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Return of the Angry Boy 3

Mark's room was full of natural afternoon light as he and his new buddy, Brad, lay naked in repose. Brad was clearly inexperienced, but he'd done a pretty good job, compared to most of Mark's previous teenage lovers. The lean, short-haired stud wasn't yet a man, but he'd done a good job, and had decent equipment. Mark was used to taking the lead when it came to sex; rarely did any of his peers, or even adults for that matter, step up and engage him.

Mark laid his head on Brad's chest and cuddled in with him. He took the taller boy's presence in his bed to mean that affection was allowed. Mark craved that type of contact; it was far too often that his sexual engagements ended immediately after ejaculation. As he examined Brad's strong angular facial features, he hoped that they would remain fuck buddies for a while. He was under no illusion that this coupling meant that they would be committed to each other, but he did hope for a casual friends-with-benefits relationship. Based on Brad's reaction to public hand holding, he knew that there was no way that Brad was going to be 'out' at school. Mark was somewhat disappointed; he'd always wished for a real boyfriend, someone as out and proud as he was, but Brad was certainly the best thing to come along in a while, and so he was going to take what he could get.

Brad bolted upright and pulled his briefs on when he heard a gentle knock at the bedroom door. In contrast, Mark remained motionless on the bed, seemingly still groggy from the after sex cuddle.

"I'm home, Mark," an unknown deep male voice announced from behind the door.

Brad was sure it was going to open any second, as there was no lock.

"Ok. ... I have a friend over; Emm said it was alright," Mark replied to the door.

"It's just my other dad," Mark said, to reassure a clearly panicked Brad.

He got up and casually began putting his clothes back on, as his fully dressed friend watched.

"Do you think he heard us?" Brad quizzed.

"Maybe. He probably saw your shoes in the hallway, and knew I had someone over," Mark explained indifferently.

“He almost caught us,” Brad said in a hushed voice. He remembered how group home staff would often listen outside his door, and wondered if that’s what normal parents did too.

“He wouldn’t have come in, unless I was screaming or something,” Mark dismissed with a chuckle. “Come on; let’s go; he’ll want to meet you,” Mark continued.

“Should I go home now?” Brad asked, almost sounding too disappointed for his own liking.

“No,” Mark snapped in an insulted tone, as he took Brad by the hand and led him out into the hallway.

Brad broke the handhold as they reached the stairs; he’d never met a gay boy’s father, and didn’t want to make a bad impression. He kept his distance, allowing Mark to gap him as they descended to the main floor. Brad considered that this man would likely have already figured out what they were up to in Mark’s room, given that he was gay, too.

“This is my other Dad, Ted Taylor. This is Brad,” Mark introduced, with his typical smile.

“Very nice to meet you,” Ted said, as he shook the teen’s hand. Brad was intimidated by the size of the man; he was about Keith’s age, but was taller. He was definitely stronger, based on his firm handshake, Brad noted, as he assumed that he and Mark must go to the gym together, given their physiques

“Hi,” Brad squeaked.

“Knowing Mark, I’m sure you’re a fine young man,” Ted reassured him, as he sensed the skinny boy’s nervousness.

“Oh, he is,” Mark said in an effeminate voice, as he raised his eye brow suggestively.

“I have a couple of calls to make in my office, and then I’ll start dinner. I hope you’re staying, Brad,” Mark’s dad announced.

“He’s staying,” Mark insisted, as he playfully clung to his father's arm.

“I guess I’m staying,” Brad relented, as he glared at Mark. He didn’t appreciate being put on the spot, and he found his new friend’s affection for his father far too childish.

“You wanna play on the Wii?” Mark suggested, as his father left them alone.

“Sure,” Brad said with indifference. He was getting angry with this snotty rich kid. He had it all: laptop, trendy clothes, and the latest game console. He wondered why he was

even staying; having dinner with someone's parents seemed far too complicated. They'd ask him all about his past, while they evaluated if he was good enough for their kid. Brad had a pretty good idea of what Emmett must think of him.

"What do you want to play?" Mark asked, as he turned the machine on.

"Whatever," Brad replied, not knowing what the options were, as he very rarely played on a Wii.

