

This story is fiction. Any similarity to any persons living or dead is merely a coincidence. If you are not allowed by law to view this material, please do not do so. If you are under 18 years of age, please leave now. This story contains some dark themes; if this tale offends you I apologize. Otherwise, please enjoy.

The Locker Room
By Nuttsy1LA

The day started off just like any other, I awoke and rushed through my morning routine. I barely made it to school on time. Running through the halls my mind was racing with all of the things that needed to get done. I was late turning in my article for the school paper, and I had another one due tomorrow, I hadn't finished my history assignment (I had spent too much time looking at men on the internet again), and...oh my gawd there goes Billy Harris, wow. Oh yeah, where was I...shit here is my class. These conversations in my head really need to stop.

Another day, another mindless period sitting in Mr. Watson's class while he bores us with his tangents of his younger more youthful day. I am sorry, but stories of dinosaurs and the dawn of man from the primate is not my cup of tea. I feel myself drifting off into thoughts or a more carnal nature. I catch myself realizing I would be tenting my pants in nothing flat and the bell is about to ring.

The bell chimes over the PA system. If there is anything about this place, it is punctual. I rush out of class and make my way to the corner by locker 345. This is the golden spot; this is the spot I go to every day. As if like clock work Billy Harris and his group of jocks round the corner. Billy stops at the drinking fountain and bends over to take a drink I marvel at his beauty. At 17, Billy is six foot tall, with a build that most men would kill for, and other men would kill to get their hands on. Blue eyes, blond hair and a smile that would melt solid stone. Oh how I wanted him.

Billy finished drinking and moved down the hall. I grabbed my bag and ran to my next class. Today would be just another day. I spent the next few classes actually doing school work, just simply not the classes I was in. I had to hurry; I had to turn in my article for the school paper. The article was nothing special; it was about how our agriculture department had won another award. For such a small school, this place sure won a lot awards. Probably due to the fact this school district has a good deal of money.

The lunch bell chimed over head and I headed not to the quad with the rest of the cattle, but to newspaper offices. I enter and say hello to everyone as I walk into the back room. I hand the copy to my editor and she glances it over and smiles. I have known that Sara liked me for some time, my friend Jenny had told me. Jenny has been my cover for ages. We became friends our freshmen year in Algebra. As we became better friends, then best friends I told her about how I was gay, and I was embarrassed. She laughed and told me she was into girls. The pact was formed, we started 'dating' and as far as everyone was concerned, we made the cutest couple. Sara tells me it looks good and then reminds me

that I need to be at the school early tonight to cover the football game, James was sick and I needed to do the article.

Oh no. I, I don't know anything about sports. I am not exactly a jock here. While I work out, it's not to play sports; it is in hopes that I will attract someone someday. I smile weakly, and Sara begins to laugh. "Relax, you will do fine, don't let the dumb jocks scare you, hell they need us for the publicity remember!"

I guess she is right. Doesn't make me feel any better. I leave and hit the food court. I meet Jenny at our usual table. The table is filled with a variety of her friends, all of them looking at me like I just interrupted them. Jenny beams me a huge smile (I can tell that smile, it is the save me smile). I lean over and kiss her and ask how her day is going (the good boyfriend thing to do), she grins and tells me it's another day. I tell her I have to cancel tonight as I have to now cover the game. She goes pale (uh oh, she had a date with Andrea), then tells me she will go with me. "Cool", is all I can say as I walk away.

The end of the bell chimes, and I rush out to the parking lot. If you're not quick you get stuck in the jam to get out of the parking lot. Jenny is already at the car. We get in and I pull into the mess. CRAP! Too late, we'll be here for a bit.

"What is going on?!" Jenny asks me, I can tell she is upset. "What am I going to do?" "I'm sorry; Sara made me cover the game. James is sick. What the heck am I supposed to do, I don't know, I haven't a clue how to cover a sports event? I am going to have to go into the locker room!" I was already going pale.
"Whoa, breathe! BREATHE!" she was laughing at my panic attack.

