

So my laptop is being a butt and won't recognize my external hard-drive, so my original chapter starter-thing is unavailable. Luckily, for you *Our Place* fans, I was writing this chapter when my laptop just suddenly forgot my EHDD was hooked up to it. So I was able to save the hard copy of the story onto my computer so I could keep writing it. So I give you chapter four, which ended up being a lot longer than I remember planning.

The past disclaimers and stuff apply.

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Our Place in the World – Getting the Draft

By Eric Wythe

Chp. 4 Cushioning the Fall

The next morning we all got up, I spent five minutes trying to pop the kinks in my neck. I now know why professional athletes get paid obscene amounts of money: they spend two-thirds of it on chiropractics. I got a better look at Max too; she's hippie to the core. She looks like a regular plastic herself, without the boobs though. But she dresses like she just stepped out of the 1970's, bellbottoms, an Indian leather vest with tassels hanging off it. She had a peace-sign necklace hanging nearly to her navel. And I swear I saw a Jimmy Hendrix shirt underneath the vest.

“So hey,” I called to her, “how was Woodstock?”

“I got really high, then when my buzz died I fell down, and it was fifty years later! It was far out.” She quipped.

I faux believed her, “Whoa, was Harvey Milk *really* that flaming?”

“His last name is a thick white substance, you figure it out.”

“Touché.”

We started shuffling down the aisle to get off the bus; out of the windows I could see John looking very antsy. He reminded me of one of those kids who hold their crotches and dance around when they need to pee. Every woman who passed John made some sort of flirty remark, but John being as oblivious as he is, completely saw it at face value and politely smiled and went back to waiting for me.

“Vultures.” Max muttered.

His look became more urgent when I came into view. As I hopped down he put his hand on the small of my back and he looked me square in the eye.

I stifled a smile, “Morning babe.”

His head twitched forward. He's trying so hard not to eat my face. It's kind of funny, but not, because I know that if we don't get to a bed soon, John'll rape me right here in front of everyone.

How'd that be for a first impression, eh?

He gave me a quick smile but then went back to his urgent look. He began to walk forward, taking me with him in his arm. We made a bee-line to a middle-aged man wearing a green wind-breaker holding a clipboard. His jacket had 'Assistant Coach: Heath Roland' embroidered on it. He looked up to John, then down to me, and frowned. I gave him an annoyed look back and he squinted his eyes at me. My mouth opened and my tongue poised to fire an insult, but John cleared his throat.

My mouth snapped shut and our attention went to John who was still bouncing up and down like a nine-year-old. He gave me a 'Save it for later' look and Coach Roland a pleading look. Roland sighed and guided his finger down the clipboard, then took his hand and buried it into his pocket. He fished out a deck of plastic cards, searched through them and drew out one with the number 34 on it. He barely reached out to hand to John before he snatched it out of his hand and started pushing me towards the stairs.

We had barely stepped through the door when John snaked his arms around me and squeezed me really hard while shoving his tongue down my throat. I heard a cat-call and some giggling, probably from Max. Amazingly, John heard it too and kicked the door shut. His hands had flattened and were feeling around my back. He was still squeezing me and I didn't notice he had picked me up until I tried to take a step back. But John was literally two steps ahead of me and was taking us to the... beds.

They gave us a two-bed room.

I'd have laughed about it but I was too busy being tossed through the air onto the closest bed. John leaped onto me, making us both bounce on the bed. He bent down and started kissing down my neck. A bottle of lube fell out of his shirt-pocket as he was stripping it. He sat up and threw the shirt to the ground.

He looked back at me, "Sorry this isn't more romantic." He grunted. I sat up and hooked my arm around his neck and gave him a long kiss.

When we parted I said, "Do what you got to do Big-guy."

He pushed me back onto the mattress and began to lazily slide his fingers through the buttons of my shirt. As he reached the last one he flicked away the tails leaving my chest exposed. His hand swept over my chest, leaving a trail of fire everywhere he touched. He guided his hand down my torso, scratching the beginnings of a paunch on my belly.

