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Return of the Angry Boy 2

Brad's boredom was broken, as the secretary entered with the donut boxes. He'd been idly examining the new kid across the circle, as the losers droned on in turn. He never had anything of his own to say, but would join in with quick quips, as much as he thought he could get away with. It was really the only form of entertainment for him at the meetings.

Brad listened, as the donuts were set out on the table behind him. Typically, he'd wait for Emmett to offer them to the group, and then wonder who would be the first to get up. He knew most of the kids were fearful of him, and they'd let him go first. Today, though, he wanted to set the tone with this new kid and, so, got up to get a couple right away.

"Yes, well, let's get the donuts now, and then you can carry on Julie," Emmett said, exasperated with Brad's lack of respect.

The other kids were up in short order, but the new kid didn't come over; he stood next to Emmett, although he didn't appear to be talking to the man. Brad wanted the kid to come over, and then, at least, there would be a chance of a casual introduction. He fought to think of a reason to go over and ask Emmett something, but when he couldn't, he decided that it would be best if the kid came to him. He was strangely aroused by the hot stranger, but now he was starting to lower his expectations. Brad figured that he was likely one of those stuck up rich kids, by the way he dressed, probably sent to the group by his concerned parents, who found gay porn on his computer, or something. As he retook his seat, Brad thought that the kid would likely not want to hang out with him anyway, and probably had a small dick, with all the steroids he must be taking to get such a buff body.

The second hour was just as boring for Brad. His only surprise was when Emmett called on him.

"Brad, do you have anything you want to talk about?" The queen tried encouragingly.

"Naw, I'm good," Brad replied confidently.

As the meeting finally ended, Brad made for the door; there seemed little point in waiting any more for the buff boy to come over. Knowing that he had some distance to travel, he made a snap decision to go to the restroom, and turned abruptly down the hall. He made his way casually down the hall and into the restroom. When he got to the urinal, he took out his semi hard cock. Waiting for a few moments, he finally began to piss, and sighed in relief, when suddenly someone appeared at the urinal next to him. It was the new kid,

and he'd picked the urinal right next to his, even though several others were available. Brad was annoyed that the kid hadn't left one between them.

"Are all meetings this boring?" the boy asked, as he started pissing.

"Yeah, pretty much," Brad answered casually.

"I'm Mark," the freckled boy introduced himself.

"Brad," he answered, trying to sound disinterested, as he evaluated his new friend.

"You got a nice one there," Mark said, as he leaned over slightly, watching Brad put his still semi hard cock back into his pants.

"Dude! You checking me out?" Brad asked aggressively, as he turned to face Mark.

"Yeah," Mark laughed. "You were checking me out all meeting long."

"Wasn't!" Brad spat.

"Yeah, you were," Mark said, as he flopped his own cock around provocatively, before putting it away. Brad estimated it might be close to the six-incher he had, but was nowhere near as thick as Keith's meat.

Brad pushed Mark's shoulder in a display of dominance, as he stood directly in front of the slightly smaller teen. There was no way that he could just ignore Mark's accusation, despite the fact that it was true. Mark smiled, then gripped both of Brad's wrists and put them together. Before he realized what was happening, Brad found himself pushed backwards into a restroom stall by the surprisingly strong strawberry blond.

He'd been bullied before, but not for a long time, and Brad certainly wasn't going to get his head pushed into a toilet without a fight. He found himself facing a smiling Mark, who'd closed the stall behind him. Brad prepared for his counter attack, as the other teen grabbed his shorts.

"Let's see it up close," Mark said, licking his lips suggestively as he knelt down.

"Here?" Brad questioned in shock.

Before Mark could answer, someone came into the restroom. He flushed the toilet, and left the stall immediately. Brad sat on the toilet and waited for what he figured was a reasonable amount of time, then left to find the restroom deserted. Brad's confidence returned, as the crisis ended. He figured the pretty boy must have wet himself and run off, but, as he exited, he found Mark standing in the hall, idly examining some article on the wall.

“Wasn’t that was exciting!” Mark said with a big smile.

“No,” Brad said casually, as he turned and headed for the exit.

“We can go to my place, if you want,” Mark offered, as he hoped his lanky new friend would join him. He hadn’t had a boyfriend since he’d moved back to the city, and this bad boy seemed to have enough between his legs to do the job.

“No one’s there?” Brad asked, as he considered the suggestion. He certainly wanted to fool around with Mark, but he didn’t know anything about him or his home situation.

“Not ‘til dinner; I’d have to ask my dad if I can, but it’s not a problem,” Mark noted, as he displayed his big smile again.

“You ask your dad if you can have guys over for sex?” Brad said, thinking this prissy little shit would likely need to sneak him in through a window or something.

“Come on,” Mark said in a giddy tone, as he took Brad by the arm and led him back into the meeting room.

Emmett was standing near the front of the room talking to a girl when the boy’s approached. Mark stood next to the man, but Brad stood back slightly, as he assumed Mark needed to say goodbye, as any stupid good boy would.

