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*This story is a direct sequel to 'The angry boy' and also involves characters from 'Mark's Two Dads'. Reading the first story prior to this one is recommended but not necessary to understand what's going on. Reading the second story is not required unless you want the back story.*

## Return of the Angry Boy 1

Doctor Keith Brown pulled his BMW into the driveway of his town house on the late August afternoon. The summer heat had come late this year, and today had been an exceptionally hot one, with the humidity. Keith preferred the early days at his dental clinic, as it meant that he could get home to enjoy the day while there was still some of it left, although that meant that the day started rather early.

Keith felt the blast of heat as he got out of his climate-controlled car, thinking only of moving quickly into his air-conditioned house. His polo shirt and long casual pants clearly made him overdressed for the heat. He instinctively wiped his brow as he got his bag from the back seat. In his mid-forties, Keith was in decent shape, although his hairline was receding, and he did have a bit of a belly.

The man's attention was diverted from his urgent mission to get inside, as he heard a skateboard approaching. He turned to see who it was, while trying not to be too obvious. A slim young teen, with straight blond hair, eased by on his skateboard, as though he was floating over the pavement. Keith noted how much the boy had tanned over the summer, as the shirtless skater performed a 270 degree turn, followed by a kick flip to get himself into his own driveway, two doors down. The boy waved as he caught Keith staring. The man waved back as he pulled out his blackberry, hoping that anyone who might have been watching would assume that the phone had been his distraction and not the boy. He'd been watching his young neighbour ever since he'd moved in three months ago. The boy was initially shy, but had become friendly over the summer. Keith learned of his single mother and sister, but he rarely saw either of them, or more likely, he just didn't notice.

Keith returned to his original course for the front door, but as he looked up from his phone, another shirtless boy startled him. Bradley stood in front of him in his swim shorts, with a towel casually flung over one shoulder. The slim 16-year-old's short hair had already dried, but his swim shorts were still wet. Keith hadn't really taken stock of how his boy had changed from the little 14-year-old he'd first met. Brad was still the lean creature he'd always been, but there was more muscle on his frame now. He was almost as tall as Keith, and his skin had tanned somewhat. Brad was an average boy in most respects, but he was all his. Keith pondered what that meant; he wouldn't call Brad his boyfriend or partner, but his original title of mentor seemed to fit. After visiting the

former group-home-boy over a couple of years, he'd finally arranged to have Brad live with him. He was still in control of the boy's government cash flow, but technically Brad was living independently under his tutelage.

Their romantic life had continued to develop, once Brad had pushed Keith into the type of relationship that they both obviously wanted. Brad was still very much in charge of that, controlling the frequency and activities that went on in the bedroom. He was what Keith thought an atypical bottom; not a passive-aggressive, but rather completely aggressive.

"You perving the little blond kid?" he asked in his typical aggressive tone, which was far too loud for a public conversation.

"Who? Mathew? He's not a little kid; he's fourteen and starts high school this year, but don't worry, Brad; I'm not going to replace you," Keith replied casually, as he skirted the boy and the issue, finally reaching the front door.

"So you're on a first name basis then?" Brad continued, as he followed his partner inside.

"I see you went swimming." Keith changed the subject, as he put his bag and car keys on the table in the hallway.

"Fucking right! It's crazy hot!" Brad exclaimed, in his usual manner.

"Must you always swear when you express yourself?" Keith said, exasperated by the boy's constant vulgarity. He accepted it when he took Brad in, but he did hope that the teen would change his ways, now that he was out of the group home system.

"You don't like it when I fucking swear?" Brad mocked.

Keith sighed, knowing that habits formed over years weren't going to change in a few months.

The man went into his bedroom to change into something lighter and more comfortable. Brad followed him, and watched as the man undressed. Keith thought nothing of it, as Brad spent very little time in his own room; Keith's bedroom really was their bedroom.

"It's not that I mind you checking out other kids; it's just that I don't want you to be so fucking obvious. What if you get caught? Where am I going to be if your ass is in jail?" Brad explained, from his obviously selfish point of view, but Keith knew that the young man really did care about him.

"I'm just looking," he admitted, but don't worry; I'm not planning to start anything."

"So why are you making me go to that stupid circle jerk teen dating thing, if you're not going to replace me?" the boy said, throwing the man's words back at him.

“I’m not making you; you agreed to go; remember?” Keith replied softly.

