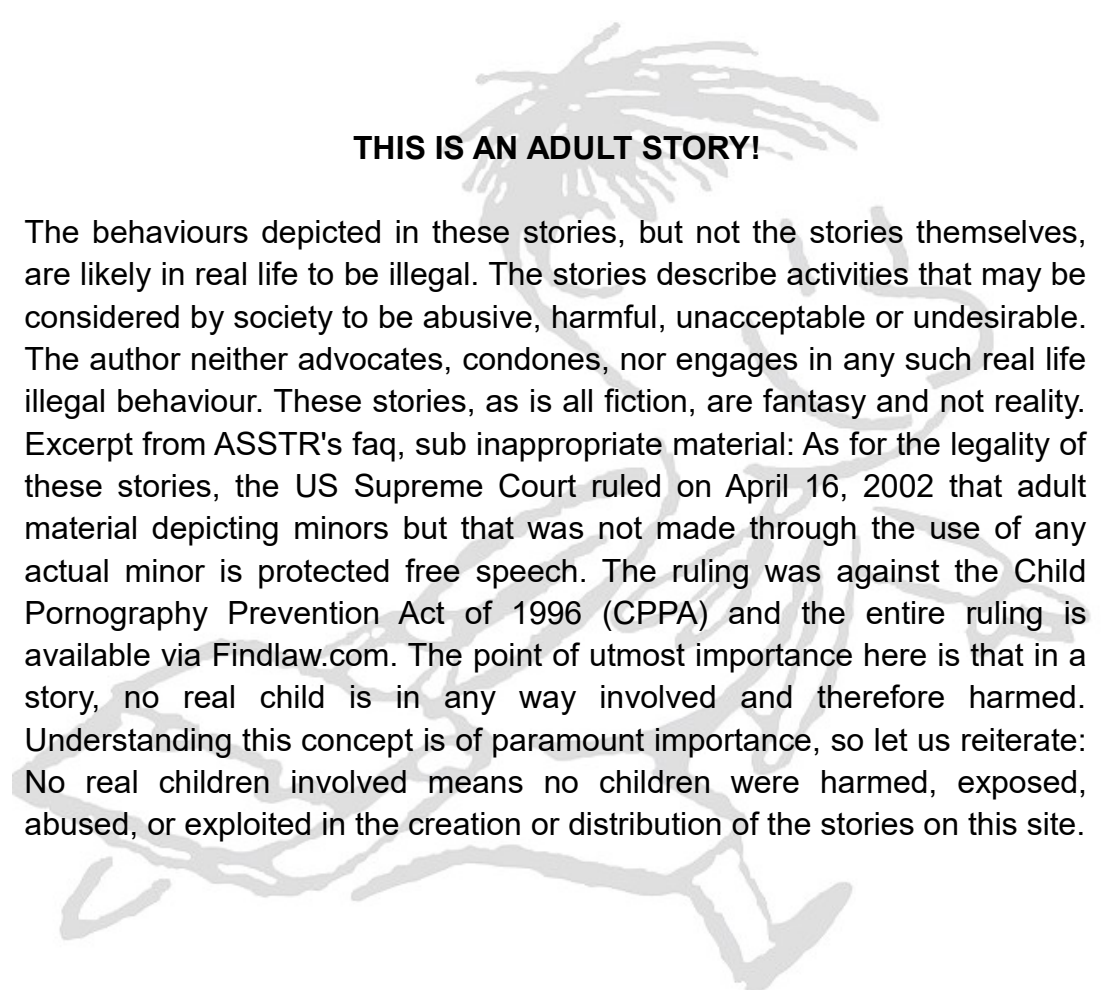


Le Petit Nicolas

Innocence Lost





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Chapter One

~ The Doctor ~

Life is funny, the whole world can turn upside down within one hour. They say you can expect it, but when you do nothing happens. This is how it works – one big surprise, waiting till you open the box and look inside, hoping for the best. This is the fate you can not control in any way, a single event changing your life, shaping the future and shattering the past. It's out there, waiting for you. The single moment of joy, sadness, and shock. On the other hand - it's hard to believe in such things, especially during a boring math class, which seems like it's never going to end.

It was a warm month of June, which reminded all students that the summertime was getting closer and closer. The classroom remained silent, all the students were dreaming of getting outside and playing, planning their free time. The teacher's voice was soon interrupted when the door opened and a small, shy boy walked inside. He blushed a few times before speaking.

"Doc-Doctor wants to see them... They should report to his office." He said slowly, looking into the classroom, clenching his fists. "Two students, Nicolas and Geoffroy."

Nothing better could happen! It was a perfect opportunity to skip at least one boring lesson. And it was math! What were the chances? Both boys looked at each other and smiled. They were friends for most of their lives and they spent a lot of time together. The first one, Nicolas, usually dressed in a red sweater, was a small, black haired and blue eyed boy with a thin body. *The little Fishbone* - they called him. Besides of that, there was nothing special about him, he was a normal teenager, but smarter than his peers. He was also the first one to pull some pranks. People liked him - some even wished to hang out with him, but Nicolas was always accompanied by his trusted, handsome friend.

Geoffroy was just five centimeters taller and looked a bit older, already experiencing the first signs of puberty. After all, he was born one month before Nicolas, in March. He had short, dark blond hair, brown eyes and he was usually wearing the best clothes and haircut. His father was rich, and this fact was well known. However, he was far from being spoiled - Geoffroy was behaving nice, was always cheerful, and everyone praised him. A boy everyone had a crush on. The one who always gets what he wants.

"Well, alright... Go then." The teacher stated, pointing to the door, and the boys left the classroom almost straight away, taking their belongings.

"What do they want?" Geoffroy asked, still grinning. "We have been there like a month

ago? Right? Was it..."

"*Cela n'a pas d'importance*. I'm just happy to not hear her voice again. I mean, why is math so dull?" Nicolas paused and continued after a while. "What are we gonna do today after school? Come on, let's do something funny and new. And exciting!"

Just like all the boys at the age of twelve, their thoughts were related to having fun, spending time doing nothing important at all, worshipping the wonder childhood years. The school was just a stupid duty, and everyone knew that being in the school wasn't a big pleasure, but their parents kept saying that the education was important. More important than playing some computer games, football, exploring the neighborhood or having a nice chat. Their perfect world looked quite different. There was no place for math, no teachers or, ew... pesky, annoying girls!

"Just two hours left. Right? Erm, who goes in first?" Geoffroy asked once they were standing near the doctor's office. The one that caused them to tremble in fear when they were little.

"You do, I will wait a bit. Try to make him busy!" The smaller boy smirked, as his friend opened the door. Nicolas turned away and walked over to read the news from the notice-board but not even one minute passed and Geoffroy came out of the office.

"Well, come on. He wants to see us both at once." He said, clearly confused.

Nicolas sighed. Behind the desk sat a young doctor, in his twenties, who they have never seen before. On the other hand – They weren't visiting this place a lot, but the office usually full of workers and students was empty this time. Just him and them. Two boys, hoping that somehow they will spend here next two hours and skip their boring lessons. At this moment, it seemed not possible.

"Hello guys!" The doctor said and looked directly at them, smiling.

He was working here just for a few weeks and joined the school staff after the old doctor retired, but his work was a dream come true – being a doc in one of the largest Paris' boys only school was a great chance and a big opportunity. He was able to look through the student files, checking for possible cutest boys, their health records, and all the personal information. Well, this was his task. Wasn't it? Don't get me wrong – he was not some kind of pervert or abuser – he just liked the kids and becoming a pediatrician helped him to get closer to them. He would never hurt a child, but he found an idea of making the kid aware of his sexuality really arousing. And the more cute and innocent the child, the greater the pleasure was.

He tried to stay safe, so just today, after two weeks of checking the boys' data, he decided to make things going as he promised before. And to his surprise - He succeeded! It was so

easy to lure the boys into his lair. Two of them, small Nicolas, and taller Geoffroy were standing before him, awaiting his answers. And now he needed to make the next step, hoping they won't undermine his authority. The person who gave him this task said that this won't be complicated. They were boys, just boys. The little kids.

"Good afternoon, um... you called us?" Nicolas asked in a little-frightened voice.

"I've received the results of your recent medical exams." He lied, looking through the stack of some random papers. "We will need to perform them again, but in another way, to make sure that a mistake was made." The doctor looked at both of them. Weren't they perfect? If he had to choose the cuter one, he wouldn't be able to make it. Heh, that was why his boss wanted to invite them both. Their faces, their eyes, their hair, everything... Everything seemed perfect. He adored the boys who showed first signs of puberty.

"A Mistake? What are the results?" Geoffroy asked. Now, he was a little worried as well. He looked at the man curiously, hoping for an answer.

"Don't worry, I assume they just switched some data around, not a big deal. Shall we start boys?" The doctor stood up and faced the teenagers. "It won't be painful at all, but you will need to help me. Alright? Let's make it quick."

"Okay, what do we do?"

"Strip down to your underwear." The young adult said, and turned to the drawer to pull out all the items he needed.

Oh, right now he was the happiest man ever. Two boys were undressing behind his back and everything was recorded on a hidden camera, as his boss, or better yet, customer, requested. Yes, not only he was having fun, but also, making money doing it. Was this the perfect job? The very best one? At this moment, it seemed so.

This happened a few weeks ago, when was chatting on the Internet, he met a man who wanted to have a "professional recordings of the children examinations". The man helped him to find the job, by sending information regarding Paris school, which was currently looking for a paediatrician. He arranged everything. And it went smooth so far, from interview to installing the cameras. Who was he? The doctor had no idea, but his job just started.

Nicolas was happy, it seemed this examination will take a little bit. "It may even last longer than the lesson!" He thought to himself, as he unbuttoned his shirt, and watched as Geoffroy untied his shoes. The doctor looked at them with growing excitement as the boys shed their clothes. They were small and innocent, but at the same time, they were an incredible turn on for him. Oh yes... it was the innocence part. The innocence they were about to lose.

Finally, the black haired boy slid down his pants. Geoffroy was already standing only in his underwear waiting for his friend to undress. The doctor's eyes swept their briefs. The older boy seemed to have a bigger bulge, but it wasn't the time or place to compare them. After all – he hoped that soon they will reveal all of their little secrets. The delicate parts hidden under the fabric, so smooth and cute.

The man felt an erection - there wasn't any way to avoid this, as he loved seeing young boys, who were unaware of what was coming. He quickly made sure that the camera was recording the room and picked up a stethoscope, pointing his finger to the couch. Now he needed to convince them that the prize for being obedient would be worth it.

“Please lay side by side, I will start by examining you with a stethoscope. It will take a while. Don't worry though... Right after the examination you will be sent home, is that okay?”

Smiling at each other the boys followed the doctor's order. Geoffroy lay down, near the wall and his friend right next to him. They were huddled together, but it did not bother them. Nicolas thought it was rather nice to have his friend so close. He wasn't thinking of this in a sexual context. The doctor calmly put the end of the stethoscope to Nicolas's chest. He felt the boy's breathing and the beating of his heart. Nicolas's eyes followed doctor's hand when he slid it down to the belly and navel.

After a while the man pressed the stethoscope to the area between the navel and the boy's pants. Slowly preparing for the last step, he gently pulled down the waistband of Nicolas's underwear by two centimeters and put his stethoscope to the boy's lower abdomen. Nicolas felt hot all of sudden when the doctor gently moved his fingers over his pubic mound. The mound, which was completely hairless.

“Heh...” The little boy sighed. “We weren't examined this way before.” He looked at his friend, who smiled back.

“Well, these are different examinations. You have nothing to be ashamed of.” The doctor took his hand out of Nicolas's underpants and wrote some random letters on the paper.

After leaning closer to the second boy, he felt all excited. The boy clearly knew what was coming and this caused him to become a little bit nervous. The doctor was able to see Geoffroy's muscles tensing up. Still, he breathed slowly when the man pressed the stethoscope against his chest and abdomen. Nicolas's stared at the adult's crotch and saw a huge bulge in his pants. He wasn't having much experience in this stuff, but he knew that this part of the body can become hard for no reason.

The stethoscope moved down, and Geoffroy began to worry when the man has touched the space below his navel. He felt both the doctor's and Nicolas's eyes on his abdomen

when his pants were lowered down a bit. To his surprise, the man felt some light pubic hair just below his fingers. He knew that the pubes were still short, but he knew what it meant. Unable to stop his urges he pulled the young boy's waistband even more down, revealing the pubic mound so that everyone in the room could see the fine hairs surrounding the root of Geoffroy's member.

The blond-haired boy blushed immediately when the doctor's stethoscope touched the base of his penis. Nicolas was surprised by what he saw. He did not suspect that his friend started maturing.

"Sir! I'm sorry, but... I'm ashamed." Geoffroy whispered, blushing. "Can you please..."

"We need to perform this exam." The man answered, still keeping his fingers in the boy's underwear, making sure that Nicolas was looking directly at his friend's pubic mound. Stroking his fingertips against it, he pressed softly, examining Geoffroy's private area.

"Unless what?" The boy asked. "Oh god, why is he still keeping his fingers in there..." Geoffroy thought, looking down at his exposed body.

"Seeing that your puberty has started we will need to include some additional examinations. Do you know what is puberty, Nicolas? Geoffroy?" He asked, wondering what will be their answer. Boys looked at each other.

"It's..." Geoffroy's voice was silent as if the boy was not certain if he was right. "It's when your bits start growing."

"What bits?" The doctor kept asking.

"Umm... the penis." Geoffroy blushed, looking away.

"We need to make sure that you are maturing correctly, Geoffroy. And I understand you are not comfortable with it. Would it make you feel better if the person who examines you is your friend, Nicolas?" The young man asked, hoping that the boy will agree with him, and start a beautiful show. His first boys' movie. The man wasn't even sure what was going to happen to the footage, which was being recorded. Will the man sell it or keep it? So many possibilities and so many boys waiting. These were just the first ones, the cutest ones.

"It... it depends on Geoffroy." Nicolas answered, biting his lip, looking at his classmate. He wanted to touch his friend where the man was just keeping his fingers. He was so damn curious at this moment.

Nodding, Geoffroy agreed with the man. The presence of his black-haired friend made him felt more confident, he knew that all Nicolas's actions will be supervised by the doctor, but it was a better choice for him. He hated the way this man was touching him, and after all,

what happens between friends, stays between friends. At least he hoped so. Pulling his fingers out of the young teen's underpants he stood up, not bothering to pull Geoffroy's underwear back up. The pubic area was still uncovered.

"Well then." The man smirked, sitting now on his own chair, next to the desk. "I will tell Nicolas what to do. First of all, ask your friend to undress completely and lie down on the coach."

"What?!"

Blushing heavily Nicolas looked at Geoffroy, who was completely surprised. This was a humiliation! He couldn't! He would understand the touching as it was part of the examination, but being naked, now, when he was growing, maturing, developing? He recalled some distant primary school's experiences when they were called to the doctor's office and the whole class needed to strip in front of him. They were checking if all boys were healthy and growing properly. But now? What was the purpose of this? He wasn't seven years old anymore, they could not force him to strip.

"Excuse me? Why?" The man heard Geoffroy's voice. The voice filled with both the fear and confusion.

"I've said it already. You've started your puberty. we need to check if your privates develop correctly. If you feel ashamed to be naked around Nicolas I will ask him to leave the room." The doctor answered, causing both boys to blush again. "Is there any problem?"

"No...." Geoffroy let out a soft whisper and glanced at the floor.

"Well then. Nicolas, remind your classmate what needs to be done." The doctor said and turned his head to the smaller, black-haired boy, who stood there, clenching his fists.

"Geoffroy, slide down your underwear and lie on the couch." Nicolas said, not looking at his friend, but secretly hoping to see the wonders of his briefs again. For some reason, it made him feel funny, but he wasn't sure where this feeling came from. The burning sensation all over his stomach, and some tingling in his throat.

The blond haired boy could not believe what he was hearing, but he knew that he will not be able to escape his fate, as he just agreed to be examined by his friend. "After all, doctors are educated people, they know what's good for you. And they have seen a lot of boys in their work." He thought. As for Nicolas – well, Geoffroy knew that he will be examining his friend as well. This would surely stay between them. It was just the feeling of insecurity. It started the day when he noticed that his body changed.

Slowly lowering his underwear Geoffroy let it fall on the floor. He hasn't stood naked in front of anyone for a very long time, so right now and right here he was ashamed of

himself, ashamed of his body, and the fact that it was rapidly changing. Closing his eyes for few seconds he hoped to wake up. This moment seemed like an eternity. But nothing changed.

While puberty might seem amazing for any boy, Geoffroy wasn't really comfortable with it, noticing of all the things occurring. Sure, he observed some “funny” things happening, like the pubes sprouting near his penis, the occasional erections, but his sexual knowledge wasn't really advanced. “A girl, a boy, and they use THE parts to make kids, gross.” Geoffroy still considered girls far from being cool and ultra boring with all their dolls, ponies and pink colors all around. He liked to hang out with the boys. And now... well, he was sort of doing this. In a really strange way.

His friend, Nicolas immediately looked at the shaft hidden between Geoffroy's legs. A light pile of pubic hair encircled the boy's penis and the foreskin looked just like his own, wrapped tightly around the glans, creating a nozzle at the top of the member. It was a bit bigger, just like the two, hair covered testicles dangling below. Shortly speaking – it was no different, but a bit more developed.

The doctor was amazed – the boy's penis looked even better than he imagined. Beautiful, soft, young... he recalled part of his customer's request and sighed. Why did the man want the boys to examine each other? It would feel better if the doctor himself touched both boys down there. Imagining how would it feel to peel down this soft foreskin and wrap his fingers around it he was lost in his thoughts for a few moments. On the other hand – the whole situation was strongly erotic... and it was easier, as he was more than sure that both boys will obey his professional orders and discover their way to the sexuality. There would be no coming back, and they would love every second on it.

“So, first of all, you have to measure Geoffroy's member. We will start with testicles, tell me how big they are. Here you go, grab the ruler.” The man said, and gave Nicolas the twenty centimeters long object.

“Won't hurt, do not stress, Geoff!” Nicolas joked, but Geoffroy wasn't able to smile.

To say the truth he wasn't able to move, he just looked as his friend knelt before him, curiously looking right at his private area. And so the humiliation started. Grabbing carefully one of the dangling testicles with two fingers Nicolas felt the soft scrotum and gently rubbed it while placing the ruler next to his fingers. Now he felt some thick hair covering the delicate skin, although there were only a few. Once more, he gently ran his fingers over the hanging surface, rubbing it and pretending to take a measure. These were just like his own – but why it felt so different when he touched Geoffroy's testicles?

“Two and a half centimeters.” He said looking at the measuring tool, still cupping his friend's testicles in one hand. Nicolas was able to make some quick observations and kept comparing Geoffroy's private parts with his own, still hidden in his underwear. After all, this

was what some boys were afraid of when stripping in front of anyone – the body differences.

“Okay, measure the length of the member at rest. Put it next to the base of Geoffroy's penis.”

Feeling hot all over his body he could swear that some sweat appeared on his forehead. Why was he feeling this way? His hands were shaking a bit when once again he put them between his friend's legs, placing his two fingers right on the top of the soft member, pinching Geoffroy's foreskin. Nicolas straightened the whole shaft, holding it up, and immediately put the ruler over the organ.

Well, Geoffroy did not suspect that someone's touch can make him feel so strange, so different... so awesome. Of course – he touched himself almost daily, more, he stroked himself, but the feeling was far from what he was experiencing right now. He wanted the moment to last forever. What's more - it was the touch of his friend, not the doctor's. There was something incredible about it. The thing he couldn't explain.

Nicolas was delighted, seeing how soft was his friend's skin. The foreskin seemed to be thin, glans visible just under it, he could feel the head of the penis trapped inside.

“Fi.. five centimeters.” Nicolas stated, in shaking voice. He was not able to say what was happening to him.

“Alright, check if the foreskin is alright and slides down. Reveal the head of the member.” The doctor instructed him and not being able to wait for the outcome he came closer to the boys, once more making sure that the black dot, located on the ceiling, was recording everything.

Closing his eyes Geoffroy felt that another thought struck him. “What is going on?” He noticed that Nicolas also enjoyed the whole situation. It was hard to believe that this thing was actually taking place.

Right now, he was also ashamed of his friend, even though he knew he will be doing the same things to him – examining his penis. All of sudden Geoffroy started wondering how big Nicolas penis was. “Will he really allow me to examine his body parts? Or will he ask the doctor to do all the needed measurements?”

All of them become aware, that the bond formed between the two young, twelve years old friends. They exposed their secrets, which normally would not be mentioned. Their privacy was no more, and they actually liked it. Nicolas's stomach was still full of strange burning sensation when he slowly retracted Geoffroy's foreskin down using his two fingers. He felt a familiar smell, and piece by piece, he revealed a pinkish, slightly damp head. After a second the whole skin was slid down just below the glans. Nicolas noticed a strange, dried

substance under the glans. To doctor's surprise, Geoffroy's penis was still soft, with no sign of an erection. "How come a teenage boy like him is able to resist all the urges? Is he scared?" The man thought. Still, he was going to lead the little game further, wanting to see where were their limits

"Well, yes." He said. "No phimosis here for sure, but Geoffroy probably does not care about the hygiene. You should clean the dirt." The doctor stressed the last word, pointing at the smegma covered head.

"Yes, I know. I forgot to do this today." Geoffroy blushed like never before. The doctor shouldn't reproach him. Not when his friend was there. He was aware what smegma was and where did it come from. What the doctor expected him to say? "I'm sorry man, should I clean it right now, in front of you? What a jerk!" The blond haired boy thought and imagined the man's reaction.

"Measure the size of his penis when erect." The doctor said casually. He wondered what Nicolas would do.

"What does it mean, erect?" The smaller boy asked, making quite a confused face. He truly wasn't aware of that word's meaning.

"I-I know..." Geoffroy mumbled. "This is when..." He paused.

At this moment, Geoffroy was fighting his own battle of emotions. What was the purpose of the physical examination? Should he talk to his father about this? One word and this freaky doctor would disappear out of his life. Geoffroy's father was close friends with the school's head teacher. The situation seemed clear. To say the truth, the doctor seemed to have obvious fun making Nicolas obeying all the commands. A pedophile or a pervert? Both? Geoffroy's father always warned him of such a people, who were taking advantage of some young boys. And while he was acting like the ordinary boy he still was the son of the rich man from the rich family.

"On the other hand, this is really exciting." Geoffroy thought. "I don't feel like anyone is hurting me. If only the doctor wasn't here..." He looked down at his black haired friend. Geoffroy was a bit shocked when he considered Nicolas an erotic object. After all, this situation was getting more and more sexual. Could the man humiliate him even more?

Nicolas looked at him questioningly, awaiting the answer.

"An erection is a condition in which the penis is hard." The man explained. "I think you know it. Don't you get erections?"

"Aaaaah... Yeah..." Nicolas replied and then paused again. "But ... how?"

"I'll do it." Geoffroy said, still looking at the cute boy kneeling beside him. "You get your little ruler ready."

Putting his hand on his flaccid penis Geoffroy began to making slow movements from the top to the bottom. He tried not to look at anyone, pretending that he was home, all alone, like every day after school. As said before he learned about masturbation recently and in his opinion, it was the greatest pleasure he ever experienced. Of course – he wasn't really able to share his findings with anyone, he was not pure or innocent anymore. He had even seen his first hardcore porn, which, in his opinion was totally disgusting.

Sure, Geoffroy sometimes wondered if other boys were masturbating as well, but it was rather difficult to tell. But now, seeing Nicolas unaware of what exactly an erection was he was more than sure that this boy, his friend, was innocent. His penis, still stroked carelessly by his hand began to harden, and after a few seconds, he achieved the full erection. His foreskin barely covered the shiny, pink glans.

"Erm, thanks." Nicolas smiled and embraced Geoffroy's hard penis with his hand, fascinated by how big and hard it was now. He was now more than sure that Geoffroy's member was bigger than his own. Bigger and more developed, warm and a little bit wet.

He could not take eyes off the damp crown, he wanted to touch his friend's penis with both hands and stroke his length just like his friend did before. He wondered when he would have such a big organ. "Eleven centimeters, mister!"

"Very well. Geoffroy matures properly." The man said. He felt that with every second his pants were getting tighter and tighter. What he saw was a dream come true. He wondered how far he could go on his first try, what would they show if he simply asked for it. Another idea popped into his head fairly quickly.

"Now, for the last of measurements – the temperature. The only problem is – there are only rectal thermometers." He couldn't help but grin while reaching into the drawer to grab the thermometer.

"What does it mean rectal?" Geoffroy asked, frowning.

"It means that the temperature is measured inside your rectum, anus... the little hole between your cheeks." The man explained patiently, handing thermometer to the young, black haired boy. "Go for it."

"What the hell? You can't do this!" Geoffroy exclaimed, turning his head toward the young man.

"Geoffroy, be a good boy. This is a standard medical procedure."

"Nick?" The blond-haired boy looked at his friend, seeking for some support.

"Geoffroy... you know. I don't want to get in trouble." Nicolas mumbled. "Turn over onto your stomach, please."

Feeling more embarrassed than before Nicolas tried to act normal, but knew that something was wrong. Geoffroy looked at him with a totally emotionless face as he turned away from them both. From the corner of his eye, he saw a doctor who still had a big bulge in his pants. "No, this is impossible." He thought to himself. What they were doing was humiliating for both the boys and the doctor seemed to enjoy it. "But he is an employee of the school, he could not do such things. Maybe this is a real, casual examination." The older boy tried to find some explanation, knowing that he was trying to comfort himself. He lay down on his stomach, and Nicolas looked at his buttocks which were a bit reddened. The little boy was aware he had to insert the thermometer into the hole between them, but asking Geoffroy to spread his legs wide was not an option, so he decided to look for the anus blindly. Putting the end of the thermometer into the crack between the buttocks he began to move it up and down searching for the entrance. The doctor helped him right away.

"Geoffroy spread your legs now. Nicolas needs to see your rectum." The man said and stood behind the boys to get a better view.

Lifting his hips up and spreading them, Geoffroy felt that his heart was beating really fast. Just then all of the boy's treasures became exposed and Nicolas saw the delicate, pinkish-brown dark hole in the middle of the buttocks, along with the boy's penis, still hard and erected, hanging below them. Nicolas never thought he'd see his friend in such a humiliating and sick position. Another attempt of inserting the thermometer in rectum was unsuccessful. Nicolas placed the tip of it near the clenched hole and tried to push it, but after two seconds it began to slide out, slowly, as if the hole tried to fight the intrusion.

"Relax your muscles, Geoffroy." The doctor stated, smiling. "You know we have to go through it."

"It's hard when you two are looking at my butt." The boy answered, whispering. He was glad that Nicolas did not see his face right now. His cheeks were burning red and some sweat appeared on his forehead.

"Then we'll need to use the gel... yes, this one." The doctor reached for the shelf and handed the small, blue jar to Nicolas. "Use it on your friend's hole."

"What? How?" Nicolas asked. He never imagined that one day he would be asked to touch a friend in such a way.

Wanting it to end as soon as possible Geoffroy trembled in a shame. Now he was more

than sure that this wasn't a real physical, but some perverted game the doctor was playing with them. Was Nicolas even aware of this? Or was he going to do everything he was asked for? "This guy will pay for this." The blond-haired boy thought, trying not to think much, but it was not possible. Nicolas was asked to touch him down there, in a secret place, in a private place, this was wrong on so many levels.

"Put some of it on your finger and spread it on the outside and inside your friend's hole." The doctor explained, pointing his finger toward Geoffroy's spread buttocks. "It needs to be really moist so we can slide the thermometer all the way in. I mean... unless you want me to do this by myself, eh?"

"No! Nicolas! Do it." Geoffroy was more than sure that he did not want the man to touch him THERE or anywhere at all.

Trying to pay no attention to the puckered surface, which seemed to clench around the hole every few moments, Nicolas soaked his finger in the sticky goo and moved it to his friend's parted buttocks. Geoffroy could not restrain a loud sigh when the cold slime touched his pink, tight anus. Slowly smearing the gel over the entire width and length of the hole Nicolas dipped a finger in the gel again – he needed to put it inside now, but this seemed like an impossible task. He slowly touched the entrance and then pushed his fingertip inside, millimeter after millimeter he began to drill Geoffroy's rectum.

"Put it deeper." The doctor kept reminding him, and taking advantage of the fact that both boys were facing him away he rubbed his crotch.

The finger was already deep, but Nicolas began to slide it even deeper, up to half of its length. Geoffroy felt aflame and tried to relax his anal muscles, but his body seemed to work against him. Especially when Nicolas touched it carefully. Geoffroy did not expect that something like this could excite him so much. Or maybe was it the fact that it was him, Nicolas, who was carelessly fingering his hole? His friend, not some random guy. He hissed again, feeling some pleasure surging through him.

"Dip your finger again and shove it as deep as you can. All the way in." The man advised him in a sharp tone. Nicolas was not going to ignore it.

Deeper and deeper, the finger went almost fully inside. Geoffroy's rectum was hot, slippery, pulsating around his small finger, crushing it. He felt that the anal muscles gave way and the finger was surrounded by the narrow walls of the anus. Nicolas felt the tightness of the hole when he slowly pulled his finger out, it clenched again, the skin seemed to breathe. New wrinkles appeared and disappeared as the muscles were clenching. Nicolas picked up the thermometer and slid it inside without much of a trouble. Then he stood next to the doctor, not knowing what to do next.

"Very well. Here... here's a list of questions you need to ask while the temperature is

measured.” The young man explained and looked with amusement at the humiliated boy with a rectal thermometer sticking between his exposed anus. Geoffroy no longer felt shame, but anger. He did not think that something else might embarrass him anymore. Till he heard the first question asked by Nicolas.

“Did you ever mastre... masturbe... masturbate?” The younger boy did not know this word but Geoffroy just nodded.

“Yes.”

“How often do you do it?” Another strange question.

“Rarely.” Geoffroy replied. They couldn't proof that he wasn't telling the truth.

“Tell us the truth. You are a teenage boy, you do this all the time.” The doctor said it before he was able to bit his tongue. “Your health depends on this.” Geoffroy did not believe the man, but he was obedient. Just wanted to finish it quicker.

“Well, at least once a day.” He whispered.

Nicolas had no idea what was going on. Geoffroy was doing something once a day and was lying about it. “Does this have anything to do with sex?” He thought. And if so – was there anything wrong about doing this thing? He was really clueless.

“The next question is... Can you ejaculate yet?” Nicolas blushed after saying those words. He understood what was this about. He heard about ejaculations, but never experienced one. He lived under the impression that this was some part of an adult life, and he was far from getting any sort of sex in the nearest time. Nicolas was truly an innocent boy, but the whole situation awakened some hidden feelings. He wanted to try this masturbation thing he just mentioned.

“Yes, I can.” Geoffroy said. So the doctor could embarrass him even more. “Great.” He thought.

“Well, remove the thermometer and check the temperature.” The doctor turned his attention to Nicolas, and the dark haired boy pulled the thermometer out of Geoffroy's anus. The doctor knew that soon the roles will be reversed and he could not wait to see the smaller boy naked, spreading his legs, and moaning when fingered by his friend.

“37.9.” Said the boy looking at the thermometer.

“That's it. We have to check one more thing, perform the last test, to make sure that Geoffroy's body is developing correctly. He said he can produce sperm. You have to manually get a sample of it to this container.” The man advised him, using his casual tone

as if getting sperm sample was nothing weird. Nicolas was given a small jar and looked curiously at it.

"Where should I go? You want me to get it here?" Geoffroy asked, scowling, hoping that doctor will let him go to a toilet. He would be able to call his father. He felt so insecure right now. Oh yes, he needed some support.

"No, no, worry not, you are patient, after all. Nicolas is your doctor, and he will masturbate you. Unless you want me to do it." The doctor stood up and walked over to the couch. "Well, what's your decision?"

Geoffroy felt once again that his whole body burns, his breath was deep, his heart beating became even faster once more. Here he was, sitting naked, with his erected penis between his legs, not ashamed about it. In front of his friend and some perverted doctor, who was looking at him quizzically. They were awaiting the boy's answer. Geoffroy instantly regretted that he told the truth about ejaculations. He could lie, but he bet that the doctor would request him to rub one off anyway.

Well, at least the things were getting closer to an end. Geoffroy sensed that this was indeed the very final step of his examination and that the doctor, whoever he was, will now focus on humiliating Nicolas. He wished to save his little, poor friend from this misery, to walk away, to forget. But on the other hand, a part of him wanted to touch Nicolas, to caress his body, to reveal all the secrets, which were hidden away for so long.

If only he had a chance.

Chapter Two

~ Innocence Lost ~

"Huh? I mean, what should I do? I'm not sure what th-this is about." The most innocent boy in the room said, brushing his fingers against his chin. He tried to not look at the erected shaft in between Geoffroy's legs, but it seemed so strange, so weird, he found himself fascinated with it.

"Give me your hand. I'll show you." Geoffroy stated in a low voice, reaching for Nicolas's hand, grabbing it carefully and moving it closer to his own penis.

This was something he never expected, something that never happens in a real life. Geoffroy still wondered if this wasn't some kind of wicked dream, but it seemed so real. Nicolas fingered his hole and touched his penis, he wasn't ashamed of doing it in front of him. He felt his scent, the warmth of his body, the strange sensations down his stomach, the feeling that they were doing something forbidden. The doctor on the other side... Geoffroy figured out what the man liked. It was fairly clear for the older boy, as he could say that the perverted doctor was all excited by the action that was just taking place in his office.

"Tighten your hand here. Yeah. And move it up and down like this." The older boy explained the masturbation process to Nicolas using his own hand. It seemed pretty simple so Nicolas followed shortly after, he clenched his hand around his friend's hard shaft and began to stroke it as Geoffroy did before.

"Okay..."

"Faster... I'm so close." Geoffroy muttered, narrowing his eyes.

Trying to imagine that some girl masturbates him Geoffroy moaned softly. It seemed like a right thing to do, he was a boy after all. He felt that this was how things should be, but the more he imagined it, the clearer he saw his little, almost naked friend, who was clearly interested in what he was doing. Nicolas's little fingers wrapped around the hot erected organ were already a bit wet, as the few drops of precum emerged from the hole on the top covering the shiny, deep red glans. Some silent wet sounds filled the office as Nicolas's hand slapped against his friend's testicles every few moments.

"Prepare the container! Make sure to gather the sample." The man shouted in an excitement, unable to hide his emotions, looking at the incredible scene he dreamed about.

Both boys were focused on themselves, so he began to masturbate through his already cum covered pants. He needed to get off really badly but knew that stripping in front of the boys would be a complete disaster and a high risk of getting the life sentence. Oh, he wished he could do such thing just once in a life. Soak their scared faces with his cum or maybe force them to perform oral on him. Surely, his boss wouldn't be happy to see this happen. But the urge was so strong, almost unbearable.

Geoffroy felt the warmth filling his teenage body. Each part of him seemed to tickle, every muscle began to tense up. The heart beating speed up and breathing become deeper. A gentle but firm touch of Nicolas's fingers made him feel like a heaven. He recalled situations from the last few minutes. His humiliating position, Nicolas's finger, his hand, his body. It was too much, way too much for a sensitive boy like him. He felt an orgasm coming, and the image that he had before his eyes was his shirtless friend holding the hard, wet, trembling penis in hand, doing his job with a visible commitment and curiosity. Geoffroy squeezed his thighs, letting out a quiet whimper. The pain, the pleasure, all at once!

"I'm coming." He managed to whisper, wincing when a spasm of pleasure went through his body as the overwhelming orgasm surged through him. His little toes were all curling and Geoffroy gasped for breath. Nicolas's hand kept going up and down, brushing against the exposed glans.

All the muscles were painful, tensing up and down, he held his breath. His penis started twitching and pulsating - Nicolas quickly picked up the container moving it under the wet and pre-cum covered glans, having no idea what to expect. The hot sperm spurted faster and further than usual. Nicolas was very surprised when the first hot stream hit his cheek and ran down toward the lips. The second spurt of white fluid aimed for the same place, only the third and fourth, smaller ones, went right to the container placed next to the leaking urethra. Geoffroy opened his eyes and looked at scared and confused Nicolas, who was unable to say a word.

"You... peed on me! Gross!" Nicolas exclaimed, not sure how to react.

"No, it's... Can I have something to clear the mess, sir?" Geoffroy turned his face to man, who wasn't even hiding his smile, as he handed him some tissues. The boy took two of them and carefully wiped his own, still warm cum from Nicolas's face.

Nicolas felt strange, all uneasy. What he just did made him look at Geoffroy in a completely different way. He knew that their relationship will change in some way, especially now, when his friend was about to examine him. The doctor took a sample of semen from the boy's hand and carried it to the back room. There was enough of it to fill two tablespoons with it - he wasn't sure what was he going to do with it. He had some ideas already, you can imagine that teenage boy's cum had at least several interesting usages. Of course, he

could even sell it, he knew people who would be interesting into tasting young boy's spunk. The examination carried on.

"Well, Nicolas. Your turn now. Do you want me or Geoffroy to examine you?" Doctor asked politely, looking at the small black-haired boy, who remained innocent, so perfect, so cute.

"Geoffroy, will you?" Nicolas asked, looking at the older boy who nodded, smiling.

"Alright then. Undress and let Geoffroy examine you. Do not get dressed yet, Geoffroy. I think Nicolas will feel better if you both stay naked."

Both boys quickly switched their roles. Geoffroy stood up, wiping the remnants of sperm from his shining, still swollen glans. It almost ached a little bit as he touched the sensitive urethra. As soon as Nicolas laid down on the couch and stripped out of his underpants the blond-haired boy glanced at him curiously. Nicolas was obviously smaller than Geoffroy and a little ashamed of his body, which wasn't developing yet – he was clearly a late bloomer. His shaft was resting on testicles, waiting to be examined, a little worm on two eggs, all boyish, delicate, pure. Yes, Geoffroy did not mind, he liked Nicolas just the way he was. They were friends for so long, nothing would change it.

"So, as before... measure the length of his member and the testicles" Doctor reminded the procedure to Geoffroy.

Strangely enough, he had to admit that the black haired boy was even more attractive than the blond one. There was something really arousing about him – they were the same age, but this one was special. Everyone could feel his innocence. It was now obvious that he hasn't cummed yet. Geoffroy grabbed the ruler, trying to hide his smile as he kept staring at his friend's exposed genitals. Nicolas's testicles were small, but boy could see them growing some small hair. He grasped the scrotum with one hand and gently stroked the sensitive skin, massaging the boy's egg between his fingers.

"One and a half centimeter." The taller boy answered and then grabbed the tip of the foreskin, the little nozzle, pulling it upwards, placing the ruler right next to it. "His di- pee-pee has almost four centimeters." Geoffroy blushed. He did not like this word, but these medical ones embarrassed him even more.

"When erected?"

"C-Can I or you want to do it by yourself?" Geoffroy asked his friend, looking directly into his eyes and biting his lip. It was as if they were staring into each other's souls, their relation was erotic, this moment was intimate, there was some tension growing between them.

"Go on." Nicolas's murmured softly, looking down his body.

To say the truth that was what he wished for – he wanted to be touched by his friend for as long as possible. When Geoffroy's long fingers curled over his soft penis he felt better than ever, never expecting that a simple touch can stimulate him so much. His classmate moved the two fingers up and down, it took a good few strokes and Nicolas's member became hard, standing proudly over the hairless pubic mound. It got much bigger in Geoffroy's opinion. Nicolas felt that Geoffroy placed the ruler near the erected shaft.

“Eight, almost nine centimeters.”

“And the foreskin? Try to pull it down.” The doctor requested.

Now, when Nicolas's member was all hard the skin covered it seemed really thin, all the little, red veins were visible along with the glans. The clear shape of the little-wet knob could be seen under the skin. Still, despite being erected the head was still covered by the foreskin which was quite long. Geoffroy reached for friend's penis and started retracting the delicate skin, he noticed that it seems a bit tight as if it was not stretched hard enough. Nicolas hissed softly as soon as Geoffroy tried to slide his foreskin down even further. The very tip of the glans along with the reddened urethra was visible.

“No, it does not slide down. The skin seems to be, um... still stuck to the head here...” Geoffroy explained. The doctor nodded and watched as some fear crossed Nicolas's face.

“This is why we need these examinations, Geoffroy. Nicolas's foreskin is a bit tight, as he wasn't really playing with it. I will give him something very special... we can deal with that.” The man replied and went again to the back room. The boys looked at each other. Once again Geoffroy tried to retract the foreskin gently, but it did not bring much effect.

“You should really try to pull it down sometimes. I think...” Geoffroy whispered.

“I do, when I pee.” Nicolas answered and touched his penis. His fingers brushed against Geoffroy's. All wet and hot. They both shivered.

“Keep it in your mouth and then swallow all at once.” The doctor stated, walking into the room, holding a spoon full of some white fluid. The man placed the tablespoon right in front of naive boy's lips, who was struck with a familiar smell. It reminded him of his friend's sperm, which covered a part of his face a while ago.

“Nah, that's stupid.” Nicolas thought and took the contents of the spoon to his mouth and tasted the medicine, which was sweet and creamy like. It also seemed a bit warm. He swallowed it, hoping that it would help him solve the foreskin problem. A poor, naive boy.

“Well boys, it's time to measure the temperature. Nicolas, spread your legs now, so we can see your rectum.” The doctor reminded them what was the next step.

Geoffroy gulped and swallowed hard when he saw his friend shifting position, parting the legs and sticking out cheeks right in front of him. The blond-haired boy was all aroused, he could see the smaller boy's hole, and all of sudden he felt really horny when some wild, outrageous thoughts appeared in his head. He wanted to put his nose and mouth on the puckered hole to taste it, he wanted to stuff it with something, squeeze it, pinch, he adored the little opening. Geoffroy never thought about such things until now.

"What the hell is happening? Nicolas is a boy! My friend!" He battled his thoughts, taking the thermometer and the jar of gel from the table. His hands were shaking a little bit.

"Lubricate the anus outside and inside, just like your little friend did before." The doctor said, enjoying the show even more.

Taking some of the sticky goo on his finger Geoffroy moved both his face and his hand closer to friend's tight rectum. He inhaled deeply, he could totally smell some of Nicolas's sweat and noticed that some of it gathered down there, between boy's cheeks. Feeling excited as if he was about to touch the hottest girl from his dreams, he wasn't able to hide his own erection, and when his finger approached the hole and probed it both boys shivered as if the wave of electricity surged through them.

Of course, he tried to act casually, he tried to not care, but it seemed impossible. As he began to smear the substance around the tiny slit, making circles with a finger on the wrinkled surface he could swear that his heart was about to jump out of his chest. And it felt even worse when his slippery finger pressed firmly but gently against the clenched anus.

"He is so tight. And he smells nice." Geoffroy thought to himself, putting more pressure on the finger. "It's just perfect... Damn Nicolas..."

The half of his finger was already inside the boy's rectum when he heard a strange noise behind him. Geoffroy quickly looked back and saw the doctor, who was casually holding hand in his pants and clearly massaging his erected penis. The perverted man was not embarrassed and continued to stroke, when the boy was looking at him. This was the fatal mistake he committed on this day. He exposed his perverted side to the young boy, who was always warned about people like him.

"Put it deeper, Geoffroy." The doctor just said, smiling at him. Then Geoffroy could hear another distant whisper, unable to say if it was his mind playing tricks on him or if this happened for real. "Fuck him... fuck this little hole."

Continuing the examination Geoffroy focused on his task, but at the same time, he knew that the nasty Doctor was lost already. Geoffroy knew what to do and he was going to report this man to his own father. Of course, for a man with the power, it was enough to fire

the doctor before he will hurt someone. - it was all matter of hours, frankly speaking.

The penetration kept going. Geoffroy pushed inside, winning the fight with clenched sphincter and soon his whole finger was buried into Nicolas's virgin anus. Geoffroy began to move his finger in all different directions, making sure that the gel coats everything. His friend let out a low moan.

"I'm sorry." Nicolas muttered. "I feel kind of funny down there now."

The blond boy reached for the thermometer, lined it up with the pink rectum and slid it inside the loosened up hole. Then he turned his face to the doctor, who was still shamelessly rubbing his penis. Geoffroy could swear that the doctor was eating him alive, adoring every part of his boyish, exposed body. For now, the blond-haired boy pretended he doesn't see anything unusual. In the end, that's what the man wanted.

"Ask him the same questions he asked you."

"Nicolas, do you masturbate?" Geoffroy asked and rolled his eyes.

"No, I don't." The boy replied - he was honest, as he never masturbated before. But now, now he was really curious about this, as it seemed like a great fun. He recalled Geoffroy's ecstasy struck face.

"I think the other questions..." Geoffroy wanted to say something, but the man interrupted him.

"There's another set of questions on the desk, take it." The doctor pointed at the desk.

Sure, Geoffroy was expecting it, but still blushed when he saw the first one. It was clear that he was making the pervert's dream come true, nothing more or less. He knew that these questions had nothing to do with the examinations, the medicine or the psychology. To say the truth he felt regret he did not notice it earlier, the red flags were pretty obvious since the doctor told them to undress completely, Geoffroy was a smart one, he knew that this was never needed.

"Nicolas, have you ever thought about boys?"

Not knowing how to answer this question Nicolas was lost in thoughts, he spent most of his free time with the boys, he liked them and hoped that they will always have fun together. His whole young life was about boys, boy games, boy shows, boy talk. Having a lot of the adventures with his peers there Nicolas knew that there could be only one answer. After all, there was nothing funny about girls. They were boring and often grossed out by some common things. He was a boy, he loved being a boy.

"Yes." The little guy answered, wiggling his butt slightly. He could not see it, but Geoffroy kept staring at him curiously.

"Here's another one. Have you ever played doctor with other guys?" Geoffroy cringed reading this question, he considered it plain stupid.

"No? Well, until now?" Nicolas claimed. This was not quite true as he used to play some funny and innocent games when he was younger, but they never went this far. Not to the point where he got something stuck up his precious little anus.

"How often do you play with other boys?"

"Uh, daily?" The boy replied, feeling all confused.

"Well, check the temperature now." The man suggested.

"37.6" Geoffroy answered staring at the scale of a thermometer, and then pulled it out of his friend's hole. Some of the gel followed, leaking out.

"Well, all set." The man looked at both young, horny teenagers. They were sitting on the bed, no longer ashamed of each other. They were just how he loved them, all submissive, cute, horny. "The results of this exam will be saved in your health records. I think you both are fine, healthy I mean. You can get dressed. Ah, Geoffroy... remember to wash your member."

Faking his smile Geoffroy looked at Nicolas. He was a good actor, showing off his skills now, pretending that everything was alright and this was just an ordinary examination. The boys began to dress up quickly and in few seconds, they were no longer nude.

"Sir, can we go now?" Geoffroy asked.

Well, he was in a hurry. He rarely used his father's position, as he did not want to abuse it. They were rich and popular enough – Geoffroy knew that his father could buy him everything and was able to settle any matter in the city. He was the man who was changing the world of many, a role model, a professional. The boy was taught what was good and what was bad in life and knew that now he was seeing and experiencing the worst of it. In spite of his young age, he knew that this man, a doctor, wasn't even hiding any of his desires and he poses a threat. Geoffroy knew that this freak needed to be removed from society.

But it was not that easy – he needed to find some reason, he needed to make up some story his father would find real. He did not want to tell his father that he was molested. Because he was not. Playing with his friend, giving the nice show to a perverted man was not an abuse, especially when he enjoyed it. It was a rather nice experience to say the

truth. Of course, Geoffrey could just lie that the new doctor looked at him in a wrong way or that he hit him. It was enough because Geoffrey knew that his father would satisfy every silly request, not asking any questions.

"Well, I said I will send you both home now. You won't attend any more classes today. Sounds good?" The doctor smiled as if he wanted to thank boys for what they just did. But to say the truth he just wanted to close himself in the office, jerk off, and have the best orgasm of his life.

"Fantastic!" The boys cheered at each other. They deserved it after all.

One minute passed. The boys were no longer there, but their smell remained. And the recording – the best proof that young, teenage boys were nothing more or less but sexy, horny beasts. Poor doctor, he was going crazy.

The weather was perfect and the summer was to come soon, the warm sun shined on their cute faces, they felt amazing, the sensation of growing tension could be felt in the air. There's nothing like being a teenage boy, full of raging hormones and there's nothing harder than figuring out what is going on with your mind and body. They were experiencing it - both boys walked in silence one of the side streets of Paris. Of course, they were thinking about what had just happened, battling their thoughts. For Geoffrey things were clear and he knew what he must do. In contrast, Nicolas was arguing with himself. In fact, he felt now deprived of innocence, the mystical child's protection, but he was still to enter the adult world, the world in which Geoffrey was already deep inside.

"Well, you know what... I wasn't expecting it..." Nicolas broke the silence, as the boys were returning home through the empty park. It was the middle of the day. Most of the people were still at the work or at the school. The boys were alone and able to talk freely, to confess their emotions.

Of course, it was pretty obvious that sooner or later they will need to discuss things that happened. They couldn't hide their emotions, it was like breaking a window, stealing some candy from the shop, having a first kiss. It was a life changing thing. Nicolas knew that Geoffrey was also thinking about the recent incident. The incident that was soon to open the new chapter in their lives. Thanks to it they were to experience pain and pleasure.

"Yeah, me too." Geoffrey murmured not sure if he should say more. "But it was not that bad, right? H-heh, have you really thought about boys?" Geoffrey asked, smiling and trying to switch the subject. "These were really stupid questions, Nick."

"Actually, I like playing with guys, girls are pretty boring, right? I mean, all of them look the same. W-while boys, well... You know that I like you... I felt weird touching you t-there. You

know..." He blushed, biting his lip.

"Yep. Me too." Geoffroy repeated once more. "It was weird, yeah. This was the first time I felt something like this. I think we don't have secrets more to share, huh?"

"No secrets. This is why I like you." Nicolas looked around to make sure nobody was listening to their conversation. "Nice hair you got down there. And the thing that spurts. Wow!" The boy whispered, looking at his classmate, who smiled back. "It's weird but amazing."

"Give it a couple of months and you will get it all. I don't even know when I got mine. And maybe you can cum? How do you know? I mean, you seem inexperienced, and you haven't tried it." Geoffroy answered, looking at his friend. This was just a casual, maybe a bit private talk between two boys, but it made him all excited when he imagined Nicolas learning how to cum, carelessly asking for his help. He was so pure, so innocent. So cute.

"How did you discover it? You know, the..." Nicolas asked. It was uneasy for him to say this word. He truly hated the way it sounds, but he wanted his friend to understand him.

"Well, it wasn't that long ago..." Geoffroy smiled for a moment and began to tell the story.

Sitting home alone month ago, having a lot of time was enough to make things going. He recalled that he just finished playing another console game, looking for some more fun. For a few days, he felt a strange sensation when he touched his penis, while peeing or dressing up, it was stinging, burning, it seemed to itch a little every few moments. Geoffroy was not sure what does it mean and knew that he had to wait to investigate it even closer. That day he just casually went to the bathroom, took off his pants and sat on the floor. Grabbing his hard penis he started touching himself and slipped the foreskin down the shaft only two times. Then, all of sudden he felt chills all over his body and burning sensation near his crotch. His little shaft started exploding all over his shirt. Geoffroy panicked, groaned, trying to figure out what's going on. His first orgasm was remarkable, a memory he would always find easy to recall.

"I was barely breathing. I thought that something has broken. I m-mean I wasn't expecting the sperm yet. I thought I was too young to make it. This was shortly after my twelve birthday." The boy continued, smiling. He could not believe he was discussing his sexuality like this. "I think you would discover it the same way... by accident. You are now the same age I was. Twelve years, one month!"

"I've never tried. But this looks really..." He paused, unsure what word should he use. "Good, right? I remember my mom telling me that I should not touch anything down there." The younger boy said, a look of confusion crossed his face.

"Ignore it. You should try it, it makes you relaxed, really. And sooner or later you will be

doing this daily.”

“Do you think anyone else in our class does it?” Nicolas asked.

“Clotaire does, that's for sure. He's older than any of us, right. Almost thirteen now. Yeah, he does, I bet.” Geoffroy paused. “Still, It's not that I know anything about him. He is a stupid one after all, but he is adorable at the same time.” Geoffroy added, he did not feel comfortable thinking about his classmate in this way.

“You think he has hair down there?” Asked black haired boy again.

“Yeah, I think so...” Geoffroy answered another silly question. “Why are you so curious? Are you... interested in him? Well, just to remind you – you told the doctor that you are into boys.” The taller boy laughed, looking at his friend. “Won't tell anybody, really!”.

Rolling his eyes Nicolas sighed a little bit. No, he was not interested in Clotaire - he was truly interested in Geoffroy. He wondered how to answer his friend's question and lead the conversation further. Just yesterday he was far from thinking about sex and nudity, but now he felt the need to talk about it. And the only person who could teach him things was Geoffroy. The little boy decided to be honest about it, as honest as possible, hoping that his classmate will not laugh at him.

“Because...” Nicolas paused. “Listen, I... uh, the hair *down there*...” The boy mumbled the nonsense, trying to sound serious, he felt nervous all of sudden. “When the doctor looked at us I was afraid to do something more. But I wished...” Nicolas's heart was beating rapidly, he looked straight at the grass on the pavement, blushing. “I wanted to touch them to see what they look like, I wanted to feel them under my finger. I was curious. Well...”

Obviously, Geoffroy also had similar, but much more perverted desires, which were still surprising him. He recalled the porn movie he watched recently and thought of him and Nicolas taking the main roles. He was sure his friend wanted the same but wasn't aware how to describe it yet. Geoffroy needed to ask just one question, hoping that he won't scare Nicolas off. It was worth taking the risk, knowing the prize could be the greatest in the whole world.

“You mean, you want to see m-my... thing again?” He asked bluntly and watched as Nicolas nodded and blushed even more. Geoffroy could feel some cold sensation down his stomach, he could swear he will faint anytime soon.

“Just for a moment... please?” Nicolas asked in rather cute, innocent voice.

“Today? I mean... sure! But not now. You know, my father wants me to tell him about everyone visiting our home. So he can show off...” Geoffroy rolled his eyes. It was true. Since Geoffroy was the kid his father was making sure that everyone visiting his son was

aware of how awesome the boy was. "In two hours, okay?"

"Yes, thanks..."

"Alright, cool." Geoffroy smiled. "I will make sure that we are all alone this afternoon."

"Sure. But, will allow me..." Nicolas was all unsure.

"It's not that you will see me naked for the first time. If this pervy doctor wasn't there we would feel more comfortable! Right? What do you think about him?" Geoffroy asked, wondering if Nicolas was thinking the same.

"Not much, he was a bit of weirdo. I wonder if he did the same to other boys at school..." Nicolas asked. "Do you think this is, you know... legal?"

"Actually... I'm going to report him to my father." Geoffroy confessed. "This wasn't legal, really. And the examination had no purpose. I don't think he knew who I'm and who my father is. This fucker will be dead."

"Are you going to tell him about everything that happened?"

"Don't be silly. If I told him what happened... I can already see it, they would put us in some special care making sure that our young minds and bodies weren't molested, hurt, whatever. I don't want to cause any problem to you, Nick. You don't feel abused, do you? I mean, I feel good."

"Well, Doctor wasn't the one to, uhh... abuse me. It was you." Nicolas protested, looking at his friend. "But I don't quite mind."

"Alright, let me work on this. So, see you in two hours, then?"

"See you in two hours, Geoff."

Geoffroy's father was a tall, handsome, black-haired man in his forties. He was a man of success, coming from a big family, learning that the life was not as easy as it seems. The life was not easy for any of them, the man was hard working, building his own company thanks to all the money inherited almost twenty years ago. Geoffroy wasn't aware of the details, as his father never discussed this with him. But it was fairly clear that they were rich and the little boy noticed this pretty fast, as soon as he started comparing his toys with other boys' toys. Since when Geoffroy was a child, his father took care of him, as the boy's mother passed away when the boy was four years old. The little guy wasn't even able to recall anything but some faded memories of her, but all people were saying that he looks

just like this wonderful young girl. He had her eyes and smile and was sometimes called a boy version of that, once living woman.

So, obviously, Geoffroy's father was providing everything his only son wanted, making sure that he was growing up in happiness. He thought that was the way things should be, he loved kids, he adored every single of Geoffroy's little friends and he supported many orphanages all over the France. His own childhood was a bit rough, he preferred not to think about it, but knew that it shaped him, it made him the man he was right now. He loved gifting his precious son, and this helped the boy to discover his very first passion. Geoffroy loved to dress up - he owned costumes of different characters and styles. Spending his time in the world of imagination he could be a cop, a pirate, an astronaut, a pharaoh or a musketeer in just a few minutes. Yet, once he became older he was less and less interested in his father's fortune, preferred to play, have fun.

This happened a few years ago. Charles, Geoffroy's father was not quite sure if he wanted to send his son to the public school, but in the end, Geoffroy convinced him that he wants to have some real, normal friends. Still, the man was afraid that someone will bully his son or laugh at him, he wanted his boy to be safe and assured him that he can get rid of all the students or teachers who will harass him. Geoffroy appreciated it, but he had no intention to use his father's Special powers again – he did it just once. That is - until this afternoon. After all, he wasn't doing that for himself, but for every single student attending the school. He was helping the community, just like his father did.

“Daddy?” The boy asked in a low voice, walking into the room.

“How was your school? It's a bit early, I think?” Geoffroy's father, Charles was surprised when he saw his child entering the room. The man put down the book he was just reading and looked at son.

“Dad, listen...” Geoffroy muttered, a sadness filled his eyes and he sat down beside his father. He was silent, staring at the floor. A Single memory of his mother was enough to make his eyes watering - he looked at his father and awaited his reaction.

“What's wrong?”

“D-Dad, something h-happened. Remember, when you promised me, that...” He paused, sniffing. A single tear rolled down his cheek. “You will kick the butt of any bad person in my school?” Geoffroy sobbed, placing his head on father's shoulder. He took a deep breath, the air smelled so nice, he loved the smell of his house, which was always so clean and comfy, so safe.

“Of course son, I remember.” Charles wrapped his arms against the little son, hugging a twelve-year boy to his chest. “Now, it will be alright, your dad is here. And you know...” He smiled looking at his son's face. “Nobody can stop me from making you happy, remember

it?"

"Yeah!" The young boy laughed and wiped tears from the cheeks.

"So, who is it? Some student?"

"No, I was called to doctor's office, today. We have a new doctor and he was really rude one. He was telling me some nasty things. The perverted things..." Geoffroy paused for a second to look at his father's reaction. "And when I was leaving he told me that he will examine me tomorrow, t-touch my... To show me that I'm just a normal boy with the rich father and nothing more."

The man tried to remain calm, but he felt that his blood was boiling. He believed everything his son said and adored the fact that the little boy truly trusted him. "How could this happen?" A single thought appeared in Charles's head, he was mad, nervous, he wanted to blame the school principal and decided to call him. Despite his son's presence, he could barely stop himself from swearing – if he saw the perverted doctor he would strangle him to death using his bare hands. Charles was ready to do this to everyone who attacked Geoffroy.

"I want you to call me in 10 minutes - it's about your damned staff, again." The man stated. "Yes, this is what I expect from you, thanks."

While his father was on the phone Geoffroy snuggled deeper into man's body to thank him. In the end, they had only themselves, Geoffroy had his father, and his father had him. He was fully aware that his father loved him, but sometimes the man had problems expressing his feelings, thinking that buying yet another expensive toy or going on a weekend trip would show how much does he care about his child. But Geoffroy understood him, he was a sensitive boy but sometimes felt uneasy when his father was treating him like a baby. Soon, when the conversation was over Geoffroy broke the silence, feeling his hair being stroked by the large hand.

"Thanks, dad."

"We should really get you to the hairdresser soon. Your hair is getting a bit too long."

"Yeah, I will some day..." Geoffroy smiled. To say the truth he loved the way he looked and did not really want to change his appearance. For him styling up the long hair was quite easier.

"Okay, buddy. You know, I will be always here to help you. And after all these years there was only one person you reported to me. I know you're trying to be independent and fight your problems, but I can help you. Okay?" Charles comforted his son and kissed his forehead. They sat in silence for a few minutes, until Geoffroy asked his father one more

question.

"Dad? Do you mind if I invite one of my classmates over in one hour, so we can spend some time in private?"

"Well, go ahead. Should we make some extra lunch for him? Or her? Who is it? Nicolas? Still hanging out with him, right?" The man asked.

"Yes, Nicolas. And no, no extra lunch."

"Oh. Alright... The private part made me hoping that you invited some nice girl." Charles stated, using a voice full of amusement. "I know, it's boys only school, but I guess there are some nice girls around, right? If I recall correctly you never had a girlfriend."

"I don't need one. They are gross and expect you to buy them things over and over." Geoffroy explained, his dad laughed. Then he added in a serious voice. "About Nick... may I ask you to not show him all these strange pictures you bought recently? We're just kids! Not interested in art, not at all! Please!"

