruffling my hair and pushing his hard-on against mine and kissing me, our dripping dicks dueling between our legs. Shit, I thought, maybe I made things worse by telling him. But our friendship went on, and grew stronger.

So there was one bad, or immature, thing about me back in college. Well, not just one, but one that has to do with Dave and this story. No matter how ridiculous I knew that it was, I developed this instant hatred for any girls that he dated or slept with. When they would be other local girls, like non-college girls, it was easier because I didn't know them all that well and they weren't in our circle or anything. But when it was another college chick, especially one who knew me, the only thing that would stop my blood from boiling would be to close my eyes and picture her screaming as she melted in a fiery car crash. Lizzie caught on to this pretty quickly and I got a lot of rolled eyes from her. She was like, "You have to learn to deal with this. He's not gay. I know it hurts and that it sucks, but you have to deal or he's not going to want you around anymore." And she was right, but it didn't make it any easier.

People always say that hindsight is 20/20 and all that and it's pretty much true. I mean, if I knew then what I know now, I totally would have handled the entire Dave situation differently. I mean, basically he was like the Hot Sales Guy of my college years, but back then I didn't have the knowledge, self-confidence, and comfort with myself to deal with the situation in that way. Instead I tried to ignore my lust.

So fast forward to the year I graduated. I moved back to New York with Lizzie and Tommy and some other friends and Dave and I saw each other much less. We talked on the phone a lot and we'd visit some but it wasn't the same. He did come down to the City a bunch of times and we'd always have fun going out and getting trashed and what not. And even though we were farther apart from each other, when we'd reconnect, my feelings would instantly return, and like bile in your throat, my jealousies of him with other

women would return too.

So he came down to the city one weekend and he was staying at my place. We had gone out with Lizzie and a friend of hers, Jenna, for dinner and then to a bar. Jenna and Dave hit it off and ended up making out in the bar and my mood turned sour. Lizzie saw it all happening and got annoyed with me, telling me I had to get over it. We didn't stay that much longer at the bar and Dave and I left to go back to my place. He had Jenna's number. He could sense that I wasn't in the best mood and asked what was wrong and I said nothing, just that I was tired.

When we got back to my place we stayed up for a little while smoking some pot and he was trying to get me to snap out of my mood. With Jenna gone, all thoughts of her banished from my mind, and with the help of some weed, I was quickly able to get in a lighter mood. We watched some TV and both lounged on the couch, unnaturally close to each other. He had pulled his shirt out of his pants and was rubbing his flat, lightly hairy tummy kind of absently while we were watching TV. My cock was starting to boner-up and I could barely turn my eyes away from him and his body to focus on the TV. Soon he slid his hands into the top of his jeans and let it rest there while his other arm, bicep flexed, was folded behind his head. I decided I needed to go to bed. He was sleeping on the couch so I said good night and went into my room.

My hard-on was raging when I got into bed and with the door closed I started to stroke my pole. I knew it was dangerous, that he could come in at any minute, but that made it more exciting. And besides, it's not like he would know I was fantasizing about him; he'd just think he caught me jerking off. So I started imagining his hand in his pants, but it was my hand, and I was pulling out his cock and licking it tenderly while pushing up his shirt and massaging my hand along his lower abdomen. He sat up off the couch a little and I slid his jeans and boxers off and started to massage his muscular thighs while I went down all the way on his cock. He grabbed my head and held it still over his cock and he thrust his hips off the couch, fucking my mouth, while he moaned about how great it felt to have his cock in my mouth.

I heard the TV shut off and then him moving around in the bathroom. Momentarily I stopped my frantic jerking and held my breath, hoping—even though I knew he couldn't—that he didn't hear me. I went back to stroking my cock, lubed up with lotion, when I heard the water in the bathroom sink. I got lost in the fantasy again. This time he was standing up, stark naked in my living room, and was still fucking my face. I had my hands wrapped around his rock-hard, perfectly round asscheeks and was using them to hold me up during the onslaught. Then, in real life, he opened the door to my room and

stuck his head in.

“You up?” he asked.

After some intense rustling of the covers, trying to hide my activities, I moaned, “Yeah,” in a sleepy tone.

He didn’t immediately say anything and my cock was throbbing and I was petrified at being caught.

“Do you need something?” I asked.

“Yeah. Where are the towels, buddy?”

My cock had settled a little and I realized that the lotion was standing on my night-table in plain sight. “Closet right outside my door.”

He looked over his shoulder. “Yeah, that one,” I said.

“Thanks,” he said.

I heard the closet open and then he stuck his head back in my room again and said, “Thanks. Good night. Have fun.”

Have fun? What the fuck did that mean? I wondered. But he had closed the door and I heard him walk back into the bathroom. My cock was half limp by this time but my mind was still horny as fuck, hornier than before even. I waited until I heard him leave the bathroom and go back into the living room and then I took another glob of lotion and went back to polishing my knob. I imagined him catching me this time, and me not covering up. I was lying there on my bed with my hard cock in my hands and a defiant look on my face. He came in and asked if I needed a hand and I said yeah and he sat next to me on my bed and took my cock from me. He started to stroke it for me and was looking into my eyes with the smile, this pleasure-filled smile. Then he leaned down over me and took my cock-head into his mouth. He looked up at me, with my shaft half buried in his throat, and smiled around my cock before going down to the base. At that point, in real life, I busted my nut. A big fucking nut. Like I kept coming and it almost hurt. But it was a good hurt.

But there was more....

I had to get up and go to work that next morning; all of the above happened on a Thursday night. And at like six in the morning, about an hour and a half before I usually got up, Dave came into my room. I woke up when I heard the door and I looked at him in his boxers and T-shirt and I was like,

“What?”

“There’s some dude out there who says he has to put up new window shades.”

“You’re fucking kidding me,” I said, realizing the lotion was still on my bedside table.

“Nope,” he said, and groggily walked toward my bed.

I had been making an issue out of the window shades to my landlord for a while. When I moved in there were supposed to be new ones and there were still these barely working, old, mildewed ones with holes in them up on the windows. But six in the morning? So I went out to the living room and the building maintenance guy was already up on the back of my couch taking the old shades down. He didn’t speak much English; he was Brazilian and I don’t know any Portuguese. I kept asking him what he was doing at this hour and he kept saying, “Shade put ups.” I was tired and had a little of a pot hangover and I just said “Whatever” and went back to my bedroom. Dave had gotten into my bed and was already going back to sleep. I climbed in with him. Pushed him over and tried to go back to sleep myself. Even though I should have been so excited to be in bed with him, I was tired and hungover and knew that despite my fantasies nothing would happen.

So I must have fallen back asleep and then I felt someone on the bed, like moving around, and stepping on my ankles. I opened my eyes and no joke, there was the handyman, climbing on the end of my bed to replace the shade in the bedroom. I’d forgotten about the one in here. But seriously, at this hour of the morning to climb on my bed while there were two guys sleeping in it? That’s too weird even for New York. I felt like I was on one of those Candid Camera kinds of shows. After about a minute though the guy had switched it out and he climbed down and smiled weakly and said what I think was good-bye.

I looked over at Dave who was smiling at the absurdity of it all. He was like, “I’m never getting back to sleep now.” He got up, climbed over me, and went out to the living room. Then he came back to the bedroom with a pipe and some weed and climbed back over me and into bed. He sat next to me and did a hit. Then he passed it to me.

I had to go to work in a few hours so I said no and then he was like, “Come on, pussy-man! You can do it!”

He took a few more hits and I was looking at him in all his early morning beauty, in my bed, barely dressed, with a pot pipe hanging out of his mouth, and I was thinking, you only live once. “Fuck it,” I said and motioned to the

pipe. “Pass it over.”

I took a hit and then he started in about how I couldn’t go to work, how I had to call in sick and hang with him. “We barely see each other,” he argued. “We need to spend some quality time together, bro.”

The fly of his boxers was poking half open. I couldn’t see anything from that angle but the morning was all of a sudden rife with possibilities. “Okay,” I said. “Pack another bowl.”

After we were sufficiently baked and after I’d called in and pretended to be stricken with a terrible cough, he grabbed the remote and clicked on the TV and we both lay in my bed and watched the cheesy morning shows. We made snide remarks here and there and clicked through the full cycle of channels a few times and more than once our legs would collide under the covers and I’d pretend to be annoyed and shoo him away. My heart was beating fast from the sheer sexual tension of being in bed with him even though I knew it meant nothing.

And I honestly can’t tell you how it started. I’ve been through it with a few friends and a shrink even, but we ended up wrestling. There was some more leg movement and then some playful shoving and pushing and then he was on top of me trying to smother me with a pillow. I was able to get out from under him and I wrapped my arms around his waist and threw my weight at him and he fell onto his stomach. I got on his back, straddled his ass, and pushed his head into the bed. I could feel my dick start to stir. I was wearing just sweatpants and nothing else and he was wearing boxers and a T-shirt. We wrestled some more and we flopped all over the bed. We’d had bouts like this before—never in a bed, mind you—but I always wrote them off as straight guy bonding shit. And usually we were more fully dressed. This time though, it got intense.

At one point he was on top of me and I was pushing him off and I had a fistful of his boxers’ fabric bunched in my hand and I heard a rip. I had tugged too hard and his boxers ripped from the bottom of the fly, between the legs and toward the ass—like I couldn’t have asked for a better rip if I was the head of wardrobe and this was a movie of my perverted life. He didn’t seem to care about the rip and he just attacked me harder, telling me that I was going to pay, and I was immediately totally aware of the fact that his cock and nuts were hanging out of the hole in his boxers. I was going mental and hard as a rock and could barely pay attention to the pummeling he was giving me. I managed to get him off of me and onto his back and I got a knee into his chest and held him down. I was trying to position myself so that he couldn’t notice the boner totally tenting my sweats—like when you put your arm over your crotch and pretend like you are doing it absently—but it was no use.

He pushed me down backward onto my back and my cock was sticking straight up and then he started to straddle me and I could see his nuts swaying through the hole in his boxers and he saw my erection and was like, “This turning you on? You homo?”

He was smiling. Laughing like he was kidding and teasing me. I knew he didn’t mean anything by it but I was wondering if he was going to get weirded out. But I played it off: “It takes a guy way hotter than you to turn me on. Ever hear of morning wood?”

“Morning wood my ass—” But before he could continue his sentence I’d thrown him off of me with my legs and managed to get out from underneath him and over to his side. He was making a move to come back at me and we tumbled again and I reached for his waist and my hands slipped off and he pushed me over and I fell off the bed. He lay back laughing, raising his arms in the air triumphant, and declaring himself the winner. I climbed back up and jumped on top of him on the bed. He was monetarily stunned and in his effort to get me off of him I grabbed onto the waist of his boxers. This time I didn’t rip them again but I kind of inadvertently gave him a ball sack wedgie. The boxers pulled up tight between his nuts and he howled in pain and rolled onto his side. I climbed off and was catching my breath and he was massaging his nuts. He grabbed them and rolled on his side, and I saw that he had a boner.

“Am I turning you on?” I asked, not as sarcastically as he had asked me; a little hope in my voice probably.

He said “Whatever” and climbed off the bed, still nursing his nuts.

I heard him go into the living room and then he came back into my bedroom, wearing a pair of sweats, and suggested we go grab some breakfast. My heart was still beating fast and I didn’t know exactly what had just happened but something between us had changed. Forever.

We still saw each other after that but it was never the same and after a few years we lost touch. I didn’t go back up to college all that much and we all moved on with our lives. He’d moved down to Florida and once or twice when I was down there I looked him up and we had lunch but it was always strange, never the same.

It had been like two years since Lizzie or I had heard anything about him and then about a month ago I heard he’d moved back up to school. I was hoping to see him this weekend; more because I loved him as a friend and missed him than because I was hoping one more futile time to get in his pants. But I’d been there now for a whole day and still hadn’t seen him: it’s not like it’s a big place. When Lizzie told me she’d heard he moved back to school it was through Zoe who’d heard it from JoEllen. That’s why I’d decided to go

talk to JoEllen; not because I had even the faintest interest in her, but because after 411, Google, the bar he used to work for, and everyone else I'd asked, I had no other leads. I figured, sadly, and Lizzie agreed but refused to do it for me, that JoEllen was my best bet. But, just like I remembered about her, she was a total waste of time.

Stoner Gossip

Dylan was the old campus drug dealer—well, one of them, it was a good school—and if rumor was true, nothing had changed and he was still using as much as he sold. The rumor was, in fact, true. Appropriately he had moved out to Seattle after college and was in a few bands that never made it anywhere but that “totally jammed,” sometimes with the guys from Pearl Jam. He was a nice guy; always kind of a mess in college but the kind of dude who knew everyone. Partly because he used to be most people’s weed connection.

According to the lore, after his brush with musical fame in Seattle he had gotten busted selling weed and his father was able to get him off with probation or something and he allegedly went clean and got a job at a bank. Listening to him slur his words and talk about the *really* kind bud he’d smoked earlier that night led me to believe otherwise.

When I approached him I was initially taken aback by the odd way he greeted me.

“I heard about your weed problem, man. That blows.”

“What weed problem?” I said.

He looked at me for a second and then hit his forehead. “Wait a minute,” he said. “It was the other Alex, wasn’t it? That makes sense. It didn’t seem like it would be your bag.”

“What are you talking about?” I asked.

“You didn’t hear the story?”

“No, I guess not.”

“Oh man,” he said, half laughing, “It was so fucked up. I can’t believe I thought it was you. No, it must have been Alex Compton.”

“Who?”

“You know that hockey player who took rocks for jocks like three times before he passed it? Tall dude.”

I had no idea who he was talking about or how wasted he was, but something else had caught my attention. Across the courtyard Lizzie was talking to John Doyle. Still, after all these years, seeing him created a reaction inside me; and not a pleasant one. I still, without really realizing it, harbored such enmity for him. Seeing Lizzie so carefree and friendly with him only compounded my unease. My stomach tightened and I thought about the past and about him and the enmity slowly morphed to lust and longing and then back to anger and then it briefly flirted with shame.

But I was still standing with Dylan and he followed my gaze and was like, “Isn’t that Lisa? You guys still tight?”

“It’s Lizzie,” I said, “and yeah, we’re still close.”

“Cool,” he said. “Lizzie, right.” Then he said, “Have you seen Doyle’s wife? She’s smoking hot.”

Doyle’s wife? I thought. Interesting. “I didn’t know he was married,” I said.

“Oh yeah. She’s real nice and a total looker.”

I filed the info for later and made my way over to Lizzie and John.

Ball And Chain

It was about midnight and I had had a really good time. I'd seen all of the used-to-be-hot guys who now looked like crap; the ones who used to look like crap but were now hot; the hot guys who were still hot; and, of course, all of the girls. As much as I profess to dread reunions, I always have a really good time once I'm there. I get all caught up in the gossip and the drama as if I were back in college, and it's fun. But the most fun part is seeing the guys I used to have crushes on and seeing the guys I never had crushes on but probably should have. Steve was one of those guys.

Steve was another member of the all-male a cappella singing group: not exactly a hot spot for picking up the studs. But Steve had a really good, deep voice and he was tall and had a football player kind of build. We had different friends in college and didn't really cross paths much. Honestly, the most time I ever spent with him was at a party senior year thrown by Geoff, the guy I watched swap blow jobs with Tommy from the closet. Geoff's a cappella twink had come to the party and had brought a bunch of his singing friends with him, including Steve.

At the party Steve ended up coming up to the bar when I was mixing myself a drink and I made him one too. We talked for a few minutes and I don't even think I registered that he was cute and it never even entered my mind that he could be gay. He was the same year that Tommy and I were and we did a wow-we've-been-here-four-years-and-never-really-spoken kind of thing. That lasted for about ten minutes and then other people came over and we never really spoke again other than hellos here and there.

And so now, on the patio at the bar, while Lizzie was sloppily hanging all over John Doyle and I saw no sign of a wife in sight, Steve in all of his buff sexiness was smiling and looking at me incredibly sexily. Why had I never thought of him as a possibility before, I was thinking, when he said, "Want to go back to the hotel and have a drink?"

“Sure,” I said before I realized—very happily—the implications.

He smiled, pleased with the response, and put his arm around me. My adrenaline started pumping and my cock woke up and I made my way over to Lizzie to tell her we were heading out. I said hello to John—and we exchanged awkward hugs—and then I ignored his pat how’ve-you-been-doing queries and I just told Lizzie that I was heading back. I told her to call me in the morning. She said she would. I wanted to ask her privately if she was okay—she looked a little more drunk than I had thought—and God knows I didn’t want to leave her with him, but she kept shooing me away. So I did one more you-sure-you’re-okay and she swore that she was and ushered me away and Steve led me toward the door. And my phone rang. I knew Tommy had headed off to another bar with a few people earlier and I figured it was him and I answered without looking at the caller ID.

“Hey, sexy. I still miss you,” Bram said in a sexy half whisper. Steve still had his arm around me.

“Hey,” I said. “What’s going on?”

“I’m back early from a night out and wanted to see what you were up to.”

“Oh, drinking, having fun, reminiscing, the reunion basics.”

“Cool. Meet anyone interesting?”

I didn’t really know what he was getting at and Steve was looking at me semiquizzically. He knew he couldn’t ask me who it was but I also knew it was rude to be talking on the phone to one guy while I was on the way to hopefully bag another.

“Everyone is interesting, man: it’s a reunion.”

“Sure.”

“Anyway, there are a ton of people here. I really should go. I’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

“You’ll call me?” Bram asked, sounding so incredibly needy. My drunkenness might have amplified how needy he sounded to me but still my fears that he was all of sudden jumping over the ledge into clingy boyfriend territory were becoming more real by the second. And I knew he was jumping over that ledge on his own; I didn’t want to go too.

“Sure thing,” I said. “Good night.”

“Night night,” he said softly.

I clicked the phone off as Steve and I approached the lobby of the hotel. There were a ton of people at the hotel bar. In fact, across it, I saw Tommy

with Geoff—sans his wife—doing shots.

Steve looked at me as I headed toward the bar and asked, “Why don’t we get a drink in my room?”

I said sure and we veered toward the elevator.

Sweet Suite

Steve was a stockbroker in Chicago and had evidently done pretty well for himself. He had reserved a two-bedroom suite at the hotel and we entered the living room that had a terrace that overlooked downtown. He went over to the minibar and read off the selection to me while I moved over to the terrace. Outside there was a table and two chairs and an ashtray and a pack of cigarettes. I leaned over and grabbed a cigarette and hollered to him that I'd be fine with a beer.

I was pretty drunk already—I didn't need anything else to drink—and I sat back and looked out at the lights of the not-so-small-anymore town and felt the breeze rush against me. He came out onto the balcony holding the beer and asked me if I wanted to mellow out with a joint. I said sure and he went back inside to get one. It always amazes me how many people smoke weed and have it readily available. Sometimes I forget it's illegal. I popped open my can of beer and he came back out with the joint lit and between his lips. He inhaled deeply and then handed it to me.

Steve was standing facing me, his back against the railing, and he was wearing a starched, pink oxford shirt with expensive-looking pants and Gucci shoes. His sleeves were rolled up a bit and he was sporting a big Breitling watch on his tan wrist. He was handsome, more handsome than I remembered, and from the form he cut he seemed to spend a lot of time working on his body. Back at the bar we had talked about exercise and he told me that he had a trainer he worked with at his office every morning. I told him about my trainer, who I was certain had been trained by the Nazis, and he laughed and ran his hand up my arm, assessing my musculature. That was his first physically forward movement of the night. Now, as I was appraising him, I was getting really excited to roam his sculpted body too.

"I never really thought of you as gay," I said. "Were you out in college?"

"I was in the a cappella group for Christ's sake," he said with a grin.

“How much more out could I have been?”

“Good point,” I said.

“You were too important to notice me,” he said.

“Me?” I asked. “I was so not important. What are you talking about?”

“I always had a crush on you,” he said. “Since Freshman year, really. I was just too intimidated to ever say anything to you.”

“Really?” I looked him up and down suggestively and said, “Obviously that was my loss.”

He smiled, obviously flattered. “Well, aren’t reunions to relive old fantasies and to see if they can come true?”

“I suppose if you’re Danielle Steel they are,” I said.

He walked over to me and stood between my legs. He outstretched his hand and with a wry smile said, “Hey, handsome. I’m Danielle.”

So cheesy, I thought, but kind of cute too.

Less than ten minutes later he was lying on his back, naked, in his bed with the covers all thrown to the floor. I licked along his broad, thick shoulders and ran my hand down toward his belly button over every ridge of his popped stomach. He was running a hand up my leg and I was still wearing my underwear. He poked his fingers under the leg band and teased the bottom of my nuts while I moved my tongue down to one of his nipples and started to nibble. I moved my body away from his reach and I straddled his torso. With my head still buried in his smooth, tanned chest, I licked a line down his abdomen toward his waiting, hard cock.

I was driving him crazy, teasing his body with my tongue and licking and caressing him in all the right spots. He was frantically pawing at my shoulders and then rubbing his hand through my hair and he was moaning for me not to stop. I grabbed hold of his cock and held it straight up. It was about six and half inches long if I had to guess, and of average width, and I started at the hairy base of his shaft and licked up to this head. Then I licked back down the other side and continued around his cock, purposefully ignoring the cock-head except for a few quick brushes with his corona.

I started to tease the tip of his cock with my tongue and to explore around his slit like Tommy did to me earlier. His shaft was damp from my saliva and I sucked in his head and let more saliva drip out of my mouth and down his shaft. I used my hand to stroke his shaft and get it slick and hard and I still massaged the head of his cock with it trapped in my mouth. I applied light suction and started to move my lips down his shaft and he pushed his hips up

off the bed, pushing his cock farther into my mouth. He gripped my head and held it tight as he pushed his cock in tentatively, deeper and deeper. I kept my head steady and my lips pursed and I let him push his dick in deep and then I pulled off a little, swirling my tongue around his shaft and head and then I plunged back down again, taking him to the root. With his cock-head at the back of my open throat I swallowed and murmured and he was moaning out loud on his bed.

My cock was rock hard and the front of my underwear was damp with precum. But I was so engrossed in the blow job that I didn't even pull it out. The guy told me he'd had a crush on me for years, and I assumed that meant he'd probably fantasized about sleeping with me—I know I fantasize about all the guys I have crushes on—and I wanted him to feel so fucking good. I wanted him to have a Danielle Steel-worthy reunion experience; I wanted him to have one of the best orgasms of his life. I know that sounds cocky, but we all have to have something to shoot for, so I tried as best as I could. I pulled up off of his cock and I spread his legs. I sat on my haunches and looked down at him, hunky and handsome, his face flush with excitement and his cock throbbing. I milked a little precum out of his cock and reached into my underwear and massaged it onto my cock. He was watching me and biting his tongue and told me to take my underwear off. “Soon,” I told him, and dove back down into his crotch.

I had his legs spread apart and I was playing with his balls in one hand and I took his cock back in my mouth with the other. He started to pant again and reach for my head and to push it down into his crotch. I deep-throated his cock and let a lot of saliva run out of my mouth and over his hairy balls. I caught some in my fingers and massaged it into the skin under his nuts and pushed against the sensitive area there. I was bobbing my head quickly over his cock and I let my fingers travel farther down toward his ass and press their saliva-wet tips against his hole. “Oh God,” he moaned, “play with my hole while you suck me off.” And I teased his hole with two fingers, poking them in and out, while still bobbing—although less quickly—over his cock. “Yeah—oh God, oh shit—” and I pierced his ass ring and pushed a finger deep inside and deep-throated him too. “Just like fucking that. Shit!”

I was finger fucking him and blowing him and I tightened my lips around his cock and dug my finger deeper into his ass. I brought my mouth back up to the head of his cock again and started to stroke his shaft with the other hand. He was moving his legs all over the bed, but keeping them apart so I had easy access to his ass, and he was moaning and telling me that he was “right there,” and that I had him “over the fucking edge,” and that my mouth was “fucking incredible,” and that he “couldn't take it,” and I added another

finger to his ass and slammed them in hard and he grunted and his body jerked and his cock expanded in my mouth and he stared, saying “shit” over and over again. “Shit, shit, shit, shitttt...,” and his cock got bigger and I slurped his wet head harder and he fucking exploded like a room bursting with gas when someone lights a match.

I felt his cock-head explode and I pulled my mouth off of him, and with fierce momentum I stroked his cum out of his cock. At the same time I kept finger-fucking his ass really hard and fast and his body was writhing all over the bed and he kept talking. “Stop it! No! Fuck no, don’t—oh shit!” And he was so vocal and his cock just kept spasming and the cum pumped out over my hand and onto his stomach.

His cock was lying against his stomach, half hard, and I stood up over him on the bed. He opened his eyes and looked up at me and I told him that he was so incredibly hot and that he had me totally turned on. I told him he had an in-fucking-credible body and that getting him off had made me crazy. I peeled off my underwear. My cock sprang forward, a thin line of precum falling toward him, and I grabbed it and stroked myself. Then I squatted down over him and sat over his legs. I ran my hand in his mess of cum and took a glob and rubbed it over my chest and my pecs. He told me that the blow job was amazing and was still panting and he encouraged me on and told me that he liked watching me rub his cum all over my hot body. I rubbed it in everywhere.

I leaned forward over him and went in for a kiss. He greedily opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue and I sucked it into my mouth and we made out savagely for a few minutes. I let my cum-drenched body fall on top of him and writhed around rubbing my cock into his muscular body. Then I kissed his neck and up toward his ear. I nibbled on an earlobe and then I whispered in his ear, “When I have a crush on a guy, I usually fantasize about him. Did you ever fantasize about me?”

“Yeah,” he said, enveloping me in his strong arms and rubbing my back and kneading my ass.

“Tell me about it,” I said.

“There were a ton,” he said, “but none were as good as that.”

“What was your favorite?” I asked devilishly and he knew where I was going.

“Back then I didn’t know whether I wanted to be more of a top or a bottom. I figured I was more of a bottom type guy, not that aggressive and outgoing, and I used to fantasize about topping you; about you begging me to

fuck you harder and harder and you not ever getting enough of my cock.”

I felt his cock harden again already, trapped between our bodies. “Should we make it come true?”

“After this,” he said, and with no warning he flipped me onto my back and dove down toward my cock and slurped it up into his mouth.

He Called

I woke up in Steve's bed, immediately aware that my ass was a little sore, and heard my phone ring. I got up and walked over to my pants and grabbed it out of the pocket. It was an unknown local number and I figured it was Lizzie or Tommy calling from their hotel room. It was a little after nine.

"Hello?"

"Hey, stud!"

"Hi," I said. I wasn't sure who it was.

"You come to town and don't call? I'm crushed."

"Dave?"

"Yeah. Who'd you think it was?"

"I didn't know how to reach you."

"Well, I'm here, man. In the flesh. What's going on?"

Shit, I thought, where to begin? "A lot," I said. "How'd you know I was here?"

"I saw JoEllen last night and she told me that you were looking for me."

"Where'd you see her?"

"Wonder Bar. I'm bartending there now. She came in late night."

"Cool."

"What are you up to today? Let's hang."

"Totally."

My call-waiting beeped. I held the phone away from my head and saw that it was Bram. Again. What the fuck, I thought? I didn't answer.

"Bring that cock back to bed," Steve said.

Dave heard. “Boyfriend?” he asked.

“No. I’ll explain later.”

“Alex...” Steve said. I looked over and he’d pulled the sheets back and was stroking his boner.

“Do what you got to do, dude, and call me later. Is Lizzie here too?”

“Yup. I’ll call you when I find her and we figure out a plan.”

I crawled back into bed and snuggled up next to Steve. I watched him stroke his cock for a little and then I pushed his hand away and replaced it with my own.

Home Wrecker

Lizzie, Tommy and I were sitting in a diner waiting on our breakfast. We used to come here all the time in college and in the past six trillion years the place has not changed once. I don't even think it's been dusted. It used to open at four in the morning and was a popular stop on the way home after the bars closed. It was the kind of place where you ordered cheese-drowned eggs and bacon, and fries with gravy. Not a health food shop. We were all nursing our coffee and hangovers and we all knew we had a story to tell. The anticipation was palpable. For a minute it reminded me of the Morning-After E-mails that Tommy and my friends used to e-mail around to each other after we'd hook up; the e-mails that later became the impetus for The Great Cock Hunt. In a way, they were the impetus for this book too. But let's not get all philosophical; we were hungover, remember?

Lizzie had met Tommy and me at the diner. She'd rushed in slowly, her typical New Yorker eagerness tempered slightly by her incredible hangover. She had been running later than us—a girl has to look good—and we were impatient for our coffee so we'd gone ahead. Since we'd been sitting there for a few minutes already I knew basics of Tommy's late night, but all I had gotten out of Lizzie was that she had woken up alone and not gone to bed that way. She plopped down into the booth and barked an order for coffee at the totally worn-out-looking waitress.

"Spill it," Tommy said to Lizzie just after the waitress had filled her coffee.

"Who did you hook up with?" I asked.

She looked at us both with a perfectly mixed cocktail of pride and guilt and embarrassment; you could read all three emotions simultaneously on her pretty face. And instantly I knew. "You didn't," I said.

Lizzie broke into a guilty smile—almost like an, I'm-busted-but-glad-to-be smile, like when we'd play I Never and it would devolve into I Boast.

Did you ever used to play that game in college, I Never? You know where one person says something they've never done and everyone else at the table that has done that particular deed has to drink? Like, I'd say I've never fucked a clown still wearing his goofy hair and then no one at the table would drink except for Tommy, who actually did have sex once with a real circus clown who still had his wig on while Tommy blew him (another story for another day). You had to be totally honest and the point was usually to nail one of your friends with some skeleton from their closet. But then, inevitably, and I mean like every time, the game would devolve into I Boast, which was when the person said they'd never done something that they actually had done and then they'd drink. Like when there'd be some totally hot guy that Tommy bagged and wanted to brag about, he'd be like, "I never slept with Brad Pitt," and then he'd drink (he didn't really have sex with Brad Pitt, it's just an illustrative example).

