First Kiss, Last Sex

by Cantar

Summary

He wanted his first kiss to be Adam Groff, don't ask him why. He couldn't explain it to himself let alone to anyone else. And he was going to get it, he was getting that first kiss no matter what.

Notes

Hey guys, as always...Don't own anything just play in the 'Verse. I really liked Sex Education but was sad that Eric and Adam where kind of shoved into the last episode. I know if there is another season we'll hopefully get more. But I thought I'd extend their time as it were. Hope you enjoyed the show and enjoy reading this. As always if there is anything major wrong in spelling etc let me know.

1st Year

Eric Effiong had two more weeks of school and hopefully his humiliation would end. He had gotten hard during a music recital and now every 1st year and the upper levels teased him about it mercilessly. It had all started with Adam Groff laughing loudly along with the other students but having the cruelty to shout, “He’s a tromboner!” That one word had sparked like wild fire and spread until every person in assembly was shouting it, he was sure a teacher or two had chanted it as well. He sped out of there as quick as quick could be. And headed straight home, leaving poor Otis
behind. He wanted to die!

He suppose it was luck that it had happened on a Friday and he got to hide away at Otis’ house grateful that none of his sisters attended in his school district, all of them carted off to an all girl’s school. Otis had tried to be reassuring, it helped somewhat. Jean had been by the far the most logical about it all, explaining that his hormones were a raging storm of chaos and that every 14-year-old experienced erections at the slightest provocation. She hadn’t been wrong, he got an erection once by accidently walking into Otis once. They had talked awkwardly about it as his erection had quickly died when both he and Otis panicked because they had been in public. Eric was very lucky Otis had moved to the small town of Moordale when they were eight. He wasn’t sure how he could have survived the following years without at least one person on his side unconditionally.

Monday, the teasing had continued, and it was once again thanks to Adam Groff who had shoved him into a locker and cowed, “Tromboner,” into the crowded hallways. Poor helpless Otis had tried to shove pass Adam’s friends to rescue him, but he couldn’t. Eric had pressed himself as tightly against the locker to give him and Adam even the slightest of space. But Adam had just shoved himself into him, he had grown two inches and three inches thick shadowing Eric. Eric had tried to look up at Adam and stand up for himself, but he couldn’t breathe.

Being so close to each other, Adam invaded his senses. Thick muscles pressed firmly into his soft flesh, panting hot breath painted his forehead and temple, and Adam’s natural musky scent trickled at his nose. ‘Oh! God, please don’t let me get a boner now! Please’ Eric had silently begged before shoving Adam off balance and racing away. He shoved at people in his panic to escape making it all the way out into the school’s field hiding in the dugouts. Otis found him curled up as tightly as he could be against the brick wall. “Hey, its ok,” Otis had said softly, “am sure everyone knows all about their raging hormones. And have had erections in very weird inappropriate places at one time or another.”

Eric had lifted his tear stained face, “I got one when Adam pinned me. I don’t know if he felt it! But I wasn’t going to stay around and find out.” Otis looked a bit shocked which didn’t help with his already pale appearance, he looked like he was going to die. Otis couldn’t stand touching himself and since they were best friend for life, Eric would never truly make fun of him for it. The thought that anyone would have an erection pressed to another person in public was Otis’ greatest fear. Eric chuckled, “Good thing I know am gay otherwise this would just give me something else to be weird about.” Otis cracked a small smile; they both started laughing. “Just two weeks. And am sure during the holidays something more exciting will get their attention.”

Eric pulled himself together and took Adam’s teasing always finding a quick exit if he had spotted Adam in the hallways first. It was the last day of school, when he found himself alone in an empty corridor heading towards the library to return some books. Eric was lost, a whole year at this stupid school and he had gotten lost. He really needed to pay attention. He stopped in the middle of the hallway, they had two periods left before summer holidays, this was his last act as a 1st year. He turned back the way he came and came face to face with Adam. Adam who looked like it was his birthday, a sleazy Grinch like smile spreading across his face.

