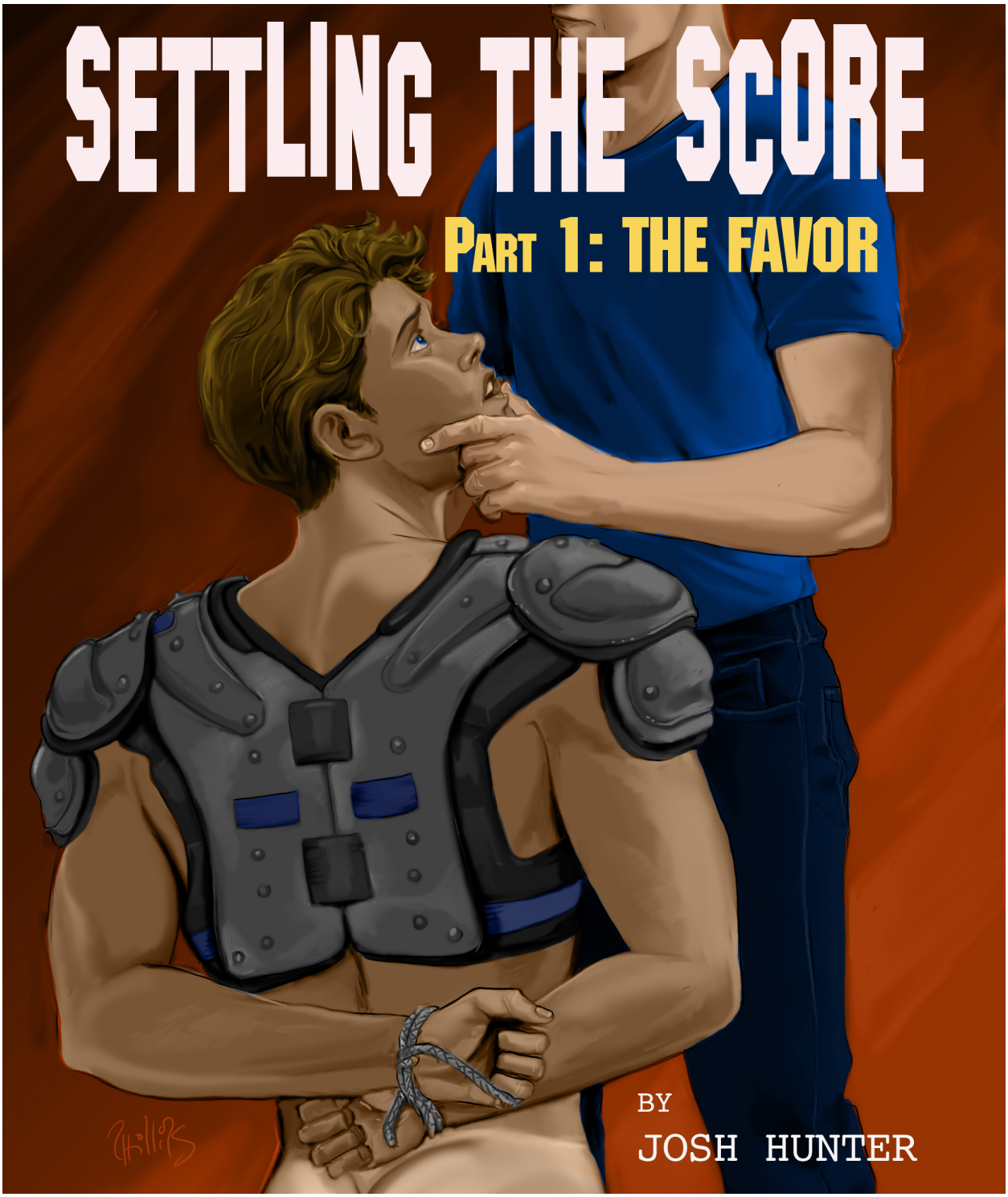
SETTLING THE SCORE
PART 1: THE FAVOR
BY
JOSH HUNTER

Settling the Score
Part 1: The Favor

by
Josh Hunter

I was grabbing my books for history class when Wade Johnson came over and leaned against my locker. That could only mean trouble.

"Hey Kevin," he said, like we were friends.

"Wade."

I looked around for his minions. Wade always traveled with a posse of other football players. They were all like nineteen and twenty years old, and should have been in college by now. But in Texas, anybody who can throw a football gets held back a grade, so that they'll be bigger and stronger in their senior year.