So anyway, Lizzie's I Boast look turned slightly more confident when she stiffened her posture and sat more upright and defiantly said, "Yup, I did."

"Do you know he's married?" I asked.

"Of course I know he's married."

"I had no idea," I said. "Why didn't you ever tell me?"

"Didn't I? I don't know—I thought you knew."

"Um...can we pause for a second?" Tommy asked. "Who are we talking about?"

I looked at Tommy and was like, "Are you dense? She hooked up with Doyle."

Tommy's head jerked toward Lizzie. "You did?"

"Um-hmm," she said casually and sipped at her steaming coffee.

"He's married?" Tommy asked.

"What, do you guys live under a rock? It was announced in the alumni newsletter."

"Who reads that?" I asked.

"I just look at the pics of the jocks playing sports or at the occasional random shirtless dude playing Frisbee."

"Figures," Lizzie said.

"Okay," I said. "Tell me what happened. Was it good? Do you know if the wife is here?"

“Yeah, I met her last night,” Lizzie said. “Didn’t you?”

“No.”

“She’s very pretty. And sweet. But a bit dumb.”

“Why do you sound so nonchalant and, like, almost calculating?” I asked. “Did you kill him?”

“Don’t be ridiculous.”

“You do seem a little aloof about all of this,” Tommy said. “I mean, you slept with a married guy. And not just a married guy, but a married guy whose wife you talked to that same night. And I mean, John fucking Doyle of all people?”

“Shhh!” I said and looked around the restaurant to make sure no one was overhearing our conversation.

Lizzie got animated. “Like you boys all of a sudden care about hooking up with married men? I don’t have enough toes and fingers to count the number of married men you guys have fucked. And all of sudden I’m the home wrecker? Please, she’s a fucking moron if she thinks that manslut is faithful.”

“So it’s her fault?” Tommy asked.

At the exact same time I said, with a chuckle, “Manslut?”

The waitress brought our heaping plates of greasy eggs and bacon and toast and Lizzie very sternly said to Tommy and me, “Don’t you dare get self-righteous with me.”

“Okay. Hold it everyone,” I said.

“Hypocrite is too weak a word to describe him right now,” Lizzie said to me while glancing toward Tommy.

“Look, babe,” Tommy said, spreading jam and butter all over his toast, “I’m thrilled for you and I could care less if he was married to Mother fucking Theresa, I’m just more shocked that you slept with him after all he put you through.”

No one said anything for a minute and we all dug into our meals. “Mother Theresa was a nun,” I said. “She wasn’t ever married. She was, like, celibate.”

“Whatever,” Tommy said.

“Maybe it was a revenge fuck,” Lizzie said. “Or maybe I just wanted to see what it was like again. Who really cares? You boys would have sex with a nameless, headless orifice if it got you off. What difference does it make?”

“First of all,” Tommy said defensively, “the orifice would have to have a head at least and—”

I interrupted Tommy’s inane defense of his sexual depravity. “The difference, Lizzie, is that there are major feelings and emotions involved here.”

“Yeah,” Tommy said, completely seriously and obviously not realizing the irony of his next statement. “Most of the guys I fuck I don’t have any feelings for. *Or* care about.”

There was silence for a minute and Lizzie just looked at me. I resigned myself and sat back. Then I looked at Tommy and said, “Profound, asshole.”

The John Doyle Story

Okay, so to fully understand the conversation we had at breakfast that morning, and all of the connotations, you need the whole background.

I mentioned before how John Doyle was a hottie and how we were on the tennis team together and how I kind of—well, more than kind of—lusted after him. What I didn't mention is how I kind of owe him a lot. Lizzie and I both do. She doesn't see it like owing him; in fact, she was pretty pissed off at him and hated him for a little while. But sometimes when we're together—Lizzie and I—and we're feeling all sorts of in love with each other and thrilled that we're best friends and realizing that we couldn't have lived without each other, we get all sentimental and feel like we owe him. But usually reality pretty quickly sets in and we get back to thinking of him as a shit. Albeit, a pretty hot shit.

It was early in my sophomore year and I was minorly friendly with John. I'd see him around campus or at a bar and we'd chat and stuff for a few minutes but we weren't, like, hey-meet-you-for-dinner friends. I was still playing tennis and so was he and we'd see each other at practices and sometimes grab drinks after matches and shit, but usually that was always with other guys on the team too. He was still totally hot and I still fantasized about his sexy ass and the way his soft nutsack hung between his slightly parted legs when he bent over and I was lucky enough to get a glimpse. I'd still come home from a night out—solo—and beat off to fantasies of my mouth and tongue getting trapped between those strong thighs and lapping at that nutsack and ass. So basically, not much had changed since my freshman year.

Tommy and a few other friends knew that I had a crush on him—I wasn't the only homo to find him hot—and there were rumors that he might be bisexual. But I had never seen a hint of homosexuality in him as hard as I looked. In retrospect, now that I know a little more about life, I guess walking around naked so brazenly and often in the locker room could have been a hint

at his slightly passing interest in dick; but at the time I got too hot and bothered every time that occurred to really think about it scientifically. And this was college; gossip was like currency, hence rumors were like the futures market: their value relative to truthfulness fluctuated and sometimes you caught a major winner and other times your investment in its veracity totally tanked. So you never really knew what to believe.

A few tennis guys were hanging out at an on-campus apartment one night; John was one of the guys who lived there. As you might expect, we were drinking and hanging out and listening to music and otherwise furthering our educations. There were a bunch of girls there too: some from the girls' tennis team and some just friends and whatever. It got late and the crowd thinned; some of the guys disappeared up to their rooms with various girls. There were three of us left downstairs—John, this junior from South America named Alejandro, and me—and we were drunkenly playing quarters. We were passing a bong around between turns and then we got the stupid idea to try to bounce a quarter up into the bong. It didn't really work and then Alejandro started to shoot quarters into the bong as if we were playing basketball. John followed suit and then quickly there were no more quarters left. Knowing what bong water tastes and smells like, no one wanted to fish them out and so Alejandro was like, "I'm out guys," and he got up and left. John and I decided to smoke more weed, and we burst out laughing, calling them money shots as we sucked the smoke through the water filled with quarters.

Talk of money shots turned to talk of porn—which I was really not all that experienced with at that stage in my life, at least not like I am now: a self-professed connoisseur—and we both were lounging on the couch, at opposite corners. Our conversation went something like this:

John said, "Why are porn movies always so fucking cheesy?"

"I know, between the bad acting and the terrible plots—"

"Not to mention the awful bom-chic-a-wow-wow music," he interrupted.

"Right?" I agreed.

"But I guess no one really cares about the plot. Don't they just want to see the fucking?"

"Maybe," I said, "but then why do they always copy—really badly—real movies: like *Romancing the Bone*?"

John laughed and I started to also. "I love that title," he said. "And what about, *Boldfinger*?"

"How about *Riding Miss Daisy*?" I asked. John laughed more and I

started to giggle too. Quickly the conversation devolved into a laugh fest and bad porn titles contest.

“*Itty Bitty Gang Bang!*”

“*The Sperminator!*”

“*Robocock!*” John hollered in that louder-than-you-realize stoned voice. We laughed harder and shushed each other.

“*Playmate of the Apes!*” I added.

“*Sperms of Endearment!*”

“*Free My Willy!*”

“*Schindler’s Fist!*”

“Oh, that’s just wrong,” I said.

“I know...” He laughed so hard he was bending over toward me.

Honestly, I was laughing and getting so wrapped up in it too, that I wasn’t even thinking about sex or my crush on him or anything; my mind was a little soggy. We calmed down a little and I got my breath back. “Oh God,” I said.

“Oh shit,” John said. “What about *Diddle Her on the Roof?*”

We both burst out laughing again. “Shit,” I said, “porn really is fucking hysterical. How do you get the job to come up with the titles?”

“No shit,” he said. Our laughing fit had now subsided and John leaned for the bong, pulled a hit, and then passed it to me. I sucked in a big hit and then looked at how handsome he was. I was starting to think about my crush again.

And then he said, “What’s up with guys in porn always getting like three or four chicks into an all-out orgy, but when there’s one chick and a bunch of guys they never touch each other, like they’ve got the plague or something?”

What did he just say? I thought. Did he just introduce bisexuality, the first step on the road toward man-on-man sex, into our drunk, stoned, late-night conversation? I didn’t know what to say, so all I said was, “I don’t know, man.”

But obviously this was an issue he’d thought about before. “Isn’t it a double standard that girls can mess around with other girls if a guy is around and they’re not gay, but if a girl is there and two guys want to mess around it means they’re fags?”

“Totally,” I said.

He continued, “I mean, you’re all horned up and turned on, so what

difference does it make who's touching you?"

Okay, now he'd gone too far. I didn't reply, but I felt we were on a precipice: a really good and fucking hot precipice.

"I don't know, man," he said. "People need to lighten up: it's just sex."

"I'm with you," I said.

"You're gay, right?" he asked.

I was caught off guard. I wasn't exactly in the closet, but I wasn't exactly out either. I was kind of straddling the threshold as Tommy liked to say. "Yeah, kind of," I said.

"Want to go upstairs? Mess around a little? All this porn talk has got me cranked."

It was like in the movies when the character gets his ultimate wish to come true and the clouds part in the sky and the sun shines down in magical, glowing beams of light and you hear trumpets play and little bluebirds start chirping and shit. Except I pulled another quick bong hit of confidence before I followed him upstairs.

In his room there was a small light on at his desk and the room got pretty dark when I closed the door. He was sitting back on the bed and he'd taken off his oxford shirt and his T-shirt was riding up to expose a bit of his firm, perma-tan stomach. Hesitant, I wasn't exactly sure what I was supposed to do. I mean, I had hooked up with guys before, but I didn't know the rules about hooking up with straight guys; or at least bi guys with girlfriends. Should I kiss him? Would he punch me? Should I just blow him? Shit.

Apprehensively I just walked over to the bed, my dick harder than a rock ever had a right to be, and sat down and leaned toward him and kissed him. He darted his tongue into my mouth and we made out for a little while and our hands roamed each others' bodies. He pushed me back so that my head was at the foot of his bed and he climbed on top of me, never breaking the kiss. I felt his hard-on through his jeans rubbing against mine and I let my hand travel down his back to that great ass of his.

Standing over me on his knees he pulled his T-shirt over his head and then unbuttoned his pants. He pulled them down and then awkwardly took them and his underwear off. His cock was hard and fat and pointing right at me. I pulled my own T-shirt off and then he unbuttoned my jeans and pulled them and my boxers down to my knees. He pinched my nipple and then straddle-walked himself farther up my torso until his cock was pointing at my face. I opened wide and sucked him into my mouth and gagged instantly. I calmed

down a little and stretched my lips around his pole and started to suck him off a little better. He was humming and murmuring in pleasure and pushing his cock farther into my mouth. I reached around and grabbed his perfect ass cheeks and used them to guide his cock in and out of my mouth. I felt up his crack, feeling the light fuzz, and my cock throbbed like I was going to cum without even being touched.

I couldn't believe this was happening: it was the first time in my life that a sexual fantasy was coming true. Here he was, the object of many a fantasy and jerk-off session, naked above me and pushing his cock into my mouth. It was amazing. I took a hand away from his ass and stroked my own cock while I was sucking on him. But then it was all over so quickly. He got really close and started pumping harder toward my face and then he came. He shot his cum in my mouth and I gagged and swallowed and took as much of his load as I could, never wanting to let his cock go.

He pulled his cock out of my mouth and looked down at me and smiled. He wiped some of his cum away from the edges of my mouth and then he crawled down to my own cock. He opened wide and swallowed me deep and I almost stopped breathing. I raised my head to watch his head and muscled shoulders slurp up my shaft and then about a minute later I was going to cum. I pulled him off of me and brought him to me for a kiss. He asked what was wrong and I told him that I was going to cum but that I didn't want to yet. Defiantly he reached down with his hand and stroked my slick cock while looking me challengingly in the eyes. He said it was okay, that I should bust my nut, that then we could chill and do it all again. And I surrendered and let him stroke my slippery cock, wet with his saliva and about a gallon of pre-cum—as if I was going to say stop—and he aggressively plunged his tongue back inside my mouth. I pushed my tongue into his mouth and we heatedly swapped spit and then my chest was expanding rapidly and I started breathing so fast and hard and then I exploded, shooting my load all over myself and the bed and his fist and arm.

We didn't fool around again that night. We intended too—or at least I intended too—but we sat there drunk and panting and he pulled on some underwear and went and got the bong. He brought it back up and we both did another hit—mine was a total mind blower with an intense cough-that-gets-you-off—and then we both just chilled in his bed. We weren't cuddling or anything and I was naked and he still had his underwear on and I guess we both just passed out.

I woke in the morning and he was snoring next to me in the cramped, twin-size bed. I snuck out of bed and knelt on the floor, gingerly trying to collect my clothes without waking him: I totally didn't want to deal with

facing him sober. I looked at his sleeping body and it was every bit as hot as I'd remembered and I got hard again. I quietly got dressed and hastily left. I went back to my dorm room and jerked off furiously thinking about what had happened. I figured it only happened because he was so fucked up and that it would never happen again and instead of being on a massive high I was totally depressed.

Later that day I was at the student center with Tommy and I was telling him about the whole thing in hushed but ridiculously excited whispers. He thought it was so hot but said he didn't understand why I was bummed. I told him it was because I was certain he was just drunk and that it would never happen again. And then Tommy rolled his eyes and was like, "Dude, what do you expect? The guy has a hot girlfriend? *Girl* being the operative word in that sentence. He's a total bi player."

"I guess," I said. It's not like there weren't other guys to mess around with and shit but it was the whole fulfilling of the straight guy fantasy thing that got me so riled.

Then Tommy said, "I bet if he wants to mess around with you again you'll be bummed too; it'll kill your straight guy image of him."

"Maybe," I said. "But it was so hot."

"Have you ever met the girlfriend?"

I said I had heard that he had one but that I'd never met her. She wasn't there that night. "Lucky you," he said. "Lucky you. She's gorgeous."

Yes, lucky me, indeed.

I didn't see John until the next day. He came up to me in the locker room and apologized. I asked, "What for?" and he said for taking advantage of me while we were both so fucked up. I told him I thought it was the other way around, that I knew he had a girlfriend and that I was just so horny; I thought I should tell him *I* was sorry. He said it was cool; he and his girlfriend were totally not that serious. Besides, he'd said, their relationship was an open one. *Open to other men?* I wondered but didn't ask. He went on to say that he was surprised but that he'd actually liked it. He "had fun," is what he said, and then he said that maybe we should do it again sometime. He told me again not to worry about his girlfriend, but to be sure to keep this under wraps, just between him and me. He wasn't gay and he didn't want rumors to start.

Hmmm, I thought, *bizarre*. Where to start? He's not gay but he wants to suck my dick again? Not exactly what I expected. And while I was totally excited to get another crack at his body, Tommy's words from the day before totally rang true. He wanted to mess around some more? How straight could

he really be? I was kind of disappointed, like I had pulled off a major coup only to find out the next day that the deposed leader was psyched and dying to get ousted. I felt weird. But I still told him I'd be into hanging out again: I'm not stupid.

The next time we hooked up was about a week after that and it was similar to the first time only we were less drunk. It was just oral and we sixty-nined and each had a massive, explosive orgasm that gagged the other. This was in my dorm room one afternoon before dinner. We'd had tennis practice that afternoon and he was totally eyeing me in the locker room. When I got out of the shower he saw me and walked over to me, naked as the day he was born, that cock that had so masterfully fucked my face swinging between his thighs, and he whispered in my ear, "I'm horny."

One of my biggest fears—since high school, really—was getting a boner in the locker room in front of all the other guys. Well, with John whispering in my ear that he was horny, while standing naked next to me in the locker room, every drop of blood in my body raced to my cock like it was about to burst. But I played it cool, bunched up the towel in front of my crotch and said, "Want to do something about it?" He said he did, but obviously not there, and that he'd meet me at my room in twenty minutes. I got dressed and left the locker room without looking at him again. A half hour later, hard as a rock, he showed up at my room and we got busy.

Then, as a boon to my messing-with-a-straight-guy fantasy, he said he had to take off, he was meeting his girlfriend for dinner. I still hadn't met her but she'd been pointed out to me by a few friends. John quickly left and I met up with Tommy and this guy Jeremy and dished the details.

To be continued...

The Strikeout

I'm going to pause for a minute on John Doyle. I'll finish up that story soon, but first I want to take us back to the diner where the three of us were hungover and the conversation was tense. If you recall, Lizzie was calling us hypocrites because she thought we were chastising her for hooking up with a married man. We weren't; and I think she was just being a little hypersensitive and too defensive, but you try saying that to a hungover, temperamental woman who feels she's being attacked. We really were just shocked that this was coming from her, she who liked to lecture us on our flings with taken men. But anyway, since we were on the subject of hypocrites and since Lizzie clearly didn't want to fess up any more details right then, I turned the conversation to Tommy.

"How'd you manage to strike out with the oh-so-married Geoff?"

"It was fucking painful," he said. "I was so close."

Tommy said that they were hanging at the bar and that Tommy told Geoff he was surprised to hear that he was married. Tommy said something cocky and pathetic at the same time like, After me I can't believe you could go back to pussy. Geoff laughed and told Tommy that he'd messed around with some guys in grad school but that since his wedding he hasn't cheated on his wife at all. As they did shot after shot, and Tommy got Geoff drunker and drunker, Geoff admitted that he'd totally had cravings in the last year or so but that he hadn't acted on them. Ever the good friend, and of course asking out of nothing but concern, Tommy tried to probe him on these yearnings.

Geoff had some typical gym locker-room fantasies that he told Tommy about but also a more disturbing one about Whitney's cousin.

At this point I was like, "What? You're kidding!"

"I swear," Tommy said. "That's what he said. I guess she has this totally hunky cousin and every time her family gets together he ends up with a boner

in his crotch.”

“Wait, who’s Whitney?” Lizzie asked.

“His wife!” Tommy and I both said in unison.

“Right,” Lizzie said, rolling her eyes and holding her empty coffee cup toward the waitress with a how-the-fuck-am-I-supposed-to-drink-from-an-empty-mug look. She was definitely in a mood.

Tommy got Geoff to describe the cousin to him, in excruciating detail, and Geoff was getting all hot and bothered while doing so. He told Tommy about a time that they were at Whitney’s parents’ beach house and he was changing in the cabana and the cousin walked in. The cousin walked into one of the little closet-like rooms for changing but left the door open. He pulled his T-shirt off and he had a very muscular—natural, not gym-built, according to Geoff—body that was hairy and tan. Then he dropped his shorts and wasn’t wearing any underwear, which totally turned Geoff on—according to Tommy it took a while to get past that rather unremarkable detail—and Geoff couldn’t stop ogling the guy’s cock and his fat swinging nuts. Geoff said the cousin caught him looking, staring really, and just smiled and pulled on his bathing suit. Geoff said ever since then the guy has always been distant but friendly to him and he’s afraid that the guy “totally knows.”

“Knows what?” Tommy asked.

Geoff didn’t know how to respond and then said, “Well, that I was checking him out.”

“Oh,” Tommy said. “I thought you meant he knew that you were gay.” And that, according to Tommy, was his tactical error; it was where he went too far.

Like a Republican in congress caught trying to get a blowjob in a men’s restroom, Geoff insisted: “I’m not gay!” Then he repeated himself, drunken and loudly.

Tommy calmed him down but Geoff kept telling him that he wasn’t gay, that he was in love with his wife, and Tommy kept reassuring him that he believed him. When, in reality, Tommy thought he was gayer now than when the guy would fuck him up the ass back in college. Tommy ordered another drink for them each but at this point the guy was agitated and wanted to go crash. Tommy tried to reassure him some more and to calm him down and they rode up the elevator together. When the bell rang at Geoff’s floor he thanked Tommy for listening to him and then he winked at him and told him that he was going to go nail his wife.

I know I shouldn't have said it, in light of Lizzie's apparent mood, but I couldn't resist. "It's so nice having breakfast with my two little home wreckers."

Spinner

The three of us were walking out of the diner and talking about what we wanted to do that afternoon. There were all sorts of events going on on campus but we were pretty not interested. We knew that we saw each other all the time in New York and that really we should go and be sociable and see people and all that crap but we didn't feel like it.

"I'm tired of being seen," Lizzie half joked and Tommy and I concurred. We agreed we'd all be seen again that evening and the world of reunion could live without us for the afternoon. As if it would even miss us; sometimes we got a little caught up in our sense of self-importance.

That decided, I called up Dave—who we really did want to see that afternoon, and who did not go to college with us, so it was a good excuse to bag the organized events—and we made a plan to meet up at Lizzie's hotel suite. Lizzie, well, because she's Lizzie, really, got a suite instead of normal rooms like Tommy and I. "Never know when a girl might need to do a little entertaining," she'd said. I, of course, figured she meant the kind of late-night entertaining that I do and didn't really see why you'd need a suite for that, but she evidently meant something like this.

Then Tommy said, "Alex, did you have some weed problem or something that I'm forgetting about? Someone was asking me about it last night."

"What the fuck?" I said. "I've heard this twice now. Dylan asked me about it too."

"Tim Gates asked me," Tommy said.

"Well, it's not me. It's this other dude, Alex Compton."

"Oh, he was cute," Lizzie said.

"Who was he?" Tommy asked.

"He was on the hockey team," Lizzie said. "Remember? He's the guy

who was sleeping with Kiley when she ‘spun’ and he gave her the nickname.”

“Oh, I remember now,” I said. “He was cute.”

“I have no idea who we’re talking about. But I do remember that everyone called her Spinner. But I forget why.”

“Well,” Lizzie began, suddenly in a better mood—imparting gossip on others has an elixir-like effect on her—“they were fucking and she was on top and she allegedly pulled her knees up to her boobs and spun herself around on his dick. It was like her trademark sex move or something. He said it felt amazing.”

Tommy smiled and said, “I remember now.” Then we walked for a moment in silence and Tommy, obviously seriously debating this said, “I wonder if I should try that? Have you ever tried it?”

Lizzie rolled her eyes and said that she never really believed it was true. She said it would hurt too much and wasn’t really all that feasible and that she figured it was a big exaggeration that just stuck as a funny nickname. Her rather studied, complete, and instant answer/analysis prompted Tommy to say to Lizzie, “So you’ve tried it then.”

“Please,” she said, rolling her eyes and smiling as she lightly hit him.

Tommy looked at me and we both knew that she probably had, and from the sounds of her denial, it hadn’t gone well. I made a mental note to ask her about it later: when she was drunk and more likely to tell me. I said that I agreed: the nickname was pretty funny. And oddly, I commented, I thought Kiley always knew about it and was actually kind of proud. They agreed, not really caring anymore and we never got back around to the story about Alex and some weed.

Annoying

You know how sometimes you just totally lose respect for someone because they don't like good music? That sort of happened with King Kong, this guy I was dating for a while. He had like the worst musical taste I'd run across in years. But with him it was total, and so for some reason it wasn't so bad. Like he never professed to like good music and he would admit that his musical taste never progressed past the seventh grade. But when you meet someone who has decent musical taste, and thinks they have great musical taste, and who thinks they have better musical taste than you, and clearly they do not, well that, like poor hygiene, can be a relationship ender.

Bram called again just after brunch. I didn't answer the call and frankly I was starting to get annoyed. When had he become so clingy? Did I miss the now-I-pronounce-you-husband-and-husband part? I was away for a fucking weekend: relax. But it was more than that. It's like when a guy starts to annoy me, like when I find myself falling out of like with him, I start to focus on all of the things about him that bother me and then my dislike for him just totally grows, like hydroponic weed on steroids. Does everyone do this or is it just me? Sometimes I wonder.

Anyway, the reason I bring all this up is because a car drove by us on the street and out of its window I heard Cat Stevens's "Oh Very Young" and I smiled and Lizzie looked at me and said, "We love that song!" And she was right, we did. During one of our many conversations about music Bram said that he hated Cat Stevens. I asked him if that wasn't a bit strong. I mean, who hates Cat Stevens? He said the guy had no musical talent. Just like Van Morrison, he'd said, totally, ridiculously overrated. I was speechless. "You hate Van Morrison too? I don't think I can be friends with you."

We kept talking that night about music and about different bands. He liked The Magnetic Fields—thank God, because that's an absolute must if you're going to fuck me more than once—but he said he thought The Decemberists were juvenile and that Madonna was "trite, gay music for

people who can't appreciate truly good music." Then he started to name some of the music he liked: Amy Winehouse, Beck, and Bowie, to mention a few. I liked all of them as well, but I still couldn't get past his dislikes. He disliked Bob Dylan. Why? I kept asking. He made such a, like, crazy issue out of not liking a band, like they hurt him personally or something. And his dislikes were manifested like condescending judgments to anyone who dared enjoy those artists and that's what pissed me off.

And so randomly I blurted out, "Bram hates Cat Stevens."

"What?" Lizzie asked.

"Bram hates Cat Stevens. He hates Van Morrison too."

"Why?"

"He says they're overrated and not truly good music. They've just become popular so people are expected to like them."

"That's stupid."

"He's a tool," Tommy said. "Have you kicked him to the curb yet?"

"No."

"You should."

"Probably," I said.

I put my phone back in my pocket and decided not to listen to the message. I'd call him back when I got back to the city.

The Rest Of The John Doyle Story

When I look back on my life I often think that John Doyle was the beginning of my obsession with straight men. I don't know that *obsession* is actually the right word—it's a bit strong, but I do totally have a thing for straight boys. It goes beyond the standard out-of-reach-and-wanting-something-I-can't-have typical gay guy reasons for liking them.

It's like somehow I identify with them. But how? I mean, I'm not straight, and I don't wish that I was. I love being gay. I'm not a nelly queen and don't often fall for the types of guys who swish all their words or interchange pronouns, but that doesn't mean I'm only attracted to straight-acting men. I actually hate the label "straight-acting." Why should a guy *act* straight? Why can't he just act like himself?

Anyway, John Doyle was the first straight guy—and I use the term *straight* lightly—who I really got into. The sex was fun and the dubious nature of his heterosexuality added some excitement, but it was more than that. It was like I was somehow helping him tap into this side of his sexuality that he hadn't realized before. Now, don't get me wrong, I'm not some lunatic gay converter or a guy who thinks I'm like a sex healer. I'm just trying to work out what's in my head. And I think that the intimate nature of being with a guy who thinks he is straight—and very well may be—but wants to explore this other side of his sexuality is amazingly hot.

So back to John. I'm sure you're not stupid, and yes, reader, I'm talking to you, and you've probably figured out by now that my relationship—if you can call it that—with John didn't last very long before his girlfriend found out. Even though he had told me they had an open relationship, and that it wasn't that serious. It was. And she was pissed. And frankly, so was I. Not that I had all of this honor or anything, but he had lied to me about the nature of his relationship with her and then when busted he lied to her about me and made me look like a gay serial stalker. And, well, that sucked. But like I said before, you guys aren't stupid, and so you've probably also figured out by

now who his girlfriend was, but maybe not so read on.

Little did I know at the time, but Tommy's friend Jeremy had a crush on me, and not just a little whim of a crush but like a major one that had been brewing for some time. I always thought Jeremy was cute: kind of hunky in a big lug of a football player sort of way. He was one of those guys who you wouldn't call defined but that you would definitely say was athletic: everything about him—and I do mean everything—was just big. So one night after some serious drinking at a bar downtown we ended up back at Tommy's room. Jeremy was flirting with me and I was responding in kind. He was pretty sexy and he couldn't keep his hands off of me and quickly we slipped out and headed to my room.

Jeremy was much better in bed than I expected and he quickly had me bent over the bed, staring at the wall, as he pounded my ass into oblivion. His was the first truly mammoth cock I'd taken up my ass, but he handled me with such skill. He was tentative when he first entered me and then his strokes became quicker, but still gentle. He was rubbing my back and massaging my ass and then when he sped up his strokes he spit into his hand and stroked my cock fast to take my mind off the assault in my ass.

In the middle of us fucking—once the pain had finally started to subside and my prostate had taken over, sending outrageous, shiver-inducing sensations throughout my body—my phone rang. I didn't answer it and we continued. Then he pulled out, both of us knocked from our reverie by the phone, and he laid me down on the bed on my back, my ass hanging over the edge, and prepared to enter me again. The phone rang again. He got annoyed and was like, "Who the fuck is calling you in the middle of the night?"

I told him I didn't know. Probably Tommy, I said. Just ignore it and keep going. I needed more of his cock. He had his hands under my knees and my legs spread, hanging over his arms, and he slid his fat cock back up my ass. Instantly I felt like I was going to throw up, like something that big wasn't supposed to be inside me, but I concentrated on releasing the clamp of my ass and breathing out and letting him in. He pumped in farther and faster and my head was banging against the wall but I was beyond caring. He was hitting that drop-dead spot deep in my ass with every thrust and I felt like I had no control over my body. I didn't know if I was going to shit, piss, cum, puke or just tremble with these amazing feelings. I kept my eyes closed and tried to relax. I tried to focus on my ass, the feelings, and him. And the phone rang again.

Clearly pissed by the interruption again, he started to fuck me harder. He slammed his long, fat prick deep into my ass and then he pulled out halfway and slammed it in again, and again, and then again. My head was pounding

against the wall and my cock was flopping all over the place and his grip on my legs lightened and just kept fucking harder and deeper; it felt like he had his leg up my ass. The phone stopped and I grabbed my cock and started to stroke it while he fucked me. I pushed it away from me, toward him, which stretched it and made me feel even better and I tugged and stroked. The head of my cock was bright red and I worked my knob like crazy while he was still sliding his dick—although with a bit less vigor—into my hole.

And then it happened. He picked up speed and pumped a little harder, pulling my legs against his torso and trying to mesh our bodies together and I lost it and came hard. I came all over the place, shooting small drops of cum everywhere. A few big globs flew across my stomach and he kept sliding his dick into my ass. At this point I really felt like I had no control of my body and my dick would just not stop spasming and my ass contracting and he was still fucking me. I got goose bumps all over my body and the feelings were intense. I was covered in a layer of sweat and I looked up at this hulk of a football player body looming over me and plugging my ass.

