

# Aegis

*by: rise*

*This is a story about high school males engaging in explicit sexual and romantic acts. This is a work of fiction. If you are not legally allowed to read these types of stories, please do not.*

*Any comments, suggestions, questions, or flames can be sent to [risestories@gmail.com](mailto:risestories@gmail.com). I can also be found on Nevetnet in #niftyorg and #niftywriters occasionally. You don't have to ask permission to contact me personally there. I don't bite.*

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It had been an extraordinarily long day. The locker room was ripe the smell of sweat, and the mood was somber. Our game against our rival school across town had gone poorly, resulting in a loss and ineligibility to compete at the state level.

“A great game was played tonight,” said Coach as he walked through the room. The man's usual bravado did little to comfort us.

“Sure, by Lowfield,” I someone muttered next to me. A train of snickers could be heard making its way throughout the room. Coach sighed, and resigned to his office to collect his things and head home for the evening.

Some time later, he evacuated the locker room. “You don't gotta go home, kids, but you can't stay here!” I smiled inwardly. I guess after enough time doing something, you are able to maintain a sense of humor about it; for me and the other seniors, this was my one shot at the playoffs, though, and we'd blown it.

Sighing loudly, I made my way to the parking lot to go home, but noticed a boy sitting alone outside on a bench in a band uniform. I recognized him as Jonas, a boy from my fourth period Music History class. It's required to take at least one arts credit. As far as I knew, Jonas had gone

well over his quota; it made more sense now that I realized he played an instrument in the band.

“Hey, man. Do you have a ride home?” I asked him. He looked at me uncomfortably and shifted in his seat.

“I... no.” He laughed awkwardly.

Turning my head to the side, I grinned and asked, “How can you just not have a ride? Your folks forget about you, or something?”

“I was supposed to go home with a friend of mine from the band, but he ditched me to take some girl home and...” his voice trailed off. He was obviously beginning to become upset.

I didn't know much about Jonas, but he didn't strike me as being the type of guy that dealt with pressure well. I can't explain it, but I suddenly felt almost paternal toward him. My chest tightened.

He removed his ridiculous marching hat and sat it in his lap, revealing a mop of wispy dark hair decorating a pale, wistful face. His complexion was clear; I would need to ask him how he managed that at some point later.

“Whoa, whoa, Jonas. Relax. I have a car. I'm not going to leave you here. Where do you live?” I couldn't believe this kid was going to cry. Having been raised with somewhat traditional masculine values, I wasn't sure quite with how to deal with it. My father was somewhat brash, and loved his displays of bravado; personally I thought he needed to take things down a notch occasionally, but I still rarely cried if ever.

Between short, ragged breaths, Jonas gave me some rather rough directions to his house. I was beginning to find it hard to believe this kid ever got out; he didn't really know street names and used landmarks to explain where his place was. In frankness, I wasn't sure I understood at all.

“Can we call your mom and ask her how to get to your house? I'm not familiar with much

of that.”

“Yeah.”

He took my phone and dialed, waited, and closed it down. “She isn't answering,” he replied with a frown.

I considered. I couldn't leave him here. “You'll have to come home with me. Get your shit.”

He shook his head “I can't go home with you, you're...”

I rolled my eyes and interrupted him. “What I am is your only chance to sleep in a bed tonight as opposed to on the sidewalk. I mean, unless you like the sidewalk. Then you can sleep there. But I need to go home. Are you coming or not?”

“Sure. Yeah. Sure.” I was taken back by his nerves. Did he think I was going to hurt him? We shared classes. We sometimes worked together on group projects in Music History. Though he sometimes gave me strange looks, I chalked it up to his innate awkwardness; he was a bit skinny, and definitely shy. Did I really make him nervous?

Oh well.

I opened the door for him and he quickly scurried into the passengers' seat. It was a bit of a drive to my place, nearly thirty minutes, so we had a pretty lengthy period of time to get to know each other. I'm not a fan of prolonged silence, so I broke the ice, or tried to.

“So your buddy's gonna score tonight?” I grinned, turning my head briefly to the side.

He shifted uncomfortably in his seat but did not reply.

