

Your name is Antony Y. Mous, although the ones who know you call you Anon. You're 21 years old, have been out in world since you were 19, and had broken free of a years long depression about six months ago. Your secret; you got into religion. You joined a church, started attending every Sunday, and got active in your community. Now, your days off work consist of soup kitchen duty, charitable construction, canned-goods drives, and church functions. Frankly, life's never been better for you. You feel a sense of purpose on every stride, and people you don't even know greet you as you pass. You feel like a pillar of the community, rather than a drain.

That brings you to now. You stand before the doors of your local church, bible in hand. It's a Wednesday, about four in the afternoon. A cool breeze blows down the street, the chill of winter still hanging on by the nails as spring comes on. You breathe in, and open the door.

The main room of the church is large, about a hundred and fifty feet from the front door to the altar with a thirty-foot ceiling. The pews go in two rows, with two aisles on either side and a third down the center. The lighting is soft, and the building is warmer, lending it a cozy atmosphere. You make your way around the back of the room, off towards the left. There's a door there, a slab of solid oak with a worn brass handle. You open it and cross the threshold.

The other side is unlike the main congregation area of the church. It's more akin to a school, with its white painted walls and fluorescent lighting. A long hallway stretches the length of the building, with even spaced doors at intervals. On Sundays, those rooms are for Sunday school, but on Wednesdays, they're used for what you're there for; bible study. You walk down the hall, passing closed rooms until you come to room thirty-one, and enter.

"Afternoon, Anon!" A voice calls to you. The owner of said voice, is sat in an office chair at the center of the room, with another empty chair across from him. He's a bunny, his coat white with spots of blonde. He's twenty-three the last you knew, but he doesn't stand an inch over 5'9. His name is Cameron, though he goes by Cam. He was actually one of the first people you got to know when you starting going to church.

You remember how nervous you felt when you attended for the first time. You'd picked a seat at the back, on a pew that had nobody else on it. The irony's not lost on you now; that you'd gone for connection to something and had unwittingly isolated yourself once again. But that was averted when Cam sat down next to you.

He was wearing his Sunday best; a pair of slacks and a pastel pink button up tee. He smiled as you turned to look at him. It's like that smile was contagious, as you couldn't help but feel at ease, to smile too.

"You're a new face around here. I'm Cameron, but I go by Cam. Pleased to meet you!" He said, beaming at you with that damn smile of his. You introduced yourself, and made small talk until the service started. And when the service was finished, the both of you exchanged contacts and bid one another farewell.

The next you'd met was at a church charity function the following Tuesday. It was a work charity, to build a house for a homeless family in town. You'd gone because of your experience with carpentry, being the son of a carpenter by trade yourself. And who else was there, but Cam? You remember how he was struggling with a skill-saw, trying to cut a two-by-four on a sawhorse to length. It was obvious that he was terrified of the thing, but by God he tried.

You made your presence known and offered to help him with that, much to his gratitude. You both talked as you double-checked his measurements, and found them to be correct, before you began to cut the lumber. It turned out that this was his first time doing any construction, as this was the church's first time doing such a thing. As the two of you were assembling the wood into a section of wall frame, he managed to get your story of you. You still remember what it was he said to you when he finished.

"You're good people Anon. I'm here for you if you need help, any time."

There are a lot of memories from there on. He taught you a thing or two about cooking when you both worked at the soup kitchen, and you've actually gotten pretty good at it. You taught him some more carpentry when the two of you worked on another construction project with the church. You'd gotten closer and closer as the months went on, always showing up to functions and charity works as a unit. He'd even asked you a couple of times if there was a woman in the picture and, much to your disappointment, you've had to tell him there wasn't yet. It had made you curious as to why there wasn't a woman in *his* life, what with his winning personality, though you've never asked.

You sit down in the seat across from him, and open your bible. He's wearing that same outfit he was when you met, with the black slacks and pink button-up. He crosses one leg over his other knee, and opens the bible in his lap, flipping through the pages for a moment before arriving at the right spot.

"We left off on Ecclesiastes 4:10, right?" Cam asks, looking up at you. The most curious thing about Cameron is the way that he sets your chest a-flutter at moments like these, when it's just the two of you, and he looks into your eyes. The best you can manage is to flip to your bookmark to confirm, and then nod an affirmative to him. "Then how about we start with 4:9?" He replies. He clears his throat, and begins to read.

"Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor." Cam reads. "For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth, and hath not another to lift him up." His voice is soft as he reads. It always is, even when he's calling across a worksite to get your attention. You're half convinced that he *can't* properly yell at this point. It sets you at ease, reassures you enough to open up around others. That is, around others. One on one, it only exacerbates the fluttering in your chest. You can feel it creeping up on you now.