"Well, let me correct you. These are not just a strange pictures but *Picass...*" Charles stopped mid sentence seeing his son's face. He loved mocking him from time to time. "Oh, just playing with you. What I'm saying is that you should at least recognize the artist who painted them. That may be useful one day."

"Ask Nick if he remembers any of these you showed him over last years. It doesn't work this way." Geoffroy rolled his eyes.

"It's called an education, son. I just don't want you to sell these images for few potatoes one day. On the other hand, Albert might be able to stop you..." Charles explained, looking at some fine paintings on the wall. He loved the art, he often caught himself staring at some beautiful painting, thinking of other times and other words. "As a matter of fact – you aren't a little boy anymore and your friends aren't little. Feel free to invite anyone as long as you clean up the mess afterward."

Geoffroy nodded his head, he understood the new rules. In fact, it was a good day. For a boy like him this was a certain revolution, a step forward, like landing on an unknown planet he was yet to explore. All of his thoughts were focused on the meeting that was getting closer with every tick of a clock. He was not only meeting the little Nick, but also the person he really liked, adored, the person who was everything for him. He could not believe in his luck, despite everything that happened in doctor's office their bond was even stronger now.

Of course, he knew that his friend wanted to see him naked again, and to his surprise, he was not ashamed about it, but rather excited as the whole situation was filling his body

with strange pleasure. Some light flames of lust were all over his belly and abdomen. You can only imagine what was going on inside his hormones filled teenage body. The image of Nicolas's small fingers fondling his private parts made his little member harden again. And then he had a vision of his friend's little hole, all clenched, wet from sweat, he wanted to stuff it with his own fingers.

He could not wait to see what the meeting brings. And hoped that in the end he will be allowed to have some fun with Nick's body. That was what he wished for, to become not only a friend but also a secret lover. To taste the black-haired boy's delicate body, to inhale deeply on his boyish scent, to whisper a few meaningful words in his ear. To moan, to touch, to cry.

Fifty-five minutes left.

Chapter Three

~ The First Time ~

Nicolas always had a good memory and he remembered very well where and how he met Geoffroy. It was a special day, the day he would never forget. He recalled that he was nervous and all anxious, almost crying. Perhaps he was overreacting, but he was truly scared to be all alone at school for the first time, far away from his home and his parents. Suspecting that other kids won't like him he was staying away from them all, sitting on the bench, looking at the floor when some boy sat next to him. Both of them were really shy, they kept looking at their peers who just started to interact with each other. And then Nicolas was the first one to speak, looking at his young classmate who appeared to be his soulmate. They smiled at each other, they shook their hands.

He recalled how they talked for the first time and that Geoffroy actually laughed at his stupid joke. They became friends rather quickly, spending a lot of time together, having fun, playing the games. It was all so easy. Back in the primary school they had a few friends who were always hanging out together with them, but as soon as they changed the school some old friendships were gone. And only Nicolas and Geoffroy were able to make it, and oh, their classmate, Clotaire.

It would be easy to write a few books regarding their adventures, the sad and happy ones, all filled with the childhood memories they shared. While they weren't the very best friends in the primary it all changed as they went to the College. They started hanging out more and more often, learning, playing, or simply spending their time doing nothing. A perfect life - they felt good together, supporting and helping each other. Spending their childhood the best possible way. Nicolas often visited his best classmate. The first time he was shocked and embarrassed by the size of Geoffroy's house and his father's wealth. Back then they were still in the second grade when Geoffroy invited him and some other folks to the birthday party. Everything was so big, so strange, so distant, the hallways left him speechless, not to mention Geoffroy's room, full of the best toys, the world of never-ending fun. Oh yes, and at the same time Nicolas was surprised that his classmate wanted to be friends with him. The ordinary boy who had nothing to impress anyone.

As the years passed the boys kept growing, maturing, getting older. They became the good friends, but there were some taboos, the things they never mentioned in a casual conversation. And one of them was speaking about sex. Coming from the good houses with loving parents they considered talking about it a bad thing, they simply avoided the subject until now. They weren't even joking about sex like most of the kids did.

And today, Nicolas was going to meet with his friend, hoping that Geoffroy will really allow

him to touch the special place. It seemed that they crossed some forbidden line that divided two worlds. It seemed that something was over. Something that accumulated over the years and today had to burst making both boys thrill in joy, shake in pleasure, and moan in happiness. Their minds and their bodies were all tensed up. It was all a matter of time.

Geoffroy welcomed Nicolas at the door, inviting the smaller boy inside. Nicolas knew the place, he visited it quite often lately, but never suspected that he would come there because of his friend's pubes. Well, his life was surprising, he was aware of it. But he still kept thinking that Geoffroy was pulling some sort of a prank on him. His mind was filled with mixed thoughts, he just could not believe that something like that will happen. That they will explore and experience their blossoming sexuality.

"So... how are you?" Geoffroy asked in a low tone of voice and smiled. "Are you still up to... you know?"

"Yeah, are you? You... you weren't joking, right?" Nicolas asked, taking his shoes off, avoiding his friend's eyes. For some reason, he felt insecure.

"Well, I wouldn't joke about it, you know me. It's not a prank, really." The older boy soothed him, glancing in his direction. "Come with me to my room and we will talk. No one will bother us." Geoffroy assured, pointing to the stairs.

The Kingdom of Geoffroy, his room, was located in the right wing of the mansion. It was an average size but decorated with some skill, because Charles wanted Geoffroy to feel like a prince, even if his son did not like it. The big wardrobe occupied an entire wall, and next to it there was a door to the terrace and also the bathroom. The large king size bed was standing at one of the walls, in front of the windows which filled the room with a natural light. Of course, there was a big TV screen, some consoles, and all the games located there, next to the windows, directly in front of bed. The funny fact about this TV was that his father installed it only for gaming purposes. Geoffroy wasn't allowed to watch any television, as his father kept saying that there was nothing interesting on there for a boy his age. And so, the boys sat on the bed, Nicolas looked at the floor, Geoffroy glared at him. Both boys weren't sure how to start it, how to break the final wall and get to the land of pleasure. It was all weird now.

"Okay... should I just drop the pants, so you can have your fun?" Geoffroy broke the silence after a while, and his friend shrugged in an answer.

"We can also play a *doctor*, I will examine you again, but we'll do it my way. And if you want me to stop, just say so..." The smaller boy suggested and looked at his friend, waiting for his decision. Playing a doctor would mean that he gets to see something more than just the boy's pubes. He could not hide the fact that he was interested in his friend's whole body.

“Alright, heh. It’s funny. I can’t recall a single time when we were playing a doctor. Isn’t this the little kids thing? I remember doing such stuff with my cousin when we were six. Have you ever...” Geoffroy told his story, hoping that Nicolas will be also honest with him.

“Well, once with some neighbor girl when I was five or six. This is really w-weird... we weren’t talking about this stuff before.” Nicolas confessed, blushing, his face seemed all hot and wet. He had problems speaking and breathing, and Geoffroy just kept staring at him, grinning.

“Right.” The blond-haired boy said, standing up and making sure that the door to the room was closed and bolted so nobody would be able to interrupt their fun. After a moment he laid down on the bed, took a deep breath and started role-playing. “Sir? What should I do? What part of my body you wish to examine?”

“Geoff, you...” Nicolas rolled his eyes, this was harder than he expected. This was happening so fast, too fast.

“Hey, sorry to interrupt the game. Would you like to dress up like a doctor? I have the costume in the closet. Or like three of them. Should be your size.” Geoffroy suggested all of sudden in an excited voice, pointing to the side.

“I will be fine, I think.” The boy replied, but soon noticed his friend’s disappointed face. “Eh, maybe it will be more realistic if I do. You are right, I will be a real doctor then.”

Geoffroy squealed and jumped to the wardrobe filled with different accessories and dresses. A truly obsessed collector, he loved every single of them, especially if he and his friends decided to play some nice games using them. He quickly pulled out a white doctor’s kilt and tossed it on the bed, where Nicolas was sitting. His mind was racing, his heart was beating way faster than before.

“Put it on, please.” Geoffroy pleaded, watching as Nicolas slipped into the white suit and fastened every single button in the kilt. “Alright, now. Hello there Doctor Nicolas!” He winked, a smirk appeared on his face. “What do you want me to do now, sir? Should I undress?”

“Y-yes, undress down to your underwear, Geoffroy.” Nicolas said shyly, his voice was trembling a little.

Watching as his classmate started stripping Nicolas clenched his fists, keeping his eyes locked on his friend’s body. On the smooth, boyish chest, on the top button in the pants, on the little, brown nipples. Nicolas gulped loudly, feeling some sweat on his forehead. Geoffroy was there – once again on the bed, wearing nothing but tight white briefs,

awaiting Nicolas's reaction and some further instructions. "Oh come one, I'm all yours. Start touching me now as before." The boy thought, looking at the black-haired kid standing beside the bed. Spending a few moments adoring his friend's body Nicolas felt that his arousal was growing. He noticed how athletic Geoffroy's body was, how nice and round were his muscles and how soft was the skin on his torso. He stared at his friend's smooth feet, hairless legs, his rounded hips, his nice budge covered by a thin, white cloth, his chest and arms, and finally at his smiling face. The boy was perfect, his Geoffroy was perfect!

"Well, doctor?" Geoffroy asked impatiently.

Feeling that his little member hardened Nicolas took another deep breath as his hands approached Geoffroy's chest. Gently pressing them towards the boy's skin he started moving them down, but just a bit. He stopped at the delicate nipples, and circled them with his fingertips, gently squeezing them, soon they were all hard. Nicolas sat on the bed, next to the lying boy - all five of his fingers went down the smooth abdomen. After a moment he began to slowly massage the belly space on the sides and above it. Looking at Geoffroy's face, searching for the signs of discomfort Nicolas kept the massage going.

Fortunately, his friend was feeling quite good, Geoffroy just closed his eyes, and was smiling, encouraging Nicolas to try more. Sure enough, he did not want to disturb his classmate, as Nicolas was gathering more and more courage, but through his half-closed eyes, he saw the boy's every move. He knew that Nicolas was just glancing at his crotch, watching as the growing boyish erection, now clearly visible, was filling the white briefs. They seemed so tight all of sudden.

"Lie on stomach now. I need to see your back." Nicolas ordered, his voice was still so soft and innocent.

This time, the black-haired boy placed his hands on friend's shoulders and started massaging them. Approaching his face closer to Geoffroy's back he inhaled the scent of boy's skin, smelling Geoffroy's cologne and some sweat. He could not explain it, but now when erection filled his underpants he felt the need for closeness with his friend. His thoughts surprised him, he wanted to lay on the top of his friend and cuddle with him right here, feel his body next to his.

Slowly sliding his fingers down over the entire length of the spine, centimeter after centimeter, he massaged Geoffroy's back, as he wanted to learn more about his young body. For some reason, he knew that the next meeting may not occur ever again, that this was his only chance, and he wanted to use it the best possible way. Soon, his hands were near boy's briefs, brushing against them. Geoffroy figured it out pretty quickly, he knew that Nicolas excited him more than all the girls he had seen in the magazines and porn videos. This was just different - Nicolas's gentle, caring touch was really pleasuring, making Geoffroy's erection asking for attention like never before. The hard shaft was all swollen,

pressed against his underpants - he wanted to let it go right here and right now. Nicolas's little fingers were everything he needed, but the best was yet to come, this was only a beginning, and he knew it.

"I need to lower your underwear a bit because I have to examine your spine." Nicolas whispered, unsure if Geoffroy heard him.

Grabbing the waistband Nicolas pulled it down a bit, so both smooth and delicate cheeks were exposed to his eyes. This made the briefs even tighter for poor Geoffroy, who could swear that his trapped penis will just tear the cloth in no time if Nicolas will keep this petting going. It was all painful now.

Nicolas moved his hand across boy's neck and back, following the spine until he reached Geoffroy's bubble butt. Shivering slightly he sank his finger deep, getting between two mounds, gathering the sweat covering the crack. Then he poked Geoffroy's virgin rectum with his fingertip, feeling that the tender anus was still wet with lubricate, and tight as if nothing was inserted in there earlier this day. Once Nicolas gently pressed the pinkish hole his friend moaned and hugged his face into pillow giggling softly.

"Doctor, that tickles!" Geoffroy mumbled, with his face still pressed down against the bed. "I will part my legs a little more so you can see it better." The boy said, hoping that Nicolas will pay some more attention to the little hole.

Of course, Nicolas did not want to waste this opportunity. Grabbing the boy's buttocks with both hands he spread them even more, exposing his classmate's wet, pinkish hole. He watched as the little anus was clenching, when Geoffroy's muscles were tensing up, it seemed to live on its own. Sniffing the fingers that touched his friend's anus he decided to slide them back into boy's crack. Using two of them he parted the opening, revealing some more of the pink flesh, he actually wanted to stick something into the tunnel and searched around for some small, rounded item. Nicolas smiled to himself when he noticed that his friend doesn't protest in any way, allowing him to do whatever he wanted, this was nothing more but a wild dream.

"Geoff, do you have any pencil or something?" Nicolas asked.

"What? I mean, on the desk." The boy explained unsure why Nicolas needed something to write. He looked over his shoulder and saw the little boy approaching him with a vicious smile.

Keeping the cheeks expanded Nicolas poked the hole with the tip of the object, using his fingers to spread the damp anus slightly. His excitement was peaking, his own pants were all now torturing him as his little organ kept pressing against his jeans - he could swear it felt wet now and he only wished to free it from its prison. Putting some pressure on the pencil Nicolas started sliding it up Geoffroy's wrinkled anus, meeting no resistance. The

rectum parted, hungry for penetration, swallowing half of the item without much of the problem. He retracted it after a few seconds of drilling and wiggling it to the sides. Soft waves of satisfaction surged through him as he heard that Geoffroy's short moan and his body shivered a little. To his surprise the pencil was all clean when he removed it, he never expected it. An important lesson was learned on this day – not all ass-holes were dirty and gross, and he loved playing with them.

“Seems to me that your spine is alright.” He paused, and added. “Now I have to examine your pee-pee. Please, strip out of your underwear and lie on your back again.” Nicolas explained and watched as Geoffroy turned his body to him.

“Feel free to remove them.” The older boy, playing the role of the patient, winked at him. He wasn't able to hide his erection, which was already leaking some precum, forming a wet spot on the top of his briefs.

Nicolas's eyes lit up when he saw the hard member between his friend's legs. The damp knob pressed against fabric in an obscene way, all swollen, waiting in anticipation for a single caress. At first, Nicolas was paralyzed, he did not know what to do, the burning flames of lust were all over him, every single inch of his body seemed warm, all excited, all tensed up. He placed his hand on the elastic belt of underwear and pulled it upwards, releasing boy's rock hard member. Geoffroy was lying in front of him completely naked awaiting more pleasure. And his penis was a perfect thing, pulsating, twitching a little big, the foreskin partially retracted, revealing the red head. Another single drop of pre-cum appeared at the urethral opening and started leaking down the shaft.

“Please, sir! Play with my *thingy* now.” The older teenager begged. “It hurts. I don't know if it's working correctly. Can you check, please?”

Holding his breath, feeling cold sensation down his stomach Nicolas approached his friend's abdomen. After a while, he slowly moved his fingers to the base of the erected premature penis. This was a dream come true! His fingers gently stroked Geoffroy's pubic hair – Nicolas was fascinated by how they looked. You can't even imagine how he felt right now, discovering the new world of sensation, fondling Geoffroy's pubic mound with his fingertips, causing his friend's member to twitch in anticipation just above his hand. Using his second hand he decided to grab boy's testicles, touching the delicate, hanging scrotum covered by longer, curly hair. Nicolas examined both boyish eggs hidden under the thin, wrinkled skin, they seemed so big, pulsating with hot waves, like the two embers

“So cool, the hair... And your pe-penis is also nice. And... I feel so hot right now.” Nicolas muttered, looking at the blond haired boy. Wrapping his hand around friend's shaft he gently slipped the foreskin down, fully revealing the red, swollen glans, which was glistening, covered in both precum and smegma. “Still not cleaned up I see?” Nicolas smirked. “You should listen to what doctors say.”

"I will listen... just... you." Geoffroy whispered, putting emphasis on the last word. He gasped loudly and for some reason placed his hand on Nicolas's neck, touching the boy softly with his fingers.

Of course, he felt that he was really close, he was not able to control it, not now when Nicolas was playing with his body in the best possible way. All this petting was getting him closer and closer to climax, which was about to struck his body, it was so different from masturbating on his own, he knew when to stop. Through his half-closed eyes, filled with tears of joy he saw that Nicolas moved his hand, pulling the foreskin back up and this was enough to make Geoffroy's member began to shake. He moaned softly and in less than a second his abdomen muscles began to clench as the first shot of sticky sperm squirted from boy's penis. Geoffroy groaned, clenched his little fists, wiggled his toes, he felt that his body was going crazy, his mind, his breath, his heart, everything seemed to stop at once. The only thing remaining was the stinging sensation all over his crotch, boyish testicles, and leaking urethra. Five more hot spurts of fresh semen followed the first one covering his torso, abdomen and Nicolas's hand, who was truly amazed by the show. To say the truth, this was everything he wanted to see today.

"Whoops! T-That was fast! Even faster than before." Nicolas exclaimed, all happy and watched as his friend was breathing heavily and rapidly, gasping for some fresh air. "Are you ok?"

"Shit, Fuck... Nick!" Geoffroy whispered. "I could not warn you, it was sudden..." The teenager took a deep breath, feeling his heart beating as fast as if it was going to explode. It was his second orgasm and seemed to be even stronger than the first one. "I'm sorry, I'll go get some tissues. I guess we are done."

"No, wait, can I look at it?" Nicolas stated, stopping Geoffroy from getting up. He glanced down at his hand."It smells familiar." He explained and put his sperm covered hand under his nose.

"Huh? What?" Geoffroy asked, all confused.

"Well, I have to check." The dark haired boy stuck out his tongue and licked the hot semen from his hand, tasting it, making a surprised face expression. The same expression that crossed Geoffroy's face, who was looking at Nicolas. The look of surprise, disgust, and curiosity mixed. "I do not believe it! The doctor gave me your... cum as a medicine."

"What? I mean!? Today, on the spoon?"

"Shit..." Nicolas whispered. "This is so weird. Does your father knows about him yet?" Nicolas asked, and Geoffroy nodded.

"How does it taste?" Geoffroy muttered, he was speechless, he could not believe that his

friend just eats his sperm like this and acted as if nothing strange happened. Of course, he had never tried to eat his own seed, as it seemed unnatural, so he was really shocked when his friend casually did this, as if he was drinking some milk. "Oh my, *cockmilk*. The sweet *cockmilk*." Geoffroy thought, and for some reason it made him aroused again.

"Why don't you try?" Nicolas encouraged his friend, sliding his sperm covered fingers inside his own mouth, licking them clean. "It's not bad actually."

"Sigh, Nick, you are a weirdo."

"No, really, just try it. I kinda like it." The black haired boy confessed looking at Geoffroy. Then he started laughing. "You know, I just realized that I licked the same fingers that touched your butthole. Gross!"

Geoffroy shook his head and tentatively dipped the finger in the white fluid covering his belly. It was so sticky and had very strange and sharp smell, he was not fully convinced that eating something that left his body was healthy or good. Sticking out his tongue he tried to feel the taste, but it was had no taste and reminded him of nothing that he tasted before. Nicolas watched him, awaiting his reaction.

"I thought it would be worse, but it tastes like some salty pudding of some sort. Can I wipe it now?" Geoffroy asked. "Are we done now?"

"Actually... I'm thinking. Can I clean this for you?" The younger boy looked at his friend's semen covered abdomen. "Honestly, I was surprised by how good it tasted back in doctor's office. I caused it so I will clean it up, right?!"

"Yeah, the napkins are..." The boy gasped, seeing as Nicolas lowered his face and pressed his lips against the small puddle of cum. "I was thinking..."

"Enjoy it!" Nicolas murmured, slurping loudly, lapping his tongue against Geoffroy's silky skin. His lips were all wet and covered in cum.

"It's still leaking out of my penis so you'll have to lick it as well." Geoffroy joked, tilting his head back, raising his eyebrows, adoring the little kisses all over his chest.

Bending over boy's semen covered belly Nicolas acted really dirty, he could barely recognize himself now and blamed the raging hormones, which were changing him into a perverted sex-obsessed boy. Licking the fresh semen from Geoffroy's chest Nicolas played with it, slurping, licking and swallowing without any longer break. He pressed his lips against the abdomen, belly, he sucked on the delicate nipples and every part of torso covered by even tiniest drop of sperm leaving a wet trail everywhere. It seemed that he was paying it forward, thanking Geoffroy for his friendship, for everything that happened recently, he wanted to satisfy them both. And the only thing he was afraid of was the fact

that he found the taste of cum addicting, especially if the sharp smell of slippery fluid filled his nostrils.

Geoffroy winced feeling the waves of pleasure storming through him, he kept his palms closed into fists, his little toes were still curling. He only listened to the loud slurps and kept looking at his friend's sperm coated tongue, trying to stop him. His body was getting all ticklish, he was moaning through clenched teeth, some more tears appeared in his eyes. And of course, his erected member was ready for another round. It seemed that Nicolas noticed this also, moving his head down toward boy's crotch.

"Wait, I was joking!" Geoffroy exclaimed, panicking, not knowing what to think. He never expected that something like this will happen.

But Nicolas, the little, black-haired teenager, who was full of lust looked at him with amusement. His lips were a bit pink and swollen, glistening in a light. Geoffroy was barely able to recognize him, especially when he heard his next words.

"Well, I was not..."

Leaning closer toward the hard shaft Nicolas looked at his friend's penis in a new light, up close. He was able to see every single wrinkle and bump covering the foreskin, he noticed the little veins under the skin and the reddened tip. The shiny drop of semen appeared on the top of the glans, making his mouth watering. There were also the white spots of dried smegma under the knob – Nicolas wanted to try them all. He took one deep breath, inhaling on the rich smell of his classmate's penis and stuck out his tongue to lick the velvet surface before Geoffroy was even able to react. The tip of his tongue pressed against the tight urethral opening. Not knowing what to do the blond haired boy felt grabbed the bed covers, squeezing them, feeling pleasure so intense he almost cried. "I should stop him... This is not right." He heard a faint voice deep inside his head.

It felt better every moment. Nicolas kept going, he licked the glans once and found that it was no different from the skin he tasted before, it was a bit saltier, and a bit damper. He swirled his tongue around the swollen head, which was still leaking and began to lick it faster, looking at his friend's angelic face. Geoffroy moaned.

"Oh, shi..."

"What's wrong? " Nicolas asked. "Does it feel bad?" He looked at his friend, trying to understand what he meant.

"This is great, please keep it up. Put it in your mouth! Lick it, please, Nick! Suck it as hard as you can, please!" He pleaded in almost crying voice, grabbing Nicolas's head and pushing it down.

Grinning, Nicolas hesitantly grasped his friend's burning member and played with it a little, sliding the skin up and down, squeezing more and more precum outside. Opening his mouth wider he pressed it against his lips, feeling that the organ was sliding in and touching his tongue. He began to lick every part of Geoffroy's glans, he started sucking it as hard as he could still looking at Geoffroy's blushing face. The hard penis seemed to harden even more in his mouth, dripping precum onto his tongue. And Geoffroy kept gasping for breath, moaning when Nicolas's tongue touched one of the sensitive spots. It seemed that the little, black-haired boy was a master at it, somehow he knew where and how to lick. Pressing his tongue underside of the shaft he tickled Geoffroy's frenulum once more, causing him to shiver and groan loudly. Still holding friend's member he ran his tongue over the whole shaft from the bottom to the top covering it with own spit.

Remembering the way he was masturbating Geoffroy earlier this day he grabbed boy's penis with two fingers sliding foreskin up and down while keeping damp, exposed glans in his mouth, tasting it. Nicolas made sure that the whole penis was licked clean of Geoffroy's sperm, this was his task after all. Placing the tip of the tongue at friend's urethral opening he began sliding over it several times, swallowing all of the leaking precum. The taste he liked for some reason, the salty elixir that made him crazy. Geoffroy's hips began moving frantic, the horny teenager tried to push his organ deeper into Nicolas's willing mouth. His legs and abdomen grew tense as his pelvis began to tremble, he was in heaven, he was there once again.

"I can't hold it! Nick, stop!" He exclaimed.

Nicolas did not stop. He only speed up his hand and tongue movements, sensing that Geoffroy's body, struck by the bolts of lightning and blazing with the flames of pleasure was on the edge. The older boy groaned as he came, sending spurts of semen into eager boy's throat and mouth, who quickly pulled the organ out, and watched as the rest of the semen struck him in the face, splattering across his lips and cheeks. Geoffroy's mind was black once again, to say the truth he wondered if Nicolas would agree to suck him daily, every hour because this was what he wanted. This was way better than masturbating, this was feeling so intense, so incredible, out of this world. And it happened only because Nick was willing to do it. He loved him, he wanted to do the same to him, to return the favor.

"Damn, how much of this stuff can you produce daily?" Nicolas asked with the mouth full of cum, it dripped down his chin. Then he swallowed the fresh sperm and started wiping his face with fingers when he heard Geoffroy's reply.

"Wait, don't... Now I want to make you clean." His friend said in a weak, dreamy voice.

Before Nicolas responded he felt that he was being pushed on his back. Geoffroy laid down on top on him and looked directly into his eyes, which were full of lust, burning with the flames of desire. The little boy felt Geoffroy's hot hands getting under his kilt and shirt massaging his stomach. Soon, the older boy stuck out his tongue and placed it on

Nicolas's cheek, licking his own, fresh sperm. Their bodies were clinging to each other, the pleasure inside Nicolas was slowly growing, the boy closed his eyes and then Geoffroy touched his mouth with his slippery tongue and gently kissed him.

"Lick it with me." He whispered. The warm breath swept all over Nicolas's face.

As soon as Nicolas opened his mouth his friend penetrated them, sliding his sperm coated tongue inside. He could feel their lips pressed together and the tongues playing. Both boys began to passionately kiss and groan. Nicolas could feel the taste of salty semen and Geoffroy's spit leaking inside of his mouth. But this was just the beginning, he inhaled on his partner's scent, sensed his trembling, naked body, his hands wrapped around it, holding it close, he could blond-haired boy's moans. A pure ecstasy, a perfect moment for two horny boys, it's hard to imagine all the mixed emotions that were boiling inside them. And as soon as Geoffroy slipped his hand down into Nicolas's pants and grabbed the boy's hard shaft Nicolas wished only for one thing – he wanted to release the tension. For the first time in his life.

"Get up for a second. Lie down on me." Geoffroy suggested, burning with excitement. Nicolas's face was still smeared with boy's sperm, his eyes were full of admiration, and he could not wait till they continue the game which wasn't even a little bit similar to playing Doctor anymore.

When Nicolas obeyed his friend's request he felt that Geoffroy was pulling his shirt off and sucked on his neck, leaving a wet trace on it, moving his lips higher. They began to kiss and share the last remnants of sperm with their tongues. Soon Nicolas felt that his erected member was painfully hard, and it twitched when crushed between their bodies. Geoffroy didn't want to wait anymore - he slipped his warm hand under the waistband of Nicolas's pants again and slid them down together with the underwear, leaving his younger friend naked as the day he was born. Their young bodies were rubbing together, the blond haired boy moved his hands toward Nicolas's buttocks, pulling boy closer to him, gently grabbing and parting the cheeks in one motion. Using his fingers he searched for the puckered anus and then probed the tender, damp hole with two of them.

"Wet them." Geoffroy ordered, placing his fingers in front of boy's swollen lips.

The younger boy could sense the smell and taste of his own anus as his tongue started running over Geoffroy's fingers, sucking and covering them with his spit. His eyes were closed, he was breathing steadily, his heart beating was so loud that his partner could hear it. And his erected penis was rubbing against his friend's, as if they were sword fighting. Feeling the wet fingers brushing against his puckered rectum the young boy gasped as soon as a spasm of pleasure surged through him. The teasing kept going, Geoffroy squeezed and pinched the delicate skin, playing with it, spreading it. Shaking Nicolas hugged Geoffroy, still resting his body on top of his lover as both slippery fingers slowly went half the way inside, penetrating him. This experience was exciting even for Geoffroy,

who felt the tightness of muscles enclosing his fingers, the sphincter was squeezing around them, crushing them. He sensed that the little boy's body tried to fight the intrusion. Ignoring this fact he slid them in deeper, feeling the warmth of Nicolas's bowels, and soon, once they were all the way inside he began drilling to the sides causing the dark haired boy to groan loudly.

"This... oh..." Nicolas managed to let out a quick moan.

After single second his mind went black and his body stiffened. All the little muscles tightened, preparing for the coming storm, which was going to change boy's mind forever. Geoffroy felt that his whole abdomen was wet again, but this time it wasn't him reaching the climax. He looked at Nicolas, whose face showed the true ecstasy. The boy was just going through his first orgasm, he was shaking and barely breathing, he was trying to understand newly found sensations. In the meantime, Geoffroy pulled out his fingers from friend's anus and gently kissed his lover's forehead, whose body was still trembling. To say the truth, he felt satisfied with the outcome, he actually passed his knowledge and experiences to the little one, to his trusted friend.

"How was it?" Geoffroy asked curiously, stroking boy's hair, keeping him close.

Nicolas did not answer right away, he was trying to relax, his throat felt incredibly dry for some reason. Both teenage boys were lying on each other, feeling the hot, sticky cum smeared all over their abdomens. A few minutes passed before managed to say something meaningful. Now, when they were done with it, he felt remorse. He didn't know what to say at first. A lot of mixed feelings filled his naive, young, inexperienced mind. What would his proud father say if he saw him naked on top of another boy? Or better yet, sucking on another boy's private parts. What caused him to do such thing and... why the hell he enjoyed it? Feeling the need to get at least some answers he asked the question, hoping that Geoffroy will help him understand what just happened.

"It was sex, right? We had... sex?" He looked directly into Geoffroy's eyes as if he was hoping to find some answers in there. His friend was just as aroused as he was, there was no deny.

"I do not know, I guess. You had an orgasm?" Geoffroy answered with another question, smiling at Nicolas's confusion.

"It was amazing... and weird at the same time. Can you feel how wet and sticky are we?"

Nicolas sat at Geoffroy's legs, making their penises touch each other, and looked down. The thick, white sperm was slowly running down his belly, dripping down on his testicles and legs, their genitals were coated with it, all slimy, red and still hot. And what's more important – still erected. Nicolas used this opportunity, grabbed them tightly, clenching his hand around both penises, pressing them together, moving his hand up and down. His

whole little hand was now covered by a mixture of sweat, sperm, and boyish juices.

"I had tree orgasms today, damn. This is my record." The blond-haired boy stated, looking at his swollen glans, which was brushing against Nicolas's boyish foreskin covered knob. "I would rather play with you now."

"It sucks. My foreskin does not slide down like yours." Nicolas snarled, looking at his small organ, and comparing its size with Geoffroy's.

"I think we simply need to play with it. Need help of Doctor Geoffroy? I could take a closer look." The older boy suggested and smiled, teasing the young one.

Grinning, Nicolas obeyed the order as he knew where this was going. Sure, he just wished to reach another orgasm now, he felt the lust once again and the doubts were silenced by the desire. Positioning himself on his friend's stomach, he made sure that his hard penis was in front of the lying boy's face, all set, all ready. Geoffroy adored the little, delicate shaft, feeling happy that Nicolas trusted him with it. He could not be any luckier – Nicolas was not only his best friend but also his first and only lover. And in Geoffroy's mind the little boy was perfect, just like every single part of him, including the penis. The red head was sticking out slightly from the tight foreskin, still wet and covered with some sperm, the urethra was leaking more of the precum. He gently touched the hot rod, massaged the velvet, puckered skin, trying to retract it, piece by piece.

"Hmm, I guess I'll have to make it wetter." He grabbed his friend's hips, pulling him closer, so the member was hanging just before his mouth.

Well, he was not sure what to expect, but the second he stuck out his tongue and placed the tip on the exposed tip of red glans, tasting Nicolas's teenage sperm, he loved it. Geoffroy was patient and a master of teasing – he played with the throbbing organ slowly, enjoying the taste and the smell. It took him a solid few minutes to fully take Nicolas's boyish organ into his willing mouth – he knew when it happened – his nose touched friend's hairless lower abdomen. Nicolas groaned when he felt Geoffroy's tongue pushing under the tight foreskin, trying to loose it, his poor member was now coated in the sea of spit and pre-cum, all slippery, and thanks to this lubrication things were going great. Geoffroy was determined to get his task done and soon his fingers rested on Nicolas's buttocks. Once again they began to seek for the boy's narrow rectum.

"Put them in there, please." Nicolas murmured, looking through his half-closed eyes at his classmate, who kept eagerly sucking on his shaft.

Not going to wait, Geoffroy slowly pressed the hole and pushed the finger inside the boy's anus, which appeared even more clenched now. He continued to suck Nicolas's penis, while his finger, looking for the prostate, penetrated the smaller boy fully. Nicolas began to moan louder than before when Geoffroy touched his hidden gland and massaged it. At the

same time, with the same persistence, he was shoving his tongue under the boy's tight foreskin stretching it. Nicolas felt a slight pain coming from both his penis and anus, but at the same time, ecstasy filled him when his friend pressed and rubbed his prostate again.

Pressing two fingers against the base of his lover's penis Geoffroy began to slide down its skin, allowing the tongue to get into the previously unexplored area. He tasted the salty head, licking it clean from all the juices and smegma covering it. His tongue was going everywhere, touching every little sensitive spot on the reddened knob. Nicolas groaned louder when he sensed that his penis was sliding out his friend's lips only to slide in again shortly after, meeting the warm tongue which brushed against the urethra. A few seconds later he felt that another orgasm was getting closer. The black haired teenager wasn't able to pull the penis out of the friend's mouth - besides Geoffroy kept him tightly pressed against his own face. When the sudden spasm filled his body he grabbed Geoffroy's head, pushing himself into it, as if he expected that his little testicles will also fit into his lover's mouth. His member exploded the warm, fresh seed directly into Geoffroy's throat, flooding the boy's mouth.

Retracting his penis carefully Nicolas watched as some of his sperm followed it, dripping down Geoffroy's chin as the boy was not able to swallow it all at once. But what's more important Nicolas noticed that the foreskin was now where it should be - under the shining, wet, knob. Without waiting the smaller boy leaned forward and kissed his handsome friend as if he wanted to thank him. His slippery tongue slid inside his classmate's mouth as if he was eager to get the taste of his own boyish sperm. The boys finished kissing after a while, sharing Nicolas's load, enjoying every bit of it. When their arousal began to fade and their members were only half-erected they rested on top of each other. Their bodies were tired, their minds were still going wild.

"Mine tastes different." Nicolas claimed all of sudden.

"I like it better - I assure you. It's rather sweet, right? What now?" Geoffroy asked, looking at him. The boys were lying naked next to each other on Geoffroy's bed. The sheet was covered in sweat from their boyish bodies, and the air was filled with a slight smell of sperm and sex. It's hard to imagine the atmosphere in the room. Everything that happened within last hour seemed unreal.

"I do not know. Haven't we gone too far?" Nicolas asked, he was a bit worried. "I don't want..."

"Did you like it?"

"You know, that's a silly question. But..." Nicolas remarked and paused, continuing after a while. "What about girls?"

"What about them?"

"Well, shouldn't we be interested in them?" Nicolas asked another silly question. Before answering it Geoffroy leaned over Nicolas and kissed him on the cheek, looking into his eyes.

"Do you think we need them? Is there anything wrong with me? A girl can give you pretty much the same. But firstly you will need to spend thousands gifting them." Geoffroy explained, trying to convince Nicolas that nothing bad happened between them.

"Well, I just heard that boys are dating girls." Nicolas stated, using his usual low and shy voice. "And no, there's nothing wrong with you."

"Some boys are dating boys." Geoffroy protested and giggled. Nicolas noticed that his smile was just perfect. He wanted to see it all the time and spent rest of this day next to his friend. "Will you?"

Nicolas rested his head on the friend's chest. Here they were. Two naked boys, asking some difficult questions, which were not expected, but he knew he had to reply - and the answer was obvious. Back then he promised to never leave Geoffroy, no matter what happens. And to say the truth Nicolas always struggled, not really believing that they will be able to fulfill the promise once they find some girlfriends. But now? They wanted to stand next to each other for the rest of their lives, they wanted to be friends forever. More than friends, lovers. They wanted to satisfy each other for as long as possible.

"If being your boyfriend means that I will be able to cuddle with you anytime? Well, I can not wait. It's not that different from what we were doing so far. Just some more fun, right?"

Geoffroy's smile was just perfect.

It's not a big surprise that Nicolas could not sleep that night. He was all nervous, still thinking about the events of the day and how much his life has changed within a blink of an eye. Well, he never suspected that anyone can touch, kiss and pleasure his young body like Geoffroy did, it was a great discovery which was going to stay between them forever. Plus, there was more – the black-haired boy gently slid his hand in underpants and touched his soft penis. Geoffroy 'fixed' him! His foreskin retracted without a hitch, but his boyfriend promised him that he will need to perform some additional check-ups in the future. And that was the thing Nicolas was waiting for, he was no different from other horny teenagers who discovered the passion in pleasuring themselves.

"Goodnight, Nicolas." Nicolas's mother opened the door, checking if her son was sleeping yet. Her voice was so soft as usual, she was the first one to learn about her son's little secrets.

"Goodnight, mom." The boy muttered.

"You have been so quiet all day. What happened, sweetie?" She asked, sitting down on the bed. Of course, she was always able to sense if her boy was feeling alright.

"Oh, it's nothing. I was just thinking a lot." Nicolas stated, trying to sound casually and not worried. But the battle inside his head kept going on.

Never having a girlfriend he wasn't really aware what to expect. Some of his classmates started dating already and they liked to show off their girlfriends, he saw this stuff on their social media profiles. It was bad, annoying, especially if they switched the girls every week. For some reason they confessed love to some other girl, over and over, never making any stable relationship. He felt that his connection with Geoffroy was different. Much different. But he was never going to tell anyone about it.

Of course, they were both boys, and according to most of the world love between them wasn't possible and something disgusting and forbidden. But right here and right now they weren't creating any romantic relationship - Nicolas couldn't say that he loved Geoffroy. He liked him, after all, they were friends. Still, he was wondering how Geoffroy felt about them and hoped that the new situation won't cause any problems. They couldn't really show off how much they like each other. The only thing they could do was hiding their emotions while outside private zone. Or people would call them freaks.

"Nicolas, remember that we are here to support you. Alright? You can speak to me or your father about everything." His mother stated, her fingertips stroked against his ear. "We know you aren't a little boy anymore."

"I know mom, do you think..." He paused, unsure if he should ask this question. "Do you think that I should have a girlfriend by now?"

"Why? Is there some girl you like?" She asked, and added. "It's up to you, we do not mind, Nick. You should do everything that makes you feel happy."

"Thanks, mom."

As soon as she left the room he thought about the doctor and his intentions. On one hand, he seemed to be a pervert, and his parents made him aware of such people, on the other hand, he made the boys discover themselves. "I wonder if Geoffroy's father will really kill this man." The black-haired boy thought, hoping that doctor won't spill all the beans about what really happened inside of his office. If he did this would destroy their dream. "He should just disappear."

When boy closed his eyes he saw Geoffroy's shaking penis, which exploded all over his

face. Soon he also recalled the taste of his friend's cum and felt the wetness of boy's lips when they kissed. His small manhood started to get hard again, as he recalled every arousing memory of what happened today. He sighed. "One day to change the whole life." Nicolas smiled, grabbing his mobile phone and looking at Geoffroy's photo hidden in the gallery. His boyfriend was looking at him, grinning, they took this photo just a few days ago.

They promised each other, that they will not masturbate or touch themselves outside of their meetings. Geoffroy still treated him as an innocent boy who must learn everything and Nicolas loved it. To say the truth he wished to become the little boy forever, he did not want to grow up, he wanted to have fun, to feel the joy, to play. Also, he wanted to be as close as possible to his friend, but at the same time, he felt guilty of the fact that they were both boys. It was not easy, not for him.

"Have a nice sleep, Geoff!" He muttered to himself before drifting to the sleep.

Somewhere, few kilometers from Nicolas's house Geoffroy was lying in his bed, dreaming. His thoughts were the same as if they were sharing their minds and brains. The older teenager was exhausted, happy and still aroused as he wondered what will happen tomorrow. But there was one extra, intrusive thought that inhabited his mind. A really important one.

"Am I gay? I really enjoyed doing all this stuff, and I could go even further." Geoffroy was struggling to find an answer. "And he is cute. He was always so adorable." He admitted, and soon came up with another funny reason why Nicolas was better than any girl. "I can't get him pregnant. Father won't be happy about this." He laughed, hugging his pillow, and recalled how they were lying naked here this afternoon sucking on each other penises. He looked at small dried sperm spot on his pillow and smiled.

"Can't wait till tomorrow. Can't wait to taste you, *Le Petit Nicolas*."

Chapter Four

~ The Troubles ~

One perfect school day, a sunny one, an incredible one as nothing was as it used to be before, you can imagine. The events of the past day shattered the old world and created the new one. The bond between the boys became stronger than before. They were there for each other, wanted to spend more and more time together, to share their feelings, emotions, to laugh and cheer, to support each other. Plus, hiding the fact that they were in relationship greater than friendship was an amazing fun for both of them. But also a challenge.

They could not stop themselves from smiling at each other at school, and when no one could see they were holding hands, giggling uncontrollably when someone spotted them. Behaving like kids, not teenagers, shortly speaking. Of course, they knew that they can not share their little secret with anyone, not now. Geoffroy suspected that most of the people would not care, but knew that Nicolas was a sensitive one. He did not want him to be bullied by some random punks.

The lust and tension were almost unbearable. The sweet hormones raging in their bodies made them go slightly mad. If only they could stop time and have fun, they would. This was what they wished for – to relieve themselves. Using the first long break between classes they went to the boys' bathroom and locked themselves in one of the stalls. It was hard for them to refrain from talking about what happened lately. They had to give vent to emotions, here and now. And well, boys bathroom number four was one of these less attended and quiet places in the whole school. Plus it was not stinking as bad as the other ones. A normal thing, some would say.

"I was thinking about what we were doing. Yesterday..." Nicolas whispered. Geoffroy could feel boy's warm breath on his own face. "I wanted to kiss and touch you again, just before sleep. Do you think your father will be fine with a sleepover? You could come over to my home."

"He will say we are too old for sleepovers." The taller boy explained, looking directly into Nicolas's eyes.

"But I want to! Not fair!" Nicolas stated, playing with Geoffroy's shirt, rubbing his faces against teenager's chest.

"Me too." Geoffroy hugged his boyfriend tightly. "I would like to spend every second of my life with you. I miss your body, your smile, your lips, and y-your you know what." He

smirked.

"What would we do?" Nicolas placed his hands on friend's spine and slowly lowered them, grasping Geoffroy's round and soft buttocks. The strange sex urge filled his body again as they cuddled. He wasn't sure if it was the fact that Geoffroy made him feel safe or boy's familiar smell, but the whole situation made him aroused.

"We would have sex all the day. We would kiss, lay on each other, touch our penises and holes, and lick them until we can't cum anymore. And put fingers in there." Geoffroy murmured, hugging his boyfriend tighter. Sliding his hands into the boy's pants and underwear he began stroking black-haired boy's buttocks.

"I'm hard right now." Nicolas confessed in a low voice. "Will you come over this afternoon? We could watch some TV or play games. No stuff, my parents are home."

"Sure thing. I'm hard as well." Geoffroy admitted, inhaling deeply on Nicolas's scent. "I do not know if I can wait anymore. I want to get off here. Can you lick it, please?" He pleaded. Doing such things in the public bathroom was a great risk, but his urge was too strong. The sense of guilt and doubt faded away, leaving space for dirty thoughts which filled Nicolas's mind.

"Here? Do you really want me to? Yesterday you weren't so willing." Nicolas recalled and grabbed his friend's bulge. "Is it leaking yet?" He started massaging Geoffroy's tent, playing with it, teasing even more.

Ah, the sweet hormones! As soon as he knelt before Geoffroy he watched as the boy unfastened his pants, pulling them down along with the underwear. The exposed, throbbing member was now right in front of black haired boy's face. It seemed to look even better than yesterday, the delicate foreskin was covering the wet glans, the testicles were close to boy's body in a tight sack. Oh, how funny it was. The most popular and well-known boy in school, a dream of every girl, was begging his friend to blow him. Some people would surely pay their lunch money for the glimpse of Geoffroy's privates, but here he was – stripping in the boy's toilet.

Knowing that their time was limited Nicolas quickly leaned closer to friend's hot penis, grabbing it with his small hand. He gently slipped the foreskin down, pressing it against the base of the member, for a brief second Nicolas adored the view. Sticking out his tongue he rolled it all over the exposed member's head, wetting it even more, getting the first taste of his friend. He smiled when he felt sticky precum under his tongue as he fondled the urethra. Oh yes, Geoffroy's urethra was so different from his, a bit wider, gaping, leaking more and more juices with every moment.

"You saved the cum for me, right? You weren't playing when I left yesterday?" Nicolas asked, looking up at his boyfriend.

"You will see." Geoffroy assured him. Grabbing the friend's head he tried to move him closer as if he wanted to encourage him to suck on more of the length. "I'm almost there... ah.. shit." Nicolas obeyed. He swallowed half of the erected shaft and started doing the thing he liked the most, feeling that more and more of boyish juice was leaking into his mouth.

Sure thing, Nicolas did not know when and how he learned how to perform the blowjob. It seemed natural, he knew where the sensitive spots were located and how to use them. He pulled the member from his mouth and ran his wet tongue over the entire shaft, from head to the testicles. Then the massage started, Nicolas gently masturbated Geoffroy, began squeezing his scrotum, swirling the tongue around the shiny head. Geoffroy grabbed his penis and rubbed it back and forth across Nicolas's lips leaving a wet trail of pre-cum behind. Now he wanted to try something different. The thing he saw in the adult magazine a while ago.

"Come on, Nick, just slide it in once more."

As soon as Nicolas opened his mouth Geoffroy began his penetration. Grabbing Nicolas's head, keeping him in a place he began moving his hips closer to the boy, causing his penis to delve inside. The Older boy pressed friend's head down, pushing his hardness deeper every time, meeting almost no resistance. This was not easy for Nicolas, who never expected it, he could swear he will choke anytime soon, he tried to tilt his poor head back. He wasn't able to breathe as the rapid thrusts down his throat were too fast and deep. He felt tears come to his eyes, as Geoffroy started face fucking him, using him, without remorse.

It took his boyfriend just a second, maybe two to come. His body tensed up, and an iron grip tightened on Nicolas's head when boy's throat was filling with the warm fluid. Geoffroy was retracting rather slowly, enjoying the moment, covering Nicolas's insides with his seed.

At the same time, someone came into the bathroom. Geoffroy cried silently, unable to stop the feeling of ecstasy overwhelming him. It was simply too much for him.

"Hallo? Is anybody in here?" Geoffroy recognized the voice right away and looked at the kneeling boy, whose eyes expressed horror. The boy carefully slipped his sperm covered sticky penis out of friend's mouth. Nicolas's face was red, his cheeks were wet with tears, sticky and shiny sperm was spread all over his lips. He was afraid to move and paralyzed with fear.

"Y-yeah, I-i-it's me, Geoffroy. Everything is fine." He tried to act casually, but his voice sounded rather strange to him. It was a bit too loud, or maybe a bit too soft. He was not able to tell. "You, there, Clotaire?"

"I thought that I heard a scream." Clotaire explained. "Did you..."

"No, I'm not sure." Geoffroy interrupted him and added. "I have not heard anything." The boy tried to control the situation, through a small crack in the door he noticed that Clotaire was walking to the urinals.

"Have you seen Nicolas?" Their classmate asked once more.

"No, no idea where he is." Geoffroy grabbed his softening penis and placed it in his underwear, trying to zip his pants as quiet as possible. "Wait here. I will just get back to the class with him." The blond-haired boy murmured into Nicolas's ear.

"So, what did you do?" Clotaire asked all of sudden. They were standing side by side, washing their hands, looking in the mirror. For some reason, Clotaire's face was full of a stupid smirk.

"Huh, what do you mean?" Geoffroy blushed, he was sure that Nicolas was hearing their strange conversation.

"You peed, right? Why don't you use a urinal?"

Geoffroy looked at Clotaire scowling. This question was just a strange one. His classmate was slightly taller than him, Clotaire had brown, short curly hair, dark eyes and a face that could belong only to him. Some said that it expressed confusion all the time – the description could not be any more specific. There was something special about him. It's not that the boy was stupid, but he sure wasn't the sharpest one either. Once, they were members of the same gang in a primary school, spending a lot of time together. Now, they were strangers as the only thing that they had in common was attending the same class. Geoffroy was not sure if he liked Clotaire, they did not talk much lately. And when they did it was the usual boring school-related topic.

"I do not feel comfortable at the urinals." Geoffroy answered, speaking his mind.

"Okay, I understand." Clotaire winked at him. "But it's worth a try! It's fun when someone is peeing next to you..." He explained and added. "Hey, have you heard that some kid in our class is selling weed? Like, for real."

"What? I mean I was asked once about it. Not sure what was this about. Like, real weed?"

"You know, to smoke. I feel like some boys in our school are high all the time – just look at them." The boy looked closely at Geoffroy as if he expected to get some answers. "Shit, it's getting late. Will explain it to you on the way to the class." He suggested, pointing at the door.

“Yeah, right, come on.”

As soon as both boys left the toilet Nicolas counted to ten before leaving the abandoned stall. You can't even image how was he feeling. Wiping his tears he took a deep breath, trying to relax. He wasn't a big fan of what Geoffroy just did to him, as at some moment he was close to choking. But there was no time to discuss this right now, he was left behind with some of the intrusive thoughts.

“He's only caring about himself.” Nicolas thought all of sudden, and as his arousal faded out he felt bad again, full of regret. “Why do I keep doing this? To make him happy, or to thank him for our friendship? Or... he's my boyfriend now. Does it means that we are friends no more, and every single meeting will be sex opportunity for him?” An avalanche of thoughts crushed his young mind. Halfway to the classroom, he met both classmates. They seemed to wait for him - Geoffroy looked at Nicolas, trying not to smile.

“Oh, I was looking for you.” Clotaire stated. “Ah, yeah, you have something on your lips, something white.”

“Where?” The little boy asked. Geoffroy just rolled his eyes.

“On the lip on the bottom. What did you eat?”

“Oh, an... ice cream.” Nicolas lied, wiping remains of Geoffroy's sperm with shirt's sleeve. He could still taste it, it filled his throat and stomach.

“What?” Clotaire's face expressed confusion and concern. “But they banned all sweets. Stupid fuckers. Where did you buy it?” He asked, looking at the surprised, young boy.

“We should get going guys. We will be late.” Geoffroy interrupted them, allowing Nicolas to change the subject of the conversation. “Let's go, now.”

“Yeah, right.” Nicolas said, still peeking at his friend from time to time when Clotaire was not looking. He felt a little bit angry. This was the very first day and they were so close getting into trouble already. Just because Geoffroy wanted “something more”.

“This is one of these long days.” Nicolas thought, looking out of the window, thinking, paying no attention to the teacher.

Sufficient to say, that the boys didn't dare to go to the bathroom again, and Nicolas was trying to remain quiet for the rest of the day. He was afraid of being discovered, and what's worse he knew that Clotaire knew something, it became obvious rather quickly. The black-haired boy had to sit next to him at the last lesson and wondered if he will hear another awkward question or two.

Nicolas was one of the few who didn't like his classmate, who was a dull boy, preferring to play rather than learn, and whose jokes were never amusing ones. Despite this Clotaire liked to make them of everyone and everything, pulling yet another prank, thinking that the world revolves around him. Sure, it used to be a different story in primary school, but Nicolas started growing up while Clotaire remained a damn kid.

"So, what about them ice creams?" Nicolas heard another whisper and tried to ignore it. "Come on, you're lying. Maybe I'm stupid, but not THAT stupid. You can't smuggle the ice creams to our school. They would know. I've tried. What a mess it was."

"I went to the shop quickly. When they weren't looking." Nicolas explained and glanced in the direction of Geoffroy, who watched them talking.

Clotaire could say that boys were hiding something. That was obvious, but he didn't discover it until a while ago he saw Geoffroy staring at Nicolas, when the little boy was busy doing his stuff. This repeated over the course of next days. He knew what this could mean. After all, Clotaire was doing it as well but it wasn't the red sweatshirt boy, who he was attracted to. Oh no. Having a teenage crush was a nightmare, especially when he was not able to control his emotions and feelings.

"Alright." He answered.

"Can we stop this now, please?" Nicolas asked and his classmate nodded. Till the end of the lesson no word was spoken, but the boy noticed that for some reason Clotaire was smirking, looking at both of them. Another wave of hotness swept over Nicolas's body.

"I wonder what's going on." Clotaire thought. "Should I spy on them or just ignore the whole thing? After all, it's about Geoffroy..." He looked at his colleague and bit his lip. He adored Geoffroy, he wished to spend some more time with him, if only the blond-haired boy returned the feelings. The world could be perfect for both of them. Nicolas was not needed.

Clotaire wanted to know the truth.

They were walking down the street rather slowly, heading for the park. They weren't in a big rush and spent a lot of time talking, making sure that there was nobody hearing their conversation. The smaller boy quickly explained his concerns about Clotaire, he tried to convince Geoffroy that the toilet meetings may be risky, as their classmate will now surely spy on them. Nicolas trusted his instinct and this thing was now going wild, telling him that bad things will happen soon, he was a smart boy, always thinking rationally. On the other hand, Geoffroy liked to oppose him, discuss things, they were arguing just a little.

"He does not believe me. He was just smiling like an idiot looking at us. He suspects something, really. We shouldn't do this." Nicolas stated in a low voice as they both walked inside the park. He loved this place.

"I know, but sometimes it's unbearable. Try to understand me, I'm just a guy, like you." Geoffroy explained. "I was doing it myself a lot, and now, when I look at you I want to do it even more. Don't you feel the same?" Geoffroy asked.

"I-I do." Nicolas confessed. "But we shouldn't just think about sex, don't you see? Before yesterday we were also playing, talking about usual stuff, and now we are just thinking and babbling how horny we are. I'm not sure if this is a good thing."

"Nicolas. Wait." Geoffroy stopped, looking at his friend with a serious face. "I don't want you to feel like it's only about this stuff, and I'm not interested in hanging out. The things just happened so fast, and.. I feel like I've been attracted to you forever." Geoffroy admitted with a shy smile. "I want to make up for the lost time."

"You were attracted to me?" Nicolas asked, scowling as his friend looked directly into his eyes and started speaking his mind. His little heart was racing like crazy, his brain tried to understand what was going on. This was unexpected.

"I AM attracted to you. I do care about you since we were nine. You were not aware of this, and I-I was not. Realized it just yesterday." Geoffroy paused, looking at his feet, blushing a little. "T-that... I am your friend, because I wanted to be close to you. Remember? We were learning together, shared breakfast and often talked late night about stupid things, because I knew that you needed this." He paused, looking at Nicolas pale face, and continued "I always stood up for you when some jerks were talking bad things. I even reported the one who was bullying you a year ago to my father, who personally kicked this kid out of school. I would do everything for you! I love you, Nick."

Here they were, two boys standing in a park hugging each other. Nicolas could mutter a word, his throat seemed so dry, his eyes were wide open. No words, no single letter, nothing escaped Nicolas's lips as his eyes filled with tears. He felt Geoffroy's hands on his back, they were so close once again. And it felt good.

"I'm sorry, Nick. I know we shouldn't do it. I was selfish." Geoffroy comforted his sobbing friend, gently stroking his neck. "I wasn't able to understand my feelings, I think I was fighting them. But now... now I know that I might be gay. I'm gay and I care about you since we met. That's the truth. Sure, nobody will be happy to hear about it, but I don't care. I'm here for you, and I won't allow anyone to stand between us. Do you hear me?! Of course, I will understand if you don't want to be friends with me. I will just be really sad to see you go."

"I... I'm not sure. How can I say I'm gay?" Nicolas asked, sniffing. His mind was racing, full of emotions and thoughts.

"I was looking at you, Nick. Yesterday. Your eyes were burning with desire. I wasn't asking you to lick my dick, but you did, and enjoyed it, right?"

Nicolas nodded.

"But, yeah. Maybe... maybe you just wanted to try it and see what is the masturbation or orgasm about. Maybe you are just curious, right? But it's not bad, right? We do not hurt each other, right? Do you care about me?" Geoffroy's voice became a bit deeper, desperate as if he was hoping for some answers.

"Well, of course, I do."

"Are you attracted to me?" Geoffroy asked.

"You are the cutest one in the school. Everyone likes you." Nicolas answered.

"Well, ask some boy in our class if he finds me attractive and he will call you names." The older boy said and asked yet another question. "Do you think you love me?"

"I-I don't know..." Nicolas paused, the conversation seemed to lead nowhere and he knew it. "I'm sorry I'm not able to tell you this right now. I'm just..."

"But yesterday you agreed we should be boyfriends, right?"

"Geoff, this is happening way too fast. I-I need to think!" He hesitated to answer, as he felt lost. His boyfriend was so grateful for him, and he, the little Nicolas wasn't able to response the same way.

"It's alright, we still have plenty of time, right? Still want to hang out?" Geoffroy tried not to show his disappointment. He expected that his friend will be more decisive, he wanted things to be as clear as possible.

"Yeah." Nicolas felt better as soon as Geoffroy changed the subject of their conversation. "Let's watch something on the TV. Your dad still thinks that it will brainwash you?"

The blond haired boy could not figure out what was going on inside black-haired boy's head, but realized that it takes the time to accept things. After all, all his little life was turned upside down yesterday. He loved him, regardless of Nicolas's final decision. Geoffroy was Nicolas's guardian angel, and he was going to always care about this little, special boy.

He decided to wait, day or two.

The school principal, Monsieur Mathias was older than Geoffroy's father by just a few months. Both men seemed to be brothers as the same facial features, eyes and gestures made them look alike. Mathias was taller and a little thicker. He spoke slowly, thoughtfully, keeping his emotions in check. He was one ideal teacher. Everyone considered him a good man, he received a lot of awards and was well known as one of the best psychologists in France. Oh yes, the parents loved him, he was a man you could trust. He was a good friend of Geoffroy's father, although only a few people knew about it. They grew up together, but their paths diverged quickly only to cross again, twenty years later. This one was of these long stories you would never hear in a casual talk.

"Do you really... I mean, do you think he was a pedophile?" Mathias asked.

Both men were standing in the doctor's office, which was dark, full of strange scent. The man was fired this morning, but Geoffroy's father still felt uneasy. He knew that his son could hide some facts, and decided to investigate the room along with school's principal. He trusted his son, but the whole thing worried him. The fact that someone could hurt Geoffroy made him furious.

"What's this?" Geoffroy's father pointed toward the ceiling, where a small, black dot was located.

"Looks like a camera." Mathias answered casually and turned his head back to Doctor's desk, looking through boys' records and random papers covering it. He was expecting to find something useful.

"Is this enough of an evidence for you? He was recording everything. I wonder where he keeps all the footage."

"I'm pretty sure he already took it, when he was leaving." The headteacher assumed, looking at the upset man staring at him. " And, I'm not sure if you should ever find it. Seeing your boy being abused..."

"Geoffroy was not molested." Charles interrupted. "But some other kids could be. You said he worked here for over a month, doing all these things right under your nose. Why didn't you call the police today?"

The principal sighed and looked at his friend. Sure, Mathias owed him a lot, but at the same time, he was irritated by man's insistence. He remained calm about the whole thing knowing that a clear mind will bring him to some more clear solutions. And there were few.

"They want some proof, believe it or not. I could call them, and they would turn this place into a complete mess. You wanted to investigate it by yourself, right Sherlock?"

"So I have no choice and I have to wait for the evidence? Wait till some kid will confess the truth?" Charles said angrily and added. "You should allow me to see him this morning."

"Letting you have your way with him? I don't want any dead bodies in my school. Relax. Your boy is happy. We can ask a psychologist to have a talk with him, but it's just waste of time, I guess."

"So, what should I do?"

"If you want to know the truth speak to your son. You are his father after all." Mathias patted Charles's should. "Charles, you are a way better father than your was. Remember all the bad times we had with him?"

Of course, he remembered, how could he forget something so meaningful. Charles and his friend were inseparable until Charles's father caught them doing something that he called a "disgrace to the family". Then, at the age of thirteen, they were separated and Geoffroy's father was sent to a strict Catholic school, which was aiming to "fix" him.

However, the man did not know if they were successful, but he started considering his homosexual youth nothing more but a phase, something that happened in his past and wasn't a thing anymore. He quickly got married, Geoffroy has born, and soon after he met his old friend on one of many business' meetings. They did not try to re-arrange their lives. Each found his own way. Now everything was different, but despite the time passed both men remained good friends.