“Aw, come on. I'm just trying to make you comfortable. What's up?”

After a moment, he spoke. “No. Well, I guess. He likes to talk big. I think he just wanted to avoid me. Most people kind of do.”

My heart sank into my chest. I could tell he was speaking with sincerity; there was no grab for attention. I cleared my throat and looked back toward the road.

“There's nothing wrong with you.”

He smiled. “Yeah, I bet he just went home to jerk it to manga.”

I laughed loudly. Wow! What a mouth this kid had on him! “Careful now, you don't want to offend people who, uh jerk it. Not that I do. Or anything,” I said with mock shame.

He hesitantly smiled, then rolled his eyes. “I'm sure you don't.”

“Hey, now, there's nothing wrong with that. Nothing at all. As a matter of fact, it was a buddy at camp once who once said he'd get together with close friends and...” I stopped talking. I'd seriously said too much.

A smile spread across his face. It was a warm smile, indicative of budding trust. arms, which had previously been crossed across his chest, fell into his lap as he laughed. I joined him, and for several minutes, we laughed together as we made our way down the interstate.

We arrived at my apartment some time after midnight, and as we pulled into the driveway, my phone rang. It was Jonas' mom. I explained the situation to her, and while worried, she seemed to be fine with him sleeping at my place for the evening. She spoke briefly with him and apologized for the situation and then hung up.

She didn't seem to be very involved with him, but at least she called.

“Come on, kid. Get your stuff and come upstairs. I'll make up the bed for us.”

He looked concerned.

“I'm sorry, but the place isn't very big, and is kind of messy.”

I lived in an inexpensive apartment with my father, who while a dedicated guardian, didn't have much time to spend with I or my younger brother. He worked nights and weekends to afford our modest living arrangements. During nights I couldn't be home, Joe, my little brother, stayed with my grandparents a few miles down the road.

Once inside, I offered him a drink, which he gladly accepted. He must have been parched;

my team mates may not agree, but marching band to me has always seemed to be a pretty intense sport. Those guys work very hard to support us. In Jonas' case, it showed once he'd removed his large marching jacket. Though a bit skinny, he was in great shape; he had definition that was obviously visible through his tee shirt.

His water disappeared within seconds. We sat in silence for a moment while I studied his features; his dark hair was a mystery to me. Wispy and light, it seemed to misbehave. In a few years, this kid would be a knockout. Hell, in my opinion he already was. In the dim light of our small kitchen, the boy exuded an almost ghostly aura. His skin glowed in the dark.

“Did I do something wrong?” he asked, noticing my gaze.

“No, no, of course not. No.” I quickly changed the subject. “Are you ready for bed? Need a shower? Wanna watch some television?”

He considered, but came back with an indecisive “I'm not sure. I'm getting pretty tired.”

“There's a TV in my room. We can fall asleep to it. Let's go.”

We walked out of the kitchen down the hall and into my bed room. On the way, he stopped to use the toilet; I took the time to clean up a bit. I didn't have much room, but I'd rather the little guy not think of me as a pig.

He entered wearing another pair of clothes. He'd likely worn them to school that day, but at least they weren't his sweaty marching stuff. I wasn't wild about him sleeping in my bed in those clothes.

“Oh, wow. I didn't realize...” He stopped himself from speaking as to conceal something.

“What?”

“Well... your room. It's very small. I'm sorry, that was very rude of me. You've done a lot and—“

“You need to learn to relax. It's fine,” I interrupted. “My room's small. It's the truth.”

It was pretty small, yeah. There was barely enough room for the bed and nightstand (which supported my small television).

“Ready for bed?”

“Yeah, I guess. Where am I sleeping?”

“Does it look like there's room on the floor? I'm not going to bite you.”

He nervously got into my bed. I stripped to my boxers; his eyes widened. “You sleep like that?”

What a strange kid.

“Jonas, do you have any brothers? A dad? Anything? Most guys don't sleep in their clothes.”

“Oh. No, I don't; I live alone with my mom. My dad left when I was born.”

I considered what to say very carefully. “You have to learn some confidence. It's part of being a masculine guy. Not that you aren't!” He wasn't. I jumped onto my bed, scaring him a little. “My point is, it's just the two of us. We're buds, right? You don't have to sleep in your school clothes.”

