

Rain Check

by Wrestlr

[M/M]

[Synopsis: Our hero just wants to get laid but keeps getting rain checks.]

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Comments to wrestlr@iname.com

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My dad says a guy from work is coming over this weekend to help us with the deck. Says his name is Melvin, and right away I picture this dweeb: thick glasses, greasy hair, wearing a short-sleeved shirt with a tie and an old-fashioned pocket protector. That's a Melvin. "Yeah, whatever," I reply.

"Saturday," Dad says. "Nine o'clock, sharp."

"Sharp," I echo as I pass him on my way

out the door. I hop into my Camaro and peel out of the driveway, leaving my dad scowling through a cloud of exhaust.

I have a great job that my dad set up for me right after I graduated college. I work for the Department of Transportation as a flag man, so I also have an awesome tan. Almost all my coworkers are my dad's age. Some of them are well-built, but most are union guys with beer-bellies straining their bright orange shirts. There are a couple of college-age guys like me. I hang with this one named Sam, and sometimes we go for a beer after work. He is dark-skinned, with curly black hair and sleepy brown eyes.

Today we eat our lunches together, sitting

in the cab of one of the dump trucks. I like this dude because he's not an idiot like the rest of these guys. Whenever a chick drives by--doesn't matter what she looks like, as long as she's not some old hag--they all stop working and every one of them has something lame to say about her tits, her ass, or what they'd like to see her mouth doing. Fucking apes, I tell you. Then I look over at Sam, and he's chewing gum and listening to some song in his head and checking his watch. That's why I like him--he's not a dog like the rest.

After lunch he stretches out his legs and tips his head back. He's got a nicely defined chest and sculpted muscular thighs. Yeah, I'm such a horn-dog for even noticing these things, but hey, what can I

say? His torso is long, and he has rolled up his orange tee-shirt sleeves. His jeans are kind of tight, which is cool because I can make out the lines of his package. It lies in the crotch of his jeans, balls divided by the seam, his dick hanging a bit left. I've spent the summer enjoying the sight of Sam sleeping, his dick wide awake. If I had the balls, I would reach out, stroke the front of his jeans, and really work on him. I get no vibe at all from him, though--except for these naptime boners he gets.

Sam is slim and naturally muscled, not into the gym like I am. Asleep, he looks younger. I sit beside him and wish all sorts of things: that both of us were stripped to bare skin; that he would grab

the back of my neck and haul my mouth straight to his; that he would wake up and say, "Now suck my dick." He's not saying anything, though, just snoring softly, eyelids fluttering, probably dreaming.

I am so boned that I feel as though I am going to pop in my pants, so I ease out of the truck and walk around until lunchtime is over and my cock has deflated. When I wake him, Sam smiles and rubs his face.

At the end of our shift we walk to our cars together, lunch boxes dangling from our arms. "You wanna get a beer?" he says.

I stop and consider the offer. "Nah," I say. "I better get home."

He looks up at the sky--the sun is still pretty high--and looks at me again.

"C'mon," he says. "It's still fucking early."

It's fucking early, just three o'clock, and I haven't got anything better to do, so I change my mind. We meet at Fridays.

It's not crowded yet, so we get stools together at the bar and order a couple of Labatts. We suck down the cold stuff without saying much. The bottles empty quickly, and Sam orders another pair. Suddenly he says, "Fuck, I'm horny." I try to figure out what prompted this statement, looking around for a hot hostess, a chick chewing on wings, or even some hottie on the television. I can't see anything much except maybe the bartender, and he's a

dude. As it happens, Sam's staring at him.

"Yeah?" I say. "You probably get laid whenever you want."

Sam shakes his head. "It ain't that easy, man. It don't just fall into my lap--know what I mean?"

I nod, although I'm not sure I do know what he means. But I am digging the course this conversation seems to be taking. That he's talking about sex has gotten my hopes up, and I'm envisioning opportunities: his dick in my mouth for one, my dick in his for another. I grind my knuckles into my eyes until I see little bursts of fireworks, and when I open them again and shake away the dazzle, I see

Sam still staring at the bartender.

