

All I Want For Kwanzaa - Part 4

For TJ

By TheSpiralledEye

Alex and Davy finally come together and Alex is faced with the choice of going home or staying in this new reality.

December 30th

Alex leaned against the bathroom sink, staring at his own reflection. Today was the day; the day he set operation 'flirt with Davy' in motion. He'd gotten up bright and early to plan everything down to the most minute detail. First was his outfit. He needed something sexy but not overt; the sort of outfit that looked hot without making it obvious that he was trying to be eye-catching. He picked out a pair of thick black pants made from a soft stretchy fabric, they hugged his figure, showing off his new peach shaped ass and long legs while also covering all skin. Then for the top another turtleneck though this one was stark, snowy white with a slightly loose open collar designed for indoor wear rather than traipsing through snow. Tight, it clung to his chest and showed off his curves perfectly, while the soft, fluffy fabric ensured he didn't look too obvious. It contrasted beautifully with his dark skin and with the golden chain and studs he'd found in Alexandra's jewellery bag, he was looking the picture of sophistication. His hair was already perfect (Naturally) so all that was required was a hint of dark purple lipstick to make the look complete.

With this look, all he had to do was waltz over to Davy's house under the guise of finishing his presents. He would laugh at the man's jokes, make sure to let his eyes wander and be caught wandering, then when he went home for lunch Davy would reach out to grab his hand and stop him leaving and as he turned, their lips would meet; just like all the films. It was a solid plan, one he had spent several hours tossing and turning last night to formulate but finally he was ready. Guilt buried and feeling more confident than ever he skipped down the stairs and immediately hit a snag.

"Alex, why aren't you dressed?" His father frowned.

Alex was going to counter that he very much was until he took in the breakfast table before him and the outfits everybody else was wearing. His mother and Amelia were both in colourful kaftans; his mothers a mix of reds, blues and oranges, Amelia's vibrant purples and green. His mother even had some sort of headwrap with a knot at the front made from the

same material. Both Sam and his father wore dashiki's over long loose pants. His father's a handsome black with gold trim while Sam's was a deep blue. Crap, what day of Kwanzaa was it? There was no dress code for the holiday as far as he could tell when he researched; his family had certainly been wearing regular western style clothing up until this point. He racked his brain; the fifth day of Kwanzaa was...Nia! Which meant, purpose? Or was it creativity? No, that was definitely tomorrow. Was there something about Nia that dictated a dress code?

A cold sweat formed on the back of his neck, he'd frozen in place and everybody was still staring at him, waiting expectantly for a reply. To his surprise though, his mother stood, a soft but sad smile on her face.

"It's been a few years since Alex celebrated with us. It probably slipped her mind, that's all." She said, "Come on dear, if you forgot yours I have some spares."

She laid a wrinkled but warm hand on her shoulder and led her back upstairs, all the while guilt and no small amount of panic began to race in Alex's stomach. He had to admit, the kaftan were beautiful, he was sure he would look nice in one but...they were so loose and flowy! Hardly the form fitting, sexy look he had been hoping for in order to catch Davy's eye. His mother walked him up to her room in silence and began rummaging through her closet; Alex could feel the tension in the air. Clearly, there was some family tradition at play here, one that her daughter should have known but of course, he did not. He could sense the hurt in the way she held herself; yet as he waited for a barb or admonishment it never came. Genuine guilt ate away at him; Alex tried to remind himself that there was no way he could have known and besides, this wasn't even really his mother! Not really.

...She felt like his mother though, he was surprised to feel such genuine affection for the woman before him as she carefully pulled out a hanger containing a brilliant and bright kaftan; thick black lines broke up a dozen different colours forming plants, suns and stars, a swathe of yellow cloth carefully laid around the neckline.

"I'm sorry, mom." The words were out before she could stop them, "For forgetting."

"It's alright sweetie." She smiled, laying the kaftan down on the bed gently, "I know you think I don't understand how hard it is, working in a big city trying to make it all by yourself but I do."

His mother grabbed her hand in both of hers and squeezed it.

“It’s easy for things to slip through the cracks, I just don’t want one of those things to be your family.”

Alex felt a strange lump forming at the back of his throat and a burn behind his eyes. He’d never thought of it that way before.

“I know we’re not much,” His mother sighed looking away, “But we are happy. I know you want to be successful but...there are lots of different kinds of success sugar, I just want you to know that.”

