

I Hate Canadians

by Wrestlr

[M/M]

[Synopsis: A retail slacker deals with his attraction to his best friend.]

Disclaimer: Nobody is forcing you to read this. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you can stop reading at any time. No matter how autobiographical this may seem, it is fiction and not based on you, your friends, or anyone you know.

Copyright - 2006 by Wrestlr. Permission granted to archive if and only if no fee (including any form of "Adult Verification") is charged to read the file. If anyone pays a cent to anyone to read your site, you can't use this without the express permission of (and payment to) the author. This paragraph must be included as part of any archive.

Comments to wrestlr@iname.com

Wrestlr's fiction is archived at the following URLs:

- http://members.tripod.com/~Brock_J (MC and general M/M stories, plus my home page)
- <http://www.asstr.org/~wrestlr> (MC

and general M/M stories, mirror site)

- <http://www.asstr.org/~mcstories/Autl>
(MC stories)
-

I Hate Canadians

by Wrestlr

I want to fuck his brains out. I want to fuck him blind, but I'm worried about the Canadians. I'm always worrying about the Canadians. Who doesn't around here? This is fucking Buffalo, dude.

I gave Gary a lift because he said he'd be late if I didn't, and I didn't want him to be late for his first day on the job. He's just gotten hooked up at Shoes R Us. I've had a job for a while at 2 Cool. We sell retro tee-shirts with Farrah Fawcett pictures on them, and Skechers, and Fubu jeans. It's a good place to work because I get a forty percent discount and there isn't anything to do but fold the Farrah Fawcett tee-shirts

and ask people, "Do you want to buy some socks to go with that outfit," or "How about a really cool hemp necklace."

Gary looks like the guy in White Stripes, only younger and blonder. I think that's the guy, the one who sings. Or maybe it's the My Chemical Romance guy. I can't remember. I only know that I saw Gary in his boxers once and sprouted myself some mighty wood and had to cover it with my dad's golf-club towel, which seemed kind of appropriate at the time.

So I like guys, but I don't like to talk about it, you know? I don't go around saying I'm gay or anything because I'm really not sure about that right now anyway, and my mom thinks I should make sure before I march

in any gay pride parade. I think that's good advice. But there's something about Gary that would make me march down the middle of Main Street in my mom's bra and panties if I knew I was marching toward him. I can just see it--me marching toward Gary with his Abercrombie boxers around his ankles, ass flying high like any proud rainbow fucking flag, ready for some major plowing.

I've got a fattie, a cock like a third fucking arm, which would make a great name for a band, I'm thinking. Once I was fucking around in the store after hours with this guy, Bryan, who said he was the district manager of one of our biggest competitors, Hot Stuff. He'd been on my shit all day, telling me how he was going to get me my

own store and how he liked the way my hair looked because I'd just had it bleached. He wanted to know how much I benched--like, 210 at that time, by the way, and practically 250 now. He hung out after nine because he said he wanted to compare our closing procedure to the one at his stores, and I was like, *Whatever*. The lights went out, and he had me back in the office, his hands all over me.

"You look so tense," he said, massaging my pecs, dropping down to my crotch, where I'd sprung a major leak, if you know what I mean.

And I'm saying, "Tense? You don't know tense."

Then he starts undoing my jeans and digging around in my boxers, getting my manhood in two hands and bringing it out in the open.

"At last," was all he said.

Gary was playing with the radio, and now he's playing with the end of his shirt. He has to wear this completely lame-ass shirt that says, *YO! SHOES R US!*--which I think is totally offensive, but that's marketing for you, and I'm thinking of majoring in that next semester at Buff U., and then I could get a job--uh, nowhere, you know what I mean? He looks better in a wife beater, because then you can see his little Superman tat and the hand-

sampled heart he drew himself in sixth grade, long before I ever met him.

He digs at himself, getting a good handful of his crotch and squeezing it hard, grinding the heel of his hand into himself, making me wince, thinking he might have crabs of something--scabies--whatever. I'm watching the road because my car isn't exactly insured, but whatever he's doing or whatever he's trying to kill down there has my attention. I've got a bone myself that's stuck up against the steering wheel. It's making my driving skills strictly retarded. I'm thinking I shouldn't have worn the warm-ups without some protection underneath, but I'm looking forward to the next turn I'm going to make, my dick head wedged nicely.

