

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 will try to update as much as possible!

Different Circles: Chapter 2

by Adam B.

“Ok, ok, ok. So you’re telling me that you met this Daniel guy after I ditched you? God, Sean. You move around fast.” Martina came over to my house after her meeting with the new designer was over and now she’s interrogating me about Daniel.

“Well, no. I mean, it was just by chance that I met him. It’s not like I was looking for someone, you know.”

“Riiight. Anyways, you still up for exploring your options at a gay bar?” Martina said while checking herself out with her mirror.

“I can’t! I mean, I don’t want to. I have a date with Daniel and it’s kinda cheating on him going to a gay bar and hooking up with someone. Kinda, ha ha.” I said, laughing sheepishly.

Martina gave me a serious look and then laughed. “AHAHA! It’s not like you guys are married or anything. Wait, did you like go to Las Vegas and got one of those quick marriage things. Anyways, I respect your ‘fidelity’ and all but are you sure you don’t want to go to a gay bar?”

“No, I can’t Martina and that’s final.”

“Yeah, Ok. Who’s this Daniel guy anyways? Is he hot? Is he cute? Is he tall? Is he short? Is he blonde? Does he have black hair? Does he have nice eyes? Does he work out? Where does he work? Do you know where he lives?” Did I mention that Martina is the most annoying person you’ll ever encounter?

“Martina, I don’t want to play twenty questions with you. Now, where do YOU want to go?” I asked Martina.

“Well since you don’t want to go to a gay bar cause you’re planning on marrying Daniel,” I gave Martina a fierce look, “I was thinking of going to . . .” Martina didn’t even finish her thought because my phone started ringing with it’s annoying ringtone.

‘Pick up your phone bitch! Pick up your phone bit. . .’

“What the hell is that?” Martina asked me.

“It’s my phone, hold up.” Martina rolled her eyes and nodded. “Hello? Daniel? Oh, I wasn’t expecting you to call.” Martina perked up upon hearing Daniel’s name. “Tonight? Nothing, just . . . uhh . . . spending time with my friend . . . come over for dinner? Seriously?” Martina was smirking at me and I gave her the ‘Shut-up look’. “No, no problem. Is it ok if my friend tags along? . . . Haha. Really? Cool!” Daniel gave me his address and directions to his house, “Ok, thanks Daniel. Bye!” I must’ve been all smiles after that phone call. God, Daniel’s voice is so sexy and hot. I looked over to Martina and she had that intimidating look.

“Ohhh! Sounds intriguing. Dinner already? This episode with you and Daniel are moving fast. Next thing I know you guys are going to be settling down and growing old. You know, like a movie . . . except in fast-forward. Haha.”

“Martina, you are so lame. So, yeah, he invited both of us. You up for it?” I asked.

“Ehh. As much as I want to see Daniel in all of his hotness and glory, I want to go clubbing tonight, you know. Besides, I want to give you and Daniel some privacy and I’ll just feel like a third wheel if I go. Do you think Amanda wants to go bar hopping tonight?”

What?! Martina was going to be the tension breaker. I don’t want awkward silences while having dinner with Daniel. I’m gonna be shitting bricks. “Y-you sure you don’t want to go? I mean, he did invite both of us”

Martina smirked knowing full well that I was nervous. “You’ll do fine. Besides, it’s going to end up like . . .” Martina proceeded on doing a motion as if she was sucking someone off. “. . .that anyways.”

“Martina! What?! No, no, no. That’s way too fast. I mean, I hardly know the guy and . . .” I was blushing furiously.

“You look cute when you blush, Sean. Well anyways, I have to call Amanda. I’m ready to go clubbing.” Martina began digging through her purse to look for her phone. “Hello? Amanda? Oh, hey! Ok, so Sean and I were going to go clubbing today, but he ditched me cause he wants to screw a guy and . . .” I looked at Martina with a surprised look.

“MARTINA!” I grabbed the phone from Martina and practically yelled to the phone. “No, no. Amanda that is not true. She’s lying to you.”

“Give me that!” Martina grabbed the phone from me, “Anyways, Amanda, I was hoping you’d go clubbing with me. . . Oh, you will? Seriously? Yay! Ok, I’ll be there in five minutes.” Martina hung up the phone and looked at me. “Sean, it’s going to be ok. I was just kidding, but if you guys do have sex, make sure you use protection, ok. Well, I better get going, and you should too.”