The drive home was short. I dropped Jenny off, and then drove to my house. I walked in the door and threw my bag by the door. I had only a few hours until the game and I needed to make sure I blew off some steam. I ran to my room and closed the door. I moved a small dresser and pulled out a small box. Inside the box were photos, photos I had managed to secretly snap of Billy at Jenny's pool party. There in all his glory was the quarterback of the high school. Every muscle was rippling, every drop of water shimmered, and there was the stain on the corner from the time I didn't quite control my climax when looking at it. I grinned internally.

Ten minutes later and a couple of tissues later, I felt too relieved. I knew secretly I wasn't going to be able to keep my dick under control, like all teenagers it had a mind of its own. The only thing I could think of doing wasn't my favorite idea. I frowned and walking down the hall and turned into my little brothers room. I opened the drawer and pulled out one of his underwear. I held them up...they were too small for me, but I knew they would keep me confined for sure.

I went back to my room, went into my bathroom and turned on the shower. After a short shower, I grabbed a pair of baggy jeans and a tee shirt. I grabbed the digital camera from the paper I had checked out and headed for my car. As I opened the door I was surprised to find Sara standing there. She jumped as well, so I didn't feel as bad. She stammered a

bit and told me I forgot to take the digital card for the camera. I flipped the camera over and sure enough it wasn't in there. I thanked her. Sara looked at me for a moment, "can I catch a ride to the game with you? I walked over here."

We both got into the car and I pulled out of the drive. As we drove towards school Sara leaned over and put her hand on my leg. I stiffened, and not in my crotch...she told me how she appreciated everything I had been doing at the paper and that she was really happy I was there this year. She slowly slid her hand up my leg, I was starting to panic. I reached down and grabbed her hand. She looked at me part longing, part fear. I forced my best smile and told her I was happy working for her this year, and then threw in that Jenny was going to be at the game tonight, if she needed someone to sit near, she should find her. Sara seemed to acknowledge the defeat and leaned back into the seat. The rest of the drive was short.

I parked; Sara got out, thanked me for the ride and headed toward the gate. I put the digital card into the camera, took a deep breathe and proceeded down to the field. The reporters, student or not had a separate press area, as you can guess to give us the best seats in the house. The game flew by all too soon, and I headed to the locker room prior to the game getting out. Only student reporters were allowed here, it was a rare glimpse into the world of the jock...for me more importantly, Billy. Billy had played exceptionally well, so I had even more reason to talk to the stud.

The locker room was flooded with exceptionally loud guys, all shouting and cheering. They slapped each other around and began to strip down. I closed my eyes and said a silent prayer to who ever might listen to keep my raging hormones in check. When I opened my eyes Jimmy Buckley stood in front of me. I had never gotten along with Jimmy; even as little kids we hated each other.

Jimmy moved in closer, "hey guys look who they let in here, the little fag!" he proceeded to shove me. I held my breath and stood my ground. Jimmy shoved me again harder and I went tumbling to the ground. Jimmy started laughing. I stood up and just glared at him. Jimmy and his horde moved off to change and clean up. I sought out Billy.

I found Billy over in the corner talking to another player. He had stripped down to just his pads and his jock strap. I took a huge gulp of air and said hi. He looked over at me and smiled. God, that smile, that beaming smile...genuine or not, how it made me melt.

We talked for a bit, I asked him questions off the list I had made earlier in the day, and I even was brave enough to crack a few jokes. Billy laughed and commented on the fact I had a wicked sense of humor. He slapped me on the shoulder and told me he needed to clean up. He headed off to the showers and I proceeded to move on to other players to get photos and quotes. After finishing with a line backer, I was walking past the shower and looked over, there naked and in all his glory was Billy. His back faced me and I looked at two of the most perfectly formed butt cheeks to grace this planet. I proceeded to sit down and do something daring, something foolish.

I sat with my back to the showers and the camera on the bench next to me facing them. I set the camera to take photos every 15 seconds. Was I risking a lot, yes, could this be the biggest payload for my fantasies in history...oh lord yes! As I sat there and scribbled down notes, and made side notes on which to focus on in the game I felt a sharp pain in my side...followed by a loud 'snap'!