Alex pressed his lips together.

“So what, you think I should just give up on working, find a nice man like Davy and settle down in suburbia because it’s what made you happy?” He didn’t mean for the words to come out so spiteful but they did.

“No, sugar.” His mother put an arm around his shoulder, “I just want you to be happy, and if that means living in New York and working hard, that’s okay. But I want to be part of your life and so does your father, Sam and Amelia. Not to mention Rachel, poor thing, all alone.”

“Being alone isn’t so bad.” Alex smiled but for the first time in his life, the words ang hollow.

He had always believed those words, hell he lived them. It wasn’t that he planned on being a workaholic forever, he just wanted to get ahead while he was still young. He had heard that spending ten solid years working your way up could mean being set by the time he was forty, rather than slowly meandering his way up the corporate ladder. Cut everything and everyone out and work; then when he had the money and success making friends and having a family would be easy. It did not occur to him that he’d forget how to properly connect with people.

“Here.” His mother said, waving a hand over the kaftan and wrap, “These were your grandmother’s, I am sure she’d love for them to get some wear.”

Alex never knew his grandmother, she’d died long before he was born and his mother and father had never really spoken about how they grew up. After all that history talk the other day it struck him as odd that he’d never asked. Alex had just...never been interested. He ran

his hands across the loose, soft fabric; not exactly winter wear but inside their cozy home he would be comfortable.

“Hey mom, did you celebrate Kwanzaa growing up?” The question came out as a whisper and his mother beamed.

“Yes, though we did Christmas as well, most people do but then when I went to university and started learning about black history and culture I decided to hell with it and go all in on Kwanzaa.”

Her brow furrowed for a moment.

“I know that was hard on you, just like it’s a bit hard for Amelia now but I genuinely think having a holiday more focused on our history and culture is more important than some amalgamation of pagan and Christian traditions.” She chuckled, “I mean, none of us have ever been to church!”

“That’s...a good point.”

She clapped her hands twice and stood.

“Right, you get dressed, you can wear that for the last few days of Kwanzaa, I know you’ll look lovely.”

She left him to dress and Alex held up the kaftan and tried to make sense of all the emotions swirling inside of him. He’d been so focused on how weird this reality was; with its strange bloom glow, perfect hair and movie logic. Now though, the people here were starting to feel more...real. When was the last time he had a heart to heart chat with his ‘real’ mother? Or anybody for that matter? It felt...nice.

Still, he couldn’t help but groan as he pulled off his perfectly curated outfit and slipped into the flowing kaftan. So much for subtly showing off this body’s new assets, now what was he going to do? He was going to have to really lay it on thick for Davy now. The head wrap posed a problem as well; he had no idea how to tie it. A quick google supplied him with a video which he watched on the lowest volume before managing some semblance of success. His didn’t look nearly as good as his mothers but it was serviceable anyway. Containing so much afro into such a tight ball was basically impossible and a few wayward curls escaped here and there.

Aside from that though, Alex was surprised by just how much he liked the outfit. Not only was it lovely and comfortable but it looked great! The bright colours complimented his dark skin even more than the snowy white had and the bright yellow on his head seemed to make his dark eyes brighter; even if he did feel like his hair would bust free at any moment. He smiled at his reflection, taking in the brilliant white teeth; perhaps this would not be the issue he first thought.

He went and joined the others at the breakfast table, Amelia babbling away about how she was going to get a matching headwrap 'just like aunties' when she was older.

"You'll get one when you can learn to stop pulling at them and ruining my good work." Sam chuckled as he cleared the plates.

There was a knock and instantly, Alex felt his heart rate increase. There was only one person that could be.

"Why don't you get the door Alex, I'll clean up." Sam said nonchalantly but gave a subtle wink when nobody was watching.

'No chickening out this time.' Alex reminded himself silently, 'play along, flirt, it doesn't mean anything. It doesn't mean anything. IT DOESN'T-'

"Hello Davy!"

He used his brightest, widest smile; feeling a stab of gratification when Davy's eyes roamed him up and down.

"Morning." He smiled, "You look wonderful."

"Thank you, come in?"

He stepped inside and dusted off the snow.

"Sorry if I am interrupting anything?" He looked around at the outfits, "I can go home again."

