

STRAIGHT!?

Based on the Coming of Age Adult Visual Novel

Chapter 2 – Physical

Those days where you wake up really slowly are amazing. Zack loved the feeling of being fully awake but yet to open his eyes. The well-rested darkness was relaxing, and surrounded him in a safe space to think and to have profound thoughts away from the judging eyes of society; though the only thoughts playing on Zack's mind were a far cry from profound. Rather, erotic or pervy, Braden's face beaming through the darkness.

Zack grinned as if remembering a fond dream. But the reality was that his feelings for Braden weren't just a dream and his mid-shower jerkoff the previous night was very, very real. Despite the nagging guilt that pricked the back of his skull, Zack felt refreshed and somewhat relieved from the refreshing waters that he got a chance to clear his head a bit.

So he slept like a baby in a crib, and here he thought fixing the heat and cleaning up the shower room would be a good thing. But Zack never expected Braden to be stripping down to his underwear casually-- even if it was baggy shorts that draped down to his knees. And that stupid glass wall; his body covered in cuts a gentle reminder that he saw Braden's ass in full view last night.

Sure, he enjoyed the sight but it seemed to be making things a bit more complicated than he would have liked. Mainly: sending his hormones into overdrive. *"I need to stop thinking with my dick,"* he thought to himself, confused as to why all of a sudden he'd turned into a horny monster after spending the majority of his teenage years barely aroused at all. Of course, he had his moments, as all teenage boys do, but those are the stories that will never leave the sanctuary of his room.

Zack somewhat snaps out of his trance, rolling over to kill his alarm before it can go off. He didn't feel like hearing it and was kinda diggin' the well-rested solitude. He slowly opened his eyes and glanced across to Braden who was deep in a heavy sleep. Ticking off points on a mental list in his head, Zack noted down each thing he liked about Braden; funny, smart, cute, open, cute... **straight**... cute... *"Ugh this is stupid. Dude's funny and we obviously have a lot in common. He'd be a solid wingman which would be way better than a piece of ass..."* Zack groaned internally, trying to convince himself. Not that he would know what either of those things

were given how shy he actually was. But he had the feeling that his friendship with Braden had the ability to become something really cool, something fun, but deep when it needed to be.

That chance wasn't worth fucking up, so Zack pushed the intimate thoughts of Braden and the erotic scene of last night to very depths of his mind.

"Ugh, is it morning already?" Braden said sleepily, rubbing his eyes not used to the morning sun.

"Another day in the grind, wanna give up and move to the country yet?" Zack chuckled, now familiar with Braden's morning routine of hating college classes until finally dragging his ass out of bed.

"Not yet, ask me again in a week," Braden said, peering at Zack through his fingers. "And what about you man? Looks like you're skipping class again."

"Heh, I have a look now when I do it?"

"Yeah... you do," Braden joked, contorting his face into his best Zack impersonation. "You'll lay there in bed, and this look will slowly creep across your face. Kinda looks like you're having a stroke... but right before I get up to call the ambulance your eyes twitch as if the last fuck you gave just left your body."

"That was almost tragically poetic..." Zack said, swinging his legs to sit upright. "Well, at any rate... I'm taking a vacation day."

"We're in college, bro. We don't get vacation days," Braden said, reminding Zack that it was actually mandatory to attend classes in order to pass the year.

"They keep saying that our assignments here are to prepare us for the professional world. I have yet to learn about how to professionally take vacation, so I'm doing a self-study," Zack shrugged, stretching out his arms and cracking his fingers.

"I see your angle, what are you using for sources? You know we have to cite all references in college," Braden smirked, imitating Zack so that they were set across from each other.

"Two references, bro: my ass and this bed," Zack pointed between the two, before laying back down flat against the mattress.

“Ha, nicely done!” Braden chuckled, standing up and starting his search for something to wear. Pulling on a pair of grey jeans and one of the many ‘*slacker*’ shirts Zack noticed he had stockpiled.

“I was sooo gonna go to class today, until I remembered I have Stats first thing,” Zack groaned, trying his best to come up with a valid argument for his lazy day. Stats would suck even if they taught it in a harem of virgins...”

