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Comments are welcome! dl2827@hotmail.com

Joe shows Nick Jonas

Joe:

I closed and locked the door to the tiny dressing room. I had about 15 minutes before we went on and I really needed to bang one out. About a year ago, I started getting the craziest boners when I'd be onstage. I mean, so painful, it made it hard to perform. My parents are kinda uptight about the sex stuff (duh, purity rings!) so I couldn't talk to them about it. I don't really remember how I figured it out, but I realized if I jerked off before a show, I hardly ever got hard during the shows.

The cramped dressing room was kinda grim – small tattered sofa, dim fluorescent bulb, but I had it to myself – a lot of times we'd have to share one dressing room. It was hard to get any time alone to whack off. Always sharing hotel rooms with my brothers, on the bus, sharing the dressing room.

I unbuttoned and shoved my skinny jeans down to my knees, pulling my underwear down with them. I plopped my bare ass on the grotty sofa, not even caring if it was clean. My thick 7 inches was already half hard and I pulled my big nuts away from my thighs.

I grabbed hold of my hardening prick and gave it a few rough strokes. Looking around I realized there was nothing I could use as lube. Damn! I spit in my palm and slicked up my thickening rod. I closed my eyes and pictured myself on stage, music blaring, lights blinding. I looked out into the crowd and saw all those young girls screaming and yelling. Anyone of them would've given anything to spend the night with any of the three of us. I tried to picture the fans, single out one of them. There was one, in a halter, big tits, jumping up and down. I pictured her sweet, young tits and stroked harder on my shaft. With my free hand I played with my big, heavy nuts. I pushed my tight, torn t-shirt higher up my chest getting ready to shoot my load.

I tried to focus on that girl, but then it happened again. Suddenly the stage lights were too bright in my face and I couldn't see that girl anymore. The light was cut by a silhouette moving into frame. It was just a shape, but I knew immediately who it was. His curly hair was backlit, and the v-shape of his torso led down to an impossibly narrow waist. The figure turns, singing to the crowd and the curve of his round ass is outlined by his tight jeans. My cock throbbed in my hand.

"Shit," I thought to myself. This had been happening lately. I tried to picture a chick, but his image kept popping into my fantasies.

I pushed him aside in my mind and tried to find that girl in the crowd. I kept stroking my dick just trying to get off. I knew I didn't have much time.

Bang, bang, bang.

Someone was pounding on the door. It had been going on for a while, but I'd been trying to ignore it.

"Fuck it," I swore pulling up my pants over my still-hard cock. My face was flushed and I threw open the door. "What?" I yelled.

"Whoa, take it easy, bro," Nick said as he bounced in the room. "What's the problem?"

"Nothing," I huffed. "I was just trying to relax before the show."

"Oh," he said, looking puzzled. "Why'd you lock the door?"

"Forget it. What do you want?" I asked, now resigned to the fact that I wasn't going to get off before the show.

"Uh, well, I gotta ask you something."

He looked down at his shoes, kicking the floor. His curls framed his angelic face and he pouted a bit.

"Yeah. What is it?" I asked.

"Well, it's kind of embarrassing."

"C'mon, spit it out. We're going on soon."

"D'ya ever get a, uh, well, a, um.."

"A what?!?" I cried, losing patience.

"A boner!" he blurted out. "D'ya ever get a boner on stage?" He peered up at me through his curls. He looked like he was afraid I might punch him out just for asking.

I had to laugh. This was it? This was what he wanted to ask me about? The irony...

"Listen," I said putting an arm around him, "The answer is yes. All the time. It's a real pain."

"Yeah! It is!" he cried.

"Can you keep a secret, Nick?"

"Yeah, sure," he said hopefully.

"I used to get them all the time on stage, but then I started jerkin' off before the shows. Problem solved."

"What's jerkin' off?" he asked, looking confused.

"You're joking, right?"

He pouted again and looked like he might actually start to cry.

I loved my little brother, but he was so naïve. Sometimes I actually thought he was putting on. I took a deep breath and decided to lay it out for him.

"You know, masturbating?" He looked at me with a blank stare. Could he really be so in the dark? I was getting frustrated and also realized my dick had never gotten soft and was cramped awkwardly in my pants. If anyone was going to spell it out for him, might as well be me.

"Look, Nick, I was just about to beat off when you busted in on me. If you promise, and I mean swear, not to tell anyone, I'll show you what I mean."

