

Ball Games

by K. I. Bard

K. I. Bard was raised in the American Midwest, an area about which he writes with particular freshness. He has published a number of books in different fields and contributed a short story to Panthology Two. He is presently at work on a boy-love outdoor novel unfolding in the Canadian North.

MARK IS BY BEST friend, and he's been that since grade school. We do everything together, but especially sports and outdoor things. I don't know what it is with us, but we're both crazy about physical stuff. You'd think we'd be built like hulks, but we're not. I guess you'd say we're nice and trim and tight, but neither of us is muscle-bound. The things we do, like swimming and soccer, use lots of running and you don't get bulky doing that.

Sometimes I think we stay as trim as we do because both of us could die from lack of sleep. We go like hell all day long, and at least twice a week we sleep over at my place and end up going nearly all night long, too. We like to screw around.

When it comes to sex we hit a super good stride, which we started to do nearly as soon as we figured out what to do. It seemed so natural at the time, almost like another indoor sport or something. We were having these neat feelings when our cocks got hard, and it was just logical we'd talk about it, compare, and then... you know. Well, it does make sense, doesn't it?

There were times when I thought Mark and I were the only two guys like us on the planet. We're popular, perfectly normal, good at sports, okay at school, dig music and all the rest of the typical stuff, except that most guys don't have a friendship like Mark and I've got going. We know each other so really well lots of times we don't even have to say anything because we have the same scope on a situation. I can't imagine being closer to anyone than I am to Mark. That's nice, but it's different. It means something can backfire. In fact, it did, as I'll tell you if you stick with me a minute.

There's times we have to talk about the sex. We like it, but it can be a bother when it makes us both feel sort of isolated. Once in a while we get this guilt thing, so we date girls and normalize ourselves as much as possible. Still, when a guy needs a really good fuck, well, where else can you turn except to your best friend and buddy? When it comes to that we know exactly what we mean to one another.

Anyway, a few weeks ago we came back to my place after an out-of-town soccer game. My mom's divorced and works an odd schedule. If you think that means I'm neglected you can think again. She's a neat lady and it's been no picnic for her to handle three kids by herself. My dad, from what I heard, was an interesting, handsome guy who was utterly useless when it came to sticking to anything.

Mark and I sleep over at my house because it's freer. My older sister Susan is so into boys that she ignores me completely. Sure, I'm a boy, even if I am only fourteen and two years younger than she is, but I'm a boy in the horrid category of Brother. Brothers aren't boys, even though we may be hung like boys.

The one person who usually is at home and might get in the way is my younger brother Greg, who is sometimes my responsibility to look after. He's not a bad kid, but who wants to be stuck having to sit for a twelve-year-old? I told him one day, "As far as I'm concerned, you're on your own. I'm going out with Mark. Don't burn the house down."

"But Mom said..." he started to protest, staring back at me through his smudged glasses.

"You going to tell?" He didn't answer right away, so I continued, "If you do I'll let on about Herman."

His eyes grew big on the other side of his round lenses. "You wouldn't!"

Herman was his pet snake. Mom thought snakes were dirty and Sis was terrified of them, so Herman was kept in a secret spot the other side of a panel at the back of Greg's closet and let out only at night for a little cuddling and food.

Greg knew everything about snakes. In fact he knew a lot more about most things in books than I did because he was always reading, which is something I got better things than to do.

Well, getting back to the time after that game, Mark and I tore over to my place and threw our junk in the closet—you know, the duffels and gear from the soccer match. Then we hit the kitchen and scared up what we could there. Usually I make a mess of popcorn or frozen pizza or ice-cream, depending on how well we're stocked, which depends on how close we are to payday.

We haul all the chow up to my room, and that's when I crank up the stereo with whatever we're both into at the time. (God, I'm young, but I can still hardly believe what I liked to listen to two years ago—or if I remember I can't imagine why in hell I liked it.) Music going as loud as I can get away with, which all depends on whether Mom's home or not, we do the bathroom together, what Mark and I call our "shower an' shine time". It must be a hell of a thing to listen to, the two of us horseshit singers yawling out the words to a blasting song. Sometimes it brings Greg out of his room and if we haven't bothered to shut the door good we find him standing there with his finger in a book and his glasses getting all steamed up, just looking blank and not saying anything.

