

Disclaimer: If you are underage, or if homosexual or incestuous content offends you, or if it is illegal to view homosexual content in your country, do not read the following. Otherwise, enjoy.

Austin and I Chapter 2

The bell rang, ending the last lesson of the day. I heaved a sigh of relief as I began stuffing my books into my book bag. I emerged from the classroom and made my way to the lockers.

‘Hey, Bradin! Are you free this weekend?’ called Derrick.

I turned around.

‘Probably. Why? You wanna do something on Saturday?’

‘Yeah, I was thinking we could go to the mall and check out the Italian pizza place.’

My face lit up with delight.

‘There’s a new pizza restaurant at the mall?’

Wes, who had caught up with us, gave me a stare like he thought I was demented.

‘Dude, it’s been there since last month. Don’t you remember last time we were at the mall, we were going to eat there before we decided to go to Derrick’s house to eat instead?’

‘Oh right, I remember now! Yeah, we should go there! I’ll ask my brother to take us in his - OW!’

A large weight had crashed into my back, causing me to fall to the ground. My books were scattered all over the floor, and I hit my cheek on the floor with a loud ‘thud’. Groaning loudly, I pushed aside the person who had collapsed on top of me.

‘Hey!’ I demanded. ‘What was that for?’

‘Sorry, I got pushed over by someone, and I – Bradin?’

I looked at the boy. He had sandy blond hair that was now messy, dark eyes, luscious lips -

‘Austin?’ I said, already beginning to sweat.

‘Oh my god, I’m so sorry Bradin! I had no idea you were behind me!’

‘Yeah, well, it’s no prob -’ I began to say, but I was cut off by another voice.

‘Hey Bradin! Are you okay?’ asked Wes.

‘Yeah, I’m fine,’ I replied, letting Derrick pull me upright, ‘I’m not hurt.’

Austin approached me, handing me back the books that I’d dropped.

‘I’m really, really sorry. I didn’t mean to -’

Wes shot him a dark look.

‘Yeah we got it. You didn’t mean to fall. Why don’t you just keep away from him next time?’

I glanced at Wes, slightly surprised at his tone, then looked back at Austin to see his reaction. He

looked a bit taken aback.

‘Um, all right then. Uh, I’ll... I’ll see you later then, Bradin.’

I gave my dream boy a smile to show him that I didn’t mind. After he had left, I turned on Wes.
‘Dude, there was no need to be so rough.’

He looked at his shoes.

‘You don’t understand. I was trying to protect you.’

‘Protect me?’

Wes didn’t respond, so Derrick cut in.

‘There’s a rumor going around that Austin Robinson’s got a crush on you.’

My heart missed a beat.

‘Austin’s got a what?’

‘A crush on you. He’s been staring at you during class recently. A lot.’

‘Really?’ I began to smile, then tried to cover it up by coughing. ‘But... I mean, it’s only a rumor, right?’ I asked, recovering from my ‘coughs’.

‘Dunno. I’d keep away from him if I were you. Just in case he really does have a thing for you, you know?’

I didn’t respond.

‘Anyway, I’ll see you at the mall tomorrow.’

‘Yeah,’ Wes chimed in. ‘Let’s meet each other at eleven at the mall, okay?’

We said our goodbyes. Once their backs were turned, I couldn’t stop a broad smile spreading across my face.

Don’t get your hopes up, I told myself, it’s probably just rumor, nothing more.

Still, I couldn’t hide my smile as I walked up to Ethan’s car outside the gates. Seeing my expression, he raised his eyebrows expectantly. But I didn’t say a word, throwing my bag in the back and getting in the front seat next to my brother.

He’d been driving for five minutes until he said at last:

‘So, good day at school?’

‘Yeah. Very.’

He smirked.

‘You know, we send you to school to learn, not to get picked up by guys.’

‘So what?’ I shot back. ‘You spent all your days at school dating girls.’

He just laughed. I scowled and put my headphones on.

My brother served lasagna and spaghetti carbonara that evening. My favorite. We were in the middle of the meal when we heard a car coming up the driveway. The engine hummed before it came to a stop, and I heard doors slamming. We looked up.

‘Parents are home.’

A few seconds later, my workaholic dad burst through the door.

‘...the deadline for the budget proposal was today! The board was furious! Why didn’t you send me a message to tell me I was going to have to – hold on a second, I have another call coming in...’

My mom, equally workaholic, strode through the door a few seconds later.

‘...I need the photos of the winter collection now to show to Demarchelier. He’s getting cranky again because the magazine didn’t put his collection – Hi darling! How was school today?’

I looked up, surprised that my mom had actually interrupted her phone conversation to talk to me.

