

The following is reprieve from *way* too much drama in an already dramatic life. If character death, rape, amnesia, love triangles, love affairs, hypocrisy, and any other over-used dramatic cliché that I'm forgetting are required to keep you interested in a story, then please X out this .pdf and erase it, as it will probably corrupt your hard-drive with love-doveyness and warm and fuzzy feelings.

This is fiction, it's gay, it's got gay sex, and it's sardonic and dry. If that offends you or if you're underage then you're in denial, smart enough to erase your internet history, or both.

I hold all rights to this story, if you wanna post it somewhere in some other format, please ask me first and give me credit for it.

Uh, anything else I'm forgetting applies as well!

... So yeah!

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Our Place in the World:  
Getting the Draft  
By Eric Wythe  
Chp. 1 – The Rough Draft

His place in the world is to be on top.

The ball was clenched to his bare torso as he pushed and climbed his way through the opposing force. His bright green eyes shone with a fire rarely ignited. This passion inspired grace to his charge. The power his body exuded only added to the bold presence he made on the grass lot, boxed in between his gym and the coffee shop next door. I watched the juggernaut's display of total control he had placed over the game as I sat in the bleachers leaning against the brick building that made up the third wall to the box.

He reached the other side of the field, making his goal and winning the game. A smug little grin pulled the left side of his lips as he crossed the line. He let the ball fall out of his hands; he turned around and glanced at my direction. He threw a beaming smile at the sight of me. I blushed, even though I knew he knew I was staring.

I guess it was more the fact I knew that the whole display was for me.

He liked to put on a show. John was a man of action, with little words to spare. He usually let me do most of the talking. We both knew that the boys who work out at his gym stood no chance against him. He won the game before he even knew he was playing it.

Johnny always wins.

I hopped off my perch and started walking over to the group gathered around him in admiration. The group was talking in an excitable raucous, some waving their arms animatedly, others just clinging to the few words that dare escape his mouth. John was always quick and direct, more so than me most of the time, he chose his words carefully. Offering few, but encouraging expressions to the hopefuls that surrounded him. One of them saw me coming and made room for me the circle.

A tall blonde guy noticed me, “Hey man, have you been watching the entire time? We could’ve used another body.”

“Nah, I prefer to watch.” I said.

The blonde guy gave me a curious look, “Huh?”

Johnny walked over to me and wrapped his arm around my waist. “I prefer to watch.” I said again.

The dude gave me a weirder look, “You were staring at us...?”

I raised my eyebrow. “Don’t flatter yourself. I’m committed.” I raised my left hand and fluttered my fingers to indicate my white-gold band.

The guy looked from me, then to John. “No way...”

John spoke up, “He’s got the hottest ass in the city.” He dropped his hand to my rear and gave it a good squeeze.

I squirmed a little then blushed again, “Fuck me right here why don’t you.” I muttered under my breath. John’s face steeled a little and a different fire lit in his eyes. He looked up to the group of guys.

“Alright boys, I’ve gotta get back to work, so if want me to kick your sorry asses again it’ll have to wait for another time.” A loud chorus of ‘Aww’s’ sounded from the crowd.

John snaked his arm around my waist again and pushed us forward. I made sure to swish my ass just a *bit* more than necessary.

“Don’t give them any ideas, Daryl.” John warned.

“We know who it belongs to. I’m just showing off what they can’t have, it’s like dangling a Twinkie in front of a short-fat kid!”

John bent down and nuzzled into the side on my neck, “Very naughty. I think I’ll teach you a lesson.” he growled. Johnny smacked one of his callused hands around my ass and urged me forward toward the building a little faster.

Stepping Stone's Gym was a decent sized building complex with modest interior decorating and equipment that's up to snuff with the big chain stuff. John takes pride in the lack of glitz and glamour that bigger gyms try and sell people. With John, you pay a simple flat rate per month and that's it.

His employee's are friends we both had in college. His customer criterion is mostly made up of old folk and younger people who're new to the gym scene, and are attracted to John's simple approach to fitness. The other part is people who have man-crushes on my husband. Young jocks who like being near a college football hero like John, they all aspire to be him. It's kinda cute, in an annoying little-brother type of way. The football game earlier isn't a normal occurrence, but challenges to them are.

I don't usually hang around the gym, I distract John. I come every couple days to use the pool and that's about it. But when it's dead like today's been I hang around and the two of us have a little fun.

