

"Nope. I think there's a lot I don't know about you. That I wanna know."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. So tell me what's on your mind right now." s eyes and debate whether I should actually asking at the moment. All it takes is him bat- elashes at me before I decide to do it.

"Do you have any tattoos?"

He looks surprised by my question, like he didn't actually expect me to speak up.

"Uh . . . yeah, I do. One."

"Well then let me see."

"Aight."

He gets up from the bed and grabs the bottom of his black T-shirt. He lifts it up to his neck, and I see it: blue-black ink blooming beneath his smooth chest. It looks like an Aztec queen mixed with a bird. Her arm-wings are fanned out, framing his pecs.

"Cool," I try to say casually, resting the bottle of tequila on my crotch. I'm hard. Not all the way, but enough. "Why, um, why there?"

"Easy to hide," he says with a smile. He drops his shirt, demonstrating. "My mom would kill me if she knew."

"Oh."

"But it was in honor of her. Even showed the tattoo chick a pic of her."

"That's sweet."

"Soy un buen hijo."

Oh God. I can't handle this. I feel like I might vomit.

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Mostly I just feel the need to expel something from my body. I'd kill for a sneeze right now.

"It reminds me of Adam Levine's." I'm just saying the only thing in my brain that isn't *I want you in my mouth*.

Manny makes a disgusted face, and I laugh. "Actually, it looks a lot like Rihanna's."

"I'll take that," he says. "She's hot. And a fucking boss." I imagine the two of them together. Tattoos and brown skin. Manny's smooth, expert strokes . . . And now I'm at full mast, almost impossible to hide.

Manny's right in front of me now. I hadn't noticed him coming closer. I look up and our eyes meet. He's either going to kill me or kiss me. The least I can do is try to get him to execute the latter before the former. I put the tequila bottle on the nightstand and reach for his belt. God, I love guys who wear belts. I'm about to get it off when his hands close around mine and stop me. I look up.

He shakes his head.

Oh shit. I misread. I'm stupid. Fuck. Is he gonna deck me?

Instead of hitting me, he gently releases my hands and kneels in front of me, not letting go of my eyes for a second. Then he reaches for my zipper. Oh God, this is happening. I help him lower my pants and underwear until they're around my ankles. Then he puts his mouth on me.

It's evident within the first two seconds that not only has he done this before, he's a fucking pro. This can't be real. How is this happening? How am I this lucky?

I stay on that train of thought for about five seconds. Then I start thinking about how this can all go wrong. *Is Manny going*

to run away like Ziggy? That doesn't seem like a possibility given his . . . enthusiasm. *Am I going to feel shitty afterward like I did with Tyler?* Well, I guess that's always a possibility. I mean—

Manny snakes his hand up my shirt and starts rubbing my left pec (not that I have *pecs* per se, but you know what I mean), and I'm surprised by how good it feels. *He's into this. He's into me.* This isn't what happened with Tyler.

I relax a bit and close my eyes for a second, really letting myself enjoy it. That's when another boy pops into my head: Saleem. And I know I should immediately banish his face, let go of his gaze with my mind's eye, but the image of him with the physical sensation—

"Manny, I'm about to—I'm gonna—I—"

He doesn't take his mouth off me, and then . . . it's over. My first time. Right? I'm assuming if the act has the word "sex" in it, then it is indeed sex.

Manny rises up, planting his palms on my thighs. Then he leans in and kisses me. He's already swallowed, but I can still taste something I've never tasted before.

"How was that, papi?" he asks.

What he just said and the way he said it are almost enough to get me hard again.

"That was . . ." I start laughing. "I can't even describe it." He smiles. "Do you, do you, um, want me to—"

"Nah," he says, interrupting. "Let it be what it be."

"Okay."

I'm glad he doesn't see the need for reciprocity. I wouldn't be able to live up to his expertise. He sits next to me, and for a while we listen to the West Coast rap blasting from the speak-

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ers downstairs. The entire room is vibrating from the music and everyone's dancing.

"Who else have you been with?" Manny asks, looking down at my junk.

"Uh . . ." I pull up my pants. I hadn't even realized I was still exposed. "How do you mean?"

"Who have you done stuff with?"

"Oh, um. I mean I made out with Fabiola a long time ago, got to second base."

"Nice. She's cool."

"Yeah, but we're just friends."

"Anyone else?"

I should probably say no and respect the privacy of my past partners, even if it means Manny would see me as a loser, but I know he's not a chismoso. He wouldn't gossip about them with his friends because they'd probably find it suspect that he cared about other guys hooking up.

"I, uh, made out with Ziggy Jackson."

Manny nods in approval. "He's hot. Didn't think he was into dudes, though."

"You're not the first person to say that. And, uh, last but not least, I gave Tyler Montana a hand job."

He makes a face again, the same one he made when I mentioned Adam Levine. "That wanksta?"

I laugh. "Yeah. He's hot though. Objectively."

"I'm not big on white dudes."

"I've guessed as much."

"They do nothing for me. Their dicks freak me out too. They remind me of pan crudo."