



SAMPLE

Four Seconds on the Clock

By Mark Treble

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FOUR SECONDS ON THE CLOCK

Logan Matthews has it all: good grades, a leading position on the basketball team, a hot girlfriend, a smart best friend, a great part-time job and his own car - and a slam-dunk basketball scholarship to a nationally-ranked university. Everything's going his way. So, why does life suddenly feel as though everything is spiraling out of control?

A substitute teacher with an agenda is threatening to fail him in an important class. Some of his hidden activities on the job have been caught on video. There is even a whole website devoted to what he is doing. If it gets out, his father will throw him out of the house. And, if it stays secret, things could become infinitely worse than just being homeless.

Logan's hot girlfriend is finally loosening up on the physical relationship side. She's promised him a special treat at the party. But Logan's father has grounded him because he disobeyed Coach's orders. Even Coach admits it was a great play, but Logan's father could care less. Anyway, he wants Logan to dump his girlfriend. Her twin brother just came out as gay and that made the girlfriend unacceptable.

Logan's best friend, Antoine, is barred from visiting because he is black. The elder Matthews doesn't want his son associating with a "nigra." Logan's relationship with Antoine is probably the sanest part of his life, but it's in constant danger from a homophobic racist. Logan's former best friend, Tommy, is the basketball team captain, and despises Logan. Almost as much as Logan despises Tommy. But, they have to work together or both lose their scholarships. And Coach won't let up on forcing the issue. Either they put aside their differences or Coach will put aside their scholarships. But putting aside their differences is just not going to happen. There's too much history and pain to overcome.

Logan gets sick during the state championship tournament. Very sick, with no explanation. With him the team is good, state championship caliber, and far better than any other small-town team in the state. Without him the team might not be good enough. And, without a win, many scholarships and futures – not just Logan and Tommy's – are in trouble.

Coach knows what the disease is and even its cause. But he has no clue about how to fix it in time for the final games. If forfeiting the state championship would make Logan better, then Coach was willing to do that. The team and its members mean far more to him than a title. But Coach knows that a forfeited title won't fix Logan. In fact, Coach is

struggling with his own demons. He's fairly certain he not only knows the cause of the disease, but he blames himself for the whole thing.

Coach calls in help from his cousin, a retired clinical psychologist, and Antoine's Aunt Kamisha, a nurse practitioner. That might be more promising if Aunt Kamisha were not also known as Aunt Scary Lady. The two help Logan fight to get better, but that costs Logan his girlfriend and the last vestiges of relationship with his parents. When another patient comes down with the same disease, Logan's life falls completely apart. The other patient is Tommy. And, secrets both glorious and gruesome hide just below the surface.

As Logan pivots his feet on the squeaky gym floor, he's counting on a desperation play to win the game. And he wonders just how many more desperation plays, on and off the court, will have to succeed to get his life in order. It could all start with winning this game, but can he do it? After all, there are only four seconds left on the clock.

CHAPTER ONE

Early 2015...

Four seconds left on the clock. We're down 59-58. Time Out.

Coach huddled us at the bench. "Matthews, steal the inbound pass, then get it to Jackson for the win." Desperation plan, right?

Well, I'm Logan Matthews. I had the best record in the state for stealing passes. Antoine Jackson, my best friend, had the highest field goal percentage in school history. And we had made it work before.

As we headed back out on the court I took in the distribution of the other team's players and realized they knew what we were going to do. They would concede stealing the pass and triple-team Antoine. We were fucked. I yelled "Captain Basket" and hoped I had been understood.

Whistle blew and the ball flew. And I stole the pass. Clock was ticking down, this was going to be tough. I looked to Antoine, who was thirty feet from the basket and thirty inches from three opposing players. Even if my pass wasn't intercepted, he'd never get the shot off. So I threw it against the backboard way down the court and hoped.

The ball bounced off the backboard and the other team's fans went wild. They had won, and would go to the quarter-finals for the state championship. Except that wasn't the whole play.

Tommy West, our team captain and the guy I hated more than anybody in the world, caught the rebound and made a layup as the buzzer sounded. Even over the noise of the buzzer I could hear coach yelling. "Matthews, you dumb motherfucker, I'm gonna cut off your balls." Then our side erupted in screaming cheers. Stoneport High was headed for Tallahassee and the tournament.