Adam whirled them around shoving them into a hidden alcove before pinning Eric with his body. Eric had lost his books, distantly hearing them hit the floor. He blinked in dazed amazement at Adam’s neck where his adam’s apple bobbled. That thought made him chuckle, Adam’s adam apple. As a means of control Adam gripped his wrists and held them beside his head. “Adam, please let me go. It’s the last day of school. Please,” Eric had plead trying desperately not to get high on Adam’s natural musk. “Now, Tromboner, why would I do anything you say,” Adam’s voice cracked, breaking into a deep resonate. Eric felt it against his skin and sure enough his body, well mainly his penis got excited.
“Oh, is that for me,” Adam whispered hot breathe bathing his face, Adam’s thick leg shoving in between Eric’s legs. Eric’s heart was going to exploded, he was going to die on the last day of school with an erection protruding from his body. His mum and dad would never live the shame down. Tromboner would be craved into his grave marker! And it was all stupid Adam Groff’s fault. Eric’s panic gave him strength to wrench his right wrist free from Adam’s punishing grip. He reached up cupping Adam’s face to shove him away. But then the oddest thing happened, Adam leaned into his hand. Eric blinked unsure what to do as Adam pressed into his hand, eyes closed. The grip on his left wrist weakened and the harsh press of Adam’s body became a soft lean. Eric didn’t know what to do but his hand did, his thumb the leader in this unauthorized rebellion carcasses Adam’s plump cheek. It draws a whimper from Adam whose brows frown. Eric watches his thumb sooth a circle on Adam’s cheek and his fingers found groves to fit perfectly along Adam’s face. It was almost as if Eric’s hand belonged there and now Adam’s face knew it and had to hold him there for life. Eric took his first breath feeling Adam’s body just lay on top of him, an unsure weight. They must have been there for minutes, but it felt like hours.

Once Adam’s eyes opened they were full blown, he was aroused; Eric could feel the proof against his upper thigh. Eric opened his mouth to say something, anything really. But then Adam gripped his right wrist squeezing it gently before pinning it back beside his head. He pressed his body harder into Eric’s and Eric groaned as the flash of fear before pleasure took its place. Adam’s face came closer his nose touching Eric’s forehead trailing his nose. It was a weird sensual caress that had Eric shivering in excitement. His eyes fell closed as Adam nuzzled gently against his tip of the nose; an Eskimo kiss. Eric fanatically thought, ‘He is going to kiss me. Adam Groff will be my first kiss’ feeling his head tilt so Adam could kiss him properly.

The bell rang, Eric panted against the alcove’s walls thanking the cool marble for holding him up right. Adam had released him and when Eric could open his eyes, Adam was gone. Disappointment crushed Eric, no first kiss afterall and his body felt like a sharp ache… missing Adam. Eric took a deep breath and picked up his books. Crowds of students flowed by his hiding place, none looking at him. He waited until the corridor was mostly empty before resuming his journey towards the library. Otis was there holding his backpack, “Where have you been?” Eric forced a smile, “Got lost.” Otis frowns sensing something off with his best friend but knowing enough not to question him here where the student body could easily pick up any information and twist it into something wrong. He laughs shrugging, “Me too. Maybe next year we’ll know our way around better. This place isn’t Hogwarts after all.” Eric nods smiling, the disappointment of not getting his kiss fading quickly with his youthful exuberance, “Right. Let’s get out of this shit hole. We have summer holidays to enjoy,” dumping his books in the return box for the school librarian to agonize over the status of books not seen for half a year.

Eric doesn’t tell him about what happens. It isn’t that he doesn’t want to. Otis and him share everything way too many things to be really healthy actually. Yet, every time he opens his mouth to tell Otis that Adam Groff had pinned him against a wall and almost taken his first kiss, the words won’t come out of his mouth. So, he lets them look forward to summer where they work on their summer list. This year they are off to America for the month to be with Remi, Otis’ father who has invited them on a book tour. Eric just pushes Adam Groff and his stupid face in the back of his mind.