Being able to pick on everybody else in the school is just an added bonus.

For once, though, Wade seemed to be alone. No sign of his goon squad.

He leaned in close to me.

"Look Kev, I need you to write an English paper for me."

So that was it.

"Forget it," I said.

Wade looked confused. He was used to people doing anything he asked.

"Awe, come on," he said, putting an arm around me like we were old buddies. "I'll owe you one."

"Fuck off, Wade. Get one of your football cronies to do it."

Wade rolled his eyes.

"I had Dwayne write my last paper. I got a fucking D- on it."

"Actually, Dwayne got the D-," I pointed out. "You just took the credit for it."

"Whatever. Now I've got to get an A- on this one or I get suspended from the team."

I laughed.

"Yeah right," I said. "Like the school would ever let *that* happen."

Wade shook his head.

"This new English teacher Pendergrass has it in for me. I think he'd really flunk me."

Wade had a point. I liked Mr. Pendergrass. He was probably the only teacher with the guts to fail a football player. Of course the school would fire him for it afterwards. This is Texas.

"And why would I want to help you?" I asked.

"Because... you know.... school pride," Wade said.

And then he turned on that thousand watt smile. The smile that gets him anything he wants around this school. Well, that and the curly brown hair and the blue eyes and the body

straight out of an Abercrombie & Fitch ad. And I guess the football thing, too. I could never understand why people get so excited about the fact that Wade can throw a stupid ball so far.

I looked right into that dazzling smile and told him to fuck off.

"Hey, don't be a fag!" Wade blurted out.

"That!" I said, slamming my locker closed. "That right there is why I don't want to help you. You've been calling me a fag since ninth grade."

"Jeez, sorry. I didn't know you were so sensitive."

I turned to go, but Wade grabbed me by the shoulder and pulled me back towards him.

"Okay, okay! I'll stop calling you a fag. But I need you to do this. You're smart. You could write a paper the way I would. Only, you know, good."

"Yeah, I could write 'good' if I wanted to."

"So do it!" Wade said. "If I don't play football this season, I'm screwed. No scholarship. No college. I'm dead meat."

I wanted to tell him to fuck off again. But I kind of enjoyed having Wade beg.

"Come on dude," he pleaded. "I'll do anything."

"*Anything?"* I asked.

"Yeah. Get you invited to parties. Introduce you to cheerleaders."

He lowered his voice to a whisper and leaned in close.

"I'll even tell my girlfriend to blow you."

Hm. Apparently Wade's definition of "anything" was a little different than mine. But it would be fun to make him squirm a little.

"Okay," I said. "Come over to my house at eight. I'll help you write something that will pass muster with Pendergrass."

"Cool! You rock dude!"

He pointed his fingers at me like a pair of pistols, then turned and walked off.

I watched him go, thinking about all the crap that he'd pulled with me over the last few years.

It was time for Captain Cool to learn about payback.

* * *

Wade was late. It was 8:45 by the time he finally knocked on my front door.

"Hey," he said, without bothering to explain.

"Hi Wade."

He stepped inside and looked around.

"Uh... where's your mom and dad?"

"Dad hasn't been around for years. My mom works nights. Did you bring your book?"

"Yeah," he reached into the pocket of his varsity jacket and pulled out a worn paperback.

"*Brave New World*," he said, handing it to me. "I picked it because there's supposed to be lots of sex and stuff."

Great. This wasn't going to be easy.

“Come on,” I said. “My computer’s back in my room.”

He followed me down the hall.

“Could I get a beer?” he asked.

I turned and looked at him.

“Sure. My mom totally keeps the fridge stocked with beer for her underage son.”

Wade’s face brightened.

“Great! What kind?”

“That was sarcasm,” I explained.

“Oh...” he said. “So no beer?”

“No beer.”

We went back to my room and I sat down at my desk. Wade walked around, looking at the movie posters on my wall while I leafed through the book, reminding myself how it went.

“So how do we do this?” Wade asked.

“Well, for starters, tell me what you thought of the book.”

“Uh.....”

“And take your shirt off.”

“Huh?”

Wade looked confused.

“I’m gonna help you with this, I should at least enjoy the view while I work.”

A look of panic came into his eyes.

“Fuck! You really are a fag?”

“You’ve been calling me once since ninth grade.”

“Yeah, but that was just... you know.”

Wade was freaking out. For a moment I thought he might beat me up. Football player, gay boy. In Texas, nobody would even blink. But Wade seemed more confused than angry.

