

A Sip...



A Torquere Press Short

Dropping Quarters
By Addison Albright

‘No masturbating’. The sign on the door to the little room actually said that. Yeah, right. So why did the adult video arcade’s management keep a box of Kleenex in the room then? To clean off the screen? Luke supposed that the screen might actually need to be cleaned off after a client left the room, but that was only *because* he’d been jacking off.

The numerous sticky tissue wads on the floor either meant he wasn't the only one completely ignoring the 'rule', or the clients in the room before him probably should have stayed home in bed with a humidifier cranked all the way up. Luke's money was on the former.

Is that a roll of quarters in your pocket or are you happy to see me? Luke couldn't help thinking of the mind-numbingly inane line as he pulled the roll out of his pocket. Both? He cracked open the roll and dropped a quarter into the machine.

The screen blazed to life and Luke watched as a man with gym-ripped muscles arranged a smaller man on a long, tall bench. The body builder's mullet gave away the age of the film clip.

The smaller man was naked, bent over the bench. His lean torso and arms were stretched out and his hands firmly gripped metal rings at the opposite corners. His ass was tightly clenched.

The body builder was better than naked. His skin-tight leather pants laced up the sides and highlighted his taut thighs. The straps on his leather harness hid nothing; they accentuated plenty, though. His pecs rippled as he walked around the smaller man, checking out his form. The bulge at the apex of his legs? No way was that real.

Luke unzipped and loosened his jeans. He only slightly lowered his pants and briefs though – he wanted something between his bare ass and the grimy cracked vinyl of the chair he was lowering himself onto.

He pulled a lube packet from his pocket and tore it open. No one would ever accuse him of being a Boy Scout anymore, but he was always prepared. That was one value he'd held onto, anyway.

Luke squeezed the contents of the lube packet onto his right hand. The screen chose that moment to go blank. He reached for another quarter and dropped it into the greedy slot. The screen sparked back to life and Luke watched as the body builder took his place behind the smaller man.

Luke wrapped his slick hand around his prick and stroked. His erection responded with a nice twitch. Yeah, that felt right. Luke tried to erase the memory of Chad as he concentrated on the body builder untying the laces at the front of his tightly stretched pants.

Fucking Chad. He was lucky Luke hadn't caught him red handed. Hell, *Luke* was lucky he hadn't caught Chad red handed. There was no telling how he would have reacted.

Chad had readily admitted to the affair, though, when Luke had confronted him with it. Fucking little prick hadn't even looked remorseful; he'd almost looked happy it was over. Six months hadn't wiped away the pain that look had caused.

The body builder finally got his pants undone and pulled his rod out. Jesus fucking Christ, that bulge *had* been real. Luke almost felt sorry for the little guy bent over the bench.

Luke's hand tightened and pumped his own length in earnest as the body builder rolled on a condom and lubed himself up. The smaller man looked back at the body builder and his eyes

widened in mock surprise. He tried to look frightened, but it was laughable – he was drooling for it.

Fucking machine. Luke reached out with his left hand and snatched another quarter. He fumbled and dropped the damned thing to the gritty floor, then picked up another one and fed it into the machine. Luke heard moaning from the next booth as his screen flashed back to life.

The body builder was pushing in, firmly and steadily. The smaller man was pressing his forehead onto the bench top, his torso tense. As their two bodies pressed together, Luke sped up his pumping action. His cock was hard and aching and he was close. Luke's balls were drawn up and he stared blindly at the screen as the pressure built.

Luke heard a loud groan from the next booth. The sound of another man, real and close, getting off just a few feet away from him sent him over the edge faster than the men humping on the screen.

Luke's head fell back and he felt his cock pulsing in his hand as he jerked hard on it. His own voice added to the sounds floating in the air.

The screen died once again and Luke sat there with his eyes closed, breathing heavily. His heart rate steadied and he opened his eyes. His hand was a sticky mess so he reached with his left for the box of tissues and snatched a few.

Luke choked back a laugh when he noticed a small glob of spunk had actually hit the screen. He cleaned up his hand first, then wiped the drip from the screen and added his wadded sticky tissue to the pile in the corner.

Luke stood and yanked up his briefs, then zipped and buttoned his jeans. He just left his t-shirt untucked. He picked up his pile of quarters and stuffed them back in his pocket.

Luke turned the knob on the door and stepped out into the dark stuffy hallway. As he started to walk the door to the next room opened and he stepped right into it.

