



FIRST HEAT

*Five Shorts of
First-Time Encounters*

Nico Fox

CONTENTS

Last Room Standing (Enemies to Lovers)	1
Late Load (Age-Gap)	9
Shared Bed (Friends-to-Lovers)	16
After Hours (Workplace Power Dynamics)	24
Local Time (One-Night Stand)	31
Join the Mailing List	39
Also By Nico Fox	40

LAST ROOM STANDING (ENEMIES TO LOVERS)

THE STORM HIT JUST after seven, turning the glass-fronted façade of Peak Performance into a blur of gray water and streaking headlights. Rain hammered the two-story industrial building hard enough that the metal roof sang. Thunder rolled through the rafters and made the hanging battle ropes shiver. Inside, the main training floor—usually a bright, open rectangle of black rubber flooring, exposed brick walls, and racks of dumbbells under harsh LED lights—felt suddenly smaller, the air thick with the smell of wet concrete, iron, and the faint ozone of the approaching lightning.

Most of the evening clients had already cancelled. The front-desk kid had locked the outer doors and fled the second the streets started flooding. That left only two men still inside the building, and neither of them was in the mood to leave.

Garrett stood in the doorway of the last remaining private training room at the back of the facility. The room was a twelve-by-fourteen box of mirrored walls, a single heavy bag, a weight bench, a rack of kettlebells, and a wall of resistance bands. One narrow window high on the far wall showed nothing but sheets of rain. The LED panel overhead flickered once when thunder cracked again.

He was still dripping. Dark hair plastered to his forehead, rainwater running in thin rivulets down the sharp cut of his jaw and into the collar of a soaked black compression shirt. The fabric clung to every hard plane of him—broad shoulders that strained the seams, thick pecs, the deep groove of his abs, the narrow cut of his waist. His black training shorts rode low on powerful thighs, the wet material outlining the heavy curve of his cock even at rest. He was built like someone who lifted for a living and fucked like it was competition: tall, dense, dark-eyed, and currently pissed off.

Across the small room, Axel didn't look up right away. He was coiling a set of heavy bands with unnecessary precision, the muscles in his forearms flexing under tanned skin. When he finally glanced over, his pale gray eyes did a slow, deliberate sweep that Garrett felt like a hand.

Axel's gaze started at Garrett's soaked hair, dropped to the water beading on his throat, then traveled lower—lingering on the way the wet shirt plastered itself to the thick slabs of his chest, the hard points of his nipples, the deep V that disappeared into the waistband of his shorts. It paused openly on the heavy outline between Garrett's legs before climbing back up, unapologetic.

Axel himself was leaner, cut like a blade. Silver-blond hair cropped short on the sides, longer on top and currently damp from his own session. High cheekbones, a mouth that always looked like it was one second from a smirk. He wore a sleeveless charcoal shirt that left his arms bare—corded, veined, the kind of muscle that came from years of controlled, brutal training. His own black shorts sat low on narrow hips, the fabric stretched tight across a high, firm ass and the long, thick shape of his cock resting against his left thigh.

"You're in my room," Garrett said, voice rough from the cold rain.

Axel's mouth twitched. "Funny. I was about to say the same thing."

They'd been circling each other for eight months. Same gym. Same high-paying clients. Same aggressive style that made people book months in advance just to watch the two of them compete for every

PR. Clients loved the tension. Garrett and Axel mostly wanted to put each other through a wall.

Lightning flashed white across the mirrored walls. The lights flickered, held.

Garrett stepped fully inside and shut the door. The lock clicked loud in the sudden quiet.

“We can share,” he said. “Or we can both cancel and lose the money. Your call.”

Axel finally turned all the way to face him. His eyes did another slow pass—shoulders, chest, the way Garrett’s wet shorts clung to the heavy hanging weight of his cock—before he answered.

“Fine. But if you try to steal my form cues again, I’m throwing you out that window.”

Garrett barked a short laugh and peeled the soaked shirt up over his head. Water ran down the deep grooves of his abs, caught in the dark trail of hair that disappeared beneath his waistband. He tossed the shirt aside. Axel’s gaze tracked every drop.

They worked in charged silence for twenty minutes. Garrett moved through heavy kettlebell complexes, the muscles in his back and shoulders rolling under sweat-slick skin. Every time he dropped into a hinge, the shorts pulled tight across the thick curve of his ass and the heavy swing of his cock. Axel watched openly now—eyes dragging from the flex of Garrett’s glutes up the deep valley of his spine, then lower again, lingering.

Axel’s own work was slower, more controlled: precise bodyweight movements on the mats, every muscle standing out in sharp relief. When he dropped into a push-up, the long line of his torso stretched, the shorts riding up the backs of his thighs. Garrett’s eyes followed the shift of muscle under skin, the way Axel’s cock thickened slightly against his thigh from the friction and the attention.

The air in the small room grew hotter. Rain still hammered the high

window. The only other sounds were the wet slap of feet on rubber and the rough rhythm of their breathing.

Garrett finished a set and dropped the kettlebell with a deliberate thud. He rolled his shoulders, then reached up to stretch against the mirrored wall, spine arching, arms overhead. The movement pulled his shorts even lower, the dark thatch of hair above his cock visible, the thick shaft half-hard and pressing heavily against the damp fabric.

In the reflection he caught Axel staring—eyes locked on the outline of Garrett’s cock, then sliding up the deep cut of his hips, over the hard planes of his stomach, to the heavy rise and fall of his chest.

Garrett didn’t look away.

Axel’s jaw flexed. He stood, crossed the small space, and stopped just behind Garrett’s left shoulder. Close enough that Garrett could feel the heat pouring off him, could smell clean sweat and the faint citrus of his body wash.

“Your form’s getting sloppy,” Axel said, voice low and rough.

Garrett turned. They were almost chest to chest. Axel’s pale eyes dropped again, openly this time, tracing the thick ridge of Garrett’s cock where it strained against the front of his shorts.

“Then fix it.”

For a second neither of them moved. Thunder rolled. Somewhere in the building a pipe creaked.

Then Axel’s hand shot out, fisted in the front of Garrett’s shorts, and shoved him back against the mirror hard enough that the glass shuddered. Garrett’s breath left him in a rough exhale. Axel’s mouth crashed into his—angry, open, all teeth and heat and the copper tang of a split lip.

Garrett answered with equal force. He grabbed Axel’s hips and dragged him in, grinding the hard length of his cock against Axel’s through the thin, wet fabric. Axel made a low, frustrated

sound and bit Garrett's lower lip. Garrett tasted blood and didn't care.

Clothes came off in a messy, competitive scramble. Garrett shoved Axel's sleeveless shirt up and off, hands dragging down the lean, hard planes of his chest, thumbs scraping over tight nipples. Axel yanked Garrett's shorts down in one hard pull.

Garrett's cock sprang free—thick, heavy, flushed dark, the head already slick and shining. It slapped up against his stomach with a wet sound, the full weight of it swaying. Veins stood out along the shaft. The broad head was swollen, a clear bead of precome already sliding down the underside.

Axel's eyes locked on it. He shoved his own shorts down. His cock bounced free—long, slightly curved, the head a deep flushed pink, the shaft a shade lighter and already rigid enough that it stood nearly vertical, the tip glistening. A thick vein ran along the underside. The head flared wide, shiny with precome that caught the harsh overhead light.

They stared at each other for one charged second—two hard, leaking cocks between them, both of them breathing like they'd just finished a max set.

Then Garrett dropped to his knees on the rubber floor, took Axel into his mouth in one long, wet slide, and sucked hard. Axel's head thunked back against the glass. One hand tangled in Garrett's wet hair, not quite gentle.