Gary said, "Dude, I am *so* not into this. Wouldn't it be cool if you could just keep on going? Why don't we drive to California? I hear everyone is cooler out there."

"Who told you that?" I asked.

"Some dude from L.A."

That district manager Bryan is from California. I like thinking about him. I haven't done anyone since him, and I'm feeling kind of backed up, which is why I nearly got off on the steering wheel, seeing Gary scratch himself. I like thinking about Bryan and Gary together, what they might do. I like thinking about Gary

bending himself over for this guy who isn't much older than we are and letting him fuck him. I'm thinking that Gary could, like, lean over a chair or something and completely open his ass for this guy, who's hot, really--a fucking sketchy hottie, all tall and black-haired, like some *Vogue Homme* model. Bryan's hair's always getting into his eyes, and his buzzed little goatee is itching him all the time, making him look thoughtful yet completely fuckable, which he was.

When Bryan opened my jeans and pulled out my pole, he looked a little pale, a little beyond happy. Like I said, he held me with both hands and moaned, staring at my cock's single eye, "At last." As he was considering the dime-sized opening of my

piss slot, I was about to consider this guy a bit gone. I've never known anyone to praise the beast so highly. It's a daunting piece--so said my history professor--a dick to fear, according to some of the other guys. It's an ass-stretcher, a mouth-wrecker. I had come to think of hand jobs as the only way I would ever get off--haven't met a girl or guy willing to actually insert it. I've heard it all when it comes to my dick, but never "At last."

The next thing he said was, "We need some lube," his voice all strangled. He flicked my dick head with his finger and I nearly came. Lube? I was finally going to get some! I watched him undress, undoing his Gucci belt for him, unknitting his Hermes tie. He was too cool for this

shithole store, but that didn't make much difference to me. He let his pants drop, and I eyeballed his hairy thighs and wanted to feel them against mine, and I stepped toward him.

Gary says, "I need some Gatorade--I'm dehydrated."

I stop at 7-Eleven and stare at his ass as he walks into the store. That's one thing I haven't ever seen--his bare butt--but it's something I'm very interested in, like it's a hobby, something of a pursuit. In his jeans it's a sweet bubble. Naked--who knows? Smooth cheeks? Fuzz-covered? It's a crap shoot, this second-guessing, but crap I wouldn't mind shooting, if you know what

I mean. "Get me something not--you know," I yell out through the window.

"Not Canadian?" he calls back.

Exactly, I think.

The district manager didn't really have hair that got into his eyes or a little goatee, and he'd have never made the pages of any fashion magazine. He was actually a little soft around the waist, hairline already receding a little, and in a few years he'd probably be balding. And his clothes were all from, like, the Polo outlet. It didn't matter to me, though, because he was married and had two kids and used to play football in college. All of that was like

some aphrodisiac for me. I was the one that pawed him from the start, letting him know from Minute One that he could do whatever he wanted to me, that I was his for the taking. He was crazy about my cock, though, cock-crazy like you wouldn't believe, throwing himself on it, first his mouth, then his ass. He was fired up and wanted to be torn up--wasn't like the old lady was going to notice or anything back there, he said to me.

He took off his tasseled Cole Haans. "Do me a favor," he said, holding out a shoe for me. "Smell this and tell me what you think."

I took the shoe and took a big whiff. My cock dripped like a honeycomb. "I think

you fucking stink," I said.

"Damn straight," he said, smiling hard and punching my arm.

He started sucking my knob. It's a big old red thing, like a tomato hanging from a fucking thick-ass vine. He made some gurgling noises, some choking noises, then more gurgling. I saw him whip his own out, a nice-looking piece of meat, very pink, very straight, very long, rising up out of a thick patch of reddish hair. He swung it around like a bullwhip, and it sprayed out a glistening trail of leakage that marked up his Ralph Lauren chinos. He got his mouth close to my halfway mark, a bulge in a vein that pretty much marked the first five inches of dick, with that much to

go to get to the base. He fondled my nads hard, like a man should, and I stayed quiet, enjoying the soft slip of his tongue, the firm grip of his lips. He tugged on my prick for a while, banging his forehead into my bush, his fingers moving up toward my butthole.