"Add two more laps to your routine." He said.

I rolled my eyes, "Just fuck me. Please?"

He grinned back, "Since you asked so nicely."

John hooked his hand into the inside of my jeans and tugged at the button, my dick jumped as his hand got closer to it. John was done being silly and went straight to work tugging off my pants, leaving me nude with the exception of the sleeves of my shirt.

I was beginning to think John was just going to let his cock rip his pants up. The thing was straining against the material so hard, that I think I actually heard a small tear form somewhere. It was radiating so much heat that my thigh was significantly warmer than the rest of me, even though his dick was a good few inches away. Johnny kept feeling up my torso while staring me down with an intense smoldering look. That look alone could make me cum if I stared long enough.

John withdrew his hands from my chest and slid them up his legs, squeezing his dick along the way. He thumbed around the button of his pants and let the button give way with a satisfying snap. As one hand ever so slowly dragged down the zipper, the other was grabbing the lube which had rolled off at some point.

He lubed up a few fingers and tossed down the lube near my head. John skipped one and went directly to inserting two fingers into my ass, without giving me any prior warning. I let out a painful yelp, but John ignored it and started kicking off his pants. By the time he had one leg off he was practically fisting me. It hurt like a bitch but I should be happy that he's doing *any* preparation at all.

Within a few seconds he had kicked off his pants entirely, and replaced his fingers with the head of his dick. His head was slippery, I have no idea when he managed to lube his cock, but John is ninja like that. I had barely any time at all to register it, so I didn't feel the penetration as much. His libido was so out of control, but I knew in the back of his head he was trying to spare any pain he could. I knew what came next though. I clenched the sheets and quickly took in a deep breath and let it out through gritted teeth as he shoved his entire length into me in one stroke.

He was breathing heavily, I was whimpering, waiting out the intense pain flaring throughout my body. As the pain became a dull ache I felt bullets of sweat drip from John's forehead. He was trying so hard to control himself; I felt a little bad for him. When he noticed my teeth weren't clenched in an unholy union he bent down and whispered menacingly into my ear:

"Pray for padded seats."

Suddenly, I didn't feel so bad for him.

His dick wretched out of me, and as soon as it was gone, it was jammed back inside. John jack-hammered me with a relentless fury, he screwed me with such force that I slid back against the head-board of the bed. The jabs irritated my aching hole, but the friction of John thrusting himself into me in what felt like every millisecond soon overcame any other feeling and thought in my brain and body.

When John gets like this, the sex is always excruciatingly painful at first. But once it gets over that wall, it feels like something I can't even describe. Everything just liquefies into a hot-white blaze and I block out everything except the feeling of John relentlessly drilling himself into me without anything but the primal instinct to breed and impose his dominance over me.

What feels like forever-what I want to be forever-lasts for merely a few minutes before John tenses up and lets out a wall-shaking roar and shoots blast after blast of searing hot cum inside of me. He shoots so much that after only a few shots I can already feel it running down the crack of my ass, and he keeps going. After nearly blowing out my ear drums and melting my insides he collapses onto me with an audible smack. I hadn't realized I'd cum. Both of us were breathing like we just... well, like we just had really good sex.

"How many times did I cum?" I wheezed.

"At least twice," he gasped out, "I wasn't paying attention."

I lied there limp, letting the weight of John press me further into the mattress. I could feel his hot breath on my chest. A few minutes passed and John slid himself over me entirely. I sunk further into the mattress as his weight pressed down on me, it felt strangely fantastic. He slid his arms under my body and squeezed me into him. His head had moved into the crook of my neck. He moved up his head, I could feel his breath on ear sending shivers down my back.

"I'm sorry if it hurt too much." He whispered into my ear.

"It wasn't that bad. Banging my head against the head-board got out the last of the kinks in my neck."

John's head retreated into the crook of my neck and he let out a load groan.

"I'm feeling like shit and you're making jokes." He said.