Jeremy's mouth was hanging open and his head was tilted back and his closed eyes were facing the ceiling. I reached up toward his stomach and rubbed my hands on him while he kept fucking me. He was deep inside and his thrusts were short and his breath was fast. And then he hunched over, his bowling ball-size shoulders swelling, and he roared as he came up my ass. He kept slamming into me as if every slam was his last but it wasn't. His chest was heaving and he stood there, too sensitive to take his cock out of my ass, and looked down at me. And then there was a knock on the door.

"Jesus fucking Christ," he said. He ripped his cock out of my ass and it instantly felt cold and vacant. "Who the fuck," he said, and he turned toward the door. I was lying there, my legs still spread, lube all over my ass and the bed, and he yelled, "Who the fuck is it?" at the closed door.

I heard John say, "It's me. You up for a quickie?"

Jeremy turned to me and just looked at me and then John said, "I'm totally hard and would love to fuck your face."

Jeremy grabbed his underwear off my floor and put it on. Then he opened the door and was like, "Well I just fucked his ass. I think he's done for the night."

I had pulled the covers over me before he opened the door and I saw John standing there, rubbing a lump in his jeans, and looking at Jeremy, sweaty in his underwear. "Sorry," John said.

"Next time when he doesn't answer the phone, take the hint." Jeremy

said.

John turned to leave and I said, "I'll call you tomorrow."

Jeremy didn't spend the night. He asked me if I was fucking John and I said that we'd messed around a few times. Like he had some sort of claim over me. He seemed jealous and got dressed and left. I didn't really know what to think about it all. But I couldn't forget how fucking amazing Jeremy felt inside me.

As the weeks went by I hooked up with Jeremy a lot more often. We were having sex like four times a week and hanging out a lot having dinner and shit. I guess it was turning into a relationship but we never really defined it and I didn't stop hooking up with John. In fact, the day after John showed up at my room in the middle of the night, he came over to me in the student center, by my mailbox.

"What's up?"

"Not much," I said.

"Sorry about last night," he said.

"No worries."

I retrieved my mail and walked away from the wall of boxes and he followed. When we got outside and walked into the quad, he said in a hushed voice, "So you really do that?"

"What?"

"Let guys fuck you." He looked at me questioningly. "In the ass," he added quietly.

"Sure," I said. "If I'm into them. It can be so amazing."

"Do you fuck guys in the ass too?"

"Sometimes," I said.

"That's cool, I guess," he said.

Two weeks later, after John and I had hooked up—just oral—once more and Jeremy and I were still hooking up regularly, I was in my room at like nine-thirty and my phone rang. When I answered, all that the caller said was, "If I come over right now will you let me fuck you?"

"Hey Dad, how are you?" I said, joking.

"Alex, it's me." It was John.

"No shit," I said. "So you want to fuck me?"

“Really badly.”

“You know where to find me.”

I hung up the phone and got up to primp. The phone rang again and I answered. It was Jeremy wanting to know what I was up to. I knew that he was kind of jealous of John and we didn't talk about it too much. The only times we ever discussed it ended up with us fighting; he didn't understand what I wanted with “that loser.” Jeremy was also friendly with Caroline, who happened to be good friends with John's girlfriend, and he thought the whole thing was a little too shady. Anyway, I told him I had a ton of work to do and that I was in for the night. He said okay and we agreed to meet for lunch the next day. Then I heard a fist rapping on my door.

John was nervous when he came in; he wasn't displaying his usual confident swagger. He told me that he was really horny, that his girlfriend had been on the rag and that now she was away for a few days, as if what we were about to do was made better in his mind by imparting this to me. I walked over to him and touched his chest and roamed my hands along his strong, trim body, one that I had come to enjoy, and then I leaned in and kissed him. At the time I didn't realize how many “straight” men would let you rape their entire bodies but would never ever let you kiss them. John was a great kisser, passionate really, and he responded in kind to my advance. Soon, his nerves seeming to have dissipated, he was shirtless and his pants were unbuttoned and my pants were off. My cock was poking through the fly of my boxers and he had his hand wrapped around it and I wrapped my hands around his back and ran them down into his pants and cupped his awesome ass. Then we really got started.

When we were buck naked and on my bed I decided to literally fulfill a fantasy: I dug my head between his legs, pulled his thighs together like my head was trapped in a vice, and lapped at his balls and his hairy asshole. I'd flirted with his ass before, never getting too close, and now with my tongue pressing against his ass ring, he was going mental: obviously he loved being rimmed. He didn't like when I tried to poke a finger into his chute, but he loved my tongue massaging his crack, and his cock was instantly super hard. We ended up in a sixty-nine position with him on top and me lapping at his ass and stroking his cock while it was banging against my chest. He was sucking my cock and pulling my ass cheeks apart and exploring my hole with his thumbs. He poked one into my ass and slid it around and I told him that if he was going to fuck me he needed some kind of lube.

With the necessary accoutrements gathered, I lay on my back on my bed and pulled my knees to my chest and spread my ass open for him. He applied some of the lube to his fingers and poked them around my hole tentatively

before lining up his cock to enter. He pushed his cock-head into my ass fast and not gently. I grabbed his hips and tried to slow him down a little, telling him that ass wasn't like a pussy, that ass needed to be finessed upon entering. He said he was sorry and stopped in his tracks, his cock-head inside me and the rest of him held up on flexed arms. After the burn subsided I told him to push in farther and he did, hesitantly. I grabbed his ass and pushed him deeper inside and looked up at his face. He was concentrating intently and looking down at me with his lip bit between his teeth. Then he was in to the hilt and he started to pull back and when he was halfway out I pushed his ass hard, shoving him back inside.

He got the hang of it pretty quickly and started to thrust his ass back and forth into my ass. He kept pulling back too far and his cock would pop out of my ass, leaving me vacant, and then he'd roughly shove it back inside. Like fitting a rectangular peg into a round hole, his gruffness hurt and burned, but once he was back inside, and I was controlling his hips so that he stayed there, it started to feel really good. His eyes were squeezed shut and he pushed in farther and faster, trying to take control. He was grunting as he dove in deep, like it hurt him more than me. He pulled back a bit and his thrusts were shallow and I told him to fuck me harder, to fuck me with all he had, and he shoved his hips forward, pumping his cock toward my prostate.

He grabbed my calves and pushed my legs back toward my chest and started to fuck me harder. My ass moved past the point of any discomfort and shot into unbelievable pleasure. My cock was hard and standing up between us and he was fucking me hard, pushing his cock in and out and I was watching his muscular chest pulled taut while he was holding up my legs, and his cock was digging deeper into my ass. I stroked my own dick a little, trying to enhance the thrill, but his fucking became so intense that I had to let go and to grip the bed. I had the sheets balled up in my hands as he pounded farther into my ass and I thought there was nothing like a straight guy who was used to banging pussy pumping into my ass.

There is no denying the effect your brain has on your cock and your sexual feelings, at least for me. Just knowing that it was John Doyle's sexy cock pounding my ass, and his muscular tennis-playing body sweating above me, turned me on so intensely. When I grabbed on to his ass that I'd coveted for so long and pulled it toward me, forcing his cock inside my ass, shudders of excitement ran through me. Looking up at his broad shoulders and his collarbones popping out, seeing the veins of his neck strain and watching his triceps pop while he fucked me, was boner-throbbing fun.

I pushed him off of me and he sat back, his cock hard and pulsing, hanging between his legs. He was breathing hard, his chest expanding, and he

was looking down at me, wondering what was wrong. I told him to lie down on his back and he did. I climbed over him and straddled his waist. I grabbed his lube-slick cock and aimed it at my hole and sat down on him. My head hung back and I bit down while pain of the entrance overtook me. But then I got used to the invader and I started to ride my hips up and down over his cock. I leaned back and put my hands down on the bed behind me, one on either side of his legs, and my feet were on either side of his stomach. I lifted myself off of his body and the only connection between us was his cock in my ass. Not able to wait, he pumped his hips up off the bed and pushed his cock farther into my ass. I lowered myself down at the same time and our bodies collided with his cock as far up my ass as it could go.

We continued in that rather acrobatic position for a while and then I sat up again and sat down hard, my ass swallowing his entire cock. I started to stroke my own dick while I raised and lowered my ass slowly over him and I was getting really close. I leaned forward, bracing a hand on his muscular pec for support and kept pumping my cock. He knew I was driving myself home and he reached forward and grabbed my dick away from me. He was stroking me fast and roughly while still pushing into my ass and I held my breath as I tried to stop the inevitable. But it didn't work. My cock burst all over his stomach, my cum pooling in his rippled abs and my cock convulsing over and over again. I had sat down hard on his ass, trapping his cock during my orgasm, and letting my sphincter spasm around it.

When my orgasm had subsided, and I was able to breathe again I started to slowly move my ass up and down his cock, trying to milk out his load. My cock was still hard and I rubbed it in my cum, spreading it all over his stomach. He watched this and it seemed to turn him on and he kept pumping into my ass. Finally he told me that he wanted to be on top again, that he wanted to fuck his load out inside my ass. I fell backward onto my bed and lifted my legs up to my chest. But he had other ideas. He flipped me over onto all fours and pushed my head down into the comforter. Then he slapped my ass a few times while lining his cock up with my hole. He punched it inside furiously and quickly and the searing burn quickly gave away to the pleasure of his pounding. I heard his breathing increase and felt his body begin to tense. I tried to squeeze my ass around his cock and to force him to work against me with his thrust and he fell down on my back, wrapped an arm around my chest, and dumped his load deep inside me.

Holy fucking shit. It was great.

Like he was my confessor, I told Tommy everything. We both agreed it was hot and he said he was totally jealous. A few days afterward, forgetting it was a secret, Tommy and Jeremy and I were sitting in the student center when

John walked by. He smiled and waved hello to me and kept walking. Tommy said, "A girl gives up her ass and all she gets is a wave. How sad..." He was smiling, teasing me. But I instantly felt my body flush and I looked at Jeremy, who hadn't missed it at all.

Later that night Jeremy and I had it out again. He asked me if I had let John fuck me and I said that I had, why was it such a big deal? He started to get all lecture-like on me, and he told me how I was a home wrecker ruining John's long-time relationship. I told him what John had told me, that his relationship was totally *not* serious, and that besides, it was an open one. He laughed and said I'd been had. That it was in fact a serious relationship, that they were talking marriage, and that it was nowhere near open. I didn't believe him; how would he know? I asked. He reminded me of his friendship with Caroline, John's girlfriend's good friend. I told him he was just jealous and that he should relax. He said that I was selfish and an asshole and I asked him why it was me ruining John's relationship and not John. He didn't have an answer. I asked him if he was jealous, if he wanted us to be exclusive. But he said he wasn't. Defensively he said I could fuck anyone I wanted, he didn't care. But he didn't mean it.

As it turned out, it wasn't John or me who actually did the deed to ruin John's relationship. Jeremy, clearly pissed off and jealous, went to his friend Caroline and asked her if her good friend, John's girlfriend, knew that John was gay. Clearly shocked, Caroline pushed for details and he told her all about John and me. She wasn't sure what she should do. Obviously John's girlfriend needed to know but she didn't want to be the one to tell her. Jeremy said that she should, that John's girlfriend had a right to know. They decided to tell her together. I learned all this later, from John's girlfriend, actually. It turns out that Jeremy was right: I had been had and their relationship really was much more serious than he had let on.

A few days later John's girlfriend, Lizzie, came up to me in the student center. I certainly knew who she was, and had met her and said hello a few times, but I really hadn't had much interaction with her since I'd been fucking her boyfriend. She asked me if I wanted to have a coffee. I said sure and followed her to the café, wondering what the fuck was going on. I hadn't spoken with or seen John in the past few days. We each ordered a coffee and she paid and then we found a table and sat down. I thanked her for my coffee and she said, "Are you fucking my boyfriend?"

I was totally taken by surprise. She was so blunt. I didn't know what to say and I stammered for a minute and didn't say anything. She said, "I know. I know that he told you we had an open relationship and for your information we don't." She paused for a second, rethought her statement, and said, "We

didn't."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Me too. I don't give a shit if he's gay or not but he's a fucking asshole. And if you want him, you can have him."

"I don't want him," I blurted out. Then I thought that probably sounded bad, like I was dissing her choice of a man.

"Well, according to him you've been chasing him for months. So now he's free."

"What?" I said. "I haven't been chasing him for months."

"He said you seduced him while he was drunk."

"Wait a minute. *He* seduced *me*. He even apologized the next day!"

"Whatever," she said. "You two can have each other." And Lizzie got up and left the café.

Toxic

Lizzie won't light her cigarette off of a candle because she thinks it's bad for you to breathe in the fumes from the scented candle. "The chemicals are probably really bad for you," she said in all seriousness as she was preparing to inhale tar and nicotine and countless carcinogens.

We were sitting in her hotel suite waiting on Dave. We had passed around a joint and then Lizzie wanted a cigarette. We had used the last match on the joint and there were no lighters. Princess Lizzie always travels with scented candles because she doesn't like the "generic" scent of hotels and Tommy suggested she just light her cigarette off of one of them. But that obviously wasn't going to happen, so Lizzie called room service. And as absurd as that sounds, they brought her matches; and in quick order she was happily smoking her non-chemically lit cigarette.

Dave knocked on the door and came in and we were all excited to see him. I suffered mixed emotions. I still had a bit of love and lust in my heart for Dave and I was a little scared to see him. Like that totally excited apprehension that is a little bit dread, a little bit ecstasy. He looked fucking fantastic when he walked through the door in a grungy T-shirt strategically holed and jeans and boots. His hair had gotten long and he had major scruff on his face and he looked Hollywood-bad-boy hot. After Lizzie wrapped her arms around him with a huge smile, I gave him a big hug, but it didn't last long enough because Tommy was standing at bay waiting for a hug of his own.

We rolled another joint and Dave sparked it up and we all reminisced and talked and laughed and even cried—because we were laughing so hard. I had forgotten how much I loved him and I didn't realize until we were here how much I'd missed him. And then Lizzie asked him if he was seeing anyone and he told us about Desiree and my mind wandered off as if automatically protecting me from hearing something that would make me sad. But I did catch a few snippets: she was blond and pretty with a good figure and big tits

(Lizzie always asked the questions that others guys would ask) and they'd been "hanging out" for about two months. I asked him what she did and of course she was a school teacher for needy, special education children—kids who are retarded and poor. She's a fucking saint, it figures. Lizzie was vocally impressed. I lit up the joint again and tried to find pride in my capitalistic ways.

Dave asked Lizzie about her sex life and she rolled her eyes and said it was so pathetic she could cry. And I said to Tommy, "Speaking of crying, did you tell Lizzie about the crier?"

He gave me a why-did-you-have-to-bring-that-up look and for a second I felt guilty. This was totally one of those moments when you question how good a friend you are. I mean, I know that this was not one of Tommy's proudest moments, or a story that he really wanted to recount, but for some reason I felt compelled to force him to share. I guess we're just kind of like that, my group of friends. A little ruthless when there's a good story to be had.

"The who?" Lizzie asked.

"The crier," I said.

"Like the town crier?"

"Not really," I said, looking toward Tommy expectantly.

"It was just a typical hook-up and we were having a good time," Tommy started, giving in. "I thought it only happened to straight guys. I mean, one thing you're supposed to get if you're gay—you know, like, in exchange for all the hassle—is that you aren't supposed to have to deal with really bad girl stuff."

Lizzie rolled her eyes and lit another cigarette. "Like what *girl* stuff?"

"So I was fucking this guy," Tommy started, and I looked over at Dave to see his reaction. He was busy massaging the end of the joint to get it to relight. "And he started to cry," Tommy continued. "Not, like, cry out in pain—or pleasure like they usually do—and not like a whimper like when you're fucking some dude hard and he's just super sensitive either. No, like, full-on, give-me-back-my-toy bawling, crying like with tears and sniffles and everything. I was like, what the fuck?"

"So the guy apologizes for killing the mood and he's like wiping his dripping nose across the back of his hand. I mean, talk about killing the mood. I was like, 'Dude you didn't just kill it, you slaughtered the shit out of it, you got all Manson on it.'"

"No wonder most guys never sleep with you more than once. You're so

fucking sensitive and understanding,” Lizzie said.

“Dudes who want sensitive and understanding don’t sleep with me, babe. Dudes who want to get fucked, and fucked well, sleep with me.”

“Right. Like Geoff last night?” I taunted.

Tommy looked at me with a don’t-mess-with-me look and said, “I send the dudes who are all into the sappy hold-me-afterward shit to Alex.”

“Whatever,” was my brilliant retort; see what I mean about the ruthlessness?

“Anyways—” Tommy started to continue.

“Anyway,” I interrupted him, correcting his grammar. I was struggling for points.

“Whatever, *anyway*,” he said. “So I’m sitting on the bed, on my knees, my prick wrapped in a rubber and covered with lube, trying to jerk myself back to being hard. And the guy is sitting on his ass with his legs in front of him and crying. He’s covering his face with his hands. And then finally he’s just like, ‘I’m so sorry,’ and he gets up from the bed. He bends over for his jeans, showing me that sweet ass like he’s teasing me, like this is what you could’ve had if I wasn’t some blubbering fool. And he pulls them on and he stuffs his underwear in his pocket and he looks at me with, like, sad, puppy-dog eyes. I ask him what’s wrong and I’m like still totally confused. I’m still thinking he’s going to change his mind and I’m stroking my dick and he just starts to cry again and says, ‘nothing,’ and then bolts for the door. Before he opens the door he says he’s sorry and that he’ll see me around and I’m like, ‘don’t count on it,’ and he left. Just like that. Can you believe that shit?”

“Dude, that sucks,” Dave said. “So what’d you do?”

“It was the most fucked-up experience,” Tommy said. “I mean, what was I supposed to do? The kid just burst out crying. I was in his ass for like less than a minute. I’m not that big. It wasn’t about the sex; at least I don’t think so. But it kind of fucked with my ego, you know? Shit. I pulled off the rubber and tried to stroke myself off but it was no use: I was like totally turned off. Like the complete opposite of excited. My dick was limp.”

“You poor thing,” Lizzie said sarcastically as she leaned forward and picked up a still-smoldering cigarette she had put out just a minute before. She mashed it out hard against the ashtray; she pulverized it really.

“Jesus,” Tommy said. “A little frustrated? What’d the cigarette ever do to you?”

“Nothing,” she said.

“You like practically murdered it.”

“I *Mansoned* it you mean?”

“Kind of.”

“Well I wasn’t smoking it and I wanted it to be out. I don’t need to breathe in the second-hand smoke.”

Dave broke into a sexy, dimpled smile that said, I still love her and she’s still a little crazy.

I burst out laughing. “You’re kidding, right?” I said.

“It’s bad enough that I inhaled the first-hand smoke,” she said, totally seriously, “and I don’t need to make it any worse with second-hand smoke that I’m not even getting any pleasure out of inhaling first.”

She kind of had a point, I guessed. And then I wrote it all off to us being a little high. So the conversation continued and like usual we were talking about sex. Drugs always make me a little more brazen, and Lizzie too, and so she asked Dave how sex was with Desiree. It always amazes me how tight some bonds are. We hadn’t spoken to him in a few years, could certainly not be considered close, yet the minute he walked into the room Tommy launched into some graphic story about his cock in some random guy’s ass and here was Lizzie intimately questioning him about his sex life. But without anything as much as a flinch he answered the question.

“Pretty good,” he said.

“But not great?” Lizzie asked.

“She’s not so great in the head department,” Dave told us, “but she writhes like a mother fucker waving down a taxi during a rainstorm when I eat her pussy.” Dave was always really proud of his self-proclaimed, and often backed-up, top-notch carpet cleaning capabilities.

All this talk of sex got me horny. It—along with copious amounts of weed—made everyone else hungry. So Lizzie decided to order some room service. When I’m high I get really lazy and sometimes I get so lazy that I don’t even get up to go to the bathroom. I just hold it in forever until it feels like I could cause a major medical emergency if I don’t pee. So while she was busying herself with the menu I stepped off to the bathroom to relive myself: I had to piss like a racehorse.

I was in the bathroom and my cock was half hard when I pulled it out of my pants. Watching Dave listen to stories about cock and gay guys, and knowing that he was lacking any decent head in his life, had totally swollen

my cock. But I really did have to pee, which isn't always so easy when you're hard and your dick has been leaking a little pre-cum and you're horny. It's like it takes a second for your dick to switch pipes or something and to go with the pee channel instead of the cum one. Anyway, I peed and felt this amazing sense of relief and then my hard-on didn't go away.

I stood there with my dick in my hands and I thought about how fucking stupid Desiree must be. Well, as stupid as a selfless special ed teacher to the needy can be. But I mean, what kind of woman, blessed with a man as stop-traffic sexy as Dave, wouldn't give him head like ten times a day, every day? Shit, that was crazy, fucking nuts; maybe she needed a little special ed herself. They hadn't even been dating that long, a couple of months I think he said, and she was already not blowing him. Isn't the beginning of the relationship when the sex is still supposed to be good? I'm not straight, and haven't been in a ton of really long relationships, but I always thought the beginning was when you were getting your dick sucked daily. How sad.

While I was thinking about all of this I was stoking my cock and before I knew it I had a full-fledged, throbbing boner in my hands. I thought back to that morning wrestling match with Dave in my bed in my old apartment after I'd graduated. You know how hindsight is always 20/20 and all that crap? I mean, now I so wish I had had the balls to have grabbed his dick when his boxers ripped open and just selfishly slurped it into my mouth. What would have happened? Would he have stopped me? Would he have hit me? Would we have stopped speaking and no longer have been friends? That would've sucked, but we'd basically lost contact anyway. My mind started to wander....

Dave and I were wrestling again that day in my old apartment. I pushed him back on the bed when his boxers ripped and his cock popped out. I looked up at him and he was staring back at me, challenging me, and I grabbed his cock. The soft skin was silky and electric in my hand. I lightly pumped his shaft, just for a second, and his cock throbbed and hardened; the big head flexed like it was inviting me to dive down for a sample. I looked at him again and his eyebrow was hooked in an arch and I asked him if he wanted some relief. He was like, "Whatever." And I was like, "You don't have to be gay. You just want some head, right?" And he said, "Yeah," and I looked up at him and he put his hand on the back of my head and guided it down toward his cock.

There he was, the hottest crush I'd ever had, laying on my bed, stoned and hard and I was slobbering all over his hard-as-a-rock cock. He was holding himself up on one arm, his bicep bulging, and with his other hand he was guiding my head over his crotch; he was stuffing his cock into my mouth. It was rough and I loved it and I was gagging as he pushed my head down hard

and slammed his cock up with a flex of his hips. His cock tasted delicious and it oozed pre-cum onto my tongue.

In real life, in Lizzie's hotel bathroom, I was furiously stroking my cock over the toilet. My eyes were squeezed shut as I was imagining Dave and me on my bed getting sweaty and hot and hornier than hell. And I could hear Dave say something to Tommy out in the room and then I heard Lizzie laugh and I kept picturing Dave's naked body.

He was standing up now and I was on my knees. He was buck naked and still fucking my face with his hard cock. My hands were wrapped around his hips and I was getting to grab onto the ass that I had longed for and fantasized about. I was massaging his muscular ass cheeks, lightly covered with a fur I imagined, and teasing my fingers along his crack. His ass was flexing as he was pumping into my mouth and I had my own cock out of my sweats and in my hand. I was furiously pumping my cock in my fantasy just like in real life in the hotel bathroom.

I couldn't take much more: in real life and in my fantasy. Dave was towering over me, slapping my face with his cock while I licked the shaft and rubbed my lips all over it. And in real life my cock was about to explode. I kept having to freeze my hand and hold back the orgasm, but I knew they'd be wondering what the fuck I was doing in here for so long. They'd never really know—well, I guess Lizzie and Tommy will when this book comes out—but at that moment I didn't think about telling them. And I squeezed my eyes tight and imagined Dave in all his naked, hard glory, spewing his jizz all over my face while I bathed his nuts with my tongue and he moaned about how fucking incredible he felt. And I let my own load fly. I aimed my dick down at the toilet bowl and snapped my eyes open. I watched my cock spasm in the mirror over the toilet and shoot ropes of cum down into the toilet. My chest was heaving. It was a great fantasy.

After cleaning up my pecker tracks I rejoined my friends and we spent the rest of the afternoon blowing off all of the college-planned events and hanging out with Dave and drinking and smoking. We were talking about random shit, Dave and me about one thing, Lizzie and Tommy about another, when Dave looked at me and said, "Do you ever hear from Jack?"

Like someone had pinched her ass at an audience with the Queen, the room fell into total silence. Everyone looked at me at the mention of Jack like Dave had said How's that cancer doing? And Dave noticed and said, "Bad topic?"

Lizzie sighed.

Jackass

Okay I'm going to get all sappy on you for a minute or two, so brace yourself. I don't usually like to dwell on feelings and super-sensitive shit like this but I figure I've got to write it down so that you can understand the whole story, the real me. I'm not like cold and uncaring with no feelings either. But you know some stuff just stays inside of you, and you don't let it out for a reason. I mean, I'm not into all that masochistic shit and why bring myself unnecessary hurt? But my publisher, who is obviously a little too into that sadomasochism crap, said I had to get real, and raw, and to truly explain where I was coming from for the book to be any good. He said I couldn't just write about the fun nameless sex stuff, that I had to write about my true feelings and emotions. And well, here they are.

Jack, or Jackass, as my friends now refer to him, is the kind of guy who makes you wonder if any love songs were ever written about him. Or he's the type of guy who makes you understand love songs for the first time in a way that you never did before. Not the he's-so-beautiful-and-I'm-glad-he's-mine kind of love songs but the shit-I-love-him-more-than-anything-and-it's-totally-unrequited kind. Kind of amazing, I guess, to have that effect on people. And Jack was mine for a little while. Twice, actually. I loved him and he loved me back; or at least he said that he did.

Looking back on it now, on him and us, and me, it almost seems too great, too amazing, to have been true. Did I really feel that good? Was I really that happy? And I think that I was. But the fall and the pain when that was all taken away was so great that it makes me wonder if it's really worth it; is it worth trying to find again? Jack was the love of my life and he had my heart and he chose to give it back. He just didn't give it back in the same shape that he found it; it was definitely worse for wear.

I wasn't far out of college when I started to date Jack. He was a few years older than me and went to the same college but we barely knew each other there. I officially met him the year after I graduated, when we both had

returned to school for Homecoming weekend. I remember being instantly fascinated with him and attracted and trying to engineer ways for our worlds to collide. I was successful a few times over that weekend and each time we saw each other I found myself liking him more and more. I was experiencing these feelings over that weekend like none I ever had before. I remember telling Lizzie that I thought I was getting sick; but really, she told me, I was falling in love.

“How could I be falling in love?” I asked her. “I’ve spoken to him like four times and really only hung out twice. I barely know him.”

“Sometimes it just happens,” she said, “Love at first sight.”

“Oh please, I’m way too jaded to live a Harlequin romance kind of life. I don’t fall in love at first sight. Shit, I don’t fall in love after I’ve been fucking them for a week.”

She just looked at me, like a proud mother would look on her baby after he took his first solo steps, and said, “I think he’s wonderful. And I *know* it’s love. Go with it.”

We left that weekend with Jack and me exchanging numbers and promising to get together in the city for a drink. We didn’t kiss or hook up or anything although I would have in a heartbeat. But for all of my wily ways I couldn’t bring myself to try to make it happen; it was like all my magic powers of seduction were useless when it came to him. Maybe I’d lost my touch, I thought. Maybe all the pitter-patter I was feeling in my chest when I was around him was simply because I couldn’t manage to muster my mojo to nail him.

The Monday after that weekend, I came home to a message from Jack on my machine. He said he’d like to meet for a drink if I’d be willing to indulge him. Indulge him? I would have gone that second. But I played it cool; or as cool as I could. I waited like a half an hour and then called him back. He suggested we meet the next night at a place on the Upper West Side for a glass of wine and I readily agreed. Then I fretted for an hour, like a teenaged girl who scored a date with the football star, trying on every article of clothing I had and calling my friends for fashion advice. With sweaty palms and jumbled nerves, I met him that next night.

We had a fantastic time. Jack was so smart and quick-witted, well-read and knowledgeable about the world, able to speak on politics and pop stars, and he was like totally dashing in his manners and flair. He was well-dressed and as handsome as I’d remembered with his dark blond hair, broad shoulders, green eyes, and his taut, creamy white skin. He listened intently to everything I said; a bomb could have gone off and I don’t know that it could

have pried his attention away from me. He asked me questions about my life and my goals and my thoughts and my feelings and I would get lost watching his mouth move as he spoke. We ordered a cheese plate and a few glasses of wine and before I knew it, it was time to leave.

He walked me to the subway and kissed me good-bye. He said he definitely wanted to see me again and I said that I did too; see him, I meant. I had never felt so strongly for someone, felt so connected to and privileged to be in the company of someone as I did with Jack. From then on, he pursued me like I never had been before. He was quite urbane and I was terribly enamored. We went to see some highbrow theater and made the rounds of the trendy-hot restaurants of the moment. He sent me flowers and cards and bought me obscure music. He knew his way around a wine list like a guide in an enchanted forest and he quoted ancient poets to me to describe how wonderful I made him feel. It was all so heady, so too much for words, I was swept up in a whirlwind of Jack and I was madly in love with him.

You could barf, right? I mean, this is so not Alex, you're probably thinking. But it was. It really was. He was amazing and I was in love and he told me that he had never met anyone as wonderful as me. It wasn't a one-way street; I participated in the sappy love fest too. I sent him long e-mails filled with my feelings for him and my romantic observations of our rapidly progressing relationship. I surprised him with small gifts and planned a weekend away at a house deep in the country, late in the winter, with days spent naked and wrapped in blankets before a fire with some wine. My friends were happy for me and I included him in my life. I introduced him around and everyone liked him very much, even Tommy.