That one time I saw Gary in his boxers, in his room at his parents' house, before he got kicked out for selling weed to his cousins, I was drawn to the swinging bob of his cock as he walked across the room. He was fresh from a shower and in pursuit of something to put on, probably to cover that swinging bob, that juicy hang. He has a nice body, his stomach all boxed up with muscle, with pecs not all built-up big like

mine but there, enough to make you want to put your mouth on them. He's not into bulk, isn't bulky himself, no interest in big hard tits or massive quads, but boasting some sweet ass cheeks under his boxers and some knuckle-biting thighs--sweet things, those thighs, fucking sweet.

We were listening to classic Ben Folds and getting ready to see some new movie at the multiplex about a bunch of commandos. I had a secret bone for the star because the preview commercial made it seem like *he* had a secret bone for his second-in-command, but I forgot about it, seeing Gary in his shorts. He put his hand inside them, rearranging, scratching around as if I wasn't there. "Dude," he said, running his hands through his perfect

fucking hair, "What am I going to wear?"

He comes back to the car with a bottle of water for me and a can of Canada Dry for himself. This is his idea of a joke. "Don't even," I say, locking the doors, not letting him into the car with the ginger ale. "Just get it the fuck out of here." He drains it, takes it to the garbage can, holding it like a grenade or a turd.

"Dude," he says. "You are totally fixated on this Canadian thing. What is up with that?" He looks at me like I'm fucking Winona Ryder, and I feel like a complete asshole, but what am I going to say? How can I explain myself?

"Fuck, man," I say, putting my face in my hands, feeling like Johnny Depp for a moment. "I don't even fucking know," which is about as close to the truth as I care to go.

He has such sweet-colored hair, kind of blond, kind of not. Like how I wanted my own hair to look, but can't, not really anyway. I want to touch his hair, put my nose into it, smell him and lick his scalp and all the rest of him. He's narrow but thick, a guy with meat on his bones. He knows that Post Office was a game his parents used to play as an excuse to make out. He said to me once, "Dude, you ever hear of Post Office?" I shook my head, and he said, "It's like this excuse to make out. You go to the post office to get your letter,

and the post office is, like, somebody's bedroom, and the letter is swacked, man--sealed with a kiss? You never heard of that?"

"Never," I said, but I would have liked to have. I would have liked to play Post Office with Gary.

One of the things about Gary that bothers me is that he has no idea about my cock, none that I know of anyway. Like I said, not everyone says, "At last"--like my dick is a fire hydrant in the middle of a desert.

But all Gary can say about it at this point is, *What about it*, because he hasn't seen it. Bryan, on the other hand, he's still

talking about it, catching me online, calling me up every once in a while for some pretty hot phone sex. I can still see his squirming hairy ass, those fuzzy cheeks, grinding and chewing, eating up my fat cock slowly, taking the whole thing slowly the way a boa swallows an armadillo. I was thinking then that he was going to take all of me into him that way. I leaned back in the chair I was sitting on, this dilapidated office chair from, like, the 40s or something, and watched his ass drop lower and lower, and more of me disappeared, being sucked up into his ass like some sort of birth in reverse. He had his shirt off by then, and I was playing with the hairs on his ass, which I always thought would gross me out, but found a little more than kind of sexy, like I was

thinking, *This is a guy, man--a fucking guy!*

"Feels like I'm trying to fit someone's knee up my ass," he growled over his shoulder, and I saw beads of sweat on his forehead and across his scalp, clinging to the sparse little hairs there like dew. "You are so fucking *big*, babe," he said.

Later, when I was fucking him, the two of us standing and him holding on to a wall because I was wailing on his ass, he kept calling me "Big Man." "Come on, Big Man," he hollered, "fuck my ass--yeah--fuck it, Big Man!"

"Tell me about your wife," I ordered, my voice all hoarse and shit, and he started

telling me about her tits and how often he fucked her and how she gave the best head. I started getting dizzy, and my cock felt dizzy too, and I grabbed his nipples, these huge fucking red nips--fucking *cherries*, dude--and I started slamming him, and he hollered, "Give it to me, Big Man, give it to me!" And I did.

He let me squirt off in the condom into him, his big shoulders heaving under me. When I was done, shaking like a weasel, laying all sweaty half-across his big back, he shook me off and uncorked himself--the noise we made was fucking gross, I'll tell you--and told me to get down on my knees. I opened my mouth, ready for him, and he blasted my face. It wasn't excessive, though--just enough to get me

off again, hosing his ankles with a meager but still respectable amount of what I call the reserves.

We're outside the mall, and Gary's shift starts in, like, ten minutes. He says to me, turning in his seat, bringing one leg up and putting his chin on his knee, "This is so fucking stupid."