Martina began walking to the front door. Before closing the door however, she couldn't help but to tease me some more, "Sean, you tend to yell a lot when you're having sex. Try to keep it down, yeah?"

"Go home, bitch!" I yelled at Martina jokingly.

"I love you too!" Martina was gone.

I practically ran to the bathroom after Martina was gone to take a quick shower and shave. I had to look good for Daniel. As I was shaving, my phone rang again. Stupid ringtone. I keep forgetting to change it. I looked at the caller I.D. and saw my boss' name, Chef Romano. I had to put it on speaker so I could keep shaving.

"Hey, chef! What can I do for you today?"

"Hey, Sean. I just want to ask you a huge favor." Chef Romano said with his Italian accent. "I know you requested a day off tomorrow, but Stacy called me today and told me that she has to fly to Florida because her mom was sent to the hospital. Tragic, I know. I am, however, short one chef for tomorrow. I was hoping you'd cover for Stacy?"

Damn! No more sleeping over Daniel's house. I mean, it wasn't like I planning on doing it anyways. "Oh, of course. I'd be glad to, chef."

"Oh, *Grazie*. By the way, we have a new chef coming in tomorrow. He's really good, studied with the best chefs in New York for two years. I was hoping you could show him how things work around our restaurant."

"Wait, wait. Hold up! If he's really great why do you need me there? I mean, you're just one chef short, Chef Romano!" I asked him suspiciously.

"Ah, Sean. Full of questions as always. If I wasn't your dad's best friend you would have been fired in my restaurant a long time ago. Haha! I am just kidding. Well, you see, I don't know anyone in that kitchen who will take the time to show this new kid the ropes. It could not possibly be Julian. That kid is a prick. I would've fired him if he wasn't so great in cooking. It wouldn't be Maria either. She does not have the time or patience to even talk to anyone. The bottom line is, Sean, you're a great kid and I am most certain that this kid will feel very comfortable talking to you. Besides, he is around your age." Man, I can't say 'no' to Chef Romano now. Haha.

"Man, chef, you know how to butter someone up, huh?"

"Of course. Ok, I'm going to see you tomorrow, bright and early!"

"Yes, chef. Now, about that raise . . ." I began jokingly.

"You're one funny kid, Sean. *Arrivederci*." Chef Romano hung up on me.

Hmm, tomorrow is going to be pretty interesting. Oh, SHIT! I have to get dressed for my dinner with Daniel.

* * *

Man, here it is! Daniel's apartment. Shit, I am so freakin' nervous for this dinner. I mean, I thought it was going to be tomorrow, then I could've had time to prepare. Hmm, It's probably cause I'm way too sexy. That's probably why he called me earlier than expected. Haha! Anyways, I rang the doorbell to Daniel's apartment waiting for him to let me in. After two seconds of waiting, the door was opened and I was greeted by one of the sexiest sights ever. It was Daniel dressed in a dress shirt that fit him perfectly. He paired the dress shirt off with jeans, giving him a casual look. His hair was spiked and a smile showing his perfect teeth was plastered on his cute face.

"Hey! You're here pretty early. I just finished cooking." Daniel said while giving me one of the warmest smile. Wow! A cute guy who can cook? I'm sold! "Come on in! I'm sorry if my apartment looks a little shabby."

Shabby? Shabby my ass. His apartment was perfect. It looked like an interior decorator was hired to decorate his living room. It only had a few furniture pieces that worked harmoniously with each other. No clutter was in sight and it was basically clean and sharp. "Geez Daniel, you're too modest. You're apartment looks great! Did you decorate it yourself?"

"Uhh, no actually. I had a friend who picked out the furniture for me. Haha." God, his laugh sounded so sexy.

"Wow, I need to see this interior decorator then. My apartment looks like a tornado passed by. You should see it sometimes!" It really did look like it. My apartment has newspapers and magazines all over the place. Natasha's clothes were there too since she sleeps over almost everyday.

"Haha! For sure! Hey, do you want to start dinner? I actually made dinner today without burning down the house. Haha!" Daniel needs to stop laughing before I jump him.

I smiled at him and nodded my head 'yes'.

