

Carlos and John

Part 1

As always if you are under age please do not continue reading. If you are of age and enjoy this type of genre please read on and enjoy. Let me know what you think and if you enjoy it or not. This is my first attempt at writing fiction and I would love to hear from you. Constructive suggestions welcomed. Thanks – John.

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John:

It was the fall of 1967, I was 14 years old, living with my father and sister in a 3 bedroom frame house in Oklahoma City. My mother was long out of the picture and it was just Dad, Kathy and me. I was a normal 14 year old. I liked sports (watching, not playing), camping, going to the movies and one other little thing that maybe was not so normal. I loved watching other boys in gym class. Boys in jocks, with their bulging pouches, or with their bubble butts framed by the straps of the jock. In our school, gym was not class restricted, so there were guys in 7th, 8th and 9th grades together. I really enjoyed looking at the older guys because their bodies were better formed, the bulges bigger and the asses just a little more firm. Now I didn't think of all this as particularly queer and there wasn't much information about it what I was feeling and certainly no-one to talk to. So I had my little secret. I would go home at night and jack-off to fantasies about the boys I had seen that day. In fact my routine was regularly (read nightly) to go to my room, close the door and jack-off just before bedtime.

But then life took a big turn. Just before the start of school in the fall of '67, my father came to my sister and me and announced that he was getting married again. His new wife was Mexican and had two children, a boy 17 and a girl, slightly younger than my sister. Our little 3 bedroom house was soon to be much more crowded. The boy, Carlos, was to share my room and the two girls would be in the other bedroom. Luckily I had a bunk bed and the room was good sized. My dad thought it would be better to separate the beds and make the room with two twins. The only way that would fit was to position the beds in a L shape against and interior corner. It was tight, but it worked. One evening I was sitting on my bed finishing homework when the door to the room opened and in the doorway stood the most gorgeous boy I had ever seen. He was 5'11" and all muscle. He was wearing a tight t-shirt and gym shorts. I could see his pecs were well formed, his shoulders muscular and smooth. There was a very nice package in the front of his gym shorts. I just stared, mouth open. He then said, "Hi, I am Carlos, I hear we are going to be roomies." Carlos then came into the room and placed his bags on the other bed and sat down. We began to learn about each other. Carlos was a Junior and was transferring to the high school. He played football at his former high school and hoped to join our team. All while he was talking I was taking in the view. Beautiful dark eyes, black hair swooping across his forehead, sexy lips, through his t-shirt were two perfectly erect nipples and best of all, I could just see the edge of his jock strap up one of his legs. As we talked Carlos occasionally reached down and squeezed that mound under his gym shorts. He was driving crazy, and I was covering my throbbing erection with the book I was holding.

I was speechless. I stammered and I introduced myself and told him a little about me. After a while, he stood up, smelled his armpits and said, "I am overdue for a shower." As I showed him the bathroom

that we would share, I thought how I would like to be the one smelling (and licking) his sexy armpits. We divided up the space so we both had drawers and towel racks and I went back in my room. I was so fucking horny, I wanted to desperately to jack-off but was afraid that he would come in any minute. After a few minutes he did come in the bedroom, with a towel wrapped around his waist. What I saw was a vision. His upper body was beautiful, perfectly formed, firm, perky tits. And again I noticed a nice bulge in the towel. Carlos turned around, dropped this towel and bent over to get a new jock out of his bag. I about creamed my pants right there. His ass was beautiful, brown all over, perfectly smooth and it appeared to be hard as rock. I just stared. Carlos pulled on the jock, adjusted the pouch and turned around and looked at me as I continued to stare at his package. He looked a little confused then smiled and said, "I have to go, I need to meet the football coach and see if I can get a try-out." With that he dressed quickly and was out the door.

I got-up, closed the door, looked into the bathroom and there on the floor was the jock he had taken off when showering. I reached down, picked it up and brought it to my face. The smell was overpowering. I don't know how long he had been wearing it, but I could smell him, his sweat, his piss and still moist cum. The boy had jacked-off recently! I took the jock, went to my bed and breathed in all the erotic smells of Carlos' jock. I took my own cock in hand and began to furiously jack. I needed to cum, I had to cum. Soon my own balls began to churn, I tensed-up and sent 4 or 5 long strings of cum all over my chest. As my breathing returned to normal, I lay there thinking, how am I going to survive having the gorgeous hunk, not five feet from my bed?

Carlos:

One day in the summer of 1967, my mother told me she was going to get married and that we were moving from Texas to Oklahoma City. I wasn't particular happy, but I knew my mother wanted to find a man and she seemed very happy and excited. She told me the high school I would be attending had one of the best football teams in the state. That was a nice bonus, because our team in Texas sucked.

So there I was standing at the door to my new room, well the room I would share with John, my new step-brother wondering what it would be like. I had always had my own room and now I would need to share. John was 2 years younger than me, and still in Junior High and I was a Junior in High School. I had certain needs. I needed to jack-off every day. My favorite way was to lay down spread eagle in my bed and stroke it until it burst and then clean up by licking it all away. Now I was going to have a room mate, he's 14, I wonder if he jacks. Maybe we will do it together. No, not likely, but a nice thought.

I pushed open the door and there on one of the beds is a cute boy. He's 5'8' 140 lbs, a little skinny, but beautiful blue eyes and curly brown hair. He is just staring at me. His mouth is open, but he is not speaking. Finally, I say, "Hi, I am Carlos, I hear we are going to be roommates." I smiled, went into the room and dropped my things on the empty bed. I could feel John's eyes follow my every move. I sat down and we began getting to know one another. As John talked, but his eyes moved all over my body. He looked at my eyes, my forehead, my lips, down my torso and they lingered on my legs. I moved my leg to give him a nice view to my jock pouch. I could tell he was very distracted and had difficulty keeping the conversation going. Just to see his reaction, I squeezed the package a few times. Each time John just stared and I could see the erection under the book he was using to hide it.

Soon I was getting horny. My cock ached for release, so I stood, smelled my armpits and told him I need to shower. He showed me to the bathroom, we divided the space and John left the room, closing the door. I grabbed my cock and quickly brought myself to the edge. Just as I started to cum, I pulled

the jock up and let the cum collect in the pouch. I pulled the jock off, took a quick shower, put a towel around my waist and went back into the bedroom. John just stared. Again his eyes wandered over my body and lingered over the bulge in the towel being caused by my still semi-erect cock.

As I dressed, I made sure that John had a nice view of my ass and I bent over to get a new jock. I stood turned, looked at John, made a puzzled face and then smiled. I told him I had to go meet the coach, quickly dressed and headed out the door. As I was leaving I thought, this room-mate thing may work out after all. I think I have a horny little queer boy as a roommie. That brought a smile to my face.