Tommy ran down the court, threw his arms around me and clapped me on the back. Not thinking, I gave him a big hug as the rest of the team surrounded us. It felt good to hold him, until I thought again and shoved him away. I ran to the locker room. I was repulsed at the thought of him. What was I thinking? I was also aching, wanting to go back to him. I was one fucked-up mess.

In the locker room fans surrounded Tommy and congratulated him on winning the game for us. He looked at me and smiled. I gave him the finger, then felt Coach's hand on my shoulder.

"You dumb motherfucker, I ought to cut your balls off," he said. I couldn't bring myself to look at him. "I told you what to do and you disobeyed my order. Tell me why I shouldn't throw you off the team." I was thunderstruck. We had won. What was his problem?

"I'll tell you why," said Mr. Thompson. He was the school athletic director. "It was the best play I've ever seen in high school basketball. Brilliant. Good work, son."

Coach had been smiling the whole time he was chewing my ass. "Great play, Matthews. The students are congratulating West, but he and everybody else on the team knows it was you who won the game for us." Whew, a reprieve.

Tommy and I were the last two in the showers. I glanced in his direction and took in his untamable straw-colored hair, his tight, fit body, his large nipples, his perfect V-shape, his smile, his dick, his... I looked away immediately. I hated him.

"Who knew Logan could remember how to pass the ball to a white player?" said Tommy. I saw red, screamed, and tackled him hard. We went down on the floor of the showers, me on top of his naked body. I straddled his chest and beat his face with both fists, screaming "Pervert! Cocksucker! Faggot!" Tree Murphy, our center, pulled me off of Tommy. The rest of the team gathered around us, mesmerized by Tommy's blood pouring onto the floor. Tree held me in the air and pinned my arms to my side.

Suddenly I noticed Coach, mere inches from my face. "Matthews, you went from the greatest play I've ever seen to the dumbest move in history." He glanced down, and his voice got softer. "You're calling West a pervert, cocksucker, faggot. But you're the one with the hard-on."

I looked down and was humiliated beyond belief. Straddling Tommy's chest had given me an erection. My balls were tingling from where they had pressed against his stomach. And my thighs felt on fire from clutching his side. Not bothering to dry off, I ran to my locker, threw on my clothes and ran out of the locker room. On my way to the door I knocked over Ralph Robles, a senior transfer. I mumbled an apology and didn't care if he heard me.

Gloria, my girlfriend, was waiting for me. She's five-four, brunette, brown eyes and a killer smile. Great figure, even if her tits were a little large for the rest of her body. But, I wasn't complaining about the big bazoombas either. I really liked bazoombas. 'Tits' was just inadequate, you know.

Gloria was with her twin brother, Woody. I glanced at him and nodded. I couldn't do more than that because he had come out to his parents just before Christmas. That had created huge problems at my house. My father's picture is next to the word "Bigot" in the dictionary. In fact, he didn't like me associating with "that colored boy" either. Five months to graduation and freedom.

"You won the game!" Gloria squealed. She reached up and pulled my face to hers where she crushed my lips. I was still angry and had trouble responding. Gloria had her feelings hurt, of course.

"Tommy made the winning basket," I grumbled. I couldn't celebrate or even accept congratulations as long as I was focused on Tommy and how much I hated him - - and why.

"Woody explained to me how it was your play that won the game," Gloria said. I looked at Woody with some doubt. I knew that before he came out he had played baseball, but kinda thought that once a homosexual came out he stopped caring about, or even knowing about, sports. I started to say so, but caught myself. He was the same person who had been my friend before he came out. I think. I don't know because he's gay and I'm not.

"Yeah, well, Coach is mad at me anyway," I replied. I was in no mood to talk, but Gloria had other ideas.

"Stud, tomorrow is your birthday," she told me. "I have a special birthday present for you at the party." She looked at her brother and blushed. "Woody gave me some pointers on how to do it right." She covered her face with her hands and wouldn't look at me.

My God, I was getting a blow job for my birthday! All thoughts of anger fled my mind, which was starved for oxygen anyway as my entire blood supply tried to force its way into my dick. Gloria felt my growing hardness against her and smiled. "Not quite yet," she scolded me. She also patted the bulge in my jeans, and I almost came in my pants.

"Gotta go, bro." This came from Woody. He and Gloria took off for the exit. I could see Mr. and Mrs. Mundi waiting at the doorway impatiently.

