

The Beginning of the End

By Ethan Stone

Relationships hardly ever *just* end. It's more a process of decisions and realizations. My relationship had never been anywhere near a perfect one, but over the years I'd pushed down my own needs and desires, in the bedroom and out.

Benny and I had an open relationship. It had started as us sharing a bed with one or two other men, but had transformed into him fucking whoever he wanted. I ostensibly had the same permission, but it seemed that when I did exercise that right he found fault with how—or who—I did.

One weekend he made plans to go out of town on business, but was also going to hook up with a fuck buddy. A fuck buddy who we both agreed had a crush on Benny. I had major concerns, but they apparently weren't strong enough for Benny to change his plans.

So I made plans of my own. I made a trip out of town to visit a gay bathhouse. Benny called it jealousy on my part. I called it playing his game. Whatever it was at the time, it ended up as the beginning of the end of our relationship.

I wasn't looking for any specific type of man as I walked the hallways of the bathhouse. I just wanted a man. I didn't even care what we did. I just needed the sexual release.

It was pretty slow that night. I'd never been to this particular bathhouse, but I'd been to plenty of others. I'd been used to there being thirty or more guys all walking around naked except for a towel around their waist—all looking for sex of some sort or another. But that night there were fewer than a dozen guys. And apparently I wasn't anyone's type.

I sat in the video room and approached a few guys but they turned me down. I wandered the halls and went to several open doors only to have the door shut in my face or the occupant would give me a slight shake of the head which told me he wasn't interested. I tried not to take the rejections personally, but it was hard not to.

I'd been there a couple hours with no action and had returned to the video room. There were two guys there—obviously a couple—and I was focused on the gentle way they touched each other. It made me think of Benny. I don't know why because the way they touched was *nothing* like how Benny touched me. We had sex all the time, but there

were never any gentle caresses or tender kisses before—or after—sex. And he didn't like to snuggle, ever. It didn't seem to matter to him that those were all things I liked and wanted in a relationship. But I loved him and had just accepted the fact that I couldn't get everything I wanted.

I was still watching the two men when I noticed a guy walk into the room. I didn't pay attention to him at first because I was engrossed watching the couple. One of the men whispered in his partner's ear and they stood and left. Disappointed, I turned my attention to the video, grabbed my already hard cock and stroked it slowly.

The man who had come in had originally sat next to an older black man with a salt and pepper beard. Then he stood up and walked over to where I was sitting and sat just a few inches from me. He was about five inches taller than me with a slight gut. He had jet black hair cut into a closely shaved buzz cut. Buzz—as I started calling him in my mind—reached over and rubbed my leg—the bathhouse gesture that asked *Want to play?* I didn't push his hand away, giving him permission to keep touching me.

Buzz reached further and wrapped his fingers around my shaft and slowly stroked it. His hands were warm and soft and he seemed to know exactly how to touch me. His strokes were slow and tender with just the right pressure on the upstroke. When Benny jacked me off he squeezed hard and was on the rough side.

Buzz slid over, kneeled in front of me and licked the head of my prick. His tongue swirled around the head, lapping up the tiny amounts of pre-come. He wrapped his lips around the head and swallowed my cock in one quick move. The sudden wetness made me gasp and my hands went to his head.

I ran my hands through the fuzz of his hair. I had forgotten how much I loved the feel of a close cut. Benny had silky soft hair too, but he kept it long and if I ever played with it he'd push my hand away. He didn't like his hair messed up, especially during sex.

With my hands on Buzz's head, his mouth slid up and down on my length. His tender sucking was incredible and I moaned softly. He removed my cock from his mouth to lick my balls and it felt so damn good.

His hands were next to my hips and I reached down and grasped his hand and he responded with his own squeeze. He ran his hand up my arm and both my hands traveled down his back squeezing as I went.