"Again, if two lie together, then they have warmth; but how can one be warm alone?" He says. Frankly, you're not paying attention at that point. You're locked up, left with that butterfly sensation in your gut. Mostly, you're racking your brain for an explanation, a reason for this feeling every time you're alone together, trying to make sense of it.

"Anon, are you alright?"

The words cut through your daze like a razor, and you snap back to focus. He's looking at you, an eyebrow raised in apparent confusion. Those brown eyes of his draw you in like a pit, and you can't tear your own eyes from the round edges of his face. You snap back again when his eyes drift downward.

Something twitches. There's a tightness in your own slacks. Your stomach falls out from under you as the realization dawns. You go red in the face, your skin heating unbearably with embarrassment. You sputter out an apology as you fold in on yourself, trying to hide your rapidly pitching tent. Furthermore, you can't tell what's worse, the clawing terror that you're about to lose the only close friendship you've had in years, or what this says about you. Your mind is swirling, revolving at a thousand rotations a second, circling the drain like-

A weight settles on your lap. For the second time in the last five minutes, you snap back. Cam is sitting in your lap. There's a smirk on his face as he looks back and up at you. The free-falling sensation in your gut fades, but the butterflies remain.

"You can't seem to focus Anon. Maybe you'll pay a little more attention if I'm... a little closer, hm?" Cam says, a teasing edge to his voice. He leans back into you, allowing you to read along from his own bible over his shoulder. He picks up where he left off. "And if a man prevail against him that is alone, two shall withstand him; and a threefold cord is not quickly broken." Cam reads. As he finishes the verse, he shifts a little in his impromptu seat. A bolt of sensation shoots up your spine at the unexpected movement.

"Better is a poor and wise youth than an old and foolish king, who knoweth not how to receive admonition any more." He continues. Cam's shifting has turned into full-on grinding, his hips gyrating forward and back as he teases you. "For out of prison he came forth to be king; yea, even in his

kingdom he was born poor.” Cam narrates. “I saw all the living that walk under the sun, that they were with the youth, the second, that stood up in his stead.”

You can’t help but take in Cam’s figure as you listen to him read. You two have joked back and forth more than you can count, things like the whole ‘How’s the weather up there?’, ‘Not bad, what about down there?’ bit, but now all you’re thinking about is how he fits in your lap like a precision-fitted puzzle piece. He’s not too heavy, his weight causing you no discomfort; in fact, the plushness of his ass and thighs make it quite comfortable. Between that closeness and the grinding, you’re stuck at his mercy.

“There was no end of all the people, even of all them over whom he was: yet they that come after shall not rejoice in him. Surely this also is vanity and a striving after wind.” Cam finished. He closes his bible with one hand, and sets it down on his own lap, before he turns his head to look up at you. His own face is flushed, a prominent blush making its way across his features.

“Say, how’s about we leave off there Anon, just pick up Ecclesiastes five next Wednesday?” He asks, punctuating the question with a drawn out grind. You nod. As the whole event has gone on, the butterflies in your stomach haven’t left; rather, they’ve started to feel okay, to feel right. Heat creeps up to the surface all over your body as Cam gets up off your lap, and bends over in front of you. You can hear the clinking of his belt unclasping, and then the rustle of cloth as he undoes his slacks. Slowly, he pulls them down, revealing the hem of his underwear.

As the pants creep down, you can see that they’re pink, made of a thin and breathable fabric. It’s only as the slacks get down to his knees that you realize that they’re panties. Cam allows the pants to fall to the floor, before stepping out of them and looking back at you. His eyes are half lidded, his lips slightly parted as he softly pants. He turns back to you, and undoes the top button of his shirt. His hips slowly gyrate as he methodically removes the shirt, one button at a time. By the time he reaches the bottom, your erection is straining almost painfully against the confines of your clothes. And it would seem that you aren’t the only one; his own member is outlined starkly in the fabric of his panties. He stops his gyrations as he allows his shirt to follow his pants.

Cam kneels in front of you, gently pushing your knees apart as he places his hands on your thighs. His touch feels electric, even through your clothes. Your body feels like it’s lighting up, and the very fibers of your being are drawn taut like a rope under tension. His hands slowly go for the button of your pants, his fingers trailing over the cloth. Cam undoes the button, before slowly pulling down the zip. The cloaked figure of your manhood peeks from the slit in the garment, bouncing in time with your heartbeat. He reaches out and runs a finger along the side of your throbbing erection, sending shiver through you.