“No, no, it’s fine m’boy!” His father threw a warm arm around him and walked him right past Alex into the lounge, “I am glad you’re here I wanted to try making some whiskey sours.”

Davy shot Alex an apologetic smile and followed his father inside to indulge him. It was only after a small lecture on the differences between whiskeys and how they affected such a simple but classic cocktail that Davy could get a word in edgeways.

“I love the outfits.” He said, taking a sip of his drink and passing one to Alex, “You look beautiful-ah I mean, not in a weird way.”

“You can look beautiful in a weird way?” He teased.

“No! No, I just wanted to give you a compliment without being weird about it y’know cause you’re...a girl.”

“Well you failed miserably at that, ‘a girl?’ What are you fifteen?”

They looked at one another seriously for a moment before bursting into laughter.

“I have to admit, I feel a little underdressed.” He looked Alex up and down again, “I stick out a bit in just regular old jeans.”

“Have a kofia!”

Amelia appeared from nowhere, as young children tended to do when you were absorbed in a conversation. She held one of the flat topped hats both Sam and his father were wearing. This one a slightly faded green with golden embroidery.

“Oh, I don’t know, isn’t that appropriation?” Davy winced, “Sorry, I don’t know anything about this stuff.”

“Don’t worry about it! You’re part of the family!” His father grinned, “Amelia, come help me get more oranges from the kitchen eh, we need more peels for cocktails!”

Alex was left holding the hat Amelia had thrust into his hands and Davy shuffled awkwardly before bowing his head. Oh, okay. Gently, Alex raised himself up on his toes to place the hat

atop Davy's head. It was a perfect fit but then something odd happened. His hands slid down Davy's face to cup his cheeks; it wasn't part of his seduction plan, it just...happened. Now they were standing there, alone, lips only inches from one another as Davy tilted forward-

"Surprise!"

The two of them sprung apart as if they'd touched a live wire as the front door burst open. A dusting of white powder flowed into the front entrance and a second later a woman followed; her long black coat covered much of her body but her face was olive skinned, tinged pink from cold. She took off her hat and shook out her silky black hair revealing her almond eyes and wide smile.

When last he'd seen his brother in law, he'd been much the same, loud, boisterous and always ready to make a scene. He'd also been male but by this point Alex wasn't even surprised to see a pretty young Chinese woman in his place.

"Ni hao all! I made it!"

"Mommy!!"

Amelia came barrelling through the house and almost bowled her over. Davy coughed awkwardly, adjusting his new hat and refusing to look at Alex. Of course their first kiss was aborted, wasn't that always the way?

"Rachel, sweetheart, how on earth did you get here?" Sam laughed, kissing his wife on the cheek.

"You didn't think a little storm was going to stop me did you?" She laughed, "I went to the airport and waited for the first available flight, it took two days but who cares? I'm here now and ready to Kwanzaa it up!"

She removed her heavy coat to reveal a similar kaftan to Amelia's; had the woman seriously worn that out in the snow with only a coat? She was a mad woman.

"Oh is that the one I bought you last year?" His mother beamed, "Wonderful!"

Rachel turned on her heels, showing the outfit off for all to see and Alex felt a stab of jealousy. This woman was an outsider to all these traditions, just like him, yet she seemed to

have taken to them like a duck to water. He tried to remind himself that if she really was this universe's version of Ron, she'd had years to get used to Kwanzaa while this was still technically his first. Still, it stung.

'Wait, why do I even care?' Alex suddenly thought, *'I don't actually care about Kwanzaa or any of this, I am just playing the part I need to to get home.'*

"No smile for your favourite sister-in-law?" Rachel teased, walking over and throwing her arms around Alex, momentarily shocking him.

After a moment he recovered and returned the gesture. He and Ron had never been close, but apparently that relationship was just another thing that had changed.

"And are you going to introduce me to your handsome friend?" She wiggled her eyes suggestively, "It's about time Alexandra found herself a man and if I may say so, she chose well."

"Ah no it's not like that at all!" He said a little too quickly, "Davy is just a friend."

"Yeah," He cleared his throat again, "...Just a friend."

"Oh don't give me that." Rachel grinned, "I know a spark when I see one! Oh, Amelia don't you look darling! Come give me a twirl!"

And just like that she was off, flitting to the other side of the room to watch Amelia show off her, apparently brand new, outfit.

"Wow, she's intense."

