

THE ORIGIN

By: Cedric D Butler

This story takes place in Rochester, the third largest city in New York State. I was a student at East High School where I was never one of the popular students. At the time I was suffering from a huge case of low self-esteem. I come from a poor family and as most of us know, high school is nothing more than a fashion show. Life in this school was miserable for me because not only was I a loner, but I also had a deep secret that I was fighting to repress. For as long as I could remember I had a strong fascination for men. When I was younger I only saw niggas that were femmed out so, I swore I would never let that part of my life come to the light. All of that came to an end in the 9th grade.

When the 9th grade school year started, I began to come out of my shell a little bit. I was still more of a loner but I was also a little more social. Even though I still didn't have the nerve to try to holler at any of the females, I had my little secret under wraps (or so I thought). That is when he walked into my life. His name was Quentin. We had been in all the same classes since we started high school but had never said a word to each other. By the way my name is Cedric. Now Quentin was a star player on both the football and basketball team. He was 6'0 tall, 180 pounds, slight muscular build, light brown complexion, brown eyes, braids, thick eyebrows, and a light mustache. He was sexy as hell and had the most beautiful lips and the fattest ass I had ever seen on a man. I was a straight nerd (in school that is). I was 6'0 even, 165 pounds, slender build, dark complexion, brown eyes, low cut, thicker eyebrows, and no facial hair. So one day during lunch Quentin approaches me.

"What up kid?"

At first I could not believe that he was talking to me. I had a crush on this fine nigga ever since I first laid eyes on him, but as I said earlier I wasn't even trying to go that route. For a second all I could do was stare at him. A thousand visions flashed through my head. All I could see was this dude and I getting down.

"Are you alright nigga?" he asked snapping me back to reality.

"Yeah I'm cool." I said. "What's up with you?"

"Your name is Ced right"

Again he stunned the hell out of me. Only my family called me Ced so I was wondering how he knew to call me that since no one else at school did.

"Yeah that's what they call me." I answered trying to sound cool.

"Word around school is that you got the mad tutoring skills."

“Yeah I guess so but I am kind of booked up right now.”

“Well a nigga need some help because you know we have to maintain a C average to stay on the team.”

“I should be available some time next week. I will give you my number and you can holler at me on Monday”

“That’s cool, thanks.” He then gave me a pound and a thug hug that made my dick jump up to full attention. “I’ll talk to you then.”

Well I guess you know I bumped a student out so that I could get close to this nigga. Not only did I get that niggas average to a C, but he was on the high honor roll just like me. Over the next few months we got real tight. By mid school year we were best friends. There were some people at school that could not understand how this nigga could be my friend. Quentin didn’t give a fuck though. If somebody got in my face or talked shit about me he was prepared to beat their ass down.

When spring semester came around we had to take swimming lessons in gym. Early one morning while we were getting ready for gym Quentin and I were playing around in the locker room.

“Alright nigga you how coach Jackson acts if we are late.” I said.

“Nigga you worry too much. You are gonna grow old fast.”

“Fuck you nigga.” I told him.

Actually I had begun to relax a lot since he had befriended me. As I was putting on my swimming shorts (with my boxers still on) Quentin started to strip down until he was butt naked. My jaw dropped as I got a good view of that fat ass. Then he turned to the side and I got to see that he also had a nice sized dick. It was soft at the time but it was still almost 6.5 inches with beautiful veins running all through it. I just stood there mesmerized. I had wanted to see this niggas body for the longest and now that I did I was standing and staring like a dick hungry bitch.

“Damn nigga take a picture it will last longer!” Quentin said with a sly look on his face.

“Awe fuck you nigga ain’t nobody trying to look at yo little ass dick.”

“That ain’t what yo mama said last night. Now come on nigga let’s go before we get in trouble.”

I guess you know I was shook because I got caught looking at this nigga. I knew that in the future I had to be more careful because he was my only real friend and I didn't want to jeopardize that because of my lust for him.

When we got to the pool we found our own little spot. We were throwing in a brick and racing to see who could get to it first. During our first dive Quentin's hand brushed up against my dick. My shit got hard real fast. On our second and third dive the same thing happened. I just brushed it off as a mistake because I knew that this nigga could fuck every bitch in school if he wanted to and he was not on that gay shit. For the rest of the class it continued to happen and he continued to act as if it didn't so I dared not even mention it. After gym class was over Quentin came up to me.

