

Best of Friends 40 - Being Dumb





























I always knew I wasn't the smartest, you know? I knew that from a very young fucking age. Like, I wasn't dumb, but I was stupid. If that makes any fucking sense.

What was worse was the fact that my parents knew it and hated me for it. It's like I was born wrong and now they had to pretend like they didn't mind. It's hard to explain it. Growing up like that really fucks with your head, especially considering my parents. My dad made lots of money, and I mean, lots of money, doing his lawyer shit. I don't fully get what he does exactly. There was a while when I tried, but once my dad realized I was too fucking stupid to grasp it all, he basically put me in the sandbox and let me play with my toys.

He never said it out loud, but I could tell he hated my guts. My mom was no better. She made lots of money, too, doing her lawyer-science shit. Maybe that's why they were so fucking confused when I popped out half-baked in the head.

I remember this one time, when I was in high school, there was a big auction for my younger sister's private school. And my sister? She was actually smart, like, smarter than both my parents. And they fucking loved her. So this auction was a big deal, and I thought it would be my chance to show them all I was part of the family.

So here I am, reading up on random science shit, reading up on random lawyer shit, not really getting any of it for hours. Then, on top of that, I'm going to the fanciest fucking tailors I can find to get a suit that would look real fucking sharp. I'm doing this for fucking weeks. And then, when the night finally came? They were surprised when I actually came down the stairs. Like, actually embarrassingly surprised.

"What are you doing?" my dad said.

Of course me, being stupid as fuck, laughed it off like it was a joke.

"What do you mean? I'm coming with!" I tried to sound all passive and shit. Guess that's my way of begging? I don't know. I remember my parents looked at each other with that classic 'here we fucking go' look. Thankfully, my sister was rock solid. She smiled brightly and even complimented my suit.

"You look so good, Mike!" she said.

My parents didn't say shit. Instead, they got all fucking uncomfortable, smiled politely, and then told me straight to my fucking face.

“You’re not coming with.”

I don’t really remember much after that. My mind kind of went blank. My sister begged, but they said something about tickets and it being too late or some bullshit. I don’t know. Then they pinned it on me. Said they thought I wasn’t interested, so didn’t bother to ask. I know exactly what they fucking meant by that.

You’re too fucking stupid to be interested in something like this.

And maybe I was, I don’t know. Eventually, I just sort of gave up on trying to fit in. They gave me plenty of fun money, and who the fuck was I to complain, right? So I guess I started playing the part of the big idiot in the family, and it went on like that for the rest of high school.

Course, they changed their mind about me when I started playing football. It wasn’t overnight, but once I got that scholarship from Godfrey? Man, it was like they saw a whole different fucking son. But that scholarship had more to do with Jack and Ethan than with how well I played. When they’d heard I was thinking about going to Godfrey, they both put in a good word with the coach and got me a full ride. I guess Luke made sure everything went smoothly on the office side. He knew some folks there.

Love those guys to death, man. I don't think I could ever repay them for that shit.

And my parents were fucking over the moon when they saw the letter.

And that felt fucking good, even if it was just for a little while. Like, I knew I had absolutely zero chance of making it to the NFL. I knew that, they probably knew that too. But at least they could brag to their friends about how their son was a Godfrey student. So we all went along with it, and for a while, it wasn’t a bad deal, I guess.

It meant I was going to be able to fuck my way through a couple of years before I ended up working for my dad. Did that make me feel like shit about myself? Yeah, but what the fuck else was I going to do?

I knew what I was, and that was fine.

The classes were hard as shit. The girls were hot as hell.

I focused more on the girls. I must have fucked at least several dozen. Probably more. I don't know. Got into some kinky shit, it was fun and easy. I guess that's one of the plus sides. Girls fucking loved being fucked by me. They never really wanted more, though. I tried a few times. It never went anywhere. Probably because, you guessed it, I was too dumb to be more than a fuck buddy. Cause every fucking time I'd bring it up? They'd laugh it off like it was a fucking joke.

Like I was a fucking joke.

And I guess I was. So what do you do? You fuck, and fuck, and fuck.

And hey, it kept my mind off things. It was fun enough. So I made peace with it.

Till I met Rachel, that is.

Of course, I wasn't really special in that way. I think every guy probably felt the same fucking thing when they met her.

But I'd like to think what we had was special. I don't know. I'll never forget the first time I met her. Jack and all of us were helping move in her shit, and I hadn't even seen her yet. We were wrapping up, I was coming down the steps, and bam, there she was.

