

## Chapter One

Mason MacIntyre would probably remember one particular morning in April for the rest of his life. He was standing in the kitchen in the two-bedroom, beachfront apartment he was sharing with his straight buddy, Todd. Mason was naked. Given that both Todd and he were nudists, that wasn't exactly noteworthy news.

What was unusual, however, was a tall, skinny, and very naked guy who sauntered into the kitchen. Mason had never seen this guy before. Other than the shock of finding a stranger in his kitchen, he couldn't help but notice the guy was extremely well-hung. Mason was straight. He had never exhibited even an inkling of interest in other men sexually. But this guy's dick? It would have been hard for anyone to miss.

It wasn't as if Mason hadn't glanced at other guys in the locker room at the gym, either now at his gym, or before in high school or college. It was a normal thing for straight guys to sort of check out the competition, right? He wasn't in the habit of feeling inferior to other men. He was on the high side of average in length and girth, and no woman had ever complained.

Still... this man was... wow. If Mason had ever wondered what the definition of "horse hung" meant, a perfect example was walking directly toward him. Or more accurately, swinging toward him. The man smiled, holding complete eye-contact with Mason, who at that point took his eyes off the guy's dick and looked up at him.

"Hi," Mr. Horse Hung said with a yawn. He nonchalantly scratched his pubes, stroked down on his cock—as if he *needed* fluffing for Christ's sake—and held out his hand. "You must be Mason. Todd said you'd have made coffee already. I'm Juan Carlos."

Mason ignored the offer of a handshake considering where Juan Carlos's right hand had just been. Instead, he wrenched his head in the direction of the coffeemaker. "Milks in the fridge, sugars on the counter," Mason informed Mr. Horse Hung, or rather Juan Carlos, and then proceeded out of the kitchen and onto the balcony of their fourth-floor apartment.

*What... the holy... fuck?* Mason thought, as he took a seat at the glass-topped dinette.

Mason was *not* a morning person. He'd slept with women who were all "up-and-at-'em" in the morning. It unnerved him for anyone—male or female—to be happy, peppy, and perky without their first cup of coffee. This was particularly true in Mason's world when a night of hot sex with a willing female sex partner had preceded said morning.

Sex was oozing off of Juan Carlos. It wasn't just his huge dick. It was... shit, now he was sounding like one of the women at the spa where he got his massages. He felt some kind of *energy* from the guy. It was weirding him out bigtime. Oh, sure. There had always been gay guys in his life—at the gym, on the track team, at the bar. He didn't care who slept with whom. Mason judged people and picked his friends on how they lived their lives, not who they fucked. Who cares one way or the other who some other man slept with if he's a decent guy?

*Who said Juan Carlos was gay? He might be some straight friend of Todd's I've never met? But why was he sleeping in Todd's room?*

Juan Carlos was... different. Mason realized he was feeling something, and he was not comfortable about where that anomaly was showing up. Not only was his own dick beginning to stand at attention, but his nipples were already hard. He shook his head and crossed his legs, effectively hiding—and hopefully discouraging—the growing erection between his legs.

*Fuck! What the hell's wrong with me?*

Mason turned around to see Juan Carlos heading back toward the bathroom, only to witness Todd meeting him halfway. Todd put his arm around the Latino's waist as he passed him, pulling his shorter naked body into Juan Carlos's slender, taller body, and practically raping the guy's mouth with his tongue. They finally released, producing identical shit-eating grins, as they separated. Juan Carlos was headed for the one-bathroom Todd and he shared. His roommate-slash-best-friend pulled a mug from the cupboard and poured himself a generous cup of coffee... black... no sugar, no cream.

“Morning!” Todd called out, greeting Mason as he sat down across from him on the balcony, acting as if the past two minutes were part of the normal morning routine they'd come to expect in their three years of living together. Mason had never seen his roommate completely hard, but Todd's dick was definitely headed in that direction... not that Mason noticed, of course.