"Yo, why don't you come over to my house after school to study. Then afterwards we can watch some movies and chill. My mom and dad are out of town but I know they won't care if I have you over." I got real close to his mom and dad after I helped him get his grades back up. They were so happy, that I was welcome in their home at any time. After a short time I came to call them mom and dad myself.

"Yeah right nigga, they probably want me there to baby-sit yo bitch ass anyway."

"Fuck you nigga!" he said punching me in the arm. "Are you coming over or not?"

"Let me call and make sure it is ok with my mom first." I knew it would be. Mom liked when I stayed over there because that meant my stepfather and I wouldn't be trying to kill each other.

"Tell her I said that head was good last night." He said laughing.

"I am gonna tell her too." I joked as I made my way to the phone booth.

"You'd better not nigga!"

"Just watch me!"

Quentin then ran past me to the phone booth and made the call himself. He knew that I would tell my mom what he said. Even though she loved him as much as his parents loved me, he always made a point of showing my mother mad respect because he knew she was being constantly beat down by my stepfather.

"Hello Mrs. Bender this is Quentin."

"Hello Quentin, so its Mrs. Bender now?" my mom said jokingly.

"Sorry mom. Anyway I was wondering if Ced could stay the weekend at my house? He said is afraid of the dark and needs someone to protect him."

"Aren't your parents out of town for the weekend?"

“Yes ma’am but I promise we won’t have any wild parties or girls running in and out of the house.”

“You’d better not because if either one of you get a girl pregnant you’ll be taking her and the baby off to college with you.”

“Well you don’t have to worry about that because I have enough trouble taking care of this baby that’s with me right now.”

“Ok, if you boys need anything just give me a call.”

“We will. Talk to you later.”

Now that our weekend was set we left and headed for Q’s house. We jumped in his whip, which was a present for winning the state championships last year. I didn’t need to get any clothes because I always kept some at his house anyway. When we got to the house Q said he was going to take a shower upstairs and that I could use the guest bathroom. After we were both showered and dressed Q told me to find a good movie to watch and he was going to fix us something to eat. I chose to watch the movie “Ghost” because both of us liked it a lot. Q came in with some sandwiches, chips, and soda. We sat down to watch the movie and get our grub on. About halfway through the movie Q put the VCR on pause and turned to me.

“Do you think we will ever find love like Sam and Molly have in that movie?” he asked me.

“No doubt you will find someone to love you like that. You have girls all over you all the time. Me on the other hand, I will probably die a lonely old man.”

“Why do you always down yourself like that? Any bitch with a brain would try to get with you because you are going to go places most black people only dream of. Plus people do try to holla at you but you just ignore the signs.”

“Yeah right nigga! I don’t know what world you live in but no bitch has ever tried to holla at me even though I am best friends with the star athlete of the school.”

“You are just so use to not being liked that you can’t even see the signs when someone does want to holla at you. I mean a bitch could come up to you and grab your dick and you would still think she doesn’t like you.” He said laughing with that sly look on his face again.

“Well you must really like me because you touched my dick in the pool more times than I have in my whole life.” I said just to see what he would say.

“Sometimes when you see something you want you just have to go for it,” he said as he started to clean up our mess from lunch.

“Yo what the fuck are you talking about nigga? I don’t get down with that homo shit so why are you coming at me like that?” I said as my heart started to beat twice as fast as it should.

“Chill nigga. I know you are a 15-year-old virgin and that you never had sex with anybody at all. On the other hand I do know that you have had a thing for me since we first met. I still remember the look on your face when I first walked up to you. You looked like you wanted to tear my clothes off right then and there. Not to mention how you were looking at me in the locker room this morning.”

“You must be out of your mutha fuckin mind nigga! I don’t have a thing for your bitch ass! I may still be a virgin but I ain’t no fuckin faggot!”

“So you mean to tell me that if I was to take off my clothes right here in front of you there would be no reaction? Yeah right. Yo dick would be as hard as Mrs. Sandoval’s math class.”

“Whatever nigga. You are just too full of yourself. You think that just because all those bitches be on your dick that you can turn me into your little bitch nigga?”

“To tell the truth what I like so much about you is that you would never carry yourself like a gay ass nigga. I know I could be with you and never have a thing to worry about.”

“What makes you think I would be with your bitch ass anyway?” I said as I acted like I was about to leave his house.

He grabbed me and turned me towards him. “If you can stand to look at me naked for 5 minutes and your dick doesn’t get hard I will never mention this shit again.”

Now you know I was not about to pass up a chance to see this nigga naked. Over time I had learned to control myself around Q. There were times that I was around him that my dick would start to get hard and I mastered keeping my shit under control. Plus the fact that I had on some baggy jeans, a pair of basketball shorts, and my boxers, I figured that if I did get hard he wouldn’t be able to tell.

