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Return of the Angry Boy 5

Brad walked down the hall of his new school with three new friends. It was only the first week, but he'd gained some respect with his cool rebellious style. He'd made a conscious decision to be smarter about when he challenged authority this year, as he wanted a different reputation, compared to the one he had at his old school. Being a bad boy was one thing, but being known as a potentially dangerous trouble maker had left him with just losers for friends, last year. He also decided to dress better, not to match a trend, but just to avoid standing out as much as he had in the past. The group homes had never bought him trendy clothes, so he had embraced crappy clothing as his style. This year, though, would be a new start; an opportunity for Brad to be just one of the regular kids, but still his own man. He resolved to be smarter about how he went about things, when it came to his rebellious side.

It was at the last second that he saw Mark in the crowd during class change. The strawberry blond bumped him shoulder to shoulder. Brad stopped and turned to face Mark, wondering what the kid was thinking. They'd agreed to keep their relationship a secret, as Mark was openly gay; something that Brad wasn't ready to embrace in the bright lights of a high school.

"Dude!" he complained about the bump; it wasn't something he could ignore.

Mark stopped and turned back, walking up to Brad, as he flicked his long hair to the side of his face.

"Hi," he greeted cheerfully.

"Don't mess with him Brad; come on, dude," Simon, one of his new friends, suggested.

Brad turned and continued down the hall with his friends.

"That's the gay kid; mess with him and the Vice Principal will be all over your ass," Simon reported.

"I bet the V.P.'s in his ass... faggot!" Jeff, another new friend, chimed in.

Brad wasn't keen on them bashing Mark, but to speak out wouldn't put him in good standing.

"He didn't look that tough," Brad offered, avoiding the sexuality issue.

“Dude, he put a bunch of kids in the hospital at his elementary school; he’s some kind of kung fu guy,” Jeff informed.

“What happened?” Brad wondered, as it seemed completely out of character for the Mark he knew.

“I wasn’t there, but that’s what I heard,” Jeff explained.

Brad dismissed the comment as simple rumour. The easiest way to avoid getting pounded was to make up some story about how you once kicked someone’s ass so bad, but you can’t do it again, because of all the trouble you got in the first time. It was a basic defensive posture that Brad had used before.

Brad’s lunch was disturbed by a text on his phone. ‘Meet me @ washrm nr woodshop’. Brad knew it was from Mark, without having to even look at the sender’s name. He picked up his garbage, as he pushed the last of his sandwich into his mouth, and left without informing his new friends about where he was going.

Brad was happy that Mark had picked a location off the beaten path for their clandestine meeting, but as he approached, he wondered how many other guys had met the redhead here for quickies. As he entered, Mark was standing by the window, his freckled face beaming, as he saw his friend approach.

“I wasn’t sure you’d come,” Mark greeted.

“Oh, I plan to come,” Brad noted, as he checked under the stalls to ensure they were alone.

“There’s no one here; never is,” Mark confirmed.

“Except for all the other guys coming back for another blow job,” Brad suspected.

“I wish; it’s been a long time, until you came along,” Mark expressed.

“So what’s with the thing in the hall? You trying to out me?” Brad pressed.

“No!” Mark said in an insulted tone.

“We’re trying to keep this a secret, remember?” Brad noted, with some exasperation.

“Yeah, but we can still be just friends,” Mark suggested.

“Right. How many straight friends do you have, gay boy? You’re always hanging out with the girls. If they see me with you, I’m toast,” Brad explained.

“I have some jock friends. I’m on the fencing team, and I’m really popular in math class,” Mark protested.

“Ok. So we haven’t got a lot of time. What am I here for?” Brad asked, hoping the answer led to sex.

“I missed you,” Mark expressed, as he held his arms wide for a hug.

Brad relented, and gave his bottom boy what he wanted. It still seemed weak and sappy, but he gave in to Mark’s needs. When they broke their embrace, Mark pulled a willing Brad into the closest stall. The lanky teen pulled his pants down, and sat on the toilet. Mark was licking his cock as soon as he sat down. Brad kept silent as the slurping began. He ran his hands along Mark’s face and through his long hair. He began making soft grunting sounds, thrusting his hips up as Mark’s mouth went down. He was getting close to his orgasm, as he considered that having Mark was better than any girlfriend could be. Brad considered that he was far more sexually active than any of his friends, as he got it pretty much on demand with Keith, and now Mark.

Mark gulped down all of Brad’s juice, trying not to get it on either of their clothes. Brad’s sounds were certainly muted, but Mark knew that he was really enjoying the bathroom romp. Brad was right; Mark had certainly sucked a few cocks in this very stall, but he was selective enough to ensure that the bathroom didn’t turn into a depot for horny guys. He had done a few straight jocks, but without reciprocation; he had little interest. The only reason he went after the older guys was the hope that they might give him a good fuck, but in the two couplings he’d had, both were done long before he got any satisfaction.