She was hot. Like stupid fucking hot. And I don't just mean physically. I don't know. I'm not good at words, alright? But it was like... holy shit.

She had this stupid, cute smile on her face, and her cheeks were rosy cause it was a little cold out. She was carrying this big poster board she'd made for a presentation. Something about politics and poverty. It was cute as fuck.

"You must be Mike!" she said.

I literally didn't know what the fuck to say. That's how stupid she made me. I just fucking stared. Stared like a fucking idiot.

"Thanks so much for helping me move. You have no idea how much it means to me," she said.

"Sup." That's all I could muster. Literally after her fucking thanking me. That's what I fucking said. But she was so chill about it. She laughed, shook her head, and held out a bag.

"You got big muscles. Can you help me carry this stuff?"

So she liked big muscles. Maybe that meant she wouldn't mind if I was stupid. That's what I was thinking. I didn't think to ask about what she was studying for. Or what her favorite music was. Or what her hopes for the future were. I didn't think to ask all the little stuff smart people know to ask. Nope. I thought about how she liked my fucking muscles.

But man, for as dumb as I was being, she didn't seem to care. She just talked to me like a normal fucking person. Like I wasn't a fucking idiot. Like I wasn't just a hookup option. She was just there. And it was easy, you know? And she was so funny. It's going to sound fucking stupid, but holy shit, whenever I talked with her after that, it made me want to be better.

It made me better.

I started studying harder. Started to apply myself a little bit. I started to relax.

I started to think, "Hey, maybe I'm more than just a fucking idiot."

And I started to actually believe it.

Plus, she was hot as fuck.

But then, like always, it got fucking weird. It usually does with girls like that.

She had a boyfriend, and then the whole spin-the-bottle bullshit happened. Then that balloon popping game...

Fuck that was so fucking hot. I went fucking crazy. And I was embarrassed I did after. But I couldn't help it. She turned me on so much. But like, in a way I'd never really felt before?

Anyway, after all that, I decided to focus only on the physical side. I hate to say it, but I'd learned quick that you didn't fuck with girls who liked to mess around. Well, you could fuck with them, but you know, you couldn't love them. Not unless you wanted to get your heart smashed. Been there, done that. But hey, no judgment. I am a fuck boy, after all.

But man, there's nothing worse than falling for someone who can't fucking catch you.

So yeah, that's what I told myself, that's what I'd been telling myself this whole fucking time.

And I was stupid enough to believe I could actually do it.

And now, I was in her fucking bathroom, staring at myself in the mirror while she was chilling with her boyfriend in the bedroom. We'd just finished fucking like rabbits, and that is what I needed to focus on. Because I was just a few wrong moves away from getting absolutely destroyed by this woman.

She popped back into the bathroom as I opened the glass shower door to adjust the water. It made me fucking jump. She laughed as she fixed her hair.

"Sorry, did I scare you?" she asked.

"I thought you weren't showering?" I said.

She shrugged, stepping towards me with that sexy little sway of hers.

"A quick one wouldn't hurt," she said.

She stepped past me, trailing her finger across my chest as she stepped into the shower. It was honestly unreal. Women don't fucking get it, man. What they do to you when you really like... feel them, you know? Fuck, how do I describe it? Like, yeah, she was hot, so obviously that short-circuits your brain. But it went beyond that. It was like my whole soul wanted her. I wanted to do everything possible to make sure she was happy, taken care of, centered, and all that shit.

And in our relationship, the only way I knew how to show that was by fucking her. I know, it sounds weird, but it's fucking true.

I remember the night we first fucked. Well, parts of it, at least. I was drunk as shit, and we stumbled into each other at a bar. God, she looked so beautiful that night. I fumbled over my words. I don't even remember what the fuck I said. But I do remember grabbing her ass.

It was shitty, I know. But I figured it was fine, considering she'd been messing with Jack.

So I did, and of course, Noah was there. Fuck I was so embarrassed. I think I texted him about it, but I can't remember. But I was so fucking embarrassed, man.

Partly because I was acting shitty, but also because I was feeling something I know I shouldn't.

And so I drank, I stumbled out of that stupid bar, and I puked in the bushes.

And that's how they fucking found me. I don't even remember how we got back to her place. But we went and... well...

Now here we fucking were, in the shower together, watching the water trail down her back as she ran her fingers through her blonde hair. It changed a shade darker when the water hit it. I lost my breath when she looked back at me.

"You cold?" she asked.

I was too fucking mesmerized to think.