"Fuck—Garrett—"

Garrett pulled off just long enough to drag his tongue slowly up the underside, tasting salt and clean skin, then took him deeper, throat working. He reached down and wrapped a fist around his own heavy cock, stroking once, twice, smearing the precome that kept beading at the tip.

Axel's answer was a broken groan that turned into a snarl when Garrett hollowed his cheeks and sucked harder.

It didn't stay gentle for long. Garrett stood, wiped his mouth with the back of his wrist, and shoved Axel toward the weight bench. Axel went willingly, turning at the last second so he could yank Garrett down with him. They ended up with Axel straddling Garrett's lap, both of them slick and aching, cocks trapped between their stomachs.

Garrett reached between them, wrapped a big hand around both of their cocks, and stroked. The contrast was filthy—Garrett's thicker, heavier shaft against Axel's longer, slightly more elegant one, both of them wet and sliding together. Axel's forehead dropped to Garrett's shoulder. His breath came hot and uneven against Garrett's neck.

"Lube," Axel muttered. "Bag. Front pocket."

Garrett found the small packet, tore it open with his teeth, and slicked his fingers. He pressed two inside Axel without much warning. Axel cursed, then pushed back onto them anyway, greedy, the tight heat of him clenching.

When Garrett finally lined up and sank into him, the sound Axel made was half snarl, half moan. Garrett gripped his hips hard enough to bruise and thrust up. The bench creaked. The mirrors fogged. Rain kept pounding the high window like applause.

They fucked like they trained—competitive, relentless, neither willing to give ground. Axel rode him hard, one hand braced on Garrett's thick chest, the other wrapped around his own cock, stroking in time with every downward roll. Garrett met every movement with a sharp upward snap of his hips, the thick length of him dragging in and out of that tight heat, the wet sounds of it obscenely loud in the small room.

Sweat ran down Garrett's chest, caught in the dark hair, slid lower. Axel leaned down and licked a stripe up the center of it, tasting salt, then bit the side of Garrett's throat hard enough to leave a mark.

Garrett growled and fucked up into him harder.

The coil at the base of Garrett's spine tightened too fast. He reached up, wrapped a hand around the back of Axel's neck, and pulled him down into a messy, open-mouthed kiss just as the first heavy pulse hit him.

He came hard—thick, hot ropes flooding deep inside Axel, the pleasure so sharp it edged into pain. His hips jerked helplessly, grinding deep, every spurt dragged out longer by the way Axel clenched around him. Garrett kept coming, the orgasm rolling through him in waves, each pulse forcing another thick pulse of come into Axel's body until it started to leak out around his cock in slow, filthy drips.

Axel wasn't far behind. He stroked himself faster, forehead pressed to Garrett's, eyes locked on him, mouth open on a broken sound. His cock jerked in his fist. The first jet of come painted across Garrett's stomach in a long, hot stripe. Then another, and another—thick, heavy pulses that kept coming as Axel's whole body shuddered, thighs trembling, the tight clench of his ass milking every last drop out of Garrett's still-spasming cock.

They stayed locked together, both of them still twitching through the aftershocks. Garrett's cock gave one final, weak pulse inside Axel. Axel's cock dribbled one last thick bead onto Garrett's abs. Their breathing was ragged, chests heaving, sweat and come cooling on their skin.

Eventually Axel shifted, wincing slightly as he eased off. Garrett's cock slipped free with a wet sound, still half-hard, shiny with come and lube. A thick trickle of it followed, sliding down the inside of Axel's thigh. Neither of them looked away from it.

Axel sat sideways on the bench, thigh pressed against Garrett's, and stared at the fogged mirror like it might offer answers.

Garrett reached over without thinking and brushed a smear of sweat and come from Axel's collarbone with his thumb. The touch was softer than anything that had come before it. Axel's eyes flicked to his, surprised.

Garrett cleared his throat. His voice came out rough.

NICO FOX

“Coffee sometime.”

It wasn’t a question, exactly. More of a dare that had lost its edge.

Axel looked at him for a long moment. Then the corner of his mouth lifted—small, almost reluctant.

“Yeah,” he said. “Okay.”

Outside, the rain kept falling. Inside, neither of them moved to put their clothes back on just yet.

LATE LOAD (AGE-GAP)

THE LAUNDRY ROOM in the basement of the brick walk-up sat under a single row of flickering fluorescent lights that hummed like they were tired of the job. Two rows of white machines lined the walls—washers on the left, dryers on the right—leaving a narrow aisle of scuffed linoleum down the middle. The air smelled of detergent, warm fabric, and the faint metallic tang of old pipes. A battered folding table stood against the far wall under a corkboard covered in outdated notices and one forgotten mitten. Outside, the city was quiet in that late-night way, rain still tapping against the small, high windows set near the ceiling.

Eli stood in front of an open washer at 11:47 p.m., wrestling with a plastic detergent bottle whose lid had cracked clean in half. Softener had already leaked down the side and onto his wrist. He was twenty-four, newly single, and still learning the building's quirks. Dark brown hair fell into his eyes. He wore an old gray T-shirt soft from too many washes and black sweatpants that sat low on narrow hips. The shirt clung a little from the basement humidity, showing the lean lines of his chest and the flat plane of his stomach. He was built like a runner who'd started lifting—long limbs, tight muscle

under smooth skin, a light trail of hair disappearing under the waistband of his sweats.

He didn't hear the door open.

Grant stepped in carrying a small basket of darks, and the room suddenly felt smaller. Mid-forties, silver at the temples and threaded through the short dark hair on his chest where his black henley was unbuttoned one button too far. He was taller than Eli by a few inches, broader through the shoulders and chest, the kind of solid that came from years of steady work rather than gym vanity. His forearms were thick, dusted with dark hair, veins visible under the skin. The henley stretched across a firm, mature chest and the soft rise of his stomach above the waistband of dark joggers that did nothing to hide the heavy shape of his cock resting against his left thigh.

Eli looked up. Their eyes met.

Grant's gaze moved first—slow, deliberate, the way a man looks when he's deciding whether to be polite or honest. It started at Eli's messy hair, dropped to the detergent streak on his wrist, then traveled lower: the way the damp T-shirt clung to the small peaks of his nipples, the narrow cut of his waist, the soft bulge at the front of his sweatpants. It lingered there a second too long before climbing back up.

Eli's own eyes did the same without permission. He took in the silver at Grant's temples, the open collar that showed the dark hair on his chest, the thick forearms, the way the joggers hugged the heavy curve of his cock. Heat flickered low in Eli's stomach.

"Lid's shot," Grant said, voice low and even. He set his basket down and crossed the narrow space. "Here."

He took the broken bottle from Eli's hands. Their fingers brushed. Grant's were warmer, rougher. He opened a fresh bottle from the shelf above the machines, measured the detergent, and poured it into the washer without asking. Then he reached past Eli—close

enough that Eli felt the heat of his chest against his shoulder—and closed the lid.

“Thanks,” Eli managed.

Grant didn’t step back right away. “You’re the new one in 3B.”

“Yeah. Moved in three weeks ago.”

“After a breakup,” Grant said. It wasn’t a question.

Eli huffed a small, surprised laugh. “That obvious?”

“Late-night laundry. Broken detergent. Look on your face.” Grant’s mouth curved, not unkind. “I’ve been there.”

They started folding in silence at the table. Grant’s basket was mostly dark tees and boxer-briefs. Eli’s was a mix of soft shirts and the one pair of jeans he still liked. Every time one of them reached for a piece of clothing, their arms nearly touched. The fluorescent light caught the silver in Grant’s hair and the faint lines at the corners of his eyes when he glanced over.

