

Zeggy's ears perked up as he heard the telltale rhythmic thrumming of the garage door. Soon after he heard the sound of a car engine firing up followed once more by the steady drone of the garage door. Zeggy paused the game and dashed towards his window. Sure enough he could see his parents' car vanishing over the hill on its way towards the commercial district. A lecherous grin spread across his face as he turned back around to look at his best pal who was spending the week with him.

"What's up Zeggy?" Alkaline asked curiously. He had been too engrossed in the video game to notice the external noises and so had no idea what it was that had Zeggy so excited.

"We've got the place to ourselves." Zeggy replied with a lascivious chuckle.

"Oh? That's nice." Alkaline replied conversationally.

"No. You don't get it. It's just the two of us. Two friends, some might even say boyfriends, alone in a room with nothing but a bed between them." Zeggy explained. He was practically hyperventilating with pervish glee.

"Well, there's plenty of room beside me if you want to sit up here while we finish our game." Alkaline responded and patted the bed beside him.

"What...? No! I'm not saying I'm tired of sitting on the floor. I'm trying to seduce you!" Zeggy sputtered.

"I know that." Alkaline replied with a bored sigh, even going so far as to roll his eyes for emphasis. "But you could try doing it normally for once, like 'hey. Let's make out.' Instead of making it sound like the set-up for a soap opera or murder mystery."

"I don't want to make out." Zeggy huffed defensively. "I'm ready! Let's go all the way!"

Alkaline raised his eyebrows in genuine surprise. He and Zeggy had fooled around a lot in the past, but they had yet to make the leap to actual sex. The furthest they had ever gotten was some passionate kissing and heavy petting. "What? Now?" Alkaline asked in surprise.

"Yes now!" Zeggy shouted. "We've got probably an hour before they get back. That's plenty of time!"

Alkaline shrugged and began to unbutton his shirt. "Ok." He said flatly.

"O..k...?" Zeggy replied in stunned shock.

"Yeah. We've been an item for months now. Why not?" Alkaline said casually as he set his neatly folded shirt onto the dresser and began to slide down his jeans.

"Well... Yes... Of course... I mean... but really?" Zeggy sputtered. His normally purple face was turning shades of magenta as the blood flushed to his cheeks.

Alkaline folded his jeans and added them to the stack with his shirt. "Yes. Really." Alkaline said casually. "Now are you gonna strip too? It'd be kind of silly if it's just me hanging around naked." Alkaline added.

"Um... Yes... Of course. Of course we will. I will. We will do it. The thing. And I will strip. Strip N.... Strip N.... Na...." Zeggy sputtered nervously.

"I've seen you naked before." Alkaline cut in.

"I know that!" Zeggy huffed indignantly. "But that was gym class. We were all naked there, and I wasn't... you know..." Zeggy fumbled over the words for a moment before making a swift fist pump gesture which was the universal bro-code sign language for "solid".

"But you are going to get naked, right?" Alkaline asked casually as he balled up his socks and added them to the neat stack of clothes.

"O- Oh course!" Zeggy squeaked indignantly. "I just... It's the first time. I want to make sure I do it right!" Zeggy stammered. His face was turning even darker shades of reddish purple as his arousal took over. He could feel his shorts getting tighter as his dick swelled to life. Zeggy's eyes kept drifting lower across his pal's exposed chest. Alkaline was so ridiculously hot. Zeggy's mind and eyes cooperated to take a long, lurid catalogue of Alkaline's awesome assets. Alkaline's lean, tanned chest showcased his lithe musculature perfectly. Alkaline's toned pecs had just enough of an overhang to be impressive but not nearly enough to seem douchey. His lean, cut abs seemed to flex of their own volition as Alkaline stood there patiently waiting for Zeggy's eyes to finish undressing him before Alkaline finished the task himself. Zeggy's eyes caught sight of Alkaline's thick, reddish brown treasure trail. Alkaline was a textbook case of someone whose carpets matched their drapes, and Zeggy couldn't wait to see the rest of that dense, tussled bush and the thick schlong that dangled beneath revealed for his viewing pleasure.

"Alright." Alkaline responded with a shrug. He then casually stepped out of his boxers leaving him completely nude. Zeggy emitted a high pitched gasp that sounded more like someone had just popped a hole in a tire. Zeggy's eyes practically popped out of his skull as Alkaline's huge, thick cock swung free and dangled enticingly before him. Zeggy had 'accidentally' seen it once or twice in the locker rooms, but it looked bigger than he had remembered. No doubt Alkaline was getting a little chubbed up from his strip show and Zeggy's lusty glares. Alkaline didn't like to show it much, but he did actually enjoy the attention, especially when it was Zeggy who was giving it to him.