"No kidding. Real wine aunt energy."

"Isn't that supposed to be your role?"

'I have no idea.' Alex thought glumly.

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He had gotten up this morning full of determination, ready to put his guilt aside and seduce Davy in order to get out of here but once again he found himself putting it off for a number of reasons. The most conflicting being...he was having fun. The house lit up even more with Rachel here and she had them all singing, joking and playing every board game she could find, including his beloved mousetrap. Davy fit in perfectly too and Alex found himself flirting without even meaning to. It didn't feel unnatural or like playing a part it felt...right. When was the last time he'd felt so relaxed? Or so well fed? Alex had truly forgotten just how good homemade meals were, especially compared to the frozen dinners and grocery store salad bowls he'd been subsisting on. It was hard not to ask what each new thing his parents made was, since in this reality he should know, but they were all incredible. He found himself taking photos of each one and dutifully searching up recipes and notes; how had he never realised just how good pan African cuisine was?

"Dumplings!" Rachel announced, placing a steaming bowl down on the lunch table.

"I don't think pork and spinach dumplings go with couscous." Davy laughed but that didn't deter his new sister-in-law, she just shrugged and added yet more plates.

"These are just my basic ones, wait till Chinese New Year, then you'll taste real dumplings."

Alex took a bite of one and actually moaned; so good!

"Petition to add dumplings to all Kwanzaa meals." He said between mouthfuls, "Ro-Rachel these are amazing!"

"Well we look forward to what you'll make for dinner tomorrow." His mother added slyly, "You know the rules, Sam made dinner the other night, your father is tonight."

"And I'm tomorrow?" Alex swallowed down thickly, he was an awful cook!

"Yay! I want to help auntie!" Amelia cried, but Sam shushed her.

"Actually, I was hoping Davy could." Alex said quickly, "You know me, I could always use an extra set of hands in the kitchens."

"And I would love to learn some of these traditional recipes." He added.

'Me too.' Alex thought darkly, he was in for a long night online.

"Mista Davy, how come you always come here. Why don't you go to your own house?"

"Amelia!" Rachel hissed, "Don't be rude."

"What? He is always here, even though his house is bigger."

"Oh, I hope I don't overstay my welcome." Davy said sheepishly, "I didn't even think, when you invited me Cheryl I thought it was for each day."

"It is." She assured him, "You're always welcome here."

Davy's eyes met Alex's over the table and for some reason that made him blush.

"Oh, that's good."

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Alex felt like a kid again, sneaking out of his bedroom, arm laden with books as he made his way over to Davy's house via the back door. Operation seduce Davy had been going poorly and he didn't want any more teasing from Rachel; so after dinner he had gathered as many recipe books as he could and ducked out. Asking Davy to help him study up recipes for tomorrow was the perfect scene to get some kissing in. He swallowed, thinking of the unique texture of Davy's rough cheeks under his palms earlier today. Kissing him didn't seem as bad as he thought it would, in fact the idea made him rather excited. He tried to explain it away as excitement over going home but even he couldn't deny himself that much. He was developing actual feelings for his childhood friend; he wondered if they would stay when he was no longer in this body.

Once again he carefully planned out his words in advance only for the universe to throw him a curve ball as Davy answered the door in nothing but a pair of black shorts and robe holding a bottle of wine. Alex's cheeks immediately filled with heat taking in the broad, muscular chest so brazenly on display; there was a dusting of auburn hair across it to match Davy's head and all his words fled. Why would he be dressed like that on a cold winter's

night unless... Did he have a visitor? A woman? Jealousy coursed through him like electricity at the mere thought.

“Uh...” He stared dumbly until Davy glanced down at himself and hastily covered as much skin as he could with the robe.

“Sorry! I uh, what can I do for you?” He smoothed a hand over his hair a few times.

“I was going to ask for your help picking a menu for tomorrow's dinner.” Alex said shortly, “But if you're...busy.”

“Oh this? Uh, no I was just about to hop in the hot tub mum and dad had installed this summer.” He looked away for a second before biting his lip and adding, “You can join if you want, we can make sure to keep the books dry.”

