

The following is fiction, as much as I wish it wasn't. It contains sex between two consenting minors. If you're not old enough to read this then I'd like, go away. This is my story too, so you can't steal it or I'll sic my team of single-female-power-lesbian-lawyers on your ass. And I know I'm forgetting other crap too, so whatever it is applies too.

Also, although this *is* a sex story, I don't get into right away. I'm a character builder so expect my characters to bump nasties near the end. Also, they perform unprotected sex which I *do not* recommend unless in a fantasy setting such as this.

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Is it so much to ask for JockxGeek story around here?

Seriously, sheesh!

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The Best They Can  
By Eric Wythe

It was pitch dark out now; the only light was coming from the moon above my head. The warm early summer breezing was caressing the bare skin of my forearms the same way he would. But the breeze never gave me goosebumps. I pushed my glasses up the bridge of my nose and swiped my mousy brown bangs out of the view of my eyes.

The old wooden bleachers creaked and groaned from the slight push of the breeze. I leaned my head back on the metal supports of them and let out a small sigh. The quiet was pleasant after the ruckus of the usual camaraderie that he does when he wins a game. These bleachers are where we first met, when they still held games at the field next to it. They continue to be our favorite meeting spot.

His car was parked nearby, its black sheen glistened in the moonlight the same way his black hair does. I've been here for almost an hour since the game ended. I'd be pissed if it was cold out, but the tranquility of the moment was not lost on me. I wonder what he's still doing in there. Is the coach giving them all one of his famous long-winded speeches? Is he having fun with his friends? Could he be having sex with other guys?

Maybe. Probably. I get horny too, him more so than me though.

My friend Hannah once asked that if he was having sex with other people, if it would bother me.

I told her no.

If he keeps coming back to me, I must be more to him than another willing fuck. She calls me naïve, but I just call her unobservant. He's romantic to me; he holds me and touches me. He kisses me and sets fire to my skin with a mere passing glance of his smoldering green eyes. And he does it all under the watchful gaze of his peers. If he does

have sex with other guys, then it doesn't bother me. Because I know I'm the only one he would do those things for.

And as long as he saves some for me, then I just outright don't give a shit.

"Yo!" He shouted, breaking me out of my reverie.

He didn't change into much, just tossed on some gym shorts that waved in the wake of his arrogant swagger, a white shirt that looked a bit tight on him and he wore his letter jacket too, which covered up most of his large torso. His gym bag was slung over his shoulder; by his arm holding the straps. They forced his bicep into a flex that threatened to rip his jacket.

"Hey Jack," I said as I walked over to him, "you were great out there."

"Yeah, I know." He stated shamelessly in his southern drawl. "Just wish everyone was as awesome. I hate havin' to fucking carry all those losers on my back."

I smiled a little at his ego, staring up at his towering figure and at his square jaw and chiseled features; he saw my little smirk and narrowed his eyes at me. He swiped his arm around my waist and tugged me closer into his chest. He still smelled of sweat and wet grass.

"What're you smilin' at Dillon?"

I laughed and shook my head, "You know I'm probably the only person in the world who finds your arrogance charming."

"Yeah." He said curtly.

Then he bent his head forward and staked his possession onto me. He ravaged my mouth with his own, roughly shoving his tongue into my mouth, fighting with my mine. It was clear his tongue was to be the victor, to be honest though I didn't put up much of a fight.

I like it when he wins.

We parted for air and I laid my head his chest as he let in a deep breath. His muscles tensed up with the intake of air and squeezed me closer to him. He let out a loud groan.

"I'm horny." He stated.

"No kidding?" I quipped.

He took me seriously, "I never kid with you babe."

I laughed and looked up to him, “So what’re we doing then?”

“Whatever I please!” He shouted.

I laughed again and he started pushing us over to the car. He let go of me and unlocked my side of the car and held the door open.

Jacky grew up in Texas and only moved to California a few years ago. He’s mostly arrogance personified, but to me he’s a pure southern gentleman. I always blush when he does shit like this. I’m not used to any sort of special treatment from anyone, and even after being together for a couple years I’m still not used to it from him.

I muttered a “Thank you” as he held open the door for me and waited until I got situated before he closed the door and trotted over to his side. He tossed his bag into the back seat and jumped into the driver’s side. He leaned over and kissed me again before slipping in the key and firing up his old muscle car.

“So what’s ‘Whatever you please’ going to be tonight?”

He grinned, “I’m a bit hungry, I reckon’ we could get a couple chilly dogs then hit my place so I can fuck you until the sun comes out.”

I laughed again, “You have such a way with words Jacky.”

We stopped at a red light, and he leaned over to me, “I know.” He whispered huskily into my ear his hot breath sending a shiver up my spine.

I melted on the spot.

And he knew it.

He pulled us into the only little burger joint our backwoods town had. He quickly got out because he knew if he didn’t act, I would actually do something for myself for once in our relationship. It’s not that I don’t like it when he pulls doors open for me, pulls my chair up for me, or any of that other crap, I just feel bad about it because I feel like I’m being a burden on him.