“Whatever nigga lets just get this silly shit over with so I can show your bitch ass that you are not all of that.”

Q turned put a tape in the radio. Next thing I knew he was stripping to R Kelly’s “Bump and Grind”. As hard as I tried not to let this niggas body influence me, I just couldn’t keep my eyes off of him. He pulled off his shirt exposing a stomach that you could grate cheese on. He licked his finger and drew a trail that led from his neck to the waistband of his pants. He rotated his hips as he slowly pulled his pants down. He had on a pair of

boxer briefs, which hid nothing at all. He began to walk towards me. When he was about a foot away he turned showing me that fat ass I had so long dreamed about. He bent over and waved that fat ass in the air. He then stood up and wiggled his ass better than any bitch ever could. When he reached back and smacked himself on the ass, I almost nutted on myself. He then turned around to show me that fat dick print. As he stood there pulling down his underwear I swear drool was falling out of my mouth. Q got down on all fours and crawled up to me sniffing my dick area. Then he stood up and put that fat ass booty as close as he could to my dick without touching me. Spinning around he started to play with his dick that was hard and about 8.5 inches long and 4 inches wide. While he had me mesmerized he reached out and grabbed my dick.

“You lose!” he said catching me off guard.

Although I was mad because I lost, I couldn't control myself any longer. I pulled him close to me and started to kiss him like I was trying to steal his breath. I grabbed his fat ass and squeezed hard enough to leave my handprint there. I began to kiss his neck and loved the way he was moaning. Q pushed me back and started to undress me. He could tell that I was nervous so he kissed me and told me to relax. He stripped of my shirt and kissed me from forehead to belly button. He began to unfasten my belt as he stole another feel of my dick. My pants and boxers came off in one motion and then Q just stood there and looked at me.

“Damn nigga!” he said. “I never thought that you would be packin like that.” He grabbed my dick and continued to look at it as if were the first one he'd ever seen. My shit was like 9.5 inches cut and close to 5 inches around. It was chocolate brown with a dark ring around the middle.

Q pushed me back towards the bed and I lay down. He began to kiss me again this time not stopping at my navel. Q licked the spot between my navel and my pubic hairs and this gave me a crazy rush. Kisses were planted down my leg just above my knees then back up again. Gentle kisses made contact to my nuts before both were sucked into his mouth. Pre-cum started to ooze from my dick, which is something that never happened to me before. Q looked me in the eyes as he slowly licked all the pre-cum from my throbbing dick. Those beautiful brown lips hovered over the head of my dick and I swear that it stretched to a full 10 inches in anticipation of what was to come. I sat amazed as I watched half of my dick disappear into his mouth. It took all of my will power not to bust off at that moment. His head bobbed up and down slowly until I couldn't see any of my dick at all. Just then he began to suck my dick as if he had done this a million times. He sucked from head to base with mind-blowing (LOL) speed. That shit felt so good that he had me trying to run from his mouth. I finally knew what people meant when they say someone had them climbing the walls. Q then slowed down with my dick in his mouth to the base. His mouth opened and with all that dick in his mouth he stuck out his tongue and began to lick my balls. This almost sent me over the edge. I slowly pushed him off of me and began to kiss him. In one swift movement I rose up off the bed, spun him around, and pushed him back on the bed. I kissed him as if he was a long lost lover returning from war. I moved down to his neck and sucked and licked until he was

trashing around all over the bed. I began a slow descent as I began to suck on his nipples. I licked and sucked until those nipples were as hard as our dicks. Again I went lower licking his abs and then his belly button. I was hoping that I could give him the same pleasure he had been giving to me moments before. I had never sucked a dick before so my plan was to suck his like I would want mine sucked. I planted kisses all over his dick. I began to lick the underside and watched, as his balls seemed to fill his nut sack. I placed his balls in my mouth and sucked them like they were peppermints. I then lifted his nuts and licked the spot between his balls and asshole. This was driving Q crazy. He begged for me to stop. The more he begged the more excited I became. I returned to the head of his dick and began to slowly insert his dick into my mouth. I was very much the rookie because I caused myself to gag trying to swallow what was now mine. Q told me to take my time and I did. This time I placed his dick in my mouth inch by inch. I never imagined that a dick could taste so good. I soon had his whole dick in my mouth and began to suck, being careful not to use my teeth. I went to work on that dick and sucked it as I had done so many times in my dreams. Q looked like he was going out of his mind.

