



*The Party*  
**CRASHER**

TRAVIS BEAUDOIN

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*for my cheering section  
and, as always, Diego*

The plan was to get laid. Finally.

Mom and Terry (her douchebag husband) were at the beach house and wouldn't be back till the day before graduation. Max (a.k.a. Douchebag Terry's douchebag son, a.k.a. my douchebag stepbrother) was home on leave for two weeks, but he always spent Friday nights at his girlfriend's. Knowing I'd have the house to myself the night after the seniors finished our finals, I'd asked Mom if I could have some friends over, then spread the word: *Party at Seth's*.

And so Tommy Hendry now stood in the corner of my living room, talking to a couple of his boys, bopping his head to the music in a lazy rhythm. He was on his second beer—enough to get him nice and loose, but not so much that I couldn't get him hard later.

When he went to grab his third, I'd intercept him and make my offer.

This whole party was for his benefit. Or, to be honest, for mine.

Tommy was cool with getting together after school and letting me blow him in the locker room a couple times a week, but we weren't exactly friends. He wouldn't have come over to hang out if I'd texted him, I mean.

But I didn't need to get him in my house to blow him. Graduation meant we'd lose our access to the school gym, but we both had cars. There were parks and parking lots. If I'd been satisfied with just being his on-call cocksucker, we could do that anywhere.

I needed more, though. I needed to get fucked. I really didn't want to leave high school with my virginity intact, and he was by far my best option. He'd always stiffened up—not like *that*—when I tried to take things beyond a beej, but that had been while he was dating Meaghan Tate.

But summer was almost here. Meaghan had been accepted to NYU. Tommy was going to some state school in Oklahoma on a baseball scholarship. Meaghan had dumped Tommy—like the cool, calculating, practical bitch she was—a week ago. If he was having sex with anyone, it wasn't with her.

To be clear, Tommy—six-foot-two, great smile, star pitcher, fairly nice guy—could chat up just about any girl and get his dick wet if he wanted. But I was hoping, for old time's sake, he'd be down to slip away for a farewell cocksucking. Then, behind the closed door of my bedroom, once I had him hard and needy, he *might* just be desperate enough I could convince him to fuck me.

With a little luck, I'd walk across the stage next week knowing the hottest guy at St. Sebastian's had turned me out.

So there was Tommy, in the corner by his boys. And here was me, mostly ignoring my guests, pretending to play on my phone, bopping my head like Tommy and lowkey checking him out every few seconds.

The song changed. Tommy took a deep drink from his big red cup, punched Evan Byers on the shoulder, and launched himself toward the kitchen. As he passed me, we made eye contact, and maybe he smiled, and then he looked away fast.

I didn't know if that was a signal, but I gave him a two-second lead, then followed.

Just then, I felt a hand on my shoulder, hard and heavy. Startled, I yelped, turning to face whoever had grabbed me.

Fuck.

Max.

Fucking Max. Tall and tan and twenty-three, straw-colored hair buzzed down to nearly nothing, eyes narrowed. He wore one of his douchebag wifebeaters like it was a real shirt, and big baggy shorts, and douchey, douchey sandals. Embarrassing.

“What the hell is going on here?” he yelled, barely audible under the music.

“Why aren’t you at Kelli’s?”

“Answer me, Seth.”

“Mind your own business.”

“My dad’s house. My business.”

“Fuck off, Max.” I hitched my shoulder, hoping to shake him off. He just gripped tighter.

“Dude, let go. Mom said I could have some people over.”

“Like, thirty?”

“Thirty is some.”

He rolled his eyes, fingers still digging into the meat of my shoulder. “Did she say you and your little school friends could drink? Did they say you could blast the music loud enough to hear from the street?”

“Dude, you’re not my dad. Your dad’s not even my dad. Let go of my fucking shoulder—” I jerked again, to no avail. “—and let me get back to my party.”

He did let go, but only long enough to wrap his paw around the back of my neck and squeeze. Fuck, he was strong. Dragging me along, he stalked to the sound system and yanked the

cord out of the wall. The music died. Every head turned to see me getting manhandled by my meathead stepbrother. From the kitchen arch, Tommy smirked and shook his head. My face burned.

“All right, kids,” Max called out, voice booming. “Party’s over. If you have a drink in your hand, take it to the kitchen and dump it down the sink. Then get out and call someone to pick you up.”

