Under the bridge

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Published on Lush Stories on 18 Aug 2007

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/gay-male/under-the-bridge.aspx

The passing traffic looked like a blur to Keyaron's eyes, fuzzed lights in a sea of glare. Anything beyond that was just a foggy haze of looming shadows, and blackness. The sound of passing cars and trucks were hard, but nothing hit him as the constant shock of the cold. Bradford was bitter some nights, and it wasn't even snowing. It was the type of cold that cut straight through whatever you were wearing.

Not much further and maybe he could forget a bit of cold for a while. Keyaron kept his eyes fixed on his homeboy trudging the footpath in front of him. That wasn't blurred. His eyes stayed downcast for the most part, watching the red bandanna hanging from the guy's jeans pocket. Sometimes he just stared at Cedric's ass instead. With as much liquor in him as there was, he just kept his head down and concentrated on putting one foot in front of the other.

Cedric was off the footpath in a lanky stride, stepping over the barrier and into the twisted, dying mess that was meant to pass for vegetation here. It was a blurred mass of reaching branches, sometimes clusters of green lost in the dark, growing from a ground trampled and muddied, littered with garbage tossed from cars. Keyaron struggled with the barrier a moment, calling after his homeboy.

“Fuckin' hold up a moment, nigga.”

Cedric paused between two bushes, on a furrowed path cut by many before them. Keyaron wasn't so blind he couldn't see the cold, suffering expression on his boy's face. His hood was up, and his neck scarfed in wool, as well as their red gang colors. The black jacket he wore over his hoodie was too thin to do much to stunt the cold. His jeans sagged, old and threadbare in places. He looked gangly in his clothes, but Keyaron had brawled enough with the light skinned brotha to know there was muscle under that loose attire.

In comparison Keyaron was all g'ed up, local slang for over-representing his gang. Purebreed red in the bandanna around his neck in rodeo style, as well as his football jersey and big, puffy red jacket. His red pants were in the laundry, his substituting black jeans the only odd part of his clothes out. Even with all the layers, he could still feel the cold. It made his burly form sore from tightness, and his

head hurt. He couldn't remember where he had dropped his cap, and his fade wasn't keeping the cold out.

Cedric disappeared as soon as he was over the fence. Keyaron thought to shout another annoyed warning to slow down, but saw that familiar, narrow ass again as soon as he rounded the bushes. He could see cars again, moving blurs in black as they walked the ridge towards the underside of the overbridge. Beyond that was a tangle of highways and ramps, and a skyline lost on his poor sight.

“I need to take a fuckin' piss,” Keyaron announced, as he spied the dark stain ahead, where concrete gave way to shadow. Cedric was slowing again, hands in pockets.

“We almost there.”

“So fuckin' cold, nigga. Ain't surprised there's no fam out on the street. Why we even leave that party for this shit?”

“You want somewhere to crash for the night,” Cedric said, in an almost dead tone. He vanished almost suddenly into shadow, and Keyaron followed. He didn't like the smell, but he was tiring quick from the walk, and starting to care less. Dim colors painted the walls further in.

“I need somewhere to piss.”

“Go piss over there. I'll go get us a spot.”

Keyaron let his eyes adjust to the dimness beneath the overbridge. Traffic rumbled overhead, like passing thunder. There was an edge to the darkness, concrete and hard, that was long since lost on Keyaron as he stared after where Cedric was going. He'd seen worse, and at least this was out of the wind. He worried about whether he was going to mess up his jacket, and thought about cussing his boy out if he picked a place that was muddy. He couldn't make out the tagging along the wall, and hoped Cedric was bright enough to pick a place that was friendly.

“It's fuckin' cold,” Keyaron complained again. It was too quiet, even with the traffic. Nothing compared to the noise of the party, since they had left it. He looked through the darkness to where Cedric was sitting down against the wall. “I dunno that I wanna piss, man. Means I got to take my dick out. You wanna hold it so I don't get cold?”