"I remember, I never forgave him. And now, when I want Geoffroy to be safe this happened. And you call me a good father? Imagine what would happen if my son never said a word about it."

"I promise, this won't happen again, Charles." His friend assured him. "Speaking of Geoffroy, I've seen your kid earlier this day. He was happy. Believe me, I have worked with some molested children and he is nothing like them. The doctor just threatened him. He and Nicolas remind me of us, when we were their age. They seem to hang out a lot and today I've seen them holding each other hands. Times changed..."

"I don't think so. Geoffroy is still young."

"Boys are maturing faster and faster every year. Now, what would you do if he was playing with his friend the same way we did? You would be in your father's position."

"Please, stop. Why are you insisting?"

"It's just that you said." The man paused, trying to recall Charles exact words "Yesterday Geoffroy went to doctor's office alone, and the man was harassing him, correct?"

The man shook his head, not understanding where the conversation was going.

"Well, according to this record." Mathias grabbed the paper from the desk, and handed it to his friend. "Both boys were here. Nicolas and Geoffroy were called for a medical examination. Either your boy is lying or he warned Nicolas and they both fled from here."

"Was that the proof that Geoffroy wasn't honest with speaking about the incident?" Charles thought, reading a small handwritten note. He was about to reply when he recalled his son's request from yesterday. His son invited Nicolas and asked for a privacy. Also, he gave his son a permission to invite his friends anytime he wanted. Still, he found it hard to believe that his son was not an innocent one.

"So, okay, let's say that he warned Nicolas, but Geoffroy was the one to complain. He did not want to mention Nicolas, because I could inform his parents and cause some problems." He explained the whole thing to the headteacher, who gave him yet another funny look.

"Correct, so he does care about his friend."

"Well, that's not a surprise, right? Your school is teaching students to be polite, helpful and to care about others." The man sputtered and continued. "I will speak to Geoffroy today."

"Let me know if I can help you any further." Mathias pointed to the door and they left the office. "I will need to find some replacement now, I guess. Some sexy nurse will do, right?" He laughed.

"Do whatever you want. Your school, your decisions."

"Your funds." The principal interrupted him.

"Correct. The sexy nurse will do." Geoffroy's father answered and could not help but smile.

The teenage boy's brain is a strange thing. Stuffed with different junk, good and bad, all sort of ideas which seem good at first. Things get only worse when you are a young gay guy with no good friends. The main problem is also a major one – you can never be sure if any of your classmates are also gay, kids prefer not to show it off, knowing that the bullying would never end. Clotaire's problem was different. He looked at the picture and clenched his eyes, feeling that the anger was only growing stronger inside him. Both boys,

Nicolas and Geoffroy were standing in the middle of the park, hugging and whispering sweet words into each other ears. So he was right, and this was the proof. Clotaire hated it.

The story has some beginning, of course. Clotaire noticed his desire a little over a year ago, when hormones began to rage in his maturing body. At first, he tried to fight it and wondered why this certain boy was so attractive. Was it his wealth, popularity, or just his beauty? Or maybe curiosity concerning certain features of Geoffroy's body? The more he was fighting his urges the stronger they were becoming.

He was looking at him all the time, just the way Geoffroy looked at Nicolas. He was dreaming of his classmate, masturbating, thinking about spending a single day with him. Wishing to touch him, hold his hand, play games together. The tension inside him was growing with every day, filling his young mind with ideas of how to seduce his lover. And now everything seemed lost.

"What would you do If I kissed you all of sudden?" Clotaire asked himself, looking at Geoffroy's photo.

He knew that the boys probably shared some special feeling, that they were engaged in some form of relationship, but Clotaire wasn't going to give up. Especially now, knowing that in our perfect world you can achieve anything using either force or money. He realized that they were just ordinary horny teenagers - just like him. Sooner or later they will make a mistake, which he was going to use it against them. He needed to be patient, but his obsessed mind worked against him. Once in a while, he imagined how easy would it be to use an opportunity, kidnap Geoffroy. Beat him up and show him who is the master and who is the slave. If only he had one, he was ready to risk everything for this sweet dream of his. For the little guy called Geoffroy, his Geoffroy.

"Why do you like him? Why, Geoff? You are so cute. My little Geoffroy. What's so special about this little fag? Nicolas is a dick." Clotaire kept repeating, squeezing his fists. Jealousy filled him when he realized that Nicolas can touch and play with Geoffroy's body anytime he wants. That he can hug, kiss him, and cuddle with the older boy. And Geoffroy was happy with it.

"I want you. I want you now." He murmured, browsing Geoffroy's pictures hidden deep inside his phone. Clotaire often imagined that his collection was even bigger, including Geoffroy's nude photos, in various poses and situations. He wondered how Geoffroy looks like naked. Sure enough, he knew that his lover started puberty already. "But what about cum? Can you cum yet?"

"I can't wait to see you..." He zoomed in Geoffroy's face, so that it filled the entire screen. He stood in front of it and unbuttoned his pants, stroking hard the bulge hidden in his underwear. He was beginning yet another of his masturbation session. It happened every few days when the urge was too strong to resist. Once again he imagined that boy of his

dreams lies on the bed, begging for attention. He only wished to touch Geoffroy's skin just like Nicolas did.

He liked to visit chat for teenage gay boys and while the cybersex was arousing him like nothing before he also made there a few new friends, with whom he liked to share his discoveries. They knew that he adores his classmate and they asked him several times for single photo of this cutest boy in a whole school. Of course, they were curious.

Clotaire just printed one of his favorite boy's photos and started masturbating over it, imagining that his penis touches Geoffroy's skin and lips. This was something satisfying, something he loved, he stared into Geoffroy's eyes and kept stroking himself. At this moment he would give his life for a single night beside him. The thought that some other random perverts will also masturbate looking at the cute picture made him even hornier. That was why he printed it. He wanted to cum on it, take a picture and send it to all his trusted online friends.

"Ahh." As soon as he reached orgasm he squeezed his own testicles and watched as the photo was slowly covering with more and more of his sperm, painting it white. A true masterpiece.

"Guys, I have got a surprise for you!" He wrote on the chat, attaching the freshly taken photo.

They loved it, the whole pedophile ring enjoyed one boy cumming over a picture of another one. Plus they kept providing him with the suggestions how to make his dream come true. They were all the same, full of corruption. And they were making sure that Clotaire becomes one of them. After all, the life was about having fun. This was what they believed. He agreed with them, plus he considered his existence a simple one, he was having just a single target, preparing to complete it fully. And so there was also his plan, which started forming inside his sick mind.

Clotaire smiled. He saw it all, his imagination was a great one. How could he not smile if he saw Nicolas on his knees, begging for mercy? Oh, and Geoffroy, on all four, waiting to be fucked, these were the visions that inhabited his brain this evening, getting stronger as he chatted with other people. They were feeding him, assuring that he was full of power and that he should use it. He believed in all of this, he believed that his dream will come true. A true monster awakened inside him, he became the person who was not afraid of anything, who was promised a great prize. Clotaire knew that nothing could stop him. It was only a matter of time. He was a predator and they were nothing but stupid sheep. Losing was not an option.

Chapter Five

~ Nicolas's Education ~

The little black-haired boy named Nicolas considered his day successful, a great one. But in the evening, as he was resting, trying to fall asleep in his bed, some intrusive thoughts started appearing again. To say the truth he could not even fight them, they returned over and over as if his brain wanted to deal with them right here and right now. If only things were so easy! Many adults were struggling, trying to understand the secrets behind their feelings and relationship. This was not different, a big problem for such a small boy. He noticed it earlier. Geoffroy was behaving the same usual way, but his cute face expressed sadness. The teenager did not smile as often as before, he seemed distant at times. Although they hugged, saying goodbye to each other it was a rather friendly hug, unlike the earlier ones.

"I should call him and say what I think. What I really think. He confessed everything and I was scared to do the same." Nicolas thought, looking at the moon, which was filling his room with a faint light. "He was sad because of me."

Nicolas grabbed his cell phone and narrowed his eyes. Biting his lips he tried to figure out what exactly he wants to say, what words to use. Geoffroy was using some big ones, he was honest with his feelings and Nicolas was not sure if he could do the same. An hour ago the boy asked his mom when you can tell if you love someone. The answer he received surprised him, he never expected something so obvious. And what's more shocking – it only confirmed the things Geoffroy confessed before.

"If you love someone then you feel sad when the person is not beside you. If some girl is important to you... you think about her all the time, you miss her. You care about her. You support her when she is making the impossible and make sure she is safe. You may be too young to understand this yet, but don't worry. Sooner or later you will feel it all by yourself." Nicolas's mother answered the question and also comforted him. She was having a first-hand experience after all. She loved her little son and was ready to do anything for him.

He was aware that he and Geoffroy were just young boys surrounded by the cruel world, which was going to harm them sooner or later. But here and now he wanted to share his happiness with his friend, hoping to cheer Geoffroy up. After all, they promised to support each other.

"Hi, Nick. Aren't you sleeping yet?" His boyfriend asked.

"Hi. No, because... I was thinking. I want to tell you something, okay? Do not interrupt me." Nicolas stated as the dreaded silence filled their conversation. He continued after a while using the soft voice, which was getting stronger with every sentence. "I kn-know you are mad at me, but I want you to understand what I'm afraid of. I do not want Clotaire to tell everyone about us. I-I can already hear the nicknames they will call me. I was really scared today, at school. Two times. I felt bad when you forced your... And the second time when I realized that Clotaire suspects something. You know, I do really want to be close to you anytime. I want to hang out and do things with you, but I don't want everyone to find out about us because nobody will be happy. And... I can't live without you, Geoff. I wish you were here with me."

Another moment of silence.

"Oh. Is that all you wanted to say?" Geoffroy asked in a serious voice. Nicolas could swear that Geoffroy never acted like that, and thought that he will hear the worst news now. He was afraid of being rejected and exposed.

"I-I do care about you, I want you to be happy." Nicolas whispered. "I don't want you to feel bad because of me. I adore you, Geoffroy, you were always to me like a big brother, but I'm scared to love you. This is a big word. Do you understand what I mean?" Nicolas confessed his thoughts, clenching his fists. He was a boy, he was not supposed to get that emotional. Yet, it happened.

"Thank you, Nick." He heard his boyfriend's softening voice. He could sense that Geoffroy was touched and his next words confirmed this. "I'm really sorry, I know I shouldn't force myself on you. B-but... Eh, it was a stupid thing I saw in a porn movie and they both seemed to like it.... I'm so stupid, they are actors after all. I promise to ask next time, sorry."

"Porn movie?" Nicolas asked curiously. He heard about them before but never watched one.

"You know, people having sex in front of the camera and getting paid for it?" Geoffroy explained, remembering about Nicolas's innocence. "Yeah, I watched it once, or tw-twice. Wait, was it three times? The internet is full of this stuff."

"Oh! Uh, right!"

"And Clotaire. Relax, he's a dumb-ass. He can't even solve any simple math problem. He won't find out." Geoffroy stated. "And if he does... well, then I will handle it, I promise. I must protect you like my father protects me. We will be fine. "

"He called some kid a fag the other day." Nicolas recalled and added. "Why is the world so unfair? I'm afraid that everyone will blame us for doing these things. It's sick."

"Do not worry." Geoffroy comforted him, using his soft, cute voice as if he was talking to a little baby boy. "Cheer up, for me you'll always be my favorite tiny fag."

"Oh, how nice!" Nicolas smirked. "Y-you are one big fag then."

"And how do you feel about it?" Geoffroy whispered. He was delighted knowing that Nicolas finally confessed everything. If only all people behaved this way, the world would be much easier to live in. Besides, he cared only about this boy, he was ready to sacrifice everything, including his father's fortune, to make Nicolas happy.

"Safe, happy. And yeah, you really took care of that bully?" Nicolas asked. To him, this was the best proof that Geoffroy cared about him. "I remember he just disappeared."

"Well, my dad is good at making people disappear, it seems. The doctor is no longer working as well." He paused, unsure if he should say more. "Damn, I also wish you were here. I miss you like never before. You kept your promise?"

"You mean the one about saving my jizz for you?" Nicolas asked. "I sure did, but it's hard. I mean the promise. Or my *zizi*. Or both."

"Yeah. You may want to break the promise now. It allows you to sleep better." Geoffroy said, revealing his idea to the younger boy. "We could connect to each other via the internet."

"Connect to you via webcam?"

"*Oui*, we could watch each other jerking off." Geoffroy explained. "You know, this can be fun seeing you masturbating for the first time. Let's try it, okay? And get some headset, so I can hear you."

Strangely enough, Nicolas agreed right away, nodded and grabbed his laptop. He wasn't doing it because Geoffroy asked him - he was doing it for himself. Since his first orgasms yesterday he felt a really big urge to get off. The stinging, tingling sensation down there was driving him crazy sometimes. As if opening the gates of pleasure meant that they will never ever close again. His nine centimeters long shaft kept asking for attention for most of the day and was hard even now as if it sensed what was about to happen.

Nicolas turned on his laptop and went out into the hallway, making sure that his parents were sleeping. Oh no, he did not want to be caught masturbating, he could already hear his mother's yelling – she was the one trying to shelter him from the world. As soon as he closed the door behind him he went to the bed, placing the computer in front of him. Soon Geoffroy called him again.

“Right, can you see and hear me?” He asked and pulled his tongue off, making a silly face.

“Yeah, I can see you just fine.”

Rolling his eyes Nicolas looked at the screen and nodded. He noticed that Geoffroy was lying on the bed dressed in nothing but some luxury, silky pajamas, looking directly at him. At the same time, Nicolas was wearing just some old, tattered t-shirt and boxer-briefs. A big difference, two words that were meant to be connected.

“Great, I can see you as well.” Geoffroy replied. A wide grin appeared on his face as he looked at his own crotch.

Nicolas watched as Geoffroy started exposing himself. The blond haired boy pulled down his pajamas bottom slightly, he was not wearing any underwear. His maturing, erected penis was clearly visible in a faint light, right in the middle of the screen. Retracting the foreskin Geoffroy revealed the damp and red glans, which seemed to glisten a little bit. Using his other hand he reached for the testicles and pulled them upwards, resting them on top of the waistband. Nicolas followed shortly after – pulling both pants and underwear at the same time he adjusted his camera exposing himself in front of it. Now he was showing his body to his boyfriend, who was truly amazed by the view. Sure, Nicolas was smaller one, but the rich boy loved every centimeter of his boyfriend's manhood, it seemed so tasty, so delicate, he wished he could touch it right now.

“It's only the camera, and the quality isn't the best but you look so hot.” Nicolas heard Geoffroy's whisper. “I wish I could suck you now. And hear you moan, your body trembling. I still feel the taste of your jizz.”

Both boys were synchronized, placing their hands on their hard members, fondling them for the first time. The joy of discovery and exploration was everything Nicolas felt. He never masturbated by himself, so he was trying to imitate the movements of his classmate, who claimed to be an expert at it. Geoffroy pumped his hand back and forth every second and Nicolas followed him. The teacher and the student, a very private lesson you could say. Soon enough the black-haired boy heard his boyfriend's moaning and gasping and wasn't able to stop himself from doing the same. The first sharp wave of pleasure surged through his body when he touched the exposed, sensitive glans.

“It feels so good! Almost as good as yesterday.” Nicolas cried and watched Geoffroy's face, who smiled in answer. The little boy started massaging the shiny glans, spreading the sticky precum all over it. “I think I'm close.”

Another few strokes, delicate pinching, the constant rubbing – his actions were getting steadier and faster, providing him with the pure ecstasy. His crotch was on fire, more and more embers seemed to burn inside him, the stinging and tingling were now unbearable. Just like yesterday, just when Geoffroy swirled his tongue around the sensitive glans, the

orgasm was coming. Nicolas clenched his eyes and instinctively grabbed his tight scrotum, feeling his pulsating testicles, which seemed to send his boyish cum out. He groaned again, and again, opening his mouth wide.

And Geoffroy was in heaven, he watched as the little innocent boy was having fun, shooting sticky sperm all over his naked chest. Geoffroy wanted him to finish first and was aware that it won't take long. After all, he was a teenage horny boy. He was so happy to see Nicolas masturbating for the first time, he was so glad that they will share this memory forever. With a final squirt, Nicolas emptied his balls, forming a clear, white pool on his abdomen.

"Help me now." Geoffroy pleaded and watched as Nicolas soaked his fingers in the sticky substance and rubbed them, looking at his boyfriend. All wet, all sticky.

"I wish you were here to taste it." Nicolas stated in a soft voice and placed three fingers in his mouth, moaning. "It's so delicious." He tasted another sample of his sweet cum, zooming in his face and making sure that Geoffroy was watching him. He pulled out his tongue and licked another sperm-covered finger. "I imagine that this is your hard dick." He didn't like swearing, but this word escaped his mouth before he was even able to think about it.

"Oh, damn... keep doing this." Geoffroy cried, moving his hand faster and faster. Nicolas slid the whole finger into his mouth and looked directly at the webcam. The black haired boy sucked on his finger passionately, going in and out, in and out.

"Oh, Geoffroy!" Nicolas mumbled. "It's so big and wet, I can't wait till you share your cum with me. Mmm... Come on, cum for me, Geoffroy! I want to see your sperm!" He murmured causing Geoffroy to speed up his strokes.

The blond-haired boy was getting closer to the orgasm. He wondered if Nicolas's words alone could make him cum, the delicate voice, the innocent face. They seemed to ignite his body, he felt all hot, burning with lust. The tension was unbearable, but Nicolas kept doing it, saying dirty words, doing dirty things. Geoffroy clenched his hand around the hard, wet shaft and gasped. His mind went black for a second, he heard nothing but Nicolas's voice, he saw nothing but Nicolas's orgasm struck face.

And then it was over, he groaned so loud that Nicolas was afraid Geoffroy's orgasm will wake up everyone in the city of Paris. Geoffroy's body started shaking as his cum spurted from inside of his adolescent body, leaking down his scrotum and groins. It took him a few seconds to catch the breath, to open his eyes, and notice all the mess he caused. Even his hand was all sticky, full of warm, fresh sperm.

"Good job, Nick." He let out a loud sigh. "But this isn't even half as good as you sucking on my rod."

"I can imagine. S-so what..." Nicolas stopped talking mid-sentence. He noticed his friend quickly pulling the covers all over his body, Geoffroy turned off his camera. Soon the boy heard a familiar voice.

"Geoffroy? Can we talk, boy?" It was Geoffroy's father's voice. Monsieur Charles entered son's room without knocking. Nicolas was able to hear every step the man took, getting closer and closer. Soon he sat on the bed next to his son, who was totally naked, covered just by a thin blanket.

"I was just going to the sleep, dad." Geoffroy said, his voice was all shaky.

"With the laptop between your legs? Really?" His father asked in jokingly tone. "I won't ask you any questions regarding these things you were just doing. It's okay."

"I wasn't really..."

"However, there's one question I would like to ask you." The man interrupted him. "Yesterday you did not tell me about Nicolas? He was with you in the Doctor's office. What was the reason?"

"I'm not sure. It's just – was it that important? I mean, we were both there, yeah." Geoffroy confessed, feeling all scared. He wasn't expecting his father will find out the truth.

"I just think... It's only a question. Are you sure that the man didn't hurt Nicolas? We are looking for potential victims now."

"No, dad. We just..." Geoffroy paused to think about his answer, he knew his father won't stop asking questions until he knows the truth. "I do care about him. We were called there for the first time and the doctor scared us. That's why I told you about what happened. Nicolas can only confirm this."

"I see. You seem to hang out with him a lot lately." Charles said, looking at his son, quizzically.

"Well, I was about to ask you if I can invite him for a sleepover. We could play some games all night and day long!" Geoffroy smiled, he tried to change the subject of the conversation.

Charles was a man wise beyond his age, he had a lot of experience regarding business deals, but still struggled to understand his son's behavior. At first, he became rather suspicious but decided to trust his son. It was only a sleepover, there was nothing wrong about them, Geoffroy had quite a few of them in the past.

On the other hand, his boy was changing, maturing, entering the difficult phase of the

puberty, the nightmare of every parent. Still, his son was a good boy and lied only rarely. If boys were indeed in some kind of relationship he wasn't going to stand in their way. He did not want to be like his own father.

"It's alright, Geoffroy. All I want you to be happy. To my surprise, you aren't one of these spoiled kids. I consider this a success looking at my friends' sons and daughters. Poor bastards." He smiled. "However. One more question, sir!"

"Yes?"

"Why Nicolas? Why do you like him? Is he your special friend? Or?" Charles asked, looking straight into his boy's eyes to uncover the truth. And the boy's eyes answered his question. He knew the answer before his son opened his mouth.

"Nicolas is my friend, dad. I like him very, very much. Know what I mean? You were telling me your stories about you and your friend. I do not want Nicolas to leave me. He's great." Geoffroy said honestly, without a single blink. This question was surely unexpected but at the same time, he wasn't going to lie in any way.

Nicolas, who was hearing this whole conversation blushed and smiled. Was Geoffroy just confessing his feelings, telling the pure truth? Charles wasn't quite happy because his son confirmed only some rumors, but at the same time, it made him feel better that his son was trusting him and speaks his mind, without using some silly tricks. Or perhaps there was something more about it? Perhaps he was afraid that Nicolas will have a bad influence on his son? Or that Nicolas will take the precious, little Geoffroy away?

"I just thought..." Charles reached into his pocket and pulled out a small box. "That you are big enough to use these one day. No pressure, though." He smiled and put the item on the table next to bed. Geoffroy curiously examined the box and shouted.

"Dad, gross!" The boy exclaimed and started laughing "This is weird!"

"Well, better to be safe than sorry, Geoff. Good night." The man stood up and looked once again at his young boy, narrowing his eyes. "You know, it sure smells familiar in here." Charles smirked and closed the door behind him.

"What's this?" The black-haired asked.

"Condoms. I'm 12 and my father gave me condoms. Oh damn." He smiled, looking at the small package. "What am I supposed to do? Chew on them? He got it all wrong, but he is trying his best, heh."

Well, of course. Nicolas was clueless.

"What are these for?" He asked.

It was a one long night as Geoffroy began to explain to his innocent friend how condoms can be used. Nicolas was rather surprised. After all, tasting the sweet boyish cum was a far better option.

Clotaire hated Thursdays, but he adored Mondays. Oh yes, there were a few reasons for doing so. On the Thursdays he was sitting pretty much in the front of the class, unable to look at Geoffroy, without making the boy aware of it. Plus, all classes were extremely boring, melting his young brain. It was well known that he hated math, biology, French and English lessons. As a matter of fact, he attended the school only because Geoffroy was there. And the fact that only six days were left until holidays didn't help him much. Obviously, the summertime would mean that he won't see Geoffroy at all, so he figured out he should act pretty much here and now, hoping for some luck.

He loved Mondays because of the physical education classes at the swimming pool. Clotaire wasn't taking part in them and usually watched over the locker rooms. Staring at his classmates undressing and changing was the thing he adored. It was like a watching a soft porn movie in a real life. The buzzing hormones were making him horny, full of thoughts he could not control. It was painful, watching Geoffroy, who was wearing his loose boxers was an ordeal for him. Clotaire wished to simply walk by and touch the boy of his dreams, squeeze his buttocks, kiss his neck, suck on his nipples. Sure, he knew that he will never gather the courage, but he was ready to risk everything. That's why he loved the Mondays. Because his evening masturbatory sessions were, even more, fun. Realistic. Sticky.

"I wonder if they noticed anything yet. If they go to the toilets again... Yeah, I will be fine." He thought, planning his actions and looking at the clock. Another five minutes.

He was unable to tell what exactly caused him to feel the overwhelming lust. Was it the fact that he was the horny gay teenager who simply admired Geoffroy? Was it because of Geoffroy's eyes? His body? His cute smile? After all, he liked most of the boys but this one, made him suffer stronger and stronger every hour. Clotaire wasn't able to stand looking at the two happy boys, who were now in relationship greater than their friendship. If only he could separate them, make them fight, he wouldn't blink twice. The burning jealousy obscured his rational thinking, he was unable to think about other things, his bad mood was growing.

As soon as the school's bell rang announcing the long break between classes Clotaire was the first one to run to the toilets. He walked over to one of the stalls, locked the door behind him and sat on top of the toilet, waiting. Sure enough, Clotaire could not tell if this will work. but he was patient now, like a hunter waiting for an easy prey. Wishing to get

some information he was ready to sacrifice anything. This could not be achieved without spying on two, clueless boys. He held his breath, started singing some song quietly, just to kill the time.

"Come on, guys..." He whispered, looking at the clock.

Two more minutes passed. Clotaire was about to go outside when he heard the footsteps and the door being opened. To his disappointment, this was just a single student, who came there to use the urinal. The teenager sighed quietly, listening to the sound of the urine stream striking the water as the whole room filled with the delicate urine aroma. As soon as the stranger walked over to the sink to wash his hands the door opened again. Bingo! Clotaire could actually recognize Nicolas's voice, the second boy had to be Geoffroy.

"Yeah, sure, why not?" Both boys entered the toilet and looked at the boy washing his hands, who was just leaving. Geoffroy pointed his finger toward the toilet stalls. Clotaire held his breath and covered his face with hands.

"Hey, is anybody here?" The blond-haired boy asked, waiting for an answer. "I think we are alone Nick. Sooo..."

"Were you serious?" Nicolas asked in rather excited voice, Clotaire noticed it right away, he wondered what was going on. Were they going to fuck right there?

"Yeah, I think we could have a sleepover tomorrow. You could spend the whole weekend at my place. My dad promised to call your parents." Geoffroy explained, the same voice, all excited. "Think of the possibilities."

"Oh, what about today? My parents aren't home and you said we will watch it." Nicolas asked.

"Yeah, I got the movie. It's pretty sick. I downloaded it yesterday and haven't got a chance to watch it yet."

"A movie?" Clotaire thought. "What movie?" For a brief second, he thought he was mistaken, that both boys were only friends and in fact, there's no romantic relationship between them. But then he figured out what was going on. The jealousy and rage filled him at the same time. He wanted to smack Nicolas across the face. He wanted the black-haired kid to cry.

"Damn, your *zizi* looked so delicious yesterday. I hope we will... you know. Do it again after school." Nicolas suggested, blushing a little. He still had problems expressing his emotions, especially when they were connected to the sexuality.

"Eh, Nick..." Geoffroy's loud gasp could be heard for a brief second. The boys were kissing. Nicolas was the one to breathe deeply and moan as his boyfriend explored his mouth using tongue. "You are so hot. Hard already?" Geoffroy asked, and the toilet filled with Nicolas's low whimper when he grabbed the boy's package.

"Are you surprised, really? Think of it, six days till summertime. No more school, no more secrets..." The black-haired teenager began whispering, but the spying boy was able to hear every single word. "I just hope that Clotaire won't bother us again. Stupid jerk."

Clotaire blushed in anger, the single vein on his forehead started pulsating, his heart beating was getting faster and faster with every second. His blood was boiling. He wondered what they would do now if he came out of the stall and stood in front of them. Would they laugh or cry? Would they beg for mercy? Every idea that rushed through his mind seemed like a solution to his problem. But for some reason, every single of them included Nicolas being beaten up. Clotaire needed something to blackmail them both, but he was not sure if what he just heard was enough. To say the truth, the boy was not very popular among his peers, and no one would believe him. He needed better proof, something nasty, and he believed that at some point he will get it. However, that wasn't changing the fact that he wanted to beat little Nicolas up.

"Remember?" Geoffroy remarked. "Don't think about him. I will keep you safe."

Of course, Clotaire hoped to hear a few more words from Geoffroy's mouth, but the object of his adoration quickly changed the subject of their conversation. Clotaire wanted to know what Geoffroy thinks about him. He wondered if the boy liked him, or if he was his type. Everything seemed so complicated because of the little Nick, if only he was the first to claim Geoffroy, he would make him happy. In his dreams they were hanging out a lot, having fun, having one rough and passionate sex. Sucking every inch of his boyfriend's body, satisfying him, making sure that his balls were always empty, this was he wished for.

But now, he was full of hate, which started spreading all over his brain and body, as he could not bear the thought of two boys being in a relationship.

"I will get you sooner or later, my sweet Geoffroy." Clotaire thought, biting his lip.

The both boys walked out of the stalls as soon as some other kid entered the toilet. They casually washed their hands and without saying a single word they left the room. Clotaire himself waited a moment, then trying not to show any emotion. He opened the door and looked at himself the mirror. His face was all red, and rage filling his body only made him feel more desperate. The angry teenager punched the tiled wall with his bare hand, expecting that this will make him better, but the bleeding wound wasn't making things easier. He cursed and noticed some first grader watching him, paralyzed with the fear.

"Get lost kid." He shouted and started walking toward the little boy, who quickly ran out of

the toilet. "Get the fuck out of here!"

Deep inside his brain, Clotaire's thoughts were changing, transforming, evolving. That single event shaped him forever, he stopped dreaming and realized he was in one critical position, with no way out. The summer getting closer meant that his plan needed to work as soon as possible, that during the week before the holidays the boys will need to commit at least one mistake. And this mistake should allow Clotaire to take advantage of the young Geoffroy. If only things were so easy, if only he could find a way to humiliate them both, to destroy their relationship.

For the rest of the day he was glad to sit in the front of the class. Every single glance at the object of his desires caused him to feel physical pain. Oh yes, the suffering was slowly tearing him apart as the obsession was growing stronger and stronger. Geoffroy was the only thing he needed in his life, he was ready not to eat, to drink. For a brief second, he wondered how hard would it be to kill the little Nicolas, taking him out of the game forever. Or simply make him move away from the city, make him nothing more but a memory. A bad one.

"Clotaire, you are mentally ill already, punk." The voice in his head said. The boy covered his face with both hands and tried to focus on the lesson. But the usual thing happened, Clotaire soon fell asleep.

"So, what's the name of this movie?" Nicolas asked, looking at his friend, and smiling shyly. To say the truth, he could not believe that he was about to see it.

"You wanted a gay one, yeah? It's, heh, *Horny School Teens*. The description suggested they are like 18." Geoffroy replied. "No idea what are they doing. Just burned the disc today's morning. Will be fun, sure."

There was a huge list of reasons why Nicolas wanted to see his first porn movie. He had never seen one and was interested in how it looked like. Were people really stripping and doing it in front of the camera? But this was so humiliating, what was the point of it? Getting paid for sex, so other people can watch it instead of doing it themselves? Or were porn films made only for kids their age? Because the adults could easily have normal sex? His mind was racing and more and more questions appeared inside it. Plus, Geoffroy mentioned that there should be some part showing how to use the condoms. What for? They were both guys, they could not make a baby. Also, Nicolas quietly hoped that thanks to the gay porn he will ultimately determine whether he was gay or not. He already accepted this fact, but was curious like most of the teenagers his age.

"Sounds fun." Nicolas said. "So, about the sleepover, or... about your father. Do you think he suspected something? He was pretty open minded, huh?"

Geoffroy's father did not treat his son like a child but like a young adult. And the best proof for it was the gift Geoffroy received the last night. He was not sure if his father would mind him having sex with a classmate, but on the other hand, he showed no signs of disapproval. It's not like they were discussing it before, this was taboo, of course. Most certainly, Charles understood the needs of maturing boys and the whole process taking place in their bodies. He figured out that yesterday he almost caught Geoffroy masturbating, but took it as something normal.

"Well, it's not like I'm going to tell him about you anyway. But he knows we are really close." Geoffroy responded and grabbed his boyfriend's hand. They walked down the street holding hands and nobody even looked at them.

"I think we're still that age when everyone finds it cute. Let's try again in one year from now." Nicolas laughed, clenching his hand even tighter. "It's hard to believe it's been only two days. I'm so happy with you! Yay, Geoffroy!"

As soon as they entered Nicolas's house and started undressing Geoffroy started the fun. In a few seconds, the black-haired boy felt the delicate kisses all over his neck as Geoffroy hugged him from behind. They were so close, both of them burning, full of teenage lust, full of tension, which was meant to be released soon. Their bodies were ready, Nicolas could sense his boyfriend's hardness pressing against his buttocks. To say the truth Nicolas could hardly stop himself from moaning, he wished to have sex with Geoffroy right there, near the front door. They would undress rather quickly, rest on top of each other, explore their young bodies.

"Geoffroy, stop. The movie, right?!" Nicolas suggested and groaned a little, as he felt his classmate's hand pressing against his boyish package. The sweet flames of desire filled the smaller boy's abdomen, they danced around, making him crazy.

"I know, Nick. Just wanted to say hello to you!" Geoffroy smirked, massaging Nicolas's bulge, looking directly into boy's eyes. "Lead the way!"

"Should I make some popcorn?" Nicolas asked as they both rushed to his room. They were in heat, obsessed by sexual desires, giggling, grabbing each other, letting their dirty minds shape thoughts into the words.

"More like *porncorn*!" Geoffroy exclaimed and laughed. "Okay, here we go. Just give it a few seconds. Man, your computer is so slow!" The teenager said, his voice was full of irritation. But this was the only choice they had, the only place where they could watch the movie without being disturbed.

Soon, the black window appeared on the screen, followed by random titles listing the actors and studio credits. Both boys were sitting on the bed waiting in anticipation, smiling

at each other from time to time. Geoffroy grabbed Nicolas's palm and started massaging it gently, he adored the fact that they were tasting the forbidden fruit together.

The first scene of the movie amused both boys. The actor playing the lead role was a black-haired guy, dressed in a school uniform. He was sitting in the middle class, but all other desks were empty. "What the hell is he doing there?" Nicolas thought not aware that most of the porn productions were lacking a basic plot. Sure enough, he expected some action.

"You want to rewind it?" Geoffroy asked, a grimace appeared on his face.

"No, I want to see what will happen next, and why the hell is he sitting there alone." Nicolas answered, causing Geoffroy to roll his eyes.

"You are expecting way too much I think."

Nicolas's face expressed confusion for a longer moment. The guy in the movie walked closer to the teacher's desk and sat on top of it, spreading his legs over the edge, trying to look as sexy as possible. The teenagers watched as the camera focused on actor's face and his mouth sucking on a pen. It started moving lower, following man's hand down until he reached his black pants. Unzipping his fly the man reached inside his jeans massaging the shaft hidden from the viewers. He released a groan and looked at the camera as if he wanted to encourage the viewer to start the masturbatory session. Well, both boys were still soft expecting what would happen next. They did not say a word for a minute and watched the man masturbating himself in his clothes. Nicolas broke the dreaded silence.

"There's no plot, right?"

"Yeah, sort of. That's the point." Geoffroy exclaimed impatiently, he wished to feel Nicolas's hot body again. "You are supposed to watch these and get off quickly. Should we?"

No answer. Nicolas was still watching the movie, learning, as more and more perverted images were carved into his mind. The second man walked inside the room, getting closer to the first one, embracing and kissing him on the lips. The masturbating guy grabbed his lover's tie and pulled it downwards, while the other actor began unbuttoning his shirt, licking his face at the same time. The next few minutes they were slowly undressing from every single piece of clothing, dropping them all on the floor, next to the desk. Nicolas tried to remember everything and watched carefully as men caressed their nipples, licked bodies and get rid of their pants. After a moment they were standing next to each other only in the underwear, still massaging bulges in their pants. The bulges that seemed gigantic.

"Are you hard yet?" Nicolas asked his friend, looking at friend's crotch.

“Yeah, this is getting hot.”

“I wonder...” Nicolas started, getting closer to his boyfriend and placing his hand on Geoffroy's knee. “I can show you what I've learned so far.” He smiled, placing his lips on boy's neck, but still watched things that were happening on screen.

It took him about ten seconds. Nicolas's small hand pressed against Geoffroy's erection as he tried to grab and stroke it, he wished to wrap his small fingers around this hot rod, to caress it. He loved the fact that he could control Geoffroy with a single touch, how lucky he was? How lucky was he to have the precious blond-haired boy as his boyfriend? To hear his loud moan as he kept the massage going. To see him pulling his shirt off, exposing the silky, perfect chest and two tasty nipples. Oh yes, Nicolas was the luckiest boy ever! He knew it!

“You are learning fast, Nick.” Geoffroy could barely breathe as he felt that Nicolas was licking his hard nipples. “But, but...” He gasped when the spasm of pleasure exploded inside him as Nicolas made another successful attempt at grabbing his penis. “We are much better actors.”

Chapter Six

~ Acting sucks! ~

Within a few moments, Geoffroy joined Nicolas and started undressing the smaller boy, while they were still hugging and caressing each other bodies. The older boy's hand moved to the visible tent in Nicolas's pants and grabbed it, feeling the great arousal surging through boy's body. The boy who kept watching the movie in awe. After all, watching the porn for the first time can be both scary and remarkable experience, opening new ways, corrupting the mind. Isn't the porn industry the one that makes young boys discover masturbation, filling their young minds with the models of perfect woman and man, who are nowhere close to reality? Doesn't porn suggest that every man is well endowed, muscular and handsome and every woman is willing, big tits spoiled whore who loves to suck cocks? This was one big lie. Thankfully, both boys were able to find out the truth pretty quickly, just when the movie started.

"Oh Nick, let's just strip, please. I can't wait." Geoffroy suggested, leaning closer to boy's pants, unzipping them and undoing his belt.

"G-Geoffroy, wait! We should follow them. Watch!" Nicolas replied and looked at the screen. Both actors were kissing and touching each other bodies, wearing nothing but their boxers. Nicolas reached for the button in Geoffroy's jeans, undoing them slowly. In the meantime, his own pants were tugged down revealing boy's underwear. Geoffroy immediately grasped the hidden shaft and massaged it.

"How the hell do they last so long?" Geoffroy thought, watching the film. Finally, one of the actors slipped his hand inside friend's boxers, masturbating him. The blond haired boy followed shortly after, he could not wait to touch Nicolas, and pushed his hand under the elastic waistband.

"Is this all precum, or are you done already?" Nicolas asked surprised, looking down at Geoffroy's soaked underwear. It was all wet, and he could clearly see the outline of the trembling penis through the thin fabric, the exposed glans pressing against it. "It's all wet." Nicolas explained, touching the very top of the cloth, gathering some of the precum which soaked through the underwear.

"You are making me hot, silly." Geoffroy murmured and looked at his own pants. "And I'm not even close still."

Seeing that both actors lowered their underwear Nicolas did the same to Geoffroy, finally exposing friend's dripping organ. Ah, he felt the familiar butterflies in his stomach as he

looked at it. The swollen glans was partially covered by the soft foreskin, the top of it visible, along with the urethra where another shiny drop of precum appeared. And Geoffroy's testicles – they seemed to get bigger every time, full of hormones and sperm. Both boys were naked as the day they were born, keeping their hands tightened around each other shafts. They were trying to follow the actions seen in the movie and shared another kiss before resting on the top of the bed.

“They have huge ones. I mean, the pricks, right? R-really. Bigger than your and mine combined.” Nicolas shared his thoughts. “I wonder if I could suck on that big one.” A dreamy look appeared on his face. His mind was full of perverted thoughts now as his boyish desires were controlling him. And his hard penis was pressed against Geoffroy's, leaking the lubricant onto their abdomens. “Oh, look, they are starting it. Wow!” Nicolas exclaimed as the first actor lowered his head down to partner's crotch and started licking his shaft.

“Have fun.” Geoffroy stated with a grin on his face, pushing his friend's head down. Nicolas stuck out his tongue leaving a wet trail as he began traveling across Geoffroy's body. He played a bit with the boy's hard nipples, pressing his tongue against them, feeling the little bumps covering the skin. Delaying the things even more Nicolas stopped by the navel, kissing his boyfriend's belly. The erected shaft brushed against his chin, but he ignored it for now. Geoffroy tried to encourage him, he wished to feel Nicolas's lips wrapped around his penis. “Oh come on, suck on it, Nick!”

“Hey, say *please*?!” Nicolas stated, resting his head on his hands, looking at Geoffroy in one challenging way.

“Please!” Geoffroy pleaded in a loud voice, almost shouted. “Please, suck *ma bite*, Nick!”

Once again, Nicolas tried to follow the porn and leaned closer to Geoffroy's teenage, throbbing, and wet organ, pressing it against his lips. With the head of the member in his mouth, he started stroking the whole shaft, squeezing it, swallowing all oozing precum. It seemed that the movie featured now the “deep-throating” to young viewers, but Nicolas wasn't keen to try this again. Instead, he took some more of Geoffroy's penis inside and began exploring every part of it using his tongue to massage the frenulum and urethra. Geoffroy moaned again, grabbing the bedding as another unexpected spasm of pleasure surged through him, he gasped being satisfied beyond his dreams.

“Shit, stop, they are switching.” Geoffroy stated and pointed to the screen. “We should cum when they do.”

“Isn't this movie like one hour long?” Nicolas asked, frowning. “You are already leaking like hell. Don't want you to dehydrate here in the middle of the fun.” He joked, resting down on the bed.

“Okay, we will just follow them till we cum. Then watch the rest.” Geoffroy proposed and placed his face in front of friend's delicate penis. A small, nine centimeters long member was just asking for attention. The foreskin slid down all the way, revealing the wet, sensitive head, which Geoffroy kissed and watched as it twitched. The sticky precum was all over his lips – the teenager licked them clean before kissing the shiny knob again. It twitched. Then he leaned over once again to kiss it before Nicolas stopped him.

“Stop kissing! Just suck on it for god's sake.” Nicolas yelled, clearly annoyed and watched as Geoffroy smiled.

“Say *please*?” The blond-haired boy mocked Nicolas, imitating his voice. Of course, he also kissed boy's penis again. It twitched. Twice.

“I promise, one day...” The black-haired boy muttered and then used his soft, almost seductive voice to tease Geoffroy. “I want you to suck on it! Please! Suck on it! Pretty please!”

Taking the entire, nine centimeters long shaft into his mouth and Geoffroy began bobbing his head up and down, tasting the most delicate piece of Nicolas's body. His nose touched boy's hairless abdomen every now, Nicolas's testicles slapped against his chin. Making sure that his lover's foreskin was fully retracted he sucked the head only, exploring it with his tongue, marking the path. Every little vein, valley, bump and wrinkle were examined by Geoffroy who pressed his lips against the black-haired teenager's scrotum and kissed the eggs placed inside. He wished to suck on the whole package at once, he was truly obsessed with his boyfriend's body.

“I'm really close.” Nicolas whimpered and watched as the actors on screen switched their position. One got on top of another placing his crotch in front of his partner's face. Some other camera showed that both men were sucking each other organs at the same time in the sixty-nine position. “Hey, look...” Nicolas whispered in a soft voice before realizing that it's already too late.

One second was enough. Within one second the world turned black, Nicolas's body tensed up and his little heart started pumping like crazy. The flames of desire danced all around him, making his body burn, his testicles were two embers pumping hormones inside his ecstasy-struck body. Geoffroy pressed his face against boy's groin, feeling that his lover was slamming full length of his shaft down his mouth. His lips were wrapped around the trembling shaft, which started spurting more and more of the young boy's seed outside. This time, Geoffroy was not able to swallow it all at once, the hot sperm started leaking out of his mouth as more of it filled with the fresh portion of fluids.

Nicolas was feeling amazing, lost in thoughts, exploding with pleasure. For him, oral sex seemed like the best thing in the world and he had to admit that Geoffroy was getting

better at it every single time. If only they could do it all the time, forgetting about the world, the school, and their families. They would have the sweet fun for the rest of their lives. But it wasn't so easy, especially for Geoffroy who struggled to swallow Nicolas's seed and pulled the boy's semi-erected member out of his mouth. Raising his head he looked at Nicolas and smiled. His lips were covered by a few drops of Nicolas semen, covering also his chin, dripping down onto his chest and neck. The sweet nectar was everywhere.

"W-way too much." Geoffroy gasped, a few more drops of the sticky fluid dripped from his mouth. This was the only thing he could taste now. The penis' aroma, Nicolas's sperm, his boyfriend's scent. It was all there, on his tongue.

"Need help?" Nicolas stroked his finger against Geoffroy's chin and gathered some of the still hot cum from it. It took them a while to clean the mess.

"Well, they are now really having a nice time." Geoffroy stated, watching as the actors were sucking each other in the sixty-nine position. One of them started fingering his partner. "Do you think they will blow their loads now?"

"There's still like twenty minutes left." Nicolas remarked. Kneeling down on the floor in front of Geoffroy he grabbed the boy's penis. He couldn't wait to taste it once again. "Okay, your turn."

"Yeah, we will see if you can swallow it." Geoffroy mocked him, positioning himself on the bed and allowing Nicolas to rest between his legs. Just then he noticed how horny he was, he was thinking only of releasing the tension.

Learning closer to the glistening shaft Nicolas pressed his lips against the base, making his way to the top. The slippery lubricant was everywhere, leaking down the member – Nicolas gathered it carefully placing the wet kiss on the swollen head, letting another shiny glob of lubricant to smear against his lips. The salty taste filled his mouth as he swirled his tongue around Geoffroy's glans, paying extra attention to the frenulum, teasing it with few extra licks.

"Well, I could be good at it, but you are the master then." Nicolas heard Geoffroy's faint words and as the boy was breathing heavily. He looked at the screen where the first man just kept fingering his moaning partner with wet, spit coated fingers. "Oh, this is nice." Nicolas thought and put two fingers into his mouth, licking them clean.

"Why did you stop?" Geoffroy asked, Nicolas pointed to the screen. "Ah, following the scenario." He could not be luckier. Knowing that Nicolas wanted to play with his anus Geoffroy tried to relax.

He attacked almost right away. Slowly prodding Geoffroy's puckered, virgin hole Nicolas pushed his fingertip inside. Spreading his legs wider Geoffroy wished to give his boyfriend

better access to the hidden areas, he wanted to feel the little fingers penetrating him. It was an amazing experience for them both, they were exploring each other fully, having no secrets, no shame, no regrets.

Nicolas watched with amazement as the tight hole was clenching slowly as he was playing with the soft skin around Geoffroy's anus, massaging it, pinching, touching every wrinkle. His finger pressed harder, it was all hot and slippery, slowly sliding inside, past the sensitive walls of the narrow tunnel. Assaulting Geoffroy's tight opening Nicolas stabbed deep into it sending a few shock waves of pleasure through blond haired boy's body. As soon as the finger was deep inside Nicolas began to drill his way to the sides, wanting to find the prostate.

"Oh damn." A single moan escaped Geoffroy's throat. The tears of happiness appeared in his eyes.

Rubbing boy's prostate Nicolas tried to push in another finger, stretching Geoffroy's anus more than he ever did. The mixture of pain and pleasure surged through the older boy as Nicolas kept the penetration going, fighting the sphincter. A few more seconds passed, Geoffroy's anus was getting more elastic, the second fingertip touched his prostate gland gently massaging it, driving him crazy. The sensation became unbearable when Nicolas started sucking him again.

Geoffroy looked at the screen. The first actor was now licking other man's exposed and finger stretched hole, trying to push his tongue inside. He wanted Nicolas to try this as well, but at the same second his erected manhood began pulsating and throbbing, the handsome teenager moaned loudly.

Another sharp, intense orgasm took over his entire body as Nicolas was still both fingering and sucking him. His creamy boy juices began flooding his little boyfriend's mouth. Nicolas kept slurping, trying to swallow the entire load, which was not easy, especially when Geoffroy began to rock his pelvis up and down, fucking Nicolas's mouth. He felt so great and could swear that his prostate was going to explode anytime soon if Nicolas will keep the massage going.

"Why is this so tasty? Really?" Nicolas stated as soon as Geoffroy gasped for some fresh air. A smirk appeared on his face as he watched the movie – the actors were rimming each other holes, moaning and grunting without rest. "Gross!" Nicolas shouted and noticed that his fingers were still in his friend's hole. He slowly retracted them and looked at Geoffroy. The boy returned to the world of the living.

"If licking your prick feels so great then imagine what would happen if I lick your hole." Geoffroy suggested. He wasn't familiar to rimming, and this was the first time he saw it, but for him, there were almost no limits anymore. He was a teenage boy, ready to do everything to feel good.

"Still, you poop from there." Nicolas said, looking at the screen.

"Doesn't stop you from putting fingers inside, eh?" Geoffroy asked and sat beside his naked friend. They wanted to know what would happen next.

"Oh look, he's putting the condom!" Nicolas exclaimed. "I wonder..." He stopped and looked shocked at his friend, who was also surprised. "No way!"

They watched as the actor positioned himself behind his partner, who raised his butt, parting his legs. The camera showed the wet, tender hole stretched by the fingers. The hole which was about to be penetrated. Nicolas was really confused, opening his mouth wide when the first man lined up his erected penis next to his friend's rectum and pushed it with a single move. The room in which boys were sitting in was now filled with the loud moans and sounds of sex.

"Gross!" Nicolas repeated and laughed, covering his face, but still looking at the screen. At every possible close-up of the anal sex.

Another scene showed both men switching positions and fucking almost every possible way. For young, twelve years old boys this was a big discovery and they weren't sure how to react to it. Sure thing, they were aware that the penis can be put inside woman's body, but the anal sex was something new, a strange thing. Both quickly started wondering if this was actually the best way to have sex and to keep their bodies connected. After all, they were both boys.

"You weren't aware of this, were you?" Nicolas asked, Geoffroy shook his head. Their thoughts and words mixed with the sounds in the background. The man being fucked started grunting and cursing, opening his mouth wide as his partner penetrated him faster. The teenagers weren't so sure about his face expression. It looked like pain, mixed with pleasure and poor acting. Yes, poor acting. They shared looks and Geoffroy just started laughing the same way Nicolas did.

"Gross!" Geoffroy repeated.

"I think he is close. Five minutes left." Nicolas claimed. The actors were still fucking for about one minute and the ending was quite fast. The man started masturbating himself and with just a few fast strokes he sent his load all over friend's violated anus. Then as if nothing happened they started dressing and left the classroom as if nothing happened.

"Damn. Lame. Like... really. Lame." Geoffroy stated, scratching his face. "Really. You could tell they are actors. No feelings, no emotions, just the... fucking." Geoffroy cursed, resting down on Nicolas's bed, looking at the ceiling. His body wasn't even aroused by the last sex scene, and he was rather disappointed just like Nicolas.

"Yeah... we are much better actors, you said it yourself." Nicolas answered, lying on his side and looking at Geoffroy's body. He sniffed and smelled their bodies, sweat and a few drops of sperm lost in the sheets, the delicate aroma of sex filled the whole room. This was the real life, the real sensations, the real sex. For a moment he felt bad knowing that there were actually people who like to get off watching porn. But he was aware that he could be one of them if Geoffroy did not introduce him to the real fun.

"Yeah, we should make our own porn tomorrow." Geoffroy suggested and smiled. For him this was a good idea and perfect way to spend the whole weekend. "Doing everything with Nicolas and recording it for further use? Hell yes." He thought.

"Minus the last part?" Nicolas pleaded.

"Why?"

"I-I don't know. I mean... you are so big. Think it wouldn't be a pleasure for me. Besides, sticking something into your butt... You know..." Nicolas explained, blushing and paused not knowing how to finish the sentence. Obviously, he was afraid that Geoffroy will want to try it anyway, but the teenager changed the subject instead.

"Alright. You know what? I feel like my balls are empty. Really." Geoffroy smiled, watching Nicolas's reaction. "When I was wanking I could do it again after like ten minutes. But now... you sucked all cum out of me." He grinned, feeling happy. How could he not be happy now? He was lying in the bed with a person he loved, they just needed some cheesy background music and this scene would look like some generic French romantic movie.

"Glad I could help." Nicolas answered, moving his finger across boyfriend's chest. Few seconds passed when they were looking at each other as if they were awaiting something to happen, but world remained silent and it was Nicolas who broke the silence.

"Wanna take a shower maybe? We could play some computer games later or eat something." He suggested and grabbed two clean towels from a closet. "The new chapter of **Dreamfall** is out. We could give it a try."

"Sure thing. Bip is so cute!" Geoffroy answered.

"Huh?"

"Nah, just saying that I could totally paint you blue, so you would look like him." The blond-haired boy explained and smiled. "And then suck your blue cock."

Nicolas rolled his eyes and returned the smile. They went to the bathroom. Sure enough,

Geoffroy knew that they will just shower, this was not another sex offer. After all, they were aware that all maturing boys and girls need to take an extra care of the hygiene and wash their genitals. Geoffroy needed to make sure that Nicolas will wash it properly, using enough of soap and water. After all, they were just horny teenage boys, full of hormones and crazy ideas.

He was in a hurry. Feeling that the shadow figure was following him from the time he lost his job, he tried to act casual, but he wanted to run as far as he could. Things were going bad, this was his worst nightmare. Besides, what did he expect? They caught him! He tried to play the game for the very first time and the boys reported him. Why? He was not sure. They looked so happy, so handsome. The images of their naked bodies were carved in his brain and recorded on the camera. But now, now he was glad that that police wasn't chasing after him, but he was aware that this was just a matter of time. True, the principal promised not to report him, but he wasn't to be trusted. The doctor wasn't going to trust anyone, just some of his old online friends, hoping that they won't disappoint him.

A warm summer evening in the Banlieue gave him the impression that the entire city begins its nightlife. The shady individuals left their hiding place, and the first prostitutes appeared on the street corners. Such were the suburbs. He knew that Paris, as any large city was full of common criminal minnows as well as big fishes. The doctor was aware that there were also children's brothels around but never had the courage to visit one of them. He was scared, and now this paralyzing fear reigned over his body and thoughts as he walked down the street trying not to think, but the single thought was unbeatable. "They will get you eventually." He kept repeating.

Sure enough, he could leave the city, but he refused to flee. Shortly after he lost his job he contacted the man who offered him the job and let him know about everything that happened. This man expressed interest in the single and last video and was willing to pay for it. They agreed to stop talking at once, to ensure the safety of both parties. His contact wanted to make an appointment to pick them up in person. The doctor was suspicious, but he needed the money, he knew that he had nothing to lose. If it was a police ambush – tough luck. If not – he knew he will get caught eventually, but the three thousand euros promised by the man would allow him to leave France and try luck once again in some other country.

"Here we go..." The doctor said to himself, knowing that he was getting closer to the meeting spot. It was just around the corner.

Looking at the figure standing against the wall he got nervous like some little girl, who was about to lose her virginity. A cold ice sensation appeared in his stomach, his instincts were telling him to run. Of course, he was not sure if this was the person he was meant to meet with. A young man in his thirties, looking like an average criminal. Some tattoos were

covering his muscular arms, he was totally bald, rather tall. The doctor knew one thing - this meeting could turn into a complete mess if he won't be careful. But the desire to make some quick money and receive some answers was stronger - even though the person did not look rich. Why did he expect someone rich? Perhaps he believed that there's some secret underground child-porn ring running? Were these just rumors and nothing more? Was he meeting just some thug? This place was full of them, they were crawling around every corner waiting for an easy job. It seemed unreal that this was the mastermind behind all of this plan. For one second the doctor gazed at the man's hand. Here it was, the red band, as they agreed on the chat earlier.

"You have the money?" The doctor asked, the man turned toward him, staring into his eyes. There was something disturbing in that look, something that made the doctor feel less confident. The stranger smiled for a brief second as if he was the predator seeing an easy prey. The doctor tried not to show any emotions when the man answered with the question.

"Oui. Where is the footage?" He asked, and held out his hand. The doctor reached for his pocket where the data disk was hidden. "As agreed. Little boys for three thousand euros. I hope the video is worth it."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Nothing. I've been sent here to meet you. I don't give a shit about the rest." He replied, looking expectantly at the doctor, who was frozen in tracks. "Although, I will surely watch it. Seems like a good stuff." The criminal man chuckled.

"I thought I would meet him in person..." The doctor explained, but his companion silenced him, shaking his head. "I wanted to know what was the purpose of this. I was..."

"You did what you had to do." The man replied shortly. "My boss is very interested in this certain little guy." The thug explained.

"What's so special about him?" The doctor asked, pulling cigarettes out of his pocket and leaning against the wall, trying to relax.

This was so annoying! He hoped to receive an answer. He risked everything, his life, his freedom, but at the same time, he made at least one of his dreams come true. Seeing both small boys, Nicolas and Geoffroy in his office was a memory he could not erase. His life was miserable, but this single event was making up for everything. But what was the purpose of this? Why would someone hire him to record Nicolas? Or Geoffroy? They seemed like the average boys.

"He's a son of a millionaire and my boss wants to blackmail his father, I guess. But I do not know the details." The man looked at the doctor, getting pretty annoyed by his questions.

His orders were simple. He wanted to end the meeting as soon as possible. "You shouldn't smoke. It will kill you sooner or later. No more questions." He looked at the clock, noticing he was already late.

"I know, but I got just that. The addiction." The doctor answered. It was true. Just a few things gave him pleasure and smoking was one of them. And the boys. But it was hard to find some boy whore who would suck his cock for a few euro. Besides, he liked to take it for free. "Are you are somehow organized? Want to kidnap this kid? Maybe I could help?"

"I told you, no more questions." The thug replied and looked angrily at the doctor. "Give me the fucking record!" He shouted, standing now in front of the man, who immediately turned pale.

"Okay, sorry." The doctor replied, trying not to show his fear. He pulled the data drive from his pocket. He watched as his companion reached out for the money-filled envelope. His contact looked around ensuring nobody saw them but just then some people left the bar located on another side of the street.

"For god's sake.." The criminal man whispered and pointed over to one of the back streets between two old, collapsing buildings.

They were partly hidden in the darkness when the man felt the searing pain all around his chest and then a large hand covered his mouth muffling any sounds. "So I was right!" He thought. The darkness was all around, the world was getting darker, his vision was obscured by the black color. He fell to the ground next to his still burning cigarette. Breathing heavily he smelled the smoke, feeling that the man was emptying his jacket, taking his wallet and the data disc. He wasn't sure what will happen next, everything seemed lost. Was he dying? No, this was more like a dream.

"Damn pervert. You did well." The man hissed, kicking doctor's body once more and left the place, heading back to his shelter. The long mission was finally completed.

Chapter Seven

~ The Sleepover ~

"He won't be able to explain any of this." Nicolas's mother thought, looking at her son's computer screen. There it was, the truth that shattered her world.

It's quite difficult to describe her. She was a forty years old woman, who believed that being good was everything, that if you give, you get it back, she tried to teach her son the same. But to say the truth, she was just an average female, tall, slim, with dark hair and blue eyes. Once she could pass as the ideal of beauty, but now, after becoming a loving mother and wife she lost her spark. Taking care of everything, she kept forgetting about herself, caring for his little boy. Nicolas was her little guy, the precious one, the greatest child ever.

As a mother, she was ready for anything. Her son Nicolas was an unruly boy at times but this wasn't anything unusual. Sometimes it seemed to her that she was spoiling him a bit too much because she cared about every aspect of his life. Of course, she realized that Nicolas was going through the difficult stage of puberty and raising him will be harder than before, she heard the stories. She figured out what could happen – Nicolas's mother knew that the boys his age have the *specific set of behaviors* that can not be avoided. But this cold morning left her completely speechless. Oh yes, she kept thinking, struggling, trying to find some clear answer. But instead, only more and more questions appeared in her head.

The sleepover, she allowed him to go there without hesitation. Her son left for school almost one hour ago. Knowing that she won't be able to see him till the Monday she hoped to find some possible explanation, thousands of them kept crushing her mind. She was becoming all weak, sitting there, in front of her son's computer, all nervous and confused at the same time. Was she dreaming? If yes, this was her worst nightmare, the one which wasn't meant to end anytime soon. The movie she watched left her in a stupor, she saw only a few seconds. "Two men ..." She thought, feeling a strange cold sensation down her stomach as she recalled the scene she saw. Then, she felt angry realizing that her son, her little innocent kid was watching such things. She was not ready for it.

"My god!" She muttered, closing her eyes, trying to decide what to do. One of the worst thoughts appeared inside her mind. True, she always tried to be tolerant, porn had nothing to do, perhaps Nicolas was just watching it out of curiosity. Perhaps she should ignore it, or tell her husband to deal with the thing. "Nicolas should be aware that watching porn isn't good for him." She removed the disc from the drive and grabbed the phone deciding to call Nicolas's father but the man wasn't responding. Of course, seeing as she was struggling to

find the solution by herself she needed support to sort out her thoughts.

Trying to recall any early signs showing that her son was gay she only confirmed her beliefs. Nicolas was a polite, good kid showing respect to both boys and girls. He even played with some girls in the past, but these were mostly her friends' daughters. They even made him wear make-up one time when he was six, and everyone, excluding Nicolas's father, found that hilarious. Sure thing, her son never had a true girlfriend, never tried to engage in any sort of relationship, he was obsessed with computer games.

Lately, he was hanging out with boys only, which was also normal. Nicolas's mother knew that boys at the certain age simply can't stand girls, considering them not interesting. She wondered if her son started puberty yet and if he was simply exploring the new world and new feelings. Of course, she knew that at some point someone should discuss these things with Nicolas, but she always hoped that this will be her husband's job. The phone ringed, announcing the incoming call.