“The fuck...” The voice came from somewhere off to my left, but with Max clutching my neck, I couldn’t see who it was.

“Let me be clear. You have three minutes to vacate the house. At that point, I’m going to start making calls myself.” A pause, and when he spoke again, I could hear how much he got off on bossing us around. “Seth is sorry for wasting your evening. If he’s not sorry now, he will be when our parents are done with him.”

Everyone laughed. Everyone in my senior class who mattered, laughed. At me. I wanted to die.

“Guys. Hey. Clock’s ticking. Dump your booze and get out.”

It took a second for people to get moving, but then the room split into two groups: most filing into the kitchen, the rest disappearing through the front door and into the night. As he slipped past me, Tommy gave a tiny nod, a smirk still kissing the corner of his lips.

“You’re such a dick,” I muttered.

“I was going to wait till your little friends left before I dealt with you for real, but we can go now if you really want.”

“Just because Kelli gave you blue balls or whatever—”

He didn’t say anything, but his fingers dug deeper into my muscles. I didn’t give him the pleasure of feeling me flinch, but I shut up. An eternity later, we had the house to ourselves.

Max released me, leaving my neck numb where he'd squeezed it, and stepped in to loom over me. "You want to explain what the fuck you were thinking?"

"Not to you. You've already ruined my night."

"No, Seth, you ruined it when you decided to disrespect my father's house."

"Bitch, my mother got this house in the divorce."

Faster than magic, Max's hand became a blur. I barely knew it was coming till his palm cracked against my cheek. The stinging came a moment later. His face looked murderous.

"That's for your mouth, Seth." He took a breath, and when he spoke again his voice was cold and slow. "And your mom was on the verge of selling this place till she married my—*our*—father. Respect him."

I don't start shit, but I don't back down, either. I looked Max dead in the eye and said, "Fuck your bitch-ass father, and fuck his bitch-ass son."

The second slap humiliated more than it hurt. I'd always known he had it in him to tear me apart, but he'd never tried before. Now he had his chance.

Tears of frustration burned behind my eyes, but I set my jaw, met his gaze, and said, "Fuck Terry, and fuck you, you fucking bully."

I braced for a third slap, but it never came. Instead, Max's hand shot out and caught my bicep. One dizzying tug, and he was dragging me up the stairs. He shoved me onto the landing, and I thumped down on my ass. Max kept dragging me till we reached the door of my bedroom.

"Get up," he said, jaw rigid, eyes blazing.

"Fuck you." My mantra, apparently. I was too pissed to think of anything more clever.

He dropped into a quick squat, hooked his arms under mine, jerked me up, spun me around, and slammed me into the wall.

"Why are you such a little shit, Seth? Our parents give you everything—"

“Terry’s not my fucking parent,” I said, all slurry because my cheek was mashed against the drywall.

“—everything,” he continued, pressing his body against mine, pushing the breath out of my lungs. “And you just keep taking. You walk all over them. That stops now. I’ve tried to be a big brother to you, but you’d rather antagonize me. So tonight, since no one else will, I’m going to knock the brat out of you.”

I heard all of that, his mouth right against my ear, hot breath on my skin, but I couldn’t focus on his words. My attention had been drawn to a long, rigid lump pressed into the small of my back. I don’t know if Kelli really had given him blue balls—I’d met her a couple times, and she looked like a whore—or if just being an asshole made him hard, but Max was stiff as steel.

“You can talk to your mom however you want,” he went on, as though his dick weren’t jabbing into me. “And Terry, our *father*—” He spit a little when he said that, warm on my cheek. “—can handle himself. But when you talk to me, you show him respect.” With that, he wrenched the door open and dragged me into my room.

A sharp scream greeted us. It had come from Nadia Hemingway, sprawled across my comforter with her bare feet on my pillow. Fucking gross. Grosser still, Daryl Wilcox sat criss-cross-applesauce beside her, two fingers up inside her.

Max’s face went ghost-white, making his pale freckles stand out. “Out,” he bellowed. “*OUT!*”

Nadia screeched again. Darryl disentangled himself. A flurry of flailing arms and legs as they struggled off my bed. Then they scurried past us and down the stairs, Nadia straightening her skirt with one hand and clutching her underwear and shoes in the other.

