

Secret Admirer

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: The king of the local skatepark discovers his secret admirer likes to tinker with technology.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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We got a secret admirer. Kind of weird and cool at the same time, right?

Yeah, my bud Ryland and me, we're the neighborhood bad-asses. I'm eighteen, and Ry's just turned nineteen. We're always on our skateboards, hanging out and doing tricks at the skate park. I mean, this rundown part of the city's got nothing else to do, right? Over in the rich neighborhoods, people stay inside and get their experiences through Senso-Halos, but over here on this side of town we're mostly too poor for fancy electronic shit like that. A year or so ago, the Parks and Recreation Department, in a rare city "beautification" move for our area, coughed up a little money and finally did something right--they finished demolishing that abandoned motel before it collapsed, and turned the place into a kinda cool skate park; they made its old swimming pool into a slope-sided bowl, built ramps around it, rails and some jumps. When all the work was done, the mayor showed up to give a little speech for the news feed Senso-Corder cameras about how the city, under his civic-minded leadership, was giving our *disadvantaged* neighborhood a place where the kids now had something to do, an outlet to keep them outta trouble, keep them from turning into delinquents and repeat criminals, blah-blah-blah. Musta worked, 'cause somebody stole the mayor's car while he was up there speechifying, and he ain't never come back, so that's one crime that never got repeated around here.

I lived in the apartment building across the street from the skate park, in the unit I share with my old-as-fuck uncle. He ain't even my uncle really, just the brother of some guy my mom hooked up with for a while, and I just got stuck living with him when the guy split and my mom got arrested for drug stuff a couple of years back. But he's kind of an okay dude most of the time, just lets me do whatever as long as I stay outta his way and don't cause no trouble that costs him money to bail me out of. Which ain't the point--I was trying to say we mostly ignore each other and he don't give a shit about my schedule and me sleeping late's no big deal. So when I rode my skateboard to the park just before noon, 'cause I *always* sleep late, my bud Ry was already there, half-heartedly practicing tre flips and goofing around, dark skin sweaty already 'cause of the heat. I rolled over to our headquarters, this ancient metal picnic table under a rotting umbrella, both left over from the motel days; we'd set it up by the main ramp where we always had a great view of the whole park, and that way we could see who was cream and who was crap.

"Whazzup?" Ry asked, rolling up to the table as I stopped beside my usual chair.

"Fuck all," I shrugged. "Same as always."

Ry nodded to the paper bag on the table. "Another gift from our secret admirer. This one's for you."

"Oh? Didja open it?"

"Nah. This one's all yours." He pointed to the shooting star drawn on the paper bag. The handmade drawing sort-of matched the tattoo on my left bicep. When that happened, we always assumed the bag was meant for me.

These "gift bags" started a couple of months ago. Once a week, then every other day, and now almost every day. Sometimes they were unmarked, but more and more often they were tagged with a quick sketch of a shooting star for me, or a little cartoon devil with a trident like Ry's forearm tattoo, or sometimes they were tagged with both. We never saw who dropped off the bags, and they never had a name to say who they were from. I assumed our secret admirer was someone in the apartment building across the street, the one where I lived, some fag--I mean, some gay guy--who watched us from one of the street-front windows. Ry and me quickly figured out the gifts were based on our skating from the previous day: Showing off our skills with good tricks earned us beer or a joint with good enhanced weed. Days where we just sat around being lazy got us a candy bar apiece or a couple sticks of mood-altering groovy gum, usually wintergreen flavor--not my favorite, but the mellow-head chems in the gum got the job done. One pattern I figured out, but ain't mentioned to Ry, was when we boarded with our shirts off, the next day the gifts were better. When he and I wrestled and rolled around on the grass some?--Better still. Hadn't decided what I was gonna do with that information just yet, but I definitely had a few ideas.

"What'd you get?" Ry asked, almost managing to sound causal about it.

I opened the bag. Inside, a joint and a disposable lighter--no, two joints, and fat ones too, not the skinny kind. Somebody was feeling generous. I showed them to Ry, took one of the blunts out, and sniffed it; smelled like enhanced cannabis--the *good* stuff. I musta done something extra-cool the day before! I pulled the lighter outta the bag. "Wanna get high?"

Of course Ry wanted to get high. He's nearly always high. If he ain't high from the adrenaline rush of boarding, he's high on pot--most of the time he's high on both.

I took the first deep hit off the joint, of course--my sign on the bag, my gift--and then passed it to Ry. I watched him as he inhaled. Ry's nineteen, a year older than me, a black dude with skin the color of strong coffee. His body, all sleek skin and lean muscles, looked like something sculpted in a museum: smooth chest bare today, an ancient white wifebeater T-shirt tucked in the back of his waistband, hairless arms and legs.

My legs are hairier. My mom, before she got sent to prison for drug stuff, was an Anglo-white woman with a taste for Latino dick, and my mystery father was some variety of Mexican or Central American--dunno which, since I ain't never met him and my mom never quite remembered which one-night-stand was the one that knocked her up. I'm tall; I got my height from my mom's side, and my golden-brown skin and black hair from my dad's. I had a little dark hair in the middle of my chest--no clue whose side that came from.

"Our admirer musta got a new supplier," Ry muttered as he exhaled. "This shit's primo, better'n what he gave us last week--I bet this is, like, one'a the new super-enhanced kinds nobody around here can get. Wish I knew where he scored it."

We puffed in peace; the enhanced cannabis made us relaxed and woozy, definitely feeling no pain as we surveyed our skate-kingdom. This time of day, the sun this hot, everyone in the skatepark was a local. Sure, little kids used the park, and mostly they stayed on the far side of the park where the kiddie-friendly jumps and ramps were lower and left us alone, so we left them alone. The old farts from the nearby apartments power-walked the perimeter, keeping their legs strong in case they had to outrun the Grim Reaper or some shit, but few ventured into the park itself, probably afraid we'd run over them with our boards or they'd trip and break their hips on the concrete and get sent off to some nursing home for the last few days of their lives. Among us skaters and boarders, our skills established the pecking order. I was at the top, King Crap of the skate park, and Ry was right there with me. If I wore a shirt, it was the real deal, a ratty old T-shirt with a band logo from some thrift store or a local skate shop, not some poser wannabe's new threads with a fashionable tag no one around here could afford. My kicks, also from a thrift shop, were real messed up and about to fall apart 'cause trick damage is rough on shoes. Both sides of my shoes were fucked up, which showed I could skate switch, which took me a long time to get right. Not many around here could do that!