"You called me?" Nicolas's father sounded rather happy. The weekend was coming closer with every second and his son's short absence made it even better. He rarely had the opportunity to be home alone with his wife.

"Can you come home early?" She said, trying to stay calm, but her voice was all nervous, a bit louder than usual.

"Well, are you planning things already. " He asked, grinning. "You know, you could wear that..."

"I-I have found porn in Nick's room." The woman interrupted him. "Gay porn."

Oh, the poor man was speechless, not knowing how to react. And while she was not able to see it, he turned pale, his eyes widened, his heart raced. Only a single thought appeared inside his head. "I'll spank the shit out of this little brat". For him, everything was clear, and his wife had a proof that Nicolas was a bad boy, who broke the rules. Of course, the little boy found it hard to follow them all the time, but this thing was just too much.

"What should we do?" The woman asked again, interrupting the silence. "We should talk to him. Explain..."

"Is he home?" Nicolas's father snarled.

"Of course not. He will be back on Monday, after school. After the sleepover." She explained.

"I will take a day off then. I don't think I will be able to work now. This boy will kill me one day." He stated slowly, feeling that the anger was still building up inside him. "Try not to

think about it now. I will make sure to speak with him once he is back.” The man paused. “I told you not to spoil him. Now he has all sorts of stupid ideas, it's all your fault. Yours and your mother!”

“Shouldn't we...” Nicolas's mother whispered, ignoring the insults.

“I will be there in one hour.” He snarled. “Don't worry. I will get my way with him.”

Obviously, Nicolas's mother knew what it meant. Her husband used this phrase rarely, but it was always related to painful spanking and screaming. When Nicolas was younger the man had to teach him many lessons and both parts weren't really enjoying it. And the boy's mother always tried to defend him, saying that nothing bad happened. But this time, even she was shocked to discover the truth. Sure, she knew that every child was behaving badly from time to time and Nicolas wasn't by any means a little devil, but for her husband using the belt was a way to show that he does care about his only son. He was following his father's and grandfather's steps. He was raised that way. And now the circle was meant to be broken by their son, who was gay.

The man believed that homosexuality was a sin, he could not believe that his only son watched such a disgusting video and probably enjoyed it. Who or what caused Nicolas to become so corrupted? They raised him well, after all, Nicolas was a good Christian, an average student, a good boy, his son. The man blamed the internet, the mass-media, the culture of dripping sex. Still, he could not ignore his son's behavior, the boy needed to learn and understand. As much as he wanted to call him right away, he decided to wait till Monday. Nicolas's father was always the one to give lengthy speeches to his son, trying to explain what the boy did wrong. This was going to be the longest one. Full of pain and tears.

“*Chouette!*” Nicolas shouted, straightened his hands over head and drew a deep breath.

The warm summer evening was getting closer, and it was everything they needed. This one one perfect moment, they had a lot of fun. Literally. Shortly after coming home from school Geoffroy suggested playing “like in the old times”. So, this happened – they were acting like little kids, full of energy, on a sugar rush. Geoffroy's father watched then with a smile as they were playing hide and seek, tag and chased each other for nearly three hours, laughing when one of them fell down or caught another one.

To say the truth the man was not able to say precisely what pleased him. The fact that his son had a true friend, for whom it does not matter whether Geoffroy was rich or not? Or maybe was it about the noise they made? He could hear his son laughing for hours and never be bored of it. It was a sweet symphony for his ears. Perhaps he felt so great because of the warm summer evening, which was promising even more excellent night? It

was already supper time when he heard another of Geoffroy's shouts.

"You're cheating!" His son's voice came through the opened window. Charles walked closer and saw Geoffroy jumping on the smaller boy, pinning him to the ground. This awakened his own memories, his own, long-lost childhood.

Watching as both boys were wrestling, laughing and rubbing against each other he smirked, trying to guess which one of them will win. Nicolas was sure one energetic boy and while he was a smaller one he managed to get on top of Geoffroy thanks to his persistence. He was never giving up easily, the man could tell it. After few more seconds both boys were exhausted. Even there, on upper floor Geoffroy's father heard their deep breaths and short grunts as they were still fighting, getting all dirty, rolling in the grass.

"*Monsieur*, the feast is about to be served. Best we have to offer as you requested." The man heard the voice from behind. His trusted servant, Albert came into the room - he helped him to run this house and raise Geoffroy in some rough times. Sure enough, for this young man this wasn't just a work, he knew that Charles considered him also a friend and an advisor. The right person in the right place.

"Boys, it's supper time! And wash your face, Geoffroy!" Charles called them and watched as they nodded their heads. Soon, they left the gardens and went inside the mansion, still talking and being noisy. "When was the last time when we allowed Geoffroy to have sleepovers?"

"Precisely speaking, we were all surprised that you allowed it. While I adore the youngsters I believe they have some magic powers. The ones that cause them to make a big mayhem and break things within seconds. Not your descendant, of course, he is second to none. If I may say so."

"They aren't nine years old anymore. And I did not like that old vase anyway." Charles claimed. "Or the small Spanish sculptures, or the... Let's just assume that Nicolas is as good as Geoffroy. Do not give him your mean look."

"*Oui*."

The supper was eaten largely in silence. The boys still shared the same plan and they couldn't wait to go to the bedroom and start recording their own porn movie. A perfect, yet rare sleepover activity that made him all excited. Geoffroy looked at his friend and wondered if the black haired boy was thinking of the same. Nicolas looked thoughtful and stared blankly at the clock, chewing more bites of tasty food. He tried to act casual, but was clearly nervous, avoiding any sort of eye contact. Another minute passed.

Eventually, Geoffroy's father broke the ice and decided to use his negotiation skills to learn more about Nicolas. Besides, he hoped to get some additional information about boy's

relationship with his son.

"So, boys, what are your plans?" Charles asked, grabbing the bottle of wine, pouring it into the glass.

"What do you mean, papa?" Geoffroy answered. His face expressed surprise and fear at the same time, causing Charles to smile.

"Should we prepare a second bedroom for Nicolas, so he won't hear you snoring in the middle of the night?" Charles joked, looking at Nicolas, who found it hard to hide his grin.

"No, we will sleep in my room." Geoffroy rolled his eyes and added. "Besides, we don't plan to sleep."

"Oh perfect! if you won't sleep then you will be this short forever." The man mocked his son even more. "And this includes every part of your body."

"Daaaad! Stop it!" The blond-haired boy shouted and blushed, looking at Nicolas who was already choking with laughter, barely holding up the tears. "Really!"

"I'm sorry, son. I was hoping to see if Nick likes my jokes." Charles nodded at the little boy. "I prefer you to sleep, we can expect a guest tomorrow morning."

"Who?"

"Your school's principal, Mathias." The man answered, drinking some more of wine.

"Ah yeah, right." Geoffroy frowned and turned his head to Nicolas. "My father and *Monsieur Mathias* were childhood friends. It's a long story and my dad still keeps it for himself. And this goes for years."

"Don't worry, you will know it when it's time." Charles claimed and looked at the clock. "Oh my, it's late already. I have to call one of my businesses partners in the United States. Excuse me." The man walked over to his son, leaned closer to him and placed the kiss on boy's forehead. "Have a good night Geoffroy. I love you."

"I love you too, dad." His son answered, blushing a little bit. They were doing this since Geoffroy remembered but the older he got the more awkward it was. Sure, he liked to express his feelings but he did not felt quite comfortable doing it when Nicolas was around. He expected that the black haired boy will laugh at him.

"Have a good night Nicolas. I was serious kids, don't stay up for too long."

"Have a good night, monsieur." Nicolas got up and nodded at Charles, watching as the

man left the room, leaving them two alone. "Eh, your dad is amazing." He turned his head to his boyfriend. "It's my mom, who..." He paused, he didn't want to bring the subject up. "Sorry..."

"It's ok, Nick. My father is trying to be both at once. And he is good at it, really." Geoffroy confessed, turning his face away for a brief second. "Lately, he looks really worried. I'm not sure why. I just hope it's not about me." The teenager explained.

"But you are cool! You aren't a troublemaker. Your grades are excellent." Nicolas protested, trying to comfort his boyfriend.

"I mean, he is concerned about my future, a little bit. We were talking about high school and stuff. You know." Geoffroy stated and sighed. "I believe he wants me to marry some woman and become as rich as possible. Does this surprise you?" Geoffroy paused. "I mean, sure, he will accept me. It's not a big deal. It's just that I do not meet all of his expectations because I like you and not some random girl." The blond-haired boy smiled, but his smile was rather sad.

"You talk as if you were 80 years old, Geoffroy. And pardon me, but I think your father is damn happy to have the son like you. And he wants you to be happy. Whatever you do. Things will change." Nicolas said and continued. "I wish my father was like him, cool, supportive. My dad shows almost no feelings at all. It's my *mama* who gives me the goodnight kisses."

Geoffroy smiled slightly, resting his head in his hands, leaning on the table. They weren't eating anymore. Just having some serious conversation which wasn't even needed. The blond-haired boy was afraid that tomorrow they will wake up in the adult's world and that the childhood will be forever gone. That there will be no more fun, no more silly pranks or games. That every of his decision will be important, irreversible, full of consequences.

"Shall we go now?" He asked after a moment of silence.

"Yeah. Just make sure nobody will disturb us."

"Don't worry. Remember the last night? When papa almost caught me jerking it he became much more aware of my privacy." Geoffroy's voice got soft and then he started laughing again recalling the whole situation.

Nicolas looked at him confused.

"Sorry! You, you know... He walked into my room after I jizzed all over my body. I think he was able to smell it. So I do really hope he won't enter my place tomorrow's morning." He was still smirking when they left the dining room.

After about one minute Geoffroy came back inside and grabbed one of the cucumbers from the table.

"This will be fun".

Ten minutes later they were more than ready to start the real fun. It took them a while to prepare everything, Nicolas wanted to make sure that he was all clean and took a quick shower, Geoffroy brushed his teeth. They were truly impatient and tried to act casually, but their bodies and minds were all tensed up, as the intrusive sexual desires kept returning to them. After all, their special moment was coming - they were going to be the actors in their own movie. But the beginning was not quite good. Standing in front of the bed Nicolas frowned and kept staring at Geoffroy who was holding his mobile phone checking the options to make sure that both video and audio were being recorded.

"So, you go first. Do some... stuff, you know. Strip and show everything you got. Let's make it sexy." Geoffroy explained, hoping that they will break the ice within few seconds, letting the waves of pleasure surge through them.

"Like what?" Nicolas frowned again, scratching his neck.

"Oh, Nick! Just do the stuff we always do. Undress and dance or something. It's called strip tease for a reason!" The blond-haired boy stated, turning the recording on.

Taking a few steps backward Nicolas tried to smile, still staring directly at the camera, not able to ignore it. No word was spoken as he turned around, began to dance, slowly wiggling his hips to the left and the right. "This is silly." He thought, lowering his hands down and placed them on his butt, grabbing the cheeks and squeezing them a bit. Reaching for the very first button in his shirt he unfastened it, revealing a little bit of his boyish body, which was still hidden from the camera.

"I want to see it." Geoffroy's voice was all excited.

The boy looked at his friend, grabbed the next two buttons and almost popped them off to expose half of his smooth, skinny chest. It took him only a few more seconds to unbutton his shirt, he was not patient, rather clumsy and cursed a little when one of the buttons landed on the floor along with his shirt. Feeling the cold evening air on his exposed back, Nicolas shivered a little. His nipples, stroked by the first hand began to harden, while the second one immediately moved down, rubbing against his shorts. Now, when he was becoming aroused he realized that this striptease was not as stupid as he thought. He actually liked it, his inner sexual demons were waking up. Bending over slightly, he wiggled his butt at Geoffroy, slapping his hands against it.

"Do you like it?" Nicolas asked, not waiting for any answer. Building some more tension in their bodies he began unzipping his pants, making sure that Geoffroy looks at him. He walked closer to the camera, showing his white briefs hidden inside. His immature erection was clearly visible, forming a nice tent. Grabbing it with two fingers Nicolas began shaking his organ to the sides, pinching the tip gently. "Record some of my face as well." The black-haired boy pleaded.

Nicolas was smiling. His face was blushing from ear to ear, but Geoffroy could tell that his wasn't a sign of embarrassment, but a heat filling teenager's body. Sure, Nicolas wanted to make this night a special one. The small boy was now on all fours as he reached behind to peel his socks off, one at the time. His perfect, little feet were all squirming, he was wiggling his toes, stretching them. Using the opportunity that he was still on the floor he lowered his pants a bit, exposing more of his underwear-covered buttocks to the camera. The white fabric hiding them seemed so thin that Geoffroy was able to see the dark crack in between them. The sweet valley he hoped to visit soon.

Massaging his cheeks and swinging his hips from side to side Nicolas allowed his pants to slide down his knees. The black-haired boy remained turned away as he stood up and drop the pants completely on the floor. This left him standing almost naked in front of his peer. And this was pretty much the very first situation in which only one of them was naked, and the other fully dressed. Geoffroy was adoring Nicolas's body, paying attention to every single detail, hoping that in few minutes he will be able to see the last and greatest of his boyfriend's secrets.

But Nicolas took his time. He slid the waistband of his briefs down, but only by an inch. Soon, the boy kept the teasing going, turning his front to the recording friend. His hairless pubic mound was on display and the elastic of his briefs was pressing against the base of his hard member. The single wet spot appeared on the top of the tent, marking the place where the leaking urethra was located. Moving his hand down his groin, Nicolas began massaging his abdomen, grasping his maturing organ through the fabric, feeling nothing but hotness radiating from it. The shaft seemed to twitch and pulsate, trying to free from the tight trap of boy's underwear.

"Come on. Touch me." Nicolas stated in a weak, barely audible voice. Walking closer to his horny boyfriend he kept the teasing going and grabbed Geoffroy's hand placing it against his own hardness. Geoffroy wanted to let it go. He wished to lower Nicolas's underpants and wrap his fingers around the little boy's rod - instead, he kept playing the game and massaged Nicolas's tent, stroking his hand against it.

Geoffroy recorded it all. Nicolas leaned over to kiss him on the lips, his breath was so hot, and his scent truly remarkable. The older boy knew he will remember it forever, no matter what, that the memory of what happened on this night will never fade. His hand rested on Nicolas's exposed cheeks, he lowered the tight briefs and grasped his boyfriend's butt with both hands. The kiss lasted little over ten seconds and when they were done Nicolas

continued his tease, he knew he needed to expose himself fully. Noticing that his underwear was now barely covering anything, he smiled. The only thing protecting Nicolas from showing his member was his own erection, still painfully pressed against the thin fabric. Turning away he parted his legs, bending over once more.

The perfect, little, brown hole was sweat soaked and clenched when Nicolas placed his hands between thighs and ran the fingertips across his anus, which was now on a display. Geoffroy zoomed it in, recording Nicolas playing with it, stretching the skin around the tight hole with fingers, trying to push one of them inside. The stripping teenager rolled on his back, Geoffroy walked closer to get a better view of the boy's goods and watched as his boyfriend moved both hands down his body, started massaging his belly, looking directly at the camera.

"Show it, Nick."

Sliding his hand inside the underwear Nicolas used it to cover his private parts and undressed, throwing the last piece of clothing to the side. He caressed his burning organ and testicles, exposing himself fully after a few more seconds. The great reveal left Geoffroy speechless. Nicolas's wet glans was barely covered by the wrinkled foreskin and boy's hairless pubic mound got wet quickly as the single blobs of precum dripped on it. It felt so obscene to see such a small boy masturbating himself on the floor. Geoffroy wanted to join him but instead, he kept watching, getting ready for his part. His imagination was going wild.

Eventually, Nicolas grabbed his ankles, pulled them to his chest, spreading his legs wider. He was aware that this position allowed his boyfriend to inspect him fully, plus it was one of the most perverted things he was able to imagine. The position that showed everything he had to offer. And of course, Geoffroy was not able to resist him, the black-haired boy winked and smiled, seeing as the recording boy started massaging his own groin instinctively.

"Ok. My turn!" Geoffroy exclaimed, hoping that he will get rid of his own clothes within next few minutes.

Nicolas's body was still burning with lust, but the boy got up from the floor and sat on the bed, grabbing the mobile. The shameless erection in between his legs asked for more attention, it twitched, as if it was living on its own. And Geoffroy was getting ready to show off his own treasures. Of course, Nicolas knew that all the sexual tension filling their bodies was just waiting to be released as soon as possible and that Geoffroy will do anything to strip as fast as he can. It seemed that both boys were on the edge right now.

It started. Geoffroy began his striptease by taking off his t-shirt, and winking at Nicolas, smiling in one rather suggestive way. Using his hands he pretended to caress his chest, circling his fingers around the nipples. One of his fingers went inside his mouth. Once it

was wet enough Geoffroy placed it back on the hard nipple, pinching and covering the soft skin with slippery spit. The boy was truly aroused, in a rush, he lowered his pants in slow motion, dropping them on the floor. The outline of his bubble butt was now clearly visible to the recording boy.

Obviously, Nicolas observed few more things. Geoffroy's blue boxers were already wet with the precum when the boy faced him. Some sweat appeared on the older boy's forehead as he started rubbing his groin, walking closer to the camera. Now, Nicolas could also feel Geoffroy's scent, the boy was standing next to him, as near as possible, and the black-haired teenager used this opportunity to have some fun. Making sure that camera was focused on him he reached for Geoffroy's boxers, squeezing the tent, fondling the testicles and boy's erected member, sending few waves of ecstasy through the older boy. It seemed that Geoffroy wanted to returned the favor. He leaned down, rubbing his face against Nicolas's hard penis and stuck out his tongue to lick the wet, purple head. He wanted to taste it so badly.

The burning lust in their bodies was almost unbearable, their minds were going crazy, they truly enjoyed all the squeezing, petting, rubbing and touching, knowing that they won't be able to last forever. Nicolas was the first one to break the rules, reaching down for Geoffroy's boxers, he wished to undress him, to free the bird from its trap.

Apparently, his boyfriend had some other plans.

"No, not yet. Wait, on the floor..." Geoffroy stated in a dreamy voice, grabbing Nicolas's hand.

Just as Nicolas did before, Geoffroy parted his legs but he wasn't in a teasing mood anymore. The teenager almost ripped his boxers as he pushed them down in a single motion, lifting his legs and allowing Nicolas to record the perfect globes with the pink, puckered hole in between them. It was one strange sensation – his head was spinning with excitement, adrenaline pumped inside him - now he felt like a truly perverted boy, who would do anything to pleasure his willing boyfriend. Oh no, he was not feeling even a remotely innocent. Instead, he wished to show the whole world how dirty he was. This thought alone was making him even hornier.

"Look now." The blond-haired boy gasped for some fresh air.

The boy was preparing for revealing his surprise to Nicolas. Two of his fingers went inside his mouth again, he tried to spread his legs as wide as possible. The teenager's second hand rested on his penis, which was dripping precum, forming a small puddle on his abdomen. To say the truth, Geoffroy was not sure how he resisted all the urges, something kept telling him that he should just wank off and experience a great one orgasm. After all his body was on the edge. Every part of it appeared to be ultra sensitive now, the tiny anal ring quickly responded when boy's fingers touched it, pulling it apart. It clenched again as

Geoffroy tried to shove his fingers inside, wanting to penetrate himself fully. Another spasm of pain and pleasure swept over him. Just before closing his eyes he saw Nicolas settling in between his legs.

The little boy was thrilled, he absolutely adored Geoffroy's body. Seeing it all tensed up, sweat covered and hungry for lust was a new experience. The boy was wiggling his body to the sides, as he tried to penetrate himself with the fingers. Another low whimper escaped his mouth. Another one push. Nicolas's heart was beating like crazy, he never saw something so arousing. Still holding the camera he tried to focus on boyfriend's member, his fingers, his chest and his face at once. Of course, it wasn't possible.

Finally, Geoffroy's fingers found their way past the clenching muscles and pressed forward, sending another wave of intense sensations up his spine. His groin seemed on fire, he could actually feel the pressure growing within him, his testicles seemed painful with all the sperms boiling inside them. But he was still drilling his way, preparing himself for greater penetration which was about to come. Slowly retracting both fingers, he left a wet trail behind, they were all slippery from his own juices.

"Nick" The teenager muttered in soft and hot voice. "Can you give me my pants?"

"Are you done already?" The younger boy seemed disappointed. After all, they were almost on top of each other, ready to start the real fun. And Nicolas wanted to feel his boyfriend's body really close.

"Not even close!" The boy explained, reaching down to the pocket to grab the cucumber. "Are you recording?"

"Yeah." Nicolas answered, a puzzled look appeared on his face. "Are you going to..."

Geoffroy nodded and stuck out his tongue, licking the knob of the vegetable, hoping to lubricate it good enough. He knew that one big challenge was ahead of him and really wanted to try it in front of Nicolas. The cucumber was about ten centimeters long and Geoffroy quickly noticed that it was almost the same size as Nicolas's penis, just a bit bigger. To say the truth, Geoffroy was thinking about it since they watched the porn movie earlier, he wondered if it's actually possible to put something inside him and feel good. Positioning the tip of the object at his tender anus the teenager closed his eyes, pressing it inside. Nicolas watched him with amazement, the black-haired boy recorded both Geoffroy's hole and face at once. Only a part of the vegetable slid inside, causing Geoffroy to groan.

It felt bigger than before, it seemed to expand, to crush the narrow walls of his virgin anus, he felt all the little bumps covering the cucumber, they stimulated him as they pressed against the sensitive spots inside him. Geoffroy pressed forward, another few centimeters found its way, stretching him. The teenager instinctively grabbed his erected, leaking

manhood and started masturbating furiously while still trying to penetrate his boyish orifice. Hoping that the cucumber will fully invade him, Geoffroy made another attempt to slid it inside, a grimace of pain appeared on his face. Then he felt a familiar touch on his hand - Nicolas grabbed the wet object and started drilling his way.

"Here, let me help." The black-haired boy retracted it slowly and watched as Geoffroy's hole closed again, it was clearly not as tight as before.

With one hand on his own penis and the other on the vegetable, Nicolas settled between blond-haired boy's legs and started stroking himself. Geoffroy's anal ring responded to the touch, Nicolas's push was easy but persistent, steadily forcing the cucumber up the older boy's insides. Pumping the vegetable in and out and Nicolas watched as every time it seemed to go even deeper, penetrating new walls and exploring new areas, pulling apart all muscles standing in its way. Push after push, more of the object disappeared inside the willing boy.

"Shit, Nick!" Geoffroy screamed. He could swear that the vegetable was not only inside his anus but also inside his stomach and throat. It seemed too big for a boy his age. Strangely enough, Nicolas was still trying to push it deeper, using his wet, sticky fingers, brushing the cucumber against boy's sensitive prostate, stuffing the teenager's tender anus fully.

Nicolas was close, really close to reaching his climax. The mobile phone was on the floor, recording them pleasuring themselves, recording his ecstasy-struck face. The black-haired boy was exhausted, panting, gasping as he shoot his load all over his friend, sending a rope of cum across Geoffroy's cheek and lips. The next two struck his partner's chest and the last, smallest one covered the blond-haired boy's private parts, including Geoffroy's hand. Using Nicolas's semen as a lubricate Geoffroy speed up his strokes, mixing it with his own precum.

Resisting his urges to come, Geoffroy moaned again, squeezing his thighs. His assaulted rectum, stretched by the vegetable was a source of pleasure. Especially when Nicolas removed the cucumber partially to slide it again in one fast motion. The little boy leaned closer to his friend's crotch, he began to lick the cum and sweat covered scrotum, sucking on the eggs, tasting the skin and Geoffroy's scent. The poor, blond-haired boy trembled and panted, the flames of lust were all over him, getting stronger. He never thought that they can get so powerful, but with every lick, push, and stroke he was going slightly mad, wanting to release the overwhelming tension.

Noticing that few small drops of the fresh cum were leaking down Geoffroy's legs Nicolas traced the trail with his tongue. Pressing his mouth along the firm skin below his classmate's testicles he moved his face a little lower to the crack in between Geoffroy's legs, who grunted again. The teenager raised his head only to see that Nicolas was kneeling in between them, getting closer to the nasty, forbidden area.

The cucumber left Geoffroy's body with a loud pop, Nicolas pushed the teenager's legs wide apart, getting a perfect view of the perfect opening, which was now all wet, red, a bit swollen, asking for another penetration. Without thinking twice, he quickly dove in - his tongue stabbed the soft, tiny oval. Geoffroy squealed as he wasn't able to hold his emotions anymore, his moans were louder than ever before. The strange energy caused his body to vibrate, his throbbing erection was already pulsating, the testicles felt like two burning embers. Inhaling on Geoffroy's scent Nicolas rubbed his face against boy's buttocks.

Nicolas's tongue dove and attacked the pink, puckered hole again. The taste surprised him as there was no discernible taste he was expecting. He enjoyed it, he loved Geoffroy's scent and every inch of the boy's delicate skin. Trying to drill his tongue inside, he began fighting the clenched muscles, tasting some more of his boyfriend's body. Parting the anus with two fingers Nicolas began massaging it, spreading it, allowing his tongue to invade some of the previously unexplored regions.

"Nick, I'm close..." Geoffroy let out a couple of loud grunts as his body trembled.

The small boy knew that there were at the point of no return now. Geoffroy's body tensed up, his toes wiggled to the sides, the tight hole clenched over and over again, as the pressure built up inside boy's loins released. Despite that, Nicolas continued the rimming for a few more seconds, allowing Geoffroy to rest. Nicolas looked at him. The older boy's chest was covered by the mixture of their cum, forming a small puddle in the middle of it.

"Well, way better than the porn..." Geoffroy murmured.

"How does it feel, to... you know, in there.." Nicolas asked. He wasn't sure if he would like to try it by himself, but seeing Geoffroy reaching such an intense orgasm made him curious. He reached for the mobile and turned the recording off.

"It's hard to describe. It's like fingers but better. This cucumber seems so big, really." Geoffroy looked around and noticed the mess on his chest. "Damn, my father would surely smell this. Do I stink?"

"Nope. You smell like spring and butterflies." Nicolas joked and went into the bathroom to grab a pair of fresh tissues. "You know... I wasn't asking about the cucumber, but the, you know..." For some reason, Nicolas felt bad now. Was it the horniness he felt or the fact that he wanted to pleasure Geoffroy the best possible way? He was licking his hole! This should be a disgusting experience but he really liked it.

"Rimming my ass?" Geoffroy asked. A serious look appeared on his face – serious enough to scare Nicolas for one second. Then the boy started laughing. "It feels great! It's tingling a lot." The older teenager stated. "I would tell you If I didn't like it. I promise to return the favor soon enough."

The fight started. Geoffroy jumped on Nicolas, pinning him against the bed.

“Time for round number two Nick! Prepare yourself!” He shouted, grabbing the blanket and wrapped it around them. Soon they started wrestling again. But the *naked* part made it much more exciting.

Chapter Eight

~ Caught ~

The summer morning was warm and pleasant, everything they needed and wanted. It wasn't unusual for Nicolas to wake up early, it took him a while to open his eyes. Then he remembered that he wasn't sleeping in his own bed. The clock was just showing seven minutes to seven as a faint breeze blew through the wide opened window and caressed both boys' bodies, sending the shivers down their spines. Both of them were naked as the day they were born. Nicolas was snuggled next to Geoffroy, he was hugging his boyfriend from behind, placing one of his arms across the boy's stomach.

He looked down to notice the sheets were still a little bit damp from the mixture of their sweat and a few drops of cum. The wet spots were visible against the white cloth. Nicolas felt that he was happy, delighted, he moved closer to his lover, making their bodies touch. To say the truth, he was thrilled by his sensations - this was one of these rare moments when he was really able to feel Geoffroy. Touch his friend's skin, listen to his breath and heart beating, caress every single spot on his body. The thing that surprised even him was the fact that Geoffroy was a really heavy sleeper. Trying to pull some prank Nicolas pinched the boy's nipples, hoping to wake him up but his friend wasn't responding in any way. Nicolas sighed and blinked few times, only to close his eyes again as he started recalling things that happened in the past hours.

They were playing till the midnight and at the very end of their fun they were both exhausted. After the initial orgasms, they tried wrestling again. The game was really dirty, they both aimed to grab each other privates and squeeze them hard. As soon as they were done they tried another competition known as *Who will cum first?* The result of the competition was somewhat predictable as Nicolas was the one to cover the fresh bed sheets with his boyish semen. Geoffroy followed shortly after but he was unable to tell what exactly made him come. Was it the excitement filling his aroused body? Or seeing Nicolas masturbating furiously as the boy hoped to win? Or maybe his own, perverted thoughts?

But the night was still young as they wrestled again on the same bed, smearing their bodies with their own sperm. Nicolas smiled. He recalled the moment he pushed Geoffroy's face directly into a fresh puddle of semen. Oh, Nicolas was surprised that Geoffroy's hysterical laughter did not wake anyone. Of course, due to his body size, the little boy was the one losing most of the fights, but he kept trying and eventually won as he rested on top of his friend's dead tired body. They were kissing, again. And then they went to sleep on the same bed.

"Geoff, you sleepyhead!" Nicolas whispered, staring at Geoffroy's head. He placed his fingers on it and started fondling his classmate's hair. He moved his hand below, to the neck, gently massaging it, hoping to wake up his boyfriend the best possible way. Geoffroy's skin was so smooth, young, perfect, free from any signs of puberty. A rather big and cute birthmark was located on his left shoulder blade, Nicolas pressed it curiously. But then he got another idea.

Changing his position Nicolas rolled his body over so his head was next to Geoffroy's legs. Recalling the porn they watched recently he remembered the moment when both men were sucking each other. It was almost the same. The only difference was that his boyfriend was turned away from Nicolas, still sleeping, unaware of what's coming. The black haired boy grinned when he looked at Geoffroy's legs and the two rounded buttocks in front of his face. The most ticklish spots. He promised himself that one day he will tickle Geoffroy's feet for as long as possible, till his cute friend won't be able to take it anymore, but for now, he turned his attention to the boy's smooth cheeks.

"Well, you kinda liked it... right?" He asked, knowing that he will receive no answer and reached for Geoffroy's delicate butt. Spreading it with one hand Nicolas exposed the hairless crack with the pink hole in between winking up at him. So tight and cute, a truly virgin hole, the most intimate place.

Probing the skin with his finger Nicolas quickly noticed that it was still moist from both Geoffroy's sweat and his own spit. The black-haired boy pressed harder against it and entered his lover's warm rectum. Playing with the hole, examining it, trying to spread it up even more Nicolas satisfied his curiosity, enjoying every moment of it. Leaning closer he felt the familiar smell, that filled his nostrils yesterday's evening. As soon as he pushed another finger inside he pressed them harder, penetrating every wall standing in his way and massaging Geoffroy's slippery insides. Gently pulling the anus apart he revealed some more of pink, juicy flesh. Waiting no more he joined the fun using his tongue, trying to part the cheeks as much as possible, squeezing them hard with both hands.

Still pushing and spreading the tender hole he slipped his tongue out and tasted Geoffroy's skin, he sucked, covered it with more and more of his spit. Of course, Nicolas figured out that even now his sleeping boyfriend was feeling the intense pleasure, a quiet moan escaped Geoffroy's throat. Nicolas kept going, he kissed the opening, licking the puckered, already wet ring and probed it with the tip of his tongue, trying to get it inside. Still working his way inside he pressed hard getting deeper than before, drilling his way, feeling as Geoffroy's anus was fighting the intrusion. The spit started dripping down his chin – the little Nicolas was really hungry, and he adored the taste he was feeling. With one quick thrust, he forced his fingers all the way in, seeking for Geoffroy's prostate.

His mind was still full of funny thoughts. Nicolas knew that a lot of girls had a crush on Geoffroy, he saw them on the street, in the park or the swimming pool. He knew that they wished to see Geoffroy shirtless, to spend some time alone with the handsome boy,

hoping for a single kiss. "I'm so lucky." Nicolas thought. After all, he was the one to see his boyfriend naked, in all glory. He was the person Geoffroy lost his virginity with. A true winner, you could say. Finally, he was the one sucking the delicate anus, slurping loudly. And he wished to go even further, do it all. Another idea invaded his mind. Somehow risky but highly arousing.

"My penis is about the same size as the cucumber Geoffroy was using yesterday." The little boy figured out and looked down at this hard, ten centimeters long organ grabbing it and sliding the foreskin down to expose the wet head. He was all excited again. "I guess I could just try..." Nicolas tried to justify his urges, positioning himself right next to his boyfriend, cuddling him from behind.

Their bodies were touching, full of heat and boyish hormones. Nicolas's erected shaft was right in front of the wet and relaxed rectum. Grabbing his penis Nicolas started rubbing the swollen glans across his lover's puckered anus. His stomach was full of the cold sensation, but his lower abdomen was burning with the lust - almost like then, when Geoffroy was sucking him off for the first time. Placing the tip of his penis at the opening Nicolas tried to push it inside. Just then Geoffroy yawned loudly, waking up. His body tensed up.

"What are you up to? Really?" The blond-haired boy asked, turning his face to Nicholas, who quickly blushed. "Busted!" Geoffroy smiled, looking at boy's erected organ.

"Oh, *Tu sais*, I wanted to know how does it feel..." Nicolas explained, blushing even harder. "I'm sorry, I thought you wouldn't even feel it, I'm so small." He looked down at Geoffroy's semi-erected member. A single drop of the pre-cum appeared on the top of it. "It wouldn't hurt you."

Of course, Nicolas figured out that Geoffroy was not angry at him. The blond-haired kid sighed and smiled, thinking what to do next. Obviously, he remembered the last night, he found it strange, but he really liked putting something between his legs, the cucumber worked great, Nicolas's fingers weren't bad either. But the boy's penis? This was his chance to feel a real thing. And to satisfy them both.

"I know Nick, stop explaining yourself. Remember? A few days ago you told me that I'm the one thinking about sex all the time. Come on, say it, admit that you are a horny little beast." Geoffroy hissed and jumped, pinning Nicolas against the bed. He began tickling him right away, fully aware that this little torture will just disarm the little boy, not allowing Nicolas to fight back.

"Geoff, stop it!" Nicolas squealed and squirmed, trying to get away, but he wasn't able to move. "Geoff! Please! I will pee!" Taking another deep breath he tried to control his laughter, but then Geoffroy began tickling him lightly under his exposed arm. "I'm sorry! Please! Stop!"

"I don't want you to apologize." Geoffroy blurted out and wrapped his second hand around Nicolas's still erected and leaking organ and gave it a hard stroke, causing the boy to moan and laugh at the same time. "Okay, enough."

Oh, Geoffroy's long smooth fingers could easily drive him over the edge, but he had to wait for it. Within the next seconds, Nicolas observed as Geoffroy repositioned between his legs, squatting over them. He could not believe that it was happening, he was going to do it, to penetrate Geoffroy. Yes, he was a winner, the luckiest guy ever. Geoffroy grasped the painfully erected penis and started brushing it against his own wet opening. The excitement in their bodies was peaking as Nicolas's member touched Geoffroy's skin, ready to penetrate the older boy.

"I want to record it." He grabbed Nicolas's phone and turned the recording on. "Come on, say it! Admit it that you are a nasty little boy, Nick!" Once again Geoffroy rubbed the hard member across his hole. "And let's fuck."

"I want to fuck you, Geoff, I'm a dirty perverted little boy, please! Let me!" Nicolas exclaimed, trying to lift his body, hoping to enter his lover's rectum.

A serious look appeared on Geoffroy's face, but then he smiled again, gulped loudly and impaled his body on Nicolas's hardness. Centimeter after centimeter his boyfriend's organ penetrated him, fighting the tightened muscles, stretching the hole wide, meeting almost no resistance. It felt way different from the fingers or the cucumber, so wet, hard, hot. A quiet whimper escaped his throat when Nicolas's penis touched some sensitive spot inside his rectum. Was it the pain or the pleasure he was feeling? Geoffroy was not able to tell it, but the penetration wasn't causing any discomfort to him. If anything he felt good, knowing he can satisfy his little friend fully, in the most arousing way. He knew he succeeded - Nicolas closed his eyes, letting the ecstasy fill his body as Geoffroy began riding him. The bed started shaking. Gasping for breath the older boy adjusted himself once again, and within seconds his buttocks touched Nicolas's groin. The little boy filled him completely. They were connected.

"Oh damn." Geoffroy groaned and squeezed his fists - to his surprise Nicolas was bigger than he initially thought.

Resting both hands on his little lover's chest he pressed him down to the bed. Lifting his own body he sensed that Nicolas's pulsating erection slides out of him partially. After a moment the blond-haired handsome teen lowered his body again, letting Nicolas penetrate him again. The thrusting in and out was going faster, Nicolas wished to feel the heat filling Geoffroy's rectum one more time. His own member was burning, it became a hot iron rod, his testicles were boiling with the lust, slowly preparing a massive load of boyish semen to release. They were making a lot of noise now, every time Geoffroy impaled himself fully on Nicolas's penis a loud slap could be heard. As soon as he retracted the member some air

escaped his anus, along with the lubricate, which was dripping down his legs. A mixture of their boyish juices.

"Geoff, it feels great!" Nicolas mumbled, holding his breath, keeping his mouth wide open as another spasm of pleasure surged through him. He opened his eyes to glare at the boy he was fucking with - their bodies were already covered with sweat, all wet, full of raging lust. Grabbing Geoffroy's hard prick Nicolas started playing with it, pumping his hand up and down as fast as he could.

"Let's try doggy." Geoffroy suggested and lifted his body, wanting to try a different position. He looked down at Nicolas's hard, swollen and wet member, the shaft that was penetrating him mercilessly. It looked so sweet, so great, if only he was a little bit bigger. "Yes, that would be a dream." Geoffroy thought.

As he got onto all fours, he spread his legs apart as far as he could, feeling that Nicolas was getting ready again. Lining himself up Nicolas pushed inside, meeting no resistance. If anything his boyfriend seemed more relaxed than before. Their intercourse continued, Nicolas was once again fucking his older friend, going in and out, pressing himself against Geoffroy as hard as he could. The black-haired small boy was fulfilling all of his desires and his own heat reached the top as he started using dirty words, losing control over himself.

"Your ass is so fucking sweet." He called out as he continued thrusting, pleasuring both of them, feeling that the burning sensation all over his groin was getting stronger with every push. "Fuck! Fuck!"

Geoffroy's eyes shut tight as he adored every second of their sex. It was strange, he never expected it. Someone was penetrating him over and over and he loved it, violating his anus, he wished it to last endlessly. The moment when Nicolas's glans was rubbing against his prostate was the most amazing sensation he ever felt. He had to clench his teeth to avoid moaning like a cheap whore. As a matter of fact, he was doing nothing at all, allowing his body to be used, he was a slave, Nicolas was his master. The little boy. *Le Petit Nicolas...*

Of course, they were both young, they figured out that reaching the edge was inevitable, the sexual tension needed to be released. But at this time Nicolas would pay a lot to be able to hold back his orgasm for a few more seconds. On the other hand, he wished to fill his boyfriend's insides with his boyish cum, knowing that this will bond them together like nothing before.

"Nick... I'm getting close" Geoffroy whispered. His face, pressed down against the pillow was all red and sweating, he had the tears of joy in his eyes. Nicolas's hand squeezed tightly around his own penis stimulated him perfectly – the boy wanted them to cum at the same time and send them over the edge as if they were connected, one mind, two bodies.

"Yeah, let's do it." Nicolas gasped, feeling that his heart was beating like crazy. "Together!" He shouted and moaned at the same time as he stopped all motions feeling that both his and Geoffroy's immature penises were trembling, when a spasm of pleasure went through them, blackening out their minds.

For Nicolas, every orgasm seemed like the best feeling ever, but this one was different. His lower lip was quivering, every small muscle in his body was tensed up. Nicolas's body went stiff, the only part that still worked was his penis, surrounded by the tight walls of Geoffroy's rectum. "I did it!" Nicolas thought as he sensed that the sticky hot sperm spurted from his body, flooding his lover's insides. Both boys were breathing heavily as cum left their testicles. Geoffroy's seed was all over the sheets, forming yet another dirty stain. Soon, as Nicolas retracted his penis more of the white fluid followed, leaking from Geoffroy's stretched anus, dripping down his crotch. Everything was in mess. The older boy rolled over on his back, paying no attention to the fact that he rested on top of the puddle of fresh cum. Nicolas settled down gently on top of his friend, exhausted.

"I will remember it forever. This Saturday." Geoffroy confessed, knowing that there was no possibility that he could forget Nicolas, his scent, his taste. His cute body. "Who would have thought that such a little, cute boy is willing to fuck another one." He smiled, ruffling Nicolas's black hair.

"I don't know, Geoffroy. I mean, it's totally different when you are around. The thoughts and desires I have... I wish we could do it over and over again. Stay in the bed forever." He paused, listening to Geoffroy's heart beating. "I'm so corrupted now. Corrupted and stinky. We should take a shower, really." Nicolas murmured, watching as a shiny drop of sperm appeared on top of his boyfriend's penis. "Your father will wake up soon."

"Oui, you know what sucks about weekends?" The older boy asked and felt that Nicolas squeezed his penis once again.

"No idea."

"The fact that we are getting closer and closer to Monday every hour. I know, it's the last week before holidays, but I would rather stay here with you. In the bed, if you want. But, we can not, my father would ask even more questions..." Geoffroy looked around. "You are right, he will surely ask questions if I leave the sheets just like this. And cum is leaking out of me." He reached to his anus with two fingers and smeared them with Nicolas's sperm. "I feel so sticky. Gross. And hot."

"Okay, I will hit the shower first." Nicolas said getting up, but Geoffroy grabbed his hand.

"Nope. Help me clean the mess up and then we will go together. It's way more... interesting, right?"

He was right. Nicolas just could not refuse the offer.

Getting up earlier than usual Charles made sure that everything was prepared, visiting the kitchen and dining hall, watching the domestic workers. The unusual breakfast was about to begin in two hours, and he couldn't sleep anymore – the man was a bit nervous and scared for some reason. You could say it was a sense of impending doom or just the fact he was totally out of the mood. Everything seemed fine – his son, his work, his finances. He was far from having any problems as he was able to sort every single issue as soon as possible. His friend, Mathias wasn't visiting him often, and this was fully understandable – they were both really busy and finding even a single free day to meet each other was a big problem. They agreed that Saturday will work for two of them, but at the time the sleepover wasn't yet arranged. Of course, now Charles was a bit worried, recalling everything his friend said about Nicolas and Geoffroy and wondered if Mathias will actually keep talking this nonsense again once he sees that Nicolas was present at the breakfast as well.

“Albert, make sure to bring us the finest wine after the breakfast. I will check if the boys are ready to go. Have you checked if my son is up?” Charles asked, looking at his loyal servant.

“No, *pardon* me, but a few days ago you told us to respect his privacy when his friends are around.” Albert answered in a polite voice. “If you wish me to check on him...”

“No, I will better go there by myself. I just don't know what to expect.” The man explained.

Charles wasn't afraid that his son might be fooling around with his friends – that wasn't a big deal. Protecting his son from his own curiosity was pointless, but protecting him from the world seemed not possible either. He knew that gay people never had it easy, most of the society looked down on them, feeling nothing but disgust. Of course, he was not certain if Geoffroy was homosexual. It seemed not possible. The man could ask his son, but he was afraid to hear the answer, and perhaps he was also afraid of blaming himself for being a bad father. He wanted to stay in the perfect world where no past nor future mattered. The world in which you aren't able to plan your life or even your evening, because everything can happen. This was his philosophy of life - it turned out to be true as soon as he opened the door to Geoffroy's room.

“Boys! Time to wake up!” Charles said loudly and walked in looking around the room, noticing that it's empty. He sighed and walked closer to the bed staring at the few wet spots on the mattress. Apparently, the bedding was there no more, and he instantly wondered why. Some of the boys' dirty clothes were on the floor. That was, both Nicolas's and Geoffroy's clothes. Shirts, pants, even their underwear.

"Merde." The single word escaped his mouth, as he felt dizzy, the world was spinning way too fast. Charles wasn't feeling well, not at all. Not now, as he started realizing that the truth was out there. He sat on the bed and buried his head in his hands. Only now he heard the sound of water hitting the tile floor, coming from Geoffroy's bathroom. Someone was in the shower. He wasn't sure what to do. Should he respect his son's privacy or satisfy his curiosity, receiving all answers at one?

Actually, there was nothing wrong about two boys taking a shower together, he knew it. But for some reason, he suspected that there was more of it. The man didn't bother knocking and just opened the door, pulling it gently, enough for him to see the inside and the shower located in the middle of the room. He was afraid to look, but then he already knew what he would see. He wasn't able to deny it anymore. The scene and the words that were spoken left him motionless, as he still stared inside through the crack.

The boys were taking a shower together, standing sideways to the door. Of course, their silhouettes were explicitly visible through the glass. The man tried not to stare at their bodies, and only listen to what they said, but it was hard to do. For some reason, he started recalling events of his past once more.

"You know..." Nicola's voice was slightly muffled by the water, but Charles was still able to recognize all the words. "... one more reason to love you. You always wash my back."

The warm bursts of water splattering against their bodies made both young boys horny again. They sensed one thing, the primal instinct, they wanted to be close to each other, eager to touch and caress their bodies, bond their relationship. Two cute bunnies in a heat.

Nicolas turned his back to Geoffroy, feeling that the older boy hugged him from behind. Charles was now able to see the boy's small, soft member, covered by the foam, and observed as his son's hands started rubbing the younger boy's back, spreading the soap all over it. Soon, his hands rubbed against Nicolas's belly as well, sending some pleasure through the boy's body. Charles figured out where this was going, but he still wasn't able to move. He was frozen in tracks, peering inside the bathroom.

"Not only your back." Geoffroy stated in a rather seductive voice, causing Nicolas to grin.

The most sensitive place on Nicolas's body was now stroked by his friend's fingers, who grabbed the black-haired boy's genitals and started soaping them up, making the shaft hard within a few seconds. The warm water running down on Nicolas's penis made it feel even better - he opened his mouth to moan, letting some of the tasteless fluid to flow inside. Geoffroy was now essentially masturbating him, keeping his own body close. Nicolas was able to feel his friend's erected organ pressing against his own buttocks, sliding between his cheeks. Deep inside he knew what Geoffroy wanted, but he wasn't ready for it.

"Hey easy, let me wash you now." Nicolas suggested and Charles watched as the boys switched their places. Now, he was able to see Geoffroy's exposed crotch. The man felt hotness inside his stomach when Nicolas's small hand slowly traveled down, towards his son's penis and started pumping up and down in a rapid motion, making a lot of noise.

They were loving each other, living only to satisfy their needs, Nicolas began kissing Geoffroy's neck, sliding his tongue up and down as if he wanted to taste of his boyfriend. Then he sucked on the skin, leaving the hickey behind. Who would have thought that he was such a passionate lover? The man could tell that his son was feeling a great pleasure. Geoffroy's moan sent a shiver down his spine. Soon, the little boy dropped to his knees, eager to taste Geoffroy's hole again, but his partner had another plan.

"You own me this, I think, right?" Geoffroy asked, looking at the little boy, smiling.

"Are they really going to..." Charles thought, opening his eyes wide. No, no parent should be able to witness that, he knew it.

The soft and warm mouth of Nicolas was the place Geoffroy adored. Simply, because he figured out that the black-haired boy will do anything to please them both, getting better every time, paying more attention to the details. The little boy was still curious and wondering if Geoffroy's anus was still leaking, full of his own cum. Grabbing his boyfriend's cheeks he moved his fingers between them and probed the sensitive hole. Oh yes, the recent penetration left some traces, the blond-haired boy's rectum was loosened up, wet, inviting him again. Nicolas was able to slide the finger in without any problem and started searching for the prostate, quickly pressing it, massaging the sensitive gland.

Charles watched as Nicolas opened his mouth even wider, Geoffroy's whole penis disappeared between the little boy's lips. It was unreal, it seemed unreal, like watching a distant movie. Nicolas licked every part of the swollen organ, paying extra attention to sensitive frenulum and urethra. The pre-cum was already dripping onto his tongue, making the whole job easier.

"Oh fuck!" Geoffroy mumbled and grabbed Nicolas's head, squeezing it, as he felt that another finger went inside his anus and penetrated him fully.

Nicolas was no amateur anymore and Charles was able to tell it simply by looking at boys. He wondered if they were doing this for the tenth or maybe the hundredth time, they weren't just having sex, they shared their feelings, the passion, the lust. The man felt bad doing it, but he kept watching. So unreal, two boys, one of them being his son were having a sensual sexual intercourse right there, before his eyes. He couldn't believe it, and yet he was able to see and feel it. He figured out he should feel anger or disappointment but the only thing that he felt was his own erected penis, pressing against his pants. Geoffroy's voice alone made him hard. His son was moaning loudly, completely ignoring the fact that someone can hear him. It was clear the sexual tension in him was growing with every

second.

His son was on the edge now. Geoffroy's hips began moving faster and grew tense as his whole body began to tremble. Pulling his raging organ out Nicolas's mouth he began masturbating and came, sending the first spurts of white, sticky semen across the shower glass door. The next ones covered Nicolas's chin and chest, along with the bathroom floor.

Charles watched as the liquid was slowly washed off by the water. Now, when his son was standing motionless he was able to observe every single detail of his maturing body, including the exposed, hard member in between boy's legs. The glans was deep red, glistening as the last drops of cum leaked from it.

For some reason, Charles felt proud that his son started puberty already. He was sure that Geoffroy wouldn't mind discussing the changes occurring in his body, but knowing that his son was sexually active made the whole discussion pointless and stupid. Charles was confident that Geoffroy was aware of how his body works. Especially now, after he found his first boyfriend.

"Okay, should we go now?" Nicolas's voice filled the room.

"We still got time I think." Geoffroy replied, squeezing his penis, watching as it slowly turned soft. "My father will wake up soon Half of an hour maybe?"

"Eh, imagine him walking on us showering together." Nicolas stated in a low voice, soaping his legs and staring at Geoffroy. "I wonder what would be his reaction."

Charles closed the door behind him, as he was still able to hear the boys' voices. He just waited for his son's answer, wanting to know what his son really thought about him.

"I don't know. But I don't think he would separate us. I mean... He wants me to be happy, right?" Geoffroy asked himself, making a short pause. "You are my boyfriend. He should think of you as of his second son. My father won't change anything." He explained.

How beautiful it was. Strange at the same time. These were almost the same words Charles said to his friend years ago. And yet they turned out to be false. But he was different, the world wasn't as bad as it used to be. Geoffroy was true, he was a smart boy. Charles wasn't going to disown him, after all Geoffroy was his own child and nothing could change in that matter. It's not that Charles was going to marry another woman or have another child. His only hope and the future of family were in his son's hands. Everything depended on the cute little boy. Taking a deep breath Charles realized why Geoffroy's room was full of the strange scent. He recognized it. The scent of sex, of the raging, endless lust and the boyish love. Leaving the room he closed the door behind him, hearing that the boys turned the water off.

"What exactly is bothering me?" Charles thought, struggling to find a clear answer. The great battle of thoughts in his head just started again. "Maybe it's a mother's thing... losing your only son because he found a new love. He's so young, way too young." The Man smiled, sitting now at his desk, trying to discover some feelings hidden inside of him.

Of course, he was still shocked and accepting the clear, new facts. Not sure what to do next he looked at the clock once more. The man knew that Geoffroy will come to say the usual Morning dad! In a few minutes. Charles wasn't sure if he could act as if nothing happened - wanting to discuss this with someone he hoped to find some possible solutions. After all, there was no way he would be able to stop Geoffroy from doing it. He knew that tasting the forbidden fruit was just a beginning. That one day the secret will be revealed and Geoffroy will pick his own way. As for now, only one solution appeared inside his bothered mind – Ignoring everything that happened, allowing Geoffroy to tell him about it once he was ready.

"Eh, I wish you were here..." Charles whispered in a low voice.

The smell of the breakfast was truly wonderful. A completely new experience for a little boy like Nicolas, who was pretty surprised to see the table full of food. This was probably the first time when he felt like some sort of a prince, living in a big castle, far away from the world. It seemed not real, he saw it only in the movies. For Geoffroy this was just another ordinary day, he was not impressed - he wasn't paying much attention to it and taking his place beside the table, yawning loudly.

A variety of salads and meats cooked in different ways were placed in the middle, on the main plate. Vegetables and bottles of wine were on the left, while bread, croissants, and selection of many kinds of cheese were on the right. Nicolas wasn't even able to name them all. Grabbing the sandwich lying next to him and was about to bite into it when he heard a rather loud grunt. Geoffroy was chuckling, Charles looked at Nicolas with a hint of a smile as well.

"*Savoir-vivre*, Nicolas. We should wait for Mathias before we start. Please hold on for a minute." Charles explained, staring quizzically at the young boy. Obviously, a sudden vision appeared in his head as he recalled Nicolas sucking on Geoffroy's penis. "No wonder you are so hungry." He thought and laughed inside, looking directly into the little boy's eyes. He was able to see everything, the man figured out that Nicolas respected him and was a bit scared now.

"Excuse me!" The black-haired boy mumbled.

"It's ok, Nicolas. I'm hungry as well, let's chat. I don't usually get the opportunity to speak with my son's friends. Or best friends in this case." Charles stated in a rather loud voice,

still looking at the boy. Oh, now he was sure that Nicolas's eyes were full of fear, he figured out why. He never thought that Nicolas was a bad boy, oh no, if anything he was average urchin for his age. Plus now, considering him more than "just his son's friend" he wanted to know more about him, making sure that their relationship won't hurt Geoffroy.

"So, what are your plans, Nicolas? For the summer?" The man asked casually.

"I don't have any summer plans yet. My parents can't really agree whether we should go to the mountains or the sea. Plus they are in debt..." The boy explained before he bit his tongue, feeling that Geoffroy was looking at him as well. Of course, Nicolas never mentioned that his family has problems because this happened a lot in the past and they were able to survive without struggling. There were good and bad times in their life. "Eh, I'm not sure If I should mention it. My dad..."

"What about your future plans? Once you leave school?" Charles asked, changing the subject, seeing as Nicolas's eyes saddened.

"I don't have any plans yet, *monsieur*. I prefer not to make any plans - my mother told me to live the day. And to be a good person." He stated and started recalling rest of words his parents told him once. "And don't smoke, and drink, and do drugs and..." He paused and blushed, realizing he was about to say too much.

"Well, interesting. Isn't it Geoffroy?" Charles stated, turning his face to Geoffroy, who gulped loudly. "Could you please check if the front gate is opened?" The man asked his son, wanting him to leave the room for two-three minutes.

"Yes, of course." The boy nodded and walked out of the room, closing the door behind him.

Now Nicolas was really scared and afraid of what will happen. These three minutes were like a nightmare, he was left alone in front of the strong and powerful man. He wasn't sure what to think of the whole situation. Was Geoffroy's father aware of their relationship or worse yet – was he aware of what they were doing? He felt restless, and cold filled his stomach when he saw his lover leaving the room. No escape!

"Nicolas I want you to be honest with me, really. I think we both care about Geoffroy, right?" Charles asked, putting the emphasis on the last word.

"Yes, *monsieur*." Nicolas mumbled, trying not to break the eye contact. The weight fell off his chest once he heard the next question.

"What do you think about him? What is he like when around his friends and school colleagues? I want to know if he is misbehaving or doing some... nasty stuff you mentioned before." Charles explained. Of course, he wanted to get an answer and he knew that Nicolas will tell him the truth. The experienced man like him found it easy to

detect if someone was lying.

"W-Well... I mean he doesn't pretend to be polite and good. He is polite and good. He doesn't smoke like some kids in our class, h-he just swears a little bit. And he is caring... not spoiled at all. Eh-h, he was a little spoiled like three, four years ago, pain in the butt, but not anymore. He doesn't really like to show off, you know..." Nicolas looked around the room. "This."

"I'm sure he doesn't. He's different from other kids. Special." The man stated, recalling his friend's misbehaving spoiled kids. "I don't know how I succeeded... it wasn't easy."

"You are the best father ever!" Nicolas blurted out in excitement.

"Thank you, Nick. You are a good boy. Say, would you like to spend some more time with us? In about two weeks?" Charles asked, watching as the little boy's eyes flashed. "But don't tell a word to my son yet. We're going to spend this year's holiday in the south of France. The sea, sunny beaches, and a private cottage. Pretty nice place, if you ask me. Perfect for kids like you and Geoffroy."

The little boy blushed again, unsure how to react. He could not believe his good fortune. Just a couple of days ago he wondered how was he going to survive the holiday period without Geoffroy, and today he got received such a generous offer he wasn't able to refuse. But the decision wasn't really up to him. Nicolas wanted to scream, to shout, sensing the spark of hope deep inside him.

"I'm not sure if my parents will let me..." The boy replied in such a low voice. Charles thought that the boy was crying. But Nicolas was just sad, realizing that his chances were pretty small.

"Should I speak to them?"

"But they don't know you, *monsieur*." Nicolas expressed his doubt.

"Better late than never, Nicolas. I will call them later this week." The man paused, seeing that the door opened again and two people came inside. Geoffroy was accompanied by the school's principal, Mathias.

"*Bonjour!*" Nicolas exclaimed, getting up from the table.

"*Le petit Nicolas?* You here, boy? *Bonjour!*" The principal stated surprised, also nodding at his friend, still smiling. "What a great breakfast Charles, you are truly great at this! Oh, and the wine. My favorite one."

The breakfast was eaten in silence. Nicolas was amazed not only by the smell of the

meals but also by the taste. Everything was really tasty, the meat was delicate, full of juice, the vegetables were coated in some sort of sweet sauce, the bread seemed freshly baked, still warm. Of course, he didn't want to look like a poor, starving orphan boy but he couldn't help himself, getting another forkful of meat and vegetables. The black-haired teen felt a little shy near the unfamiliar man, who kept looking at him curiously from time to time.

"So..." It was Mathias who broke the silence and asked the question. "May I ask, what are you doing here Nicolas? Sleepover fun?"

Nicolas smiled, chewed and swallowed the food before answering.

"Yes, *monsieur*. Just over the weekend."

"Ah, just one week till summertime. Finally." The principal grinned. "So, where are you going this year Charles? Spain, Germany? Or some polish mountains? They are good apparently."

"I will tell you later. I prefer to keep this secret for now."

"Oh, I sense a great trip around the Europe!" The man shouted and turned his face to Geoffroy. "You are a lucky boy, really lucky." He winked at him.

"Do you want to speak about our business now?" Charles suggested, grabbing a bottle of wine, getting up from the table, pointing to the door to the another room.

"Ah, yes, thank you. The food was delicious. *Bon Appetit* boys!" He followed his friend and they left the room leaving the young boys alone.

"Eh, this morning is so long." Nicolas said all of sudden, trying to eat some more of the tasty bread. "And I'm so full already. I wish I could eat more."

"Yeah, don't worry, the food won't waste. Let's go outside." Geoffroy explained, lowering his voice as they left the room. "Never liked him. He just keeps smiling, always smiling, always happy. What do you think?"

"I'm feeling a bit shy when the new person is around, so I was focusing on my food instead." Nicolas explained, as they walked past the main door and left the mansion.

"Was my father speaking with you?" Geoffroy asked curiously.

"Yeah, he asked me about how much I love you." Nicolas blurted out, smiling at friend's surprised face and then told the truth. "Joking, you silly! We talked about the usual boring stuff, the weather and the holidays. Not a single bad or shocking news here, sorry."

Both men were standing next to window watching as the teenage boys were walking down the path to the mansion's garden. Charles wasn't sure if he wanted to share the findings, but on the other hand, he felt the urge to discuss it with someone. After all, Mathias was was a pedagogue, a teacher, and his friend. The person who understood what was going inside every growing boy's brain.

"He is gay." Charles confessed after a short moment of silence, taking another sip of the refreshing wine.

"Huh?" Mathias was surprised by the topic of their discussion. "Ah, your son? How did you..."

"Walked on them showering together this morning. Well... more..." The man interrupted his friend as if he wanted to tell him everything as fastest as possible and get his opinion. "Plus the bed was in mess."

"Well, it's none of your fault. May be a phase I guess. A lot of them go through a curiosity stage after reaching puberty." The school principal answered. "Not unusual, rather normal, especially now. I wouldn't worry."

"I'm not worrying." Charles answered. "I accept it."

"Well, god only knows. Or universe if you prefer. We live in one crazy time, all the shit they show on the TV, the kids are full of sexuality, they learn about sex really early, it is simply confusing to them. Straight folks think they are gay, gay folks turn straight." The man explained, looking at his friend.

"And you? I've never asked..."

"Well, do you see any damn lady around? I don't have wife or kids. I know I would not have enough time to spend with them." Mathias answered, looking through the window, a shadow crossed his face for a brief second. "Well, you reacted much better than your own father. So I guess you have a plan, right?"

"I still don't know what happened back then." Charles stated and stared at his friend expecting some more answers.