“Un-fucking-believable,” Max said, relaxing his grip on my arm. It ached where he’d dented my skin.

But watching him lose his cool, even for a second, reminded me I could get under his skin. And in that moment of discomfort, a flash of inspiration hit me.

He'd blown my shot with Tommy.

Something had his dick hard, and feeling it smash into me had gotten me half-hard, too.

And I know it's weird for me to say or whatever, but Max was hot. As much as I hated him, I'd definitely jerked off thinking about him a few times. I mean, I was fifteen when I met him, already a practiced masturbator, and suddenly there was this blond, broad-shouldered, freckle-faced, twenty-year-old asshole swimming in my pool and walking around my living room in basketball shorts and no shirt. He wasn't pretty like Tommy, but something bullish and brutal about him hit me just right sometimes.

He had a temper. I hadn't seen it flare up often, but once in a while he'd get wall-punching mad.

I wondered if I could make him do something he'd regret, something I could hold over his head the next time he started acting all cocky.

If I really pissed him off, if I could get him into a state where he really wanted to punish me, to humiliate me...

He might kill me. Not literally. But he might make me wish I was dead. On the other hand...

Finally getting laid would be cool as hell, but getting in Max's head would be *useful*.

"I fucking hate you," I whispered, trying to sound all defiant, pulling it off pretty well. I hadn't been cast as Marius in our spring production of *Les Mis* for nothing.

"Well, Seth, I think we're on the same page," Max said, smirking. He was still rattled, though. Good. I didn't want him too steady. So I gathered my strength, braced my hands against his pecs, and shoved him.

It didn't do much, solid as he was. He took a couple of steps back, but mostly out of surprise. Once he'd steadied himself, he shook his head, lips curling into a slow grin.

He liked me fighting back.

“Seth, Seth, Seth. It seems like you're still having a hard time with the concept of respect.”

He slapped the back of my head, just hard enough to let me know he could have done it harder.

“Let's get you cooled off before we continue the lesson.”

He wrapped me in a bear hug from behind and dragged me to my bathroom. I struggled, grunting, but not really trying to free myself. He held me tighter, clapping a hand over my mouth to muzzle me, never slowing till he'd swung my body into my shower. He swiped on the water, full blast and frigid. I didn't have to fake my gasp of shock, and the cold water killed my boner, but I could play the long game.

Max stepped out of his sandals. Then, edging around my body so he stayed mostly dry, he stepped behind me, pinning my arms behind my back and holding me under the spray. It hurt, the wrenching in my shoulders, but the reminder of what a fucking ox he was made me feel tight and buzzy.

“You have anything to say about your stepfather?”

“He's a dick,” I sputtered against the water.

Releasing my arms, Max tugged me to his chest and put me in a chokehold. I risked a little squirm, like I was trying to wring free, but that was just an excuse to rub on his cock a little. Good. Whatever thrill he was getting from throwing me around still had him rock solid.

Max pulled back, but I thrashed a bit, found him, and pressed against him again. We fought like that for a few seconds—him trying to keep me still, me trying to smash into his cock—until he tightened his elbow around my throat and held me. The growing pressure in my head settled me down, but this time when I collapsed against his pelvis, he didn't move away.

“You’ve got more fight than I expected,” he said, once again curling around me, putting his mouth right against my ear. His lip brushed my skin and I shivered. His voice held a grim, grudging respect, and I could tell he enjoyed the challenge of trying to discipline me.

“Fuck you,” I gasped, just to keep him hot.

The arm around my throat got tighter. I didn’t struggle. His broad chest pressed against my shoulders felt right—solid and warm next to my cold, wet body. *I could sleep here like this*, I thought, closing my eyes.

Then he let go. I nearly lost my balance, but steadied myself against the cool tile wall, gulping breath.

“Shut the water off.”

I obeyed.

He stepped out of the shower, kicking his sandals out of the way. “Get out.”

I obeyed again, locking eyes with him.

“Strip.”

That surprised me. “What?”

“I’m not going to have you tracking water over carpets my father paid for. Strip.”

“You already ruined my shoes. Who the fuck you think paid for those?”

His eyes narrowed again, and his jaw clenched, making the tendons in his big bull neck stand out. He had no idea how easy he was to read. He growled one last time, “Strip.”