Not that we always sing loud in the shower. If we feel like it we'll shower together and have some fun that way, screwing around and listening to the music coming from my room. But bathroom sex isn't our big thing, you know—it's just there for the heck of it.

I suppose you think I'm a spoiled, selfish kid. Well, I'm not. There are rules at my house, and we follow them, or else! If Mark wants to keep staying over he's got to follow them, too. So after everything we do we are expected to pick up after ourselves and leave things in order. It's

not so bad, you know, to spend a few extra minutes cleaning the tub and shower after you use it. Big deal. Same thing with the kitchen. You don't leave a mess. If you do, my mom is likely to show up at your door and yank you right out of bed to go do your duty, and that's one thing I definitely do not want to happen when Mark's here.

So when everything's fine we lay out in my room and start the good part of the night. It used to worry me that there was no lock for my door. There was just this hook which an anaemic canary could bust if he tried, but no one in my family would really care much what's in my room, so long as it's kept within reason. We just don't go into each other's rooms.

I think about the lock every time Mark sleeps over. Maybe it's guilt or something, But it always gets on my mind. I get it out of my mind by having a good time, which for me starts when I put on the headphones. There's a set for each of us so we can hear our music without keeping the whole house awake. It's so nice after a shower, too, when you feel so clean and loose. Then when you get into the music it feels even better, kind of like being part of some cosmic thing that puts super pictures in your mind. Sometimes it revs up my fantasy machine going so fast I don't even know for sure what my body is doing. That ever happen to you? It's something else. But even an average night is damn good, because, I don't know about you, for me it's always a super tuck when I do it with the headphones on.

See, I'm watching Mark's face and figuring out where he's at, how close, how good, you know. The music is keeping me going at a pace that's good, and that rhythm is just different enough from my own to keep me on the edge of the cliff. It feels good, and I know I could shoot lots sooner than I do, but I can hold it back and ride along with the experience for a long while if I even half try.

Mark's not as good at it as I am. He's really a horny guy, and he gets off easier. Sometimes it kind of pisses me, because he'll blast off way before I'm ready, and once he's gone he goes limp and useless on you for a while, making him a zero on either end. If he's screwing me, I'm not left with a lot of sensation when all he has to push back and forth is a piece of boiled macaroni. When I'm fucking him he relaxes so much after he gets off that being in his ass is like wandering around inside a cave, with all the friction (or whatever) completely gone. God, that can be frustrating, especially if I'm starting to come round the final stretch myself.

Mostly, though, I watch his face, because seeing him grow more and more excited gets me into the same condition. When it's working right we lock onto one another and really enjoy it. But, shit, once I see his face go into the gaspy, twitchy, goofy expressions that means he's on the come, that's usually enough to push me over the edge myself. Sometimes that happens when I've hardly realized I was that close at all. It's weird: I guess I know what kind of fun he's having, so my cock helps me jump right in there myself.

Hell, I don't have to tell you all this stuff. You know what it's about, I suppose. You ought to if you're reading this. It's just kind of neat to put it down so I can see it. In a way it's making me see things clearer and better. When I see it in black and white like this I am impressed by how good sex is with Mark.

See, I talked about fucking first, but that's not what we do first. Like I said, sometimes we

prime one another pretty damn fine in the shower. In my room we usually start with a lot of sucking. We used to take turns, but lately we're getting into long sessions of going head to toe. We learned from one another what felt best, and it's always good to have your cock sucked, your nuts, your thighs licked, your nipples tongued and so on. Mark does a weird thing this way, and it happens only when you use your mouth on him. It's kind of a mini-come. He gets this spasm and one or two little kicks of come which will make his cock fall pretty fast, but then it bounces right back and he's okay. Any other way he comes and it takes a while to revive him.