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2nd Year

Eric frowns at his shirts, he can’t find what he wants to wear! Everything feels or looks wrong. “Ugh,” he screams then he sees a canary yellow shirt that makes him grin. Over the summer, he had
gotten it in California the last of the book tour location. He pulls it from his closet letting the memory of his first sexual enter counter with a boy name Alex overcome him. They had spent three of the ten days stuck together. Alex had been a year older, but he was out to his parents. They had been visiting his grandparents for the end of his summer vacation. With Alex, Eric had felt safe to try many many new things. A lot, really, except kissing. Alex had laughed and compared Eric to Julia Roberts, anything but no kissing on the lips. Eric had laughed it off still enjoying what they had between them.

Otis who had been beguiled with everything they did at the end of each day would groan but ask if Eric had been kissed yet. Eric would shake his head and try to explain why he didn’t want to be kissed by Alex. But in reality he couldn’t put into words that his first kiss was claimed already. When Alex had left for home on that third day, he had tried to kiss Eric, but Eric had jerked his head away so quickly, his neck popped against the rude gesture. Alex had looked so disappointed. “It’s not you. Trust me, Alex. If I could kiss you, I would but I want,” Eric’s voice trailed off looking down at his feet.

Alex sighed and then giggles, “You want someone else to be your first kiss.” Eric looks up at Alex’s understanding face and grins, “Yep. Some stupid bloke. But I felt very safe and happy doing everything we did together. You are a great first everything.” Alex smiles digging his shoe into the soft sand of the beach the sun had finally gone done. “I hope he’s worth it,” Alex says turning to walk down to his grandparents beach house. Eric raced after grabbing his arm to turn Alex towards him, “He might be. But,” he leans in kissing Alex’s eyelashes gently. Alex laughs, “Best first kiss,” then he kisses Eric in the same manner before walking out of his life.

He dressed in his canary yellow shirt, purple jeans, his multi colored blazer, and baby blue eyeliner. His father who he know loves him dearly looks at him, “You look nice,” he says as his sisters fall silent. Eric beams at his dad, “Thanks.” The family eats breakfast together and Eric felt comfortable in his growing body. Both Otis and him had grown taller over the summer, their baby fat finally firm down into hard muscle from all their activities, healthy glows from spending the time in the sun and having fun. He kisses his parents goodbye, wishes his sisters luck and takes his green backpack before biking over to Otis’ house.

School is surrounded by the time they make it to campus. Everyone looks taller and everyone is checking one another out. Eric doesn’t have any other friends beside Otis, and they’ve seen each other every day of summer except when his family went to visit Nan. He feels eyes on him and looks at Otis who looks a bit panicked because he feels the same way. People whisper as they pass by, this can’t be the year they become popular, is it? Otis shoulders pass Kyle who used to be taller then him but now Otis is a head taller and Eric passes him by a few inches. Maybe that’s why everyone is talking about of their growth during the summer.

They walk the halls chatting about schedules something they won’t get until after term’s first assembly. Eric feels butterflies in his stomach, he frowns until he hears, “Tromboner,” and a body slams into him. He gasps staring up at Adam, who has grown. He must have had his growth spurt because he is still a head and inches taller then Eric who has his back pinned straight against the lockers. “Adam,” Eric breathes staring into his hard-blueish eyes. Adam gaze turns soft for a second, “Got any money.” Eric nods knocking foreheads with Adam who had bent close to him. The whole student body was watching. Otis picked a bad time to go to the toilet.

“Give me,” Adam says his voice a bit deeper then last year. “Um,” Eric says moving as little as he can to not press up into Adam’s hard muscled body. “Here,” Eric says trying to look up his nose brushing Adam’s cliff chin. Adam gives him an inch of space pocketing the money. “Was that a lunch I saw,” he asks. Eric nods his head but hands over the wrapped sandwich. “Good puppy,” Adam says pressing his body into Eric’s before turning and walking down the hallways. Students
move aside for him. Eric is still leaning against the lockers trying to get his heart under control when Otis lumbers over to him, “Let’s go.”

