



# First Kiss

By Ian Kovnats  
Copyright © 2003

This is purely a work of fiction; any resemblance to persons living and/or dead is purely coincidental. This story deals explicitly with **frank adult language** and descriptions that are of a homosexual nature. It is not intended for minors or those who are offended by such frank, honest, and detailed language.

Reproduction of this material, except for use in quotes and/or reviews, is **expressly prohibited** without the written consent of the author or publisher of this e-book. You can contact the author through email at [Author](#) or the publishing editor at [Editor](#)

Cover Model courtesy of [Citi Boyz Video](#)

For other **Gay Fiction** stories & novels, please visit our [website](#). You can read **unreleased novels** for free online or preview our other [Gay Fiction Books](#). We also carry an extensive listing of **GAY ONLY** print books as well as the latest **Gay DVDs** & Videos for all of your entertainment needs.

If you have a story you wish to see online, please review our submission guideline or send an [Email to our Editor](#). All works will be considered irrespective of length. **New Authors** are welcome to submit their original works for either **digital publication** or **for showcasing** on our websites.

Current Titles Available

[Rent Boy](#)  
[Summer's Surrender](#)  
[Young Love, Wrong Love](#)  
[The Locker](#)  
[First Kiss](#)  
[God's Thunder](#)  
[Field of Honour](#)  
[Spare Change](#)

Upcoming Releases

[The Secret](#)  
[Hanky Diaries](#)  
Queer Confidential

## Chapter One

Zack stared out of the classroom window, watching the sun beaming down on another warm southern California day. It was just nearing the end of April and spring was in the air. Everyone was starting to get ready for the end of the year; but right now, everyone's attention was being geared towards the spring ball.

He sat there with his head resting on his hands as he wondered whom Shawn would be pushing at him this time. He knew that his best friend only had his best interests at heart; but Christ, he'd wish he would just let it rest. Shawn had this insane notion that everyone needed to be paired, no such thing as going stag or being single; but then how do tell your best friend you really aren't into his idea of what a pair should be?

He may only be 15, well okay 16 at the 5th of May, but still he already knew exactly what he wanted and it certainly wasn't a girl. He had tried that and not with much success. There was something missing, something that made him uncomfortable around them, girls that is, and yet maybe he was just being stupid.

Glancing up the row of desks, he saw Sheryl who was sitting right behind the latest school heartthrob, Justin Patterson, the transfer student from Florida. Every one of the girls, especially the cheerleader squad, was a flutter over the new guy. He was about 6 foot tall and around 145 pounds of solid boy flesh, something Zack noticed with obvious pain in a certain region.

The guy was hot, no doubt about it. He had dirty blond hair, down to just past his ears. In fact, as he looked over at him, he could see some of the soft strands of hair brushing the collar of his open button down shirt. He was built well and he had that soft southern drawl that sent the girls dizzy. It certainly made his own heart throb a little extra and it did seem to make his dick stir too.

He had known Sheryl Bradley forever it seemed. They had gone to kindergarten together, elementary and middle school and now were in high school together. It was almost like she was the sister he never had and they were close; and several times lately he had come close to

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

telling her, but something held him back. He didn't know what, but he just couldn't tell her. Hell, he wasn't even all that positive himself, but maybe that was it. Maybe he really wasn't, maybe he was just curious; that happens, and so why risk his future on what may simply be a case of curiosity?

His trouble was that he didn't know, and he doubted if he would ever really find out if it was just curiosity or not. How do you go up to someone and say, 'Hey, I might be, care to let me have sex with you to find out?' Shit, he'd be kicked from here to next month, and there was no doubt that the new kid could do it easily. He was sure built; and those buns, fuck he had a hot ass.

Damn, there he went again, and he knew it would get him into trouble. He was finding that he was staring way too much these days, always staring and it was almost as if his body was trying to betray him. Gym was becoming a nightmare, all that naked young flesh that paraded back and forth. How the hell was a guy not to get a friggin hard on? Well, none of the others really did, at least not that he could tell.

"Mr. Trailer?"

"Huh? Sorry, I missed the question Coach."

"Yes, I am sure you did. Maybe if you would care to enlighten us on just what is it about Ms Bradley that has you so mesmerized, we might all enjoy it?"

"Huh? Oh, uh, sorry, I was, I mean..."

"Yes, well... this is hygiene class and not wishful thinking, so how about you stare at the board and let Ms Bradley's beauty attract your attention after class?"

"Yes sir."

"We appreciate it. Fine, anyone have the answer?"

Zack managed to keep his mind on the class for the rest of the period but every now and then his eyes would stray towards the far corner, where Sheryl and Justin sat. God, he didn't know which excited him more. Sheryl had indeed grown up a lot over the last year and to be honest, she really was a good looking girl. No wonder the school heartthrob was her boyfriend.

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

He remembered how excited she had been when he had asked her out. She had called him at home after 10, which was a real no no; and yet, after he explained it to his parents, they seemed not to mind too much. In fact, they even commented on how her parents must be so proud, to have their daughter going out with the school's most popular fella. Not that he wasn't of course; just that, well, he was a football player and a baseball player.

Christ he hated that, how everyone assumed that unless you played sports you didn't rank. He knew that Tyler was a nice enough guy, least he never acted like some damn prima donna; but still, it wasn't fair that just because he was the team captain for football and baseball that everyone thought it an honour to be with him or hang with him.

The buzzer sounded and everyone headed out of the classroom when he heard the harsh sound of Coach Post's voice calling his name. Shit, now what did the asshole want from him?

"Yes Coach?"

"Trailer, why can't you pay attention in class? I am getting tired of your attitude son."

"Sorry Coach, I don't mean to, uh..."

"Look son, I know it is hard at your age, the hormones and all; but come on, Sheryl Bradley is not in your league. You really need to focus on what is obtainable."