“Fuck!” Damn that hurt. The edge of the door had smacked him right in the forehead. He doubled over with his head in his hands.

Luke heard his moaning companion apologizing over him. “Oh, damn. I’m *so* sorry. Are you okay? Want me to see if they have any ice here for you to put on that?”

“No,” he replied. It sounded kind of whiney, though.

The man put one of his hands on Luke's head and the other on his shoulder. “You sure? That had to hurt, man. I’m really sorry.”

Luke cleared his throat to try again with less whimper in his voice, but then he thought about where those hands had just been and choked out a laugh instead.

“What the hell, man – you hurt or are you messing with me?” The man sounded a little indignant, now.

Luke stood back up and looked at him. The man looked vaguely familiar, but Luke couldn’t quite place it. “It hurt like hell, but it’s fading now.”

The man had that look in his eye too. That ‘I’ve seen you somewhere before but I can’t quite place it’ look. He was nice looking too – tanned, blond hair, blue eyes. He had kind of a small build, but was in good shape. “Well, you’re going to have an ugly bruise there, that’s for sure.”

“Yeah, that’s okay. I don’t have anyone to impress right now anyway.”

“Well, if you’re sure there’s nothing I can do, and you’re okay...”

Fuck, that feeler had fallen deader than the batteries in an old maid’s vibrator. Clearly the man had no interest. “Yeah, I’m fine. Don’t worry about it.” Luke gave him a little smile anyway.

The man smiled and turned away. Luke paused before following so he wouldn’t be right on the man’s heels.

“Damn Luke, what the hell’d you do to your forehead?” That was Jake, and of course the rest of the team had to turn and gawk, too.

Luke had to admit, the bruise had turned a striking shade of bluish purple since Friday night. He’d put ice on it, after all, when he’d gotten home, and had nursed a headache for the rest of the night. In hindsight he considered that the blood-thinning qualities of the aspirin he’d taken for the headache might have made the bruising worse.

Luke sighed. “I walked into the edge of a door, that’s all.”

“Jesus, were you drunk?”

“No, Jake, I haven’t turned into a stumbling drunk. Let’s just say the door opened unexpectedly.” The guys on his softball team all knew he was gay, and didn’t have any issues with it, but still, he wasn’t sure he wanted to explain where the door was located.

Hell, he’d rather not think about the reasons he was alone sitting in a place like that on a Friday night. After the blowout with Chad he’d tried going back to pickup joints but he’d grown past being interested in one night stands and the guys he met at those places weren’t interesting in any more than that. So it was just himself and his hand these days, and occasionally he wanted a little extra inspiration.

“Let’s warm up,” said Aaron. “The ‘Tigers’ have been warming up over there for ten minutes already.”

“They creamed us last time we played them didn’t they?” asked Jake.

Damn, *that's* who they were playing this evening? The Tigers were undefeated in the league. "Twelve to three wasn't it?" asked Luke.

"Yep, that was it. Let's spread out and toss the ball around," said Aaron. "Our strategy needs to be to ramp up our defense 'cause nobody can ever score much off their pitcher."

Luke walked over to first base, his position, and threw the ball to Jake, who'd moved over to second. Jake threw it back hard and Luke caught it. They went back and forth for the next five minutes until the umpire called 'play ball'.

Luke's team, the Blue Jays, was the home team this game so he stayed in position as the Tigers trotted in to the bench. The Tigers' first batter took some practice swings and approached the plate.

Aaron pitched the ball and the batter hit a grounder to Jake at second base. Jake fielded the ball smoothly and quickly threw the ball to Luke, in position at first. The ball was there in plenty of time and the batter was called out.

The second batter approached the plate. He was a lefty with a small strike zone. Aaron pitched and a ball was called. Brian, the Blue Jays' catcher, threw the ball back to Aaron. Aaron pitched again and this time he swung and connected with the ball. It was a grounder to third base.

Again the ball was fielded smoothly and thrown quickly to Luke. 'Lefty' was fast, though and it was a close play. Luke felt like the throw beat the runner, but he was called safe.

Luke threw the ball back to Aaron. As he walked back towards his position the man spoke to him. "I was wrong," he said.

"Yeah, you and the ump, both." Luke turned back to look at the guy and suddenly knew why his 'moaning companion' from Friday night had looked so familiar. Luke smiled at him. "What were you wrong about?"

"I told you that you'd have an ugly bruise. That thing's a beaut," he said. "And the ump was right on with his call."