We say goodbye in the parking lot. We knock knuckles, get into our cars, and drive off, but then I see that Sam is following me when I know for a fact he lives on the other side of town. I can see his face in my rearview. His eyes are fixed on my car; our eyes lock in the mirror. His hand juts out of the window and he points left, signaling for me to turn. *Oh, fuck*, I'm thinking, my legs going jiggly. I turn on my directional and cut across traffic, pulling into the parking lot of an abandoned dry cleaners. The sign is a big rusted-out K: Kwik Kleeners. I can see through the dirty windows: the place has been gutted. Sam pulls up alongside me and talks through his passenger

window. "Follow me," he says and pulls around the building, parking at the rear entrance.

"I was thinking ..." he says, trailing off.

"What?" I prompt.

He toes the ground. He glances at the crotch of my jeans. His hands are deep in his pockets. "You want a blow job?"

He's on his knees in front of me, undoing my jeans, and I am completely blown away by my good fortune. My dick is hard and bent until he pulls it out and sniffs it. I imagine it's pretty ripe, but this only makes him moan. He takes the thick, heavy thing into his mouth. His spit is hot and his

tongue snaky, and I put my hands on his shoulders to keep myself on my feet, because my knees feel like they might buckle. We are in the brush and trees behind the cleaners, and he is kneeling in the dirt. My jeans are around my ankles, and so are my boxers, and his chin is hitting my balls every time he takes half my prick down his throat. He moans into it, and his fingers dig into my ass cheeks. He looks up at me before he presses his nose into my sweaty pubes and swallows me whole.

Now anything could happen, I'm thinking, because anything could. A huge storm could come up out of nowhere, or a police cruiser could appear. My mind is off on tangents of mishap as Sam hungrily

slobbers on my knob, but my dick has a mind of its own and it's thinking only one thing: *Shoot!*

Suddenly focused, I look down and watch him. I focus on the music his mouth makes on my shaft, soft slurps and moans.

"I'm, like, right there," I whisper, and a breeze stirs the leaves around as Sam steadies himself, resetting his feet. He pulls me from his mouth and keeps pumping my cock. "Oh, fuck!" I yelp, shooting onto his chin and neck, shuddering under his awesome suck.

When it's over, when I'm dripping my last drops and he's wiping his face with the back of his hand, he looks up at me, his

lips red and used, and he puts a finger against them, reminding me to keep mine shut. And even though I can see how hard he is, he declines my offer to return the favor.

"Rain check," he says, getting up and stepping back. I can see some of my jizm shining on his chin. He winks, starts walking to the cars. I follow.

Saturday. My old man gets me up at eight o'clock.

"What?" I snap, exasperated and pissy.

"What is this, boot camp?"

"I know you," he calls from the hallway. "I

know how you are. Get your ass out of that bed this minute!"

I sit up, still half-asleep, wadding the sheets over my lap and morning wood. "I'm up, I'm up, I'm up," I say, and I hear him walking downstairs, satisfied that I am not going to fall back into bed.

At nine a.m., I am showered, dressed, fed, and walking two-by-sixes into the back yard. This Melvin guy pulls into the driveway. No glasses. His hair is cut short, and he's wearing a tight tee-shirt, showing off very decent musculature. He hops out of his Jeep, shakes my hand, and gives me a big *How ya doing* smile. There's nothing dweeby about this guy at all. In fact, he is fucking hot. He's wearing

cargo shorts that tend to slip off his waist, baring the underwear I wish he hadn't bothered to put on this morning. He helps me move the lumber, stopping to shake my dad's hand and to pass around some coffee he picked up.

He takes off his shirt. He's covered with hair that is obviously trimmed. His nipples are brown, and I can't keep my eyes off them. "Hot, ain't it?" he says to me, and I agree. His skin shines and darkens, and throughout the morning and afternoon I am plagued by sudden erections that erupt like summer thunderstorms, dampening my undershorts and making me self-conscious. Melvin is not unaware of them, either. His eyebrows lift, a smile flashes across his face, and

then he quickly looks away, cheeks turning red. Whether it's from embarrassment or too much sun, I can't quite tell.

When the deck is complete, we congratulate ourselves with beers, and my father runs into the house to get the digital camera to take pictures of the results of our hard work. While my dad is absent, Melvin takes a long swig from his beer, then holds the bottle out, touching my nipple with its cold, wet tip.