I ask what is, and he says, "Everything, man, everything."

I'm wondering if he's scared, because he sounds kind of scared. He looks out at the parking lot. Security drives by, making me feel safe. It's some fucked-up looking dude who looks like he's looking for his

Siamese twin, and I start thinking about winter because what the fuck does this guy do in the snow without his Siamese twin? Gary leans back in his seat, throwing his head back. He makes a noise that sounds like *ahhh*.

"What's up?" I ask, because he's scaring me and I don't feel safe anymore.

"I can't say," he says, looking at me with these eyes that rip up my heart; they look so sad and wet. I want to reach out and grab him and hold him, and I want to tongue-kiss him until we both die, and the moment is so intense that I just sit there like a fucking mushroom.

"Who killed Kenny this time?" I ask.

"Not funny," he answers.

I decide to be bold for a change. I put my hand on the back of the seat in the general vicinity of his shoulder, close enough to be *around* him, and I ask him, all sincere and shit, "Dude, are you all right?"

He plays with the scuffed hem of his jeans and whispers something I can't hear.

"What was that?" I ask.

"Never mind," he says quietly again, but this time I hear him. He licks the knee of his pants. I feel my thighs through my warm-ups, loving the feel of the nylon. My dick rests against my belly, hot and fucking engorged, which is a pretty decent

description as far as I'm concerned.

"Will you pick me up after work?" he asks me.

I say, "Sure, no problem." He gets out of my car, not really closing the door. He looks like a kid going to the principal's office. He disappears behind an SUV and is gone.

I'll tell you about this Canadian thing. When I was a kid, I had this dream that the U.S. was going to be invaded by Canada, and it was so fucking real that I woke up screaming. And every winter after that, when the lake froze up, I'd think about that dream and how easy it would be for them

to just walk across the ice and take over the whole fucking country. Then there'd be all these Canucks telling us what to do and making us pay more for cigarettes, changing the way we talk and shit. It's stupid but it has stayed with me. And then one day my dad had this job selling soft drinks, and he crossed the border and I never saw him again, and now he's like some Canadian or something. It's like they grabbed him and washed his brain to make him forget about us, me and my mom. Once I was drinking a beer and found out it was a Labatt's and I spit it out. That's how much I hate the Canadians.

Stupid, huh?

I wait for Gary at 9:30. He comes out the doors with all the other mall workers, looking fried. "I ate dinner at Chick-fil-A," he says as an explanation.

I head for his place, and we almost get there, but he stops me. "I've got to piss," he says.

"We're almost there," I tell him, looking at him, wondering if he really wants me to stop.

"Dude," he says. "Don't make me wet myself."

I pull over--what else can I do?--and he steps off to the side of the road and starts peeing. I find a song we like on the radio

and turn it up, mostly to drown out the sound of him pissing, which has given me another fucking bone, making me feel simple and a little like Pavlov's dog, something I learned about the last semester I went at Buff U. He turns around when he's finished and puts himself away, and I see everything--his fucking cock, a drip of pee, his darker-than-his-head pubes, the slow zip of his jeans, and a trail of sparks from his fly.

When he gets back into the car, he moves in close to me, closer than he needs to, and I'm wondering what's up with that when he tells me he has to talk.

"Go ahead, dude," I say, fingering the keys in the ignition, not going anywhere until he

says so.

"Maybe we could go to your place," he says, because he's living at home again and feels kind of wussed-out as a result.

"Sure," I say. "Whatever."

At my place, he flops down on the couch and I run around throwing shit out of sight, trying not to look like half the pig I really am. Like anything that's food goes right into the trash, and the dirty clothes go into the coat closet, and the porn magazines--not many!--are all bundled up like old newspapers and thrown behind the bedroom door. I put an old Alanis Morissette remix CD on the player and try to chill, but can't. Gary is looking at the

toes of his Skechers and making me nervous, looking all *Survivor*'ed-out.

"What's up," I say, wanting to put my arm around him again, as if I'd actually done it before. "Do you want to lie down?"

"What?" he says, looking at me as though I'd asked to eat his liver. And he's lying down already.

"I don't know," I say. I don't. It's Gary, here in my living room and in some kind of emotional turmoil. I feed on it and turn it into my own. Gary with the perfect hair, the cute body, the best ass.

"This music," he says, making a face.

"You don't like it?"

"I want to die," he says.