I reached down between our bodies and gripped his cock. He continued sucking me, but I motioned for him to stand up. He seemed hesitant, like he was surprised I wanted to do to him what he was doing to me. He stood and I played with his shaft. I licked his cock and took it into my mouth rolling my tongue around the head and tasted his leaking seed. He moaned and ran his fingers through my long dark hair. I lapped at his length and licked his balls.

He knelt down so we were face-to-face and I knew what he wanted. A lot of guys consider kissing too intimate, but I've always loved the feel of another man's lips on mine, our tongues pressed together. Benny had always said kissing was too sloppy and I felt lucky if I got a peck on the lips from him.

But there at the bathhouse, the man in front of me put his hands on the side of my head and drew my lips to his. We kissed softly at first, then harder. His mouth opened slightly and I took the opportunity to thrust my tongue in. He closed his lips around my tongue and he sucked. My hands were on his head and then his back and then his cock as our lips crushed against each other. His hands were all over me as well.

He broke from the kiss and leaned into my ear. "Want to come to my room?" he asked.

"Hell, yeah," I replied.

I followed him out the video room, up the stairs and to his room. He kept looking behind him to make sure I hadn't ditched him. He unlocked the door and we stepped in.

The second the door closed behind me, Buzz pushed against me and placed a mouth devouring kiss on my lips. One hand caressed my face while the other reached between us and gripped my hard on.

Even though I knew nothing about this man—not even his name—I felt a sort of connection with him. Almost—but not quite—like I knew what he was feeling. Dejected and rejected. Sad and unhappy. Low self-esteem. The same feelings I felt a lot of the time, so I told myself I was just projecting my own feelings onto him.

Encounters at bathhouses usually don't entail much foreplay. It's usually all about getting right to the main event, whether it was oral or anal or whatever. But neither of us was in a hurry so we kissed and touched and played. We took turns sucking each other's cocks. He enjoyed softly tonguing my balls and I took pleasure in softly biting, sucking and licking his nipples.

I enjoyed all these things as part of sex and they were all things I had never got with Benny. I lay on top of Buzz and sucked on his ear and neck. He was bigger than me and it felt safe when he touched and held me.

At one point while we were engaged in a hungry kiss, Buzz wrapped his arms around me and squeezed hard. It felt amazingly good like he knew he could—and would—protect me. It felt so incredible but it also felt...odd. Not odd in a bad way, just in a different way. Because I *never* felt like Benny could protect me, even if he wanted to. He wouldn't risk his life to protect me. If anything he'd use me as a shield so he wouldn't take a bullet.

Buzz stood and grabbed a condom and lube. I swung my feet over the side of the cot-sized bed as he opened the condom. He leaned over and kissed me as he slid the

rubber down my length and squirted lube on it. He squeezed the slick onto his fingers and reached behind himself to coat his hole.

He turned around, grabbed my cock and sat down on it. His ass was as tight as a vice and I had to push up as he sat down. The crown pushed past the tight ring of muscle and he moaned at the invasion into his body. I held still so he could catch his breath, but that wasn't what he wanted. He pressed down and took all of me deep into him. Up and down, up and down he moved, sliding my shaft in and out of him.

We fucked in that position for fifteen minutes and it took every ounce of self-control to not come, but I wasn't ready for the encounter to end and I didn't think he was ready either.

He stood up and I pulled out of him. He turned around, kissed me and lay on his back. Buzz spread his legs and shot me a grin. The wordless communication between us was intense. Benny always insisted on spelling out everything he was going to do to me and what he wanted me to do to him.

I climbed between his legs and pressed into him. I took Buzz fast and hard—sliding my cock in until I was balls deep in his hole.

It felt *so* good to fuck him and not just good sexually. Good in so many ways. He wanted me, he was attracted to me, and that felt good. It didn't feel like he was just settling for me. That's what it felt like with Benny. Like he wanted someone who was better looking, someone with more money, but he settled for me because I made him feel better about himself.