"Cool. Just wait here and chill. I'm going to set the plates. Make yourself comfy, put your shoes in the shoe rack and let me take your jacket." Man, Daniel really is a nice guy, "and here's some TV while you wait."

"Thanks, mom." I joked.

"No problem, sweetie." Daniel said.

Sweetie? I can live with that.

* * *

I thought that dinner with Daniel was going to be nerve-racking and was going to be filled with awkward silences but it was actually pretty cool. We started off kinda quiet then we got into some conversation and he even made some jokes. It's as though we've known each other for forever. The food was awesome too and as the night went on, I found more and more reasons as to why I think I'm falling for Daniel. Now, we're sitting on his couch and just talking.

“Sean?” Daniel said.

“Yeah?”

Daniel sat up straight and looked at me straight in the eye. “Sean, I know this might sound weird, but you’re the first guy I’ve had a date with. I know! I’m twenty-one and you might think that I have a lot of experience with guys, but I don’t. Coming from the suburbs of Texas, where being gay was frowned upon, I had to put on a facade of Mr. Jock by dating girls. I couldn’t take it anymore and I was so happy when I was able to move here in California for my college years. It was great and I promised myself that I’ll be true to myself. I hope this doesn’t make you think less of me or hate me. I know I was superficial and shallow in high school, but I changed, Sean.” Daniel said this to me and I looked at his beautiful, blue eyes imagining the pain he’s been through. Hiding the fact that you’re gay wasn’t easy. I would know.

“No, no, Daniel. You’re perfect. To tell you the truth, I was in a similar position as you were in high school. I played baseball and ran track for my high school and I could not imagine coming out to my teammates and being called derogatory names. I’m glad that you’re being honest with me, Daniel.” I smiled at him.

“Thanks, Sean. You know that day that I invited you for dinner? Well, I was talking to my friend over AIM earlier that day and I was telling her how I’m going to go out there and be more confident and true to myself. Anyways, when you walked in the gym, I saw you and I immediately thought to myself: ‘Man, what a cutie.’ I had no idea you were gay till I asked you for dinner. Haha. I could’ve been badly beaten if you weren’t gay or something.”

I laughed with Daniel and as the laughing subsided, I was drawn into his eyes. Two beautiful pools of blue. They were beautiful and refreshing, like the person who owned them. I moved down to his full and kissable lips. Like the eyes, they were beautiful. I had no idea what happened, but the next thing I knew was Daniel and I were kissing. Not like animals, but tender and sweet. Daniel immediately pulled back and looked at me as if he had just done something wrong.

“L-look, Sean. I-I’m sorry. I-I don’t know if that was too fast. It just happened you know. I’m sorry for being too fast and . . .” I kissed him again.

“Haha, Daniel. You’re really cute and sweet. Don’t be sorry. I don’t even know why you’re being sorry!” I told him.

“Look, Sean. You’re one of the most amazing thing that has ever happened to my life in such a long time. I know that’s a really weird thing to say considering that we’ve only hung out

for one night, but growing up without anyone fully understanding me was hard. Now that I've met someone like you who can relate to me is really amazing. Throughout this night, I was really comfortable. I can be myself in front of you and you wouldn't judge me. You make me smile and you're perfect in every little way. I would really like to take this friendship to a more intimate level. I really like you and if I move too fast just tell me. I don't want to fuck this up and scare you. I'd rather go slow and take my time than frighten you by acting aggressive. I just wanted to let you know that."

I was in shock. No one has ever said that to me before. Every relationship I had started with 'Wham-Bam-Thank you, Sean!' then we kinda went from there. Seeing Daniel so vulnerable just made me want him more than ever.

"Wow, Daniel. You are probably the most perfect guy out there. Haha, I don't even know if I deserve someone like you. Look, I really like you too and I would definitely like being boyfriends and going out, you know. As for taking it slow, I don't really care. Whatever pace you feel the most comfortable in."

Daniel grinned at me, a sexy, devilish grin. "Well, in that case . . ." Daniel went back to kissing me, nibbling my lips and probing the insides of my mouth with his tongue. I did the same to him and we were wrestling with our tongues in a matter of minutes. He then proceeded to nibble on my earlobe driving me wild and causing me to moan and make my cock hard as a rock. Daniel began trailing small kisses going down on my neck to mark me with a hickey. By now, I was so hot and horny I just wanted to go and tear his clothes off and make sweet love to him. Daniel stopped his actions to take a breath.