I'm real good at skating, sure. But my future beyond skating?--Fuck that. Ain't no beyond. Every day just feels the same, like waiting. Since I turned eighteen, I figured any day my uncle would insist I move out and stop freeloading off him, and then what would I do? Get a job? A place of my own? Disappear a little more every day until I was as old as him, sitting in some apartment with nothing but my collection of *coulda-shoulda* to keep me company? The future stressed me out, still does, and all I could handle was the right now. And right now, as king of this dinky-assed skate park? Right now I was stoned as hell and fucking happy, dude.

About an hour after we finished the first joint, after we'd been giggling and goofing around on our boards in the bowl that once was a swimming pool, we took a break and dropped into our chairs under our headquarters umbrella. Some mom came over, a kid maybe eight years old trailing behind her--what do I know?--I suck at guessing kids' ages. Anyway, I was ready for her to go all Karen-mode on us; would she start by telling us off over the odor of pot smoke that definitely clung to the area?--call us delinquents?--threaten to call the cops? I was ready to laugh my ass off at her, 'cause the cops never came to this neighborhood without full riot gear. But instead she was polite and asked if we'd please put on some sunscreen, since her son refused to wear any if the big skater-guys didn't. She was nice, pleading eyes, obviously hoping we'd help her out; she had her boy out here getting real skate experiences instead of sticking his head in a Senso-Halo, and her kid seemed awestruck to be getting an audience with us, King Crap and Prince Ry, so I figured why the hell not. Being king of the skate-park meant doing my part to encourage the next generation of skate-rats, right? Her boy, padded up like a stuntman and peeping at us from under a protective helmet nearly twice the size of his head, had real pale skin even for a white kid; shirtless like me and Ry, he'd need something like S.P.F. 2000 or he'd sunburn to a fucking crisp in minutes.

I took the tube of sunscreen from her and started massaging a light coat of lotion down my legs. Then I tossed the tube to Ry and told him to put some on my back. I stood there with my arms straight out, making a T-shape outta my body. Ry snickered, probably the last of his pot high talking, and told the kid to pay close attention as he covered me with the sun-shit. Ry started on my back and shoulders, working his way down. The kid watched me with wide, solemn eyes while Ry worked.

"Now it's your turn, chief," I said to the kid, and he copied that way I'd stood and kept his eyes on me the whole time as his mother smeared his arms and stick-legs and back.

But when she tried to wipe sunblock on his face, he sputtered and pushed her hands away. "But, sweetie," she begged, and then she looked at us with that pleading look in her eyes. I didn't feel annoyed; I felt ... kind of envious of the kid. They didn't look rich, so who knows how the mom had to scrimp to buy the kid's board and stuff. All those pads, the helmet, the sunscreen--what must having a mom who cared that much about you be like?

Ry laughed, and I reached for the sunblock and said to the kid, "She's right, chief. You and I need some on our faces and chests too."

The kid, eyes wide, looked to Ry and asked, "Are you gonna put it on him like my mom?"

Ry grinned at me, lifted an eyebrow, all mischief and question. I'd planned to put the sunscreen on myself, but I rolled my eyes--permission granted--and Ry plucked the tube from my grasp. He squirted some into his palm and slapped his hand against my cheek, a little harder than necessary. *Splat!* He went around my face, down my neck, to my chest, worked the cream all around, a little rougher than he needed to be, like he was trying to make me bitch at him. I stood there, arms wide again, and refused to complain.

The lotion felt cool on my skin while the sun beat down on us, but I'd have loved the feel of Ry's hands on me even if no lotion was involved. Ry smeared his greasy fingers over my bare pecs. My nips stiffened a little, but his hands were already heading down my sixpack. I could feel a stirring in my shorts but tried to distract myself--no way was I gonna clue Ry that he was giving me a fucking woody!

Once the sunscreen was applied and my royal duty to the next generation completed, the boy and his mom took off for the far side of the bowl, where the dips were shallower and the stuff to do tricks on was a little more kid-friendly. I sat back down in my chair under the shade, eyes closed, to enjoy the last of my high, and in my imagination Ry continued his rubdown. I'd let him rub wherever he wanted, as hard as he wanted. My mind drifted and most of my body relaxed in the heat. Ry's fingers worked along the waistband of my baggy shorts. He pushed the elastic down and worked the lotion lower, lower. His fingertips had just touched my scratchy patch of pubes and he was about to find out how hard I was--

--When I heard one of the older kids wipe out on a rail, lots of loud cursing. Ry laughed, and I opened my eyes to see. My cock was really hard; my baggy shorts hid it, or at least I sure hoped they did. I knew Ry didn't mind gay dudes in concept--what's that old saying, *love is love*, right?--but in the real world sometimes he got weird if gay stuff happened too close to us. I kept on the downlow about how I liked to let guys chew on my chub sometimes and how once in a while I'd chew on theirs too. Right then, I didn't want Ry to see how much I'd loved the feel of his hands on me or how fucking hard he'd made my cock. Didn't want to be showing off the evidence he'd use to figure out I was pervy on him. That'd make things super-weird between us, right? But I knew I'd be remembering that rubdown later, when I pounded my meat into submission all night long.

The next morning, that shirtless sun lotion rubdown earned us a bag with both my shooting star logo and Ry's devil. Four cans of beer--two each--with a cheap cold-pack to keep them chilly until we found them. Our secret admirer had himself a thoughtful streak.

"Yo, Ry, I been thinking. I bet our admirer lives over there." I raised my half-empty second beer and saluted our mystery benefactor behind whichever windows of the apartment building where I lived. I took a long swallow of beer--just what my uncle would've wanted my eighteen-year-old ass to have for breakfast, right? As if he gave a shit.

Ry drained the last of his second can. "Oh, you been thinkin', huh?" Eye roll and snicker. "Bet that hurt."