"Nah, I'm good," I said, doing my best to ignore my growing dick.

It wasn't fucking fair, man. I should have been able to turn off what I felt like I had with everyone else. I'd kept hoping that if we fucked enough times, I'd get bored.

Instead, I watched this Rachel shower with a dumb smile on my face. Daydreaming we might be something more someday.

Then, of course, she had to turn to me. She had to glance down. She had to smirk.

She wrapped her arms around my neck, and I couldn't help myself. I squeezed her ass tightly as my dick slipped between those perfect thighs of hers.

"You just can't get enough, can you?" she teased.

"Guess not," I said, pulling her in for a kiss. God, she felt so good. When I was this close to her, she made me feel something I didn't know I could.

It made me forget that I was just her fuck boy.

"You want another round?" she asked me.

"Yeah," I said. She turned and spread her legs.

"Maybe this time you can make me forget all about Ethan?"

It's funny, I hoped this time I'd be able to forget about her.

But it wasn't going that way at all. I pulled her in close and pressed my throbbing cock inside her. She wrapped around me so tightly it made my mind go blank. I watched water splash between her ass cheeks as I pounded into her. I felt myself swelling as she grabbed both my wrists and guided my hands to her tits. I squeezed them tightly as water slipped between our skin. She did that hot moan of hers. God, it made my dick swell so fucking much.

I leaned over her, and she tilted her head to meet my lips.

I wish she hadn't kissed me like she did.

I have no fucking clue what that kiss meant to her. But for me, it was the world. It was fucking everything.

I pulled out, turned her around, and pushed her against the blue tile wall. As I did, I think my mask came down a little bit. Because I said something I know I shouldn't have said.

"You're fucking perfect."

Rachel smiled and grabbed my cock, guiding it back inside her.

"So are you," she said, moaning as I entered her once again.

She clearly thought I meant her body. I should have left it there. But no, I didn't.

"No, I mean like... all of you." I froze up, got all trembly. "I've never felt like this before."

I said it like such a fucking bitch. I could see the shock in Rachel's eyes.

God, it was so fucking embarrassing when she didn't answer.

Instead, she pulled me in by my neck and kissed me. I held her close while I fucked her against the wall. While I thought about what it would be like to be Noah.

Don't get me wrong, I fucking love the dude, I'd never fuck the guy over. But I'd be lying if I said I wasn't a little jealous. That day Rachel and I spent together? Where it was just us ordering food, watching TV, and fucking joking around? That day was the best day of my whole fucking life. No woman had ever treated me like a normal fucking dude before that. She was like... ok with me being me. And we actually got along. She laughed at the shit I showed her. I loved the stories she told me. It's like we saw each other.

And Noah got to feel that way all the time with her.

And it cut deep. Like, fuck, I'd rather fucking die than keep feeling that pain.

And I felt embarrassed for feeling it. I felt like a bitch.

So forced it all down as I rammed into her with everything I had. Her nails dug into my back. She knew I liked that. And when I felt her clamp around me, when I saw her legs buckle, I came inside her again, pretending it didn't mean a fucking thing.

We were both breathing heavy. I pulled her close and kissed her. I held her there as long as I fucking could. Then she broke away.

"Want the truth?" she asked me.

My heart lit up like a light when she said that.

"Yeah," I said, sounding way too excited.

"You always make me forget about Ethan," she said to me.

What the fuck did that even mean? And what the fuck was I supposed to say? If I actually could think fast, I'd probably have said something smooth like.

"That's because he doesn't know you like I do."

Or something, I don't know. But instead, I smiled like an idiot and played my part.

"Nice," I said. She laughed brightly. I kept talking, "You're not lying?"

She looked me in the eyes as she wrapped her arms around my shoulders. I felt her hands slide up the back of my neck and into my hair.

"You asked me to be honest, right?"

I'll admit, beating Ethan did feel good. I guess it meant that what we had was special in some way. I let myself take the win.

"Glad to hear it," I said.

She gave me a kiss on the cheek before stepping out of the shower.

"I'm going to head to bed with Noah. Feel free to take your time on your way out."

Fucking Christ, it should not have hurt that much to hear. I should not have wanted to be Noah. But I did, and that was my fucking problem. Not theirs.

"For sure, I'll be quiet on my way out," I said. Rachel smiled, giving me a wink as she closed the shower door and grabbed her towel. She wrapped it around herself and left the bathroom.

Leaving me alone under the cooling water as I did my best to pretend I wasn't free-falling into a bottomless fucking pit.