"Huh? But Coach, I mean..."

"I don't want to hear it Trailer, really, and I expect not to have to have this talk with you again or else I'll start handing out detention slips, understand?"

"Yes Coach."

"Good, and set your sights on what is in your reach Trailer. No sense in beating yourself up; you aren't that bad looking of a kid. Maybe if you went out for sports, you might do better. Ever think of trying out?"

"Uh, not really Sir. I guess I'm not much of a

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

sports fan."

"No? Your dad never take you out in the back to toss the ball around?"

"No Sir, not really. He isn't very athletic, he's an architect."

"Yes well, you think it about it for your Senior Year. Might help get you a date for the prom at least."

"Yes sir, I will."

"Okay, that's all."

Zack left the classroom hurriedly, small tears near his eyes as he heard the coach's words echo inside of him. Who the fuck did he think he was? Just because he coached a bunch of over rated jocks that didn't mean he could tell him that girls like Sheryl were out of his league. His league huh? Well fuck that shit. Besides, he was staring at Justin anyhow. Wonder what the great Coach would say then? God, just the idea of the Coach knowing how he was feeling terrified him and he could feel the muscles in his body starting to quiver and shake with fear.

He had his head down as the wild fear took hold of him, and he could just see the Coach holding a student body assembly where he would denounce him publicly. He would enjoy that, the fucking masochist, gathering the entire student body together to expose some faggot in their midst. As the thoughts raced through his head, he didn't see where he was going until he felt the sharp jolt in his shoulder and he felt himself spinning around, stumbling and about to fall towards the hard concrete.

A hand reached out and grabbed his flaying arm, arresting his fall and jerking him back to his feet. The hard grip was painful, and yet it seemed to make him tingle a little as he turned to stare into the captivating blue orbs of the schools number one student, Tyler McHenry. He couldn't believe it as he tried to catch his breath and to still the sudden wild beat of his heart.

"Hey, you okay?"

Zack stared, fear gripping his young body as he noticed the sneer on the other boy's face. Brain Kozak

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

wasn't his favourite person in the world and he was always with Tyler, like they were brothers or something.

"Yeah, sorry. Uh, should have been watching where I was going."

"Christ you should have let him take the header. Might jar some savvy into his head."

"Shut up Brian. You okay?"

"Yeah, thanks, sorry for..."

"Should be man. Come on Ty, we gotta run or we'll be late."

"Okay, well, take it easy man. Zack isn't it?"

"Yeah, I will, thanks."

"Thought it was you, we have English together."

"Yeah, I know."

"Come on Ty, let the dweep go, we're going to be late."

"Jesus Brian, shut up will ya? Uh, you going to be around later man?"

"Me? Yeah, I suppose."

"Great, Twiller said I should talk to you about class."

"Oh, okay, sure."

The relief was evident in his voice and maybe even his face, because Tyler stared at him with a strange look in his eyes. His eyes stared into his and he felt like he was being probed, as if he was searching for something inside of him; and he could feel his whole body tensing up, his muscles constricting as if on inspection.

"Great, gotta run, I'll catch up with you later man, thanks."

Zack watched the dream man of the entire female population of the school jog down the walkway towards the annex building. The way he moved, so graceful; and

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

yet you could see the power in his body, the way his legs moved and just the way he held himself. You knew that was one powerful body; and damn, it was hot too, and he could feel the pain growing again in his groin and he swore to himself, wishing all these weird thoughts would just go away and leave him in peace.

The sound of the buzzer made him start and he realized that once more he would be late for a class but at least this one the teacher wouldn't rag on him. He enjoyed science and the teacher was at least more of help than Coach Post ever could be. He was a nerd though, wore those old man glasses and always, always, had a plaid vest on with tons of pencils and pens in his pocket bulging out from underneath. He may look like a geek but he sure knew science; and really, he wasn't a bad guy, least he never picked on his students.

Justin lay on his bed, the scent of lemon from the sheet filling his nostrils as he stared up at the ceiling where he had his large poster of the night sky. All those stars and planets waiting for someone, as if they had all the time in the world; and yet he knew many of them were no longer even there, long extinguished by some wicked explosion which hadn't reached their vision yet.

He could hear the shrill voice of his mother as she talked on the phone. God he hated her for making them leave Florida and come clear across the country to fucking weirdsville California. Everyone here was so fucking bizarre, and stuck up too.

School sucked, and he had no real friends yet, but they had only been here for about a month; still, he wished he were back at his old school. At least there he had friends and didn't feel like such an idiot. Besides, the girls were nicer there, and they knew him. Here, he was like some damn piece of steak on display, everyone passing by checking out the prime rib, wanting to poke it and see how fresh it was. Fuck, he hated that and he felt like poking back, and not just with a stare or look either.

The football team wasn't much better either, except maybe for Tyler and that asshole Brian. They just didn't have the talent that they had back in Florida, or at least so he thought. The coach was a first class moron, and he doubted if the jerk even knew the difference between a post pattern and a crossing route. Fuck, what

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

did his lame mother get him into? Why couldn't she just stay in Florida instead of moving out here? Least she could have let him finish out the year there; but no, not her, he had to come with her and so he was stuck.

The sound of his mother's angry voice was getting on his nerves and he thought about just slipping out the window again, going for a walk to let his anger settle; but he couldn't go, not until he heard her head to her room, then maybe he could take off. He still didn't understand why he couldn't have stayed with his father, at least until the school year was finished, but she wouldn't hear of it. Man did she ever throw a fit when he had suggested it, and he hated all this divorce shit. No wonder his dad went looking elsewhere, she was such a bitch.

Justin turned over in his bed and stared at his desk and computer. He saw the English books and his eyes narrowed a little. He should at least try but it was just not his thing; and back in Florida, it was different, not so damn detailed. He knew that his teacher, twit something or other, was going to get him some peer tutoring; which was all he needed, to be made to look like some stupid jock, but better than failing he guessed.

