

DISCLAIMER: If you guys are under 18, you guys shouldn't be reading this stuff. You know better. If male on male action disgusts you, please leave right now.

Just so you guys know, I have full rights to this story, does that sound too mean? I hope not. You guys can always e-mail me at <differentcirclesab@yahoo.com>. I would appreciate any feedback, either good or bad. Other than that, please enjoy the story and I promise that I would try to update as much as possible!

Different Circles: Chapter 1

by Adam B.

'Pick up your phone, bitch! Pick up your phone, bitch! Pick up your phone, bitch!'

What the hell? Nice way to be woken up from a (sexual) dream. I look at the contraption that was making all the commotion only to find out that it was my cellphone. Amanda has obviously recorded her annoying voice on my cellphone and set it up as my ringtone. I look at the caller I.D. and it was Martina, my best friend in the whole wide universe. Cliche, I know.

"Martina?" I said groggily, "I can't believe you're calling me at 7:00 in the morning. Don't you know it's a sin to wake up someone before 8:30?"

"Quit whining Sean," Martina said in her cheerful voice, "you promised me that we were going to hangout today. I've been really busy with my clothing store opening and stuff. This is the only day this week that I can hangout with you."

"Oh yeah! I did promise you that," I said, "What time do you want me to be there? Please tell me you have the whole day planned because I don't want to be driving around town aimlessly again. Gas prices are going high."

"Since when did YOU become worried about gas prices Mr. Live-for-today-quit-worrying-about-tomorrow? Anyways, I want to grab breakfast with you and then I want you to check out the new clothing store. It's so hot! After that we can do whatever. That's a plan right? Go take a shower, you sexy beast." Martina has a way of buttering me up whenever she wants something. I always fall for it.

"Alright, bye. I'll see you later." I toss the phone into the bed, stood up, and stretched only to see Sean Jr. hard as a rock and standing at full mast. 'God, I need to take care of this.' I thought.

I jumped into the shower and felt the warm water cascade over my 5'11" frame. I thought about the party last night and how I was hammered and had to be brought by Amanda home. She didn't like to drink and just went to parties to check out guys. As I was thinking about the party, my mind drifted to the hot guy that was dancing with me. I never got his name or his phone number, but fuck, he was hot. He was about as tall as me, maybe taller, with bulging muscles and another big bulge in the front. By now, I was stroking my hard cock furiously as I fantasize about

Mr. Bulge. I remembered how he was feeling me up, like we were having sex on the dance floor, while whispering naughty thoughts in my ears. He was so hot with those gorgeous green eyes and brown hair. It created a boyish look about him and it was sexy.

“Uh, uh, FUCK! Uh, God! I’m gonna cum, oh shit, UHH . . . UHH . . . FUCK YEAH!” I spewed my load all over the shower walls. “Fuck me, yeah!” God, that was hot. I quickly finished showering as not to get Martina mad. I swear, that girl is the most impatient person in the whole wide world.

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I drove to the café that Martina and I usually go to. Their crepes are the most amazing thing in the world and I seriously would steal their recipe and put it on the menu of my upcoming restaurant. Ha! An upcoming restaurant, that’s not going to be happening till I’m thirty or something. I wasn’t like any other guys my age, I was prone to spending my money on mindless things and let me tell you, that does not help me with my dream. I was distracted from my deep thought by a kiss on the cheek.

“Hey ugly!” Martina said. I look at her and I think about how beautiful she is. Always very chic, understandable for someone who owns a clothing store. Her blonde hair is long and straight. I think she irons it every hour just so it stays in place. Haha! I think about her burning her pretty little head while doing it. Bad thoughts. She has amazing blue eyes which turns grey in the winter and her physique, oh man! If I was straight, I wouldn’t waste my time sitting in this table right here. I would jump her. Haha.

“Ugly? You were calling me sexy a while ago.” I put on a sexy pout.

“I was just kidding. You’re not ugly. Gosh, Sean! Ugly? Seriously? Jet black hair and blue eyes. I would so totally sleep with you if you weren’t straight. Tell me why all the cute guys are gay? Why!?” Martina asked with her fake ‘grief’ voice.

I don’t mean to brag, but I think I do look nice. At least, that’s what Martina and other girls in high school said. I had jet black hair and blue eyes. I’m 5’11” tall and played baseball and ran track in highschool. I was always shy though. Being gay in highschool is hard, especially since everyone there is superficial. No joke.

“Anyways, Sean, I have to order something. I’m starving and you know me, I eat like a five hundred pound man at a Chinese buffet,” Ha! What a true statement, “What do you want to eat?”

“Uhh, I think I want some cappuccino and crepes. The one with cheese, eggs, ham, and mushroom in it. Thanks, Martina.” Martina walked over to the counter and I was watching her flirt with the cute cashier. This transaction was going to take long.