Yeah, her name is Gloria Mundi. Parents had more sense of humor than common sense. I asked Gloria how come her brother escaped the curse. It seemed he hadn't. His name was actually Underwood Mundi, or "Undie Mundi." Some people!

Of course, that was better than Gloria's best friend, Ginger. Her last name was Vytas. She was dating Tommy West, which made things difficult. Neither one of us was willing to double date, unless pistols and daggers were allowed.

Cheered by the thoughts of my upcoming birthday present, I walked the five blocks to home. We were going to the tournament, I was getting a blowjob and I wasn't gay.

CHAPTER TWO

“What the fuck did you do this time?” my father asked as soon as I was inside. “Coach wants you in his office at six tomorrow morning. You don’t know what’s going to happen if you’re suspended from the team.”

Great. My relationship with my father had started going downhill fast in my freshman year, and had accelerated to light speed over Christmas. Antoine had transferred to our school in his freshman year. His father worked for the same company my father did, and Antoine’s aunt worked as a nurse practitioner in our town. She suggested that Antoine might do better in redneck rural Florida than the liberal bastion of New York.

Aunt Kamisha had shown Coach a short cellphone video of Antoine on the basketball court in eighth grade. Coach promised to move heaven and earth to make life better for Antoine if he would move here. And, like everybody else in town, Kamisha trusted Coach. Anyway, she was screwing Coach’s cousin, but I didn’t learn that until much later.

I first met Antoine over the summer at a neighborhood basketball court. He had natural moves but had trouble speaking and understanding people. Being the suave and sophisticated guy that I am, I asked if he was retarded.

It turned out that he had dyslexia and a hearing problem. He had been pigeon-holed as learning disabled in his New York school. They knew what was best for him and wanted to protect him and keep him from harm. Then his father had him tested by a neuropsychologist. He was dyslexic, which could be addressed. And, he had a hearing deficiency that was fixed with surgery. And his IQ was 146. Suddenly he was a freshman with reading and math skills of a second grader. I offered to help him, and we were soon inseparable.

My father was beyond angry. “Aren’t there enough white boys in town that you have to hang around that colored boy?” When Antoine’s father got the promotion my dad wanted, he was irate.

“Ain’t no way a nigra’s gonna get that job ahead of a real white American,” he had proudly announced. That night he came home from work, already drunk, punched a hole in the garage wall and started beating on me. I didn’t hit back, I just played basketball. You know, shuckin’ and jivin’ and shit.

Eventually the prick told me to stand still so he could hit me. My laugh set off a new round of rage. Finally he started toward my mother, so I grabbed him from behind and squeezed hard until he passed out.

Sperm-donor still wouldn't allow me to invite Antoine to the house. He had gone out of town on a fishing trip once, and my mother asked Antoine to dinner. She liked him, but knew that her health depended on not crossing my father. I hated my father only a little bit less than I hated Tommy West.

When Woody came out of the closet before Christmas my father demanded that I break up with Gloria. "She's got a faggot brother, no telling what you're likely to catch." I stalked out of the dining room. I heard my Uncle Paul tell my father "Harry, it's not 1915, it's 2015. Act like you are aware of the date." Paul followed me up the stairs to my room.

"Sorry to be blunt, but your father's a bigoted asshole," Paul told me. Paul was cool. He was my mother's younger brother. Sure, he was old – he was 34 – but he was still cool. I told him my opinion of my father was much lower than "asshole."

Paul told me he had a gay roommate in college. The only problem with it was that the guy had announced his sexual orientation at the top of his lungs, in a shower room with ten naked guys. They had talked about it and agreed to disagree about the relative merits of pussies and penises.

"Rick became one of my best friends, and he still visits at least once a year. There is no difference between gays and straights except for what turns them on. Just like there's no difference between blacks and whites except for skin color. Same with Jews, Christians and Muslims – they're like the stewardess's choice of coffee, tea or water. Please don't let your father corrupt you into missing out on great friendships with people of other races, or great sex with girls whose brothers are gay. He's a fucking idiot."

I sure wish Uncle Paul was here right now.

"OK, what did you fucking do this time?" My father snapped my attention back to the present.

"I think it's because he called a play without all the information, and I changed it during the game." I hoped this would satisfy the prick. Obviously, it didn't.

"You need to respect your elders and do what they tell you. You're grounded for tomorrow." My father was an expert in delivering pain.