Thinking about school, his mind wandered to the girl who sat behind him, she was a real looker, but he had already found out she was Tyler's girl, and so hands off. Besides, he liked Tyler, he didn't come across as arrogant or stuck up like Brian the sidekick did. Besides, you had to be friendly to the guy who threw the football, or at least hoped he would. California was still stuck in the ice age, run run run was their motto, while in Florida it was air it out; but supposedly this school was different, or so Tyler said. He'd have to wait and see but he didn't hold out much hope.

Quietly Justin got up from the bed and went over to his desk and turned on the computer and stared at the screen, wondering if he should or not. Then, as he listened carefully, he clicked on the icon and heard the computer whir and chug as it connected to the internet. He watched his browser come up and then he clicked over to see his email account.

He sunk down into his chair as he realized there wasn't any new mail and he could feel a tear around his eye. He angrily wiped it away then punched up the send

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

feature. It wasn't fair, it was like he had suddenly been tossed into a void and everyone had forgotten him. All of his old friends never bothered to write, even though they all had his Hotmail address. It didn't change just cause he moved to weirdsville, and yet no one had written. Not his old girlfriend, not his best friend and team quarterback; no one, and that hurt.

If one of them had left town, he'd write to them and tell them what was going on, but not them. He felt so isolated, so alone, that it was starting to hurt. Even his dad hadn't written him this week and that really sucked. At first he wrote every day and it was a great feeling to read his letter before bed, it helped make him feel like at least someone cared. Then after the first two weeks, it was a letter every other day; and now, a month later, and so far he got one letter last Wednesday and nothing since. Was his father forgetting him too?

He typed away now, writing a sorrowful letter to his father, asking him at first, then begging him to come and take him home but he knew he wouldn't. Whatever had happened between his dad and mom it was like she refused to even mention his name. She simply referred to him as 'that man' which made Justin angry. Then too, there was all that lawyer shit going on; and even he was dragged into it, having to sign some stupid paper, which was weird, the questions the lawyer asked were really bizarre, even though he said they were routine. There was something going on and whatever it was, he knew his mother was really angling to get at his dad.

Justin wrote that in his letter too, asking if his dad would just tell him what had gone so wrong, just tell him if he had done something or maybe it was just like they all said, people fell out of love, but why did he have to suffer? He had even asked the lawyer if he would be asked who he wanted to live with, the lawyer had told him no, not in this case given the circumstances, and he wouldn't go further on that either. Damn fucking lawyers, so slimy and shifty, he wished he never met this one, and what was worse, he thought his mom was sweet on the jerk. God, that would really suck, the guy was an absolute geek in every way. He had horned rim glasses, and breath that could kill at 100 yards; and his smile, shit, he had seen more sincere smiles from gators back home.

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

Clicking the 'send' he watched the graphics as his email to his father, the fourth in three days, was sped on its way to Florida. He just wished that this time, his dad would answer him. Why wouldn't he answer him anymore? Had he fucked up that bad? Did his dad think he wanted to stay with his mom? He couldn't believe that, every time they had talked, every email they had shared, he begged to be with his dad, not his mom, so he couldn't believe her lies, could he?

He could feel one of his moods coming on which pissed him off. He hated all this thinking shit; besides, he did enough of that in the weird school his lame mother had enrolled him into. Shit, she couldn't have picked a worse place for him, and all he wanted was to be back in Florida. Hell, at least the gators were more fun than having to try and fit in with a bunch of new kids. If only they had moved here just before football season, least then he could show them who he was; now he just had to suffer until September, and what was worse, he found out that he couldn't practise in gear until then too, some stupid damn conference rule. Shit, how was he to get in shape if he couldn't work out in gear?

Justin flipped his mouse to the chat option and he logged into the chat room. It was supposedly one of those 'teen only' chats but he sure as hell doubted if some of the guys were really teens. There was this one that kept haunting him too; but hell, it was kind of fun to tease him, like as if he'd ever really meet someone from online. His dad had warned him; but then, it wasn't like he was making any friends at school.

Life really sucked these days as he checked out who was online and he felt bored. He decided to check out one of the other chats and as he surfed, he kept wondering about his dad, why wasn't he answering the email like he used? Shit, he even hadn't called in almost 2 weeks but that was his mom's fault. Last time he called, she did nothing but scream at him, and all he did was say 'hi;' but for whatever reason, that was enough for her. Damn he hated not being able to know what really went on between them, and in the back of his mind, he kept wondering about the sleaze lawyer's questions. They weren't normal, least he didn't think they were, but who could he talk to about it? There wasn't anyone he was friendly enough with to ask, they were all back in Florida and not even answering his email either.

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

A chat room title caught his eye and he entered to find a couple of guys talking, and he started to read the messages. He liked to do that first, to get the feel of the place and they were all talking about stuff, stuff that he was feeling too. This one guy, leftout16 sure seemed to know exactly how he felt. He listened as 'toby9' was complaining about how his father simply didn't even accept his phone calls, and they lived in the same blasted apartment complex. Man, why were parents such assholes to their kids?

Just as he was thinking that, leftout16 made the same comment. Christ, the guy was good and he began to pay more attention; and as more of the guy's words echoed his own sentiments, he finally got the nerve up to enter the chat. He just said hi, logging in as 'fedup16' and was rewarded with several welcomes from the other members. Leftout16 was to the point, and he kind of liked that as he looked up the profile.

The line about Sagan got him even more interested and he sent off a private message, asking if that was true. He was rewarded by the simple 'yep' and he sat back. Leftout was playing it safe, which he liked, because you had to be careful online. He listened a bit more and even added one or two comments, just to see how things would progress. The chat was winding down and he could hear his mother was finally asleep and he glanced out at the night, thinking a nice walk would help; besides, he didn't need much sleep, and it was way too hot for him anyhow.

