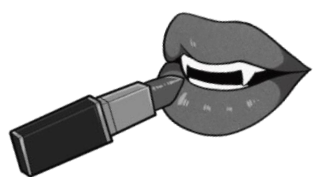


I was busy thinking
about *boys*

Yanndra Neves



I WAS BUSY THINKING ABOUT BOYS

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Cover — Yanndra Neves

ONE

Ian was silently humming Oasis' Wonderwall as he thought about what a relief it was that the final sat the Championship was over when a man at least ten years older asked suddenly, the hand on his shoulder a rough and unpleasant touch.

"Can I buy you a beer?"

"No thanks," he replied in a barely perceptible accent.

"You're not from around here, right? With those eyes... Come on, have a drink with me."

Ian took his eyes from the bartender whose long blond hair drew a good amount of attention — Ian's included. The boy was an oasis for the many libidinous university students who frequented the area.

It was a shame to find out that he wasn't a bottom, thus becoming the obstacle that prevented sex between the two of them, however, a futile and light friendship emerged there.

Jonathan, the aforementioned bartender, lifted his chin in Ian's direction and walked over smiling.

"Hey babe, want me to call Alex for you? He was supposed to be here already."

Jumping in, Ian drank the last sip of his beer.

"If he keeps being late every time like this, we're going to break up eventually."

"My best friend can be an asshole sometimes, but he's nice, don't give up." Jon winked in amusement, then turned to the man who insisted on making an appearance. "Need something, dude?"

Nodding politely, the strange men walked away smiling sheepishly. Ian thanked him with his own eyes and pulled out a twenty, pushing it towards the colleague slash savior slash fuckboy that didn't work out.

He sighed, tired, and continued his path from defeat to the exit, where a cool spring night awaited him.

Nights in Boston lacked some animosities, but the climate... Some hated the dry, colder weather, but that was one of the reasons he loved living there. The summer was coming, it was inevitable, but even so, in the middle of that exchange of seasons, close to midnight, the aroma was a mix of freshness, flowers, and the big city.

Laughing to himself at his idiotic thoughts, he pulled a pack of cigarettes from the pocket of the light jacket he was wearing and reached for his favorite lighter. As he hoisted it up, the orange light immediately rose, but hotter than that combustion just below his nose, his attention was dominated by the figure of Taejoon, the judo prodigy boy from his University, who was passing by, laughing among the crowd, going in through the door of the bar from across the street accompanied by other faces he had seen from time to time around campus.

It wasn't the right moment to freak out. That neighborhood did have exclusively LGBT bars, but it also had regular ones, and besides, the 'B' had grown exponentially over the years, and it was common to expect any interaction of that kind among the nightlife.

The fact that Ian was gay and hiding from everyone including his own shadow, while meeting the guy who hated him the most in the entirety world — and who, as a bonus, couldn't even consider how many times he had been in Ian's wet dreams — wasn't why his heart skipped a beat, sure not.

Damn, Taejoon was too handsome for his good. Ian understood perfectly why women and men threw themselves at him whenever they had the opportunity. The tall, muscular body without exaggeration, worthy of someone who trains from an early age... Everything is in place, outlined, and authentic. Add that to the many tattoos that could be seen from his neck to his fingertips, the ensemble was a creation bordering on the divine.

Ian was also an athlete, but unlike him, his specialty was football. He got a generous scholarship thanks to it, which was good news, after all his mother was a runaway train trying to survive the world, and his Father, well, absent enough to even remember what his face looked like.

Being on the team, studying Art History, participating in championships, having access to the library... All that was like roots, keeping him sane and healthy on earth, able to look to the horizon and aspire to bear fruits in the future. Maybe that way he wouldn't repeat certain mistakes that were hard to learn with his shame and despair.

The door closed behind the attractive silhouette and his eyes turned to the sky. It was cloudless, clear, and vast, enigmatic like the bottom of the sea. Ian drew on the menthol cigarette and admonished himself as the nicotine sailed into his lungs.

Taejoon had been his secret object of admiration and desire since day one. When they were introduced, all the clubs had a meeting followed by a friendly outing, during which they drank, laughed, and were the freshman-initiated seniors they so longed to be.

Ian talked to him for a few minutes, but soon had his hopes swept away when he saw him drag a brunette with long hair and a slender body to the wall near the kitchen, his leg slipping between hers, squeezing her center masterfully.

Even though he tried, his brain refused to forget the expression on the girl's face. Her eyes were closed, her head tilted back a little, with a smile of malice and delight so palpable he could almost taste TJ's tongue running shamelessly over her exposed throat.

It couldn't be heard, but Ian knew she was panting.

He should stop staring, he knew that, but it was like being hypnotized.

Taejoon's hands closed around her wide waist, pulling her between the waistband of her jeans, surely forcing her to feel his cock, making her eager for the contact that would come as soon as he finished ripping her clothes off somewhere — if Ian could have guessed, would either be the bathroom or the backseat of a car.

Ian was about to convince his face to turn away just when Taejoon seemed to sense his presence. His eyes turned in his direction, staring at him with a self-absorbed, masculine gleam. They held that gesture for a fraction of a second until TJ offered him a sly smile and turned his attention to her red-painted mouth.

Hating how his womb twisted in lust and sin, Ian hurried to the bathroom, and after five minutes of emotional and physical torture, he hated even more the realization that there was no way he could leave without masturbating.

