

Life Changes Chapter One

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Mike and Cathy divorce. He moves to New Orleans, where life changes rapidly for him.

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“Well, that’s that,” Cathy said.

We had just agreed to a divorce after six years of marriage.

We had grown apart over the years. The spark was gone, we had different interests, and the divorce was a friendly one. The sex had become routine. We tried going away for a romantic cruise, but it didn’t help. So, Cathy got the house (and mortgage), the furniture, her car and a small part of the money. I got my car and most of the money. I was glad to be gone; I hated the house anyway.

“Where will you live, Mike?” she asked.

You know, I hadn’t thought about that. Stupid, sure, but it never occurred to me to wonder. Cathy, a twenty-eight year old five-foot-five brunette, in shape and attractive, worked as an accountant at a large firm. I, twenty-nine, five-eleven, brown hair and reasonably fit, was a freelance management consultant and wasn’t tied to anywhere specific. Nearing the age of thirty I was homeless. Oh, well.

I took boxes and suitcases containing most of my possessions to a storage locker, and headed to the airport with my travel bag. A client in Louisiana wanted some help acquiring a competitor, so I didn’t need to worry about where to live for the next three weeks.

The flight from St Louis to New Orleans went by quickly. At the New Orleans airport I grabbed my bag, picked up a rental car and headed to my hotel near downtown. I’d been to New Orleans before, but on previous trips I was always working. This one promised to give me some free time to explore and enjoy the city. I’d heard some raunchy stories about the French Quarter and wanted to experience it for myself.

My client, Al, and I met for dinner that night. He asked about Cathy. I told him we were divorcing, and I would fill him in on the details later. We discussed the acquisition and Al handed me the company’s

financials to review. After dinner I returned to my hotel, stripped and got in bed for several hours' reading Profit & Loss, Return on Investment, Balance Sheet, and similar fascinating subjects.

In the morning I got a shower, dressed, grabbed a quick breakfast in the hotel café and headed to Al's warehousing business. The owner of his largest competitor was retiring and had no children to whom to leave the business. Al asked me to head over to the other company and look around.

No surprises. The owner had invested little in new technology or process improvements over the past decade, and some changes were needed. I looked at inventory and talked to a couple of his largest customers, and spoke with some key employees. I noted which ones should get retention bonuses, and told Al to go ahead. I also told him about the changes that were needed.

It was going to take me another few weeks to implement the changes, then I'd head back to St. Louis and start looking for a place to live.

The next day Al and I headed over to his new company. He spoke to as many employees as he could and announced there would be no layoffs for three months. He added that everyone would get at least a small ninety-day retention bonus. He introduced me and said I would be implementing some technology and process changes. Al would talk one-on-one with the managers, and I would talk one-on-one with the other forty employees.

Ten minute talks with forty separate employees took up the rest of the day. Al dropped in during my last interview and asked why I didn't just move to New Orleans. The guy I was interviewing – Brett, my age and height but a little heavier - asked if he could offer a suggestion.

Brett's brother's roommate had moved out without notice the previous day, and the brother (Luke was his name) needed to find another one. Why didn't I meet Luke and talk about it? Al had other plans for the evening, so I took Brett up on the offer. He suggested we meet at a bar on Bourbon Street. It appeared I might start exploring the city early.

Back at my hotel I changed into casual clothes and took a taxi to the bar. We met Luke, a blond one year younger than I. Luke was slender and very fit at an even six feet. We spoke for a few minutes and got along well. As we were starting to talk about money the PA system came to life. "Order your drinks now, the entertainment starts in ten minutes. Be prepared to be amazed!"

We ordered another round of drinks, and learned that it was a stage hypnotist. I groaned audibly.

"That stuff is all fake," I announced. "They put plants in the audience to come up and pretend they're hypnotized. I don't believe any of it."

“Don’t be too sure,” Brett said. “I did my degree in psych and studied a bit. It can be real.” His brother said he, too, believed it was real, but I dismissed them.

“All fake,” I announced.

“If you’re so sure it’s fake,” Luke said, “volunteer.”

Well, why not? When they asked for volunteers my hand went up and I joined the group on a small stage. *This will prove to Brett and Luke that it’s fake*, I thought to myself.

The hypnotist started with some sort of mumbo jumbo, and had us hold our arms in the air. What seemed like a few seconds later I opened my eyes. I was on stage, wearing only my white briefs, and slow-dancing with a guy who was wearing just his boxers. What had happened?