I rolled over, clicked the light off and turned the TV to a cartoon. I've always liked falling asleep to them.

Jonas was quiet for a minute, and then I heard shuffling. I sat up. His shirt was in a pile on the ground; he'd removed his shorts and sat on the edge of my bed in a pair of loose boxer briefs. I smiled. “Feel better?”

“Yeah. Thanks.” His mouth curved into an upward smile. We turned back over again, him a few feet from me.

As I was dozing off to sleep, I heard him say my name. “Sam? Are you awake? Sam?”

Coming down to Earth, I shook my head a bit. “Yeah. What's up?”

"Please don't think I'm weird. I have to ask you something."

*Oh, no. Here it comes.* "Yeah?"

"Have you ever really... masturbated? With other people?"

"Jonas, I'm not sure we should be talking about this, it's—"

He interrupted quickly. "Yeah. I know. It's terrible. I'm so awkward. Can we pretend this didn't happen? I just don't really have anyone to ask. I'm sorry."

I was silent for a moment. The feeling I'd been suppressing—the need to protect and guard him—resurfaced and intensified. I felt horrible for this kid.

I sighed. "What do you want to know?"

He didn't say anything. I guess he didn't want to ask again.

"No. I've never personally done that. I'm not really into guys," I said truthfully.

"Oh."

"I've heard that some guys just do it for the bonding experience. But it's never been me. I've never really been curious about it. I'm sure some guys have. I'm sure a few of your friends have, even." I paused. Breathed deeply. I went on. "Are you curious?"

"Yeah. I mean... I'm not sure if it's normal. But I wonder sometimes whether or not I look like other bo—like other men. I think it would be a good way to find out."

"Maybe." I had my dad, and my little brother had me and a father figure as well. I reasoned that without them, I might be curious as well, but I didn't say it.

He didn't say anything either. Not for a few moments. We stared at the ceiling in silence. I did everything I could to tell myself that what was about to happen was not about to happen. But when he reached over and touched the front of my boxer shorts, I didn't stop him.

"Jonas. Your hands."

He was silent. He lowered the blanket from our bodies and I shivered from the sudden

cold. His hand removed reached through the flap in the front of my underwear and grasped my flaccid penis. I gasped loudly. "Jonas! What are you doing? Jesus, your hands are cold."

He pulled his hands back quickly. "You've got to stop, Jonas. I'm sorry, we can't do that. It's not right. Go back to sleep."

I pulled the blankets up to me. Fifteen minutes later, I felt it again; his hands were working their way in through the leg of my boxers. His cold hand grabbed my member again and began to stroke it; involuntarily, I grew hard.

I wasn't sure exactly how to go about stopping him without upsetting or mortifying the kid, but as I thought about the most diplomatic solution, his ministrations were meanwhile giving me a very stiff erection.

My stomach began to do flips. It felt amazing, his silky hand manipulating my pud. *No. No, no, no!* I thought. I sat up quickly, and he gasped. "Jonas. You've got to stop. That's enough. Go back to sleep."

But his hand didn't move. And I didn't move it. His strokes continued and I sighed loudly. "What are you doing? Jonas, stop."

The truth of the matter is that I didn't really want him to stop. It felt so good, his fifteen year old hand sliding its' way up and down my member.

I looked into his eyes and he stared back, and for the first time I understood what the feelings from earlier that night meant. I knew what form they would take. And I was ready.

I picked him up and pulled him over to me, closing the gap between our bodies and sat him on my lap. I turned him to face away from me and kissed his neck. He cried out in surprise and his hands fell to his side. God, he tasted good; like sweat and cologne, like musk and a solid day's work and effort.

I rubbed his lower abdomen as he played with his erection through his underwear. "Is this



what you want, Jonas?" I whispered into his ear. He nodded; a noise escaped his lips, eliciting a strong reaction from within my gut. I can only explain the feeling as a right to ownership; he would be mine to provide for. I would be his caregiver; not a parent mind you, but something more. Something instinctive, something guttural, something primal.