I cried out in a yelp and I heard Jimmy start laughing. Another snap sounded and the pain was in my leg. I jumped up to face my attacker. He stood before me naked, towel in hand readying for another hit. I dodged the next one and flipped him off. Everyone broke into laughter and Jimmy looked mad. I knew this was going to be a war. Jimmy charged at me with another hit and I ducked it easily and called out, "is that the best you have you moron, I was dodging hits like that in elementary school!"

Jimmy tried to cut me off, but I ducked behind another locker and saw a towel. I grabbed it, spun it quickly and took aim. SNAP!

Jimmy fell backwards grabbing his head in pain. I stood over him and glared. I had hit my mark, right between the eyes! Just then the coach came booming into the locker room and yelled for me to go to his office and reprimanded Jimmy for his behavior. Everyone scattered.

Standing in the office I felt flush. I was panicking wondering how I would explain such behavior. The coach stormed into the office and stared at me.

"Young man, I demand to know just what you expected to accomplish in there?" he boomed.

"I...I...um" I stammered. He just stared at me.

In a loud tone, "Son – you can be damn sure that your editor and advisor will hear about this. It is a privilege to be let in here, not a right and I will not have you starting crap with my boys!"

I was in shock, I didn't know what to do, and then it happened...he smiled.

Quietly, "young man, for a long time I have been waiting from someone to put that little shit in his place. I honestly expected it to be one of my boys in there. They never have. You sir, in one quick move embarrassed him. Now normally I would be mad about something like this, but I think we will over look it for the moment and keep it between you and me. Deal?" he proceeded to outstretch his hand.

I shook it firmly. "Now, get out there, finish whatever you need to do, and head home."

I walked out looking dejected as I knew I was meant to. The players looked at me and broke eye contact. The coach came out and looked the room over. His voice boomed over

the room, “If ANYONE else starts anything that young man included (pointing at me) I will personally have your ASS!” and he slammed the door to his office.

I walked back to the bench and found my camera still aimed at the showers. I was in shock. The display showed 120 shots and it was still going! Had it really been 30 minutes? I stopped the camera and picked up my stuff now spread around the room. It seems Jimmy wanted to exact a final revenge.

The place had really begun to clear out, but there was still a crowd left. Billy came over and sat down.

“Hey – congrats man, I don’t think anybody here has bested Jimmy. He can be a real dick.” He smiled at me again. Oh how I wish he would stop that, I could feel my crotch extending in the small shorts. It was painful now, but I didn’t show.

“Thanks. My little brother is vicious around the pool, I have to be good or else!” I grinned. I was actually holding a non-scripted conversation with Billy!

“You have a pool?!” he seemed amazed.

We began to talk about swimming, and it turns out that Billy lived not far from me, in one of the older homes in the area. It seems it did not have a pool, nor did any of the ones around him. Most of the players had left at this point, and the place was empty. Billy said he needed to get going and I walked out with him. We stood in the lobby for a bit and he rounded the corner and went out of sight. Then it happened.

I felt it long after I heard it...the fist connected across my jaw. I hit the ground as did all of my bags. I don’t remember anything else until I opened my eyes. When they flickered open I was looking at the locker room ceiling, Jimmy and his horde standing over me.

“So you thought you were funny huh?” his red welt where I snapped him was obvious and I winced when I went to make a comment. My jaw hurt like there was no tomorrow. Jimmy slapped me hard across the face again and the burning sensation was enough to snap me very much back into reality. I was scared now.

“You think you can embarrass me and get away with it?” he slapped me again, lighter this time, more for show, “you think you can?”

I started to get up and Jimmy shoved me off the bench I was laying on, to the floor below. I groaned as the air was knocked out of me from the sudden jar of hitting the floor. I was panicking now...I didn’t know how to handle this, I am not a fighter.

