

Biding His Time

by Wrestlr

[M/M]

[Synopsis: A college boy waits for the Big Man on Campus.]

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Keith has already picked out the one he wants. He had been sitting in the library between classes, open sketchbook across his lap, pencil held cigarette-like between his fingers, evaluating the possibilities walking by as he looks for a guy to fuck. Now he has decided on the jock stud in baggy ghetto jeans and a tee-shirt, book bag swinging off his shoulder.

Keith has seen this one before: at the campus gym; down at Spuds grabbing some beers; at Kiddo's sucking on wings;

and at Blake's party last night, fucked up and doing some kind of chin-tucked shoulder sway dance to a weird-ass mash-up. This one's name is Jason Tucker. His idiot friends call him Fucker, but he is known all over campus as J.T. Keith watched J.T. closely last night, wondering which of the several sorority skanks hovering around him J.T. was going to take back to his dorm room and fuck. J.T. had his pick of them, all the Tri Delt chicks doing splits for him, chugging vanilla vodka and diet soda. Keith positioned himself near the kitchen, out of the way but close enough to follow the popular hunk's actions. Now and then, their eyes would meet. The significance of these moments, Keith knew, was debatable; he sensed no crackling sexual

energy in these unspoken exchanges, but no hostility or indifference either. To Keith, they signaled a certain hesitant willingness on J.T.'s part. Keith leaned back and chuckled at the sophomoric sex-drama unfolding between the sorority babes bidding for J.T.'s attentions. *Bide your time*, he told himself. *It won't happen overnight, but it is most definitely going to happen.*

Today, J.T. steps into the library foyer, eyeballing his cell phone as he shrugs off his book bag. He stops in the room's center, flanked by spiky plants and dingy sofas. Keith watches from the wall, ignoring his sketchbook and considering J.T.'s physical beauty instead. J.T. is taller than Keith, probably a little over six feet.

He has light-colored eyes--green or blue, Keith does not know for sure. *But I will soon*, he tells himself. J.T. has big shoulders and a small waist--built like an Olympic swimmer, but he plays soccer and is a top-seeded tennis player. His torso swings on the axis of his hips as he stretches and glances over at Keith, who cuts short his own stare to look back down at his "drawing." The page is blank of course, except for some hash marks across the top. Keith was keeping a tally of all the boys he would have had sex with who had walked through the library lobby that afternoon. So far he was up to thirty-six.

J.T. is still there when Keith looks up again. He stands between the sofas, frowning down at his cell phone,

apparently not liking what he sees. He flips it shut and slips it into his pocket, positioning it carefully alongside the obvious mound of his crotch. Keith's sketchbook is heavy against his own mound, his dick pressed warmly and stickily against his thigh. He had masturbated quickly this morning before class and had no time to shower, so the lube he used lingers on his shaft. His hand flattens the page down, against his shaft, trapping it lightly. He taps his pencil on his lap, sending little shockwaves along the sensitive terrain.

J.T. walks toward Keith, his face so blank that Keith is not sure if J.T. is coming to see him or just heading for the nearby to the computer lab. Then J.T. gives Keith

the dumb-jock nod, the generic college-guy greeting. Keith returns it just as dumbly.

"Y'all was at Blake's thing, right?" J.T. says, not meeting Keith's eyes. "Didya get laid?"

Keith's mouth hangs open a second, and J.T. smirks. "Me neither," J.T. says. "I was gonna, but then I got so wasted I forgot who I wanted to do." He laughs. "Y'all was on something, weren't ya? Ecstasy? Y'all looked like ya was rolling, dude!"

Keith shakes his head. "Nope, just a little weeded, chillin' on the beers, you know."

J.T. cocks his head, his eyes on Keith's face. "Y'all remind me of someone," he says. Then someone hollers, "Fucker!" and J.T. spins around, searching for the source. He turns back to Keith and says, "Gotta run, man--see y'all later."

"Later," Keith says, watching J.T.'s jean-cased ass as he struts over to a circle of jocks. Keith shakes his head, dropping his face. "Fuck," he mutters.

The next time Keith sees J.T. is two a.m. and J.T. is leaning face-first against a tree on University Lane taking a piss. "Hey, dude," J.T. says, seeing Keith a second later. He finishes up and shakes himself, stepping out from the tree. In the streetlight, Keith has a full view of J.T.'s

cock, the shining end of it, and the last few piss-drops falling. "What y'all up to?" J.T. says, tucking his fatty away and buttoning up.

Keith shrugs, pulling his gaze up from the front of J.T.'s pants.

"Y'all coming or going?" J.T. asks, joining Keith on the sidewalk. His face is shadowed, his expression indiscernible.

"I'm J.T., by the way," he says.

"I know," Keith replies.

"Everybody fucking knows my name," J.T. snorts. He looks up the street. "So ... which way?" he says.

"Home, I guess," Keith shrugs.

J.T. lifts an eyebrow. "Y'all queer?"

Keith shrugs.

"What's y'all's name?" J.T. asks.

"Keith."

"We met before?"

"Not formally," Keith answers.

"Seen ya before, though--right?"

Keith nods.

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"I'm not fucked up," J.T. says.

They are in his dorm room, with J.T. sprawled on his back across his bed, propped up partially on his elbows, and Kevin sitting across at the desk across from him. The other underclassmen share rooms, but J.T. has a single. *Maybe his parents paid extra for it*, Keith thinks.