“I thought you were gay... why would you be in a harem in the first place?” Braden asked, searching the room for his books and class supplies.

“Why? Can’t I have a harem of dudes?”

“I don’t think it works like that, Zack,” Braden chuckled, zipping his bag shut and swinging it over his shoulders. “I think it’s just for chicks ‘n stuff... like there’s one dude that runs it but I don’t think that’s enough for what you’re suggesting.”

“Ugh, yeah... definitely not the comfort food I was looking for,” Zack said, watching Braden eagerly as he placed his bag back down onto the bed and emptied it’s contents in search of something he’d misplaced. “What if they’re really feminine guys? Can you have a harem of those?”

“Hmmm... possible,” Braden said, looking somewhat flustered under the morning sun shining through the window. Zack wasn’t sure if it was because of his questions or that Braden couldn’t find whatever he was looking for. “Although, you really don’t seem like the kind that would go for a bunch of feminine dudes.”

“You’ve got me all figured out, haven’t you?” Zack smirked, wiggling his eyebrows teasingly.

“Heh, maybe...” Braden shrugged, finally finding a missing textbook located at the foot of his bed. “Oh shit! I’m gonna be late!” he exclaimed, cramming everything into his backpack before swinging it over his shoulder, nearly hitting Zack in the face. “I’ll catch you after class man, enjoy your day... whatever you decide to do with it,” he waved, closing the door and leaving Zack to enjoy his solitude.

Despite Zack's honest attempts of finding the motivation to get out of bed and go to class, he couldn't bring himself to go through the pains of Stats. The mental turmoil was enough to put him off the college experience altogether. And if it wasn't for a certain blonde-haired boy he would have packed his bags and caught the first train home, if there was anything for him.

Drifting in and out of sleep through the morning didn't feel too bad. In fact, Zack enjoyed the solitude and with everyone in classes, their dorm floor was quiet with no distant chatter to keep him awake or cautious.

When the sun reached its peak in the early autumn sky, that's when Zack finally peeled himself away from his pillow. If he spent any more time in bed he'd become one with the mattress, and he wasn't sure what a human-mattress spring spliced creature looked like, but he knew it definitely wasn't going to win anyone's heart; or Braden's affection.

"I should probably do something productive, don't want to totally waste the day," Zack muttered to himself as he pulled on his sweat pants and a hoodie. For some reason, now that he was no longer under his blanket's protection, the room felt bizarrely cold.

Stepping out into the hallway, a wave of heat took him by surprise, hitting him in the face and causing an immediate sweat. "What the hell is wrong with this place?" he asked, jumping between his icy cold room and the sweltering hallway. Pulling off his hoodie, he wiggled into a thinner t-shirt and left their dorm room door slightly ajar to let some of the heat in.

With a sigh, Zack made his way to the bathroom for a quick leak. Opening the door, it looked as if someone had a serious party in there last night. Glass bottles and cans littered the floor, along with tiny metal canisters piled up by the trash can, but not actually inside. "I'm living with animals," he groaned, all his hard work the day before for nothing. "Well, Ernie did say he was swamped. If I don't get this cleaned up it'll probably be like this come Spring."

It was a gross task at hand, but luckily Zack found a few supplies in the cleaning cupboard. Arming himself with a roll of bags, gloves and disinfectant spray; Zack tackled the mess for the remainder of the afternoon. He cleaned out the lockers, filled the trash bags, wiped down the shower walls and scrubbed old jizz stains off the shower floor. He finally finished by mopping down the floors, which included the hallway outside because it was suspiciously sticky.

By the time he was finished people started flooding back from their respective classes. Zack presumed Braden wouldn't be too far behind, so stashed all the cleaning supplies away and fled the bathroom, clapping his hands together proud of his hard day's work.

Approaching the dorm room, Zack noticed that their door was now wide open. He didn't have anything of much value in the room, but Braden likely did. How was he going to explain what had happened if their room was turned completely upside down and things stolen?

Taking out his key, he held it tightly like a shiv, ready to take on whoever dared jump out at him. Creeping around the corner, Zack peered into the room but didn't see anyone inside. Sighing in relief, he put the key back into his pocket and stepped into the room thankful that...