Just as he opened his pants and hold himself, the sound of the door opening with hurry ricocheted up to the ceiling, and then the cubicle partition door right next door slammed open with the same violence, and his assumption came true: TJ would fuck her in the bathroom.

She called his name softly and the sound of the belt being unfastened was a real terror. Ian's cock throbbed just like his body acquiesced, craving the same possession he wrought against her.

A few more sounds followed by excited giggles, and then a faint, deep moan echoed up to Ian's ears, chilling his whole body. The sound of Taejoon thrusting was beyond anything he could even imagine. It was raw, rhythmic, and not complacent. And she took him without complaint, coming over, and over again, soaked in something he could only speculate about.

And that's how he had his first personal humiliation: watching the orgasm of a man he could never had a chance with, sitting on the toilet of a public bathroom. At the end of the orgasm, the shame that gnawed at him was enough to make him want to crawl into a hole and never come out, but he had to remain silent while they got ready and returned to the rest of the group.

When Ian gathered up the courage, he headed straight for the house, preferring to prepare his mind for the school future rather than his carnal desires, and so he did. However, to his surprise, interactions with TJ only increased, and all in a negative way.

His performance on the team was well received, and soon the practices were packed with spectators, as were the games, which took some of the spotlight away from the judo team — where Ian himself had collected enough gold medals for nearly an entire generation. Unfortunately, people thought he was too handsome, and with that, his university experience changed dramatically.

He resolved to live it to the fullest, so he gladly accepted the title of football beauty, as well as the women that came with it. He dated a few, but he never got too far ahead. The sex was torture until he started just satisfying them with his hands before sending them away, which didn't prove very efficient as the approaches continued.

It was in this joke that his non-relationship with Taejoon worsened considerably thanks to a girlfriend who broke up with him claiming to be in love with the way Ian treated her, which was too different from TJ, whose bad boy fame ended up proceeding.

Ian politely declined, but won the boy's discontent anyway, which was a cold shower, but also served as a lesson to remind him of how unreachable he was.

Every time a look of measured anger or displeasure was offered in his presence, the stronger was Ian's brain's urge not to show any shred that it all hurt him in a way he was unable to successfully explain. He would need just another madman without a shred of sense to be able to complete the biography of his romantic non-life.

The rest of the first year was all like that, coexisting in that athletic ecosystem, bumping into each other between games, sometimes in the locker room, or even behind the bleachers, between one hot dog stand and another.

Ian was in the university exactly one year apart, and his attitude towards the team was impeccable. His grades were as good as his skill on the field, and if there was one thing he matched TJ with, it was this: being good at what was his.

And it was during autumn that it happened a second time. Another of TJ's girlfriends sought him out, and just as she was proposing, he appeared from across the parking lot, his eyes deep and blackened, as if he knew the exact words coming out of the blonde girl's mouth.

The smile TJ gave him was so condescending that a small wave of anger rippled through his body. How could one person be so attractive and so unpleasant, he wondered.

It wasn't his fault that the I-don't-give-a-shit-shake-your-ass-or-go-away attitude wouldn't stick after a few weeks. The truth was that Ian used to do just the bare minimum: he smiled, said good morning, asked how they were doing, offered them a coffee... And when they really wanted something, he accepted, restrained, polite... And bored.

That's where he usually got dumped, tho.

That dynamic repeated throughout the winter, and then in the spring, the pick of the month was a pretty veteran who didn't take shit. After the classic glass of water in the face, she pointed at Ian whose lunch was being interrupted, and commented on something he didn't hear, as he turned up the volume on his Discman, trying hard not to laugh at the irony that it was playing *By My Side*.

He clearly remembered leaving the music room a few hours later when he burst at his tall stiff body. Ian rolled his eyes, ready to listen to an unsolicited litany, when he was startled by how close he suddenly got.

TJ was looking at him as if trying to figure out what to say, and while he respected that urge to defend himself after such an egoic affront, he wasn't too keen on him finding out that just smelling his perfume and post-workout sweat so closely, both his mind and his cock wanted to explode.

"Can I help with anything?" Ian asked cynically.

"How about you start bugging someone else's girls? I don't know if you've noticed, but this is a *huge* college," he said slowly as if Ian was too dumb to follow his reasoning. "I suggest you learn or-"

An incredulous laugh escaped his lips.

"Or what?"

No matter how much Ian secretly wanted him, he wouldn't put up with that kind of behavior, so he tried to remind him who he was talking to. His eyes dropped to his feet, rising in outrage, all the while forcing himself not to admire the veins in his arms that bulged between newly used muscles, or the bead of sweat lodged in the line of his collarbone.

The smug pose dissolved in slow motion, and J took a step back, seeming to regain his memory that Ian was, above all, a player very well used to that kind of physical contact. Despite the small distance, his face carried the same anger as before, and that was where his little patience ended.

"Be a good boy and learn how to control your nerves and maybe they'll stop dumping you," he snapped angrily.

TJ held his arm tightly when he tried to get away, and the rough touch added to the fact that he pushed him a little against the blackboard was enough for Ian's face to change into a mixture of surprise and shyness.

His face was tense, and his well-marked jaw had a violent shadow that made him even more... Ian gasped involuntarily, and unfortunately for him, it wasn't a sound of fright, but of something else.