"Shut up, asshole," I mock-fussed, eye-rolling too, as if I hadn't heard that joke from him a thousand times before. I came outta my chair, grabbed Ry by his T-shirt, and pushed him down onto the grass beside the concrete skirting.

"Asshole, what the fuck?--It's on!"

We play-wrestled around for a while, bare-skinned muscles straining against muscles, laughing our asses off, until I finally came out on top, sitting on his stomach and keeping his sweaty torso pushed down. We still had our pants on, obviously, and my ass was practically on top of his cock. I could have leaned down and kissed him, but Ry chuckled awkwardly, "Okay, you win. Now get off me, asshole."

We brushed off and sat back in our chairs. I said, "No, seriously, Ry. Our admirer--he's gotta be watching us from that building, right? That's the only building with a good view of this side of the park, and we know he has a lot of time to watch us."

"So?" Ry replied with another eye roll, as if I'd said the most obvious thing ever. He shook his head and chuckled. "Think maybe he's watching right now? What'cha you gonna do about it?--'Cept maybe enjoy whatever the fuck he gives us tomorrow."

"Let's try something." I stood over Ry in his chair, which put my back toward the building, and I bent down, brought my face real close to his. "Pretend I'm kissing you."

"What?" Ry's body froze, and he tried to jerk his head back, and his knee almost nailed my balls. He frowned dangerously. "Fuck, dude--what the fuck?"

"Just pretend. I wanna see what we get tomorrow. Besides, you got beer-breath--not like I'm gonna tongue out the inside of your stinky-ass mouth."

He growled, "I bet you wanna, though, don't you." He smirked but his mouth was set hard, dangerous.

I sighed, though, yeah, I kinda did wanna. I was playing a risky game here. "Just go along, dude." I moved my head; from the apartments behind me, this probably looked like I was sucking his face real good. "You see any movement in the windows?"

Something like anger flashed in Ry's eyes, 'cause pretending to kiss him probably was too gay for his comfort zone. "Just your uncle flashin' his nasty old ass at the kiddies."

Okay, Ry needed to cool down. When he said personal shit like that, he meant *back the fuck off*. I pulled away. "Forget it," sounding all casual. I grabbed my board, jumped on, and Ry kicked off and rode alongside me as we started showing off with some tricks across the park. Nothing like some intense boarding to get his mood back up. I tossed the paper bag and empty cans in the *Please Recycle* bin as we cruised by.

After a long circuit around the park, all was forgotten. We split to head home. We'd see what tomorrow brought.

My uncle's apartment didn't look out over the park, so I couldn't keep watch to catch our admirer. Instead I woke up the next day around seven in the morning, which almost never happens for me. I went down the hall to the front door of the building where I could see our headquarters, and another bag was already waiting. Our admirer was obviously an early bird--I never could understand people like that!

I dropped my board at the access ramp, and kicked the ground to speed my way down to the street and across

to the park. I snatched the bag as my board carried me past the table. Not heavy enough to be beers, I thought as I looped back toward the apartment building, so maybe more pot? I looked inside. Money!--Shit!--Fuck!--A wad of bills in the bag! I was so surprised that I sailed over the curb. Then my board rolled on without me as I got my ass dumped in the gutter. My knee scraped against the concrete, not really hurt, just a little shaken-up.

I went back to the apartment and counted the money. A hundred bucks in well-used bills, mostly ones and a few fives. I thought about the windows that faced the park. Which one? Who watched our every move?--And what did he want from Ry and me? So now I got a new plan for the day: Find which apartment was our secret admirer's, for real.

I needed something to use as bait. But what? Oh, yeah--how about my ass? I found a pair of ancient jeans that I'd pretty much outgrown and cut the legs off. They weren't quite as short as what the chicks call Daisy Dukes, but they were damn close--damn tight too. Too tight for me and my underwear, so my boxers had to go. I took them off, put the shorts back on, and had to strain to get the waist buttoned and the zipper up. I admired my ass in the bathroom mirror. Those shorts and my ancient sneaks showed off my legs and ass real good. Any shorter and my cheeks would be hanging out and I'd be the one arrested for flashing my ass or some shit like that.

I wanted to go shirtless but figured playing a little discreet would be better bait than leaving *everything* hanging out. Being nearly naked would be way too obvious. So instead I put on a sleeveless T-shirt that had the sides cut nearly to the bottom. My gold-skinned torso flashed each time I moved around. Fuck, I looked pretty much pornstar-hot! Our secret admirer wouldn't be able to keep his eyes off me! Maybe he wouldn't be able to keep his mouth off me too?--I could sure use a good blowie.

Around ten, still real early for me, I grabbed my board. Riding down the access ramp to the sidewalk, I felt a cool breeze come up the leg of my shortie-shorts and tickle the hairs on my balls. Across to the other side of the street, and I edged the tip of my board up and bridged the curb. Bent my knees as the front wheels touched down, which made my thighs spread, and my 'nads felt like they slipped out. I tugged the front of my shorts down to keep them covered. But that made my waistband slip down too, and I felt my pubes peep outta the top. Okay, hadn't expected that--looked like whether my shorts rode up or down, either way *something* was gonna be hanging out.

Ry was nowhere in sight, so I headed for the ramps. The sun was already punishingly hot on the concrete and gonna get worse--which is one of the bad things about skating: everything you touch or land on is hot enough to burn. But today was real awful, 'cause the morning sun was reflecting off the windows like it wanted to cook me. I squinted at each window to see if the curtains or shades moved. I sped down the other side of a ramp, building momentum. My ride reached higher and higher, and the speed made my shirt flap and flash tan skin, though the one or two other guys around the park this early weren't too close and didn't seem interested in watching me.

I crouched low, and my board went off the end. I grabbed the ramp with one hand--*yowch!*--hot concrete!--and reached for my board with the other. I was the next best thing to weightless until gravity grabbed me and pulled my ass down. I flipped the board in line, landed on it smooth as a pro, and zipped down the tube, but the flip made my junk pop out the leg-hole and dangle. Damn, I shouldn't have cut the shorts so *short*! I got distracted trying to poke my sausage and eggs back in, and my balance shifted too much, and--*bam!*--I wiped out.