“You’re really...?”

“Yeah. So you gonna lose that shirt now, or what?”

“Dude... I.... I gotta go.”

Wade headed for the bedroom door.

“Suit yourself,” I said. “Paper is due tomorrow, right?”

Wade paused with his hand on the knob.

“I’m sure you can write an A paper on your own,” I told him. “And even if you can’t, it’s only football. Right?”

Wade slowly turned back to me. He tried the smile again.

“Dude, you gotta help me with this,” he begged.

“Dude, I don’t even like you.”

“Come on. I really need this!”

“So take off your shirt already.”

He stood there, his face turning red.

“Come on,” I told him. “You do it all the time in gym class.”

“Yeah,” he mumbled, “I guess.”

He slowly took off his varsity jacket and put it on my bed. Then he finally pulled off his T-shirt. He stood there, nervously holding it.

I gave him a wolf whistle. The boy really did have one hell of a body.

His face turned a deeper shade of red.

"Stop looking at me that way."

"I'll look at you any damn way I want to. Now tell me what you remember from the book."

He sat down on my bed, still holding his shirt. Eventually I got him to explain the book's theme and some of the basic plot.

"Hey, this isn't so hard," he said, warming up to the work.

"Yep," I agreed. "Now we just need to put it all in an outline."

"Okay."

"And you can take off your jeans now."

Wade laughed nervously.

"Yeah, right."

"I mean it. Strip down to your underwear."

"Awe, come on Kevin."

"What's the problem? Guys see you in your underwear in the locker room all the time."

"Yeah, but they don't look at me the way you do."

"And they're also not writing your fucking term paper for you. So lose the jeans."

Wade looked around nervously.

"You want this paper?" I asked.

Wade stood up and slowly fumbled with his belt buckle.

"You won't tell anybody about this?" he asked.

"Yeah, Wade. I'm gonna go around advertising the fact that I'm gay so that your football jerk friends will beat me to a pulp."

"This is so fucked up," Wade muttered.

He kicked off his shoes, and unbuckled his belt. But then he seemed to lose his nerve.

"Now, Wade." I barked at him.

He unzipped his fly and slowly shucked off his jeans. Tighty whities. Figures.

He sat down on my bed, holding his hands in front of his crotch.

"Can we get on with this?" he asked.

"Sure thing, stud. First paragraph is going to be your thesis."

I walked him through the outline. Basic stuff. Thesis. Five supporting arguments. Conclusion. Crap I could do in my sleep.

Wade started to relax again. He leaned back on my bed and let his legs spread apart. I could see the outline of his cock in his underwear.

Wade caught me staring.

"You really like looking at that?"

"Yep," I admitted. "Same way you like looking at pussy."

And I think Wade liked being looked at, too. Because the bulge in his underwear was getting bigger.

"How big are you?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said with a shrug.

"Bullshit," I said. "You know."

"Well I'm not telling you."

He sat up and put his hands back in front of his crotch.

"Can I put my pants back on now?"

"Sure, if you want to finish this paper on your own."

"Fuck. Okay. What's next?"

"The rough draft."

"Okay. How do we do that?"

"First off, you can turn around. I want to look at your butt for a while."

"Jesus, Kevin!"

"After all the grief you've given me in the last three years, I'm entitled to a little payback."

Wade grumbled. But he couldn't see any way out of it. Reluctantly, he laid down on his stomach. The round curve of his ass showing nicely through the underwear.

"Just don't try to fucking touch me," he said.

"Yeah. 'Cause I could totally overpower you and have my way."

Wade laughed at that. He was four inches taller than me, with at least fifty pounds more muscle. It was kind of silly for him to be scared of me.

"You really get off on staring at my butt?" he asked.

"Hell yeah."

"Okay, just finish the damn paper."

I talked him through the next few paragraphs, but it was getting hard to concentrate. Looking at that tanned muscular body in my bed. Thinking about all the things I wanted to do to him. Trying to figure out just how far I could push Wade before he'd clobber me.

I pushed my chair back from my desk.

"Okay, I'm bored again," I said. "Pull down your underwear. I want to see some more of your ass."

"Really?"

Wade grumbled, but he'd lost enough arguments with me to know how this was going to play out. He slid his underwear down a couple of inches, showing me the crack of his butt.

"Happy?"

"Not yet," I said.

I walked over to the bed and slapped him hard on the ass.