He already has to periodically keep me safe from other jocks because I have habit of back-talking to morons. He has to put up with my sarcasm and cynicism, and my general introverted weirdness. He has to be patient with me for sometimes hours on end when I close myself up in my room doing anything I can to make my college applications look better.

I fucking hate being smart... most of the time at least.

While Jack is just... everything I can't be. He's confident, he does what he loves and he'll probably be doing it for most of life. He's sweet and romantic, he amazingly found a way to win over my parents, he's that instinctive leader that everyone looks up to and idolizes. He's not really the sharpest tool, but he applies himself and it shows. He can keep the perfect balance of his social life while giving me attention. He's really goofy and funny in his own arrogant way. He can make me laugh just from being himself. I don't understand what he sees in a painfully average looking guy like me. He could do so much better, and-

"Stop thinking." He ordered as he shoved a chilly-dog in my direction.

... And he knows me better than I know myself.

I took the gut-bomb out of his hand, "Sorry." I said.

I looked around and realized I must have followed him out of the car. I was sitting on its hood now. I guess I was too lost in my self-deprecation to pay attention.

"Wish you'd stop that." He said, "You think too lowly of yourself."

I gave him a curious look, "How do you know what I'm thinking?"

He rolled his eyes at me, "Because I know you! It's always the same 'Oh woe is me! I'm not good enough for him' shit."

I blushed bowed my head. I love it and hate it when he does that.

"If I say you're good enough for me then you are." He boasted. He puffed out his chest and smacked his fist to it, making a loud thud.

A small smile crept over my face as I watched him from the corner of my eye.

"There it is!" He exclaimed, "There's that smile. C'mon baby, if you smiled like into the mirror maybe you wouldn't think so badly about yourself." He brought his hand up to me and cupped my chin. He turned my head so I'd be looking straight into his eyes.

His rugged face changed to a serious expression.

"You're beautiful to me, y'know that Dillon?"

My stomach dropped, my heart started beating loudly and my throat tightened.

My pants did too.

I nodded, unable to find my voice.

He gave me a warm smile.

“Good.” His hand dropped from my chin. “You gonna finish that?” He asked, motioning to my dog.

I shook my head and held out my hand for him to take it.

He snatched it up and quickly scarfed it down.

He hopped off the hood and grabbed my hand and led me back to my side of the car. We were on the road again, heading over to his house.

Jack’s parents are by no means wealthy. They moved here because his dad got offered a better job than the bottom-feeding position he had back in his old town. They did manage me make a nice home life though, with a modest ranch house in the more sub-urbany type part of town. His parents are really supportive of Jack, but they haven’t been around much as of late. They actually asked me personally to spend more time with him because they were afraid of him getting lonely.

I’ve been largely ignored by my parents most of my life so this astounded me.

He pulled into his car-port and escorted me inside, holding me to him the entire time. As we got closer to his bedroom he decided to cut to the chase and began unbuttoning my shirt. His dick started to rise in his shorts as his calloused hands felt around my body.

He pushed open the door to his room, and then pushed me onto the bed. I landed face first onto his huge king-sized mattress. He jumped on me, pulled off the rest of my shirt and then pulled off his.

His body was nothing short of godlike. His chest was wide and deep, with an even amount of soft hair trickled throughout its expanse. His arms were corded and thick, and danced at the slightest touch or movement. Each abdominal was so defined they could have had their own personalities. His thick treasure trail circled around his navel.

He gently stroked my chest as I simply admired his body with the lust growing deep in my gut and glowing from my eyes. His hands found mine and he laced our fingers together. He brought my hands above my head and let go. He pinned down both of them easily with just one of his huge mitts. He used his free hand to lazily trail down to my pants button.

The button unclamped with the satisfying snap. The fire in his eyes burned brighter as he slowly pulled off my pants, revealing my entirety. I whimpered as he began stroking the inside of my thighs, getting dangerously close to my ass.

His hand glided over my thigh and onto my stomach, he padded it lightly and I looked up into his eyes again. He had that serious look on his face again.

“I love you Dillon.”

My stomach sank again.

My eyebrows raised and a wide smile danced its way on my lips.

I let out a small laugh.

“I always thought I’d be the first to say it.”

He shook his head, and stated “This is me yer’ talkin’ too.”

I laughed again, “I know, I should’ve known better.”

He bent down and placed his lips over mine and caressed me again with his hands. Everywhere he touched I could feel even after his hands had left. They left fire and passion in their wake. I felt Jack’s searing hot dick smack against my leg as he began to thrust himself against my leg. Jack sat up for a minute to grab the lube out of his drawer. Jack’s intimidating monster protruded proudly away from his body, as if to point that by itself was a formidable object, long, thick and strong. But paired with Jack himself, became the epitome of human masculinity and virility.

“Be careful,” I asked with quivering breath, “Just because I’ve taken you like... a billion times doesn’t mean that monster doesn-“ Jack interrupted me by inserting two of his thick lubed up fingers into me. I let out a small whimper and he began to stroke the inside of my thighs again. He usually just goes one at a time, “T-two?” I stuttered.