"Really?" he asked. He looked just like an overeager puppy.

"Yeah, but we gotta be quick."

I reached over and locked the door again. If I thought for a second about what I was bout to do, I would have chickened out. I decided to just go for it.

I unbuttoned my jeans again and shoved them back down to my knees. My dick popped out hard and stiff and I sat back down on the couch.

"Whoa," Nick laughed as he stared at my dick. "It's so big."

"Yeah, whatever. Look, you gotta release the tension before a show. All you do is get it hard and then jerk it some."

Nick's mouth dropped as he watched me grab my fully hard dick and stroke the skin up and down. He was standing in front of me, between my outstretched legs.

"Then what?" he asked,

"Then you come."

"What's that?"

"Really, Nick? You never came?"

"Nuh-uh."

It felt weird jerkin off in front of my little bro, but I had to get off and I didn't care who was watchin'. He was shifting from side to side and I could swear I saw a bulge growing in his skin tight jeans.

"Damn, really need some lube," I said. My dick was dry as a bone.

"What's lube?"

"You know, anything that makes it slick. It feels better." I tried to spit in my palm, but my mouth had gone dry with nerves.

"Ew, you spit in your hand?"

"Yeah. I use it as lube. Damn! I gotta get off!"

Nick put his hand to his mouth and spit. Then he held it up to show me, looking bewildered like he didn't know what he had just done. Before I could think about it, I grabbed his hand and pulled down to my aching dick. His fingers instinctively wrapped around my shaft spreading his spit on my shaft.

"Oh, yeah, that feels good. Keep doin that."

He dropped to his knees staring wide-eyed at his hand rubbing up and down my knob. I thrust my hips up into his hands trying desperately to get off. His hand was quickly dry again and I was chaffing.

"Spit on it," I barked.

He looked up at me from between my legs, his brown eyes wide, his wet lips parted. He pursed his lips and then spit on my dick getting my knob slick again.

God it felt incredible, his hot hand on my cock. It was perverse, but I didn't fuckin' care. Wouldn't have cared if the whole family walked in, I had to bust a nut.

"C'mon, get some more on there, we're running out of time."

He opened his mouth and I could see his spit pooling up on his pink tongue. I reached out and pulled his head closer to my cock. His hand fell away as his face came closer to my throbbing cock.

"Stick your tongue out," I cried, grabbing my cock firmly by the base.

He turned his head sideways and his pink, wet tongue darted out of his mouth. I pulled him closer and his sweet, warm tongue made contact with the underside of my cock. It was electric. My whole body jerked. I held him there tight. "Get it wet," I huffed.

He darted his tongue out and all over the underside of my cock. He was drooling and spit ran down my aching shaft. I jerked myself, using his spit as lube, making my cock slick. His tongue danced all over the sensitive underside of my cock.

"Fuck, Nick. Keep doin' that."

I gave myself a couple of long strokes, hitting him in the chin as I jerked myself. My nuts pulled up tight in their big sack and I could feel myself start to shoot.

"Aw yeah, keep goin' Nick" I pleaded. He obeyed and I could feel his velvet tongue tickling my knob as the first huge squirt of cum flew outta my cock. My whole body shook as my nuts pumped out another huge jet of cum, I thrust my hips up as I came hard all over the place. Jet after jet of thick cum pumped out of my thick cock as my little bro worked the underside of my shaft. It was the most incredible orgasm I'd ever had. I shot all over my t-shirt and as I pumped out the last few squirts of cum, it started to run down the underside of my cock onto Nick's tongue.

"Oh!" he cried, pulling back. He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. He leaned away from me, seeing all the cum all over my shirt.

"Wow!" he said.

I was panting, out of breath, but I laughed a little when I noticed I'd got some in his hair.

He saw me laughing and reached his hand up to his precious curls where I was looking. His fingers found my jizz in his hair and he made a face, but then started to giggle and blush.

One of the roadies started banging on the door shouting "2 minutes! Where are you guys?"

"Shit, we gotta get out there," I cried, looking around desperately for a clean shirt. I stripped off the cum-soaked shirt I was wearing, pulled on a clean one, stuffed my still leaking junk back in my pants and made to open the door.

"But..." Nick started.

I looked down and saw Nick's think, hard cock snaking down his tight jeans, a pained look on his face.

"You're gonna hafta hang in there stud. I'll get you next time," and I leaned in and gave him a quick peck on the lips before running out to the cries of the fans.