"Ow! What the fuck was that for?"

"That was for *one* of the hundred thousand times you've called me a queer."

I grabbed the waist band of his underwear and started pulling it the rest of the way down. Wade grabbed my wrist.

'Hey! No way Kev!"

"You want this fucking paper?" I said, "I want to see your ass."

Wade tightened his grip on my wrist. I was gambling that the chance to play football would be more important than keeping some gay guy from seeing his butt. And I was right. Wade cursed and reluctantly let go of my wrist. I pulled his underwear off, sliding it down his legs and then tossing it on the floor.

"This is so fucked up," Wade muttered again.

"Yeah, well payback is a bitch."

I sat down at my desk and looked back at him. Wade Johnson naked in my bed. Who would have thought?

"Can we get this done?" Wade asked.

"Sure."

I went back to work on the paper. But not before I turned my webcam towards the bed and hit record. This was a view that I'd want to savor again.

I worked for another half hour, finishing up the draft, glancing back at Wade every so often. He was getting restless.

"How late is it?" he asked, "Are you done?"

"A little after midnight. And no. I've got a rough draft. But I've still got to make it sound like you. Otherwise Pendergrass will know that you outsourced it, and we'll both be dead."

"Okay."

I leaned back in my chair and stretched.

"You know, this is gonna take me a while. Roll over so that I can see the rest of you."

Wade frowned.

"Don't fuck with me Kevin."

"It's a little late for that. I've put in hours of work on your fucking term paper, the least you can do is give me a show."

"Fuck off."

"Every guy on your stupid football team has already seen your dick in the shower."

"That's different."

"Yeah. I'll actually enjoy it."

"No."

"You want a term paper. I want to see your dick. What's it going to be?"

Wade looked mad enough to punch a hole in a wall, but he was stuck. He grabbed his varsity jacket and held it in front of his crotch as he rolled over to face me.

"Nope," I said, "No deal."

"Awe, come on!" Wade pleaded.

"Lose the jacket."

Wade's face burned a deep red. Slowly he pulled the jacket away and tossed it on the floor.

No wonder he'd been shy. The boy was semi-hard.

He put his hands in front of it.

"It's the way you look at me," he grumbled. "It makes me all nervous."

"Is that what you call it?"

I reached into my desk drawer and grabbed the little bottle of lotion I keep there. I tossed it to him.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Lube. As long as you're horny you may as well give me a show."

"Jeez, Kev."

"Just close your eyes and think of that hot cheerleader girlfriend of yours."

He looked at me, wondering if I really meant it.

"Or I could start deleting everything we've worked on tonight."

I turned back to my computer.

"Oh look. The last paragraph just got deleted. Now the next to the last paragraph. Now...."

"All right! All right!"

He popped open the bottle of lube, oiled up his dick, and went to work. He laid his head back on my pillow and closed his eyes. I watched him beat his meat for a couple of minutes, but he didn't seem to get any harder. I guess imagining the girlfriend wasn't doing it for him.

He opened his eyes and looked at me.

"Uh.... you got any porn?" he asked.

"Sure," I said.

I opened up some on my computer, and then moved my chair out of the way so that he had a better view. Wade looked disgusted and turned his head away.

"I mean... you know... *straight* porn?"

"I can probably find some."

It took thirty seconds and a google search to dig up something that cranked his tractor. Blond girls with ridiculously big tits soaping each other up. Wade got rock hard, and started working his dick faster and faster. But I noticed that he kept glancing away from the screen to look at me. I think he liked being watched. Feeling my eyes on his body. Some part of him was getting off on it.

I could hear him getting closer. His breathing getting faster. He looked away from the porn and stared right into my eyes. And then he came.

"Oh, Fuck!" he shouted, as he shot hot jizz out all over his stomach and chest. He grabbed his dick hard and threw his head back, his whole body shaking. "Fuck!"

I almost came just watching him.

After a few seconds he managed to catch his breath. He raised his head and looked at me with those big blue eyes. We just stared at each other for a while without saying anything.

Finally, he looked down at the sticky mess on his chest.

"Uh, I'm kind of…."

I tossed him a box of kleenex.

"Thanks."

He started wiping himself off.

"So, you're uh... happy now?" he asked. "You'll finish the paper?"

I grinned.

"Dude, I finished that paper an hour ago."

"What? Oh, you fucker."

Wade jumped to his feet. He grabbed his underwear off the floor and started pulling them on.