I pat his bare back. His skin always felt like it was on fire.

"Relax dude, I'm not made of glass."

He squeezed me harder, "I hate hurting you."

“You didn’t seem too horribly concerned when you were telling me to pray to the Comfortable Seating Gods of my choice.”

John brought his head up to mine and frowned. I puckered my lips to reach his and gave him a brief kiss.

“Fine,” I sighed, “I’ll let you feel like crap.”

“Thank you.” He quipped.

“Can we roll over now? As much as I love it when you lie on top of me, I can’t breathe that great.”

With a small grunt John roll over to where we were lying on our sides, we settled into our routine, he kissed my forehead and I placed my head into his chest and he put his head on top of mine. He tightened his hold on me.

Had it been up to us, we would’ve gone to bed, being as neither of us actually slept on the bus. But the person unnecessarily slamming loudly at our door had different plans.

Max’s shouted through the door, “Don’t stay in bed too long boys; they want us down in the lobby for breakfast in an hour.”

“Go away!” We both loudly groaned.

Silence.

Huh, I guess she did.

“I just want to stay in bed forever.” John mumbled.

“Give it about three seconds.”

“Huh?”

Three, two, one.

“Oh.” He said dumbly.

“C’mon, let’s find the bathroom, might as well hit the shower while we’re at it.”

John let me go and rolled off the bed, I fell forward, landing stomach down on the bed and face first into the pillows. I heard John’s feet pat on the floor around to the front of the bed. He stopped momentarily.

“Need help?” He asked.

I moved my head back to look at him.

“Yeah.”

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After he had a nice long piss, and I had a generally... uncomfortable shower, we cleared the bathroom with me taking careful steps to the bed. I wonder what kind of whacky antics my sore ass will get me in today.

It didn’t take me long to find out.

The dining area had a large buffet set up for us, and only us. Way to cater to everyone Fancy Motel Chain #286! John opted to get the food while I found a place to sit. I found a nice unassuming booth in the back corner of the dining hall. Peering into the seats, I looked up to the roof and mouthed ‘Thank you’ to no one in particular. Sitting down found me quietly letting out a pained whimper. The cushions had springs in them; it’d have been great if my ass wasn’t falling out.

I became bored, as I often do when John isn’t around, so I started fidgeting with the paper placemat on my side of the table. I had just managed to start folding my paper into an origami frog, when someone slid into the other side of the booth. Thinking it was John I didn’t bother looking up.

“What’d you get?” I asked.

Nothing apparently, as I heard no response.

“John?” I looked up. “Oh.” not John. “Uh, hi.”

Big hulkin’ dude. That’s really the best way to describe this guy. He was wearing a really large jacket that concealed most of his body, but even under the jacket I could see he was stacked. Sandy-blond hair covered up the forehead of his boyish face, his gentle blue eyes gleaned a little under the artificial light hanging above us. He had a small smile on his face, I had a feeling it never left.

His hand piped up and he gave me a little wave.

“Uh... have we... met?”

He shook his head.

“Do... you have a name?”

He nodded this time.

Awkward pause.

“Can you tell me what it is?”

He shook his head again.

“Okay... is there like... a... reason you’re sitting here?” God I’m awkward.

He shrugged.

“Well... alright then.” And I went back to folding my paper. Every once and a while I would look up and he’d be watching me inquisitively.

“It’s a frog.” I said.

His head leaned back and mouthed ‘Oh’.

“The paper was green, so I thought I’d do a frog.”

He nodded.

As I made the last of my folds of the tiny frog, I made a show out of lining my froggy to the guy sitting across from me, squatting down my head and squinting my eyes. I even held up my fingers in a box to check for ‘accuracy’. I looked up to him and he had a big, bright, blinding smile that caused me to forget I was married for a few seconds. I smiled back and pressed my finger on the butt of my froggy. I slid my finger off, my froggy leaped through the air.