The next two months go the same way, every day. He and Otis come school and somehow get separated for mere minutes where Adam pins him to any available surface taking a dollar in money and Eric’s lunch. Eric doesn’t know how to feel about it all, but as he makes two lunches every morning one for Otis to hold on for him and another for Adam; he realizes he makes Adam’s nicer. Wraps the sandwich tightly so that no air can cause the bread to stale before getting to Adam, he notices that Adam likes ham and cheese best, but he always makes something different; not wanting Adam to catch on Eric makes his sandwich preciously for him.

One day in the third month of term, Eric and Otis arrive at campus locking their bikes when Eric looks up and finds Adam who has Aimee Gibbs kissing his neck. His stomach tightens in displeasure. Otis glances at him wrapping an arm around him and steering him towards another entrance. Eric had finally told him everything and Otis as always was understanding even if he thought wanting a first kiss from someone like Adam was a bad idea. He didn’t leave Eric’s side for most of the morning so by the time lunch rolled around Eric still had Adam’s sandwich, a ham and cheese. He stood by the trash bin wanting to throw it away, but he looked up and found Maeve Wiley staring at him while biting her nails. “Want a sandwich,” he asks extending his hand out to her.

She blinks at him, almost as if she’s slow; but Eric and Otis know she is wicked smart. Everyone just avoids her because of the rumors that went around last year about her biting someone’s cock. A lot of people call her cock bitter to her face instead of using her name. Otis had wanted to befriend her, but she had put up so many defenses. She looked at him then around them, no one was really around. Otis and Eric had found eating behind the gym was the best place to avoid everyone but still have full view of the field where everyone gathered to socialize. She stomped over to him and snatched the sandwich out of his hand before walking away. He sighs defeated before heading over to where Otis is hidden by a bush pulling out both their lunch from his pack.

“Adam find you,” Otis asks handing over some crisps. Eric shakes his head, “Nope. Gave the sandwich to Maeve Wiley. She took it and walked off.” Otis looks at him and nods, “Tell me everything.” Eric laughs and nudges his best friend, “You know, I don’t know what I would have done if you hadn’t come along.” Otis grins, “Dated Anwar and became an Untouchable.” Eric laughs with his whole body, “Boy if Anwar asks me out. You better believe I’d date him.” Otis groans nudging Eric who is in a fit of giggles.

By the end of day, Eric is walking towards the library. He has some books to pick up for an art project. He doesn’t notice he is in the same corridor as last year until he is grabbed and pinned against the marble alcove. Adam presses him to it as he had the first time, “Where’s my lunch,” he says. Eric looks up at him, their faces close but Eric is angry. “I gave it away,” he says glaring at Adam, “Since you were busy making out with your girlfriend. You can have her make you lunch.” Adam stares at him before a smile spreads across his face, “Are you jealous, Tromboner?” Eric huffs, “What! Jealous of that,” he loses words because he actually likes Aimee, when she’s not being used by the Untouchables; she’s pretty awesome.

“Yes,” Adam’s deep voice curls into his right ear. “Am not jealous of anyone,” Eric says trying to shove Adam away but Adam leans in applying his muscles against Eric’s body. “Let me go,” Eric huffs when his struggles get him nowhere, he glares up at Adam who has been staring at him. “Well,” Eric says his hands are at Adam’s board shoulders where they tried to shove him way. Eric has his head tilted upwards when Adam suddenly leans down and kisses him. They stare at each before Eric’s eyes slide close and he kisses Adam back. They end up kissing for a while. Eric’s hands have wrapped around Adam’s neck cupping his nape and carding one of his hands through his
soft fine hair.

The bell rings and Adam ends the kiss. They are staring at each other panting for breath, Eric leans up and takes a last kiss before he slips out of the hidden alcove and into the crowded hallways towards the library. Like last time Otis is there with his back pack, “Where…what’s happened,” he asks wrapping an arm around Eric who must look different somehow. “Not here. Let me get my books,” he says heading towards the librarian who had taken what he needs for check out. They hop on their bikes and once they are alone on the road towards Otis’ house. Eric opens his mouth and screams before he breaks down in laughter. Otis smiles glancing at him, but they ride in peace until they reach the bridge, “So tell me.” And Eric tells him everything. Otis looks at him as they walk across the bridge, “Was it everything you wanted?”