Taejoon lowered his eyes to his mouth for a split second and his whole face heated up, and before it escalated too much, Ian pushed him away with his still free hand and was off down the hall, haunted by half a dozen different reasons.

Ian had signed his genuine hate contract for sure after that comment, and he really wanted it to stay that way, after all, the more distance, the better. Maybe that way he would forget about his existence, and Ian would forget how much he wanted to take those women's place.

Then, on the first night of summer, an event in question ripped him out of orbit, Ian's sense of gravity suddenly altering.

At one of the parties after a football game worthy of such a drink night just to relieve the efforts of months of hard work... Instead of finding TJ kissing another beautiful woman, to his complete shock, he saw him kissing one of the freshmen of that year.

Ian's jaw dropped and his blood bubbled. Unlike the other time, he didn't stay there allowing him to discover the reason for his cheeks to blush, but fled out of the house, fearing he would through up.

Finding out TJ was bisexual was like moving an entire continent.

And that's why seeing him there, on that street, near those bars, with that information impregnated in his psyche like a tattoo, made the taste of the cigarette even more bitter.

When TJ's fourth girlfriend handed him a box of chocolates and confessed her supposed love in a sweet, angelic way, Ian felt anything but empathy. He couldn't take this anymore. Not for him, nor TJ... But Taejoon didn't seem to share the yearning for peace, and at party after party, his nightmare dressed as a summer dream kept close by, striking up conversations just to embarrass him somehow, which happened every time they were too close.

Taejoon wasn't stupid, so it became increasingly difficult to hide the fact that his insinuations about anything remotely sexual or provocative about his affairs were reason enough for Ian's cheeks to take on a sunset hue. This fact was the new turning point, and from then on, he began to do it frequently, so Ian found himself having to hide from fear of being discovered.

And so, the torment equation continued to gain numbers and letters as the ashes consumed the tobacco, decreasing the distance between the ember and his lips.

Trying to decide between going back inside and picking someone he didn't know to take to the nearest motel and leave, he chose the second option.

He fumbled in the front pocket of his jeans for his car keys only to remember that he had taken a taxi. A bored sigh left his nose, but its path was interrupted by the drunken voice of a man coming out the door.

Turning in the direction of the inconvenience, he found the same annoying human being from minutes ago. He was drunker than before, which made Ian question how much alcohol was in his bloodstream.

Ignoring him, he turned his attention to the little busy street, noticing he may need to hail a taxi, which required finding a pay phone.

"Hey, I'm talking to you!" the asshole said it even louder.

Without much patience, Ian twisted backward.

"What the heck?"

"Come here, sweetie," he said started again "I told you I'd buy you a drink."

"No thanks," he said, bluntly.

Unfortunately, the guy didn't understand that way, and grabbed Ian by the arm, pulling him more toward the ninety-degree wall that led straight into a dimly lit alley than toward the middle of the street, where he pushed him harder than he'd expected against the wall.

"Are you deaf? I'm pretty sure I've just told you to drink with me!"

"No, you didn't *tell* me. You *asked* for it, and I said no. Now let me fucking go."

Forcing himself out of that unauthorized embarrassment, Ian was too pissed off to notice him trying another fit, pulling Ian back into the alley while holding onto his shirt.

"Hey, you faggot," he spat through gritted teeth, the smell of cheap booze irritating his nostrils. "Why don't you spare us the theatrics and put that pretty ass to good use? I already said I'll pay you."

Son of a bitch.

Ian's fist clenched before he could even command his body to do so, and in a split second later his metacarpals slammed into the guy's nose, knocking him out with surprising accuracy for someone who hadn't fought in years.

"Fuck you" the stupid men screamed.

He staggered against the dark bricks, and Ian thought that was enough to make him forget his existence long enough to walk away, but again, almost like a tailor-made punishment, the guy regained control of his body and punched him right in the stomach.

Cursing, his body doubled over in agony. He hit Ian's face back, right on the cheek, but because of the angle he was at, the blow was poorly executed, and it felt more like a slap than a punch.

The asshole was fast, which turned out to be shit, as his torso was pulled by the lapels and lifted, leaving him at the mercy of another round of blows that would arrive in...

Closing his eyes, Ian waited for the blow that didn't come.

Instead, the sound of a blow reverberated between his ears, but the pain did not assuage it. Lifting his eyelids, he saw the man lying on the ground, the frightened expression mixing with the sight of the nose that was bleeding shamelessly.

"What the..."

"If you don't wanna die today, I suggest you *get the fuck* out of my sight."

Taejoon said suddenly, anger seeping through the syllables as clear as the stars in the sky.

Wait.

TJ said that?

It took longer than Ian was proud of, but his form took hold, and the tall, violent figure seemed even larger in the shadow cast by the flickering streetlight. He watched the man leave quickly and disgustedly. As he found himself alone with the fighter, he blinked a few times before he managed to speak.

"Did he hurt you?"

He should answer something, right?

"Does it hurt? Do I have to take you to the hospital?"

"Hmm..." he murmured.

"Youngwoo?"

His Korean name was enough to let him know he wasn't dreaming.

"I'm fine."

He eyed him suspiciously.

"Seriously, Taejoon. Thank you, by the way."

"No problem."

