

Encounter: Need

Bryl R. Tyne

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Need

“What’s the matter?” Kyle stroked my cheek, tucked a swath of too-long hair behind my left ear as he leaned over me, moved closer.

I dropped my head, felt more than recognized my eyes sliding shut.

“Come on, Ryan. You can tell me.”

That was the problem. “I shouldn’t have to.”

He gave up trying, plopped onto his back with a grunt on the carpet next to me. I twisted onto my side, stretched out beside him... tentatively, rested my head on his chest. His heart beat out a war cry as I held a silent stare-down with its enigmatic leader. I wrapped my hand around him, stroked slowly over the rigid flesh in my palm, a show of appreciation for at least trying. His pulse kicked up a notch as I picked up my stroke. I turned my head just enough to kiss his chest, pull one of his nipples between my lips, tease it between my teeth.

“Fuck yeah...”

His voice sounded gravely, in need of moisture, in need -- period. I bit down, eliciting a shout of surprise, with a lift of his hips and a thrust into my grip that screamed, *Don't stop!* in a more than urgent way. I pumped faster, released his nipple, and licked, spreading a generous swath of saliva around it.

“Fuck, Ryan...”

I slid my other hand under his ass, urging him off the carpet, and found my destination as he half settled -- half lamented resting cockeyed across my arm. I cupped his balls, tight at first, easing up on the pressure as I continued to jerk him off. “You want this?” I asked, as I slid my tongue down his stomach and flicked it out, teasing the head of his dick with each upward glide of my hand.

“Ryan -- Don’t -- You know, I --”

I licked my lips, took the head of that needy dick in my mouth. He pounded the carpet with his fist, while he played touch-n-go with the top of my head with his other hand as if conflicted about what to do with me. I felt sorry for him in a sense. I mean, if some guy wrapped his lips around my dick, I’d know what to do.

After a couple of minutes of what I could gather only as soul-searching, Kyle grabbed my head; rough and commanding, he showed me exactly how he wanted it.

“God yes... Fuck.”

I held on for the ride, let him take what he needed -- which didn’t take long. Back arched, he hesitated for just a second, then eased up on my head. I wasted no time milking him through his succession of jerky shudders.

“Damn, Ryan,” was all he said, as I pulled off him and he pulled me up and into his arms.

Tucked into his embrace, I ground against him.

“You’re great,” he said as he blindly traced, with one finger, the scars on my back. “Don’t worry. We’ll find you a guy willing to give you everything you need.”

I moved to lick his neck. He met me halfway, capturing my lips with his, taking my hard-on in hand. *Please -- God -- Yes...*

“I can’t do it, Ry.” Kyle pulled back, met my gaze. “I can’t give you that.”

I bucked into his hand, over and over. He stroked, matched my rhythm with a seeming desire to please. “Is that good?” he asked, breathless from our awkward position.

Is it -- what? I think I nodded. At that point the connection between body and mind was gone. "Don't. Stop..."

Despite the sweat, despite any discomfort, Kyle kept going, stroking me to completion. With a shout of gratitude, I let it fly, covering his chest with my load. I rocked slowly to a halt, relaxed against him. His arms encircled me, pulled me close as my lips found his. In the deafening silence that surrounded us, I tried once again to communicate my need.

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