Eric smiles looking at his friend then shakes his head but nods, “Yes and No. I just knew I needed Adam Groff to be my first kiss. And I don’t regret it, but my heart and stomach feel like they’re on a rollercoaster. I have no idea what’s next.” Otis starts talking therapist and Eric is listening, but he can’t think rationally at the moment. He just wants to keep the glow of his first kiss. Tomorrow and being rational will come when it does. At night in bed, as he closes his eyes, he sweats he can feel Adam’s heat against his front and his lips tingle at the memory of being taken. Eric has an erection faster then ever and he touches himself in caresses like Alex would have but he finds he needs Adam’s hard hands holding him. He comes under his covers panting Adam’s name as sticky semen dries into his belly. He is so fucked, isn’t he?

The next week Adam keeps his distance. He doesn’t take Eric’s extra lunch, his money, doesn’t pin him to any available surfaces. He is surrounded by Aimee all the time. Eric hands unopened sandwiches to Maeve who joins them for lunch now even when she doesn’t say much but him and Otis keep the conversation going. She doesn’t flip them off anymore, so they must fall into a weird friendship status with her. Eric feels Adam’s eyes on him constantly and he is getting angry. Angry that Adam lets Aimee paw at him, that she gets to kiss his neck in the mornings on the steps, and they are probably having sex according to school rumors.

On Friday, before last period which Eric skips he finds his way towards the alcove. He found it and memorized its location on Wednesday. He finds that a small mirror is glued to the top walls which allows for someone to see who is coming down the corridor. He sits on the tiny bench and waits for Adam. He sees him slowly walking down the hall fingering a cigarette probably heading outside behind the building to smoke. Eric reaches out and grabs Adam pulling into the alcove and shoving him onto the bench before he climbs onto Adam’s lap.

He closed his knees tightly against Adam, sitting on his thighs and wrapping his arms around Adam’s neck and shoulders; balanced perfectly. Adam stares up at him, “What do you think you’re doing?” Eric feels his stomach drop but he glares at Adam before leaning in close and kissing him softly and slowly. Adam kisses back instantly, his big hands squeezing roughly at Eric’s hips then one hand sliding down to cup his bum. Eric gasps breaking the kiss and watching Adam’s eyes clear a bit from the spelled kiss.

“You don’t get to ignore me,” Eric says frowning at Adam who stares up at him, “I won’t have it.” He leans down and kisses Adam with more bite that he actually tastes copper in his mouth from the blood he has drawn. Adam gasps, his hips jerking up into Eric’s who shivers at the massive prick he feels. Guess that rumor was true, Eric thinks before Adam takes his lips again. They start a rocking rhythm and Adam whines in the back of his throat. Eric stops and works open Adam’s trousers pulling his huge dick from his pants. His mouth waters, he would love to feel it pulse on his tongue but right now isn’t for slow explore time. He opens his own trousers and pants pulling out his own dick. “Hold me close,” he pants against Adam’s face who nods looking down at Eric’s hand pressing them close and starts to jerk them off.
Adam watches for a bit as does Eric before he goes faster needing to release. He tilts Adam’s head up and kisses him fiercely as Adam’s holds onto him. They come together, panting into each other’s mouths. “Adam,” Eric whimpers as Adam touches his sensitive dick with his fingertips. “Eric,” Adam says looking into his eyes and Eric can’t help but kiss him again. When they can move Adam helps Eric stand on shaky legs then Adam pulls off his t-shirt and wipes them down, he pulls his jacket over his muscle shirt zipping it up and stuffing his shirt in his pocket. Eric bits his lip, none of that had gone as he had planned, it was better but still not what he planned. “I,” Eric starts to say but Adam’s big hand cups his face and takes another kiss, “I’ll break up with Aimee.” Eric blushes pleasantly and nods, “Good.” The bell rings and Eric grins at Adam before slipping into the stream of students.