He was *too* close. The gray eyes like the remnants of a fire left him without structures and being watched in such detail made him feel like a cornered prey.

Ian didn't know how long he passed in silence, but when he regained the cognition of a normal person, he noticed that TJ was putting a cigarette between his lips, and in an instant, he found himself throwing his light blue lighter, which he caught with mastery.

"Thanks."

The sound of burning tobacco filled the silence between them a little. TJ walked over, handing the object right between his fingers while blowing the smoke beside his face with an attitude he couldn't tell if it was mocking or just childish.

"What a dick head you've got yourself into, huh?"

He raised an eyebrow, irritated. It was obvious that kindness was fleeting. It would be asking too much education from the guy whose pleasure it was to make his life a living hell.

"I didn't look after *that*", he snapped.

"Well then, because that would be a bad choice."

"And who are you to talk about bad choices?"

TJ chuckled before taking the paper out of his mouth.

"Really." His gaze took on an irritated tinge, and his body forced him to admit that this was sexy as fuck. "I must really have a rotten finger."

"If the hood fits..."

Two women came out of the door between laughs and amused kisses, and he saw perfectly when Taejoon nodded towards the neon sign. The corner of his lips curled in what was sure to be a snarky comment.

Regretting his own existence, Ian knew it was there. The fateful moment when his greatest fear was discovered. And for the person whom he least wanted to find out... The gods were angry, that could only be the explanation, there was no rational reason for that sequence of events to be happening at that moment...

"I don't know if you know," he began, and the strength it took Ian not to roll his eyes was superhuman, "but this is a gay bar."

Holding his gaze, Ian kept his face as expressionless as he could, and decided that since it was raining, it would be impossible not to get wet.

"So is that one over there" he pointed to the one across the street whose sign was also glowing an unpuritanical shade of red "And you clearly were there."

He stated with conviction, hoping that he would leave soon. However, Ian saw him acquire a smug expression that turned out to be extra attractive.

His pointed canines showed off as he gave a roguish laugh and moved even closer, so close that Ian could smell both the heat of his body and the scent of his perfume.

Ocean and whiskey.

Then his mouth opened, and the truth came out low and irrefutable.

“So were you.”

Lifting his chin a little higher, Ian didn't hesitate to look at him so closely. He could torment him all he wanted, but he wouldn't let him know the extent of it. As such, he put on his best expression of indifference.

“And?”

Three letters, one word, one question.

Taejoon's face changed just like the wind that marked the beginning of dawn, bouncing around his ankles, bringing fallen leaves in the open air, passing so fast that it was difficult to rationalize.

Those angry eyes suddenly shifted, clouding into something he knew all too well: *lust*.

Leaning forward, TJ cut off the distance between them, pressing his lips to his while both hands ventured through Ian's dark strands, grabbing them with the same violence as his tongue begged for passage.

His body responded instantly, exploding with a raw, deep need so intrinsic that the instant the pin on that bomb was pulled, it would be impossible to stop. Ian was a train without brakes, his reasoning slipping away more and more as he merged their weights, feeling the hardness of his shoulders under his digits.

His mouth opened, enslaved by the stinging desire that rose through his cock, coursing through his veins like acid, leaving him at the mercy of a desire so frightening he felt as if the world had disappeared.

Taejoon bit down hard on his lower lip and the moan that came out of his throat was loud enough to make him blush but not stop. Ian's tongue overtook his, rubbing shamelessly, consuming him with equal intensity, drinking in his essence, mixing saliva with tobacco and the taste of man.

One of his hands left the back of his neck and went down to his waist, reaching for Ian's ass, squeezing there hard enough to hurt, which only served to elicit another desperate sound from his vocal cords.

The weight of his body was a delicious torture, and when he undulated his hips against his belly, the pressure of TJ's cock against his was enough to make him squirt a little bit.

He was hard. Ready. And if sanity didn't take over, soon that hardness would be inside his body, fucking him with the brutality he so craved.

Taejoon could have taken him there, in the middle of the street, he didn't care about anything else. If he had to kill someone to stay there, it scared him that he'd might.

Ian shivered under his touch, hallucinating in a sexual rush he had never experienced in his entire life... If he kept grinding like that he was going to cum right there, like a teenager, in his clothes and all.

And he seemed to be enjoying it. Ian could tell by the way his mouth moved sideways in what looked like smug smiles.

Delighting in the soft tongue that wrapped roughly around him, Ian melted even more as night-chilled fingers slipped inside his shirt, venturing over his warm skin to find his chest, where he pinched with undeniable skills while going down his mouth, gliding sensually across his lower lips to his chin, where he bit down in unison with his wrist that twisted his nipple to the other side.

"Taejoon..."

He whispered to the sky, losing himself in the feel of his mouth moving towards his ear, completely unprepared for what was to come next.

"I was right..." TJ murmured as he bit down on his ear, the wet touch along with the thick timbre of his voice being a delirious combo. "You *really* are gay."

He gave a laugh so vulgar it sent shivers down Ian's spine.

Then he completed:

"Lucky me."

Increasing the imposition of the hand that held his hair, TJ forced him to face him closely again. It was all there: TJ's reddened mouth, slightly open and breathless, what forced him to bite his own lips to keep from groaning embarrassingly loudly.

He let go of his breast and ran his hand over his belly, going down slowly...

Down...

Down...

And stopping right over where it hurt the most.

