

This story involves sexual acts between two consenting males. If you find such materials offensive or you are not old enough to legally view such materials get off the page now.

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The Karate Kid: Chapter 1

After getting beaten up for the umpteenth time, my mom took it upon herself to enroll me in a self-defense class at the local Y. I protested but my mom insisted that I needed to learn how to stand up to bullies. I eventually gave in and let my mom sign me up for the whole summer session.

The reason why I was beaten up so much is mostly because I'm small and I look weak.

I guess this would be the perfect time to describe myself. I'm 14 years old and I stand at about 5'4 and probably about 115 lbs. I have short brown hair and gray eyes and I wear glasses. As for my race, I'm half White and half Latino. I guess you could say I look pretty nerdy and that I'm awkward.

I'm told that I'm a late bloomer and that I haven't hit my growth spurt yet. I really do hope that is true. Pretty much all my friends (what little friends I have) stand at least a head taller and weigh a lot more than I do, so that prevent me from participating with all the activities that an average teen participates in(soccer, skateboarding, football, etc.).

That brings me to my next reason of being beaten up; I don't really do much with anyone at school. I guess bullies see me as an outcast since I don't play sports and I hang out in the library whenever I can. Some of my friends tried to encourage me to do stuff with them but I mostly avoided that in favor for the safety of the library. They eventually stopped asking and we now only hang out when they need my help with homework or if they want to play videogames (I'm really good at that).

The final reason of why I got beaten up is very recent, Bullies think I'm gay. It might have been a stray stare or something, but something gave it away and now a lot of people call me a fag or a homo. But luckily, this happened during the last week of school and summer vacation acted as a sort of rumor control and not everyone from school knows. And yes, it's true, I am gay. Despite the fact rumors are usually wrong, this rumor is correct, I'm a fag nerd who is short and weak.

So that's it. So I'm now going to Tai Kwan Do class to get my ass kicked by trained martial artists for the whole summer. Not exactly my idea of fun. I'm pretty sure I could have avoided this whole mess if I had a dad to teach me how to defend myself but the lousy bastard is probably in Central America getting drunk in a cantina. So I'm on my own now.

“Honey, this is going to be the last time I’m going to drop you off here at the Y. For now on, you’re going to have to get a ride from one your friends or and walk from home to here,” my mom said to me as she dropped me off at the Y.

“But...but I can’t do that mom,” I said with stammer. For me, walking would be a nightmare since I know my biggest bully, Daniel Fenton, live really close to the Y. If he finds out that I’m walking by myself, I would get pounded or even worse.

“You have to honey, my work schedule won’t let me do anything else otherwise,” my mom said with a sympathetic smile.

I lowered my head at the thought of walking home. So my only choice is to find a ride. Let’s hope I can make friends fast. My mom pats my head and she gets back into her company car. I half-heartily waved as she sped off.

I walked into the Y and looked for the Martial Arts training area. I found it immediately and went in. As I came into the training area, I noticed that I knew no one here and that I was the smallest guy here. A mix of good and bad news but I guess it could be worse. I sat down with everyone else on the mats and waited for the instructor to come in. I didn’t have to wait long.

A smallish Asian man walked in and called for our attention. The man looked comically like Mister Miyagi from the Karate Kid movies but about 20 years younger. I could tell other kids could see the resemblance because I could hear laughter coming from behind me.

“ENOUGH!” the man said as loud as he could. Everyone jumped in surprise and the guys behind me stopped laughing.

“That is better,” he said with a smile, “My name is Yutaka Kawada and I will be instructor for this Tai Kwan Do class. From now on, you will either call me Sensei or Sensei Kawada. Do you understand?” he said

“YES SENSEI,” we all screamed in unison. The sensei nodded in approval.

“Good, now today we will talk about basic information about the class and maybe I will show you a few moves that you may master by the end of this summer. If you do decide to stay with Tai Kwan Do after the summer, then you will need to take classes in my dojo. I will hand out brochures later about the dojo. The reason why I mention this is because many of you think you will master this skill in a short time. But you will not. NO ONE will get a black belt by the end of the summer. It takes dedication and time to master Tai Kwan Do. So leave now if you decide that time is not an option and you cannot dedicate yourself to this skill,” the sensei said as he waited for anyone to leave. No one did so he continued, “Hmm... I see that you all will dedicate yourself to this skill. Let us hope this stays true through the summer. Now let us begin.”

The class was uneventful since he just talked the whole time. He didn’t even have time to show us any moves by the time the class ended but he did promise to show us today. So for the rest

of the week I had nothing to do except menial things and maybe the occasional videogame playing.