"Hey!" I barked at him. "Did I say you could get dressed?"

Wade paused.

"What now?"

"Nothing," I said. "I'm just fucking with you. You can put your clothes on."

Wade muttered a few curse words while he got dressed. By the time he was pulling on his varsity jacket I had "his" English paper printed and ready to go.

He held out his hand for it. But I had one more condition.

"And one more thing," I said. "You *never* call me a fag again."

Wade glared at me but grunted something that sounded like agreement. Then he snatched the paper and stormed out of the room. A few seconds later, I heard the front door slam.

I laughed, and turned back to my computer to see how the video turned out. All in all, not a bad night.

* * *

The next few days were great. I'd see Wade around school, acting like nothing had happened. Joking with his idiot teammates. Making out with his cheerleader girlfriend between classes. But I knew. I knew what his naked body looked like under those clothes. The way his dick looked when it got hard. The way he moaned when he came.

And for the first time, I wasn't looking over my shoulder all day at school. Things had changed. I'd gotten a little something back from Wade, and I didn't have to take all the bullshit from him and his goon squad. Wade couldn't very well pick on me for being gay after he'd stripped down and jerked off for me.

My good mood lasted until Friday morning, when I went to use the men's room. Wade and his posse were in there. Ordinarily, I would have turned around and left. Held it till the next class break. It just wasn't worth the hassle of dealing with those guys.

But I figured things were different now.

I walked up to the urinal next to Wade and started peeing. He didn't even glance at me.

"So how'd you do on your English paper?" I asked.

I knew I'd done A+ work for him, but I wanted to make sure that Pendegrass had thought so too.

"Uh... fine," Wade mumbled, staring straight ahead at the wall.

"Well, I guess that means you're still..."

I was about to congratulate him on keeping his place on the team, but I was stopped by a hard smack on the back of my head. It was one of Wade's football goons.

"Hey Wade, this faggot hassling you?"

I zipped my fly, and turned around.

"Fuck off, asshole."

The goon look surprised.

"What did you say to me, queer?"

"I told you to fuck off."

Another one of the goons walked over and shoved me back against the urinal.

"They letting queers in the men's room now? I think this guy was checking out your junk, Wade."

I almost laughed. I could watch Wade stroking his dick anytime I wanted on my laptop. It's not like I needed to watch him pee.

Then a third goon came over and shoved me as well. They're like a fucking pack of wolves. One of them smells weakness, and the others all join in. This was getting out of hand fast.

Good thing I had Wade to break this up. He owed me. I glanced at him, but he just stood there, his face turning red.

One of his thugs grabbed my shirt.

"Fucking queers in the men's room. Lets teach him a lesson."

The other two grabbed my arms. I struggled, but there were three of them and they were all built like ogres. They started dragging me towards one of the stalls.

"Wade!" I screamed, "Getting these fucking Neanderthals off me!"

But he stood there watching, not saying a thing.

The goons shoved me into one of the stalls and bent me over the toilet. One of them forced my face into bowl. I fought like hell to get loose, but they were just too damn strong. They held my head underwater until my lungs burned. I thought I was going to pass out.

Finally, one of them grabbed my hair and pulled my head up.

"Say you're sorry, faggot!" he whispered in my ear.

"Fuck you!" I shouted, with all the breath I had left.

He slammed my head back into the toilet, and held me under way too long. I kicked like crazy, thinking I was really going to drown. And then suddenly he let go and I was able to pull my face out.

Dripping wet and gasping for breath, I looked around. Behind the goons was Mr. Rhodes, the history teacher.

"You want to tell me what's going on here?" he asked.

The football players shrugged and grinned.

"Just having a little fun, sir."

I was struggling so hard to catch my breath that I couldn't say anything.

Mr. Rhodes looked us over.

"You're all late for third period. Get to class."

The goons all trooped out. Mr. Rhodes stared at me, sitting on the bathroom floor, sopping wet. I started to tell him what they'd done, but he turned and left.

Figures. The football players own this fucking school.

I skipped math class. I wasn't going to sit there with wet hair and let everyone know what had happened. And I needed time to think.

I found an isolated table in the library and got my laptop out. I watched the video of Wade again. I hadn't planned on using it for anything but my own amusement. But now this was war. And I was gonna use every weapon I had. It only took me a few minutes to get everything set up.

At lunch, I sat by myself. I watched Wade, at his table on the other side of the cafeteria. Surrounded by his football cronies. His girlfriend sitting in his lap, feeding him french fries. He was smiling, like he was the king of the fucking world.