“Die thief!” Zack suddenly heard someone yell. He turned in terror to see a figure leap from on top of the desk before wrapping their legs around Zack's neck. With a face full of crotch, Zack felt his body fly through the air until colliding with the ground in an echoing thud. “Thought you could steal from us eh? Jokes on you because... wait. Zack, is that you?”

“Braden? What the hell...” Zack groaned, his back and neck aching in pain. Just moving it, he could feel his bones cracking and popping. “I think you've broken me,” he said, staring flatly at the ceiling.

“Shit... I'm so sorry!” he exclaimed, bending down and clicking his fingers in front of Zack's eyes. “How many fingers am I holding up?” Braden asked, worried that he might have seriously injured Zack.

“Eight,” Zack replied, making Braden shake his head in panic. “Eight fingers and two thumbs,” Zack chuckled, finding the instant look of betrayal on Braden's face hilarious.

“This is sooo not the time for your sarcasm,” Braden growled, hitting Zack in the shoulder, making him wince in pain.

“Bro, I might not have a concussion but I'm still in pain,” Zack said, struggling to get up properly until Braden helped guide him towards the bed.

“I really am sorry, man,” Braden said, sitting beside Zack as if he was a frail shard of glass. “I saw that our door was cracked open and immediately thought that someone broke in to steal our shit or sniff our underwear. We had a break-in at home once and they took my laptop that

had all my school work on it. I had to restart everything. So I wanted to get the jump on them this time, but all I ended up doing was slamming your ass into the ground... and I'm really sorry, like really really..."

"Bro, it's all good. I know you didn't mean to hurt me," Zack said, interrupting Braden's spiralling guilt. He sat up, albeit slowly, to rest a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "I left the door open to let some heat in. It was freezing in here, looks like I haven't fully worked out how to fix the thermostat yet. It's my fault man, honestly. Don't beat yourself up over this."

"You sure you're fine? Head injuries aren't anything to fuck around with." Braden said, still feeling a pang of guilt for hurling Zack over his head.

"Bro, I'm not dying. Besides, I've gotta take a physical exam before I sign up for the swim team, so I'll just have the college nurse take a look. Though I'm sure I'll be fine by tomorrow."

"Only if you're sure..." Braden said, still hesitant to let the guilt go.

"Dude, stop beating yourself up. It was an accident... an impressive one though. When you said you wrestled back in highschool I didn't think you meant like that!"

"Like what?" Braden shrugged, stepping up from the bed and returning to his own. "Like... good?"

"Ha! No, that's not what I meant," Zack chuckled, swinging his legs over the side of the bed like a robot, sitting upwards stiffly to face Braden. "I just mean, for such a small dude you seriously have some power behind you."

"I'll take that as a compliment," Braden grinned, feeling slightly better about the situation.

"Is there a wrestling team here? You should totally consider signing up, you'd be a beast!" Zack exclaimed, his enthusiasm short lived as a sharp pain shot up his back.

"There is..." Braden said, trailing off not too sure of the idea.

"I sense a *but* coming, there's a *but* isn't there?"

"But I've been out of practice all Summer. I don't have any of my kit here with me so I'd be showing up like a total newbie, which is just embarrassing man..."

“Look, you convinced me to try out of the swim team so I’m returning the favour. Sign up, what do you have to lose?”

“I’ll think about it, okay?” Braden said, still not overly taken by the idea. “In the meantime you need to lay down and rest your back. I’d give you a massage but I don’t wanna get you hard,” he winked, trying to change the topic.

“You wish,” Zack chuckled, swinging his body back to lay flat against his mattress. “If you’re not a professional like me, you’d probably do more harm than good anyway. So I’m cool,” he said, grinning to the ceiling at seeing Braden’s eyes twitch.

“You’re a professional?” he asked, tilting his head like an inquisitive puppy.

“Well, not technically,” Zack replied, slowly turning his neck to face Braden. “It was common for the guys on my highschool swim team to pull muscles, or not stretch after a workout. So learning how to work out all the knots and kinks really helped.”

“I bet it did, man. Touching up all those wet guys,” Braden winked, his usual devilish smirk returning.

“Nah, nothing like that. Closest I got was someone’s calves. I mainly learned so I could fix myself, rather than having to dish out a fortune to see a professional.”