Then TJ pressed the back of his neck hard enough to steal a sly moan from him. Sliding his swollen lips over his, Ian felt his soul stolen forever as he stared at him with eyes flooded with lust, and then commanded against his mouth:

"Let's go."

“Where to?” he managed to ask between gasps.

Annoyed, Taejoon bit down on his neck and climbed up to his ear again.

“Either we get into that motel right now or I'm going to devour you *right here.*”

Obedying, Ian followed him to the back street in long strides, and as he swiped his card and retrieved his room key, Ian wondered how the hell they'd gotten there.

TWO

The elevator door opening was enough for Taejoon's heartbeat to accelerate. The worn key in his hand was the final confirmation that he was about to do what a considerable time ago he would have found impossible. On the contrary, he would oppose it so hard that he would resolve it with his fist if necessary.

Karma seemed like a bittersweet reality when he was forced to admit that that possibility hadn't left his mind for a few months. The seed was planted the moment he saw him, just a few minutes after himself, running out of the bar bathroom at the freshman welcome party, his cheeks as pink as the mouth of the girl in front of him.

His athletic body, that face, a mixture of passivity and shyness... His dark hair, slender eyes. He was someone who would gain your attention if he was in the mood for guys—which wasn't the case that particular night.

After seeing him leave the door, he couldn't even hear the creak of the hinges reducing the back and forth of the wood, or the screams of the other team members. His mouth was soon attacked again, and yet a part inside him continued to enjoy the fact that that guy, whoever he was, had, without a doubt, witnessed him fucking.

The domino effect was inevitable after that.

Finally discovered that he was the new darling of the University's football team, the freshman that the coach had mentioned so much in his end-of-year speeches. Also, a bit about his origins, family, and his Korean name.

His friends' attention was altered, and his girlfriends started breaking up faster. The first said he didn't treat her well, that Ian was better at it. He didn't like what he heard, but he let it go.

In the following weeks, whenever an opportunity arose, he heard people around him praising either him, the game, or both. And he had the girls too. All on all fours, sighing around him, mentioning dozens of times how polite, handsome, attentive he was... That turned any trace of interest into deep disgust.

In the meantime, between the corridors, Youngwoo went unnoticed whenever he was alone. However, when he was accompanied by someone from the team, a cheerful smile graced his face, and Taejoon had the impression that there were two different people in it.

In one of the games, accidentally bumped into him, or rather, he bumped into him and the lack of life in that "*oops, I'm sorry*" bothered him like an ant bite on the ankle: it pinched his skin, overwhelming his senses with a mixture of surprise, and anger.

Watched him head back to whatever the hell his destination was, and the way his girlfriend at the time looked at him, melting into silence over something drier than the outside of a cactus, only intensified the discomfort.

Then came the icing on the cake. On a Thursday afternoon, leaving the last class of the day, he was walking to the parking lot when he saw her next to him. The loose hair, the high heels, and everything else that suited her formed the perfect web of seduction. His wounded ego turned around, irritated.

He politely dismissed the girl, but his eyes remained without any emotion until he turned his face to the side and found Taejoon witnessing the scene. It was the second time in months since he met him that he saw those gray irises shine in his presence, and that awakened something else in his irritation, something he had no interest in naming.

The damn asshole was a princess. Well-liked, beautiful, adored. But the blush on his cheeks at being caught filled him with power as if he knew he had the upper hand over him.

Taejoon decided there to start making him hell with small touches, and small social interactions, and each time he became more nervous in his presence, the more he wanted to continue testing him.

He didn't remember the exact date, but there was one day, an incident in the locker room after an intense night of extra training that made him curse his tongue.

Everyone had left, he was late to meet his current new girlfriend at the opened cinema that was behind the lot of his favorite snack bar, but there was no way he could leave without taking a quick shower, so he ran despite his legs that were out of shape due to too much exercises, but when passing through the portal, he stopped suddenly when he noticed that there was still someone there.

The sound of the shower faucet being turned echoed through the empty bathroom, and something beeped inside, like a divine warning.

Youngwoo walked out through the aluminum door and the towel just around his waist allowed him to glimpse his body in a way he hadn't even considered before.

The son of a bitch was *beautiful*.

His fair skin blended against the transparent droplets, taking on a different glow under the white light that flickered now and then. He sighed before walking towards the benches where his clothes were folded neatly instead of in a mess like he and everyone else usually left them.

He didn't even breathe when Youngwoo released the curve that held his decorum, and the sight of his sex combined with the hair falling over his face, the sculpted abdomen, and the indifferent face were an equation difficult to avoid.

The shiver on the back of his neck clouded into something he would recognize anywhere: desire. But not just any wish, that was the kind of truth. The one that feels like a punch in the middle of the chest, which makes your dick hurt and your head spin.

Angrier than he'd ever felt before, he turned around and went sweaty and feeling glued to the date anyway and managed to fuck her before the end of the movie just to confirm the inevitable.

A few weeks of fermenting anger at himself and anger at his existence passed, he was dumped again, and its fact accumulated in his spine like a needle, on an impulse, he forced him into the music room, confronting the man with what was left of him, his dignity only to be held hostage by his madness by being silenced by a valid argument.

Stood there for a good few minutes after he left, still, consumed by his hard-on and an overwhelming desire to punch him until his teeth spat out, but those lips were too beautiful to be hurt by his fists.