As he was about to sign out, a private message popped up and he smiled, Leftout was saying good night, and ended with the simple remark, 'see you tomorrow night' which made Justin feel a bit better. Someone had actually enjoyed his conversation, they didn't look at him as a piece of meat like all the girls at school, or as just some dumb ass jock like the rest of the guys. This guy actually enjoyed talking to him and as he switched off, he book marked the room, adding it to his favourite list. Yep, he would be back tomorrow night; who knows maybe the guy went to school around here, they might get to be buds. Now that would be cool, to at least have someone

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

he could talk to instead of just a glimmering computer screen.

The more he thought about it, the happier he felt, because it really was too much, to have to go to school and then come home and never have anyone to talk to. He really wished he could be in Florida but that was becoming less likely as his mother's anger at his father was only getting worse. Half the time she wouldn't even talk about him, the other half she was too busy calling him a bastard and that he should forget him.

He wished she would just get on with things; but, even moving all those thousands of miles, she was still acting like he was next door or something. Shit, that would be worse maybe, to have your dad in the same city, or like that Mark guy, toby9, who had his dad living in the same building and yet they never saw each other, except by accident. Fuck, that had to be tough, to run into your father and have him barely talk to you, and all because his mom had gotten some court order.

Leftout had said it sucked because all the parents got lawyers, but us kids got dicked, and no one tells the kids anything. Maybe there should be lawyers for kids, so they can at least get their sides told in court, which wouldn't be a bad idea. He kind of liked the idea and wondered if maybe there was such a thing? Shit, if there was, he bet wacky California wouldn't have anything like that; but maybe they did in Florida? After all, Florida did play the key role in getting Bush elected, unlike California that went its usual way and voted for Gore.

Justin didn't really understand politics, other than it didn't really matter who was elected, nothing ever got done no matter who was in charge so why should he care. He had made the mistake of saying that in civics class last week and boy did he get some strange looks. The only one who defended him was that sort of geek, Zack, who was in a few of his classes. He had defended him, which surprised him a little, but that was as far as it went. Zack was shot down worse, which at least took the heat off him.

Maybe he should have thanked him; but well, it wasn't like anyone else wanted to talk to him and he had enough headaches adjusting without being tagged as being a geek lover. Kind of sucked because Zack was

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

smart, and not bad looking for a guy. He looked like he could at least run, and he sure was into science.

As Justin pulled on a pair of faded blue jeans and did his runner's up, he felt a bit sad, because he should have said something to Zack. It wasn't fair that because someone had a different opinion and wasn't one of the 'in' group that you got ignored. People talked more to him than Zack only because Tyler had spoken to him, and he had been seen with Tyler. That really wasn't right, and it kind of pissed him off; but if he really thought about it, well, it was like that in Florida too. Only thing was he was in that 'group' there, and hadn't yet made it all the way in here yet.

Christ, how the hell did those who didn't have sports make it when going to a new school? Least he had some position, granted unproven, but they all knew he was a member of that elite group, the jocks. It really wasn't fair, and even his dad had told him that it was like that back when he went to school. That was when they were still talking, when he first moved here; but now, well once more he was feeling pissed as he climbed out of his bedroom window and jumped down to the ground.

Zack couldn't sleep; he tossed the sheet off his body and stood up to stare at the figure in the long mirror. His body wasn't all that bad, he was growing taller and was already 5 foot 10 inches, but he just wasn't putting on any weight. He was still just a geeky 124 pounds and that was his trouble. He needed to bulk up but everything he tried was useless, and his parents weren't much help.

All they could do was tell him that nature would take its own time and he would fill out. No added starch for him, no pasta every night, or even some of that health food crap that tasted like cardboard worked for him. His father told him that there was no sense in trying to change what God intended. Yeah, like God didn't have to go to school everyday and be tormented by the jocks, or the other socially accepted groups. Hell, even most of the teachers barely had time for you unless you were either a brain or a jock or one of those other popular types.

Only in science did he feel comfortable, and English. English was fun, but there the teacher was

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

different. Twiller wasn't a twit and he didn't seem to care who or what group you were classed into; as long as you did the work, he was cool. He didn't even mind if you disagreed with some of the opinions, and in fact, he seemed to encourage it. Like he would make some comment about a book or author and deliberately try to provoke a discussion.

Standing there, he remembered that Twiller had asked him to help tutor Tyler and the new transfer student, Justin. Shit, like he didn't have enough troubles keeping his eyes off Justin, now he would have to work with him closely? And then of course, what the fuck was he going to do about Tyler. Shit every time the guy looked at him he got a hard on.

Just thinking about that made him look down to see his cock swaying in the soft breeze coming from the window. He could tell his body had a mind of its own, as he was already hard. His dick was sticking out at least 6 ½ inches, which wasn't too bad. It had grown this year, just like the rest of him had.

Did others have these wild thoughts too? Was he really gay, or was he just so frustrated in not being able to attract a girl that his mind was telling him to look elsewhere? That could be it; and maybe he really wasn't gay, maybe he really just needed to find a girl who could be attracted to a puny wimp like him. Hell, it was better than thinking about the alternative. If he thought he was an outcast now, imagine what it would be like if everyone thought he was a queer?

Zack shook his head and stared down at his cock, his one hand holding it and moving it a bit from side to side. If he wasn't gay, why did the idea of being with Tyler or the new kid make him so damn horny? Shit, he could feel the ache in his groin each time he thought about it; so was that just cause he was still a virgin, or was it cause he really wanted to be with another guy? If he was gay, how the fuck was he supposed to keep that from the rest of school, or his family for that matter?

