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Return of the Angry Boy 4

Brad woke earlier than usual for a Saturday, but today he had a reason to get up. He really didn't care about some stupid movie, but he was looking forward to seeing Mark again. Brad found the action films somewhat exciting, but for the most part, films were just a sappy fantasy of how things should be; not a reflection of how things happened in the real world. He'd slept in his own bed last night, which wasn't totally unusual, but certainly bucked the summer trend of being beside Keith all night. For a moment, Brad was disoriented; then he was quickly out into the hallway, heading for the bathroom, with his member swinging between his legs. He thought nothing of being naked; it was certainly convenient and, despite the man's subtle complaints, he was sure that Keith secretly enjoyed it. Once into the shower, Brad's thoughts turned to Mark. He'd never met a boy quite like him - strong, smart, and yet submissive. He questioned why such a pretty boy would want him; surely there would be lots of gay jocks ready to fuck that cute ass. He just hoped that he would get another chance to top him later in the day.

"I need fifty bucks," Brad announced, as he approached Keith in the hallway.

Keith noticed that his Adonis was trundling around naked again, but he figured commenting on it would do little good, and, in fact might be having the opposite effect when he did.

"What happened to your money?" Keith asked, already suspecting the answer. Brad tended to live hand to mouth, rarely saving anything.

"It's the end of month; I spent it all," Brad snapped, angry that Keith was even questioning him about it.

"So this will be a good a lesson then," Keith responded parentally.

"So you make me go to this circle jerk, and then when I find a friend, you're going to fuck me over?" Brad challenged.

"Well, if you asked me nicely, I'd loan you the money," Keith countered with a sigh.

"Whatever," Brad dismissed, as he strolled into his room.

Keith watched the slim boy's wonderful ass as he walked away. The man had thoughts of following the boy. He had a sudden urge to jump the kid, and fuck his brains out; that would likely change the angry boy's mood, but he knew that Brad wasn't keen on him being aggressive. It was Brad that set the schedule for their couplings.

Brad bounded down the stairs into the living room, where Keith was watching television. The young man was dressed in tight jeans and a graphic T-shirt, a far cry from the comfort wear that the boy normally put on. It was obvious that Brad was excited and out to impress someone. Keith hoped that if this other boy was able to get Brad to take an interest in the way he appeared, he might also be able to modify his behaviour, even if only slightly.

“You going to loan me some money?” Brad demanded with his hand out.

“I’ll give you twenty if you say please,” Keith replied.

Brad sighed before speaking.

“Please give me forty fucking dollars, so that I can take this fucking kid to the movies,” he completed with a smirk.

It was Keith’s turn to sigh; he knew that everything with Brad was complicated. The boy did as he was asked, but just had to add all the swearing just to show that he wasn’t really cooperating or, more likely from his perspective, giving in.

“Thirty; take it or leave it,” Keith said, as he produced the money.

Brad snatched the bills and made for the door. He’d rather hoped that Keith would have just given him the money, but at least he wouldn’t be showing up without any, like some lame loser.

Keith’s afternoon was quiet, without Brad around. He had some house work to do, but otherwise, it would be a lazy day. He hoped that with a new friend for Brad, there would be some balance in his life, as he was feeling as though his sole purpose was to support Brad’s every demand.

The afternoon’s peace was broken by the door bell. He made his way to the door, expecting to see off some sales person, unless of course it was a cute boy selling overpriced chocolates for something to do with school.

Keith was surprised to see young Mathew standing shirtless in the doorway. The skinny skater was a wonderful surprise, but Keith wondered what would bring the kid to his door for the first time.

“Hi, Keith, can I use your bathroom? I don’t have my key, and my mom’s not home,” the little angel spat out quickly, with all the words running together.

“Yes, of course, right here.” Keith directed the boy into his powder room, as he took the opportunity to brush his guiding hand along the boy’s bare back. The tanned skin was wonderfully soft to the touch.

Keith stepped back as the boy yanked his shorts down and whipped out his penis. The flow started immediately, as the man stood mesmerized. Keith stared at the bare ass presented to him. The pair of firm white mounds were quite a contrast to the otherwise tanned body. Keith assumed that the boy was so desperate to go, that he thought nothing of standing there pissing, with his shorts down and the door wide open. Mathew stepped to the side a bit, presenting Keith with a view of the now dribbling cock. While the man wasn't really into watching someone piss, he did enjoy the view of the kid's ass, and now his little cock. There was a small pubic bush surrounding the young twig, but it was nowhere near the forest that Bradley now sported between his legs. In some ways, Keith lamented that Brad was growing up; he was certainly still a boy, but the signs of manhood were distinct.