Maybe he should make him spit something else out, he thought.

It was there that he declared himself lost.

Whether Youngwoo was gay or not, it would be a matter of time before he found out, but his body was filled with certainty every time he saw him pass by a hallway. The dead fish's eyes gained an inhospitable hint every time they met his and this only increased what now, to his misfortune, had a first and last name.

He decided to settle down with his girlfriends at the university and focus his attention on studies and training, which increased as the championship approached, but every night he found himself in the village of perdition, zigzagging from bar to bar, trying to purge what he wanted to do with him, in men who would never be equal.

What led them to that night? His mouth almost touched the one that belonged to a blonde whose long, light hair contrasted with the image that dominated his mind, and this seemed like a good new strategy to deal with the situation, but before he even felt his alcoholic breath, he suddenly moved away, the need to smoke strong on your skin like a magnet.

Ignoring him, he headed out of the bar only to be met with an unpleasant sight. Youngwoo was on the other side of the street, right at the end of the alley, being shaken by a man of the same height, and his first instinct was to wonder why that idiot wasn't fighting back.

His legs moved before his synapses even completed the thought of going there, and his left fist erupted with a punch that would certainly leave a bruise as a memory, reversing its target: he hit him with his tightly closed right hand, and

by the sound, the blow may have dislocated the guy's nose, which didn't displease him at all.

Threatening him, Taejoon looked on with disdain as he got up and ran away still staggering. Ridiculous.

He turned to Youngwoo's dumbfounded face and forced himself not to show any extra expression. So he could also make a face like that... Good to know.

“Did he hurt you?”

Silence. Damn, now he was the one who wanted to punch him, but his body still exuded the adrenaline of worry.

“Does it hurt? Do I need to take you to the hospital?”

“Hm...” he murmured.

“Youngwoo?”

Apparently hearing his birth name snapped him out of his stupor and his still frightened eyes focused on him and his body visibly relaxed despite the distrust.

He said he was fine and thanked him for his defense and the silence returned, but this time he didn't care. He looked him up and down, enjoying the sight of the misfit and half-out-of-air prince looking back at him, a little embarrassed, which was kind of adorable.

Pulling the pack of cigarettes out of his pocket, he was about to start looking for the lighter when his reflexes were activated and his arm caught, still in the air, a light blue lighter.

He lit the tobacco and approached him to return the object, taking advantage of the proximity to both renew the memory of his smell and to blow the smoke in his face.

Taejoon teased him with childish lines, ignoring the voice inside him that felt something close to jealousy. Maybe the thing had ended wrong, but Youngwoo was there, in the district still frowned upon by society, within an almost exclusively male district.

“And who are you to talk about bad choices?”, he responded to his comment.

He sighed irritably.

“Really, I must have a bad taste.”

“If the shoe fits...”

He opened his mouth to say something when two women came out of the door of the bar next door amidst laughter and kisses. His face twisted into a wicked smile.

“I don't know if you know, but this one” he looked at the sign above them “is a gay bar.”

Youngwoo straightened his spine and pointed to the other side of the street, where another bar was adorned with red lights along its entire length, making it very clear what content his customers were looking for.

“That one either. And you were there.”

Then doomsday had arrived. The truth was bubbling to the surface, slipping through his fingers like a shadow, and there was nothing that could stop him from continuing to get closer, sneaking the short distance, getting close enough to choke on how much he wanted him.

“So do you”, Taejoon confirmed in a soft tone.

“And?” he countered.

He almost laughed in delight, but the impulse to take him was bigger than the mockery in his blood.

He attacked him with a blasphemous kiss, flooding Youngoo without letting him digest the surprise of his act. He grabbed his dark hair, finally touching him as he had fantasized about, and the way he reacted was so overwhelming that his cock rose immediately, desperate with deprivation and driven by lust.

Biting his lip, he almost purred when he heard him moan. The tongues acted in unison, becoming one, mixing the taste of tobacco and alcohol — *and him.*

Fearing the depth of his urgency, Taejoon reached up his shirt, touching his chest pinching his pink nipple, rubbing himself against his erection, going crazy with the way he had given himself in without a hint of reluctance, and there wasn't enough drink in his body to justify for that, which made everything even more delicious.

“Taejoon” he cried out when his teeth bit his chin.

At that moment his whole body trembled, and the final confession came out of his mouth in a tone of pure joy.

“I was right. You *really* are gay.”

The laughter that reverberated through his alley sounded vulgar even to him.

“Lucky me.”

Pulling him by his dark locks, Taejoon brought him closer, his other hand going down to the middle of his stomach, rubbing slowly down to his navel... Lower a little more until he felt the belt buckle and then the hard tip.

Unsure of his ability to keep his pants in place, he brought his face closer and ordered, hostage to his most primal instincts.

“Let's go.”

And he went.

The expressionless face now flushed with indecency made him even harder. He thanked the heavens when the motel clerk said there was a spare room.

It had no turning back.

Unlocking the door, they entered the lazy room. The smell of eucalyptus rose through his nostrils, but Youngwoo's perfume soon took the spotlight, as the man in question threw himself into his arms, swallowing him for a new kiss, this one as shameless as the one they shared on the street minutes ago. The difference was that now he wouldn't be committing an infraction... And fucking him until his balls were blue was a matter of honor.