"What's your plan?" Mathias asked again, avoiding the topic regarding the past.

"I want to ignore it till they will be ready to tell me the truth. If this is a phase then... Then I will let them be. Nothing bad will happen." Geoffroy's father clarified, hoping that his answer will sound reasonable. He tried to sound confident, but for some reason, his throat seemed incredibly dry, his voice was weak and tired.

“You know, your life philosophy explains it. Just make sure he is happy and aware you will accept him no matter what. There are kids killing themselves because they are gay. The poor folks, who can not find any support. But Geoffroy... he's different. He is like you, he's strong. Now... about the business matters if I can. I hope to arrange the final meeting with you in the next...”

Listening to his friend's speech, Charles was just nodding every now and then, assuring his friend that everything was clear. It wasn't – his mind was still full of the mixed emotions. Problems he could not escape. Perhaps he failed to see the most obvious solution? Or maybe there was no solution at all? Waiting, delaying the inevitable Charles allowed the endless river to flow. Nothing changed.

Chapter Nine

~ Clotaire wins ~

Monday was a bad, cold day, it has been raining since the early morning. No wonder that the boys were not in the best mood and there were several reasons for them to say to. Geoffroy wasn't quite eager to wake up early and leave for the school, so not a big surprise that they were late and missed the bus. Playing the console games till the late night sure played a part in his laziness. Taking a quick shower, eating fast breakfast and saying goodbye wasn't easy. Nicolas tried to stay positive, telling his friend that the attendance wasn't even checked this week, but Geoffroy was still in the dreamy mood, not really worrying about school things. As a matter of fact, the blond-haired kid was only thinking of how amazing the weekend they had and how warm his bed was. Plus, the memory of the bed was now also reminding him the good time he had. It was quite hard to count the exact number of times the horny boys played with each other, jerking, sucking, kissing, rubbing. Blaming them wasn't really possible. After all, they were just young boys who discovered the better way to pleasure themselves, not able to hold their feelings and emotions anymore.

"Five days left." Nicolas stated after a while, hoping to bring some smile to Geoffroy's face, but his friend remained silent as if he was still sleeping, his mind drifting elsewhere.

Nicolas was really cheerful about coming holiday season. Geoffroy wasn't yet aware that they were to spend the time together and Nicolas wanted to keep the secret for as long as possible, as he promised. Besides, he wasn't sure if his parents would allow him to travel with strangers. Because, yes, in their eyes Geoffroy was a stranger, not a part of the family, just a friend. Nicolas's mother was taking care of her boy, doing everything to keep him safe. She was overprotective like most of the young mothers. She didn't even notice the moment when her boy started growing up – for her he was still the *petit* Nick, her little boy, wearing diapers and making a lot of mess.

"You know, I just realized..." Geoffroy blurted out, his eyes narrowed. "That the porn video is still in your room."

"I don't think anyone will use my computer." Nicolas answered right away with a cheerful smile as he tried to remain positive. But the coldest ice filled his stomach when he realized that he wasn't telling the truth. From time to time, his mom was working on the computer, corresponding with her friends. Sure enough, Nicolas figured out that his parents would surely call him if something was up. And that probably his father would be furious, shouting and screaming at him just like in the past years. Their relationship wasn't easy. The man considered spanking the best solution to all the problems. Sufficient to say, Nicolas was

crying a lot when he was younger.

"I was also thinking..." Geoffroy yawned and continued, glaring at Nicolas. "You are right. Five days. Then what? My father wants to spend some time with me and I can not say Non. But I don't want to leave you here, all alone. So there's nothing good about holidays. Let's make this week amazing, shall we?"

"Yeah. And don't worry about the summer, Geoff. Your father should be the most important person in your life. He-he is amazing!" Nicolas exclaimed, smiling. "Spend more time with him. We are hanging out a lot lately." The little boy explained, trying to avoid the holiday time subject.

"Well, he is as important as you are, Nick." Geoffroy protested, with clear amusement in his voice.

"He is your family. I'm not."

"You will be one day." The blond-haired boy gave his friend a hard look and then winked, as he started describing his plans. "You know, I will marry you and we will spend the rest of our lives together."

"Marry me? Wh..." Nicolas gasped. He wasn't quite ready to hear that. Geoffroy was speaking of some distant times. Sure, it sounded like a joke, but his friend had a dead serious face. "When you came up with this?"

"Just yesterday's evening, during the supper." The older boy explained.

"Oh, right." Nicolas wasn't able to answer in any way. He was rather confused by the sudden vision of marriage which appeared in his head.

"Ah, and we will be rich, traveling, ruling my father's company and not giving a fuck about other people. How does this sound?" Geoffroy asked and grinned. His eyes were full of happiness.

Then, as they crossed the school's gate and went inside Nicolas started thinking. Was it possible that their friendship will last forever and ever? Some mixed feelings appeared in his head and he smirked, ignoring the things Geoffroy was saying. His friend was clearly making some silly plans, the future was rather unclear. Full of surprises.

"Great. Remind me about it in a few years from now, please. Now, let's go to the swimming pool or they are going to start without us. And I know you want to show off. Again."

Soon enough the small room, next to swimming pool filled with the boys their age, who were undressing, having a chat and laughing. The true teenagers' paradise. The noise was

so loud that both young lovers couldn't hear their own thoughts, let alone talk. Nicolas walked into the locker room, stripping, changing into his swimming trunks. He enjoyed the physical education lessons, as they usually lasted for two or three hours and he was free to do anything he wanted. He wasn't a master swimmer by any means, Geoffroy was much better at sports, and he liked to show off his skills. Or maybe this was his natural talent.

Today, for the first time, Nicolas was able to see Geoffroy in a different light. But the weird feeling that filled his stomach just a week ago was not there anymore. He finally figured it out why exactly was he blushing at random moments when his and Geoffroy's eyes met. Nicolas really liked the blond-haired boy and watching him almost naked, just wearing the tight trunks caused him to become all excited. Sure enough, he wasn't aware of this fact, unable to identify his feelings. But now, now he knew it all. Obviously, he wasn't the single person, who was thrilled to see Geoffroy's skinny body. Clotaire adored every second of the show, he looked directly at the young boy's god-like body, slowly moving his head up and down, as if he wanted to examine it. So perfectly shaped, so smooth. Oh, he was going crazy looking at the budge in Geoffroy's trunks.

"Geoff, let's go, okay?" Nicolas suggested, a little nervous, noticing that their classmate was staring at them.

Soon, both boys walked past Clotaire, paying no attention to their friend, who was also treating them as air. One by one the boys left the locker room and went out to the pool. Just a few of them remained inside when their coach marched inside, looking around. He was a big, strong man everyone respected. And he loved these kids, every single of them. He knew how to make them entertained.

"Ah, Clotaire. Are you going to watch over things here as usual?" He asked in rather disappointed voice.

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Are you sure, you don't want to join us? It's free for all today. Fun!" The man smiled, trying to encourage his student. "Your choice."

"Yeah, I might join you a little later." Clotaire answered, scratching his neck, smiling. Of course, he had some other plans. What he wanted to do was far from good and possibly unethical as well. But when the coach called for the last students and left the locker room the boy felt the familiar excitement filling him. It was the exploration time.

So there he was. The gay boy, alone in the room with other boys' belongings. A world of wonders. He recalled his first time, back in January, when he decided to search his classmates' things. The curiosity got him, plus he quickly discovered that doing it raised his adrenaline, as he was really afraid to get caught. So, he explored the forbidden world,

hoping to find some nasty secrets. Then, a few days later, Clotaire figured out that he could go an extra mile. His excitement peaked as he grabbed some boy's socks and started sniffing them, shortly after doing the same with the underwear. His young imagination was suddenly filled with the nasty thoughts, as he inhaled the scent, tasting some piss and sweat covering the cloth. He couldn't help it – he closed himself in one of locker rooms and started masturbating.

Over the months his sessions started to get more and more regular. Every week he sniffed at least two to three briefs or boxers, looking for possible marks of dried sperm or piss. These were rare, but he felt really excited discovering them. Clotaire imagined his classmates naked, pressing their crotches against his face. Breathing deeply, licking the dirty stains the young teenager felt nasty, satisfying his needs, jerking off every time. Of course, in the last few last weeks, when his obsession peaked, he searched only through Geoffroy's belongings. He wanted to find any little hints hinting that his beloved classmate was gay. Now, when the thing was clear his plan changed.

“Okay, let's see.” He whispered, and walked over to Geoffroy's locker, opening it with the universal key.

Wasting no time he grabbed the boy's pants and underwear, quickly looking at the front for any signs of Geoffroy's recent orgasm, but the briefs were clearly fresh, the boy changed them just this morning. Clotaire sighed a little, sniffing the clothes. To say the truth, he really liked Geoffroy's scent. It was driving him crazy, causing his hormones to rage. Feeling the cold chunk of ice in his stomach he grasped his classmate's mobile and did his usual search. Every single time Clotaire wished to find at least a single nude selfie, that was his dream, something that seemed unreal. But so far he wasn't having such luck. Or was he? The single password protected directory, created just a few days ago, caught his attention. “Now, things are getting interesting.” He thought to himself and looked around to make sure nobody was spying on him. Then he started typing, trying to guess the password.

“A simple one. *N-I-C...*” Clotaire murmured, pressing the keys and filling the field with his classmate's name. The one he hated. Another adrenaline rush surged through him as soon as he realized that the password was accepted and he got the access. Sensing that the ice cold sensation in his belly was gone and replaced by burning feeling he gasped. There was a single video in the gallery, a few minutes long.

Nicolas's face filled the screen. The little boy smiled and stared directly into the camera. Within a few seconds, Clotaire figured out what he was about to see. Then, he also heard Geoffroy's voice from the speakers. So loud and clear as if the blond-haired boy was standing next to him. Clotaire could not believe it and pinched his skin, hissing silently again.

“I want to see it!”

Instinctively, like every other week, the perverted teenager walked into the changing room, locking himself, still glaring at the screen. His hands were shaking, his heart beating was faster than ever. "No, was it possible?" He thought, squeezing the mobile phone in his sweating hands.

"Best is yet to come." Nicolas's voice could be heard. Clotaire looked at the little, innocent boy exposing himself even more, showing off his underwear covered erection. Such a dirty kid!

Grabbing his crotch Clotaire started massaging it as he continued watching the movie. Nicolas teased and caressed his skinny body, slowly lowering his underwear. Clotaire gasped again. Nicolas was almost naked! This was the first time when the older boy was able to see someone's body, he explored it, adoring every part of it. Pausing the video for a second he grabbing his own cell phone. Sure thing, he hated Nicolas for a reason, but this was his best chance to humiliate him. "A naked boy is a naked boy." The teenager thought to himself, grinning viciously. Within a few minutes, Clotaire transferred the striptease video to his own phone and returned the mobile to Geoffroy's closet.

"Damn." He whispered a single word as soon as he saw Nicolas parting his legs and playing with his little, wet anus.

"Come on, show it, Nick." Geoffroy's excited voice could be heard once again.

Nicolas was on the floor, his erection pressed against the tented underpants. Clotaire couldn't hold it any longer and started masturbating furiously. It's not hard to imagine that his pants were all soaked with the sticky precum, his penis swelling inside. The teenager never felt so excited in his life, the burning flames all around his pelvis were dancing energetically, bringing him closer to the edge. A few moments later he observed as Nicolas exposed himself completely. The boy recording the video zoomed in the camera, and the screen was now filled with Nicolas's erected member. "So little and cute. So different." Clotaire thought, sticking his tongue out, panting. Finally, Nicolas spread his legs as well, showing all of the goods at once.

"Oh, oh..." Clotaire moaned loudly as his orgasm approached him, letting his hot cum splatter all over his shirt. He wasn't able to say how long his climax lasted but these few moments felt like an eternity. Through his half-closed eyes, he still stared at the screen, pumping his hand up and down his shaft, squeezing all single droplets of cum out. Oh, Le Petit Nicolas sure had a nice body.

Still trembling a bit he took his shirt off, feeling the sharp smell of cum filling the changing room. Clotaire started licking the sperm marks, cleaning the cloth fully, he always loved the taste of his own fresh load. A few more globs of cum covered also his lower abdomen and the black pubes. Clotaire was really proud of them – they made him feel like a real man,

he was aware that he was indeed the most developed boy in his class, especially now, after seeing Nicolas's small and hairless organ. Oh, if only they respected him more, he would actually use his position and make them all his slaves. His imagination was going wild as he licked yet another wet spot on his shirt, inhaling on his own sexual scent.

"Nicolas has a pathetic dick. Really." He thought, smiling to himself, zipping his pants. "Shame it's not Geoffroy."

Obviously, he figured out that everything will change now. That he will look at Nicolas in a different light and laugh inside every time recalling the little boy's crotch and the obscene video which could be easily used to blackmail him. His heart rushed as he grabbed Nicolas's mobile and checked the gallery for the new content inside. "Here it is." Clotaire thought and noticed that the directory was created on the same evening, few minutes after the first one. Figuring out what he will find inside, he almost fainted. The naked Geoffroy was out there, showing it all. He was so close and yet so far. After trying out the several passwords, Clotaire discovered that none of them were correct.

He felt defeated. Cracking Nicolas password wasn't possible and the number of attempts was already exceeded. Just then, when he was about to smash the mobile against the ground he heard the familiar voices as some of his classmates were walking toward the room. Pretending that nothing happened he put Nicolas's mobile back and walked to his own locker, checking his own mobile, making sure that the video he transferred was really there.

"Yeah, no more lessons!" His classmate exclaimed, walking into the room, cheering.

"What happened?" He asked.

"The math teacher is sick, we are off to home."

More and more boys marched inside the room, talking, laughing, changing their clothes and discussing their plans to spend this day and rest of summer. Clotaire waited, trying to remain relaxed, but as he peeked at his classmates' bodies, all wet and shiny from the water he became aroused again. Oh, he could suck everyone dry, if only they asked! Touch their naked bodies, massage their little muscles. If only they asked. Eventually, Geoffroy and Nicolas appeared in the room, the young friends were the last to come.

"Clotaire, you still here?" Geoffroy asked in a rather surprised voice, looking around the room and seeing only a few folks still packing their things. "You should celebrate. No math today."

"Yeah, making sure that your belongings are safe." Clotaire answered in a rather pleasant voice, locking his eyes on Geoffroy, and then slowly turning his head to Nicolas, faking his smile. Oh, the sudden, perverted vision crossed his mind and then an unexpected

question escaped his mouth. "So, how was your weekend?"

"Yeah, just fine. A lot of work around the home." Nicolas stated, grabbing his briefs and walking into the dressing room.

"Yours, Geoffroy?" The oldest boy asked again and couldn't help but stare at his classmate's wet, water covered chest. The little brown nipples seemed so hard that Clotaire wanted to tease them and then slowly lick all the water off boy's skin, moving his tongue lower, and lower. And lower.

"Fine, thanks." Geoffroy answered with a smile.

"Eh, see you soon, then!"

Grabbing his own things, making sure that his mobile phone was in his pants he sighed loudly and smiled. Yes, his biggest treasure was still there, he was sure of it, now he needed to figure out how to benefit from it. Nodding at Geoffroy the teenager left the room. The school hall was empty, only single students walked beside him, when he decided to take a different route and walked into the toilets. The sexual urges filled him once again, his mind was going crazy. The swelling in his pants was unbearable, his penis demanded some attention once again. All the thoughts, all the wild ideas, Geoffroy's little nipples, everything was making him crazy. He was obsessed, burning with lust. Splashing his face with the cold water the teenager smiled - he joined the big game and couldn't wait to share his findings with his dear online friends. Oh yes, they would surely be delighted to see Nicolas's naked body.

Searching for Nicolas's hand Geoffroy grabbed it, squeezing tightly, feeling a shiver crossing Nicolas's body. Both young boys walked through the park, knowing that they have plenty of time to spend together. His minds were rushing, full of thoughts. For example, Geoffroy considered starting his holiday right away, he knew that the very last days in the school were not that important. The blond-haired boy was really enjoying the late morning and cheering inside, feeling really happy now. And Nicolas wasn't really eager to go home, afraid to discover the truth about the porn clip. Something kept telling him that the worst was yet to come, the sense of impending doom.

Sitting on the bench in the middle of the park they watched the squirrel running through the grass. The air was clear, the weather was perfect, their nostrils were full of the scent of the freshly cut grass. Sharing the sandwiches the boys started talking about the most common things, speaking their thoughts and wondering if Geoffroy will become the world's most famous swimmer one day. So popular that he will be making lots of money, and having sex with a lot of willing chicks. Both boys laughed imagining it. It seemed unreal that one day they will be adults. This wasn't their world and unlike other boys they wanted to stay kids

forever. After all, their childhood looked really promising.

"Hey, remember? Watch it." Nicolas asked and reached into his pocket, grabbing his mobile phone. Going into the gallery he noticed that something was off. His voice was full of suspicion all of sudden. "Geoff... Can I have your mobile for a second?" The blond-haired boy asked, taking his friend's phone, tapping his fingers on the screen. "Y-your mobile was in the locker room, right?"

"Yeah? So?" Geoffroy asked, smiling, but then looked at Nicolas's face, which turned pale white, the young teenager was really scared. "What's going on, Nick?"

"Someone tried to access the gallery on my phone. You know, *THE gallery*. 20 damn attempts. And the last one..." Nicolas paused, his voice breaking. "Was half of an hour after someone watched the video on your phone."

"What? But that's impossible." Geoffroy protested and frowned, grasping his mobile phone, looking at the screen. He wasn't able to deny it - Nicolas was speaking the truth. Someone cracked his password and watched the whole video. The rush of adrenaline surged through him, he figured out they were in trouble. The blond-haired boy hoped that the video was not transferred to some other device or worse yet, uploaded somewhere. He blamed himself for setting such an easy password and was about to answer when he heard Nicolas's quiet sobbing.

"I knew this wasn't a good idea!" Nicolas whispered and hid his head in hands, feeling the terrible lump in his throat getting bigger.

Embracing his boyfriend Geoffroy made an attempt to comfort Nicolas. The tears filled smaller boy's eyes, his body was trembling as he was unable to speak anymore. The single thought that someone will find out the truth about him made him panic. This was way too much for a little boy like him. He wanted to run, run as far as he could and leave the old life behind. All of the worst scenarios appeared in his head, his parents screaming, his classmates laughing at him, Geoffroy breaking up with him.

"It will be alright, we both know who did it." Geoffroy murmured, stroking Nicolas's hair, pressing his lips against the boy's ear. His friend snuggled deeper into his body. Nicolas couldn't control his emotions and still cried, realizing what Geoffroy meant. "It's all my fault. I will speak to him. He was so happy..."

"He will show it to everyone, he..."

"Shh..." The blond-haired teenager whispered in a low voice and kissed the boy's neck. Nicolas felt really safe and warm in his boyfriend's arms, his lover stayed strong and bold all the time. The little boy wanted this moment to last forever, he needed someone to make him feel loved. "Come on, I will bring you home and then call Clotaire asking what the fuck

is wrong with him.” Geoffroy suggested, and softly patted Nicolas's head.

“Okay.” Nicolas answered, wiping his tears and smiling. “Thank you. I... know I shouldn't cry, but I'm unable to help it.”

“You are cute, Nick. Even when crying.” Geoffroy stated and looked away for a moment.

The whole situation was causing him to tear up as well as he figured out that losing everything was a possibility. The dark times were ahead of them, and to say the truth Geoffroy did not know what to expect. He started to wonder if Clotaire was going to use the video against them, just for fun, and if so – what price will they need to pay. On the other hand – it was all his fault, he needed to stay strong, just for a few more minutes.

“It will be alright.” Geoffroy reassured him, comforting his lover once more. But he was also trying to comfort himself. “It will be alright. Come Nick.”

Walking down the street they remained silent, no longer happy, but focused on their thoughts. They were about to face their greatest fears. Saying goodbye to each other they hugged, standing in front of Nicolas's home. Geoffroy wasn't sure what to say, how to make his friend happy with a single word. He was a bit scared himself, struggling with the wild river of thoughts. What if he will never see Nicolas again? What should he say?

“I will call you this evening. Be there.” Geoffroy stated and looked around. He leaned over, closer to Nicolas and whispered, kissing boy's cheek. “I love you, Nick.”

Nicolas nodded his head and knocked on the door. Before the door opened he turned away, but Geoffroy was already gone as if the blond-haired was just a ghost. Feeling guilty and dirty Nicolas gulped hard, feeling another unexpected wave of shame all over him. Recording their sex wasn't really his idea, and blaming Geoffroy for it wouldn't help. Nicolas realized that it was all his fault, he was the curious one after all, he was the spark that changed their little world. The fear filled his body as he realized that he was also to face another problem. It was his father who opened the door and invited him inside.

“Hi dad!” Nicolas exclaimed, faking his smile. His eyes were still red and cheeks wet. Hiding the fact that he just cried wasn't easy. Besides, the sense of the impending doom was still there, clearer than before.

“Nicolas. Why are you home so early?” The man asked and grabbed the newspaper from the postbox, looking at the front page. He was not really reading it, just pretending, trying to ignore his son.

“Our Math teacher is sick. I...” The boy paused, recalling the thing he was supposed to do in the first place. “I will be right back, dad!”

Rushing upstairs as fast as he could he walked into his room and turned the computer on, clicking on the eject button furiously. The disc drive opened within a few seconds causing Nicolas to gasp. The little boy covered his mouth, placing his hand on top of it, noticing that the drive was empty – the disc was nowhere to be found. Wanting to grab his mobile phone and call Geoffroy he felt frozen in his tracks. He wanted to run away, knowing that his parents found the gay porn, something they hated. Embarrassed and broken, the black-haired teenager heard a deep voice behind him. Deep, sharp and angry.

“Are you looking for this?” The man was standing in the doorway, holding the disc in his hand.

“Dad, I can explain. You see...” Nicolas tried to find the right words, hoping that this time his father will understand.

“Disgraceful behavior!” Nicolas's dad shouted, getting very angry, allowing his rage to take over his body. “Your poor mother was really disappointed with you! What were you thinking?”

The man's voice was hateful, sharp as the edge of the knife and mad. Nicolas could not utter a word, he was a victim now, watching as his father walked closer to him. It became clear that he won't be able to escape the punishment. Deep inside the boy understood it, he knew he deserved it for everything that he did. In his father's eyes watching porn was not a minor misbehavior, but a serious issue that needed to be addressed. Recalling everything that happened to him Nicolas felt that he was about burst into tears again, looking at the floor as he heard more and more hurtful words. The man was now sitting on the side of the bed, ignoring the boy's sobbing.

“This works only for your mom, Nicolas! She clearly failed at raising you, you little pervert!” The man shouted, raising his hand and throwing the disc against the wall, causing it to shatter. “Well? What's your explanation?”

“I-I was curious... Please...” Nicolas murmured, choking back his tears.

“Curious?! Being a fag is a sin, Nicolas! Do you want to go straight to the hell?” The man screamed grabbing his son by the arm. “Look at me. Don't ever think of becoming gay. These people go to the hell. Do you understand? DO YOU UNDERSTAND?”

“Yes, dad.” The boy answered, bawling.

“Bend over my knee. Now.” The man commanded.

“Dad!” Nicolas cried, trying to sound strong, but his voice was low and weak. The boy stared at his father in disbelief, his face expressed no emotions. One look was enough. He knew that his father wasn't joking this time. “I'm... twelve!”

"Twelve and stupid as fuck! Now get here!" The man shouted, pointing to his knees.

"Don't you care..."

"Come here, or you will regret it!" The man repeated, getting even angrier. "Pull your pants down."

Nicolas was frozen in tracks again, but eventually, he made a step forward and walked closer to his furious father. Looking straight into the man's eyes, hoping that he will forgive him everything, the boy tried to find some support, but there was none. The boy figured out, that his dad was desperate to punish him. His eyes were full of fire, Nicolas never saw him getting that angry. Unzipping his pants the young, trembling boy allowed them to fall all the way down to his ankles. He felt terrible and another loud cry escaped his throat as he tried to say something.

"Bend over my knee, right now!" The man was really impatient, screaming loudly.

With his bottom sticking up and his hands on the carpet Nicolas leaned over the man's legs. Waiting for the humiliation to start he couldn't believe that this was happening for real. The spanking, the pain. To say the truth Nicolas could easily imagine things that would be much worse and yet man decided to punish him in the old fashioned way. Always the same way. The boy's body tensed up when he felt that his father hand ran over his right buttock, brushing it. Raising his hand Nicolas's father brought it down on his son's butt. The quiet gasp could be heard as this happened.

"You deserve to be punished, stop crying!" The man smashed his hand against the boy's buttocks after saying every of these words. After only a few of smacks Nicolas had to bite his lip to avoid bawling.

It was sixth and seventh spank that caused him to scream and beg for it to end, sobbing and shaking. Every single muscle in his body tensed up, he was like a fish out of the water, wiggling, fighting for life. But then the spanking continued. Two, three more loud slaps. His father's hand was mercilessly striking down his butt, making the boy feel weak, small and helpless. The torment seemed to last eternally, and it was only getting more painful as if his father was growing stronger with every hit.

"You need to learn some respect!" Another yell escaped the man's throat as he brought his hand down hard, smashing his son's buttocks harder than before. Sure enough, he hadn't spanked Nicolas in about two years, yet he knew that his son was still good to receive a few more slaps.

Ignoring the quiet screams and grunts he heard the man started thinking. Figuring out that teaching Nicolas a lesson won't be easy he continued the simple torture. "So the boy will

remember it forever.” He thought. Every time when his hand landed on sensitive, now red covered butt a loud smack could be heard in the room. Grabbing his son's underwear he slid it down his son's legs, completely exposing the suffering buttocks.

“Dad, please!” Nicolas pleaded once more, tears running down his face. “I'm sorry!”

“I bet you are. You will be more than sorry!” The man kept smacking each cheek, seeing more and more white skin turning red.

The poor boy couldn't take it anymore and tried to put his hands on his butt to cover himself and prevent his father from further spanking. He was never spanked this hard and the sting was unbearable. His whole face was wet and covered by tears, he sobbed, hoping that his father's fury will end soon. And so, it happened. After all, the skin on the boy's butt was bright red already. The task was completed.

“I don't want to see any sort of porn in our home. Is that clear?” The man asked. For one moment he was afraid that he crossed the line, hurting his son too much. Ordering Nicolas to stand before him he looked at his son's body. He couldn't help but stare at his son's private parts for a brief second. He was aware that Nicolas was going into the puberty stage and raising him will be now harder in harder and this spanking will be the last one. Soon his son will not be a child anymore, but a little man. Rebellious young man.

“Dad...” Nicolas whispered, looking at the floor, embarrassed, broken.

“Son, I love you. But I can't allow you to destroy your life.” The man stated, looking directly at Nicolas's still crying face. “Please dress up and stay in your room for the rest of afternoon. Your mom will call you for a dinner in a few hours. Also, no more computers, till the end of summer. Is that clear?”

Nodding, Nicolas sniffled and grabbed his underwear. Once his father left the room he rested on the bed, feeling that his eyes were still full of tears. The terrible sensation remained, the lump in his throat was slowly getting smaller, but his butt was still on fire. On the other hand, he wasn't trying to make excuses, he understood why his dad did it. Nicolas knew that watching porn was bad, but he would rather hear this from his father. But the man preferred to act, not to talk. Reaching for his buttocks the boy caressed them with one hand. It hurt so much he could barely stand it. No part of the cheeks was left untouched. Nicolas wasn't even thinking of sitting now and started rubbing himself, hoping that this will make some of the pain go away.

“I wonder if Geoffroy's father ever spanked him.” He thought and closed his eyes. He hoped to get some sleep soon. He was exhausted, feeling weak, knowing that dreams can kill at least a little bit of his reality, which was overwhelming him lately.

The door to his room opened and someone walked inside. Nicolas quickly realized it was

his mother. She sat on the edge of the bed and stroked her son's hair. She spoke after a while. And her voice was so soft, as if she was trying to apologize for everything that happened.

"I shouldn't probably tell him..." She admitted, resting her hand on his wet cheek as she heard another quiet whimper escaping his throat. "But I was really shocked, I know I should respect your privacy, but..." The woman paused.

"It's okay, mom." Nicolas whispered, rolling onto his back and hissed in pain once his burning buttocks were pressed against the bed. "I know I deserved it. I... just wish dad would speak to me instead."

The woman nodded and looked at her son's red face and kissed him on the forehead, embracing his body. Without a word she reached down to a pocket and handed a small tube to him. It was some sort of cream, Nicolas wasn't using for a while but he knew that it will make him feel better in a few minutes. It worked in the past. Every time when the man was punishing him.

"Will you rub it on your cheeks or do you want me to help you?" The woman asked, her voice soft as always.

She couldn't help but cry a little inside, noticing the pain Nicolas was in. They say that every mother is able to sense if her child isn't feeling alright. It was her duty to come there and comfort her son. What he did was bad, of course, but she quickly realized that this wasn't anything different from what other boys do. She was only afraid to lose her son, knowing that his puberty stage started. In a matter of years, maybe months, Nicolas won't be the same petit boy. She struggled, thinking of the future.

"I will do it myself, mom, thanks. Can you leave, please?" He asked. He didn't want to strip in front of her. He wasn't embarrassed but simply wanted to show that he can take care of himself.

"Yes, Nick. Get some sleep. Remember I will support you, no matter what. Even if you are..." She paused again as if she was afraid to say that word. "Homosexual."

Another tear rolled down his cheek and he nodded, seeing her leaving the room. He couldn't admit that he was gay. It was way too early to confess it, he was confused, not sure what was real. Besides, he knew that deep in her heart his mom hoped that this was just some kind of phase, curiosity phase. "Nobody wants a gay kid, and nobody is happy to have one." He heard on the TV last week. Back then these words filled him with the hatred. He wouldn't understand why.

Rolling on his side Nicolas dropped his underwear, resting naked from the waist down. His body tensed once more once he touched his burning buttocks. The cream was making him

uncomfortable, but the cold sensation was pleasant and causing him to feel an instant relief. In a fact, he enjoyed touching himself and let out a soft moan. His hand was now spreading the substance all over the buttocks, his finger ran through the crack and brushed the sensitive, pink hole. He used his finger to draw the circles around it, imagining that it was Geoffroy being in bed with him right now. Only a few minutes passed, or maybe little over an hour and he was already missing him. He sighed and closed his eyes. Sleep was the thing he really needed now. But the bad Monday was far from being over.

Chapter Ten

~ The Tormentor ~

Geoffroy wasn't feeling well. As a matter of fact, he was sick to his stomach. The reason for it was rather obvious – he was supposed to face it all, and everything depended on him. The strange, cold ice sensation surged through him as he recalled the events of the past hour, the moment when shit hit the fan. His hands were still shaking a bit when he made his way home, thinking of what he should do, wondering of the possible outcomes. He wasn't sure if his dad was home – he needed some privacy and place to relax and think. Besides, Geoffroy was a smart boy, he figured out that calling Clotaire will make him feel angry and he struggled, thinking of how he should act when calling him. Should he be mad or sad? Should he beg Clotaire for deleting video or perhaps threat him instead? A lot of thoughts filled the boy's young mind, he was lost in thoughts, and he did not notice when he found himself sitting on his bed, in his room, holding a mobile.

The green call button seemed scary like never before. Like a pact with the devil. Geoffroy knew that a single call may cause some unpredictable events, which will affect both him and Nicolas. But the blond-haired, handsome kid was worried about his boyfriend – after all, it was Nicolas's privacy, which was violated. He sighed and closed his eyes, biting on his lip. “Perhaps I should speak with my dad first?” He asked himself and an obvious answer appeared in his head. “And explain him all the things that happened in the past week. And he will call Nicolas's parents. No, never.” Geoffroy took a deep breath and pressed the button. He had no plan.

“Yeah?” Clotaire's voice ringed in Geoffroy's ear. It seemed that his classmate was happy.

“H-Hey, I was wondering...” Geoffroy blurted out and paused. To say the truth, he hoped that Clotaire will be the first to blackmail him, allowing Geoffroy to respond in any way. Was Clotaire even expecting that call? Or was he clueless?

“Yeah?”

“Can we meet today? The faster the better.” Geoffroy suggested, trying to sound calm.

“Yes, we can. Why not? I wasn't quite expecting you..” Clotaire paused for a second. Thinking. “I will be there in one hour. Fine?”

“See you.”

Gasping loudly Geoffroy rested down on his bed. Now, things turned to worse, a lot of not-

pleasant scenarios crossed his mind, he struggled with this thoughts once more, trying to imagine what will come next. After all, he realized that it will be better to face Clotaire instead of talking to him on the phone. Sure, Geoffroy hoped that his classmate won't be really difficult to bribe. Walking over to his hidden money stash the blond-haired kid checked for the content. A few banknotes, slightly over one thousand, gathered over years made him feel hopeful – he was ready to give them all to Clotaire if that meant no more troubles. Well, for boys their age this was an impressive amount of money.

Checking once more if his dad was home the handsome boy walked into the kitchen to grab some tasty, expensive sweets. Sharing them with Clotaire seemed like a good idea and a good way to start a conversation. Geoffroy could not imagine that someone could refuse his generous offer. Especially a teenage boy like Clotaire. His plan needed to work! In under just a few minutes, he was back in his room and looked at the clock. It seemed that the time stopped – the overwhelming panic ruled over him. Grabbing his mobile phone Geoffroy tried to call Nicolas but his friend wasn't answering, which was also unusual.

“Crazy, fucking Mondays.” He whispered, hoping that swearing will make him feel better, hiding his face in his hands. “Fuck! Pussy! Cunt! Dick!”

Then he had a short nap, he tried to relax, calm his mind, but the intrusive thoughts kept returning like the worst nightmare. Waking up the five minutes before the meeting Geoffroy rushed to the front door and started walking impatiently next to them, waiting for the bell to ring. Another five minutes of the torment came to an end eventually. Looking at his reflection in the mirror Geoffroy took a deep breath, trying to smile and act casually, but the outcome was rather poor. Within a few seconds, he opened the door and looked at the familiar boy standing outside.

“Hi. I wasn't here in ages! Nice place, Geoffroy!” Clotaire exclaimed, walking inside, looking at the stairs in front of him.

Obviously, Clotaire was truly astonished by the size of the mansion, the furniture, and decorations inside. But all the sets of paintings or sculptures made him not as delighted as seeing the greatest treasure this building was hiding – the cute Geoffroy. The boy smiled and followed his classmate as they walked through the halls. Of course, he could not help but stare at Geoffroy's round butt. It looked so perfect! Besides, he took his chances, he wasn't sure why Geoffroy invited him over. He wasn't hoping for any happy ending now, knowing that the boy he admired was in love with someone else. Still, a little spark of hope flickered in his heart. Clotaire was not the sharpest tool in the shed, but he noticed that Geoffroy was nervous. His classmate's hands were shaking a bit, some sweat gathered on the boy's forehead. Soon, everything was revealed as they walked into Geoffroy's room and sat on the chairs, next to the bed, facing each other. Geoffroy bit his lip and broke the silence, eventually.

“So, I guess you know why I wanted to meet with you?”

"Noooope!" Clotaire stated jokingly, grinning, looking directly into Geoffroy's eyes. Then it struck him, he realized that for the first time in years he was alone with him, sitting in the same room, with nobody around. It seemed unreal.

"Y-you know about us. Me and Nick..." Geoffroy was surprised how hard it was for him to confess. He had to take a deep breath before continuing. The smirk on Clotaire's face was truly annoying. "Y-you transferred a certain video from my phone this morning. We know about it."

"Ah, yeah." Clotaire's eyes narrowed. Well, now he felt like a winner - he knew that sooner or later he will get an opportunity to blackmail both boys but it happened way faster than he expected. "I have it. I was wondering if I should share this news with everyone." Smiling, he observed Geoffroy's face which turned pale.

"I wanted to ask you to delete it." Geoffroy stated hard, reaching into his pocket and grabbing the money. "It's one thousand of..."

"I don't need your money. You sure have a lot of them." Clotaire interrupted him, getting up from the chair and stepped closer to the window, leaving upset Geoffroy behind him. Oh, Clotaire knew what he wanted, but this situation made him feel like a super villain, he had the power, he could destroy Geoffroy's perfect world so easily. With a single click. It wasn't any of his fault, he was just using the opportunity to achieve his dreams, nothing wrong with it. "It's just... want to watch this video with me?" He proposed.

"No, thanks." Geoffroy answered, feeling angry now. "What do you want from us?"

"It was recorded here, right?" Clotaire pointed his finger to the floor, next to the bed. "Right there Nicolas was spreading his legs and showing you his immature prick, heh?"

The wave of rage surged through Geoffroy, everything turned to worse within a second, he could barely control his emotions. The only thing Geoffroy wanted was to come closer to his classmate and smack him across the face, or even push him out of the window. His voice was weak when he answered, but Clotaire was also able to sense that his beloved classmate was getting more and more annoyed.

"Oh, don't be so mad at me. I would much more prefer you to stay calm in the next minutes if you don't want me to share the video with our class. I bet everyone would love to bully Nicolas. Perhaps he would commit a suicide. Who knows." Clotaire explained and winked at the sitting boy, who was frozen in tracks.

"What do you want?" Geoffroy asked again.

"Our deal will be a simple one." Clotaire paused, not believing that he was about to

confess his biggest dream. "I want you to strip in front of me and allow me to record it, every bit of it. Once I got your little jewels recorded I will delete Nicolas's clip."

"Wait, and what is the chance, that you won't blackmail me with that one?" Geoffroy asked, standing up. His rage faded as the heat filled his body. The blond-haired boy wasn't sure if he understood his classmate correctly. It seemed not possible at first.

"Well, I guess you will never know until you try." Clotaire stated, a vicious grin appeared on his face. "So? I think that sending the video to our teachers..."

"I will do it." Geoffroy interrupted him with a silent whisper, hanging his head low, his hands turned into fists.

"Excuse me? I wasn't able to catch that!"

"I will strip in front of you!" Geoffroy stated louder, swallowing hard, staring directly into Clotaire's eyes. He grabbed the top button of his shirt, unbuttoning it fast.

"No, wait, wait, wait!" Clotaire stated, shaking his head. "I don't want you to feel forced into it. Smile a bit and go slow. Just like Nicolas did." Clotaire smirked, grabbing the chair, placing it in front of Geoffroy, getting ready for the show. He turned on his camera and started recording. His heart was beating like crazy.

Faking his smile Geoffroy placed his hands on his neck, grabbing his shirt. Unbuttoning two buttons he revealed part of his chest. Trying to ignore Clotaire he let out a quiet sigh, sensing that the lump in his throat was getting bigger. Of course, Geoffroy could say that his classmate was visibly excited about the whole thing. The stripping boy expected some nasty comments but Clotaire was silently waiting for rest of the show to come. After a minute or two the blond-haired handsome kid exposed the rest of his smooth, hairless chest and turned his back, sliding the shirt down, letting it fall onto the floor.

"Come a bit closer now" His classmate's voice echoed in the silent room.

Obedying the command Geoffroy was now standing a few steps away from Clotaire, who took his chance to zoom in the camera to record every single part of the boy's chest. His perfect nipples, smooth, cute navel, Geoffroy's belly and arms. Oh, Clotaire adored his friend's body, he loved every little bump and sweet spot covering it. Another command followed shortly after, he asked Geoffroy to raise his arms – the tormentor was surprised by how easy this went so far. "Geoffroy is mine, all mine." He thought, feeling quite aroused already and his own erection was hard, reminding him that he should jerk off. Looking at the blond-haired boy's armpits he wondered what were Geoffroy's limits. Would the poor boy do everything to save Nicolas? Or not really, giving Clotaire a proof that their relationship wasn't any love but a simple "*friends with benefits*" thing.

“Alright, off with your pants now. Slowly.”

The red light of the camera, pointed directly at him made Geoffroy weak. He was just a puppet- his own will was no more, as he began to unfasten his jeans quickly. Strangely enough, the handsome kid wasn't even blushing or feeling ashamed – some exotic feelings filled his body, he was simply nervous. Swinging his hips from side to side Geoffroy caused his pants to drop down as well. His underwear and socks were the only parts of clothing covering his godlike body. No sign of erection, just a bulge visible in front of his briefs.

“Oh, you know. I see you in your underwear every Monday. We better keep going.” Clotaire suggested, looking up and down, feeling that his arousal was peaking. A naked boy in front of him, a real one. Not an ordinary boy, but Geoffroy. His obsession, his love, his prey. “Bent over, show me some of this nice butt.”

Bending over slightly, spreading his legs Geoffroy was on all fours now, sticking his buttocks up and wiggling them to the camera. The cold air brushed against his skin, covering it with the goosebumps right away. And for some reason, the ice cold sensation in his stomach was even stronger, unbearable. He shivered and Clotaire noticed that right away. Another smug crossed his face.

“Oh, should we warm up?” Clotaire asked quizzically, biting his lip. “Nicolas was much better at stripping, showing off his goods. You know what I mean, right? Come on, lower your underwear a bit, throw me your socks. Let's start the fun.”

“Nicolas was...” Geoffroy stated but never finished the sentence, he tried to defend his boyfriend instinctively. Grabbing his underpants the boy lowered them just by a few centimeters, enough for Clotaire to see the very top of the valley between his soft cheeks. The stripping boy reached behind to pull his socks off, one at the time and threw them to the older boy right away, obeying all the orders.

Adoration. This was what Clotaire felt, as he looked at soft butt being exposed in front of him, he checked once more if his camera was really recording and zoomed in, paying attention to every detail. It seemed so soft, so delicate, he wanted to squeeze it, to place his face right next to it, to lick it slowly and suck on the skin. Grasping Geoffroy's socks he hid them in his pocket for later use. This was his first trophy, just a beginning. Obviously, Geoffroy's crack wasn't the only thing on display. When the stripping boy turned his front to his tormentor they both noticed that the pubic mound was also exposed.

“Oh, so you grow them. Good.” Clotaire commented, looking at the hair surrounding the base of Geoffroy's member, he felt rather happy about it. Oh yes! He expected Geoffroy to be more developed than Nicolas. Looking at Nicolas's almost prepubescent cock Clotaire was feeling like some old, dirty pedophile. Here, on the other hand, he was seeing the miracle, a true wonder of nature. A fine path of pubic hair covering Geoffroy's abdomen.

And once again, he wished to touch him and kiss him right there.

"Yeah, I do." Geoffroy replied nervously. "Do you?"

"Of course. Unlike the *petit* boy you are meeting with. Really, what do you like about him? He looks like a little kid. Do you like little kids, pervert?" Clotaire asked, waiting for an answer, but he received none. "Tell me. Now. Or..."

"Stop fucking blackmailing me!" Geoffroy exclaimed, a single tear appeared in his eye. He was getting weaker with every moment. The boy sniffed and continued. "I-I love how innocent and cute he is. I can't explain it, I just love him as a person. That's all!"

"Ah, bullshit. I feel like you just took advantage of him because you are a dirty pervert. And you enjoy sucking little, hairless pricks." Clotaire explained, smiling viciously. His eyes were cold, full of anger and lust. "Now, get on the bed and hand me your underwear, slut."

Without a single word, Geoffroy rested down on the bed, raised his legs and slid down his underwear. Quickly covering his genitals with one hand, grabbing the briefs with the second one he gulped loudly. His face reddened, his eyes started watering, he was humiliated, broken, exposed. A single cry escaped his throat as he handed his underwear to his tormentor.

"Hands off." Clotaire ordered shortly and waited patiently for Geoffroy to overcome his sudden shame.

Seeing Geoffroy's body all tensed up and shaky was a pleasant experience to Clotaire. Everything happened so fast, the bold and brave Geoffroy was in mess, sweating badly, fearing for his future. And Clotaire? He remained hard, feeling like a master of death and life. The blond-haired boy raised his hands slowly, moving both of them up his chest, revealing the sweetest and softest member in between his legs. Clotaire felt that his heart was about to explode. Finally! His dreams were coming true, the object of his adoration and desires was in front of him, naked. And what's more important, the boy's penis looked just like he imagined. Uncut, average size, resting on top of two soft testicles covered by a few thick hair. Not to mention the perfect, puckered foreskin covering the reddened glans. The little Geoffroy truly had the godlike body.

"Part your legs a little wider. Oh, good!" Clotaire snarled, fighting his urges. He wished to abuse Geoffroy right there, a lot of evil thoughts filled his mind as he kept staring at his classmate's most intimate place. "So, was Nicolas playing with your dick?"

"Yes." Geoffroy answered shortly, hanging his head low, looking at the floor.

"Was he sucking you?" Clotaire asked again.

"Yeah! He was sucking me. Enough, please!" Geoffroy pleaded. His mind was racing, he wasn't able to predict what will happen next. Clotaire was a big one mystery for him, he never expected that his classmate will mock and humiliate him. They were friends for years now, after all. And of course, he wanted it to end as soon as possible.

"No. Show me your asshole." Clotaire requested and walked closer to the boy to get a better view.

Getting on all fours again Geoffroy pushed his butt up to the ceiling and parted his legs slightly. His biggest secrets were revealed, he was broken, defenseless, allowing Clotaire to record his shameless pose. The pink, puckered hole in the middle of the crack was all wet and clenched, his soft penis dangling below. Geoffroy pressed his head into the pillow, sniffing again, holding back the tears of shame. Clotaire was taking the photos as well, adoring the moment, taking his time to capture the moment of his triumph.

"So, I don't think he was fucking you yet, right? With his small, pathetic dickie." Clotaire mocked him and smirked, moving his camera closer to the exposed, tight hole. He watched it clenching over and over, waiting for an answer, but there was a short pause before Geoffroy groaned angrily.

"Can you stop asking about Nick?" The blond-haired boy asked and turned his head around to look at Clotaire. His classmate was standing just right before him, all aroused, with the visible bulge in his pants. He looked like a predator who was about to attack, he seemed strong, full of lust and determination. For one brief second Geoffroy thought that Clotaire will abuse him.

"My friends on the internet said that you are the most fuckable boy they have ever seen. It's hard to disagree, your ass is so nice. Damn. So smooth. Do you often fuck yourself with fingers?" Clotaire kept his interrogation going, inhaling on Geoffroy's scent, his eyes narrowed once again.

"I don't." Geoffroy answered. It was a little lie, but his tormentor couldn't prove it.

"Last one. Can you jizz yet?"

"Yes, yes I can. So what?" The handsome boy answered shortly, looking at the clock, biting his lip. His father was supposed to be home in just twenty minutes. He needed to end it as soon as possible.

"Wank for me." Clotaire commanded, smiled and added. "With fingers up your ass." He looked at the boy as if he wanted to penetrate his soul. And then he shared yet another idea with Geoffroy. "And cum on your face. Paint it white."

"You are messed up, Clotaire." Geoffroy whispered, grabbing his soft penis. Retracting the

foreskin he began moving his hand up and down, hoping to get an erection as soon as possible. One of the fingers went inside his mouth, he wanted to lubricate it enough and make penetration easier.

“Pull your legs up a little higher, behind your head.” Clotaire advised, enjoying the show. Oh, he wanted to record Geoffroy in the wildest position he was able to imagine.

Obviously, Geoffroy's anal ring responded once the helpless boy touched it. Massaging it he closed his eyes to avoid any distraction, he tried not to think about his classmate, focusing on his own emotions. His fingers were slowly pulling the pink walls of the anus apart, but the muscles remained still clenched when he tried to push his finger inside. The success was on his side anyway – all the little pleasures he was experiencing caused him to get an erection. Hearing the sound of Clotaire's camera he figured out that the boy was taking another picture.

“Gotta admit, you know how to play with your cunt. Ain't it your first time?” The tormentor asked, not able to hide his excitement.

As soon as Geoffroy closed his eyes, Clotaire started massaging his own bulge as well. Staring at the beautiful boy in front of him made him reach the climax in a few seconds. His knees were shaking, a low grunt escaped his mouth as the sticky, fresh cum soaked his pants. Through his half-closed eyes, he watched as Geoffroy's fingers went into his own mouth again. Two of them lined up in front of the sensitive anus and the boy forced them inside, past the first part of the muscles. The blond-haired teenager's second hand was doing the thing teenage boys do best, it was moving furiously up and down his erected penis. A soft moan could be heard as he pressed his fingers even harder, penetrating himself fully. Geoffroy started seeking for his prostate and touched it with the fingertips.

Both boys were in the heat, the flames of lust dancing in their eyes. Clotaire's erection was still rock hard despite his recent orgasm. He watched Geoffroy's fingers with amazement. They were fully inside the tight hole, going in and out. Imagining how it would feel to penetrate the boy by himself Clotaire struggled with his thoughts. Would Geoffroy obey his command only to protect the little Nicolas? How would the cute, blond-haired boy react if he heard one of the following orders? “And now let me fuck you in the ass, slut!”, “Suck my cock!”, “Swallow my load!”. “Small steps Clotaire.” The teenager reminded himself. “Small steps.”. The hole was clenching again as the fingers retracted only to push inside again steady, pulling apart all muscles in the way. Clotaire noticed that Geoffroy's penis was wet, leaking some of the pre-cum onto boy's hand, allowing smoother movements.

“Remember to pull your legs higher when you are close. So your dick will be above your face.” Clotaire instructed him, but received no response. His classmate was busy, breathing heavier and heavier every second, moaning occasionally as his fingers poked his own, sensitive prostate.

Moving like a shadow, Clotaire walked closer to his victim and sat on the bed. Geoffroy's body was right next to his. The tormentor sensed the thing he wasn't able to feel before. The smell of Geoffroy's body – truly wonderful, an unusual mixture of pheromones and sweat. Or was it also the smell of sex or semen? He inhaled deeply and rested in between Geoffroy's legs, looking at boy masturbating and penetrating himself just ten centimeters before him. The blond-haired kid's head which was now all red, still wet from tears. The poor boy was trembling and panted as more and more pre-cum leaked down his abdomen, bringing him closer to his orgasm.

"I'm barely able to keep myself from sucking him off. It looks so tasty. Would he even protest?" Clotaire thought, sensing that he was drooling. The purple, wet glans at top of Geoffroy's pulsating erection was a clear sign. The final scene of the film was about to be recorded – the one with Geoffroy coming all over himself.

It happened so fast, his arousal peaked, but Geoffroy controlled his body, managing to open his eyes, raising his legs higher, obeying his classmate's command. The only thing he saw was Clotaire's face and his own penis trembling just a few centimeters above his lips. A short grunt filled the room when he realized that he was not able to delay the orgasm anymore. Feeling dirty, seeing camera light recording him Geoffroy kept stroking his length, noticing that Clotaire took another photo. One second later the young teenager was on the edge, shooting his warm, fresh load all over his handsome face. The first rope of cum landed directly on his lips parted lips, leaking inside. The second one splattered against his nose, the next ones on the right cheek.

Still feeling all dizzy Geoffroy rested his exhausted body on the bed, allowing Clotaire to see him in all glory. A few late drops of semen leaked from his still hard, twitching penis down the shaft, glistening in the sun. While his orgasm wasn't as strong as the ones caused by Nicolas, it still made him feel amazing and guilty at the same time. Geoffroy reached for the paper towels, but Clotaire stopped him. Another vicious grin on his face.

"Hey, steady. Smile. Stick your tongue out, yeah, perfect." The young tormentor pleaded, and pointed the camera right at the boy's face. "Just imagine that I'm Nicolas. If this will make you feel better." Saying that he took another few shots of Geoffroy's cum covered face.

"Are you gay?" Geoffroy asked, frowning at his classmate. He wasn't really curious, but the answer seemed rather obvious to him.

"Who said that I am?" Clotaire shook his head. "Now look, here's Nicolas's video. See?" The teenager pressed the delete button and removed it from his mobile. "We're even now."

"Will you leave now?" The naked boy started dressing up slowly. "Where is my underwear?"

“Here.” Clotaire answered and reached into his pocket. “Feel free to wipe your cum in it. All of it. Yeah.”

Handing the boxer-briefs to Geoffroy he grinned, checking if the boy will obey his command anyway. To his surprise the blond-haired kid pressed the soft cloth against his face, moving it to all the sides as if he was using a towel. Then, without a word, he handed it back to the older boy, who immediately looked at wet spot covering the front of the fabric. Another dream came true for him.

“Have a nice day. I know where the door is. Don't bother your nice naked ass.” His classmate said mockingly, winking at him, walking out of the room.

“Fuck you.” Geoffroy murmured in a weak voice, but nobody was able to hear him. “Fuck you!”

Before getting back to the bed, hoping to clear the mess Geoffroy grabbed a fresh pair of the underwear and tried to call Nicolas. Once again, he received no answer, his boyfriend was not able to pick up the phone. He wished to share the news, to tell that he achieved the thing he wanted – he managed to convince Clotaire to delete the video. However, the price was really high – he was more than sure that his classmate will try to blackmail him in the future, perhaps tomorrow. The situation seemed so stalemated, and he couldn't think of a possible solution. Everything was so complicated and he was just a little boy – a little boy that paid a high price.

If Monday morning was cold then the evening was even colder. A bad day indeed. The afternoon nap Geoffroy took made him forget about everything that happened earlier. The boy was exhausted, barely alive, lost in the world of dreams. Waking up in his own bed, in his own home, surrounded by his relatives Geoffroy felt safe. A strange warmth came over his body as he felt someone's hand on his cheek. Someone was in the room, sitting on the right side of the bed. Someone familiar. Was it Nick? His little Nick? Opening his eyes Geoffroy stared at the man sitting next to him.

“Hello, Geoffroy!” Charles stated with a smile, looking at him. “I was just checking on you.”

“Oh, dad. What time is it?” Geoffroy yawned, looking sleepily around the room. It seemed to him that hours passed since his meeting with Clotaire. His clothes were no longer on the floor and the sun was almost hidden behind the horizon.

“Well, a bit late. You were sleeping for like three years.” Charles answered, keeping a dead serious face, caressing the boy's cheek.

"What?" Geoffroy exclaimed, astonished, his face expressed complete shock. His dad laughed and turned away head.

"Dinner is almost ready. Get dressed and let's eat. I would like to discuss one thing with you." The man stated, looking at the clock, nodding his head and left the room.

Sighing, Geoffroy rubbed his naked chest looking for a sign of hair to make sure that his father was really joking. But no, even his armpits were hairless. He quickly discovered that he was the same twelve years old boy. The boy with a bunch of not so ordinary problems. Before dressing up he grabbed the mobile phone and checked for possible missing calls, but there were none. It was the first time in several days when Nicolas seemed to not answer at all, and Geoffroy started to worry. He decided to send him a short message and ask if everything was alright. After all, he left Nicolas in quite a miserable state. "Poor guy." Geoffroy thought, thinking of his boyfriend.

As he started dressing up he noticed that his socks were missing. It took him a moment to recall what happened to them – Clotaire was more than eager to steal them. "Right, Clotaire. He's a weirdo, but I always liked him. Silly, but funny." Geoffroy looked at his reflection in the mirror, a grimace crossed his face. No wonder his dad was a bit worried, wanting to wake him up. His hair was a complete mess and he looked rather tired, some dried up tears were still visible on his cheeks. Deciding not to take the shower and just eat the dinner with his dad Geoffroy walked out of his room. No guests were invited for the meal, Geoffroy could show up naked and nobody would complain. The boy was happy that his father was no strict about the house rules.

And the dinner was excellent, like always. *Pissaladière*, a simple, yet tasty dish both of them liked. Onions, olives, anchovies, the extra thick dough. Some called it the French answer to the pizza, they were not wrong. Charles was grabbing the second portion of it, when he noticed that Geoffroy wasn't really in the mood. A parent's thing - he was able to tell that something was off. His son was simply devastated.

"What is going on, Geoffroy? Any troubles at the school?" The man asked, using his normal, soft tone, hoping to cheer his kid up.

Raising his head Geoffroy faked a quick smile - he wasn't able to describe his own feelings. His brain was full of them, mixing with some random thoughts. The teen years were indeed an emotional roller coaster. Geoffroy was both depressed and happy, going up and down, up and down, his mood changing rapidly. And what's worse his father expected a rather clear answer.

"It's nothing dad. I'm just tired." Geoffroy mumbled, trying not to yawn again.

"But the weekend was fine, I think?" The man asked, locking his eyes on his son. "I mean, Nick seemed a rather happy here with you."

"Yes, Nick is always happy. He is a great friend. You know? Oh, we weren't able to see you this morning. You left early. He wanted to thank you for everything." Geoffroy explained, his voice was now all excited as he started talking about his boyfriend. "I love spending time with him. B-but you could stop with all the dad jokes. They were not funny."

"What jokes?" Charles asked, wondering what his son meant. Of course, he liked to joke and mock his son, because he knew that his son won't take it seriously.

"Telling me that every part of my body will be short forever If I don't sleep." The young boy reminded him.

"Ah, but..." His dad paused, smirking. "Nicolas was laughing. That was a really good one. Plus, it's true, really. Totally not a joke." The man explained, winking at his son.

"Yeah, so you wanted to discuss something with me?" The young teen changed the subject of their conversation, as he didn't want to argue with his parent.

"Well, I just wanted to tell you that I do care about you. I want to explain a few things that may happen when..." A single ring tone interrupted him as Geoffroy's mobile started vibrating. Quickly glancing down the table Geoffroy noticed that Nicolas was calling him. He wanted to answer the phone right there but then he remembered that he was just about to discuss some matters with his father.

"Dad, I was waiting for Nick to call. It's really important, I think." The boy stated, making a sad face, wiggling on the chair impatiently. "Can we speak tomorrow's morning or a bit later, please?"

"Feel free to go. I will come to your room later just to say goodnight." Charles nodded and watched as his son left the room.

Of course, the man wondered what was so important, but he wasn't really disappointed with Geoffroy's behavior. It seemed normal, especially for a growing kid. Lately, he noticed that his and Geoffroy's relationship was getting a bit distant, but it was his own fault. After all, he did not confront his son about the fact that he caught both young boys in the act. Perhaps he was scared to see Geoffroy's reaction, or he was not ready for the truth. Everything happened so fast – and Geoffroy was slowly drifting away, living his own life, ignoring his old man. No longer a kid, but a young man. A young, lost man.

"Nick, can you hear me?" Geoffroy's loud voice filled the whole room as the young teen called his boyfriend again.

"Yeah. How are the things?" Nicolas asked. His voice was weak, perhaps a little sad. Nicolas sounded like a little, lost puppy, seeking for a new home.

"Can we meet on the webcams like a few days ago? I would like to see you." The blond-haired boy pleaded. Hoping to see Nicolas again in a few minutes Geoffroy wished to tell him of everything that happened. A quiet whimper answered him.

"Dad took my laptop. T-they... He..." Nicolas paused. "He found out that I was watching that damn film with you."

"Shit! Nick, I'm sorry! Really, it seems I'm really good at fucking things up. He just took your laptop away and grounded you?" Geoffroy asked another question, trying to comfort his friend.

"He spanked my ass, till I couldn't take it anymore. I-I was begging him to stop. "Nicolas's voice was shaking as if he was about to burst into tears again. "A-and grounded me for like forever." Nicolas was now sobbing silently, sniffing. Geoffroy felt the rage filled him, rage and the sense of guilt. He was so far the big troublemaker in Nicolas's life.

"Nick, please forgive me! You will be fine tomorrow. Believe me or not but my father spanked me as well. Years ago, but he did. Your dad really cares about you. Believe me." Geoffroy paused, unsure if he should tell Nicolas about Clotaire.

"I hate him."

"Nick, don't say that. Listen to me, please. Screw this shit. I don't feel like going to the school tomorrow. I will come to your house in the morning. And then instead of going to the school, we will spend some time together. I promise to buy you an ice cream, the big one. And I will give you the finest kiss massage all over your poor back." The blond-haired kid suggested and then added, smiling to himself. "I will tell you of what happened today. Good news, the video is no longer on Clotaire's phone. I saw him deleting it." He cheered, hoping to make Nicolas happy. It worked.

"Whoa, really?" Nicolas's voice brightened up. The boy was smiling for the first time during their conversation. "What did you give him?"

"I will tell you later. What do you think of tomorrow?"

"My parents would kill me if I skipped school. Or my dad, I think my mom would be fine with it." Nicolas explained.

"Don't worry, we will be signed up on all the attendance lists. They won't know. My dad will call the school." Geoffroy reassured his friend. "I promised the ice cream and butt massage, what else do you want?" The boy asked curiously, using his seductive tone.

“To have you next to me. Forever and ever. My hero.” Nicolas smirked. For some reason, his voice sounded rather sad.

Chapter Eleven

~ Pay It Forward ~

Bad dream or the memory of Monday's events – Geoffroy wasn't able to tell what exactly made him wake up in such a bad mood. It was still an early morning, as he got up earlier than usual, all nervous, feeling that he was not able to sleep anymore. Having plenty of time to spend before the breakfast the young teen decided to start with some basic morning hygiene routine. Wearing only his white, tight briefs he walked into the bathroom to wash his face and to pee. His eyes seemed heavy, he yawned as he marched into the shower and started washing, hoping that the warm water will wake him up fully. Sitting on the floor, staring at the wall the boy let the water splatter against him. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. A really deep breath.

