

Carlos and John Part 2

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:

Life began to take on a sense of normalcy over the next few days. Carlos made the team and was gone everyday until around 9:00pm. I had the room to myself from late afternoon until then. This worked well for me, because it gave me the opportunity to take care of my daily horniness. And although he didn't know it, Carlos gave me great jack-off material on a regular basis. Each night he would come home still in uniform, peel it off his sweaty body and throw it into the clothes hamper. I would sit on my bed pretending to read or study and watch every movement as he pulled his football jersey over his head showing his muscles, bulging through his sweaty t-shirt. Then he would pull his t-shirt off and every time turn his head and smell his armpits. I would almost cream my pants when he did that. How I wanted to be the one smelling his pits. Then he would slowly pull his pants down, and stand facing away from wearing only his jock strap. He then bend over take his shoes off and then pull the pants the rest of the way down and kick them away.. Everyday I had this same view. And everyday I would be so horny. Carlos would then go into the bathroom, shower and then go in to talk with my dad and his mother.

After a couple of nights, I realized he was always wearing a pair a sweat pants when he left the shower. I wondered if he had the same smelly jock underneath, so I went into the bathroom and looked into the hamper. There was his jock. I picked up his jock, put it to my face and breathed in the smells. I was immediately hard. My cock was throbbing as I smelled the wonderful aromas that his body gave off during his day. I fell back on my bed, grabbed my cock and in a few moments was feeling my balls churning as I rush toward the impending eruption. This began my pattern. Every night I would take his jock from the hamper and jack-off fantasizing about his ass, his crotch, his pits, his lips. I had never had sex with anyone, but I knew I wanted him to take me. I wanted to feel his cock, smell his pits, suck his dick and although I didn't quite understand why, but I wanted to bury my face in his hot butt.

One night when I was particularly horny, I grabbed his jock from the hamper and from my drawer a small jar of vaseline and a smooth topped shampoo bottle, which I used as a dildo. I layed down in my bed, put his jock over my head with the pouch positioned as a mask. I lubed my cock, ass and the shampoo bottle and started to slowly stroke. When my cock was rock hard, I began to slip the shampoo bottle up my butt. I had done this before, but it still had to be slow and at first it hurt, but eventually it was in and felt great. I began fucking myself with the bottle while breathing through the jock pouch and jacking my dick. I was in ecstasy. I was fantasizing about Carlos taking me, sliding his big uncut cock in and out of my ass. With his jock in my face, I could smell Carlos, and in my mind I could feel him. I beat off furiously until my cock swelled, my breathing became shallow and erratic

and my cock exploded with the most cum I had ever seen. When my breathing returned to normal, I took his jock, wiped off the cum from my body and sucked on it. I could taste my fresh cum, his dried piss and cum and I started to get hard again. Then I heard a noise outside my room, so I quickly put the jock, shampoo bottle and vaseline away in the drawer next to my bed, pulled the covers up and pretended to sleep.

A short time later, Carlos came in and quietly went to bed. I layed there listening as he jumped into bed. A few minutes later I heard the unmistakable rhythm of a hand stroking a cock. I listened for a while and quietly began stroking myself. Finally got up the courage to ask, "Carlos, what are you doing?" He answered, "why don't you come over here and find out. I think you will like the real thing much better than jacking off smelling and sucking on my jockstraps." I froze, I didn't know what to say or what to do.

Carlos:

I met with the coach and the next day had a tryout. I made the team. But that meant spending a lot of time learning the plays. I was the new guy and everyone else already knew them. I stayed late after practice every night and then headed home, beat.

Each night I would walk into the room, and feel John's eyes watching my every move. I wanted to give him a good show. I intentionally slowly pulled my jersey off, then my t-shirt. And just for a little fun, I would turn and smell my armpits. I could see John's face when I did that, that little gay boy just about lost it. Then I would slowly bend over and let him see my ass. Now I am mostly a top, but I know my hard, muscular butt would send him over the edge. Then I would go into the shower and take care of my needs while thinking of how I was going to be the cute little butt in my bed.

One night I had a little luck. I came home early and just before opening the door to my room I heard a little noise. John boy was moaning. I slowly opened the door a crack and looked in. John was stroking his nice cock and he had my jock strap plastered over his face and much to my surprise, he had some sort of bottle up his ass and was fucking himself. This was one horny fucker. I stood there quietly just watching as he picked up speed. He had this scene down. The jock was on his head with the pouch acting as a mask. I am sure he could smell and taste the cum I left there earlier when I jacked off in the locker bathroom. John's technique worked. He was stroking his beautiful boy cock and sliding that bottle in and out of his butt. I reached down and began to massage my cock as it started to swell. All of a sudden John's cock exploded. Boy did he cum. He shot over his head, and several long strings on his chest. I continued my silent stroking as he slowly came off his high. Then I about lost it, John's pulled my jock off his face, wiped up the cum off his chest and then put the whole pouch in his mouth and began sucking his cum and my dried cum and piss. The horny boy was getting hard again and I was about to shoot myself. Then, shit, I heard someone else come in the house. I stopped jacking, slipped my cock back into my sweats and quietly stepped away from the door. John never saw me watching his hot jackoff scene.

Later I quietly entered the room, John was in bed asleep, apparently exhausted by his little sex scene. I, on the other hand, was quite horny. I hadn't cum while watching his hot show and needed some relief. I thought about going into the shower, but John was already asleep, so I decided to lay down and take care a business in my bed. I jacked off every day, but usually in the shower or in the bathroom at school. This was the first time I jacked in bed, with John in the room. I slowly began stroking my cock and replaying the nice scene John had had earlier. How I wanted it to be my dick up his ass, I wanted to fuck his face. I lost awareness of my surroundings and began pounding my dick. I had to

cum.I forgot about sleeping John, until I heard, "Carlos, what are you doing?" I grinned to myself and said, "why don't you come over here and find out. I think you will like the real thing much better than jacking off smelling and sucking on my jockstraps." At first there was no response. It was totally quiet in the room. Then after a few minutes, I heard the covers as John got out of his bed. He walked over to the side of my bed and was standing there looking at my hard cock. He looked terrified. He was shaking all over. I reached over took his hand and placed both my hand and his on my cock. I began jacking again using both hands. As hot as I was, it didn't take long for me to be on the edge and a couple more strokes and I was done. I erupted with several long strings of cum. A couple hitting the bed and the floor, but some hit John in face. John stuck his tongue out and tasted the cum running down his face and then bent over and started to lick cum off my cock. I just watched in amazement. He was a cum eating, cock sucking horny bastard who liked hard things up his butt. And since we had broken the ice, I was going to have all the boy sex I wanted. And I wanted more that very night. John stood up, licking his lips and said, "Nice!" I smiled and told him, he hadn't seen anything yet. I pulled the covers up, moved over, reached out and took his hard cock in my hand and said, "come on in!"