“Eh, fair,” Braden replied, kicking off his shoes and pulling on an extra pair of socks. “It’s still freezing in here, maybe we should look at the thermostat again?”

“I would... but some blonde twink slammed his crotch on my face and piledrived my ass to the floor.” Zack groaned, any attempt at movement hindered by the sharp pains.

“What’s a twink and should I be offended?” Braden said, scrunching his face in disgust.

“Never mind, just pass me one of your pillows, man. You owe me,” Zack laughed, the hard mattress doing nothing for his pain.

“Sure, wanna take my blanket while you’re at it?” Braden said, tossing Zack the pillow who then stuffed it at the base of his back. “We should really go to the infirmary bro, you don’t look good.”

"I'm fine, honestly. But if you're that concerned you can tag along with me after class tomorrow. You can get your physical for the wrestling team tryouts at the same time."

"Bro, I said I dunno about that yet," Braden replied anxiously. At least, Zack thought he was just anxious, there was a glimmer of something else hidden behind his eyes... but Zack couldn't make out what it was.

"I won't force you man, but I think you've got a natural talent that could take you far," Zack replied, deciding that Braden was indeed just anxious, or at the very least embarrassed about showing up without equipment. "Think about it?"

"I will," Braden assured, mustering up a half smile that didn't give Zack much hope.

The next morning, Zack awoke to the familiar chorus of Braden's snores and early morning chirps from the birds outside. Without thinking, he sat forward but hissed as his neck and back cracked from the built up tension.

"Shit..." he sighed, rotating his neck again and arching his back to stretch out the kinks. After a few minutes of grunting and stretching, his back was starting to feel a little better. Zack didn't want Braden to know he was still in pain, the poor guy would only beat himself up over it.

Sneaking out of bed, Zack decided the best thing to do was take a hot shower. It was still early, so with any luck there wouldn't be anyone in the showers at this time. Grabbing his towel, he tiptoed out of the room and down the corridor towards the bathroom. But when he opened the door, the stench of beer hit his nostrils like a freight train. "I just cleaned this yesterday!" he groaned, unsure how someone could make such a mess in one night.

In the few weeks Zack had been at college, he hadn't really thrown himself into the student experience. He didn't speak to anyone in his class if he could avoid it, and the parties going on around campus hadn't piqued his interest either. If this bathroom was any indication as to how the parties were, Zack was more than content in secluding himself in their dorm room.

He looked between his towel and the empty glass bottles, trying to shake away the compulsive cleaning thoughts. But Zack knew he would never feel clean if he left the room like it was. Collecting all the cleaning equipment from the storage cupboard, Zack mentally prepared himself to huff the ball sweat and ass juice up close. No matter when he came in, the bathroom always smelled like someone set a laundry basket of old socks on fire.

About five minutes into dumping glass bottles into a trash bag, something caught the corner of Zack's eye. One of the lockers on the far wall was slightly ajar with a thin black strap dangling from inside. Setting the bag aside, he approached the locker curiously. When he enrolled at the college they never gave him a key to make use of the lockers, and he assumed they were just out of order.

Pulling the door open, Zack couldn't believe his luck. A black and orange singlet sat inside practically begging for him to take it. "Holy fucking shit..." he said, pulling it out and examining it more closely. It was a very thin, stretchy material that Zack likened to a full body speedo. "I bet this is exactly what Braden needs to try out for the team, I better get it cleaned first, though."

Setting it to one side, Zack continued with his cleaning and hopped into the shower once done. He let the warm water work out the knots in his back, until finally he felt somewhat normal again. Grabbing the singlet, he bundled it up with the towel not wanting to show Braden just yet. By the time Zack got back to the dorm room, Braden was already awake and almost ready to leave for class.

"I wondered where you'd fucked off too," Braden said with a cheeky grin. "Showered, eh? You thinking about actually showing up to class today?"

"Need to get off my ass eventually," Zack replied, carefully placing down the towel so as to not show Braden the wrestling singlet. "Besides, I need to find out where the infirmary is for this physical..."

"Yeah, have fun with that man. I'll see you after class," Braden said, swinging his bag over his shoulder and leaving the room without another word.