I'm kinda looking forward to the class, mostly because he's going to show us some moves.

Though that excitement was replaced by anxiety when I walking to the Y. I didn't make any friends during the last class so I had to walk class. I kinda panicked when I was about to reach Daniel's house and ran across as fast as I could without looking towards the house. Thankfully, Daniel either didn't notice me or he wasn't home. I survived for another day.

My thoughts were interrupted when the Sensei walked into the "dojo". Everyone grew silent when the Sensei stood in front of the class. Today, the Sensei was dressed in his instructor's uniform as was everyone else in the student version of the uniform.

"Welcome back everyone," the sensei said in a pleasant voice. He paused for second before continuing.

"As I promised yesterday, I will show you some moves that I will teach during the time we have here in summer. But before I do, I must stress on what I said yesterday. This skill is only for peaceful, self-defense purposes. This skill, if mastered, can be used in violent and evil ways. I cannot control my students after they leave the dojo but always I instill the values of peace and harmony in to my students before they leave. I always hope the lessons stays with the student. So mark my words, I will drill these concepts often into your heads. Now I will show you a move. Can I have a volunteer?" the sensei said.

Almost everyone raised their hand except for me and a handful of other students. The sensei looked around until he made eye contact with me.

"You, come up here," he said pointing at me.

I kind of gawked for a second before I stood up. I heard a couple of whispers as I walked up to the front. I blushed just a bit as I stood there next to the slightly taller sensei.

"Here is the first lesson. An attack can always be defended against and even turned against the attacker. Here, I will show you a simple move that may be mastered by the end of the session," the sensei said as he turned towards me, "So what is your name?"

"Keith," I whispered.

"Ok Keith, what I want you to do is to lunge at me as hard as you can. Don't worry about getting hurt, I will be gentle," he said to me with a warm smile. I nodded as I walked back, getting ready for my lunge. I didn't know what would happen and fear filled my head at the thoughts of what could happen. I shut my mind down and I concentrated at starting my lunge. I ran as fast as I could at the sensei. Then my world turned upside down. Next thing I know, I'm on the ground with the sensei's hand just inches away from my face, ready for attack. I gasped at the speed and strength of the attack. The sensei offered the same hand that was about to attack me. I took hold of his hand and stood up to face the sensei. He bowed slightly.

“Thank you student Keith, you may sit down now,” he said. As I went to sit down, the sensei whispered, “Good job Keith.”

As I sat down, I felt like crying and running away. I knew that I made an embarrassment of myself and now everyone thought I was a spazz despite what the Sensei said. Imagine my surprise when people actually congratulated me and said that I did a good try. Someone even patted me on my back. After that, the Sensei showed us a couple of awesome move on a couple of students. I came to notice a pattern after a while, that those who didn't raise their hands were the ones chosen. I guess I would raise my hand next time. I figured everyone else who didn't raise their hands would learn too as well.

We started practicing basic moves after the sensei finished. It took me a while but I got the hang of some of the basic moves. But almost everyone else seemed to have an easier job of learning the moves. I might have trouble later on in the class.

My fears came to pass after class when I passed Daniel's house. He was outside, hanging out with his crew. I almost passed out when I saw him and some of the other guys laughing and drinking to what looked like beer. But I held my head up and try to pass his house unnoticed. I thought it worked until I was about to leave the line of sight between me and Daniel. I turned around to see if it worked and I found Daniel looking straight at me from his porch. None of his friends noticed but Daniel certainly did. I saw an evil grin on his face as he grabbed his crotch in defiance. I gasped at the sight as I ran as fast as I could to my house. Luckily, he didn't chase me or do anything. I made it home without a hitch. I vowed that I would never go to class like that again.

I was walking to class. I had begged and pleaded with my mom to take me to class. I even confessed that Daniel lived on the way to the YMCA. After all that, my mom callously said I could defend myself with the stuff I had been learning at Mr. Kawada's class. After that I called every so called friend that I had for some help. Every one of them gave me an excuse that they couldn't help me. After exhausting every effort, I couldn't do anything. I was walking to class. I even tried to skip but my mom made sure I was on my way before she left for work. I left early though; with luck I could avoid any problems.

I hoped Daniel wasn't home or at least inside his house. The strap of my backpack seemed to restrict my breathing as neared his house. Then I saw him.

His house came into view, a smallish older house that fit with the working class neighborhood I was in. Then Daniel's frame came into view. He was sitting on the porch, working on some part from a car. He saw me immediately and came towards me. I panicked and froze.

