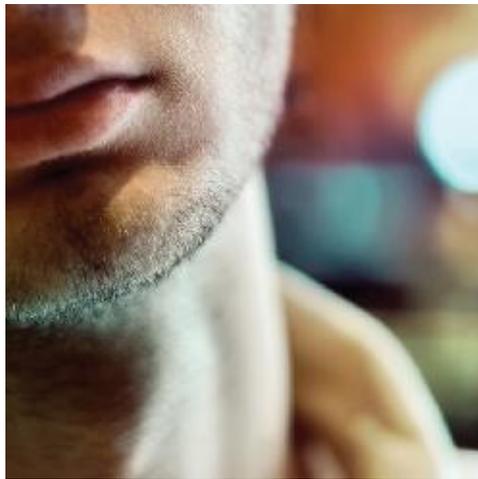


The Fallen Lover *Revised*

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What is supposed to be a cell phone rescue mission turns into something Bryan would never expect. boy/boy erotica short story. Photos not mine :)



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The Fallen Lover

“I love you.” Stacy said pouring all her emotions into one of our last kisses. “I love you too babe. Don’t worry it’s only for two weeks.” I said stroking her soft, delicate lips, how I would miss them.

“Yah, two whole miserable weeks.” She pouted and I could not help but kiss her beautiful lips. Stacy was going to camp and I, Bryan had to stay in Rubank all by myself. The camp was 6 hours away and her parents would probably not let me go if I asked. Not that they didn’t like me, but they wanted some family time even though Michael, Stacy’s older brother could not go because of work. However, when I said I loved Stacy, I meant it, from the bottom of my heart (I know sappy, but what the hell) nothing absolutely nothing could change that.

Therefore, I would never, ever dream of cheating on her, she was my soul mate, and I hers. I believed she didn’t want to go because she thought I was going to cheat on her. ABSURD! Nevertheless, I knew she needed to hear these last few words, so I poured all my love (and then some) into them.

“I, Bryan Jonah McKinley, have eyes only for you, Stacy Theresa Nelson.” We then practically started making out on her bed, again.

“It’s time for you to go now.” said Michael, in a bored drawling voice. Probably anxious to have the house to himself, I thought angrily. Michael was still standing at the door, not giving us any privacy at all. Therefore, we decided to stop. I grabbed her bags and we left the room. As I walked past Michael, his piercing blue eyes followed me and I looked down, embarrassed.

“Oh look at that wonderful lamp!” I thought automatically trying to distract myself. I did that often when I embarrass myself or say-do something really stupid.

When we got outside Stacy’s parents were already there. I helped them pack up the rest of the bags and other camping stuff. I gave Stacy one last kiss, which was somewhat awkward as her whole family was standing there. We said our goodbyes and then they got in the car; Stacy blew me a kiss, and then drove off.

I turned around and Michael was standing right behind me. I could not look him in the eyes, not that he was too tall, but because I would always get intimidated by his eyes.

“I’ll see you around! maybe?” I blurted out having no idea what to say. “AWKWARD!” I yelled in my head. “Oh! Look at that blue car!”

I went home kind of depressed because there was nothing to do. What to do? Automatically my hand reached for my cell phone (like any other teenager) in the pocket of my jeans. But it was empty. WHAT THE HELL! I thought angrily then checked all my pockets. My cell phone was nowhere to be found. FUCK! I thought back to when Stacy and I were making out on her bed, it had probably fallen then. I immediately got up and left the house; it was my baby after all!

I reached Stacy’s house completely forgetting that I had no way in. I was hoping that Michael had not left yet. I went up to the door and rang the doorbell. No answer. I tried the door, it was open. Either Michael forgot to lock the door or he is ignoring me I thought walking into the house. I closed the door behind me.

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“Michael! You here!” I shouted, of course there was no answer. I walked into Stacy’s room then got on my hands and knees, looking for cell phone. I looked underneath her bed. Bang!

