

Revelation

Author: Sarah

Rating: NC-17

Relationship: Justin/Chris Hobbs

Summary: Justin's suspicions about Chris Hobbs and the source of his aggression prove true.

Justin opened his locker quickly and reached inside for his jacket. He'd spent half an hour finishing a sketch after art club and the school was deserted. The empty hallways gave him the creeps. He slung his backpack over his shoulder and was about to remove his scarf from its hook when someone slammed his locker door shut.

"Hey, Taylor."

Fuck, he thought. Just what I need today. "Hey, Chris," he said as nonchalantly as he could. He checked to make sure his locker was locked then turned to walk away. He wasn't sure whether or not turning his back on Chris Hobbs was a good idea, but he was way past letting his fear make decisions for him. If Chris Hobbs attacked him he'd fight back. He might lose, but he'd sure as hell fight back.

"Where you going in such a hurry?" Chris asked, placing a hand on Justin's shoulder.

Justin jerked away from his touch and kept walking.

"In a hurry to suck your boyfriend's dick, Taylor?"

Justin turned to look at him and raised an eyebrow. "Why the fuck do you care? You looking for another hand job?" He almost regretted the jab as he saw anger flash across Chris's face. Almost, but not quite. Let the homophobic asshole get angry, let him feel embarrassed and guilty. Justin was through feeling embarrassed and guilty. It was someone else's turn and Chris Hobbs deserved it.

"What are you doing waiting for me after school, anyway?" Justin demanded, stepping closer to Chris and glaring up into his eyes. He wondered why he'd ever thought Chris was hot. Looking into his face, then, all he could see was the hate that made him so ugly.

"I had practice," Chris said, giving Justin a quick shove.

Justin laughed and shook his head. "Football season's over."

"Fucking faggot," Chris sneered.

"You say that like it's a bad thing." Justin turned back around and headed towards the doors. If he didn't hurry he'd miss the bus and have to wait half an hour for the next bus to the diner.

"Fucking cocksucker!" Chris shouted after him.

"Takes one to know one," Justin said without looking back.

Chris lunged at him, slamming him into the wall, then again into the boys' room door. Justin caught his breath and shoved back, managed to get in one good punch before Chris slammed into him again. The boys' room door swung open with the weight of their bodies and they hit the cold granite floor hard. Justin scrambled to his feet and whirled around to prepare himself for Chris's next wave of aggression. He let out a slow breath as he realized the fight was over for a moment. Chris was lying on the floor, dazed. He'd had the wind knocked out of him when he'd landed. Justin thought he might have hit his head, too. Good. I hope the bastard has a concussion. Serves him right.

Justin limped over to the sink and turned on the faucet. He looked up at himself in the mirror and reached

up gingerly to touch the cut on his lower lip. Debbie would freak out when she saw it. He wondered if he could convince her it was the result of a stray basketball in gym class. He doubted it. Debbie was impossible to fool. He splashed cold water on his face, then reached for a paper towel to wipe the moisture away. He stuck the paper towel under the running water, next, and held it to his cut lip. When he turned he saw that Chris was sitting up. He was still trying to catch his breath.

"You gonna be OK?" Justin asked. He regretted asking it as soon as the words were out of his mouth.

"I'll be OK," Chris grunted.

"Too bad."

"You make me sick, you know that Taylor?"

Justin rolled his eyes.

"You're a fucking pervert."

"You're gonna have to come up with something new, Chris. This same-old same-old is starting to bore me."

"You make me want to puke."

"Right. Just one question, though--do you actually think I give a shit what you or anyone else in this school thinks of me?"

Chris pulled himself to his feet. "You should. I could make your life hell."

Justin sighed. "News flash. My life at this school is already hell but I don't give a shit anymore. Know why? Because I actually have a life after the dismissal bell rings. You wanna know what I did this weekend?"

"Got buttfucked like the pillow biter you are?"

"No, actually. I won 1,000 dollars and a trip to the Bahamas." He laughed when he saw Chris' expression change from anger to confusion. "I'm the new King of Babylon," he said. "You know what Babylon is?"

"I don't give a fuck," said Chris. He swallowed hard and refused to make eye contact.

"It's the hottest gay club in Pittsburgh. The one I go to every night. And every year they have a contest to see who will be the King of Babylon." He stepped closer to Chris. They were less than two feet apart. "See, if you enter the contest you have to get up on stage and dance." He paused and smiled. "You have to strip."

"That's fucking disgusting," Chris said, his chest rising and falling with his quickening breath.

"So I did it. I stripped. And I won. You should have seen me. I made every guy in the club hard. Every guy in the entire place wanted to fuck me."

Chris cringed.

Justin smiled. "And that night I hooked up with this guy, Shane--or was it Shaun? Anyway, I took him to the back room--you know what the back room is, Chris?"