Otis listens to Eric recount his sexual encounter with Adam even when he drops his bike and sings Mary had a little lamb while Eric describes Adam’s dick in detail. Otis glares at Eric, “I will learn more about the male anatomy from you then I want in sexual context.” Eric shrugs, “I’m sure when you finally get a girl, I’ll know more than I want about the female body.” Who where they kidding they know way too much about sex from Jean alone. Its what leads Eric asking Jean for the hugest favor, if she would take him to a sex shop.

Jean blinks at him, “While I applaud your eagerness to explore, I think your parents would kill me.” Otis nods while raising his hands knowing whatever was going to come out of Eric’s mouth was going to be something he wanted muffled for the rest of his natural life. “I need toys so I can stretch my bum for sex with a huge dick,” Eric says face turning red even with his dark skin. Otis falls off his chair holding his hands over his ears, “I heard it. I heard it.” Jean looks at Eric, “I,” she sees his curved in shoulders and sighs, “We’ll go to London. My friend has a sex shop. Maybe see if you can get a picture of the erection that way we know what you need to prepare yourself with.” The talk ends there and Eric giggles at Otis who is laying on the floor, “I’m never having sex.” Eric frowns, “Please you’re in love with Maeve.” Otis blushes crawling under the table, “Shut up.”

On Monday, Eric has Adam’s lunch and when Adam pins him to a locker, Eric smiles. Adam blinks at him then he kisses him in front of the whole student body. Adam blinks at each other after hammering out the details of a solid agreement. Eric stands and sticks out his hand across the Headmaster’s desk who shakes it. Eric marches out of the office with his head high and leads Adam out behind the building. His heart is pounding in his chest while Adam stares at him silently. Then Adam crowds him into the wall and kisses him, Eric lets himself be kissed within an inch of his life, “Adam, we promised,” he says looking up at him from under his lashes. Adam smiles, “Got to be honest I didn’t hear anything that happened. I just know you stood up for me… against my dad.” Eric laughs, “Well I’ll go over it with you again but for now not too many public displays of affection.” Adam nods but kisses Eric again.

The rest of the term goes better. Adam ends up spending most of his time with Eric, Otis, and Maeve. They spend it at Otis’ house and find out about his mum being a sex guru. But they work to get Adam’s grades up which they do, and he finally feels comfortable in his skin. He ends the terms with 2 As, 4 Bs, and 2 Cs. But the rules relax since Headmaster Groff is appeased. Adam meets Eric’s parents and sisters; all who seem shocked that he is a tall white boy who is totally lost in love
with Eric. Eric meets Adam’s mum and that goes well, soon their lives change. Eric can be seen in some of the decorations of Adam’s house and the change in clothing style his mum wears. His dad seems softer too, and Adam isn’t compared to his sister as much.

Eric does sneak into his room and they have more sexual encounters but no real sex until Eric can take the toys he brought to prepare him for Adam. Adam likes to have Eric laid out on his bed: gasping, panting, and moaning his name as he works a toy into him. He likes to lick Eric clean before claiming his mouth. He loves to move a relaxed Eric into his favorite position so he can rut in between Eric’s thighs while kissing him. Eric always pulls Adam onto him, he says he loves feeling the weight of Adam on top of him as he falls asleep to lazy kisses.

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3rd Year

It’s a week after Otis and Eric’s birthdays that Jean announces that she will be taking Otis on holiday to visit his Gran and Eric should be able to watch the house for her. She has trusted him before, and she has a gleam in her eyes when she hands him the keys and Otis begs Eric not to have sex in his room. Eric laughs and says he’ll wash the sheets which makes Otis frown. They leave and Eric smiles before plans start forming in his head. He texts his parents claiming to have stay at Jean’s house because the snow is a bit worse since she’s further out of town. They tell him to be safe and to come home as soon as he can. He texts Adam to come over. He has hidden that he can finally have the largest toy in him for about a month. He wanted to make extra sure he could take it and he can.