Keyaron saw Cedric looking back his way, but his expression was lost on his poor eyesight. He just shot his friend a shiteating grin, all fooling and clean white teeth against his dark complexion. When it was apparent that Cedric wasn't going to bite, he stepped up to the wall like it was a urinal, planting

his feet apart. He felt the weight of the bottle of beer in his jacket as he pawed down at himself, cussing the floud of cold that he was letting in.

His fingers felt like ice on his dick, and it took a moment to get up the urge to piss, even with the full bladder. The relief was nothing to make up for the frigid feeling of the cold. He didn't want to take his time, but a night of beer wasn't going to let him go quickly.

“Freeze my fuckin' cock off,” he joked, looking back at Cedric. He idly wondered if Cedric was watching, but he wasn't. Cedric was strangely quiet tonight, he'd noticed. He settled for just staring at that blurred lump that was his homeboy, and thought what it was like if Cedric didn't think he was joking about holding his dick. It took the edge off the cold.

Shaking, he shoved himself away, and zipped up, avoiding standing in the puddle of piss that had spread from the spot.

Keyaron offered Cedric the bottle from his pocket, almost instantly cursing how cold it felt. When Cedric shook his head, he sat down next to him and put the bottle aside. He was bored almost instantly, feeling the hard ground beneath him. It was still cold as fuck, and darker now. Beyond the lip was traffic he could hear, but not see.

“Could use gettin' my dick in something warm tonight,” he remarked, idly. He hated the quiet. “Wanna feel how cold it got just takin' it out to piss?”

Cedric shoot his head, “You crazy.”

“Nah, I'm crazy missin' out on gettin' pussy somehow. How's a nigga like me fuck that up?”

“Brawling,” Cedric remarked, almost coldly. “Same reason we under a bridge.”

Keyaron looked at the guy's face, staring out into the dark. His face was framed by matted, short dreadlocks, and a hoodie that lent deepness to the shadows there. Keyaron didn't care much for the subdued expression he was seeing. There wasn't any empathy there for what he was going through. Keyaron couldn't even remember who had started the fight, or how they had got thrown out. He had toyed with the idea of going somewhere quiet, and that was about as much as he remembered now. Cedric didn't look up for much.

Keyaron gave his boy something akin to a one armed hug that quickly turned manly, into a rough hussle, “At least it's quiet up in here, was startin' to get deaf with that fuckin' music.”

“Whatevers cool, Key.”

Keyaron felt all those urges and impulses flare bright as he roughed with Cedric, as brief as it was. It had been a while since he had felt another man this close. And he sure as fuck didn't trust another man to sit this close like he did Cedric. He stared at Cedric's thick lips, and that light fuzz that almost passed for a goatee. He didn't want to ask what was on his mind. Probably just angry they'd been kicked out.

Cedric was staring at his boots. Keyaron realised they were the same mucky boots he wore for his construction work, and then realised he was wearing his work jeans too. Both had been cleaned up as best as they could, but didn't much hide the fact. Cedric had stuck at work better than he had managed. Keyaron knew it was the effects of that work he felt when he pulled at his shoulders. His own body was hardened by an almost obsessive attention to impress, during the long hours Cedric was away earning wages.

Keyaron put his arm around Cedric's shoulders, something that he told himself would make him feel better. He didn't care other than how it made him feel right now, feeling that hardness against his body.

Cedric didn't much respond, and he grew bored with that after a while too, risking the bottle again.

“You want some beer?”

“Think we had enough.”

“Never enough beer, nigga,” Keyaron remarked.

He opened the bottle, feeling the cutting cold in his grasp. It was worth it for another taste of beer. But when the beer turned out to be as cold as the glass bottle, Keyaron tried to hide the fact he wasn't as enjoyable as it had been back at the party. He offered it to Cedric. He just shook his head.

“You remember that chick I was hittin' on? The one in the short skirt?” Keyaron asked, trying to light up the conversation again. The beer hit a new cold inside him, and he tried to find somewhere flat to put it aside. “How the fuck did I miss out on that?”

“We got thrown out, Key. Brawling.”

