

Addiction

Have you ever been addicted to something, and it made everything else feel insignificant? You try to resist the urge but the monster inside of you just continues to grow larger and larger, waiting to be satiated. You tell yourself, that you don't need it. You tell yourself, that you don't want it. You tell yourself, that this is the last time. But every time you give in, you realize the reason why you love it so much; the taste, the feel, the smell. For just a few brief moments you feel like every one of your senses they are heightened, and when you cum it is the closest you think you will ever be to Heaven. But then the orgasm lessens and you realize that it was not Heaven that you were ascending too; you were actually falling deeper and deeper into hell and the depravity that comes with it.

But what's even worse is that your best friend, the person who you think will be there for you. Support you. Push you to become a better person. Is actually the one feeding into your addicted. And my best friend is the one that actually created it.

It all started 6 months ago, on a normal Friday evening when I was invited over to play video games. I had assumed it would be like the many weekends that we had spent together before but I was wrong, so very wrong.

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"Nick I'm here!" I shouted walking into his apartment. "Luckily the door was unlocked so it will be so much easier to pillage apartment and rape you!" I laughed maniacally, slowly rubbing my hands together like a Bond villain.

"Ha ha ha," Nick laughed from his bedroom. "You're sooo original. Now go sit down and behave yourself I will be right out in a few minutes. Just gotta get some clothes on!"

"Oh la la. Do you have too?" I joked, jumping on too his large sectional couch. I kicked off my shoes, grabbed a remote to the television, and turned it on. I flipped through the channels randomly, spending less than ten seconds on a channel before deciding that I was not interested and continued my search.

"Okay, let's do this shit! Ready to get whipped?" Asked Nick as he dramatically kicked open the door to his bedroom and stepped out into the living room. Nick came into the living room dress into a large sweatshirt with the insignia of our school and a pair of shorts that looked like they belonged to a child. As he entered the room a strong whiff of cologne assaulted my senses. I sniffed air enjoying the woody scent that came in with him; not being a big cologne guy myself, but this one I enjoyed.

“Borrowing your little brother’s clothes again?” I asked, moving myself to one half of the sectional which I had deemed as “my spot.” Nick turned around and posed showing off his overly developed backside.

“What it makes my butt look great?” He jiggled his bulbous cheeks back and forth. “What you don’t like?” Nick grasped his full cheeks with each hand before letting them both bounce back together. I laughed. Nick was an overly loud and proud homosexual. While I was a 100% homespun heterosexual male. We had known each other for years, going back to even before college, and this was a normal interaction between the two of us. He would flirt. I would flirt. Then we would move on to the evening or whatever activity we would do. Our friendship was a constant game of gay chicken, and I wasn’t one who wanted to lose.

“Oh yea love the view, just got a few extra parts that I’m not a fan of,” I said, nodding at the large bulge in the front of his shorts. Most guys would be turned off by having a friend who dressed so provocatively, but for me, that was the way Nick had always been.

“Oh you mean you don’t like this?” He asked, jiggling the front pouch of his tiny shorts towards me. His heavy balls and dick bouncing back and forth. I watched him dance, attempting to give the best-enticed face I could. Though as he danced, the smell of his cologne filtered more into the air and into my nostrils. I let out a sigh of enjoyment, laying further on my side of the couch, watching him continue to dance. “You have to admit, you know you want a bite of this chocolate cake.” He said, pushing out his towards me; the thin underwear underneath the shorts left little to the imagination.

“Well let me check.” I tapped on my crotch lightly, expecting it to be as soft as can be but weirdly; I could feel the soft beginnings of a boner. “Oh, um, yea, nothing.” I stuttered. “Let’s just start the game.” Nick cocked an eyebrow up at me in confusion.

“Yea, I guess the fun’s over then.” Nick, dropping the playful attitude, plopped down on his side of the couch and grabbed one of the controllers to the video game. He positioned himself with half of his body on the armrest with his legs towards me and his ass turned slightly up towards the ceiling. I couldn’t explain what was going on, but I couldn’t take my eyes off of it. And the longer I stared at his ass the more my dick stirred within my pants. “Ready to play?” He asked, handing me the second controller to the PlayStation. Even though I knew I should respond to his question I was somehow mesmerized by the way his cheeks were sprawled out on the couch. “Hello! Earth to James. Anyone home?”

“Huh?” I asked, his words breaking the spell his voluptuous ass was casting on me.

“Everything okay James?” He asked, pulling himself up from the couch. “Let me get you something to drink.” Nick pulled himself off the couch and walked towards the kitchen, and with every step I watched his ass sway from side to side. Each cheek slightly jiggling tantalizingly, begging me to touch them. I wanted them badly, and I couldn’t explain why. As I watched him bend over into the fridge, reaching for a water, I saw both of his fat black cheeks spring free of the shorts. Each becoming even more apparent the further he bent. I licked my lips hungrily as my cock grew to full mast. “Did you want anything else while I’m in here?” Nick shouted from the kitchen, wiggling his ass back and forth.

What did I want?