His thugs picked me up and stood me before him. Jimmy rummaged through my bag and found my car keys. He held them in front of me, “you won’t need these anymore will you” and proceeded to walk to the bathroom right by where we were. I heard a loud flush. He came out smiling. “Now it’s time to teach this little fag some respect!” the blow

to my stomach knocked the remaining air out of me. I crumpled, however the thugs held me into place.

“Strip him” Jimmy waved his hand in my direction as he walked to a locker.

The boys moved in and began to remove my clothes, I struggled as much as I could, sudden realization and fear spreading over me...no car, no clothes, how am I getting home?! Jimmy sat there and laughed.

Then he stopped.

“What is this boys..?” he walked to me. I was shirtless and now pant less. He walked over and snapped the band on the BVD underwear from my brother’s drawer. The fabric was straining against a full force hard on. I don’t know why I had one, but I did. “REALLY tightie whities huh?” he snapped them again.

“Can’t your mommy and daddy afford new underwear for you?”

Please no, please no, please no, I chanted in my head. My prayer was ignored. Jimmy literally ripped the underwear from my body. The fabric burned my waist as it tore away under the forceful pull. My erection sprang to full attention.

“Well, we really do have a fag here boys!” he sneered, “a horny little fag boy.”

“I’ll get you Jimmy!” I growled, “Just wait until!”

“Until what, until the coach hears? Oh I don’t think the coach will hear anything, see...when we’re done, you will have a healthy respect for us.” He moved forward so close I could feel his breathe on my cheek. He whispered the next line, “when I am done with you...you’ll beg for more.”

I froze. Somehow I knew where he was going.

Jimmy ordered them to hold me still, including my head. Jimmy dropped his pants in one swift pull. His now inflating cock in full view, “You boy are going to suck this!” and he waved it in my direction. The thugs cheered.

I tried to shake my head in refusal, however I was unable to. It didn’t matter; at this point I was doomed. Jimmy walked toward me and the thugs shoved me to my knees, one of them smacking me on the head to prove who was in charge. Jimmy wanted my humiliation; he would have it and nothing less.

Jimmy approach me, slapped me on the face with his now very hard member. I have to admit I was impressed, while not the largest cock I had seen, it was very thick and had prominent veins standing out on it. Jimmy proceeded to rub his hard mushroom head across my lips. I tried to break free again, and tightly clenched my lips shut. He pushed

again and I still refused. He looked up, “boys, cut off the air”. Their hands were lightning quick. They pinched my nose shut, and gripped my jaw and pressed it up to keep it closed. I held it as long as I could, I was seeing stars when I caved and opened my lips to try and get some air. The guys pulled my jaw down suddenly and I opened up.

I was quickly released and a cock was shoved into my mouth. The words, “bite and I will make sure you don’t have any teeth to do it to anyone else” was all it took for me to realize I wasn’t in any position to argue. If you cannot beat them, join them.

I ran my tongue across the bottom of his fat cock. It stretched my mouth wide and I soon realized he was wider than I originally thought. He actually tasted amazing, and soon I was sucking him with abandon. Jimmy pulled out suddenly.

“We have ourselves here a real live fag cock sucker!” he waved his arms around theatrically, his cock pointing straight out “who wants to be next?”

The guys, many of them boys I had known all my life began to strip. I was in heat now, lust removing all fear, lust causing my erection to become so hard it was painful. Lust would drive me to do things I never thought I would do this evening, no matter how amazing the fantasy was.

The first boy was a small red head named Derek. His cock was smallish however it was uncut. He peeled the skin back and rubbed it against my cheek, commenting on how I better make this the best one of his life. He forced it into me with abandon and I proceeded to let out all the stops. The hands on my arms hadn’t been removed and I knew on a moments notice the two guys on either side would not hesitate to lay me out if I refused or struggled. Derek must have liked it as he soon pulled out and came all over the front of my body. His hot cum stung my skin which was used to the cold of the room, and I felt it slowly run down my body.

