

## Dark Chocolates

Brad knew it was crazy to rely on superstition to make Angelica love him again, but he believed they were meant to be together. They had known each other since the 2<sup>nd</sup> grade, and he had been in love with her since he saw her curls and her large pink bow.

“It was just one mistake,” Brad had told her two weeks ago. “How can you do this to me - to us? I am sorry! I love you! Please just give me another chance! I just need one! I promise I won’t ever cheat on you again!” Brad had begged for forgiveness, but he saw only anger. The second she found out he had made his drunken mistake, she ended it, and no matter what he had done - she would not take him back. He spent hours searching on how to make her love him again, and when the typical notes and gifts, he turned to the dark arts. Or at least dark chocolates.

Magical chocolates that were said to make whoever ate them be the source of another’s love. Brad didn’t believe in magic, but he was desperate and knew that Angelica would thank him one day if they worked. He purchased the package without another thought and had them shipped directly to Angelica. All that was needed was a picture of the two of them and an electronic signature. He found an image in his phone, attached it to the order, and clicked purchase. Now all Brad could do was wait. Days ticked by, and Brad anxiously waited for the package to be delivered. It was two whole weeks before he received the notification that the package had been delivered. He could barely contain himself. He stared at the image of the box on her doorstep all day long. It would work, he told himself. If he believed it would work. He rushed over to her house after school and saw her car in the driveway. The package no longer on the doorstep. With his car parked on the road, Brad waited for hours. Finally, the sun had set, and streetlights turned on before he stepped from his vehicle and approached the house. His heart raced as he stood in front of the knocked. Her footsteps were audible as she walked to the front door. Brad waved at the peephole, knowing that she stood on the other side.

“Hi,” He said as he smiled wide, showing every tooth within his mouth.

“Ughh,” Angelica groaned from the opposite side of the door, and it opened. “What do you want?” She barked as she cracked the door slightly. Brad stared into her crystal blue eyes and waited for the magic to take effect. Silently, he stared into her eyes and wished that her frown would turn into a smile. Instead, it only soured. “Hello?” She said as she waved her thin fingers and snapped in front of Brad’s face. “Did you need something or are you here just to freak me out with your creepy ass staring?” Brad stood up straight and coughed. Did the chocolates not work? Was he scammed?

“Did you get the chocolates?” Angelica rolled her eyes.

“Yeah.”

“Did you like them?” Brad asked. Maybe the chocolates took time for the magic to work?

“Fuck no. I don’t want anything from you. I gave them to Winston. Winston!” She shouted up the stairs to her twin brother as she opened the door wider. Brad heard the heavy footsteps of her brother as he turned the corner at the top of the stairs and paused on the landing. Where she was thin, he was thick. Where she was popular, he was geeky. Where she was beautiful, he was weird. The boy had been the source of much bullying over the years since he had first met Angelica.

Angelica did nothing to protect her brother. She knew that he was weird and sometimes even participated in it. She couldn’t explain why he was obsessed with wearing all black or would never cut his hair. She couldn’t speak to why he wore so much eyeliner and or black eyeshadow. Everyone thought he was a fag, but he never admitted to it.

“What?” The boy grumbled as he flipped his long bangs with a toss of his head and paused at the top of the stairs. The moment he turned the corner, Brad’s heart fluttered. It twisted and tumbled around in his chest like it was set on a roller coaster. His dark circled eyes fell on Brad. His overly tweezed brows knitted together as he crossed his arms over his chest. He was annoyed by being summoned by his sister. He drummed his painted fingernails on his forearm as he waited for a response, and Brad could do nothing but stare. For once, he didn’t see the geeky twin brother of his girlfriend. Instead, he saw a mysterious boy in black that he wanted to know.

“Hey - um - hey Winston,” Brad stammered as he attempted to lean against the door frame but missed and stumbled back to the front. The twins rolled their eyes. Though they were shaped differently, their mannerisms were identical. “Did you - uh - like the chocolates?” Brad croaked.

“Yeah . . .” Winston trailed off, unsure of the question.

“That’s great!” Brad shouted, a little too excited by Winston’s enjoyment of the gift. “Okay, I have to leave now!” Brad said and marched quickly away from the front door and picked up speed as he crossed the lawn. The twins shared a look of confusion as Brad ran away.

“You’re not gonna beg to get back together?” Angelica called out to Brad as he jumped into his car. A hint of regret could be heard in her voice, but Brad paid no attention to her words as his mind was swamped with thoughts of Winston. His swooshy black bands. His perfectly pale skin. His deep voice seemed to rumble within Brad’s bones as he talked. Brad threw his car into drive and floored it.