Zeggy's own dick was getting plenty chubbed up in the confines of his boxer briefs. Zeggy wanted to just leap clean out of his clothes like Lupin the Third, but he had promised Alkaline a show and he intended to deliver.

"Sit down." Zeggy uttered hurriedly as he gestured towards the bed. Alkaline cocked an eyebrow questioningly but went along with his pal's command. Zeggy then strode over directly in front of Alkaline and took a deep breath as he steeled his resolve. Alkaline merely sat there with a bemused smirk on his face as he waited for Zeggy to make good on his promise.

A furtive grin played at the corners of Zeggy's lips as he slowly, seductively, sensually pulled down the zipper on his hoodie revealing the loose, black and white striped T-shirt that was crammed underneath. The loose shirt was actually less flattering for Zeggy's figure than the hoodie was, but the oversized neckline did give some fleeting glimpses of Zeggy's lean chest and pronounced collarbone.

Once the zipper was down, Zeggy haphazardly chucked the jacket over his shoulder without even bothering to look at where he was aiming. He heard the telltale sound of plastic smacking against

his wooden desktop. He cringed instinctively, but at least he knew that that glass was empty so he could wait until later to clean it up.

Alkaline shot Zeggy two playful thumbs up to indicate that he was enjoying the show and that Zeggy should keep going. Zeggy relaxed slightly and nodded silently at his boyfriend. After another brief pause to catch his breath and steady his nerves, Zeggy then slipped his thumbs under the waistband of his loose, basketball shorts and slowly, sexily began to slide them down. Zeggy even went so far as to swish his hips seductively as the waistband of the shorts slid ever so slowly downward, revealing the neon green boxer briefs that Zeggy was wearing and the pronounced bulge of his semi-boned cock.

Once his shorts were about down to his knees, Zeggy dropped the act and his gym shorts. The shiny, metallic black fabric pooled quickly around his ankles. Zeggy tried to step gracefully out of the discarded shorts, but his pants had other ideas. His toes got caught in the waistband as he stepped causing his foot to snag midstride. Zeggy lurched awkwardly to the side and stumbled frantically for a moment before finally regaining his balance.

Zeggy blushed even harder than before causing his already dark, magenta colored face to take on a far more scarlet hue. He let out a soft, embarrassed chuckle as he scratched the back of his neck awkwardly. Alkaline was quick to provide the moral support that he knew Zeggy would be needing about now. The toned, tanned earthling gave a soft, cheerful round of applause for his purple pal's flawless recovery.

Zeggy flashed a grateful, albeit slightly furtive smile at his bestie and then returned to his task. Zeggy was too nervous for words so he silently went about his striptease. His next task was removing his shirt, which was easier said than done. There was just no way to seductively remove a T-shirt... at least no way that Zeggy knew of.

He figured his best bet was to do it like he had done his other garments; that is start at the farthest point from his target and slowly work his way back the other direction. He crossed his arms in front of him and grabbed the lower hem of his shirt on either side and slowly began to peel his shirt upwards, revealing his slim, slender midriff for his bud's lurid perusal. Alkaline playfully clapped his hands as Zeggy continued his sensual striptease.

It was going so well until Zeggy's hands got to about his shoulders. It was then that he realized the error of his ways. His arms were folded in front of his chest and tangled in his T-shirt. The easiest solution would have been to lower the hem back down and go about the act of disrobing in another fashion, but Zeggy's pride and determination quickly threw that idea out the window. He flailed and thrashed awkwardly as he tried to pull his shirt ever higher upward. By sheer force of will Zeggy was able to wrench his t-shirt up, over his head, but the neck hole was proving to be a tenacious foe. Zeggy was now trapped with his elbows pointed skyward, and his fists around his ears, and his shirt wrapped around his head like Shelob's web. Zeggy thrashed and flailed harder and he struggled to free himself from his self-inflicted, cloth stockade.

"Hold on. Calm down. Let me help you." Alkaline cooed softly as he tried to calm his boyfriend down enough to help Zeggy out of his shirt. Zeggy paid him no mind and continued to flail. It wasn't until Alkaline was literally up on Zeggy that Zeggy began to calm down. Zeggy felt the warm, gentle caress of Alkaline's hands on his chest, but more importantly he felt the hot, rigid bumping of Alkaline's boned up

cock against his side. It was a completely accidental, but it was enough to send Zeggy's brain into hormonal overload. "I just touched the ding!" Zeggy screamed internally. His thrashing stopped abruptly; Zeggy stood up straight and stiff, but nowhere near as straight or as stiff as his dong was spronging.