In a rough voice, Daniel uttered, "Sean, let's go to my room. I need to feel you. I want you"

I could only nod. Who can say 'NO' to Daniel. We began our trek to his bedroom all the while kissing on our way there. We didn't even make it past the door when Daniel grabbed me and pinned me to the wall of his bedroom. I was by no means a puny guy, but shit, Daniel was stronger than me even though he's shorter. He began taking my shirt off and sucked on my nipples. I was moaning and groaning while he was doing this to me. He gently bit one of them and my eyes flew open and I yelped. That was definitely a new sensation. He then went down to my abs and he kissed it gently, licking every contours. He licked it like it was made of candy while looking at me with those blue eyes. Fuck, those blue eyes are going to make me shoot. With his palms, he kneaded my hardening cock that was making an obscenely huge bulge in front of my jeans.

"Let's move to the bed, Daniel." I was so horny.

He sat down and pulled me by the belt. He quickly removed my jeans and looked at my hard cock trapped in my boxers. He looked at me with those eyes again as if he was asking my permission. I simply nodded, ready for him to take my hard cock in his mouth. As soon as he was lowering my boxers, however, I pushed him to the bed, grabbed his arms and put them over his head.

“It’s my turn now. I want to taste you too Daniel and lick and kiss you all over the place.” I grabbed his dress shirt and ripped it off of his body only to be exposed to the greatest set of abs I have ever seen. I began licking his nipples too, biting them till they were pink and sensitive. Daniel was moaning and panting and this only fueled my desire for him. I wanted him so bad. I licked his abs, memorizing every line and curves that they made. I then continued on with removing his jeans. The contours of Daniel’s hard cock was clearly visible in his 2^(x)ist underwear.

“God! Sean, please. . . . please take me.”

“Ready for this Daniel?” He merely nodded and closed his eyes. I removed his underwear and revealed his thick, fat cock. His cock was surrounded by trimmed pubic hair and was probably around seven and a half inches long. I started licking it and Daniel was writhing and moaning.

“Uhhh! Sean . . . F-Fuck! Uhhh! Yeah, Sean. Your hot tongue feels so fucking good! Shit! Uhh, uhh, uhh. Yeah!” Daniel moaned.

I kept on licking it up and down, up and down, while massaging his heavy balls. After giving his hard cock some attention, I moved onto licking his golf-sized balls. They were heavy and smooth. I licked both of them and put each one in my mouth, swirling my tongue around them. This drove Daniel crazy.

“STOP! Sean, stop!” I stopped and looked at him with a confused look on my face, “Geez, cowboy, if you keep going on, I’m going to burst. Haha.”

“What’s wrong with that?” I asked.

“Nothing. I want to save it when you’re fucking me crazy. Besides, it’s my turn to see my prize.” Daniel smiled his sexy smile and removed my boxers. His face was priceless, it was like a kid in a candy shop.

“Wow, this is HUGE!” Daniel exclaimed. I couldn’t help but to laugh and swing my cock back and forth. This fascinated Daniel who took it in his hands and licked the tip of my cock. By this time, I was leaking like a faucet. Daniel began to take the head of my fat cock in his mouth which caused me to take a sharp intake of breath. Inch by inch he swallowed my hard cock till he couldn’t take anymore. He then bobbed up and down, licked it like it was a lollipop.

“FUCK!!! FUCK!!! YEAH!!! Daniel, yeah. Like that! Lick it up. Uhh, uhh, uhh. FUCK!!! Shit!!!!” I was moaning and squirming. “Ok, Stop! Daniel, stop. I’m way too close and I want to fuck that sweet ass of yours.”

Daniel stopped what he was doing and looked up at me. We made out one more time and just felt each other. Daniel felt so hard and muscular. We kept this going till our cocks were screaming for attention.

“Sean, please fuck me. . .” Daniel whispered to me.

“Where’s the lube and the condoms?” Daniel pointed to his dresser and I immediately saw a pack of condoms and K-Y Jelly. I put on the condom as quickly as possible and grabbed the lubricant. I slathered copious amounts of lubricant to Daniel’s ass causing him to yelp from the coldness. I then proceeded on finger fucking him with one finger which made Daniel moan. Fuck, this was so hot and I was so horny. I inserted one more finger then another and began massaging Daniel’s love button.