I got out my phone and sent him the text.

Across the room, I saw Wade laughing at something his girlfriend had said. He reached into his pocket to answer his phone. He looked at the screen... and his expression froze. He went white as a ghost. And then he quickly shoved the phone back into his pocket before anyone could see.

He looked around the lunch room in a panic. And then finally his gaze stopped on me. I smiled and waved. And then Wade's big blue eyes went wide with fear.

His girlfriend leaned in to say to say something. Wade forced a smile and tried to act causal. But he was freaking out. I watched him squirm his way through the rest of lunch.

I got his first text as I was heading into chemistry.

"What do you want?"

I didn't respond. I figured Wade could stew for a while. Wondering what I was going to do next. Who else I was going to show that pic to.

He kept texting me all through the next few classes.

"Dude, you can't show that to anyone."

"Plz don't show that to anyone."

"You haven't shown it to anyone, have you?"

I let him simmer until a few minutes before last period. Then I finally sent a reply.

"The roof. Now. Or the whole school sees it."

I headed to the back of the school. There's an old tree that you can climb to get up on the roof. Most everybody knows about it. Sometimes kids go up there to smoke or make out. But today I had it to myself.

Wade climbed up a few minutes later. He looked around, nervous that he might be seen with me.

"Dude, why did you take that picture?" he asked.

"It's not a picture," I told him. "It's video. Have a look."

I held up my phone. There on the screen was Wade, crying out as cum shot all over his stomach. And then turning to me and asking if that's what I'd wanted.

Wade looked like he was going to have a heart attack. He tried to grab my phone, but I jerked it back out of his reach.

"That's not the only copy, Einstein. I've already uploaded it to the web."

Wade froze.

"You mean everyone can see that?"

"Not yet. It's password protected. For now."

Wade looked me over, trying to figure out how much trouble he was in.

"What do you want?" he asked.

That was the question.

"Maybe I just want to watch what happens when the rest of the football team sees this. What do you think they'll do when they find out you've been doing gay sex shows to pass English?"

Wade swallowed hard.

"Dude, you can't."

"Or it might be fun to watch what your girlfriend does when she finds out that you've been beating off for a gay guy."

"No, please don't..."

"Or all those college recruiters. What do you think they'll say when they see it?"

Wade looked like he was about to cry.

"Please," he begged, "You can't do this."

"You should have thought of that before you let your goons shove my head in the toilet."

"It's not the same!" Wade protested. "So your hair got a little wet. What's the big deal?"

I stared at him.

"*What's the big deal?*" I repeated back.

Wade looked at me blankly.

And then I realized that he really didn't get it. He'd always been the golden boy that everyone kisses up too. He'd never been on the receiving end of his friends' "jokes". He'd never been bullied, or scared, or not in control.

It was time he got a fucking education.

"Look, I'm sorry," Wade said. "Is that what you want to hear?"

"We're way past that," I told him.

He stood there, shaking, on the verge of tears.

"Please," he begged. "I'll do anything."

I turned to go.

"My house," I told him, as I walked away. "Ten pm tonight."

* * *

There was a knock on the door at 11:15. I opened it to find Wade standing on the front porch, looking around nervously.

"You're late," I told him.

"Whatever. Let me in before someone sees me here."

Wade stepped into the hallway and I closed the door behind him. He reached into his varsity jacket and pulled out a wad of bills and a small plastic bag.

"I've got a couple hundred dollars here. And this is all the weed I could get my hands on."

Nice try. He wasn't getting off that easy.

"I don't want your money or your fucking weed," I told him.

And then I thought better of it.

"No, wait," I said. "Give me the money. But I'll give you a chance to earn it back."

Wade handed over the bills and stuffed the weed back in his pocket.

"So we're good now?" he asked hopefully.

"Not by a long shot. This way."

I lead him into the den. I had some dance music playing, and I'd set up a little disco lights machine that I'd gotten at the mall. It was tacky, but it set the mood.

"Uh... what's all this?" Wade asked.

I sat down on the couch.

“This is where you start earning my forgiveness,” I told him. “I thought we’d start with a strip show.”

Wade laughed nervously.

“I just gave you two hundred bucks, Kev. We’re even. I’m not playing any more of your stupid games.”

I shrugged.

“Well, if you don’t feel like dancing, I guess we can watch TV instead.”