“It’s not real. Magic’s not real. They were just chocolate,” Brad said. Even as he spoke the lies, his mind played Winston’s face on repeat. It was imprinted on Brad’s mind. His cock throbbed the more he thought of his adorable face and his sexy body. Brad made it halfway home before turning quickly into an empty parking lot and pulled out his cock. His rigid member bounced free of his boxers and ordered for his attention. Precum splattered against his shirt as it released the first bit of cum that boiled in his balls.

“No. No. No. No,” Brad said to himself as he gripped his cock and slid his hand up his shaft. The image of Winston sat firmly in his mind’s eye. “Fuck,” He cried to himself as he leaned his head on the steering wheel. The tip was angry and leaked into his palm as he worked his hand up and down. He was so hard and confused by this attraction. He tried to imagine Angelica. Her perky boobs. Her thin waist. I tried to imagine the handful of times they had sex. Nothing was strong enough to push away Winston’s delicate features or heavy hips that seemed to tease Brad.

“God no, this can’t be happening,” Brad grunted as he grabbed his balls with a free hand and massaged them. An ache radiated from his testicles as his mind flooded with images and memories of Winston. What would his hair feel like if Brad could run his hand through it? Would his large lips feel even softer than his sister’s if he was able to kiss them?

Brad remembered seeing his wide hips and big ass in gym class. The way they would stretch his black boxer briefs to the extreme every time he bent over to change. Brand’s friends and himself would make fun of his overly feminine bottom half, but now, all Brad wanted to do was touch them. He tried to squeeze his heavy ass, slap them, taste them, even fuck them. The thought of pushing his cock between Winston’s big ass was too much for him to take.

“I’m not gay. I’m not gay. I’m not . . . oh fuck, I’m gonna cum,” Brad grunted as he exploded onto his shirt and across his jeans. His thick load covered his clothes, issuing forth every ounce of cum buried within his balls. Brad’s cock jolted and pulsed within his hand. The sensitivity was too much for Brad, but he didn’t stop until he fell back in his driver’s seat and stared at the empty parking lot. Everything was wrong, but it felt so good.

## Winning him Over

Brad's hand was glued to Instagram all night long, scrolling through Winston's page. His eyes moved unblinking across every image.

"Fuck," he whined as he stared at Winston's large eyes and his perfect body. Brad imagined kissing every inch of his ashen skin. He wondered how Winston would shiver beneath his touch. Every thought felt authentic as he brought our repeated orgasms throughout the evening.

He wanted it to stop. His brain begged him to throw his phone across the room and find a way to end this enchantment. But his heart and his cock demanded him to continue. He spent hours staring at the pictures, moving quickly through his social media. It wasn't until he was near to the bottom before he gave pause.

An image buried beneath hundreds of photos - an image which sat out above the rest of him. Typically Winston's photos held the same blank empty stare or an annoyed look. His hair was generally long and covered his face or straightened to cover his eyes. But for this picture, everything was different. The thick bangs, which normally hung heavily on his forehead and eyes, were pulled back by a headband. Two black cat ears poked out from his wavy black hair. The cute, playful smile on his face made Brad's heart flutter with lust and emotion. His innocent eyes pulled Brad further into his attraction. Winston's hands were held by his face and covered by mittens that were shaped like paws. A loose black shirt fell off his shoulder, revealing more skin than any other image.

"God, so sexy. So fucking sexy." Brad moaned as he squeezed another load from his already drained balls. He let out a breathy squeal of passion as his load dribbled onto the floor.

Brad knew exactly what he needed to do in his post-orgasm bliss, what Brad had to do to win him over. Brad's thumbs moved with a mind of their own as he went online and ordered several gifts for Winston. Brad just needed to spend time with Winston. This side of Winston was unlike anything Brad had ever seen, and he needed to see more.

Brad collapsed on his bed and placed the phone on the pillow beside him. Everything would be here the next day - less than 24 hours. But even the quickest shipping wasn't fast enough for Brad. He laid on his side and placed his phone on the pillow next to his face.

“I can’t wait to see you,” Brad whispered before he kissed his phone. The addiction created by the chocolates overran Brad’s mind, burying his proper thoughts beneath layers of lust, want, and submission. Brad’s hand snaked into his underwear and began to rub his cock once more as he stared at Winston in his Cat Boy outfit.