Bare flesh and tiny shorts made for some gnarly road rash on my thigh. As I rolled my sprawled ass over onto my back on the blistering concrete, a flash of motion caught my attention. *Gotcha!* The moving curtains were in a first-floor window, to the left. I counted back from the corner. One, two three--that would be apartment 1-C. That must be our secret admirer!

I pulled off the sun-heated concrete before it finished frying me like an egg, and that movement let the pain and blood flow, but I didn't pay much attention. Now I knew which apartment, so what'd be my next move? Maybe I'd show up at his door, pop the goods outta my shortie-shorts, and find out what the perv thought about seeing everything up close. Why wait to see what gift he's give me tomorrow? Maybe he'd want to suck my cock today? A blow-job would be great!

Wheels rasped nearby, and I looked up as Ry rolled to a stop by me. "Whoa, dude, flash your junk much?"

I remembered my shorts and pulled the front of them down, felt myself blush. Turning my leg to the side revealed an angry scrape along my thigh. "Shit," I said. I wiped the concrete grit and dirt off my hands and thigh. A wide and long abrasion, just deep enough to bleed a little but not too deep. I pulled off my shirt and wiped at the blood, which mostly just smeared it and made the scrape look worse than it was.

Ry's eyes scanned my body a few seconds too long. I couldn't read his expression, but I felt my dick start to grow, preparing to boner up. I dropped my shirt into my lap where it covered the crotch of my shorts as I adjusted myself, and said, "I gotta go get cleaned up." What I had to do, though, was get my junk hidden away before it popped outta my shorts and went full-rod for Ry and anyone else to see. With my shoe, I flipped my ride on all wheels and caught Ry looking embarrassed like he'd been checking out my ass. I flexed my butt and saw him swallow hard. Yeah, he was *definitely* checking it out. What was up with him? Was he thinking what I hoped he was thinking?

Ry licked his lips, and I thought maybe we might finally have some fun together. But just then, as I stepped on my board, knowing my ass was dangerously close to popping out the back of my shorts, pain shot through my leg. I probably just needed to walk it off, but--fuck, nothing in this damn world was going my way! Ry made a big show of looking somewhere else as I tugged down my shorts again, and I said again I was going home to clean up.

In my uncle's apartment, I saw a note in the kitchen: *Got called in 4 xtra shift, b back late*. "Cool," I said and headed to the bathroom. As I checked out my reflection in the medicine cabinet mirror, I thought up a plan. So instead of searching the cabinet for disinfectant, I slipped my blood-stained T-shirt back on, headed outta the apartment, and rolled on my board down the hallway--to Apartment 1-C.

I knocked on the door and listened. A thump and a strange sound came from inside. Okay, somebody was home. I waited ten seconds and knocked again. I heard a scraping from inside and stepped back. Maybe this wasn't such a great idea after--

A broad-shouldered white man in a wheelchair pulled the door open. Good-looking, buzz-cut head, dark stubble, thirty-ish. "Yes?" he said. I was surprised at how young his voice sounded, not a gravely senior-citizen croak like most of my neighbors. Smelled of wintergreen too, like he'd just popped a breath mint or some of that groovy gum. His upper body was muscular and fine, and his bright eyes met mine.

This was our secret admirer? The guy who gave us beer and grass and cash? The guy who watched my ass? I hadn't known whether he'd be a dude or a woman; I was kinda glad he was a guy. I'd expected some old fart I could tease or intimidate into sucking me off, but he wasn't the scumbag I expected. I wasn't sure about the wheelchair but, hell, he has kind of hot. I could definitely get onboard with the idea of getting a blow-job from him. I might even reciprocate!

He said, "Can I help you?"

"Sorry to bother you," I said and introduced myself. "My uncle's gone and I'm locked outta the apartment 'til he gets back. I wiped out in the park across the street. You got some hydrogen peroxide or something I can use to disinfect my leg?" I turned to the side and showed him my scrape; all that smeared blood probably

made it look like something from a cheap horror movie. My shorts-leg rode up and flashed a bit of lower ass-cheek at him.

The man rolled his chair back. "Sure. I'm Tom. Come in, and I'll see what I can find."

I stepped inside as he pushed himself down the hall. The place was made for a guy in a wheelchair, built low so he could reach everything from his chair, from the kitchen counters, to the furniture in the main room, to the table with his computer and a bunch of electronic parts in front of the window that looked out over the park. He must use the table as a work-desk, facing the window; no wonder he could spend so much time watching me and Ry.

Weird. The room had shelves that were filled with trophies, and the walls were covered with pictures of skateboarders.

He called a question from the other room. "Sure, okay," I replied automatically, before I realized his question had been *Does it hurt?* So I added, "I mean, a little, not bad." Ugh--but on today's scale of cringe, that didn't even make the top ten.

Tom rolled back into the room with a tube of salve and some gauze bandages on his lap. "Have a seat," he said, motioning at the leather couch. "Don't worry--I know what I'm doing. Used to be a paramedic. Sit."

The leather couch was the only place for my butt to land, but I hesitated 'cause I didn't want to get blood on it. I pulled my shirt off, spread it bloody side up, and parked on the couch with the shirt protectively under my leg.

He wedged his chair right up next to me, so close I could feel the heat from his skin. He squirted some salve on a piece of gauze, and I flinched as he rubbed it to my skin, even though he was working gently.

He cleaned the blood and debris from the road-rash on my thigh, but that just made my leg start to ooze blood again. His eyes met mine and I flushed as he smiled. Damn, he had nice eyes. My micro-shorts did fuck-all to cover me, and I pulled at the crotch to cover my jewels. Air flowed up inside my shorts, and I felt my crotch-beast stir and start to swell inside the skimpy cut-offs. I definitely shoulda rethunk the shorts-length! My hands covered my lap, but even that contact seemed to make my dick more intent on waking up. Damn. My wood was gonna grow into tree trunk at the worst possible time. Or maybe not-damn, if he saw and offered a blow ...?

I had no idea whether he was bullshitting me about having been a paramedic--you know, "playing doctor" as an excuse to get at my jewels: *Your thigh seems okay, but you'll have to take off your shorts and show me your dick so I can be sure.* But he seemed like he knew what he was doing, and so far he seemed to be ignoring my near-naked state. Or maybe I'd misread the situation and he was straight? Whatever, his long fingers worked quickly as he finished cleaning my thigh. My dick pulsed and I shivered. He must have misread that, 'cause his hand froze and he looked up at me. "That hurt?" he asked.