Keith turned away, trying to appear disinterested, but he was sure that the boy had caught him looking. He was certain that there was a little smile, as the young eyes locked onto him. It was likely just relief at being able to drain his bladder, but Keith wondered if the boy was flirting with him, or was just an innocent tease.

When Keith looked again, the boy's shorts were back up, and he was washing his hands. The distance and angle blocked Keith's view when the boy wasn't standing directly in front of the toilet, but he could just see a bit of the boy's rear.

Suddenly, Mathew stepped out of the bathroom and faced Keith.

"Is Brad home?" Mathew asked, as he shifted his head to look past Keith into the living room.

"No, he's out for the day," Keith replied, as he wondered why the boy would ask about Brad; he certainly wasn't friendly toward the little skater.

"It's really hot out," Mathew noted, as though he ignored Keith's response.

"Would you like something to drink?" Keith offered, hoping to keep the beauty in his house a while longer.

"Yes, please," the boy replied with a smile.

Keith was happy with himself that he'd guessed what the boy wanted. Mathew followed the man into the kitchen, without invitation. Keith was pleased that Mathew felt comfortable enough to do so, as he poured the boy a large glass of water and handed it to him.

"My mom sometimes rubs an ice cube on my back; cools me right down," Mathew advised, as he took the glass.

As if reading the man's expression, Mathew turned around to present his bare back to Keith. No further invitation was required, as Keith snapped an ice cube out and slowly

moved it around the boy's shoulders. The melting ice water dripped down the tanned back, forming rivulets. Keith was excited by the activity; he wanted this little tease, and he wanted him right now. The man placed his hand down in the small of the boy's back, and gently pulled on his waist band, allowing the cold water to trickle down the kid's ass. Mathew stepped forward, immediately breaking their contact. He smiled, and announced, "I have to go now," and then proceeded to the door.

Keith considered what had just happened: was Mathew really flirting? Either way, he'd made his move too soon.

It seemed as though Mathew had just left, when the door bell rang again. Keith figured the kid must have forgotten something, although he couldn't think of anything that the shirtless boy had brought with him. He opened the door to find a woman police officer in front of him. He was surprised, at first, to find a woman cop, alone, at the door, when he noticed that her vest said 'Parking Enforcement'.

"Hey, I just saw Mathew come out of your house," she announced gruffly. Keith recalled that Mathew had told him his mother worked for the city, and so he assumed the meter maid before him was the boy's mother. His mind raced as he considered how he might counter anything Mathew might have told her.

"Thanks for letting him use your toilet; the goof's always forgetting shit. First time he's left his key at school; guess we're back to the 'string around the neck system'." She expressed her off-handed gratitude in an authoritative voice, something that Keith imagined she'd developed from her work.

"My pleasure. I'm Keith, Bradley's uncle," he greeted, as he perpetuated the myth about his relationship with Brad. Even if they lived in the gay village, he imagined that there wouldn't be much acceptance of Brad as his partner.

"I'm Lisa," she replied, with a firm handshake. "He used to be pretty reliable, but ever since he turned fourteen, his brain stopped working," the mother lamented.

"Mathew seems like a nice boy," Keith offered.

"Most of the time," the woman agreed. "Gotta keep him in line," she completed, as she stepped back and left with a wave.

Keith gave a courteous wave back, and shut the door. His heart was pounding, at the close call. He wondered if Mathew would tell her about his transgression; it would certainly distract the aggressive woman from how the boy had forgotten his key. Keith resolved not to have Mathew in his house again, and to limit his chats with the boy. He wanted to get to know the kid, but this woman seemed far too suspicious to make that worthwhile.

Brad slowed himself, as he bounded into the movie theatre. He was far too excited about seeing his new friend. He wanted Mark from the first time he'd seen him, and now that he'd had intimate relations with him, he just wanted him even more. Brad turned to see the slightly shorter freckled face boy rushing towards him, with arms out stretched. Before he could move, Mark had him a crushing hug.

"Missed you," Mark whispered.

Brad wasn't thrilled with the public display of affection, but at least it was a manly bear hug, the type he'd see jocks do at school.

"I saw you yesterday," Brad countered Mark's emotional statement.

Mark smiled, as he recalled yesterday's events. He imagined that Brad's wonderful cock was in him right now.

The pair selected a film and bought their tickets. Mark paid, as expected, from the money his dad had given him.

"I got this," Brad announced at the concessions. The popcorn and drinks were a bit cheaper than the tickets, but not by much. He knew that Mark would have happily paid for everything, but he wanted to show that he wasn't some loser. He'd rather have kept the money, but he wanted to show Mark that he wasn't going to be dependent. Brad knew from experience that the guys with money made the decisions. He didn't allow Keith to control him with cash, nor was he going to let Mark, either.