John led me by the hand into his office; he pressed his lips against mine before we could even close the door. He roughly pushed me against the wall; I closed my arms around his torso, feeling the taut muscles in back. He wrapped his huge arms around my neck. He began to walk backward without breaking contact. He turned us around and I felt my ass hit the edge of his desk. He pushed me forward until we fell over it. His large frame cast a shadow over mine as we ground our crotches into each other.

Johnny always gets like this after playing football.

I began to lace my fingers into the back of his gym's shorts; I felt the straps from his jock hug his skin. I was going to go right ahead and push his shorts off, but instead we were interrupted by a cough at the door.

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We both looked up. A large balding man in a black suit stood at the door to the office. I held on to our position, we've been caught in worse.

"Can I help you?" I asked.

The man looked around nervously. "Is this a bad time?"

I looked to Daryl, who looked annoyed. I kissed his forehead and got up off him. "Later." I said.

He sat up on the desk and began swinging his feet over the edge. He had this disinterested look on his face. His brown hair had been mussed up in our commotion and it hung barely over his blue eyes. God I just wanted to... oh, wait. The guy.

I turned to his direction and held out my hand. “John Harris.” I nodded my head at Daryl’s direction. “My husband.” The man grasped my hand with a grip that nearly matched mine.

I’ll give this guy a shot.

He’s probably just a salesman for one of the bigger gyms. Wouldn’t be the first time they sent a guy like him over here.

“Randal Fisher. It’s great to finally meet you.”

“What’s your business here?” I asked shortly.

He let out a hearty laugh, “I heard you always cut to the chase. I like that in a man. Means they know where they’re going.”

“You didn’t answer my question.”

He laughed again. “Alright, alright, I get it. Ah, this is something I’d rather...” He looked over at Daryl, then back at me. “Talk about in private.”

I looked over at Daryl; he rolled his eyes and sighed, “Right, because *anything* you say to him he *totally won’t* tell me later.” He hopped off the desk, “Whatever, I’ll go grab one of those passion-fruit-mango-smoothie-thingies. Johnny, you want some of that seaweed tonic stuff?” I nodded and gave him a grateful smile. He shot me a quick smirk then shook his head. He wandered through the door muttering “Shit’s disgusting... don’t know why you like it so much...”

Randal shot me a look once Daryl left, “He always like that?”

“Yeah.”

“He seems worse than my wife.” He snorted.

I folded my arms and gave him a stern look.

“Don’t talk like you know him. Why are you here.”

“Whoa, sorry” he held up his hands. “Didn’t mean to offend.”

“You did. Tell me why you’re here. You’re pissing me off now.”

“Okay, okay. Look, you know the New York Turbine’s quarterback? Andy Keller? He got in a car accident about a week ago; the accident temporarily paralyzed him from the waist down. Nothing was really damaged all that bad, the shock of the impact just made his nerves go stiff.”

He reached into the inside pocket of his blazer and held out a small envelope. “As you probably know, the season’s about to start. His recovery estimate is to be well after the season’s over. We’re having open tryouts on Saturday, but Andy wanted me to ask you personally to come.”

I reached out and took the envelope. “What’s your relation to Keller?”

“I’m his lawyer.”

I walked over to my desk and sat down slowly. I dropped the envelope, leaned forward onto my elbows and laced my fingers together. “I remember Andy. Nice guy.”

“You knew him?”

“He was Notre Dame’s quarterback when I went to NYU. Our teams would train with each other at the same summer program. We got to know each other pretty well.”

“I didn’t know that.”

“What do you know, sir? Did he just give you the envelope and tell you to come here?”

“Pretty much” he scoffed. “But I do know that when Andy was in Notre Dame your team was the only one he couldn’t beat. In fact, no one could.”

I nodded.

“I guess it only makes sense to ask you to replace him. A better question is to ask why you never went pro.”

“That’s none of your business.”

“I figured.” He seemed to be getting annoyed now.

“I’ll talk to my husband about it. If I show up, you’ll know my answer.”

“There’s a number in the envelope. If you want, you just need to call and you’re in. You don’t have to try out at all.”

“What makes you think I still got what it takes?”

“I saw you play today.”

“There’s a difference between gym bunnies and professionals.”

“Talent like yours is apparent to anyone with eyes, son. You’d do well.”

I looked up at him. “I don’t take handouts. If I’m going to do this then I’m going to do it like everyone else.”

Randal let out a resigned sigh. “Andy said you’d say that.”

“If that’s all, my husband will be back soon.”

“Yeah, it is. It was a pleasure Mr. Harris.”

I didn’t say anything.

He turned around and left, as soon as he was out of sight I let out a short breath and leaned back in my chair.