Eli felt the weight of that glance like a hand. Grant’s eyes moved openly now—over the long line of Eli’s throat when he swallowed, down the soft cotton stretched across his chest, lower, to the way Eli’s cock had started to thicken against his thigh from nothing more than proximity and attention. Eli’s own gaze kept drifting to the heavy outline in Grant’s joggers, the way it shifted when Grant leaned forward to smooth a shirt.

The dryer behind them buzzed and went quiet. Neither of them moved to open it.

Grant set down the last folded shirt and turned. The space between them was less than a foot. Eli could smell clean laundry and the faint cedar of Grant’s skin.

“You’re staring,” Grant said, soft.

Eli’s mouth went dry. “So are you.”

Grant's eyes dropped again, slow, tracing the growing shape at the front of Eli's sweats. "I am."

He reached out and set two fingers under Eli's chin, tipping his face up. The kiss started careful—testing—then deepened when Eli made a small sound and opened for him. Grant's mouth was warm, deliberate. One hand slid to the back of Eli's neck, the other settled at his waist, thumb stroking the thin strip of skin above his waistband.

Eli stepped in closer. Their bodies lined up. He felt the thick, heavy press of Grant's cock against his hip through the soft fabric, already half-hard. His own jumped in response.

Grant pulled back just enough to speak against his mouth. "Tell me to stop and I will."

Eli shook his head. "Don't."

Grant's hands went to the hem of Eli's T-shirt and lifted. Eli raised his arms. The shirt came off and dropped to the floor. Grant's eyes moved over him—lean chest, small brown nipples already tight, the light trail of hair down his stomach, the way his sweats sat low enough to show the sharp cuts of his hips. Grant's palm flattened over Eli's sternum, then slid lower, slow, until his fingers hooked in the waistband.

He pushed the sweats and briefs down together.

Eli's cock sprang free—slender, flushed dark pink, the head already shiny and wet. It bounced up against his stomach, the shaft smooth, a thin vein running along the side. Precome beaded at the slit and threatened to drip.

Grant made a low sound of approval. He shoved his own joggers and boxers down in one motion. His cock was thicker, heavier, the skin a shade darker, the head broad and flushed deep red. It rose hard against his stomach, a thick vein pulsing along the underside, the tip already slick. The dark hair at the base was trimmed short,

silver threaded through it. It looked solid, substantial, the kind of cock that would stretch and fill.

Eli stared. Grant let him.

Then Grant wrapped a warm hand around both of them together—Eli's longer, leaner cock against his own thicker shaft—and stroked once, slow. The contrast was filthy. Eli's hips jerked.

"Easy," Grant murmured. "I've got you."

He turned Eli gently and guided him back until his ass hit the edge of the folding table. Grant dropped to one knee without ceremony, took Eli into his mouth, and sucked him down in one smooth motion. Eli's head fell back. A broken sound left his throat. Grant's tongue worked the underside, slow and thorough, one hand holding Eli's hip steady while the other stroked the heavy length of his own cock.

He pulled off with a wet sound. "You taste good."

Eli could only nod, chest heaving.

Grant stood, reached into the pocket of his discarded joggers, and pulled out a small packet of lube and a condom. He raised an eyebrow. Eli nodded again, faster.

Grant rolled the condom on himself, slicked his fingers, and pressed two inside Eli with careful pressure. Eli gasped, then pushed back onto them, greedy for more. Grant worked him open slowly, eyes on Eli's face the whole time, watching every flicker of sensation.

"That's it," he said, voice low. "Breathe. Let me in."

When he finally lined up and pushed inside, Eli's mouth opened on a silent cry. Grant filled him in one long, controlled thrust, thick and relentless, until his hips were flush against Eli's ass. He held still, giving Eli time, one hand stroking Eli's cock in slow, steady pulls.

"Look at me," Grant said.

Eli did. Grant's eyes were dark, steady, almost fond.

Then he started to move—deep, measured strokes that dragged over every sensitive place inside Eli. He kept one hand on Eli's cock, thumbing the wet head in time with his thrusts. The folding table creaked. The fluorescent lights hummed. Eli's hands gripped Grant's shoulders, fingers digging into the solid muscle.

Grant leaned in and kissed him again, slower this time, while his hips kept that steady, devastating rhythm. "You're doing so well," he murmured against Eli's mouth. "Taking me so well."

Eli whimpered. The praise went straight to his cock.

Grant's pace stayed controlled but the force increased. Every thrust punched a soft sound out of Eli. Sweat slicked their skin. The wet sound of Grant moving inside him filled the small room. Eli's cock leaked steadily over Grant's fist, precome dripping onto the linoleum between their feet.

The pressure built low and hot in Eli's gut. Grant felt it—felt the way Eli's body tightened around him—and slowed just enough to keep him right on the edge.

"Not yet," Grant said, voice rough now. "Stay with me."

He fucked him through it, deep and steady, until Eli was shaking, thighs trembling, cock flushed dark and dripping. Only then did Grant wrap his fist tighter and stroke him in earnest.

Eli came first—hard, long, helpless. His cock pulsed in Grant's hand, thick ropes of come striping Grant's stomach and chest in heavy spurts. The first jet landed high on Grant's pecs. The second and third painted across his abs. Eli kept coming, body clenching rhythmically around Grant's cock, each pulse dragged out by the way Grant kept thrusting through it, slow and deep, milking every last drop. Eli's mouth opened on a broken moan that turned into Grant's name. His cock gave two final weak spurts, then twitched, oversensitive, still leaking onto Grant's fingers.

Grant followed a few strokes later. His hips snapped forward and stayed locked deep as he came, thick and hot inside the condom.

His cock pulsed hard enough that Eli felt every heavy spurt. Grant's forehead dropped to Eli's shoulder. A low, rough sound left his chest as the orgasm rolled through him in long waves, his cock jerking again and again inside Eli's tight heat. He kept coming longer than Eli expected—pulse after pulse—until his thighs shook and his breath stuttered.

They stayed like that, locked together, both of them twitching through the aftershocks. Grant's cock gave one last slow pulse. Eli's softened in his hand, still slick.

Eventually Grant eased out carefully. He tied off the condom and dropped it in the trash can by the door, then came back and cleaned them both with a clean towel from his basket, gentle and thorough. Eli was boneless against the table, eyes half-lidded.

Grant tugged his own joggers back up, then helped Eli step into his sweats. He didn't bother with shirts. Instead he pulled Eli in against his chest, one arm solid around his back, and just held him while their breathing slowed. Eli's cheek rested over Grant's heart. The older man's free hand stroked slow paths up and down his spine.

The dryer that had finished earlier clicked as it cooled. Rain still tapped the high windows.

Grant pressed a quiet kiss to the top of Eli's hair.

"Come up for a real drink next time," he said, voice soft. "My place. 4A."

Eli nodded against his chest, already half-asleep on his feet.

"Yeah," he murmured. "Okay."

Neither of them moved for a long time.

SHARED BED (FRIENDS-TO-LOVERS)

THE HOTEL ROOM smelled of industrial carpet cleaner, faint leftover perfume, and the warm, yeasty trace of champagne that still clung to their clothes. One king bed dominated the narrow space, its white duvet already turned down, the sheets cool and slightly crisp under the low gold light of the single bedside lamp. Rain misted against the windows in a soft, continuous hush. Somewhere down the hall an ice machine clunked and rattled, then fell silent. The air felt close, humid from the storm and the heat of two bodies that had been dancing for hours.

Sam dropped his suit jacket over the desk chair. The fabric made a soft, heavy sound as it landed. He loosened his tie with one hand; the silk whispered against his collar. He was thirty-one, dark-haired, built solid from years of weekend basketball and work that left his shoulders broad and his palms rough. The white dress shirt clung to him in damp patches from dancing, translucent in places, stretched across a firm chest and the soft rise of his stomach above the belt. When he moved, the scent of his skin rose—clean sweat, the woody cologne he'd put on that morning, and underneath it the warmer, saltier smell that was just him. His black slacks sat low on his hips, the wool warm from his body.