“Urghhh. Sean, fuck me . . . please, fuck me! I can’t take it anymore. Sean!” I was only happy to oblige. I lined up my hard cock to his chute and pressed it in slowly. Inch by inch my cock disappeared into his sweet ass making Daniel moan. When all of my cock was inside Daniel, I stopped and looked at him again. His eyes were wide open, looking back at me. His breath was labored and his skin was hot. I began going back and forth, slowly. He then closed his eyes and moaned.

“Uhh, uhh, uhh. Sean . . . fuck me. Fuck me!! FUCK ME!!!” Daniel yelled.

God! “You want me to go faster, Daniel? Harder, huh?”

“Yes! Oh fuck, yes!”

I began pounding his ass faster and harder making Daniel moan and groan. His ass was so tight and hot and I was loving every minute that I fucked him. I kept on fucking him hard till he shot his load all over his abs. This site only made me hornier and I continued fucking him till I can feel the impending feeling of a great orgasm.

“Daniel, I’m going to come.” I removed the condom and Daniel took my hard in his hand and began jacking me off. Pretty soon, I was coming and my jizz spurted all over Daniel’s pretty face. I collapsed beside him and we were quiet for a moment.

“FUCK, SEAN! YOU WERE FUCKING AMAZING!!” Daniel screamed on the top of his lungs. I just laughed at him. We must’ve been one hot sight, two, athletic looking guy sweaty from amazing sex and covered in cum. Haha.

Daniel and I made out some more before going to bed that night. We cuddled close to each other feeling content. I was the happiest guy on earth.

* * *

‘BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BE. . .’

Stupid alarm clock. I looked over at the noisy contraption and the red numbers stared right back at me. 6:30 A.M. great, just great. Who wakes up this early in the morning? My question was immediately answered by a movement next to me.

“Ohhh, 6:30 in the morning already? Fuck! Time to go to work.” I looked at Daniel and there he was, standing with his morning wood asking me to come over and suck it.

“Good morning, Daniel.” I said groggily.

“Haha. Not a morning person are you?” Daniel placed a quick peck on my lips, “Dude, you fucked me so hard yesterday, my ass is sore. How am I supposed to work in the gym? Haha. Come on, let’s go take a shower.” Daniel slapped my ass causing me to yelp.

“Do we have to?” I asked him. I really didn’t want to go to work today. I just wanted to cuddle up with Daniel all day long and have sex with him. Shut up! I’m twenty-three and horny. Sheesh!

“Yes we do. Come on, lazy!” I followed Daniel to the bathroom and we jumped into the shower. I was immediately woken up by the warm water and by the hands that were lathering me up on my back.

“If you keep this going Daniel, we won’t be able to get to work! Haha. Let’s save it for tonight . . . I mean, it’s not like we’re not going to do it again. What I meant is that . . . uhh . . .” Stupid! Stupid! Who says that? Me! Cause I’m dumb. Daniel laughed at me and told me that he’ll see me tonight, after work.

We quickly finished our showers and grabbed a quick breakfast. Pretty soon we were out of the house and Daniel was on his way to work. I, however, didn’t have to work till 9:00 A.M. so I quickly drove to my house only to find an all too familiar car parked in the driveway. It was Martina’s.

* * *

As I opened the door to my apartment, I was greeted by the noises of cartoons. I went to my living room only to find Martina watching *Spongebob Squarepants* while eating ice-cream.

Martina quickly turned around and faced me, “Where were you yesterday, young man? I was worried sick. I knew you were going to have sex with Daniel but you could’ve called and informed me you were going to sleep over after you screwed him. Gosh!”

“Whoa, MOM! Actually, no mom in their right mind would say that to their kids. I’m sorry for not calling you. Wait, what happened to you?” I looked at Martina and she was dressed in an oversized t-shirt, my t-shirt, and her hair was messed up.

“That skank Amanda ditched me for a guy. I had to drive all the way over here and crash. By the way, I ate all the food in the fridge and in the cupboard. You need to get more of those instant noodles. Those are bomb!” For eating so much, Martina has such great physique.