He gingerly hooks his fingers under the hem of your boxers, and pulls them down. Your manhood bursts free of its confinement, bared for the bunny knelt before you to see. He wraps his fingers around your cock, soaking in its warmth and feeling the beat of your heart through it. His index finger trails up, and teases the rim of your cock-head, as his thumb brushes over your frenulum. You let out a gasp at the sensation, and Cam giggles.

“If you want to stop, then don’t hesitate to speak up Anon” Cam says, slowly inching closer to your cock. He stops for a moment, waiting for you to voice your objections. The sight of Cam, knelt down in front of you with an erection peeking through the top of his panties, makes it click for you. You reach out, run a hand along his cheek, and tell him to go ahead.

He leans in, face to face with your dick. You can feel his hot breath on it, each puff of warm air sending you quivering like a plucked string. He goes low, placing a long, slow lick from the base of your shaft up to the head. It nearly makes you jump out of your seat, but you manage to stay still. At the top, he angles down and takes your cock into his mouth.

It’s warm, and slick. You moan out loud as he takes you all the way to the base without so much as a gag. You meet his eyes as he looks up at you and sways his ass back and forth. After a few seconds he comes back up, swirling his tongue around your dick the whole way. With just one breath he’s back

down, his throat contracting and massaging your length. Your hands are clenched on the armrests of the chair. With every stroke your breath hitches, and every little switch-up in his rhythm makes you gasp. You dimly register his other hand leaving your thigh, going down beneath the chair before he starts moaning around your length.

That's what does it for you; you can feel your peak approaching faster now. You try to warn him before you explode, but it's no use, every synapse and nerve is already preoccupied with the head that you're getting. The most you can do is put a hand on his head, a warning to slow down.

Cam hilt, taking you down to the base. You can feel your pelvic floor clench as you shoot a rope of cum down his throat, drawing a moan from him as the warm liquid spurts out. You loose another shot, then a third. He begins to pull up, taking a fourth spurt of cum in his mouth. You member pops free of his lips, and he takes it in his free hand with a practiced speed, pumping it at breakneck pace to coax another two ropes of hot jizz out onto his tongue. Before the semen on his tongue has even settled, he's wrapped his lips around just the head of your cock, sucking the last straggling drops from it and twirling his tongue around your manhood, lapping at every square inch he could reach. Finally, he slips your length from his mouth, and looks up into your eyes; he swallows down the load you'd given him.

Even so soon after it's ended, your erection begins to deflate, so thoroughly was it drained. You slump back into the chair as he rises to his feet. He once again plants himself in your lap, snuggling in close to you as he pants and coos. You can't help but notice that his own dick and balls are up over the hem of those pink panties, his cock twitching and balls pulsing in time with his heartbeat, leaking a glob of pre-cum every second or so. His entire length is slick with it, enough that it reflects the lights. You dimly realize that he never got off.

You wrap your own hand around his length, and begin to quietly jerk him off. The ample lubrication from his arousal makes it easy, your practically glides as it makes lewd slicking noise. He lets out a little "pee!" and puts his face to your chest, taking a fistful of your shirt in each hand. You can hear his muffled moans as you work his length up and down, and you can feel him thrusting slightly with your rhythm. In all of ten seconds, his moans pick up, first a little but quickly escalating to a muffled near-scream as his legs spasm.

The tip peeking out the top of your grip shoots a string of cum, followed by another and another. It comes in waves as his moans reach their highest intensity. He's wiggling his butt back and forth in your lap as the last couple strings of pearly white fluid shoot out onto the floor, and he lets go of your shirt. He's loose, his limbs flop like a stuffed animal. His eyes are half glazed as he stares through yours. He's got a goofy little smile as he pants, the occasional hint of a chuckle making its way through. His eyes eventually focus, looking deep into yours.

"I should've told you, but I didn't let myself finish for a reason Anon. I can get a little loud." Cam says, as he reaches up and wraps his arms around your shoulders. "I wasn't expecting you to finish me off. What a gentleman.~" He finishes, before locking lips with you.

Your heart nearly explodes out of your chest as he kisses you. You're stunned for a beat, absolutely unsure of what to do now. Then, the final piece clicks into place; you think you may have fallen in love. Deciding that you're already winning the proverbial game of gay chicken, you reciprocate. Without meaning to, you also give his half-hard member a pump, and he moans into you.

When the two of you finally separate, he speaks.

"I'm not going to be able to get dressed for a little bit Anon. I get real sensitive afterwards, wouldn't be able to sit still with even panties on." Cam says. "You want to just sit and cuddle 'till study time's over?"

What else could you say but yes? He brings his legs up, tucking them in close as you wrap your arms around him. You decide to maybe ask him out on a date. That is, after bible study's up. For now, you bask in the afterglow with your lover.