Leo watched him from the other side of the bed while he unbuttoned his own shirt. The plastic buttons clicked softly. They'd been best friends for ten years—college roommates, then the kind of men who showed up without being asked. Leo was leaner, a little taller, light brown hair falling into his eyes in soft, damp strands. His own white shirt hung open, the cotton cool against his skin where the air-conditioning brushed it. Beneath it his chest was smooth, the faint lines of his abs shifting as he breathed, a narrow trail of hair disappearing under the waistband of his dress pants. The pants were already undone, the zipper teeth parted, fabric riding low enough to show the dark elastic of his boxer-briefs and the soft, growing outline of his cock against his thigh. He smelled of the same champagne, plus the faint citrus of the hotel soap and the warmer scent of his own skin.

Their eyes met in the mirror above the desk.

Sam's gaze moved first—slow, heavy-lidded, charged in a way it usually wasn't. It traveled over the open collar of Leo's shirt, the clean lines of his collarbones still faintly flushed from dancing, the way the fabric framed the lean muscle of his chest. It dropped lower, lingering on the obvious shape filling out the front of Leo's pants, the way the soft wool tented and shifted when Leo breathed. Leo's own eyes did the same without hurry: the thick column of Sam's throat as he swallowed, the way the damp dress shirt pulled across his pecs and showed the dark shadow of hair beneath, the heavy curve of his cock visible against the soft wool of his slacks, already thickening.

Champagne made everything slower. Braver. The air between them felt thicker, charged with the quiet electricity of skin that had never been allowed to touch like this.

Sam cleared his throat. The sound was rough. "You want the shower first, or—?"

"I'm good," Leo said. His voice came out quieter than usual, almost scraped. "You?"

Sam shook his head. He pulled the tie free; the silk slid against his neck with a soft hiss. He tossed it aside and started on the rest of his shirt buttons. Each one gave with a small, distinct pop. Leo watched every inch of skin that appeared—the dark hair on Sam's chest, the solid muscle underneath, the way his nipples had tightened into small, tight peaks in the cool air from the vent. When the shirt opened fully, Sam shrugged it off. The cotton whispered down his arms. The low light caught the faint sheen of sweat still on his skin and the way his cock had started to fill, the thick outline pressing more firmly against his fly.

Leo's mouth went dry. He pushed his own shirt off his shoulders. The fabric slid down his back in a cool rush and pooled on the carpet with a soft sound. They stood there in the quiet, both of them half-hard, both of them breathing a little too fast. The rain kept its soft percussion against the glass. The lamp hummed faintly.

Sam sat on the edge of the bed to take off his shoes and socks. The mattress dipped with a quiet creak. Leo did the same on the other side. Their knees almost touched in the middle; the heat of Sam's leg radiated across the small space. When Sam stood to shove his slacks down, the wool made a soft, heavy sound as it dropped. Leo's eyes followed and stayed there. Sam's black boxer-briefs were stretched tight over the heavy shape of his cock, the thick head already pushing against the waistband hard enough to leave a small wet spot. He hooked his thumbs in the elastic and pushed them down.

His cock sprang free with a soft, heavy bounce—thick, substantial, flushed dark, the shaft veined and hot-looking, the broad head already shiny with precome. It slapped up against his stomach and stayed there, a clear bead gathering at the slit and threatening to drip. The dark hair at the base was neat, a little damp with sweat. The smell of him rose stronger now—musk and skin and the faint salt of arousal. It looked exactly as heavy and solid as Leo had always tried not to imagine.

Leo's breath left him in a soft, involuntary sound. He shoved his own pants and briefs down in one motion. The fabric whispered down his legs. His cock bounced free—longer, a little more slender, the head a deep flushed pink, the shaft smooth and already rigid enough to stand nearly vertical. A thin vein ran along the underside, pulsing. Precome welled at the tip, glistening under the lamp, and a single drop stretched and fell to the carpet with a tiny, almost inaudible sound. The cooler air of the room kissed the wet head and made him shiver.

They stared at each other across the bed. The silence felt thick enough to touch.

Ten years of shared apartments, shared road trips, shared late-night talks about other people. Ten years of careful distance that suddenly felt unbearable.

Sam's voice was rough when he finally spoke, scraped raw. "I've been in love with you since junior year."

The words hung in the warm air between them, heavier than the rain. Leo's heart slammed once, hard, against his ribs. He could smell Sam's skin from here, could feel the heat of him across the mattress.

"I know," he said. Then, quieter, almost shaking, "Me too."

Something in Sam's face broke open—relief and terror and want all at once. He stepped around the bed. The carpet was soft under his bare feet. Leo met him in the middle. The first kiss was hesitant, almost careful, the kind of kiss you give when you're afraid the other person might disappear. Sam's lips were warm, slightly chapped, tasting of champagne and the faint salt of sweat. Then Leo made a small, wrecked sound and opened for him, and the careful part burned away.

Sam's hands came up to cradle Leo's face; his palms were rough, warm, thumbs stroking the soft skin just in front of Leo's ears. Leo's hands slid over the warm, solid muscle of Sam's chest—hair crisp under his palms, skin hot, the steady thump of Sam's heart against

his fingers—then down the soft trail of hair until his fingers wrapped around the thick heat of Sam’s cock. It was scorching, heavy, the skin silk-smooth over iron hardness, already slick at the head. Sam groaned into his mouth, the sound vibrating against Leo’s tongue. His own hand found Leo, stroking the longer length of him with the same familiar care he used for everything else between them. Leo’s cock twitched hard in his grip, leaking steadily now, the wet sound of it soft and filthy in the quiet room.

They staggered onto the bed in a tangle of limbs. Sheets whispered and cooled against bare skin. The mattress dipped and creaked. Sam ended up on his back, Leo straddling his thighs, both of them still kissing like they were trying to make up for a decade. Leo’s cock dragged against Sam’s, the contrasting textures filthy and perfect—Sam’s thicker, hotter shaft against Leo’s longer, smoother one, both of them wet and sliding together with soft, slick sounds. The smell of sex and clean sweat rose between them. Leo could taste champagne and Sam on his tongue.

Sam broke the kiss just long enough to reach for the nightstand. The drawer scraped softly. The hotel’s complimentary kit was still inside—foil packets, a small bottle of lube. He raised an eyebrow. Leo nodded, already breathing hard, chest rising and falling fast enough that the lamp light caught the sheen of sweat on his collarbones.

Sam rolled the condom on himself with steady hands; the latex snapped softly. He slicked his fingers with lube—cool and slick at first, warming quickly—and reached between Leo’s legs. He pressed two fingers inside, slow and careful, watching Leo’s face the entire time. The stretch burned sweetly. Leo’s eyes fluttered. He pushed back onto the fingers with a soft, broken sound, the heat of his body closing around them. Sam worked him open with patient, thorough strokes, the wet sound of it quiet and intimate.

“I’ve got you,” Sam murmured, voice low and rough against Leo’s mouth. “Always have.”

When he finally lined up and guided Leo down onto him, they both exhaled like they’d been holding their breath for years. Sam filled

him in one long, controlled slide—thick, relentless, the stretch burning and perfect, the heat of him searing. Leo's head fell forward. His hands braced on Sam's chest, fingers sinking into solid muscle. Sam's hands settled on Leo's hips, thumbs stroking the sharp cuts of bone there, feeling the faint tremor under the skin.

They stayed still for a moment, just breathing, foreheads pressed together, eyes open. Leo could feel every thick inch of Sam inside him, the way his cock pulsed in time with his heartbeat. The rain kept its soft rhythm against the glass. The lamp hummed.