“Ouch. Fuck!” I sat there cradling my head for a few moments after hitting it on the bottom of the bed. I bent down to search again, mindful of the low hanging bed, I sighed; my cell phone was now classified as MIA. I stood up, grabbed the Nelson’s home phone, and dialled my number. Ring Ring! I heard my phone! I slowly turned around trying to distinguish where the sound was coming from. However the figure standing in the doorway had me jump back in surprise hitting the backs of my legs on Stacy’s bed and falling on it.

“What the fuck! Don’t scare me like that!” I shouted in surprise. Michael just stood in the doorway watching me. He then started walking up to me. Wearing nothing but slim sweat pants that matched his eyes, water droplets were still running down his chest. I could not take my eyes off him. I should probably look away right now I thought, but I couldn’t. I was still sprawled across the bed. Finally Michael stopped walking towards me but he was still staring right at me.

“I know you're wondering what I'm doing here, you see I-" but I was unable to finish my hurried explanation as he placed his hand directly over my mouth. Effectively shutting me up. Before I could even protest (which I couldn't) Michael was wordlessly lowering his legs on either side of me. He lent over me, I couldn't help but breathe him in. His wet hair smelled absolutely delicious. Wait, what did I just say? Holy crap I'm gay for this guy? The fuck??

Michael was busy lowering his arms to rest on either side of my head to hear my inner monologue. Not taking his eyes off me, he leaned closer bringing our lips together in a forceful kiss. It was completely different than kissing a girl, his lips were much firmer and he was demanding dominance, which I would normally do.

I instinctively brought my hands to his chest to stop him from going any further and push him off of me. However before I could put any force behind the push, Michael reached up and pulled my hands above my head holding them there.

I was pinned.

He broke the kiss to breathe, I gasped for air, and he was ravaging my mouth once again, but this time I couldn't help but kiss back forcefully. I felt his tongue against mine fighting for dominance, which Michael won of course. He traced every inch of my mouth as if he wanted to remember everything about it for later. I moaned in pleasure as Michael placed his hands on my chest, therefore sitting on my lower half. Completely forgetting that I could escape his wrath now. Not that I really wanted to at this point. He pulled my shirt open, buttons flying everywhere.

“That was my favourite shirt.” I moaned in between kisses as Michael attacked my mouth.

“I guess I’ll have to give you one of mine.” He growled slowly taking my shirt off my shoulders and dropping it on the floor. We were both shirtless now, he began to roam my body, exploring. He made quick work of my neck, and continued on to my chest leaving marks in his wake. He got to work on my nipples, sucking each one then biting them. He started moving lower, licking and biting all the way down to the waistline of my jeans. Michael started to unzip them, but I stopped him. He looked incredulous.

“What’s wrong?” he asked completely unfazed at what we were doing on Stacy’s BED! “I don’t think I can do this.” I said looking away from him. “I mean I love Stacy and I don’t use that word often and I know she and I, we’ve only know each other for only a month, and you and I even less time, but I can’t do this in her room on her bed and like she’s your sister!” Michael had silenced

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me with a kiss. I still could not look him in the eyes.

“First of all, look at me Bryan.” He said gently, placing a hand underneath my chin and tugging lightly. I could not help but look at him. “Secondly, I am not her sister. I am adopted.” Michael said without a hint of regret.

“Wait! What?” I asked completely taken aback.

“When I was born my Mother didn’t actually want me.” He paused. “So I stayed at an orphanage for 5 years where my parents adopted me. The reason why they were adopting was that mom could not have children or something. I stayed with them for a year and they loved me. When one day Mom found out she was pregnant and they were a mess, they never thought they were going to have a baby. I stuck out the 9 months when Stacy was born and they both turned all their attention to her.

I felt completely left out. I was not even related to them! I felt like an intrusion. I stayed for a couple of months, but I couldn’t take it. I had the stupid idea to run away and ended up at a bus station. However, the police found me and brought me back home. I was eight at the time.” Michael laughed to himself, but it sounded very sad. “And that’s that.”

For some reason his whole story made me think that doing all this was okay, truth be told I completely forgot about Stacy, I know horrible right? Michael made quick work of my jeans throwing them on to the floor. Getting back to the point, Michael looked at my body as if he was hungry. He was about to pull my boxers off when I stopped him. He was perturbed until I pointed at his sweat pants. He rolled his eyes then took off his pants, but I was completely shocked when his erection was fully uncovered.