“Haha. I will.” I sat beside her in the couch and we were just watching TV till Martina began interrogating me.

“Sooo, was he big?” Whoa! That question startled me.

“Did you just ask me that question cause I’m going to pretend you didn’t just ask that.”

“Oh come on, it’s not like I don’t know how to take it up there.” Martina gave me one of her devilish smirks.

“Ok, Martina, I’m really going to pretend I didn’t hear that.” I removed my jacket and went to my room only to have Martina follow me.

“Don’t be such a prude. Details.” Martina said while eating her ice-cream. I swear to God if she keeps eating like that she’ll be obese in two years.

“No!”

“Please, Sean.”

“No! That’s final.”

Martina gave me a pout, “That’s not fair! I tell you everything I do with a guy.”

“Yeah, Ok. You tell me every single detail even though I don’t want to hear any of it.”

Martina’s look was priceless, “Oooh. Please! Just tell me, please! I think that two guys having sex is so hot!”

“No! No! NO!!” I told her.

“Hmph! If I ever do it with a hot, Brazilian guy I won’t tell you anything.” Martina said waving a spoon at me.

“Ok, yeah. Cause I want to know the details, right?” I told her sarcastically.

“I hate you, Sean.”

“I love you too, babe.”

Martina went back to watching cartoons while I crashed in my bed. I was asleep, yet again.

* * *

I was awoken by Martina screaming on top of her lungs.

“SEAN! SEAN! SEAN! WAKE UP!” I opened my eyes and there was Martina eating pizza. “Don’t you have work today? Chef Romano called earlier and told me that he wanted me to tell you that you have work today. Get ready already.”

“Oh, shit! I forgot about that.” I quickly looked at the alarm clock, 8:30 A.M.. Fuck! I slept for two hours. I ran past Martina and went to the bathroom to shave. Martina was standing by the doorway looking at me, fascinated.

“Hmm, I think Mr. Daniel fucked you too hard. You’re brain is all jumbled up.” I gave Martina a deadly look and she just laughed it off. “I’ll go get your clothes.” Martina walked away and went to my walk-in closet to pick out clothes.

In no time, I was dressed and ready for work. Before I left, I told Martina to go to Wal-Mart and pick out foods. She said yes and told me to go before my boss kills me with a butcher knife.

* * *

Chef Romano’s restaurant, *Bei Momenti*, was located in downtown and was fifteen minutes away from my apartment. It was a really good restaurant that received a four star rating from some of the best food critics out there. The restaurant predominantly attracted people in their mid-thirties because of the tranquil atmosphere. The kitchen, however, was far from tranquil.

As I walked in the back door of the restaurant, I was greeted with the sight of four sous-chefs and Chef Romano frantically running trying to prepare meals for the crowd. When Chef Romano spotted me, he told me to get my ass over there and help them. I was laughing inside my head.

As we were working, I asked Chef Romano about the new chef. “Ahh, Sean, he will be arriving in a short while. Don’t get your . . . ahh . . . panties in a bunch. He will be here.” Great! He should be here early to help with the preparations. I mean, this sight in this kitchen is not uncommon, but I’m too lazy to do anything. Haha. I’m seriously not like this all the time.

After the crowds had thinned out, I asked Chef Romano if I can go to the bathroom to relieve myself. What?! All those TV shows on Bravo or the Food Network don’t tell you that chefs have to use the bathroom too? Haha. The thing is, we have separate bathrooms from the guests. I quickly went to the bathroom, relieved myself and checked myself out in the mirror. Mmm, model material? Maybe. I quickly went back to the kitchen and there was Chef Romano with the new chef, their backs turned to me.

“Chef Romano, I’m back.” The two quickly turned around and the whole world stood still. I was greeted by two sparkling green eyes.

It was . . . Mr. Bulge.

To Be Continued . . .

Author's Note: Dun, Dun, Dun!

First off, I want to take Nifty for posting my story! Woo hoo!

*Second, I want to thank **Mr. Robert Saarikko** for becoming my official proofreader. I know. I'm really horrible at proofreading. Thanks, Robert! Anyways, he found two mistakes that probably scared some of my audiences away. Thanks!*

Comments? Suggestions? Ideas? Email me. I would love to hear from you guys! Thanks again for reading!