I guess we usually come by sucking one another off. What happens next depends on the mood and the music, but it begins with us resting together and goes of from there. Sometimes it's press and wiggle. Sometimes it's hand job time, drumming or playing cock guitar. We either fool around that way a hell of a lot or we end up with another come. It all depends. A few times we got so into pressing our cocks together belly to belly that we'd blast off and end up in a crazy, exhausted stupor and fall asleep glued together with those happy damn juices. Maybe it's my imagination, but coming like that's much wetter or something. It sure seems like there's a hell of a lot more stuff than usual. It's a rude fucking deal to wake up and have all this hard shit stuck to you, and what's stuck at the end of your cock actually hurts when you try to get rid of it.

The final act, when we have one, is a good fuck. Mark likes it best if he's fucked from behind so he can press against the mattress with his cock. I like it being fucked to my face, and that's because it's so good watching Mark's expressions. I see him coming, and I hardly have to touch myself to follow, and a few times I didn't even have to do that. A spontaneous come. It felt like a great big grin on my face. Nice!

Eventually we get to sleep, but not until we're really ready. Is it possible we go until we drop? I guess it could be. There are times when I can't remember stopping. It's kind of foggy, though. Once in a while we must really fuck ourselves to sleep, but it could happen a lot for all I know.

That's part of what our nights are like. Once we had a week together when Mark's parents left him at home. After four or five days, well, we tapered off to a less killing pace. Must be that we pack a week's worth of sex into two nights.

The other things important to us are more public, so there's no problem there. We study, practice, play games and all that just like anyone else: Anyway, we know our heavy fucking is that way because of the circumstances keeping us from doing decent sex most of the time. And, you know, it builds up on a guy. I feel really edgy when I miss one of the usual nights with Mark. Beating off doesn't cut it. It's okay, but it's not nearly the same. Times when we aren't able to fuck together are bad for both of us.

Now you've got the situation. Mark and I are doing okay on figuring things out and keeping them under control. It's all pretty cool. That's the way it was on the night I started telling you about. Horny but not too flagrant, if you know what I mean.

Anyway, Mark and I are into the suck portion of the evening, when he stops and nudges me. I look around and everything seems okay: the LEDs on my stereo are flashing through the greens and reds with the music, and I wonder what in hell made Mark stop. He pushes an earphone aside and whispers, "Someone's at your door."

Fuck, did that ever make me jump up, but Mark pushed me back and whispered, "Shit, man, don't act like I told you or you'll scare whoever it is away before we find out who."

Okay, that made sense, but I didn't want any part of playing suck off to an audience. I said as much to Mark, but he warned, "Look, they've already seen what we're doing, but for Chrissake don't make it obvious we're on to them!"

What I didn't know then was that Mark was pretty sure there'd been someone at the door the last couple of times he'd slept over, and he had been thinking about what he'd do if it happened again. I just couldn't figure out why he was acting like everything was okay.

"Mark, that could be my mother out there!"

"Cool it! If it was that drastic we'd know already."

By then my cock was about as excited as a lump of under-the-bed fuzz, but I let Mark position me so I was crossways on the bed, feet hanging over the edge. Laying on top of me, he told me his plan, acting like he was kissing my face while he whispered in my ear. "Act like I'm blowing you when I get down there. Keep the sounds coming. Whoever's at the door won't be able to see what I'm really doing."

I nodded. We played at hugging for a moment or two, then he slipped down my body, kissing me as he went and doing a good enough job to get me partly excited in spite of the audience. Anyway, I did my part, which was simple enough.

He slipped to the door and stood alongside it, out of view to whoever was watching. And I could see from this position that the old-fashioned keyhole was dark when usually it was bright because of the hall light. Mark carefully unhooked my door, then grabbed the knob and pulled it open with a jerk.

Well, it was my little brother out there, and did he ever look scared! You know what those moments of pure panic are like? That was sure one of them for Greg. Mark grabbed the little shit by the neck. Greg looked so shook it was pathetic, like should he run through a wall or be sick to his stomach? I think Mark and I were both going to give Greg hell: you know, scare the shit out of him, rough him up and dump him back in his room. But just then my sister came home and started up the stairs.

It would have made a lot of difference if she'd come home a half hour later. Instead, fearing that Greg would split and yap on us, Mark flung the kid into our room, quickly closing the door.