The next boy I didn’t know. His cock was long and thin, at least 9 inches in long. He was more gentle, and teased me as if knowing this would get me worked up. When I started I simply could not take him all. I gagged as he slid more and more into me. I tried to pull away and he grabbed my head and thrust. All 9 inches slid into my throat and tears stung my eyes. He held it there for a second, enjoying the constriction of my throat as I gagged. He slowly slid it out and began to face fuck me. He wasn’t interested in my technique or my participating. I was simply a mouth and he fucked it hard, when he came he pushed in to the hilt (I was proud in hindsight as I didn’t gag this time) and shot his spunk deep into my throat.

Boy after boy proceeded to fill my mouth, some cumming in my mouth, some all over my body...each was different each a new taste, a new texture. When the last boy, the one who originally held my right arm was finished I was allowed to slump to the floor. I had a case of blue balls which was killing me. I reached for my cock, but Jimmy barked an order and I was hauled to my feet.

“Who said you could touch yourself fag!?” he barked, “Did I? No I didn’t, you’re not allowed to touch yourself unless I tell you so! Got it?” with that he slapped me hard. I flinched and nodded in agreement. I think Jimmy got off on domination, his cock had sprung back to life and he smiled an evil smile.

“Boys, how many of you could go for another round?” the boys cheered, some just smiled.

“Tell you what; I’m not interested in this cock suckers mouth though. I think something else sounds SO much better”, he rounded my body running his fingers along my sides, then down to my bare ass. A small smack on my right cheek was made to punctuate the comment. “Boys”

With that I was lifted and forced onto the end of a bench. It was uncomfortable and the position was less than flattering I am sure. I tried to move and one of the boys wretched my arm back painfully. I sucked in a sharp gasp.

“Who wants to be first?” the room broke into noise, then silenced again, “wait, we have a question...”

“Are you a virgin there little fag? Do I have a cherry fag on my hands?” Jimmy rubbed my ass. I refused to answer, though sadly it was true, I had never gone beyond oral in my years. Jimmy must have known from my body language.

“This is different boys; we DO have a virgin here. I think I will take him personally.”

Jimmy did just that...he walked to a locker, opened the door and pulled out some lotion. He proceeded to squirt the cold liquid in my crack which caused me to flinch again, and then slathered his cock. He pressed it into my crack and brushed it past my tight puckered hole several times.

At this time it really hit me what he meant to do. I begged, “No, no, please Jimmy, no”; I began to cry...I wasn’t ready for this, I wasn’t ready!

Jimmy let out the most evil laugh I can ever remember, even today and proceeded to shove his cock head brutally into my ass. I cried out loud, my scream echoing in the locker room. Jimmy slapped my ass hard, so hard it caused me to bounce on the bench.

“Shut up fag – or I will be forced to really hurt you”, as if to emphasize this he shoved about an inch of his fat pole into my hole. The pain shot through me like a searing poker and I cried. Jimmy loved this, he began to slowly sink into me, and each inch was sheer hell, agony unrealized. I was being raped, no question about it. When he had reached bottom, he slowly stroked my back, told me what a good boy I was and how he was going to love his ride.

Jimmy actually was gentle, he pulled back slowly, savored his conquest. His cock pulled on my insides, and pain began to be replaced by something else...something more powerful...pleasure. He rode me softly, slowly, stretched me, moaning loudly the whole time. He talked dirty about how hot my ass was, how tight this virgin ass was, how much he loved my hot tight fucking ass. I was well beyond tears now, actually catching myself pushing into each thrust with eagerness!

The fuck was thorough, his fat pole opening me like nothing else. The only thing to date before this was a finger, and mine at that. How I had dreamed of this, but not with Jimmy, not like this. Just as this thought was in my mind it happened, I felt him swelling, I felt it pulling me apart. The first shot hit so hard I felt it pelt my insides, the following shot was almost as powerful. He let out a roar and pushing into me so hard I thought his body had entered me as well!

The guys cheered. Jimmy took a moment and pulled out. He then told the boys the rules. They each got 60 seconds to ride my ass, at the end of 60 seconds there were to pull out and go back to the end of the line and wait until their next turn. I tensed when I heard this... if that is all they got this could go on for hours!