"Sorry," he grins. "Been wanting to do that all day. You don't mind, do you?"

I feel a flutter just under my balls, and all I want is to feel that cold glass against my tit again. I grin and shake my head,

indicating that I don't mind at all, and his grin widens.

As my dad reappears, Melvin turns to him and says, "Hey, looks like we could use some more beer. How bout we run get some?"

Melvin's all over me in his Jeep, one hand on the wheel, the other roaming up and down my body, stopping at favorite points--nipples, crotch, nipples, crotch--until I'm about to explode. He stops at a red light, admiring the monument he has helped erect in my shorts. "That's mighty fine," he says, smacking his lips and shaking his head. The light changes to green, and he pops the Jeep into gear, taking a sudden left down a side road.

"The beer?" I say.

Melvin leers at me. "Wouldn't you rather have a blow job?"

"Well, yeah," I say. The Jeep stops fast.

"Get that dick out, then," Melvin says, taking off his seat belt. He leans over and takes my freed cock into his mouth. He sits up a bit, his lips all shiny. "Man," he says, "that tastes so fucking good." He drops back down and swallows my entire prick. I keep my hands on his buzzed head as he swallows me over and over again. He plays with my nipples, pinching and pulling, making me dizzy. I reach for his cock, feeling its heat and girth through his shorts. He moans on my prick, making my

shaft vibrate. I am closer than I want to be, right at the edge. "Dude, I'm gonna blow," I say. Melvin nods hard, making grunting noises, and I lean back in the seat, letting him suck my nut out.

"Oh, fuck," he says, coming up for air, my load splashed across his face.

I scramble out from under him, eager to return the favor and looking forward to some jaw-stretching action, but he shakes his head, laughing.

"We gotta get the beer and get back. You can get me later. Okay?" Melvin says. "We don't want anyone wondering what's taking so long. I'll take a rain check."

I put my stuff back in my shorts and sit up. I check the sky for clouds, but it's clear as anything. I sit up as we drive off, turning back to the main road, and I say a little prayer for a whole lot of rain.

"It's the road," Dane said the first time he whipped out a boner, shirt off, and started jacking off in the passenger seat. "The engine's hum, the sound of the tires on the pavement. I can't explain it. It just makes me so hard." I didn't respond. "You can always join me, you know," Dane had said with a sly expression. I declined his invitation with a smile. Dane came with a sigh.

That was about three hundred miles ago.

I'm no longer watching Dane. By this point, I'm focused on the road, since I've gotten used to this college stallion's imaginative ways of passing time.

I don't mind this particular quirk of Dane's. Hell, I'd probably have paid money to watch a dude like this jerk off. We don't know each other well, not yet anyway, even though he's my cousin. *Step-cousin*, I remind myself. *It's not like he's a real relative or anything.* He's Weird Annie's step-son. Annie is my aunt, my father's bohemian sister--the family's nonconformist, to put it mildly. Everybody calls her "Weird Annie," even people who aren't relatives, and she likes it, even seems to play up her quirks to encourage it. Dane's father became Annie's second

husband, then promptly died, leaving her his money and his son Dane to raise. Plenty of her free spirited hippie woo-woo shit seems to have rubbed off on him, including her "we love our bodies" attitude, the same attitude that led to her strolling naked through my other cousin's sixth birthday party years ago because her body suddenly "felt like it needed to breathe" or some shit like that, and "anyway we're all adults here," except of course for that group of gawking six-year-olds, among other notorious episodes. Needless to say, my family didn't see Weird Annie and her husband *de jour* much the last few years, though my dad stayed in touch. Now Dane's in college and Weird Annie's getting married to Husband Number Five, or is it Seven, and

moving to California, the other side of the country.

My dad volunteered me. I met Dane at a coffee shop near his university, where he's a Junior. I felt pretty sure Dane, with his longish, honey-colored hair and steely blue eyes, wasn't a serial killer looking to rack up a trunk-full of more victims. We shook hands, and the deal was set. We'd share the cost of lodging, having already decided rooming together was cool with both of us. Food was up to the individual. Everything else would be covered by Weird Annie, since driving her car across the country to where she and her new husband would be living was part of the job.

