

# Flavor

## b. Mya

Damien tells me that most men are turned off by his obsessive-compulsive nature. That they tap their feet and roll their eyes whenever he shows them the box.

The box is fascinating to me. Within its four walls are condoms with pictures of various fruit, different textures advertised on their slick covers. There are some that are lubricated and some which are not. A few larger packages containing dental dams and hermetically sealed plastic gloves. It is a veritable treasure trove of safe sex tools.

I stand over his shoulder looking, pouring my nervousness into that box, smiling like a mad cat and not sure how I ended up with the privilege of seeing it.

Damien is nothing short of a Norse God. A fitness instructor with a body that is cut to perfection, toned and everything my cock wants. How the hell, I got his attention is still a mystery to me.

The receptionist at the gym where we both work, I thought my only contribution to him would only ever be, 'Your 2 p.m. is gonna be late.' I'd seen him with other men, men much more in shape than my pudgy build, men not

snacking on doughnuts stuffed with Bavarian cremes, sugary jams or chips.

Yet here I am. Thank god for late night shifts, an abandoned gym and Damien's shaky resolve upon discovering me with a snack cake in hand.

I shared it with him and watched him savor it like was creme brulee. Then I asked him for a date.

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Our first date, he allowed me to pick the restaurant, a home style Italian restaurant with thick creamy sauces and an even more decadent wine selection. The second date consisted of Japanese tempuras, teppanyaki and food as ornamental as it was delicious. By the third date, I insisted on cooking for him. He insisted on his place and somehow we ended up in his bedroom staring into a box.

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Damien mentions that he likes the way that I consume. He likes the way my senses rule me. I mention that I want to know what a banana flavored condom would taste like on his dick. He doesn't just open his zipper, but undresses completely.

The condom fits down easily upon the thick, hard length. Damien is already leaking. He tells me that it doesn't

usually happen so fast and I almost believe him as I close my lips over the crown of his pole.

I slurp. I suck. I pull and I swallow against his meat like it's dessert.

Above me he writhes, arches and clutches the sheets. I might have noticed more if I hadn't been so hungry for him, if he hadn't twisted and gasped and came within minutes.

He is still panting when I find the box and pull out the dental dam. It's cherry-flavored, a neutral enough flavor for a man or a woman I suppose.

Breathless, he mutters something about it being given away free at a club and not knowing why he kept it.

I smile as it tear open the package and pull out a slick sheet that reminds me of pressed fruit candy.

Trying it flat upon his nipples, first the left and then the right, he is more shocked by his renewing arousal than I am.

He blames it on my technique, on my thoroughness and patience. I'm not ashamed about blaming it on greed.

Accusing him of being a chubby chaser, of being a slut for me, about his pedestal only makes him hotter, his eyes more dilated and his voice crack.

‘You? You need...’ he babbles, fingertips trying to gain purchase on my shoulders when not curling or clutching air and cotton sheets.

His gets his answer about fifteen minutes later when I use the last remaining dental dam, cinnamon flavored against his balls and hole.

Keening, thighs impossibly wide, he lets my tongue have its fill of round globes and clenching treasures. All with cinnamon candy on my mind

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He likes being eaten and I like the taste of him.

Damien offers me his ass and while I consider the latex gloves, the un-flavored condoms and the strawberry-scented lube, I consider his mouth all the more.

Lying down beside him, I pull him close. He is wide eyed and flushed when I close my mouth over his and greed takes over.

The kiss is brutal and I can’t help that my tongue coils around his, that every time I pull it into my mouth and suck on it, he moans obscenely. He tastes of Cabernet, of sirloin tips and asparagus and the chocolate cake we had for

dinner. I can't help that he tastes like everything I need.

That in itself would be fulfillment, I think. Yet when his nimble fingers unfasten my belt, undo my trousers and steal inside, my body tells me... just a little more is needed.

His bare fingers curl around my cock and give three short strokes. I come, balls tense from so much waiting. Spurting again and again into his bare, clammy palm I catch a glimpse of him through slitted eyes. The emotion within his gaze is too raw, too disconcerting for a third date and I collapse upon my back and pretend to smile.

I don't believe the course the night has taken. Suspicious of our time together, of his motivations, my mind tries to occupy itself with what sort of laundry detergent he owns for my trousers.

Damien moves his fingers around my sensitive shaft as if he could clean me with his fingertips. By the time he withdraws his fingers they are coated in my juices.

We both stare at his fingers, like a promise of something we can only have after patience, honesty, virtue and trust. A promise of sticky, sloppy intimacy full of flavors, tastes and feasts.

It is me, after a while, who suggests that we shower and it is he who suggests that I spend the night.

**The End**