The following day his cock was rubbed raw, and his underwear was crusted with layers of dried cum. Brad’s mind was clear enough for him to dress, eat, and get to school. But the moment he sat still for too long, he imagined Winston in his Car Boy outfit. His cock bulged within his jeans the entire day, commanding his attention. Every second was agony as Brad waited for the final bell. He couldn’t run from the school fast enough.

The fifteen-minute drive from school, to home, to Winston’s place felt like a millennium. As he pulled into the driveway, he saw that Angelica’s car was not in the driveway, but he could feel that Winston was home.

Brad brought the gifts from his car and approached the door. He knocked loudly and waited anxiously for him to answer.

“My sister isn’t here,” Winston grumbled from the opposite side of the door. Brad swallowed his nerves.

“I know . . . I’m here to see you,” Brad said. Winston clucked his tongue before he opened the door. Brad practically melted into the front porch as Winston stood in the doorway dressed in an oversized t-shirt and boxers. Brad had seen Winston dressed in similar clothes before, but now, under the chocolates’ curse, he saw Winston in a new light. Brad’s eyes ate away at the bare skin he revealed and craved to know what he hid within his boxers. Brad licked lips.

Winston noticed Brad staring and blushed before he covered himself. Brad immediately felt terrible for his staring and stepped forward with the box extended.

“I got something for you.” Brad felt like his heart was being extended with the box as Winston stared at the gift.

“For me?” Winston asked. Brad couldn’t see them, but he knew Winston’s eyebrows raised with his question. The gift floated between the two. Brad waited for Winston to take it, and Winston waited for an answer.

“Do you mind if I come in?” Brad asked, trying to take a step forward.

“Uh . . .” Winston looked over his shoulder. “Angelica’s not home. So you won’t get any brownie points -”

“I’m not here for her. I wanted to see you,” Brad interrupted. The emotion in his voice was evident as he spoke. It melted Winston’s cold exterior. He stepped aside. Brad stepped inside and felt something different wash over him as he walked towards the stairs. Winston took Brad’s forwardness and walked behind him as they walked towards Winston’s room. Brad had always seen the closed door but had never ventured inside.

His room was what Brad would have imagined. Dark fabrics covered the bed and the walls. Colorful lights lined the sides of the room, throwing splashes of pink and green along the border. An extra-large computer occupied the next that sat in the corner. Winston settled on the corner of his large bed before Brad placed the gift on his bare thighs. Brad’s fingers grazed the top of his smooth thigh and nearly creamed at the connection.

“I hope it fits,” Brad said as he turned around the desk chair and eagerly watched. Winston slid his nail down the center, taring the tape in two, and found black tissue paper folded neatly within. His fingers moved along the form, finding black fabric beneath - a whole collection of black clothing.

One piece at a time, Winston withdrew the items. A sheer pair of black knee-high socks. The edges were adorned with a single white bow and two white stripes. A lacy pair of underwear came next. Followed by another pair and another. Several scandalous pairs of feminine underwear were pulled from the box. Winston released a gasp or blushed at every pair, seeing how little each pair of underwear became. A pair of kitten mittens and a pair of cat ears were buried at the bottom of the package. Winston lifted the ears from the box and smiled. It was different than anything he had ever seen on Winston’s face. It was jovial. It was refreshing. It was like staring directly into a star, and it made Brad’s heart leap from his chest. Winston remained silent as he looked at the items of clothing.

“I saw the cat boy picture of you from a while ago and thought you might like those,” Brad said, trying to keep his voice level even though he wanted to scream his love from the rooftops.

“You want to see me in this?” Winston asked. The confusion was evident on his face.

Why would his sister’s ex-boyfriend all of a sudden have this interest in him?

“Very much so,” Brad said, nearly salivating at the idea of seeing Winston’s body on display.

“You first,” Winston said, holding out a pair of panties between his fingers.

“What?!” Brad gasped.

“You want me to strip down. Then you should first. How do I know this isn’t some sort of trick?” Winston questioned.

It was an honest question, but it hurt Brad in a way he didn’t understand. He wanted Winston to believe him, but would he go so far as to wear something so - so girly?

“I don’t know . . .” Brad said hesitantly. The draw to make Winston happy pulled him towards obeying, but his natural disposition against such clothes battled within him.

“Please? I think it would look so hot on you.”

Those words vibrated along Brad’s mind, and he answered before he could reconsider a moment longer.

“Yes!” Brad barked. Winston slingshot the black panties at him, and Brad caught them.

At least it wasn’t the thong, Brad thought internally.

Brad gripped his shirt, lifted it over his head, and quickly dropped his jeans to the floor.