"There we go." Alkaline cooed softly as he pulled Zeggy's shirt up and over his now paralyzed boyfriend's head. Zeggy remained standing in the awkward, hunched over pose he had been in while his mind was buffering. His hormones were going full tilt, as was his dick. His cock was now so rigid that it practically ached with the need for release. His fully-boned wang was cramped uncomfortably inside of his bright green boxer briefs. His need to rock out with his cock out finally began to supersede his mental meltdown on account of his close encounter of the lurid kind.

Zeggy quickly perked back up and made exaggerated shooing gestures towards his bemused, boyfriend. "Shoo. Git. Seat!" Zeggy barked nervously. The purple tinged spaceman was shuddering on account of his nerves and natural urges. Alkaline chuckled softly, but dutifully took his seat to watch the rest of the show unfold.

Zeggy nervously began to chew on his lower lip as he hooked his thumbs in the waistband of his tightly packed boxer briefs. Already the front of his shorts were beginning to dampen from the slight trickle of pre that had begun to seep from his rigid cock. Ever so slowly he scooted the waistband downward. He was torn between his desire to just rip the garment clean from his slim frame and get straight to boning his boyfriend and taking his sweet time and savoring the looks Alkaline was giving him as he continued his seductive striptease.

Soft tufts of Zeggy's blond bush began to poke out over the waistband as the shorts made their slow, sensual journey ever downwards, but Alkaline wasn't paying much attention to that. He was too fixated on his lover's face. Zeggy had a look that was a mix of sheer determination, raw, visceral arousal, and awkward, bashful uncertainty that Alkaline found undeniably hot. Alkaline's gaze zoomed in on the features of his purple pal's sweet face. The way Zeggy chewed nervously on his lower lip drove Alkaline wild. The way the corners of Zeggy's lips twitched and curved into an awkward smile filled Alkaline's heart with a desire to rush forward and hug his best bud. The way Zeggy's normally lavender cheeks now burned a deep, eggplant purple made Alkaline desire to feel the warmth of his boyfriend's face as he kissed it passionately, but Alkaline's romantic catalogue of his lover's features was suddenly derailed.

"H-Hey!..." Zeggy squeaked in jittery indignation. "E... Eyes down here!"

Alkaline let out a bemused sigh and flashed an apologetic smile as he forced his gaze to drift downward towards his boyfriend's still-covered boner. Zeggy's shorts had traveled down so low that the waistband now rested directly atop the base of his cock revealing the full patch of fuzzy, blond bush and causing his dick to jut uncomfortably forward. Alkaline had seen Zeggy's dick many times before, and although he did like the look of it, his eyes tended to enjoy to soak up other parts of his lover's violet visage. Still, Alkaline understood how big of a deal this was to Zeggy, and so he forced himself to focus on the big reveal to put Zeggy's mind at ease. Alkaline even went so far as to pat out a dramatic drumroll upon his knees as he intently watched the curtains rise... or the pants fall as the case may be.

Zeggy couldn't back down now, especially not after making Alkaline focus on him like he had. There was nothing left to do but to fly his colors at full staff. Zeggy took a long, deep breath and took a

moment to steady his shuddering hands and soothe his trembling nerves. He could feel himself beginning to lose his nerve, but he knew there was no way he could back out now. Zeggy clenched his eyes shut and yanked the waistband down. His dick lurched down hard along with his shorts before finally slipping free and springing back up to its full upright and locked position like a diving board in use.

He had done it... so now what? Zeggy hadn't thought this far ahead. He stood there awkwardly hunched over with his hands and boxers clustered around his knees while he tried to process his next move. Realizing that his moral support was once again necessary, Alkaline began clapping enthusiastically for his buddy. Without even thinking, Zeggy stood back up straight and nervously rubbed the back of his neck while he soaked up the adulation of his southern beau.

"So... Does this mean it's time?" Zeggy asked uncertainly.

"Only if you're ready." Alkaline responded sympathetically.

"O...Of course I am!" Zeggy squeaked defiantly. There's no way in hell he'd back down from chance to take the proverbial (and literal) plunge straight into Alkaline's sweet ass. "Just hold that pose." Zeggy added quickly as he turned to hobble off towards his desk.