There we were, two pissed fourteen-year-olds in the raw facing one scared ass twelve-year-old in his pajamas, and none of us able to raise his voice or say anything above a whisper. It's kind of funny, now that it's over and done with. You can imagine the kind of tough, threatening stuff I whispered in Greg's ear.

"I promise, cross my fingers, hope to die, I'll never tell anybody in the whole wide world!" Greg

whimpered. "Don't even think about doing it," I said.

Now Mark started at Greg, but on a different tack. He told me later that when he'd yanked the door open, little Greg had had his hand inside his pajamas and he suspected my little brother was performing his solo version of what we'd been doing. So Mark asked him, surprisingly gently, I thought, "How come you've been watching us, Greg?"

My little brother's only answer was a sniff.

"Were you curious?"

"I don't know."

"Did you want to learn about these things?"

"Maybe. A little."

"Shit," I said to Mark, "just send him back to his room." "Is this the kind of stuff you'd like to do, too?" Mark went on, ignoring me.

I didn't know if Mark thought it was funny or what, but I sure didn't have any urge to hit the fucking sack with my little brother, the four-eyed squirt. Anyway, Mark was behaving much too nice to the kid. I thought it was a sappy line when he told Greg that "all boys play with themselves. It's nothing to be ashamed of."

That may be true, but I think all boys end up feeling ashamed, that it's disgusting to touch your cock for pleasure. It's something you never see on TV or hear about in the news. It's really a secret, bad thing. Other bad things, like mass murder, get much better publicity, don't you think?

So Mark was being a better big brother than I was. Big deal. He could play the counselor all he liked if it would cool the situation.

But good old Mark had more in mind. I was flabbergasted to see him slip Greg's pajama down and admire his puny cock. I mean, this was my brother, a kid who actually liked to read books nobody else would check out of a library. Greg was a thing that lived in the same house I did; he wasn't another boy with a cock and cocky urges... was he?

Wrong I was. Greg had the urges all right, and Mark didn't mind working on those urges with him. While I stood with my back to them, looking blankly out the window,

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Mark gave Greg a respectable and considerate blow job and finished him off by hand. Little four-eyes had a hot little body after all.

As for me, I didn't know what to do with myself. It made me angry having a third person, especially Greg, aware of how things were between Mark and me.

When Greg left I said, "Aw fuck, Mark, what did you do that for?"

"It was insurance," Mark explained. "I think he's going to be in here part of the time from now on. He is kind of fun, you know, and he's got lots of your style, even though he's way punier than you were at his age."

"He'd have been out of the door and out of it if you'd left him alone. What's the sense of having him involved? Now we'll never be rid of him."

"Shit man, think, will you? How can he tell now that he's part of it? You know any safer way to cover our asses?"

Mark had thought about this. He was right. I felt my argument and anger both collapse. Mark had saved us. One little blow job and little Greg was as guilty as we were. It was a good defense.

But Mark still had a few surprises for me that evening. "Besides," he said, "it was damned neat to work on a kid that age. Hell, I don't really goddamned remember what it was like back then, do you? Feeling him react to the B-J I gave was kind of like going back to that age myself, fuckin' weird, really. If having him in here bothers you, then I'll go somewhere else with him, but he's fun and I feel I want to do more with him. Can you handle that? He's not replacing you because you're not up for replacement, but he's got something I want to be with or explore or something."

Well, I asked myself, what was the worst thing that had happened so far? A twelve-year-old got his cock sucked for the first time, followed by a hand other than his own sending his new sperm flying. Nothing too earth-shaking there. Then Mark admitted he was keen on exploring Greg's initiation into sex. Nothing too bad in that either. With a little luck, Greg will soon enough start doing it with another twelve-year-old boy, or boys—he might even start to be more human and less lumpish, in which case both of us will have Mark to thank.

More important, Mark reconfirmed what I've always really known: I'm not up for replacement.

It's hard to fight when there's nothing to fight against. So I said, letting a big grin spread across my face, "You really are a bastard."

"I know," he said. "Now that we got the room to ourselves, let's finish!"