

# Locker room stories of a hairy lover Part I

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*First part of a fictional story I wrote, contains lots of hair. Enjoy!*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/gay-male/locker-room-stories-of-a-hairy-lover.aspx>

Part I "OK guys you're dismissed... Don't forget the game on Saturday, be focused and we'll win this game easily!" coach said after our last practice before the big game. Everybody took their stuff and went to catch their bus home. I have to stay every week at school for an hour before my last lesson, so I have an hour off alone while everybody go home to take a shower. It kinda sucks really bad but I use this time to go to the school showers, take a shower and sometimes jerk off when no one is there. A little bit about me: My name is Brent, 18 years old, about to finish my last year of high school this summer. I'm a Rugby player in my school's team and I've been gay since I remember myself... never been with any guy though. My body is well-built, I'm fit and I have an impressive athletic body, 6'1" tall. So off I went to the showers, expecting no one to be there. I went inside the lockers room and saw Jared talking on the phone, apparently with his girlfriend. When he noticed I walked in he gave me a smile and kept talking. "No babe..." "I'm not sure but I'll check it when I'll be home" "yea... no problem. Bye Becca..." "Love you too!" Jared is the captain of our team. To be honest, I've always thought he was one of the hottest guys in school. He is about 2 inches shorter than me and his body is muscled like me. He was nicely tanned and wore dense stubble all over his face. He was wearing shorts and a sweat stained T-shirt, he had a tribal tattoo on his right bicep peeking from under his sleeve. He hung up his phone and turned to me "sup man?" "Hey, why aren't you going home?" I asked him. "Uh... my parents are hosting some guests today for dinner so I don't wanna walk in all sweaty and smelly, wouldn't be polite!" "Yea I get it... so, how are things going on with Becca?" I hated Becca, she was the ultimate Bitch. "Uh man, she's sometimes too pushy, I can't really explain that, and let's say she's not the best sex I've had... Never mind that. Hey! What do you think about the new coach?" "He is really great! He certainly can get us motivated and lead us to victory, what a champ... and can you believe how hairy he is?! That's hilarious." "Is there any problem with hairy men?" Jared asked. \*\*\*\*\* No, not at all... Actually, I've always been attracted to hairy men, I always check to see how much body hair the guy I'm looking at has. I couldn't stand shaved smooth twinkys. Yea, that's my scratch... everybody has one, don't they? And by the way, I'm getting pretty hairy myself... I have a nice patch of hair between my pecs that spreads towards my nipples, and a treasure trail from my navel to my pubic area. I also have a slightly stubbly face, and my legs, arms, pits are moderately hairy as well. "Nah man I'm kidding, I'm kinda hairy myself" I answered. "Well, bet

ya I'm hairier than you are" "What do you mean?" "Uh... raise your arms" I was wearing a tank top that day so raising my arms got me revealing my hairy armpits. He gave them an examining yet dectrying look and said "Nah... that's nothing." Apathetically and confidently he raised his arm and pulled his sleeve down with his other hand, only to show me the hairiest, manliest, sexiest armpit I've ever seen. Above his perfectly-drawn tattoo there was that sweaty patch of fur that made me so attracted to him at that moment. He lowered his arm and took his shirt off. "That's man hair! Hmpfff..." He said while looking at the mirror and flexing his well pumped muscles. I looked at him amazed by his fur covered chest. He had hair all over his fit 6-pack as well. He was all sweaty by the training we've just had so his hair was soaking wet and dripping. The only thought that has passed through my mind was 'FUCK ME NOW!'