“Good morning,” Mason answered, tilting his head to the side and raising his eyebrows. “Anything you'd like to... uh... *tell me, Todd?*”

Todd grinned and started to giggle. He also turned a shade of crimson Mason had not previously witnessed on his *straight* male roommate.

“Yeah... well...”

“Yeah... well... fuck!” shouted Mason. “Dude! WHAT... THE... FUCK?” He also kept his legs crossed, realizing that unfamiliar sensation had not subsided. Mr. Happy was *not* cooperating with Mason's attempts to keep him socially acceptable by nudists standards.

Todd sighed, frowned, then shook his head.

“I don't know what to say,” Todd admitted.

“You might want to think of something... quickly,” Mason countered with not just a little amount of frustration and confusion. “Did you suddenly turn queer or something? Do I need to put on clothes before you jump me, too, because it's pretty clear to me that you already did that last night with Juan Whatever last night!”

“Juan Carlos. And if you must know, *he jumped me.*”

“TMI. Totally TMI, dude!” Mason looked perplexed. “Wait... you mean he... with *that* thing?”

Mason shook his head and downed half of the cup in front of him. Then he continued shaking his head.

“Man,” Todd started, “Dude... I mean I’m surprised at all this as you. I’ve *never* been turned on by a guy, even by your awesome body and hot uncut cock.”

“Stop. The fact that you just described me that way... and that you made mention that I’m uncircumcised... is disturbing enough without having just met Mr. I’ve-Got-The-Biggest-Dick-In-The-World in our kitchen before my first cup of coffee.”

Todd started laughing as if he’d heard the funniest joke in the world.

“Dude, I really wish you could see your face!”

Todd reached out to squeeze Mason’s shoulder, but Mason pulled back.

“Don’t... touch... me. I don’t know where you’re coming from right now.”

Todd sat back, and the smirk left his face. He fixed his gaze downward at his coffee and nodded, a serious, almost pathetic expression on his face.

“I don’t blame you, Mase. I can’t imagine what you’re thinking right now.”

“Oh, I doubt that, *Todd*. I think you well aware of *exactly* what I’m thinking.”

“Yeah... shit. You’re probably right. So, how about I tell you what I think you’re thinking that you shouldn’t be thinking, even though I’m not quite sure what I’m thinking, and completely unsure of convincing you about something I don’t even understand myself?”

“We need more coffee,” was Mason’s response after hearing Todd’s offer and grabbing both their coffee mugs. Mr. Happy was beginning to cooperate, so he didn’t feel uncomfortable getting up. Mason refilled his and Todd’s mugs in the kitchen, threw out the used coffee filter, refilled a new filter after grinding some more coffee beans, and started another pot.

*I have a feeling we’re going to need this, and perhaps a third pot, too.*

Mason sat Todd’s mug down on the table in front of him with more force than he might normally have done. He then took his seat, took another gulp of coffee—burning his tongue in the process, which was the least of his worries—and glared directly at Todd.

“Talk.”

Todd held the mug to his lips, carefully sipping the hot liquid. He gently replaced it on the table, took a deep breath, and fixed his eyes at his roommate, sitting across from him.

“You know I’m straight, right?”

“Is that a trick question?” Mason responded without even a moment’s hesitation.

“Right... okay. So, don’t answer that. I’ll tell you instead. I’m straight... at least until yesterday, I thought I was.”

“And now?”

“Dude, after yesterday afternoon, evening, last night, and this morning...”

“*Again! TMI!*”

“Right... right. Sorry. Okay. You know I have girlfriends, nothing serious, of course, but I fuck a couple of chicks on a regular basis. I get tired of my right hand... sue me.”

Mason didn't move. He didn't nod. He didn't respond. He just kept looking at Todd with his eyes slightly squinting at him, not sure if he was angry or confused... or quite possibly both.

“I like women. I like pussy. I like feeling my dick in...”

“Yeah, yeah. Fine. I get it. You're a fucking machine. So am I. Get to the point if there is one.”

Todd's appearance changed completely. It wasn't frustration. It was fear. Pure, unadulterated panic.