The first night we spent together was off the fucking charts. We were back at my apartment after a dinner at a terribly small restaurant where you didn't order. The chef, after briefly welcoming us and interviewing us on our gastronomic tastes, just served us what he thought we would like and accompanied it with some very good wine. Anyway, we were lying on my couch, fully clothed, and listening to Betty Carter. We had made out several times but never gone much further. This time it got intense. I was on top of him on the couch and our tongues were dueling. I was hard as a rock and pressing my dripping boner against his leg and working my way up under his shirt and sweater. The first time my hands felt his flesh I was so excited. His stomach, to my pleasant surprise, was ridged with muscle and I wormed my fingers over it up toward his chest. I broke our kiss and with a smile complimented him on his stomach; he smiled back and then pulled my head back down to resume the kiss.

Both of our pants open, our underwear askew, and our sweaters removed

and shirts opened, we got off the couch and headed toward the bedroom. My room was dark except for the lights from the streets and I took the rest of my clothes off while watching him undress. His body was fantastic: he had a hard, solid chest and broad shoulders that ended in balls over his impressive upper arms. His waist was trim and formed the bottom of the V that was his torso and then his thighs were strong and his calves completely toned. His chest was lightly hairy and he had a wispy trail of hair that led though his stomach and down to the wild, untrimmed bush that framed his cock. His dick was the most average thing about him: maybe six and a half inches, hard and fat, tapered at the head, and circumcised. His nuts hung high, tight under his shaft, and his ass was firm and round.

In much of the relationship he had taken the lead, but in matters of the bedroom, I took over. I pushed him back on the bed, and he bounced when he fell on it. His legs spread, I dove between them and slurped his cock into my mouth. With my hands massaging his thighs I sucked on his cock, creating a tight vacuum with my mouth. I deep-throated him early and kept his cock buried in my throat while I swallowed and massaged his shaft with my pursed lips. I brought my hands down to his nuts and began to fondle them while I sucked more on his cock.

I pulled off his shaft and spit in my hands and then went back to blowing him. With my slippery hands I massaged his nuts and made my way toward his ass. He had his hands on my head, guiding it up and down his shaft, and his eyes were closed and he was moaning as he lay back on the pillows. This was an excellent fantasy.

It didn't take long, not more than ten minutes, and I had slipped two fingers into his tight ass. He bucked and his stomach clenched and he held my head tight and exploded in my mouth. I felt the head of his cock expand and then a warm flood of cum fill my mouth. He was holding my head tightly, his hips pushed up off the bed, his cock spasming in my mouth, and he was moaning between panted breaths. Finally, he loosened his grip and I licked my way up his cock, his load swallowed and gone. I licked him clean and teased his cock head and he shivered and pulled me up to him. I lay my body on top of his, my hard cock pressing against his, and he stuck his tongue in my mouth.

Jack got up from the bed and walked to the foot of it. Looking me over, his cock hanging half-hard between his legs, he had a twisted grin on his face. He leaned toward me and grabbed my feet and pulled me to the edge of the bed. He knelt down on the floor, put my feet on his shoulder, and started to suck on my nuts and then lick his way to my asshole. I'm not sure if I've mentioned this yet or not, but being rimmed is like my favorite thing on earth.

And he rimmed the living shit out of me.

My cock was jerking all around and I was so hard I knew if I grabbed it I would cum on first touch. He had held my ass open and like a master of rimming had eaten my hole and sucked on my nuts and nibbled on all of the sensitive areas in between and I was going just slightly mad. Then, when he clearly saw that I was in ecstasy, he rose up a bit, bent my cock toward him, and sucked just the head into his mouth. He swirled his tongue all over my dick and sucked up my shaft and I lost it. I came hard and he kept my cock in his mouth, swallowing all that I had to shoot out.

That night he slept over. And in the morning, he let me fuck him for the first time. And then we both went to work. That day he e-mailed me a few times, telling me how much he missed me and begging me to meet him at his apartment that night. I did. And that was the first time he fucked me. He was great.

Never before had anyone made me want to be—or even think about being—monogamous, but I was only into Jack. So as our relationship grew I never once wanted to sleep with someone else. I swear. Tommy thought he had slipped me some secret elixir as I slept but really Jack was all that I wanted. We spent a lot of time together and we learned more about each other. Jack was just out of a four-year relationship. We had met only a few months after he and his past partner had broken up. They were still in touch—they owned a weekend house together where his ex was living now—but he insisted they were really over. And I believed him. And this isn't like some not-so-clever foreshadowing where I'm going to tell you in fifty pages that he went back to his ex; as far as I know, they never got back together. But the whole just-out-of-a-long-relationship thing did throw up a few red flags. But what was I going to do? Make myself miserable and not date him? Hardly.

I knew I was his “rebound” and my insecurity—helped along with my voice—told him that. But he kept insisting that our relationship was more than that. “What are you supposed to do,” he asked me, “when you meet the most perfect person and your life is at what appears to be not-the-right-time?” I swooned. He said that he had to continue seeing me, that he loved me. Why was I telling him it was wrong? he asked. Why was I so concerned with the rebound theory? The little more than a year we were together was fucking fantastic, but in the back of my mind I always feared the end would come.

And it did. It came with an, *it's not you, it's me* speech. It came with wanting to keep in touch and to still be friends. But I couldn't do any of that. I either had to have him or not; I didn't need anymore friends. I so badly wanted to hate him, but I couldn't do that either. None of the immature self-protective measures I'd learned growing up would work; I just had to hurt. It

took me a few months to get out of the funk. I went out and fucked a bunch of guys but none of them were like Jack. I even dated a few and they were even less like Jack. Getting over him was one of the hardest things that I ever had to do. And I don't know how fully over him I ever became. Even today I still think about him often.

A year later, when a lot of the crappiness had faded away and I had moved on with my life, we reconnected. He sent me an e-mail on the anniversary of the first romantic trip we had taken together. He told me he couldn't stop thinking about me and that he thought he was in a better place and he asked if we could meet. Against the protestations of most of my friends, I went. And it was great; he was great. We began dating again, but casually. All the old feelings rushed back like we'd never taken that pause and I knew that I had to be careful, but I wasn't. I had never fallen out of love with him and now he was back; what could be better?

But I wasn't stupid; I knew the risks and I knew that the smart thing would be to stay away, to tell him, as Lizzie advised, that he'd had his chance. But like the kid who can't help himself from touching the stove even though he was told he'd get burnt, I dove back in. We started to see more and more of each other and we fell back into old patterns. We quickly started to have marathon-long sessions of mind-blowing sex: better than the first time around, I thought. And then with the speed of a diver not realizing he was launching himself into the shallow end, it all came to a crashing halt pretty quickly. He met someone else, someone he connected with on a greater level, and I was cast away once again.

My Straight Man Thing

The cool thing about writing a blog is that unlike a book, each post can be different and does not have to relate back to any of the others. So I'm going to take a second and mosey away from reunion weekend and talk about two of my most favorite topics: straight men and porn.

While the overall theme of my blog is consistent—my sex life—there are different aspects to it and different things that get me off. As you may have surmised by now, along with porn, straight guys are my thing. And much of my fascination, although it predated many of the Web sites, has been validated by the porn industry. Not that I need validation, or take any particular solace in the fact that so many other guys share the same obsession I do, but it's always nice to have a variety of places to find the kind of porn that feels like it was tailor-made for me. Like a custom made Saville Row suit that feels so good because of the perfect fit, I was totally excited when porn sites that featured the seduction of straight guys started popping up all over the Web.

Lord knows there are like a million porn sites out there and the good Lord also knows I spend a little too much money on them. I really like the reality sites—the sites where the guys are usually allegedly straight and where they're hot and amateur. I don't get so into the whole stylized, porn studio stuff; I mean, sometimes I can get down with that, just not usually. I write about the sites sometimes on my blog, about the particularly hot movies that get me off. Like I mentioned at the beginning, I love porn. And in my fantasy life, I run a hot site of my own and I'm like a big deal porn impresario constantly flanked by amazingly hot straight men dying for me to choose them to give up their asses. Like I said, it's just a fantasy.

My favorite site is Sean Cody's and I think the reason I dig it so much, aside from the incredibly hot guys, is my whole straight man obsession. Sean Cody was one of the first sites that featured "straight" dudes doing gay shit for money. And I just got so majorly into the fantasy. Often there would be a

series of videos with some supremely hot stud who first just jacks off; then in the next installment he'd agree to a blowjob; and then in a third video, after much coaxing, he'd agree to fuck another guy; or in some cases—the best cases if he's a big muscular dude—he'd agree to get fucked himself. I love the progression from straight to finally giving over to the incredible sensations that gay sex, and in particular, your ass, can provide. And I'm not stupid; I totally get all the people who are like, how straight can these guys really be? I get all the people who are like, it must all be fake—no straight dude would really take it up the ass, and all that shit. But it's porn, man: it's fantasy.

I work with this amazingly hot straight guy who I call Hot Sales Guy in my blog. And I have obsessed over him for a while now. He's incredibly hot and sexy, and kind of smart too, and he knows it. I think he knows I have a crush on him too. He flirts with me a little and I eat it up. I'm his cool gay friend who gives him fashion advice and takes him shopping for good underwear, but I've gotten him to go further. One of my fetishes is massage and, well, he doesn't see it as a fetish. I told him it was a hobby and that I bought a table and everything and, well, like the best Christmas present ever in the world, like almost as good as world peace and ending hunger and all stuff, he let me give him a massage. It would have been better than ending world hunger if he actually let me give him a happy ending, but that didn't happen. Not yet anyway.

Anyway, my fantasy life with Hot Sales Guy totally parallels my obsession with the taming-the-straight-guy Web sites. I want him to be that straight dude who finally learns, through the generosity of a hot gay dude—who would be me—how amazing his ass can make him feel. Like when it's being tongued fucked and then massaged by a hard cock. I dream about it and like a lottery addict I hold hopes that someday it will happen. Someday I'll hit the jackpot and move out of that trailer in the woods and into the big penthouse in the cum-filled, hot straight dude sky.

Speaking of hot straight dudes, I also have a thing going on with this dude I call Gordon. Now Gordon is like a real-life Sean Cody situation. He's this hunky, muscular bodybuilder who is so gay-curious he can barely contain himself. But under this major macho straight dude cover, he comes over to my apartment for blow jobs—and a few times to fuck me—and always maintains that he is totally one hundred percent straight—like he's so far off the deep end of the Kinsey scale in his mind that he's off-the-charts straight. When really he's so close to the center he's about to fall into the I'm-a-major-cock-lover category. He's engaged to be married and his girlfriend still lives with her parents and so his original excuse was that he wasn't getting enough sex from her. But I know there's more.

So that's a brief description of my straight man thing. I know it's kind of unoriginal to be so obsessed with hot straight guys but it's true. I know all the theories that people come up with for this fascination: that I only want what I can't have; that it's all about the challenge to try to "convert," which gives the rest of the homos in the world a bad image; and that it's a substitute for pursuing a true relationship; and on and on. I think that it all started for me back in college. And that maybe John Doyle was my first: my cherry-popping straight man obsession that came true. And ever since then, he scarred me for life. I mean, it worked with him, so why not hold out hope for every hot straight guy I meet? Beware dudes...

Now back to our regularly scheduled programming: reunion weekend.

Lizzie And John

At a little before five we met up in the hotel lobby, freshly showered and ready to be seen, and we walked into the bar to get a drink. I saw John Doyle and his wife sitting at a table by the window, by themselves, and I immediately looked at Lizzie. I'm often told I'd make the worst criminal. I'm such a bad liar and pretty bad at grasping when subtlety is important. Lizzie, on the other hand, just smiled at them and graciously waved and steered Tommy and me over to the bar. I waved too as we sat down and Lizzie said sternly, through her perfect smile, "Be a little more obvious, why don't you."

"Sorry," I said. "I was just caught off guard."

Lizzie positioned us so that my back was to John to mitigate any further problems and signaled for the bartender. As soon as our drinks were ordered, and with the proper amount of subtlety, Tommy said under his breath, "So are you going to spill about Doyle or what?"

"I don't really think now is the right time," Lizzie said, still with an innocent smile like she was discussing children's charities.

"I think it's a perfect time," Tommy said.

"I do too," I said, thinking how hot it would be to have Lizzie recount the story quietly while he and his wife were across the bar. "Besides," I said, "they can't hear us all the way over there."

"What if they can read lips?"

"Well I doubt John can," I said, "and since you were pretty emphatic about how dumb she is, I doubt it's a particular skill of hers."

"Fine," she said. "But only because I like the challenge."

And with a devilish smile, she leaned toward us and began.

So it went like this: A little sloppy Lizzie was flirting with John big-time. His wife, the poor dumb little thing, as Lizzie called her, went home before

John. She told him to have fun with his pals and to kiss her but not wake her when he got home. Lizzie said she almost puked but gave an award-winning cheek-kiss performance and saw the wife off before setting her sights on John's cock. Lizzie had him buy her another drink and they talked and reminisced about the good old days. She said that she couldn't be totally nice, that she had to ask at least one digging question. And so she said, "Was that the first time you've seen Alex?" She was referring to the hug of just a few minutes before.

He said, "Yeah. We still haven't had much of a chance to talk."

"Do you still fuck guys?" she asked him, like she was asking where he got his shoes.

She said he stammered for a bit, clearly shocked, but he recovered well and told her that no, he'd gotten that out of his system. A few minutes later she told him she had to go to the bathroom. He said okay and then she told him to follow her. He got the hint. Sometimes I'm so damn proud of Lizzie.

As she was telling the story Tommy was getting so impressed and at one point he said, with a wry smile, "Looks like we taught our girl a few tricks after all."

"Please," Lizzie said, "I could hook up circles around you amateurs."

Tommy and I both laughed and she continued with the story. So the bathrooms at this bar were three in a row along a cramped hallway and they were all individual and they were all unisex. Lizzie went into the middle one and pulled John in after her. She said that they made out in there for a few minutes and that their hands wandered. She said he still had a really firm ass but that he'd gotten a little loose in the stomach. He wasn't fat, she said, just not as toned as she remembered. "You used to be able to bounce a quarter of that man's abs," she said.

"And off his ass too," I added.

Looking at us both, and shaking his head in reference to the fact that we both slept with John, Tommy said, "There is something so wrong with that."

So John had his hand in her blouse and had worked it inside her bra and was delicately flicking her nipple. She said it was sending shivers through her body and that she started to unbuckle his belt. She said that she could totally feel how hard he was through his pants. But someone knocked on the door and they both froze. After a minute, their bodies tangled together and their clothes disheveled, they went right back at it.

Lizzie had opened his pants and was stroking his cock in her hand and he

had his head buried in her tits. There was another bang on the door and someone said, “Anyone in there? Shit.” And Lizzie and John both giggled and he slid his hand up her skirt. With his fingers prying her panties aside and her hand roughly dry-stroking his cock—Tommy and I were both like, “Why didn’t you spit on your hand?” and she shrugged her shoulders like, “How’s a girl supposed to know?”—the aggressive patron with the bladder control problem, which is how Lizzie described her, started to bang on the door again. Lizzie pulled herself away from John, reshuffled her clothes, and told him they had to stop and get out of the bathroom. She said she couldn’t help but grin when he had to wrestle his utterly frustrated hard-on back inside his pants.

They left the bathroom and went back to the bar. He bought her another drink and told her that their “little trip down memory lane” was a fun one but that he wasn’t finished traveling. She asked him what his wife would think and he said she was sleeping and that it wouldn’t matter; don’t worry, let’s just keep it quiet, he’d said. She said to Tommy and me, and not to John, that it did cross her mind that this is what Tommy had told me about her back in college: not to worry. Anyway, she was drunk and horny and feeling a little devilish so she invited him back to her room.

The bartender brought our drinks and Lizzie said, “So we hightailed it back here and went straight to my room and—”

“Are we going to have to hear more details like him pulling your panties aside to get at your pussy? Because that’s just nasty,” Tommy said.

“I have to listen to you guys talk about cock all fucking day and you can’t listen for ten minutes to talk about me and a guy. You know it’s not that unheard of. More people have hetero sex than gay sex.”

“Not people I know,” Tommy said.

“Well, not in Chelsea,” Lizzie said. “But in the rest of the world. There is a rest of the world, you know.”

I interrupted their banter. “Okay, so we don’t need excruciating details, but I for one would like to hear what happened back in your room? Did you fuck him? How was it? Did he eat you out? Did you use rubbers?”

Lizzie and John went up to her room and they got naked right away. As previously reported, he was still in pretty good shape, she said, just not as tight and toned as he used to be. And they crashed down on her bed, their bodies intertwined, and they made out for a while until she said that she pushed his head down to her crotch. He took the lead and lifted her legs up so that her feet were flat on the bed and dove into her pussy for some late-night

dining. Tommy groaned, but Lizzie said it was really good, like better than she remembered. She said he must have had a lot of practice in the art of cunnilingus since their days together because he had her popping like popcorn in a furnace and melting like boiling butter in a matter of minutes.

After he gave her an outrageous orgasm she said that they fucked and that yes, he did wear a condom. She said the fuck was fine but not nearly as monumental as the pussy eating.

Afterward, they lay together for a few minutes and Lizzie instantly wished that he wasn't there. She realized that she didn't want to have post-coital chatter with him and that she was satisfied and really just wanted him to go. Tommy looked at me with another proud grin of approval regarding our friend's slutty ways. Well, her wish came true and he kissed her and told her that he had to go, that he couldn't risk falling asleep with her as much as he wanted to. Whatever, she thought, just get back to your poor dumb wife. But she's a tactful girl—she just thought it, didn't say it. Instead, she pretended that she was sad to see him go.

Tommy told Lizzie that he was proud of her and I asked her how she felt about it, if there was any residual regret or emotional damage. She had been in love with him and hurt by him at one time. As she was contemplating her answer she was looking intently at John and his wife and a wicked smile formed on her lips. But before she had a chance to reply, I happened to look up and to see the one person who I have been in love with, and who has crushed me, and who was not supposed to be here this weekend, walk into the bar: Jack.

The Rapist

Shortly after Lizzie and I had our “coffee date” in the student center, when she told me that John and she were over and that I could have him, I saw John. It wasn’t a coincidence: I searched him out and found him. He was with two friends and I told him that I had to talk to him and he looked really annoyed. When he did walk away from his friends he was all short with me and pissed and I asked him what the fuck was going on.

“What the fuck was going on,” he said, “is that your fucking *boyfriend* told Lizzie all sorts of stories about me and you.”

I asked him what he was talking about and he told me how Jeremy and Caroline had been the ones to tell Lizzie. Then he told me that he really couldn’t see me anymore, that the gay thing was fun for a sideline but not his main thing. Trying to save face, although undeniably a little hurt, even though I didn’t have much right to be, I told him that was cool. And then he said that I shouldn’t come up to him and talk to him in the locker room or around campus so much. Because now, due to my *boyfriend*, everyone thought he was a fag. I didn’t think it was worth it to tell him that Jeremy wasn’t my boyfriend.

In the aftermath it turned out the whole campus wasn’t talking about him being a fag. Instead, they were talking about me being the psycho gay guy who got John Doyle drunk and took advantage of him. The rumors spread and at one point I even heard that I had raped him. As if. It was horrible at the time. People would believe me when I pled my relative innocence but it still hung over me like an overweight storm cloud.

I confronted him twice. The first time it was just the two of us and he told me to leave him alone. He wouldn’t answer me or even talk to me really and I got pissed and walked off. The second time was in the café in the student center—it was just after I had heard how I gave him the date rape drug before raping him. I went up to him and was like, “We have to talk. This is fucking

ridiculous.”

He made a scene of pushing me—not hard—and telling me loudly to stay away from him, that he wasn’t gay and wasn’t interested. It wasn’t a major scene, just a few people saw, but fortunately one of them was Lizzie. Pitying me, and disgusted with John, she waved me over to her table and invited me to sit down. I declined, annoyed and embarrassed, and went back to my room.

There were a few more ridiculous protestations from John, one of which was when he crossed the line with Lizzie. Drunk and boasting about how he was the crush of a gay guy, someone challenged him, saying that Lizzie said it was more than that, that he and I had had a bit of an affair. He brushed it off and told the crowd that Lizzie was just bitter because he dumped her. She sucked in bed, was totally frigid, he said, and he needed better sex than that. She was just bitter, he said, so she teamed up with the fag to make him look bad.

After Lizzie heard that, she was as determined to destroy him as she was determined to save her own face. She used some of her considerable social weight—which is figurative, of course, she was nothing if not thin and comely—to dispel John’s silly myths. She told people the truth—in detail—and she recruited Carolyn and some of her other friends to help. She told them all how John had cheated on her several times with me; that it had nothing to do with her being frigid, only that she couldn’t offer him what I could: dick. He and I had a relationship, she made known, and not a one-time thing, and John was every bit as involved as I was. Soon it was John who looked like the asshole.

Three really good things came out of the whole John Doyle affair. The first: John applied to take his junior year abroad and was approved to go to Europe. Later, asshole, Lizzie and I both said. The second was that I kicked Jeremy to the curb for spilling the beans about the whole thing. He was an immature asshole and I told him so. I was a little afraid when I did it; frankly, not many guys had made me and my ass feel that fucking good, but it was worth it. I definitely found other ways to get my sexual fill. And the third was that Lizzie and I spent a lot of time talking during the aftermath of the whole John Doyle thing and we became friends pretty quickly. Soon we became best friends and thereafter became kind of inseparable.

God

Nothing feels better than cumming, right? I mean, really, it's what life is all about: that incredible moment when you lose control over your body and you just can't hold back for another second and your cock just explodes with incredible feelings and a rush of warm, sticky cum. And the cool part is that no matter how much money you have, no matter what you look like, no matter if you're fat and unseemly or toned and Brad-Pitt-beautiful, and no matter if you have the best personality on the planet or if you're a bigger asshole than Leona Helmsley, you can always jerk off and cum. Without getting all spiritual on you and shit, that's what makes me believe that there's got to be a God. And that He's probably a guy.

The Run In

I didn't think he'd seen me yet and I didn't know what to do. My heart was racing like I'd just sprinted the fucking New York Marathon in twenty minutes from start to finish but my face had gone white instead of being flushed and red. Lizzie and Tommy both saw him and were looking at him over my shoulder while he sat down. Lizzie grabbed my arm and was like, "Let's go," but I said no. Why would I leave? I didn't have any bad blood with Jack. I didn't need to run and hide. I was a grown-up and I could face disappointment and rejection. Everyone suffers from unrequited love and it's not like I was going to run and hide. But I really wanted to. Shit. Sometimes I'm so weak.

Jack, apparently not noticing us, went over to John Doyle, comradely slapped his back, and bent to kiss his stupid wife. They cheek kissed while she gushed at how nice it was to see him and John stood up and hugged Jack. I swear that he looked over Jack's shoulder, right at me, when he did it, but Lizzie said I was just being paranoid. John's brother went to our college as well and he was Jack's age and they were roommates and good friends. One point of dissension that Jack and I could never get past was his love and admiration for all the DoYLES including John, despite what he had done to Lizzie and me in college. Jack always brushed it off as spilt milk and told me to stop crying about it. John was a really terrific guy, he would say, and fucking cute too.

There was an official reunion weekend cocktail party happening under a tent on the lawn of some old mansion and I finished my drink and suggested we head over. Lizzie and Tommy, eager to be on my side and do whatever I wanted, almost like I was fragile and I wasn't, hopped off their stools and said let's go. I reminded them that we had to pay and I signaled for the check. While the bartender was running it I heard John holler, "Hi, Lizzie!"

Tommy and Lizzie walked over to John and Jack and the dumb wife and I turned to the bartender to get the check. Almost out of my mind I signed the

check without even thinking—not even registering if I gave the poor guy a decent tip—and then steeled myself and walked over to the group. Upon seeing me, Jack got up and with a big smile on his face he said hello and went to embrace me. I awkwardly hugged him back and then took a step back to separate us, to establish a distance between us. Then Jack was telling Lizzie how great she looked and she was graciously accepting his compliments and Tommy was asking John how his night was last night.

I saw Lizzie give Tommy a you-better-be-fucking-careful eye and I saw Tommy smile devilishly and ask John what time he finally got in last night. Tommy said he himself was up so late and so drunk it reminded him of the old days. John said something about stumbling back late after the bars closed and Tommy said, “Just old times for us both, I guess. But I didn’t hook up.”

Like a pro, John smiled and said, “Doubt you’ve lost your touch, bro.” Then he wrapped his arm around his wife and nodding toward her said, “Luckily I don’t have to worry about that anymore.”

“Yes, you are a lucky man, John,” Tommy said with an air of mystery. No doubt leaving the dumb wife wondering what the hell he was talking about.

While this was going on, Jack had asked me how I had been doing. How was work, my apartment, friends, family, health, and everything else he could think to pack into one rambling question. I told him that everything was great, just fantastic, and painted a positive smile on my face to prove it. Lizzie, forever my cheerleader, told him how I had been promoted at work and was about to go to China on an exploratory business trip. He was suitably impressed and then looked at his watch.

Lizzie said, “Are we boring you?”

“Oh no,” he said, realizing his faux pas. “I’m just—” he cut himself off and looked toward the entrance of the bar. “There you are,” he said with a warm smile.

A young, handsome blond guy, dressed terribly funky-fashionably in clothes that would be out of style before the credit card bill came in, walked up to Jack and kissed him and said “Hey hey” a little too cheerfully. The kid was cute and skinny and had this elaborate head of ridiculously luxurious and overly styled hair. He looked like one of those guys in the hairstyle magazines at the high-end salons.

“Alex, Lizzie,” Jack said, “this is Andrew, my special friend.”

The Rest Of The Zoe Story

So we were under a tent on the lawn of some dilapidated old mansion and everyone was there. Across the room I could see Zoe holding court with a few people, no doubt recounting her story. Liza came up to Lizzie and me and said hello and complained that she had been looking for us all day. We told her that we had taken it easy from a long night and she looked at us both and said, “Did we get lucky?”

“I don’t know about you,” I said, “but I did.”

She smiled like I had made the funniest joke she’d ever heard and said, “Don’t be silly. I was good and in bed before twelve.” Then she looked at Lizzie and asked her if her shoes were by a particularly overpriced European shoemaker. They were and she exulted when Lizzie told her so.

Barf, yuck, I was in a cranky mood and started thinking about why I hated reunions. I looked at Liza and asked her if her obviously couture top was from Old Navy because I could swear that my sister had the same exact one and she looked at me like I had just stomped a baby bird to death: she just didn’t understand me. Lizzie, trying to change the topic, asked Liza if she’d spoken to Zoe.

“Yes, and I absolutely can’t believe it,” Liza said succinctly.

“Really,” Lizzie said. “It is all a little too made-for-TV movie for me.”

“How many times did they go around and around?”

“Too many to count,” Lizzie said.

From here, Lizzie resumed her role as the Zoe storyteller and filled Liza in on the rest of the tale. “After Danny’s parents had whisked him away from Boston they checked him into rehab: Monday through Friday, from nine to five.”

“Who goes to rehab Monday through Friday? And only from nine to

five?”

“Exactly,” Lizzie said. “So he’s in rehab on Long Island and every night he goes home to his parents’ house and on weekends too.”

“Ridiculous,” Liza said. “Who’s ever heard of such a thing?”

So he was in there for his first week and Zoe was frantically calling him every day. He couldn’t take calls at the rehab facility but he could call her back when he got home at night. They spoke every day that first week and a lot of it was a repeat of the performance he pulled on the sidewalk: he loved her more than anything, she was the only thing that could get him through this ordeal, thinking of her is what kept him alive, and on and on and on. And she ate it up. Zoe loved to be needed and here was her number one chance to be the savior.

The first weekend Zoe drove out to his parents’ house to see him. They weren’t thrilled when she first showed up—he hadn’t told them that she was coming and according to the doctors at the rehab, he wasn’t supposed to be around anyone who may drive him to re-offend. But Danny’s parents had dinner plans in the city that night and so they asked Zoe if she could stay to babysit; they felt a little guilty leaving him alone. Florence fucking Nightingale, she was all about making him dinner and being sure he stayed away from the liquor and that he was entertained. But, as she tells the story, she wasn’t in rehab so she helped herself to a few glasses of wine with dinner. Apparently his mother and father had a really good collection.

So he went back to rehab on Monday and on Tuesday she got a frantic call from him. He told her that he hated her, that she was the root of all of his problems. He told her that she was codependent and that she had made him an addict and that she needed to stay out of his life. He never wanted to see her again, he said. She was stunned—she thought they had put him on some mood-altering drug or something, and she kept challenging him. He hung up on her. She called him back and he said he was serious and that she should never call him again.

“Oh my God,” Liza said, raising her arm as if to clutch her pearls in horror. But she wasn’t wearing any pearls and her fingers aimlessly wandered the bottom of her throat, scratching for a place to display their dismay. “How cruel,” she added, her fingers giving up and retreating back to her side.

Devastated and a little in shock, Zoe took to her bed. She tried calling him back the next day and got no response and she didn’t know what to do. She called his mother but also got no response and she stayed in her bed for two days feeling miserable and hurt and terribly sorry for herself. Then, that Friday night, he called her again. This time he told her that he hadn’t meant

anything he'd said the other day. He told her that the doctors had made him think that and say that and that they were putting all sorts of ideas into his head. He told her again how much he loved her and that having her love and support was the only thing that could get him through his ordeal. All was immediately forgiven and Zoe assured him how much she loved him too. Once again, in Zoe's life, it was raining roses.

That weekend he told her not to come out, he told her that he needed to stay in and rest and that just knowing she was rooting for him was enough. She tried to call him several times that weekend and never got an answer. That Monday night, when she spoke to him again, he told her how his parents had gone away for the weekend, and not wanting to be alone, he had gone to Atlantic City with a few friends. She was furious. What the fuck was he doing going to Atlantic City without her? They were supposed to be a couple and he leaves her for the weekend to go away with friends? Who were these friends? Were there any other women?

