

Author's Note: Please do not read if you are offended with male/male action or you are prohibited to read this type of material wherever you live. This story is fictional but the places are or could be real. *wink*. Send comments/feedback to hard_drive75@hotmail.com. Any relation to people/places in real life is completely unintentional.

Chapter 9

Lane was sitting on his bed staring at me. There was an awkward silence between us until he finally spoke.

“So...what were you going to tell me?”

I sat there, thinking of a way to say this to him.

“Miles, you come up to me and tell me that there is something *important* that I should know. But now you’re just wasting my time!”

Lane got up and walked to the door but I grabbed his arm.

“Lane...”

“?”

“I like guys.”

There was no subtle way to put it. I couldn’t lie to him anymore. At least if he knows and expresses disgust then I can stop fantasizing about him.

I was hoping for him to either smile and accept it or look awkward and feel disgusted.

Instead I got a different reaction.

“Finally you tell me!”

“What the—

Our clothes come off and Lane starts fucking me on his bed.

I was so hard the whole time while I grabbed around his tight body. I felt his skin on his back as he fucked me. Our breath on each other’s faces was so hot and gave way to the best part...The moment we kissed.

Oh and what a kiss it was! Lane’s tongue slowly creped into my mouth and made its way inside. It was slow and sensual. He didn’t put out a lot which left me gasping for me.

“Oh Lane fuck me harder!”

I felt his hips pound me at a faster rate. It was like a hydraulic piston gone mad.

“Ohhh LANE OH FUCK”

My hands reached around and grabbed his ass. I squeezed his cheeks really hard and gave it a hard slap—

The door suddenly opened and in comes Nick Santucci naked with his Italian stallion hanging between his legs.

The next thing I know is that I am being fucked on my side by Nick with his big dick and Lane shoving his cock in my mouth. We were making so much noise that I was surprised that no one came to check up on us.

Nick lies down on his back and I ride him for a few minutes while Lane kisses my neck from behind.

“Got room for one more?” Lane asks while I continue to ride Nick’s cock.

Nick has this excited look on his face after hearing Lane’s offer to double penetrate me. Lane gets behind me while Nick pulls out of me. Lane takes both his and Nick’s cock and I feel two cockheads coming in—

AND THEN—

BEEEEEEEEEPEP BEEEEEEEEEPEP BEEEEEEEEEPEP

Shit.

My alarm clock blared.

“Miles! Turn the fucking thing off!” Lane yelled from under his covers.

Oh shit.

That was a dream??

I turned off my alarm clock and lay back down again.

I was so hard and needed release. I was going to take a shower but I did not feel like exposing myself to the other guys on the floor.

I picked up my phone and called Adam.

“Hello?” a rather cheerful voice said over the phone.

“Hey man why you awake so early?”

“I just went to the gym and worked out a little”

I got harder when Adam said this. The thought of him being all sweaty after a workout almost send me to the edge.

“Why what’s up?”

“Can I come over?”

“Are you serious?”

“Yeah it’ll just take me 15 minutes...”

“Ok if you want—

I didn’t give him time to finish. I hung up, grabbed some stuff for school and headed out the door.

“I CANNOT believe you want to have sex right now!” Adam said as I stripped off my clothes.

“Adam you are intoxicating and I just can’t help myself.”

What got me hard was my dream last night. I needed release and Adam is a well oiled sex machine ready to go.

Adam stripped off his clothes, grabbed a condom and sat down on his chair.

After slicking my hole, Adam lowered me onto his cock and thrust upward until he was fully inside. My eyes rolled to the back of my head as inch after inch entered my hole. He lifted my legs a little for deeper penetration and started thrusting upwards like a madman.

I grabbed his pecs and felt how hard they were. My legs dangled on the side with each thrust and my toes curled.

“Damn you have been working out hard, huh?”

“Just for you baby” and with that he stuck his tongue in my mouth and I started sucking his lips gently.

The chair made horrible creaking noises hinting that it was going to break soon.

Adam lifted me up and placed me onto a breakfast table. I wrapped my legs around his waist as he thrusted into me hard and deep. He grabbed the ends of the table and thrusted into me deeper. My hands roamed his strong back and my legs around his waist wrapped around tighter encouraging him to go faster.

I just get so turned on when Adam smiles at me while we're fucking. In his eyes I see that he wants me to enjoy this and be a fuck that I remember. I get so lost in his eyes that I don't feel the discomfort his monster cock would cause sometimes. Instead the lust inverts the discomfort to pleasure and only amplifies the magnitude of the impending orgasm.

A few more thrust sent me to the edge and torrents of cum spewed from my cock.

Adam and I took a shower after. I tried my best not to touch him too much or else I'd be asking for another fuck in the shower. Afterwards we went to school together and I went on with my daily schedule.

Lane and I were doing homework in our room later on that night. I was trying to figure out how to solve a second-order differential equation when Lane told me that he had a date the next day.

“Congrats!” I told him. I was jealous of the girl who will experience his nice body in their throes of sex. With Lane in a relationship, my mind will stop probing the possibility of us fucking like rabbits. I just felt so guilty whenever I'd think about other guys. I kept reminding myself that I was in a relationship (though if you saw us in the streets, you may disagree) with Adam.

Lane then told me that he didn't know how to kiss a girl.

“You’re kidding!” I found it hard to believe that someone as good looking as Lane had never had the opportunity to stick his tongue down someone’s throat. Figuratively speaking, that is.

“No really, I’ve never done it before...”

“No shit...” I said, trying to solve the differential equation that has been giving me issues the whole evening.

“Come on Miles, I’m telling you the truth!”