"I'm not fucked up," J.T. says again. "I'm really not."

Keith smiles and nods. "It's all good, J.T. No worries." He moves to the bed, where J.T. remains sprawled spread-legged, big hands drumming the sheets nervously. Keith leans over the bed, one knee on the edge. He pushes J.T. gently down onto the

mattress.

J.T. looks up at Keith with wide, boyish eyes. A grin reshapes his mouth. "This is gonna be fucking fun, man," J.T. says. He squirms out of his tight polo and tee-shirt, revealing a muscled torso shaded with trimmed hair. His nipples are broad disks not much darker than his skin. He props himself up again on his elbows as Keith draws his tongue over one pale nip and then the other, making them shrink and stiffen. Keith traces his tongue between them and then moves down to the divot of J.T.'s navel. It is a scratchy ride, and Keith wonders how J.T. would look without his hair half-razored off. The enormous hill created by J.T.'s pants-bound dick presses against Keith's chest.

Keith puts his hands on J.T.'s thighs, encased in pale blue chinos. The pants will come off in a moment, but Keith likes the look of J.T. this way, half-dressed and hard, obviously wanting more. Keith plays with the solid, unyielding shaft through the chinos, and J.T. watches him, eyes heavy-lidded.

"Take it out, dude," J.T. murmurs.

It is thick and long, straight and pale, topped with a fat red head. It rises out of Keith's fist like a weapon, massive and deadly. The head itself looks like more than a mouthful--where would he put the rest of it?

J.T.'s dick twitches and some pre-cum

seeps out of his piss slit, oozing down over Keith's knuckle. J.T.'s gigantic ball sack hangs loosely in the dark cave of his chinos, each nut like something farm-raised and edible. When Keith hauls J.T.'s balls out, they rest on his fly, pink and fuzzy. Keith nuzzles them with his nose, breathing in the smell, slightly sweaty-jockstrap rank. He tongue-laps them and takes them into his mouth one at a time, unable to accommodate them both simultaneously. Then Keith turns to J.T.'s enormous prick. He slobbers over it, using his hand on the shaft. If he can judge by J.T.'s reaction, Keith is doing a fine job. J.T. groans, bucks his hips, and fucks Keith's mouth.

"I wanna cum in y'all's ass, dude," J.T.

says, holding Keith's face in his big hands. "Y'all up for getting plowed?"

Keith looks up, eyes watering, jaw aching. *It has to be better than this*, he thinks.

J.T. grabs some condoms from under his bed and tears one open, wrapping himself up. He turns to Keith who sits, still clothed, on the bed beside him.

"Y'all okay with that?" J.T. asks, smearing lube over his engorged dick rising out of his groomed patch of pubic hair.

"You just got to take it easy," Keith says. He stands up and begins to undress, his back to J.T. First he sheds his shirt, revealing his own hairy, wiry torso. He

drops his jeans and stands in boxers, his cock straining forward against the fly, threatening to pop out.

J.T. reaches out, hooks his fingers under the waistband and draws the boxer shorts down, baring Kevin's ass. Kevin's thighs are dark with hair that stops right where his ass cheeks begin, and this is the place J.T. licks, surprising Kevin. "Beautiful ass," J.T. sighs. He pushes his nose into Kevin's furry crack, another surprise. Kevin arches his back, feeling his ass split. J.T. reaches around to stroke Kevin's buzzing poker.

"Just sit down like that," J.T. says, guiding Keith's slow descent with his free hand. "Just go slow, dude, and y'all's gonna be

all right."

Keith feels the chill dollop of lube that sits atop the fat head of J.T.'s cock. He closes his eyes and holds his breath as his ass drops lower and he feels the initial invasion of J.T.'s huge dick. Keith has been fucked before but never with such a behemoth cock. He quickly grows accustomed to the girth and fullness as his ass comes to rest on J.T.'s lap. J.T. strokes and kisses and licks and bites him, breathing hotly on his back, working a hand on Keith's boner, whacking him hard. J.T.'s cock is deeply planted. Then he rolls Keith over, getting Keith on his belly without taking his cock out of Keith's fuck hole, and J.T. slowly thrusts himself in and out.

"It's good, right? Y'all like it?" J.T. asks, and Keith nods, his cock still nestled in J.T.'s iron grip. J.T. leans back and fucks Keith deeply, his strokes long and magnificent. Keith's prostate tightens. He tries to look over his shoulder but he is held fast, and from the quickening breaths behind him he knows the fuck is coming to an end.

J.T. starts gasping and moaning and slapping the side of Keith's smooth, white ass. "Y'all like this cock, man? Tell me how much y'all likes my cock," J.T. growls. "Y'all gonna suck it off when I finish with ya? Y'all gonna clean me up? Taste your own fuck, boy?"

Keith nods. His own cock is rasping in

J.T.'s fist, so hot it feels as if it is about to erupt or catch fire.

"Fuck! Oh, fuck!" J.T. yelps, banging himself into Keith's hairy hole, shuddering against Keith's broad, sweating back.

"Fuck me, man--fuck my ass," Keith whispers, his head tipped back as J.T. fills the condom with his load, and Keith spurts his seed across J.T.'s hand and bed.

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They see each other a few more times that semester, usually after a night of drinking at some interchangeable party. Then Keith decides to transfer to another school. Although he looks long and hard, he is

never able to find another J.T., which is, he decides years later, all he has ever wanted.