“Someone’s excited,” Winston commented, nodding towards the erection that leaked into his boxers. Brad turned a deep shade of red that matched the angry color of his cock. He went to turn around, but Winston clicked his tongue.

“Why turn around? It’s not like the panties will hide much,” Winston teased. Brad took a deep breath and dropped his boxers. Winston grunted at the size and pulled his legs into his oversized shirt as he watched.

“Fuck,” He said before he bit into his plump bottom lip. Brad let loose a smirk. He allowed his hard cock to bounce and hang in the open air for several minutes, enjoying the way that Winston hungrily stared at his cock. His low-hanging balls, though empty of cum, were still heavy and begged for another milking.

He bent over and slid both legs into the lacy black pantie and brought it up his legs. The coarse leg hair snagged at the underwear as he dragged it along his muscular quads. He tucked his hard cock into the pouch and felt it bulge forward. The soft underwear contrasted with his typical cotton underwear, practically tickling his cock as he adjusted himself within the underwear. Brad could only imagine the sight. The small pair of feminine underwear clung to his meaty cock and curved over his beefy cheeks seemed so erotic.

The way Winston stared made Brad suspicious that Winston enjoyed the sight, but the way his hand moved inside his shirt confirmed he REALLY enjoyed the view.

“Stocking next?” Winston asked, clearly hopeful Brad would agree. Brad reached out his tan hand.

“Only the stockings?”

Winston practically moaned as he handed the stockings to Brad.

“Well, stockings first and then the cat ears, and then the cat boy ears and then the mittens . . . if you behave,” Winston said as he laid atop his bed on his stomach. He lifted his legs and hooked his ankles around one another as he cuddled the nearest pillow. The sweet face he made washed away whatever fears Brad had in putting on the clothes and only wanted to make Winston happy.

He lifted one stocking and slowly pulled it along his muscular calves and up to the thickest part of his quad. He adjusted the bow slightly so that it pointed forward and did the same with the second pair. The sheet fabric stretched taut across his lower body, clearly made for someone with a less hefty demeanor. Brad looked down at his lower half, the girly stockings, the lacy panties, his heavy cock that bulged so obscenely within the underwear. He looked at Winston and gave the boy a half-smile as he tried to pose as he had seen Winston do in the picture - profile angle with his hands lifted like little paws.

“How do I look?” Brad asked. His voice shook as he asked, feeling the most uncomfortable he had felt in years. Winston tapped his plump bottom lip and looked at Brad.

Silently, he rose from his bed and walked over to the tall jock. He looked up at Brad and lifted his arms. Brad’s eyes slammed shut in fear of what Winston was about to do but found Winston’s hands combing through his hair instead.

“We need to make this a little freer- less structured if you are going to be a proper cat boy,” Winston said. Brad opened his eyes and saw Winston biting his lower lip as he worked his hands through Brad’s gelled locks. Brad’s heart felt ready to explode as he felt Winston’s touch. Before he could stop himself, he leaned forward and pressed his lips into Winston’s. The boy’s fingers stopped moving as Brad’s lips opened slightly.

*Please don’t push me away. Please don’t push me away.*

The few seconds that slid by while Brad waited for Winston to respond felt like an eternity. But hesitantly, Winston opened his mouth and accepted Brad’s tongue. Their mouths opened together, and their tongues found one another.



Eagerly, their tongues massaged and wrapped around one another. Brad's hands found Winston's hips and pulled him closer to him. Brad pushed his hard cock into Winston and found an even larger cock growing inside Winston's boxers. Winston's cock outgrew his boxers and pushed out the leghole of his boxers. The head of his cock rubbed between Winston's and Brad's exposed skin. Winston grabbed Brad's asscheeks and squeezed them tightly. Brad groaned into Winston's mouth and felt Winston pull him closer. Winston broke the kiss.

"God, I need to fuck you!" Winston growled, dropping his voice into a seductive purr.

"What?" Brad squealed, unsure of the idea. Winston's smile grew hungry as his fingers found the waist of the black panties. His hands danced along Brad's cheeks, circling them both like a predator hungry for its prey.

"Mhmm," Winston said. "I'm gonna bend my little catboy over. I'm gonna pull his big jock ass apart, and I'm going to fuck you until you can't even remember my sister."

"No, this - this isn't right," Brad stuttered. The small part of him that fought the attraction pushed its way to the surface and took hold of Brad's mind. "I'm not gay. I'm not." Winston raised an eyebrow.

"Oh?" Winston pulled away and sat back on the corner of his bed. His hard cock and heavy balls hung openly through the leghole. Brad's eyes grew wide with surprise.

