



Young Love, Wrong Love

By Ian Kovnats
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Forward

This is a purely fictional story, except that it has been drawn from related materials and is in effect a composite of several unrelated stories, but told in my own way.

The story itself deals with a real life issue, that of incest. There are many related cases out there.

There is no judgment made here. The story is extremely long but is one I feel that needs to be told and the more it is told, maybe then we can deal with the concerns it raises.

There are many out there who are having a sexual relationship with their siblings. I make no comment on the "right" or "wrong" of that, but I feel the issue needs to be discussed.

The characters here are NOT REAL, please keep that in mind and the STORY ITSELF is FICTION. It is NOT RELATED to any person, persons, who may be living or not.

One:

Mason sat up on the edge of his bed. It was the end of May and George would be home from College next week. He couldn't wait for his big brother to get home. He knew there were problems. Both Mom and Dad were talking about him every night for the last month, about what he didn't know, but what he did know was that he would finally have someone to talk with and be with.

He was getting tired of his normal routine. It had been the same routine ever since he could remember. George was the only one he could talk to about how he felt. and besides, it was George who first taught him about sex. He liked that, but he wondered if there was more to it than just what he knew?

Ever since he was 13 he had only known what his big brother had shown him and taught him. He wasn't exactly a virgin, but he also wasn't exactly the type who could go out and get laid. Here he was, 18 in a few short weeks, and he had yet to find himself someone to be with on a regular basis. Part of the problem was the town. It was definitely Hicksville, USA; but it was home and he did live in a nice big house, lots of land and trees and of course he had the horses.

School was school. He wasn't the most popular but then he wasn't on the track team or the star football player and in this part of Texas, you certainly didn't get noticed by being a great artist or theorist. He wasn't a runt either, and according to George he was a pretty good looking guy, but he didn't really think so. He thought of himself as just average with no special talents that were worth anything.

His Dad was a big shot in the regional Republican Party and this year his Mom was the Lady's President of the local chapter of the Parents for Decent Standards. She was always having meetings about that. He wasn't sure just what the organization did, but he knew that it would blow them away knowing that their leader's two sons were queer. Now that would make the local paper.

The alarm clock would soon ring out, so he hit the button, seeing as how he was already awake. Time to get moving cause, while his folks were well off and they had not only a day maid but

a gardener and stable person, he was still required to do chores. Funny how everyone at school thought he had it so easy; if they only knew what it was like.

He tossed his underwear off into the hamper and strode over to the bathroom. Sure he thought, might have your own room, horses to ride, but he still had to do chores like everyone else; plus he couldn't just be himself, he had the family's honor to take into account, the family's position in the community to consider, as he was constantly being reminded. Well fuck that shit, he thought, for once he would just like to do something without having to worry on how it would appear to others, or how it would affect the family's standing. For once he would just like do something for himself, like maybe go out and do Cory for example.

While he thought it would be great to have sex with the local high school quarterback, and shock the shit out of his parents, he also knew that if he even dared suggest such a thought to Cory, he would be dead and it certainly wouldn't be pretty. Mind you, while he wouldn't dream of approaching him, he certainly did enjoy watching him and dreaming of him.

Mason wondered just how many times he thought of Cory. Was he getting obsessed about him? Yeah, most likely, but could you blame him, like come on the guy was drop dead gorgeous, the way his long hair flowed over his shoulders, his muscular body filled out those t-shirts he wore and then his jeans, man if they were any tighter they would be painted on.

He finished his teeth and turned the shower on. He quickly climbed in and the hot water played over his entire solid body. George was right, he was good looking, but not good enough for someone like Cory. Ahhh, Cory, how that guy could just send him off to the nearest washroom to jerk off.

The hot water cascaded onto his young hard body as his thoughts drifted off to Cory. He loved the way the guy moved and his smile, man those teeth and that grin could melt his heart each and every time. Mason soaped himself up, slowly rubbing the lather over his chest, small blond hairs only now starting to grow, and as his hand moved across, soaping his nipples his mind went back to just the other weekend down at the local swimming hole.

Mason continued to rub his hands in a circular motion as his mind flashed back to the encounter. He had been swimming earlier in the morning, enjoying the solitude and the crispness of the spring water. It was cold and yet it seemed to waken his spirits up.

He had climbed up a small rock outcropping to let the noon sun warm his body and dry him off. As he lay there he dozed, fantasizing about who else, but Cory. Mason fell asleep to those thoughts and woke to the sounds of people laughing and splashing.

Mason had struggled to wake up and he could tell that he had a good dream; his Speedo's were still stretched tight from his erect penis. He listened and looked down at the water to see several guys frolicking in the water.

His gaze turned towards the big tree that over hung the water's edge and he saw a tall figure standing there, in a pair of dark colored tight swimming trunks. He could tell by the long hair hanging down that it was Cory.

This was the first time that he had ever seen Cory without pants on. He had seen his bare chest before, and each time it had led him to a massive erection that only a good hand job could relieve. Now he was actually able to see the rest, and, as he suspected, Cory was not a small boy in the crotch department.

As his brain continued to reel the scene across his memory, his hands started their inevitable march towards his aroused cock.