"I can change it," I say back. "But I don't have any Foreigner, dude."

"This girl is totally Canadian, you know."

I go pale, feeling it. I could faint.

"No way," I say. "Don't fuck with me."

"I swear to God," Gary says, eyeing my stack of CDs. "I have a friend at Discs 4 U. He fucking told me."

"Not true. Not true."

"And one of the girls in Hole."

"Shut up," I say. "I can't hear you

anymore." I put my hands over my ears.
"Besides, dude, nobody listens to Hole anymore."

He wiggles his fingers, some dumb kind of sign language I don't get, and he says something I don't hear, so I say, "What?"

And he says, "I said I fucking love you."

"Shut the fuck up," I say.

"Whatever," he says, getting up.

"Where are you going?" I ask.

"Home, dude. I'm walking home."

"Why?"

He turns around. "I guess because you haven't asked me to stay."

It's weird because it's Gary, but he lets me undress him, and I get a hard-on that, like, oozes my pants. He doesn't want any lights on, but I get him to let me at least light a candle I have from Bath & Body Works, left here by an ex-girlfriend. His skin is beautiful, his shoulders so pretty. I kiss them, feeling kind of stupid, but what the fuck?--and I see myself as a total perv, all close and touchy and gross, the kind of friend you don't want to find yourself alone with.

"We could take a bath," Gary says.

"Yeah," I say. "Sure."

He still has his boxers on, but I can see he has a boner too. He walks to the bathroom, and I follow him, flicking on the switch.

"No lights," he says again, so I run back for the candle that smells like my fucking grandmother and reminds me of a girl I never want to see again.

I'm going to jump ahead here because I have to say what I like best about the whole thing. Even though he, like, completely changes his mind the next day. That minor detail aside, the thing I like best is the way, when it's over and we're

dripping onto sheets that smell a little too much of me, if you know what I mean, Gary puts his arms around me. He puts his arms around me and holds my head to his chest where I listen to that deep thump, and the fill and empty of his lungs, and the little squeaks and gurgles your stomach makes after you eat something at Chick-fil-A.

Anyway, I fill the bath, squirting in some shampoo for bubbles, and Gary gets himself out of his boxers, and I see his hard-on for the first time. It's pale and beautiful, banana-curved, a righteous sword. His balls dangle low, dark-skinned, almost red in the candlelight. He steps into the sudsy water and laughs.

"It's fucking hot, dude," he says. "You trying to cook us?"

I still have my clothes on, though I'm desperate to be naked. He squats slowly into the foam until he can tolerate the heat. I just stand there watching him. He's like something out of a fucking movie, naked like that and beautiful the way he's always been beautiful, and I feel like such a fag and I don't even care, first of all because he said *I love you* first.

I take off my shirt, with Gary staring at me. I feel like a stripper but I'm completely self-conscious. I run my hand over my pecs because I can't help it, wanting to feel how full they are and to touch my nipples, which always gives me

a little rush anyway.

"You're big," Gary says.

And I say, "Yeah."

"It's cool, though," he says, playing with the candle.

I play with the waistband of my warm-ups--that's all I have left on. Gary is completely engrossed with trying to burn himself and dripping hot wax into the water. I reach into my pants and tug my woody, letting him know that I'm totally hung and wicked hard, but he's too busy making the bath bubbles disappear.

"Dude," I say, turning sideways casually, wanting him to get the full effect before I

set the beast free, changing things forever between us. "Are you into this or what?" I guess I sound kind of annoyed, because he drops the candle into the bath.

"Shit!" he yelps. "Fucking clocked my nuts, man."

I play with the cords that tighten my pants, thinking this is fucked up, feeling as though my dick is going to burn through the fabric covering it. I see him glance at it once, twice--after that he just stares, and his mouth opens but he doesn't say anything. It's time--I have his attention. I take off my pants, turning away from him, showing him my bare ass first.

When I turn around, he gasps. "*Dude*," he

says airlessly.

I step toward him, the big stick wagging at him. I kneel on the tub's edge, the heavy sappy head dripping at his face. He looks around it at me. "Fucking huge," he says, and, "Fucking amazing."

"I guess," I say, shrugging. I've seen bigger, actually, and more than once. Up on Skyline Drive, I once saw this guy jacking off in his car, whacking his fucking dick against the steering wheel and making the horn blow. And then there was Donny, this Indian kid I worked with at 2 Cool, before he got caught blowing a security guard in the public toilets. He was huge!