The guy caught it before it hit his chest by cupping his hands around it. He brought his hands down to the table, and opened them up, revealing the frog, safe and uncrushed. He ran a finger down the back of the frog with a gentle touch that made it seem like the frog would shatter if any force was applied. He held out his hand to give it back to me, but I pushed it away.

“Keep it; I can just make another later. Though, that is one of my better ones. These placemats are good stuff.”

He gave me another bright smile and put the frog in his pocket.

When John returned with two full plates of food, he eyed the guy up warily.

“John.” I said with a warning tone.

He didn’t say anything and slid in next to me, sliding a plate in front of me. The he did his Alpha-male thing and wrapped his arm around my waist and tugged me into

his side while staring the dude down. The guy looked at John weird and I shot him an apologetic look. I lightly elbowed John and he tore his gaze away to look down at me.

“Dude, chill.”

John grunted and dug into his food.

I laughed and turned to the guy. “Sorry, he’s a little... well, no; he’s very possessive of me.”

John looked up from his food and nodded. He looked over to me and grunted out “Mine.” And leaned forward to kiss me full on the lips.

I smiled once we parted, “Love you too.”

John went back to eating and the guy had brought out his phone and was fiddling with it. I looked to John, and then the guy, both oblivious to everything except what’s in front of them.

I shook my head, “I’m so blessed that the men in my life are such conversationalists.”

John glanced my way and said with a mouthful of eggs, “I brought you food. Eat.”

I rolled my eyes and cut into my French-toast. After taking a few bites I realized how hungry I was. I went into my food the way John did and it took me a second to see that the guy had slid his phone across the table in front of me. I looked up at the guy and he motioned for me to pick it up. It was a PDA-type thing with a decent sized screen; he had a notepad open with text written on it.

*‘I’m Dan, sorry for not doing this earlier.’*

“Oh, that’s okay Dan. I’m Daryl, and uh, you probably already know John.”

Dan smiled and nodded and John grunted again. I handed his phone back to him and he started typing on it again. I took a few more bites before he slid it back to my side.

*‘You’re great at origami.’* It said. I slid his phone back to him.

“Thanks, I get bored easily.” I responded, “How come you don’t have food?”

*‘I ate earlier. This place has been open since we got here. I’m surprised there was even food left for you two. You guys were in your room for a while.’* His phone said when he passed it back.

I blushed, “John and I had... some needs to take care of.”

John looked over my shoulder and read Dan's phone.

"I needed to fuck him." He said curtly.

So much for subtlety, I shrugged and handed Dan back his phone.

So for the next hour, Dan, John and I passed his phone back and forth to carry a conversation. It turns out he has the craziest birth-defect ever and was born without a voice-box. So he can't talk at all, his vocal cords have even shriveled up from lack of use. He's been on the team for about two years as a lineman.

He's a real sweet guy, but no one on the team has really given him the time of day because he can't talk. Assistant coach Roland can read sign language, which I found pretty astonishing, so that's mainly how he communicates with everyone.

If you were looking around the room you'd have a hard time differing it from a high-school cafeteria. It was kind of like *Déjà vu* with less acne. The good thing about this is that it was easy to figure out who to avoid. The bad thing was that I have to avoid people in the first place.

Even though everyone one in the room sans the spouses were jocks, there was clearly a 'jock' table. It was the largest group of people sadly, nearly a dozen or so guys in letterman jackets. They were making a big raucous lot's of loud jokes at other peoples' expense. The wives just sat there like obedient cheerleaders laughing at everything at the same time as if they were all button-activated.

The leader of this group was standing up talking over everyone making strange poses in attempt to make fun or something or someone. He had dirty blonde hair, with brown eyes. He was your typical panty-wetting-football-star-jock-dude. He just got lucky and didn't start balding after graduation. He reminded me way too much of this dude I went to high school with, I made a mental note to steer clear of him unless John was with me, actually, I made a mental note to avoid everyone all together.

Then there was the preppy table. I was surprised to see Max sitting with them. They weren't being loud like the jock people, but they were all talking on their Blackberry's, wearing their sunglasses indoors, folding out the creases in their designer clothes. The only people that were actually talking to *each other* was Max and some chick, but the other chick was texting on her phone at the same time so it only half counted.