"Huh?" I said, startled. "Uh, no--I--no." I tried to keep my fingers covering my cock, like my hand position was just casual, but my damned meat only swelled up more into a full erection, still bent up inside the shorts for now, but definitely threatening to pop out the leg-hole with no underwear to restrain it. I pressed a fingertip up the leg-hole, trying to push my business deeper inside.

He backed his chair up and tugged my leg into his lap. What the fuck? He prodded my ankle, and my leg twitched. "Did you twist it?" he asked, his voice all business.

"Uh," I replied, caught off-guard because he was supposed to be going *closer* to my crotch, not away from it. Before I could respond further, he eased off my sneaker and flipped off my half-sock. He rubbed his knuckles

over my instep, exerting just a little pressure. My wood shot the rest of the way to its full length, and my body shivered.

Again he seemed to misread my reaction, 'cause he goes, "Tender?"

I felt a little wetness at the end of my cock, a drop of pre-cum leaking at my knob-slit. My mind said *Oh, fuck!* My body said *More--do that more!* I gulped and just nodded. "Little bit."

He gently bent my foot down and up, then side to side. "No clicking or snapping. I don't think it's broken. Probably a light sprain." His fingers worked up my calf, probing around my knee, and continued north. He avoided the raw area but his fingers marched up almost to my shorts.

My covering hand clamped down tighter on my balls. Okay, so like I'd thought, maybe he was gonna try the *playing doctor* routine to get my shorts off, but now that his hand was nearly to my crotch, I was having doubts and wasn't so sure if I wanted to go through with this. Did I really want to be this skeevy? My cock was sure answering *hell, yeah!* so I decided maybe I could hustle this dude for a few more bills.

He smiled. "How's your hip?" he said, as if he was a real doctor and this was a real medical exam.

"It's ... uh ... It's fine, I think."

His hands moved to my bare torso and explored up to my pit. "No bruises or cuts." His finger trailed over my chest and barely brushed my nipple, which of course rose and stiffened under his touch. "Doesn't look like you injured your torso?" His hand worked down my six-pack and followed the stray hairs that ran down into my shorts.

I couldn't look him in the eye, so I turned to examine his apartment. Everybody who lived in this shithole building was dirt-poor, but I was gonna check out the place and decide how much he could afford to pay for the honor of sucking me off. My eyes went to the wall and locked onto the nicely framed posters there. The first: Silhouetted against a vibrant sunset, a guy in board shorts and a hoodie was captured halfway through executing an ollie jump, a simple trick but executed perfect as geometry. In the next, over the words *Worry Less, Skate More*, a guy was suspended in midair, in the middle of a McTwist at the top of a ramp. The third: A blowup of a skating magazine cover, showing a guy bombing down a stretch of highway, moving really fast from the way the background was blurred and his T-shirt was flapping behind him; the teaser text announced an interview with Tommy "Triple" Trippich in that issue. Three posters, all the same guy. I peered closely at the face on the posters and realized it was the same face I was avoiding. My head snapped back. "That's you? The posters? You're that guy, Tommy Trippich?"

"Was me," he said, his tone neutral. "I go by 'Tom' now but, yeah, that was me."

"Wow," I muttered. I was King Crap of the skate park, but he had been emperor of the whole skate world for a while. I tried to process how my ass was parked on a board legend's couch in an apartment building for poor people. "Wow, sorry, man. I mean, about--uh--"

"It happened." He shrugged. "Skated professionally a few years. Got some great memories out of it, and I was smart enough to wear a Senso-Corder to record them. Made some good money licensing the recordings; seems a good number of people want to experience what being an adrenaline junkie board-rat feels like. After my injury, medical bills ate up my savings from the pro circuit, but between the royalties and the disability checks, I still had enough to pay for college and get a degree. Now, rather than just relive my old memories, I tinker a little." He reached over to the table-workdesk and picked up a Senso-Halo, an inch-tall web of wires and microelectronic stuff that looked like a fairy princess tiara, if that fairy princess was also a mad scientist in her spare time. I'd seen pictures of them, but never in real life--we were too poor--but even I could tell this one had been modified. Like, modified *a lot*.

"I've been working on this." He held it over where I could see, and I took it from him, handling it gently in case the gizmo really was as fragile as it looked.

"See, the recordings picked up everything, how my muscles felt, how they moved. I got the idea one day-- What if the Halo didn't just put the feel of the muscles moving into your head? What if it could go a little further and actually send instructions for how to make the muscles move like that--and if the muscles could be made to move, maybe the brain could learn to make them move like that on its own, like muscle memory. And it worked, kind of. In my case, it didn't do much--my brain and my nerves don't talk to each other quite right anymore, because the nerves are damaged. But some of the stuff I patented is being tested now to see if it can help with physical therapy or maybe even train healthy people in new skills. The licensing doesn't pay much yet, at least not until the clinical trials are through and a few of the kinks are worked out, but the licensing and the royalties from the recordings are enough to pay my rent here."

"How's it work?" I said, and I pulled the Halo down over my head and into place. I mugged a silly expression like I was posing for a selfie. Then I felt it poke through my hair and kind-of grip my scalp.

Images blazed into my head. This thing was on? Fuck!--

I was standing at the coping of a deep concrete bowl, one foot on my board, the other ready to kick off. I was me, but I was also someone else, the original skater the memories were recorded from--I was both of us at once, but right then the other guy was in charge. I was along for the ride.

An announcer's voice blared over a loudspeaker. "And now Tommy 'Triple' Trippich is ready to shoot his ride for the title." I glanced back to see a sports network's logo and banners for the World Skateboarding Championship a few years back. Holy shit!--I was preparing to board at the world championship?--This was the ride that was gonna make me the world champ. I was psyched-up and ready! I smiled big for the cameras, then got my serious face on, adjusted the helmet that covered the Senso-Corder around my head, and kicked off to begin my ride. The crowd roared as I dropped into the bowl.