"Coach said it was the best play he had ever seen in high school basketball, and Mr. Thompson agreed with him. Because of it, we won the game. I'm going to the party tomorrow." I rarely stood up to my father, but this was critical. I was going to get a blow job from Gloria tomorrow, but only if I could go to the party.

My mother spoke up, a rare event. "Harry, Sandra called me and said that Logan is a hero. His smart play won the game, and even the Coach admitted it was true." She then stared at her lap and got a pained expression on her face.

"Well, OK, you can go to the party," my father said grudgingly. "But be on your best behavior or I'll knock you into next week." I wonder what it must be like to have supportive parents.

I ate dinner in silence, then went to my room to change for work. I had a job four evenings a week at Richard's Testosterone Fashions. No shit, that's the name. He sold high-end men's clothes and made a mint because all the employees were under orders to please the customers. About half of our shoppers were women, who came in to ogle the staff.

My work clothes consisted of tight pants and a ruffled shirt open to the waist. I thought it looked gay, but Gloria said it was hot. I'd have felt better if Woody hadn't agreed so quickly with the 'hot' comment. Last year Richard had scandalized the town by holding a sale – where the customers bought the clothes off the staff's bodies. He was after me to sign up for this year's sale, but I wasn't so sure about parading in front of a bunch of older women in my boxer-briefs.

So, I get to work at six thirty, working until ten. I found clothes and took measurements. There was a regular crowd that always insisted I measure their inseams. I made approving noises when even the worst looking guy in the time zone would show off his new (and always too small) outfit. Such is life.

After a couple of hours it happened again. A customer in his forties took some clothes into the changing room farthest from the floor, and asked me to help him. I was pretty sure I would find him in his underwear holding a \$20 bill. I was not disappointed. The guy, who was painfully skinny, was wearing nothing but yellow boxers and got straight to the point. "Twenty dollars to let me suck your dick."

I made between \$60 and \$100 extra each week this way. At least this one didn't offer me \$100 to suck him, or \$200 to let him fuck me. I turned all of those down, because that was perverted. Getting a blow job wasn't gay because I wasn't the one doing anything. It was much later that I learned about self-deception. But I digress.

I opened my pants and struggled to get them and my underwear down my thighs. Richard insisted on really tight pants. Eventually my cock was free and the guy took my semi-hard member in his mouth. It was four minutes of uninspired sucking followed by cumming and swallowing. It felt good while it was going on, but I always felt dirty afterwards. This stuff was wrong, it was filthy and it was gay. And I wasn't gay, dammit.

Something new happened with this one. I put myself back together and left the changing room. The guy met me at the checkout and bought a package of sheer silk black briefs. After he paid for them he asked me to gift wrap them. Sure, we're supposed to please the customers, so I gift-wrapped them. He thanked me, then handed me the gift-wrapped package. "I got these for you."

I mumbled my thanks and put the package under the counter. Fortunately, nobody had seen what went on. For the rest of the night I was afraid somebody would find the package and figure out what had happened. It was Bucky's turn to close up. He's another employee there. I had thought he was a good guy until I saw him holding hands with Ginger, Tommy's girlfriend, the prior week. Yeah, I hate Tommy, but come on.

On the way home I tossed the wrapping in a trash can and tucked my present into a shirt pocket. In my room I buried the briefs in my sock drawer, set my alarm for 5:00 a.m., stripped, got a washcloth from the bathroom, and got in bed. I masturbated thinking about my upcoming blow job from Gloria, except she kept changing into the guy in the yellow boxers, who then changed into Tommy. When I fantasized that it was Tommy sucking my dick I came almost immediately. God, I felt guilty.

After cleaning up with the wash cloth I promised myself I wouldn't fantasize any more about sex with Tommy, and went to sleep. I mean, I don't have any problem with gays, but I'm not one of them. I have a girlfriend and she's going to give me a blowjob. Proof enough for me.

CHAPTER THREE

The next morning I woke up with foggy pieces of a dream still in my head. I was at the seashore, naked, and Tommy, Woody and the old guy in the yellow boxers were taking turns sucking my cock. I had morning wood so hard it was painful.

I grabbed the wash cloth and hit the shower. I masturbated again, doing my best to think only of Gloria and the promised blow job. It didn't work. Tommy kept intruding on the fantasy. I switched hands thinking that maybe my left hand wouldn't think of Tommy, but it was fruitless. Tommy was the one in my private erotic story. I spurted cum into the falling water, finished washing, then dried and got dressed. Old sweats were fine for today. I'd put on something more appealing for the party.