Someone told him a few months ago (or was it in a book he read?) that positive thinking, relaxation, and meditation were the best ways to clear up the bothered mind, he was a smart boy, he believed it fully. His day was all planned, he knew what he needed to do, and he was happy to receive yet another chance to meet Nicolas. Nothing bad could come out of that. The chances to see Clotaire were close to zero. And honestly speaking – he hoped to see his hated classmate in September at earliest. After all, the summer was almost there. Tuesday afternoon. Wednesday, Thursday. Friday – end of the school year. Yes, the summer... Geoffroy wondered when his dad will speak to him about the coming holiday plans. After all, the man seemed rather concerned yesterday, during dinner. Perhaps he wanted to cancel all the plans? Geoffroy would not complain. He wanted to spend the time with the little Nick, he was truly obsessed.

“Should I ask my papa if Nicolas can spend the holiday time with us?” Geoffroy thought, biting his lip, preparing to wash his hair. It wasn't a bad idea but on the other hand, it seemed rather suspicious. Geoffroy figured out that his father would ask a lot of questions and call Nicolas's parents who weren't quite happy with their son's behavior lately, no doubt.

Geoffroy smiled, seeing that his bad mood was almost gone. Now he started thinking about some early school memories, he and Nicolas shared. They were just in first or second grade when some pretty funny things happened. They were living their childhood fully, pulling pranks on other people, fighting, learning the world. “Heh, I wonder if Nicolas remembers any of these.” He thought. “Geez, I was so annoying back then.”

Geoffroy was a rich kid from a rich family, he liked to brag, show off his presents, tell everyone how amazing his dad was. He wanted people to adore him, he wished to become the most popular boy in the whole school. Because this was what he considered

good, Geoffroy wanted to be just like his father. He was six when he went to the school and met Nicolas. Another six years passed and they both went to the same collège. Some of their childhood friends from the elementary school weren't here anymore, but Geoffroy's and Nicolas's friendship survived. And not only survived but... progressed. The boys loved each other.

Naked and wet the blond-haired boy walked out of the shower. His body was glistening in a faint light, marking every muscle and bump covering his maturing chest. His nipples were rock hard, he was indeed a young god. The boy who had everything. Standing in front of a big mirror Geoffroy looked at himself, flexing his muscles and posing.

"Oh, Geoffroy, you are so handsome." He whispered as he moved his eyes down, examining his body. He was changing so fast, once a boy, now a young teen. The puberty finally got him. "And you have such a big cock!" Geoffroy wiggled his hips and was about to dry himself up when he heard the knock on the door and his father's voice.

"Son? Are you in the bathroom?" The man asked. "May I come in?"

"I'm naked, dad!" Geoffroy shouted, looking for the nearest towel in a panic, but there were none left. He realized he forgot to grab a fresh one from the closet. "What do you want?"

"The shower in my bathroom just broke. Called the handyman service but they won't be able to come until Thursday." The man explained, clearly disappointed. "We will need to share yours for a few days. Now, could you please dress up and open the door?" Charles asked impatiently. He wasn't angry but rather disappointed that his son wasn't obedient.

Covering his private parts with one hand the blushing boy reached for the bolt, opening the door. Obviously, Charles was rather surprised to see his twelve years old son naked in front of him but Geoffroy explained himself quickly.

"Could you bring me a towel, please? I don't have one." His voice was really low, the boy was whispering. Geoffroy stared down at his feet as if they were very interesting.

Rolling his eyes Charles shook his head and walked over to the closet, seeking for a fresh towel. This was an unexpected situation, the emergency, yet it seemed really strange for both of them. Charles used to take a shower with Geoffroy till his son was ten. Just two years ago his kid had no problem being nude around other man and boys, visiting some luxury swimming pools and saunas all over the world. But now, as his body began changing he felt quite ashamed of it. Charles was not surprised by his son's behavior, and most certainly not embarrassed – after all, he saw Geoffroy doing much more... disturbing things.

"Here you go, son." He handed the towel to Geoffroy and closed the door, allowing his son to cover himself quickly. "You shouldn't be so shy around your own father, really. I mean..."

“Dad. Stop. Weird alert!” Geoffroy yelled and grinned, walking out of the bathroom, allowing his dad to walk inside.

“Remember the thing you promised me yesterday? It's really important.”

“Yes dad, I hoped we can talk this morning during the breakfast.” Geoffroy stated and watched as the man started undressing. The boy always wished he was as muscular as his dad, he knew that all the women would kill to have a husband like him. “I wanted to ask you...”

“Yes?” Charles replied, unbuttoning his shirt and sliding down his jeans, looking at his son's reflection in a mirror.

“Could you perhaps call the school and use your super powers and sign me and Nicolas on all the attendance lists? It's almost summer, we aren't learning anything anyway.” The boy explained, trying to sound as reasonable as possible, hoping that his father will agree with him.

“You and Nicolas?” The man sighed, giving Geoffroy a quick look. “Shouldn't he tell his own parents that you two want to hang out instead of going to the school? Or was this his idea?” Charles asked, worrying that Nicolas had a bad influence on his son. He still tried to preserve the single thought that his son was innocent, pure, realizing that this was no longer true.

“Mine, dad.” Geoffroy stated shortly, awaiting his father's approval.

“I will think about this.” Charles claimed, lowered his underwear and walked into the shower. Geoffroy nodded his head, closed the door and started dressing up.

Deep inside, Geoffroy knew that his father will agree with him. The man was giving his son everything he wanted and somehow Geoffroy was still far from abusing his dad's powers. The blond-haired teenager hoped that his dad will stop blaming Nicolas for some bad things happening – after all, they were both still quite young boys. Young enough to make not one but a few mistakes. Just then, as he was finished putting his shirt on his phone ringed. Geoffroy was surprised to see the sender of the short message.

“I was thinking about you, you know. You look really hot.”

Ignoring the message Geoffroy pressed the delete button, hoping that Clotaire will be clever enough to understand that this wasn't going to work in any way. Waiting for his father to walk out of the bathroom Geoffroy turned his laptop on and started browsing the internet, hoping to find some new game Nicolas would love. The boy loved gifting his friends, spreading the love, and he really wanted to make sure that Nicolas will have a nice

day. Besides, Geoffroy had a lot of time to waste, the breakfast was going to start in about thirty minutes, but he was already able to smell the food being prepared in the kitchen.

Just then, five minutes before the meal the handsome, young teen heard another incoming message sound, but having no time to read it he walked into the dining room. Obviously, he suspected that this was another message from his classmate and for brief second struggled, wondering if he should confess to his own, caring father. "If anyone can find any quick solution, it's him." Geoffroy thought, chewing on his lip nervously. Realizing that he was not ready for it, he sighed quietly, looking out of the window. As Geoffroy was lost in his thoughts Charles walked into the room, taking a seat. The started talking, getting back to the topic that was interrupted by Nicolas's call yesterday.

"So, to start with – I will call school today and speak with Mathias about your request. I guess he would be fine with that as long as you and Nicolas spend this time safely." The man explained. "I would prefer you to invite Nicolas over. However - I know that you both want to lie to his parents, telling that you are going to school. Don't you?"

"No dad, I will speak to Nicolas's mom today. I promise." Geoffroy stated, trying to convince his father, that he was speaking the truth. It seemed like a perfect solution as he knew that Nicolas's mom was much nicer than Nicolas's dad. "If she won't allow him to spend time with me then we will both go to the school."

"Alright, I'm meeting with your school principal, Mathias, tomorrow. I will leave him a message, saying that you and Nick won't be attending any lessons." Charles snapped and smiled, pouring some more juice into the glass.

"Thank you, papa."

"So, speaking of safety." Charles cleared his throat and locked his eyes on Geoffroy. "Since we have some extra time I want you to understand a few things. First of all – We are connected. You may ask what does it mean, surely." He paused for a brief second as if he was expecting his son to speak.

Something was bothering him – perhaps the feeling of impending doom he sensed this weekend was still hidden deep inside him. A lot of things changed so sudden and for some reason, Charles also felt that his own son was getting more and more distant from him. He couldn't allow this – after all Geoffroy was still a little kid. And Geoffroy, he was growing up, searching for his own path, wanting to explore the dangerous world. Charles wished to spare him all the suffering and tears, he wanted to lock him down, making sure that his little, precious kid was safe. Forever.

"We can not exist without each other. I would die if something bad happened to you, and you... You wouldn't be able to survive either. They would tear our fortune apart, Geoffroy. You can't even imagine how awful it is. Members of our family can often sense if

something bad is going to happen. Call it an instinct. I raised you, I kept you safe in the past and present and I wanted you to have everything you wished. But there's one thing I can not protect you from – the world.” Charles explained and looked directly into the boy's eyes, unsure if Geoffroy was understanding him. “And lately that connection between us, my guts or my brain, a father's thing, call it any name you like... Something tells me that we are getting distant, that you don't trust me anymore. Are you honest with me, Geoffroy? Do you feel safe?”

The boy was frozen in his tracks, his eyes widened. He remained silent for a few seconds, trying to control his emotions, opening his mouth to talk, but not a single word escaped them. Geoffroy was thinking, he was seeking for a way out, as he understood this was one of these rare serious talks he was having with his dad from time to time.

“Dad, listen. Nicolas and I... “ He started and then looked at the floor, his voice dropped. For the second time, he felt a big lump in his throat. The thing was blocking him from confessing the truth, from being honest with his own father. Geoffroy couldn't understand it – this was so easy in the past, but perhaps the past was easier. Now, as he was growing everything changed. “I worry about him. His dad is abusing him lately. I promised I won't tell anybody a word, but I'm not able to help him. I want him to be happy. I really like him.”

“Look, I know that Nicolas is your friend.” Charles emphasized the last word. “But I'm not quite able to interfere there. Not, without making a mess. I could make a call to some people, knowing that this could make things worse – he is just a kid, like you. They could take him away from his family and you would never see him again. This is no solution.” The man explained the situation to his son, who simply nodded, holding back tears.

“Can't we adopt him or something? You could speak to his mom.” Geoffroy suggested as another silly idea appeared in his mind. “I always wanted to have a brother!”

“Geoffroy, calm down. You know that we can not adopt Nicolas. I plan to speak to his mom anyway. There's one thing we need to discuss, seeing how much time you two spend together. And to think that six years passed already.” The man smiled, thinking of the six years old Geoffroy, who seemed like a completely different kid. “So, you may feel safe when a true friend like Nick is around, but remember that there's the only place where you will be eternally safe. Our home. And as long as I'm alive I will do everything possible to make this home your stronghold. I know, sounds cheesy, but I want you to be careful.”

“I understand what you mean.” The boy muttered, thinking how easy was it for Clotaire to get into this stronghold and destroy any safety Geoffroy had. Right now, the boy knew that there was none of it left, that he could be blackmailed anytime.

“You know you can talk to me about everything. I won't be mad and there's solution to any problem. I mean it. ANY problem.” Charles suggested and added. “ But seeing you sitting impatiently I know that your only problem is going over to Nicolas's house and see him as

soon as possible.”

“No dad, I still have time. It's just that... the stuff you are telling me is pretty obvious. You know, you are the best dad ever and nothing will change that. I know, I'm not the same boy anymore, but... I can't help it. It just happened.” Geoffroy explained in a low voice, playing with his fingers, knowing that his father will show at least some understanding.

“And, yes. One more thing.” Charles said, smirking. The serious part of their conversation was over. “When peeing, please try to aim for the toilet bowl.”

“Huh?” Geoffroy's face reddened.

“I noticed a few spots on the toilet seat. I mean, the cleaning service never mentioned it, but you should really try to clean up your own mess. Perhaps you should retract your foreskin fully if it gets all sticky.” The man suggested, looking at his son, who covered his blushing face with his hands.

“Dad! Stop! No more! I will try!” Geoffroy yelled once again, covering his ears.

“So.... do you think you are still young enough to friendly hug your father and do not feel ashamed about it?” Charles asked, spreading his arms and inviting Geoffroy to come over.

The young teen did not respond, he simply smiled and walked closer to his father. For some reason when Geoffroy snuggled against the man's body he felt much more safely and confident as if the bad world was never to reach him. Once again, he felt like a little kid.

“Don't ever leave me, dad. I love you.” The boy whispered in a low voice, feeling that the man placed a kiss on his forehead.

Nicolas was one of these boys who liked to sleep. And because of that, he hated to get up early unless something good awaited him. The school day, the memories of the past, the morning rain, everything kept telling him that waking up was the worst idea ever. His vision was all blurred as he was woken up by his mother, who told him that the school was about to start and Geoffroy was here, ready to pick him up. Still half-sleeping he went into the bathroom ignoring the figure standing beside his mother. He recognized its appearance just after a moment. Just when his secret boyfriend grunted and smiled.

“Hey, Nick. *Salut?*” Geoffroy said in a loud voice, smiling, hoping to wake the boy up. Seeing his classmate in such a state was a new experience for him.

“*Bon...*” Nicolas whispered, looking at himself in the mirror, concentrating on his task.

"Do you want to eat breakfast with us, sweetie? You boys grow so fast!" Nicolas's mom asked, reaching for her son's dirty clothes lying on the floor.

Geoffroy watched as Nicolas brushed his teeth. For the first time in his life, he could observe his beloved friend from a different perspective, and he loved every minute of it. Nicolas was all natural, not hiding anything, his morning wood formed a nice tent in the blue pajama shorts. "My god, he is so cute! I want to cuddle with him right there. And I don't care if his teeth are dirty or not." Geoffroy thought, gulping loudly. He closed the bathroom door and looked at the woman, who asked the question.

"Thank you, I'm fine. May I ask you a question?" The boy pleaded politely, biting his lip, hoping that his plan will work. "I wanted to invite Nicolas over today. We don't really have any lessons lately. L-Like yesterday – the math teacher was off sick so we were sent home earlier."

"Oh, yes. The summer is coming." The woman stated, looking out of the window, her face was full of the strange melancholy, as if she was recalling the better times. "I feel like Nick is rather interested in all things, but school lately." She explained, whispering and hoping that her husband won't hear her, motioning Geoffroy to come closer. She rested her hands on the boy's shoulders and leaned closer to him. "I'm happy that he has a friend like you. I know Nicolas can be giddy at times, but since you two started dating..." She stopped, quickly biting her tongue, realizing her mistake.

"Em..." Geoffroy blushed, quickly looking away.

"I mean, since you two started meeting. Six years ago." Nicolas's mother corrected herself and changed the subject. "Year after year he is getting more and more orderly and polite. At least he no longer breaks everything he touches. That was a real problem in the past."

"Thank you, *madam*! I will take care of him." Geoffroy promised, smiling, feeling as the woman's arms wrapped around his body.

"What is going on?" The black-haired boy asked, looking at the strange scene in front of him. His mom was now hugging Geoffroy, the same way she hugged him when he was still a little kid.

"Oh, We were just making some plans!" The woman winked at Nicolas, patting his head as she left the room, reminding him once more that breakfast will be ready in a few minutes.

She was truly caring. Knowing that Geoffroy's mother passed away a long time ago Nicolas's mother wished to help him. She suspected how hard it was for a growing boy like him – having only a father who was working for most of the day and single childhood friend to share thoughts with. Of course, Nicolas's mother was a clever woman in a close

relationship with her son and she sensed that Geoffroy was really worried about the little boy she loved so much. They were like brothers since forever.

In the end, Geoffroy was talked into drinking the cocoa as Nicolas was eating a small portion of fruits, vegetables, and the bread. Nobody interrupted them during the breakfast. They looked like a quite happy family getting ready to start their day, they talked, smiled, joked a lot. The blond-haired young teen felt a strange emptiness down in his stomach as he looked at Nicolas's mother. He tried to recall his own mom, but he could barely remember her face. Ten minutes later both young boys left the building, receiving the goodbye kisses from Nicolas's mom. Geoffroy's mobile ringed again. Another message.

"Oh, who are you chatting with?" Nicolas asked curiously. Geoffroy looked at his mobile, a grimace appeared on his face. That was getting really annoying.

"So I just cummed all over your asshole photo. Would you like to try this today after school? I will be gentle."

"Eh, it's nothing." Geoffroy murmured, shaking his head and deleted the message. "I promised you the ice creams, right? Let's go. In the meantime, I will tell you what happened yesterday."

"And butt kissing." Nicolas reminded him, blushing a little bit.

"Right. So about yesterday..." Geoffroy started telling his story describing every spicy detail of his yesterday's meeting. Nicolas was shocked to hear about the price Geoffroy paid.

"So, you... did it?" Nicolas asked, his eyes widened, he was not able to utter a word for a while. After all, that wasn't any solution to their problems - they could still get blackmailed. "I can't believe it! Geoffroy! Come on, tell me you are joking!"

"I wanted to keep you safe. I don't give a shit about him." Geoffroy whispered trying to smile, knowing that this wasn't entirely the truth. Of course, he knew that the consequences may be a bit catastrophic. "He told me to strip and masturbate."

"You did it for me? Are you... I bet this stupid jerk will use that video against you. He's an idiot, but a clever one." Nicolas said angrily and looked at Geoffroy who was still to finish the story. The boy sighed. "Is there more?"

"I fucked myself with my fingers and came all over my face. He recorded a nice video showing it all." The blond-haired boy's voice trembled as he looked away for a second. He realized that everything was lost, Nicolas was right.

"Geoffroy, I don't know what to say." Nicolas frowned, grabbing Geoffroy's hand and squeezing it softly. "You are great, thank you. But... we need to meet with Clotaire and get

him to delete that video. I mean it.” The little, black-haired boy suggested and Geoffroy simply nodded, agreeing with him.

“Let's just spend the rest of the day without thinking about him. Alright?” Geoffroy pleaded, feeling that his bad mood was returning. His mind was once again bothered by the unpleasant thoughts. “Let's relax. We should be happy. No school, the ice creams and a lot of free time. Everything we need is here. You have me, and I have you.”

“Alright.” The little boy answered quickly and looked at the ice cream flavor list. There were just some he liked but the chocolate flavored with brownie bits mixed was his favorite. Geoffroy ordered the cherry one and paid for them both.

As they started licking their ice cream cones no word was spoken. They walked slowly toward Geoffroy's mansion. Looking at each other from time to time the boys laughed as they realized that some old habits die hard. Eating the tasty ice creams quickly turned into the sucking contest. In the end, they were smearing the soft, cold stuff across their lips only to lick it off slowly in the most erotic way. People walking by stared at them in a really strange way. One aged man sitting on the bench seemed like he would be really interested in seeing much more. Noticing that Nicolas quickly shared his findings with Geoffroy who looked at the pervert and started sucking on the ice cream in the most suggestive way, smearing the flavor all over his mouth, moaning softly. The confusion crossed the man's face, he grabbed his newspaper and quickly walked away.

They also checked which one of them can put more of the cone into the mouth. Boys being boys. And oh, Geoffroy was the winner. After a few more minutes they arrived at Geoffroy's home.

“I recalled it this morning. Remember when we were eight and they called our whole class to the doctor's office?” Geoffroy asked as they were resting on top of the grass in the garden, looking at the clear, blue sky.

“Oh man...” Nicolas laughed. “I actually kind of remember - you know when I was little I used to write a diary about events like that. These were some funny stories, my mom told me that one day someone we should publish them as a book and call it Le Petit Nicolas.”

“Oh cool. Remember to send me some.” Geoffroy pleaded, smiling, wondering if any of these stories were describing him. “So, they asked us to be naked, right? The whole primary class naked in front of the doctors. I'm totally honest – I don't think I paid a lot of attention to your little body back then. But we were in a joking mood, making them all pretty angry. And yeah, after the basic examinations they asked us to draw something, remember?”

“Yeah, a chocolate cake...” Nicolas answered, recalling his memories, smirking.

"Mine was an airplane, my house, and my dad's car." Geoffroy continued his story. "Remember how often we were fighting with each other back then? Everyone was punching everyone simply because we were kids. So many tears and bruises."

"Fighting and crying over everything. Look how much we changed in just a four years. From friends to boyfriends. Hard to tell what will happen within the next months!" Nicolas stated in quite a melancholic voice as he watched Geoffroy undressing. The boy took his shirt and pants off.

"It's way too hot in here. Come on, undress. Imagine we are spending the holiday time together."

Hidden from the people's eyes they felt the total freedom. The only people allowed into the garden were Charles, Geoffroy, and the gardener who worked only on Mondays and Fridays. They realized they could even strip naked there and nobody would disturb them.

Tuesday seemed really fine, they were lazy, relaxed, thinking only of the years behind them, ignoring the events to come. Nicolas placed his head on his friend's chest and closed his eyes. Geoffroy was rubbing the black-haired boy's back, neck, and ear while they recalled some more childhood stories, laughing at each other. This perfect moment could last forever but was quickly interrupted by another message Geoffroy received. And Nicolas sensed it clearly, Geoffroy's body tensed up.

"Ok, who is that?" The little boy asked, reaching for Geoffroy's shorts and looking for the mobile phone hidden in one of the pockets.

"Clotaire." Geoffroy confessed and watched as Nicolas started reading the most recent message.

"There are like ten of them already. Wait, does h-he... finds you hot?" Nicolas was speechless, figuring out that Clotaire was also gay. "He asks why we aren't school today, suggesting that you could spend time with him instead of me."

"I don't know what to do, Nick."

"I told you already. Send him a message." The young teen smiled quizzically, grinning, thinking of the best way to fool their not so smart classmate. "Ask him if he wants to get a blowjob. I will come with you and while you keep him busy I will find his mobile and delete the video. He won't be able to comprehend what's going on. Idiot."

"So, should I act the way he wants me to act?" Geoffroy asked, the terrible wave of guilt surged through him. "I would never blow him. Blah. It's disgusting, I don't find him attractive."

"He just needs to swallow the bait and let us in. Or we could beat him up." Nicolas suggested. For some reason, he wouldn't mind fighting Clotaire and shattering the boy's mobile against the floor. He never really liked him and in the past few years, they grew apart even more.

Geoffroy couldn't believe that he was writing such a wicked message to his classmate.

"Would you shut up if I blow you tomorrow?"

The answer arrived rather quickly.

"Can't wait, I hope you can swallow it all. See me tomorrow afternoon, at 13. My parents won't be home. You will love it, I promise."

It was midday when the boys decided to walk inside Geoffroy's room and play some of their favorite games, hoping that their biggest problem named "Clotaire" won't be anymore soon. As a matter of fact, they were just excited, happy, trying to ignore the not-so-pleasant thoughts swarming in their heads. Just the second Nicolas the closed door behind him he felt Geoffroy's hands all around him. The boy placed a soft kiss on his neck, dragging him all the way to the bed.

"I promised to take care of your poor spanked butt, right?" Geoffroy asked in a rather seductive voice and quickly unbuttoned Nicolas's shorts, pulling them down, rolling the black-haired boy on the stomach, leaving him only in the underwear and shirt.

"It still stings a bit. Yesterday was a real nightmare." Nicolas explained, pressing his face into the bed, feeling that the blond haired kid was gently caressing his back, moving the shirt a little higher.

Sitting between Nicolas's legs Geoffroy leaned down, pressing his palms against Nicolas's back. He started massaging the boy's soft skin, starting with the shoulders, slowly moving down but caressing every single fragment of his boyfriend's body. Geoffroy tried to switch between the massage techniques, starting with rubbing, then pressing, pinching and poking the soft skin with his fingertips trying to provide Nicolas's with nothing but the pure pleasure. Lowering his head Geoffroy started kissing Nicolas's spine moving down, touching it with his wet lips. every few centimeters. As soon as his chin brushed against the little boy's underwear, Geoffroy grasped the elastic waistband and lowered it, exposing the two cute buttocks.

Now, he saw it all, he understood what Nicolas meant. Some parts of the sensitive skin were still reddened. The left cheek was covered by a quite big crimson spot, which Geoffroy squeezed lightly causing Nicolas to moan in a pain. Instead of using his hands the older boy leaned his head closer to his lover's body. Placing his face in the crack, he

started kissing the bruised skin on the both cheeks and sucking it delicately. Geoffroy adored every part of Nicolas's fragile body, he worshiped the little, cute butt. His hands moved into the valley between two sweet cheeks and began spreading them, allowing the tongue to slip in between. Geoffroy never explored this area and felt incredibly horny knowing that he was about to taste Nicolas, who repositioned himself, parting his legs a little more.

Sticking out his tongue Geoffroy licked along the valley, gathering all the delicate sweat, getting closer to the place he desired so much. The burning sensation in his stomach was overwhelming as poked the opening, tasting it. He was hungry for more, reaching with his skinny fingers even deeper the boy tried to spread the hole even by a tiny bit. Just to reveal some more of the pink flesh of Nicolas's rectum. "Oh, he's so sweet!" Geoffroy thought, noticing how incredibly tight the little anus was, it seemed to ask for penetration.

The blond-haired, handsome kid licked a little more, rubbing his face against his boyfriend's bottom, lapping his tongue as hard as he could. The spit was dripping down his chin, as he kept the rimming going. Nicolas moaned hard, his little body was trembling as the waves of pleasure surged through him over and over. Nicolas's penis left a wet spot on the bed as the boy was truly aroused by the rimming, which turned his shaft into hard, leaking rod begging for more attention. As a matter of fact, he was on the edge, obsessed by the searing lust.

"G-Geoff..." Nicolas croaked, looking behind, seeing his boyfriend undressing. "Please, can you do it again?"

"I will." Geoffroy assured his friend, sliding his own underwear, proudly presenting his erected member. "I was thinking... Can we try it? You know what I mean." Geoffroy asked, fascinated by Nicolas's hole. He settled between the boy's legs, quickly pressing his lips against Nicolas anus once more. Nicolas remained silent, breathing heavily every time when his boyfriend's tongue tried to get inside of him, swirling, wiggling, lapping.

Lubricating two of his skinny fingers with saliva Geoffroy probed the delicate opening, pushing, slipping half of his first finger inside. He remembered how easy was it for Nicolas to cum the last time when he played with his hole and smiled seeing as boy's body twitched, responding to the soft penetration. Pressing the finger forward the blond-haired kid watched as the hole swallowed full length of it, clenching tightly. Geoffroy began drilling it to the sides, seeking for Nicolas's prostate. As soon as he touched it his little lover squeezed his cheeks together and squealed.

"I will try with two." The boy said and retracted his finger, sniffing it and giggling a little bit. Licking both fingers he placed them in front of Nicolas's anus, smearing his spit all over the butthole. "You are really tight."

Nicolas gasped feeling the wetness filling him again as two fingers went slowly inside,

fighting all of his muscles. Geoffroy was gentle and careful, but also impatient - Nicolas tried to relax but at times some sudden pain filled him, causing all his muscles to tense up. Besides, his excitement was peaking, the flames of lust were burning his maturing penis, he wanted to grab his own shaft and masturbate. The tight walls of Nicolas's anus squeezed around Geoffroy's fingers, his insides were all slippery, but Geoffroy still pushed forward, drilling his way to the prostate. And then, when Nicolas felt that he was almost on the edge, almost ready to cum, Geoffroy removed his fingers in one sharp motion and slapped Nicolas's bruised cheeks causing the little, poor boy to groan.

"It hurts!" Nicolas cried, grasping his red buttocks.

"Nick, I want you to answer my question." Geoffroy sputtered, preparing to slam his boyfriend's cheeks again.

"I don't know, Geoff. Your *zizi* is bigger than your fingers." Nicolas explained, looking at his boyfriend's erected, leaking shaft. "I can't take it."

"I will lick your butt for hours if needed. Just try to relax. Please. I want to do it." Geoffroy stated in a weak voice, totally obsessed. He squeezed the boy's two perfect globes, sending another wave of pain through Nicolas's body.

"Just let me come already! I need it so bad!" Nicolas blurted out, looking angrily at his boyfriend.

"I know you need it." Geoffroy stated, smiling viciously. "I want you to be aroused for a few more minutes as we dress up."

"Dress up?"

"Yep." Geoffroy replied and walked over to his closet looking for the appropriate costumes inside. "Actually, you reminded me about that. We will play the cops and robbers! Can you guess who will be the cutest little robber?"

Chapter Twelve

~ The Cops and Robbers ~

Nicolas rolled his eyes and sighed loudly. The little boy was fully naked, burning with the lust, his body almost reached the climax. And then, when he was about to experience it Geoffroy changed the way he wanted to play. Oh, the silly Geoffroy! Sure thing, Nicolas knew that Geoffroy liked to dress up and wear different costumes. His classmate did that a lot in the past, especially when they were still little and innocent. This was one of Nicolas's earliest school memories – Geoffroy coming to school dressed up as a cowboy, the martian man or even a policeman. All of these happened without any particular reason, causing their teachers to be extra confused while Geoffroy was showing off his newest costume. Of course, Geoffroy kept telling that his father can buy him everything he wanted.

But now, it was quite different. Geoffroy was obsessed by the role-playing, finding the clothes he wanted them both to wear within a few seconds. The blond-haired boy was truly impatient, dressing up as a cop, making sure that his uniform was all neat and good looking. He kept insisting that their fun will be much more entertaining this way, but Nicolas remained silent – he was a bit stressed by the things to come. Wearing a long black shirt and loosened up, slightly tattered trousers the little boy looked at himself in the mirror and groaned. As a matter of fact – he looked like some average teenager without a sense of fashion or style.

“So... *monsieur* you are accused of stealing.” Geoffroy stated in a serious voice, frowning, walking closer to Nicolas, grabbing his arm.

“Yeah, I suppose.” Nicolas muttered, trying not to laugh.

“Hey!” Geoffroy interrupted him, squeezing the boy's skin hard. “Play it nice or else!”

“What, will you spank me, daddy?” Nicolas tried to keep a straight face but then obeyed his friend, deciding to play along. “I did not steal anything! You cops are all the same, faggots!” Nicolas exclaimed, recalling a quote from a movie he saw recently.

“Place your hands on the bed and spread your legs! You are under arrest! Quick! Or I will shoot!” Geoffroy shouted, grabbing his plastic gun and pointed it at Nicolas.

“Oh no, sir, please! I'm just a little boy!” Nicolas pleaded, feeling Geoffroy's strong arms wrapping around him as the older boy pushed him forward and handcuffed one of his wrists to the bed.

"We shall see how little you are. That's for sure." Geoffroy promised, an evil grin appeared on his face as he looked at the powerless boy. "So, where is all the stuff you have stolen? Tell me, now!"

Reaching into the boy's pockets, Geoffroy began seeking for some items. Obviously, the pockets were empty but he took his time to search through them and also hug Nicolas from behind, resting his horny body on top of the bound boy. Nicolas was all his, unable to escape, and Geoffroy was taking his best chances to convince his boyfriend that they can satisfy each other beyond their dreams.

"Oh, so nothing in there? I think I will need to strip you then." Geoffroy stated, feeling that Nicolas's body stiffened.

"Oh, Sir! Please, not! I am innocent, really!" Nicolas tried to explain himself in a loud, nervous voice. To say the truth, he was getting aroused again, feeling his boyfriend so close sent some pleasant waves of hotness down his spine. The way Geoffroy touched him was also nice.

"Let's see." Geoffroy whispered and slid his hands under Nicolas's shirt, running them slowly up and pressing every single muscle along the way, causing the boy to shiver. Oh, he was really good at the teasing.

Soon, when Geoffroy got to Nicolas's nipples he began pinching and squeezing them, tracing the delicate skin with his finger, feeling it harden. He wished to discover Nicolas's body again, truly adoring each part of it, examining every bump and wrinkle, every soft spot and little hair covering it. Moving his hands to his lover's armpits, massaging the soft surface, Geoffroy lost himself in thoughts, his nostrils were full of his boyfriend's scent. The black haired boy's skin was hairless and smooth - Nicolas couldn't help but moan, quickly recalling that he should keep playing his role.

"You are a pervert!" Nicolas hissed, trying to look behind and see Geoffroy who was still molesting him.

"Oh, shut the fuck up, punk! You are innocent, right?" The older boy asked and unbuttoned his friend's shirt. There was something magical about this moment, Geoffroy figured out he was in a charge, he was able to do anything he wanted. And Nicolas needed to obey.

Nicolas's exposed back was now visible to Geoffroy. Nicolas was still handcuffed to the bed, his body resting on top of it. Within a few more seconds, Geoffroy's hands were working again, sliding down, groping the little kid's crotch through the tattered pants, rubbing the entire length of the semi-erected shaft inside. Obviously, Nicolas's body responded, his penis twitched a little bit and started pulsating, becoming as hot and hard as before. Reaching a bit lower between the boy's legs Geoffroy grasped his lover's tight

testicles, hoping that this simple torture won't make Nicolas cum. Nicolas held his breath, as Geoffroy squeezed hard his spanked cheeks and parted the two globes apart.

"I bet you are hiding something in there!" Geoffroy stated with a smirk, holding the soft buttocks in his hands. "I bet you will love it, you little thief."

Next thing that happened was rather obvious. Grabbing the waist of Nicolas's pants Geoffroy yanked them down along with the boy's underwear, letting his partner's erected penis and hairless testicles bob out into a view. The young teen dressed as a cop reached for the plastic baton and ran it over Nicolas's spine, all the way down to the wet hole he was so eager to taste. Oh yes, he hoped to start the true fun pretty soon. Now, when Nicolas was nude again Geoffroy began playing with him, reaching for both of his treasures at once. His long fingers wrapped around Nicolas's testicles and the base of boy's penis sliding the foreskin down in a single motion, revealing the wet glans. Holding the black haired boy's genitalia with one hand Geoffroy used the other one, moving it in between Nicolas's cheeks, looking for his friend's rectum. He pressed it with two fingers and easily got inside.

"Oh, nothing here so far. I will need to inspect your insides then." The handsome, blond-haired boy muttered as he drilled his way, stretching the boy's anus apart. "I hope you are clean in there." Geoffroy giggled as he retracted the fingers and licked them - he liked the unusual taste.

Geoffroy had a plan, as a matter of fact, he planned their whole evening. Obviously, Nicolas was unaware that Geoffroy read a few of articles regarding anal sex, as he tried to convince his friend into trying it. For him it was fairly simple – wetting and stretching and then hitting it when ready. The internet was full of pieces of advice, some of them were accompanied by graphic movies. So, Geoffroy was impatient like a little kid waiting for Christmas. He reached for the baton again and placed it in front of the little boy's entrance. Pushing just a bit he wondered if Nicolas will be able to take it all at once. The guys on the internet were surely capable of that.

"Spread them a little more now. You can take it." Geoffroy suggested and watched as Nicolas obeyed his order.

Unfortunately, Nicolas wasn't able to fully relax, his mind was racing, he was struggling, thinking that Geoffroy will hurt him. And the object that was about to penetrate him seemed way too dry, Geoffroy tried to push but it wasn't going in. Figuring out what to do next the young teenager sat on the bed in front of Nicolas's face, moving the slightly wet black plastic rod towards Nicolas's lips.

"Giving you a chance. Suck on it now."

"Geoff, I don't think that this is a good idea. It's too big." Nicolas protested, feeling that his

partner was pressing the baton against his mouth.

And Nicolas was right, Geoffroy knew about it, figuring out that whoever made this toy wasn't thinking of using it in a sexual way. The black baton was almost one and a half centimeters wide and twenty centimeters long. It seemed way bigger and more challenging than the older teenager's own penis. Nicolas tasted the toy, trying to cover at least the tip of it with his spit, hoping to lubricate it well enough. Geoffroy lightly pressed the plastic rod, slipping more of it inside Nicolas's mouth, allowing the boy to wet it fully. Still, Nicolas felt insecure, not knowing if he will be able to take even the tip of the hard object. After all, he was quite inexperienced, plus the toy seemed so big as it penetrated his mouth.

"Ah, great. Look, it's all wet!" Geoffroy exclaimed, all excited and walked behind his friend. "Inspection time. It will surely hurt a bit, but you can make it, really." Licking his own fingers he began spreading the puckered hole with them.

Nicolas was never prepared. As soon as he felt the wet object on his anus he clenched his buttocks instinctively, defending himself. But Geoffroy was determined, he tried again and again, hoping that Nicolas will make his task easier. The little boy took a deep breath and focused on his body, trying to relax his sphincter. His whole body pressed harder into the bed and he grabbed Geoffroy's pillow, squeezing hard on it. It was done, the very first step.

The tip of the plastic rod was now inside him, stretching him wide. Geoffroy was satisfied and let out a sigh as he pushed slowly, but steady, concentrating hard on his task. Just when the first bits of the toy slipped in, Geoffroy lost his patience. Without prior warning, he pressed harder. Two or three more centimeters of the object disappeared inside Nicolas's rectum, causing the defenseless boy to groan in a pain. The pain was overwhelming at first, the black-haired kid never felt something so big before. It seemed to stuff him fully. His rectal muscles were squeezing tightly around the black baton, trying to fight and stop the intruder.

"Hey, halfway there. Really." Geoffroy assured Nicolas and patted his back, looking at the boy's still red cheeks. The black rod sticking from the hole in between them was glistening, covered in the sticky fluids. A single groan answered him as he pushed again, fighting with his boyfriend's body.

Every push, every single groan, a little moan was a music to Geoffroy's ears. His arousal was growing, his lust was getting stronger. Still, he was pleased noticing how elastic Nicolas's body was, seeing as it accommodated the unwanted intruder. The searing pain was fading away as the penetration kept going, slowly turning into the pleasure.

The little boy couldn't help but whine from time to time, especially when Geoffroy pushed. But when the tip of the plastic toy touched his prostate and pressed into it, looking for a way for further penetration Nicolas cried a little, sensing the pleasant tickling between his legs. Slowly retracting the toy Geoffroy began drilling the way outside. Nicolas was still

tight but his anus became relaxed after a few more moments, the boy's body was almost ready for the final act. Plus, it was quite hard to hide the fact that both boys enjoyed it, they were panting, obsessed with lust, wanting to satisfy each other. The tension Geoffroy felt was almost tearing him apart. All the scents, the sounds, the ocean of emotions, he was going crazy, thinking about that little, pristine hole.

"You know..." Geoffroy stated after a while, grabbing his own bulge and repositioning it. He couldn't wait anymore as his hard penis pressed against his pants, trying to break free. It felt really uncomfortable for him. "They say every policeman has two rods, heh?"

Resting on top of the bed Geoffroy looked at Nicolas's face. The little boy was blushing, his cheeks were red, some sweat appeared on his forehead. Geoffroy positioned himself closer to his boyfriend, so his tented pants were clearly visible. Reaching for the damp baton he placed it in front of Nicolas's lips, giving him a sign to suck on it. Nicolas was not sure why, but he obeyed the command almost right away. The small teen was battling his thoughts, the slimy object was inside him just a few moments before, yet he found it even more arousing. Feeling no unpleasant taste he began sucking, cleaning it from his own juices. The salty and warm flavor filled his mouth.

Soon, Geoffroy pulled the toy out of Nicolas's mouth and started stripping. He decided to wait no more. Sliding his pants and underwear down in one move he exposed his own member. Free at last! Geoffroy's penis aimed directly at Nicolas, the single drop of precum glistened on top of it. The delicate foreskin retracted almost fully, revealing the reddened knob. Without a single word Geoffroy grabbed Nicolas's head, pressing the swollen head against black-haired boy's lips, smearing the precum on them.

"Suck on it, please. Damn, please, Nick!" Geoffroy pleaded, as his shaft disappeared inside his lover's mouth.

Once again, a salty taste filled Nicolas's mouth as he rolled his tongue all over the leaking urethra, swallowing the precum, pressing the tip of his tongue against it. Realizing that Geoffroy was still playing their little game he hoped to lubricate him well enough to allow a brief penetration. This lasted only for a few seconds as both boys were really looking forward to the next step. Retracting his penis Geoffroy allowed Nicolas to run his tongue underside of it, covering the already polished shaft with the mixture of spit and the sticky precum. In the end, it was still hard and red, like a steel spear. Both young teens were panting. Geoffroy shivered nervously once he realized that his dream will come true in no time.

Being a bit stressed Nicolas tried to spread his legs even further, hoping to ease some of the pain but Geoffroy did not start the penetration right away. Instead, he looked at the wet hole and probed it with two fingers, massaging the wrinkled surface for a few seconds. Everything seemed so surreal, they were both so young, they seemed so innocent, he couldn't believe that he was actually touching Nick in there and they both were fine with

this. How come they changed this much? Or was it always something they wished for? Positioning himself between Nicolas's legs, Geoffroy grabbed his member and lined it up with the younger boy's anus, he pressed the red, leaking head against boy's opening and rubbed it, smearing his juices.

"I will go slow, just to see if you can take it." Geoffroy explained but received no answer.

Of course, part of him wanted to take his boyfriend's virginity with a single rapid thrust. Geoffroy was worried about Nicolas's fragile body, he wanted to make sure that both felt good. He pushed slowly and watched as Nicolas's rectum opened before him. Getting his glans inside seemed to be no problem at all, the little boy welcomed him with everything he had to offer. Grabbing the young teen's sides Geoffroy tried to impale him on the shaft, but at the same time, he pushed inside, getting deeper every second.

Some sharp pain surged through Nicolas's body causing the kid to tremble and moan. It felt as if someone was pricking him with a needle. This happened a few times, accompanied by the hard pushes. Eventually, when half of blond haired boy's penis was inside him Nicolas shouted sensing that all of his rectal muscles were defeated by Geoffroy's final thrust. To his surprise, he could feel every piece of it, the hard rod in between his cheeks, so fleshy and hot, stretching him apart. After a few more moments and another second full of pain, Nicolas figured out two things. His boyfriend's penis was really deep inside him, brushing against his prostate. Also, Geoffroy's hips were squeezed tight against his butt, Nicolas could clearly sense the older boy's pubes against his own skin.

Then, Geoffroy started to move, slowly, trying not to hurt his lover. For Nicolas this was far from being a pleasant experience, he felt pain with every Geoffroy's thrust. The needles returned, pricking his sensitive skin. Again, the full length of the hard shaft was slipping inside him, attacking his muscles - they squeezed firmly around Geoffroy's manhood, trying to block him but they were penetrated with ease. The older boy used some force now, his penis was marking the way with the sticky precum, pressing against his partner's prostate every few seconds. Geoffroy slapped Nicola's cheek, forgetting about the young boy's recent spanking. Speeding up his thrusts a bit the blond haired teen paid no attention to Nicolas's low grunts, thinking only of his own pleasure now. Looking down in the delight he adored the view before his eyes, his shaft was going in and out of the small pristine hole, his testicles were bouncing against Nicolas with every thrust.

"I'm actually fucking him. I'm fucking Nicolas. Oh shit." Geoffroy muttered to himself, feeling as his lust peaked.

They were making a lot of noise, Geoffroy felt grateful that his father was not home, thinking that someone could hear Nicolas's moans even in the main hall. But even the moans were quite different now. The little teen wasn't feeling the pain but also a sudden wave of pleasure. And Geoffroy himself wasn't really that far from reaching the edge, all

the excitement and new type of sensations caused his mind to race, perhaps more than ever before. He was still thrusting meeting no resistance, thanks to all the lubrication applied prior and while the penetration. Retracting his penis the boy made sure that there were no traces of blood and suggested that they should switch the position. His thoughts were all dirty and he wished to share them all with Nicolas.

"I want to see your face while I fuck you." He explained, telling the black haired boy to rest on his back and pull his knees up to the chest.

Before laying on top of his partner Geoffroy grabbed his swollen shaft and rammed it inside the sore, gaping hole with a single move. As soon as he made his way inside and touched Nicolas's prostate they both grunted. His arousal was peaking now. Geoffroy leaned closer to his lover, humping his own hips up and down.

"Oh, fuck, Geoffroy!"

He felt Nicolas's lips on his. Geoffroy pushed his tongue in between them as they starting french kissing, and moaning into each other mouth. The older boy was thrusting sharply, causing the whole bed to shake as he forced his way back and forth. They were connected, finally sharing the greatest of emotions. They were perfect lovers, the rabbits in heat, allowing their primal instincts to take over their minds. Within one minute Geoffroy's sweat-covered body began tensing up, he could not escape the climax anymore. Resting his weight on top of Nicolas he pushed again. One final push. A single assault. The overwhelming orgasm approached him as he pressed his penis deep into his little boyfriend's rectum and ejaculated, sending the thick ropes of fresh semen inside. Geoffroy's mind became black for a second, he did not breath, he did not think, adoring the weird, burning sensation reigning all over his body. Finally, he took a deep breath and looked down at Nicolas.

"Finish me, please?" The little boy whispered, looking at his lover with lust in his eyes.

Geoffroy's penis was still inside him, erected, throbbing, sending waves of pleasure through his little hole. Nicolas was on the edge all the time, he needed a single stroke, a light caress and that was what Geoffroy did. Finally, the semen from his testicles was freed and the little boy cummed all over his torso and tattered shirt. He was not moaning anymore but panting as he experienced the orgasm he was longing for. His anus squeezed around Geoffroy's shaft as the older boy started retracting it. Fresh, hot sperm followed, leaking on the bed sheets, which were already wet from their love act.

"Does it hurt?" Geoffroy asked and touched Nicolas's anus with his finger, grabbing the paper towel to wipe some of the cum from it.

"A little bit." Nicolas confessed in a low voice. "But I will be fine. You were very gentle."

"You know what?" The blond haired kid asked, sitting next to Nicolas. "I wanted to do it the very first day when we were in the doctor's office. I looked at your hole as I was sticking the thermometer inside, and it seemed so... unreal. I wanted to touch it, stick my whole face in there, just out of curiosity. And, that's strange – I loved your scent." The boy admitted, blushing slightly. Finally, Geoffroy was satisfied and happy that he shared the perfect moment with Nicolas.

"Oh, so this is what you wanted then? My poor ass." Nicolas made a serious face, an outraged look crossed his face. "I break up with you, mister!" The boy grinned and then added. "Don't worry about Clotaire. Our plan will work just fine. Now, shall we do the usual showering plus sheets cleaning ritual?"

Geoffroy nodded and they both walked out of the room. But this time, he made sure that the bathroom's door was closed.

Tuesday evening was coming to an end and both boys were still at Geoffroy's place, having fun. Nicolas called his beloved mother, telling her that he will come home later and go to the sleep right away, as he did not want to have another sleepover at Geoffroy's home. Plus, the boy wanted to avoid seeing his own father. The man was still angry, burning with hatred – the little teenager could not forgive him the recent spanking. Everything seemed much more complicated now.

Once they cleaned up all the mess made, they started playing on the console, forgetting about the rest of the world. Nicolas wasn't quite a gamer, he always preferred the computer over the console, but after the hours of practice, he managed to beat Geoffroy a few times. Of course, the older boy was shocked by this and tried his best to disturb Nicolas in some way, hoping to get an easy win. So, it was not a big surprise when Geoffroy's father, Charles, entered the room to see Geoffroy pressing his feet against poor Nicolas's face, who tried to fight back, squealing. They did not notice the man and he watched as they both laughed and wrestled, making a lot of noise. Eventually, Nicolas spotted the man, giving Geoffroy sign to look to the right.

"Oh. Hi, dad!" Geoffroy exclaimed, trying not to look embarrassed by the fact that he was about to slap Nicolas's cute butt. "How is it going?"

"Geoffroy, let Nicolas go at once. His mom called me. I promised her to deliver him home in one piece." Charles stated, looking at his son, who made a made funny face and rolled his eyes.

"Won't he stay with us for the supper?" Geoffroy asked.

"No, he won't, son. His mom is truly a nice lady, but I couldn't argue with her arguments.

She wants Nicolas home as soon as possible. Believe me or not but you two are spending enough of time together. You know, he has a family. Right, Geoffroy?" Charles explained, placing his hand on Nicolas's arm, and looking at him.

"Oh, dad. Come on!" Geoffroy rolled his eyes again. "I don't mind it. Nicolas can stay here."

"Nicolas, are you going?" The man asked, ignoring his son.

"Yes, *monsieur*." The boy murmured. "See you tomorrow, Geoffroy!" Nicolas waved at his lover, who stuck out his tongue as they both walked out of the room.

At first, everything seemed fine. Nicolas was walking down the hall, accompanied by the man. Then, it struck him! It was rather unusual for Geoffroy's father to contact his mother, but the boy knew what was going on. Or rather, he suspected it. Was it about the coming holidays? Or perhaps was there more? Perhaps his mother told Charles about everything that happened? He remained silent as they marched together to the luxury car parked in front of the mansion - the car everyone would kill for. Once inside Charles broke the silence, cheering at Nicolas.

"I'm sorry to interrupt your fun Nick, don't be mad at me." Charles stated, reaching for his mobile phone and checking for the possible messages. So far, nothing. Another quiet, unusual evening. The calm before the storm.

"I'm not. It's just. I'm just... I-I don't know if I want to see my father." Nicolas confessed, turning his head toward the window so the man could not see his face. His stomach was once again an empty pit.

Charles figured out what was going on and understood the circumstances in which Nicolas was placed. Although Nicolas's mom wasn't quite eager to describe what caused the crisis she explained that there was one. Still, she sounded nice, caring, she was a perfect mother to the little boy like Nick. Charles hadn't got a chance to speak with Nicolas's father, but he heard him in the background, babbling bullshit, telling that he will never allow his boy to go on the holidays with some stranger. All the problems were resolved shortly after, Charles was a good diplomat. He hated it, but as soon as he introduced to some people using his full name they were much nicer, treating him like a good partner for every business.

"Nick, look at me." The man pleaded in a serious voice, revealing the truth once the boy faced him. "We will tell my son tomorrow. As for now – start packing your things. You are going to spend the holiday time with both of us."

"But..." Nicolas was frozen in tracks. He blinked and then gasped, unable to utter a word.

For some reason he decided to hug the man, wrapping his little arms around Charles's neck. He needed someone to love him, to comfort him, and the man was so good, so

different from the rest of the adults. The hug lasted a bit longer than usual, and then Charles heard the quiet sobbing. Knowing that something was wrong he slowly stroked Nicolas's back, feeling that the boy's body was all tensed up. The man did not attempt to question Nicolas about it – the black-haired kid surely had some secrets, just like his own son.

"Thank you. I-I wasn't expecting that to happen. Not even in my dreams. Really. I'm so happy. This means a lot to me, I mean... I'm not the member of your family and you are so nice." Nicolas murmured in a low voice, letting the man go, hiding his face in his hands. He wasn't sure what was going on. Was he crying out of the happiness?

"Listen Nick. It's alright. Your happiness is most important." Charles answered, trying to hold his emotions, patting the young teen's head, hoping to comfort him. He was afraid to make any move, Nicolas seemed so fragile and innocent, like a little boy, who was never meant to grow up. Yet, for some reason, Charles felt that he was emotionally connected to this boy. After all these years he realized that he truly cared about *Le Petit Nicolas*, who was just like a son for him. "We will surely have a nice time."

"I-I know. But tomorrow..."

"What will happen tomorrow?" Charles asked.

"No, nothing." Nicolas claimed, resting his head against the door.

As they started driving Nicolas fell asleep, he was dead tired. For the boy like him, this day was full of emotions and new sensations he felt for the first time in his short life. His eyes closed as Charles focused on driving the car, speaking no more words. Or perhaps he spoke a word or two, but Nicolas wasn't able to hear or answer it. The man chose to drive the longer way round. It started raining and the street, usually full of people, who were staring at rich man's car were completely deserted. Yes, Charles had everything he wanted and yet his own brain was working against him. He needed to think. And he wanted the *petit* Nicolas to get some rest.

Walking around his room in circles Clotaire was unable to sit in a place. He arranged everything and finally his plan worked, everything went smooth so far, smoother than he expected. Now, he only needed to go an extra mile to assure that Geoffroy will be all his, forever and ever. He wanted it to last as long as he was interested, for months, maybe years, he wanted to do all the stuff with Geoffroy, everything he saw on the Internet lately. He wanted to share both the pleasure and pain with him, make the wildest desires come true in front of him, he wished to taste his classmate's body, every inch of it. Blinded by the lust he planned his next action, figuring out that destroying a relationship between Geoffroy and Nicolas won't be as easy as expected. But Clotaire was sure that can

conquer the world by persistence and patience, he knew that at some point the little, weak black-haired boy will be no more.

Looking at Geoffroy's photo filling his screen he sighed in delight. The wildest and dirtiest photo he ever imagined was in front of him - Geoffroy's fingers were up boy's ass, the boy's nice cock was leaking sperm onto his face. That one was taken just a few moments after his classmate reached the edge. To say the truth, Geoffroy looked like he enjoyed it and he was not the only one. Clotaire masturbated like four times already but decided to spare his energy and seed for tomorrow. After all, he needed to stay strong, focused, like a predator waiting for an easy prey.

"You should send us his nudes." His friends insisted. Oh, they were all super excited to hear that Clotaire managed to get what he wanted. They sent him some further advises, knowing that the boy wanted more than just some photos. All the men on international chat were hinting him the most perverted ideas, corrupting his young mind since he became interested in Geoffroy. Of course, they also suggested that he should take some more pictures and share them among the members of chat. After all, they were supporting him all the time. He felt that for the very first time in his life someone was adoring him and his work. That his life had a purpose.

Geoffroy's message was expected. Clotaire knew that blackmailing will work and that he will be able to lure the naive boy into his lair. It was kind of funny that Geoffroy offered to blow him just like this. "Perhaps he is just a cocksucker." Clotaire thought and shivered a little, imagining Geoffroy on his knees, mouth wide open, begging for IT. The perverted teenager looked outside of the window and tried to make up the rest of his plan. His parents were still home but they were about to leave, saying they won't be back until tomorrow's evening. More and more messages appeared on the chat and Clotaire felt obligated to answer them. They were as excited as he was. His trusted friends and followers.

"Dad? Can I have your camera?" Clotaire asked the man, who was busy packing his things, getting ready for the delegation.

"It's in the bedroom, I think. Just try not to break it, alright? And don't disturb me." The man barked, answering the boy's question but not even paying attention to him.

Clotaire hated him, he hated both of them. There were days when he considered running away from home, leaving it all behind. The "*Don't disturb me*" thing was going for years - he was living all for himself and his parents did not really care about him, not anymore. Sure, they were doing that in the early years when he was still in elementary, getting the worst grades and barely passing the end exams, but then... They lost all the hope. They were happy with him for as long as he wasn't disturbing their plans. You could say that there were two families living in one flat. Clotaire closed himself in his room, reading some incoming messages, smirking.

"You can get it all, not just his head." One man suggested.

"Rape him and stream it for us. Everyone will love you."

"Don't forget to cum on his face, Clotaire! We know you can do that!"

"Think of fucking him and using his body for whatever you want. You could drug him with the drink. Can give you some advice." Another person suggested.

"Maybe they are right..." The perverted boy mumbled, typing a few phrases, starting his search. "Oh-Oh, This is perfect. Just what I need... neat!"

The thing that interested him the most was how to drug or knock someone out in a matter of seconds. Clotaire wanted to attack, to hit, to hurt. Over all those years he became sexually frustrated and wanted to let it go tomorrow. He wanted to get this cute, smiling boy all for himself - he started reading some guides explaining the subject he was fascinated with. It was so easy. Matter of hitting the right spot on head or neck. That shouldn't be a problem.

"Guys, do you think this will work?" He asked, sharing the website with everyone, awaiting some replies impatiently.

"Should be enough, just don't forget to tie him up." One user sent him a private message. "Also, collect some ropes or duct tape so he won't be able to escape once you start. Do you think you can do it? There will be no coming back, kid."

"I want to." Clotaire answered shortly and asked for some further help regarding tying up and blindfolding someone. He was really curious.

"Just make sure he won't tell anyone. Keep making the photos and share them with us in a few years from now." The stranger advised him - he surely seemed to know a lot about this stuff. "I could send you some of my old work."

"What work?" The boy asked, feeling all confused.

Soon, Clotaire received his answer. A single attachment to the next message. For some reason, he hesitated to open it. Was it really the thing he was thinking about? He clicked the file twice, holding his breath. Clotaire's mouth opened wide, the teenager was unable to move for a while. His screen filled with the image of the young boy. Ten, maybe eleven years old kid with the thin body and blond hair was all naked, sitting on the floor with hands and legs tied behind his back. His mouth was stuffed with adult man's penis, sperm leaking down his body, mixing with tears. He inhaled deeply and quickly closed the file.

"What the fuck was that?" Clotaire typed his message, feeling that his hands were shaking.

"Who do you think we are? Teenage gays with some silly problems like yours?" The man asked. "Really? You aren't the sharpest one, huh?"

"Do you have more of this kid? Like... fucking him?" Clotaire ignored the stranger's words, trying to relax, his heart was beating like crazy.

"Yeah, these were taken three years ago. He's your age now and still willing to satisfy his dad's needs. Fucked him since he was seven. Him and his brothers. Do you like it?"

"Please, send me some of his recent ones." Clotaire pleaded, grabbing his crotch. His erection was there, pulsating, asking for a single hard stroke.

"Listen, I was following you since you uploaded Geoffroy's first photo. I'm willing to help you and share my collection if you promise to record everything tomorrow. Here's another one."

A short video, lasting just for fifteen seconds. The fifteen seconds of ultimate hotness. Same boy as before, but a bit older was fucked by a man, probably his father. Clotaire almost reached climax hearing the boy's loud moans as the man slammed his fat penis inside the precious kid, pressing his head into the bed. The kid was all tied up, unable to move by an inch. His face expressed pain, but he wasn't able to scream due to a gag in his mouth.

"He's eleven and a half in this one. We've had spanking, oral, anal and pissing going on this night. The full video is like one hour long. Think about it."

"I will let you know."

Clotaire realized that there was no way back now. He wanted to experience it all, to have the five minutes of fame, he wished to abuse someone. As he started collecting the ropes and strings from all over the home his mind filled with contrasting thoughts, the poor boy allowed the desire to control him fully. Wanting to be all prepared for tomorrow, he began practicing tying up, knowing that there was no space for failing.

In the end, he was not able to sleep either. Being all nervous he started thinking of the future. It seemed not possible that tomorrow Geoffroy will be forced into things Clotaire was dreaming about for so long. And the thought that he could trade Geoffroy's perverted pictures with some other guys made him feel even more desperate. He wanted to join this world. Yes, finally his life had some purpose. The sweet scent of Geoffroy's body filled his nostrils as he surrendered to his dreams.

Chapter Thirteen

~ Wednesday ~

He wasn't sure if he was dreaming. Yes, it seemed like a dream, or the worst nightmare, the one where you keep escaping, feeling that they are about to get you. No, it was happening for real, Charles realized that. His vision faded out, he felt truly weak, betrayed, lost and anxious. The betrayal wasn't expected – the person he trusted the most stabbed him in his back mercilessly, everything seemed lost. Or maybe he ignored some obvious signs? Yes, everything was clear now. “Oh, poor Geoffroy. What is he going to do?” The man thought, trying to comfort himself.

It was still early. The Wednesday morning welcomed him with a warm breeze as he started preparing for his meeting with Mathias. They were trying to arrange the business deal for weeks, and now, finally, everything was set. The details were somewhat unclear to everyone. But even the newspapers started to rumor that Mathias's school will be even better, even more popular, becoming the most prestigious and biggest school in France. Not to mention the fact, that the principal was getting more power, simply to increase the income school was generating. Of course, the newspapers knew it all. They described Charles as a man, who had friends in the government, telling that it wasn't a problem for him to convince some people that his idea will benefit them all. But Charles was honest and believed that some special, clever children require more than the standard education. He wanted to make the world a little better place.

Then he recalled it. Geoffroy was awfully quiet this morning but he completely ignored it, he couldn't remember if they talked. Sure, he remembered Geoffroy's scent. Just when he was about to leave he ruffled his son's hair and hugged him, wishing all the best. His boy smiled at him, yes, he could remember Geoffroy's grin as well. The man was going to reveal the big surprise to Geoffroy later that day, wondering how his son will react. After all, everything Charles did was only to make his growing boy happy.

Charles still needed to sort a few things around the city so it was a few minutes after midday as he walked into his friend's house, feeling totally relaxed. After all, it was just a formality, everything was discussed. To finalize their deal he needed one or two signatures on the paper. It was all set, his greatest gift to the world. Naturally, he was also a bit excited.

“Oh, to start with, Geoffroy and Nicolas won't be school today. Could you perhaps...” Charles pleaded, recalling his son's request.

“Done already. I know I'm not able to keep the kids coming to school when the summer is

so close.” Mathias answered, nodding his head. “Where are they?”

“In the park, I think. You know, the one near our home. It's pretty safe in there I guess. At least they aren't spending their time playing some computer games.”

“Ah, just like us. We liked that little park as well.” Mathias recalled, walking over to a mini-bar seeking for something to drink. He waited for some kind of reply but quickly noticed that Charles was looking at the documents he found on the desk. These were the ones they needed. It took a while before he answered.

“Yeah, I remember. It's quite a nice place, no wonder they go there all the time. I would do the same if I had enough time.” Charles stated, looking at his friend. “I do really need more time. We will be leaving for holidays next Monday. Do you have some plans yet?”