'He's just avoiding talking about it cus he know's I'm gonna drag his ass with me,' Zack thought, remembering how resistant Braden was last night. Trying not to fall down a mental rabbit hole,

Zack pushed Braden's abruptness out of his mind and stuffed the wrestling singlet into his rucksack and got ready to head out to class.

Within minutes of sitting down at one of the uncomfortable seats, Zack could already tell that today was one of those days he could have just skipped. Looking around the classroom, it was fairly sparse with only a few students actually showing up and pulling out their piles of papers and textbooks. It felt almost like there was something going on somewhere that Zack didn't know anything about.

The thought of walking back to the dorm felt equally as grueling, so Zack decided to stick it out for the day. It was like Braden said, part of their grade was judged on attendance and Zack had already skipped more classes than he'd been to.

For the sake of the professor's self-esteem, Zack acted interested in what they were saying. He wasn't a big fan of the class to begin with and didn't understand why it was required for his major. Sometimes it felt like these classes were more a Rite of Passage than being actually purposeful to his education.

Finally, after three mind numbing hours, the professor dismissed the class; but not before setting a series of papers due in for the following week. Zack packed his bag groggily as all motivation and energy fled his body like an astral spirit. Suddenly, a familiar head of orange hair trudged into the classroom once the last student had left. It was Ernie, but he didn't look particularly pleased to be there or in any type of mood to be interrupted. Zack walked by, not wanting to disturb him if he wasn't in a good mood, but then remembered the singlet in his rucksack.

"Hey Ernie, you got second?" he asked, not wanting to miss the opportunity.

"Yeah, real quick, kid," he replied with a heavy sigh, leaning his mop and bucket up against the wall. "What's up?"

“So this is kind of a weird, and somewhat gross, favor... but I need some help,” Zack said, hoping Earnie could help him out.

“Sure, I got a few. What you trying to fix this time?”

“Actually... nothing. I need something cleaned,” Zack said, routing through his backpack to find the singlet buried beneath his text books.

“You kill somebody? Got a head in there, kid?” Ernie smirked sarcastically, watching Zack fumble with his arm elbow deep into the bag.

“Ha, not lately... but, seriously... so I got this old wrestling uniform that I found in the locker room. Ah, here it is,” Zack said, finally pulling out the singlet and dangling it in front of Ernie like a prize. “A good friend of mine needs one to try out for the wrestling team. He’s a little shy and won’t go to tryouts without one. I don’t think his family has the money for one and I just want to help him out.”

“Kid...” Ernie said, taking the singlet in his latex gloved hand and examining it with a twisted nose. “Ugh, God only knows...” he said, keeping it at arm's length.

“Yeah, yeah... I don’t have a clue what’s been on it either. That’s why I came to you,” Zack shrugged, a little too familiar now with the grosser sides of college living.

“Hmm, I can probably throw it in the industrial sanitizer with our other stuff. It’ll kill all the ass and ball juices clinging onto this thing,” Ernie said, stuffing the singlet inside a trash bag so he didn’t have to hold it any longer. “Come back in like half an hour, should be done by then.”

“Thanks, Ernie,” Zack said, offering a gratuitous smile before heading out of the classroom.

Not wanting to hang around idly, Zack figured it would be best to scout around. He still needed to find the infirmary and he might as well search while he had the time, instead of rushing around aimlessly later that evening.

To his surprise, it wasn’t all that hard to find. Tracing his finger across a map of the campus, Zack memorised the path before heading out on a mock run to kill time. He followed the winding path through the grounds, pleasantly surprised by the forest of trees and greenery. As far as campuses go this had to be one of the more beautiful in the state.

The buildings seemed to be the work of modern architecture, perfectly constructed to fit within and compliment the surrounding nature. As Zack approached the infirmary he noticed a familiar face walking down the steps looking exhausted. It was the same guy from the pool, who had told him he needed a physical to join the swim team. His tired eyes were accompanied by a heavy sigh as he pulled out his phone to likely continue a conversation he'd rather not have.

Not wanting to intrude, Zack figured Ernie was probably done with cleaning the singlet by now. He turned on his heels, saving a mental image of what the infirmary building looked like.