The first boy entered me with a single thrust. I thanked my lucky stars Jimmy had such a fat cock, as it wasn't as painful as it could have been without me being so stretched by him. Each boy rode me, I tried to remember which boy was which but I could not see them, and their cock in my ass simply wasn't the same as in my mouth. I counted 12 total, before I felt the familiar jab of the first boys' dick again.

They each rode me two to three times, before Jimmy told them to unload that they needed to bail. Each boy rode me for all his might. Most didn't last long; I guess the sight having them so worked up. As each boy came into my ass, I began to feel something hot running down my legs. I strained to look under the bench. I saw before me a line of feet stretching out, but more so, I saw the white liquid running down my leg. I knew I had so much cum in my ass it was leaking out of me. Then it was over. The last boy groaned and he pulled out. Jimmy had the boys release me and come over. They each fucked me hard, brutally, with all the pent up lust from having to watch so many boys fuck my ass before them while they had to wait. When they came they roared and slapped my ass.

I heard people getting dressed. I had not moved. I didn't dare for fear that might find a new way to punish me. I felt sets of hands pick me up, drag me into the showers and the water hit me...cold at first, then warm and soothing. I looked up to see Jimmy before me.

"Always knew you were a fag...but I will hand it to you, you're a hot little fag!" and he walked out laughing. The locker room doors boomed shut and the place was silent. I cried to myself, pulling my legs to my body. My ass hurt, my jaw ached, and it wasn't until that moment I realized I had dried blood on my lip. How could this have happened?

I tried to stand, but I couldn't. I looked out to see that my clothes which had been in a heap were gone, all that was there was my camera bag and backpack. My keys as far as I

knew were in the sewer by now, and I would have to walk the four miles back home, for all to see who might still be out this late.

The coach had left while Billy and I were leaving, and being a Friday, the janitor wouldn't be in until tomorrow morning to clean. They had all the bases covered, they knew they could spend their time on me, and they had. I don't know how long I sat sobbing.

There was the sound of the locker room door opening, but I didn't care. I sat and cried. Jimmy was probably back to fuck me again, or worse! Instead I heard a familiar hello being called. I didn't answer.

Billy was now before me, his shoes getting wet. He had heard the shower running and had entered trying to see who was in there. I felt strong hands on my shoulder, then running slowly to my chin. I winced from a sudden pain in my jaw. He lifted my face up to see him. My eyes were swollen, my face I am sure was starting to bruise.

"Who did this?!" Billy exclaimed more than asked, "Did Jimmy do this to you?" the anger was obvious now, quickly swelling to the surface.

"Don't" I croaked at him, "please don't." My voice was quiet, a whisper of itself.

He crouched down, getting wet, but pulling me up and out of the spray. He smiled at me, and if I wasn't mistaken it looked as if he checked me out.

"Here, let me help you" he lifted me higher, but being wet and weak I slipped and he lunged to catch me. I was pressed into his hard muscular body, the body I so desired. Oh no...I groaned inwardly. My cock was on the rise, both from my dream in front of me, but also due to the fact I wasn't allowed to cum, and Jimmy as if he somehow magically knew had the guys stop for pauses when I was close. All night I was on the brink...not allowed to do anything.

If Billy noticed he said nothing and helped me into the locker room and down onto a bench. He vanished for a moment and came back with a towel. He slowly dried me off; somehow I had begun to cry again.

"What did they do to you?" he asked so gently. I looked up into those pools of sparkling blue and began to tell him. I should have been ashamed, but when it came to Billy my common sense left me. Billy looked fit to explode, but the whole time he kept caressing my face and shoulders, so soothing was his touch. When I had finished he looked at me, I mean directly, and it was as if the rest of the room vanished.

"I guess I will never get to be your first then," he smiled, "I always secretly thought about it, but somehow I don't think that people would be too happy with a quarterback being gay around here...would they?"

I shook my head no, trying to fathom what he had just said. I smiled, probably the only real smile of the evening. I was really happy he came back, though I don't know why. He must have sensed it...