Alex swallowed, remembering the red bikini in his suitcase. The idea of sitting in that bubbling tub, half naked right next to Davy...it made heat bloom in his stomach and then between his legs. It was one thing to have a little crush but looking at him now, admiring his physic Alex realised for the first time that this was more than a little affection; he was attracted to Davy physically as well. All kinda of sirens went off in his mind; most of them chanting some variation of ‘not gay!’. Some of them were screaming ‘yes!’ though; Alex listened to those ones and nodded.

“I’ll just go get my swimsuit.”

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By the time he had snuck back to his room Alex’s chest was heaving as he slowly removed clothes. This felt so wrong and right at the same time; as he peeled away his panties he could feel a slight sticky substance adhering them to the hair between his legs. The smell was familiar but not one he was used to creating himself. Until this point, he had been so focused on escaping this reality he hadn’t taken much notice of his new body. At least, not this sort of notice. Now though, his pussy was burning and tingling slightly in a way he just could not ignore and there was a very real temptation to slip a finger between those folds and see just how soft they really were. He fought back, gently taking the red bikini briefs out of the suitcase and slipping them up his legs. Little ties made bows at each hip, drawing attention to his lovely smooth skin and figure; Alex had never felt more attractive in his life.

He lifted the top up to his chest, pausing to take in his dark tits with a new found fascination. His dark nipples were hard with arousal and as he circled one with his forefinger he couldn't help but shiver at just how sensitive they were. Once he'd started, he found it hard to stop; eyes fluttering closed as those gentle, pleasurable sensations washed over him. Then his mind began to wander, replacing his own finger with Davy's, then his mouth-!

His eyes snapped open, feeling more slickness building inside his hole. He needed to stop this now. Those movies this world seemed based in were almost always PG right? He was going to kiss Davy, maybe make out a little but they certainly weren't going to...go any further. He tied the drawstrings of the bikini tight and then threw a jumper over himself before opening the window and sliding down the icy drainpipe into the snow. He had no idea why he did it, perhaps it was the inherent thrill that came with sneaking out of your parents house; it never truly did go away, even when you were an adult. He hopped the fence, skipping quickly through the snow as his bare feet began to burn from the cold.

Davy was up on the porch, already sitting up in the hot tub looking surprisingly tense. His eyes bugged when he saw Alex hopping across the snow like a rabbit. Each jump made Alex more aware of the heaviness of his new tits and ass as they bounced.

"Alex!" He hissed, "Why aren't you wearing any shoes! For God's sake get in here and warm up!"

"D-Don't have to t-tell me twice!" He whispered, ripping off the jumper and sliding into the hot water. "Oh woowow, that's lovely."

He was so taken in by the heat and bubbles he almost didn't notice Davy staring; he then remembered just how hot his new female body looked in the bright red bikini and blushed.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to stare." He cleared his throat, "That was rude of me."

It wasn't a huge hot tub, even though they sat on opposite sides their legs were intertwined; Alex could feel the corded muscles there, the scrape of Davy's hair against his smooth skin. All around them, the snow had melted thanks to the ambient heat, creating their own little snow hot spring, lit only by the ambient light of Davy's kitchen a few feet away. Alex sighed, feeling the bubbles brush across his skin, making it sensitive as they caressed each curve and flat.

"I'm really glad you're here, Davy." He found himself saying as he leaned back, eyes closed, "This has been the best holiday I've had in ages."

An entirely different kind of warmth pressed against his side and Alex opened his eyes to find Davy was now right next to him; hip to hip, shoulder to shoulder. Somehow his skin felt hotter than the water.

“I’m really glad you’re here too, Alex.” He whispered, hand reaching out to cup Alex’s cheek.

He couldn’t resist leaning into it; it felt so right and those words sent a shiver down his spine.

“Cold?” Davy chuckled, moving slightly closer.

This was it, the moment the audience waited for and for the first time since the swap happened, Alex didn’t care. He didn’t care about getting home, or this weird reality and how wrong it was, all he cared about was closing that gap.

“Not anymore.” He murmured, eyes fluttering closed again as he leaned forward to press their lips together. In movies and story books, first kisses were always these amazing, beautiful, perfect things that left both parties breathless and in love. Everybody who has experienced one themselves knows it’s never like that; first kisses were often hesitant, drunken or awkward and that was fine, it gave you all the more reason to practise. But to Alex’s delight, this world still worked on that trademark, Hallmark cheesiness, so when Davy’s lips parted to welcome his own and deepen the kiss, it was utterly perfect. They moved in perfect sync, drawing closer and tongues entered the mix and Alex swore he could feel literal sparks flying beneath his skin. Perhaps it was just the added stimulation of the bubbles, he didn’t care. Nor did he care that he was giving soft, breathy moans each time they broke apart; his heart was racing, blood rushing southwards at an alarming rate; he’d never felt so alive.

