

Llywelyn knew every hero had an origin story. His sister had one and so did their mother. It turned out that he was no different. No matter how hard he denied his abilities, hid the truth, or ran from the call—the mantle sought him out time and time again. Whether it be chasing down a robber, saving a kid from drowning, or rushing into a burning building for a beloved cat—Llywelyn felt compelled to help, no matter the consequences. It came so naturally to him, but he was never one for overt heroics—too shy—and in fact, what he truly wanted was simple: to enjoy himself and get lucky.

So, it was only fitting that *his* hero origin involved a restroom blowjob in a Williamsburg’s club on a Thursday night.

It all began when a redheaded guy with big blue eyes offered Llywelyn some E while he waited in line in front of the club.

He laughed. “Sorry mate, don’t have any spare cash.”

“Nah man, it’s on me,” the redhead said, catching Llywelyn’s shoulder before he could turn away. He grinned, and his eyes went small and Llywelyn zipped up his jacket as a cold wind blew past them—whisking up all sorts of garbage into twisters. He hadn’t rolled in a year or so. He remembered liking it back in Wales, and he recalled the sweaty, rush-induced sex he had while on it. He considered the gift with pursed lips. The ginger tilted his head, and his eyelids fluttered as another grin stretched across his broad face. He held his hand out, palm closed, fingers down. An offering. He was clearly already rolling, and his fashionable lady friend snorted at their exchange, and held onto him tight. Llywelyn shrugged, and extended his hand, allowing the chalky pill to fall discreetly into his palm. At least he’d save money on drinks tonight. He swallowed it and waited patiently for the high.

Which hit him thirty minutes later while on the dance floor. A slow, warm, gloopy sensation melted down his head and into limbs. Boney M.’s “Daddy Cool” cascaded down onto him, pouring over him like some brilliant varicolored shower, compelling him to dance. His heart pounded as an intense rush flowed through him. Wholesome exhilaration permeated his bloodstream. He felt sparks flicker inside his veins. Every muscle loosened, and his head lolled back as if too heavy for his neck. The music was enhanced, the lights were breathing, and soft almost invisible waves inundated his vision, like a silky gas. All alone, but not feeling lonesome—he laughed and danced. Threw his body around to the upbeat and mighty melody, which he felt pulse right through the soles of his feet. Llywelyn bounced along with the syncopated bassline; each strike reverberated up his legs and tickled him in the most delightful way. The smell of sweat and saccharin mixed drinks swamped his nose, and his mouth felt suddenly dry. He savored the bodies that bounced, and grinded against him. Each bump and nudge made his heart surge, just utterly love-logged by everyone’s joy.

And then he saw *him*. The most gorgeous, sexiest guy he’d ever laid ecstasy-induced eyes on. Blond billowy hair with an innocent face framed by bold eyebrows. The two mirrored one another as they danced to another disco-laced beat, once far apart, drawing closer, until they were sliding up and down one another. Llywelyn relished the guy’s touch, which—thanks to the E—felt like the most amazing thing ever, genuine and inexplicably honeyed.

The guy leaned in and brushed his chapped lips against Llywelyn’s earlobe, making him tingle all over. “Restroom?”

“Yes *please*.” And Llywelyn was soon pulled through the undulating throng of dancing bodies, laughing at nothing and everything. He adored everyone—every sweaty, sequined, pleather-clad club dweller—anticipation bubbling away inside him as he was shoved into a dingy stall. The ancient sticker-plastered door shut behind them and there was a moment of peace. It gave way to the orchestra of flushing toilets, muffled music, and the neighboring hums of sex—all symphonic under the blue florescent lights. Before Llywelyn could process it all, his pants were around his ankles, and the most beautiful mouth had enveloped him. He gasped and leaned his head against the stall’s wall, cramped but captivated by the wet heat from a stranger’s tongue. Each slurp sent tingles down his legs, each gag made his head spin.

And then the fated altercation. A *fuck you* and a *back off* and all of the familiar sounds of an argument gone wrong. Llywelyn rolled his eyes and weaved his hands into the pretty stranger’s hair—silently urging him to ignore all that and to continue, but the guy was distracted, already rising with a bewildered look on his face. Llywelyn could feel it—the fear. The tension. Try as he may to ignore it, he couldn’t, even in his altered state. He offered no words to his lover as he pulled up his pants, fastening them with a sigh. He opened the stall’s door, wobbled out, and found two men shouting about nothing near the sinks. A shove, a taunt, that intricate dance of sizing someone up, the parrying of words, an exchange of barking and spit. The bigger of the two finally gave in and grabbed the other guy’s shirt—still screaming right into his face.

“Either kiss or shut up,” Llywelyn said. He felt like he was floating. He reached for the ceiling, and his head slumped from one side to the other, eyelids drooping. His dick was still hard in his jeans and he laughed.

The two men looked over at him, furious at his audacity. Llywelyn didn’t really feel like fighting, he felt like hugging. He ambled over to the bigger man and wrapped his arms around him. There were protests, lots of wiggling, but Llywelyn persisted, arms squeezing the other man as tight as he could manage. He felt amazing, electric, so electric a pulsating current of energy flowed through every tendon—brilliant and all-consuming. The man in his arms yelped, then stiffened, and then went slack in Llywelyn’s arms—too heavy for him, so he let go and dropped him onto the damp tiled floor.

Before Llywelyn could comprehend what had just transpired, the restroom door slammed open making him jump, and someone in a leather catsuit rushed in. They glanced down at the man on the floor and then regarded Llywelyn with a frown.