"Bullshit." Luke winked at him and added: "You must be blowing him on the side to get calls like that. Maybe that's why you guys are undefeated."

"Fuck you," Lefty replied. But he was smiling when he said it.

"Usually not," said Luke, "but I'd be happy to do *you*." It was a cheesy line, but what the hell. He'd been given the opening and the automatic reply was out before he could stop himself.

The man just laughed. Luke got into position and Aaron pitched the ball. The batter hit a fly ball to left. Eddie caught the ball, but Lefty tagged up and made it to second base. Damn, Luke had to find out the man's name.

Lefty scored on a double hit by the following batter. Their final batter of the inning grounded out to the shortstop. Only one run – not *too* bad – except when considering how little the Blue Jays would likely be scoring against them.

Luke trotted in and took his place on the bench. He'd be batting third in the line up. Lefty walked out to the pitcher's circle, reminding Luke that he was their star pitcher.

Luke turned to Jake. "Hey Jake, what's their pitcher's name, do you know?"

"I think it's 'Cato'." Jake replied then turned to Aaron. "Aaron – the Tigers' pitcher – is his name 'Cato'?"

"Yeah, that's right. Why?"

"Luke was askin'." Jake turned back to Luke. "Why'd ya want to know?"

"Shit, no reason. Just wondering, that's all." Damn. Why *did* he want to know so badly? Was he interested in Cato? Was Cato interested in him?

Cato had blown off Luke's feeler at the Ninth Street Arcade on Friday, but hell, maybe he just didn't want to be picked up at an adult video arcade. The man *had* started up a conversation with Luke at first base, but it had gone nowhere.

Luke studied him as he tossed warm up pitches in to the Tigers' catcher. He was certainly good looking. Lean and athletic, too – nice. Their uniforms didn't hide flaws well but there weren't any to hide on that frame. He had a *very* nice ass.

Luke knew he looked all right himself, too. He had dark hair and eyes. He had more than a smattering of hair on his chest, and he was in great shape. He wasn't into body building by any means, but he had good muscle tone.

Aaron, the Blue Jays' first batter popped out. Typical – Cato had a wicked backspin on his pitch – there'd be a lot of pop ups this game. Jake was up next and managed a hit to left field. Luke approached the plate.

Cato pitched. Luke could see the damned thing spinning and aimed his swing as best he could to avoid an embarrassing popup. He connected and hit a crazy grounder through the hole between first and second. Their fielders were quick to get the ball in and Jake was held at second base.

Their next batter hit a sacrifice to the outfield, advancing Jake and Luke each one base, but it didn't do them any good since Chris popped out to end the inning, leaving them both stranded. The next six innings didn't vary too much from the first, and Luke didn't get another opportunity to talk to Cato, either.

The game ended with a final score of eight to four, Tigers. Luke and the Blue Jays consoled themselves with the thought that at least they hadn't been creamed as badly as the last time they'd met.

The guys packed up their gear and discussed where they'd go to drown their sorrows. They settled on a country bar and pool hall that was just a few blocks from the field.

Luke stepped into the crowded, smoky bar with Jake and Aaron. Neon signs hawking various brands of beer decorated the walls. They didn't see any empty pool tables and wandered up to the bar for some longnecks.

Luke took a long draw on his beer and followed his buddies over to watch some pool. He noticed a few Tiger uniforms among the players. He glanced around the room but didn't notice Cato among them.

Fuck him anyway. Luke had given him two openings and the man had shot them both down. Fine, so he wasn't Cato's type – not the end of the fucking world. He wasn't stupid, and he wasn't going to make a third play for the man, either.

So why couldn't he stop thinking about the stuck up little prick? Why did he keep reliving their shared moans back at the Ninth Street Arcade? The feel of Cato's hands on him when he was doubled over holding his forehead?

Why? Probably because of the potential he'd seen there. Cato seemed like a nice enough guy and they at least had some shared interests since they both played in a softball league.

Hell, for all he knew Cato wasn't even gay. Maybe he was bi, or bi-curious. The fact that he'd been in the adult arcade getting off watching gay sex videos wasn't necessarily *proof*. Maybe he wasn't single either. Luke hadn't felt a need to visit the place while in a relationship, but that didn't mean others wouldn't.

Fuck him. He either wasn't interested or wasn't eligible. Either way, Luke needed to move on and quit thinking about the man. He needed to figure out where he could meet an eligible man who was interested in more than a casual hookup for the night. He was looking for love in all the wrong places, just like the song.