"Notice," Lizzie liked to add, "that she wasn't upset about the fact that after his second weekend in rehab he went to a Mecca of gambling and booze and God knows what kinds of drugs; instead, she was upset that he had done it without her and behind her back. The poor thing was just so messed up."

So, as is probably no surprise, they go through the whole I-hate-you-and-you're-the-reason-I'm-fucked-up thing again. This time he told her that she should burn any of his shit that she had and that she should go away never to be heard from again. In fact, he told her to go and ruin someone else's life; she'd messed up his enough already. And again, she was devastated, and again, she took to her bed for several days, and again, he called and told her the whole thing was a mistake—more crazy ideas the doctors were putting into his head. Then the whole thing happened again, except this time she didn't get as upset since she was planning for the apology call and it came.

He got out of his rehab program after five weeks and he started to work for his dad's business. He didn't want to go back to school in the fall and his parents were cool with that. He and Zoe continued their relationship and soon he moved out of his parents' house and into a small apartment in the city. They were together all the time and Zoe often boasted proudly how strong he was, staying away from drugs. She wasn't an addict, she liked to remind people, and she continued to drink and drug at her pleasure, but she really was so proud of Danny for his restraint. And he was doing so well at his job.

"And that's basically the end of the story," Lizzie said. "It doesn't sound as chaotic and ridiculous as it was when we were living it, but trust me, it was."

“Shit,” Liza said.

“And now,” Lizzie said. “the best part is that now they’re getting married.”

“That’s what I can’t believe. I mean, she’s showing that ring around like she’s Liz Taylor and everyone knows he’s a total fuck-up.”

Still bitter, I said, “They fit perfectly together.”

Lizzie looked at me with a scolding eye and I said, “I know, I’m sorry, she’s a good soul.” Lizzie smiled and Liza was still marveling that Zoe was marrying Danny and I said, “What do you think he meant by ‘*special friend*’?”

“Boyfriend,” Lizzie said.

“What?” Liza asked, clueless that we were talking about Jack.

“That’s what I thought,” I said.

“You could never compete with the hair,” Lizzie said, trying to make me feel better with humor.

It didn’t work. Listening to Zoe’s story again coupled with my jumbled nerves after my run-in with Jack made me want to score some drugs of my own. I went to the bar to find Tommy and to get a drink.

Wham Bam Bram

My phone was beeping in my pocket and I looked at it and saw that I had a message from Bram that I still hadn't listened to. I dropped the phone back in my pocket, deciding to leave Bram back in New York City for the weekend, and approached the bar. But I couldn't stop thinking about Bram and thinking of Bram made me think about sex with Bram and then I got a little excited thinking about the last time we fucked around.

The Wednesday night before reunion weekend we met up for a drink. I had a business dinner and then we met at a bar in the East Village. It wasn't crowded or terribly noisy and I figured we would sit and talk for a while and then maybe go home and mess around. We each got a drink and then sat down on this weird banquette with a table in front of part of it and then apropos of nothing he looked at me and was like, "What's the biggest dildo you've taken up your ass?"

I thought about it for a second and told him that once I had played around with a foot-long fat one but that I didn't get it all the way up. For whatever reason I've never been all that big—no pun intended—into huge dildos, I told him. I prefer the real thing. And fortunately, I've been kind of lucky in that department. He told me that he gets off sometimes just fucking guys with dildos instead of actually fucking them with his cock. Usually, he said, he likes to open them up with a good dildo first and then use his own dick to finish them off, but sometimes it can be so hot watching the dude writhe around with a big dildo up his ass that he can get totally horny and just jerk off watching.

There was a guy sitting next to us on the banquette, with a table of his own in front of him, and he was momentarily alone because his friend went outside to smoke a cigarette. We weren't in an exclusively gay bar; it was one of those Village bars that are neither straight nor gay, it just is. So I had no clue of the orientation of the guy next to us but I pretty much knew he could hear us and I figured he was either totally horrified or completely turned on. I

got a little turned on by the whole minor voyeur aspect of talking like this in front of him. He wasn't really cute, or at least not a type that I'd be into, but that didn't matter. It was the inappropriateness of talking about something so intimate so brazenly in front of him that got me going. In that vein, I decided to kick it up a notch.

"I like to be finger fucked while making out with a guy. That totally turns me on," I said. Bram looked at me with quizzical eyebrows and I continued. "But you know that really nothing gets me as wild as having my ass eaten. And eaten well."

Bram smiled naughtily and told me that he was hungry.

I smiled back and said, "How hungry?"

"Ravenous."

"Drink up."

He held up his glass. "I'm done," he said.

I tipped my glass to my mouth and swallowed the last of my cocktail and Bram eyed me and said that he could hardly wait to get home and sink his mouth into my ass. He said he could taste me already and that he was almost salivating.

"Almost?" I said, feigning insult.

He told me that he wanted to drive me so wild that I couldn't breathe; he wanted to drive me so incredibly insane that I couldn't think straight. And then he said that when I had totally surrendered to him and the feelings in my ass had me on another planet that he was going to fuck the living shit out of me.

"Let's go," I said, standing up. As we walked past the guy next to us on our way to the exit he winked at me and smiled. So I suppose he wasn't horrified by our little show.

We went back to Bram's place because it was closer and we made out in the rickety elevator on the way upstairs. We were attacking each other feverishly and I was pressing my body into his and he was pawing me all over. We got out of the elevator and into his apartment and threw our stuff down on the floor. He loosened my tie and unbuttoned my shirt and I stepped out of my shoes and undid his belt. We were tangled in each other's limbs and clothes but soon we were naked. We stumbled into his living room and he pushed me down on the couch roughly. Standing over me, his hard cock swinging, he aimed it at my face and I stuck out my tongue. He let the head of his dick rest on my tongue for a minute and when I leaned forward to suck it

inside my mouth he pulled it away and then lightly slapped my face with it. A small stream of his pre-cum formed across my cheek.

Then Bram stepped back and squatted on his haunches. He grabbed my ankles and spread my legs and pushed my knees to my chest. I grabbed both of my legs under the knees, pulling my ass open for him, and then felt his breath on my hole. He was rubbing his stubbled cheek along my inner thigh and I was getting goose bumps. I was all excited and my cock was throbbing hard and he was prying my ass open delicately with his fingers. Then he spit hard at my hole and pushed his glob of saliva inside me with his tongue. I exhaled hard and felt his tongue crawl up my asshole. Fucking phenomenal.

He licked and sucked on my hole, piercing it with his tongue and sloppily drooling saliva all over my crotch. I had been watching intently as his head bobbed between my legs, his tongue dancing in the crack of my ass, and my cock flexed in excitement. Then, just when I was settling into the feelings, he quickly switched tactics and he started to bathe my nuts with his tongue and my head fell back against the sofa in ecstasy. He took a finger and plunged it into my ass, fucking me lightly and shallow, stretching my ass ring. Still sucking on my balls, he had one nut in his mouth and then the other, he was salivating all over my nutsack and it was dripping down between my legs to that nether region between my ass and my balls.

He put his hands underneath my knees, over mine, and pushed them upward. My ass slid farther forward, hanging over the floor and he leaned in and started to lick my crack and slobber all over my hole again. I felt his tongue probe all the right areas and then it started to fuck my loosened sphincter. My cock was hard and leaking and I used a free hand to stroke it and jerk it and I was on the verge of feeling just a little too good. Fuck, his mouth was so good.

He gently let my legs down to the floor and he came up between my legs and took my cock in his mouth. He sucked on it for a few minutes, swallowing the whole thing and then tightly gliding his lips back up the shaft until just the head was inside and then he looked up at me, smiling wickedly, around my cock with saliva and ass juice all over his face. He let my cock go and it waved in the cold air and he stood up between my legs, stoking his own cock. I told him that I wanted to fuck him and to my surprise he said okay. He went to his bedroom and got a condom and some lube.

When he returned he bent over the coffee table, his ass facing me, and he reached back and handed me the lube and told me to go easy. I gently lubed up his hole and pried my fingers into his tight opening. At the same time I stroked his cock and tickled his balls and I listened for his breathing to calm down. Then I sheathed up and pointed my cock at his hole and started to press

against his opening. He winced before I was in and squeezed his ass tight and I rubbed his back and soothingly told him to relax, to open up. And as soon as he did I jammed my cock past his sphincter and into his ass. He arched his back in immediate response and I could feel his ass fighting to keep me out and I kept repeating for him to breathe and to relax and after a few seconds he did. And a minute or two after that his body became less rigid and he lowered his torso a bit and I was able to slide my cock farther into his tighter than tight hole.

I was standing behind him, my knees slightly bent, and I was fucking him slowly with long strokes and gently increasing the speed. When I had gotten myself in all the way I left it there for a minute, buried deep, letting him get used to the invasion and then I pulled halfway out and pushed in again. It was so hard to hold back. I could feel the tension in his body and I knew his ass was causing him all of these conflicting feelings. I knew the impulses his ass was sending though to his brain were astonishing and that those same impulses were dueling with those of burning and pain for center stage in the pleasure center of his mind.

I couldn't hold back anymore. Like they say, the best way to remove a Band-Aid is to just tear it the fuck off. So, unceremoniously, I just tore into his ass and he hollered and I slammed my cock in hard and deep and then repeated that really fast over and over again. I didn't give him a chance to object—his knees went limp and I had to hold his ass up and I just fucked him hard and swiftly and long and deeply. He let his shoulders go slack and his head was on its side on the coffee table. His mouth was hanging open and his eyes were rolled halfway up into his head and I was fucking his ass like he was a sexy, buff rag doll.

I reached underneath and grabbed his cock, which was mostly soft, and I started to stroke it in time with my thrusts. I quickly earned a response. I pulled him off the table and laid him on the couch on his side. One leg was on the floor and the other was lying on the couch and I battered my way back into his ass. His head was on its side, slightly over the edge, and he was doing that intense combo of moaning and panting that totally turns me on when I'm fucking a guy.

He wasn't so limp anymore and he started to take control of his body and to really get into the fuck. Bram pushed back with his ass and he raised his hips a little, accommodating me even deeper than before. I laid my body out, almost on top of his, and started to jackhammer my hips over his ass, fucking him as hard and fast as I could and he moaned and panted and fucked me back with his tight little ass.

My cock was so close to exploding and I couldn't even think about

holding back. I kept fucking him, literally unable to hold back or slow down or anything, and I pumped his ass faster and faster until I had to let it out. Abandoning all hope of holding back, I came hard in his ass. I reached up and pinched one of my own nipples, sending the equivalent of sexual electric current down to my cock, and my orgasm was even more intense and lasted for what felt like forever and a day. Deep inside his ass I kept pumping out my load and when I was finally through I just left my cock there, barely able to move.

After a minute, covered in sweat, I pulled my dick out of his ass. He turned over, lying there spent, his eyes a little glassy and he said, "That's why I love being a top."

I looked at him for a minute, perplexed, and he said, "Because every once in while, when I do get fucked, it's so exfucking-cruciatingly amazing."

I sat back, my chest still heaving, and he told me we weren't finished. He told me to get on the floor and he rolled a condom onto his own hardening cock. He lubed up and pointed his cock at my ass: it was time for round two.

With a swift motion he pumped his cock inside of me and it felt great. My ass had been so well worked over by his expert mouth and fingers that the addition of his cock, something I didn't really think was going to happen that night, made me feel even better. I adjusted pretty quickly with minimal discomfort and quickly he was fucking me at full speed.

Bram grabbed hold of my shoulders and roughly massaged them while he pounded his cock into my ass. He used the leverage my shoulders gave him to pull my ass back toward his cock at the same time that he slammed his hips forward, burying himself inside me. My ass was searing and my cock was starting to get hard again and he was slamming into me from behind over and over again. I braced myself on one hand, which was tough every time he banged my ass, and with the other I started to stroke my cock. He kept fucking me and I kept pumping. And I got to the point of wanting to cum really quickly.

I got that feeling where my cock wanted to cum and I wanted to hold off and in order to do that I needed to squeeze my sphincter shut but I couldn't with his log sliding up there and so my cock was like totally confused and I kept beating it faster and faster. My asshole was taking a pounding and was nowhere near empty and I told him to bury his cock deep and to keep it there. He kept his cock buried up my ass and I tried to clench down and to hold back my orgasm and it was impossible and my dick just erupted into my hands, spilling my cum all over the floor.

My ass ring was spasming around his cock and he started to thrust again,

which made me even crazier and which brought him to the tipping point. He grunted hard and slammed in the hardest that he had and he dumped his load deep inside of me.

We were both sweaty panting messes afterward and we lay crumpled on the floor of his apartment, both of our asses worn out and our cocks spent. It was a really fucking good Wednesday night.

But despite that memory and the boner that it induced in my pants while I was waiting for a drink at the bar behind a group of people who looked vaguely familiar, I still didn't listen to the message he had left. Great sex and all, he was going to have to wait until I got back to New York.

Fun With Fractions

We were out of weed and Lizzie wanted us to get more. Tommy was itching for something a little stronger, with a slightly different effect, and I was game for both.

“A bag of weed and a gram,” Tommy said. “Or should we get an eightball?”

“I’m not going to do any coke,” Lizzie said. “But get a big bag of weed.”

“Suit yourself,” I said to Lizzie; to Tommy I said, “Get the eightball.”

Looking around the cocktail party Lizzie said, “Think we’ll be able to find anything here? Or are we going to have to venture out?”

“Absolutely, it’s here.” Tommy said confidently.

“Really,” she said. “You think?”

“Please,” I said. “We’re back at school: it’s like trying to find a Catholic at the Vatican.”

Not even ten minutes later I was able to score an eightball for us from the old campus drug dealer I’d hung with the night before. Old habits die hard I guess, and he still dealt. Being as fucked up as he was, he didn’t remember seeing me last night and so when I first approached him and said hello he acted like he hadn’t seen me in years.

He said, “Dude, sorry to hear about your weed problem with the cops and all. That was like so messed up.”

“What weed problem are you talking about? You said this to me last night too.”

“I did? Did I see you last night?”

“Yeah.”

“Oh yeah, dude, right, wait: it was the other Alex, right?” He hit his head like he was jarring loose the cobwebs left by years of drug use.

“Must have been,” I said, “but I still don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about.”

“It was a messed-up story, man. But I don’t like to spread gossip.” Quickly changing topics, rather adeptly for some who was so constantly messed up I thought, he said, “But whatever you need, I can hook you up.”

Putting this weird weed story thing out of my head I asked for an eightball and followed him out to his car to get it.

We did the deal and then I told him I’d catch him later and went to find my friends and show them the fruits of my forage.

Lizzie was standing with Tommy and as they saw me approach he had a big smile on his face. I knew he had scored too and it was like we were playing *The Amazing Race* and he’d finished first.

“I assume you succeeded,” I asked.

“Yup,” he said, not gloating. “But I fucking hate when people that I don’t want to like, who are like totally annoying, are so helpful.”

“What are you talking about?”

“JoEllen,” Lizzie said. “She’s the one who pointed him to a weed source.”

“Yeah, it sucks,” I said, totally seriously, “when usually shitty people are all helpful and then you feel guilty for hating them.”

Lizzie rolled her eyes, signaling that she had made her way past that one of life’s little dilemmas years ago.

“I don’t feel that guilty.”

“Good. She’s not worth it.” Moving on to more important topics, I said, “I got an eightball off of Dylan. How much weed did you get?”

“Two eighths.”

“You mean a quarter?”

Tommy hesitated for a minute. “Well yeah, but two eighth bags; the chick didn’t have any quarter bags.”

“Fun with fractions,” Lizzie said. “Just like being back in school.”

“Dylan mentioned that fucked-up weed story thing again,” I said. “We’ve got to find out what the fuck that’s about.”

I hadn't noticed but Liza walked up behind us again and she overheard my last comment and she said, "Yeah, I was going to ask you about that. I heard you got arrested? Something about being a pedophile?"

I was in shock but didn't have much of a chance to respond when Lizzie said, "Shit." I looked over at her and she continued, "John and Jack and the special friend are here."

"That kid is like all hair," Tommy said with a sneer.

The night was taking a nosedive: John Doyle, Jack, the boyfriend, and now I was a pedophile. I grabbed her bag and fished out a cigarette. It was going to be a long fucking night, I could feel it.

The Story

I finally heard the weed story. Talk about anticlimactic.

So we left that cocktail party to go to a more exclusive one that a few alumni were having at an old restaurant downtown. The good thing about it was that the two people I least wanted to see, John and Jack, were not there; not invited most likely. The bad thing about it was that there weren't many people there who I actually did want to see.

When we first got there we parked in the back of the parking lot and rolled a quick joint. We smoked it in Lizzie's car while she busied herself fixing her makeup. But now that we were inside I regretted smoking the joint. The crowd was so almost geriatric-mellow that I didn't need anything to mellow me out. On the contrary, I should have done a line of the coke that was burning a hole in my pocket. That would have kicked things up a notch.

Thad Newland was there in all his beauty and he sauntered over to Lizzie and me and gave her a kiss hello. He shook my hand and said, "Nice to see you, Adam."

"Alex," I said, furious.

He had already looked away from me, toward Lizzie, when I said that, and he briefly glanced back at me and smiled.

I rolled my eyes, found Tommy in the crowd, and walked toward him. Tommy was talking to two guys, Ross and Todd. I hadn't seen Todd yet and he gave me a big hug hello and we did the standard dance: What've you been up to? Where do you live? Single? Married? Happy? Yada yada yada. Then Tommy excused himself to go to the bathroom and I was left standing with the two guys. For lack of anything more interesting to talk about, remembering that Ross had been on the hockey team, I asked them if they had heard some story about weed and a guy named Alex.

"Alex Compton?" Ross said.

“I guess so,” I said. “All weekend people have been asking me if it was me but I don’t even know what they’re talking about.”

“Oh, it wasn’t you, man. It was Alex Compton. The guy was on the hockey team with me.

“I know. So what was the story?”

Like so many people in the possession of knowledge sought by another, Ross adjusted his posture and took a deep breath, preparing himself to grant me the goods. “Alex was living in Tampa, in Ybor City. You ever been there?”

“No.”

“Me neither, but I hear it’s a pretty cool place if you have to live in Tampa. It’s like the funky area with the cool bars and stores.”

“Anyway,” I said.

“Yeah, so I guess he got to be a real stoner after he finished school. He would go home every night after work and sit at his desk and smoke weed while surfing the Web.”

“His desk was in some sort of bay window, I believe,” Todd said, that being his entire contribution to the story.

“So not a big deal that he’d get high, right? I mean, we all used to do it in college. I mean, not every day—”

“Speak for yourself,” I said with a grin.

They both smiled back at me with a you-bad-boy kind of look.

“Evidently,” Ross continued, “some lady who lived in a building diagonally across the street from him had her desk in the window too and she used to see him light up his joints. I guess she was all law abiding and so she called the cops on him. But they didn’t do anything so she called them again. I guess an officer went over to Alex’s place and asked to him about it and asked him if was true. Alex denied it and the cop asked him if he needed help, like drug counseling and such, and Alex said no, it wasn’t true. So the officer left.”

I had finished my drink and was underwhelmed with the story so far. I caught a passing waitress and asked her for a Stoli-O and tonic. Ross asked for another drink too before he continued with the story.

“I guess the lady was fixated on him and she watched him still light up every night and she called the police again. Except this time she said that her kid was at the computer in her house and that he saw Alex doing drugs. So

then another policeman, different from the first one, went to Alex's apartment and he said he smelled pot when he got there. So he went inside even though Alex told him not to and he searched Alex's desk and found a fat bag of weed and a shit ton of roaches."

Todd interjected again here—evidently he'd become a lawyer after graduating. "If the cop smelled marijuana, then he had probable cause to enter the premises, regardless of whether or not Alex protested."

"Gee, thanks, I watch *Law & Order* too," I wanted to say, but I didn't, I held my tongue. I liked Ross fine but Todd was turning out to be kind of a tool.

"Yeah," Ross said. "Well the cop arrested him and he had enough pot for it to be considered that he might be dealing, and so he went to jail."

"Wow," I said. "That does blow. Poor guy."

About twenty minutes later, once Todd began to speak at length about his golf handicap and his short game, I scanned the crowd looking for anyone to talk to, like a ship seeking safe harbor in what was about to become a really long and boring storm. I didn't see Tommy anywhere and when I spotted Lizzie, and who she was talking to, I didn't relish the thought of approaching her. But as the storm known as Todd got to be a category four, and the blathering took on gale force, I slipped away and went over to Lizzie. She was no longer talking to Thad Newland. Instead, she was talking to Jack. Yes, that Jack. I guess he'd been invited after all. I didn't see the *special friend* anywhere in sight, nor did I see Tommy, and so I walked over to them.

Jack greeted me with a warm smile and Lizzie asked what I had been talking about with Todd and Ross for so long. Glad for an opportunity to talk about something and to avoid the super tension inside me when around Jack, I told her, and Jack, the story they had told me. Lizzie didn't buy it; she said it was an urban myth. "Much too predictable," she said.

I hadn't even considered that it may not be true and I thought about it for a minute. Jack said he hadn't heard anything about it and that he didn't remember Alex Compton. I asked her how it could be an urban myth if it was about someone we actually knew. Everyone knew there was something up with him, I reminded her. But she remained steadfast and said it was simply just not true. Our conversation progressed to other topics and Jack was telling us a story about his job and one of his coworkers who recently made the final cut for some new reality show. Then Tommy walked over to us.

"Where have you been?" I asked.

"Around," he said.

“Doing anyone—I mean anything—interesting?”

He smirked and said that in fact he had; he had heard the weed story involving Alex Compton.

“Too late,” Lizzie said. “Alex just told us the story. Those two jokers”—she pointed to Ross and Todd—“just told him. And it’s entirely not true. It’s like a bad episode of *CSI*.”

“I guess it is kind of unbelievable that someone would open the door to the cops while smoking a joint,” Tommy said.

“That’s not what I heard.”

“See?” Lizzie said, looking at me.

Kiss

The party got bigger and more crowded as the party under the tent ended. The three of us got separated and I ended up standing by the edge of the bar talking to Jack. He was being very warm and friendly toward me. Not that I should have expected otherwise, but it still caught me off guard. I still felt every bit as in love with him as I ever had and it killed me to sit here knowing that. But I knew that I had to be mature and to get past this. I knew we weren't meant for each other and that trying it a third time—presuming he was even interested—was a bad idea. I also knew that my friends would kill me if I did. But where the fuck were my friends? Leaving me here undefended...

My phone vibrated and I pulled it out of my pocket and saw that it was Bram. I clicked IGNORE and put it back in my pocket, clearly a little disturbed.

Jack said, "Another hapless suitor?"

"What makes you say that?"

"Because you're even more dashing and handsome than ever and I'm sure you need to beat them back with a stick."

I smiled at his compliment, blushed a little, and said that is was in fact someone I had been dating, someone who was getting a little too clingy.

"I can't say that I blame him a bit," Jack said.

Turning the screws, uncomfortable with all of his flattery, I said, "Speaking of *special friends*, where is Andrew this evening? His name is Andrew, correct?"

"Ah yes, Andrew. Andrew is back at the hotel napping before we go out tonight." Then Jack looked at me rather suggestively and said, "We had a tiring afternoon."

"No doubt," I said.

“Alex, I’ll completely understand if you say no, but would you have dinner with me tonight?”

“No,” I said without thinking about it for a second.

“I know I don’t deserve it. But I’m disappointed anyway. I really would have liked to catch up with you some more, away from the din of a loud party.”

“I’m here with Lizzie and Tommy for the weekend. I don’t know what we have planned for dinner but we’re together.”

“I understand,” he said.

Then he got up off of the stool and leaned toward me and kissed me lightly on the lips. I was totally disarmed and it was completely unexpected. I had imagined this type of scene in my head and in each of those occurrences I had done something incredibly brave and witty, and a little brash, that had left me coming out quite on top. But in real life I closed my eyes for a second and kissed him back. Then he said that he was going to go see about finding some dinner and that he hoped he would see me later.

“What the fuck is the matter with you?” It was Lizzie and she was behind me watching Jack walk away. “Don’t think I didn’t just see you kiss him. Are you fucking insane?”

“He kissed me,” was all I could say in response.

“Semantics,” she said.

“It was nice.”

“Oh shit,” Lizzie said.

Smile

I needed to get out of my funk. I didn't like myself when I got cranky and nasty and I really had no good reason to be. If anything I should be riding high. Jack had basically just propositioned me and I had said no: a fantasy I'd been reliving in my mind, in varying degrees of extravagance, for a few years now. I had always hoped for the opportunity to turn him down and for the strength to do it if the occasion presented itself. And I had succeeded. But then why did I feel even worse than before? I guess if I knew the answer to that I wouldn't need to drop the equivalent of new pair of jeans a week on a shrink.

Anyway, I was on my way to feeling better. Dave had managed to get someone to cover the first part of his shift at the bar for him so that he could come to dinner with Lizzie and Tommy and me. When Lizzie rounded us up and told us Dave was going to meet up with us, my spirits instantly lifted. And not because I thought I was going to get lucky with him. I knew that wouldn't be the case, but I had really missed him and was so glad to spend some time with him again.

Dave walked into the restaurant wearing jeans, a white button-down shirt, well-mussed hair, and a shit-eating grin on his face. He came up to me and gave me a big hug and I asked him what was going on. He told me that he and I needed to take a little walk while Lizzie and Tommy got the table. Lizzie looked on smiling as we left and I knew that something was up. It's not so easy to convince Lizzie to miss anything; especially if the alternative is to sit and wait for a table at a restaurant. But she did and Dave and I went outside and walked around the side of the building to the parking lot where his truck was parked. He drove a beat-up, rusted, gray pick-up truck, which, for predictable reasons, was so incredibly sexy.

He opened the passenger side door and pulled a joint out of the glove box. He looked at me with a glint in his eye and a smile and he sparked it up. With a big brotherly manner he told me that Lizzie had told him about Jack being

in town and that he was going to cheer me up. He told me the guy was a fucking asshole and a complete loser for ever dumping me to begin with and that I had to know I was way better than that. He told me how cool I was and how he had always loved me and that he knew I'd meet a great guy and that I just had to stop letting Jackass get me down. Clearly Lizzie and he had talked a little more in-depth about Jack and me; certainly more than a quick call to see if he could have dinner with us. I thanked him and told him that I was fine and he smiled and said, "You will be when I'm through with you," and he took a deep drag on the joint and passed it to me.

I put the joint to my lips and sucked in the intoxicating smoke and I thought about how lucky I was to have so many good friends. It wasn't hard to remember why I loved Dave so much: not only was he an adorable, sexy guy that I had a crush on, but he was a sweet and fantastic friend who would do anything for those he loved. Someday, I hoped that someone would think of me that same way. Just like getting in his pants, it's something to aspire to.

I exhaled and passed the joint back to him. "What are you going to do?" I asked him, hoping he was going to throw me down in the bed of his truck and shove his cock in my face.

"I'm going to get you good and fucked the fuck up," he said proudly. We each took another toke and then we put the joint out. He rubbed his hands together quickly, as if generating heat, but really just to underscore his excitement, and said, "Let's go inside and get some vittles and a whole lot of booze. I'm gonna put a smile on your face one way or another."

I smiled and said sure and thought: if he only knew.

Coach D

One nice thing about going to school in a small town was that there weren't a ton of restaurants so every once in a while—or sometimes more often than that—you'd be treated to a little drama with your dinner. I can't count the number of times we would be out to eat and there would be a guy at one table with this girlfriend while at the next table was a girl he'd cheated on his girlfriend with the night before; or, even better, where there would be a different guy and his girl at one table, and at one close by would be the dude he let blow him in the bathroom at a party the night before. College was fun.

So I was back inside the restaurant, freshly stoned thanks to Dave and our little parking lot excursion, and I saw Liza sitting at a table not far from ours with two of her friends: Rebecca and Jessica. Sitting farther back in the long, narrow restaurant, near the kitchen, was Coach Donnelly with his clearly not-first-place trophy wife. I remembered his wife from back in college. She was one of those women who would tote around her messy-looking kids in high heels with her big boobs, non-existent waist, and harshly dyed hair. The years haven't been good to her. But Coach, on the other hand, had aged well; like some good wine or cheese or something he was looking tasty.

There was many a boring class in which I would fantasize about Coach Donnelly and his hard, naked body. I'd think about his arms being wrapped around me from behind, his hard dick pressing against my ass, while he helped me perfect my tennis swing. There were nights that I would lie in bed and fantasize about Coach coming into the showers after a practice. It would be late and the other guys would have gone but I'd still be there. I'd be soaping up under the spray, shampoo in my hair and my eyes half closed and Coach would saunter in and stand under a spray not too far away. At first his back would be to me and through the shampoo dripping into my face I'd see the muscled indentations in his ass and I'd watch his arms turn on the water. Instinctively I'd lather my body, keeping my hands away from my cock.

I'd rinse the shampoo out of my hair and then I'd open my eyes and see

that Coach had turned toward me, his thick cock hanging innocently between his legs, at the bottom of the rigid V formed by the intersection of his upper thighs and his stomach. His biceps would be squeezed into baseballs and trapped at the crook of his elbow while he massaged the shampoo into his own hair. His eyes would be closed and I'd get to visually rape his body. The image of his chest spread wide, his pecs straining as he massaged his scalp, would force my hand to my cock. I'd be hard as a rock and only then would I realize how much my cock hurt. The minute I'd wrap my soapy hand around my shaft I'd feel a shudder go through my body. I'd close my eyes and give into the sensation, the image of his naked muscular body soaping up burned into my mind.

But this was a fantasy, remember, one of many, and sometimes before I got much further I'd have shot my load all over my hands and stomach. I'd look down at the mess I made on the bed and I'd lie there and breathe deeply, letting my cock go soft and knowing that I could fantasize about him again. Planning that the next time I would start the fantasy a little further along, like with his cock in my mouth. And then I got some first-hand information. Not my hand, mind you, but some pretty boner-inducing details nonetheless.