Keyaron stared over at Cedric again. Boy, he really was mad, wasn't he? Was that why he was giving him the silent treatment? Keyaron figured this was what he should get from a bitch if he ever went

steady, it was a pain in the ass getting it from one of his homeboys. He wondered what was up with his boy Ced sometimes.

“You gonna keep singin' that same old fuckin' tune?” Keyaron asked. He couldn't bring himself to let his tone hit too hard, as neglectful as he was to his friends feelings sometimes. “Fuck, that shits already done and done. Forgotten.”

“Just because you can't remember it ...”

Keyaron frowned and glanced back over at Cedric, losing the words to a heavy rumble of a truck above. “What?”

“Nothing, Key.”

Keyaron put his arm around Cedric's shoulders again, partly because he wanted to feel that hardness again. It was starting to seem a little strange that he should be hugging up on him like this so much without any reason. Keyaron figured that if maybe Cedric wasn't so tied up in being mad at him maybe he might start seeing the signs. But then again, maybe he just had to drop it a little more plain and simple.

Those sort of words never came all that easy. At least not unless it was a bitch he was chatting up.

Cedric's body was lean against him, pulled in hard by a heavier weight of his arm. Keyaron kept him close for the moment, risking whatever might come so he could feel a little of that warmth. He realised he could feel Cedric's lean form trembling, and worked out that he was colder than him. He dropped his voice to that low tone he sometimes used with the girls, hardly without realising.

“That warm you up ok?”

Cedric nodded a little in reply. Maybe he was pissed for him getting them thrown out of the party. It was a lot warmer in there. Keyaron's mind was still in the same place it had been after they had hit the pavement. His chances with the girls were blown for the night. Best find somewhere quiet to spend some time with his boy. Not that he got that way too often, but it was good to fall back on, if he could pull it.

“Bit of a fuckin' drunk I guess,” Keyaron conceeded. It had meant to come out like an apology of sorts, but it hadn't made it that way. “Pretty fucked up we gotta stash up here the night.”

“Yeah.”

It occurred to Keyaron why they had ended up here, rather than any number of other places. The realisation was almost as cold as the temperature. He tried to think of a place that he hadn't got them thrown out of lately, or someone he hadn't pissed off. Just another fight, another tresspass. Another broken friendship.

But Cedric was still at his side, so shit wasn't that bad. Not that Cedric was going to leave him. Keyaron didn't dwell on the blinding moment of clarity too long before he realised he was getting a bit warmer down in his jeans. His mind was too lodged on sex not to feel the effects of Cedric this close to him. The half embrace had never been so innocent that he wasn't thinking of everything that could come of it.

“We'll be cool,” said Keyaron, that quiet, smooth tone touching his voice again. “Ain't that long till mornin' anyway, nigga. We can keep warm.”

Keyaron wondered if that last part might clinch it, but he felt nothing back from it. He was starting to feel a real reason to be pissed now, and pulled his bandanna up over his face with his spare hand. He took his arm back from Cedric's hard, lanky shoulders to tie it a little tighter, but the sensation in the pit of his gut, and the warm, pleasant feelings in his groin made sure it was only a brief moment away.

“I can get your hand warmed if you want,” he remarked, smiling privately at how lewd it sounded. Nice and obvious, too. Cutting straight to what he wanted. Cedric looked over at him, dark eyes questioning. “You know, nigga ...”

“What?”

“Keep your hand warm.”

Keyaron lost sight of the confusion in Cedric's eyes, spying those thick lips again. He started to harden a little more as he imagined them down around him. That's all that mattered about now, it's all he could think of, banishing the cold. They always looked so soft and warm, even with that weathered face, pleasant enough, but nicked with a few light scars. The thought's drained away as the excitement wanned.

“It's cool, nigga. Fuckin' with you.”

What was worse? Being cold or being frustrated, Keyaron wondered. He pulled Cedric hard to him, feeling a bit of fight back in return. He smiled under his bandanna, playing it all off like a joke. Like

some sort of game between friends, even though the whole point had been lost. He wondered if Cedric could see how hard he was getting, as he glanced down with interest at Cedric's own jeans. He couldn't see anything as obvious as his own.