“Yeah, yeah,” Brad dismissed.

“It’s important for you to connect with gay people your own age. There’s a whole world out there that you should discover before you marry me,” Keith said, as he pulled his shorts up.

“Eww! I’m not marrying you!” Brad snapped at the suggestion.

“I didn’t mean you were obligated” Keith explained with a chuckle.

“It’s boring as shit, sitting around with those losers, and that creepy old queen,” Brad complained. He had a neutral attitude when he first heard about the GLBT youth group, but now that he’d been a few times, he found it a waste of time sitting around and listening to all the losers talk about their problems.

“Emmett looks younger than me,” Keith protested, at the use of the word ‘old’ to describe the volunteer that led the group. “He is a bit campy; I’ll give you that, but it’s just that you’re not used to that type of thing.”

“He’s a perv like you - hanging out with kids,” Bradley insulted.

“I doubt that,” Keith replied, as he ignored the slight insult. Brad had always referred to him as a perv, yet it was the teen that had initiated their sexual relationship.

“You want to fuck me?” Brad as much as stated, as he did ask.

“Maybe after dinner,” Keith replied, as the teen gripped and held him in a hug from behind.

“Maybe I won’t want to later,” he said, softly into the man’s ear.

“I doubt that, too; you never turn down sex,” Keith reminded him, as his body tingled from the boy’s nuzzling at his neck.

“Do me now,” Brad ordered, in his demanding, yet hushed tone.

“You can’t wait?” Keith asked, knowing the answer.

“I’m super horny,” Brad advised.

“You always are,” Keith replied, as he felt the boy’s hand stroking his cock over his shorts.

“I’ll have a full belly after dinner, and then if we leave it, you’ll be too tired,” Brad suggested, as he unbuttoned the man’s shorts and let them slide to the floor.

Keith knew he’d already conceded; Brad wanted him, and he wanted Brad. He allowed himself to be led to the bed, where the boy quickly dispensed with his swim shorts, and began lubing himself. Keith dutifully got a condom from the drawer and prepared to mount his demanding boy. He was fully aroused at the idea of plunging once again into the sixteen-year-old ass. Brad lay on the bed in his favourite position, on his belly with one leg lifted. Keith settled in on top and pushed his thick seven-inch cock inside Brad’s hot hole. Brad grunted loudly, as if he were a virgin, which he typically did. At first, Keith thought it was an act meant to give him the fantasy that this was their first time, but it was the teen’s normal reaction at being stretched. Keith knew what was expected, once he was fully inside Brad’s ass. He eased his body down on top of the boy’s, and started pumping his hips. Brad moaned as Keith fucked him, in a rhythm that he could maintain for quite some time. Brad felt the man’s tongue in his ear as the invading cock rubbed his prostate. He enjoyed the way the man did it, keeping a steady pace that drove him into ecstasy.

“Cumming!” Brad groaned, unnecessarily, after being fucked for a while.

Keith felt the boy’s ass tighten as he unloaded into the towel that they had placed on the bed. He continued to pump his cock into the tight hole, slowly, just the way his lover wanted it. Once Brad relaxed again, Keith began to fuck quickly. Brad usually allowed him to finish in his ass, but sometimes after a long fuck he’d opt to take it in his mouth. Brad’s grunts grew louder as Keith neared his own release. He pushed in deep and hard, as he filled his condom.

“You trying to put your fucking balls in there, too?” Brad complained.

“Sorry,” Keith said breathlessly, as he slowly withdrew.

Keith spooned in behind Brad, as he shifted over to lie on his side. He felt that the after-sex cuddling was the best part; it seemingly cemented the bond between them. As much as he wanted Brad to have same age friends, he deeply hoped that the young man would choose to remain in his bed.

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Brad pulled on a pair of loose shorts and a T-shirt as he got up around noon the next day. He lamented that his summer vacation was coming to an end, and he’d soon be back in school. It wasn’t a place for which he had much affection, but at least this year it would be a new school, and perhaps a chance to be something other than one of the group home kids. He figured that Keith was likely going to ask him to keep an eye on the little shit down the street, and that was certainly something he was not going to do. He might be living in the man’s house, but he hadn’t given up any authority over his actions. Mathew was clearly cute, and flashed his big smile at Keith far too often for Brad’s liking. He

had already begun plotting a reason to challenge the little shit, maybe shove him into a locker, anything that might give the kid a reason to stay well clear of his house and the man that lived there.