One of the side benefits of being a gay guy is that the girls will talk to you about shit they would never tell to straight guys. And that when girls are having just girl talk they don't seem to mind if a gay guy is there; somehow that doesn't break the girls-only rules. So one night over a few beers, still early in the evening, I was sitting with Lizzie and Rebecca and Zoe and Liza. It was a Sunday night and the Saturday night before Liza had slept with Coach Donnelly. He coached the girls' tennis team too and Liza was one of his star players. They were both completely messed up, Liza told us, and he was being really flirtatious, and she always thought he was so sexy. So she led him back to her room, both of them knowing full well what was about to happen.

Liza told us about them both stumbling out of their clothes and how his cock was hard and aiming at her even before they were both naked. She was flattered, she said, by how excited he got, even though he was so drunk, and she immediately sank to her knees and started to suck him off. He grabbed her head and started to pump his cock into her mouth and she didn't like that very much; she felt like he was using her instead of just enjoying the pleasure. I rolled my eyes, thinking that was why straight guys always complained about getting shitty head from chicks: the girls just didn't get it. It was only then that Liza put two and two together and remembered that I was on the tennis team too. She made me swear not to repeat a word of this and I promised, swearing on my mother's life, the future success of Pearl Jam—the campus

rage of the moment—and on any chance I would ever have of getting laid the rest of my life. These were stiff penalties: my friends didn't mess around. But I had no intention of telling anyone, I just wanted more details to fuel my late-night fantasies.

Coach was sprawled on Liza's bed, the covers and pillows strewn to the floor, and she climbed on top of him and sat hard on his cock. She said she'd thought about condoms for a second but he didn't have any and promised not to cum inside her and she didn't care all that much. The ignorant freedom, I lamented, with which my straight friends approached their sex lives, concerned only about unwanted pregnancies that could be dealt with for a few hundred dollars and a few moments of unpleasantness. But there she was, riding Coach's hard cock and looking down at his toned, muscular beauty through her drunk, half closed eyes. The lucky bitch.

She wasn't that much more forthcoming with details. She said that he had a nice ass that she groped a little but it's not like straight girls really could appreciate such an asset. She said his shoulders drove her wild and that at one point he sat up and she straddled his lap, fucking him while clinging to his muscular, hulking shoulders for support. But really she didn't remember all that much more. That was one of the problems with the great sex lives we all enjoyed in college: they were so often tied to such great amounts of booze that we really just didn't remember enough of the details.

So back to the restaurant at reunion. I was sitting there twirling my pasta around my fork and remembering how after that night my fantasies of Coach often centered on him sitting on the shower floor, the room fogged with steam. I would be straddling his lap, his cock sliding in and out of my tight, slippery ass, and I'd be riding him like a fucking bronco, holding on to his muscular shoulders for dear life. His legs would be bent and he'd be bucking his ass off the floor, jamming his cock into my ass. We'd fuck like this, with wild abandon, with the showers pumping out hot water and the room filling with steam. We'd be sweaty and wet and his taut, often-tan skin would glisten and I'd slam my ass down on his cock. Then I'd start stroking my own cock as it was banging against his tight abs and in my fantasy my cum would shoot out and hit his chin and then splatter all over his chest. In real life my cum would be all over me and my bed and I'd have a smile passed across my sated face.

I looked up at Liza and caught her eye and smiled and she gave me a cute wave, like one you'd give to a child, totally inappropriate for the content of my perverted mind. I picked up my wine and waved back and then looked over at Coach and his hard-worn wife. Reunions aren't really all bad.

Weakling

Later that night, after dinner, we went to a big party at another outdoor bar. This one had a large patio that was slightly underground and in college people used to walk by on the street and throw shit over the walls. This practice hadn't changed and there were two rather immature guys who I didn't know laughing hysterically at a girl whose hair was matted and wet. She was about to cry because someone had lobbed a plastic cup filled with some sort of liquid over the wall and it had hit her square on the head. Andrew, Jack's *special friend*, was laughing along with the guys who obviously had something to do with the attack and Jack and I were looking on but really feeling more for the girl than getting any enjoyment out of the situation.

I looked at Jack as Andrew was cackling and he looked at me and raised his eyebrows in a what-can-you-do look. I arched one eyebrow back, letting him know that I understood what it was like dealing with young, immature, but terribly cute boys. Jack was sitting on a barstool and Andrew and I were both standing before him and I was marveling at how handsome I still found Jack and at how intimate communicating only with our eyebrows could be. I was hopeless.

We had been at this party for a while and at some point I lost both Lizzie and Tommy. The last I saw Tommy he was making another run at Geoff, trying to convert that not-so-straight boy once again. I had no clue where Lizzie was. But John Doyle was across the patio, talking to Zoe and Liza and the lamer of the two guys who told me the story about Alex Compton, Todd, so I knew she wasn't off with him. My phone vibrated in my pocket and when I pulled it out I saw that it was once again Bram. Could that guy not take a hint? Jesus. I half felt like changing my voicemail to be like: "Hey, leave a message and I'll call you back. Unless you're a clingy fuck buddy who all of a sudden thinks we're married or something." But I figured he still might not get it.

Jack noticed my agitation as I looked at my phone and rejected the call

and once again he commented, “Breaking hearts?”

“Trying not to,” I said.

“Where did you end up having dinner?”

“Cloud Ten,” I said. “It was good; loads of college people there. Coach D was there too with his wife.”

“Wow,” Jack said. “I forgot about him. How’s he look?”

“Hot as always.”

Andrew excused himself to find the “little boys’ room” and I thought his choice of words appropriate. “What’s he, eleven?” I asked Jack.

Watching Andrew walk away he smiled and then looked at me and said, “Twenty-two.”

“And you’re forty-what?”

“Fuck you!” he said, smiling. “I’m thirtysomething.”

“Wasn’t that the name of some ancient TV show?”

“It’s not that ancient, but yes.”

Jack had been drinking scotch and since I’d been hanging with him he’d had three. He told me that he and Andrew had shared two bottles of wine at dinner and so I knew he wasn’t anywhere near sober. Neither was I. After dinner Dave had gone to work and Tommy and I decided to do a few lines before hitting the party. Lizzie agreed to do some coke with us, like she was doing us a favor, even though we didn’t ask her to. But we had been here a while now and the coke was wearing off and I wanted to do a little more. I asked Jack if he wanted to blow a line and surprisingly, he said sure. I suggested that we go outside and he told me to lead the way and I did.

Once outside, in an alley next to the bar, I offered him the coke. He did a little and then I did some and wiped under my nose. I looked at him and said, “I just realized we left Andrew inside with no clue where we were.”

We were standing close together and he grabbed my chin and planted a deep kiss on my lips, pushing his tongue into my mouth. I kissed him back and then after a minute broke away.

“I’ve missed you so much,” he said. Then he wrapped his hands around my waist and pulled me closer to him. “Andrew can wait,” he said, and he leaned in and kissed me again.

I kissed him back and got lost in the euphoria. My cock was hard and my head was spinning as the coke started to take hold and I realized I was back at

school, making out with the love of my life. Just as quickly as those thoughts invaded my head others followed and I broke away from him again. I looked at him, not backing out of his grip, his hands still around my waist, and said, “Then you shouldn’t have left me, you asshole.”

I pulled myself farther back, breaking his hold on my waist, and stood a little apart from him. I wiped the saliva from our messy kiss off my face with the back of my hand and just looked at him in what I hoped was a defiant manner. He smiled at me and said that he never stopped loving me, he just didn’t know what was right or what he wanted and he was afraid I was falling too much in love with him. He needed to end it to protect me, he said.

You’d think since I’m the one writing this book I could make myself appear a little brighter, a bit more brilliant than I really was. But in the moment, my mind overheated with love and drugs and lust and booze all I said was, “Whatever.”

He moved toward me again and said. “You look amazing,” and he grabbed onto my arms and pulled me against his chest. “And I miss you.”

“I miss you too,” I said.

I’m such a fucking weakling.

Lost And Found

Andrew found Jack and me outside and was pissed off. We weren't making out or anything, we were just talking and I was smoking a cigarette. Jack hated smoking and that was one of the reasons why I lit up. I think I wanted to be unattractive to him in some way, to make him stop liking me so much, so that it would be easier for us both to just walk away. But he didn't go anywhere. However, when Andrew found us and demanded to know what the fuck was going on, Jack did run to his side, apologize, and explained that he and I had some things we needed to talk through. Then my phone rang.

I took my phone out of my pocket—where I felt a slight dampness from my leaky cock when Jack and I were making out—and looked at the screen: Bram again. I rejected the call and looked up to see Jack watching me and Andrew watching him. Jack totally knew who it was and I didn't know if I liked that or didn't care. But Andrew didn't like it; he couldn't get past how rude it was to leave him there and he didn't like that Jack was not groveling in apology. I didn't like that Bram wouldn't stop calling me but I wondered if maybe something was wrong. But I didn't dwell on Bram for long because then Andrew started in on this whole song and dance about how he didn't want to come to this stupid reunion anyway and how could Jack just leave him alone with all those people he didn't know.

Then, as if he thought this would make Jack jealous or angry, and maybe it did, I don't know, he told us how he got hit on by this guy outside the bathroom. He told us the guy was handsome and buff and that he had grabbed Andrew's crotch and rubbed his cock as his way of saying hello. Andrew said that he rebuffed the guy, telling him there were people waiting for him, and went back to try to find us. And lo and behold, where was his selfish boyfriend while he was staying so loyal? Out in the fucking alley with—

“And how do you guys know each other again?”

I looked at Jack and he looked at me and I raised an eyebrow again; this

time it said, he's your responsibility, not mine. Jack looked back and nodded and then looked at Andrew and said, "Alex and I used to be lovers." Andrew and I both looked at Jack at the same time.

"There you are!"

I looked at the street just outside the alley and I saw Tommy and Geoff and Whitney and this other girl I didn't remember. Leaving Andrew and Jack to patch things up—or whatever—I walked toward them.

"I've been looking for you and Lizzie all over the place."

"Well you found me," I said, totally confused about how I felt. So much had happened, yet at the same time, looking back at Jack and Andrew hugging and talking quietly, nothing really had.

I said hello to Geoff and the crew and Tommy asked me where Lizzie was. I told him that I had no clue and then he said that he and Geoff and the girls—the other girl was Holly, evidently, and she "so totally remembered art history" with me even though I had no idea who she was—had been over at this other bar and were now coming back to this one for a drink. Cool. We decided to go inside and I was rescued from having to deal with Jack. And the call from Bram was already forgotten.

On the walk back to the patio, Tommy sidled up to me and said, "Two things: what the fuck is going on with Jackass?"

I looked at him and said, "And what's the other thing?"

"Do you have any coke left?"

"A tiny bit and I don't know."

"Which is which?"

"Huh?"

"Do you have 'a tiny bit' of coke or is 'a tiny bit' your way of saying what's happening with Jackass?"

"I don't know" was about Jack, and, I have a little coke left."

"Cool," Tommy said. "Just be careful."

"Do you want the coke?"

"You want to do a line with me?"

"There's barely that much left."

Tommy wrapped his arm around my shoulder and said, "Cool. Let's go to the bathroom and share."

We walked inside the courtyard and Geoff and Whitney and Holly walked toward the bar. We told them we'd catch up with them in a minute and went inside the bar toward the bathrooms.

"You getting anywhere with Geoff?"

"Not much. The little woman just won't tire out and go to bed. But he's been throwing me mad signals all night. It'll happen."

We turned toward the bathrooms and the door to the women's room opened and Liza walked out. She stopped short when she saw us and then, like she was wearing a jet pack, she flew immediately to us and said, "Do you guys know where Lizzie is?"

We both shrugged.

Tommy said, "We lost her a while ago."

Liza looked at us bewildered and we both headed into the can.

In The Text

It was approaching midnight and I still had no clue where Lizzie was. Whitney was half passed out in a booth inside the bar where the party was and Tommy and Geoff were playing quarters while I was sitting there talking about old art history professors with Holly. I was zoning: debating just bailing on the rest of the evening and going back to the hotel. I thought about trying to find Steve and recapping last night's performance, but then I also thought about just going home solo, getting naked and jerking off.

"Penny for your thoughts," Holly said.

"It'll cost you a hell of a lot more than that."

She laughed and said how funny I was in a really flirtatious manner and then I got really scared. She knows I'm gay, right? I asked myself. She's not hanging here thinking that we're going to, like, make a connection and hook up and shit, is she? Fuck. I had to put a stop to that freight train heading for disaster right that minute. And I wasn't all that interested in much tact or decorum. The poor girl.

"Okay, you want to know what I'm thinking?"

"Yeah," she said eagerly, like I was going to tell her that I wanted to take her on a wicker basket picket in a prairie overrun with wildflowers on a breezy sun-drenched day.

"I'm debating whether I should just go home and jerk off or if I should try to find some guy to suck me off."

Her eyes opened totally wide: she was a little, okay a lot, taken aback. She didn't say anything but her cheeks flushed and I was pretty sure I'd embarrassed her. Our conversation had certainly veered into a territory she didn't expect. I mean, it's a long way from didn't-you-hate-how-Mr.-Cooper-used-to-always-go-on-forever-about-pagan-idoltry to I-need-to-get-blown-by-a-dude.

“Sorry,” I said, “but you asked.”

“I guess I did,” she said. Then like a cheerleader who has just been told she’s rooting for the wrong team but still wants to be in the game, she said, “So do you see any guys you like in here?”

I looked around and through the open door I could see Jack and Andrew and John Doyle and a few other people sitting under the overhang at a table shaded by a superfluous umbrella. “I’m not sure,” I said. Then my phone buzzed in my pocket; not the you’ve-got-a-call buzz, but the you’ve-got-a-text one. I pulled it out. There was a text from Bram and I opened it.

“Where the fuck are you?”

I texted back and said, “Reunion, remember?”

He texted back right away and said, “No shit. Did you get my messages?”

I texted back that I had seen that he’d called but that I hadn’t listened to them yet. Then before he replied, feeling a little guilty for ignoring his calls all day, I texted back that I’d been really busy but that I’d be back tomorrow.

He texted right back saying, “I’m fucking here.”

My adrenaline started pumping: this was not what I wanted to hear. I knew the answer but texted back anyway asking, “Where?”

“Your hotel,” he texted back. “In the bar.”

Fucking goddamned shit. He was here. What the fuck was he doing here?

Holly looked at me, obviously lost in my text world, and asked if I was okay. Not answering her I looked at Tommy and said, “You’re never going to fucking believe this.”

“What?” he asked, only half paying attention as he was trying to flip the quarter into the glass.

“Bram is here.”

Tommy didn’t answer and shot the quarter and it landed in the glass. He looked at Geoff triumphantly and then looked at me and said, “What, bro?”

“Bram! He’s fucking here.”

“Where?”

“At the fucking hotel.”

Tommy broke into a big grin. “No shit,” he said. “That’s crazy.”

Exasperated, I looked down at my drink and picked it up and took a

bigger than healthy gulp. Then I looked up to see that Jack had walked in and was standing by the table. “We’re heading out to Wonder Bar. Want to come?”

Brutal

Obviously I went back to the hotel. Tommy didn't come with me. But, never one to pass up an opportunity that could suit him so very well, he suggested that I walk Whitney back because she was about to pass out and he and Geoff still wanted to drink; although I was certain that drinking wasn't all that was on his mind. Holly said that she would come too and so the three of us headed to the hotel to meet up with the guy who wasn't my boyfriend who had suddenly shown up in town. And the guy who used to be my boyfriend, who was in town by surprise as well, went off to Wonder Bar with his absurdly young boyfriend and a guy who Lizzie and I both used to fuck. It was like Aaron Spelling created my fucking life.

Does everyone deal with this much drama or is this unique to me and my friends? Everyone must, right? Everyone's got to have their own kind of drama clogging up their lives. It's just that most people don't write about it, I guess. And speaking of drama: where the fuck was Lizzie? I'd called her phone and left a few messages and she was giving me the Bram treatment. But on the way to the hotel I texted her "911," which was like our code for call-me-right-this-motherfucking-second, and she did. She told me that she was at Wonder Bar—where Dave worked, by the way—with Thad Newland and a few other people. I told her what was going on and got the expected "oh-my-gods" and "I'll-be-right-there's" but I realized that I really didn't want her to come back to the hotel while I dealt with Bram. I needed to be a grown-up and to talk to him alone. I told her to stay put and that I'd call her later with an update. She was cool with that—and frankly seemed a little distracted—and by the time she and I were done talking my posse and I had reached the hotel. We went in and Holly took Whitney upstairs and I headed toward the bar.

I try to be a stand-up guy. Throughout this whole book—and in my blog too—I've tried to be pretty honest. I never claimed to be the Virgin Mary and I'm way far from perfect; but I try to live my life with some code of honor.

Yeah, sure I'll do drugs and be as nasty as the next person when someone in the most hideously mismatched purple and red, form-fitted—to a decidedly poor form—ensemble struts by, but when it comes to my friends and my relationships I always try to be aboveboard. I've got no problem admitting when I'm wrong—which is really often—and I think that most of my friends would agree that I'm a genuine, good guy. It was with all this in mind, this disclaimer of sorts, that I struggled with how I was going to approach Bram.

On one hand I wanted to walk in there and be like, “What the fuck, are you stalking me?” But on the other I wanted to be like so incredibly flattered that he drove all this way to see me. I mean, it's a really nice gesture, right? Isn't this the kind of romantic shit that some people live for? Who wouldn't do cartwheels to find that someone they were in a casual romantic relationship with drove hours out of their way to surprise them? I should be committed, right? But that's just it: committed. Not like in the insane asylum way, like how I meant it in that last sentence, but in the relationship sort of way. I didn't think that Bram and I had the kind of relationship that would merit an overture like this. And honestly, I didn't think that I wanted that kind of relationship with him.

It always amazed me how much you can think about in such a short period of time. All of this was rushing through my head after I entered the hotel lobby and walked around in circles for a few minutes avoiding the bar. Like you know how you're reading a book and the two characters are in the middle of a conversation and then one of them, in an effort to explain his feelings to the reader, takes like three pages before answering a question? Then he just answers the question as if there hasn't been this three-page pause in the conversation? I always think about that. I think about how quickly our mind processes things and how many crazy tangents all connect together and I marvel that it could take like pages and pages to just explain how you're feeling in that one instant. Well that's kind of where I am right now. I've been writing this up—about how I felt before I walked into the bar—for what feels like forever now and according to you, the reader, I'm still in the fucking lobby on my way to the bar. Weird.

So one of those tangents that interrupted my thoughts was my never-ending struggle with relationships: Was I totally damaged? Am I just not capable of having a serious relationship? Do I intentionally—whether it is subconscious or not—just fuck up every one that I get into so that I don't have to deal with them becoming too serious? I mean, it doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that the answer to that is sort of yes. I mean, I do. I rationalize, like we all do, that I haven't met the right guy and that it's not the right time and all that crap. But really, isn't it just about me protecting

myself? Isn't it that I remember the hurt too vividly and I don't want to put myself out there in front of that Mack truck of misery again? But that's so weak, I tell myself. You're such a pussy. And not in the vagina sense, but in the you're-a-fucking-whiny-wimp sense. It's fucked up how some words get co-opted.

So is that what it all boils down to? I'm just a coward who doesn't have the guts to open myself up and potentially get hurt? I make all these halfhearted stabs at relationships and then when I get too close I pull back fearing that it might go wrong. Is that such a novel thing? Are millions of people like that? Doesn't that just mean that I'm commitment shy? Like half the men you read about in *Cosmo* and all those other chick magazines? I mean, really, am I that ordinary and basic and should I really just get over myself? Am I going to be like this forever? Am I just never going to give it a shot again?

But then I saw Jack. And after seeing him just a few hours ago, after making out with him and listening to him tell me that he still loves me, and desperately wanting to go back to him but feeling like the trapped heroine in a Judith Krantz novel who just can't be with the man who is perfect for her because of all of these absurd circumstances, I know I did meet the one, the one worth going through all the pain for. Because as crazy as it sounds, two strikes already against him and all, I'd do it again in a heartbeat if he gave me the chance; and if my friends, especially Lizzie, wouldn't literally filet me alive. And Jack is out at Wonder Bar with his boyfriend and I'm here circling the hotel lobby avoiding Bram.

What about Bram? Am I supposed to come to, like, some major realization? You know, we're nearing the end of the book and that's probably what's supposed to happen so that everyone ends up Hollywood happy at the end, right? But if I'm going to come to that kind of an epiphany, if I'm going to realize that if I can let my guard down for Jack, then I can let it down for someone else too, someone more deserving, is that guy going to be Bram? If I'm going to venture into a relationship and experience all the feelings, the risks, the pains, and the joys, do I want it to be with Bram? I don't think so. So fuck the Hollywood ending because he just isn't the guy. And I'm not just giving myself another excuse: really. The closest I came to a hail-the-trumpets-are-blazing moment with a guy other than Jack was with King Kong and I should have probably taken the plunge with him. If he was the dude sitting in the bar that weekend at reunion, then maybe I would have talked myself into walking in there and getting down on one knee and asking him to marry me. But that's not what happened.

Instead, I walked in the bar and walked over to Bram, who was watching

me walk in without a smile on his face—with a scowl in fact. I walked up to him, my heart pounding but not with the excitement of love, with the dread of telling someone something they don't want to hear, and I put my arm around him in an awkward hug and kissed his cheek and said hello.

“Hi,” he said, rather glumly.

“Wow, so what are you doing here?”

“Being made an asshole of, I guess.”

“Huh?”

“Alex, I've left you messages all day. Don't tell me that you didn't listen to one of them.”

The truth was that I hadn't. But during my laps around the lobby, while I was procrastinating coming in here, I called in and listened to some of them. That afternoon when he called he left a message telling me that he was in the city and that he missed me and that he was going to drive up and surprise me for the night. Then, a bit later, he had left another message saying that since he told me he was coming it really wasn't much of a surprise but that he was excited to see me. He asked me to call him back and let him know where to meet up. Then when he didn't hear back from me he left another message saying that he didn't know where to go when he got to town and to please call him; before he hung up he added that he was psyched to hang out. There were a few other messages, his tone getting more worried about not reaching me and then getting agitated and then downright angry.

I told him the truth: “I really didn't listen to the messages.”

“Great, so I guess I'm a moron instead of an ass.”

“Bram, I'm sorry.”

“Yeah, me too.”

“I just got so wrapped up in Lizzie and Tommy and all my old friends and shit that I didn't listen to your messages.”

See, now this is where you are saying to yourself: But Alex, you just got through telling us how you were an honest upright kind of guy, forthright and all that crap, and you're not exactly telling him the truth. And you'd be correct. It's just that sometimes—and I'm sure you've been in similar situations—I bend the truth to spare someone's feelings. Sometimes this is a really smart, generous thing to do. You know, like you're never going to tell your old grandmother that she looks foolish in her dated, sun-bleached dress; you're going to tell her that she looks beautiful and that's what you should say. But other times, like now for example, it's probably better to just be

brutally honest. So bear with me, I'm getting there. But like an alcoholic at an open bar, it's not easy.

"Alex, I called you like ten times. I mean so little to you that couldn't even bother to listen to the damn messages? Just one of them even? What if I was dying or something?"

"Bram, honestly, I just wanted a weekend away and I didn't want to talk. We had spoken a few times on Friday and I thought that was enough. We're not boyfriends."

"Yeah, I got that loud and clear."

"But Bram, we're not. Do you understand why I'd be a little overwhelmed by the onslaught of phone calls?"

"Look, you can have your excuses. We're not boyfriends, fine. And of course there are no strings. There are never any strings attached with you, Alex. Every time is just for the moment."

"Well...sort of." But that was not what I wanted to say. But it was sort of true. But he made it sound so much worse. And well, it was what I said. Sometimes I am such a complete asshole.

"Do you have any feelings?" he asked me.

"Of course I have feelings," I said. My God, I thought, I've got guilt in spades before I even get to all of the other feelings. But I knew that wasn't what he meant.

"Well, I basically waited around for three hours to tell you that you're an asshole. Now I'm leaving."

Bram got up to leave and I protested. Part of me wanted to let him go. I never wanted him to come here in the first place, and leaving was what I really wanted him to do. He took the gamble, I thought, and sadly he lost. But that was too cold; that was mean and not the kind of person I wanted to be. I knew that I didn't want to deal with cleaning up this mess. But it was my mess and I had to grow up and act like an adult. I asked him to stay; at least for just a little while, I said. Bram agreed, although reluctantly, and I ordered us each a drink and suggested that we move over to a table by the window to talk more privately.

"Bram, look, you know that I didn't want a serious relationship or a boyfriend. You knew that about me from the beginning. Fuck, at the beginning I had a boyfriend and we all fucked around together for Christ's sake. One of the things that was so cool about us was that you got that, I thought. And I thought that was what you wanted too." Bram was looking

down at his shoes, holding his drink in his lap. He didn't answer me and I continued. "But then this weekend for some reason it all started to change. You kept calling me and I freaked out. I was afraid I had led you on—or that I was going to lead you on—and I wanted to keep it casual. I didn't want to keep answering the phone and lead you to think that our relationship was more than what it was."

"Thanks," he said, still looking down at his feet, "thanks so much."

"I didn't mean it like that. I didn't mean to sound like I was doing you a favor. Don't thank me."

He looked up at me and said, "Don't worry, the gratitude wasn't genuine."

"Look, I know you're mad and I can understand why, but can you see where I'm coming from? We didn't—or don't—have that type of relationship. We hung out, had dinner occasionally; we were fuck buddies or whatever. We didn't have the romantically-surprise-each-other-on-the-weekends kind of relationship."

"Thanks for the clarification. Is there anything else, because I need to get back to New York?"

"Bram, I feel terrible."

"Gee Alex, that's too bad," he said, not at all masking his sarcasm. "Really it is."

"Bram, I don't want to be an asshole but I want to be honest. I really am sorry if what you thought we had was different than what I thought. But wouldn't you rather know? Don't you want to be on the same page?"

"I know, Alex: we're just fuck buddies. I got it."

I just looked at him; I didn't know what else to say. I felt like such a complete asshole but I had to tell him the truth. I had no idea how this had gotten so out of hand. Shit.

"God forbid anyone like you too much, Alex; or get too close."

"Bram—"

"You're cold as ice, Alex. Someday when you're all alone, which you will be, trust me, maybe you'll think back on me and all the other guys who tried to get close to you that you pushed away. Maybe then you'll realize—"

"Bram—"

"I don't want to talk anymore." He had barely touched his drink. He put it down on the table and he got up to leave and I didn't know what else to say; I

didn't know if I should try to stop him and what else I could say if I did. Part of what he said was right but part was wrong. And I let him go.

I sat back and finished my drink as I watched him go. My phone had buzzed twice while we were talking, announcing text messages that I assumed were from Tommy and/or Lizzie. I pulled my phone out to read them and took a huge gulp of my drink. Both of the messages were from Jack.

Totally Played

Tommy told me this story the next morning but I thought this would be a good place to insert it because with all the other shit that happened the next morning it could've gotten lost. Tommy scored. Yes, that's right, ladies and gentleman, the shocker of all shokers—Tommy had sex with Geoff.

They continued to play quarters for another hour at least after I had left with Whitney and Holly. They were both hungry and didn't know what to do and Tommy told Geoff how he had this big bag of weed—*two eighths*—and that they could go back to his room and smoke up and raid the minibar. Geoff mildly protested and Tommy was quickly trying to figure out another angle. But then he paused for a second and actually listened to Geoff's argument: he didn't care about going to Tommy's room, he just didn't think he should get high. He hadn't smoked pot in ten years, he said, since he'd been in college. It used to make him all wild, he said.

"Should?" Tommy said. "What does *should* have to do with anything? You only live once. You've got to live for the moment, man. Let's go get wild and baked and pig out."

And that was all the argument it took. They went back to the hotel to Tommy's room.

Now Tommy's my friend, and all around a pretty good guy, but when he wants to be a schemer he can do it with aplomb. They had opened beers from the minibar and some pretzels and Gummi Bears and Tommy rolled a joint. He asked Geoff what he meant when he said pot made him wild, and slightly slurring, Geoff said that he didn't really know, that is just got him all worked up. Tommy told Geoff how pot always makes him incredibly horny. Then Tommy lit the joint, inhaled deeply, and passed it to Geoff, thinking, here's to worked up.

"Really?" Geoff asked while he sucked in on the joint. He seemed tentative after Tommy's proclamation.

“Yup,” Tommy said.

They were quiet for a few moments after that. They passed the joint back and forth and drank their beers and just chilled. Then Tommy broke the silence.

“You look pretty great still, Geoff.”

“You think?”

“Yeah. So many of the guys have gone to seed, gotten all fat and lazy, but you still look pretty tight. You work out a lot?”

“Not too much. But I run every day.”

“Cool,” Tommy said, letting the subject linger. “I don’t know how all those dudes can live with those spare tires around their waists.”

Geoff didn’t reply verbally; he just nodded in agreement and appeared lost in contemplation. Tommy turned on some music and they sat quietly for a few more minutes. Then, the joint finished, Geoff was leaning back on the couch with his arms spread over the back, and he said, “I’m not stupid, you know.”

“Okay,” Tommy said.

“I know why I’m here and so do you.”

Tommy was stunned by the proclamation but incredibly excited. He thought that he was going to have to work pretty hard to convince Geoff to give it up but it seemed like Geoff was already primed. It was like dreading going to work because you knew you had some major project due, Tommy said, and then getting there and finding out that someone else finished it for you and you still got all the credit. But—and this is so totally Tommy—he was all of a sudden disappointed too. Half of the fun was the challenge and the pursuit and if Geoff was all of a sudden all willing, well then that took half of the fun away. I told him he was pathetic and to hurry it the fuck up; I wanted to hear what happened.

So Geoff told Tommy that he knew that Tommy wanted to mess around and that was why he had brought him to his room. Tommy didn’t deny it and he asked him what he thought about that and Geoff said that he didn’t know. He said that he was flirting with the idea, that he was mildly aroused, but that he wasn’t convinced. Tommy, all of a sudden excited again at the thought of a challenge, asked him what he thought it would take to convince him. Geoff said he just really wasn’t sure, his marriage vows being sacred and all.