"Take your underwear off, then," I whispered to him. He froze in place, understanding what was about to take place. I licked his earlobes and used my right hand to play with his nipple. He gasped and slowly complied, slipping his boxer briefs slowly down his tight, skinny body, revealing to me his lower body in all of its glory.

I reached downward, first taking a handful of the area between his butt and sac; his mouth opened in silent scream. "Do you like it? Is this what you want?"

"I've... never..." he said back.

"Shhh..." I whispered into his ear, causing him to shudder noticeably. I nuzzled his neck, rubbing in with my face and rubbing his balls with my hand. His erect penis began to soak my hand with his pre-come. I had an idea.

"Has anyone ever touched you this way?" I asked him, breathing in his scent as I awaited his reply.

"No... no, never. Never."

"We can stop any time you want."

"I don't ever want to stop." This simple statement caused my erect cock to break from its confines, poking obscenely into his back. I pulled him closer to me, forcing contact between my erection and his naked, hairless skin.

He surprised me by pushing the weight of his body into larger frame. Groaning at the sensation, I pushed back into his lower back and pinched his left nipple. His cock squirted even more pre-come into my hand, confirming my suspicions. This kid could leak.

I used his pre-come as lube and began to stroke his cock for him. A loud, high-pitched squealing sound filled the room. He was sure to wake the neighbors, but I was well beyond caring. I wanted to envelop him in my arms, hold him, and if he screamed out in pleasure all the while, so be it.

“You are such a hot little fucker, Jonas.” I whispered into his ears again as I nibbled and licked around his neck. His submissive, small frame writhed in my arms as I jerked him off; my face was now in his soft, wispy hair, smelling it and rubbing my face atop his head. It should have been impossible, but I somehow managed to create even less space between us; he grunted quietly as I pulled him closer to me, my dick making contact with the top of his ass.

He gasped. “Sam...”

“Yeah. I know. It feels good. You feel good in my arms. I don't know how I've lived without this feeling.” I placed the head of my raging erection at the gate. I knew I shouldn't. I knew it was wrong. But Jonas was my territory. I felt this nasty, disgusting need to mark him as such. I cared, and wasn't going to put it in without his permission, but I could be persuasive.

“You feel so good,” I whispered in his ear. I whispered nasty things into his ear while I lined my dick up to his hole. I slid it back and forth across his opening; he turned his head and his eyes shot open.

I squeezed his dick in my hand and his nipple in the other as I bit his neck. He groaned loudly. “Can I?” I whispered hoarsely. “Do you trust me?”

“Ugh!” he groaned as he pushed back into my cock.

My boxers were ripped off; dad would kill me, but I didn't care. He slowly sunk onto my dick as I manipulated his throbbing wang. I could feel his heartbeat surrounding me.

He sucked a lungful of air in through his mouth as my dick hit bottom. He groaned loudly as I grazed his prostate.

“Wait. Wait,” he said. I suspected he needed a moment to adjust to the feeling.

I took the moment to take in the situation; his features were beautiful. My blonde hair was nothing to his black, messy mop. My green eyes, completely unremarkable when put next to his dark, almond orbs. His small frame made my stomach do back flips; I had completely enveloped him now as I sat, his hole hugging my throbbing erection tightly.

I began to masturbate him again, slowly this time. He groaned loudly.

“Jonas—“ I began, but stopped. I couldn't finish the thought. There were no words to describe how his submission made me feel; I dominated him completely. I was the alpha male, his guardian, his protector, his...

...his what?

He rode me as I stroked, him moaning words of no definition as our sweat joined together on my bed. Each time he worked away from me, I'd pull him back, even closer to me than the last time. His sweet smell filled my nostrils as I worked his pud.

“Do you feel like a man now, Jonas? This is what it feels like. This is our identity.” I said into his ear, and then bit his neck

He came first, screaming loudly and coming hard; his spurts hit my forehead as he ejaculated. His eyes rolled back. And when he turned his, his mouth met mine.

That's when I joined him in orgasm, crying out at the top of my lungs as my cream lined his innards.

Our breathing slowed; his panting grew soft as he fell asleep against my torso. I wrapped my arms around his stomach and pulled him close to me, turning to my side and falling into slumber.