Winston's cock wasn't just big - it was massive.

"So what? You just buy other guys lingerie and try it on for them cause what - you're nice?"  
Winston

"No! That's not it!" Brad shouted back, feeling the two parts of his brain fight one another. One part wanted Brad to bend over on Winston's bed, pull his cheeks apart, and beg for Winston to bury his monstrous cock inside push its way inside of them. The thought even made Brad's cock leak within the borrowed pair of panties. While the other side of Brad begged for him to run away, to find a way to end this spell, to get back with Angelica. The two halves fought within his mind and forced Brad to remain frozen.

"Hmm," Winston said as he tapped his chin once more. His eyes rolled over Brad and ended at the front pouch that hung so heavily with his cock. "Well, why don't we start slow first, and then we can work up to fucking. You just look so delicious in that outfit. I can't control myself."

Winston dropped to his knees and shuffled towards Brad. Brad began to speak but stopped when Winston pulled the panties underneath Brad's genitals. Before Brad could protest, Winston leaned

forward with his mouth opened and took Brad's entire cock into his mouth. Brad shivered as he felt Winston's tongue travel along his shaft and tickle the pleasurable areas along his cock.

Brad's hands came alive and grasped two handfuls of Winston's dark curls and held tightly as Winston's throat tightened around his shift. Brad's muscles stiffened as Winston's head bobbed up and down, his throat worked deftly along Brad's shift doing things that Brad had never experienced before. Winston's hands moved around to Brad's cheeks and grabbed two handfuls. His fingers crawled towards Brad's hole. Fear and desire dripped from Brad as he knew what Winston planned on doing, and he could not stop him.

"Oh god!" Brad yelled as Winston's finger pressed on the outside of his hole and Brad's balls unleashed within Winston's mouth. "FUCK!" Brad groaned out as Winston sucked every drop from his balls and continued until Brad cried from the oversensitivity of his cock

"What the fuck!" Screamed Angelica from the doorway of his brother's room. Winston fell onto his ass, wiping the corners of his lips as a self-satisfied look fell over his face. "What the fuck are you two doing?"

Brad looked down at himself and Winston as Winston leaned against his bed.

"Brad, what the fuck is going on here!" Angelica screamed. Brad could see the hurt and the disgust on Angelica's face and could only think of one thing.

He ran.

Brad grabbed his pants from the floor and ran from the room, pushing past Angelica as she continued to scream at the two. Brad could not understand what she was saying and didn't realize he ran from the house dressed in the clothes that were supposed to be for Winston.

As he drove away, he saw Angelica stand on her front porch screaming at him. His phone buzzed with a notification. Brad knew he shouldn't look, but he caught Winston's name and couldn't open the message fast enough.

*"Today was unexpected and fun! Meet me under the bleachers during study hall tomorrow so we can do it again. Make sure you wear those panties. That ass just looked so delicious, and I need a piece of it!"*

## Under the Bleachers

Brad nervously sat in the back of his last class, practically vibrating with energy. His foot tapped, his fingers drummed, his left eye even ticked as his anxiety got the best of him.

Did anyone notice?

Did anyone see?

The black panties, which Winston requested, dug deeply into Brad's muscular cheeks. The material wedged itself into his deep sweaty crack and cradled his cock. The softness of the material constantly rubbed against his cock, forcing it to become rigid and leak constantly. Brad was forced to cover his privates throughout the day as wet spots disappeared and reappeared on the front of his jeans. Brad was surprised that he even had any cum left within his balls, as he spent the previous night jerking himself off until his cock was rubbed raw. He spent hours of the night before imagining Winston's plump lips wrapped around his cock. His soft tongue working along the shaft. Brad wished that he could have taken it further, buried his cock into Winston's pillowy cheeks, or saw him in the underwear that Brad purchased.

Twice throughout the day, Brad was forced into a bathroom stall out of sheer lust. The underwear and his imagination seemed to work together, edging him into orgasm. Every shameful stroke, Brad hated himself that much more but couldn't help but wish for more - wish for his dreams to become a reality.

His mind remained foggy with ideas of what would happen beneath the bleachers by the football field. Brad knew what he had done in the past and hoped that with Winston, he could go a fraction of the distance he went with Angelica. The moment the bell rang, Brad launched from his seat. He powerwalked to the front of the classroom, hoping that Winston would be mimicking his eager stride towards the bleachers. Brad exited the classroom quickly, dodging any conversation from his teammates or teacher, and made it all the way to his locker before anyone grabbed his attention.