Not sure what Coach had in mind for six a.m., I ate two pieces of toast and downed a small glass of orange juice. If I was going to run an hour of wind sprints at least I wouldn't be vomiting much on a mostly empty stomach.

Coach and Tommy were already in his office. Tommy, also in sweats, had the chair closest to the door, so I squeezed past him and took the other seat. Coach looked grim, and Tommy looked as though he was waiting for the axe to fall.

"Matthews, you started this shit." Coach was always direct and to the point.

"Yeah, I didn't do nothin' and he just..." Coach actually rose out of his seat and slapped Tommy on the side of his head.

"Shut the fuck up, West, until I tell you it's OK to talk. Got it?"

"Yes, sir." Tommy was genuinely chastised. Good for Coach, pound that motherfucker's ass.

"As I said, Matthews, you started this shit. There is no excuse for that kind of behavior. What do you have to say for yourself?" Aha, it was my turn to throw stones.

"Coach, Tommy made a racist remark and..." It was my turn to get slapped upside the head. The chair rocked with the force of the blow.

"I don't give a fuck if he's giving a blow by blow description of your mother sucking his dick. Nothing he says is justification for violence. Got the message?" Coach's face was already red. All I could do was nod my head.

“Is that true, West? Did you make a racist remark?” Tommy was staring at his lap. All he could do was nod his head. At least until Coach slapped him again upside the head, so hard he fell out of the chair.

“Goddammit, Coach, that fucking hurt!” Tommy was indignant.

“I meant it to hurt, you pussy. Stop crying or I’ll hit you again. And, Matthews, wipe that grin off your face if you want to still be able to walk when you leave here.” I had never seen this side of Coach, and it kind of scared me.

Coach continued. “OK, guys, there is only one thing that leads to this level of animosity between two high school seniors, and that’s sex.” I stiffened immediately. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Tommy going rigid. I recognized fear in his eyes, probably because I was scared for my life. How the fuck did Coach know?

“OK, who is she?” Coach brought us out of our stupor. “What’s the name of the cunt that has you two at each other’s throats?”

I found my voice first. “It was freshman year, I don’t remember her name.” Tommy sat up quickly and agreed that it had been a meaningless rivalry over a piece of pussy. We couldn’t bear to look at one another.

“Then fucking get over it.” Coach’s tone would accept no resistance. “I’ve put you two together in a room for the tournament next week. If one of you kills the other I’ll castrate the survivor.” I think he was serious.

“But room assignments are the job of the team captain, and that’s me. I’m not assigning fucktard there to room with me. I hate his guts,” Tommy protested. I gave him the finger in return.

“Too bad, guys. I’ve made my decision. If you two are going to the tournament you’re going to room together. I’ll be happy to cut you from the team right now if you have a problem with that.” I thought that was the worst of it, but was in for a surprise. Coach continued.

“Most of the scouts in the ACC are friends, and I coached quite a few of them over the years. They’re interested in both of you as a package. If they can’t have both of you, they’ll put all their efforts into Jackson. One more issue and I’ll tell the entire Atlantic Coast Conference that neither of you is a team player, and both of you fail the sportsmanship test for top level college ball. Got it?”

I saw Tommy trembling, then realized that I was shaking as well. If I couldn’t get a full scholarship to an ACC school my father was going to kill me. Tommy’s father would

probably be tried for murder if he didn't get a scholarship. Neither of us had the money to make it on our own.

"OK, guys, I'm not going to tell you to shake hands and put it behind you. There's a lot of history there, and apologies and handshakes aren't going to do it. You're teammates and have to learn to act like teammates. Follow me." Coach got up and left his office for the locker room. We followed, keeping our distance from one another.

Some rich guy who played football during World War II, like in 1974, had donated a real sauna to the athletic department. No shit, it was genuine and imported from Finlandia or something like that. It was all made of wood and was the envy of every other school in the state.

Mr. Thompson, the athletic director, reserved use of the sauna to athletes during team seasons. A bunch of students who knew their rights and knew what they deserved started a real shit storm. It had to be open to everyone.

Mr. Thompson agreed, and kept all the keys in his office. Anyone wanting to use the sauna could make an appointment and come see him. Of course, for the athletes Mr. Thompson had an open-door policy. Worked out about the same.