I picked up the remote. The video of Wade jerking off came to life on the screen, and the room filled with the sound of him getting ready to cum.

“Oh... fuck... oh!”

Wade grimaced and turned away from the TV.

“Sorry,” I shouted over his recorded moans, “I forgot how loud you get towards the end there.”

I hit the mute button.

Wade glared at me.

“You can’t show that to anyone.”

“Oh yes I can,” I corrected him. “I’ve already uploaded it to X-tube. It’s scheduled to go live at midnight.”

Wade glanced at the clock, and a look of panic crossed his face.

“It’s called *Quarterback Sex Show,*” I told him, “and I tagged it with your real name. So it will turn up every time someone googles you. How long do you think it will take before someone at school finds it and starts passing it around?”

Wade clenched his fists and took a step towards me.

“I’m gonna beat your queer ass into the ground for this.”

I looked him square in the eye.

“Go ahead. And then who’s gonna stop that video from going out?”

Wade froze in his tracks.

“You can stop it?”

I shrugged.

“Sure. If I wanted to.”

Wade stood there, clenching and unclenching his fists. Angry, and frustrated, but mostly scared. His whole world was about to unravel.

“So stop it,” he pleaded.

“Here’s your problem, Wade: I don’t like you. You’ve been a total dick to me since the day we met. And today you let your goons try to drown me in a toilet. So I’m gonna enjoy watching you go down.”

Wade’s face turned red, and tears started welling up in his eyes. He looked like he was either gonna punch me or cry. Or maybe both. He took another look at his video, playing silently on the TV.

“I’m sorry!” he blurted out. “Okay? What am I supposed to do?”

“In your shoes? I’d find a way to make me like you. And I’d try *real* hard. You’ve got thirty-five minutes to make me forget three years of your fucking abuse.”

Wade stood there, trying to think of some way out of this. But thinking had never been Wade's strong suit.

"Make that thirty-four minutes," I said, pointing to the clock.

Wade bit his lip. He stared at the floor for a few seconds. And then he slowly took off his varsity jacket.

"Woo-hoo!" I cheered. "Looks like we've got a new performer in the champagne room."

Wade just kept staring at the floor.

"You're not filming me this time, are you?"

"My computer's in my bedroom," I told him. Which was technically true. Of course, with wi-fi enabled cameras it doesn't really matter where my computer is. But Wade didn't need to know that.

He started unbuttoning his shirt, revealing his smooth tanned chest.

I shook my head.

"Wow, you suck at this," I told him.

Wade looked up at me, confused.

"I thought... this is what you want, right?"

"I want a *show*. If you want to me forget all the bullshit you've pulled with me, you're gonna have to try harder than that."

I turned up the volume on the music. Wade awkwardly shifted his weight from foot to foot.

I groaned.

"God, even you can't be this bad a dancer."

"Fuck off, Kev. It's not like I've done this before."

"Bullshit. I've seen the way you dance with your girlfriend. Try that."

Wade forced himself to loosen up. Moving his hips. Making crazy gestures with his arms. He wasn't gonna win any dance contests, but at least he was trying.

He slowly popped another button on his shirt, and then looked over to me for approval.

"Yeah, that's better."

Wade slowly worked his way out of the shirt. Showing off his chest, his tight abs, his muscular shoulders. He kept glancing over at me, like he wanted to make sure I was paying attention. And he was a hell of sexy guy. Terrible dancing aside, he could probably have a career with Chippendales.

He finally slid the shirt off altogether and threw it on the floor.

I held up one of the twenties from his roll of bills.

"Come over here, sweet cheeks."

Wade awkwardly danced over to the couch. I reached up and felt his chest. Ran my hand over the warm skin of his stomach. He trembled a little, but didn't stop me.

"Nice body," I told him, tucking the bill into his jeans. "Let's see some more of it."

Wade reached for his belt buckle, and then lost his nerve. He froze like that.

"Twenty minutes till midnight," I reminded him.

Wade looked back at the TV, where his video had looped back to the beginning. He swallowed hard and unbuckled his belt. I could see his hands shaking as he unbuttoned the fly of his jeans. And then he slowly unzipped them.

He was so hard he was practically popping out of his tighty whities.

"I think you like this job," I told him, as I stuffed another twenty into the waistband of his underwear.

"It's just the way you look at me," he mumbled. "It fucks with my head."

Wade kicked off his shoes, and slowly shucked off his jeans. He stood there in front of me, the bulge in his underwear only a few inches from my face.