Taejoon threaded his fingers through his hair, pulling him closer, while his other hand ran down his biceps before caressing down towards his fly, squeezing his cock through his jeans, exerting perfect pressure where it already pulsed so much.

That only seemed to increase his inner madness and suddenly he had no patience for anything. His only goal was to take off those stupid clothes and taste his cum.

His hands went insatiably towards the button, undoing both it and the zipper, and before Youngwoo could finish taking a breath, he had already pulled the pants down to his knees.

His mouth returned to devour him, and his feet finished the job, pushing the fabric brutally toward the floor. He smiled when he saw Youngwoo pull his ankles up with the same haste as his tongue, and soon his jeans were thrown around the room.

He dug his fingers into his thin waist with a desire that bordered on anger, flinging him onto the mattress without any delicacy before kneeling between his open legs, holding him by the back of his neck, making him hold his gaze for a few moments before swearing and release his grip.

Despair. Passion.

That's what he was feeling. He pulled down his underwear, lasciviously observing his beautiful athletic legs, and his delicate waist, a total counterpoint to the rest.

Youngwoo's dick bobbed once or twice before propping itself up just below his nose. There was no reason to spare himself from any dialogue, so he opened his mouth and took it with a delicacy incompatible with his lust.

He screamed a curse right as it hit his throat. Taejoon mouth salivated as if he had been eating a meal after days of deprivation, and it took no effort for the path between his lips and foreskin to be aligned, slipping with dexterity, milking him with voluptuousness, turning hidden dreams into realities.

He could swallow him whole without difficulty, and he did so, the moans increasing as he sped up. He squeezed his leg, not measuring his strength, knowing that the bruises the next morning would give him that ridiculous kind of masculine pride.

Taejoon invaded the inner thigh, finding the testicles awash in saliva. He opened his legs even wider as he felt him get closer and the realization that he wanted him back so much was the last puzzle piece.

His fingers came closer, rubbing the wetness into his taut balls, circumcising the spheres, squeezing slowly as he increased the pressure between his cheeks, sucking him, enveloping him. His index finger touched his entrance, and, in a flash, he suddenly pulled away from the penis, hearing the vulgar crackling of the flesh leaving his mouth.

Pulling Youngwoo by the knees, he forced him back a few degrees, opening his legs completely, and exposing him. His mouth was precise, his tongue going from top to bottom, dripping saliva between his lips and chin.

"Fuck..." he whispered between one man and another. "Hurry up, Taejoon."

The right corner of his mouth moved in an evil and very well-calculated smile. He knew that his eyes flickered between approval and humiliation, and he also knew that despite the raised nose supporting his pose, the flushed face, and the pulsation of his body against the tip of his digits that slipped along the fluid path, this conflict of feelings was unequivocally correct.

"So, this is the real Ian..."

The American name escaped his tongue like poison, dripping onto the floor of the cheap motel, serving as proof of sin.

"What a slut."

Pushing two fingers in at once, he curved them in the direction that in his life experience used to be right, and, bingo, Youngwoo bowed, another curse leaving his lips in a whisper that palpated with the same desperation.

His cum came straight onto his tongue, the bittersweet taste being what he was looking for. In short, he had the taste of the man who disturbed him, attacked him, provoked him, and, above all, seduced him through hatred.

With that stirring throughout his body, he stood up, housing the cock with precision, finally fucking him as he wanted so much.

They merged into a raw, exponential movement. Taejoon delighted with the cum still running down his throat, as well as his scream and the feeling of his insides squeezing his sex with an impetuosity he would never forget.

Holy shit, he was so hot, he thought. He felt his balls tighten, ready to spurt against that perfect ass, but he wouldn't humiliate himself to that point. That role was his for everything. His revenge.

In order to take control of himself again, he moved his pelvis apart, separating their bodies, feeling the cold adorn his cock, weaving it into a lack that he might consider dangerous if he was allowing himself to think about anything other than leaving it so open, in his exact form; that he would never be able to sleep with someone else again without thinking about how right *he* was.

His right hand moved to the left side of his waist, and without the slightest sign of strength wasting, turned him onto his stomach as if he were nothing — which he would very much like to be true.

Taejoon lowered his face at the same time that he spread both palms on the pale ass, slapping without any zeal, rejoicing in the resonation of the sound between them both. Then his nails dug into the flesh, pulling them to the side, allowing his mouth to suck him a few more times before spitting out a considerable amount of saliva, preparing him for the next.

“Holy shit” Youngwoo cursed as he entered him again, now the familiar heat strangling him in the right way, squeezing him as he moved away and came back.

Coming and going. Coming and going. Coming. Goin.

Frantic. *Ridiculous*.

The animal side of his brain finally won the fight. He pushed him down by his shoulder blades, forcing him deeper into the mattress, leaving his face crushed against the synthetic pillowcase, and yet his features were beautiful and composed, like a sculpture.

He moaned modestly, which irritated him a little, as he wanted to see him in a ridiculous state, but he knew it wasn't a line to cross. Yet.

The pert ass made it hit deeper. His balls hurt, colliding with his, but even that was delicious. He made everything more real. Before he knew it, he was hitting him again. A series of loud spaced slaps and the sight of white skin turning soft pink to bright red made his body begin to convulse.

It would be impossible to escape now.