‘Um, school was really -’

‘ -because we didn’t put his collection on the cover page. Someone should tell him that Vogue isn’t an exclusive advertisement for his designs. God, I wish Gianfranco was still alive today. Did you see his spring collection that year when...’

My mom disappeared up the stairs.

Ethan turned around, caught sight of my expression, and said quickly,

‘Hey, you wanna go shoot some hoops outside?’

I looked at him skeptically.

‘In the dark?’

‘Yeah, why not? You can tell me all about your new boy.’

He ran upstairs before I could reply. He re-emerged half a minute later, a basketball under his arm.

‘Come on.’

So we ran outside, trying to get the ball of each other. It was quite strange playing in the dark. We couldn’t see the hoop clearly, and we didn’t even know whether the ball went in or not after taking a shot. While we were playing, I told him all about Austin.

‘Wow, sounds like the ideal guy,’ he said, stealing the ball off me and shooting.

‘Hey! Not fair!’

‘What? It’s not my fault you’re got distracted about your pretty boyfriend.’

He wasn’t wrong. My pants were beginning to feel tight. Really tight. I was lucky we were playing in the dark. I tried to focus, but no matter how many times I shot, I just couldn’t get the ball in. Finally, when Ethan scored again for the umpteenth time, I threw up my arms in defeat.

‘You win, man.’

Laughing, we returned inside the house. Back inside, with the lights switched on, I glanced at my brother. My eyes widened in surprise.

He must’ve taken his shirt off outside when we were in the dark. Sweat coated his shoulders, chest, and arms. I could see his large biceps swinging to and fro, his tight, defined abs -

‘Hey can you throw me a beer?’ he called to me.

I stared at him for a few seconds before I could speak.

‘Uh, sure. Can I have one too?’

‘Fine. But don’t tell the parents,’ he replied.

I grabbed half a dozen beers from the fridge and set it down on the table in front of the TV. Ethan switched it on and opened a beer.

‘Here. Cheers,’ I said.

Our bottles clinked. I’d drunk my way through the whole bottle when the air seemed to be getting hotter by the minute. I stripped off my shirt and threw it to the floor. My brother, seeing what I’d done, raised his eyebrows but said nothing.

An hour later, five empty beer bottles lay beside my brother. I’d drunk one. I leaned back on the sofa. My dick was stirring in my pants again, just watching my older brother. Every time he raised his bottle, his triceps would bulge. And every time he put the bottle down, his biceps would flex. His muscular chest was rippling with every movement he made. My eyes gazed lustfully at the tattoo of the lion embedded above his right nipple.

I couldn’t stand it any longer. The beer had broken down my inhibitions already, so I shifted closer to him. Having formed a cunning plan in my mind, I lay my head on his bare shoulder, pretending to watch the TV screen. I slyly let myself breathe in and out deeply, letting the air blow over my brother’s nipples. I watched them slowly getting erect. Then I glanced sideways, and saw something in my brother’s shorts stir.

I raised my hand slowly. It was the alcohol acting now. All that talk about Austin just now, well that had made me incredibly horny. I placed my hand on Ethan’s inner thigh, feeling him shudder. I looked up in his eyes. He was totally drunk. So I leaned over and whispered in his ear:

‘You wanna have some fun, big bro?’

He gave a muffled response, his eyes glazed over. I took that as a yes. I began slowly licking my way down his body. Around his nipples. Across the tattoo on his chest. Down his abs. I paused when I reached his pants. Giving him a sly grin, before I pulled his pants down with my teeth. Ethan was giving involuntary groans of pleasure now.

I ripped off his boxers with my teeth. Ethan’s 7 inch cock popped out. It stood straight up at the ceiling. I licked around his balls for a minute, watching him squirm at my touch. And then I engulfed his cock in my mouth.

Ethan gave a loud groan. He grabbed the back of my head and pulled me deeper over his cock. I wasn't complaining. I bobbed my head up and down his shaft, with his body bucking into my face.

'Oh God, Bradin. Take it, suck it! God you're mouth is sooo hot...'

I sucked him even more vigorously than before. Ethan was emitting loud cries.

'Oh, Bradin!'

He rammed his cock down my throat as far as it could go. The cum exploded from the end of his cock, shooting down my throat. I didn't stop sucking. Moving my head up and down, I continued to milk my brother until he had nothing left.

'Oh my God, Bradin, you were so, so...'

Ethan didn't manage to finish his sentence. He collapsed on top of me from exhaustion.

I rolled my eyes.

'You're welcome,' I muttered in annoyance.

Well, that's the second one. Hope you all liked it. If you want to send me feedback, email me at:

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If you're concerned about privacy or anonymity, just tell me in your emails to send them to the bin after I've read them. See you guys later!