Listening to this story I asked Tommy how much was real and how much he was making up, because honestly, this story line was a little too perfect for

Tommy. I mean, please, his wedding vows? Give me a break. He was drunk and stoned in the room of a guy he used to mess around with. He had admitted to having a mad crush on his wife's cousin the night before and both nights he'd let his wife go home alone while he flirted with a gay guy. Somehow it all wasn't adding up for me. Tommy told me to stop being so suspicious. That while he couldn't guarantee that he was repeating the conversation word for word, the gist was right and that I just needed to get over myself and listen to the rest. It was hot, he promised me.

So Tommy took the conversation back to fitness and how good Geoff looked and Geoff told Tommy that he looked really worked out, really good. Tommy thanked him and Geoff asked him kind of hesitantly if he would take off his shirt and show him his torso. Probably stumbling over himself to get out of his clothes, Tommy pulled off his shirt and posed for Geoff. Geoff said he was impressed and he got off the couch and walked toward Tommy. Tommy said he was getting totally excited, figuring the dude was going to feel up his muscles. You couldn't have cut the tension with a machete as Geoff slowly advanced toward Tommy. But when Geoff got really close, and Tommy's heart was racing, and Tommy was thinking that he was going to score, or at least break through the first barrier, Geoff stepped to the side and reached for the minibar and opened the door. He pulled out another beer and asked Tommy if he wanted another. Instantly deflated, like a balloon pricked with a pin, Tommy said no.

Geoff moved back toward the couch but didn't sit down. He sipped at his beer and told Tommy that the pot was making him feel amazing. Then he took off his own shirt and walked closer to Tommy. He gripped Tommy's bicep and told him how he wished his were as defined and large. He probed Tommy's triceps and asked him how he got them to pop like that. Tommy told him about a few exercises that he did but tried to act humble. And let me tell you, Tommy successfully acting humble would be an Oscar-winning performance.

Tommy took the plunge and turned toward Geoff and touched his chest, rubbing his hand over his slightly hairy pec, and told him that his body was nothing to be ashamed of, that it was in fact incredibly sexy. Tommy said that Geoff still had the beer in one hand but the other was traveling up over Tommy's shoulder to the base of his neck and flirting with the spot where his swollen pecs met at the base of his throat and Tommy looked down and saw that Geoff's hard-on was tenting his khakis and that there was a telltale wet mark of excitement at exactly the right spot.

Tommy told Geoff that he saw how hard he was and that he wanted to help him out. Geoff didn't say anything and Tommy reached for Geoff's waist

and unbuckled his belt and then unbuttoned the top button of his pants. He said that he felt Geoff tense up when he did that and he just left his pants hanging open and didn't go any further. Geoff's hand was now frozen on Tommy's shoulder, gripping it tight. Geoff brought the beer to his mouth and took a big swallow and then really softly told Tommy that it was okay.

Tommy opened Geoff's pants and ran his hand over Geoff's leaking boner. Geoff was wearing boxers and as Tommy slid them against Geoff's cock, Geoff twinged with excitement and gripped Tommy's shoulder even harder. Geoff stepped back, away from Tommy, and pushed his pants and his underwear to the floor. He kicked off his shoes and stepped out of his pants and stood before Tommy totally naked and amazingly erect. He asked Tommy, disarmingly politely, if he would get undressed too and Tommy eagerly complied.

Tommy opened his jeans and heard a slight gasp when Geoff realized that Tommy wasn't wearing any underwear. Remembering how Geoff was so obsessed with that detail from the story about Whitney's cousin, he purposefully didn't wear any that night. Geoff came to Tommy and ran his hands all over Tommy's body. He had long since finished the beer and he roamed Tommy's muscles and his hips with both hands but he was careful to stay away from his ass and his cock.

Tommy pushed Geoff back, dropped to his knees, and grabbed his cock by the base. He sucked it into his mouth and Geoff immediately grabbed Tommy's head and guided it over his cock. Whatever timidity Geoff had displayed before was suddenly gone and he began to aggressively fuck Tommy's mouth, slamming his cock deep and gagging Tommy a few times. Tommy had to grab onto his thighs to keep himself steady and to exert some control over the force of the thrusts and Geoff just kept fucking his mouth. Tommy finally pulled off of Geoff's cock to catch his breath and he stroked it fast and tight with his wet hand. Geoff looked down at Tommy and suggested they hit the bed. Then he asked Tommy where the lube and condoms were.

This sudden change in behavior, from timid to brazen, excited Tommy. Tommy got the supplies while Geoff climbed into bed and when he returned Geoff was sitting up against the headboard stroking his cock. Geoff told Tommy to walk over to him and while he was standing at the side of the bed Geoff leaned over and took Tommy's cock into his mouth. He reached around Tommy and grabbed his asscheek hard and pushed Tommy's cock as deeply as he could into his throat. Tommy was amazed at the guy's deep-throat skill and he wondered just how faithful he'd been to his wedding vows. Tommy's cock soon felt amazing as Geoff vacuum-sucked it and swirled his tongue, hitting all the right spots: this was so totally not the blow job of a novice.

As Geoff continued to slurp on Tommy's cock, sending great sensations flowing through his body, he squeezed his ass hard too and worked his fingers into Tommy's sensitive crack. Tommy said he closed his eyes and tried to lose himself in the feelings but he couldn't help but keep wondering if gay sex, blow jobs in particular, were like riding a bike. You know how people say that once you learn you always know how, even if you haven't done it for years. Did that hold true for sex? Because according to Tommy, this guy could have won blow job contests.

Geoff came up off of Tommy's cock and gripped it tightly while he told Tommy to get up on the bed; that he was going to fuck his ass. Tommy hesitated for a minute; he hadn't planned on being the bottom that night. In fact, Tommy's whole seduce-the-married-guy fantasy usually required the married guy taking it up the ass. (His requirements being different and more stringent than mine). Geoff slapped Tommy on the ass and was like, "Don't tell me guys don't go wild to fuck that ass. I've been eyeing it all weekend and I told you that pot makes me wild."

Geoff took over. He choreographed what Tommy called, "a totally expert ass fucking." Tommy was on all fours and his ass was facing the end of the bed. Geoff was standing behind Tommy with the tube of lube and working it into Tommy's ass mercilessly with three fingers. Tommy told him to chill and to go slow and Geoff told him to stop being a pussy. "This was what you've wanted all weekend," Geoff said, "and now I'm giving it to you, so stop complaining." Geoff's sudden aggressive nature turned Tommy on in an entirely different way and he pushed his ass back and told Geoff to just fuck him already and to do it with everything he had.

Geoff fucked Tommy from behind. He pushed his penis into Tommy's ass with no hesitation and slammed it deep the moment Tommy's ass relaxed enough. Tommy said that Geoff was so surprisingly aggressive that Tommy got incredibly turned on. His cock was half hard and it was swinging underneath him and he wanted to jerk it but he needed both his hands to keep his balance. Geoff grabbed onto Tommy's small waist and pounded repeatedly, dripping sweat on Tommy's back and panting. Tommy was moaning in pain and pleasure and shock and then Geoff said that he loved fucking hard, gym-toned asses.

Tommy's no lightweight—and he's also his number one PR agent—and he said that he fucked back like a champion bottom. He opened up to give Geoff and unobstructed ride but he clamped down and tried to milk Geoff's cock every chance he got. Tommy fell onto the bed on his stomach and Geoff climbed on top of him and kept fucking him. Tommy said his cock got really hard between the battering his ass was taking and it being rubbed against the

sheets of the bed. Then Geoff pulled out and told Tommy that he wanted him to flip over, that he wanted to watch Tommy's face when he fucked the milk out of him.

Eager Tommy flipped over and Geoff pulled him to the edge of the bed. He put Tommy's feet up on his shoulders and he aimed his cock back at Tommy's hole. He slipped it inside and he grabbed Tommy's cock at the same time. With one hand he was stroking Tommy and with the other he was massaging Tommy's stomach and his sensitive lower abdomen area just above his cock and Tommy was getting really close to cumming. He reached for his cock and tried to pry it away from Geoff but Geoff wouldn't let go. He told Tommy to just lie back and enjoy the ride and Tommy did.

Tommy had by now figured out that Geoff's whole innocent, reformed-straight-boy act was just that, an act, but he was far from caring. The fuck felt great and his cock was ready to explode and he enjoyed watching Geoff bite his lower lip in utter concentration while he plugged Tommy's ass. Not paying enough attention, Tommy said, he reached his limit without a chance to hold back, and he looked down and saw his dick cumming hard, splattering cum on his stomach and Geoff's fist. Geoff was smiling and telling Tommy to keep shooting it out, to let Geoff fuck it out of him, and Tommy was complying whether he wanted to or not.

Geoff kept fucking Tommy after Tommy had calmed down and floated back to earth and Tommy was trying to fuck back as hard as he could. It was only a little while before Geoff came with his dick buried inside Tommy and then he fell on top of Tommy, breathing hard. Tommy wrapped his arms around Geoff's back and they lay there like that for a little while before Geoff's cock softened and slipped out of Tommy's ass.

Tommy was lying back in the bed and watching Geoff who was washing up in the bathroom. When Geoff came out Tommy said that he was shocked at what a hot fuck that had been and how he had assumed he was going to have to talk Geoff into it. Geoff agreed that it was hot and told him that not wearing any underwear was a nice touch. Then as he was getting dressed he told Tommy that he and Whitney's cousin have a regular thing: they fuck a few times a month.

The Hotel Bar

Alone in the bar I finished my drink and stared at my phone. I looked up when I heard some giggling and saw Liza holding court with a few sycophants. I vaguely knew her crowd of merry well-wishers but they all paid attention to me when Liza caught my eye and winked and then blew me a kiss. I smiled back and then she mouthed something to me that I couldn't understand. I figured she was asking where Lizzie was—there wasn't much else we had in common—and so I shrugged my shoulders. I figured that it either was a true answer to a question about Lizzie or, if she wasn't looking for Lizzie, then it was a true sign that I had no fucking idea what she said. A two birds with one stone kind of thing: I loved efficiency.

Liza's attention was pulled away from me at the arrival of a very drunk and very handsome Thad Newland. He was dragging behind him a beautiful Asian woman dressed incredibly scantily who I didn't recognize and he air kissed all around and introduced people to his escort. Then Thad ordered a bottle of champagne and his pretty Asian tart giggled. "You're so naughty," she cooed. I'd show her naughty, I thought, but of course didn't. Instead, I returned my attention to my phone.

Jack's first text asked where I was and then his second told me that he and Andrew were upstairs and that they would really love for me to join them. What the fuck? Did I want to fuck Jack again? Of course I did. Who was I kidding even asking? Did I want to do it with him and his *special friend*? Now that was a true question. I hadn't responded yet. I didn't know what to do. It was now almost one-thirty, so technically the night was young. But shit. Jack? Again? This night was getting to be way too much for me. I signaled to the bartender for another drink. Lizzie would fucking kill me, I thought, if I started shit up with Jack again.

And where the fuck was Lizzie? After Bram had left I had called her to report in and got her voicemail. I told her that it was over, that Bram had left, and that it hadn't gone all that well. I asked her to call me. She still hadn't. At

least, I thought, when I saw Thad Newland smiling his multi-million-dollar, fake-as-a-cubic-zirconia smile, that she wasn't hooking up with him. I'd vomit if I had to endure the story of that hookup. Although Lizzie is much smarter than to stoop to a tool his level, but you never knew: he was handsome and rich and she was drunk. I texted her and asked where she was and told her to call me and the bartender brought over my drink.

I took a sip and looked up at Thad and Liza and their crowd and Liza caught my eye again and graciously waved me over to them. I smiled but stayed put and then was rescued by yet another arrival: John Doyle and his wife walked in. He said his brief hellos to Thad and kissed Liza's ring, literally and figuratively, and then he walked over to me.

"So how you doing, man? We haven't had a chance to talk." Before I could respond he added,

"Have you met my wife?"

"I don't think I've had the pleasure."

John introduced me to the moron and then he asked her to get him a drink. Obediently she went to the bar. Then, because I couldn't resist, I said, "So Lizzie tells me that everything is great with you."

He smiled back at me and said that in fact it was. And I looked at him and I wondered if the fact that we had sex all those years ago was running through his mind right now like it was mine. Is he thinking, I can't believe that I slept with this guy like twelve years ago and here he is? Because I was totally thinking that. I wondered if he was thinking, I was a total dick to this guy and feeling a little guilty, or if he barely remembered any of it at all. Really I wanted to know if I had impacted his life in nearly the same way that he had mine. But I knew the answer was probably no and I really didn't want to hear it.

The moron came back with the drinks and John proposed a toast to old friends. I raised my glass and drank, thinking, old fuck buddies. And then I wondered if the moron knew about his homosexual history. I doubted it. And briefly I flirted with the notion of telling her, right then and there in the bar, just matter-of-factly stating it or something. But then the thought exhausted me and I realized that I really had no need to get even with him anymore.

Then I thought, fuck it, you only live once.

I'm not totally cruel; I didn't say anything to John's wife about our past affair. What I meant by *you only live once*, was that I had decided to respond to Jack. I had excused myself from the DoYLES and texted back to Jack, "What room number?" A moment later, as if he was waiting by his phone, or at least

that's what I wanted to believe, he replied. He was on the seventh floor. I said good night to all and headed to the elevators.

Well-Conditioned Hair

I quickly stopped by my room and freshened up. Surprisingly, I didn't look too worse for wear and I splashed some water on my face, fixed my hair, and brushed my teeth. Then I hit the minibar and did a shot of courage and headed upstairs. My heart was about to jump out of my chest; I felt like with every beat my T-shirt expanded like someone pissing into a water balloon, like Jim Carrey in one of those movies where he has no control over his body. It took me a minute to realize I was pacing in the elevator. Then I reached his floor.

It felt like it took an hour for the elevator doors to open and then like an alcoholic waiting for word from his missing-in-action sponsor before charging into an open bar, I checked my phone to see if Lizzie had responded. She hadn't. So I shook myself out, rolled my shoulders, took a few deep breaths, and figured it would just be a fun three-way. At least Andrew, his *special friend*, would be there. At least that way it wouldn't be all romantic and shit. It would just be some hot sex with two random guys. One of them not so random I guess, considering I was—*am*—in love with him and all. I knocked on the door.

A moment passed and I thought about turning around and leaving. But fuck that, I wasn't going anywhere; except maybe inside Jack's ass. Jack opened the door wearing the robe the hotel supplied and it was hanging open a bit, exposing his chest. He smiled and stood aside so that I could enter and I did. The room was mostly dark, the only light coming from a round table near the window. Andrew was sitting in a chair next to the table wearing Ginch Gonch underwear, the kind that is so overdone with the fire engine on them, and mixing himself a drink. He looked up at me and said, "Hey. Do you want one?"

I said sure and he opened another nip and concocted three minibar libations. Jack unbelted his robe and let it hang open; he was wearing a pair of pale pink boxer shorts underneath and it looked like he was already mildly aroused. Andrew got up and handed around the drinks and then toasted to "a

good fuck.” We all drank. Jack downed his drink and then shrugged the robe off of his shoulders. He looked me over and said, “Make yourself more comfortable.”

I kicked off my shoes and pulled off my socks and then unbuttoned the top of my jeans. It was like I was on stage and Jack and Andrew were watching me. Jack looked every bit as handsome as I remembered: his frame strong and his body toned and his chest covered in a light sprinkling of hair. His stomach was still as fantastically cut and ridged as I remembered, and looking at him as I slid my jeans off, my dick sprang to life. In just my boxer briefs and my T-shirt I kicked my jeans aside. Andrew walked toward me and began to pull my T-shirt up over my chest. Andrew was skinny and toned with no fat but very little muscle. He had knobby shoulders and for a minute he reminded me of a male Kate Moss: all heroin-chic fabulous.

With my T-shirt off Andrew began to kiss my collarbone and to wrap his hands around my waist and to work his fingers into the top of my underwear. My cock was hard and I rubbed my hands across his back and I felt his trendy-long blond locks tickle my chin. Then he bent farther and he licked my nipple and bit at it a little and then he dragged his tongue down my stomach toward the top of my underwear. Dropping to his knees before me, he looked up at me while he pulled my underwear down and released my cock. He grabbed onto it and then I looked up at Jack.

Jack was across the room with his hand inside his boxers, stroking his cock. He had a wry smile on his face and eyebrow raised as he watched his *special friend* lick up the underside of my cock and then lick back down the other. Our eyes connected and I didn’t smile, I just looked at him hard and he stroked his cock faster. Andrew pulled my cock toward his mouth and sucked the head of my cock inside. He licked all over my cock-head with his tongue and drilled down a little into my piss slit. I ran my fingers through his sumptuous hair and he started to bob his head over my cock.

Jack had taken off his boxer shorts and walked over to us. I was standing in front of the bed and Jack stood behind me, between me and the bed, and pressed his body against mine. I could feel his hard prick rub against my ass and he rubbed my shoulders and then let his hands fall across my chest and toy with my nipples. Andrew wasn’t giving me the greatest head ever—he was hesitant to go too deep on my tool—and so with my hands on his head I guided him along, forcing my cock farther down his throat. He gagged and pulled off and then resumed and I tried to push my cock deeper again. I’m not that huge or anything but he gagged again and pulled my cock out of his mouth and stroked it. He looked up at me with a guilty smile like he was saying, “I tried, man.”

Andrew didn't get up off the floor and he was still stroking my rod, slick with his saliva, and he pushed his head between my legs and began to lick at my nuts. I spread my legs farther apart to give him better access to my balls and Jack pulled my chin toward my shoulder and brought my lips to his. With his arms still roaming my torso, and teasing the base of my cock, Jack plunged his tongue into my mouth and kissed me deeply while pressing his hard body against mine from behind, his cock poking between my legs.

I closed my eyes and tried to concentrate on the sensation and the feelings as if this was just any random hookup. I had one guy massaging my body and pushing his cock against my ass and another on his knees working over my nuts and stroking my cock. But it wasn't an ordinary hookup and I couldn't stop thinking about that. I couldn't stop thinking about how good it felt to have Jack's hands roaming my body and him murmuring in my ears or kissing me hard. I also was getting at total charge out of the fact that the guy worshiping my nuts right now was Jack's *special friend*.

Jack pulled me back against him and we fell onto the bed. I turned over in his arms and our cocks pressed together and I kissed him voraciously. I forgot for a moment that Andrew was there and I was grinding my leaking cock against Jack's and running my hands all over his arms and his neck and his face and I was so incredibly into him and so psyched to be back in this position with him and I just kissed him harder and more passionately. I felt Andrew playing with my ass a little, prying my cheeks apart and fingering my rosebud. I kind of laughed to myself, thinking there was no way this twink was going to fuck me. But his attention to my ass felt great and I moved my body up so that I was sitting on my knees above Jack, still kissing him, and I told Andrew to rim me. And he did.

Jack flipped me over onto my back and Andrew pulled my legs up onto his shoulders. He was still rimming me—something he was much better at than head—and Jack took my cock into his mouth. I was in my own little slice of heaven. We continued like this for a little while until Andrew pulled himself away from my ass and wiped my juices from his wet lips. Then he crawled up toward my head and aimed his hard cock at my mouth. I opened wide and sucked him inside and I showed him what deep-throating was really like and he was moaning and squirming.

Soon Jack let go of my cock, which was leaking and about to blow, and then he and I attacked Andrew's cock together. We were each tonguing his cock and then closing our mouths together and almost making out with his cock between us. He was sitting up in bed and had a hand on each of our heads and he was getting off on pushing us together and making us kiss and fucking our lips and mouths. Then Jack got down on Andrew's balls and I

shoved Andrew's cock back down my throat and I felt him tense and then without any warning he hollered and shot a massive stream of cum. I spit him out and jerked his load out of his cock and Jack kept sucking and chewing on his nuts. Andrew reclaimed his cock and nuts from us, overcome with sensitivity, and he calmed his breathing down while rubbing the last out of himself.

Andrew got up from the bed and stood to the side and told Jack to suck me off. Jack dove toward my cock and he swallowed it whole and I had already been so close to blowing that I knew I wasn't going to last long. Andrew just stood there, by the side of the bed, watching, and telling Jack what to do. He was telling him to take me deeper, to swallow me, and then on his own Jack poked a finger into my ass. That tripped my trigger and while Jack shallow finger fucked my ass the head of my cock swelled up in his mouth and I grabbed his head and pushed down on it and let my load go down his throat.

My eyes were squeezed shut and I was heaving while Jack vacuumed every drop of cum out of my cock. When I opened my eyes again, my cock still semi-hard and in his mouth, I noticed Andrew down between Jack's legs. Jack let my cock fall from his mouth and his mouth hung slack jawed while Andrew hummed and slurped on his cock. It only took a minute for Jack to bust his nut and Andrew whipped his cock from his mouth and did the strangest thing: he folded his head down and he started to rub Jack's cock against his head and in his hair and Jack exploded, cumming hard all over Andrew's head and into his hair. Andrew thrashed his head around like a dog playing with a hose, and made sure to pump out every last drop of Jack's cum into his hair.

Random

Sometimes do you just think of the most random things at totally inappropriate moments? Like, sometimes I'll be fucking some guy bent over the back of a sofa—and he'll be hot and it will feel great—but I'll suddenly remember that I have no coffee at home for the morning. And then it'll just go on from there: I'll start wondering if I should finally try another brand. I mean, I usually buy coffee from Starbucks. I'm a big fan, but my friend Nick swears by Peet's and whenever I've been with him and had it I've really liked it but I've never switched. I always think that sometime I should and, well, now that I'm all out of coffee maybe now would be a good time. And then I remember that I'm like thrusting my cock in and out of some dude's ass and he's all moaning and shit and I'm thinking: What the fuck is wrong with me? How can I be thinking about fucking coffee brands during sex?

Well that happened to me tonight with Jack and Andrew. At one point when I was lying back and they were both orally servicing my cock, and I was lost in the feelings, my mind flashed back to earlier that afternoon with Dave and Lizzie and Tommy. We were passing around a joint and it was only maybe halfway smoked but we all had had enough and so Tommy ground it out in the ashtray. Dave told him not to do that, to just let it sit and smoke itself out, and I asked him why. He didn't really have an answer. It was one of those things, I said, that I'd heard over the years and that I always assumed to be true but I never knew why. Why can't you put a joint out like a cigarette? Why are you supposed to just let it simmer? Lizzie didn't know and Dave didn't know and Tommy certainly didn't know. And so there I was with one guy working over my cock and the other rimming me and the burning thing in my mind—that I was actually dying to ask one of them—was why aren't you supposed to put out a joint?

Fucked up, right? Well, that's me and my messed-up mind.

The Shelf Life Of A Twinkie

Coming down from the hot three-way, the three of us lay in bed and ate some M&Ms and flipped through the TV channels. It felt kind of weird and kind of perfect at the same time. On the one hand, it brought back all the wonderful memories of lounging around in bed with Jack back when we were together: cuddling, reading the Sunday paper, watching a movie. But on the other, Andrew was there and that definitely wasn't how it was supposed to be. I kind of felt a little like an interloper: Andrew was supposed to be the guy he cuddled with in bed now, not me. That feeling saddened me and created that painful, empty pit feeling in my chest. I should have gotten up, thanked them for a hot time, and gone back to my room. But I didn't. Jack had his arm around me and I was leaning against his warm, strong chest, and I didn't want to go. Sometimes I seriously need to grow a set of balls.

In addition to feeling cozy and comfortable lying there together, it was also rather erotic as we were all naked and I found the two guys—well, Jack especially—incredibly sexy. My cock was stirring and Jack was not-so-absently stroking my chest and occasionally grazing my nipple. All of a sudden I noticed a steady snore begin and I looked over at Andrew and saw that he had fallen asleep. I craned my neck around and looked at Jack and he put a finger to his lips to signal quiet and got up off the bed. He waved for me to follow him and I did. He walked over to the closet and pulled out a blanket and then he swiveled the TV to face the couch. He got on the couch and motioned for me to sit next to him and he wrapped us both in the blanket.

He whispered in my ear that he was so glad that I was there, with him, at that moment, and I smiled in return, not really sure if I was glad or just stupid. Jack kissed me and I kissed him back and soon we were lying on the couch and he was on top of me. Both of our boners were back and we were grinding and rubbing our bodies together, our limbs all tangled together and making out a little sloppily. He left my mouth and began to kiss my nose and my cheeks and my ears and my eyes. I was rubbing my hands along his flanks,

enjoying the muscled warmth of his trim body, and feeling my cock leak against his stomach.

He had the blanket up over his shoulders and he brought himself up so that he was straddling my waist. He maneuvered my dick between his asscheeks and he raised and lowered himself so that my cock was rubbing against his soft, lightly furry ass. I brought my legs up a little, and he fell forward and kissed me, and I pressed my cock against his crack and pumped fast. His own cock was pressed against my stomach and I reached down for it with a free hand and stroked it. He whispered in my ear that he wanted me to fuck him and I said that I wanted to, really badly.

Jack got up and left me on the couch. I watched him walk, his boner wagging and leading the way, over to the night table where he quietly opened the drawer. He got out some lube and two condoms and then he elaborately tiptoed back over to the couch. Standing before me, he opened the lube and squeezed some on his finger. Then he reached behind himself and lubed up his hole. He was intently watching me, biting down on his bottom lip, while he was fingering the lube up his ass to get ready for the fuck. He was so beautiful and I reached out and stoked his silky-soft cock for a second and that brought a smile to his face. Finished, he ripped open the condom wrapper and climbed back on top of me, under the blanket. While kissing me again he reached down with one hand to try to roll the condom over my shaft. After some shuffling and not the world's best dexterity, we got it on and my cock was throbbing in excitement. He put it back along the crack of his ass and he rubbed more lube up my wrapped shaft.

Jack lifted himself up, pushed my cock-head so that it was right against his pucker, and then sat back down. His tight ass opened up just enough for me to squeeze my cock through the ring and then it enveloped me in the tight warmth. His ass gripped my cock and sucked it up inside of him as he sat down farther, slowly, and he leaned his face toward me and kissed me hard when he sat down all the way. My cock buried deep inside of him, I started to buck my hips. He bounced himself up and down slightly, giving his ass a major pressure fuck and my cock a nice squeeze fest. He broke the kiss and started moaning a little and he was breathing faster and I lightly bit his bottom lip and looked into his eyes as I kicked it up a gear and started to fuck up into him much harder and faster.

He hung his head back and he moaned a little louder and he wiggled his ass down against my hips while I fucked up into his ass. His asshole was so tight and the sensations running through my shaft as I dragged it back and forth past his sphincter were unreal. I gripped on to his shoulders to press his whole body down, so that I could go even deeper, and he had his eyes

squeezed shut and he just rode my cock.

I was getting too close too quickly and I slowed down our rhythm. I pulled my cock out of his ass to give it a breather and I reached around and slapped his ass with it a little bit. He was having none of that and he promptly reached behind and shoved my dick back up his hole, eager to have it back inside, and then he slammed his body down against mine, his ass and my crotch scraping together, and we quickly got to a fast fuck again.

A few times I whispered for him to be quiet, I didn't want to wake Andrew. God only knew what that scene would be like and I was just enjoying have Jack all to myself. I was enjoying it a little too much, I thought. I started to think about all my friends and their warnings to stay away from him. And what the fuck was I doing fucking him while his boyfriend was passed out in the bed five feet from us? But I pushed the thoughts away. I was here and doing it—there was no stopping it now—and it felt so fucking incredibly good, so right, on so many levels.

I reached down for his cock, which was half hard and bouncing, the head hitting my stomach. I cupped his nuts and pulled them forward and squeezed them under his shaft and he looked down at me with a grin. He always loved having his nuts pulled on, yanked on really, and I got off on knowing that and doing it.

“Be careful,” he said, “It’s gonna burst.”

“That’s the point,” I said with a devilish grin and I spit in my hand and began to massage the head of his cock and to tease the top of his shaft just under the head.

His breathing sped up and his chest expanded and his stomach tightened but he kept bouncing his ass up and down over my cock. Playing with his dick and tugging on his nuts wasn't enough to keep my mind off of my own cock and I knew that if he kept riding me so fast I was going to lose it. I half wanted him to slow down but the rest of me was so lost in the euphoria that I just kept fucking up into him, harder and harder, and it was almost like I wanted to hurt him. I slammed my cock up inside of him, grinding the base of my shaft against his asshole, once and then twice and then again and again and finally I got to the point of explosion.

I squeezed his cock tight and gritted my teeth and let loose, shooting my load deep up his ass with my cock buried all the way inside. I kept pumping a little, slamming my cock as hard and as far as I could while I dumped out my cum and filled up the rubber. Until the shock waves subsided I didn't realize that I was moaning as loud as I was and he covered my mouth with his and stuck his tongue inside. I was breathing hard and letting my heart relax while

he still rocked his ass back and forth over my cock and covered my mouth with kisses.

I kept stroking his dick and he broke the kiss and sat up on top of me, his chest expanded and his shoulders back and he looked down at me with that my-cock-feels-so-good-and-now-it's-time-to-cum smile. My dick was softening in his ass but still inside and I was stroking his hard cock while he watched intently. He breathed in deep and I could see his stomach contract and I watched the muscles dance and with my free hand I grabbed his nuts and pulled on them hard, yanking the pleasure out of them, and then his cock erupted. He pumped his cum out over my fist and it dripped onto my stomach and then like halfway through his load, he heaved and a long arc of cum flew up and hit my collarbone. I looked up at him impressed and we both smiled.

He fell down on top of me and my cock slipped out of his ass and he stretched out over me. We kissed and both said that it was amazing. He said it was what he really wanted, more than us both messing around with Andrew. Trying to steer clear of any seriousness, and doing it with humor as I usually do when I want to avoid my feelings, I said, "What's up with your twink? I thought Twinkies were supposed to have a shelf life of like a hundred years and yours passed out after his first load?"

Jack smiled and kissed me and I kissed him back and then he dug his arms underneath me and enveloped me in a hug and then he said it. He said what I had been thinking but would never say. He said that he loved me.