Mark stood up and yanked down his own pants, presenting his hard cock to a seated Brad. His short haired friend sucked on it without hesitation, doing his best, despite his relative lack of skill. Mark helped by moving his hips in a fucking motion, bringing on a quick release, as he held the back of Brad’s head. Mark’s soft groans heralded his load streaming into Brad’s warm mouth. Brad stood up and spit out most of it into the toilet. Mark gave him a passionate kiss, tasting the remnants of his own cum.

“I wanna fuck you ... tonight!” Brad reported gruffly.

“Ok,” Mark replied with a smile. Brad was turning into everything he wanted. Perhaps someday he might even be ready to be his boyfriend, Mark hoped.

Brad left the washroom first, with Mark following a few minutes later, to avoid being too obvious.

Keith arrived home just in time to see Mathew walking slowly down the street towards his own house, his head down.

“Hello, Mathew,” he greeted, in a professional tone, as he walked towards the front door.

“Hi,” Mathew replied meekly.

“Is everything all right?” Keith asked. Even though he’d decided not to get involved with this kid, he just couldn’t let the obviously depressed boy go by without asking.

“Yeah, fine,” Mathew replied, unconvincingly, as he stopped at the end of Keith’s driveway.

The man stood silently staring at the boy, wondering what he should say next, when the kid walked right up to him.

“My mom won’t be home for a couple of hours; could I hang out with you?” Mathew asked, his pleading eyes boring into Keith.

“Yes, sure,” Keith replied, as he fumbled for his key. His hands trembled as he sought to unlock the door. He knew this could be a big mistake, after the last time, but he seemed unable to deny the boy. Keith sighed, as he unlocked the door and pushed it open. He knew that he wanted this sweet little guy, but also knew what he was risking if it didn’t work out.

Once they were in the hallway and the door was closed, Mathew wrapped his arms around Keith and held on tight. The man instinctively did the same, comforting the upset teen. Keith revelled in the contact, regardless of the reason for it. He held onto Mathew as hard as the kid gripped him. Keith inhaled as the smell of boyhood filled his nostrils. Once the hug was broken, Keith’s sensibilities returned.

“Is there anything you need; a drink perhaps?” Keith asked nervously.

Mathew just nodded, as he made his way into the living room, uninvited. Keith poured them both a cola, and joined the straight haired blond. Keith sat on the sofa, as Mathew meandered around the room, examining things as he went.

“Is there something wrong?” Keith pressed.

“I just don’t want to be by myself,” Mathew noted, as he continued his self-guided tour around the living room.

Keith allowed silence to reign, as he enjoyed watching the kid parade around in his tight jeans. He imagined the boy was pant-less, displaying his wares provocatively for him. The brief view he had of the boy’s ass during the last visit, just wasn’t sufficient; now he wanted to touch it. Eventually, Mathew ended up standing in front of Keith, as the man

stared directly at the boy. Keith reached up and dared to touch the soft cheek, hoping to comfort the boy, as much as he enjoyed the act himself. Mathew eased down onto his knees, right in front of Keith, as the man stroked the boy's wonderfully soft hair. Mathew lowered himself further, and rested his head against Keith's thigh. Keith watched in anticipation, as the boy's face nuzzled into his crotch. Mathew's intention was clear, as Keith continued to stroke the blond head, his hand trembling with excitement. He wondered if it was really happening, or if he was still day-dreaming about the possibility.

"Your mother wouldn't like us doing this," Keith announced softly, as his fingers roamed through the boy's fine hair.

"I won't tell," Mathew confirmed, as he rested his head on Keith's bulging crotch.

The boy eased the man's zipper open, and put his soft hand inside, searching for the monster within. Keith shuddered, surprised by the soft contact.

"It's big," Mathew noted with a smile, as he pulled the cock out of the opening.

"You've seen other men's cocks before?" Keith asked, his mouth suddenly dry, as the boy's hands explored the length and girth of his own.

Mathew just nodded in response to the question, and then started slowly licking the cock from the head down. Keith didn't care why Mathew was doing this, or whom he might have done it with in the past; he only cared that the young tongue was giving him wonderful sensations. As Mathew took the top part of Keith's cock into his mouth, the man considered that Mathew was far more gentle and patient compared to Brad. The thought caused him to wonder when Brad might return home. Surely, being caught with Mathew's head between his legs wouldn't be good. Keith glanced at the door at the slightest sound. He knew that Brad would likely pound the crap out of little Mathew. He really didn't care what the angry boy might do, or say, to himself.

Mathew seemed to have some experience at sucking cock. He was perhaps more skilled than Brad, simply because he wanted to please men. Keith was lost in the act of being sucked by the young teen; so much so that his orgasm caught him off guard.

"Oh, god!" he extolled.

Mathew had kept him on the edge so long that he just erupted. Mathew couldn't take the entire load, with most of it gushing down his chin and onto his shirt. A few secondary shots from Keith's cock added to the mess.