Playing this game was sort of fun. He’d already given me more than enough to jerk off to the next time I got the chance, and he was now visibly hard, even in his baggy shorts. Still if there wasn’t going to be some spectacular pay-off, I had a limit to how much I wanted to get bossed around.

So I took a chance.

“Faggot,” I muttered.

He froze.

See, I wasn't really in the closet, but I wasn't out, either. St. Seb's was pretty chill for a Catholic School, but it was still a Catholic school, and it was just easier to keep my business to myself. Only Tommy Hendry knew for sure what I would do if the right guy threw his dick at me. On the other hand, it's not like I was the butchest guy in school.

Max, though—big beefy Max; rugby-playing Max; Max who'd made specialist by twenty-two despite being as dumb as a tire—had probably never been called a faggot in his life, except in that dude-bro way that dude-bros do when they're being dude-bros. Slapping each other's asses and saying *no homo*.

That word coming out of his twinkly, squirmy little stepbrother's mouth was going to shake shit up.

“What did you just say?”

I stared at him and smiled and peeled my soaked shirt off my damp torso.

“Fucker, what did you just call me?”

“You heard me.” Never taking my eyes from his, I toed out of one sodden shoe, then the other, kicking them over by his sandals.

For about the billionth time that night, he grabbed me and jerked me toward him. His arm encircled my naked chest. He tucked my body under his armpit, squeezing me against his lats, then dragged me behind him as he barreled back into my bedroom. Never minding that I was still half-dressed in clothing he'd drenched, he shoved me sprawling onto the bed.

Fuck, that was hot. If you'd asked me an hour ago if I wanted Max to throw me around like a bouncy ball, I'd have laughed in your face. Now that he was actually putting his big hands all over me like I was property—well, I'd never been harder. I pretended to struggle off the bed, but that was just an excuse to mash my dick into the mattress.

Not that it mattered, because a second later Max straddled me, sitting on my spine. Before I could register his warmth and weight, his hand slapped the meat of my ass. I gasped and bucked beneath him.

“Ah!” he cried, almost simultaneously. “Fuck.” Swatting me that hard through wet denim hadn’t been smart. He got off me, pinned me down with his bare knee, and reached beneath my squirming body to tug at my jeans.

“No!” I said, pretending I wasn’t thrilled by every second of the struggle. “What are you doing?” I jerked my body, thrusting my still-very-hard dick across the heel of his hand. I had to bite my lip to keep from moaning.

“Shut up,” he said as he opened my belt. “Stop fighting,” as he popped my fly. I did neither, breathing in gasps and whines, wriggling my hips and humping the mattress. “Stop...fighting,” he repeated, and with a jerk downward that nearly tugged me off the bed, my jeans and briefs rested at mid-thigh.

He shifted, taking his knee from my back and using one hand to pin me. And then—*crack*—he smacked me, hard and hot, on my left ass-cheek.

My howl wasn’t pretend. It fucking hurt. I bucked into the bed again, trying to hide from the punishment, but just as I relaxed my pelvis, his hand came down on my ass again.

But even with the pain, I didn’t hate it. Having this bully—someone I couldn’t stand, who was only bound to me through my mother’s dumb-ass choices—hold me down so easily and bruise my ass...I couldn’t describe it any better than *really strange, but really good*. In fact, it felt like I was leaking precum, something I usually only managed when I really took my time jerking off.

“I’m sorry I have to do this, Seth.” He didn’t sound sorry at all. He sounded mean and glad, his voice slippery with satisfaction. Another sharp smack. “You’re going to have to grow up, though.

You can't constantly pull this spoiled brat bullshit." *Smack*. "I've tried to be a good brother to you—"

"You're not my fucking brother."

*Smack*.

"—but I've done you no favors by babying you." *Smack*. "I can't be around as much as I'd like, and you'll be moving out at the end of the summer—" *Smack*, and by now they were really burning. "—but I'm going to do whatever I can to make you into a man."

Fine by me. Being naked under his hands and the predatory edge in his voice pushed me to push him again.

"Get off me, faggot."

It worked. A flurry of movement at the edge of my vision, and he was straddling me again, sitting on my thoroughly-warmed ass, his knees clutching my ribs like he was gripping horseflesh. Thick fingers tangled in my damp hair and curled. He jerked my neck back hard, again pulling my ear close to his hot mouth.

"You need to stop using that word, Seth." Cold and steady.