God, he could hear his father now. Wonder if his 'let nature take its course' speech would get a revision then? That would be something, to have his dad explain how nature goofed and made him gay. Hell it might even be worth the crap just to see that happen; but then

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

again, it would sure suck. He didn't think he could get any lonelier but he was sure people like Brian would find immense joy in trying.

His hand moved away from his dick and he walked over to the wide-open bay window of his room. He stared out at the quiet street and he could see the stars shining up in the sky. It all looked so peaceful up there, as if nothing mattered but to just shine and glow. He wondered what it would be like if there was intelligent life out there? Would they know about sexual differences; and if they did, would it matter to them? Shit, why the fuck did he always turn back to that crap; there was more to life than getting off, wasn't there?

He leaned on the window sill, his legs curled up on the bench just under and he rested his head on his hands, looking out as the soft breeze rustled through the large oak tree out in front. This was the time of day he liked, when the heat wasn't blaring down at him, and when there wasn't all the noise of people talking. It was as close as he could get to being out in the middle of nowhere, which is where he wished he lived.

The air smelled nice and he felt himself relaxing again. God, why did life have to be so complicated? If it weren't for Sheryl and his computer, he sure would be lonely. Maybe that asshole Coach Post was right, maybe he should go out for a sport. At least then he might actually have a friend or two who wouldn't have to always defend him. Shawn was okay, but even he was somewhat pushy at times, making him feel like he needed a guardian angel or something.

Was he really that hopeless in being a person that he needed to have people like Shawn stick up for him and try to fix him up with dates? Christ, there had to be an easier way to get through school than that. Besides, what the hell would Shawn do if he found out that he was bent? He leaned back against the wall, his head turned outwards to the street and he wondered about it all.

So, you think he could be? Is that what you are telling me?

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

Zack stared down at his groin and he could see the small glare of white coming from the centre of his cock. Yeah, it did make him feel excited to think of Justin that way; and yeah, it did get him horny and all hot, but that didn't have to mean that he was gay, did it?

He stared out at the street and saw someone tall walking down the street, his head bent down and he had that dejected look. The one that said a person wasn't up to talking or anything. From this point, he looked kind of cute too. Had nice hair that was flowing a little in the night's soft breeze and once more he could feel the ache in his crotch. Shit, now even some stranger on the street was making him horny. He had to be a fag if that was happening.

Watching his slow progress and the way he never really lifted his head was kind of sensual to him. It wasn't that the person was shuffling along either. You could see each step was well planted, almost like he was an athlete. The hands were moving by his side and you could just see the way he walked that he had power in his body. It was a hell of a good looking body too.

Looking at him, he couldn't help but think how much he looked like Justin. The way his hair was, the tall 6-foot frame that looked just right. Staring at him as he came closer he wondered if maybe it was Justin; but then, what would Justin be doing out walking at this time of night? No, it had to be someone else, maybe one of the college kids going home from some hot date. Mind you, he didn't look like he had been on a date; but the way the long shirt tails flowed, the faded jeans fitting so snugly around his legs, sure wished he had stopped at his house.

Fuck, there he went again, only now it was dreaming about some damn stranger walking the streets. For all he knew the guy could be some house burglar casing the street, or coming back from a heist. Then again, the way he looked, most likely some poor college jerk who some stupid bitch just dumped. No way would he dump someone that had those looks; and as he came closer, Zack could feel his heart starting to pound a little faster and his imagination growing. He could feel his hand slowly playing with the hard lump that was his cock.

No wonder he was having trouble sleeping at

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

nights. All he could think about was fucking some hot looking stud, even though deep down inside he knew that would never happen; after all he wasn't like Tyler or the new kid. He was just some science geek who also had a knack for English. Christ, there it was again, the way the kid seemed to move his head, almost exactly like Justin from school.

Every time he saw Justin flick his hair back and raise his head from staring at his notebook, Zack felt like his cock would shoot a mile. It always made him horny; and well, this one seemed to have the same mannerisms. God, he was hot looking and he couldn't wait until he came to the lamppost. Maybe he could catch a glimpse of his face then; but in the meantime, his hand was starting to slide along his cock. Christ, he was already dripping; and that only happened when he was thinking about Justin or Tyler.

Fuck, he was getting bad; maybe he should go see a shrink or something, because one of these days he was going to get caught. Just thinking about that he glanced towards his bedroom door, staring at it; then he breathed out, knowing no one was awake but him. Quickly he looked back out of the bedroom window to watch the tall young man coming down his street and he felt like he was watching some hidden camera. Was this what guys did that watched those things? Sit and play with themselves, or did they just drool?

The sound of a car creeping along the road shifted his attention and he saw a black and white coming down the street. The cops always patrolled around here at night, and he hoped they wouldn't scare away the young guy; well at least not until he came closer and he could see what his face looked like. That was the least they could do; and as he thought about it, he thought maybe they would stop him and he could get a good look.

That idea was taking hold as the young man came up to the light and he turned around at that instant. Fuck did that suck, because he was turned away while under the light. It would have been perfect and he could see if his fantasy was close or not. His hand continued to play with his hard cock and he felt his balls starting to ache a little as his hand moved up and down his cock shaft. This was really getting to be rather exciting, and he wondered if the cops would pull the guy over. After all he certainly

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

was out late in an area that didn't have many nightwalkers.

Zack watched as the cop car suddenly gave a spurt and pulled up right beside the young man who had looked back. It was amazing to watch as the one cop was out of the car door long before the car stopped and they had the young man spread across the hood of the car in seconds. Christ he had a nice ass too, so firm looking as the cop ran his hands down his long legs. Shit, he wished that was him doing it and he could feel his own hands moving a bit faster as the young man stood up straight and turned around to face the officer.