Busted

Jack and I both fell asleep on the couch, all tangled up in each other. I woke up at a little before six and was immediately overcome with the need to leave. I knew I would have to deal with what we did and what he said at some point but I didn't want to deal with it just then, especially with his *special friend* still snoring who could wake up at any minute.

I woke Jack and told him that I had to go and that he should probably get back in bed with Andrew to avoid any scene. He told me that he wished I didn't have to go. I said, "Well, your boyfriend might feel otherwise."

"Can I call you?"

I looked at him as I was stepping into my jeans. "Sure," I said.

"I mean, really," he said. "Can I call you when we're back in the city?"

"I guess so."

"I'd really like to."

"Then you probably should." And then looking over my shoulder at the snoring Andrew I said, "But you probably want to take care of that first."

He didn't immediately reply but looked saddened like I'd just told him that we were sending his prized puppy dog to the pound. I put on my shoes, stuffed my underwear in my pocket, and went to the door. I undid the latch and then Jack was behind me, wrapped in the blanket. He grabbed me from behind, gently, and I opened the door. He kissed my neck and said, "Thanks."

I didn't know if he was thanking me for the sex or for telling him that he could call me. Either way, I needed to leave and I looked over my shoulder, smiled, and walked out into the hallway. I heard the door close behind me and I walked toward the elevator.

I heard some grumbling and talking and someone, a man, sounded angry at the end of the hall. Then when I got to the elevator I saw the beautiful

Asian woman who had been accompanying Thad Newland the night before. She looked at me for a minute and looked back at the floor. A rather surly looking hotel security guard had his arm tightly wrapped around hers. She looked worn out: her makeup was worn off or smeared and her dress was all wrinkled. I could still hear the men speaking at the end of the hall but I couldn't see who they were and I couldn't really go and look without making it totally obvious that was what I was doing. Then I heard someone say something about pressing charges and I thought, fuck it, and I walked past the guard and the Asian woman and looked down the other end of the hall. The elevator chimed its arrival and I all I saw was another hotel security guard and a man in a suit standing outside an open door to a room. I didn't know who was inside, but I had a pretty good guess.

Back in my room I checked my phone and I still hadn't heard back from Lizzie. I texted her again and said, "I'm worried," and then collapsed down on my bed. Lizzie didn't text back and so I called her and she didn't answer: in fact, it went straight to voicemail. I called the front desk and asked to be connected to her room. I knew she'd be pissed for waking her up but I was a little concerned that I really had no idea where she was. There was no answer in her room. Where the fuck was she?

Fast forward a few hours...

I had totally passed out and the next thing I knew my phone was ringing and vibrating on my night table; it was ten after nine in the morning. I didn't answer it in time and I rolled over and contemplated checking who had called when it buzzed that I had a text. I reached for the phone and checked it. The call and the text were both from Tommy. He said he had big news. I called him back from bed and that's when he told me about his success with Geoff. And then he told me the whole thing about how Geoff had really been playing him all weekend. I interrupted to ask if he'd heard from Lizzie and he said that he hadn't. Then he asked me how the rest of my night went. I told him I'd meet him in the lobby and we'd grab some breakfast in a half hour.

"The suspense is killing me," he said.

"Try to find Lizzie while I shower," I said.

I dragged my tired ass out of bed and stood under the shower enjoying the pulsing hot water. I washed up and shaved and then dressed quickly in a button-down and jeans. I put on this cool pair of sneakers that I never get to wear—they're kind of suede and nylon and God knows what else—and I thought about how Lizzie would probably chastise me for wearing suede on a beautiful spring day. Fuck it.

I got down to the lobby first and I went outside in front of the hotel. It was

beautiful out: one of those perfect mornings where the sun is shining, there are no clouds, and there is a slight breeze. The air felt clean and warm and not that I wanted to, but I could picture someone throwing their arms out to their side and spinning around, overcome by the glorious morning. But let's be real: I'm not a spin-in-appreciation-of-the-weather kind of guy and I was hungover and operating on just a few hours of sleep. Instead, I plopped down on a bench next to the door and looked out on the parking lot waiting for Tommy.

At about a quarter to ten I saw a rusted, beat-up, gray pick-up truck enter the parking lot and head toward the awning and front doors. I didn't think much of it at first but then I realized it was Dave's truck. I figured Tommy had found Lizzie and they had found Dave and that he was meeting us for breakfast. I was psyched. But the truck didn't pull into a parking space. Instead, oblivious to my presence on the bench a few feet away, the truck stopped in front of the doors to the hotel and the passenger leaned over to Dave and kissed him and then she opened the door and stepped out of the truck. Wearing exactly what she had been wearing the night before.

Dave put the truck in drive and drove off and Lizzie turned to face the hotel and she saw me sitting there. I didn't say anything. I didn't know what to say. I wasn't exactly mad; I was sad. I knew that Dave was straight and that I had no chance with him. But Lizzie knew of my love for him forever, and of my irrational hatred of all the girls he had been with, and she was my best friend. I thought that Dave fit into that hands-off category and I thought that she knew that he did. At least between us, I knew that she knew she had been busted.

She walked up to me without a smile on her face and she said, "Hey."

"I was worried about you; I didn't know where you were."

"Yeah. I got your messages this morning."

"So was it as good as you hoped?"

"Alex..."

Tommy came out the front door and was like, "Where the fuck have you been? You've had little Miss Strand worried sick." Lizzie didn't answer and I didn't say anything and Tommy looked at us both and said, "What?"

An incredibly long and uncomfortable half minute passed and then I looked at Tommy and said, "Ready to eat?"

He looked at Lizzie and then at me and was like, "Sure. I guess." Then he turned to Lizzie and said, "Are you coming?"

“I don’t think I’m invited,” she said.

I just stood up, ignoring her, and told Tommy to come on. Lizzie turned and went into the hotel and Tommy jogged up to my side and said, “What the hell is going on?”

Cherry Pie

Tommy and I went to this quaint brunch place that we used to go to back in college that was just a short walk from the hotel. The place was packed with students and alumni and they told us we would have to wait about a half hour for a table. I didn't feel like going anywhere else; I was actually craving this absurdly fattening but equally delicious banana and peanut butter stuffed French toast they had, so we stayed. While we were waiting he asked me what was up with Lizzie and I told him.

"No shit," he said. "That's cold." I nodded in agreement, happy to have him on my side and validating my emotions. Then he said, "But you can't expect every straight guy you like to be off limits to her. She is straight after all. And I hate to break it to you, but you're not."

Instantly I got defensive and argued that I don't expect every straight guy to be off limits. I just expected the one straight guy who I've been in love with for ten years to be off limits. One. Just one guy. Then Tommy interrupted me and reminded me that I had freaked out a year or two back when Lizzie had made out with Hot Sales Guy, my straight crush at work. "It's a pattern, man; you've got to get past it."

"Look," I said, "I don't want to get all hypersensitive and shit and I knew that I was never going to have some June-Cleaver-happy-homo-life with Dave. But she's lived with me through the entire thing. She knows every detail about how I felt and for me at least she could've been more sensitive."

"Are you jealous?"

"Kind of," I said. "I mean, I don't wish I was Lizzie, but I used to wish that Dave would love me like I loved him."

"And now you're thinking: look how easy it was for Lizzie."

"I guess so."

“Man, I’m no philosopher, but life’s fucking hard.”

“I hear you,” I said. “I just feel like Lizzie totally took me for granted.”

“Dude, that’s the story of you two. You’re like Will and Grace. You’re always taking each other for granted and then getting pissed about it and then you always make up. It’s like just another episode in your lives.”

Steve, the former a capella nerd turned buff, sexy stock broker who I hooked up with the first night we were here, saw us standing by the door and waved us over. He was sitting in a booth with this guy Ned, who was straighter than a two-by-four, and he said they could easily squeeze us in. So we put the Lizzie conversation on hold and went over to the booth.

Steve and Ned were talking about what evidently everyone else was talking about: Thad Newland. Tommy and I were both clueless and so we let them fill us in. Evidently in order to impress everyone, Thad hired this totally high-end escort. Steve heard she cost three grand for the night, but Ted heard twenty-five hundred. He had her flown in, like a delicacy, from New York City for the occasion. He dragged her around last night, telling everyone that she was a model and was going to do the new Dior show and everyone bought it. They thought she was a little dumb, but what can you expect from a model.

The waitress came and took our order and I was loving the story so much I almost forgot to order my French toast. Almost. I ordered it and she left and Ned picked up the story.

“So they’re back in his room and I’m sure they probably did the nasty—”

“The nasty?” Tommy interrupted.

“Yeah,” Ned said. “You know, like they fucked.”

“No, I know what it means; I just haven’t heard someone use that term in like...years.”

I kicked Tommy under the table and told Ned to continue.

“So they did,” and here Ned paused and looked at Tommy, “the deed and then I guess Thad passed out. He heard the door close and woke up and realized she wasn’t in the bed. He got up and went into the living room and noticed that his wallet and his six-trillion-dollar gold Rolex and the Asian beauty were all gone. He called down to hotel security to report it and they intercepted her in the lobby just as she got off the elevator. She admitted to taking the stuff but said it was because he hadn’t paid her the money he owed her. They brought her back upstairs to settle the score and there was a little scene in the hallway that was overheard by more than a few people.”

“I heard it,” I said. “I was waiting for elevator on that floor at like six and

she was standing there with a security guard.”

“Really?” Tommy asked.

“Yeah,” I said, not thinking. “Jack’s on the same floor.”

Tommy looked at me was like, “You were in Jack’s room?”

“Yeah, I meant to tell you about that.”

“You meant to?”

I was acutely aware that Steve and Ned were watching us have this back and forth and I really didn’t want to get into it here. I said “Yeah” to Tommy and accompanied it with my leave-this-the-fuck-alone-for-now eyes. He left it alone.

“I love that big-time Newland gets busted with a hooker because he was too cheap to pay her,” Ned said.

“Couldn’t have happened to a nicer guy,” I said.

The waitress brought out our food and we all dug in, hungry and a little titillated at the gossip. We talked about random reunion stuff and people we’d seen and what we did and how it was so crazy that we were all so old. I actually spent a lot of time this weekend having the same conversation but with different people. Tommy couldn’t get us through brunch fast enough and as soon as the waitress brought the bill he grabbed it and tried to figure out what everyone owed. Magnanimously, I took it from him and paid and when Steve thanked me I winked at him and told him it was the very least I could do.

Once we were outside, and had said good-bye to Steve and Ned who were walking in the other direction, I found out why Tommy was so eager to leave. He grabbed my arm and turned me to him and was like, “Did you really sleep with Jack?”

I said that I had.

“What about the hair model?”

“He was there too.”

“You threesomed with Jack and his new boyfriend?”

I nodded.

Tommy just smiled and I couldn’t tell if he was impressed or horrified. “You’re fucking crazy, man. But I love you.”

“I know, it was stupid.”

“You know what? If you’re gonna go back down that road and give him a piece of your fine cherry pie again, it’s even better that his boyfriend was there. Let him see what he was missing.”

“My fine cherry pie?”

“What I’m saying is that it’s better that you did it with the boyfriend than just the two of you. There’s less chance that he’ll get the wrong idea and think you want to get back with him and shit. He’ll just think it was a hookup.”

I found it profound that Tommy assumed that the only reason I hooked up with Jack was for the sex. It was telling, in terms of his reaction if I told him how I really felt, that he presumed that there was no way I was interested in going back to Jack. But I didn’t even know how I really felt. All that was in my mind at that moment was a mess of confusion: about Lizzie and Dave and about Jack and even about Bram. I couldn’t talk about it with Tommy until I figured it out for myself. I needed to just think.

“Yeah,” I said back to Tommy, “you’re right.”

He nodded, accepting that we were on the same page, which we may have been, I didn’t know.

And then he switched topics. “So what are you going to do about Lizzie?”

“She texted me during breakfast.”

“I figured it was her.”

“She wants to talk. She said she was sorry.”

“You should go talk to her.”

“I’m pretty pissed off.”

“Well, I have to sit in the car with the two of you all afternoon, so will you forgive her for me? At least until we’re back in the city and then you can blow up at her again?”

“You’re such a good friend.”

“I know,” he said, without a trace or irony.

The Urban Myth

Back at the hotel after brunch, Tommy and I both went up to our rooms to pack up our shit: we had to be out by noon. The phone in my room rang and it was Lizzie. “Are you ever going to talk to me?”

“I don’t know,” I said.

“Will you meet me in the lobby?”

“Why?”

“So we can talk. I don’t want this to become a huge issue.”

“It is a huge issue, Lizzie.”

“I know. But I want to explain. Please?”

“Fine. But let me finish packing up. I’ll meet you in twenty minutes.”

“Okay,” she said.

I got down to the lobby before her; I was done packing up my shit in like ten minutes. I checked out and sat in the bar with my bag. While I was waiting Zoe walked by and without a hello she was like, “Did you hear about Thad Newland?”

“Yeah,” I said. “Fucked up.”

“Not as fucked up at that whole Alex Compton story.”

“Thank God.”

“Huh?”

“This is the first time all weekend that someone has referenced that story and not asked me if it was about me.”

“Who thought it was about you?”

“Oh, I don’t know: everyone we ran into really.”

“Can you believe he might have to register as a sex offender because of that?”

“Jesus Christ. What story did you hear?”

“The one about the woman’s kid seeing him smoke weed and jerk off in the window.”

“What? I missed the jerk-off part.”

“Oh yeah, evidently he used to get high every night in front of his computer and then surf for porn and whack off. So some lady’s kid who lived across the street would sit at his desk, in the window too, and watch. And then one day he mentioned it to his mother and she called the cops.”

“That can’t be true,” I said.

“And I heard that he opened the door to the cops smoking a joint and they arrested him and then found the porn on his computer and stuff.”

“That’s insane,” I said, no longer caring if it was real or not.

I Love Her

Lizzie came in the bar and broke up my gossip fest with Zoe. They hugged each other good-bye, made plans to see each other back in the city, and then Zoe went up to her room. Lizzie looked at me and said, “I’m sorry.”

I told Lizzie that I didn’t know what to say to her; I told her that I wasn’t angry as much as I was disappointed. As soon as I said it I couldn’t believe those words had come from my mouth: I sounded just like my mother. But it was true. I explained that I thought it was fucked up, given that she knew how I felt about him, had always felt about him, and that she chose to do that anyway. Obviously she could sleep with whomever she wanted, but if the love of her life, who’d passed her over, decided to try guys, and if he was the hottest thing this earth had to offer, I wouldn’t sleep with him because I would know how it would make her feel. I know the situations aren’t equal, I told her, and I know that I may not be all that rational, but that was how I felt.

She said that they were drunk and that it was late and that she had always wondered what it would be like and that she just did it. She said she didn’t have an excuse or any big defense and that all she could offer was her apology. Not her apology for sleeping with him, she said, but her apology for hurting me. I fucking hated when she did that: that whole fall-on-her-sword thing so that I couldn’t stay all that mad at her. There’s nothing that takes the wind out of an argument more than one side completely admitting they were wrong. Of course, she didn’t one hundred percent admit it—she did say she wasn’t sorry for sleeping with him, but I didn’t feel like making an issue out of it. Neither of us would come out of it any happier and it would just create more drama and after this weekend I was full up on the drama front.

We hugged and I told her that I was still hurt and that it would take some time to get over it and she said that she understood. Then we parted, our arms still around each other, and she wrinkled her nose as if she had smelled something foul and said, “He wasn’t that good.”

I love her.

We Left

The ride back was complicated. Honestly, trying to keep track of the conversation would have taken an Olympic scorekeeper, and even then he'd probably have fucked it up. We covered the whole weekend from Thad Newland's hooker to Zoe's marriage to the game of telephone that had clearly overtaken Alex Compton's brush with the law and some weed. We talked about Geoff and Whitney and John and the moron and about all the booze and the drugs. We discussed—in as much detail as we could force out of her—how badly Dave sucked in bed and how his pussy-eating skills were not nearly as good as they had been rumored to be. What do these upstate girls know from good cunnilingus anyway? Lizzie asked. To which both Tommy and I had no answer. They asked about Bram and I gave them the run down and then we covered Jack too.

I hadn't told Lizzie about Jack before we got in the car and it turned out not to have been so wise to do so while she was driving. She almost veered into the other lane as she and her hands turned toward me in horror and shock. Tommy told her not to worry because I had done it with the boyfriend too so Jack wouldn't think I was into him again. But Lizzie found the flaw in that argument faster than she can spot a fake Gucci bag—and she's really good at that. She said, "Who gives a shit what Jack thinks. What does *Alex* think? And it better not be that you want to give that asshole another shot."

Lizzie and Tommy were both staring at me and I told them that I just didn't know. That response earned me a pair of groans and an increase of the stereo volume. It also earned me a little quiet time to think.

What Really Is Enough?

You would have thought that I'd had enough sex this weekend. And you'd be correct, I did. But sex is kind of like ice cream: can you ever really have enough? I mean, until you get a stomachache—or gain five pounds—why stop eating it? It just tastes so damn good. So it was with that logic in mind that I was sitting at my computer the Sunday night of our return, trying to avoid all of my conflicting emotions, and I logged on to Manhunt to do a little cock shopping.

Like a lady who doesn't need another thing but loves to window shop, I figured I'd browse the offerings. As usual they were Fifth and Madison quality, top of the fucking line, and I found a particularly hot one that I'd never noticed before. I did that first step of the Manhunt mating dance and unlocked my private pictures for him, hoping to solicit a response. As you'll read below, it worked. A half an hour later I was in a cab heading to the West Village.

I was in his apartment and still wearing my shirt but it was open. My pants were unbelted and shoved down, with my underwear just below my ass, still high on my hips, and I was leaning over a table, braced with my hands. He was totally rough. He had told me to come dressed like I was just leaving work; I was in nice clothes. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Here's how it began.

He'd grabbed me when I walked in the door—I didn't see it coming. His door opened into a narrow hall and when I walked in he was behind me, closing the door. I barely heard the handle clasp when he wrapped an arm around me and roughly pulled me to him. I could feel his hard cock through his jeans because he was grinding it into my leg. He was pinching my nipple hard through my shirt, so hard that it almost felt like he was piercing it. The shocking thrill of the pain shot straight down to my dick. He pulled my face toward him and stretched my neck as far as it would go and kissed me. He plunged his tongue into my mouth and shot like an out of control, speeding

train across my chest and stomach and down to its crash point destination: my cock. He grabbed my dick through my pants and squeezed it hard. The position was far from comfortable: I was all twisted, my neck was hurting, but the discomfort was abated by all the other feelings. But I needed to move and I turned toward him.

Facing him, he hastily unbuttoned my shirt, pushed it open, and grabbed my pecs like slabs of meat in an open-palmed grasp, and strongly squeezed and massaged them. He kissed me hard again, forcing his tongue in and out of my mouth. Our teeth banged together as he aggressively tried to practically climb into my mouth. He was almost chewing on my lips and I could feel his hard, scratchy stubble rough against my face.

My cock was bursting hard inside my pants. I was wearing Unico boxer briefs and I could feel my dick leaking into them. He grabbed the back of my neck with one hand and spread his fingers up to the base of my skull and pushed my mouth against his. He was wearing super worn-out, torn jeans and a tight blue tank top with red trim. I pushed it up from his waist until it was bunched beneath his pecs. His stomach was hard and hairy and disappeared down the front of his pants in that familiar and delicious muscular V that I knew ended at a massive cock. I was rubbing his back and flanks, flirting with the loose waist of his jeans, and marveling at how hard his body was. I reached for the front of his jeans and unbuttoned them and then pulled the button fly all the way open. I was kind of hoping for him to be wearing a dirty jockstrap—it would have worked so well with the fantasy—but he was wearing tightie whites and I reached into them and grabbed hold of his fat cock. I wrapped my hand around it and jerked it upward while it was still in his underwear, stretching out the underwear and rubbing my fingers against his torso at the same time. He pushed me back, broke the kiss, and I was still holding on to his dick: it was getting harder and bigger.

He spun me around and marched me into the living room. There was a couch facing a fireplace and along the back of the couch was a table. He reached in front and unbuckled my belt and then unbuttoned the top of my pants. He pushed them and my underwear down and he pushed his cock against my ass. He rubbed his cock against my crack, massaging it against my ass. I was looking back at him, over my shoulder, and watching his ripped body, covered in a light sheen of sweat, as he guided his cock back and forth along my ass crack. I bent forward a bit more, pushing my ass out farther, and trying to wrap his cock in my asscheeks. He liked that and pushed his cock harder against me in this dry fuck we had going on and then he reached around me to a drawer in the table. He opened it and pulled out a rubber and held it up to his mouth, his biceps flexing like a small football, and ripped it

open with his teeth. He spit out the wrapping and bent back and unrolled the condom over his cock while pushing his nuts against my ass like he was going to try to nut fuck me. Do people do that? I wondered. I've never heard of that particular fetish and I can't really see how it would work, but you never know—people are fucking crazy. Anyway, back to me about to get my ass reamed...

Rubbered up, he put his hand in the center of my back and pushed me forward. I braced the table, knowing what to expect. But first he jammed a finger into my ass and rubbed it around, loosening my hole and stretching my sphincter. He was rough and hard and it hurt but then he abruptly pulled his finger out and I felt the head of his fat cock against my hole. He pushed himself in fast and deep and it burned like crazy. I arched my back and he caught me with his hand between my shoulder blades and pushed me back down. I was breathing really fast and hard and he started to withdraw and then he quickly pushed in deep again, sending another searing flash of burning pain into my ass. Then he moved his hand up to the base of my skull and pushed my head down so that my forehead was against the wood table and he started to mercilessly fuck my ass.

He fucked the shit out of it. He was fucking me really fast and hard, slamming his hips against me and forcing his cock as deep as he could. He was rough and he grabbed my shoulders and pulled, jamming me back against him, tunneling his cock deeper inside of me. Then with it planted deep, he flexed it a little and wiggled around, making circles and then doing toe stands, moving his cock like a lever in my ass. It was still really deep. I was getting accustomed to it but I almost thought I would puke. It was really fucking big and fat. I'd had big dick before—King Kong being a case in point—but his was different and the way he used it, so roughly and harshly, was different too. He reached down to my hips and started to fuck me hard and deep again. He kept his cock pretty buried and was just massaging the base of his shaft with my stretched, tight ass ring. The table was shaking as he was pounding into me and I wanted to just let my body go limp, but I had to hold myself up against the table.

I wanted to spread my legs more, give him better access to my ass, free my nuts a little, which were kind of stuck between my legs, but I couldn't: my pants were high up my thighs and when I tried to push them down a little more he slapped my hands away. Every time I tried to spread my legs I just made them tighter and harder to shimmy down. He kept assaulting my ass, fucking me hard and fast and deep. He was grunting and sweating and I could feel drops of his sweat hit my back and ass. He hadn't said a word. Not one word since I walked in the door. We didn't even say hello and now his cock

was tearing my ass open like he owned it.

He took a break from battering my ass and pulled his cock out and knelt down, pulling my pants down until they were around my ankles. I still had my shoes and socks on and so I couldn't just step out of them and this didn't exactly let me spread my legs much farther. But I could move a little, free my balls a bit, and then he pushed me back so I was bent over the table again, my ass in the air, and I thought—or hoped—that I was about to get rimmed; I was insane at the thought and my cock was bobbing in anticipation. I reached for my dick and stroked it while he was pulling my asscheeks apart and inspecting my hole. Then I heard and felt him spit at my asshole and then slap one of my pried open asscheeks. I could feel the spit dripping down my crack toward my nuts and he spat again and then abruptly shoved a finger up my ass. With his finger holding my hole open he spat against my ass again and I felt it hit my ass lips while his finger continued to hold me open. It felt intense. He reached underneath and grabbed my nuts with his other hand and he was pulling them down, yanking them, and finger fucking my ass.

Just as quickly as he'd started, he stood up—never actually rimming me—and pushed his cock back into my saliva-dripping, stretched-out ass. He pushed it in hard and he started to fuck me fast again. This time he was pulling out really far before slamming back in and my ass was so used by now that it didn't burn so much or hurt anymore. It felt fucking outrageous, actually. He slapped my ass a few times and planted his cock deep and rode me like I was a horse. He kept it deep and withdrew just an inch but slammed it back so hard each time that I could almost feel it in my throat. He slapped my ass in synch with each thrust. And he was grunting hard and my ass was stinging from the spanking and I was sweating like a motherfucker and I was totally lost in fuck city.

I couldn't stop my cock. I really think it was going to explode and cum on its own if I didn't touch it, but I did. I grabbed my cock and gave it like three tugs before it exploded all over my legs and the floor and the leg of the table. My ass was squeezing around his cock and I felt the intrusion that much more while my dick kept pumping cum out of me like a broken water main. He felt me—and heard me—cumming and fucked me faster and faster through it. I was insane with feelings and it was all too much to process and he just kept fucking me.

Then, when I was done cumming, when I started to catch my breath and reassert some control over my anus, he pulled out of my ass and turned me toward him. He wanted to see my cum all over me and the table and he wanted to see my red, swollen cock—used but still hard. He pushed me down on my knees and pulled off the condom. He threw it at me and it hit my chest

and fell to my crotch and then he grabbed the back of my head and brought it to his cock. I sucked it in and he fucked my face with it, hard like he had been to my ass, and I was gagging and choking and could barely breath. He kept fucking my face, holding on to the back of my head with two hands. I was holding on to his meaty, furry ass with my hands and he was thrusting his hips like mad and then he busted his nut.

I felt the first shot of cum hit my tongue and I spit his cock out and he grabbed it and jerked it all over my face. He dumped his cum in my eyes and on my nose and lips and chin and cheeks and he rubbed his spent cock over my cheek and slapped it against my lips to get out every last drop. Then he stepped back, admiring his handiwork. I looked up at him, still hard and excited, and pulled some of his cum off my face and stroked my still hard cock with it. My dick was sore but it was still excited and he watched me do this until I started stroking fast and looking up and down at his muscular-perfect, hairy body and his fat cock half on its way to limp dangling between his legs and then he turned around and walked away, toward the bathroom. He went inside the bathroom and he didn't close the door. I could hear him peeing and I could see a sliver of his ass and body and I bit down on my lips and came really hard again all over my lap.

I was still breathing hard, my cock in my hand, and my pants still bunched around my ankles, when he came over to me and tossed a towel down at me. I looked up at him, said thanks, and wiped away the mess. I stood up and pulled my pants up and buttoned my sweaty wrinkled shirt and he was standing over by the door, still naked. I walked over to him and said good-bye and he pulled me to him and kissed me hard, sticking his tongue back in my mouth, and he said, "Bye, Alex," with a wink and a hint of a smile.

The End

As promised, Jack called and left me a message at home on the Tuesday after reunion. He said he had a great time seeing me and would love it if I would let him take me out for a drink. Then he said that he really only came to reunion to see me. I called him back and made a date for the following Friday. When I told Lizzie about it she said, “If he came just to see you how come he brought his fucking *special friend*?”

So I still don't know how I feel about it all—you know, Jack and relationships and crap. I guess confused is the best way to describe it. But isn't everyone a little confused? I mean, no one really had *the* answer, if there even is an answer. I just know that I've always felt all of this pressure to *settle down* or to *find the one* and I've always stayed clear of any situation that would lead me there. I've always thought it was because of Jack, because I'd already found the one and lost him, twice. But now I wasn't sure. Now that I had a crack at Jack again—if in fact I really did have a crack at him again—is he what I want? Who I want? Or am I just fucking happy being single and playing the field and having fun? Maybe there's nothing wrong with being a bachelor, a happy and healthy one at that, and just enjoying living. And if maybe somewhere along the way I meet the one, and he's not Jack or King Kong or Dave or any of the other dudes who've crossed my path, then maybe that would be fine too.

And like I said before, I'm not planning any big Hollywood ending. Hollywood endings, well, they're for Hollywood, and if that's what you want then you should've gone to a movie instead of read a book. So this is the end for real. And if you're a total masochist, and you still haven't had enough of my messed-up life, you can read more in my blog—for as long as it's around—www.TheGreatCockHunt.com.

Thanks And Shit

I really don't know how to do this whole be-a-writer thing, but from books I've read, usually the author thanks all the people who've helped him along. So here goes.

First and foremost I owe a great deal of thanks to all of you readers. All of you guys who have been reading my blog since the beginning, who have gone through all of the trials and tribulations, who commented all along, creating debate among yourselves on my pages, and who have corresponded with me, offering great advice and insight. I couldn't have done it without you: truly thank you.

I owe great thanks and appreciation to the many very hot men of New York, who in addition to giving me some body-rocking, jaw-dropping orgasms, have given me such great material to write about. Thanks to Manhunt and craigslist, the sources of many of my hot encounters. Thanks to The Cock, Urge, and the myriad other bars in which I've found so much hot cock. Thanks to all of the lube and condom manufacturers out there—without you I'd be jerking off all the time instead of getting some of the grade-A tail I've been lucky enough to slip my dick into. Thanks to the amateur porn stars and porn site owners who help to make my nights alone feel so fucking good: seriously, I love you guys (especially Patrick at Sean Cody, who could be my Jack). And thanks to my dealer: dude, life without weed would be really boring.

Now I'm not about to get all religious on you or anything, or become some crazy rock star who looks up to the ceiling and thanks God at the Grammys, but seriously, I do need to give the dude props. I mean, He's the guy that invented cumming and put all those incredible nerve endings in my cock and ass, and really, what's better than that? So thanks, God, orgasms are the greatest.

While I'm trying to live under my pseudonym and retain at least some of my anonymity, it's tough to thank individual people, but some people just need a shout-out. The real-life Lizzie and Tommy have always been amazing

friends and I love you guys and know we'll be there for each other until the end. I also definitely should thank my friend Daria, who has been instrumental in helping me with the blog from the beginning, who is a techie even though she doesn't admit it, and who has always helped me make sure what I write makes at least a little bit of sense. And lastly, to the folks at Kensington who wanted to publish this book of my sordid life, and to my agent, he knows who he is, who made me big-time and got me a deal. Thank you all.

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