Then Leo started to move—slow rolls of his hips that dragged Sam deep and then almost all the way out again. The slide was slick, hot, the stretch constant. Sam met him with gentle upward thrusts, never rushing. The wet sound of it filled the quiet room, soft and rhythmic. Every time Leo sank down, Sam's cock pressed against that place inside him that made his vision spark white at the edges. Every time he rose, Sam's hand stroked his cock in the same unhurried rhythm, palm hot and slightly rough, thumb sweeping the wet head and spreading the precome that kept welling up.

They kept looking at each other. No hiding. Soft laughter mixed with the sharper sounds when the angle was especially good—quiet, breathless huffs of amusement that turned into low moans. Sam's free hand slid up Leo's spine, over the damp nape of his neck, into his hair, fingers tightening just enough to feel good. Leo leaned down and kissed him again, open and wet, tasting salt and champagne and the deeper, darker taste of Sam, while he rode him in long, deliberate strokes. The sheets had warmed beneath them. Sweat slicked their skin wherever they touched. The smell of sex was thicker now, musky and sweet.

The pressure built slow and deep, a low heat coiling at the base of Leo's spine and spreading outward. Sam felt it in the way Leo's body tightened around him, the way his breath started to stutter and his thighs began to tremble. He wrapped his fist more firmly around Leo's cock and stroked him in earnest, the wet sound of it louder

now, filthy and perfect, thumb sweeping over the soaked head on every upstroke.

“Come on,” Sam whispered, voice wrecked. “I’ve got you. Let go.”

Leo came with a broken, beautiful sound—his cock pulsing hard in Sam’s hand, thick ropes of come striping Sam’s chest and stomach in long, heavy spurts. The first jet landed hot and high across Sam’s pecs, the heat of it startling. The second and third painted lower, across the dark hair and the soft rise of his stomach, the come thick and white against flushed skin. Leo kept coming, body clenching rhythmically around Sam’s cock in tight, milking waves, each pulse dragged out by the way Sam kept thrusting up into him, slow and deep, the thick length of him rubbing relentlessly over that sensitive place inside. Leo’s mouth opened on Sam’s name, the sound cracked and raw. His cock gave two final weak spurts, then twitched, oversensitive, still leaking warm onto Sam’s fingers. The smell of his come rose between them, sharp and intimate.

Sam followed right after. His hands gripped Leo’s hips hard enough to leave faint red marks as he thrust up and stayed locked deep. He came with a low, rough groan that vibrated through both of them, cock pulsing thick and hot inside the condom. The orgasm rolled through him in long, heavy waves—pulse after pulse—while Leo’s body kept clenching around him, dragging every spurt out longer. Sam’s forehead pressed to Leo’s. His breath stuttered hot against Leo’s mouth. His cock jerked again and again, each heavy pulse drawn out by the tight, fluttering heat surrounding him, until his thighs shook and a final, weaker pulse left him spent and trembling.

They stayed like that, locked together, both of them twitching through the aftershocks. Sam’s cock gave one last slow, involuntary twitch deep inside. Leo’s softened in his hand, still slick and warm. Sweat cooled on their skin in the path of the air-conditioning. The rain had softened to a gentle patter. The lamp still hummed.

Eventually Leo eased off. Sam’s cock slipped free with a soft, wet sound. He dealt with the condom quickly, the latex peeling away with a faint snap, then pulled Leo down against his chest. They

tangled together in the middle of the bed—legs hooked, arms wrapped, faces close enough that their breath mingled. Sam's hand stroked slow paths up and down Leo's back, palm rough and warm, feeling the faint knobs of his spine. Leo's fingers traced idle patterns through the come cooling on Sam's stomach, the sticky texture of it, the way it had already started to dry at the edges.

The city lights shifted across the ceiling in slow, watery patterns. Rain tapped the windows in a soft, steady rhythm. The sheets smelled of sex and champagne and the two of them.

Sam's voice was soft, almost amused, when he finally spoke against Leo's hair, the words vibrating through his chest.

"We're probably going to have to talk about this in the morning."

Leo smiled against his skin, eyes already closing, the solid heat of Sam under him better than any blanket.

"Yeah," he said, the word barely more than a breath. "But not yet."

Neither of them moved. The mattress held their combined weight. The room was quiet except for the rain and the slow, matched rhythm of their breathing. Ten years of almost had finally become something else, and for now the warm, solid reality of it was enough.

AFTER HOURS (WORKPLACE POWER DYNAMICS)

THE FORTY-SECOND FLOOR of the firm was almost silent at 11:18 p.m. Only the low hum of the HVAC and the occasional distant ding of the elevator shaft broke the quiet. Most of the glass-walled offices stood dark. Rain streaked the floor-to-ceiling windows in long silver lines, the city lights below blurred into wet constellations. The air smelled of paper, cold coffee, and the faint lemon of the cleaning crew that had already come and gone.

Nate sat at the long conference table in the corner office, sleeves rolled to his elbows, tie loosened, the top two buttons of his white shirt undone. He was twenty-eight, lean, dark-haired, the kind of sharp-featured tired that came from three consecutive all-nighters on a merger that refused to close. The shirt clung a little from the recycled air, translucent enough in places to show the faint outline of his nipples and the light trail of hair down his stomach. His charcoal dress pants sat low on narrow hips. The outline of his cock rested soft against his left thigh, visible if anyone had been looking closely.

Someone was.

Julian stood behind him, one hand braced on the table, the other pointing at a clause on the screen of Nate's laptop. The newest partner was forty-one, tall, broad through the shoulders and chest in a way that made tailored shirts look deliberate. Silver threaded the dark hair at his temples and the neat beard he kept short. His own white shirt was still buttoned to the throat, cuffs turned back once to show thick forearms dusted with dark hair. The fabric stretched across a solid chest and the controlled softness of his stomach above a black leather belt. His navy suit pants did nothing to hide the heavy shape of his cock resting against his thigh.

Nate felt the heat of him like a physical weight. Julian's breath stirred the fine hairs at the nape of his neck every time he spoke.

"Here," Julian said, voice low, controlled. "The indemnity language is still too broad. They'll try to walk it back in the morning."

Nate nodded, but his eyes weren't on the screen. In the dark reflection of the window he could see Julian's face in profile—the sharp cut of his jaw, the way his gaze kept dropping from the laptop to the open collar of Nate's shirt, to the exposed line of his throat, lower, to the way Nate's pants had started to tent under the table.

Julian's eyes moved slowly, openly now that the floor was empty. They traced the lean muscle of Nate's forearms, the veins standing out from hours of typing, the soft mouth that had been pressed into a tired line all evening, the growing bulge at his crotch. Nate's own gaze had been doing the same for the last hour—cataloguing the thickness of Julian's wrists, the way his shirt pulled across his chest when he reached, the heavy, unmistakable outline of his cock shifting whenever he adjusted his stance.

The air between them felt charged, thick with the smell of rain against glass and the warmer scent of Julian's skin—clean soap, a hint of cedar, and underneath it the faint musk of a man who had been working too long in a closed room.

Julian leaned in further to highlight another line. His chest brushed

Nate's shoulder. The contact was light. It still made Nate's cock twitch hard enough that the fabric of his pants shifted.

Nate's voice came out rougher than he intended. "You're doing that on purpose."

Julian went still. The only sound was the soft patter of rain and the low whirl of the laptop fan.

Then Julian's hand left the table, reached past Nate, and calmly locked the office door with a quiet, definitive click.

He straightened, looked down at Nate, and said, very softly, "Yes."