His eyes bulged out and his hand suddenly stopped. His heart was suddenly stilled as he stared at the scared face of Justin. God, it was him; and here he had been jerking off to the idea of doing him, when all along it was one of the guys he had a secret yen for. Shit, what was Justin doing out this late anyway? He could see the one cop using his radio and he knew that they would most likely wind up taking him home; and from what little he knew, he doubted if Justin's folks would be too thrilled.

Thinking quick, he tossed his own jeans on over his naked body and ran out of this room. He unlocked his front door, remembering in the last second to switch off the house alarm, and raced out into the front yard to hear one of the cops telling Justin that he would have to come with them. He panicked as he saw the terror in Justin's eyes and before he really knew what he was doing he called out.

"Hey Justin, damn you are late man."

Justin turned slightly to stare at the half naked young guy that was coming from the house he was in front of. Something about him was familiar and he didn't quite recognize him as he saw the cop turn as well, his hand resting on the butt of his service revolver.

"Hold it right there son."

"Huh? Oh, okay, uh, something wrong? I mean, uh..."

"You know this guy?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah, we go to school together, he was

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

supposed to come over, uh, sleep over so we could get extra studying in, English actually, ...what took you so long Justin? Uh, Sheryl turn you down?"

Christ he hoped that Justin wasn't just a dumb jock and would notice his signals. Maybe the cops would let it go and fuck, maybe Justin was a criminal? He never thought of that. Fuck, it was too late now, he had committed himself already. Fucking messes that he kept walking into, damn it all; but shit, look at his face, the guy is not only hot normally but Christ he's drop dead gorgeous when he's scared shitless.

It dawned on him at last who it was and he sighed a little. He also picked up on the hint and smiled to himself, thanking his lucky star that he got stopped in front of Zack's place instead of a stranger's.

"Sorry uh, Zack. Yeah, she, uh, turned me down. You, uh, didn't tell me she was taken."

"Sorry, you didn't give me a chance, uh..."

"Okay you two. You live there kid?"

"Yes Sir."

"I see, and you know this boy?"

"Yes Sir, we have English and Science and Civics together, couple of other classes. He, uh, just moved here from Florida. He's going to be our deep threat next year."

"Oh? You play football son?"

"Yes Sir, Wide Receiver."

"Any good?"

"Okay. I know how to catch, run pretty fast too."

"Well, we'll see. My son plays for one of your competitors, cornerback. I'll have to tell him to watch out for you."

"Yes Sir."

"Uh, can we get back inside? My feet are getting wet; and well, my Mom will be pissed if she sees me out

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

here. We were supposed to be inside long before this.”

“Okay kid. He clean Joe?”

“Yeah, nothing on him.”

“Okay, alright, go ahead; and hey, next time you want to be out late son, take your id with you, can save you a whole lot of hassle.”

“Yes Sir, thank you.”

“Okay, remember, have your id.”

“I won’t forget, thanks Officer.”

Justin watched as the two police officers climbed back into the car, the first one out turning to stare at them and he felt a cold chill down his spine. He wasn’t sure what to do now, and he could tell they were waiting for him to start to move away from the street.

“Come on, they’ll leave once we get inside.”

“Yeah, uh, okay.”

The two jogged towards the front door and as they came to the open door, Justin saw the car starting to slowly inch forward, still making sure that they could see him and Zack. Christ, they sure didn’t act like they believed him and so he just followed Zack into the house and waited, breathing a little hard as he felt the fear taking hold of him.

They walked softly towards the far room and Justin walked into Zack’s room and was surprised to see how large of a bedroom it was. He had a nice desk with a great looking computer on it, plus the room was lined with bookshelves that were filled with all sorts of books. Man, these guys weren’t poor, which was for sure. He felt a bit uneasy as he watched Zack go towards the window and then sit down on the small bench seat under it. He moved forward to stare out himself and he could see the police car at the other end of the street, then he sat down on the bench too.

“Fuck, thanks man, you saved my ass.”

“No sweat. Uh, you live around here?”

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

"No, well sort of, about a mile back I suppose."

"Shit, you are out late, how come?"

It was a normal question, if you thought about it, and Justin stared at Zack, seeing the way his eyes moved all over the place except to look at him. Why the hell was he so nervous? Christ, if anyone should have the sweats and be on edge it should be him; after all he was the one braced by the cops, not Zack.

"Like to go for walks at night sometimes, that's all."

"Kind of dangerous doing that."

"I guess. Back home there was lots of space, not like here."

"Sounds cool; so you had a big house huh? Big yard and stuff?"

"Uh huh, was pretty cool really, back yard kind of went down to the swamplands; didn't go down there at night cause of the gators but during the day was kind of fun."

"Really? I mean there were alligators there? Right on your backyard?"

"Yeah, they pretty much left us alone if we left them alone. Dad used to say that we were the visitors so we had to play by their house rules."

"Neat. So, what does your dad do?"

"He plays semi-pro ball. He's not bad really; and he does some sideline stuff too, photography and stuff, free lances for a couple of magazines."

"Wow, that must be fun. You go on any of his shoots?"

"Used to, not any more."

"Oh? Oh... sorry man."

"Huh? Oh, how the fuck you figure that out so fast?"

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

"Hey, it's California. Most of the kids in school are either in between one set of parents or another, sort of like a revolving door."

"Oh, you been through that?"

"Nope, mine are too boring to even think about it. Dad is an architect and mom is the chief receptionist at a big CPA firm in town. No way they'd even think about anyone else."

"Really? Always thought architects had to have imaginations; I mean to come up with all that new design shit."

"Hmm, never really thought about that. Maybe you're right; but then, you haven't met my dad, he's sure doesn't look like a dreamer."

"Yeah? Maybe he's like that Walter guy, shit, never can remember his name, the one who always daydreamed?"

"Mitty, Walter Mitty was his name I think."

"Yeah, that's the one. Maybe your dad is like that."