Luke glanced at the silent jukebox and walked over to look at the selections. He smiled when he saw the Johnny Lee song was one of the options. He pulled three quarters out of his pocket, dropped them into the machine and made his selection.

Johnny Lee began singing the words Luke felt: They were so fucking true. Luke brought the bottle up to his lips and took a pull. He looked over at his friends laughing together as they took a challenge to play the winners of a pool game that had just ended.

Damned song was making him feel melancholy. He finished his beer, put it down on an empty table, and turned to leave. This was obviously one of those 'wrong places' Johnny Lee was singing about.

Luke started for the door but then stopped short when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned to look and was startled to see it was Cato.

“Okay.” That was all Cato said. What the fuck did that mean?

“Okay, what?”

“I was just continuing our conversation.”

What the fuck conversation was that? Luke must’ve looked as confused as he felt because Cato continued: “I believe the last thing you said went something like this... ‘Usually not, but I’d be happy to do *you*’. Feel free to correct me if I’m wrong. Anyway, my continuation of that conversation is to say ‘okay’.”

“Oh. Um – sure? Sorry if I look surprised, but I’d gotten the impression you weren’t interested.”

“Well, it’s not that I wasn’t interested in *you*.” Cato’s grin was lopsided. “I’m just so sick of one night stands. I guess I had the impression that’s what you were after.”

“I’m not.”

“Yeah, that song helped. Shit, I know there aren’t any guarantees that anything will work out, I just needed to know that the potential was there.”

Luke smiled back at him. “I agree.”

Cato laughed. “I’m Cato Marks, by the way. I’m told you’re Luke Parsons.”

“That’s right. Nice to meet you Cato.”

“My place okay with you? I’m not too far from here.”

Sweet. Luke’s smile widened. “Lead on.”

Luke pulled into the driveway of the small bungalow right behind Cato’s Escape. It was a cheerful looking little place, painted a pale yellow and shaded by mature oaks. He followed Cato to the front door and waited patiently as Cato turned the key in the deadbolt.

The door opened and Cato stepped inside. Luke followed him through and waited while Cato secured the door. Cato tossed his keys on a table then launched himself into Luke’s arms.

Fuck yes. Luke wrapped his arms around Cato and locked his lips onto the man’s. Cato was aggressive and Luke liked that. Cato’s tongue pressed into Luke’s mouth and Luke pressed back with his own.

Luke whirled them around and slammed Cato’s back up against the door. Cato’s arms tightened around his neck and Luke pressed his body hard against the man. Cato tasted of beer and his own special flavor.

Luke ground his pelvis against Cato's, but a cup against cup grind wasn't quite the same sensation as feeling another man's erection pressing back against his own. Fuck, they needed to get out of these clothes – fast.

Cato apparently agreed things needed to move along. He broke their kiss and panted. “Bedroom – down the hall – supplies are there.”

“God, yes,” agreed Luke.

Cato flashed a smile over his shoulder as Luke followed him down the hallway towards the door at the end. Cato untucked his shirt as he went and pulled it off over his head. Luke followed suit, yanking his own shirt off. When they reached the room they toed off their shoes and proceeded to peel off the rest of their uniforms.

Luke's erection was rock hard. It had been months since he'd gotten off with anyone other than his own hand and he was more than ready to sink his length into Cato's tight ass. He watched, breathing heavily, as Cato removed his cup and jock strap.

The man was equally hard. They ogled each other's full, leaking cocks then made eye contact. Luke smiled. Cato grinned back and said: “Nice.”

Cato moved quickly, yanking back the bed covers. Then he opened a dresser drawer and pulled out a small bottle of lube and a condom and tossed them on the bed.

Luke walked over to Cato and pulled him back into his arms. This time with skin to skin contact, and no cups blocking the wonderful feeling of a man's cock, heavy with desire for *him*, rubbing back against his own.

His mouth found Cato's, this time with a softer kiss, gently nibbling at Cato's lips. Cato's eyes closed and he moaned softly. Luke wanted to slow things down just a bit, show Cato that he was capable of giving him more than a fast roll in the hay – more than he would get from a casual hookup.

Luke's fingers feathered down Cato's back and Cato tangled his fingers in the hair at the back of Luke's head. Luke moved his mouth to the side of Cato's neck. He nibbled, sucked and licked his way down, pausing to suck on Cato's adam's apple, before nipping his way down to Cato's collarbone.