"Sup," a deep voice spoke out over the hustle of the end of the day. Brad turned wide-eyed to his best friend, Tony, as he leaned against Brad's neighboring locker.

“Hey - hi, Tony,” Brad stuttered, feeling the black panties cling extra tightly to his cock. The underwear practically stroked his cock as he stared at his friend. Though Tony was no Winston, Brad could see why Tony had a constant stream of women pursuing him, his olive skin, broad build, and genuine good guy nature was like catnip.

“You coming to practice?” Tony asked as he waved to a passing female.

*Fuck. Practice.*

“Oh . . . no, I got some . . . um . . . other things to do,” Brad said. His mind was far too preoccupied with his date under the bleachers and his unreasonable aggressive boner even to form a lie.

Tony frowned.

“Dude, you got to let her go,” Tony ordered.

“What?” Brad asked with confused brows. Tony rolled his eyes and let out a deep huff of air.

“Angelica!” He shouted. “You got to let her go! You cant keep going to her house. The guys are starting to call you a stalker.”

*Oh, yeah, Angelica. I forgot about her.*

“Yeah - her. Sorry, I have just been a little preoccupied with everything,” Brad said as he closed bounced lightly from one foot to the other.

*He’s probably waiting. What if he leaves? What if he thinks I stood him up?*

“Dude, we need to -”

“I gotta go!” Brad said, cutting into his friend’s words. Brad slammed his locker shut, turned on his heel, and dashed down the hallway. He could hear Tony yell out after him as Brad ran away from his best friend with only Winston on his mind.

Brad ran out onto the field as he saw his teammates heading towards the locker room underneath the corresponding bleachers. The moment he stepped under the bleacher, his heart fluttered at the sight of his pale-faced idol. Winston leaned against one of the metal poles that held up the bleachers, dressed in his everyday all-black outfit. His sleeveless black shirt hugged his thin upper body, while his shredded jeans did the same for his pear-shaped lower body. The holes in the shirt and jeans gave glimpses of Winston’s alabaster skin and made Brad’s mouth water.

How Brad wished to cover the man’s skin with his lips.

“Sup, Winston,” Brad said, trying to keep his voice steady. His eyes ate away at Winston’s body as he lazily hung in the shadowed area.

Winston pulled away from the bar and laughed.

Brad’s cool guy attempt clearly failed.

“I was wondering if you were going to show or not. You seemed so . . . hungry yesterday,” Winston said, selecting a word that vibrated across Brad’s body and caused him to leak more into the black panties. “Did you wear them?” Winston asked as he raised an eye covered in black eyeshadow.

“Of course!” Brad shouted a little too enthusiastically.

Winston smirked.

“Show me,” Winston said. His voice remained light and breathy, but the authority was apparent in his voice.

Brad undid his jeans and dropped them to the floor. Winston whistled in his appreciation of the sight.

“Seems like someone had a fun day.” Winston floated towards Brad, moving silently across the muddy ground. He walked his fingers along Brad’s erect cock, sending shivers up Brad’s body. Winston’s petite hand gripped Brad’s cock firmly through the underwear. Brad shook into Winston’s hand. “Seems like someone is looking for even more fun. Ever have anyone play with your hole?” Winston purred.

“What?! No!” Brad shouted, jumping back slightly. The part of him that knew all of this was wrong resurfaced for just a moment, begging for him to pull away and find a way to break this spell, but his legs would not move. Winston pursed his lips and looked into Brad’s eyes.

“Think I could . . . have a taste?” Winston asked.

“I - uh - don’t know. I’ve never thought about it. It’s not something I’m into,” Brad stammered, trying to right his mind around the idea. Even though he wasn’t gay, he would do anything for Winston.

Anything.

“You think you would let me have a taste.” Winston dropped his voice into a deep hum. The sound pulsed through Brad as he melted. Winston moved his hands around Brad’s tight waist and took two handfuls of Brad’s ass. The two firm mounds overflowed Winston’s tiny hands. He dug his fingers

around Brad's firm pillows. Brad fell into Winston's body and arched his back as he felt girls do for him. "For a . . . straight boy, you seem very eager for what I'm gonna do."

"Please . . ." Brad gasped as Winston pulled down the backside of the black panties and tucked them underneath Brad's asscheeks.

"Damn, these are big. I bet you have a lot of guys begging for a touch."