Nate pushed the chair back and stood. They were almost the same height like this. Julian's eyes dropped again—over the open collar, the flushed skin of Nate's throat, the obvious hard line now pressing against the front of his pants. Nate's gaze did the same: the thick column of Julian's neck, the way his shirt strained across his chest with every breath, the heavy cock that had begun to fill and lengthen down his left thigh.

Julian reached out and hooked two fingers in the loosened knot of Nate's tie, pulling him in. The kiss was not gentle. It was open, hungry, tasting of the black coffee they'd both been drinking for hours and the sharper edge of want. Nate made a low sound and opened for him. Julian's free hand slid under the back of Nate's shirt, palm hot and slightly rough against the bare skin of his lower back.

Clothes came off in a rushed, clumsy scramble that still managed to feel deliberate. Julian stripped Nate's tie free and dropped it on the table. Nate's shirt followed, buttons popping in his haste. Julian's eyes moved over him—lean chest, small tight nipples, the light trail of hair disappearing under his waistband, the way his cock now strained obscenely against the soft wool of his pants. Julian's own shirt came next. Nate's hands pushed it off his shoulders, revealing the solid muscle underneath, the dark hair across his chest that narrowed into a line down his stomach, the faint silver threaded through it.

Julian shoved Nate's pants and briefs down in one motion.

Nate's cock sprang free—long, flushed dark pink, the head already wet and shining. It slapped up against his stomach, the shaft smooth, a thin vein pulsing along the side. Precome beaded at the slit and stretched in a clear string before breaking.

Julian's eyes locked on it. He opened his own belt with a soft metallic sound, shoved his pants and boxers down. His cock was thicker, heavier, the skin a deeper shade, the broad head already flushed dark red and slick. It rose hard against his stomach, a thick vein running the underside, the tip glistening under the recessed office lights. The dark hair at the base was neatly trimmed, a few silver strands catching the light. It looked substantial, solid, the kind of cock that would stretch and stay.

They stared at each other for one charged second, both of them breathing hard, cocks hard and leaking between them.

Then Julian turned Nate and bent him over the edge of the conference table. The polished wood was cool against Nate's chest and stomach. Julian's hand smoothed down his spine, then lower, spreading him. A packet of lube appeared from somewhere—Julian's pocket, maybe—and the click of the cap was loud in the quiet office. Cool gel warmed quickly as Julian pressed two thick fingers inside. Nate's breath punched out of him. He pushed back onto the fingers anyway, greedy, the stretch burning sweetly.

"Look at you," Julian murmured, voice rough. "Taking it so well already."

Nate's cock twitched hard against the edge of the table, leaving a wet smear on the wood.

When Julian finally lined up and pushed inside, it was in one long, controlled thrust that forced a broken sound out of Nate's throat. The stretch was intense, the heat of him searing. Julian bottomed out and held still, one hand braced on the table beside Nate's head, the other gripping his hip hard enough to bruise. Nate could feel

every thick inch of him, the way his cock pulsed in time with his heartbeat.

Julian started to move—deep, steady strokes that dragged over every sensitive place inside Nate. The wet sound of it filled the glass office, soft and filthy against the rain. Every thrust pushed Nate’s cock against the smooth edge of the table, the friction just shy of enough. Julian’s free hand reached around and wrapped around him, stroking in time, thumb sweeping the soaked head.

They didn’t speak much. The risk of the empty floor outside made every sound feel louder—the creak of the table, the soft slap of skin, the rough edge of their breathing. Julian’s chest pressed to Nate’s back on the deeper thrusts, the dark hair there scraping lightly, the solid heat of him overwhelming. Nate turned his head and Julian kissed him again, open and messy, tasting of coffee and want.

The pressure built fast and hot. Nate’s thighs started to shake. Julian felt it—felt the way Nate’s body tightened around him—and slowed just enough to keep him right on the edge, the thick head of his cock dragging deliberately over that spot inside on every stroke.

“Not yet,” Julian said against his ear, voice low and wrecked. “Stay with me.”

He fucked him through it, deep and relentless, until Nate was trembling, forehead pressed to the cool wood, cock flushed almost purple and dripping steadily onto the floor. Only then did Julian tighten his fist and stroke him in earnest.

Nate came hard—vision whiting out, a broken, punched-out sound leaving his throat. His cock pulsed in Julian’s hand, thick ropes of come striping the dark wood of the table and the front of the chair in long, heavy spurts. The first jet landed farthest, almost to the laptop. The second and third painted closer, the come hot and white against the polished surface. Nate kept coming, body clenching in tight, rhythmic waves around Julian’s cock, each pulse dragged out by the way Julian kept thrusting deep and slow, milking every last drop. Nate’s mouth opened on a silent cry. His cock gave two final

weak spurts, then twitched, oversensitive, still leaking warm over Julian's fingers. The smell of his come rose sharp and intimate in the closed office.

Julian followed a few strokes later. His hips snapped forward and locked deep as he came, a low, guttural sound vibrating against Nate's back. His cock pulsed thick and hot inside him—pulse after heavy pulse—while Nate's body kept clenching around him, dragging the orgasm out longer. Julian's forehead dropped to the back of Nate's shoulder. His breath stuttered. His cock jerked again and again, each spurt drawn out by the tight, fluttering heat, until his thighs shook and a final, weaker pulse left him spent and breathing hard.

They stayed locked together for a long moment, both of them twitching through the aftershocks. Julian's cock gave one last slow twitch deep inside. Nate's softened in his hand, still slick.

Eventually Julian eased out carefully. The wet sound of it was loud in the quiet. He dealt with the condom, then found a box of tissues on the side cabinet and cleaned them both with surprising gentleness—Nate's stomach, the table, the inside of his own thighs. Nate stayed bent over the table a little longer than necessary, legs still unsteady.

Julian helped him straighten. He picked up Nate's discarded shirt and held it while Nate slipped his arms in, then stepped in close and began buttoning it himself, fingers steady, deliberate. When he reached the top he smoothed the fabric flat, then lifted Nate's loosened tie, slid it back under the collar, and knotted it with the same precise care he used for contracts. His knuckles brushed Nate's throat. The touch lingered.

He stepped back half a pace, eyes moving over Nate one more time—flushed face, slightly swollen mouth, the fresh knot of the tie, the way his pants still sat a little crooked.

Julian's voice was quiet, almost conversational, when he spoke.

"Next time," he said, "lock it yourself when you come in."

Nate's mouth curved, small and tired and already hungry for the next time.

"Yes, sir."

Julian's eyes darkened. He reached past Nate, unlocked the door with a soft click, and opened it. The empty hallway beyond was still and fluorescent-lit.

They left the office a few minutes apart. The rain was still falling. The forty-second floor stayed quiet behind them.

LOCAL TIME (ONE-NIGHT STAND)

THE BAR SAT on a quiet corner two blocks from the hotel, the kind of place with low amber lighting, scuffed wood floors, and a long mirror behind the bottles that reflected the rain still falling outside. It smelled of old whiskey, citrus from the cutting board, and the damp wool of coats that had been hung up too close to the radiator. A jazz standard played low enough that conversation didn't have to fight it. Only a handful of people remained this late—two women talking softly at a high-top, a bartender wiping glasses with unhurried care, and the man at the far end of the bar who had been watching Cole for the last twenty minutes.

Cole was thirty-four, in town for three days of meetings that had already run long. Dark hair still neat from the morning, white shirt open at the throat, sleeves rolled once. The travel blazer hung over the back of his stool. He was solid without being bulky—broad shoulders, a chest that filled the shirt, the soft evidence of too many client dinners at his midsection. His charcoal trousers sat comfortably on his hips. He looked tired in the way men look when they've been performing competence all day and finally get to stop.

The man at the end of the bar didn't look tired.