"I came back because I forgot my backpack when I left," he looked down slowly, "when I drove back into the lot, your car was here and I was wondering why. When I heard the showers running, I came to find out who was in here. Now here we are."

With that he leaned in a kissed me so gently on the lips. He pulled back to see my reaction. I was frozen. Did Billy just kiss me?!

His hand moved from caressing my shoulder to running gently across my check to my nipples. A soft tweak elicited a moan, another a groan of pleasure. My cock was at full mast and near busting. As his hands continued to move down my body I was shivering...not from the cold but from his electrical energy he seemed to be feeding into me. When his fingers brushed my cock I lost it...

I shot everywhere! It was by far the largest load I had ever shot; I hit my chin, cheek, his face, and my thighs. I fell backward, only to be caught by Billy. The sheer force of the orgasm caused me to go limp.

"Wow! That was amazing!" he excitedly said, "feel up to more?"

I looked into his eyes and it was all the answer he needed. He began to undress while I leaned back on a locker. My eyes milked in every moment, my mind recorded thousands of snap shots of my Adonis. He was more beautiful up close than I imagined more than I could have hoped for. He was... perfect.

And Billy slid his boxers off I gasped. Before me was a perfect penis...at least 10 inches, not too fat, not too thin, with an amazing head on it. He was uncut, but the skin was pulled back tight from his erection. I leaned forward without thought and sucked in what I could will into me. With patience and a lot of subtle encouragement I soon had his pubic hair nestled into my nose. Yes, I was choking but what a way to die!

Soon he was pulling free. He asked me politely if he could have me. I stood and placed my hands on the lockers before me and spread my legs to allow entry. I heard him walk away and come back with a small bottle of lotion from his locker. I lubed his cock, and he reached down toward my tender hole. His touch caused a sudden jolt of pain and he frowned and pulled away. I begged him to do it, assuring him I would be fine. He came up behind me and wrapped his arms around me...hard cock resting in my crack.

"I don't want to hurt you... I want this to be special, I have been waiting for years for this moment." He whispered.

Did I just hear him? Years?! I had been watching him since his family moved to town when we were in sixth grade...just boys then. Was he watching me too?

“Please...I need you” moaned from my lips, and with that I felt him pull his hips back and his left hand vanished for a moment. Then it happened. His cock head entered my hole ever so slightly and slowly slid into me and rested there.

“I’ll be gentle” was all he said and began a slow, luxurious slide into my insides.

He gently made love to me. His hands caressed my body, his cock caressed things never touched by the boys earlier. He did things to me to make me on fire, my whole body burning, and skin crawling under him. When he finally sped up I knew he was close. His hands roamed to my rampant cock and slowly jacked me in the same rhythm. We came in unison, our breathe mingling; our bodies tense each supporting the other.

“Don’t pull out... stay” I begged. He complied staying in me until I had softened, and he softened and slowly slid out of me. I was calm, I felt amazing...the pain for the night had been removed by his loving touch.

We washed each other under the spray and he handed me his clothes. He pulled on his gym clothes from his locker. He walked into the bathroom...and came out frowning. He had my keychain, it was on top of the tank, but the key portion was gone. I had spares to the house and car, but I wasn’t happy. Billy drove me home that night.

To my surprise he walked me to the door, “Thank you,” he smiled, “I want to see you again...” he paused looking uneasy, “but with school and sports, and...” he looked like he was about to cry.

“Billy. I have loved you for years. Even if I have to keep you a secret and we can’t be together at school, I can live with that. I just need you...to be near you.” I smiled.

“I feel the same way. So...secret boyfriends? I guess I can live with that until we are out of school” He grinned.

Yes, I could live with that. My senior year was looking so much better now. Soon we would graduate and then the world could be ours. We could do this...and I would have Billy again; I would give myself to him over and over again. I closed my eyes to remember this moment... I closed my eyes...

When I opened my eyes Jimmy Buckley stood in front of me. I had never gotten along with Jimmy; even as little kids we hated each other...