What I have going for me is thickness and a huge fucking knob. I grip the base and swing the hose around a little until I start pulling on my pubes, which kind of hurts. Gary's mouth is close and it's open, but he isn't doing anything with it. He plays with himself underwater.

"Awesome dick, man," he says, sounding all sincere.

"You want me to come in?" I ask, and he shrugs again, staring at my prick.

"Lick it," I tell him, dropping my voice, making it sound--I hope--sexy. "Lick my dick, dude," I say.

I'm shocked to see his tongue, more

shocked when I feel it. It's hot like a flame, swirling into the fat piss slit, then dragging around the head. He turns his head and has my balls in his mouth and sucks them hard, making me feel queasy and really turned on. He takes his wet hands out of the tub and grabs my hips, holding them hard, and he gets the head of me into his mouth, tongue dancing wildly.

What the fuck, I'm thinking--What the fucking fuck! Everything's normal one minute--as normal as things get with me--and then this shit happens. It's too much like a dream, too unreal, too good to be true. I start thinking about all those times I was laid up with an aching boner because he let his pants drop low on his ass. Or because he had reached up under his shirt

to scratch at the feathery hairs there, or grabbed my tit and pinched the hell out of it just for the hell of it, or pissed right next to me like I wasn't there at all. And here he is now, struggling with my swollen knob, two-fisting it, giving me the chills and sweats all at once.

He rises out of the tub, all shiny and wet, suds dripping off him the way I want to, and he lets my dick swing from his mouth. "Ever get fucked," he wants to know.

"Only once," I say, a painful confession and a lie too. I've gotten rammed a few times, up on Skyline on those afternoons I had off, guys with pickups and dirty fingernails and little bent dicks wanting to pop my cherry--as if.

"Let me see it," he says, meaning my ass, and I turn around and bend over for him. I put my hands on my cheeks and spread them for him, giving him an excellent view of my pink hole, knowing this because of the breeze he blows over it.

He licks me there--now that's a first, for real--and wiggles his tongue into the wrinkled opening, which he then fills with his finger. He grabs my balls through my legs and starts sucking on them at the same time, and I'm ready to die because what else is there, man, what else?

When he slaps the head of his own pointy pecker against my pucker, I open up big time, leaning back against him and trying to get him inside me quickly. I want all of

him in me, as much as I can get, and he puts his hands on my shoulders and slides in slowly, slow, until I feel his hips against my ass and his dick-end somewhere in my guts. "How is it?" I want to know.

"You tell me," he says.

"Excellent?"

"Fucking right," he says, shoving it in, his body taking over mine like I never imagined. His hands go all over my chest, squeezing my tits until they hurt, and he's fucking me harder all the while. He roams over my abs until he gets hold of my big cock, taking it with both hands again and pulling on it, thumbing the sticky head,

causing some serious leakage.

"You leak as much as I come," he laughs, and I bang my ass back against him.

"Easy," he whispers. "Easy, easy, easy." But I don't want it easy. I fuck myself on his bone, grooving on the fiery slide it makes up into my asshole, digging his wild balls bucking against my own skin-bag sticking between my legs. I reach behind me and take one of his pale nips into an easy pinch, tugging on it and making him moan. "Oh, fuck," he warns me, and I steady myself, ready for whatever he's about to give up.

"Dude," he says, "I'm going to"

"Whatever, man, whatever."

"It's cool?" he asks, missing a beat, and I help him pick it up., sliding my butt down his shiny pole. "Fuck," he breathes and starts ripping me apart, shredding my ass with power thrusts, gripping my dick like it's what's keeping him alive, and I feel myself gel, my ass cheeks puffing as my cock cream flies out his fist.

Like I said, he holds me later in my bed, doing it all over again--this time by hand, which is cool too--and I have my head against his chest and it's fucking beautiful, just fucking beautiful.

And like I said, he changes his fucking mind the next day, waking up straight

again and totally not into guys. We stay friends for a while, but it's strange, you know, having had his fucking dick up my ass. It's kind of hard looking at him and not dropping a wasted load into my shorts.

One day I go to the lake and look across it. I can't see Canada, and that kind of makes me feel better. I know I'm going to find someone I like as much as Gary--it's just going to take some time. In the meantime, the new guy at 2 Cool is giving me some dirty vibes and staring at my crotch, like every time we close, so who knows?