“I’ve wanted to do that for so long.” Davy whispered when they finally broke apart, both his arms gripping Alex’s shoulder tight, “You have no idea.”

“Since I arrived?” He teased, still feeling somewhat breathless and light headed.

“Since that asshole took you to prom.” Davy grinned, ducking his head down to kiss along the curve of his neck, “I was so jealous. When you turned up here a few days ago still single I couldn’t believe it.”

Alex felt like putty in his hands, his whole body somehow loose and relaxed while simultaneously buzzing like a live wire. Pleasure pooled in his lower stomach and his pussy began to throb as an ache formed inside it. He’d never experienced a need quite like his before. It was like a horrible emptiness was inside him that needed to be filled in order to make him whole. As Davy pressed closer he could feel a bulge inside those tight black pants he was wearing and the need suddenly doubled. He wrapped his arms around the man, pulling himself up onto his lap so that Davy had to look up to face him. Hands roamed over his back, brushing against the strings of Alex’s bikini top in a silence question; he nodded. With a single tug, the drawstrings fell apart and the bikini top landed in the foaming water, floating away forgotten and Davy beheld the sight in front of him. Nobody; man or woman had ever looked at Alex like this before; with such adoration and hunger; and there was something else there, burning in Davy’s eyes that he could not identify.

He did not have time to dwell on it though as Davy surged forward, taking one of those nipples in his mouth just as Alex had fantasised about only minutes before. It felt better than any day dream though and he threw his head back, gasping with each suck as it sent a bolt of pleasure straight through him. His pussy throbbed in time with the suckles; his whole body alight with need and desire as he ground down against the bulge in Davy’s trousers. He could feel it, through the fabric, that hot length. Normally he would have been concerned at just how much of a turn on cock was right now but he didn’t have the time or willpower to do anything but hump and moan.

He slowly moved his hands from Davy’s shoulders to the planes of his stomach, then his hips, fingers slipping inside those boxers as he raised his hips in invitation. Davy did the same and without a hitch, Alex lowered the underwear enough for them to easily slide off into the water to join his top before he settled back down into the man’s lap. Now there was only the thin, absorbent material of his bikini bottoms separating them, he could feel so much of that thick length pressing against him as he slowly rocked his hips against it. Even with fabric separating them, Alex shuddered at the intensity of the pleasure the movements caused but no matter how good it felt, that need to be filled only grew. Davy finally pulled away from his chest, gently running his fingers across the curve of his tits before sliding them down his sides beneath the bubbling water. Even through the heat of the water and the rippling bubbles Alex felt hyper aware of those fingertips as they traced over his sensitive skin. They came to rest at his hips, pressing against those thin tied bows. There was no silent question this time, Davy simply tugged at them and Alex moaned as the fabric fell

away. With one small rise of his hips, the fabric was whisked away in the whirlpool and they were both naked against one another.

Alex had never been happier to know this world worked on movie logic; there was no hesitation as he inched his hips forward again to rest against the tip of Davy's cock. The tip pressed against his hole and they both shuddered. For a single moment, they were suspended in space, eyes locked as a light sprinkling of snow began to fall. Each flake so light and small it melted on their skin without even a hint of cold. The entire scene was magical and Alex felt his heart racing with more than just physical attraction before he began to descend. His folds parted slowly as he sank down and Alex could feel each individual inch of skin as it pressed into the warm shaft. He was so tight no water could come between them even as he continued to sink further and further down. That need to be filled was being teased by his speed; part of him desperately wanted to go faster, to finally feel the gratification of being fully impaled but he held back. He wanted to savour this and he did; the stretch, the pleasurable burn of being opened and teased was exquisite. There was no other word for it; something about having his pussy slowly parted and filled was intimate. Somehow so much more overwhelming and deeply satisfying than any sex he'd ever had as a man. When he finally was fully impaled, with that bulbous tip resting against the deepest part of his pussy he was so shocked by the bolt of pleasure it caused he froze in place, treasuring the gentle pulsing ecstasy between his legs.