His--our--my abilities were amazing. I zoomed and defied gravity and twisted, doing amazing shit on my board that I'd never dreamed of trying in our crappy little skate park. Man, what a rush! All that adrenaline and my heart thumping like crazy! I couldn't break the laws of gravity and physics for long, but I could bend them to my will as I surged down this and up that and twisted around. And it came time for my signature move, which started as a McTwist, flying up and over to the coping at the top of the ramp; only when I came down, instead of landing on my board and going down the ramp, I landed on one hand, a handstand at the edge of the coping, my other hand holding my board. No one else could do this trick. I was the top dawg--I was the man--and after I finished this move, I'd be world champion. I did a quick one-armed handstand pushup, another, a third to make my famous *triple*. Gravity started to pull me down, and I started to prepare to twist to get my board under me, and--

The Halo slipped off of my head and I saw it drop to the carpet under me. I was back in Tom's apartment, but I wasn't sitting on the couch--I was in the middle of the room, balancing upside down on one hand. Only, without the Halo to tell my body what to do, my balance immediately went wonky; I tipped over and fell clumsily on my ass on the cheap carpet. *Wham!* Which was more embarrassing than painful.

"Well, I never had *that* happen to me," Tom laughed at me as I sat up, "but then I have more muscle memory for handstands, even if my legs don't do shit for balancing anymore." He reached over and scooped up the Halo and placed it on his table desk. "If I'd known you were going to pop it on right away, I'd have adjusted it to fit your head size better." He looked at me, leaned forward in his chair, and grinned. "The Halo was calibrated for someone else, but it seems to have worked just fine for you. As you saw, my updates to the tech work pretty well, and I have high hopes these gizmos will help retrain injured bodies to move--maybe the tech can even be used to teach new skills to healthy bodies--once I can work out some of the side effects."

"Side effects," I heard myself echo flatly.

"Yep. You're feeling them now, aren't you." His chair rolled closer. "The Halo induces a state like hypnagogia. You don't know what that is, do you? You may have heard it called 'sleep learning.' It's a passive mental state, not quite asleep, not quite awake. You can dream vividly, which is how the Halo makes you see things. The Halo's visual effect wears off when you start to wake up, but the state that makes your mind receptive to instructions and information lingers a while; it makes you cooperative and compliant, like you want to do whatever someone tells you. It has a physical angle too, gives you that euphoric feeling. Got you feeling really aroused, right?--Sexually, I mean? Looks like you're really feeling it." He looked at my crotch.

I looked too. At some point while I was jacked into his memories, my erection finally escaped from my too-short shorts, and now it stood out in the air, plain as day, undeniable and unconcealable. I stared at it. It shouldn't be outta my shorts like that, right? I wanted to hide it, and I wanted to stroke it until I came, not caring if he watched, but I couldn't figure out how to make my hands move to do either of those. I felt woozy, not dizzy exactly, but like my mind was buried in a thick fog that slowed every thought to a crawl. At first I thought maybe I was cumming, but then I realized I felt more like *after* an orgasm, that coming-back-down afterglow--only I hadn't cum yet. Usually my orgasms start out as a tingling that spreads and intensifies and then explodes out through me, but this felt more like I'd been lowered into warm water and now I just floated in liquid pleasure.

But Tom had asked me a question. Really aroused, right? I nodded.

That made him grin wider. "Yeah, you're feeling it hardcore." He tilted his head. "Anybody know you're here? Anybody waiting on you? Got someplace to be?"

I shook my head--no, no, and no.

"Good. We have some time before this wears off."

Tom touched my uninjured thigh and ran his fingertips up to where my leaky cock-head and several inches of hard shaft stuck outta the leg-hole of my shorts. The moment his fingertips touched the head, the sensation was too much. I heard myself gasp, and my stones began to pump, and my world flipped inside-out as a real orgasm--a massive, massive one!--ripped through me and I was exploding in pleasure and shooting my ball-batter all over his hand. I shuddered and rode the ecstasy up, up, impossibly up ... and crested, crested ... and began my slow float downward.

When I could finally get my eyes open again, Tom was laughing and wiping my spunk off his fingers and palm with some extra gauze. "Wasn't expecting that so soon," he chuckled. He looked me up and down, hungrily. My cock was still hard, and he flicked the gauze at the tip as if wiping away the last of my cum. "Horny guy like you, I bet you're good for another round or two, so let's have some fun. Wanna get your clothes off for me?"

I stared at him. Something in my head, mixed up by the effect and my orgasm, wasn't connecting my thoughts together properly; I'd heard his words, but I wasn't comprehending what he'd just said. Get my clothes off of what?

He clarified. "Strip."

That I understood. I was sure I had some reason not to, but I couldn't think of it right then, so I opened my too-tight shorts and wiggled them lower until I could push 'em down. He'd taken off one of my sneakers earlier, but I still wore the mate, and I took that off too.

"Stand up straight and let me look at you. Good, good. Turn around. Good. Now face me. Hold your hands

out to your sides--let me see your dick."

Should I cover my dick? No, he'd already seen and I'd come here hoping to get it sucked, and he said to let him see, so I didn't try to hide it. I felt a little drop of liquid flow down my cock-tube and gather at the end of my rod. He grinned as he studied it. He wiped the drop with his finger, lifted that finger to his mouth and tasted it, and his smile widened. "Nice." With one hand, he slow-stroked my sensitive dick; his other hand angled his chair sideways. "I think we're both going to enjoy this." He bent over and brought my leaking pipe to his mouth, flicked his tongue at the tip, then spread his lips around my prick-head and pulled it into his mouth. I'd wanted a blow-job and now I was getting one. His tongue slid along the sensitive underside of my head, and the little jolts of pleasure nearly made me blast a second load.

He eased off my cock, rolled backward, and turned his chair to point down the hallway. "Most guys," he called over his shoulder as he rolled, "think I can't have sex because my legs are paralyzed. They don't realize guys can have sex in lots of ways and figuring them out is half the fun. You're about to find out the rest of me still works fine."

If the layout of his place was like the one I shared with my uncle, the hallway led to the bedroom. I watched him disappear into a room. That little part of me that was aware knew I was in over my head and wanted to run outta the apartment, but the rest of me--especially my cock--wanted his hot, wet mouth. That want and whatever whammy the Halo had put on me kept my mind from focusing right.