Once in the movie, the pair sat near the back. Mark took Brad's hand as the film started. Brad was fine with doing it in darkness; he even thought it exciting to be getting away with something they shouldn't be doing. The hand-holding turned into squeezing thighs, and led to groping. Brad would have been happy to whip out his cock, and have Mark go down on him right there; or perhaps jerk him off, but there were just too many people in the theatre. He wasn't sure Mark would do it, regardless.

After the film, both boys went to the bathroom, hoping to hide their erections on the way.

"Fucking pop was so big; have to piss like a race horse," Brad complained.

"Nice race horse," Mark complimented, as he obviously checked out his friend's equipment.

"Dude, not here," Brad warned, as he quickly zipped up.

"Back at my place then," Mark replied with a smile.

Brad was hard again, at the thought of what they might do back at Mark's apartment.

The boys arrived to find Mark's Dad, Ted, sitting in front of the TV.

"Hi, Ted," Mark greeted, as he rushed over to hug his father. Brad remained in the doorway, uncertain if they were going to do anything, now that the man was home.

Mark went back and took Brad by the hand. As he pulled his friend towards the stairs, his father spoke,

"Be smart," he reminded. Mark knew that meant use a condom; he thought the warning silly, as if he didn't know how to be safe.

When they got up to Mark's bedroom, the boys began to strip. Brad followed suit slowly, as he examined his hot bottom boy.

"Your Dad's cool with this?" Brad asked, wondering if they might be limited in their activities.

"He wants me to be happy," Mark noted, as he stood directly in front of his lean naked friend. "And you make me happy," Mark completed, as he heaved Brad onto the bed. Mark settled on top of Brad, and gripped his head as he moved in for the lip lock. Brad allowed the eager boy to swap spit with him, but he didn't like being on the bottom.

"I thought I was on top," Brad complained.

"Oh, you are the top," Mark confirmed in a sensuous voice.

Mark flung himself around onto his side, so that they could suck each other's cocks in the traditional sixty nine position. Brad didn't mind it; in fact, he was thankful that Mark was so skilled in oral pleasures.

"You're going to make me cum," Brad warned, with a quivering voice.

"It's ok; you'll last longer during the second round," Mark dismissed. Shortly afterward, his mouth was filled with thick salty Brad juice. "You weren't kidding; nice load," Mark complimented, as he hadn't realised just how close Brad was to ejaculating.

Mark left his friend to recover, and went to get the lube and condoms. Mark lifted his leg up onto the bed, and started to finger himself. Brad watched, as the freckle monster prepared for the main event. He wondered if Mark would ever want to fuck him. His cock was a bit smaller than his own, so he'd be able to easily take it, but he assumed that it wouldn't be near as fulfilling as what Keith could do to him.

Mark lay down on the bed beside Brad, spreading his legs.

"I'm ready," Mark said in a girlish voice.

“Don’t talk like that,” Brad scolded, as he got up to do his duty. He slipped the condom on, and prepared to enter the inviting pale ass.

Mark had taken care of the initial penetration the last time, so Brad was a bit nervous about entering the tight hole. His fears were unfounded, as Mark was so well lubricated that Brad’s cock slipped right in.

“All the way,” Mark encouraged. “Ok, just go slow at first,” he continued.

Brad struggled to find the right position for his legs, with Mark prone on the bed. The doggy style position seemed much easier to him, as he began to hump his soft friend.

“That’s it, baby; that’s it!” Mark encouraged, as he moaned.

Soon, Brad was up to speed, thrusting in hard and deep on each stroke. This time, he kept a steady pace that he hoped he could maintain for Mark’s pleasure. He recalled that was the way that Keith was able to play him like an instrument. The young top was enjoying his work, as he gave his bottom boy the type of massage that he so badly wanted.

Mark was a bit disappointed in their first attempt, but today, Brad was doing the job.

“That’s it; just like that,” Mark encouraged, between his low moans.

Brad stopped, as he heard a noise outside the door.

“Don’t stop!” Mark pleaded.

“I heard something,” Brad replied in a hushed voice.

“Who cares; just fuck me!” Mark demanded.

Brad returned to his work with an increased pace. Mark was soon grunting, as it became obvious that they were both close to release. Brad felt Mark’s hole tighten, as the boy had his long awaited orgasm. Brad continued fucking, as the squeezing ass brought on his own release. Both boys moaned loudly as they came, then fell silent.

Mark was happy to finally find a top that could keep it going long enough for him to get a nice orgasm. Far too often, he’d allowed himself to get fucked by some jock that’d be done long before he was even close.

Brad eased out and lay on his bottom boy, completely satisfied with his own performance, and the pleasure he had doing it.