Zeggy had not thought his next move through all the way which was evidenced by his bright green boxer briefs which were clumped unceremoniously around his ankles like a prisoner's manacle. He had to scoot and shimmy his way across the room on account of the limited mobility his incomplete act of disrobing afforded him. What was supposed to be a sultry stroll ended up being closer to a zombie shamble.

Zeggy finally wised up and stepped out of his boxers. The first foot went smoothly, but the other foot was proving to be a bit more stubborn. His skivvies clung tenaciously to his ankle no matter how hard he shook and kicked. He began to jibber vague insults under his breath as he kicked and thrashed harder in hopes of shaking loose the offending garment. The act caused his cock to wobble and his balls to bounce enticingly for Alkaline's viewing pleasure.

Zeggy gave one last hard kick which sent his shorts hurtling across the room where they made direct contact with Alkaline's smirking face. The neon undies collided with dull fwap and hung there for a brief second before slowly sliding down Alkaline's face. Zeggy froze dead in his tracks and stared in horror as his pre-moistened shorts made their raunchy road trip across his Alkaline's finer features. To Zeggy's surprised, Alkaline reached up and held the shorts to his face as he let out a soft, sultry moan.

Alkaline was never really a fan of such lewd actions, but he was not above jerking Zeggy around. His only regret was that he was unable to see his pal's face which was no doubt reaching ultraviolet colors. Alkaline slowly slid the shorts down just far enough to reveal one of his eyes while keeping the fabric clustered over his nose and mouth. He flashed Zeggy a saucy wink with his one exposed eye which caused the jumpy spaceman to emit a soft whimper of pure hormonal overload. It was too much for Alkaline to take. He dropped the neon undies, revealing that he was not sucking on the fabric at all but was in fact grinning from ear to ear like a Cheshire cat.

"S-screw you." Zeggy muttered.

"That's the plan." Alkaline replied with hearty, mirthful chuckle.

Zeggy gave a half-hearted grumble of annoyance and shuddered with anticipation as he turned to continue rummaging through his desk. A moment later he spun back around and raised a clear bottle high above his head as if he had just pulled it from the master chest in a Zelda temple. Alkaline cocked an eyebrow curiously, but he didn't bother asking what it was for; he already had a pretty good idea. Zeggy popped the lid and began hastily squirting inordinate amounts of the clear liquid straight onto his dick.

"Zeggy. What are you doing?" Alkaline asked flatly.

"What's it look like? I'm lubing up." Zeggy replied excitedly.

"I can see that, but who said that you were going to top today?" Alkaline sassed back.

"My house, my rules." Zeggy retorted brattily.

"Zeggy..." Alkaline chided playfully. "That's not how it works. I am your guest, and you are my host. There's a thing called hospitality."

"Just because I open my home doesn't mean I gotta open my hole." Zeggy huffed indignantly as he plopped down on the bed beside Alkaline.

"Still, it means you should at least give your guest the option." Alkaline replied.

"Well I've already lubed up so it's a little late for debate." Zeggy sassed dismissively.

"Well, if you don't want to debate about it, I guess it can't be helped..." Alkaline replied with a shrug.

"See? I knew you'd see it my way." Zeggy responded matter-of-factly. Zeggy was too focused on rubbing the slick liquid into his dick to pay any attention to Alkaline and was therefore completely oblivious to the devious smirk that had spread across his brown haired buddy's lips

"I guess we'll just have to rattle for it." Alkaline stated plainly, finishing his previous thought and turning to tackle his boyfriend before Zeggy even had time to so much as react. Zeggy only had time to utter a confuse "wu-!?" before Alkaline was on top of him. In less a second Alkaline had a firm grip on both of Zeggy's wrists and had Zeggy's pinned beneath him.

Zeggy squirmed and fidgeted ineffectively beneath his bigger and buffer buddy. Alkaline not only had Zeggy beat for size and strength but skill as well. There was no way that Zeggy was getting out from under the tackle, but he wasn't about to admit defeat.

"H-hey... come on. That's not fair." Zeggy whined as he continued to squirm. The worst part about his position was how great it felt. His own body was working against him. Alkaline's bigger, thicker dick was pinned directly against his own. With every shift and shimmy Zeggy made, his fully-boned, lube-slicked cock would grind against Alkaline's thick cock. The pleasure was maddening, and Zeggy could feel himself getting weaker and his desire to resist waning as his arousal took over.

"One..." Alkaline counted off playfully.

"S-Stop counting!" Zeggy squeaked defiantly. "I demand a do over! I wasn't ready!"