"What are you waiting for?" he called. "Get in here."

I shuffled along down the hallway, slowly, my hard-on leading the way. My body seemed to know what to do, but the part of my brain that took the initiative and got things moving had gone quiet. Seemed I could only do something if he told me to do it.

By the time I got to his bedroom door, Tom had already pulled off his shirt. Obviously he still spent some time staying fit, maybe in a gym or something, 'cause the non-paralyzed parts of his body that I could see were cut as fuck. He had been a slim skateboarder back when he was a pro, and now he'd built broad, muscular shoulders that rippled as he tugged on his pants leg to lift his foot up into his lap. He pulled off the shoe and quickly repeated the process to remove the other one. He locked the brakes on his chair and swung his ass onto the huge unmade bed. There he opened his pants and pushed himself up with his arms. He jerked one side of his pants down and then the other. No underwear. He pulled himself toward the headboard, then lay back against the pillows. "Don't be shy. The effect won't wear off for about an hour, and until then you'll do everything thing I tell you. You won't be able to help yourself, so don't try to fight it. Just relax and enjoy. We're going to have fun. Come here. Get on the bed next to me."

Inevitably I put a knee on his mattress and climbed onto it.

"That's it," he coaxed. "Stretch out here beside me. Go ahead and touch me, anywhere you want."

I put my hand on his chest and let my fingers drift down his flat belly. His abs were furry, warm to my touch. He saw me notice, underneath the hair, a scar that ran down the middle of his abs. "Had a couple of surgeries to stabilize my spine. Got a scar in the front, and one in the back. See?" He turned to show me his back.

As he settled back into position again, I looked down at his erection. "Go ahead. Touch my cock. You've got it really hard."

My hand moved in response to his instruction and wrapped around his stiff dick. On its own, my hand rubbed up and down his tool.

"Do you suck cock?"

"Urrr," I said, meaning yes.

He must have misunderstood, 'cause he said, "Well, you do now. Don't fight it, dude. Just do what I say. You want to suck my cock and make me feel good--so watch your teeth."

As I bent my face toward his crotch, he did this maneuver that pushed me down the bed and turned his body around; my dick was at his face and his dick was next to my mouth. He swallowed my rigid cock whole as I started on his, sixty-nine style. He cupped my balls. When I'd knocked on his door, I'd meant to be the one getting the blow-job but now I couldn't resist--plus he was hot enough I'd have blown him even without that hypna-gaga stuff he'd talked about. I licked at his cock-head and slowly drew his rod into my mouth and sucked. The salty taste of him spread over my tongue. I pulled his ass to lock his crotch to my face.

"Fuck my face," he ordered, and my hips obliged. My tool drilled his mouth as I worked down his rod. We sucked away at each other's cocks for a couple of minutes, until I was getting close to cumming. I felt my cock slip outta his mouth. "No, you don't get to cum again yet," he told me as he rolled away to the side of the bed.

Tom came back with a bottle of lubricant and a condom, which he pressed to his lips. Before I knew what he was doing, his mouth slid down my hard-on again and carried the condom with it. He had my cock sealed and protected and ready to be greased.

He turned away again, rolling onto his side. "Mount up, stud. Fuck my ass."

My body turned and spooned up behind his. My hips pulsed a little, rubbed my cock up and down his crack. He reached back; his hand wrapped around the base of my dick and moved it around until the tip met his hole, and I began to push in. "Fuck me," he hissed, "and jack me while you do it." I reached around his hip and grabbed his joystick. My cock slid inside him, his ass practically sucking me in. My hand pistoned his dick as my prick plowed his butt. My balls slapped his ass over and over.

Tom's butthole gripped back at me, pulled me deeper into him. "Come on--fuck me harder, stud!"

That's all I needed to know about how he liked it. I rode him hard, pounding with hard thrusts, plumbing with deep pushes, and teasing with little rabbit-thrusts. I had to fuck like ordered, but my body had some leeway about how it carried out the order. Tom was finding out King Crap had a big dick and knew how to use it.

Tom rolled onto his back, a pillow somehow under his ass to tip his hole upward for my easy fucking access, and he pulled his legs toward his chest where he could help hold them outta the way and spread open his hole for me. I humped away at his ass and stroked his cock.

Tom panted, "Ride me harder, stud. Harder. Faster."

My cock and balls were on fire, set to explode. I thought back to when the sports announcer had declared *Tom is ready to shoot his ride for the title*, saw Tom's handsome face smiling down at me from one of the framed magazine covers on his walls, grinning up at me from the mattress, sweaty and loving my dick in his butt. *Holy fuck*, I was banging a former World Champion! My cock swelled up even harder as I rode his ass.

My hand pistoned his cock and he gasped. His prick jerked and a jet of cream, thick and white, shot outta his cock-head and across his chest as his torso heaved and jerked with his orgasm. As the rest of his warm juice coated my hand, my own climax hit me real hard and my rod shot, filling the condom with spurt after spurt of my cream, and I came so intently that I must have blacked out for a few minutes.

I came to collapsed on top of him. I felt more like myself now. The effects must've been wearing off.

He was already awake, said, "There's a competition coming up in a few months. I have some moves I could teach you."

Winning a skate contest was a dream for me, maybe even the start of my ticket outta this shithole side of town. But--"Got no money for the entry fee."

"I'll take care of that. Think of it as an investment." He shifted his torso, say up alongside me. "The Halo can show you the basics, but you'll have to work hard to learn 'em and lock 'em in. It's going to take a lot of practice."

"You'll train me? Yes! I want to learn everything. I'll work real hard. You'll see." I couldn't wait to see what he could teach me, and maybe I'd pass what I learned along to Ry. Maybe Ry could scrounge up the money to enter too? Both of us placing in that tournament?--That would be radical! And if the training meant I got to unload my cock in Tom's mouth or ass some more, that would be even radical-er!

"I'll set up our first lesson for tomorrow."

"Cool, dawg--you da man!"

"I *am* the man, aren't I?" he chuckled as he pointed to a framed poster. "See that?"

A blow-up of a magazine cover showed him doing a high-speed run down some long and winding mountain road, against an orange sunrise, maybe sunset. The road was steep and empty and thrillingly curvy, a real challenge. "Yeah?"

