

THIS ONE'S INTO TEAL

Stephen—

The horny grocery boy may be the god Pan in disguise. This one's into teal, birds, comics, boy pussy, actually he works at a printshop. It's Vermont all the way down, I've never been but I've got pictures of it, Vermont toilets in the background of a squat aggressively pink-tipped cock bobbing over Vermont water.

In the one I've got saved to my phone his chest looks like it's been stapled together very precisely: the front of his belly folds in at the center in one long seam from the solar plexus to just below the navel, a softball-sized bicep bugs out of his arm like uneven padding on an office chair. Except for lifting his shirt into a makeshift harness he'd be fully clothed right up to the copper-toned sunglasses perched in his hair, and gauges, thankfully small. Do Vermont's ribs beggar description? Hugging his hips, *AMERICAN EAGLE* in reverse, and an Uber ad at the bottom twice the length of his jeans.

Waiting for him to make the four hour, seventeen minute drive to New Brunswick I guzzle water, check Facebook, check my texts, edge, think about the word spooge. *Why Vermont* everybody wanted to know. I remember you did too, anticipating the scandal and then the likely tedium of the shackled-up weekend plus Labor Day. "Maybe he's bored," I suggested and ate something to illustrate. Later he said he was, of married dick by trash piles and buggy rivulets and especially the print shop, where he didn't technically have time off. The morning before he showed up I picked out an especially scrunched pair of shorts, the globes of my ass (contraband) hung out of it and shone. *When he leaves* I texted R. *I'd better be raw like health-hazard chicken*. I really wanted him to get the right idea. I'm neat like a rosewater cronut with sprinkles and a shave of ice. Who's gonna lap me up?

Driving on camera Vermont looks like he's whistling to a fly on his dick. *Taylor Swift visiting a children's hospital* the belt is as slack as his attention, divided between the road and his cock, which a furtive thumb and forefinger crush into his jeans. *Even if you didn't watch *Scream Queens** one hand picks up rhythm, the other rests easy at 10 o'clock confidently arriving at—a school crossing, a

stop sign, a delayed green light? Long enough to dribble with impressive restraint *you'll still want to take in season two only because John Stamos* to the base without schmearing even a little plush synthetic car seat fur and its tidy hotel-carpet blues and greys.

By 1 AM I played through every IG story. *How do you feel about a scene* I texted. *Oh?* and a smirking cat emoji. Yeah. *Like instead of I meet you in the parking lot you buzz up here and whip it out in the hallway.* Three more cats. Uh, sick. I zoomed in on the peaks and gulleys of his egg-carton abs. *Neighbours?* my phone buzzed. *Are all squares* I fire back, *who gives a fuck.* I shrill out of sleep at 3:17 AM to the alarm bell chime, slam on the intercom, chug a half-gallon of water. I'd imagined after weeks of reciprocal nudes I'd be slobbering wet but as I listened to the elevator brakes give and clamp my throat went dry and my balls huddled scooped against my perineum like two squirrels keeping warm.

Which brings me to his balls. Somehow in the jerkoff videos they'd squeeze tightly into his inguinal canals, grouped shyly around his cock looking more like identical growths, a sandcastle artifice packed by muddy adolescent hands. Lower limit amber briefs, upper limit amber balls. Where in this schema amber socks? Erupting onto his stomach he dodges the question.

Hello to the birthday party public of the apartment complex, cool stoops, warm beer. It is exactly 3:19 AM. *What's good, bitch boy* he smirks over a wakeful cock. Top of the morning to me too. His balls edge distortedly out over teal briefs, American Eagle waistband. Oh Waste Band. The telltale *thunk-woosh* of another door opening startles me out of a reverie of delivery cock, I pull him into the apartment where he kicks off his jeans. Lean legs, little teal socks.

Which his nudes had amply prepared for. Here, flat on a creamy bedspread legs apparently vulnerably in the air, he jerks his cut pole. Briefs open wide as if to catch, but wouldn't you know? He jets on his stomach with the kind of energy that suggests he's been saving it up—for me, his personal wank bank. I say this even as I look again and again at the cum cooling into translucency in the navel it fills and, by 0:43, overflows. That's what the briefs tell me. The socks, that he has a fixation, which is just the precision of desire made stretchy, elastic, teal or amber, *ERICAN EAG, ILFIGER, TOM.*

Okay, the stranger danger, the dick breakfast, the neighbours—I fibbed. Here’s the real story. I really did close my eyes but fifteen minutes later I was striding out to the parking lot where I sized him up in the privacy of cars, nights, mosquitoes, and the buzz of a Middlesex County, NJ road. He looked just like his photos and a little shorter, so I kissed him hello. It lasted a good half-minute—“Hi, stud.” The right impression. “You kiss like a cocksucker,” he offered. Without a comment on the complex’s disrepair he followed me indoors, where he bred me till the carpet burned my wrists and arms into a welter of bruising. Taking his cock—on the shorter side, but pleasantly thick, and hard as anything—was easy and joyous. He had the kind you don’t even need to relax for, you just let him rock into you. See? You get all silly over the translation from pixel to sphincter but there he goes hitting the right note with confidence, precision and ease.

He pulled out and told me to get on the bed with my legs in the air, to circle a finger around my head. “Slower,” he said, “tell me when it starts to burn.” I did, and then he ate my hole—sloppy, rest stop burger, fries, coke, lettuce. Outside crickets shrilled into a swampy 2 AM, inside he smacked and mumbled his appreciations into my asscrack. Of course, I’m a pornographer, I believe in the torment of desire—so I stopped teasing my cock for his benefit, grabbed his hair and held him back until he returned me the needy gaze of a pet. This control is out of the question for him to relinquish, or for me to backseat-drive. But in the interval of restraint he blinked, fixated. “Your ass tastes like pussy!” Flat iron, tree line, perineum. Fair enough, I supposed, I giggled, I let him in again. Runway, carpet, slip n’ slide.

Irritation, bagels, road head. You asked me if I’d called him daddy, well I was going to until he confessed he’d rather be my cat. All things and one long weekend. We were going at it in the kitchenette when I gave him his first hit of poppers. That’s as hard as I go, prissy enough to be scared shitless of tweaking, broke enough to afford nothing but solvent and pills, but this sleaze was new to him and probably an affront to somebody somewhere. A sluice of vision, a slowed but more deliberate rhythm to his fucking, I guess every cohabitant could hear us like pipes snapping or the intrusions of a radiator when somebody adjusts the heat. He wore boots, I wore sneakers, and then I was naked except for the sneakers and the impression of having done something extravagant.

Halfway through the weekend, feeling like a break from our elaborated fucking, I trussed him up to the shower curtain rod, got out my camera, and started to play. The AMERICAN EAGLE waistband indexed handsome cock redolent of pine needles and cold mountain air. The PETSMART collar said drive me to the movies. His cock bobbed, short and stupendously hard, over tile and bathmat. Flipping him around, it came as a surprise he had basically no ass to speak of—I must have been so fixated on his pelvic lines I forgot to check. So when he admitted he thought I had lied about my name I felt doubly betrayed. “Turner sounds fake, like porn-fake,” he said between forkfuls of mashed potato and scallion.

Did I forgive him when he, following instructions, pulled me into a sloppy embrace in front of a public library and a local Panera? Oh, Stephen. That’s for you to decide.

Love,
Turner.