“Shit.” I muttered.

Daryl reentered the room, sipping on his this yellow drink. He walked over to the mini-fridge and stuck my seaweed tonic in it.

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“Where’d the fat guy go?” I asked.

“He left.”

“What’d he want?” I walked over to his chair. John put his hands on my hips.

“Remember the Twinkie thing you were talking about earlier?”

“Vaguely.” I straddled him on his chair and wrapped my arms around his neck.

“I think the fat kid grew up.”

I raised an eyebrow. “That doesn’t help explain things.”

“No. No it doesn’t. And neither will this.” He leaned up and kissed me, a bit gentler this time, but with the same passion.

“Oh right, we got interrupted earlier. Let’s see, I believe I had just got to this part when we left off.” I once again laced my fingers to the hem of John’s shorts. His hands cupped my ass. Our mouths met and our passions rose. He sucked the breath right out of me as he shoved his tongue in as far as he could make it.

We eventually parted for air. “Close the door.” John ordered.

I hopped off his lap. His dick practically launched me off. I reached for the knob and threw the door closed. I turned around and was assaulted by John's mouth again; the force of him slamming me against the door before it even closed all the way.

We started grinding our crotches together. He grabbed my arms and shoved me over to the desk. I fell over it onto my back. John walked over to me. We've done this a million times, I knew what he wanted.

I leaned up and smelled his strained neck. His body still carried the scent of fresh sweat. I kissed and licked my way down the thick expanse of his pecs. John moaned quietly as I licked the crevice of his chest. His salty sweat drove me mad as the thin pelt of soft, jet-black hair tickled my tongue. He placed one of his big mitts on the back of my head and led me to one of his nipples. I nibbled and sucked on it with desperation; he let out a throaty growl and threw my head off him.

He tore off my shorts and threw them behind him. He shoved down his shorts and stood there in his jock. His huge cock nearly ripping apart the white mesh, I had to fight to keep myself from attacking his crotch. If he wanted me to, he wouldn't have thrown me off him.

He wanted this to be quick.

John reached over me and into a drawer, his cut abdominals rubbing against my dick. He flexed them to tease me a little, the bastard. I let out a moan and he chuckled a bit. His arm was positioned so his armpit was right in my face. The smell would be driving me up the wall if he wasn't pinning me. I lapped up the source of his dominating, masculine scent. He drew back his arm and I whimpered a little. He knows I like to eat out anything of him that gives off his scent. He must really want to get off.

"That guy must have either given you really good news or pissed you off."

"Both." He grunted.

Johnny poured a generous amount of lube onto his thick dick. He lathered up a few of his fingers and shoved them up me one at a time. By the time he got to the fourth I was writhing and desperate. Johnny retracted and lined the head of his dick up with my loosened hole. We looked into each other's eyes.

His place in the world was to be on top.

He shoved himself in, giving me only a few seconds to get used to him before he started to rip into me. It always hurt, even after eleven years together. His size always made it feel like he was shoving the business end of a baseball bat up there. I always had that fantastic 'full' feeling with him though, so I never once complained.

He shoved it in all the way then pulled out only leaving the blunt head still inside. He fucked me hard like a jack-hammer, using me to get him off. His huge dick churned my guts. His girth put so much pressure on my prostate and the friction always kept me on edge.

His thrusting never let up, he always had staying power no matter how frantic his libido. His abs rubbed against my dick, adding my own stimulation, I wasn't going to last much longer. I dug my heels into his back as I felt my balls draw up. I shot my load between the two of us, coating our chests. He bent down and shoved his tongue inside my throat as I came.

My ass contracted around his dick, the strength behind his thrusts increased as they became more erratic. He shoved himself inside me a last time, trying to get as far as possible. His cock expanded even more, threatening to tear my up rectum. Searing hot blasts invaded my body as the tension inside me released all at once. His did too and he collapsed over me.

Johnny wrapped his arms around me. I could still feel his dick inside me, throbbing in time to his heart. He nuzzled my neck whispering "I love you's" into my ear as we just disintegrated into a lazy lull of post-sex bliss. This is our past, present and future. This was everything. This was us.

This was our place in the world.

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I love getting emails from my readers, just make sure you send me something other than flames, constructive criticism is very welcome as I still see myself as a novice writer.

If you'd like to learn about Johnny and Daryl's past and other potential characters that might appear in this story, go read Silent Hill, in the celebrity section!

You can email me at [eric.wythe@gmail.com](mailto:eric.wythe@gmail.com).