Coach checked the temperature settings and turned it to eighty-five. That, of course, was Celsius, or about 185 degrees Fahrenheit. He set the timer on fifteen minutes and handed us towels.

"Strip." We both looked at him like he had lost his mind. "Take off all your fucking clothes, guys. **NOW.**" I put my sweats on a bench, then paused. Coach motioned at my boxer-briefs, so they went on top of the sweats. When I looked at Tommy he was pulling off his low-rise briefs. The thought crossed my mind that we had both worn blue today. Why that was important I didn't know.

"You guys have fifteen minutes to come up with a plan to stay on the team. I don't give a fuck what the plan is, and have no interest in hearing it. When the timer goes off, meet me at the showers."

We looked warily at one another before taking our towels and entering the steam chamber. We sat as far away from each other as possible, although "possible" in a four-man sauna isn't much.

"Here's the plan." I took the lead because, well, shit, I wanted to. "You're going to play basketball and so am I. We're going to do well and win the state championship. We're going to talk only when necessary and only about basketball. And you're going to stop trying to do gay shit with me."

Tommy actually laughed. “Agreed. And you’re going to stop trying to do gay shit with me, too.”

I wanted to hit him, but that would mean touching him, and that would mean things I didn’t want to think about.

“Agreed.”

We sat in silence until the timer went off. Both covered in sweat, we kept our distance as we carried our towels to the shower room.

Coach handed each of us a washcloth and bar of soap. “This is where it started, so we’re resetting the clock. Get in the shower, both of you. And, by the way, wash each other completely.”

I looked at Tommy in shock. His dick was twitching, and I could feel mine in motion as well. He was staring at me as though I was about to eat him. It occurred to me that I’d really enjoy that. Instead, I yelled at Coach.

“No fucking way, Coach. I’m not gay. That’s too much.” There, I had said my piece, and hoped Coach would back down. My hopes were quickly dashed.

“I didn’t tell you to suck his dick, I told you to wash it. You’re going to wash his face, his dick, his balls, his ass – **in that order** – and be gentle about it. Every three or four years I have to do this to a couple of players who have some sort of insane feud going on., I’ve found that it’s hard to stay angry at a guy once you’ve had his dick in your hand.

“Now, I’m not going to stay and watch you. That *would* be gay. When you’re dried off and dressed, come see me.” Coach left for his office.

We looked at each other apprehensively. I started into the shower at the same time as Tommy. We bumped into one another, and heat spread from my shoulder where it had touched his. The heat reached my cock and I had an erection. So did Tommy.

“We don’t actually have to do this,” I said. “Coach will never know.”

Tommy looked at me as though I had lost my mind. “Are you willing to bet your college scholarship on that? I’m not sure I am.”

Shit, now what? “OK, we just wash and that’s it. Nothing else. You keep your repulsive sexual actions to yourself this time or we’ll both lose the scholarships.”

Tommy smiled. "I can tell how repulsed you are. In fact, you're so repulsed you've got a raging hard-on. Is that supposed to stab me if I get too aggressive?"

I refused to get into it with him. I soaped up the wash cloth and started scrubbing his forehead. Tommy soaped up his wash cloth and began gently wiping the shell of my left ear, then let the wash cloth wander across my jaw line, then down to my Adam's apple where he used a finger nail to pinch the skin. I took in a sharp breath, then noticed that I was breathing hard.

We continued washing each other's faces, then our arms, sides and backs. I put soap on the cloth and began scrubbing Tommy's chest. Tommy let his cloth dust my nipples, causing them to swell and my dick to twitch some more. He was breathing harder also. I don't know why, but I did nothing to stop him. In fact, I stepped toward him

Finally, Tommy's fisted wash cloth encircled my rod. I couldn't help it, I let out a little moan. Tommy leaned into me and began licking my ear. By now I was groaning. My hand took on a life of its own. I dropped the wash cloth and grabbed his cock, stroking for all I was worth.

In less than a minute it was all over. I spurted white ropes of cum all over Tommy's stomach. His dick fountained semen onto my stomach and chest. I did everything I could to keep quiet, but Tommy was not so successful. He let out a loud moan, followed by a few whimpers. We leaned into each other and just stood there for a minute.

"Well, that explains a lot." We had taken so long Coach had come back to see if we were OK.

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