"Then stop playing with my ass, Max."

"You know I—"

"I know you were going to spend the night with your whore girlfriend, came home less than three hours later, and haven't been able to keep your fucking hands off me since." I tried to struggle up—fuck, he was heavy—and arched my back until I felt the thick, hard silo of his cock. "I don't know if you're gay or bi or what, but I do know you were boned up even before you got me in the shower."

He shoved me into the mattress, mashing my face so I could barely breathe. Planting a hand against my skull for balance, he rose off me and rolled me onto my back.

He looked pissed.

Like he could kill me.

A gob of precum dripped onto my stomach just above my navel.

His hand circled my throat. He lowered himself onto me. And then he sat right on my dick.

A million little things happened in his eyes in the space of two seconds. Anger, surprise, confusion. Even with his thumb on my windpipe, my still-sore ass, and his weight crushing my boner, I almost laughed at the look on his face. I wouldn't have guessed Big Dumb Douche Max capable of the nuanced emotions and complex thoughts I saw cracking his thick skull.

*Fuck it*, I thought, and bucked my hips one more time, right against his meaty ass.

That cleared his head. His gaze sharpened, and a small, cruel smirk curled his lip. He didn't release my throat, but his grip relaxed.

We still weren't friends. I didn't like him, and he sure as hell didn't like me.

Cool. Whatever. Didn't mean this couldn't go down.

I smiled up at him. It felt as cold as he looked, as cold as his voice sounded.

"I'm not a faggot," he said, low and husky. Hard.

I nodded, feeling the skin of his palm against the skin of my throat.

And that was all he needed. He rose to his knees and crawled up my body, unbuttoning his fly as he approached my face. By the time he reached my shoulders, he'd fished himself out of his white briefs. His cock was shorter than Tommy Hendry's, but thick as fuck, blunt and veiny. He had a wild bush, darker than the buzzed blond hair on his head, and curly. Big, heavy balls hung low between his legs.

With him straddling my torso, I couldn't reach up and grab him like I wanted to, so I lifted my head and opened wide.

He snatched my hair and thrust in. He was hotter than I expected, and his skin felt rougher than Tommy's. Not unpleasant, but where Tommy was slick and almost tender in my mouth, the underside of Max's shaft dragged across my tongue in a way I'd have to get used to.

I'd have to get used to his thickness, too. My jaw felt nearly unhinged.

I was up for the challenge. *Breathe through your nose.*

I closed my eyes, concentrating on his smell—hot and clean, a little bitter—and feel. He pushed in his hips, filling me up, blocking my throat. I gagged, getting him thick with spit. I hadn't gagged on Tommy since the third or fourth time he'd let me blow him, but Tommy just sort of pulled his dick out and let me come to him, lazy. Max took what he wanted.

He rested in my throat for a few seconds, letting me choke, waiting as I gained control, and then waiting some more until I choked again. He didn't move until I was tearing up and sweating, coughing against his cockhead. When he pulled out, he was wet and slippery. A rope of my spit ran along his shaft, connecting to my lower lip.

He stared into my face, doing that thing again, smiling in a way that let me know we still hated each other. More than ever, probably. Then he reached up—tangling his fingers in my hair and pulling hard and slow till I gasped—and shoved back inside me.

Now that he knew how deep he could go, and how good it felt when he went just a little deeper, he sped up. With his thighs holding me still, his fist pulling my head wherever he wanted it, he started fucking my throat like he owned it. No matter how hard I rolled my eyes back, I couldn't see his face, just the white ribbed fabric of his A-shirt, a pale sliver of tummy, and the tan skin of his strong arms. I closed my eyes again. I smelled his sharpness, tasted his skin and my pooled spit. I felt the ache in my scalp where he tugged, and his rough pubes and hard muscle when his pelvis mashed into my nose, and the head of his cock battering my throat.

He grunted. He called me a faggot and a queer and a bitch. He called me his little brother.

I moaned and choked and took it. I twitched and leaked. Spit coated my mouth and ran down my chin and dripped onto my chest.

I was proud of myself. My throat hitched against him, but every other inch of me held strong.

I could let him come in me.

It would be easy.

I could let him shoot his load in my mouth. I could swallow it down. I could learn what his cum tasted like.