Brad couldn't deny that his teammates always smacked his ass and fondled his "dump truck" ass. The number of times that they bent him over and playfully humped at him couldn't be counted. Winston dug his palm into Brad's cheek and exposed Brad's hole. Winston fished his finger into Brad's gaping mouth. Brad swirled his tongue around Winston's finger, worshipping it with his mouth. Winston pressed his lubricant at the entrance of Brad's sweaty hole. He danced around Brad's virgin hole.

"You excited?" Winston whispered into Brad's ear, biting his earlobe to emphasize.

*No, please don't do this. Please. I'm not gay. I'm not gay. I'm not gay.*

Brad whimpered his response, and Winston plunged his finger into Brad's hole. Brad's body tightened around Winston, gripping tightly to him. Brad slowly humped his cock into Winston's thigh, grinding his cock into the boy's soft body.

"Ughh," Brad groaned as Winston's finger dug deeper into his hole, stretching him open with a second finger. Brad buried his face into Winston's shoulder as he relaxed his hole for the second intruder. Brad thrust his groin into Winston's thigh, grinding harder and harder with every thrust.

*Stop yourself—break away from him. You don't want this. You don't want to be gay.*

Winston's fingers twisted and turned inside of him as they grazed across an area that sent unbelievable ecstasy throughout Brad's body. Winston pressed firmly into that spot.

*You're not gonna cum. You're not gonna cum.*

Winston could feel Brad's body convulse and wither under his fingering. Brad's humping grew more wild as Winston grew more eager. Brad withered into Winston as his cock lurched within the silken underwear. He bit down hard onto Winston's shoulder in an attempt to stop himself, but his cock unleashed. "WINSTON!"

"Fuck yeah," Winston cursed as he aggressively fingered Brad's hole, milking out the load with every harsh jab of his finger. Winston pulled his fingers from Brad's body. He shivered as they popped

free of his recently opened hole. Winston pushed the fingers into his mouth and grunted at the taste. “Love the taste of jock in the morning.” Winston grinned.

The two unlocked from one another, and Winston looked at the leaking front of Brad’s underwear. Winston licked his lips as he watched the cum drip from the front pouch.

“And now, you get your treat,” Winston said as he leaned over a nearby trashcan and pushed his ass out towards Brad. “Now, you can have a lick.”

The offer awakened Brad like a lightning bolt to the brain and practically charged at Winston’s bent-over body when moments ago, he felt like a newborn calf in his attempt to hold himself up. Brad dropped onto his knees, pressing his lips to Winston’s buttocks. He kissed Winston’s denim-covered cheeks, covering them both with his affection.

“God, why can’t I stop myself,” Brad moaned as he pushed his into the seam of the jeans and sniffed deeply.

*God, it’s so musky*

“God, it smells so good!” Brad took several deep whiffs of Winston’s ass. He undid Winston’s button and zipper, pulling his jeans from Winston’s wide hips. The tight denim clung to the boy’s soft hips and heavy buttocks. The jeans gathered around Winston’s knees. Brad’s cock throbbed as he gazed at Winston’s creamy cheeks. A dark thong dug into the depths and drew Brad’s eyes along the hefty roundness of them.

Brad leaned forward and pressed his nose into Winston’s buttrcrack, and sniffed deeply.

“FUUUUUUUUUUCK!”

*Brad stop! Brad, this isn’t you.*

“Brad?”

While his inner pleadings were not strong enough to pull Brad from his lustful attraction, the soft call of his name did it. Brad peeled his eyes from Winston’s milky cheeks and turned to see his best friend, gawking at Brad’s ass and the silky black thong against his golden skin.

“Fuck, dude! What are you doing? What are you wearing? Is that-is that a thong?” Brad looked over his shoulder and saw his friend’s eyes as they burned into

“It’s not . . . it’s not what it looks like,” Brad stuttered.

“What the fuck is it then?! Tony shouted. “Looks like you are on your knees, under the bleachers, staring at this faggots ass.”

“Well, that’s just incorrect.” Winston’s voice held a note of condescension. As if he were a teacher that held the final piece of a puzzle and couldn’t control himself from revealing it.

“And what is that?” Tony snapped back.

“He’s not just staring at my ass. He’s eating it!” Winston’s hand reached out his waist, grabbed a handful of Brad’s hair, and shoved it into the depths of his plump ass.

The world went into slow motion as Brad’s face descended towards the large cheeks. Fear overflowed from his eyes, but his mouth hung open, and his tongue extended, eager to satiate his hunger.

Winston’s cheeks swallowed Brad’s face, and his tongue aimed towards Winston’s hole like an arrow towards a bullseye. And it was a perfect fit.