Rhett was local—Cole could tell by the easy way he occupied the space, by the way the bartender had nodded at him without needing an order. Early thirties, maybe. Light brown hair a little longer on top, pushed back like he'd been running his hands through it. A soft gray henley clung to a lean, athletic frame; the sleeves were shoved to the elbows, showing tanned forearms and the faint white scar of an old burn across one wrist. Dark jeans sat low on narrow hips. He had the kind of mouth that looked like it smiled easily and the kind of eyes that didn't.

Their gazes met in the mirror behind the bar.

Rhett's eyes moved first—slow, deliberate, the way a man looks when he's already decided. They traveled over Cole's open collar, the thick column of his throat, the way the white shirt stretched across his chest, then lower, to the heavy shape resting against his thigh under the soft wool of his trousers. Cole's own gaze answered without haste: the clean line of Rhett's jaw, the open V of the henley that showed a smooth chest and a small dark mole near the collarbone, the way the jeans hugged the long muscles of his thighs and the unmistakable outline of his cock.

Cole lifted his glass in a small, silent question. Rhett's mouth curved. He picked up his own drink and walked the length of the bar.

"You look like you're not from here," Rhett said, voice low and a little rough, like he'd been quiet most of the evening.

"That obvious?"

"The shoes. And the way you keep checking the time like you've got somewhere better to be."

Cole huffed a quiet laugh. "Hotel two blocks over. Early flight that I already know I'm going to miss."

Rhett's eyes dropped again, openly this time, lingering on Cole's mouth, then lower. "Shame to waste the night, then."

They didn't finish their drinks.

The hotel room was on the fourteenth floor, cool and impersonal, the air still carrying the faint chemical scent of whatever the afternoon cleaning staff had used. One king bed, white duvet turned down with geometric precision. Floor-to-ceiling windows showed the city smeared by rain. The lamp on the desk put out a low gold light that left the corners in soft shadow. Cole closed the door with his foot and the latch clicked loud in the quiet.

They didn't speak.

Rhett stepped in first, hands already on Cole's shirt, pushing it open, palms sliding over the warm skin and the dark hair on his chest. Cole backed him toward the bed, mouth finding his in a kiss that was all heat and intent—open, hungry, tasting of whiskey and the sharper edge of want. Rhett made a low sound and opened for him. Their bodies lined up. Cole felt the hard length of Rhett's cock press against his hip through denim; his own answered immediately, thickening fast inside his trousers.

Clothes came off in a rush that still managed to feel deliberate. Cole's shirt hit the floor. Rhett's henley followed. Cole's hands mapped the lean muscle of Rhett's chest, the smooth skin, the way his nipples tightened under his thumbs. Rhett shoved Cole's trousers and briefs down together.

Cole's cock sprang free—thick, heavy, flushed dark, the broad head already wet and shining. It slapped up against his stomach with a soft, solid sound, the shaft veined and hot, a clear bead of precome already sliding down the underside. The dark hair at the base was neat. It looked substantial, the kind of cock that would stretch and stay.

Rhett's eyes locked on it. He shoved his own jeans and boxers down. His cock bounced free—longer, a little more slender, the head a deep flushed pink, the shaft smooth and already rigid enough to stand nearly vertical. A thin vein pulsed along the underside. Precome welled at the tip and stretched in a glistening string before breaking. The lighter hair at the base was trimmed short. It looked elegant and eager and already leaking for him.

They stared for one charged second, both of them breathing hard.

Then Cole pushed Rhett onto the bed and followed him down.

The first round was pure hunger. Cole kissed him like he was trying to climb inside his mouth, one hand wrapping around both of their cocks and stroking them together—thick against long, hot and slick and sliding. Rhett arched under him, hips rolling up, the wet sound of it soft and filthy in the quiet room. Cole reached for the toiletry bag he'd left on the nightstand, found the small bottle of lube and a condom, and made quick work of both. He slicked his fingers, pressed two inside Rhett without much preamble, and watched the way Rhett's mouth opened on a silent gasp, the way his cock twitched and leaked against his stomach.

When Cole finally pushed into him it was in one long, steady thrust that forced a broken sound out of both of them. The stretch was intense, the heat searing. Cole bottomed out and held still for only a second before he started to move—deep, hard strokes that made the headboard knock softly against the wall. Rhett's legs wrapped around him, heels digging into the backs of his thighs. Their mouths stayed close, sharing breath, the occasional kiss that was more teeth than tenderness.

It didn't last long. The need was too sharp. Cole felt the coil at the base of his spine tighten fast. He wrapped a fist around Rhett's cock and stroked him in time with his thrusts, rough and efficient. Rhett came first with a punched-out groan, cock pulsing hard in Cole's hand, thick ropes of come striping his own stomach and chest in long, heavy spurts. The first jet landed high across his pecs. The second and third painted lower, the come hot and white against flushed skin. Rhett kept coming, body clenching in tight, rhythmic waves around Cole's cock, each pulse dragged out by the way Cole kept thrusting through it, deep and relentless. His cock gave two final weak spurts, then twitched, oversensitive, still leaking over Cole's fingers.

Cole followed a few strokes later. His hips snapped forward and locked deep as he came, a low, guttural sound torn from his chest.

His cock pulsed thick and hot inside the condom—pulse after heavy pulse—while Rhett’s body kept milking him, dragging every spurt out longer. Cole’s forehead dropped to Rhett’s shoulder. His breath stuttered. His cock jerked again and again until his thighs shook and a final, weaker pulse left him spent.

They stayed locked together, both of them trembling through the aftershocks, the only sound their rough breathing and the soft rain against the glass.

Eventually Cole eased out carefully, dealt with the condom, and reached for the box of tissues on the nightstand. He cleaned them both with surprising gentleness—Rhett’s stomach, the inside of his own thighs—then dropped the tissues in the bin and rolled onto his back beside him. The ceiling was a flat, expensive white. The rain kept its quiet rhythm.

For a while neither of them spoke. The air cooled on their sweat-damp skin. Cole could still feel the phantom heat of Rhett’s body around him.

Then Rhett turned his head on the pillow. His voice was quieter than it had been at the bar.

“What do you actually do?”

Cole huffed a small, tired laugh. “Mergers. Mostly. The boring kind that keep lawyers employed.”

“You hate it?”

“Some days.” Cole looked at him. In the low light Rhett’s eyes were darker, softer. “You?”

“Contractor. Restorations, mostly. Old houses that need someone patient.” Rhett’s mouth curved. “I’m patient.”

The conversation drifted after that—nothing important, everything important. Favorite places in the city. The flight Cole was supposed to catch. The way Rhett had grown up three neighborhoods over and never felt the need to leave. Somewhere in the middle of it Cole

realized he was tracing idle patterns on Rhett's forearm with his fingertips, and Rhett was letting him.

The second time was slower.

Cole reached for him without speaking. The kiss this time was deeper, less frantic, tasting of the whiskey they'd shared and the salt of skin. Rhett rolled onto his side to face him. Their cocks, soft only minutes ago, began to fill again between them—Cole's thickening first, heavy and warm, Rhett's lengthening against it. Cole slicked himself again, rolled on a fresh condom, and guided Rhett's leg over his hip. When he pushed inside it was with deliberate care, watching every flicker across Rhett's face. The stretch still made Rhett's breath catch; the heat of him still made Cole's eyes threaten to close.

They moved together in a rhythm that felt almost like conversation—long, deep strokes, hands roaming, mouths staying close. Cole kept his eyes open. So did Rhett. Every time Cole bottomed out, Rhett's cock—trapped between their stomachs—dragged slick and hot against Cole's abs, leaving wet streaks. Cole reached between them and stroked him in the same unhurried tempo, thumb sweeping the sensitive head on every upstroke.