And then I could watch him realize what he'd done to me. I could watch his face cloud when it dawned on him that he'd come in his stepbrother's mouth, that he'd pulled my hair and throat-fucked me. I could watch him figure out that this particular act of humiliation, this use of me, had given me power over him for the rest of our lives.

If he came in me now, I could memorize the taste and smell and feel of him. How brutal he was. How bad he'd wanted me. I could recall all of this later, and jerk off, and come harder than I ever had before.

I'd still be a virgin, though.

I'd planned on getting laid, and I was going to get laid.

I couldn't stop him from thrusting, and I sure as hell couldn't speak, so I relaxed my jaw. Just a little. Just enough that I scraped his skin as he plowed me.

"Ow," he said. "Watch your fucking teeth."

*Fuck you*, I thought.

"Goddammit, Seth." He slowed but didn't stop.

I relaxed a little more.

With one final grunt of irritation, he pulled out, leaving his dick less than an inch from my face. I couldn't really see through my watering eyes, but even in my blurred vision it glistened wet and slippery and angry red.

He slapped my face. Not as hard as he'd hit me earlier, but enough to wake me up and make my cock twitch.

"I told you to watch your teeth."

"Fuck me."

"What?" His voice went up into a little squeak, like I'd shocked him. Like it was a ridiculous notion. Like he hadn't just been balls-deep in my mouth.

"You heard me."

"I'm not gonna fuck you, Seth. C'mon." The lecturing tone was back, correcting some breach of etiquette.

Wedge between his thighs, I shrugged as best I could. "Then get off me. Go somewhere else and jerk off."

We stayed like that for a moment, negotiating silently. He pressed the head of his slippery dick against my lips. I clenched my jaw. He grabbed my face and squeezed, but I pulled away. We struggled for a moment. I thrashed, not wanting to break free. His balls brushed my chin, my cheek.

Finally, he sighed. I'd disappointed him. He swung his leg off me, freeing me. "Turn around. I don't want to look at you."

I rolled onto my stomach and reached under the bed, fishing around for the tube of lube I kept hidden there. "You ever fucked Kelli in the ass?"

"Shut your faggot mouth about Kelli."

I rolled my eyes as I popped the cap and rose to my knees. "I just want to make sure you know what you're doing. Have you ever fucked *anyone* in the ass?"

A long, tortured silence, which I filled by lubing up my fingers, pushing against myself and sliding inside. I'd played with my ass plenty of times, but I needed to stretch before he stuck that big dick in me. I had three fingers in, knuckle deep, right up on my prostate, when he finally said, "Yeah."

"Good. You can pretend I'm whoever that was. So it's not gay."

He didn't think that was funny. I could tell by the way he mumbled, "Fucking fag." But he grabbed my hips, pulling me to him. His spit-slippery head touched my lube-slicked hole, and I grunted reflexively. *Holy shit. It's finally going to happen.* My entire body buzzed like radio static. "Try to keep quiet," Max said. "I don't want to think about you while I'm doing this." And then he shoved his cock inside me.

It hurt. A lot.

I loved it.

For a few white-hot seconds, it felt like my body was splitting in half. He was thick and hot, heavy and solid, and he was tearing me apart. It wasn't pleasurable, precisely. Not physically. But being filled and used—knowing I'd crossed some invisible line I could never uncross—that was amazing. That was a fucking rush.

I squeezed my eyes closed and lowered my chest onto the bed, burying my face in a pillow to muffle my whimpers. Max planted one hand between my shoulder blades and gripped my hip hard enough to hurt. "Stay like that," he whispered. And then he was going at me.

Maybe I just lacked practice, but the throat fucking didn't hold a candle to this. That had been rough. This was hard and fast and merciless. Aside from the pheromones and testosterone flooding my brain, it couldn't have been less passionate. I mean, it was athletic, sure. My emotions prickled, if that makes sense, and my heart battered the inside of my chest just like my stepbrother battered the rest of me, but there wasn't any connection aside from the physical. I was a hole, he was

a cock, and everything that was happening was happening *to* me. Everything I felt, I felt by myself and for myself. Max manipulated me with his big hands, moving me and shaping me, making me convenient. He fucked me with all the grace he'd use on his own fist.

But I was using him every bit as much as he was using me, and it felt glorious.

In between whimpers, I grinned into my pillow and just started enjoying the ride.