He has supper on the table when Adam knocks on the door. He is covered in snow but smiles brightly at Eric. He kisses him, “They left already? Am amazed Jean trusted you anyway.” Eric laughs, “Shut up. Now, come eat.” They sit next to each other talking and eating while a radio plays in the background. Once everything is cleaned up they head to the living room where the fire place is roaring. They sit on the floor on a pile of blankets just watching the fire as the food settles. Eric is dozing when he feels a kiss at his temple. He grins tilting his head and takes several long bone melting kisses.

“I think we should have sex tonight,” Eric says directly because he’s learned Adam is better with direct speech. Adam smiles but shakes his head, “You haven been able to take the last toy.” Eric blushes before straddling Adam, “I have. For a month now. I wanted it to be a surprise.” Adam is staring up at Eric a frown deepening between his brows, “Are you sure? I can wait. I mean we do a lot of sex stuff.” Eric laughs, “Yes, I’m sure. Do you want too?” Adam nods holding Eric close to kiss.

Soon, clothes are being pulled off and naked skin touching naked skin. Adam ruts against Eric who whines, “Adam, inside me this time.” Adam shake his head, “Let me. I don’t want to hurt you, I can go slow if I get off now.” Eric stares at Adam and nods squeezing his thighs tight and feeling Adam coloring his skin. Adam does seem more relaxed, he works more lube and his fingers deep into Eric to make sure he is wet. Eric moans and pants for him.

“Ok,” Adam says wearing his condom and a ton of lube. His dick presses at Eric’s entrance slowly and Eric groans, “Please Adam.” Adam holds on for dear life, he can not hurt Eric ever. He rocks slowly going deeper into Eric with each thrust. Eric relaxes as best he can but with every inch Adam goes in it feels so good and he was to tightly grip him. “Baby, please,” Adam pants as he rocks a bit harder into Eric who moans. They set a slow motion before Eric opens up more pulling Adam close, “Harder please.” Adam’s sweat slicked head nods, he shifts his position and Eric screams in pleasure, “There. Adam, there.”
They become one being working to reach climax. Eric comes first already so sensitive and feeling pleasure as Adam’s hits his prostate with each thrust. Adam last longer since he had gotten off once before. But when he comes, he’s pretty sure he faints because when he becomes aware his softened dick has slipped from Eric who is petting his head and shoulders, humming to a song on the radio. Adam looks up at Eric, “Are you ok?” Eric smiles and nods, “Perfect. We’ll have to do that again and again.” Adam laughs cuddling Eric close. They fall asleep in front of the fire.

Later when the fire has died down some and Adam wakes nuzzling into Eric’s neck; he’ll kiss a sleepy Eric who will smile in his sleep, “I love you.” Eric will open his eyes, “I love you too,” he sighs kissing Adam and then they have sex once again, slower this time because Eric is a bit sore; Adam still bigger then his toy. But Adam promises to love Eric until Eric doesn’t love him anymore.

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30 years later…

Adam thrusts into Eric roughly holding him against the wall. Eric clings to Adam moaning as Adam feels deeper in him then ever before. “Please baby,” Eric begs as Adam hits his prostate and he explodes into organism. Adam works to his climax groaning in pleasure, he pins them to the wall before his legs regain strength to walk them to the bed after he slips from his husband. Eric pulls Adam on top of him, “Am so glad your parents decided to come. They take the kids for the night and we can make love all night.” Adam laughs kissing Eric’s lips, “We could make love all night any time. You’re just worried the kids will hear you moan to God.”

Eric laughs and hits Adam’s strong bicep, “Shut up. I wasn’t the only one traumatized when Emily came into the restroom while we were in the shower. Thankfully she just wanted to pee and get back to her program.” Adam caresses Eric’s cheek, “Hey, that was scary. But when I say to lock the doors, lock the doors. She could have easily used the half bath.” Eric grins, “Do you know how happy you’ve made me?”

Adam shakes his head, “Not as happy as you’ve made me. But if you give me the chance I’ve going to make you as happy as you deserve.” Eric leans in to kiss him again. And they take a turn at round two.

In the morning, Eric will be on the balcony staring out over the blue Hawaiian sea smiling. Adam will come up behind him wrapping him in his strong arms placing his head over Eric’s shoulder and enjoy the view.

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