Mark selected an off-road racing game and handed Brad a controller. He sat right next to his new buddy, almost too close for comfortable operation of the game, but he wanted the physical contact. As they played, their level of aggression continued to escalate. Mark would nudge Brad as their on-screen cars would bump. Brad grabbed Mark's arm, attempting to prevent him from controlling the game, but he was reminded that Mark's strength exceeded his own. While Mark was giddy and playful, Brad was getting more and more angry. He dropped the controller, and shoved the shorter, yet stockier, boy onto the floor. Brad expected Mark to stand up and challenge him, but, instead, Mark used his legs to unbalance the skinny teen, and brought him crashing down.

Mark was enjoying the playful aggression, as he allowed Brad to pin his arms over his head.

"Kiss me, you fool," he implored romantically.

Brad sat back on Mark's hips, releasing his arms, as he considered the situation. A battle for dominance seemed just an excuse for Mark to get more contact time with him. Brad wondered what that might mean for the straight kids at school that wrestled in the schoolyard. Brad stared at the freckled face, as he lowered himself down to complete the request. He'd always considered kissing a sappy weak expression, yet he was breathless as he moved in for the lip lock. It was magical for Mark, as his prince brushed lips with him. Mark pressed his tongue out, hoping for something more energetic, but Brad withdrew. The strawberry blond showed some of his skill, as he instantly wrapped his legs around Brad and flipped him over, reversing their positions. This time, when he moved in for the kiss, it was all tongue and full of passion. Brad was vigorous in his attempt to regain dominance, bumping the coffee table as he thrashed about. Brad regained control, pinning the grinning freckle face to the carpet.

"What's going on here?" a deep male voice thundered through their private battle.

"Sorry, dad," Mark said quickly, as both boys turned their heads to see Mark's father standing over them.

"Sorry, Mister Taylor," Mark whispered softly. "Say it," he insisted, in an urgent yet hushed tone.

Only after both boys were on their feet did Brad relent to the pleading expression on Mark's face.

"Sorry, Mister Taylor," Brad said, mostly looking at the floor.

"This is our home; not the gym," Ted said sternly, as he addressed Mark directly.

"Yes, sir," Mark replied, with his typical good boy smile. It was all Brad could do to keep himself from reacting. He was sure that Mark's dad would see his disdain for the kid's obedience.

"I'm going to start dinner; Emmett will be home soon. See if you can avoid destroying the place," Ted pressed, with an extended parental finger.

"Yes, sir," Mark repeated.

Brad felt a sharp hard kick to his shin, yet he didn't see Mark move.

"Yes, sir," Brad intoned quietly, as he despised allowing the man to dominate him.

"I'll serve the vegetarian lasagne, I think," Ted announced, softening his tone. He wanted to control the situation, not embarrass his son in front of his new friend.

Mark crinkled his nose at Brad, as his father turned away.

"We have chicken, don't we? And pasta?" Mark asked, already knowing the answer. "You like that, don't you Brad?" he continued.

"Sure," Brad replied, thinking anything other than some vegetarian shit.

"If that's what you want," Ted replied, omitting 'your highness'.

Mark gave Brad a knowing nod. Brad was impressed with his friend's manipulation skills; they'd gone from being scolded to dictating what the man was making for dinner. The boys returned to playing on the Wii, while Ted cooked.

"Your Dad's a big guy; I guess he works out?" Brad asked, as they played in a more subdued state.

"Yeah, he's got a huge cock, too," Mark noted, as the sounds from the kitchen and the game console masked their conversation.

"You've see it?" Brad asked in disbelief.

"Seen it; touched it," Mark said proudly.

“He let you play with it?” Brad replied, thinking that Mark was lying.

“Not really; it was back when I was a little kid. I went into his bedroom when he was sleeping, but he put on a lock on the door after that,” Mark explained.

“So I guess your Dad’s don’t do anything, you know, sexual with you?” Brad wondered how having three gay men in a home worked.

“I wish. Do you fool around with your uncle?” Mark asked, turning the table.

It wasn’t a question that he was prepared for, and so decided to hedge, as he considered Mark might not be happy with his answer.

“Some,” Brad said, without making eye contact.

“That’s cool; older guys are great,” Mark replied knowingly. “But you’re not bad yourself, stud muffin,” he added quickly, as he squeezed Brad’s arm.

Brad found the comment disingenuous, as he hardly considered himself a stud. Mark was, in fact, in better shape than he was.

Their conversation came to an end as Emmett appeared in the hallway.

“I’m home,” he announced, in his flamboyant manner.