“Ok...what do you want to know?”

“I was thinking maybe you could teach me how to kiss, like with tongue and all...”

I just blinked and looked at him. I had no idea where this conversation was going...How was I supposed to teach him how to kiss?

...Oh shit

Lane came closer and closer until he was directly facing me.

“Show me how it’s done Miles”

“Ok...dude...don’t you think this is kinda *gay*? ”

“Oh come on...no one is going to know. Besides the best way for me to learn is if I actually feel what it's like to have someone's tongue in my mouth without being...sloppy”

“Umm...I really don't—

Lane came closer and closer and soon his face was only a few inches away from mine. He grabbed my cheek and ran his hands over time and slowly pulled me closer towards him...

I closed my eyes and felt his tongue—

“Hey... Miles?”

I opened my eyes and Lane was looking at me from his desk.

!!!!!

“What are you doing?”

“Huh?”

“Dude you were like in a trance or something”

“Oh shit. What did I do? Did I do anything stupid?”

“No...you were just moving around, talking to yourself”

I was relieved that I did not do anything stupid to humiliate myself or expose my inherent desires for my roommate.

Dammit why do I have to be such a horny teenager? Teenagers just want to get laid and have some hard cock inside us.

“I think I need some air.”

I walked out to the garden to clear my head. Why on Earth do I have to have an attraction to my roommate? But then if you were in my position then you would probably be crushing on him too!

I was not prepared for what happened next.

First I was walking back to my dorm then I look to my side and a car backs up suddenly—

(fade to black)

Pain from my back brought me into focus. What surprised me more was the handsome face of Nick Santucci hovering over me.

“What the...? What happened?”

“Dude I am so sorry! I didn’t see you when I was backing up!”

WTF?? I didn’t see his car either until it was about to hit me. All I remember was me walking back to my dorm then all of a sudden I was spanked really, really hard by someone or something.

You know that feeling when you land on your ass really hard? That is how I felt after a car backs up onto me. My ass ached as well but then that feeling might be similar if Nick were to ever pound me.

Nick helped me up and I couldn’t help but smell his alluring cologne. It was a very young masculine smell and it was acting like some sort of pheromone giving me thoughts of sex and more sex.

Anyway let me cut to the chase. So Nick offers me a ride back to school but I tell him that I didn’t want to go back because I might end sucking off Lane against his will. I did not tell him exactly why I did not want to go back. Damn he is so hot.

“OK why don’t you come with me to my place and have you checked out?”

“Shouldn’t you take me to the ER or something?”

“I would but...it’s a long story. I wouldn’t want to have to file some sort of police report because this can be classified as a vehicular accident and I don’t want to deal with that shit right now...”

I did not want to go to the ER anyway. The wait would be so long and people who come in with more severe trauma would be given precedence over me. So we drove to his place. My ass ached when I got off the car.

Nick pulled out his cell phone and made a call to his family’s personal physician. Ten minutes later this female doctor shows up to his doorstep.

“I’m going to have to pull your pants down to see if there is any bruising caused by the impact”

I looked at Nick and then the doctor.

“Can we go to another room?”

“Oh don’t worry I’ll give you some privacy,” Nick said smiling. He is so hott.

After the doctor inspected my beaten up ass she said there was minimal to no bruising and that I would have to just relax, apply ice and rest up etc...

Everything happened so fast that I did not have time to absorb my surroundings. Nick lived on the top floor of this high rise somewhere downtown. The roof was made out of this silver aluminum type metal and the ceiling was very high and the windows gave a breathtaking view of Lake Michigan. Everything in the room basically came out of GQ magazine with most of the color tones being gray, blue, white and black.

I lay down on the couch for a while and the more I stayed in place the more I felt remnants of the pain leaving my body. So I sat upright and stared out into the lake.

Nick sat next to me on the couch with some bottled water in his hands.

“How are you feeling?”

“It’s nothing serious. Just regular impact to the behind.”

“I’m so sorry I did not see you earlier when I was backing up”

“Nick don’t worry about it”

“Nice way to meet somebody huh?”

“I guess...” I said wondering to myself if he backed up into me on purpose. I had a feeling that this whole this was staged. And if it was, I would not mind at all.

So we spent the next hour or so talking about random things rather than ourselves.

Things about Nick that I found out:

- Italian
- 6'0"
- 190 lbs of lean muscle
- Likes baseball, basketball & soccer
- Loves to travel
- Goes to Italy twice a year
- I would assume that he is rich seeing his loft is on the topmost floor
- Aspiring to be a Doctor
- Has two brothers both younger
- Great smile!
- Likes Pandas and Whales
- Does not talk much about his Dad (maybe there is a shady connection of what I saw in Adam’s house?)

So I was pretty much hard the whole time we were talking. I covered myself with a pillow. It was kinda weird that we didn’t talk about girls like what normal guys would do.

So I tell him a story about how my friend spits at my friend because of me and he was laughing like some hyena. So anyway when he says “You are a funny guy Miles” his hand lands on my leg. Like seriously touching my leg. He was very cool with it and did not seem to mind. I mean if he was my brother then I guess it’s OK to touch (well not to the point where it is weird) on my leg.

I quickly diverted attention elsewhere.

“So what does your dad do? I want to know where this wealth stems from.”

“Ok if you really must know...”

“What do you mean? Is he like a drug smuggler or something?”

I laughed. Nick didn't.

“My dad's part of the mafia”

TO BE CONTINUED

Hope you guys liked! The plot thickens hehe. Don't forget to e-mail me at hard_drive75@hotmail.com with any feedback or comments. Or you can add me on YAHOO messenger: miles hernandez86

Ciao