His brain flashed back to how even from so far away, he could tell that Cory was well endowed. He wondered just how big he was and just as he was now fondling his cock, then too he had his hand pulling on his stiff cock. Stroking it as he watched Cory direct people, laugh and toss his hair around as he just seemed to enjoy the whole afternoon.

With each laugh, each toss, Mason's hands moved faster along his thick hard cock shaft, pulling it as he watched. He recalled how when Cory laughed, he could see the sun glare off the perfect white teeth, and how it dazzled him and made him pull even harder on his own cock. Stroking it ever so hard, squeezing it tight in his hand as he watched with his mouth open, his tongue going to and fro along his lips, saliva dripping out along the edges of his mouth. Mason had always had a thing for Cory, ever since sixth grade when Cory had stopped some guy from pounding the shit out of him for sitting in his spot on the school bus. Since then they had known each other but never socialized together, which Mason knew was his own damn fault. If only he had liked sports, or better yet had good looks, maybe then he would be friends with Cory now.

Mason remembered how his breathing became short and his chest ached as the picture unfolded before his eyes; and how, when he saw Cory place one of his arms around Kevin, his cock

had exploded, spurting his juice and sending it all over the place.

Just as he had up on the rocks over the swimming hole, now here

in the privacy of his own shower, Mason shot his load, a heavy load of pure-cum with the image of Cory and his arm around Kevin's shoulder, except in his mind, it wasn't Kevin's shoulder the arm rested on but his own.

The hot water sprayed him and he washed up fully now, his thoughts back to this world. He knew that any hint of his infatuation with Cory would mean a certain and slow death. He doubted if he could expect any help from his parents, but maybe George? Guess that would depend on just what he was in hot water for. As usual he was left alone to his own devices. He quickly finished up, rinsing the soap and sticky cum off his body.

With a towel in hand he went back to his bedroom. He stopped in front of the full length mirror, and what he saw was a tall blond, deep blue eyes, a solid body with no body fat at all. That was one good thing about working around the barn. He saw long arms and solid legs. He could see that his hair was getting thicker on his legs and his cock wasn't anything to rant about; it was average and, after careful reflection, he realized that he really wasn't a geek; but he also wasn't attractive, at least in his own mind. Even George never told him he was handsome; instead, he just called him his private puff pastry, whatever that meant.

He had to get a move on. It was Saturday and he had to be out at the barn. They were getting a truck load of hay in and it was his job to stack it and also to count it. His dad was a real stickler for getting his money's worth and he didn't waste anytime in drumming that into his boy's heads. It was also why he was scheduled to be a business major next year at college, just like George. He dressed quickly now and with his faded jeans on, work boots, and a blue patterned shirt on, he really looked like the typical farm boy. Rushing down the stairs he passed his parents at the dining room table having their morning coffee.

"Make sure you count those bales!" his father yelled, as he ran out the door and headed off towards the barn.

He could see the hay truck was already up to the barn and there was Mr. Gregory standing by the door. He also saw that he had a helper with him which was great, it would make the loading go faster and then maybe, if he finished in time he could head out to the swimming hole. Maybe Cory would show up later and he could relive last weekend's fantasy.

Mason almost jumped back as the helper turned the corner

and stared at him. It was Cory! The mere sight of him gave Mason a raging hard on. Now what the fuck was he gonna do? He had just finished showering and jerking off to the mental image of this hot hunk and now here he was, in faded blue jeans, boots, and cotton, grey t-shirt that

stuck to his upper body, clearly exposing the rippling muscles. What was he doing here?

"Hey Mason, so this is your place?" Cory asked as Mason stepped forward.

Mason was nervous as hell as they started to off load the hay. He was working side by side with Cory taking the bales thrown off by Mr. Gregory and stacking them inside the barn door.

The work was hot and hard and as the sun rose up in the sky, they both were sweating. Mason wasn't sure if his sweat was from the work and sun or from being this close to Cory. They didn't have much time to talk which was alright with Mason, he doubted if he could put two words together, being this close to Cory. Finally the truck was off loaded. Cory sat by the last bale, wiping his brow, his T-Shirt soaked with his perspiration.

"So, you gotta stack all this inside?" he asked.

"Yeah, and count them too," Mason answered.

"Hmm, well I am finished for the day. Want me to give you a hand?" Cory enquired.

Mason's jaw dropped at the idea, and he was only able to shake his head yes.

For three hours the two boys worked hard stacking the bales. Mason kept track of the count and that was hard enough under normal times, this time it was a real chore, specially after Cory took his shirt off. Man those pecs were sweet! Mason almost lost it; specially as he had a close up view of the chiselled stomach, the ripe red nipples jutting out, and the tattoo.

Cory worked hard at stacking the hay. He was always lifting and then throwing, and every few minutes Mason would make sure he was staring right at him. The way his butt would look with each throwing motion. For the entire 3 hours Mason walked around with one of the hardest erection he had ever experienced in his life. Man what a treat this was. For the first time he was sorry that the stacking was finished.