Keyaron pulled Cedric in tight again, and rough housed him with a hand to the stomach. He liked the feeling of his boy pushing back, twisting under his arm, almost as much as the feeling of his hard stomach, under thin layers of clothes. He was atune enough to know when Cedric was getting more mad, and eased up, feeling how his dick was buzzing, leaned over languid and fat in his jeans.

“Don't be mad, nigga,” he remarked. He wasn't sure if he meant about being so physical, or the whole getting them kicked out of the club thing. “It's your boy Key.”

“I know.” More lingered on that hard, quiet tone.

“Whatever shit goes down, you know 'Breeds there for each other,” Keyaron said, spitting the usual lines. Where ever the rest of their fam was for them right now, while they froze under a bridge. “More than ever, you know we here for each other.”

Cedric gave a dull nod, but in Keyaron's mind it had to be getting through. This was gang shit, even if it was getting through in a way back to sex. It was just like talking to all them bitches, but you had to do it different to get through to a guy.

“No matter what shit happens, I'm there for you. And you there for me.”

“I know,” Cedric replied, with dull resignation. Keyaron kept his eyes on his boy, watching that downcast gaze for signs.

“And you there for me, too,” he repeated, licking his lips a bit. In his mind, he could almost taste how good it would feel.

“I know Key.”

“We boys, right?”

“Yeah.”

Keyaron realised why he recognised these words. Last time had come like this as well. It would have to do again. “Boys there for each other, no matter what.”

“Yeah, nigga.”

“So we keep warm to mornin', and shits all cool from there.”

Those eyes looked at him again, searching for reason behind strange words. Keyaron smiled, but it was lost behind the bandanna, rather than the open invitation that it would have been. The same inviting smile he used with the girls. The words kept going over and over in Keyaron's mind, even when all the hints and the physical closeness didn't carry it. They hung poised on his lips, just needing that last push to get them free.

“I'm horny, nigga.” Then he tossed on, almost instantly, to soften the implication, “That's all.”

Cedric was reading his face, or what he could see of it, and Keyaron hardened. Gang hard. His heart thumped in anticipation, and for some reason embarrisement flushed his dark features, but his chubby arrousal hadn't slackened in the least. Cedric shrugged off his heavy arm with a sudden shove, an all too obvious rejection, or so it seemed.

“You always horny, Keyaron.”

Full first name. Nigga was pissed. Big time. Keyaron's mind was starting to go black with the frustration. He had to have seen the hint for what it was that time. It was getting to the point of needing now, not just wanting it. Those cold, hard thoughts were sinking into his mind, more frigid than the temperature. They were hard thoughts. Criminal thoughts. He didn't feel that hardness against him any more, and some of the warmth was lost too.

Keyaron moved closer, countering the distance Cedric had made. His arm was heavier this time, more insistant, and when his boy pulled at it, he only pulled him in tighter. The annoyance flashed through Cedric's dark eyes, dangerous, matching the same intensity that Keyaron felt in himself. He kept Cedric tight all the same. This was a fucking priviledge, and Cedric should see it for what it was.

“We boys,” Keyaron remarked, cold and hard. “Fucking stop it.”

“Fuck you.”

Cedric shoved but Keyaron's arm was heavier. He let his fingers dig into jacket and arm, and then scooped across his narrow back and under his armpit for a better hold. The struggle was earnest, but it only excited Keyaron more, at some sick, base level. Something he never understood, and didn't bother, least of all right now. He kept at it like it was gang business. Family business. He smacked the hand down that came up at him, probably not even to strike or push.

“Stop it. We boys.”

The struggles slowed, even if the resistance was still there. It was the resistance of a man who didn't want another man's closeness, not right now. Keyaron was drunk tired, and knew Cedric was probably the same. If it had come toe to toe, the fight would have lasted longer in both of them. He stared Cedric down, even though his boy wasn't looking at him.

“I'll look out for you, nigga,” Keyaron remarked, hard, and laiden with street meaning. “Know that. I'll keep you warm if you so fuckin' cold.”