“Emmmmm,” Mark said in a tone far too childish for Brad’s liking.

“Yes, Marky?” Emmett said, as he turned to face the boy.

“Can Brad come over?” he asked, with a big grin.

“I didn’t know you and Brad were friends.” Emmett hedged, as he considered what having his group misfit hanging out with his son would mean. He had some hope that being with someone as outgoing as Mark, might pull Brad out of his shell, but he also considered that Mark had been fairly impressionable in the past.

“We met in the restroom,” Mark said, as he shifted his body nervously.

“Shocking!” Emmett said sarcastically. “Fine; go; just remember that Ted’s home at six,” he sighed.

“Thanks, Emm,” Mark said, before whirling about and bumping his body against Brad’s
Brad stepped back, and then turned to leave. As the two exited the building, Brad asked,

“Emmett’s your dad?”

“Yeah, he’s a great guy,” Mark replied honestly.

“So he knows we’re going back to your place to....” Brad asked

“Fuck. Yeah, I’m sure he knows,” Mark said, as he took his new friend’s hand.

“What are you doing?” Brad said angrily, as he pulled his hand out of Mark’s grip.

“It’s ok; other guys hold hands down here,” Mark said cheerfully, but he was disappointed that Brad had reacted so badly.

“Well, not me,” Brad confirmed, as he considered that his new jock friend was surprisingly queer. He knew he was gay, but he was shocked at how ‘out’ this kid really was.

Brad half listened as Mark blathered on about his life. They walked the short distance to a condo building, when Brad realized that he hadn’t even asked where his new friend lived. He was somewhat embarrassed when they entered the upscale lobby. It was becoming obvious that Mark was from a wealthy family, and Brad knew that if the giddy boy next to him found out about his past, it would all be over rather quickly.

“What school do you go to?” Mark asked, as he pressed the button for the penthouse level.

“Xavier,” Brad replied, shortening the name of the high school.

“Me, too!” Mark said excitedly. “I’ve never seen you there.”

“I moved, so it’s my first year. I’ll be in grade 11,” Brad replied, trying to display a quiet confidence that he didn’t really feel.

“I’m in 11, too. Awesome!” Mark replied, thinking he’d finally have a gay friend at school.

“I thought you might be younger than me,” Brad stated, as they reached the top floor.

“I’m so cute, I know,” Mark said with a big smile, “but I am sixteen.”

Mark grabbed Brad’s hand, and pulled him towards the apartment door. There was no one in the hall, so Brad didn’t resist the silly affectionate gesture. Once inside the apartment, Brad was blown away by the sheer opulence of the unit. He followed Mark down the hallway into the open concept living / dinning area. It was a corner unit with floor to ceiling windows, providing a fantastic view of the city below.

“Fuck!” Brad muttered in amazement, as he stood staring out the windows.

“Soon,” Mark replied, hoping that Brad got his suggestion. It had been quite some time since he’d had anything other than a quick blow job. He wasn’t overly selective, but most of the older guys at school ignored him; even the ones he figured were gay.

“Must be a lot of cash in the pet store business,” Brad noted, as he recalled their conversation on the way over. He turned, to find Mark behind the kitchen bar making something in the blender.

“Emm does ok running the pet place, but it’s Ted’s condo; he’s a stock guy,” Mark explained.

“He’s your dad’s boyfriend?” Brad confirmed.

“Ted’s actually the one that adopted me when my mom died,” Mark said, as he poured each of them a glass of the concoction from the blender.

“What’s this?” Brad asked, as the glass was offered.

“It’s a banana power shake,” Mark replied. “So what’s your story?” he asked.

Brad hadn’t really prepared a story to tell, but he knew that the truth would make him seem like trash to the boy wearing the Abercrombe T-shirt.

“I live with my uncle,” Brad replied, as he tried to sound casual. He justified it as a half lie to someone he’d just met.

Mark let the issue drop, assuming Brad to be a private person, as he certainly hadn’t volunteered anything. Once they’d finished the protein shakes, Mark took Brad by the hand and led him upstairs.

“I’ve never seen a two floor apartment before,” Brad noted, as he considered the condo must be larger than Keith’s entire townhouse.

“Bathroom,” Mark said, as he nudged the door open slightly. “Ted and Emm’s room,” he pointed across to a closed door. “My room,” he said with an excited flourish, as they continued down the hall.

Brad examined the room, and tried not to show how impressed he was. He caught himself getting angry again; this kid had everything.

“You got a MacBook,” he noted.

“Yeah, it’s an older one; I’m pushing to get a new one for Christmas,” Mark responded nonchalantly.

Brad turned, to discover that his friend was now shirtless. The strawberry blond was the epitome of a teen athlete. While he didn't look like a body builder, he was fit - right down to his abs, with his freckles extending down onto his chest, but dissipating as they reached his flat belly.

"You must work out," Brad noted, as he felt somewhat inadequate.

"A bit; I swim a lot," Mark replied, as his yanked his pants down to display his equally firm thighs. "So, you going to start stripping or what?" Mark asked, as Brad just stared.