“Shh...” Was all I got out of him.

I guess I’m talking too much again.

“Stop thinking.” He growled.

“Sorry.” I whimpered as began to insert another finger.

I just put my head back and let the sensation of his long, thick fingers exploring me take over. He massaged me and loosened me; I was writhing under his weight, as he held my arms above me again. I felt completely at his mercy and I relished every second of it. Just when I felt my climax rear its head, Jack abruptly pulled out his fingers and leaned over me more.

His lips touched mine; he began to kiss me hard as an attempt to distract me from the searing pain of his entry. I let out a strangled cry into his mouth and he held me firmly in place as he once again, filled every part of me.

I belong to him.

And he knew it.

It felt like his entry split me in two, and it didn't get much better as he slowly pushed himself inside of me. By the time he bottomed out, it felt like his dick had rearranged my organs and everything was pushed up just to make room for him. It was throbbing, dripping, searing hot and unapologetic. I felt every throb course through my body, and the little tiny movements he made my body twitch and burn in the most sensational way. We just lied there for god knows how long, me relishing in the full feeling he gave me, and him the way I fit snugly around him.

He was sweating and breathing hard, in an attempt to control himself. I put my hand on his thick arm, to encourage him to continue. He got the hint and let out a quick breath of relief as he slowly began to pump in and out of me.

“Gonna fuck you just like this.” He stated, “Just like this until the roosters crow.”

I let out another whimper as he tortured me with his slow movements. I writhed and moaned and attempted to break free of him to find some way to make him speed up. But he was far too strong and held me in place as he slowly withdrew and reentered me again and again. It felt like he was sticking a telephone pole up me, it was like every inch compactly stuffed inside me was a foot long in itself. It felt like it went on for days. I lost all track of time and far too constrained to think of anything but the hysteric amount of pleasure he was drilling into me.

I was going insane; the build up was driving me to new heights of desperate as I began to beg him to speed up even in the slightest. He just chuckled and went right back to fucking me. He seemed to enjoy every curse, every slur, and every threat I threw at him. He just chuckled and went back to work.

It's always about his pleasure.

And I knew it.

I came, and then came again, and that did nothing to stop him. He just kept driving away. Moaning and groaning with the occasional unintelligible comment. I kept writhing and screaming, the cum drying on my skin.

I had no idea he could go this long. I didn't think he had the restraint.

He bent down and found my lips again; his kiss was desperate and powerful. Leaving me trembling as he let out his last, hard strokes before he swelled impossibly larger and spewed out huge torrents of cum inside me, his loads are usually huge, but this was colossal. His cum burned through me, leaving my insides in the intense pleasure of something hotter than his cock. I felt every spurt, every shot as if it were in slow motion, it filled me, expanded me, it dripped out of me and he kept going. His cum liquefied my insides, leaving me a melted puddle on the bed.

When his orgasm finally came to a dribbling conclusion he collapsed on top of me. His dick still buried deep in my confines, occasionally letting out a small jet of whatever was left in his huge balls. He gathered me in his arms and held me close. With sleepy eyes he dragged them over to his side-table, and gave me a smug little smirk.

I looked over to the clock, and my eyes went wide. It was fucking impossible! He... the clock... it was fucking 6 am! I looked over to him with astonishment written across my face, and he just let his head drop into the crook of my neck. Not seconds later he began to snore softly into my neck and tighten his hold on me.

I just sat there, with a bewildered look plastered onto my face. The psychological requirements to even go an hour... Jesus, where did I find this guy? Why did I underestimate the scale of determination this jock seemed to have. Is his competitive drive that strong? Even for his self-placed goals? What limits is he willing to push himself just to see what-

“Stop thinking.” He mumbled.

I looked at Jack’s face, he was still sound asleep.

“Sorry.” I whispered.

I leaned my head against his, and closed my eyes, realizing just how tired I actually was. One thing was for sure; when we woke up I’m going to be doing some experimentation.

The sun was cutting into the room through the window above his bed. His snoring was a white-noise for me and I felt myself drifting off to whatever dream Jack had in store for us.

Maybe I won’t even bother. I should just let this incredible guy just be himself and be damned with whatever inhuman capabilities he has. I think we’d be happier that way.

That sure was one mind-blowing fuck.

And the whole neighborhood probably knew it.

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And there we go. I just whipped this up for no real reason. It was mainly inspired by the John Mellencamp song '*Jack and Diane*' so like, yeah. Dillon is basically a male version of Diane.

If you liked this then you might enjoy an essentially adult version of Jack and Dillon in my other story '*Our Place in the World*' which can be found here:

<http://nifty.guiltygroups.com/nifty/gay/relationships/our-place-in-the-world/>

Not the same characters, but the dynamic is basically the same.

If you enjoyed this or didn't for whatever reason email me at [eric.wythe@gmail.com](mailto:eric.wythe@gmail.com)