And it's pretty unbelievable but there *was* a nerd table. Seeing six or seven giant guys huddled over a table playing hand-held game devices, completely unaware of anything unless a woman walked by, then they would collectively pause their games, and stare at the passerby. Now, I'm a gamer too, but for fuck sake, they all pressed pause *at the exact same time*, it was like they practiced it or some shit.

And that left us. Uh, I believe the social clique hierarchy goes from jocks to preps to nerds that left... the greasers! Wait, no, John hates putting crap in his hair. And I doubt we could do a synchronized snap either, as awesome as that would be. So if we aren't the greasers, that makes us...

“Freaks...” John muttered.

Yeah, that! Wait...

“Are you reading my mind again?” I whispered to him.

He gave me an odd look, “No... those guys are just dumb-asses. They act like they’re still in high-school.” Dan nodded across from the table.

“They all are if you ask me.”

“Dumb-asses or immature?

“Both.” I snorted. “So Dan, who’d you hang out with before us?”

Dan pointed at the nerds.

I nodded, “That makes sense. You’re a chatty guy though; the lack of conversation must’ve driven you nuts.”

Dan made his eyes go wide and let his face go dead-pan, and then he slowly nodded.

I chuckled, I like this guy.

John clutched me further into his side. When I looked up to him he was staring off at something. I followed his gaze to the lead jock-dude pointing at us while humping the air.

“I know what you’re thinking and I won’t try and stop you.” I murmured to him.

“He can make the first move.”

“Oh, that’s right, you’re contractually obligated to be civil to him otherwise.” I said meekly.

John just grunted in distaste.

“So Dan, what’s the dish on that prick?”

Dan typed up on his phone for a couple minutes then handed it to me.

*'He's Cole Burk, if Andy were here he'd be co-captain but since he's off for the season Cole's standing in. He's having fun with his power-trip, that's for sure. He thinks he's hot shit, but he's harmless if you ignore him.'*

I snorted, "I fucking hate guys like him. I have a weakness for putting dicks like him in their place, so ignoring him will be difficult."

John leaned into me breathing on my neck again; I swear he does it on purpose, and whispered into my ear, "There's only one dick you should be putting in its place."

I tilted my head up and whispered into his ear, "If you don't at least give me a day to recover that dick's only place will be your hand."

John chuckled, "Don't make threats you can't back up babe." He flexed his arm which had moved to around my neck, causing his biceps to strangle my neck and my breath hitch.

I pouted when he let go, "I hate being smaller than you sometimes."

"No you don't." He stated.

"No damn it! But you don't have to rub it in."

He nuzzled my neck and softly said, "You love it when I rub it in."

"Dear lord, are you horny again already?" I said I hissed at him.

"How'd you guess?" He spoke breathily as he took my hand and placed it on his lap.

Why does he do this to me?

"Okay, I get it." I whispered to him, I turned to Dan who conspicuously trying to be inconspicuous by looking away, but he was watching us out of the corner of his eye. Ah-hah, I get it now.

"Dan," His head whipped forward to meet mine, "Is there an actual reason why we're supposed to be down here?"

He shook his head and started typing something on his phone.

When he handed it to me it said, *'Coach likes us all to eat meals together, says it boosts teal 'morale' even though, as you can see, it only encourages diversity isolation amongst the ranks. Technically we don't even have to leave our rooms until practice this afternoon.'*

I looked up to John, "When's practice."

His eyes lit up a bit, “Five, c’mon.” He grabbed my hand and dragged me out of the booth. A sharp pain shot up my spine as my ass was jolted out of it’s resting place.

“Ah!”

“Sorry.” John responded.

“Famous last fucking words John.” I muttered.

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Aw, Daryl doesn’t mean it.

Any comments can be sent to [eric.wythe@gmail.com](mailto:eric.wythe@gmail.com).