I turn around and was met with two gorgeous green eyes looking straight at me. It was Mr. Bulge! He looked hot with a t-shirt that was obviously trying to hide his bulging muscles, but failed miserably. His jeans were faded and the bulge in front was prominent. I looked up to

his boyish face and he was looking straight at me, knowing that I was checking him out. He gave me a loop-sided grin and I can't help but to smile at him. I was contemplating on whether to walk over there and introduce myself or just sit here and admire the god sitting ten feet away from me. I was about to walk over to where he was sitting, but was interrupted by a guy that approached him. He kissed him and I knew that the guy was his boyfriend. Defeated, I sat back down and looked over at the lovely couple. I'm not going to deny it. They were both hot and they make such a good-looking couple. Needless to say, I was jealous and embarrassed at the same time. I was obviously checking the guy out and he was just smiling at me as if he was thinking: '*Haha! Here we go, another one checking me out*' I curse myself for falling for those eyes. What was I thinking to even hope that I had a chance with him. I looked back at him, smiled, and looked away.

"Oh my god! Isn't he hot!" Martina said, looking at the cashier, "Hello! Earth to Sean!"

"Huh? Oh yeah. He's hot." I said with sadness laced in my voice. She looked at the guy who I was staring at, Mr. Bulge. He was laughing and was having the best time of his life with that guy. Whenever I find someone cute or hot, they always end up being taken or are ass-holes. I'm beginning to think that I was going to end up lonely and miserable for the rest of my life.

"Look, Sean." Oh man, here we go. Lectures with Martina are always fun. She has the best analogies, "Mr. Perfect over there is like that Gucci handbag I saw at that outlet we went to. I knew I couldn't get it so I just had to settle for a cheaper one at Guess. I was so desperate for that handbag that I wanted to save up and what do you know? Now, I'm holding it." Sure enough, the Gucci handbag was slung over her shoulders, "What I'm saying is, there's a lot more guys out there for you. You're really good looking and you'll find him someday. You're young and you should try your options. Right now, you promised me a great day and your crepes are getting cold." Martina can always make me feel better.

"You know what, let me just ask that cashier if he can wrap up our meal. I need to show you my clothing store." Haha! I love Martina. When she left, I looked at Mr. Bulge and he was writing on a piece of napkin. Man, his arms are huge. Not gross huge, but just perfect. He looked up and then at me. He grabbed the napkin, raised it up, and gave me a look saying 'Here.' He set it down on the table and stood up meeting his boyfriend who was just coming out of the bathroom. He smiled back at me and pointed at the piece of napkin.

"Sean, are you ready to go?" Martina was standing beside me with a paperbag on one hand and the cashier's number on the other. I wish I was as confident as Martina. I looked up at her and told her that I'll be back. I stood up and walked over to where Mr. Bulge left the note. In it said: 'If you want to... and his phone number.

I wanted to take it, I really do. I was tempted to take it but I knew the consequences. I don't want to be just a hook-up anymore. I decided to leave the note and I turned to Martina, her face filled with question.

"I'll tell you later." She nodded and we left the café.

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The drive to Martina's store was quiet and I knew that she wanted to ask me questions. Martina wanted me to make the first move, she's considerate like that.

"Martina," I began.

"Yeah?" She said.

"Do you think I'll be able to find someone. I mean, someone who'll love me? I'm tired of looking and I know I'm only twenty-four and that I should be exploring my options, but after that do you think I'll find someone who'll love me?" I said. I was tearing up. I know, I get too emotional sometimes, especially for a twenty-four year old guy.

Martina looked at me with a smile on her face. Man, she's really pretty. "You know Sean, I think you're worrying too much. Whatever happened to your motto, 'Live for today'? I think that you need to just relax and explore your options. There are a lot of cute gay guys out there and you shouldn't hide your pretty face from them. Tonight, we're going to a gay club." Martina said with a huge smile on her face.

"Haha! Seriously? With you? People are gonna think you're a transvestite or something." I said, laughing my head off.

Martina's face was priceless. "Oh my god, you are so mean!"

"You know you love me."

We stopped at her new clothing store called Euphoria. The name sounds kinda funny at first and I thought it was kinda off too, but when you enter the store, you get greeted by a sweet smell that's obviously euphoric. Martina finds new and upcoming designers and feature their clothes in her store. It's really cool to have a businessperson as your bestfriend.

"So, what do you think?" Martina asked with a trace of pride in her voice.

It was unbelievable, I have to admit. "Martina, it's really nice. You're store is really cool and it's going to be a big hit with the younger crowd. It's really hard to believe that just a few months ago this was just all on paper and we were discussing it at Starbucks. Now, I'm standing on it."

