

# The Truth (Part 1)

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Published on Lush Stories on 15 Nov 2011

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*Mike and I get naughty, part 1 of 3.*

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"I want to know all of it. When did this start?" she says when I finally close the door. "Well," I reply slowly "if you really want to know, then I should tell you - this is a long story." "I want to know it all." "It had three parts to it... the first part began when I was sixteen, in the high school's bathroom..." \*\*\* I was standing in front of the urinal, listening to the sound of small thuds coming from one of the stalls. The sound was unmistakable- someone was masturbating. But... in school? Curiosity gets the best of me, and I decide to find out who it is. "Enjoying yourself?" I said into the empty room. The thuds pause and then continued. "Hell yea I am." Either I didn't know him, or he is putting on a voice. "School really makes one horny, doesn't it?" I could hear the thuds growing faster. Mystery man growled. "Oh fuck off!" "No reason to get angry," I muttered, loud enough for him to hear. "Well, I'll leave you to your fun time." "Wait!" he says. "Could you roll me the toilet paper?" I spot it on a nearby shelf, but I pretend to leave by closing the door loudly. "Jerk..." I hear him mumble under his breath as he shuffles and unlocks the door. It's Mike - My buddy since the seventh grade. As the captain of the football team should be, he is muscular. His strong chin is covered with a small stubble, and his curly black hair falls over his eyes. What I didn't know yet though, was that he was well endowed. His cock is big, at least 8, or maybe even 9 inches long, and thick. I'm a bit jealous. I'm 6.5 long, and 5 inches around. Drops of cum roll down his shaft as he cleans it with paper towel. I sneak up on him, and smack his ass. "Enjoying school, I see." He gasps and turns around, trying to cover himself. "Greg? What are you doing here?" "Hello Mike. And little Mike." "Very funny," he says, pulling up his jeans. "If you wanted to see my dick so bad, you could have just come by the showers after a football game." I shuffle, not knowing what to say while he throws on his shirt "Speaking of which, are you coming to the game this Saturday?" "Sure." The bell rang and we each proceeded to our own lessons, but the image of Mike's thick cock, cum rolling over its large cap, kept popping into my head. I knew I was bi curious by then, but I never really thought of guys in my day to day life like that. It was creepy, but made me so hard, that I decided I must see his cock again, if only to see if it really made me so horny. ----- The crowd erupted into cheering around me as the game ended, but I didn't join them, quickly making my way down to the field, and found Mike. "Nice game Mike!" I said, leaning on the

fence that circled the field. "We had better." He shrugged, coming closer. "Well... do you want to come over? My parents are out for the weekend." "Sure, I'll just shower, and come right over." "Nah man, you can shower at my house. "Sure," he said after a small pause. I smiled, knowing that this will be my opportunity. We talked mainly of football on the five minute walk, and when we reached my house, Mike snatched some clothing from his bag, and rushed to the bathroom. I waited till I heard the water running down loudly, and then opened the door slowly. The air was warm and misty, and I counted on the mist and the bathroom curtain to hide me. I could see his silhouette on the white curtain, but not much more. I lowered myself to all fours, and started inching my way around the room. I froze when I heard the water stop. He's probably using the soap now. I automatically pictured his strong hands spreading soap all over his rugged features. My pants bulging, I sat down, waiting till he turns on the water again. I had started moving my hand over my bulging pants, when I notice he doesn't. His silhouette turning around, looking for something. The soap! I realize, and freeze when he pulls back the curtain and grabs the soap which was standing nearby, on the sink. And then he spots me. The water, dripping down from his face, over his chest and arms to his six-pack stomach, and to the long, semi-erect shaft and ass, makes a soft dripping noise. He reddens, throwing the soap back and exiting the tub. "What the hell man?!" he yells, walking over to me. "I don't walk in on you when you shower!" he says, pushing me down the ground, his strong hands cuffing me so I can't get up. I don't know what to reply, and remain quiet. We both just stare at each other for a moment. I look at his deep brown eyes, then to the side, at his muscular hands which were keeping me from moving. Then down, where his flaccid dick was swelling. "This little situation is getting you fucking horny, isn't it?" I say, mocking his erection. Mike's face crimsoned further. He still held me down, and edged closer to my face. "Shut up Greg, or I'll make you!" "Yeah? How?" I knew I should stop this, but I didn't. "With your little buddy? Because by the way he looks, he sure wants to!" "Why the hell not!" Mike yells through clenched teeth. He straightens, forcing me to my knees, and drives his cock down my throat. My eyes open wide for a minute, notbelievinghe actually did it. His swollen member fills my mouth, and then withdraws. I attempt to spit, but he dives back in. "What are you going to do about it?" Mike says, misunderstanding the gleam in my eye for anger. I attempt to reply something when he pulls up again, but all that comes out is a moan. "You hate this so much, but then... Why aren't you resisting me?" he continues to chide me. He raises his hands behind his head, his hip swaying his cock in and out of my mouth. I can feel by how hard his cock is, how he likes it, which is exactly mycue. I hold up my hands, and place them on his chest, pushing him down. "Maybe I don't hate it so much," I answer, and place my head over his thick shaft again. He looks at me, shocked, but then he moans. I feel his rough, strong hands push my head down onto his cock, urging me to deep throat him. "Suck my dick Greg!" He moans and pushes me hard onto his cock. I close my lips and feel his shaft with mytongue, and it isn't long tillmy mouth fills with a salty liquid, squirting inside my mouth, some sliding down my throat, some gathering in my mouth. I let it slid down Mike's manhood, leaving my mouth with a slightly bitter aftertaste. Mike relaxes all of his muscles, and closes his eyes, letting out a sigh. I lean in closer. "You really enjoyed that, haven't you?" I whisper, and he nods slightly. "Well, then I should enjoy this as well!" Swept under by the situation, and just how horny I am, I place