And once I'd done that, submitting to being Max's hole, riding out the pain, showing him that he couldn't break me, it all started feeling really good.

It still burned. I was still stretched to my limit. But at the deepest point of every rough thrust, he hit some spot in my guts that turned my little whimpers into moans. I couldn't describe it, really. It was a pressure. A tingle. A heaviness inside my body that made me feel tight as a guitar string and prickly as a sunburn.

I moved my left hand, still slippery with lube, and grabbed my dick. I didn't need to do anything else. The way he banged into me shifted my whole body, and my cock slid back and forth inside my slick fist.

It built, the pressure inside me. The stuff Max was doing to me, and the stuff I was doing to myself, they grew and tangled together until I was only nerve endings and hot breath.

It all felt so good, I was almost surprised when I came. The pleasure had grown so steadily it had seemed I could burn like this forever.

But I didn't. I clenched, and yelled, and blew my load, keening into my pillow and making an enormous mess on my comforter. My vision blacked out for a moment, then returned gray and fuzzy. I didn't give a fuck. I'd go blind for this feeling.

A moment later, Max came, too, with a series of grunted *fuck, fuck, fucks*.

I didn't know there was another way of feeling filled, but the moment he shot, my whole body knew it. This was a different heat—not the scorch of being stretched and filled, but the sense

of relaxing into a hot tub, except the hot tub was inside my belly. Impossibly warm. Good. Pleasant. The hand on my shoulders shoved me into the bed, and I didn't fight it. Lying down was exactly what I wanted, and if he smothered me to death, at least I'd die warm.

Max collapsed on top of me, hot and heavy. He smelled like he had before, but damper, more masculine. Sweaty. He was still wearing his stupid shirt, and I wondered whether I was insulted by that. I decided I felt too good to care and closed my eyes.

We breathed at the same pace, in the exact same rhythm. Funny.

He was still in me. Not just his jizz, but him. I felt him going soft—a strange, slow retreat. I don't know what I'd expected, how I thought it would feel, but this inch-by-inch tickling hadn't been it. Behind my closed eyes, breathing in time with Max, I grinned. *Not so big now, are ya?*

"You should go," I said.

He didn't respond.

"Max, get off me. I want to shower."

I didn't, though. I wanted to feel his sweat and my sweat. The cum inside me was cooling and starting to leak out of me. I'd jerked off a million times, watching a million different videos. I'd fingered and fucked myself. I'd thought I knew what sex would be like, but nothing in my imagination approached how weird and wonderful and exhausting it really was.

I wondered if I could trick him into doing it again sometime.

Without a word, he heaved his body up. I felt cold without his weight on me.

He went into my bathroom. I heard him piss and flush. I rolled over onto my back, ran my fingers over my pelvis where my cum had grown tacky, and then played with my hole, smearing Max into my skin, pushing him back inside me.

Fuck. I wanted to do it again. Like, now. I wondered, knowing it was impossible, what it would be like to be two men's property—Tommy Hendry's fist in my hair and his long, pretty dick on my tongue, while Max's fat-ass cock railed me from behind.

My horizons had opened right up.

When he emerged, stupid sandals in hand, I was lying naked, displayed on my rumpled comforter with my dick at half-mast from the porno playing in my brain. He didn't look at me until he got to the door. Just before he opened it, his eyes found mine. Almost as soon as we made contact, he glanced down.

“You tell anyone what happened, I'll fucking kill you.”

He tried to threaten me. He really did. But he sounded small. Big, bad Max. So butch. So brawny. So tough. He was going to have a long night, I imagined, tossing and turning, figuring out whatever the hell he needed to figure out.

I blew him a kiss.

He blanched, showing me his pretty little freckles, and froze there in the doorway. Then, with a slam, he was gone.

I moved just enough to burrow into my big, soft bed, drowning myself in the cool sheets.

I never slept better.

Hey, you.

Thanks for reading.

If you enjoyed yourself, keep an eye on your inbox, because...

I'm about to announce the first installment of **Bryce Can Play**, a series of erotic shorts about a slutty-but-sensitive sub in a consensually non-monogamous marriage.

Each story in the series features Bryce hooking up with a different guy—*at least* one—and explores a variety of kinks.

I've had a lot of fun writing them, and I hope you'll have fun reading them.

xoxo,

TB

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**COMING MARCH, 2020**