The pressure built low and steady this time, less like a sprint and more like a tide coming in. Rhett's hand cradled the back of Cole's neck. Cole's free hand stroked down the long muscle of Rhett's thigh, feeling the tremor that started there and traveled upward. They kept looking at each other. No hiding.

When Rhett came it was with a softer, broken sound, his cock pulsing in Cole's fist, thick ropes of come striping both of their stomachs in long, heavy spurts. The first jet landed warm across Cole's chest. The second and third painted lower, the come hot and intimate between their bodies. Rhett kept coming, body clenching in slow, milking waves around Cole's cock, each pulse drawn out by the way Cole kept moving inside him, deep and steady. His cock gave two final weak spurts, then twitched, oversensitive, still leaking between them.

Cole followed almost immediately. His hips pressed deep and stayed there as he came, a low, rough groan vibrating against Rhett's mouth. His cock pulsed thick and hot—pulse after pulse—while Rhett's body kept tightening around him, dragging every spurt longer. Cole's forehead pressed to Rhett's. Their breath mixed. His cock jerked again and again until the last weaker pulse left him trembling and spent.

They stayed tangled together afterward, sticky and warm, the rain still soft against the windows. Cole's hand traced slow paths up and down Rhett's spine. Rhett's fingers combed idly through the hair at the nape of Cole's neck.

Dawn came in gray and quiet. The rain had stopped. City light crept around the edges of the curtains and painted a pale stripe across the bed.

Cole sat on the edge of the mattress to pull on his trousers. Behind him he heard the soft rustle of sheets as Rhett sat up. The usual script was clear: polite thanks, maybe a shared smile, the door closing behind him.

Cole turned instead.

Rhett was watching him, sheet pooled around his waist, hair a mess, mouth still faintly swollen. He looked like someone Cole already knew better than a single night should allow.

Cole's voice came out rougher than he expected.

"Give me your number."

Rhett's expression didn't change much, but something behind his eyes warmed. He reached for the phone on the nightstand, unlocked it, and handed it over without a word. Cole typed his own number in, then called himself so the contact would be there. When he passed the phone back their fingers brushed and lingered.

Rhett set the phone aside, curled a hand around the back of Cole's neck, and pulled him down into one more kiss. It lasted longer than it should have—slow, deep, tasting of the night and the faint

promise of something else. When they finally parted, Rhett's forehead rested against Cole's for a second longer.

"Text me when you land," he said quietly.

Cole nodded, throat tight.

He finished dressing in the gray light. At the door he looked back once. Rhett was still watching him, sheet around his waist, the city waking up behind the glass.

Cole closed the door softly behind him. The hallway smelled of carpet and distant coffee. His phone was already warm in his pocket, Rhett's number waiting.

Outside, the rain had stopped, but the streets were still wet, reflecting the early sky.

JOIN THE MAILING LIST

Thanks for reading.

I hope these five firsts left you a little warmer than when you started.

If you want more stories like these — exclusive shorts, early access to new releases, and the occasional deleted scene that was too hot for the main books — come join my mailing list. It's free, it's private, and it's where the real heat goes first.

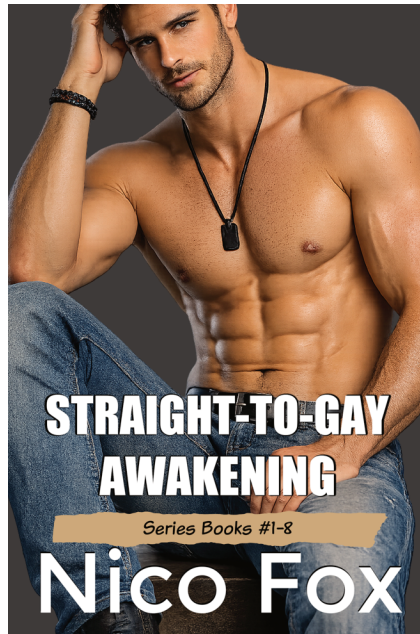
👉 [Mailing List - Join here]

See you in the next story,

Nico



ALSO BY NICO FOX



This explosive 8-book box set delivers nothing but high-heat, explicit straight-to-gay action. .

Includes:

Straight Roommate Het
Taken Down by the Coach
Desert Heat Between Us
Taken by the Groomsman
Snowed In with My Boss
Exposed for Him
My Straight Neighbor

My Straight Friend's Reunion



Six stories. Six explicit, searingly hot tales of men who work with their hands and want with everything else.

Includes:

Rivals at the Rodeo

Claimed by the Cattle Baron

The Foreman's Rough Ride

Stranded Together

Pounding the Rival Cowboy

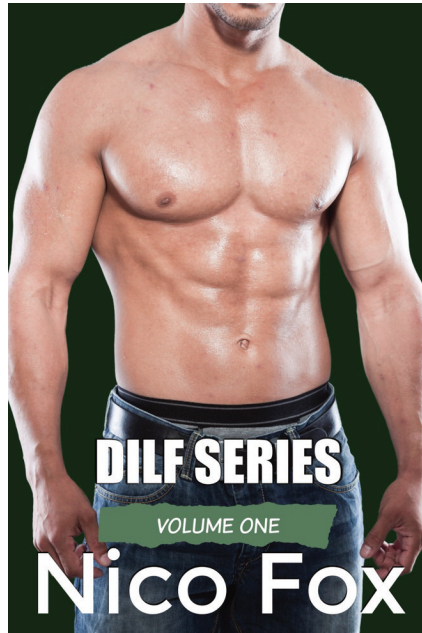
Breaking the Horse Trainer



The complete Gay Public Sex Series box set. **Eight** steamy M/M erotic stories full of **public** encounters.

This bundle includes:

Bulge on a Train
Truck Stop Fantasy
Fitting Room Temptation
Ferris Wheel Threesome
Hole in the Wall Exhibitionist
Ride-Share Stripper
Gay Resort Weekend
Art Gallery Awakening



The first DILF Series box set. Six stories about
hot daddies and their younger counterparts.

This bundle includes:

DILF of My Dreams

Seduced by the DILF

My Boss is a DILF

First Time Gay with My Girlfriend's Dad

My Girlfriend's Dad Wants It

First Time Gay with the DILF Professor



This collection includes the first four steamy installments of the *Firehouse Nights* series.

This bundle includes:

Breaking the Rookie

Against Protocol

Taking Orders

Containment Protocol



The Muscle Jock Series box set. Six steamy M/M erotic romance stories for mature adults. Full of **sweaty athletic gods**.

This bundle includes:

Tackled by Temptation

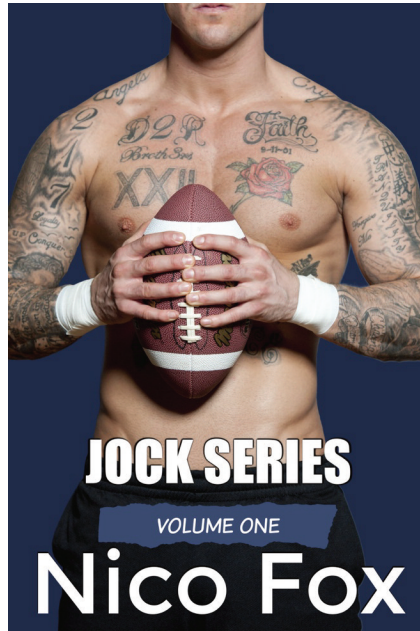
Pinned Down and Taken

Shared by the Hockey Team

Dunking in Deep

Batting for Both Teams

Diving into Desire



The first Jock Series box set. **Six** steamy M/M erotic stories full of **sweaty athletic guys**.

This bundle includes:

Captain of the Swim Team

First Time, First Down

Soccer Jockstrap

Slammed By the Team

Team Catcher

Heavyweight Punch