"Is this the one we're taking?" I asked, stopping by Weird Annie's ancient Subaru in the parking lot.

"Uh, no," Dane said, hitching up his crotch so that his jeans hugged tightly there. "The Cadillac my mom got in her last divorce."

"A Caddy. Sweet," I said.

Helping Dane deliver his mom's Caddy is kind of an ulterior motive. I have an ex in California who occasionally calls me near tears, confessing he made a big mistake splitting up with me. I'm gambling on the chance that a surprise visit might bring about a change of heart, or at least some really great sex. So I didn't bitch too much when my dad volunteered me and told

Aunt Anne I'd be available to take a couple of weeks off my dead-end road crew job and help.

But I'm not paying my ex much mind at the moment. I'm in bed at the first hotel on our journey, not sleeping, but turning the idea of Dane around in my head. I'm having visions of him getting sucked off in dark alleys. I'm thinking about our drive and envisioning Dane with his hefty dick in hand, turning to me, saying, "Don't mind me." I have to say the ex's name over and over again to meditate myself out of the awkward but very interesting position I've found myself in, chauffeuring a hot and hung masturbating college boy.

"I like it when truckers see me," Dane had

said earlier with a grin. "Makes me wicked horny."

Dane is out exploring this little town where we've planted ourselves for the night. He left me and the room an hour ago, freshly showered, dressed in his tight jeans and a black tank top, looking in my opinion like the hottest thing I'd seen in a long, long time.

"You sure you don't want to join me?" Dane had asked one last time.

I smiled and pretended to be interested in the television. "No, you go and have a good time. I'm pretty beat." Which was true, since I had done three-quarters of the driving that day.

Now I wish I'd gone.

Dane stumbles back to the room somewhere around 2 a.m. I feign sleep, but I've got one eye open, watching him make his way to the bathroom, fumble for the light switch. He elbows his way out of his tank top, drops it on the floor, brushes his teeth at the sink, lifts some water to his face. He stops at the doorway and leans into the room, silhouetted, looking at me. He says softly, "You awake?"

I consider continuing to pretend otherwise, but I answer, "Yeah," quietly, waking up officially and propping myself up clumsily on one elbow, yawning, peering at the outline of his torso in the bathroom door. "Have fun?"

Dane sighs and turns the light off. He finds his bed in the dark and sits down heavily.

"Are you serious? We're in Ohio or Indiana or someplace, dude. Just had some beers at that place across the street. No action. Just basketball on the tube. God bless ESPN, right?" Dane pulls his jeans off, and by parking lot light that slips in through the two-inch crack in the curtains I watch him stretch in white briefs, a study in masculinity, his hair reaching his shoulder blades when he tips his head back that far. He turns and his crotch comes into profile, the thick wad pouched in white cotton. He slips his briefs off slowly, his cock and balls in shadow, a hefty jut.

If I can just make it to California without fucking him, I'll be fine, I think, rolling over, resting on my back. All I want to do is hop into bed with Dane--cousin or not--Step-cousin, that nasty voice in the back of my head reminds me--but I bite my lip and do my best to will myself back to sleep.

The next morning, Dane takes the driver's seat, but doesn't jerk off during his shift. "What would be bad," he says. I myself have a hard-on--from the road, to use Dane's excuse, but I know it has more to do with that glimpse of nipple I keep catching just inside the scoop of his tank top every time Dane moves his arm. It would be nice to give Dane some road head, nicer still to get him in the back seat,

face against the velour seat, taking the strokes of my rock-hard bone.

"How old are you?" Dane asks. I look out at the road, trying to avoid the question.

"You got out of college a couple of years ago, right?"

"How old do you think I am?" I ask, genuinely curious.

Dane shrugs. "I'm thinking two years older than me," he says, shrugging with one shoulder. He has his right hand on the wheel, the other against the window.

"Close enough," I say, though it's closer to six.

"You've got a hot body," he adds. He

switches hands on the wheel and places his right hand on his crotch. "And it looks like you're hung, too."

I look down fast. I hadn't thought it was noticeable. But Dane recognizes the bulge. He smiles and looks back to the road.