Justin turned to stare back out the window, feeling like he was all alone in the world. All this talk about dads and stuff and he didn't even know if his dad still knew his name. Was certain he had already forgotten the email address and phone number up here. He looked out and then up the street and the icy feeling he had before came back to him as he saw the parked car way up near the end of the street. The damn cops were hanging around, and how the fuck was he supposed to get home now?

Zack saw the sudden tremble in Justin's body and he wondered what it was that had suddenly spooked him. He was also falling in love with the way the guy talked. It was that really nice slow southern drawl that made the blood tingle and his skin get goose bumps all over. Shit, here he was, the most sought after guy in school and he was in his bedroom. Shit, now if only he was the same way, but no way would his luck be that good, or would it? Could he be just as confused as him? Maybe that was why he was out walking at 1 in the morning?

"Shit!"

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

"What? Something wrong? I mean did I say..."

"Huh? No, it's the pigs man, they are still out there. Fuck, how am I supposed to get home with them waiting?"

Zack moved closer and leaned out to stare down the street. He could smell Justin's scent and he felt like falling down. God, he smelt so nice, that mix of dried sweat, fear, and whatever soap or cologne he used was too much. He could feel himself dripping again, which pissed him off; but at least he had to admit one thing, he did have good taste. Justin was definitely hot.

Justin wasn't sure if Zack could see the cop car, so he reached over him and pointed. His arm fell across Zack's back and he felt the guy suddenly spasm. It was like he was having some convulsion or something and he looked but all he saw was tiny beads of sweat breaking out on the white flesh of Zack's back. He could feel the ridges of Zack's spine and he was sure that they were trembling for some reason, like he was about to be hit, or something worse even. Man, that was a freaky thought, that someone could get so freaked by a simple touch.

He did have to admit one thing, it was kind of nice sitting next to Zack; after all, it had been a long time since he had any real friendship and Zack had bailed him out of a tough jam with the cops. They wanted to take him down and get his mom to come for him, like that was high on his list of things to do. Wasn't it bad enough he had to put up with her when he got home from school? It would be worse if the cops had to call her to come get him at a police station. She wouldn't understand, and he could see her installing bars tomorrow so he could escape again. Fuck, why was she making him into a prisoner?

Just being this close to another guy was kind of nice, and it made him feel relaxed for the first time since they had moved to California. Besides, Zack really wasn't a bad guy. He did go to bat for him and he sure as hell was quick with the thoughts, so things could have been worse. At least Zack wasn't a total geek and given half a chance, he might just turn out okay. Maybe he should work out some, a little meat on him and he bet the girls would go for him like flies to honey.

"Looks, uh, like they sure didn't believe me, doesn't it? Shit, sorry man."

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

Christ, if he didn't move away or get Justin's arm off his back, he was sure he was going to fucking cum in his pants, and then what would he say? God, he could almost hear it now, Justin laughing as he explained how the queer boy came in his pants from Justin just pointing out a cop car down the block. Man, the whole school would be rolling on the ground, and his life would be pure hell after that.

"Not your fault, unless you called them?"

"Right, like what would I call them for?"

"Relax, I was being sarcastic, man you are uptight. Something wrong? Maybe I can sneak out the back, then I can get out of your hair."

"Huh? No, shit man, you would have to go through one of our neighbour's yards. I think the one to the left has it wired, and the one on the right has dogs. They'd be down here in no time flat. Look, uh, why don't you stay here for a bit? I mean, I know it isn't much, but uh, well at least it's better than getting nailed by the cops."

"Well, you sure its okay? I mean, you don't seem exactly pleased with me being here."

"No, I don't mind, never really had anyone over before. No one really comes here to visit."

"Oh, well uh, you sure its okay?"

"Yeah, what about your mom though? Won't she be pissed if you don't get home before she wakes up?"

"Nah, she is never up when I take off. I leave the house long before she wakes up. She won't even know I wasn't home."

"Okay, so, guess you can sack out here then. Uh, you can, shit, I never had anyone spend the night. I feel like a real jerk."

"That's cool, you got a sleeping bag or anything? I can hack the floor for a night."

"Fuck, no, don't do any camping. Like I said, the folks aren't just boring, they are creatures of comfort of which camping offers none."

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

"Haha, yeah, my mom is that way. I used to go with my dad some, but not lately; I guess not at all anymore."

Zack saw how sad Justin looked and he could feel a sort of pull in his heart that was new to him. It felt like his heart was trying to reach out, trying to touch him and he felt a bit scared by that. He really was confused, and without a sleeping bag, what were they going to do? He couldn't believe that Justin would just crash in the same bed; but then, it was a big one, maybe he would? Least he could offer, couldn't he?

"We could share the bed. I mean it isn't a king size one, but it is big enough for more than one, if you don't mind that is. I mean, fuck I really sound stupid, I guess what I am..."

"Hey, chill man, I don't care where I sleep, as long as it is comfortable. Sure you don't mind sharing it though?"

"No, I don't mind, really, I don't think I snore, but uh, well if I do you, can hit me."

Fuck, he even sounded like a stupid dweep, just like Brian called him. Man Justin must really be thinking he's an idiot. Next thing I'll be drooling or something. Fuck this sucks, why do I do these things?

"Yeah? That's okay. I think I snore at times, it's no big deal for me, so, uh, guess we should get some sleep; what time do you get up? Hey... what about your folks? They gonna freak when suddenly I pop out of your room?"

"Fuck, uh, no, I'll just tell them what I told the cops; besides, they think jocks are super, shit, sorry."

"You got a hang up about us jocks?"

"No, just that I guess maybe, in a way I wish I was one; but I mean, I have no talent. Christ, look at me. I am the typical geek poster boy."

"Haha, well I wouldn't say that. I have seen geeks and you really don't fit that mould. So, what time do you get up?"

