“I need you to do something for me,” I said.

“Anything,” he said.  Kevin didn’t hesitate.

“Actually, it’s something I need to do for you,” I said.  Then, as if in slow motion, I reached out with my hand and put it in the center of his chest.  He just stared down at it, confused.  Then slowly, I slid my hand down, over his waistband, onto the bulge in his jeans and squeezed.

Kevin scooted back from me, eyes wide.  But I followed him, not removing my hand.  “Shh, shh,” I murmured.

Kevin’s gaze darted around like a startled horse.  “What the hell, No?” he rasped, his voice coming out in a harsh whisper.

I ground the heel of my hand into the base of his cock, and his hips made a small, involuntary thrust up into my hand.  I treated him like the startled animal he was, talking to him a quiet, calming, reassuring voice.  “It’s not a big deal, just two guys helping each other out because there aren’t any girls around.  Let me help you.  That’s it.  Shuusssh.  Let me help you.”

I kept rubbing him through his jeans.  His eyes closed, and I could see him fighting himself.

“Aw fuck, Noah,” Kevin whispered.

I opened the snap on his jeans.  Then I very, verrrrry slowly lowered the zipper down.  “Let me do this, Kev,” I whispered near his ear.  “Let me do this one thing.”

“Oh God,” Kevin said.

I reached in, and I was touching the bare skin of his cock.  It was warm and smooth.  I might have stopped there if he wasn’t hard.

I tried to wrap my hand around him, but I could barely do that with us both sitting up so close together; the angle was all wrong.  I put one hand on his chest and pushed him toward his pillows.

“Fuck, No, what are you doing?”

“This,” I said, and I reached in and gave one firm tug.  His hips bucked way up with me, and he pulled the flaps of his fly apart a little.  I gave another stroke.

“Oh fuck,” Kevin said.

“Please. This is the something,” I whispered.  “Tell me to stop, and I’ll stop.  But it’s not a big deal.  It’s just….” I stopped talking as he let out a soft quiet moan and bit his lip.  His eyelids fluttered shut.

I stopped, suddenly shot through with insecurity.  His eyes flung open and stared at me, harsh in the moonlight.  We stared at each other.  Raw.  Moment of truth.  I started to withdraw my hand.  And slowly, very slowly as if in slow motion, he put his hand over mine.

We didn’t move, just stayed there for a moment with my hand around his warm cock.  My heart was like a thousand horses ready to beat out of my chest and bolt.  His hand was sweaty and clammy over mine.

I thought maybe he would push me off him, and I would run from the room in shame.  I had said it was nothing, just two guys helping each other out, but for me that wasn’t true.  I took a deep breath and calmed the pounding of my heart and focused instead on love and then on lust.  I gave him one firm squeeze.  It would be up to him now.