It wasn't hard to find Ernie once he got back to the Psych building. He was leaning against a wall, flicking through his phone absently.

"Yo, hey Ernie," Zack called out, startling the guy who nearly threw his phone. Scrambling to shove it into his pocket, he grabbed the mop and looked around cautiously. "Haven't caught you slacking have I?" Zack chuckled, to which Ernie rolled his eyes and pulled out the clean wrestling singlet.

"Even I need to have a break, kid. Here's your... onesie."

"Dude, thanks so much," Zack gleamed, taking the singlet and stuffing it into his rucksack. "I'm guessing you made a young dude very happy today."

"No problem kid, thanks again for the help with cleaning and shit," Ernie smiles, but quickly returns to his cold stature.

"Anytime, take care!"

By the time Zack arrived back at the dorm Braden was already sprawled out on his bed, his pants kicked off and thrown across the room absently. He was still wearing those stupid parachute boxers, but had a black vest top on instead showing a glimpse of his toned biceps.

"Sup, man," he said, noticing Zack stood in the doorway. "Mind closing the door? You're gonna let the heat out."

"Yeah, sorry," Zack stammered, quickly closing the door and setting his bag down at the foot of his bed. "You look comfy, guess I'll join yah," he said, stripping down to his underwear and flopping down onto the bed.

"I don't know what you did to the thermostat but it's like a sauna in here now! It must be set to like 80 or some shit," Braden said, wiping a bead of sweat from his forehead.

"Dude, I haven't touched it. Didn't move from the bed last night cus of my back," Zack said, not really thinking about his reply. But Braden seemed to shift awkwardly on the bed, clearly still upset about hurting him. "I don't see you complaining... you've thrown all your clothes over the floor with that big-ass grin on your face," he said, trying to change the subject.

"It's nice to come back and just chill out. Classes have been going a little better too, maybe I'm getting into the groove," Braden replied, rolling over onto his back to look up at the ceiling. "So, what's on the agenda for tonight?"

"Well I gotta head out for that physical soon. It's been ages since I've been in a pool, think I'm in need of some hydrotherapy," Zack said, remembering how it felt to have his body submerged beneath the water.

"Oh, ok... I'll hang around then until you get back. I have some reading to catch up on anyways," Braden said, a subtle sigh escaping his lips.

"Before I go, I have something for you," Zack smirked, pulling his bag up onto his lap. Braden's ears instantly perk at this, and he sits upright curiously. "So... close your eyes."

"No, you fucking creeper!" Braden exclaimed, pulling at his boxers awkwardly.

"Shut up, I'm not gonna get all touchy feely you. I got something for you, seriously."

"Something? For me?" Braden repeated, not sure how to respond.

"Yes, a fucking present... a gift... an object for free..."

"This is a first," he said, smiling across to Zack who fumbled with the bag's zipper.

“Dude, just close your eyes,” Zack said, conscious that they could be sat here all night. Braden closed his eyes but kept his ears perked, listening as Zack unzipped the bag and rummaged around inside until finally hearing him pull something out.

“Heh, I guess this is another first too: in my underwear closing my eyes with my gay roommate,” Braden chuckled, earning a scoff from Zack.

“Definitely leaning closer to slapping you,” Zack replied, placing the bag back down onto the floor and unfolding the now sanitised singlet. “Ok, ready. Open ‘em...”

Braden slowly opened his eyes, though he seemed confused by what he was looking at. His gaze locking with Zack, he glanced between him and the piece of black fabric dangling between his fingers until finally, a bright smile curled his lips.

“Wait... is that? Dude, where did you find this! Oh my God, did you fucking go out and buy it?” he asked, launching himself up from the bed and examining the singlet closely.

“Nah, it’s kind of a gross story but it may or may not have already had balls touch it,” Zack said, to which Braden’s eyes seemed to narrow. He glanced between Zack and the singlet before taking it and heading towards the door. “Where are you going?” Zack asked. “You leaving? It was the *balls* comments, wasn’t it?”

“Ha, nah, man. I think all these things have balls touch them at one point or another. It’s part of the manufacturing... even when they’re new.”

“Hmmm, maybe I’ll get one for myself then...” Zack smirked, to which Braden snorted in response.