“Whiskey? We should celebrate our agreement, I guess?” The man suggested, grabbing the bottle, full of amber-like fluid and two glasses.

“Can't, you know, driving a car.” Geoffroy's father explained and then added. “Some juice, please. Also... yes... I'm really happy to know that thanks to us France will be full of decent doctors, lawyers, and officials, just in a few years from now. We seriously need some change.”

“Well, not really. Even if you study the medicine you can drop it for no reason like you did. Three years, wasn't it?” Mathias asked, giving Charles glass full of orange juice. He was never able to understand his friend's decision. Mathias remained calm as they talked, the agreement itself wasn't very important to him. Or, not that important. For the most of his life, he was a poor man, who was now about to reach the peak, all by himself. His eyes narrowed as he recalled something and then smiled, listening as Charles once more explained what happened in his past.

“My father died and they wanted me to take care of his business. Of course, thanks to it I'm still able to name all of the bones, but this is useless. I hope that any child educated in your school will be actually smarter than me. We both are giving them a chance. Such a big chance.” Charles explained, his voice was all excited as he grabbed the glass and took a sip.

“Right, your father, a true man.” Mathias stated, faking his smile. “You never realized how bad he was? What he did? A true one motherfucker. I hated him, you know that.” He stood up and walked closer to the window, waiting patiently. Now he felt like a winner, all his life he was thinking of this very moment. Year after year, month after month. And the last few days that made him even more obsessed with his dream, Mathias knew it was getting closer.

“I'm listening. I feel like we should just discuss this once for all and leave the past behind,

Mathias.”

The older man stared at the clock and started talking, speaking slowly and marking every word as if it was really important. This was his great prelude, the hour of his triumph. The moment that they both will remember for rest of their lives.

“You know how it feels when someone turns your life upside down? Just because he hates you? This is how I would describe your old man.” Mathias looked directly at Charles.

Just then Charles noticed that he wasn't really hearing his friend. All the words seemed to sound longer than usual, along with the extra ringing in his head. He felt a bit weak. “No, could it be?” The young man thought and covered his eyes with his hand, trying to concentrate. Looking at the clock, which showed twenty minutes after one in the afternoon Charles sensed a cold chunk of ice in his stomach as he realized that something bad was happening to his son right now. He wanted to get up but couldn't, he needed to run, to save him, to save them both. Another few words ringed in his head, his friend was still talking.

“I planned this for a long time. You and Geoffroy were always so perfect. He is just like you.” The man seemed to get angry, speaking louder than before. “You will pay for your father's fatal mistake. I promised him.”

Someone entered the room. Two big, shadowy figures dragged Charles as his vision became totally black. Then, the man felt that his hands were all tied up and he was not able to move anymore. So this was true. A betrayal! Now, there were driving him to some other place, but he wasn't even able to tell when he was. Still believed that this was a dream, Charles hoped to wake up. He wasn't able to hear the school principal anymore. Instead, the anxious man heard only his own thoughts, which were crushing his mind.

He prayed, hoping that Geoffroy was safe. “He must be safe! He is with Nicolas and they can't be separated. They will take care of each other!” The flickering bright light filled his vision, his heart beating getting faster and faster and soon, after a short while, they dragged him into another room.

Charles wanted to fight. And to understand what exactly was going on.

“Stop it, you are all stressed!” Nicolas murmured, looking at Geoffroy. The boy's face seemed a little pale. They were already late - Clotaire's house was on the other side of the street they needed to cross. The neighborhood wasn't familiar to them, so they needed to ask for the directions a few times.

Geoffroy rolled his eyes. “Of course I'm stressed.” He thought, feeling that he was a total

mess as soon as he realized how many weak points their plan had. The boy wanted to stay calm and control his feelings but it wasn't as easy as he suspected. So, now his hands were shaking as he looked at Nicolas, who tried to comfort him, saying that their plan wasn't that bad or, it was the only plan they have. Well, that was true, but on the other hand, he couldn't believe it. They were learning fast from their mistake and now had to pay the price for it. For a teenage boy like him, the fear was unbearable, he felt happy that Nicolas was nearby.

"Easy to say. You aren't about to blow him. This is disgusting." Geoffroy sighed, looking at his boyfriend. The whole idea of putting anyone penis in his mouth seemed bad. Geoffroy questioned his own sexuality, as for this moment only Nick was making him horny. He could do everything for that little precious boy. But for any other...

"You won't blow him. Just keep him busy while I look for his mobile. Once more, I will grab it, delete the video and then we run away, leaving him behind. Since you will be so close to his pants you may as well kick his balls." Nicolas suggested and repeated all steps of his plan as if this could make it easier.

"And what if he won't allow you to come inside?" Geoffroy asked.

"Then I will offer to suck him as well. Come on, this can't be that hard. He's stupid..." The black-haired boy snarled as they both crossed the street, getting closer and closer to their target. "Just imagine. We will get rid of that record and won't make the same mistake again. Ok, Geoff?" He rested his hand on his friend's shoulder.

Taking a deep breath Geoffroy ringed the bell, feeling the not-so-pleasant sensation all over his guts and checked the time. They got there just in time, but something kept telling him that he should run away. But as soon as he tried that Nicolas grabbed his hand. Geoffroy's eyes were full of fear - before Nicolas could say anything they heard the door being unlocked. Clotaire opened them right away as if he was waiting behind the wall for the whole time. His face expressed true happiness as he looked at Geoffroy.

After a moment he noticed Nicolas standing in the doorway as well. Now, he was a bit disappointed – more people meant more problems. After all, he did have his own plan, which did not include Nicolas presence. Clotaire started wondering if he should allow Nicolas to get inside, knowing that the little, fragile kid wasn't any harm to him. Sure, the man he was corresponding with would be surely willing to share some more photos of his sons for one movie featuring Nicolas. Always the smallest boy in class, so weak, so young. Making Geoffroy suffer in front of his boyfriend seemed even better, and he wanted to make it happen.

"Oh, you want to see your boyfriend servicing me like a whore?" Their classmate smirked, as he looked at Nicolas, feeling like a winner. "Not a problem for me. Get in."

"Could you keep your comments to yourself?" Geoffroy asked, but received no answer as they walked in. "I feel humiliated enough."

Clotaire's house wasn't by any means nice - the whole building seemed really old, as it was built almost seventy or eighty years ago. The boy's family moved there just two years ago as they sold the old house due to the financial problems. It was dusty, dark inside, as their tormentor did not turn the lights on. It smelled like a cat or a bunch of cats. Yes, the smell was the worst part about it. Clotaire lead them to his room, which looked different than rest of the unusual place. As soon as the boys entered it they figured out they were in a trouble. The room was a mess and this was most probably the biggest mess they ever seen.

On the left side – a lot of boxes, up the ceiling. The boxes filled with different stuff, old toys, books, magazines, clothes. It seemed like Clotaire's family just moved there just yesterday and nobody bothered to unpack the things. Next to the boxes, there was a big bed, a lot of dirty clothes under it. On the other side of the room, they could see Clotaire's desk, but the keyboard was barely visible under the stacks of random things covering it. Nicolas tried to locate the mobile phone right away but this wasn't possible. There were so many items to focus on - he felt all dizzy. Geoffroy looked at him for a short moment raising his eyebrows, making a confused face before Clotaire spoke once more, teasing Nicolas and making them both more and more annoyed. Oh, he used his current position and fully took advantage of it.

"Now, Geoffroy, should I sit on the chair, so Nicolas will see me cum all over your face?" Clotaire asked, grabbing his crotch and pointing at the blond haired boy, smiling wildly.

"I would prefer you to stand and turn your back to Nicolas." Geoffroy suggested, hoping that his classmate will agree.

"Well, fine. Should we start?" Clotaire looked at his victim and turned away from Nicolas. The boy immediately started looking for the mobile phone. He only hoped that it was indeed somewhere on the desk and not under the bed, where he wouldn't be able to reach it.

Watching as Geoffroy knelt in front of the older boy Nicolas felt a cold sweat on his neck. He had only a few moments left. "Oh come on, this can not be that complicated, it must be in there!" The black-haired kid thought, biting his lip. He hoped that such a useful item would be on the top, and not under the pile of other randomly stacked things. Trying to walk as quiet as possible he walked closer to the desk. But his classmate was really focused on Geoffroy, not altered at all. His dream boy was in front of him. Broken, weak, humiliated.

"You can touch it, feel it." Clotaire insisted and watched as Geoffroy followed his order, reaching for the visible bulge in standing boy's pants. He pressed it with his fingers,

enough to feel that the shape wasn't really small, but fully erected.

"Harder. Run your fingers over it. Yeah." Clotaire instructed. "Big, isn't it? I hope you will be able to take it all..." Geoffroy's strokes became faster as he touched the whole shaft, starting at the bulge, not daring to raise his head up and look into his tormentor's eyes. "Say it, you can't wait to suck it."

"I can't wait to suck you." Geoffroy whispered through his clenched teeth. "Hurry up Nick!" He thought, unable to see his boyfriend, hoping that everything was fine and he won't need to go any further.

The little boy was in a panic. Standing next to Clotaire's desk and computer he was still unable to see anything. Nicolas reached with his hand to some books and slowly moved them to the side, causing one of them to fall onto the floor. Clotaire totally ignored the sound as he gave Geoffroy another command. The one that made it all worse.

"Alright, unzip my pants, I think there's no time to lose." He said with a smile no one was able to see. His desires were growing.

Trying to move his hands as slow as possible, wanting to give Nicolas some extra time Geoffroy began unbuttoning his classmate's pants. As soon as he did that the older boy slid the pants down by himself, visibly annoyed by the way Geoffroy was delaying things. Clotaire was now proudly standing in front of them in nothing but a tight underwear and shirt. He looked at his beloved friend and wondered if they will enjoy it. Of course, he wanted to force Geoffroy into something much wilder, but the first impression was also important. Clotaire knew that Geoffroy was afraid of him and that he wasn't really willing to play their little game. But he had no choice.

"Alright, time for you to see a real, big dick." Clotaire smirked and laughed nervously. Nicolas couldn't help but stare at his classmate's buttocks which were now slowly exposing as Geoffroy started slipping the boy's underwear off.

"Strange." Geoffroy thought. He felt a little horny as he was stripping his classmate, he also trying to compare Clotaire's body with his own, knowing that the boy was much more developed. Watching as the pubic mound was revealed, covered with a thin growth of dark hair Geoffroy gulped and stopped just at the base of erected shaft, trapped in the underwear. He was sweating and felt dryness in his throat.

"I'm sorry, can I have a glass of water before we start?" He asked, looking at Clotaire.

"You know how to destroy such a beautiful moment, right?" Clotaire asked and turned his head to Nicolas. "The kitchen is down the hall. Bring him a glass of water. Be quick about it."

Nodding, Nicolas left the room without saying a single word. He rushed into the kitchen, feeling sensing that he was just wasting his time. Trying to find another possible solution, he struggled and almost cried. Clotaire's mobile was nowhere to be found, Geoffroy was about to suck their tormentor and he couldn't help him in any way. Pouring the glass of water he wondered if he should attack Clotaire, perhaps they would be able to win. "Maybe I could grab his legs..." He thought as he walked into the room and noticed that Clotaire was already fully naked, not wearing a single piece of clothing. Nicolas walked beside him and stared at his classmate, as he gave the water to Geoffroy.

Not ashamed, not at all. Clotaire wanted to display his attributes the best possible way. His penis was bigger than Geoffroy's but only by a tiny bit. About one centimeter longer and thicker. The head was smooth, red, and already leaking, only partially covered by the tight, silky foreskin. A blue, big vein located on the side of the erected organ seemed to pulsate every second. Of course, Clotaire's testicles were also bigger and they hung down in the tight sack filled with sperm. What struck Nicolas was the fact that Clotaire wasn't embarrassed, but rather proud, knowing that he was the biggest one in this room. Taking a sip of water Geoffroy closed his eyes for a second. He prepared for it, knowing that he won't be able to avoid the sexual interaction that was about to happen.

"Ok, ready?" Clotaire asked and pointed over to his desk. "Put the glass away now, you will surely need it once you swallow." He smirked.

Taking the glass from Geoffroy Nicolas walked closer to the desk. Using the opportunity he placed his hand on Clotaire's clothes, lying on the top of the table. Then he felt it. A rectangular shape was hidden just under the fresh laundry. His heart started beating faster as he realized what this could be. "We made it, Geoffroy!" Nicolas thought. Behind his back, Geoffroy was really nervous as he heard the next command.

"Start playing with it. Slowly. I have a surprise for you."

Carefully grabbing his classmate's penis Geoffroy wasn't really eager to tighten his hand around Clotaire's hard shaft. The blond-haired teen acted really slowly, he gripped the base of his classmate's penis, leaning closer by a tiny bit. Then, as he started retracting Clotaire's foreskin he understood what the boy meant. The underside of the glans was full of dried-up spots of sperm and smegma. The sharp smell filled his nostrils right away, he knew that Clotaire did it on purpose.

"Yeah, I haven't showered for like one week." Clotaire hissed

Geoffroy couldn't imagine touching it with his fingers, not to mention his tongue. This thought alone made him feel sick, as he realized how much he hated everything that was happening. But little he knew that this was just a beginning. Slowly stroking Clotaire's length he looked up to see that their tormentor closed his eyes. This allowed Geoffroy to take a quick look at Nicolas, who was still standing beside the desk. The black-haired kid

reached to grab Clotaire's mobile phone and slowly pulled it out of a pile of clothes. There was no pin code, nothing. Nicolas wasted no second as he started navigating to the gallery.

“Start sucking me already.” Clotaire ordered and grabbed Geoffroy's head, moving him closer, getting more impatient. Now, he could feel Geoffroy's warm breath on his penis. Oh, the excitement was overwhelming as he looked down at the almost crying boy, who he was about to abuse.

But Geoffroy was unable to do anything. He barely parted his lips in a quiet gasp as he noticed that Clotaire did not wait and moved forward. The older boy's slippery organ brushed against his lips, smearing precum all over them. This was how Clotaire imagined it – his victim's soft lips all around his shaft, sucking on it, tongue playing with it, swallowing every drop of sperm. And that was about to happen. He smiled and pushed himself even more into Geoffroy's face, feeling that the boy's clenched teeth were standing in the way.

“Perhaps Nick would like to watch...” Clotaire stated all of sudden and turned around to see the little boy using his mobile phone. “Wait, what, how dare you!” He rushed to Nicolas and grabbed the mobile only to see the message that confirmed his suspicions.

The black mind, furiousness. This was what happened to Clotaire in the next second as he realized what happened. The video was no more, the only copy he had, his only chance. Figuring out he had nothing to lose, not now when he was almost there, the oldest teen allowed the fury to control him. Oh no, he couldn't allow the small, black-haired boy to stand in his way. Nicolas was always a problem. “Standing between me and Geoffroy. Geoffroy is mine.” He said and looked around to see Geoffroy getting up and walking towards him. The world stopped for a second as he recalled what he needed to do.

“Geoffroy is mine.” Clotaire repeated in a low voice, not sure if anyone was able to hear it. His face became red, eyes went black as he squeezed his hand into the fist. Putting his right leg forward he brought his left arm to his side, as he tried to aim strictly for Geoffroy's jaw. This was supposed to knock him out in one hit. Seemed so simple.

Before Geoffroy was able to recall what happened he looked at the clock hanging on the wall. “13:30. I should...” A single thought inhabited his mind before he felt terrible pain and everything turned black in a matter of seconds. The peaceful black color, filled with silence. He wasn't even able to hear Nicolas scream that happened shortly after. Clotaire succeeded, he temporally eliminated the biggest threat to his plan.

As Geoffroy's body fell on floor Clotaire wasted no time and assaulted poor Nicolas. Smacked the shocked the young teen across the face he pinned him against the wall, quickly reaching for the duct tape. Nicolas was barely breathing, he was not able to comprehend what was going on. He was unable to react as he felt that his hands and legs

were tied together. His body rested on the floor next to Geoffroy's. He watched his boyfriend's face, he seemed so peaceful, almost sleeping. "Is he... No..." Nicolas quickly noticed that Geoffroy was breathing.

Using the tape again Clotaire started tying up Geoffroy, making sure that the blond-haired boy won't be able to free himself anytime soon. Bounding the teenager's hands behind his back Clotaire turned him over to tape his mouth and legs as well. Everything was under his control. The silent voice in his head kept reminding him what he needed to do, telling that there was no escape. Not anymore.

"You will be surprised once you wake up in few minutes." He stared blankly at the handsome boy's face and brushed it with his fingers. "I'm sorry, I did not have another choice. As for you..." He turned his attention to Nicolas.

"Please, Clotaire..." Nicolas tried to say something but was quickly silenced as his classmate stood over him. The hint of satisfaction could be seen in Clotaire's eyes as he watched the defenseless boy lying on the floor.

"You will need to finish what he started I guess." Clotaire grabbed his semi-erected organ and sat down on Nicolas's chest, placing his crotch right next to the little boy's chin. Oh, the idea of abusing his younger classmate was perfect enough, even if Nicolas wasn't his dream boy. "Thanks to you I will need to record another movie. Featuring not one but two sluts." Clotaire explained and smiled as he grabbed his father's camera. "All set!"

Nicolas was truly scared, unable to escape his fate. Seeing that Clotaire was getting closer he tried wiggling his body to the sides, hoping to get free. He was like a helpless animal sensing the danger, his instincts were telling him to run. The erected shaft touched his chin, he sensed Clotaire's sharp scent and clenched his mouth tight, hoping to delay the attack. Clotaire rubbed his cock against smaller boy's face, smearing the sticky pre-ejaculate all over it. Knowing that Nicolas won't be so willing to open his mouth he repositioned himself and placed the glans against his victim's lips, smearing then with precum. Within a few minutes, they were glistening, full of it. The boy started masturbating, still pushing himself onto Nicolas's face.

Being on the edge for so long Clotaire reached the climax just after a few strokes, the excitement and sweet taste of victory overwhelmed him. Everything happened so fast and yet he succeeded. Letting out a short groan he pushed even harder, sensing that his load was leaving his body. He cummed all over Nicolas's tightly closed lips, covered them with milky-white hot sperm. There was too much of it – it leaked to the sides, down his victim's face. Clotaire raised his hips to allow some more extra strings to splatter against the boy's face. A single drop of the fresh load landed next to Nicolas's nostrils, filling them with the sharp scent of semen right away. Nicolas noticed it right away, the scent was stronger, so different from his or Geoffroy's smell. The poor, bound boy did not dare to open his lips, he took a deep breath, trying to relax, inhaling on the not pleasant scent.

“Good, great. This will be really hot...” Clotaire smiled, squeezing his penis, watching as the last tiny drop of his boyish juice appeared on the top. “You are so weak. Poor *petit Nicolas*.” Now he grinned, looking at the little boy's face.

A single tear rolled down Nicolas's cheek, as he tried to turn his face away from his tormentor. “I need to fight him. For Geoffroy!” Nicolas thought and looked at his boyfriend, who was still blacked-out. Feeling like vomiting he opened his lips, tasting single the drops of still hot, sticky semen he allowed to leak inside.

“Is he really ok?” The black-haired young teen asked.

“Oh don't be such a cry-baby. He will wake up in a few moments. Just in time for some fun.” Clotaire smiled, looking at his softening shaft. “This is going to be amazing. How do you feel now? Weak? Pathetic? Yes, you should feel week, you are a little shit. You know, I could let you go if you promise to leave Geoffroy all for me. I will fuck him every day for the rest of summer.”

Nicolas wasn't able to answer. His throat was now filled with a big lump, as he started sobbing uncontrollably, knowing that nobody could save them now. They were at mercy of Clotaire and it seemed that their classmate wanted to get it all.

Chapter Fourteen

~ Bonded Together ~

The first thing Charles felt was the impression that the world had ended. Shattered into pieces, divided into two. Everything seemed deep black as if the new universe was not yet created as if he was about to witness the great miracle of creation. The black color filled his vision and mind, penetrated him fully, sending painful waves all over his head. He woke up, trying to open his eyes, but his vision was blurry, it seemed that ages passed as he blinked, seeing only more of the black color. The room he was in looked deserted at first, then he noticed the table standing in the middle and a faint, flickering light to the left.

Sure enough, Charles was lost, not knowing where he was. It seemed like some kind of office room he never saw before, office or a storage. No windows, the air full of dust and mold. Yes, this place seemed forgotten and deserted. Seeing that his hands and legs were tied up to chair tightly, he tried to do the most obvious thing. Getting free was not an option - whoever tied him up was sure an expert at it. Being unable to move his body he tried to turn his head to the side noticing a flickering television screen. Now he heard also some random static noises – and nothing more, but his own breath.

Just then, as he was getting ready to shout and ask for help the door behind him opened and someone walked inside. “No, there are like three persons.” Charles thought, trying to concentrate, waiting for what will happen next. His friend, Mathias walked next to him and leaned on the table, watching him closely. Nobody spoke a word as they stared at each other as if this could get them somewhere, but both of them needed answers, explanations or in Charles case, even a miracle.

The tied man looked at his friend's watch. Forty after one. Realizing he blacked out for twenty minutes he understood they couldn't get him that far. Perhaps he was still close to the headteacher's house. It was middle of the day, with plenty of people outside – they couldn't just kidnap him like this. He knew that there was still some hope left, but he decided to negotiate first. There was something unusual about Mathias, his friend's eyes weren't happy anymore like they used to be all the time. They seemed like two ice chunks which were meant to never melt again. They penetrated him across. And then, when Charles opened his mouth Mathias stood up and smiled in the grimmest possible way. He clearly adored this moment.

“Ah, Charles. I feel like it's Christmas time. You know, something I've been waiting for a long time.” His voice was strong, loud and filled the room. “What are you thinking now? Do you want to run?”

"What do you want?" Charles asked in a rather harsh tone.

"What do you think I want?" Mathias replied and reached into his pocket as if the answer was hiding in there.

"Money? I can give you plenty. But you know this." Geoffroy's father said and then continued. "But this isn't about money. I was about to make you a rich man and you just fucked up all the deal. Without me, you won't be able to finalize it. You don't care about this." All of sudden Charles noticed that his voice was dry and weak. He sounded pathetic.

"Yes, fuck the deal. It was never about the money or the deal." Mathias smiled, looking at his clock twice. "You know how it feels to live on the streets for years, to suffer and then to achieve everything you dreamed of? I could say I'm a happy man, a happy dead man." Mathias explained and grabbed another cigarette.

Then he paused, taking a time to lit it.

"You ran away. Leaving me broken and alone for years. I was only thirteen, for fuck's sake. You never cared what happened next. And then we met, after all these years, and you pretended like nothing happened."

Charles could observe that his friend was becoming angry, the things bothering him for years were finally released, the last rusted wire of sanity has broken. Still, Charles could not believe that he was blamed for the past again, for something he had no impact on. For him, the past was long lost, he preferred to live in the present time.

"So you were learning, growing stronger and richer. I saw it all in the newspapers, I watched you grow, actually. It took me a while to find a way, I admit. I was raised here shortly after my dad disowned me. Can you imagine? My own fucking father kicked me out of the house because I loved you. Soon everyone knew and everyone blamed me." Mathias snarled at the tied man and looked at him in silence as if he was expecting some answer.

"I did not know, really." Charles stated, but he knew that this was not a good explanation. "You want to punish me for everything that happened in the past? Don't you think that we could just blame it on people that are long dead? It was their fault, not ours."

"I lived for revenge, it kept me going. One single event changed my life, our life. Your father would know what I'm speaking about, but he died before I could put my hands on him. I wish I could strangle him, watching him die slowly and painfully. I told him that one day I will get my revenge and he laughed."

"Listen, I can't answer for what he did. I was just a kid, like you. I admit, he was a prick, but I was not able to do anything at all. I was sent to another school, in another city. I wanted

to contact you!"

"No, you did not even bother to find me back then." Mathias answered, a grimace appeared on his face. He seemed rather tired. "Oh, you would see wonderful things. I had no choice but to join a gang. We lived our dreams, hoping that we will conquer the world one day. I made a lot of friends back then, most of them are dead already. But then... can you imagine! And then, for the first time, the fate smiled to me as I made enough of money to start education. It was my dream, a great plan – to become a headteacher in a school full of young boys. Pretty, naive, young boys."

"Wait, what?" Charles wasn't sure if he interpreted his friend's words correctly. He was shocked by the sudden reveal, not yet aware that this was merely a beginning. A sudden rage filled him as he started to struggle with his thoughts.

"Yes, I like to pick some young, rich boys. The cutest ones, the true angels. May god forgive me. Their parents do not care about them, allowing the kid to be lured into the never ending loop of drugs and sex. It takes a while but they are begging for a dick, moaning loudly as they are fucked. Did you ever hear a teenage kid in both pain and pleasure at the same time? The noises, I tell you... They can feel my pain. A lot of them." The man smiled, walking closer to Charles. "A lot of them. But one..."

"You wouldn't!" Charles exclaimed as he tried to squirm free, but the duct tape wrapped around his wrists and ankles held him tightly in place. Mathias was clearly amused now, as he revealed the rest of his plan.

"Oh, believe me. I tried! God knows I did! You may wonder how it works. A rather simple idea. I got one, trusted and cute boy who is offering a free sample of weed to our victim. Kids are curious, can't blame them. After a few tries, he is offered another way to pay for it, and not even one of them is complaining as they are on another trip while I'm fucking their tight, rich, asses." The man explaining, smiling again, as if recalling the memories of rape was pleasant for him.

As a matter of fact, he was really proud of his plan. He made it up a long time ago, realizing that all children, poor and rich, handsome and ugly, geeks and sports stars – they were all the same. Everything worked fine up to this point and now the head-teacher felt like a winner. After all, he was only delaying it by minutes, wanting to deal with Charles first.

"So, as for Geoffroy. He was offered my drug therapy two times but he refused them. What a clever boy, you raised him well. I needed to try another approach, as seeing Geoffroy naked has become my obsession. So I hired this useless pervert to make my dream come true."

"The doctor..." Charles whispered to himself, full of frustration, utter helplessness, feeling

that he was going to break down anytime soon. Realizing he failed to protect his son from so obvious danger he howled in agony. Oh, how much he wanted to free one of his hands right now. To free it and punch Mathias right in the face. Over and over, till his friend was no more.

“Well, Nicolas was just extra to make sure my plan works. I studied the child's brain a long time, I'm a psychologist, a perfect teacher. You know? Nobody likes to be touched by some pervert. I wanted to allow the boys to explore themselves. And then your son reported this poor fool. Just like I wanted.” Mathias turned the TV on, putting some disc into the device. “But what happened next. You know, the fact that they are fucking each other like rabbits in heat right now, well, this was unexpected. Thanks to you for sharing all the spicy details with me. Now, let's see.”

The screen showed the doctor's office. The alone man, sitting at the desk was waiting impatiently, waiting for the boys to show up. After a few seconds Geoffroy walked into the room, having some quick conversation with the man, who explained to him that he wants to see both of them at once.

“Well, this is the boring part.” Mathias explained, using his patient tone, rewinding the movie, and smiled as boys started to undress and the doctor performed the first examination.

“It... it depends on Geoffroy” Nicolas's voice filled the room, as little boy agreed to examine his classmate.

“First of all, ask your friend to drop the underwear and lie down on the coach.”

The tied, poor man turned his head away and closed his eyes. He did not want to see this. Not now, not ever. One of the thugs grabbed his head by his eyes and turned it back, forcing him to look at the screen. Charles felt like vomiting, his guts were all hot and twisting as he watched Geoffroy standing naked in the doctor's office. Nicolas, the poor black-haired boy was also embarrassed as started touching his son's privates as ordered by the wicked doctor.

“Alright, check if the foreskin is alright and slides down. Reveal the head of the member.”

“He liked it since the very beginning. Look at his face.” Mathias blurted out, letting out a sigh. “I must admit that this video is quite good. But the best is yet to come.”

But Charles had enough of it. He wanted to end it.

“What the hell do you want? Blackmail me?” He shouted.

“To watch the video. To see that your boy is the same as you. I remember your face when I

fingered your hole or touched your dick. Your boy is perverted.” The head-teacher answered.

“What does it mean rectal?” Geoffroy's voice could be heard once again, echoing in the room.

“Geoffroy, spread your legs now. Nicolas needs to see your butt hole”

The image was of an incredible quality, every little detail, every bump and hair covering Geoffroy's body could be seen on the screen. One of the thugs whistled when the camera zoomed in to show the full beauty of Geoffroy's pinkish-brown hole in between of boy's spread cheeks. Charles wished he never saw his son in such a position. If only he knew what happened in doctor's office, if only he knew... things would be different. Of course, Geoffroy seemed embarrassed and humiliated. Both boys were. Charles wondered if their relationship sparked simply because they both were abused or if there was something more. Mathias glared at the screen and smiled, seeing that Nicolas started fingering Geoffroy's hole.

“Dip your finger again and shove it as deep as you can.” The doctor gave another command and Nicolas obeyed him right away. Everyone in the room could see his finger fully inside Geoffroy's tight, virgin anus.

“Now, there's question time. I wanted to know certain things about Geoffroy. Guess we can check how good you know him. Here comes the first one.”

“Have you ever mastre...masturbe...masturbated?” Nicolas's voice sounded really innocent. It was clear that this word was new for him. Then, as Geoffroy was about to reply the video stopped.

“So? What do you think? Did he?” Mathias asked and laughed, looking at the tied man, who stared back at him, completely ignoring this question. The head-teacher nodded at one of the thugs who punched Charles right in the stomach. “Do we really have to do it the hard way?” Another punch to the face followed the question.

The air left Charles body as he cried in the pain. One of the richest men in France was now about to start bawling like a kid. Everything was happening too fast, way too fast. His friend's voice reached him again, ringed in his ears.

“You are useless, really. Yes, he does masturbate. Daily. And what's more - he ejaculates. He is truly like you were at his age. He looks like you when achieving an orgasm. You will see in a few minutes. Nicolas will jerk him off.”

“Faster... I'm so close.” Geoffroy murmured, clearly excited by what was happening. Everyone in the room watched Nicolas's little hand moving up and down. So smooth, so

fast, so perfect. Trying to close his eyes Charles cried in pain - the thug holding him was squeezing his face hard. The man looked at his son's precious body, observing the intercourse between two boys who were forced to do nasty things against their will. And then he saw Geoffroy reaching the sweet edge of pleasure, spurting sperm, which covered Nicolas's surprised face.

"I was dreaming about fucking your ass back then, but you never allowed me. Remember? And he is like you, just like you." Mathias remarked looking at the screen, pausing it at Geoffroy's orgasm-struck face, full of pleasure. Turning his head to the tied man, he licked his lips. Charles was now paralyzed, afraid of what he will hear next "But now... why not use him?"

"No! Wait!" Charles screamed but his shouts were ignored. Both thugs were leaving, following the principal's great plan. He needed to do something, he needed to save his son right now. Not wanting to disappoint Geoffroy again, he only hoped that his son was in some safe place, far away from the park or home where they could easily kidnap him. But just then again he sensed that something was not right. Was Geoffroy in a danger? Who was his tormentor? Was Nicolas nearby? Surely they would be able to escape and fight? They were growing so fast, the little boys.

"Now, you may be tied up, but your mouth is still not gagged. It's a good opportunity, I guess. And my life is about using the opportunity. Plus, Geoffroy will see how nasty you are, just like him. Father and son bonding. Together. Forever." Mathias smirked and unzipped his pants.

"Tell me, now!" A loud shout was the first thing Geoffroy heard as soon as he opened his eyes, blinking twice, sensing that his head was all heavy. But there were also some other noises.

Quickly recalling what happened Geoffroy tried to move, discovering that his legs and arms were all tied up. His body was resting on the cold floor, full of dust, it seemed like a dungeon, a torture chamber. His head ached in the pulsating throbs, which was no doubt an effect of Clotaire beating him. The boy blinked again, inhaling deeply, it took him a moment to fully open his eyes and look around the room. The situation was a rather poor one. Clotaire, their tormentor, was holding Nicolas's mobile phone and threatening the little boy, who was also on the floor, all tied up. Geoffroy able to see his boyfriend's face, but he sensed that Nicolas was hurt and crying already. The whole place was filled with the cold air and the strange scent of old, not washed clothes.

Nobody noticed that Geoffroy has awakened, so the blond-haired boy took his chances and tried to free his leg in one rapid move, hoping that the ties will tear easily. It didn't work and what's worse the sudden noise alerted Clotaire who looked at his beloved classmate

and grinned.

"See, he's alive." Clotaire stated.

Nicolas slowly turned his face to the side. He wasn't able to speak or express any emotions. Being scared to death he simply cried, and Geoffroy figured out why. Some of Clotaire's cum was still covering the little boy's face, glistening in the faint light. Geoffroy was angry, trying to find any possible way to escape he felt that his throat was sore, he wondered if Clotaire will try to speak with them first. Their classmate was rather happy, still naked. His penis was once again erected as he looked at the two helpless boys in front of him. It seemed like negotiating was not an option but the young teenager decided to give it a go.

"Let Nicolas go, please. He suffered enough. I feel like this is between us only. Think about it! You will get in a lot of trouble!" Geoffroy spoke first, looking at their tormentor who still browsed through Nicolas's phone.

"Nope. He will watch." The boy responded quickly, turning his attention back to Nicolas. "So, what's the password? I know what's inside. Another hot movie of Geoffroy stripping. Right?"

Not a single word was heard but only Nicolas quiet sobbing. Clotaire sighed and walked closer to his desk, grabbing a pocket knife. He wanted to treat them both at once, and it seemed to work right away, as they looked up at him nervously. Kneeling next to the small black-haired boy he placed the blade against the boy's shirt and yanked it, cutting the fabric. Nicolas tried to stop him, wiggling to the sides and hissed as the knife touched his skin for a moment, leaving a small, red line across his exposed chest.

"No, wait, stop!" The black haired boy exclaimed just when Clotaire's hand was getting closer to his stomach.

"Oh, too bad. I hoped to finish my work." Clotaire snarled, cutting again, destroying Nicolas's shirt fully. The little boy's naked torso covered in goosebumps almost right away, and older boy couldn't help but stare at him, not believing how excited he was right now.

"The password is *Nickgot*." Nicolas murmured.

"Alright, let's see. Short from *Nick Faggot*?" Clotaire joked and laughed, browsing the gallery. "Oh, two movies. Interesting."

Playing the most recent video he watched two boys next to each other on the bed. They were naked, playful, horny. They switched their positions, Nicolas was on the bottom, and Geoffroy on the top, adjusting himself so his butt was directly above the little boy's penis. A wave of excitement surged through Clotaire's body. Were they really going to do it? Was

his beloved Geoffroy no longer a virgin?

"I want to fuck you, I'm a dirty perverted little boy, who thinks only of sex!" Nicolas heard his own voice from the mobile.

Clotaire's hand formed into a fist. He watched as Geoffroy lowered his body. The screen was shaking a lot and another few moans could be heard as Nicolas penetrated his boyfriend. Clotaire's eyes narrowed – he wasn't expecting this. After all, Geoffroy lied to him, telling that he and Nicolas weren't having the anal sex before. He wanted to be his first, he wanted to pop Geoffroy's sweet cherry and heard him moan. Turning his face to the blond haired boy he nodded slowly, faking his smile.

"You want me to think that you are not virgin anymore?" His voice was loud, angry. It was clear that he was disappointed. "But, let's face it. Nicolas is so small that you barely felt anything at all. Not a big deal with such a small prick." He kicked Geoffroy's body, so his classmate was now lying on his stomach and grabbed him by the waist, pulling it up.

With Geoffroy's buttocks high in the air, Clotaire gained full access to the young teenager's pants and wanted to take full advantage of it. Proceeding to enjoy the moment he wanted to make it memorable. After all, he wasn't in a big rush, he knew that nobody would disturb him in the next days. He set up a camera on the bed and double checked that Geoffroy's bound body was being recorded. Reaching between his victim's legs he attacked the boy's crotch, squeezing the soft bulge hard. Then, as if he was a winner, he looked at Nicolas with a hint of satisfaction on his face.

"Please, Clotaire, don't." Geoffroy begged him in a frail voice. He was really begging him. This was everything Clotaire wanted. If anything, it made him stronger.

"In a few moments, you will scream it. I assure you. You will be screaming my name as I fuck you over and over." Clotaire hissed and rested his hands on the boy's back, slowly moving them down the spine. "You know, it could be all different, but you destroyed my dream. We could be happy together. I would be yours, you would be mine."

Both scared boys exchanged their looks. Nicolas was speechless, as he wasn't expecting that Clotaire was desiring Geoffroy for that long. It was not his fault that he stood in the way – it just happened. It seemed that their classmate was obsessed by the lust, ready to do everything, simply to get what he wanted. Nothing and nobody could stand in his way, not now, when the prize he admired was so close.

"Listen, we can talk. I'm sure we can find some way out..." Geoffroy assured him, sensing that Clotaire's hands were now violating his privacy fully.

"Non, *mon cheri*! I'm looking for a tight way in, not an easy way out." Clotaire stated casually as if he was talking about the weather and unzipped Geoffroy's pants, sliding

them down his knees. Looking at Geoffroy's boxers he felt his heart beating faster and faster, the adrenaline surged through him, his excitement was growing. His primal instinct was making him focus on his target. He wasn't thinking of consequences, Geoffroy's feelings or his own future. He was only thinking about abusing releasing the tension.

"I wanted to touch you. To kiss your skin, to caress your body. And now I can even put my hands here." The tormentor snapped and placed his hands on blond-haired teen's buttocks, moving them apart, slowly massaging soft the skin hidden under the thin fabric. "And there's nothing you can do. How funny."

"Listen..."

"Right, I better gag you up in a case of screaming." Clotaire chuckled, walking away for a moment.

Just then Geoffroy figured out what was the source of the unusual stench filling the whole room. The pile of dirty socks and underwear was located right under Clotaire's bed. The boy grabbed a pair of stinky socks from below the bed and tied them together, creating a ball gag. Another useful trick he learned from the Internet. Wrapping the gag around Geoffroy's head, he pushed the cloth deep inside his victim's mouth. Geoffroy's eyes were burning with hatred as much as Clotaire's body was burning with lust. They both knew that their fate was already sealed and unavoidable.

"Please, stop! We will report you to the police!" Nicolas shouted in his desperate last resort, hoping to scare their tormentor, but Clotaire only laughed. He wasn't acting like a boy his age. His obsession took over as he knelt behind Geoffroy and grabbed the waistband of boy's briefs, almost tearing them as he pulled them down, leaving the blond-haired handsome boy totally exposed.

Oh, he wanted to see it up to close for so long, his biggest dreams were coming true before his eyes. Sure, he had the video of it. The one where Geoffroy was showing and fingering his hole, but this was different. It looked still the same, but to Clotaire it seemed even more inviting, the biggest treasure, the forbidden fruit. He wondered how easy would it be to get deep inside Geoffroy's bowels. Was the passage as tight as he imagined? His on-line friend, some dirty pervert, advised him to fuck Geoffroy till the young teen will bleed. He described in details how to make sure that their sex will be a rough one. Positioning his face closer to the valley between two rounded cheeks Clotaire inhaled deeply, smacking his lips.

"Damn, you smell so well. Sure, you can't see this but you are all sweaty already." Clotaire stated, with a dreamy look on his face. Sticking out his tongue he lowered his face again, attacking the sensitive hole, placing a kiss on top of it. Pressing his tongue against Geoffroy's anus he tried to get inside, lubricating it. "Shit, I can barely wait. It's a big shame that I won't be the one to suck your ass." The boy stated in a rather mysterious way and

then touched Geoffroy's anus with his two fingers, trying to spread it wide. "But your cunt is so dry, so I guess that a bit of spit will be needed."

"Please Clotaire..." Nicolas cried as he looked at Geoffroy's watering eyes. His hero, the boy he loved with all his little heart was defenseless, not even able to move his leg. How much he wanted to help them both right now. To fly away, to the safe space, far away from their tormentor.

But Clotaire followed his own plan of ultimate humiliation, taking a few pictures of both helpless boys. He spent a few seconds taking several images of Geoffroy's anus, from all angles. Knowing that he has plenty of time Clotaire shared some of these pictures with his shady online friend, adding a single short message.

"I made it."

"Looks tight. Thanks for the before picture, send me one after you are done with him. I expect you to fuck him without mercy." The stranger answered almost right away.

Clotaire did not want to delay the moment of his triumph anymore. Several months, almost one year of pain and now his dream came true. Nothing stood in his way, besides of Geoffroy's sphincter, of course. The trivial task, for him it was not complicated. Clotaire believed that a hard single thrust will be enough to break that very last barrier. How exciting it was, how horny he felt looking at two helpless boys. He was the master, they were only his little slaves. A spark of sanity within him was silenced as he tried to justify his actions simply by telling himself that Geoffroy deserved all of this for choosing Nicolas over him.

"You never noticed me, always treating me like a second-grade friend." Clotaire pointed at Nicolas. "Thinking that this little shit is better than me." The burning anger and lust filled his eyes and he kicked Nicolas again causing the defenseless boy to howl in the pain. Nicolas's face was wet from tears, he moved his legs and arms desperately trying to break free.

"Please!" Little, black haired boy pleaded once more, trying to turn his face away. He did not want to look at Geoffroy. But his ears were still able to hear it all, every little whimper and moan.

The boy was like an ancient statue, naked, perfectly shaped, strong. His maturing penis was glistening with the fresh precum, sperm, and spit. The head of his shaft was swollen, red and leaked more of the fluids. The teenager positioned himself behind his victim, placing his manhood right next to Geoffroy's hole, so the tip rested on the opening. Geoffroy's anus clenched right away, prepared to fight. The tormentor grabbed his organ and pushed, wanting to impale Geoffroy on it, but to his disappointment it only slipped up the crack, marking its path with a wet, sticky trail.

“Fine, fingers then.” Clotaire reached for a bottle placed beside his bed. He liked to use the lube for masturbation but here it was even more useful. A perfect oil, so slippery, so hot.

Coating his fingers in the sticky substance he began humming a song, enjoying the moment. His fingers were skinny and long, soon covered by the fluid. “Just perfect for this task.” He thought, placing one of them against the hole and forcefully pushing it inside, causing Geoffroy to moan so loud that everyone was able to hear him despite the gag in his mouth.

“Oh, at least you aren't so dirty inside. Heard it can happen. Such a royal ass, right?”

Drilling his finger to the sides, he tried to push it deeper, seeking for the boy's prostate, pressing it as hard as he could, wanting to inflict both pain and pleasure. After retracting his first finger Clotaire forced two of them all the way down the narrow opening, spreading Geoffroy's hole wide. The muscles were fighting him, getting weaker with every second, he played with them, knowing that the victory was near. Two minutes passed as the third finger joined his fun – the blond-haired boy screamed in pain for the very first time. The stinging was unbearable. Somehow Clotaire was able to find all the soft spots deep inside Geoffroy and he used them mercilessly, scratching them with his long nails. Quickly pouring a few more drops of the lube on his penis he waited for a moment to gather enough strength. His desire was clear, he wanted to pop Geoffroy's cherry without stopping to fight the sphincter. And so he did.

For a one second, Geoffroy did not feel anything, his insides seemed numb now. But then he cried louder than before as the sudden assault seemed to rip his body in two. The world was shaking, the young teenager was praying that one of his ties will get loose. His rectum gave way and parted, making him feel open and defeated. The pain was intense, almost unbearable and he couldn't do anything at all. The burning agony. He tried to fight it, to clench his sphincter, but his own body betrayed him, welcoming the intruder. Another long second passed, something was brushing against his butt, tickling him. Clotaire's pubes. The tormentor was fully inside him.

“Holy shit, way better than I imagined. So hot, slippery... so tight.” Clotaire panted and smacked both Geoffroy's cheeks. “Don't tell me you don't like it. Your dick is all hard.”

Both boys were close to blacking out due to the sheer amount of stress and pain. Helplessness was the only thing Nicolas felt, he was hardly able to catch the breath between his sobs. As for Geoffroy, he was experiencing the worst moment of his life, the physical pain was breaking his body and mind. Looking at Nicolas he was barely able to see his friend through his tears stained, narrowed eyes. Every slow push seemed to tear him apart even more as if Clotaire was getting deeper and deeper.

Now Geoffroy fully understood how Nicolas felt yesterday when they have the anal sex for

the first time. But they were prepared, did not fight it, and it was not a result of some sick fantasy, but a love act. Shortly speaking, Geoffroy was changing, his mind was filled with hatred so big that he could kill right now. He thought only of the revenge, he was not a little, naive boy anymore. He matured within a second.

“Well, you aren't a virgin anymore, and I'm happy to say that.” Clotaire leaned closer to Geoffroy's ears, so Nicolas couldn't hear him. “This will get easier next time I fuck you. Over and over. At some point, you will beg me to fuck you.” Clotaire kept the humiliation going and retracted his penis, looking at it curiously.

No sign of blood yet. Oh, Clotaire simply wanted to send some really amazing photos to his friend. But nothing was lost yet. His psychopathic mind quickly found some alternative solution. Pushing himself back inside the boy started fucking his classmate faster than before. The whole small room filled with the sex sounds once again. Their bodies were slamming against each other every few moments accompanied by the noise of Geoffroy's muffled groans. Reaching down to grab Geoffroy's testicles Clotaire squeezed and pulled them away from boy's body. He smiled at the camera as Geoffroy screamed in pain. Both victims were in a miserable state. Nicolas finally managed to turn his head away from the rape scene, but hearing the voices did not help him much, especially when Clotaire impaled Geoffroy's bottom without much of a problem.

“I wish it could go even deeper, I want you to scream and suffer.” The tormentor stated, still holding Geoffroy's scrotum he started twisting it to sides. He was still full of energy, using the blond-haired boy's body the best way he could imagine. “Oh fuck!”

Speeding up his motions Clotaire felt that his orgasm was just around the corner. Geoffroy was noisy, not able to stop moaning, even when Clotaire reached for the gag, pulling it out of his mouth. Everyone was able to hear the pain the handsome blond-haired boy felt. He wasn't even able to utter a word. His whole pelvis seemed broken in a half, providing him with more pain with every push. The world seemed over. Clotaire pressed once more. The one final thrust was over. Flooding his victim's bowels, filling them with the fresh seed Clotaire felt like in heaven. His body was shaking, his heart was beating so fast as if it was going to explode anytime soon. The rape was over.

“Shit!” Clotaire shouted. Geoffroy felt that the grasp on his testicles was getting tighter. The fluids filling him were now escaping through his rectum as Clotaire slowly pulled his organ out. The white, sticky semen dripped down his crotch and legs. The rape was over.

“Not bad!” Both boys noticed that Clotaire was taking another photo. He shared it with his friend right away.

“No blood?” A short answer followed his message.

“Yeah, sadly. I had to lubricate him. Couldn't get in. Plus he's a big boy.” Clotaire

answered.

“Yeah, you need someone smaller to fuck.”

Looking at Nicolas Clotaire smiled. Sure, he wanted to abuse the little kid anyway, but the idea of having anal sex with him never crossed his mind. For him, only Geoffroy deserved that, he believed that Nicolas should just be beaten up badly and broken. On the other hand, everything seemed easier that way, he knew that at some point both boys would surrender to him. He walked over to Nicolas grasping the poor boy's head, turning him toward Geoffroy.

“You want surely help him, right? You wish there was something you could do.” Clotaire hissed, pretending to care. “Geoffroy, do you think that Nicolas caressing your asshole with his tongue and sucking my cum out would help you?” He asked, meeting no response. “Fine then, I will keep kicking Nicolas little nuts till you agree.” Clotaire reached for the zipper in Nicolas's pants but then heard a weak voice behind him.

“Nicolas, please help me!”

Turning back at him Clotaire sighed and smiled.

“What the hell Geoffroy, do you want your boyfriend to suffer? Sucking the cum out of your stinky ass? Do you think only about yourself? Fine then. Fine. I guess we will just allow you to sit on his face.”

A shadow crossed Nicolas face as he realized what was happening. Clotaire dragged his body closer to Geoffroy so the little boy was able to observe it all. Indeed, Geoffroy was in a miserable state, surely suffering from the effects of the recent penetration. The anus looked nothing like before, all wet, swollen, slippery and opened wide. Red colors all around it.

“Shit, I will need to cut some of these ties or you won't be able to sit on him. Just these two...” Clotaire's voice filled the room again and after few moment Geoffroy's body started lowering onto the black-haired boy below.

The first thing he sensed was the sharp smell of Geoffroy's sweat and Clotaire's cum. The scents were truly strong, filling his nostrils right away. With his boyfriend's testicles pressing against his forehead Nicolas closed his eyes, unable to see anything. The first drop of the sticky sperm landed on his lips. He hesitated to open them, but eventually, he had no other choice as Geoffroy sat on him. The swollen rectum was pressed directly against his lips. Nicolas felt it all, every little fragment of it. Every drop of the semen. For the second time, he sensed the smell and the taste he hated. The Clotaire's essence. There was no doubt, their tormentor won.

Chapter Fifteen

~ Geoffroy is my hero ~

"Ok, all done? Are you sitting on him now?" Clotaire asked, looking down at the helpless boy pinned to the floor, whose face was totally obscured by Geoffroy's crotch. "Good. Perfect, actually. You two really seem to like each other."

Shortly speaking, it took Nicolas a while but eventually he won the fight with his own disgust, pulling out his own wet tongue, pressing it against the moist, abused hole. It was bad and he knew it. Feeling the not pleasant, bitter taste he inhaled deeply as he gathered a few more drops of Clotaire's cum leaking from inside his boyfriend. Pushing his tongue inside, hoping that this will truly ease Geoffroy's pain Nicolas licked and kissed the flesh touching his lips. Then, when nobody was expecting it, Geoffroy moaned. The older boy couldn't believe it but Nicolas's action down there was really making him better. Sure, he still felt the enormous pain when the little boy's tongue touched the violated walls, but at least the stinging was no more. Not now, when his boyfriend covered the abused rectum with some spit. Nicolas kept working, pushing, licking, sucking, and slurping more and more of Clotaire's cum, committing fully to his task.

"Well, while you two are having fun I will take a look at this baby's equipment." They heard Clotaire's vicious voice. The boy reached down Nicolas's pants and started stripping him slowly, smirking as he recalled seeing his classmate's member on the video a few days ago.

After all, Nicolas was the one still wearing clothes in there, this wasn't right, Clotaire thought. Plus, he wanted to prepare him for another round. The tormentor couldn't say if Nicolas was actually expecting this to happen, but the black-haired kid sure tried to prevent him from taking his pants off. Of course, all words spoke by Nicolas were mumbled, every single sound escaped inside Geoffroy's anus. Nobody was hearing his protests. But Clotaire was a patient one. As he finally slid down the boy's pants he put his foot over Nicolas's privates, pressing his heel against the young teen's testicles. The younger boy's body twisted in pain, all his little muscles tensed up when he felt that Clotaire was pressing even harder, crushing his little scrotum, sending the splitting pain all across Nicolas's groin and stomach. Then the boy kicked him causing the little body to jump due to a sudden, sharp pain.

"Stop it, you psycho!" Geoffroy exclaimed, looking around in a panic. "It's easy to harass someone weaker than you, right? You wouldn't be able to last even a single second with my fist on your balls."

Clotaire stopped, walked over to Geoffroy and smacked him across his face.

"Don't you dare to disobey me, cunt. You won't be able to try this, not now, not tomorrow. Now get back to crying while I play with your sissy boyfriend."

For some reason, a smirk filled Geoffroy's face, but Clotaire paid no attention to it.

"So, what do we have here..." The tormentor reached for the waistband of Nicolas's pants and slid them down the boy's ankles. "A really small cock, as expected. Not a single hair. No wonder you like him, Geoffroy. You must be imagining that you fuck some girl. Or this is why everyone calls him *petit*?"

Reaching for Nicolas's shaft Clotaire grabbed it with two fingers, pinching the boy's little member, which reminded him of a small, pathetic worm. A little shrimp on two little eggs. Still, he wondered why Nicolas wasn't erected yet and started masturbating him hoping that his victim's body will obey the call of nature. It took only a moment, twenty seconds, but he finally made it, just when Nicolas gulped again, swallowing another portion of the fluid from Geoffroy's insides. Taking a picture of the erected shaft Clotaire walked over to his computer wanting to send it to his perverted friend.

"Look at this. I feel like a pedo touching such a small cock. He's 12!" He wrote his message, being proud of his recent achievements.

Geoffroy used this opportunity to whisper to Nicolas. He needed a little more time and just an opportunity.

"Nick, listen. Can you trust me? Just follow all of his orders for a few more minutes, I'm almost free." He murmured, knowing that the young teen won't be able to answer. Geoffroy rubbed his hands again and nervously stared at Clotaire who was still sitting, chatting to his so-called Internet friends.

"Heh, even my eight years old son is bigger. Fuck him and send me the photos." The stranger suggested, and Clotaire smiled, turning away from the screen. His penis was once again fully erected.

"I'm in a FUCKING mood again, guys! But this time I need some tighter pussy." He announced, walking closer to his victims, smacking his lips together.

"Wait, you can fuck me again, really. I want to feel your cock again!" Geoffroy assured him and wanting to encourage Clotaire more he added. "I really need it in my ass, Clotaire! It feels great. Please, fuck me!"

But, to his surprise, their tormentor just laughed and patted Geoffroy's head. The same way he would pat his beloved pet. Oh yes, Clotaire figured out he was getting the power

over both of them.

“See, I knew it! I hoped to have two whores ready to obey my every order but you are taking it to the next level. Sadly, on this level, you will use your tongue more than your ass.” Clotaire explained and smiled, pulling Geoffroy's body up, freeing Nicolas from below him.

The poor thing. Nicolas wasn't crying anymore, but his face was blank, all sweaty, smeared with the sperm, which leaked down his chin, cheeks, and neck. His lips were also wet and a bit reddened. He gasped for some fresh air. Just when the black-haired kid hoped that his misery was over the worst happened. Geoffroy's voice echoed in the room once again.

“Clotaire, leave him! I won't allow you to hurt him! I swear...”

“Easy, I know my big cock would probably tear him apart. You will make him prepared, everything depends on you! I know you are eager to lick him in there.” Clotaire explained and pulled Nicolas's legs up. Parting them in front of Geoffroy's face he grabbed the blond-haired teen's head, pushing it against Nicolas's crack. “Return the favor. Right now!”

Geoffroy did not hesitate and started to work on Nicolas's hole right away, pushing his tongue inside. He only hoped to delay things a little more but was aware that Clotaire was watching his every step, recording another scene in his perverted movie. Plus, there was more, Geoffroy figured out that Clotaire can hurt Nicolas badly. The black haired teen felt that he was about to burst into tears again, as their tormentor squeezed his buns even harder, parting the hole with his fingers, allowing Geoffroy's tongue to access and lick the previously unexplored area.

“He is a tight one, right? Aren't you able to put it deeper? Don't worry, you will be... after I'm done with him. Can't wait.” Using one hand the tormentor grabbed Geoffroy by the hair and pressed him harder into Nicolas. “Come on, suck the shit out of him. Prepare your little boyfriend for the royal fucking.”

Then, exactly twenty-two seconds later, Clotaire pulled Geoffroy's head back, holding him hard by the hair. Standing before him he smeared his wet glans on the teen's lips. Ah, obviously, he was aroused and leaking again. He only hoped that this time he will be able to keep himself from cumming – he barely resisted it meeting Geoffroy's warm lips on top of his shaft. His desire was different now, he wanted to fuck Nicolas for hours, hurting him beyond repair.

“Look at you. You did so fine that your spit is dripping on the floor. Now do it again.” Their classmate hissed and impaled Geoffroy's head on his sperm covered penis, pushing his hips forward, feeling that the lips were parting.

While Geoffroy tried to prevent Clotaire from going deeper the older boy still pressed inside him, meeting almost no resistance. What he wanted was not an ordinary blowjob, but something special. Geoffroy gagged for the first time when the wet glans touched his throat. The helpless boy tried to open his mouth wider and closed his eyes, but it did not help him much. Speeding up his movements, Clotaire was now getting even deeper inside. At some point, Clotaire wasn't able to breathe.

Geoffroy's whole body started shaking and he tried to escape his head, but his efforts were in vain. The iron grip around his head was only getting stronger as the rape continued, sending rapid thrusts down his throat. First tears stained Geoffroy's cheeks, flowing down his red face, all the veins were now visible, his heart beating speed up. He could swear the end was near, that in a few seconds he will choke on his classmate's shaft. It seemed as if Clotaire was pushing inside not only his penis but also the testicles or his whole body. It was a gigantic, never-ending penetration. His jaw was aching, pushing him closer to the breaking point.

"Nice, isn't it?" He heard some faint, distant voice above.

Then, just a moment before he fainted due to a lack of air, Clotaire retracted his penis in a single, rapid motion. He watched with a growing satisfaction as the blond-haired boy dramatically tried to catch his breath, blinking, keeping his mouth wide open, drooling all over the floor. For Clotaire it was clear, Geoffroy's strong will was no more, the boy was his slave. He kept his tongue hanging out of his mouth as if he was a dog. A Clotaire's bitch. Perfect. In the meantime, Clotaire reached for the gag ball made of socks and pushed it into Nicolas's face, tying it up behind boy's head, humming another weird song.

"Ok, all set. I think you should face each other and share your emotions." Clotaire suggested with a wild grin on his face and walked behind the black-haired boy. "This hole is so small. I wonder if I will be able to get inside fully" He wondered, brushing his glans against Nicolas's anus. Now, when he was focused on his victim he ignored Geoffroy, who carefully started rubbing his ties together. "Look into his eyes, Geoffroy. Describe his pain for me."

Placing two of his fingers in front of Nicolas's tight hole Clotaire pushed them inside in a single motion before Nicolas was able to do anything at all. But he reacted right after they filled him, clenching his eyes, screaming into the gag and trying to push the intruder out. Clotaire felt the boy's sphincter pressing against his fingers and began fighting with it, moving them apart, drilling his way deeper.

"Is he crying already, Geoffroy? Tell me, can't see his face." Clotaire asked, retracting his fingers, looking at an object of his admiration, who replied right away.

"No, he isn't. But you will be soon." Geoffroy answered, trying to provoke his classmate.

"He will start bawling like a baby now." Clotaire stated, clearly amused, putting his glans at the tiny opening. Smearing precum all over it, he observed as Nicolas's anus clenched even more than before. The boy clearly tried to do anything possible to stop him.

But Clotaire pushed mercilessly, impaling the young, helpless teen onto himself. Meeting close to no resistance, he gasped, as his twelve centimeters shaft slid slowly inside. There were no magic barriers protecting Nicolas anymore, nothing at all. He was an exposed, broken, poor boy whose worst nightmares came true. The only thing that remained was the pain and an awful grimace that crossed his face his eyes widened. Howling, Nicolas cried and tried to clench his teeth, but this was impossible due to the gag, stuffing his mouth. He looked at Geoffroy, his boyfriend tried to turn his face away, still working on getting free. Was it over?

Noticing that Nicolas was trying to escape his body, wiggling on the floor, praying to get away from the source of pain Clotaire felt the mixture of power and arousal growing inside him. The tormentor knew how to keep his victim in a place and reached between the boy's legs grabbing the whole shaft with one hand. As soon as Nicolas tried to move he sensed the incredible amount of searing pain coming from his testicles as if they were being crushed and kicked over and over. Yes, it was over for him.

"He can't take it anymore!" Geoffroy shouted, not hiding the fact that he was working on his escape. More and more rage filled him, the strange hot sensation started spreading all over him. Everything seemed lost, he failed his boyfriend, he failed Nicolas.

"Relax, he will be fine." Clotaire assured him, pulling Nicolas by testicles again, enjoying the little torture. Only two more centimeters were still outside, rest of the erected, hard rod was deep inside the black-haired kid. The oldest boy was working with an incredible force - he wanted his classmate to suffer slowly, sending more and more burning pain all over him. And, to say the truth, Clotaire loved what he saw. Nicolas's body was tensing up, all muscles seemed to be shaking, plus the sounds. Oh god, he loved the silent screams, silenced by the gag in Nicolas' s mouth.

Pulling out with a sadistic smile Clotaire examined his swollen shaft, covered by a slime and some precum. Nicolas's hole started leaking right away - Clotaire spotted the thing he wanted to see. A single drop of red fluid appeared next to the boy's abused anus. Pressing this spot with his finger, smearing it with blood, Clotaire wasn't able to hide his satisfaction. He made it! He pointed the blood-stained finger at Geoffroy.

"Whoops, you see, now he's fucked properly, not a virgin anymore." Clotaire hissed, grabbing his swollen member and placing it next to Nicolas's boyish rectum.

"I will kill you!" Geoffroy whispered, as the world around him swirled. He could swear he needed another rapid push that will tear all of his ties. If only he had more strength. If only...

“Just to clarify. Are you going to do this before or after I split Nicolas's poor ass in two?”