Mark got up immediately, leaving their game in progress. The strawberry blond waited, while his father’s embraced, and then he accepted his hug and a kiss. Brad was taken aback with all the man on man kissing. He found himself annoyed that Mark was so much like a puppy dog running to greet his master. He was also angry that the old queen’s lips had just gone where his had been. It wasn’t as though he really liked kissing, but it was more that Mark seemed somehow tainted by the act.

“Oh, look; Brad’s still here,” Emmett greeted, as he saw the boy’s scowl.

“He’s staying for dinner,” Mark announced cheerfully.

“Oh, how nice,” Emmett replied, as he glanced over at his partner.

“Aren’t you going to kiss Brad, too?” Mark joked.

“I’m sure he’d be horrified,” Emmett replied, as he ascended the stairs.

Brad nodded in agreement with the old queen, as he tried desperately to keep himself from offering his honest opinion on the subject. The idea of all this silly affection irritated him, and the possibility of being kissed by Emmett revolted him.

Once they'd sat down to dinner, the light conversation quickly turned to Brad, far too quickly for his liking. He found the contrived seating arrangement of he and Mark on one side, and the two adults on the other to feel more like an interrogation.

"So how long have you been living with Dr. Brown, Brad?" Emmett started.

"I didn't know your uncle was a doctor" Mark interrupted.

"Dentist," Brad corrected after a pause. "A few months," he answered.

"Where did you live before that?" Emmett quizzed.

Brad was instantly angry; the fucking old queen must know; he must have spoken to his bitch of a social worker, and now, here he was calling him out.

Brad kept quiet, as he seethed inside; it was all he could do not to shout at the old queen. He felt Mark kick him under the table, which generated thoughts of punching the rich brat right in the face; that would make for a dramatic exit, given that it was likely the end of their friendship, anyway.

"I was in a group home," Brad said to his plate, not even bothering to pretend that he'd been too busy chewing to respond.

"I lived in a group home 'til they found Ted," Mark chirped, far too excitedly.

"It was nice of Dr. Brown to take you in," Ted commented, after having been silent for most of the meal.

"I don't know where I'd be if Ted hadn't taken me four years ago," Mark jumped in.

"That must have been difficult for you, Brad," Emmett continued, using a common phrase from the group sessions.

"I toughed it out," Brad spat.

"I didn't like the group home. The older kids always picked on the little ones," Mark recalled. Brad could have confirmed it, as he was one the bullies in his group homes.

"Sometimes difficult situations make us stronger," Ted noted.

"Brad and I are going to the movies tomorrow," Mark announced, much to Brad's surprise, and relief at the change in topics.

"Really?" Emmett asked, as he wondered if the pairing across the table was such a good idea. He felt some responsibility for taking Mark into his group session. The freckle-

faced cutie had been curious for sometime, but Emmett had no idea that he would connect with someone so different from himself.

“Yeah, I’m going to need some money, please,” Mark replied, with his toothy good boy smile.

Ted exchanged glances with Emmett, and then replied, “Ok, how much to do you need?”

Brad had an epiphany; Mark was far more like himself than he’d ever considered. He’d taken a different tactic, using the good boy route to get himself out of the group home, but essentially he seemed just as much a manipulator as Brad was himself. Brad wondered how his life would have been different if he’d found a pair of rich queers to take him in when he was twelve, but his bitch of a social worker had never even suggested a possibility like that. The longer that Brad had remained in the group home, the more bitter he’d become, and it saddened him to see an example of what might have been.

“Fifty,” Mark replied to his father.

“Fifty?” The man questioned, as he looked up from his plate.

“It’ll be twenty, at least, just to get tickets, and then we have to get something at the concessions,” Mark replied, as though his reasoning was obvious.

“You can have forty,” Ted proclaimed, before returning to his dinner.

“Thanks, Dad,” Mark replied with a big smile.

While Brad didn’t like his methods, he was impressed with Mark’s skills as a manipulator; forty was more than enough for both of them. He was sure that he could get some cash from Keith, but he was happy that Mark had arranged things so that he was included.

As Emmett cleared the plates, Ted got up to prepare dessert, strawberry shortcake. Brad felt a hand against his own under the table, and allowed Mark to clasp his. Normally, he’d never consider holding hands secretly under the table; he’d have done it defiantly in the open, or not at all; but Mark had earned the right to hold his hand, as weak and silly as that might seem. Brad considered that whether Mark knew it or not, he was the dominant member of this family, and for now, at least, he’d follow his lead.