

The Workout Room

Jamie stumbled from Mr. Stephen's classroom, rubbing his sore ass while his teacher stayed back to talk to his father. He walked around the halls of his school, feel his robust cheeks slide back due to lube flowing from his loosen hole. Thoughts of what had just occurred swirled through Jamie's mind; still shocked that he had his favorite teacher's fingers lodged up his asshole just moments prior. He could already feel his dick chubbing up once again from the fresh memories.

"God," Jamie mumbled to himself as he walked through the long empty hallways of the school. He approached the end of the main hallway, considering going outside and sitting in the car, but a voice shouted behind him stopping him from opening the exiting the school.

"Hey!" The deep voice shouted from behind Jamie. "HEY!!" It shouted a second time. Jamie turned around and saw the student whom he had caught staring at his father. Jamie watched as the guy's large body jogged down the main hallway in his short workout shorts and loose tank top. His wide body moving swifter than one would have thought by staring at him. As the male came closer Jamie recognized him as one of the school's football players, Mateo was his name. "Hey, your Jaime right?" He asked, stopping in front of me. He placed his beefy arms across his chest pushing them out as if he was attempting to peacock.

"Yea you're Mateo, right? I think we had chemistry together last year? Didn't you almost burn down the school?" Jamie asked, already knowing the answer to the question.

"That's me!" Mateo laughed. "I'm glad I caught you." Mateo looked Jamie's hand on the handle of the door leaving the school. "Are you trying to leave?" Mateo asked. Jamie's hand fell from the handle of the door.

"Not really. My dad is still talking to Mr. Stephens," Jamie said, turning around and leaning against the large red door. A wicked smile grew on Mateo's caramel colored skin, revealing rows of perfectly white teeth.

"Ooo, has someone been a bad boy?" Mateo asked as he raised an eyebrow up. His words full of double entendres that Jamie attempted to see through, but he was unsure if Mateo was being friendly or being "friendly".

"Ha ha ha, I haven't been that bad. . .lately," Jamie said, flirting back at Mateo, testing the water and wanting to see what Mateo's reaction would be.

“Well you should fill me in some time on when you have been one,” Mateo laughed as he attempted to keep his cool calm demeanor. “But I was wondering would you be able to help spot me over in the workout room? I know it’s a weird question, but I was late to practice and everyone is already out on the field and coach said to just lift weights for the remainder of the practice.”

“Uhh, I don’t know. I was gonna just wait out in the car. My dad may be done any minute.” Jamie responded, not sure what nonsense would happen if he ended up in a weight room alone with this Hispanic god.

“Well, you got a phone don’t you?”

“Yea I guess so.”

“Perfect, then just shoot him a text and tell him you are gonna be in the weight room,” Mateo spoke as if it was a statement and not something that Jamie could argue against, so he shrugged his shoulders in submission and followed Mateo to the locker room. The two walked down the hallways of the school making small talk about school, classes, and the upcoming weekend.

“So that’s your dad?” Mateo asked as they turned down the hallway where the weight room was situated.

“Yup that’s him. All six foot 4, 280 lbs of him,” Jamie said. He could have sworn he heard a soft moan escape from Mateo’s lips after listing off his father’s stats.

“Yea he is a rather. . . huge man,” Mateo said, swallowing his words. The pause allowing him to hide the attraction Mateo felt for Jamie’s father. “Has he always been so massive? He looked like he could pick me up and throw me around if he wanted too.” Mateo’s words trailing off as images of his fantasy filled his mind causing him to begin to grow a boner in his shorts.

“Yea he has done that to me a few times when we are roughhousing. Luckily it’s just the two of us. So we don’t have to worry about any ever stopping us,” Jamie said. His words spinning a story that was partially true and partially fantasies that he too had for his father.

“Hot,” Mateo muttered under his breath as he opened the door to the weight room. “You ready to spot me?”