I had only a second to realize he was dropping that Halo over my head before it gripped my skull again. He was saying, "That's my fav--," as the world turned orange and the rush of downhill speed hit me--

Next morning, I rode my board over to our headquarters to find Ry--shorts, banged-up sneakers, baseball cap, no shirt--already sitting at the table under the umbrella against the blazing-hot sun, as he used a multi-tool to tighten down the front truck on his board. Where had he gotten the bucks to buy new board wheels?

Before I could say anything, he nodded to two boxes on the table. "Missed you yesterday. Looks like our secret admirer left us somethin'," he said.

This time, the two gifts weren't in paper bags; they were in white cardboard boxes, maybe a couple inches tall, a several inches square. One had a quickly sketched version of my shooting star tattoo on it, the other Ry's cartoon devil face. So, one for each of us? Cool!

I asked, "What's in them?"

A casual-like shrug, but an eager look in his eye, 'cause boxes meant something good. "Dunno. Waited on you."

I dropped my ass into my usual chair, King Crap's throne, and reached for the box with my mark on it. Ry grabbed his too. We tore them open at roughly the same time.

"Holy shit!" Ry barked. "A real Senso-Halo? I've, uh, never seen one of these in real life!" The delicately wired thing seemed even more fragile in his hands. Before I could say anything, Ry quickly popped off his baseball cap with one hand, fitted the Halo on his head with the other. He grinned at me. "How do I loo ... loo ..." His face got this weird far-away look. "Worry less, skate more," he said, just like the text on that poster in Tom's apartment. And then Ry was on his feet, skateboard in his hand, jogging toward the edge of the bowl.

Was this the first lesson Tom had promised? Must have been? So I pulled on my Halo and the effect started to hit immediately and I found myself running to the bowl to catch up with Ry.

We skated hard and fast, almost in unison. This wasn't like yesterday, where the sights and sounds of being Tom's younger self blocked out everything else. This was like being Tom and knowing how to do whatever he knew how to do but it was a veneer overlaid onto right now and being here in this skatepark. We ollie'd and ground the rails, went vert and hit the ramps and did a bunch of different kinds of handplants and Mc-flip combos I didn't know existed. Sometimes it was like I was Tom and Ry was matching me; other times it was like Ry was Tom and I was matching him; and sometimes it was like Tom was a third riding alongside us, all of us matching each other.

Through it all, I had a hard-on that wouldn't quit. It wasn't a needy rod--didn't make me feel all nuts like I had to sneak off and stroke off a load immediately for some relief--but it was just there, being hard and feeling good and masculine and strong, watching Ry's shirtless form, feeling the breeze across my bare pecs as we zipped around the park, inspiring to try harder, try more. I couldn't tell for sure, but Ry's shorts seemed to be fully packed too, like he also had wood while we skated.

We went at it long and hard, a real workout, practicing some of the easier moves over and over until we had them down. Nothing existed except us and our boards. This was more than just skateboarding--this was hardcore physical training! And I kind of liked that Ry was right beside me during the whole thing. I'd never seen him skate so well--Hell, *I'd* never skated so well. We were both starting to learn how to do basic moves better and also lots of hotshot new tricks to show off for the other skaters, so there'd be abso-fucking-lutely no question who were the King Craps around here ever again.

We were sweating like hell when Ry finally came up outta the bowl, me right behind him, and coasted over to our headquarters. I was dripping sweat, even without my shirt, and my soaked shorts felt like a swampy mess around my persistent erection. Dammit, that pre-injury Tom had been one *fit* bastard, stamina like a fucking race horse!

The Halo effect still had me, but it was lighter now--more of a touch than a grip. I was more me than Tom now, and the me version was so fucking exhausted I was about to fall over.

"Fuck!" wonderstruck Ry panted, 'cause what else was there to say? "That was so ... Fuck!"

"Yeah," I agreed.

"I felt like I was that skater, you know, the famous one, won all those awards ... Trip-something?"

"Triple Trippich."

"Yeah, that's the one. Haven't seen him completing in years. Heard he broke his back something--Probably spent all his money on surgery and shit."

"Yeah, and now he lives here. He's our secret admirer." I nodded my head toward the window to unit 1-C. "Want to meet him?"

Ry shivered and clamped his eyes shut as if some intense sensation just zapped through him. When he opened his eyes again, his expression was slack, as if his thoughts had gone blank.

A younger, pre-injury Tom, or the real-looking image of him, shirtless and sweating, glided by on his board, in a slow arc around Ty. "Hey, Ty. How're you feeling?"

"Trip ..." Ty's voice was thick and slow, as if he was talking in his sleep. "Feel ... good. Horny." His fist

groped his shorts-crotch. "Need a blow-job."

Image-Tom snickered as his board continued that slow circle around Ty. "I think we can make that happen for you."

Wait--if Tom was here, that meant the Halo was still running? I'd almost forgotten it was there. But this seemed to be really happening, just like real life!

I stared at the crotch of Ry's shorts, his stiff cock-tube showing through. His shorts were so wet with sweat I couldn't tell if he was leaking pre-cum or not. I felt something intensely pleasurable jolt through my cock and balls, and I tried to say *Fuck!* but nothing came out. The side effect that felt like an afterglow was back, in advance of me cumming again, and all my thoughts flowed away, leaving my head empty. I stood there waiting to be told what to do.

Tom turned his board and coasted beside me, coming to a stop, standing close. To me he said, "Your friend figured out I was the secret admirer a couple of weeks ago. He comes by now and then, when he's horny. He gets into it, but he's still got some shit to work through about sex with men. I set the Halo to make sure he won't consciously remember anything afterward. But his subconscious?--Remembers everything and really likes what we do together. Boy's got his issues, but don't we all."

I felt Image-Tom's arm resting on my shoulder, smelled a wintergreen breath mint as he spoke near my ear, as if he was really here. What the hell? Was I dreaming this too?

"Don't worry about it," Tom chuckled as if knowing what I was thinking. His younger image had faded out, but his voice floated into my head. "You've both trained hard, and now it's time for all three of us to have some fun. Come to at my place."

Ty kicked off, gliding forward on his board toward the apartment building across the road. I followed.