“What the fuck, dude! What about Angelica!? What are you some kind of queer now?!”

With what the ounce of self-control Brad kept, he pulled away and gasped, “No,” before he dove back into Winston’s cheeks, eating ravenously. His teeth nibbled around the soft skin that encircled his hole. Brad pressed his lips against Winston’s puffy donut, kissing it with the same passion he once shared with Angelica.

“Dude! That’s disgusting! Stop!” Tony marched over to Brad, gripped his shoulders, and pulled him away.

“No! Brad’s hands turned into fists as he punched Tony in the gut and threw himself back into Winston’s cheeks. He returned to Winston’s hole, receiving a high-pitched moan of delight from Winston.

“Mmm, yeah. Shove that jock tongue right in my hole. God, I can only imagine how well you ate out my sister.” Winston punctuated his teasing with another moan. He arched his back and pushed his ass further into Brad’s gaping mouth. Winston flexed his hole around Brad’s tongue. He squeezed his cheeks, using the muscle buried beneath the layers of fat to squeeze Brad’s face.

Brad howled waves of pleasure into the cheeks that muffled his enjoyment.

“Come on, Tony. What you don’t want to taste as well?” Winston grabbed the meaty sides of his cheeks, pulling them away from Brad’s face and then releasing them. They slapped against his cheeks.



The action sent several thrills of enjoyment through Brad as he buried his face and continued to worship Winston with an energy he never knew existed.

“Fuck no!”

“Then why are you still looking? Are you a pervert, Tony? Do you like watching your best friend eat out another guy’s hole? You enjoy seeing your team captain munch on my boy pussy?”

“No!” Tony shouted back, raising his voice though his eyes were glued to Winston’s trickster gaze.

Winston shoved Brad onto the floor and fell to his knees.

“Fuck me, Brad.”

“What? Really?! No! I can’t! Can I?” Brad looked to Tony as if looking for some sign of approval, but Tony did the opposite.

“Dude, I don’t know what the hell is going on with you, but you need to get help.”

Brad looked from his friend and back towards the creamy ass that sat before him. Winston fell onto his chest, arching his back more and thrusting his ass further into the air.

“Mmmmmm, come on, Brad, fill me up while your friend watches. Seems like that pervert has a boner just staring at us.”

Tony’s cheeks went flush with embarrassment.

“I do not!”

Winston laughed that bell-like giggle as he nodded towards the tent that formed in Tony’s pants.

“You don’t need to fib. I enjoy giving a show.” He grabbed his cheeks, exposed his pink hole to the two men. “Tony can even join in if he wants. It wouldn’t be the first time I took two cocks at once.” Winston wagged his ass back and forth, drawing Brad and Tony towards him, similar to how a hypnotist would use his pendulum. “Just so tight. So hungry. Fuck, just so wet from Brad’s tongue.”

Brad crawled atop of him. He ground his clothed cock into Winston’s backside, humping him as if he didn’t know how to unclothe himself. Brad jabbed his hips at Winston. He whined every time his cock hit Winston’s crack, needing to feel Winston grasp his cock with his hole.

“Let me help,” Winston offered. He looped his arms around his back, hooked his fingers into Brad’s thong, and lowered it down. His hard cock smacked Winston’s crack. Brad cried out as Winston

squeezed his cheeks around his free cock, and he shook with a ferocity that said, orgasm was close. “Fucker, gonna cum before you even get in me?”

“No, I . . .” Brad swallowed his words as Winston squeezed his cheeks a second time. “God, please. I need it. Please!” Brad begged.

Desperation dripped from his voice as it quivered with need.

“Fuck me then, straight boy. Shove it in, and fuck me!” Brad lifted himself from Winston’s body, practically drugged with lust, as he lined up with his cock with Winston’s hole. “Do it. Fuck me. Plow me! Pump that load in me.” Brad pushed slightly, but Winston had another thought. He shoved his ass cheeks towards Brad, engulfing his entire cock and forcing the orgasm out of Brad before he could even make his first stroke.

“No! Not yet! No!”

He tried to enjoy the sex by forcing his mind to some faraway place to hold off his load, but his body betrayed him and issued the first shot of cum. Brad squeezed Winston’s thighs as his hips kicked back and forth, jolting from the assault of pleasure that Winston milked from him.

“God, it was so quick! So good! God! Why! Fuck!” Brad cried so loudly, the people on the field were silenced. Winston twisted himself, grinning wildly at the spent man on top of him. His eyes moved towards Tony.

“You sure you don’t want a chance? I swear I’ll be the best you ever had.”