His mind was still on sex, as he started rubbing at Cedric's stomach, rubbing his thin hoodie and t-shirt as it rode up on him there. Keyaron saw the hint of the ripped abs he knew were down there. It excited him enough to take the edge off his anger. He let his head linger in closer, feeling his breath coming tighter, sharper.

Cedric was still struggling a bit, probably out of some sense that he had to. Keyaron felt his whole body tense when his hand went up under his clothes, and came against warm, hard flesh.

“You fucking cold!” Cedric protested, and Keyaron pulled him in sharp again. “Nigga!”

His hand dipped down behind belt and waistband, feeling cotton boxers and the dense scratch of Cedric's pubes. The motion had been so quick and unthought out. Cedric hardened again under his arm, and his hand quickly found his boy's dick, and grasped up about it. As much as he hated touching another man's dick, maybe it would get him in the mood for what he wanted.

“Nigga!”

Keyaron didn't answer, feeling some of the resistance fade away as he started playing with a skill that came from years of self experience. Cedric's breath came in heavy, thick pants of mist that clouded before him, and tight gasps. There was something nice about seeing him squirm like this, even if he did have to be touching on his prick. At least it was starting to warm up his hand a bit. Almost reason to keep it down there.

“Said I'd keep you warm,” Keyaron remarked, mock-hard now. He knew he'd get his way this way.

Cedric was hardening up to a size Keyaron knew he wasn't that intimate with. Even if he had seen his boy's cock enough times, it wasn't something he remembered. It was just a tool for pissing and fucking when it was on another man. Not that his own was much more. Keyaron basked in the

warmth. It felt weird touching even a close homeboy like this, even if the ends justified the means.

Cedric's breath was close and tight next to him. Keyaron kept his own head close, speaking quiet through his bandanna as he jerked away in his friend's jeans, resting face against his shoulder. Now Cedric was relaxing. No guy could do much else when they were getting their dick played with.

“Ain't so bad. We boys. We lookin' out for each other,” Keyaron said, letting the words come out in a quiet babble. He didn't like that he was using his voice for getting the girls. Sooner he got his hand out of Cedric's jeans, the better. “Don't matter that I get us in shit sometimes, nigga. We got each other.”

“Yeah.” It was a hot and relieved sound.

“Yeah, that's nice, nigga,” Keyaron crooned. “I can tell you feelin' that.”

“Yeah.”

“Help me out ...”

Keyaron didn't pause in jacking Cedric off, not now it was this close. It was easier to go back to hinting again, now that it was so obvious what he really needed. He kept his head close to Cedric's ear, talking quiet to him still, feeling that fat, hot sensation in his hand. It felt like the beer bottle, only a hundred times more hot.

“Help me out.”

Now it was obligation, so it was only fair.

Cedric put a hand over towards Keyaron's jeans, unzipping them to get in through the front. Keyaron's gut was tightening in anticipation, his mind swimming with the relief that he was finally getting what he needed. He felt the hand slip in as easily at his own had dived into Cedric's jeans, and he sucked in a shocked breath at the touch.

“Fuck you cold!”

“What you think, Key?”

Keyaron was more than aware of his hand as it slipped out of Cedric's jeans now, and he relaxed into Cedric's shoulder. He was more than arroused when his friend's cool grasp took his member and started slowly pulling on it. He ignored the look that he saw on Cedric's face, the look of loss now that

the pleasure wasn't burning through his own dick.

“Don't be mad, Ced,” he murmered softly, relaxing into the warm sensations like they were a bath. “We boys. Nothin' gonna change that. Don't be mad.”

As the pleasure started to warm him, spreading his rigid length though Cedric's hold, Keyaron wanted it to be just like that. Two homeboys, taking care of each other. His mind started to paint the all too familiar, romantic gang fantasies. They were 'Breeds, both of them. There was nothing they wouldn't do for each other. Of course he didn't want his boy mad at him. His legs spread a little, and he took a moment to start loosing his belt and jeans. The cold would be worth it, for the few brief moments.

As the cold hit his hot, hard flesh, his mind buzzed with the thrill. Finally getting sex. He hugged Cedric closer. A little differently this time, in quiet insinuation.