Brad pulled off his clothes quickly, going one further than Mark, to stand naked in his new friend's bedroom. Mark immediately joined him, as he pulled his boxers down, and then stepped out of them. He was close enough, as a result, to be able to pull Brad towards him and squeeze their bodies together. Brad was instantly hard, and he could feel that Mark was, too, as he returned his new friend's embrace.

Mark knelt down and started licking Brad's cock. Brad moaned softly, to let the other teen know that he was enjoying it. He allowed Mark to guide him to the edge of the bed, and then laid down. Mark was soon taking Brad's entire cock into his throat, and, while he gagged a couple of times, the redhead didn't break his rhythm. Brad found the feeling wonderful! Keith was ok at sucking cock, but Mark was clearly in a league of his own, slurping the cock right down to the pubes.

"Fuck, yeah, fucking suck it bitch!" Brad moaned, as Mark brought him to the edge of orgasm.

Brad felt a hand cover his mouth as his sex fiend continued to slurp. The message was clear, 'shut up, Brad!' and so he complied. He pushed his hips up, seeking to release himself into the boy's mouth, as he ripped the hand away from his face. Brad groaned as he unloaded; and Mark swallowed expertly, as he continued to suck. Finally, Brad could take no more.

"Ok, stop, stop!" he ordered, as he reached for Mark's head.

"Like that?" Mark asked, as he smiled.

"Fuck, yeah!" Brad replied.

Mark got up on the bed and straddled his supine friend. He pushed a pillow behind the willing teen's head, and then pushed his cock up to Brad's lips. Brad knew that he couldn't repeat what Mark had done, but he was willing to try. He tried to relax, as he was mouth fucked by his friend. Mark was patient, and eased his motions when Brad gagged. It wasn't the cock sucking he'd given, but Mark was definitely enjoying himself.

Surprisingly, Mark withdrew without coming, and lay on top of the taller teen. Suddenly, Brad felt Mark's tongue enter his mouth, as they lay together. Brad wasn't one for

kissing, so he turned his head to the side; but Mark used his strength to push the boy's head back, and said,

"Fucking kiss me bitch!" in return for Brad's comment earlier.

Brad relented, and the tongue wrestling began; yet, it was clearly more for Mark than himself. Eventually, Mark disengaged and lay with his head on Brad's chest.

"You going to fuck me now?" he asked, without lifting his head.

Brad wasn't sure how to answer; he'd never really done it before. He was always the bottom, but now, he had a cock big enough to top, and he did want to try it. Brad figured it would be with someone younger; perhaps his former roommate, Trevor, from the group home, would have been a candidate. Now that he was actually going to do it, he wondered if he could live up to Mark's experienced expectations.

"You have a condom?" Brad hedged.

"Of course!" Mark replied, as he lifted himself up on his powerful arms. He rolled off his friend and reached for the night table drawer. Mark triumphantly displayed a row of condoms and lube, and quickly checked the expiry date on them, as it had been a while since he'd had the chance to use them.

Mark found that Brad was erect again as he unwrapped a condom and slipped it on his buddy's cock. He estimated it to be more than six inches, and thicker than his past teenage intruders, but nothing that he couldn't handle. He smeared lube over the cock, and then into his own hole.

"I'll sit on it first," Mark announced, as he pointed his ass toward Brad.

Brad was relieved that Mark was going to deal with the initial penetration; it would save him from being the cause of any pain. Before he realized what was happening, Mark sat down and enveloped his cock right to the hilt, in one quick motion.

"Hmmmm," Mark moaned in satisfaction. It felt so good to have a cock in his ass again. He began to bounce on it, feeling his prostate rubbing against the hard meat inside him.

"You're fucking amazing!" Brad extolled unexpectedly. He hadn't expected that Mark would be both so tight around his cock, and yet so readily able to take it all.

"Ok, give it to me big man!" Mark said lustily, as he got up and moved onto the bed.

Brad, emboldened by the compliment, quickly moved in behind his friend, and entered doggy style. He surprised himself by pounding uncontrollably into the tight hole. Mark was moaning the entire time, but didn't ask him to slow down. Brad stopped himself

from cumming, as he remembered how he liked to get fucked. He slapped in with deep hard thrusts.

“Fuck, I’m close!” Brad warned.

Mark gripped his cock, and started pulling, as he pushed back on each thrust that he was given.

“Faster … faster!” Mark urged, and then let out a low growling noise that made Brad wonder what he sounded like during orgasm.

Brad gave the boy another thirty seconds of rapid fucking, before he involuntarily shot his load. He snapped his head back as he filled the condom, and then collapsed down on top of Mark.

He lay there, catching his breath, as he evaluated his first real attempt at topping. He seemed to satisfy his bottom, which brought him an unusual sense of satisfaction, in of itself, and he really liked the power position. Brad eased himself out of Mark’s hole, and rolled over to lie beside the athletic bottom boy. As he rested from their coupling, Brad thought that this was something he’d certainly be into repeating.