Keith leaned forward and reached for the boy's pants. He wanted that little twig in his mouth; he no longer cared who came in the front door; all that mattered was that the boy was willing. Mathew offered no resistance as Keith pulled his pants down. Keith caressed the cock and balls before his tongue took over. The boy's balls were

wonderfully smooth in Keith's mouth, as he sought to give the blond as much pleasure as he could. Mathew lifted the bottom of his shirt as he moaned.

"Yeah!" the boy groaned, in a high pitched whine.

He wasn't able to last very long, and, too soon, Keith tasted Mathew's juices. Licking to the end of the boy's endurance, Keith felt Mathew pushing his head back from the now supersensitive penis, as he savoured the fluid in his mouth.

Mathew stood up and pulled his pants back on, as Keith returned his softening cock to its cave. Noticing the mess on Mathew's shirt, Keith started to pull it off the boy in order to clean it. There was no way he was going home with a cum stained top. The kid's mother would surely be at his door in seconds if that happened.

"What are you doing?" Mathew whined.

"Let's get this cleaned up," Keith reassured softly.

"It's fine; I'll do it at home," Mathew insisted.

"I don't think so," Keith replied in a parental tone.

He stopped, as he found the problem - a large bruise on Mathew's upper back.

"How'd this happen?" Keith asked, concerned for the boy.

"It's nothing; I fell on my board," Mathew explained, a bit too defensively for Keith to believe. From his medical training, Keith could tell that it was more of an impact than a scrape, but still, it could have been from a fall off a skate board.

"Did Brad do this?" Keith asked directly, as he considered the possibilities.

"No, I told you I fell," Mathew repeated.

The boy took the top completely off and handed it to Keith for cleaning. Keith took it to the laundry right away and scrubbed it with detergent. Satisfied that he'd done a good enough job, he put it in the drier.

He thought that Mathew had followed him upstairs, but now he was nowhere to be seen. The man went back to the main floor, but the kid wasn't there. Keith went back up stairs in a bit of a panic, only to discover Mathew lying shirtless on his bed. Keith joined him in the room, and took off his own shirt. The boy seemed to take no notice, lying on his back with his legs dangling over the edge, appearing to stare at the ceiling. Keith approached, and eased his body down on top of the soft young teen. He was careful not to put his full weight on the boy, as he enjoyed the cuddling. Mathew remained passive,

putting his arms around Keith's back. Keith was in heaven, as his body tingled from contact with the youngster.

"I like you," Mathew announced softly, after a long pause.

"I like you, too," Keith confirmed, as he kissed the boy's neck, feeling far more comfortable with the situation.

"Tickles," Mathew shrieked, as Keith tried to lick his ear.

Keith lifted himself off and noticed that Mathew's crotch was bulging. He opened the kid's pants again, and yanked them down forcefully. He smiled, as he considered that it was his time to be the aggressor. Mathew remained passive, as Keith knelt down beside the bed and started licking his young cock and balls. Mathew moaned his pleasure at the second round.

"Ahhh, yeah," he moaned in pleasure.

Keith lifted the boy's legs and started lapping at the wonderfully hairless hole. Mathew's moans intensified at the new sensations. Keith licked a finger, and stared to ease it around the hole in circles, seeking to push it in a little bit. Things were going much further than Keith had even dreamed, yet he cautioned himself not to push it too far.

"What are you doing?" Mathew snapped.

"It's ok; I have lube," Keith announced, as he reached for the bottle in the night table drawer. "I'll finger you while I suck you off," Keith explained eagerly.

Mathew's expression seemed unconvinced, as Keith returned his gaze to the boy's face.

"It's ok if I finger you, isn't it?" Keith confirmed anxiously, but the boy remained silent.

"Ok, forget the fingering," Keith said, as he tossed the lube onto the bed, getting a grin from the boy. It just wasn't worth pushing it today, he figured, as he hoped that there would be future opportunities for that type of activity.

The man returned to the small cock, sucking quickly, as he squeezed the wonderful little balls. Once again, the boy erupted without much effort, but this time he was more vocal in his pleasure.

"Ahhhh, Aahhhh!" Mathew moaned, as his head rolled side to side.

Satisfied that he'd pleased his little friend, and fearing Brad's imminent arrival, he thought it was time to get Mathew going, before he pressed his luck too far.

"Ok, let's get you home before your mother," he announced.

The boy followed him out into the hallway to get his shirt from the laundry.

“Good as new,” Keith announced, as he examined the clean shirt.

Keith followed Mathew downstairs, and gave him a big hug before letting him leave. It had been a wonderful experience, but he wondered what Mathew’s situation really was. Specifically, he wondered why the boy had sought to conceal his injury; it seemed suspicious and worrisome. Keith was satisfied that he was correct about one thing - Mathew had been teasing him, but now he had the problem of keeping Brad from finding out. Otherwise, the shit would really hit the fan. The boy’s suspicious mother weighed on Keith’s mind as well. He really wanted to continue this exploration with little Mathew, but he wondered again if it was all worth the risk.