“Damn nigga you suck dick like a pro. I can’t believe you got skills like that and never sucked dick before.”

His compliment only fueled my fire. Now I sucked with a vengeance eager to claim my prize, which was hidden deep in his loins.

“Stop!” Q begged. “Nigga you are gonna make me bust!”

“Bust then nigga. Let me see that nut fly up out of that dick!”

“No wait.” Said Q. “I have something that I want to give you.”

I reluctantly moved away as Q went over to his drawer and pulled out a condom and some Wet.

My heart began to race. I had been waiting for this moment for a while but I was not ready to let this nigga jump in my ass. Q laughed because he could read the expression on my face. He came over and gave me a kiss, at the same time opening the condom. He placed the condom on my dick, as I just stood there not able to believe what was about to happen.

“What position did you always imagine fucking me in?” Q asked.

“Every kind there is.” I replied with a laugh.

“Well let’s start out with my favorite, doggy style.”

“That’s cool with me.” I said taking the time to kiss those sexy lips again.

Q got up on the bed in the designated position and was about to rub the lube into his ass.

“Hold on.” I told him. “Since you want to give me something let me return the favor.”

With that I leaned over and began to kiss and lick all over his ass cheeks. I licked along the crack of his ass and noticed the pre-cum starting to leak from his dick. I spread open his ass cheeks and took a deep sniff. This niggas ass smelled so good you would of thought he never took a shit in his life. I blew into his asshole and watched as it winked and invited me to come in. I gave his hole a quick lick and Q screamed out like somebody had just shot him. That was all the motivation I needed. I stuck my face deep into his ass and made it my temporary home. I licked, sucked, nibbled, and chewed until Q was begging me to fuck the shit out of him. I withdrew my face from his ass and applied a nice amount of Wet to his hole. I then lubed my dick and was prepared to go where no man had gone before. I lined my dick up with his hole and began to gently push my way in.

“Take your time nigga.” Q said looking concerned. “I never did this shit before.”

“Don’t worry baby, I would never do anything to hurt you.”

I inched my way in very slowly. Though I knew that shit had to hurt, Q was taking it like a pro. Once my whole dick was in I just sat there and gave him time to get use to it. When he used his ass muscles to squeeze my dick, I knew he was ready for me to make him mine. I began with the slow stroke. I could not believe how tight and warm my niggas ass was. It felt like my dick was always meant to be here. I leaned around and gave Q a powerful kiss as I began to speed up the pace. After a few minutes we were into it real good. I was hittin that ass like I was looking for the bottom. I was worried that I was hurting my nigga until he started to throw that ass back on me. I felt like I was in heaven.

Here I was losing my virginity to the best friend I had in the world. My fantasy was coming true right before my eyes and I loved it. Q wanted to turn over on his back. He did this without me even having to pull out.

“Now nigga fuck this ass like you love it.” He told me. “Give me that dick my nigga.”

“I am gonna give you this dick and make you never want anybody else’s.”

I began to fuck my nigga with a passion. I realized that even though I had loved Q like a brother before, I was falling in love with him now.

“Yeah, gimme that dick nigga. Fuck the shit out of me and make me fall in love with you Ced.”

“Damn Q, yo ass is so tight I don’t know if I ever want to get out of it.”

I was fucking Q like a mad man now. He again began to use his ass muscles to grip my dick. I felt my dick grow in his ass and knew that I was close to a nutt. I reached down to try to jack his dick for him but he told me not to touch it. "Just gimme that nutt nigga." he said. I started to pound that ass even harder and I knew that I was close.

"Oh shit baby, I'm about to cum."

"Give me that nutt nigga. Give me that nutt Ced."

As if his words caused the action, I began to bust inside his beautiful ass. I swear I felt like I was giving this nigga my soul. Just when I thought I was done Q started to nutt without even touching his dick. His shit flew up and hit me right in the chin in three strong streams. This fascinated me so much I began to nutt again. I had never bust off so much in my life. When we were done we just lay there for a minute.

"Baby let me get something to wipe this cum off of us." Q said.

"Don't worry baby. I got you."

With that I began to lick all of his cum off his body. To my surprise he began to lick his cum off of me. Afterward I pulled off the condom and Q cleaned all the cum out of his ass. As we lay down to go to sleep Q looked at me and said the words I was dying to hear for sometime.

"I love you Ced. I hope that you will be my nigga for ever."

"I love you too Q and I am yours for as long as you want me." We kissed and he fell asleep before he could see the single tear fall from my eye. This was the best night of my life and I was never the same again.