“Shut up, man. I’ll be right back.”

“You doing a fashion show for me?” Zack asked, assuming Braden was going to try on the singlet.

“Sure, why not? I got you. I wanna try this thing on and see if it fits,” he replied, swinging the singlet over his shoulder and heading out to get changed.

Zack swung his legs onto the bed and led down once he left, happy with how Braden responded to his present. He seemed to really enjoy it, and Zack thought it was kind of hot that he was gonna try it on for him. Well, not really for him but still...

He closed his eyes and let his thoughts drift abscently, allowing time to pass by as the pit in his stomach groaned in anticipation. "Zack, you awake in there?" a nervous voice calls out from behind the door.

"Yeah, I'm awake," he replied, sitting up eagerly.

"Ok, you're turn to close your fucking eyes," Braden said. Following his orders, Zack closed his eyes and sat patiently until he heard the door creak open. Slow footsteps indicated that Braden was now in the room, and the door quietly closed behind him. "Well, the good news is that it pretty much fits."

"Does that mean I can open my eyes now?" Zack asked, twiddling his thumbs together.

"Oh shit, yeah... I forgot."

"You're terrible at this sur-" Zack began, but choked up once seeing Braden.

He stood anxiously, his arms folded and head to the side trying not to meet Zack's gaze. His body looked snug inside the fabric, which clung to him almost like a second skin. His chest exposed, Zack noticed how Braden only had a few blonde hairs on show.

Zack's eyes travelled down, scanning every dip and curve of Braden's body that was accentuated by the spandex. The abs on his stomach poked through, surprising Zack as he didn't realise how lean Braden was under all of his baggy clothes.

Finally, his eyes met with Braden's thick bulge. Zack wasn't too adverse in the world of wrestling, but he knew that to keep all your junk in place you need to wear a jockstrap. It seems Braden either didn't have one, or forgot to put his on as the shape of his member was clearly outlined by the black fabric. The blonde boy hadn't seemed to notice, until he caught Zack's gaze firmly printed onto his crotch.

"Shit!" he said, quickly covering his bulge with his hands.

“Well, it’s... uh... pretty *tight*,” Zack said, unable to get the image out of his head.

“Yeah, they are. Supposed to be that way, though. You don’t really wanna give your opponent anything to grab or hang on to,” Braden replied, shifting awkwardly.

“So, what yah think?” Zack asked, sensing the awkward atmosphere.

“Dude, I fucking love it!” Braden exclaimed, showing his best gratuitous grin. “Thank you, seriously.”

“No problem, man,” Zack smiled, happy to see Braden smiling. “So it fits and stuff? Like you can move around in it and do whatever it is you motherfuckers do in those things?”

“Hell, yeah. It feels good, man,” Braden said, quickly spinning around so Zack could get a full 360 view, but keeping his hands firmly covering his bulge.

“Um, so this is kind of a weird question,” Zack said, unable to keep his thoughts to himself any longer.

“What is it? We’re friends man, just ask,” Braden replied, already knowing what Zack was going to ask.

“You wearing anything under that?” he asked, biting his lips, nervous that Braden was going to throw something at him for being perverted. But the blonde boy seemed to take a gulp, and his eyes flashed with a devilish energy.

“Not a damn thing,” Braden smirked, realising how he could turn his embarrassment around on Zack; whose face instantly shot bright red now that his assumptions had been confirmed.

“Ha! Your face is amazing!” Braden smirked, pointing at Zack momentarily forgetting about his exposed imprint.

“So, now that you have this... do you want to tag along to get the physical?” Zack asked, doing his best to avoid looking at Braden’s crotch.

“Yeah, I can at least show up to try outs and not look like a total newbie. So yeah, sure thing.”

“Great, let’s get changed and head out then. I scouted the place earlier today, it’s not too far.” Zack said, hopping off the bed in search of his discarded pants.

“Cool, I’ll be back in a few,” Braden replied, turning around and heading out to get changed. Zack silently thanked the Gods for the quick glimpse of Braden’s ass in that spandex.

“That boy’s gonna kill me...” he mumbled to himself, shaking away his pervy thoughts and settling on how happy Braden looked with his gift.