With the work finished an awkward silence passed between them. Cory had his shirt in his hand when Mason took his life in his hands. He asked Cory if he wanted to come up to the house

and have a cold drink and maybe listen to some music for a bit.

Cory turned to him, looking deep into his eyes. Mason fiddled and squirmed under this gaze, and he was sure that Cory could see his hard on. Would he tumble to Mason's secret thoughts? Finally he spoke, accepting the offer.

Slowly they walked up to the main house. As they passed what was now referred to as the Guest House, Cory asked him about it. Mason told him it was the original house until his Grandpa decided it wasn't big enough for them. Now it was hardly ever used, except the odd time when George was in town for any length of time.

Mason surprised himself at how much he yapped on the way to the house. Cory admired the old house and said it had to be cool to be able to have a place to go to and be on your own. Finally they arrived at the main house and Mason quickly grabbed a few cold drinks of Coca-Cola and headed up the back stairs to his room, with Cory trailing behind.

Cory admired the room and how much space there was. He commented on how he lived at home with his three brothers and one sister and there was never any private space. He shared his room with one of his brothers, Paul, who was 12. Cory talked for a bit about his home, how he never had any privacy and how he couldn't even dress without tripping over his brother's toys or dirty clothes.

Mason watched in awe as Cory talked about his home life, as if he, Mason, was his best bud. He also watched the way he moved, as Cory walked around his room, checking out his desk, his book shelf and more. He thought he would faint when he tossed Mason's blue briefs off the chair and sat down to look at Mason, sitting on the bed.

Cory had put some music on and they listened to it for a while. Mason hadn't a clue as to what was playing; his mind was too busy drinking in all of Cory. The way he talked, the way he walked, the way he sat, the way he drank, just everything and Cory still had his shirt off.

The music stopped and Cory looked back over to Mason, as if to say, what next, when he just got up and peered out the window. With his back to Mason he softly spoke.

"So, just what do you do up on those rocks over the swimming hole Mason?" he asked.

Mason almost fell off the bed with that question. How could he answer that one? How could he tell this hot stud that he sat up

there watching him, jerking off to his body?

He swallowed hard several times before answering, "Nothing, just taking in the sun," was all he could finally get out.

"Yeah? How come you don't come down and join us swimming?"

Cory hadn't moved. His back was to Mason but his back was ramrod straight, his shoulders squared, waiting.

Mason was on edge now. "Well, didn't really think I should."

"Why? Any of the guys giving you a hard time?"

"Uh, no."

"Good, cause if they were, all you have to do would be to tell me. I mean, remember 6th grade?" Cory said.

Mason sat rock still. His heart was in his mouth as he recalled that day at school, after the bell and the bus.

"Yeah, I remember," was all he could say. There was silence between them and Mason started to sweat. What was this all about? He was scared, and he fidgeted on his bed. Cory was by the window, standing straight as he could.

"Well, why don't you come down then?" Cory said. "Afraid we'll bug you, or what?"

"Kind of," he answered. Cory turned to face him, a small smile on his face. His eyes though, they weren't smiling, they looked brooding, and dangerous.

"No one will bug you, not unless I tell 'em too, so next time, join us."

He nodded yes, what else could he do. It was like an order and besides, if Cory only knew that he would do anything he had wanted! He just nodded like a good boy.

They talked about school for a few more minutes, then Cory said he had to leave. They went downstairs together and at the door, he put his shirt on, and he sort of winked, at least that is what Mason thought. He was very confused. First this hot stud shows up, then offers to help him, then tells him to join the group, then winks? What was going on in his head? He was very confused, but he also knew that if he went back to the swimming hole, he would have to join the guys there. Well he figured, the only way out of that would be to just not go down there, but that meant he couldn't enjoy the cool water or his daydreams. Man how did he get into this mess?

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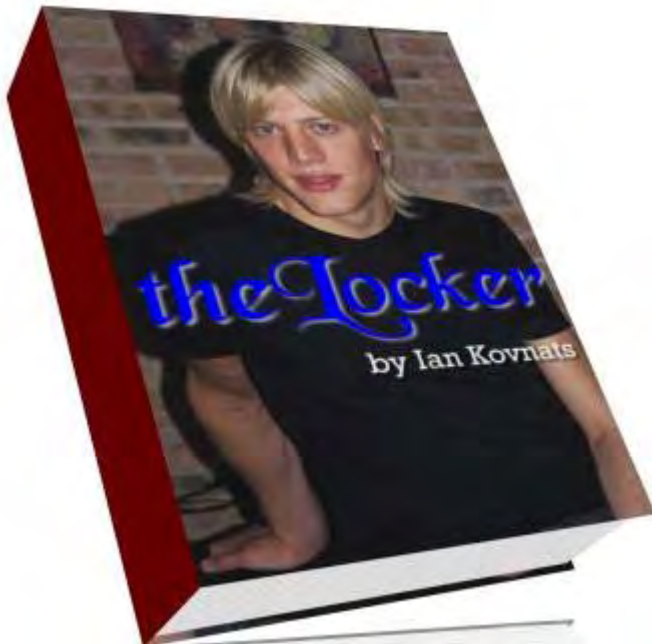
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