They hadn't even started to move, yet they were both breathing heavily, Alex found himself staring into those dark eyes and unable to look away, even as he slowly pushed himself up the shaft again and plunged down; drawing gasps from them both. The skin inside him was so sensitive it was almost maddening, he could not stop the gasps and moans that escaped each time he moved up and down and when Davy began to buck his hips upwards to meet him all semblance of control fled. He moved on instinct, some new, primal feminine part of his brain telling him how best to angle his hips and brace himself for the most pleasure.

"Oh God, ah! Y-you have no idea how many times I imagined doing this, Alex!" Davy grunted, "Nnnhg, ah! Ah! I don't think I can hold out much longer."

"Oh please," He couldn't even hate how breathy and desperate he sounded, "Just a little longer, I need more!"

His insides were coiling, each thrust felt better than the last and yet, it was never enough. The ecstasy was building toward a crescendo and Alex was desperate for it. He'd never

experienced such a need before, not a want, *need*. His breaths got shorter, his moans sharper as the pressure continued to build inside him until finally.

“Yes! There, again! Ah...ahhh...AAAAAAHHHHH!!”

His whole body shuddered, bucking and throbbing as wave after wave of pleasure flowed over him like the water of the hot tub. Davy’s grip on his hips was so tight it was almost painful and he loved it; he loved feeling so owned. Davy gave one final buck, a long drawn out sound ripping from his throat as he too came and an entirely new kind of wet warmth flooded Alex’s chamber. He shivered; that need finally fulfilled as they collapsed against one another feeling overheated in the steam.

Alex rested his forehead in the crook of Davy’s shoulder and let his eyes flutter closed; he could still feel the softening member inside him, brushing against his walls. He wished he could say he couldn’t believe it but if he was honest with himself, this was a long time coming. He couldn’t even muster the energy to have a sexual crisis; was it gay to sleep with a guy if you were in a woman’s body? He didn’t know how to even begin thinking about it; so he didn’t. Instead he relaxed into Davy’s embrace and enjoyed the warm bubbles brushing his skin until finally gathering the strength to separate them. He pushed back, floating over to the opposite side of the hot tub again, the tiny distance may as well have been an ocean. Davy cleared his throat, looking somewhat awkward as he watched their clothes float across the roiling waves. Finally, just as the awkwardness was reaching its peak, he spoke.

“We uh, forgot to bring the books over.” He noted, Alex blinked and then they were both laughing under the snow.

A light across the fence turned on and they both ducked down, watching the silhouette of what must have been Sam walking through the kitchen next door. Davy grinned, gaining him a mouthful of water which made him splutter and Alex giggle. Sam’s head stuck out the window and Alex sank as far into the water as he could.

“You okay, man? I heard sounds, thought there might be a possum or something in your yard.”

“No, just me!” Davy lied, “Just having a late night soak.”

“It’s the middle of winter but whatever man, you do you.”

Sam shut the window and Davy gave a sigh of relief.

“A possum?” Alex hissed indignantly, “He thought those sounds were a possum?”

“If it makes you feel better I think you’re a very sexy possum.”

Alex gave a nervous giggle; the comment had his face going pink all over again. His pussy was still throbbing with residual pleasure and suddenly the reality of everything that had just happened crashed down upon him.

“We should probably get dry, I can grab you a towel.” Davy offered, clearly sensing the returning unease and wanting to do something, “Did you...want to stay the night?”

Did he? Alex didn’t know? The very first thing that came to mind was; was that what he was supposed to do? Is that how the movie went? The second thought was a huge wave of guilt. Davy was looking at him such hope and affection and here he was playing out a fucking movie just to be rid of him and this world. Maybe this wasn’t his reality but it was still a real place and these people had real emotions and he was playing them for his own gain.

That sex had been the first thing he’d done simply because it felt right and not because it felt like part of the ‘script’. It had been wonderful, he’d loved every second of it and yet, he still felt as though he were lying to Davy.

“No, I think I’d better go home.” He whispered, “Good night...David.”

“Oh okay. Night Alex.”

He stepped out and was instantly frozen by the icy air. He didn’t bother to wait for a towel, simply grabbing his wet clothes, throwing on the jumper and running back to his parents house. By the time he got back to his room he was frozen and shivering. His feet burned with cold but he didn’t bother to put on socks, somehow, he felt as if he deserved it.