The orgasm came like a summer flood: expected, unwanted, and inevitable.

Crying out his name like a prayer, Taejoon felt his cock pulsate, the liquid contained by the long nights yearning for that body finally having its exaltation, becoming tangible, real enough to overflow through that simple orifice, but that took him with sensual arrogance.

Breathing as if the world's oxygen was about to run out, his heart was beating wildly, and his diaphragm moving quickly, painful between his ribs, but the lascivious smile on his mouth was not going to be destroyed by any of these conditions.

When Youngwoo moved his hips, groaning in discomfort, he finally pulled away, proud of the mess that flowed between his still scorched buttocks. Still resting on his knees, he watched as he leaned his body against the mattress, stretching his spine before turning onto his back, his breathing as altered as yours, and with an even bigger mess over the navel area as he had cum a second time.

His masculine ego inflated, and before he could open his mouth, he saw him get up immediately, walking with irritating elegance to the bathroom, closing the door like a teenager reacting to a tantrum from his parents.

His body was bruised from his aggression, and that was a damn good thing to see. The red marks, the bites he had given without even realizing it, the scratches...

Sighing, Taejoon finally sat down on the edge of the bed, relieved to no longer feel his heartbeat in the vein in his throat. He imitated him, collapsing his torso against the bed, letting his muscles relax after so many minutes of tension.

Then it happened. He fucked that smug son of a bitch, but somehow, he knew that everything he had wanted to force against him had come back against him. Karma really sucked.

He closed his eyes, pondering what would come out of there. What he wanted, what he would like to want... he didn't have any answers for any of that, and he didn't even want them, that was the truth. Youngwoo was something new, and confusing. Good.

“Hell...”

He wanted it in a way that it burned to breathe, his skin was irritated, and itchy as if he wanted to physically remove it. Impossible.

He took in a slow breath as the sound of the shower reached his hearing. He was washing off, in a few minutes he would return in silence, look for his clothes, put them on, and leave, leaving him in an uncomfortable limbo, but one that he knew was inevitable. In reality, he didn't expect anything more than that.

And speaking of clothes, he was still wearing a blouse. Two buttons opened amid the carnage, but that was all that was left on his body.

No stain, no history.

Just the memory of the only fuck they would have, and the only fuck he should ever want. Relieve tension, get revenge, feel even. He felt empty in an unexpected way, in fact, in a very inappropriate way.

It wasn't supposed to be like this. But it was.

He propped himself up on his elbows, looking down.

His dick was still hard, sticky from the recent cum, and one of his trouser legs was still stuck around his ankle, leaving him aware of how much of a slave he was to his desire for the dude.

He was losing his mind. Maybe he should put on his clothes before Youngwoo did. Get away and save himself from seeing him turn his back on you, leaving him behind like a dirty secret.

Not that it was one, nor wrong or immoral. They were two adults free to do whatever they wanted, so why the hell did he feel guilty?

If he left first, he might offend him. Maybe this was a small burst of good morale. Taking the guy out of the closet like that, imposing himself on him like a beast, demoralizing him in a way by making him confess that he also wanted that sex... That maybe he wanted more.

He felt a different shiver in the middle of his belly, something he had only felt once years ago when he was still a hormonal, dorky pre-teen. Okay, it was time to get it over with.

He dragged his hips to the edge of the bed, touching both feet to the cold floor, trying to get them to move. He sighed in defeat for the third time. Maybe he would say something. Apologizing and saying he was going to pretend it never happened... Offering to take a good punch in the face as proof of good faith... So many useless options came into his mind and none of them seemed to lower his fucking erection.

He could still smell Youngwoo's sex and perfume on his body, as well as the tobacco and cum on his tongue. His presence was too strong to ignore, and

the only thing on his body that seemed to acknowledge it was the patch of flesh tucked between his legs.

His knees had barely flexed when the bathroom door opened, and he appeared beneath the frame. The steam from the hot water passed behind him, rising towards the ceiling slowly, a little faster than the drops that still ran down his naked torso, but equally sensual.

A sequence of swear words had lodged itself in his mind, forming an unchaste line. He leaned his body against the wood and Taejoon's eyes trailed down from his pink, subtly swollen nipples to the knot of the towel at his waist.

He had a smug smile on his face, and this put him in a slight state of alert. Maybe, just maybe, things wouldn't end as bad as he thought.

Time to admit that this is what he wanted.

More Youngwoo. More of him. More. More.

More.

He ran his hand through his dark, wet hair, and tilted his face just a little to the side, in a mocking tone just like the one on his lips violated by his kisses.

“Is that all you got? No wonder you're dumped so often...”

A little box of surprises. That's what he was. And damn, he wanted to find out everything that was inside.

Opening his thighs, Taejoon let his stiffness take its place as the star of the show and it was possible to feel and see his cock pulsate when he licked his lips in a clear and effective provocation.

“Why don't you make good use of this filthy mouth of yours and come clean this?”

The laugh he gave out was so good and genuine that he felt like he would never forget that sound.

Youngwoo walked towards him, and his smile and the sparkle in his eyes had a kind of life that in all those months that passed he would have never imagined seeing adorning his beautiful face.

It was quite a sight. And apparently, only yours.

He smiled back as Youngwoo knelt between his legs and stroked his cheek with an unfamiliar gentleness.

“Good boy.”