"Turn around," I told him.

Wade did as he was told. He looked back over his shoulder at me. And then he pulled his underwear down to show me his smooth round ass.

"Is that what you wanted to see?"

I guess the grin on my face was enough of an answer. He pulled off his underwear and threw them aside. And then he slowly turned around. He just stood there, his hard cock bobbing in front of my face. He looked down at me with those big blue eyes.

"Okay, you got your strip show, Kev. Now cancel the video."

"Nah," I said, holding up his money. "I've still got a wad of bills here. And I want a lap dance."

Wade glanced at the clock.

"Kev, there's only ten minutes left."

"Then you'd better give me one hell of a lap dance."

I grabbed his waist, and pulled him down towards me. He knelt down on the couch, straddling me, his naked body pressing against my clothes. I could feel him trembling.

"Nine minutes," I reminded him. "And you still haven't earned my forgiveness."

Wade took the hint. He started moving his hips, grinding his ass against my jeans, his cock slapping against my stomach.

"Yeah, that's it."

I ran my hands over his chest, his shoulders, over every inch of his perfect body. I could see his cock getting harder. I pulled him close, and put my mouth on one of his nipples. He let out a little whimper, and I could feel it getting hard under my tongue.

"Is this what you wanted, Kev?" he whispered, his breath hot in my ear. "Are we good now?"

I slid a hand between his legs and let my fingers brush against his nuts. He let out a little gasp. And then I wrapped my hand around his dick.

His hand shot down and grabbed my wrist.

"No, don't do that..." he pleaded.

But I could feel his dick getting bigger and harder in my hand. A warm drop of precum ran down my fingers, and his grip on my wrist weakened.

I started stroking his cock. I could feel his whole body shaking. I only got a couple good pumps in before he let out a moan and buried his face in my neck. And then all of a sudden he was shooting hot jizz all over my shirt.

"Fuck.... oh... fuck!"

He collapsed on top of me, panting. He lay there for a few seconds, catching his breath. And then he remembered the time.

He raised his head and looked back at the clock.

"Shit, there's only five minutes left."

He rolled off me and fell back onto the couch.

"Okay, Kev. You got your show. Now make that video go away."

I sat there, feeling his warm cum soaking through my shirt.

"No," I said. "We're still not even."

"What? But I've done everything you wanted!"

"Not *everything*," I told him, as I undid the buckle on my belt.

I unzipped my fly and whipped out my cock. Wade's eyes went wide. He had fifty pound pounds of muscle on me. But I had it all over him in the dick department.

"We're not even, until we *both* get off," I told him.

Wade stared at my cock.

"Five minutes," I reminded him.

"I... I can't."

"Then our school is about to have its first porn star."

I put a hand on the back of his neck and guided his face down towards my crotch.

"I'm not a fag," Wade protested.

"And I don't care."

I felt his hot breath on the head of my cock. And then a tentative touch of his tongue, like he was trying to see what it tasted like. And then the head slid past his lips and I was getting my first blow job.

It was even better than I'd imagined. The feel of his hot wet mouth on my dick. The sight of his head bobbing up and down, as he struggled to get me off before his time ran out.

I fought to keep myself from cumming. It felt so good that I didn't want him to stop. But then Wade looked up at me with those big blue eyes. His lips wrapped tight around my dick. And I thought about all the times he called *me* a cocksucker.

And suddenly I was shooting my load in his mouth. Wade grimaced and spat out my dick, but the second blast caught him in the face. Then my cock slapped down against my stomach, pumping out the rest of its load onto my shirt. My cum mingling with his.

Wade spat into his hand, and tried to wipe the cum off his face. He stared up at me with pleading eyes. I reached down and ran my fingers through his curly brown hair.

"*Now* we're even," I told him.

I pulled out my phone to cancel the video's release. We had a whole thirty seconds to spare.

Check out the continuing action in...

Settling The Score:
Part 2: Blackmailed!

Obedience training for a bully...

As long as I've got that video, I have Wade by the balls. You'd think he'd understand that. Play nice. Keep the other jocks from messing with me. Try to stay on my good side.

But Wade's not that smart.

So now every time his posse hassles me at school, I make Wade pay for it. It's almost funny: hearing the football players call me a "cocksucker" and knowing that their golden boy quarterback will have his lips wrapped around my dick that night.

And that's just for starters. Wade swears that he won't go any further, that there are some lines he'll never cross.

Wade's about to find out that he's wrong.

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