“I ain't mad,” Cedric admitted. Keyaron could tell he still was, but maybe all the talk about them being boys had got it out, finally.

“Yeah. I ain't mad either. I'm just horny. Makes me do stupid things.”

Keyaron looked down at himself, his jeans opened up on his hard length. The cold night was cutting slowly at his dark skin there, and he was losing all the heat that Cedric had given him with the hand job. He eased Cedric a bit closer, moved his hand back up onto his friends shoulder. A moment more and it would be on his head. Then he wouldn't have to talk about what he needed.

“You more than stupid, Keyaron.”

“Ok,” he relented, quiet. He murmured even lower, finding the words hard to form, “Can you suck me?”

A sigh touched the air, Keyaron paying it no attention next to the sound of his own breath against the bandanna. He was drunk tired, and he knew Cedric was cold and tired from the night, and the struggle. Both drained from the emotions of anger and friendship. Favors or not, it was starting not to matter what was needed and what happened. Keyaron just thrilled, feeling how hard he was as he saw Cedric lower himself down.

“Fuck, you such a good homeboy to me,” he muttered, as that soft, gentle warmth embraced his head. Then his shaft. His hand started caressing Cedric's hooded head almost instantly. “Fuck, Ced ... fuck ... oh fuck ...”

Keyaron let his head fall back against the concrete and stared up into the darkness, seeing only blurred lines and features lost on his senses. For the moment, he just let himself enjoy the warmth he was finally getting, feeling the pleasure tighten his stomach and spread. He rubbed and kneeded at Cedric's neck and shoulders, giving his friend the freedom to do what he wanted down there, rather than push him like he might have with a girl. He guessed he owed him that much.

Why'd it have to be so fuckin' difficult in the first place?

Keyaron felt those thick lips against his skin, and heard the steady, laboured breathing below. He felt the hard, wirey strength beneath jacket and hoodie, and he lost the thought briefly of the girl that was blowing him in his mind. He saw Cedric's ripped body, mirrored on those times he had seen him out of the shower in just a towel, or pulling off layers as he worked too hard to make what shitty wage he made.

Soft dreams, folding slowly into a rolling pleasure that lost all his troubles. Keyaron sighed softly, keeping his gaze up into the blurry shadows. The tingling riddled his stomach, and swelled up in his nuts. The cold touched too hard at the wet part of his dick each time Cedric pulled back. Only a brief second, before pushing back down, bobbing gently and open.

It took longer than Keyaron would have liked if he was with a girl. But he had nothing to proove with his boy, and it only made the heat last longer. Any girl would have been complaining about her jaw by now, he told himself, rife with bravado. The moment arrived after a long, gradual journey. He didn't give Cedric the choice he had this far, pressing downwards firmly. Ready to push if there was resistance now.

Keyaron groaned, gasping sharply up into the cold night air. His seed spent in hard ropes, only to be sucked away easily. He tried to catch the image of that girl again, as he settled back, tired, against the wall.

The rest was mechanical. Letting Cedric up and doing up his pants. He gave Cedric a tight and somewhat guilty glance, only to see if he was ok. He didn't seem to have cared about how tight his hand had got, especially towards the end.

Shit like this always seemed to make sense when he was horny. Things always seemed pretty different after he got his nut.

“Thanks.”

“Cool.”

“Yeah,” Keyaron remarked.

He made sure he was back inside right, not eager to get cold again. He wiped his brow a bit with his colors, feeling the cold against his lips where the bandanna had got moist with his breath. What more could he say?

The guilt was only there long enough to be a sharp and brief pain, gone and forgotten by the time he was hanging limp again between his thighs. He was sated, at least for the moment. At least until those feelings got him again, hounding after the girls. Keyaron knew he'd forget it quick enough, but Cedric seemed to have a long memory.

Keyaron didn't bother thinking about it. Cedric was sitting back against the wall again, knees up to his chest as he hugged himself. He looked ok. Keyaron rested his head back, thinking about girls again almost instantly. He tried to shrug off anything else.