He moved slowly, once again marking his way. Now started fucking the boy properly, sliding in and out, trying to get deeper with every motion. Being patient he tried to keep himself from reaching the orgasm. Just one centimeter was left outside, but it turned out to not be a big problem as he penetrated boy with another unexpected push. Nicolas was now filled by classmate's iron rod which was pulsating, breaking him apart, driving him crazy. It was so different from when Geoffroy penetrating him. It felt like a thousand little needles were piercing him at the same time, getting only deeper, creating new wounds. He was forced into things he hated and begged for it to stop. He could not last any longer. Nicolas's mind became black for a second as another wave of pain surged through him.

Clotaire's pubes brushed against him and the *petit* boy knew what it meant. Then, he heard the disgusting wet slamming sounds as their bodies started touching each other. He could not cry anymore, his whole head and throat ached, he sensed that he has lost his voice and a part of his soul. Every push sent another wave of pain that reached the very top of his head. Clotaire wasn't in a big haste, enjoying the moment. Retracting himself almost fully he penetrated the boy with all of the force, in a single push. And then repeated this. Over and over, bringing more agony to the young kid with each impalement.

Now, not only Nicolas's hole but also his own penis seemed to be covered in the blood. “I did it, I fucking did it!” He thought, wondering if his on-line friends will be happy with the outcome. Feeling amazing Clotaire slapped Nicolas's cheeks, sliding out once more. But this time he wanted to show off his victorious shaft to Geoffroy. Just before filling Nicolas with his cum, marking him forever.

“See?” Clotaire pointed between his legs, making sure that Geoffroy was watching. “Seems that you haven't prepared him properly, bitch. He is bleeding fairly bad.” Gathering some of the warm blood from his penis he put it up against his classmate's lips, smearing the red fluid across them.

The whole world turned black and red. He could see only these two colors as massive the amount of adrenaline appeared inside him. Geoffroy's head was spinning, all the veins seemed pulsating faster than even before. The young teenager tensed up, feeling that anger and hate were the only emotions he could use, the only emotions he was feeding on. The very last wire that kept him from going berserk gave way.

The unexpected thing happened. Without even thinking about it Geoffroy grabbed Clotaire's blood-stained finger and held it in an iron grip. Then, as if it was a dry twig he made a rapid motion, breaking his classmate's bone. For the first time, Clotaire's scream filled the room. Somehow his legs were now free as well. He was tied no more, free to do anything he wanted, finally. It lasted just for a few seconds, but for him, it was a whole eternity. Geoffroy remembered it all, everything that happened so far. Analyzing the

situation, the blond-haired boy planned what to do next. He looked at the pathetic boy kneeling on the floor and kicked him. Somehow, his foot landed directly between his classmate's legs.

"Fuck!" A short groan could be heard when Clotaire grabbed his testicles to hide them from the further attacks.

Nicolas observed Geoffroy's face. It seemed different as if it was belonging to someone else. He never saw his boyfriend in such a state and could not believe that this was happening for real. Maybe it was just a dream? Perhaps he blacked-out? That could explain it. But then again, why Clotaire's screams seemed so real? Another kick landed on the tormentor's stomach and face. The black-haired kid could hear Clotaire crying and silent whispering escaping Geoffroy's throat. He was not able to recognize any of words, but noticed that Geoffroy had no mercy at all – his target was to kill.

"Geoffroy!" Nicolas tried to scream with the rest of his hoarse voice, seeing as another kick landed on Clotaire's ribs. He wanted to stop this madness. The defenseless boy tried to cover himself but was not able to predict where Geoffroy will hit next. "Geoffroy!"

The rage ended as soon as it started. The blond-haired boy looked at Nicolas, his face was back to normal. His eyes weren't black and empty anymore, plus, what's more important they expressed some emotions and empathy as he knelt next to the tied teen.

"Nick!" Geoffroy shouted, pulling the gag from the little boy's mouth. "Are... are you ok?"

"Not really." Nicolas answered, inhaling deeply. For a few moments, he managed to forget about all this terrible pain all over his bowels. But now it was back. Even stronger. Geoffroy untied him carefully, making sure that at least some of the ropes and duct tapes were still usable - he needed them.

"I will be back to you in a few seconds, Nick." Geoffroy explained and walked closer to his hated classmate, which wasn't even fighting anymore.

Grabbing Clotaire's hands and legs he tied them together, making sure that boy was unable to move. Then, he kicked him again directly in the swollen testicles and not so erected penis. Clotaire screamed again and continued bawling. The blood started leaking from his nose – one of Geoffroy's punches landed on it, almost breaking the bone. Little he knew that all the pain he caused was about to return to him in double. Just a beginning. It was Geoffroy, his dream boy, standing like a marble giant over him. All naked, with a shining body, smiling. Clotaire thought that everything will be alright, that nobody will hurt him anymore. But then he heard Geoffroy's loud and clear voice.

"Let's play pay it forward, bitch." Geoffroy's eyes narrowed. "You will regret it all. You will wish you never lay your hands on my Nick."

He tried to scream into the gag and beg Geoffroy for forgiveness, but his beloved classmate turned away. The feeling of the impending doom filled the room.

"I must admit that I truly adore you." Mathias stated in a low growl. "Still, it's nothing like the things that happened in the past. I wanted your tight ass, and now..." The man paused, looking at the naked man tied to the chair. "It doesn't seem that virgin anymore. I think I will pass. However, your sucking skills are as good as before. And believe me – you are way better than some of the young boys in my school. On the other hand, they beg for my cock. They fight over it, two or three of them sucking at the same time. I come all over their bodies and they tend to lick each other clean. You aren't able to imagine how amazing it is. And think of their tight, maturing assholes made for fucking. A true miracle." The man finished his monolog, recalling the most recent orgy.

Geoffroy's father, Charles was about to start crying. A grown up man felt like a little child, not knowing what to do. He was all naked, Mathias made sure to cut all of his clothes into the pieces, explaining that this will make things better. After all, the head-teacher hoped that Charles will also have some fun with Geoffroy, imagining he could force both of them into some innocent incest. Some of the fresh cum dripped down the man's chin, he tried to spit it out, but Mathias was cruel when it came to performing a blowjob. He preferred to force himself on his victim, performing deep throat, staying all amused when his victim struggled, tried to catch his breath. And reaching the orgasm was nothing more but a great test of swallowing the load. Most of the people were able to pass it - but well, young boys were a bit different, vomiting sometimes. He quickly learned that it was all about practice. After all, he was a teacher, a good one. And now he waited for his newest student named Geoffroy. A dream come true.

"On the other hand, I could use you, while they bring the little whore in here. He would be dragged into this room to see you fucked in the ass." Mathias murmured, enjoying the vision that appeared before his eyes. "He would clean my cock right away. And your asshole. Can you imagine his face between your legs? I bet you are dreaming of this since when you caught him naked with Nicolas."

Walking closer to the tied man Mathias touched his hole with two fingers. Well, for Charles this was far from being pleasant - he still tried to get free, not knowing what will happen next. Would he be able to escape this place? He was not even aware where it was located. What if more thugs were around? Charles could swear that one of the ties was getting loose slowly and looked at the table. The long, sharp knife was still there. If only he could reach for it...

"I will wait till Geoffroy is here. He will surely cry like I did when I was his age." Mathias said mysteriously.

"I remember you being the happiest boy ever. We were playing every day, doing silly stuff. Sharing our good and bad days. When did you become a monster?" The tied man asked, looking at the head-teacher, who reached for another cigarette. Charles tried to engage in a conversation, thinking that he will buy some more time.

"On the very last day. When your father stormed into my room and told you to go home. Do you remember any of it?"

Unfortunately, Charles was having some blank spaces in his memory. He sure remembered this day when they got caught. He recalled his father's face as the angry man looked at them both, naked in a single bed, stroking each other. Oh yes, the face which was truly shocked and red as the man rushed to grab him, swearing, slapping, telling him to dress up. It all returned, a distant memory of the past. It felt as if Charles was once again in this room, seeing his friend for the last time in his teenage years. But he could not remember what happened within the next hour. He walked home, that's for sure.

"I got home and waited for him. He beat me up so I couldn't sit for almost a week and said that we won't see each other again, telling me that he found a new, perfect school for fixing me." Charles confessed everything he remembered.

"And you never looked back. Never wondered what happened to me. Forgetting about the past." Mathias hissed, feeling that his emotions were overcoming him once more. He smoked his cigarette, but his hands were shaking. "He raped me. Your daddy penetrated my ass when I was screaming and begging him to stop. H-he said that fags like me deserve this and left me on my bed motionless, bleeding, telling me to wait for my parents to return home. He said that If I ever tell about this to anyone he will be back, but this time he will kill me." Mathias revealed the rest of the story.

"I..." Charles tried to answer, but his mind was empty.

This was strange, surreal, but he could imagine his own father doing this stuff. He believed it, he knew it was real. Still, he never expected that his friend was treated this way, knowing that this experience surely shaped his mind. This was why Mathias was thinking only of the revenge. They disappeared from each other's life for almost twenty years. But their reunion sent Mathias into a dark world of memories. He watched Geoffroy grow, thinking of getting into his bed when it's time. And the time was now. He liked boys who started their puberty just recently. Their bodies were way different, changing, maturing.

"You were a rich, cool kid. Learning, prospering, and I was barely living after my family kicked me out of the home, telling me to rot in the hell."

"Why you didn't tell me about this earlier? We could talk, I would support you. Listen, we still can..." Charles said, hoping that his voice tone wasn't weak enough. After all his mind

was shattered.

Mathias looked at him and sighed, turning away. He finished another cigarette and walked closer to the TV, pointing at it. Geoffroy's face, full of ecstasy filled the whole screen - the movie was paused the moment the young teen reached his orgasm. Mathias masturbated to this scene several times already. He loved the expression on both boys' faces and the moment when Geoffroy's penis twitched as the boy came all over his friend.

"This is why I want. As soon as you are free you will report me to police, we both know it. I can't let you go. And I'm not sure what will happen after I'm done with you." His former friend explained, looking at the clock. He expected phone call anytime soon and hoped that he will only hear good news. "I hope Geoffroy is as tight as I imagine. I'm going to fuck him slowly, but mercilessly. Just like your father did. And you... you will be gone. But he will remain my precious boy for the next months, maybe years."

"Stop it!" Charles shouted, jumping on the chair, fighting with his bounds. The man wanted his friend to shut up, every single word boiled within him, causing him to feel rage. His mind created images of Geoffroy's torment, based on Mathias's descriptions. He could see his son's crying face and felt the pain.

"Sure, there will be some blood, but I don't care. I want to play with his cock, punch his balls, just like your father did. I will force him to swallow my whole cock, we will be pretty busy." The head-teacher continued, letting his fantasy overcome him. "I will threaten him with a gun and make him blow you. Then you will fuck him as well – deep inside this is what you want, you aren't different from me, you love little boys, right? I could see it in your eyes, you were excited to know that he is a little fag."

"Shut the fuck up!" Charles's body tensed up, he could swear that all of his muscles were now working to set him free, tearing the ties. He wanted to punch his friend's smiling face. His rage started growing. Oh yes, he felt it only once in life, but now it seemed to return.

"All my local friends will be introduced to him. Some of them have rather strange fetishes. Oh yes, your boy..." Mathias turned his face to Charles, smiling for the last time.

It took him few moments to free himself fully before Mathias was even able to react. It happened so fast that the man could not believe it, so fast that he wasn't able to think a single thought. Mathias was still shocked when Charles punched him, sending him onto the floor. Not able to control himself he kicked his former friend's body as if he wanted to make sure that this broken man will not be a threat anymore. Charles wanted him to pay for everything he told and did so far. For all the abused boys and his perverted plans of abducting Geoffroy. For the final betrayal.

"And this one is for Geoffroy!" He hissed, kicking the man once more. His rage faded, as he started to look around for some clothes to wear, realizing he needed to get back home

as soon as possible and make sure that his son was safe. Turning away from Mathias, reaching for some old, oil-smeared shirt. "I will give you a chance to escape and then send the cops from all around the Europe to catch you. You have one hour to leave Paris."

"I will get him one day..." The man stated, spitting blood.

The perverted man was still on the floor, barely breathing, almost crying. All of his plans and desires were now shattered. Years of planning, setting traps, years of the eternal suffering. Everything was gone and once again this happened because of his friend. Every single moment of his life seemed to happen again. He sensed it all. The few moments of true happiness, all the boys he abused, the pleasure and pain. His only dream. He could swear that when he looked at Charles dressing, he saw him as if he was thirteen years old boy, not a man. He blinked, still seeing it. Yes, this was the only happy moment in his miserable life. But now everything ended, the last chapter of his tragic story.

"I've always loved you, but the pain..." He said with his last breath and closed his eyes.

Charles looked at him, feeling that his own chest was about to tear apart. His heart was shaking as he realized what happened, he killed his own friend, the person he swore to protect when they were kids. They were ready to give life for each other and hoped that they will stay forever young. Young, full of joy, always playing their little games and sharing their childhood. Mathias was still dreaming of the past and never really grew up. Charles realized that all the tragic events caused his friend to become mentally ill. He knew that this day will haunt him forever. Hearing the sound of an incoming call he reached into the man's pants, grabbing the mobile phone.

"Boss? The boys aren't here. Not in the park, we searched for him everywhere." One of Mathias's thugs said.

"Go to his mansion and get him, his son's room is on the first floor. Get him now!" Charles tried to impersonate his friend's voice, hoping that man on the other side won't be able to tell the difference. After he ended the call he called another person, whose phone number he got memorized in the case of an emergency. This was an emergency. "Charles here. Listen, I'm in the troubles. Will explain it to you later, but for now, I must ask you to send a patrol to my home. Someone will try to break inside in a few moments."

"What the fuck, Charles?" He heard a familiar voice. He had some high ranked friends in the police department but never used their aid.

"Send them now! And stay there till I'm back. You will need to help me clean this shit up." Charles explained, ending the conversation. He wanted to leave but then reached for the mobile to make another, final call.

"Come on, Geoffroy, answer..." The man whispered, hearing nothing but the dial tones.

"For god's sake..." He sensed that something was wrong, that his son was in a trouble or pain. This awful feeling did not leave him even now. He only hoped that the police will be able to stop the thugs in time.

The clock showed 16:30 as he left the place, seeing that he was in some old warehouse, still on the same street as before. He even spotted his car, still parked right next to Mathias's house.

"Keys, keys..." He whispered and walked back to the room, reaching into the pocket of his old pants which were now cut into pieces. Then he stared at the TV screen. His son's face was still there. "Right, how could I forget."

Ejecting the disc he grabbed it with both hands as if it was the greatest treasure. Charles hoped that this was the only copy and that it wasn't shared by Mathias. This was going to be the first thing that his friends in the police department will be investigating. Breaking the disc into four the man slid the pieces into his pants. He wanted to throw it right away, but he figured out that it will be more secure to drop every piece in different place, so nobody will be ever able to put it back together. It seemed beyond repair but now he became paranoid. He wanted his son to be safe and tried to call him again, getting no response.

Starting the engine and looking at himself in the mirror he inhaled deeply. "So, that's it. The end of an era..." He thought to himself, hoping that the bad dream was over and that his past will not return to him anymore. It seemed so distant already. Charles wanted to focus on driving, thinking of what he will tell the police, but his own brain was playing tricks on him. Repeating over and over the same phrase as if it was some kind of credo. "I killed my friend. I killed Mathias. I killed Mathias..."

Charles reached for the first piece of broken disc and threw it into a river, preparing to close one of the worst chapters in his life. He needed to speak to someone, but he had only his own son, who was too young to understand what just happened. Oh yes, his young, not so innocent and still silly little boy named Geoffroy. The silly Geoffroy. The little guy.

Chapter Sixteen

~ Home again ~

"Nick, does it hurt?" Geoffroy's scared voice ringed in Nicolas's ears. "Wait a second. No, don't stand up. Hold on. Just a second."

Nicolas, the little, abused boy, was resting on his side, turned away from his classmates, trying to relax his body which was no longer painfully bound. Still feeling the excruciating pain all over his groin and head he could not decide what was worse. His face was still red from tears even though he wasn't crying anymore - he was not able to cry. The unpleasant scent of sperm seemed to be all over him as if he was coated in it. As if it was flowing in his veins instead of his blood, marking him, reminding him of what happened just a few minutes ago. As a matter of fact, Nicolas could barely hold himself from vomiting. His throat and nose ached, his eyes were tired, sleepy.

But, on the other hand, his rectum seemed even worse, sending some sharp waves of agonizing pain all over him every time he squeezed his legs together. It was really sensitive now, sore and leaking the fluids onto the floor. The boy realized he bleeding a bit when Geoffroy touched the delicate spot. Nicolas hissed, clenching his teeth.

"Owww!"

"Just give me a moment, I will clean you up." Geoffroy stated, brushing the fabric against his boyfriend's sore skin, gathering all the drops of blood and cum. After a while, the blond-haired kid noticed that his behavior's anus was not looking as bad as he expected. Once cleaned it was not that red anymore and there were no visible traces of abuse on the outside. No permanent damage, no wounds, even the small ones. "Do you think you can walk?" Geoffroy asked another question, grabbing Nicolas's arm carefully.

It sure wasn't easy for him, but he finally managed to stand up without Geoffroy's aid and pulled his underwear and pants up, dressing up slowly. It felt better now, as long as nobody was touching him down there. Clenching his buttocks Nicolas made a step forward, grimacing. "It will make me stronger..." the boy kept repeating to himself.

"It hurts, but I'm ok." He stated, feeling that Geoffroy wrapped his arms around him.

But instead of returning the hug Nicolas looked back at Clotaire's naked body, feeling nothing but disgust. Their classmate was in a visible pain coming from the broken finger and nose. Nicolas could tell that these were the most painful spots on the tormentor's body right now. Allowing his mind to flow, he started wondering what they should do next. His parents were teaching him of a mercy, but he never believed it. He could not forgive and

forget. Perhaps he would if his own body wasn't forced into a wicked sexual intercourse. Now Nicolas wanted to return the pain he experienced. Pay it forward and teach Clotaire of the terrible mistake he committed. Besides, he doubted if his parents would show any mercy to the person who abused him. All the emotions were still boiling inside him. Once Geoffroy let him go the black-haired kid walked closer to Clotaire, marked his hit and kicked the helpless boy directly in testicles. Sure, it caused him to feel pain as well, but he was satisfied knowing that his ex-tormentor was in even greater anguish.

"Fuck you!" Nicolas shouted, kicking again, seeing that Clotaire was already all crying and begging, screaming into his gag. "You fucking dickhole!"

"Nick, stop!" Geoffroy grabbed him from behind, stroking his chest. "This is not fair."

"What?" Nicolas's face expressed surprise, but he felt that his anger was fading. "Are you going to forgive him?"

"I'm just saying that you should stop beating him up." The blond-haired boy explained and added. "We should return to him exactly the same he did to us. Get his camera and start recording. Take some pictures. I will take care of rest. Alright?"

The boy's face was deadly serious. Once again, Nicolas thought that his boyfriend seemed different, more mature. They were rarely behaving like that, so he figured out that opposing Geoffroy would be pointless. Clearly, the young teen had some kind of a plan – Nicolas obeyed the order, believing that Geoffroy knew what he was doing. Plus if he understood him correctly Clotaire was about to experience his worst nightmare. Reaching for the dropped camera the black-haired kid deleted the movie which was recorded before. There were no more traces left. They were free from any blackmail, creating their own now.

"Hold on, let me dress up." Nicolas stated, looking for a new shirt to wear. He wiped a few remaining drops of sperm using his old shirt, cut into the pieces by Clotaire. "Alright. This one will do."

The clock showed 16:00 as Nicolas pressed the red button, recording the brand new movie. In the meantime, Geoffroy grabbed Clotaire's hands and repositioned him, knowing that their hated classmate was unable to fight it anymore. The boy was broken, humiliated and feeling nothing but the sense of an impending doom, unaware of what will happen next. To say the truth, Clotaire would never admit it, but he realized he made a serious, unforgivable mistake. His mind kept telling him that everything happened because of his adoration or love for Geoffroy. His precious boy, the chosen one. But it was Geoffroy who was now abusing him, spreading his legs, pressing them against his stomach and chest, exposing the tight hole for everyone to see.

"Okay, let's start." Geoffroy stated and placed the tip of his soft penis at the tiny opening

between his classmate's buttocks. He looked at his victim's face, all in tears, mumbling something into the gag, but all words were silenced by it. Rubbing his glans against Clotaire's anus he was about to push when he turned his head to Nicolas. "I just can't. It feels like I'm cheating on you. Can you go to the bathroom and grab deodorant of some sort? And start recording again."

"Alright!"

"You know, I wish I could do it without wetting you up. But I don't want to stick my fingers inside you." Geoffroy explained, hoping that his classmate will understand it clearly. The blond-haired kid wanted to have no connection to the older boy. He was disgusted only by thinking about him and wished for a sweet revenge and nothing more. He hoped that once they were done Clotaire will disappear from his life. Oh yes, he wanted to use his father's power.

After about two minutes Nicolas returned to the room holding the biggest tube he could find. There were plenty of small ones, but for some reason, this one caught his attention – it seemed perfect for a big boy like Clotaire, about five centimeters wide. He watched, with a hint of satisfaction, as Geoffroy started coating the object with the lube. Then, he pressed the recording button once again.

"A big task ahead of you." Geoffroy smirked.

"Ready when you are."

Of course, penetrating the virgin boy's anus wasn't going to be easy and everyone in room figured it out. Clotaire wanted to avoid it at all costs, clenched all of his muscles, hoping that the boys will finally let him go, oh yes, he hoped for some mercy. But Geoffroy was patient, he brushed the rounded, wet tip of the object against his classmate's hole. Putting some pressure on it, placing his hand on the bottom of the deodorant, the blond-haired handsome kid hoped this will be enough to slip at least some of the tube inside.

Thanks to oil, it worked, the hole started spreading apart slowly. Clotaire began fighting the intrusion instinctively, pushing the object out, grunting and clenching his eyes as his efforts had no effects. The incredible burning pain pulsed all over his groin. It just got worse once Geoffroy pressed the deodorant with his second hand as well, causing more of it to sink inside right away. There was no escape anymore. Clotaire's sphincter gave way, unable to stop it, unable to fight it. Another centimeter went inside.

"So how does it feel to be raped by someone you trusted?" Geoffroy asked all of sudden, keeping the pressure on the object between another teen's legs. "Let's see." Geoffroy said, removing the gag from Clotaire's mouth.

"Geoffroy, please. I can't take it." Clotaire croaked in a weak voice. "Geoffroy! Please!"

"Nicolas could not take it anymore as well. You had no mercy for him." Geoffroy answered, slapping his victim's testicles. "I will stop once he forgives you. It's not up to me, now."

"Nicolas! I'm really sorry!" Their classmate exclaimed and hissed feeling as more and more object filled him. Another two centimeters found its way inside, Geoffroy started drilling to the sides, coating all the muscles with more of the sticky oil, lubricating and spreading them wide. "I will do everything, just tell him to stop! Nicolas!" He turned his red, tears covered face to the little boy who kept the recording going. His and Nicolas's eyes met. The black-haired tried to look away, but could not.

For a brief moment, Nicolas felt incredible sadness, knowing that the thing they were doing made them no different from their tormentor. On the other hand, he knew he was not able to forgive his classmate. Something deep inside was blocking him, he wanted the boy to suffer for a little bit more. The little kid wanted to see the tears, to smell the fear.

"Will you leave us both alone and leave?" Nicolas asked in a low voice, staring at the helpless boy.

"It's not up to me! It all depends on my parents. I will try to..." He paused and groaned when Geoffroy pushed again. "Oh god, I can not..."

"Geoffroy, give me a second, please." Nicolas stated, turning the camera off and sat down on the office chair, in front of Clotaire's computer and glared at the screen looking for some clues.

The thing that bothered him was fairly obvious, and Nicolas was a smart kid. Noticing that Clotaire seemed to use some kind of chat while he assaulted them he decided to investigate. He wanted to know what exactly was happening and who was getting all these messages. After all, Clotaire was rather happy to share everything. Describing his fantasies precisely, sending some photos, talking about perverted stuff. Nicolas scrolled the conversation up and down, wasting no time, getting more and more upset as he understood what was his classmate's plan. The man on the other side seemed to support him and was rather happy to see the first results of Clotaire's work.

"Geoff, come here." Nicolas called his boyfriend and pointed to the screen.

"Found anything?" Geoffroy's eyes narrowed as he started reading. The poor boy was astonished to see that Clotaire managed to get a nice collection of his pictures, taken mostly with a hidden camera. But this wasn't the worst part – these photos were shared among some perverts on the Internet and Clotaire promised more. Geoffroy sighed and looked over his shoulder at the tied boy, who glared at them both with terrified eyes, full of tears.

"I think I have a plan." Nicolas said. "If he is meeting with some random people on the

internet we may use it against him. He shared your pictures without thinking. We will share his." The black-haired boy whispered and grabbed the camera once more. He wanted to transfer all the pictures that were taken recently and pick a small collection to upload.

"What about him?" Geoffroy asked, pointing at Clotaire.

"Leave him alone." Nicolas said in a low tone. "Yes, leave him like this, with the deodorant up his ass. I guess his parents will be surprised to find out the truth." He added, seeing as confusion crossed Geoffroy's face.

"Wow, Nick. You... you are kinda cruel to him now."

His plan needed to work, Nicolas was sure of it. Posting just a few pictures and a made up story describing Clotaire's arousal seemed like a good start. Nicolas wanted to make it clear that Clotaire was meeting with some shady people from the Internet. The men who were sex-obsessed perverts just like him. "And this was what happened while his parents were away - he invited another random guy, who tied him up. His greatest secret will be revealed as they find him naked on top of the bed, still wet from a recent fucking. This will be the end of him." Nicolas thought, a smug appeared on his face.

"Your parents won't be happy, when they realize that you shared your home address with some criminals." The black-haired boy turned his attention to Clotaire, feeling like a winner. "What did you write? Oh. That anyone can come and fuck you anytime. Perhaps they will move out, once for all. And you will disappear. Or they will just change all the locks."

"Please, Nicolas. I will do anything. We can still be friends, really!"

"Do you think this one is fine?" Nicolas typed the chat message and awaited his boyfriend's approval. The blond-haired boy nodded and smiled mischievously. So, this was the end.

"Great, are you going to attach the photos as well?"

"Yeah, it's done." The younger teenager pressed the key and watched as his message appeared in the chat. He wanted to know what will happen next and if there will be any feedback from all perverts sitting in the chat room. "Can't believe that people like it..."

"Clotaire! You are a star!" Geoffroy exclaimed and grinned, looking at the screen. "They are all adoring you and asking for more. Sounds familiar?"

The bound boy turned his head away and continued bawling. Every single of his dream was shattered, just like his body and his mind. He felt weak, wanted to beg for mercy, but not a single word escaped his throat, nobody wanted him, not even the boy he admired for so long. Everything was lost. "If only I could him explain why all of this happened." Clotaire

thought. It was a sudden rush, the peak of emotions, a tantrum, a moment when he could not control his mind and body, allowing animal instincts to take over him. It seemed so simple to him. "Perhaps they would understand and forgive me" Another thought appeared in his head. The helpless teenager could not imagine living without Geoffroy, his pretty face, his smell, his boyish voice. It was all over now. A point of no return.

"We are done." Nicolas stated, walking closer to the bed. The overwhelming sickness returned to him now, he felt weak, wanting to run away.

"Nick, I don't know."

"Let's just go, ok?" The small boy suggested, walking out of the room.

Looking at the bound boy Geoffroy sighed, standing still beside the bed. Clotaire glared at him, their eyes met, but Geoffroy broke it off. The blond-haired boy was not able to tell what bothered him, but he sensed something strange building inside him. The two teenage boys knew each other for so long. They hated and loved each other at the same time and they were never meant to be together. Yet, ignoring everything that happened recently Geoffroy felt this incredible pity and sadness as he imagined what hell was awaiting Clotaire in the coming days. Or perhaps it was about the fact that Nicolas was as merciless as Clotaire. The blond-haired young teen sighed again and glanced at his boyfriend who left the room without a single word.

"I hope we will never meet again, Clotaire." Geoffroy whispered and turned his back to his classmate, walking towards the door. He stopped midway, noticing Clotaire's pocket knife on the floor and grabbed it. "I remember when we were in the primary school, playing, chatting, having fun. Shit, it was like five years ago. What happened to us?"

"I love you, Geoffroy!" Clotaire whispered, hoping that the boy will keep talking to him. He needed it, a final conversation, a serious one.

"You need help. Promise me." Geoffroy answered and threw the knife on the bed.

"I promise!" Clotaire's weak voice was barely heard.

As soon as Geoffroy walked out of the room he noticed that Nicolas was waiting for him, impatiently tapping his foot. Nodding at him, Geoffroy tried to smile, but instead, he moaned silently, feeling the lump growing in his throat. They both rushed outside. They were free, finally. Not being able to talk the blond-haired boy tried to gather the pieces of his strength to carry on.

"What's going on?" Nicolas asked, noticing Geoffroy's strange behavior. His boyfriend rested his head against the wall and closed his eyes. Then, he started bawling, not able to control it.

The whole street was crowded, a lot of people were coming back home from work. Everyone seemed busy, everyone ignored them. Two poor boys who were just abused seemed like every other kid out there. Geoffroy's breakdown lasted just for a minute, but for Nicolas, it was a whole eternity, the moment he was not able to do anything at all.

"We should walk faster. My dad is surely..." Geoffroy mumbled after a while, noticing as his mobile started vibrating and ringing. The young boy was barely able to hear it as they crossed the road, making their way home. "I will call him later. It's too loud in here."

No more words were spoken as they left Clotaire's dreaded house behind them.

Charles was nervous on many levels and his body was still shaking as he parked the car in front of the gate. Everything kept returning to him, the images, the words, the sounds, he was experiencing it over and over in his head. Still, he tried to focus on his task. His friends in the police department assured him that they will arrive as soon as possible but so far he wasn't able to see any traces of them. Still sending that something was not quite right the man tried to call Geoffroy again before opening the door and stepping outside. Sadly, his son was still not answering. "Is he really that busy?" Charles thought. "Or did something happen to him? He usually answers my calls. Oh god, I hope they did not get him. I will kill them, all of them."

Slowly, the tired man started walking towards the mansion's entrance and kept looking around, feeling insecure, searching for the hired thugs, who were meant to break into his home. Sure thing, they were fools to do this during the day, but they were desperate dangerous fools. They were people who had nothing to lose. Noticing that the front door was open Charles gasped a little, trying to control his emotions. Some voices could be heard in the hallway. "Did they really make it?" He kept wondering and decided to wait a little longer, but just then the door opened wide before him. A middle-aged man in the policeman uniform walked outside and glared at Charles. He was clearly concerned.

"Thought we have another one here." The police officer explained, reaching for Charles's shoulder, pulling him closer. "You were right. Someone was trying to break into your place. Nobody was hurt but we would like to ask you several questions whenever you have a couple of minutes, *monsieur*." He explained politely.

"Is my son home? Is Geoffroy there?" Charles asked.

"We don't know. We do not have the permit to search your property. These punks were caught as they were trying to breach the main door. Idiots." The policeman answered, hardly able to hide his smile. "We will investigate this, of course. One of your servants was about to call us as he saw them approaching. This doesn't make any sense to me. It's just

like they wanted to get caught. A-Are you ok?"

"I want to make sure that Geoffroy is safe. Excuse me." Charles explained and walked inside, down the hallway, trying to get to his son's room as soon as possible. His hopes were quite high, he wanted to find both boys playing, just like yesterday, as if nothing bad happened.

Another intrusive thought appeared in his head. "They seemed so innocent and cute together, ready to protect each other. But what chances do they have against armed thugs, who could kidnap them in a blink of the eye? What are their chances?" Charles became obsessed thinking of his son's security, realizing that the recent events will make him even more careful and paranoid.

"Geoffroy?!" He shouted and opened the door to his son's room without knocking. "Geoffroy?! Geoffroy!"

Cursing, he reached for the mobile phone once more, looking into their shared bathroom, before making another call. The teenage boy was nowhere to be found and Charles felt rather disappointed that his son once more ignored his advice to stay home. He started thinking of all the possible places where Geoffroy could be. Sure thing, he could ask the police department for yet another favor. They could not refuse – searching for the kids who escaped home or went missing was one of their tasks. Especially if the kid was multi-millionaire's son. This was happening all the time to Charles's colleagues. But his son was so different, so fragile...

Charles was about to speak to the policeman standing near the entrance when the door opened once again and two little figures rushed inside, breathing heavily. Geoffroy looked at his father with his eyes wide-open and tried to say something at this unexpected meeting, but instead, he gasped for breath, resting his hands on the knees. He seemed exhausted, scared and excited, all at once.

"Is everything alright, boys?" The policeman asked, staring at them and scowling. The young teenagers exchanged their looks and stepped closer to Geoffroy's dad.

"We were running to see what happened. There were like six big police cars driving down the street a-and we wanted to know if you are alright, dad. It seemed serious." Geoffroy stated and hugged his father. "Especially after all this stuff we were talking about recently."

"Some guys were trying to break into our home." Charles explained, trying to calm himself. "I need to go to the police station to clear things up. Nicolas, can you stay with Geoffroy tonight? I will call your parents and assure them that you are safe in here."

"But dad! Wait!" Geoffroy exclaimed, hoping for some more explanations. "Don't go!"

"Oui!" Nicolas said and nodded. "I will take care of him."

"Geoffroy, kid." Charles lowered his head, so he looked directly into his son's eyes. "We will need to talk. And please, remember to answer your phone when I'm calling you. This is important." The man pleaded and nodded at the policeman, telling him that he was ready to leave.

"Sorry! Let me know when you are back." Geoffroy murmured, hanging his head low. Both boys watched as the man walked through the front door and disappeared. "He was nervous. Really." The blond-haired teen stated and bit his lip, he wanted to speak with his father as soon as possible. Deep inside the boy was afraid to lose him - as he was running towards the mansion he imagined how devastating it would be for him to find out that his dad was dead or injured. Losing both parents seemed like a tragic event for every child, the event that could change everything you forever. And in Geoffroy's case, this would mean getting a whole lot of new responsibilities, growing up quickly.

"Not a big surprise, I can't believe that someone tried to break here..." Nicolas shook his head but was interrupted by his boyfriend.

"There's something more. I can tell it and see it in his eyes. I wish I could tell him about everything. You know what I mean, right?" He asked, but getting no reply he asked another question. "Do you feel any better now?" The boy changed the subject as they walked to his room.

"Not really. It's only getting worse."

His head ached as he sensed this terrible nausea overwhelming him, filling every little bit of his body. Now, when his emotions and adrenaline rush faded he felt weakness and the familiar, hated smell of Clotaire's sperm all over. On the other hand, he was sleepy, they both were thinking only of resting on top of the bed, healing their minds and bodies. Doing nothing at all, for the rest of evening and night.

"Ohhhh!" Geoffroy sighed, spreading his arms and legs wide, feeling the pleasure as his skin touched the delicate, fresh sheets. "Come on, Nick. Lay next to me."

"Can I go to the bathroom first?" The younger boy muttered in a rather weak voice. Nicolas's face became blank and before he received any answer he covered his mouth with his hand and ran to the toilet as fast as he could. He wasn't able to hold it anymore. Geoffroy heard some not so pleasant sounds and sprinted after Nicolas.

The poor, helpless teen was bending over the toilet, puking his guts out loudly, gasping and crying loudly. Geoffroy did not know what to do, he began to rub Nicolas's spine slowly, feeling all muscles tensing up over and over as the black-haired kid was throwing up and spitting, breathing heavily. After only thirty seconds he was done and exhausted

even more, barely able to move his small finger. Taking another deep breath he sat down on the floor, trembling. Everything felt so cold now, the floor, the air, the goosebumps appeared on his body. Nicolas's face was red, full of tears, which began to spill from his eyes, leaking down his cheeks. Grabbing some tissues Geoffroy handed them to the boy, who wiped his mouth and cheeks slowly, blinking.

"I hate throwing up." Nicolas whispered eventually, resting his head against the bathtub and closing his eyes. "Really. I just feel like dying."

"I know, here, have some water." Geoffroy answered, kneeling next to his boyfriend. "We should change our clothes. I think I still feel the smell of his house. Are you better now? Here, let me help you."

"Yeah, much better." The smaller boy stated and watched as Geoffroy started unbuttoning his shirt. "Are we going to leave our clothes here?"

"Sure, I'm sharing the bathroom with my dad for next days, but I guess we could wake up early tomorrow and clean up all this mess. Do we sleep naked?" The blond-haired boy asked, sliding his underwear, stripping fully.

"I don't mind, let's just go to bed. I can barely keep my eyes open." Nicolas explained and Geoffroy helped him get up. His hands wrapped around Nicolas's body, which felt so fragile, so small. Geoffroy wanted to take care of him, to make sure that all of Nicolas's wounds were healed, to make sure that nothing bad will happen again.

Nicolas's black-haired head rested on his boyfriend's naked shoulder and he closed his eyes. Oh, the fresh sheets sure felt great, for the first time he felt incredibly safe and comfortable. Geoffroy's hand was stroking his hair as they slowly started drifting off to the sleep.

"Do you think that this will change us?" Nicolas asked in a weak, almost non-audible tone.

"I don't know Nick, but everyone needs to grow up at some point. Why not now?" Geoffroy answered silently. "Besides..."

But Nicolas wasn't able to hear rest of the sentence. Everything seemed so distant, so quiet, black and white. He started dreaming of the better times and smiled. He was in a different place now. In a different place and time.

It all happened years ago, in a third grade, when Geoffroy invited some of his favorite classmates over for a small party. A great opportunity to have fun for all of them, no teachers, no parents, nobody to watch over them. They were all so different back then,

careless, not thinking about the past or the future, even Clotaire seemed like a good guy, not so bright, but always playing the best pranks on everyone. Of course, Geoffroy and Nicolas were already true friends, but this was a whole different kind of friendship. If Nicolas recalled correctly this was the second or third time he saw Geoffroy's mansion, which left him amazed. He also liked Geoffroy's swimming pool and gardens.

Everything seemed so big for a boy his age. But Nicolas's father was annoyed for some reason, advising him "to not eat too much of the caviar" as he left him standing in front of the door. They were all there. Eudes, the boy who was the first to fight over everything, punching his colleagues on the nose, trying to become the boss of the group. Alceste, a chubby one, who kept eating throughout their meeting and was rather impressed by the selection of cheese and meat served on lunch. Rufus, whose father was the policeman, Joachim, Clotaire. All his friends.

But this was not important. Nicolas had many different memories back from his childhood and they were all written down in form of a journal. All the adventures they shared together, happy and sad moments related to the school. A single one, partially forgotten, was now slowly returning to him as he was sleeping. New details were revealed and he only hoped to remember them all once he wakes up. It all started on this day when he and Geoffroy had some nice chat, when Nicolas confessed his big secret. Back then it seemed insignificant, but it meant a lot for Geoffroy. They were sitting in the garden, rest of their gang was chasing each other and laughing when Geoffroy asked this very important question.

"Why are you sad?" He looked at Nicolas, sitting beside him on a bench.

"Huh? I'm not. We were just having fun and eating the cake. It was great!" The little boy answered his friend's question and smirked. It was true. He could not imagine having a better Saturday afternoon.

"No, I mean in the school. You seem sad every morning and it gets worse during the long break between classes." Geoffroy explained. He spotted this strange behavior a few days ago and it seemed to follow some kind of pattern, but Geoffroy was not able to find out what was going on with his friend. It seemed that something bad was happening to his friend and he wished to protect him from, but first, he needed a clear answer. "Tell me, please."

"Oh, there's some guy from the fifth grade, who likes to pick on me because I'm among one of the shortest kids in our school. But he promised to not laugh and pretend that we are friends If I give him my lunch money." Nicolas explained and ignored Geoffroy's concerned expression. "But lately my parents do not give me any cash anymore, so he is..."

"Bullying you." Geoffroy interrupted him in a sharp tone, his eyes narrowed.

"No, he is not." Nicolas shook his head.

"You can't buy friends for money. He's just using you. Can't you see this?" The blond-haired boy asked and looked at their classmates playing. "Best things, like real friends come for free. Like me. I don't need your cash, and you don't need mine. Right? And I promise to say only nice things about you."

"I don't really want to speak about this." Nicolas whispered. He wanted to change the subject of their conversation as he knew that Geoffroy was right, but was unable to admit it. "Hey, remember the wooden car thing? It was like a year ago, right?."

"Are you trying to change the subject?" Geoffroy asked and punched Nicolas in the arm. He already knew the best solution to Nicolas's problem and was going to work on it later, like a smart boy. Besides, he needed to speak to his father anyway. His birthday was getting closer and he was asked to pick one present from a long list of the things he wanted.

"I prefer to not worry about things I can not change. It's stupid." Nicolas blurted out.

"Well, I disagree." Geoffroy looked directly into Nicolas's eyes and smiled.

"Nick! Geoffroy! Come here!" One of their classmates called them, pointing at something, disturbing their conversation.

Every color faded and Nicolas started dreaming yet another dream. The dream filled with some emotions, pain, and the images of everything that happened earlier this day. Thankfully, he wasn't able to recall it in the morning. Thanks to Geoffroy, who kept Nicolas wrapped tightly in his arms, as if he wanted to protect him not only from the world, but also from the nightmares of past and present. And the morning they were waiting for was getting closer with every moment, marking the final chapter, the great reveal, the things they could not expect to happen.

But for now, let them sleep.

Chapter Seventeen

~ The secret ~

"Ah, Nick, you are amazing. Don't ever change. I love you, I love you so much. I love you so much that I could squeeze you like a lemon." Geoffroy whispered, still in his sleepy haze, keeping his eyes closed, stroking his boyfriend's back. Everything seemed so peaceful, so quiet. The early morning was warm, calm, he heard some birds singing on a nearby tree, someone was also working in the garden, the world was living. Their problems were no more, they were two happy boys, adoring all the little things that happened to them recently.

To their surprise, at first it was quite easy to get over the past. They never mentioned anything that happened on Wednesday, they never mentioned Clotaire's name as if they agreed that his chapter was closed already. Figuring out that they can't fix their own failures they decided to carry on, seeking for a new, happy moments they could share instead. Even their dreams were pleasant ones, void of the memories of the recent abuse. Their bodies were slowly recovering, their minds were healing also. A good ending to a decent story, some may say. Or, just a casual, expected ending to an unusual fairy tale featuring two young princes loving each other.

Nicolas was the first one to wake up, hearing his partner's voice. He was surprised to discover that Geoffroy talked in his sleep. Especially, when he noticed that it wasn't all just some nonsense, but a true proof that the blond-haired boy cared about him with all of his heart. Nicolas listened and kept smiling. At some point he wondered if Geoffroy was really sleeping – the young teen was now speaking about their childhood, about some distant memories. Nicolas remembered all of them very well. He laughed as he recalled the day when he and Geoffroy were fighting each other, or when they were having a party, or when their dads played football, or when Geoffroy brought yet another cool toy to the school... It struck him fairly quickly – his life was only about the blond-haired boy he shared the bed with. From the beginning to the end his amazing friend was always there. "I wonder... how long will it last?" Nicolas wondered, looking up at his friend's face.

"Geoffroy, wake up. Hey." The little boy stated, grasping Geoffroy's arm, shaking him lightly. "Are you okay?"

"Ye-Yeah?" Geoffroy answered, parting his lips slowly as if it was a heroic feat. The teenager was clearly tired and yawned twice before opening his eyes. "I just had the best dream ever."

"Oh? About me?" Nicolas asked curiously, raising his eyebrows. He knew the answer

already.

“Remember when I told you that I want to marry you? I saw it. In my dream, I mean... I mean, we were still kids, but my dad was there and he was happy to... to see that I am happy. And then we had some cake and we were traveling, spending the whole summer together. And then, for some reason, we were back to the school, learning math. But everyone in our class knew that you are my husband. And then... “ Geoffroy paused, trying to catch some breath. “And then... I forgot.”

Trying to cover his face, Nicolas started giggling, wondering what exactly was going on in Geoffroy's brain. It all seemed not possible, surreal, but Geoffroy kept his straight face as if he considered his dream nothing more or less, but a prophecy. Actually, he looked kind of offended seeing that the black-haired boy laughed. And then he spoke, using his unusual, dead-serious voice.

“Fine. I won't tell you about my second dream then! Too bad. It was a good one too. You would love it!” Geoffroy assured his boyfriend, sticking his tongue out and getting up, sitting on the edge of the bed, stretching his arms over his head. He yawned again and then sniffed his armpit. “Alright, let's take a bath, we really need it.”

“I know! You stink!” Nicolas kept mocking his friend. “You are a stinky stinker with a stinky armpit.”

“No wonder. I was the hero. I mean, I really kicked his... “ He paused to bit his lips and then continued, changing the subject. “I have really cool hydro-something-massage tub, you will love it. Come on, let's go, stinky!”

Another five minutes passed. The young teens left their clothes on the floor, walking stark naked to the bathroom, closing the door behind them. They only hoped for a quick bath, they did not want to have the usual fun, they were not even aroused seeing each other naked. It was just an ordinary day, they had no plans, no destination. That is, till another person entered Geoffroy's room.

Charles sighed slightly and shook his head. He was tired, too tired, spending half of the night in the police department. In the end, they cleared up all the mess, but he promised to go there again as soon as possible. “All the paperwork. The damn paperwork.” He thought to himself, looking at the clock. But even his most powerful friends and enemies were not as important as his son. Knowing that he needed to speak with Geoffroy he gathered all the courage, hoping to confront the teenager about the recent events. It seemed complicated, way too complicated for him. Especially now, when Geoffroy was not in his bed. The man knocked twice on the bathroom door and opened them wide.

“Dad! Wait!” Geoffroy's scared voice filled the space along with some gasp. The tone Geoffroy used seemed familiar to Charles, he used it only when caught doing something

inappropriate. "We are just taking a bath, really!"

"Son, I know. I need to talk with you, now" The man said, walking inside the steam-filled bathroom.

Both boys were in a huge bathtub, standing against the wall. It was filled almost to the top, full of foam and bubbles. The air smelled like strawberries – it seemed that Geoffroy used his favorite bathing oil, emptying the bottle. Charles inhaled deeply and took a step forward, looking at his son's concerned face. It was blank white as if all the blood drained out of the poor kid. Then, his son stood up in one sudden motion, exposing his fully naked, foam covered, glistening body and opened his mouth, trying to speak.

"D-da I-i can-expla-" The blond-haired teenager mumbled, his eyes full of terror.

"Huh?" Charles narrowed his eyes, encouraging his son to continue. He could barely hold himself from laughing out of loud. Geoffroy looked dead-scared, pretty much the same as Nicolas, who looked down avoiding all the eye contact.

"I'm bathing with Nicolas so we can save the water." Geoffroy blurted out the first excuse that appeared in his head. "It's important to save it, right? So we are just taking a bath, just that. It was my idea. And can we..."

"Geoffroy, stop." The man interrupted him.

"... and I wanted to show him the bathtub. It's a nice one, isn't it?" The boy continued, a grimace of embarrassment appeared on his face.

Now, when some of the foam disappeared Charles was able to see his son's body fully – he noticed the fresh bruises almost right away. Two of them were on Geoffroy's arms, one, yellowy-green, on his left thigh and the last reddened spot was located near the teen's stomach. "Were they fighting recently?" A question appeared inside his head instantly. This time he wanted to get the clear answers, there was no escape, Charles understood that this was the moment of the great reveal for them all. So he spoke, making the boys shiver in a cold fear, despite the hot water.

"I know about everything, Geoffroy." Charles started, locking his eyes on his son. "But I'm more concerned about the bruises on your body. Nicolas has some on his arms as well. What's going on?"

Geoffroy remained silent, fully shocked. His father wasn't even screaming at him, he was not mad or happy, he remained calm as they were having the weirdest conversation in their life. Then, as he finally regained the control of his body he sat down in the water, realizing he was exposing himself in the whole time. His young mind tried to find some quick explanation, something simple yet convincing. Besides, what did his father mean by

“everything”. Was it about Nicolas or about Clotaire? Or about them both?

“Dad, Nicolas and me...” The young teen started, looking at his friend, who remained silent, not able to utter a word.

“I know, Geoffroy. I learned the truth the hard way. I know what happened in the doctor's office. And I saw you two showering together just a few days ago.” Charles confessed, watching as both boys' faces reddened, their mouths opened wide. “And I spoke with the lady who does the laundry, she complained that you were changing the sheets like every day. So much for the water saving, huh?” The man joked, hoping that his fear-paralyzed son will finally relax.

“You know about us?!” Geoffroy exclaimed, not sure how to react. “And you aren't mad at me? And you saw us? Oh my god.”

“Can I join you, boys? We need to talk, now. And you won't escape me unless you are planning to run naked around the house.” Charles asked, pointing at the tub.

“I don't mind.” Nicolas spoke for the first time, breaking the silence. Geoffroy was still overwhelmed by his thoughts and the avalanche of emotions - the poor teenager was really, really confused.

Charles undressed rather quickly, taking off his shirt and sliding down his pants, along with the underwear. While the boys pretended to look away the man noticed they were watching him closely, especially when he stripped fully. They were curious, obviously. As soon as he was naked he sat on the edge of the bathtub and then dipped his body in the hot, strawberry water, so it covered him from the waist-down. It was a perfect bath, everything he needed to regain some of his energy. Both teenagers were staring at him as if he was a teacher and they were his students. They waited for a sign.

“There's one thing I need to know, and I hate to ask it.” The man started, looking at Geoffroy. “It all started when you two left the doctor's office, right?”

“Yeah...” Geoffroy whispered, blushing slightly.

“Are you just fooling around together or is it more serious?” The man asked another question, hoping that Geoffroy will answer honestly.

“I...” The blond-haired kid looked at his boyfriend, searching for some support. “I love him, dad. I know, this sounds stupid, but he's very important to me. He's my best friend and he understands me, and he is always there when I need him.”

“I understand. So, what about these bruises, Geoffroy? They look terrible.”

"Do you want me to tell the truth?" The boy lowered his head and hissed, realizing that his story will hurt the man as well. "Nick, can I?"

The black-haired boy nodded his head. A vision of sadness crossed his face as he looked down, at the foam, watching it disappear slowly. Then, Geoffroy started telling the story nobody would believe. The story of an ultimate corruption.

"Our classmate, he managed to get a movie Nick recorded for me. He blackmailed us, telling that he will show it to everyone. I invited him here and told him to record me instead. I know, don't make that face, it was stupid!" Geoffroy shook his head.

"Why you did not ask me for a help? I would kill that damn kid." The man stated angrily, looking at his son in a disappointment. "Is there more?"

"He started blackmailing me then. So... we went to his place. And he..." Geoffroy's voice broke mid-sentence when he heard a quiet sob next to him.

The *petit* boy was crying, unable to control it. It all returned to him, all the pain and humiliation, everything that Clotaire said and did. He felt so weak, so pathetic, especially now when he broke down in front of his boyfriend and the older man. What would they think? He felt someone's hands, Geoffroy was there, hugging him tightly. It lasted just for several moments, but sensing the deep emotion connecting them Nicolas relaxed. "Everything will be fine now." The blond-haired boy kept assuring him. "Nobody is going to hurt you."

"Did he beat you up?" Charles asked, pointing at Geoffroy's arm. The boy shook his head.

"H-he forced us to... Dad, it's so hard to say, don't be angry, please. It wasn't your fault... h-he abused us."

"What?!" The man shouted, his face was now red from anger as he learned the unexpected news. "And you never said a word? Where does he live? How does he look like?"

"Dad, I can't tell. Please, don't be mad, it was all my idea." Geoffroy exclaimed, trying to calm his own nerves, he was pretty close to crying as well.

"Geoffroy. Listen to me. Give me his address, now. Or you will never see Nick again." Charles threatened the young teenager, expecting a clear answer.

"You wouldn't!" Geoffroy shrieked, bawling now. "I love him, he's mine. Leave us alone!"

So, in the end, it was all the same. It struck Charles pretty fast, as soon as first tears appeared in Geoffroy's eyes. Was he any different from his own father now? Shouting at

his kid, scaring and blackmailing him, destroying one perfect friendship? It was all the same story over and over. "My father would be proud." Charles thought, sensing that his fury faded out as he watched his own son crying like a helpless puppy lost in the middle of the dark forest. Nicolas, on the other hand, kept his head low, not speaking, but it became quite clear he was quite depressed as well. The boys needed a professional help, not yet another abuse.

"I'm sorry, Geoffroy. I never saw it coming, it's not your fault." Charles stated in a soft voice, pointing at his son to come over. The man felt that the little, frightened teenager was still shaking as he hugged him the way every father should hug his son. "I would never do that, I would never isolate you from Nicolas."

"Promise?" Geoffroy murmured into his ear.

"I promise. Anything else I should know?"

"Remember that porcelain vase from your room, one year ago? It was me as well." Geoffroy confessed in a rather happy tone. It seemed that his bad mood was over.

"Boys, I still think that you should go to see some doctor, to make sure that your bodies aren't damaged. And Nicolas should tell his parents. But then again, knowing his father it could make things worse."

"But you are a doctor, you almost became one!" Geoffroy protested, getting back to the other side of the tub, sitting next to Nicolas.

"And that's how I knew that you can't get these bruises in a casual fight. I figured out something else happened. Nick, if you need any help or if something hurts you, you can always come up to me. This will stay only between us, alright?" The man asked, trying to act professional, hoping that the black-haired boy will open wide before him.

Nicolas nodded. The atmosphere in the bathroom was no longer tense, yet Charles felt that the boys still had some questions. Geoffroy looked like he wanted to ask something, but he was not sure how to word it. Nicolas, on the other hand, seemed distant, as if he did not want to stay in between them both, father and son, bonding together. "Is it really serious between them? Or should I consider him a part of our family?" The man wondered, looking at the small boy quizzically.

"Dad, what about you? What happened yesterday? You were really nervous. It wasn't about the thugs, right?" The blond-haired kid broke the silence, locking his eyes on a man.

"No, it wasn't. But I think you are old enough to hear my story. Part of it." Charles stated and took a deep breath. "When I was your age I had a friend like Nicolas too. We were having the best of fun, we were inseparable, sharing our happy moments together, playing,

laughing, discovering the world. We were lovers as well."

"What? But..." Geoffroy seemed confused as if he could not believe that his father was actually telling the truth. "But mom... you married her!"

"I am not gay, Geoffroy. I was curious, the same way you and Nicolas are. Kids will be kids, forever and ever, you can't stop them from doing stuff, you can just warn them and expect that maybe, just maybe they will listen to you." The man explained, seeing that his son was once again astonished, unable to utter a word. "But after just a few weeks we were separated by my father. And while I managed to get over it, my friend was actually fighting the past, all the terrible things that happened to him. Nobody was able to help him, he could not confess the story like you just did. It destroyed him eventually. You should never hide your feelings." Charles ended philosophically and smirked, taking another deep breath.

"So, yesterday..."

"I found out he was dead." Charles stated, trying to remain calm, as he recalled his friend's dead body on the floor. Sure, they cleaned it up pretty quickly, called it a suicide, but the grim truth was bothering him.

"I'm sorry!" Nicolas murmured, finally.

"I'm happy that you and my son are together and I hope it will never end. And if it does – I hope that there will be a happy ending, not a tragic one. There are some bad people out there, while I may take care of some of them you should not give them an opportunity to hurt you." The man pointed at Geoffroy. "And make sure to come to me sometimes when I'm still well and living."

"Dad, this is one confusing morning. I mean... geez!" Geoffroy rolled his eyes, scratching his neck. "I don't know what to say."

Yet, deep inside both young boys understood that this day will change everything forever. They figured out Geoffroy's father was accepting them, supporting their relationship, which was a great deal for them. After all, they were sailing across the troubled waters of puberty, trying to reach the safe point. They could not be certain what was ahead of them, they only had some high hopes that every morning will be as good as this one, full of pleasant surprises. Two weeks passed since their love blossomed, two weeks that made the world spinning for them. In the end, they found what they were looking for – the unforgettable memories.

"Should we tell him?" Charles asked all of sudden, looking at Nicolas.

"About wh... Oh! *C'est drôlement chouette, Geoffroy!*" The little boy exclaimed, sharing a

smile with the man. He forgot about it completely! To his surprise, as soon as he recalled the news he felt better and started giggling, looking at Geoffroy's clueless, confused face.

"Oh come on! No more secrets, dad!" Geoffroy complained, clearly annoyed. "Tell me, Nick!" He jumped towards the little, black-haired kid and grasped his body tightly, shaking it to the sides, creating more and more waves inside the bathtub. Soon, all the floor was wet from the water and the room filled with the loud laughter of both young teens.

"Okay, that's enough Geoffroy. Or I will make you clean up all the mess you made." The man tried to sound serious, but he was laughing inside, seeing how happy they were together. "Let him be."

"But tell me!" The blond-haired boy pleaded again.

"We won't spend the holiday alone this year. Someone very special will join us." Charles stated, unable to hide his grin, seeing his son's face brightening up, a hugest possible smile appeared on it.

Geoffroy's eyes lit when he realized what his father meant. He jumped again, this time towards his father, wrapping his arms around the man's neck. Sufficient to say, he never felt that happy – the sensation was tearing him apart, as if there was a bunch of butterflies down in his stomach, trying to get free. His body was shaking in sudden spasms, and then he started crying.

"Thank you, dad. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you." The boy shouted over and over, bawling and laughing at the same time, trying to hug his father as hard as possible.

Soon, after the bath, they had the world's tastiest breakfast. They were chatting, joking and telling stories, acting as if they were one, big, loving family. Then, Nicolas and Geoffroy spent the time together, doing everything they wanted in their happy boyhood summer days that they remembered for the rest of their lives. Another day passed, then another one. Weeks, months and years...

The end

~ Author's Note ~

This is not the end, but it might seem that we reached it. I believe the story continues somewhere out there, in one possible world, where Nicolas and Geoffroy do really exist. I am not the man who created them, after all. I have no rights to tell what happened to them. I suppose they are still happy and together.

I have been a big fan of *Le Petit Nicolas* since I was a child, enjoying these short, cute stories, imagining I was part of Nicolas's gang. But only the movie from 2009, featuring Maxime Godart as Nicolas and Charles Vaillant as Geoffroy, made me want to start my own story. It was quite simple, and I never expected that it will grow so much, becoming my first novel fully translated to the English language. I started writing it somewhere in 2013, the original script was only 30 pages long, but as soon as the translation started I decided to write a new one story instead. This wasn't as simple as I thought. I gave more life to my characters, so this wasn't just a fan fiction with some sex-obsessed teenagers. The world is already full of them, right? I wanted the readers to enjoy every chapter, to see the boys' relationship develop. I was devoted to the original stories, tried to include all the little details for fans like me. Now, when it's done I can't help but think the plot could be a bit better, though.

You might ask why I changed the setting. It seemed easier this way – the original *Le Petit Nicolas* takes time during the 1950s and I'm not that good with the French culture and language to create a proper atmosphere in my story. Plus, let's be honest, the plot would not be possible without using all the mentions of the modern technologies. I'm sorry to all the disappointed readers. I agree, the fact that the original stories were written almost sixty years ago makes them very special and unique. I would not mind living in these times, and I envy people who spent their childhood in the world, which was so different and calmer than the current one.

There's one more reason for changing the setting. I believe that sixty years ago nobody would accept two really young boys having a relationship. During the same time, Turing was prosecuted for his own orientation, which eventually ended in his suicide. No wonder that the young teens were afraid to confess their real feelings, hiding who they are. Even if Nicolas was gay, he would try to deny it for as long as possible, simply to avoid all the not pleasant surprises that could happen to him if someone found out the truth. Now, as we live in the time of a progressing tolerance

(which is actually getting out of the hand, sadly) it's really comforting to see more and more people admitting that they are homosexual.

Ever since I watched the film and read the books Nicolas had Maxime Godart's face. He is Nicolas, a living one. It was also hard not to imagine him while writing this story. But I guess I won't be the only one doing that. What's more, I learned it recently, that Maxime Godart is indeed gay - he came out when he was just 14. It's interesting, now there's no escape from it. Against all odds my story turned out partially true. Using this opportunity, I would like to wish everyone the same courage the little boy had. I can't imagine how it feels to come out at such a young age. *Bonne chance!*

So, that's it. 226 pages, a few years of writing, fixing, proof-reading. Endless nights with the imagination running wild, several dreams about Nicolas, a few mental breakdowns. The first and only *Le Petit Nicolas* erotic fan-fiction on the Internet. My first novel, my work I can't even sign with my real name. Nobody will ever know that I am the author. I'm giving it all for you. I wonder – will the story survive the trial of time? Will someone read it in twenty years from now and think about me? Will it have some impact on someone's life? Maybe. I know I won't ever forget it.

Thank you for staying with me,
– Innocence Lost, May 2017