With Buzz it was a mutual attraction; no settling for either of us. I wanted to be with him no matter who else might've been there. Being with him made me feel better about myself and I thought maybe it was the same way for him. I felt some of my own sadness lift away as I made love to him and as he wrapped his arms around me and squeezed again. I kissed him as I slid into him again and again and again and I felt some of his feelings of loneliness fade away.

I've had sex with guys I'm not attracted to and had lie to them about how good-looking I thought they were. But I didn't have to do that with Buzz. Though he wasn't the type I was normally attracted to, I was drawn to him. I thought he was incredibly sexy and told him so as we fucked. I told him how much he turned me on and how good looking he was and how fucking tight his hole was. He didn't respond to any of the comments, instead he would chuckle and smile—just like I did when guys told me how sexy I was. I never believed them and I wondered if Buzz believed me. I was sure he didn't but I didn't know how I could convince him.

“Fuck me. Fuck. Fuck me.” He urged me as he lifted his hips to match my strokes.

“Oh, hell yeah,” I cried out as I slammed into him harder and harder. I went as deep as I could go and then tried to go deeper. Our bodies rattled as I pounded and the sweat poured off both of us. I bit his nipples and he chewed on my neck. We kissed and we touched until I thought I was going to explode.

I couldn't hold it back any longer and grabbed his hips as I thrust deep into him and emptied my spunk into the latex. I pulled out and dove down on his cock. I sucked him forcefully and he grabbed the sides of my head and thrust into my mouth. My mouth filled with shot after shot of his seed and I drank it down.

This was the point in encounters where most men said *See ya*. I leaned down to kiss him and he wrapped his strong arms around me and didn't let go. I waited for him to release me and when he didn't, I relaxed in his embrace. I lay my head on his chest and didn't move. It felt so good to be in his arms. It felt so damn good and I kept thinking that it couldn't get any better than this. I wished I had it *all* the time.

I realized he had dozed off when I heard him snore lightly and I fell asleep as well. We slept for around fifteen minutes and I woke when I felt him move.

And the spell was broken.

“Thanks for that,” he said and I knew it was time for me to leave his room. I always found it funny when a guy thanked me for having sex with him, like I was him a huge favor and didn't get any pleasure from it at all.

“No,” I said, “*Thank you.*” I grabbed my towel and left his room. I went down to the showers and cleaned up. After the shower, I continued to cruise the bathhouse.

I saw Buzz a couple more times that night. He always had a big smile on his face and each time he saw me he'd ask me if I was okay.

“Yeah,” I answered each time. But I wasn't okay. Because I knew I wasn't going to play with anyone else that night and even if I did, it wouldn't be anywhere near as good as it had been with him.

I hung around for a bit longer before I decided to leave. The reason I gave myself was that I had to get up early in the morning. But the real reason was because I didn't want to ruin the memory of what I had with Buzz by having a cheap hook up with someone else. I wanted the sex with Buzz to be a clear and wonderful memory.

The amazing encounter with Buzz taught me there were men out there who *could* give me what I wanted in a relationship. Men who wanted the same things I did. Men who didn't feel the need to fuck every man with a dick. There were men who would want me and *only* me.

At the time my, encounter with Buzz was amazing, though I originally couldn't exactly say why.

However, looking back, now that I have ended things with Benny, I can see that it was the beginning of the end of the relationship.

The End. (But the beginning of something new.)

***Ethan Stone** is a single father with a wonderful and aggravating teenage son. He's always loved to write and one point thought journalism was his dream career. He spent several years trying to make himself believe that until he realized he needed to write because he wanted to not because he had to. He just wishes he could've figured that out before he earned a sizable debt with school loans. He's always had plenty of stories in his head and even published several purely erotica shorts on the web. He assumed the stories in his head starring gay men would have to be relegated to the web. And then he discovered the wonderful world of M/M publishing. <http://ethanjstone.com>*