Martina nodded in agreement and we were talking about the layout of the store and where she was going to look for employees. She has everything planned out, from the small details to the big ones. I need to start my business too. Suddenly Martina's phone started ringing.

"Hello, this is Martina!" short pause, "Oh hey! How are you doing?" long pause, "What? Seriously? Can't we do this some other time? I have a friend over." long pause, "I guess so, I'll see you there in five." Martina hung up and look at me with exasperation. "Man! Business

matters. I have to meet with a designer that I contacted a few days ago. She's leaving for New York in three days and she wants to go over some designs. Sean, I am so sorry. I'll call you when I get back though, OK!"

"Oh no, it's no problem. I'll just go to the mall or something."

"I am so, so sorry. I promise you I will make this up to you." Martina said.

"Ha! You better go if you want to catch that designer."

"Bye, Sean! I'll call you."

* * *

I needed to do something productive. For the past thirty minutes I've just been bumming around the house thinking about how to start my own business and how Martina was lucky to have a family business passed down to her. The clothing store was originally called Je Ne Sais Quois but Martina thought that it looked way too old and antique. So, she decided to modernize it and change the store layout and name. The newer store is better in my opinion.

After forty five minutes of bumming around, I decided to go to the local gym. No sense in wasting such as nice day out. After checking that every door was locked and that everything was in it's place, I decided to walk to the gym. I know, I have OCD or something. As I was closing the door to my apartment, the smell of the beach hit me. I love California. I love where I live. It's near the beach, near enough that I can walk it anyways.

As I was walking, I began thinking about Mr. Bulge again. I thought about his chiseled arms and how I wanted it to be wrapped around me. I thought about the things he was saying yesterday at the party. He was telling me how he was going to suck my cock till I shoot my load in his mouth. Hmm, I don't even know if his boyfriend knows where he was last night. Anyways, he was telling me how he wanted to fuck my cute ass and . . . fuck! Shit! I looked down and sure enough there was a big bulge in my gym shorts. I decided to cover it up with my duffle bag and thought about something else.

Finally, the gym. The gym is awesome because it offers me a chance to work out while checking out all the hot guys. This particular day, I wanted to work on my upper body so I decided to lift weights. I went to the locker room, stuffed my duffle bag in the small locker and went to the weight lifting room. Man, I was greeted with the cutest little guy when I entered the weight room. He was blonde, about 5'8" tall and he was looking around as if he is trying to find someone. He looked at me, smiled, and stood up. I was frozen in place and didn't know what to do.

"Dude, is it too much to ask if you can spot me? Please." Man, he was so cute.

“Uhh. . . no, that’s fine. I could spot you. I’m Sean by the way.” Great, he’s probably going to think that I’m flirting with him.

“Nice, bro. My name’s Daniel.”

We approached the bench press and he put on the weights. Man, this guy could bench! Haha! I went to the spotting position and he looked me in the eye. Gorgeous blue eyes. If you guys haven’t noticed yet, I have a thing for eyes.

We finished that session and it was my turn. I laid down on the bench and he was my spotting partner. God, he fills out his gym shorts nicely. I wonder what he’s hiding in there. Ok, push those thoughts aside Adam, the last thing you need is to spring a boner in front of this kid.

Daniel was awesome. He offered me a few pointers and he even cracked some jokes. I felt really comfortable around him and I’m pretty sure I just made a new friend today and he was easy-going, just like how I want my friends to be. I told him that I had to go meet someone and that I’ll see him soon. I decided that I should just take a shower in my house, that way it’s quicker. I have a tendency to check out every guy in the locker room showers. Haha!

I was about to leave when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around and there was Daniel.

“Hey Daniel, what’s up?”

“Oh, umm . . . look, I might have the wrong impression of you but I have to do this because I know I’ll chicken out next time.” Daniel said nervously, “Uh . . . if you’re not busy tomorrow, maybe we could go have dinner together?”

Man, he’s cute when he’s nervous. “What?! Do I have ‘GAY’ plastered all over my face?” I asked him with fear in my eyes.

“No! No, no! Haha. I was just taking my chances. You’re way to cute to pass up, Sean. Besides, I saw you checking me out while I was spotting you!” I must’ve been blushing furiously, “So, You and I, Dinner, Tomorrow?”

“Oh yeah, of course! Here’s my number. Call me, Ok.”

“Sure. I’ll talk to you later, Sean.” Daniel was all smiles.

This day is turning out to be a good day after all.

To Be Continued . . .

Author's note: Dun, dun, dun! Sorry you guys for any grammatical error or if you guys didn't like it. I would like a feedback and I'm still trying to figure out Nifty and submitting stuff. If you guys like it, I have a second chapter that I would gladly post.

*The second chapter focuses more on Sean's work. You guys will be able to see more of Mr. Bulge and I can tell you right now that he'll play a major role in the story. **Thanks for reading!***