Daniel is the polar opposite of me. He is really tall, almost 6 feet tall and has wiry blonde hair and light blue eyes. He is really muscled since he's a jock and is on the football and basketball

team. He is both popular and a troublemaking bully. Mostly he picks on nerds from the chess team but he started to pay special attention to me after a certain rumor surfaced.

“Hey Keith, how are you buddy?” Daniel said as he got to the sidewalk. I looked up to see a deceiving smile on Daniel’s face. Something bad was going to happen.

I just stood there as he waited for a response. I eventually found the courage and went along with the charade for the moment.

“I’m f f fine,” I stuttered.

“Good, good. I was hoping to see you again. I really need to talk to you about something. Do you mind if we talk inside?” Daniel said as he pushed me towards his house. I tried to step away but he was extremely insistent. So I resigned and went along to his house. I was pushed all the way through the open front door to his room.

“Oh by the way, my parents aren’t here so we will have *privacy*,” Daniel said as he closed and locked his door. I gulped at the hidden meaning behind the statement. There was a chance that Daniel just wanted a civil, private conversation but that chance is very slim.

“So,” Daniel paused, “I heard a really interesting rumor the other day about you at school. I just wanted to see for myself whether it’s true,”

Daniel roughly took my backpack off and threw it roughly towards his bed. He then pushed me down on to my knees. Then he waited.

During the pause, thoughts swirled around my head until I grew pale as I realized Daniel’s intentions. I looked up at Daniel. He was looking at me with the vilest smile I had ever seen. The look he gave me would have made even Jesus shiver. I knew the pause was not for my benefit. He had wanted to see the look on my face when I realized that I was going to be raped.

“This is going to be fun,” Daniel said as his two meaty hands grabbed my head. I tried to resist but Daniel was too strong. He pushed my head into his crotch and rubbed himself against my face. My nose was right in between his dick and his balls. I could smell his musky scent. I couldn’t help myself and started to get hard. Daniel’s dick started to grow underneath my face until it started to poke at my face. From what I could tell, it was at least 9 inches long. He moaned and continued to roughly rub my face into his dick until my face started hurting and he let me go.

“How do you like my big dick, faggot?” Daniel said as he looked down to me. He laughed as he saw the tent in my pants.

“I knew it, Faggot. Now you’re going to have real fucking treat. You’re going to suck my dick all nice and good. If you don’t, I’ll fuck your ass so hard until you bleed. Do you understand cocksucker?” Daniel said as he roughly hit my head with his right hand as to emphasize the point about fucking me. I nodded slowly.

“Now unzip my pants and get a taste of a man’s dick,” Daniel said as pulled his hands back and waited.

I really did not want this to be the first time I have sex with someone, especially if it’s with someone like Daniel. I struggled to find a way out as I unzipped his tight jeans. I tried to be slow and make time to think but Daniel hit my head again.

“Hurry up bitch,” Daniel said.

I finished unzipping him and pulled down his pants. He didn’t have any underwear on so his dick slapped my face as soon as I pulled his pants down. Daniel laughed as he grabbed his big fat dick and slapped me hard a few time with it.

“Give my balls a tongue bath before you suck my dick,” Daniel said after he finished slapping me. He pulled my face closer to his balls. His balls were really big; they were both the size of very large golf balls and hairless. I hesitated and I thought.

This was my first encounter with anyone’s penis and balls and I did not want it. The reality of rape really took away my desire to do anything of the sexual kind. The thought of sucking and licking Daniel’s organs makes me sick to my very core. I did not want him to get any pleasure from my pain. So I decided to follow one of the first lessons that I learned from Sensei Kawada. He had said that one must exploit the weaknesses of you enemy in order to persevere and get out of danger. Study you enemy and attack with aimed precision. So I reacted with precision. I had my enemy’s weakness right in front of me.

Everything seemed to go into slow motion and every one of my senses was on fire. I saw Daniel’s hand going down for a hit on my head in slow motion. I pulled my head back as hard as I could. Daniel missed my head by millimeters. I then saw the surprise in Daniel’s eyes as my head came forward with lighting speed. Daniel tried to react but it was too late.

“My head and neck is going to definitely hurt after this” was my last thought before my forehead connected with the soft tissue of Daniel’s dick. My momentum could not be stopped and I continued through his balls and other tissue until I hit the Pubic bone. I felt and heard a few snaps of tissue as Daniel collapsed on the floor in writhing pain. For me, my head felt like I had just tackled the side of a truck but I recovered much faster than Daniel did.

“I going to fucking kill you,” Daniel screamed as I stood up and unlocked the bedroom door. I ran out of the room and the house as fast as I could. Moments later I was on the sidewalk running to the Y with my adrenaline pumping and with screams behind me.