my hands up under his ass, and raise it up a bit. His legs are spread apart, and the cum rolls freely off his shaft and down over his asshole. I pass a finger over it, and he moans a bit. I position myself, and place my cock in his crack. The skin around his asshole stretches as I press against it. First I let the top slide in. Mike cries out as his ass adjusts to my cock's circumference. "UGH!" he cries. "Greg!" I push in a bit more, and I see his muscles are all tense. I lean closer to him, and push in some more. "GREG!" he shouts, as my chest rests on his, my head near his, and my cock is halfway buried in his ass. I push in a bit more. "How does it feel to be ass fucked Mike?" I ask him, but he just moans. I push in a bit more, and I see his strain lessen. I push in slowly, bit by bit, giving him time to adjust. By the time my pubic hair rubs against his butt cheeks, I feel his body relaxing. We stay there, one on top of the other, catching our breath, my cock wholly inside of him. I enjoy his warm body against mine. I put my hands under his thick pubic hair, under his chest, under his hard abs, and shift us, rolling over, so that he is on top of me. "You're in control Mike. Fuck me." Mike pushes away one of his hair's curls and positions himself, breath still ragged. He rises slowly, and lowers himself back down. I let myself relax and enjoy the ride, as he begins to increase the speed. "Fuck yea. Your ass is so goddamntight Mike..." He goes faster and faster, but eventually he pulls out all the way. I raise my head, questioning, but he only puts out a hand. He helps me up, and we both walk to the nearby room, where Mike stretches out on a table, his ass slightly higher in the air. "Fuck my ass, Greg. Fuck it good." I push in again. It isn't as hard this time, and it's not long before I'm humping him hard, pumping myself in and out of that ass. The feeling of him around my cock is euphoric. I go faster, fucking him in arhythm. He moans every time I push in, until it's too fast. "Fuck me! Fuck me Greg! Push in me!" I slap his butt. "You want my cock?" "Yes! Fuck, I want your cock Greg!" He yells, shifting across the table every time I pull in and out. "Fuck me!" I pull out and slide him down. I feel cold waves rushing throughout my body, my cock harden, my mind goes blank, and his face receives twelve strings of hot cum. "Damn Greg... you're so gay..." he mumbles. I wiggle my cock a bit, and slap his face with it a few times. "So are you, Mike." \*\*\* "Well?" "What do you mean well? I fucked my high school buddy!" "Yeah, and? This isn't the whole story!" "I know, it was the first part. The second part comes some time after it, in college, but it's getting late. I'll have to save that part for later."