“I met Juan Carlos yesterday afternoon. We just sort of bumped into each other... literally... while we were both trying to ride the same wave. He plowed right into me. I didn't even see him coming at me. The next thing I remember was him leaning over me on the beach while I was puking out half of the Pacific Ocean. He not only dragged me out of the water, but he recovered both our boards... after he gave me mouth-to-mouth.”

“Are you okay?” Mason asked with concern.

“Yeah, I'm fine. That's never happened to me before. Sure, I've swallowed my share of saltwater, but I've never half drowned myself.”

“Wait... he gave you mouth to mouth?”

“I need you more now than ever before, Mace. It felt the same as one of those girly *Hallmark* movies. If there could have been butterflies and birdies circling above us with an angelic orchestra playing, it couldn't have been more... again, please... *do not* laugh.”

“Okay... I promise... I think.”

“I kissed him.”

“You *what?*”

“Yes. Not the way you and I have sometimes kissed each other on the cheek when we're half looped out of our minds on a twelve-pack we've drunk together or high from sharing a joint or two... or three. I mean I fucking kissed the guy. I mean fucking *kissed* him. Tongues and all. Right there on the fucking beach as if it was normal or something. And, dude, I meant it. I wanted to kiss him.”

Mason had no response, which under the circumstances seemed the most appropriate course of action. He took another sip of his coffee, though he left the mug at his lips longer than he needed to do.

“Mase, the guy probably saved my fucking life.”

“I’m still trying to get over the fact that you kissed the guy right after vomiting, but I’ll think about that later... or not at all. Okay, so you’re grateful. You were very appreciative when I helped you get that last gig you were hoping for, but you sure as fuck didn’t French kiss me or take me to bed!”

They both chuckled at that. Then Todd turned somber and glanced at Mason.

“I could have. Looking back, I think I could have. I love ya, man, you know I do. There’s always been something special about our friendship. I’ve just never gone down that road with you... or any guy.”

“What are you saying?”

“After yesterday, after Juan Carlos, I think I may have been feeling things for you that I couldn’t admit to you... or to myself. Honestly, Mase, please don’t freak out on me. I need you, man. You’re my best friend, not just my roommate. I’m feeling shit I don’t understand.”

“I can see that,” Mason exhaled, with compassion for his friend... compassion that was nonexistent just minutes before. A bit of what Todd was explaining felt familiar to Mason, which was unnerving.

Todd was starting to shake. The reality of what he’d done was catching up to him. His roommate was terrified of what that all meant, and how it could affect their relationship as best friends. Mason didn’t think about it. He didn’t consider his next actions, or what they could mean for either of them. He stood up, pulled Todd up off his chair, and wrapped his arms around him. His roommate stood and collapsed into his arms. Todd then began to sob, the way he did when his grandma had died the year before, but with way more intensity than that. Mason didn’t care how it might have appeared if someone was watching them—they were naked, holding one another—nor did he give a shit when he realized he was rock hard, holding another man... who was also supporting a substantial boner.

*I guess Todd’s not the only guy around here who’s confused right now.*

As it happened, someone *was* watching them.

Juan Carlos.

The third man in the condo stood in the middle of the living room, coffee mug in his hand, and with a wet towel draped low across his slim hips. The outline of his manhood was undeniably apparent underneath the towel.

“You fucking bitch!” he screamed at Todd. “You said you were straight!”

“I...” started Todd, attempting to release Mason from their embrace and move toward Juan Carlos. Mason held on, however, not allowing Todd to move.

“Whatever!” Juan Carlos slammed his mug on the kitchen counter and turned to stomp back into the bedroom. Seconds later, he was back in the living room, board shorts on, shirtless, and

stepping into his flip-flops as he headed toward the door. “I shouldn’t have saved your miserable life, you fucking asshole—*¡pendejo!*”

With that, the front door slammed, shaking the framed photos on the wall next to the door.

Mason pushed a strand of hair away from Todd’s forehead, smiled down at him, shook his head, and drew him back into their first and most likely last naked embrace.

“I think, Todd, a second date with Juan Carlos may be out of the question.”