Luke savored the rich salty, sweaty taste of the man. He likewise savored the play of the hard muscles flexing beneath his hands, and pressed against his body.

Cato moaned and pushed against him, propelling Luke back towards the bed. Luke let go while they crawled to the middle of the bed, then pulled Cato onto him. Cato straddled his hips and leaned down to press a hot kiss to his chest.

Luke arched up to him and moved his arms down Cato's back to cup his ass. He could feel Cato's hands moving along his biceps, gently squeezing, appreciating his muscles. Luke groaned at the thought of Cato getting hot while feeling up his arms.

Luke rolled them over so he was on top. Cato's legs splayed out and Luke balanced his weight between them. Luke brought his mouth back down to Cato's collarbone, and then trailed his tongue over his chest towards a tight rosy nipple.

Luke dragged his tongue over the taut peak and felt Cato arch beneath him, felt Cato's hard cock twitch against his abs. Fuck that was hot. Luke wasn't going to be able to hold out much longer.

Luke sat back on his heels, reached for the condom packet and tore it open. Luke looked at Cato's face and saw the man looking intently back at him. Luke smiled at him. "You like it face to face, Cato?"

"Yeah. Love it."

Luke rolled on the condom and reached for the lube. He popped open the top and squeezed some onto his hand.

Cato pulled his legs back. Luke placed his left hand on Cato's hip and used his right to apply some of the slick around Cato's hole before pressing in with one of his fingers. Cato closed his eyes, and Luke could feel him relaxing around his finger.

Luke moved his finger around, spreading the slick and stretching Cato's muscle ring. He reached for the lube and added some more before inserting a second finger. Cato groaned but accepted the finger easily.

Luke reached for Cato's prostate and knew he'd hit it when Cato's eyes flew open. "Jesus, Luke – now. I'm ready, baby. I need you now."

Luke pulled his fingers out and smeared some more lube onto his condom covered cock. He placed his hands on Cato's hips, spread his knees for balance and lined up.

Cato pulled back on his legs and laid them on Luke's shoulders. Luke liked that. He liked the feel of Cato's tight hamstrings flexing against his chest as he pressed home.

God, Cato was tight. Hot and tight and he felt oh so fucking good. Cato groaned again when Luke's balls were finally pressed tight against the crack of his ass.

Luke reached around with his slick hand and took hold of Cato's prick. It was hard and leaking steadily. Luke gave him a pump and Cato arched into it.

Luke pulled his cock back to just inside Cato's muscle ring and rammed back in, aiming for Cato's gland. He was rewarded with a cry. Then he felt Cato's prick start to throb just moments before hot come spilled over his hand, onto Cato's abs.

Cato's body arched and his ass tightened and pulsed around Luke's prick. It was too much. They'd both been too close when they started. Luke pumped into Cato two more times before exploding with a shout. He felt his cock throbbing and he pressed in deep as he shot.

Long moments passed as their breathing settled and their heart rates slowed. Cato let his legs fall to the sides and Luke pulled out, tossing the condom into a trash can next to the bed.

Luke relaxed down, and rested on his elbows where he could press a kiss to the side of Cato's neck. He could feel Cato smile against his cheek. Luke rolled off to the side and pulled Cato along with him. Cato snuggled up against his side with his head resting at Luke's shoulder. Luke ran a warm hand along Cato's back, petting him.

Luke felt happy and content as Cato trailed a finger through his chest hair. He didn't know what the future held yet for them but he knew they had a good start.

He knew they'd both rather nurture a relationship rather than live life as a single. Sex had *never* been this hot, and they had at least one thing in common – an interest in athletics.

Luke gave him a squeeze and Cato brought his hand up to Luke's bruised forehead. He lightly trailed a finger around the bruise.

"I really am sorry for cracking your head like that," he said. "I shouldn't have opened the door so quickly. Does it still hurt?"

Luke chuckled. "Nah, it doesn't hurt unless you press on it. And I'll smile every time I look in the mirror and see it now 'til it fades."

Cato laughed. "'Cause it's how we met?"

"Yeah. I wouldn't have taken a second look at you in that dingy hallway otherwise. It's the only reason you're laying in my arms right now and the only reason I can't wipe this stupid grin off my face."

Cato laughed again. "Then I'm glad I cracked you in the head. I like you, Luke. I think we might have something here."

"Yeah. I like you too, Cato."

"Think of all the quarters we'll save, too."

Luke laughed. "We'll use 'em in the jukebox now instead."

Dropping Quarters

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