“Why aren’t you wearing any underwear?” I asked dumbfounded.

He winked at me then said “Commando.” My jaw dropped, Michael burst out laughing. “I was joking! I heard you rifling threw stuff and talking to your self!” He wiped a tear from his eye still laughing. “I didn’t have time to put any on.” It seems logical, I thought.

Michael started draping himself over me, when I got nervous all of a sudden. I could not make a sound as he pulled my underwear off. My erection popping up in the air, finally freed from the tight clothing. Michael’s hands were all over my erection. I gasped so loud; like if anybody was home, they would have heard me kind of gasp. He had my erection in his mouth all the way to the hilt, his face buried in my pubic hair. His head was bobbing before me, I was going to burst if he didn’t stop soon, Stacy was never this good at getting me ready to blow in such a short amount of time.

Fortunately, Michael slowed, but he did something that completely surprised me, even though I shouldn’t be. He inserted a finger in me. Working it in until he reached his knuckle, it felt odd. But not uncomfortable. So this is how gays do it, I thought as Michael fucked me with his finger. He added another digit to my hole, stretching it, scissoring his fingers.

Finally he let loose of my erection, letting it pop from his mouth. I was watching him as he concentrated on adding another finger to the other two already in me. I was ready to blow my seed, but I knew the best part was yet to come. Suddenly I felt empty as Michael pried his fingers from me. For a second he looked distracted as he looked around the room, I then realized he was looking for lube. He opened his mouth to ask if he should go get it, but I shut him up by crying out that I needed him in me now. He smirked, he knew I enjoyed this way too much.

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He lifted my legs up and put them on his shoulders. I looked Michael in the eye and said, "Do it." He was a little shocked, but I repeated myself.

"You sure?" He asked attentively. I nodded and prepared myself. We both needed this. He spat on his hand, and stroked his cock with it, better than nothing I guess. He lined his dick with my entrance; I felt the tip of his dick sliding in.

"Fuck me hard Michael!" I shouted. Then he thrust into me, hitting my prostate right on. I shouted out of pain and pleasure. He waited until I adjusted then started rhythmically thrusting into me. He was beautiful leaning over me, his eyebrows clenched together in concentration. He started slow, and then sped up.

"Harder, come on! Fuck me!" I shouted. I needed more, and he knew it. He started ramming into me, making the whole bed shift and hit the wall. Repeatedly hitting my prostate I moaned his name, I was getting so close. Our bodies rammed into each other in rhythm. His sweat dripped on me mixing with my sweat. It was so erotic.

"I'm going to." Michael stuttered out. He wrapped his hand around my dick and started pumping it in time with his thrusts. Our bodies were one, thrusting in unison. We both were gasping for air, our bodies covered in sweat and then we came together. Shouting our names at the same time. We rode out our orgasm, until our bodies stopped writhing. We were both sticky, thanks to my doing. We held on to each other, Michael still in me. We were both content the way we were, cuddling,

"Shit! I have to get home," I practically shouted. My parents were probably expecting me. Michael moved a little bit and his erection popped out of me. Michael's bottom lip drooped. "Well I do have to shower." Next thing we both know were, in the shower, having sex once again.

I was braced against the shower wall with my legs wrapped around Michael's torso, as he once again thrust into me. The hot shower adding to our passion as it rained down on us. We came in no time still very sensitive from our first adventure. We cleaned each other up, and we were about to get out of the shower when I pulled Michael back in and hugged him.

"Are you okay?" Michael whispered.

"Perfect." I whispered back to him, placing a kiss on his mouth. Which then turned into a heating kissing session, which then led us to laying on the shower floor naked, as we once again thrust into each other.

We both got out of the shower and got dressed, Michael remember to give me one of his shirts that he promised. We were saying our good byes at the front door, when I remembered my cell phone. "Hey, do you know where my cell phone is?"

Michael winked and said, "Nope, I guess you'll just have to come back again tomorrow."

The End

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