The audience laughed and applauded while I looked around for my clothes. They were nowhere to be seen. The hypnotist said that our clothes were back at our tables. I must have made a fool of myself. More humiliated than I had been since my fraternity initiation, I walked through the audience to our table.

“You guys were right,” I announced. “It’s real. By the way, where are my clothes?”

Luke handed me my cargo shorts, T-shirt and sandals. “There’s one thing you need to know,” Luke said. “I’m gay. If that makes a difference I’ll understand.”

“Why should it make a difference?” I asked him. “I’m planning to share a house with you, not marry you. I’m straight. Now, that was \$450 a month plus half the utilities, right? And it’s furnished, I get a bedroom, an office and use of the hall bath.” I still hadn’t gotten dressed, so I put on my sandals.

“That’s right,” Luke replied. “You’ll want to see the place first of course. Brett and I are headed from here to a gay dance club. Brett’s straight, but so are quite a few girls there. The music’s great and Brett picks up a girl there at least once a week – not much competition. You want to join us?”

“Well, I wanted to explore and enjoy the French Quarter,” I replied. “Sure.” I reached for my cargo shorts, and Luke cut me off.

“Don’t bother. It’s only two blocks, nobody cares on Bourbon Street, and you won’t be the only guy there in his underwear.” Luke looked at his brother, who nodded his head.

“If there are any decent looking girls, my pants come off about half an hour after I’m there,” Brett added.

So, we walked two blocks to a club called Oz. Several people on the street were actually wearing less than I was. The French Quarter is going to be fun.

The doorman greeted Luke by name and they kissed on the cheek. “Who’s the new piece of ass?” the doorman asked.

Luke was indignant. “He’s not a piece of ass, he may be my new roommate. And he’s straight, so hands off.” We walked into the bar and I felt a slap on my ass. Nothing different than my college lacrosse locker room.

I looked around and realized I was in a new universe. Several guys were dancing on the bar in their underwear, dollar bills hanging from their waistbands. Two guys were making out in front of me. To my left two girls were making out. I went to my left.

The girls never came up for air. I stood and watched for a few minutes until Brett came by and handed me a beer. I followed him and Luke toward the dance floor.

About half of the couples were guy-guy, half of them shirtless. The rest were split evenly girl-guy and girl-girl. Bodies were rubbing against one another in ways I had only read about in jerk-off stories.

Brett saw a gaggle of girls looking at guys near the stage, and climbed up to start dancing. He whipped off his shirt and tossed it aside. Brett moved to the front of the stage and began thrusting his hips at the girls. He grinned and locked his hands behind his head.

One of the girls took the obvious invitation and reached up to unbuckle his belt; Brett just grinned at her. Less than ten seconds later his jeans were around his ankles. He stepped out of them and his sandals, and then reached for the girl to join him. She put her arms around him and thrust both hands into the back of Brett’s light-blue briefs. It appeared he had found someone for the night.

“You want to dance?” Luke asked. Sure, why not? He tossed his shirt on a chair and we hit the dance floor.

In under ten minutes we were part of a swaying throng of shirtless bodies, and a few – like me – in their underwear. Soon I was part of a sandwich, with a white guy in front of me and a black guy behind me. The white guy pinched one of my nipples, then the black guy’s hands were on my chest. I felt something hard pressed against my ass. I was afraid I knew what it was. The friction from all

sides was soon getting me hard. I thrust back against the black guy and moved my body against the white guy. I forgot about everything when the white guy kissed me. I was shocked and surprised. Not knowing what had come over me, I kissed him back.

We made out for about twenty minutes, oblivious to everything around us. Then the black guy behind me took my right hand and put it on the hard thing I had felt- yes, it was his dick. He had pulled it from his pants. I pumped it for a minute before I came to my senses.

“Guys, stop!” I yelled. “I’m straight. I’m sorry if you got the wrong idea.” I broke from them and went in search of Luke.

I found him nearby on a dance stand, gyrating in his see-through mesh boxer briefs. I told him I needed to get my clothes and leave.

He jumped down, took me by the hand, and led me to the bar. The bartender gave us back our clothes and we ran outside and hailed a taxi.

“My place is close, do you want to crash there tonight?” Luke asked.

“Yes yes yes yes!” I screamed. Anything to get away from here. I was still partially hard and completely embarrassed.

We sat in silence for the entire taxi ride to Luke’s house. I got out, still carrying my shorts and t-shirt. Luke led the way to the door.

He took my face in both hands and leaned close. “Do you want to stay here tonight?”