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## **Return of the Angry Boy 6**

Brad's afternoon delight at Mark's house had been exactly what he needed. Just being around Mark got him hot, and seeing him at school all the time was driving him nuts. He knew that if he didn't seem outwardly aggressive towards the strawberry blond, that his classmates would soon figure out what was really going on between them. He had to admit to himself that he was getting more attached to the freckled beast, and there might come a day when he would be ready to be out as his boyfriend, but it just seemed too much of a risk.

The pair had practically run back to Mark's empty apartment, and got naked straight away. Brad worried that one of Mark's dads would come home, so he needed to move things along quickly.

"I want to fuck you," he announced.

"Oh, yes, please!" Mark replied, as he turned his smiling face toward his angry boy.

It didn't take long for Mark to get lubed and into position, before Brad mounted and pounded hard.

Mark was making such loud grunting and moaning sounds that Brad just had to stop and ask, "You ok?"

"Yeah, I love it, just like that!" Mark moaned, as Brad returned to his work.

Brad's deep forceful thrusts finally led to his orgasm, which was equally as loud as Mark's had been. As he lay spent on top of his insatiable bottom boy, Brad extolled, "That was great ... did you come?"

"Oh, yeah, you were awesome honey," Mark replied, knowing that it was true. Brad seemed to get better with each coupling, and was becoming more tolerant of Mark's need for sappy sentiment.

Brad forcefully satisfied his need, but it was obviously what Mark wanted as well. The more aggressive Brad was, the more the freckle-faced boy seemed to enjoy it.

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Brad rounded the corner into his complex just in time to see young Mathew leaving Keith's house. Brad walked towards him as Mathew looked away, as if attempting to wish himself invisible.

“What were you doing in my house?” Brad demanded, as he spun Mathew around.

“Uh … Keith … was helping me,” Mathew stammered, his fear of Brad evident, as he kept his head down and his posture submissive.

“Keith’s a good guy, so don’t mess him up; otherwise you got me to deal with,” he snapped, defending his turf. He knew that Keith had been there for him many times, and he certainly wasn’t going to let this kid get the man into any trouble.

“Please don’t hurt me,” Mathew whined, hoping that he’d be spared, but he knew that pleading rarely worked with the other bullies in his life.

“I don’t beat on little kids … unless they give me reason to,” Brad snorted. He knew Mathew was weak, but this display of fear was just pathetic.

“I … I won’t go in your house anymore,” Mathew agreed, as he dared to make eye contact with his tormentor.

“You can see him; just don’t get him into any trouble. You know your mom’s a psycho-bitch,” Brad warned, as he recalled how the woman spoke to her kids in public.

“Ok,” Mathew mumbled.

Brad burst through the door, as he always did, flicking his shoes off and leaving them where they landed. He saw Keith peer at him from the kitchen, and knew immediately that the man was worried about something. Brad considered whether he should start with an aggressive tone, such as asking if he’d fucked Mathew, or something more subtle.

“So what was Mathew doing here?” he asked in an irritated, yet muted tone.

“He needed the bathroom. He forgot his key, and his mother wasn’t home,” Keith said, without looking at the angry boy.

“You think I don’t know you? That kid’s trouble,” Brad challenged softly.

“Mathew’s just looking for some support; I think he’s badly bullied. You wouldn’t know anything about that would you?” Keith asked, as he worked on dinner.

“I’m not doing anything to him,” Brad snapped, in an insulted tone.

“I meant is anyone else at school? I’ve seen his physical injuries, but they might be skateboard related,” Keith noted.

“That kid’s a poser; he doesn’t ride that board anywhere but his driveway. He’s not doing anything difficult enough to hurt himself,” Brad said, as he flipped through the channels on TV.

“How is he at school?” Keith wondered.

“He’s nobody. I never see him, except for lunch. I think it’s his mother, if anyone, that’s beating on him,” Brad noted, with his gazed fixed on the tube.

“You’ve seen her hit him?” Keith pressed.

“No, but she talks like a bitch to both him and the girl; wouldn’t be a shocker that she pounds on them, too,” Brad reasoned.

It seemed logical to Keith. He’d only met the mother once, and he was ready to believe what Brad suggested, completely. He realized that he would have to be patient with Mathew, but he hoped that he could help the blond boy when the time came.

“If that’s the case, he may need our help,” Keith suggested, as he tested for Brad’s opinion.

“I don’t care if he comes over; just don’t let him get *you* into any trouble,” Brad noted, as he broke his stare to look at his man. “Mark’s coming over on Sunday,” Brad announced.

“Oh, I get to meet him … what time?” Keith asked, as he wondered what Brad’s boyfriend was really like. Brad had been short on details, and always expressed his thoughts through his own warped sense of reality.

“I don’t know; he didn’t say,” Brad closed. “When’s dinner going to be ready?”

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The door bell rang at just past 10:30 on Sunday morning. Keith rushed to answer, lest the caller wake the sleeping Brad. He always ended up in a foul mood when he was woken early on a weekend; well, early for him. Keith flung the door open, hoping that it was Mathew come for a visit. He knew that there wouldn’t be an opportunity to do anything with him, but he could suggest that he come back once Brad and Mark were off doing their own thing.

He was shocked to see a teenager almost Brad’s height, and somewhat heavier, at the door.

“I’m Mark,” the redhead announced, with a big smile.

“Oh, sorry; I’m Keith. Come in, Mark,” Keith gestured, as he shook himself out of his daydream about Mathew. Mark was far more attractive than Brad had let on. His face

gave the impression that he was just a big fourteen year old, but when he took off his hoody, the teen's physique showed through his tight T shirt.

Keith led Mark into the living room, suddenly feeling underdressed for the encounter. He'd just thrown on some old jeans and a shirt, figuring he had 'til mid-afternoon, at least, before the visitor arrived. Mark, on the other hand was well-decked out in trendy clothing, including snugly fit jeans that showed his firm bum.

"Sorry the place is a bit of a mess; Brad didn't tell me what time to expect you," Keith apologized, as he watched Mark examining the room.

"Wow! Brad was a little cutie," Mark gushed, as he picked up one of the many framed photos of Brad and Keith placed around the room.

"Indeed. I suppose I have to say he's handsome, now that he's turned manly," Keith chuckled.

"He's a hottie now," Mark corrected, flashing an infectious smile.

"You're a ... a good looking young man yourself," Keith said cautiously.

"I know; I'm gorgeous," Mark countered, with a decidedly effeminate pose.

"The one who wants you is sleeping upstairs, second door on the right," Keith suggested, as he gestured towards the stairs.

"You know, I never figured Brad was a bottom before; he's so aggressive ... I like aggressive," Mark said with a wink, as he ignored the invitation to surprise Brad in his bedroom.

"He's a conundrum, but you'll find the real Brad once you get by his ... confidence," Keith noted, as he continued to consider his words carefully.

Mark trotted up the stairs, as Keith paused at the bottom to listen, hoping the angry boy wouldn't explode at being woken.

"Get in here and get naked," he heard Brad order Mark.

It struck him as a strange way to greet his boyfriend, but the cute boy eagerly complied, with a giggle. As Keith went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast, it occurred to him that, despite his increasing manhood, Brad still needed him, and that in their quirky relationship, he still needed Brad. He figured that Mark would be a frequent visitor, but his long term role with Brad was yet to be written. Mathew would be a complication, but he knew that he could help the boy, and be smart about it, despite Brad's worries. Either way, Keith knew that the angry boy would still be his, in all the ways that mattered most.

The End.

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V.