Brad washed his face and grabbed a cereal bar on his way out. He liked having very short hair, as it drastically reduced his prep time when going out the door. He'd become bored with the meetings, Keith was right - he did agree to go, but just until the end of the summer. Just two more meetings, he thought to himself. Brad was initially suspicious of Keith asking him to attend the gay youth group, and wondered why the man wanted him to make some gay friends. It wasn't as though he was openly gay, and it certainly wasn't something he was thinking about announcing at his new school. It had occurred to the teen that if he was to consider himself a free agent, then perhaps Keith was doing so as well. Brad knew that he wasn't as cute as little Mathew, and, while he trusted Keith, he did wonder if he was beyond the old pervert's age range. In the end, he considered that the youth group was likely his social worker's idea; he could see her hand in suggesting something like this, and making Keith front it as his own concept.

Brad stood in line at the subway; the meeting was just two stops away, but too much effort to walk, especially in the summer heat. He had thoughts of jumping the turnstile, just to avoid the line, but figured getting into trouble would really piss Keith off, with school just about to start. He dutifully stood in line, just as his conservative mentor would have expected, and then paid his fare. Brad wondered what lame stories his group would come up with this time. He couldn't stand how weak these kids were; he wanted to shout at them to grow some balls, but any time he'd spoken, the old queen that ran things shut him down.

"Let's express ourselves in a positive way, Brad, honey," the man would say in his flamboyant manner.

The only kid with any backbone was a lesbian who described herself as a bull dyke. While Brad had no interest in her sexually - in fact, he thought her faux masculine mannerism amusing, but he respected her.

He came up from the subway into the noontime heat, and headed into the village. The gay population thickened, as he found his way to the community center. Brad still didn't associate himself with the community, despite having attended the meetings all summer. On occasions, he'd sneer,

"Fucking fags," as he passed two older guys holding hands.

While they'd often chastise him for his lack of manners, it was just as likely that they'd say nothing. He was confident that they'd never do anything, which made it somewhat less exciting.

He wandered into the meeting, late as usual, and took his seat. The kids had all sorted themselves out in the circular seating arrangement, and everyone knew Brad preferred to

sit near the door, and none would dare to take his place. As Brad sat down, one of the losers was already telling a story about bravely coming out to his extended family.

Emmett tapped his watch, as an obvious signal to Brad. He tilted his head to the side, slightly, and smirked. He was only ten minutes late this time and, in fact, figured they were lucky he was here at all. Brad fought an urge to make a masturbation signal in defiant response, but he knew that would get back to Keith, and just make him angry. Brad's only reason for arriving anywhere close to on time, was the food served half way through the two-hour-long meeting. Usually, it was little sandwiches, which required Brad to consume a dozen or so, just to feel like he'd eaten something; or sometimes it was donuts, or, rarely, pizza.

Brad scanned the room, as he noticed something was out of place. A few of the kids had changed seats, and there was a new kid sitting next to Emmett. Brad instantly recognized that this one was different; he seemed to hold himself confidently, and was obviously the cutest boy in the room. His face was covered with freckles, and his hair was a mop of reddish blond. Brad figured the kid was maybe 14, but, as he noticed the boy's biceps bugling out of his tight designer T-shirt, he revised his estimate to one closer to his own age -15, or maybe 16, he thought. The boy had strong masculine features, yet his face remained very boyish. As Brad continued to stare, he took measure of the boy sitting next to Emmett. He was likely a bit shorter than himself, but was most certainly broader. Brad didn't know his name, as he had missed the start of the meeting where new kids were introduced, so he figured that an after-meeting introduction was in order.

As the next kid started speaking, Brad caught the new kid looking back at him. His palms were sweaty, and he got suddenly nervous, and looked away. Brad was instantly angry with himself; he was the top dog here, and he shouldn't let some new kid stare him down. When he looked back to assert his dominance, the new kid had focused on the current speaker. Brad touched his own skinny arm distractedly, as he stared at the new boy's firm biceps. It was unusual for Brad to be attracted to a boy his own age, but this one had him all tingly. Brad wasn't about to sit around and wait - he was going to meet this kid; he just had to figure out a way to do it from a position of strength; not just shuffle up and offer some weak greeting.

Resolved to make his move, Brad pondered what he might say, as he waited for the meeting to end.