I think about this as my dick moistens in my pants, and I feel the sweet dull ache of want. I stretch in my seat, slipping off my shoes, shedding my socks, adjusting my seat to a near-full recline. I luxuriate in the humming road vibration and the desire I feel. I close my eyes. Dane says softly that it looks like rain.

It is indeed raining when I wake up, raining so hard it's like everyone

everywhere simultaneously cashed in every rain check ever written. It looks as if we are driving through a body of bright water, though we are not driving at all but parked on the side of the road, as are many other cars. "Holy crap," I say, sitting up and rubbing my face.

"I can't believe you slept this long. We're really getting pounded," Dane says loudly, competing with the thunder of a thousand gunshot drops slamming against the car roof overhead.

"Where are we?"

Dane shrugs. "Outside Lansing, I'd say. Not sure how far. I had to pull over, man."

I'm looking out the water-blasted window. I can see maybe ten feet in front of us. Dane and I sit, not speaking, with only the roaring rain and the occasional thunderclap keeping us from silence.

"Are we on high ground?" I ask, afraid suddenly of a flash flood.

"We're up on a hill. There's some little town back there we just passed through," he says. He looks at me. "We're good," he says, taking hold of my hand, squeezing it gently.

It's going to happen, I think. Our eyes are locked. I feel Dane's breath and open my lips, pressing my mouth up against his. I hold his face in my hands and let his

tongue enter my mouth. Dane has his hand on the back of my head--he chews gently on my lips, stopping the kiss to lick the tip of my nose.

My cock is killing me, bend double and doubled in size, trapped in my underwear. Dane gropes it, fingering the fist-sized shaft. "Fuck, I want you," he growls, going down to my crotch, frantically undoing the fastenings of my jeans. The rain continues to hammer down on the car roof. Dane pulls my jeans and shorts down and is greeted by the thick monument of my crotch. He presses his nose into the soft sack of balls, licks them, then pulls one into his mouth. He fists the ivory shaft, using his thumb to smear the pre-cum that seeps from the cock head.

"I thought we might never do this," he admits.

"That was the plan," I reply.

"You don't want to?"

"Fuck me, man."

We crawl over the seats and into the back. Dane pulls down his pants and I suck his beautiful cock until it's wet enough for fucking. To ensure this, Dane bends me over the seat, pushing his face into my ass and licking my pucker, pushing into it with his tongue.

"You taste awesome," he says, sitting back, leaning back on the seat. He rolls on a condom, takes hold of my hips, guides

my ass down until his fat head presses against my spit-sopped hole. I reach under me and take hold of him and slowly begin to sit. I feel my ass stretch, swallowing the egg-sized head of his enormous dick.

"Fuckin' tight hole, dude," Dane says, stroking my back.

I drop my ass a little more, growing accustomed to the thickness. I feel the scratch of Dane's thick fuzzy bush. And then the fucking begins.

It's a tight squeeze, especially with my shoulders against the ceiling of the car, but we manage. Dane humps his big dick up inside my hole. I can't get my hand on my pecker, but I find I can rub it some

unknown part of the seat under me, which suits me just fine. We're drenched in sweat. The car rocks with our rutting. My ass is rocking too, as Dane hits my spot again and again, giving me everything I've ever wanted in a long solid fuck.

We take a break to change position. Dane sprawls out on his back, kind of lengthwise, kind of diagonal across the seat. I squat over him, facing him this time, trying not to smack my head on the car roof. "I want you to cum all over my chest, man," Dane whispers, and I nod, breathing hard. My haunches ache and my heart throbs in my throat. I close my eyes, but just for a moment.

"Look at me when you cum," Dane orders,

and my eyes widen as his grip tightens on my nipples.

"Here it comes, man," I moan. My cock begins firing salvo after salvo of cum, covering Dane's chest with my goo. Dane's face screws up as his hips convulse and he unloads too.

We sit together, catching our breath. The windows have fogged with our efforts. I wipe condensation away to look outside. I stay on Dane until he deflates and slips out. Then I move off his lap and settle beside him.

"Is it my turn?" Dane smiles, cocking his head.

"To drive?" I ask.

"Nah," Dane answers. "To get fucked."

"I'll need a minute to recharge," I say, probably grinning like an idiot.

"That's okay--we've got plenty of time," Dane says, smiling. "This rain isn't letting up anytime soon."