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

"Uh, 7, that too early?"

"Nah, uh, you think I can borrow your shower in the morning? I kind of reek a little now, know I'll really stink in the morning."

"Uh, no problem, I usually have one. Uh, I can set the clock for earlier if you want?"

"Nah, I just run in, run out, no big deal."

"Okay, uh, you want anything before, I mean I can get some juice or milk from the kitchen if you want?"

"Nope, nothing."

Zack could feel his eyes being drawn towards Justin, not from the way his voice had him completely aroused, but he could hear him as he started to undress. Christ, the thought just flashed through his mind, what if Justin slept nude? Oh God, how the hell could he contain himself then? Shit, what the hell was he talking about, his underwear was laying on the floor, he had nothing on under his jeans. Now what was he going to do?

## Gaystoryman Book Collection



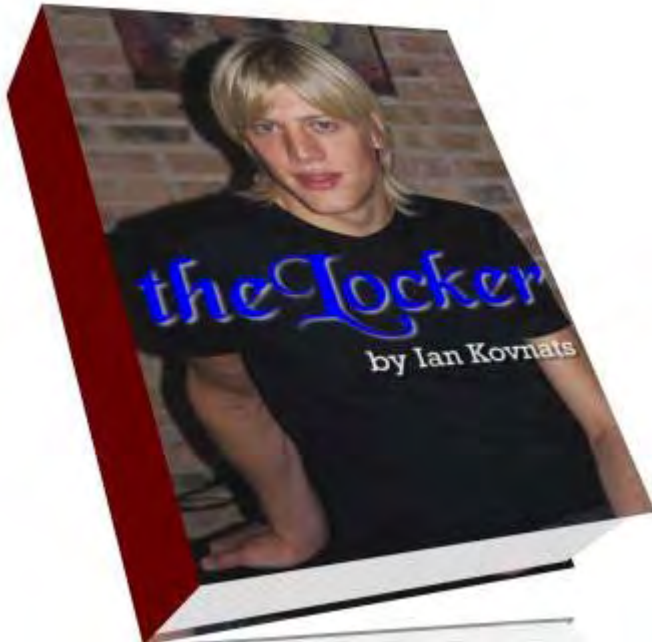
Great way to add to your **personal gay library** of original **gay fiction novels**. Now available from the [Gaystoryman](#), the **complete collection** of Stories.

**Read** Billy or The Locker, Rent Boy or even God's Thunder for when you in the mood for a mystery. **Enjoy** the compelling drama of Field of Honour or Young Love Wrong Love.

Get all **9 Books** on one single **CD-R**.

Available by mail only.

### The Locker



**Just one** of the **nine full length** novels that are now available on **CD-R**. This collection is complete, each story can be **individually printed** out or **read** on your **computer** using your **Adobe Acrobat Reader**.

Enjoy **1000's** of pages of **quality gay story** telling for **less** than most single hard cover books.

**Use** the handy **Order Form** to get your copy of this exhaustive **Gay Fiction collection**.

## Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories

**GFH E-Publishing**

[www.gaystoryman.com](http://www.gaystoryman.com)  
[www.gayfiction-house.com](http://www.gayfiction-house.com)

3300 Kingsley Street  
 Victoria, B.C., Canada  
 V8P 4J9

eBook Order Form

Please Print or Type

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address #1: \_\_\_\_\_

Address #2: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State/Province: \_\_\_\_\_

Country: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip/Postal Code: \_\_\_\_\_

Email Address: \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_

Qty.	Item	Unit Price	Extended Price
_____	CD-R Collection of Gay Fiction 9 Original Novels : <b>Spare Change – Billy – The Locker – Rent Boy</b> <b>Young Love, Wrong Love – First Kiss</b> <b>Field of Honour – Summers</b> <b>Surrender</b> <b>God’s Thunder</b>	<b>\$29.95</b> <b>U.S.</b> <b>Funds</b>	Add \$4.50 shipping Per CD being ordered.  \$ _____

Please insure that all payments are either:

- Thomas Cook Traveller Cheque
- American Express Money Order / Traveller Cheque
- Chase Manhattan Bank Money Order / Traveller Cheque

**Personal Cheques are NOT acceptable**

All Funds are payable in United States Currency

Make all cheques payable to: **Ian Kovnats**

**Insure that the Declaration of Age is included with all Orders  
 Orders received without the declaration will not be processed.**

**Original Gay Fiction Books & Stories**

**GFH E-Publishing**

[www.gaystoryman.com](http://www.gaystoryman.com)  
[www.gayfiction-house.com](http://www.gayfiction-house.com)

eBook Order Form  
Declaration

3300 Kingsley Street  
Victoria, B.C., Canada  
V8P 4J9

The novels within this cd-r are adult in nature. They do contain frank adult language that might not be suitable for minors. The material contained within these novels is of a homosexual nature and deals with human relations in a frank, open, and explicit manner.

As such it is important that you confirm that you are of legal age to read such material and that it is acceptable in your region to receive such material. This is your responsibility to ascertain prior to requesting our collection of Gay Fiction books.

**No order will be processed without this statement  
being signed and included.**

I ..... do hereby state that I am of legal age to purchase Adult Material within my region and that I do so knowing that the material I am purchasing is of an adult nature, dealing with graphic sexual depiction and containing graphical sexual language and/or descriptions of a homosexual nature.

I further affirm that by signing this agreement that I am liable to prosecution for making a false statement of fact and shall be held legally liable for any and all expenses that might be incurred as a result of making a false statement of fact.

Dated This \_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ 200\_\_

Signed: \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ (please print name)

Privacy Policy

**All information supplied shall be kept in strictest confidence and will not be made available to any outside source for any purposes.**

Refund Policy

**If the CD-R supplied is defective we shall gladly replace it free of charge. No other warranties exist and/or are implied.**