"Two..." Alkaline continued to count. He was grinning from ear to ear as he watched Zeggy squirm beneath him, but it wasn't because he was enjoying overpowering his boyfriend like this. He just wanted to see how far he could take the joke. Plus the sight of Zeggy's flushed face just a few inches from his own as well as the soft, erotic moans escaping from the back of the purple Ollice's throat was hot as hell.

"F-fine... you want a fight? I'll teach you to mess with an Ollice." Zeggy tried to sass back defiantly, but he was too aroused to really shout. Instead his voice came out as a soft whine punctuated by sensual sighs and moans.

Zeggy continued to half-heartedly thrash and shift, but he was losing both his strength and his desire to fight by the second. "C'mon guys..." He whined pitifully. "Guys...?"

Alkaline was no longer bothering to even count now. He just rested there and held Zeggy down while he watched on in mute, bemused fascination as Zeggy continued to whine and coo. Alkaline was overcome with the desire to just shower his boyfriend in kisses, but he resisted. Zeggy was just so adorable as he writhed in the throes of hormone addled bliss that Alkaline felt it'd be a shame to interfere. He opted instead to gently rock his hips back and forth and grind their cocks together which just drove Zeggy even wilder.

"A...Accio tentacles..." Zeggy moaned softly as he continued to squirm and writhe. "F-fly web, fly..." He murmured in a voice that was just barely above a breathy sigh.

Zeggy's mind was floating in a fog of hormones. He never did have much control over his tentacles, but he'd thought for sure he'd get at least one of them to show by now. "Please?" he whined pitifully. As if answering his plea, Zeggy could feel one of his velveteen tendrils slithering its way through the covers beneath him.

"H-hehe...heh..." Zeggy chuckled breathlessly. "You're gonna get it now." He gloated triumphantly. His victory speech would have been much more intimidating had he been coherent enough to put any emphasis on it. Instead it came out as a soft, whispered murmur almost as if he was jabbering in the throes of a fevered nightmare.

Zeggy's tentacle finally pulled itself free of the covers and rose up like a cobra ready to strike. Alkaline smiled warmly at the new arrival, but then turned his attention once more solely towards his lover.

"See what happens when you ask nicely?" Alkaline chided playfully.

"S-shut up..." Zeggy murmured sassily. He managed to focus his eyes enough to glare groggily at Alkaline; a doofy grin spread across Zeggy's lips as he tried to exult in his inevitable triumph, but he was too overcome with hormones to do so.

The tentacle shimmied its way up towards Alkaline's face which it patted tenderly and then came to a halt. Alkaline turned his face just enough that he could give the fuzzy appendage a soft, playful kiss on the soft side. Alkaline never once let his gaze leave Zeggy's own.

"T-that's no fair..." Zeggy whined pitifully. "Whose side are you on, anyway...?" He sighed in defeat.

“So does that mean you’re going to let me have the first turn?” Alkaline asked playfully as he continued to softly grind his dick against Zeggy’s lube-slicked cock.

“N... never.” Zeggy murmured defiantly.

They both knew this game wouldn’t last much longer. At the rate they were going, both of them were going to blow their load before they even got to the real thing. One way or the other, something was going to have to give.

Just then a knock on the door made both lover’s tense up. Their bodies went as rigid as their cocks. They both held their breaths in trepidation as they stared at once another in silent panic. Neither of them wanted to so much as move for fear of alerting the interloper of their position.

“Zeggy. Your father will be back with dinner any minute now.” Came the voice of Zeggy’s mother. The two lovers continued to look at each other uncertainly as they decided how they should respond. Alkaline made a few fervent nodding gestures to indicate that Zeggy should at least say something. The last thing either of them wanted was for his mom to walk in while they were knee deep in the horizontal tango.

“Uh... OK...” Zeggy replied as loudly as he could muster. His voice was still airy and breathless, but at least it was loud enough to carry across the room and through the door. The two pals continued to lay there in silence as they awaited some sign that they were in the clear.

“Just be sure to clean up and wash your hands before dinner.” Came his mother’s reply. Zeggy and Alkaline sighed a collective sigh of relief. It seemed for that they had escaped detection... or so they thought. “Oh, and there’s extra tissue under the sink if you need it.” Zeggy’s mother said.

Alkaline rolled over off of Zeggy and collapsed onto the mattress beside his bud. They both were blushing; Alkaline’s cheeks were bright red, and Zeggy’s were deep purple. They both let out a defeated sigh as they deflated into the mattress. Their bodies felt as limp as their dicks.