"Hell no," Chris said, trying to sound tough but sounding nervous instead. "And I don't want to hear any stories about your life as a faggot."

"Well, nobody's making you listen. You can leave any time." Justin paused, waited for Chris to leave. He

didn't. He just stood in the middle of the boys' bathroom with his fists balled at his sides.

"The back room is where everybody goes to fuck," Justin said. "It's just light enough to see where you're going. And it's filled with tons of men, naked, half naked, sucking and fucking each other, more than one guy at once, jerking off, whatever. I took Shaun to the back room and I fucked his brains out. Right there in front of everybody. Anybody walking by could watch me fuck him if they wanted. And they did watch. I'm amazing when I fuck--nobody can take their eyes off me."

"You're disgusting," Chris said, his breath coming hard.

"And then I took him back to my room and he ate my ass for, like, an hour. You ever have anybody eat your ass, Chris?"

Chris shook his head.

"It's amazing. He worked his tongue into my crack, ran it along my asshole, circled around it, darted it in and out. He really tongue-fucked me good. Then I made him suck my cock."

Chris swallowed hard. His eyes were half closed and he licked his lips as Justin continued.

"Then I fucked him with my crown on. I fucked him up against the wall. I fucked him bent over my desk. I fucked him all night long." He chuckled softly and leaned to whisper in Chris' ear. "My dick's still store from fucking his tight little ass."

He looked down and admired what he'd done. Chris had an obvious hard-on straining against the front of his pants.

"So," Justin said, smiling as he stepped back, "that's what I did with my weekend. How was yours?" He laughed when Chris didn't respond.

He bent down to pick up his backpack, then headed to the bathroom door. He turned before he left, to look at Chris. He was standing motionless in the middle of the room. Justin thought maybe he was shaking. Good. It was Chris Hobbs' turn to feel like shit.

He was halfway to the front doors when he stopped, then turned back to play a hunch. He entered the bathroom slowly and walked quietly to the first stall, where he could see Chris's feet. He pushed the door open and smiled as he saw Chris sitting on the stool, his pants around his ankles, his fist a blur as it flew up and down the length of his cock. He looked up suddenly and froze. The expression on his face when he saw Justin was one of pure terror.

"Don't let me stop you," Justin said, smirking and leaning against the side of the stall. "Looks like you enjoyed my story more than you want to admit, huh? Whatcha thinking about? You wishing you were the one I fucked all night?"

Chris whimpered as he fist began to move on his cock once more.

Justin stepped further into the stall and let the door swing shut behind him. He wanted to be repulsed but his cock was hard. He didn't even like Chris Hobbs. He hated Chris Hobbs. He took a deep breath. Nobody ever said you had to like the people you had sex with, after all.

He unfastened his belt, unzipped his fly. Chris watched him, awestruck, as he pulled his cock out and stroked it a few times.

"Who's the cocksucker, now?" Justin asked as he stepped closer to Chris. He pressed the head of his cock against Chris' lips. He turned away. Justin grabbed his head with his free hand and rubbed his dick against Chris' cheek. Chris resisted for another few seconds but then turned his head back and parted his lips and

hungrily sucked Justin's cock into his mouth.

Justin gasped as Chris sucked him in. Didn't he know the "suck" in "cocksucking" wasn't supposed to be literal? Not that he could really fault Chris. It was obviously the first time he'd had a dick in his mouth. And, God, was he ever hungry for it.

"Jesus!" Justin snapped. "Watch the teeth!"

Chris slurped and sucked on Justin's cock. It was far from the best head he'd ever received, but the sight of football-god Chris Hobbs' full, pouty lips wrapped around his cock was so fucking hot. Justin closed his eyes and groaned as he started to cum. Chris gagged and jerked away as the first spurt hit the back of his throat. The rest of Justin's cum landed in his hair, on his chin, on his red, yellow, and navy striped school tie.

Justin shuddered and stepped back. He fastened his pants back up and tried to catch his breath. He looked down and saw that Chris had cum, too. His hand was coated with his own sticky, white goo.

"Faggot," Justin said, backing up and pushing the stall door open as he did.

Chris looked up at him with pleading eyes. His breath was ragged and he was shaking. He gulped for air and Justin realized he was trying not to cry.

Justin turned quickly and moved to leave the bathroom. The last thing he wanted to see was Chris Hobbs crying. If Chris Hobbs cried that meant he was human, and Justin couldn't afford to think of him as human. He was too dangerous.

He ran through the hallway and finally made it outside into the cold winter air. He took deep breaths, filling his lungs as he hurried towards the bus stop.

Forget Chris Hobbs. Forget him. Forget it ever happened. He deserved it, after all. He deserves to know how it feels.

He stopped at the bus stop and pulled his coat tight around him, wishing he hadn't left his scarf in his locker. He'd missed the 5:10 bus, he knew that. He looked at his watch. 20 minutes until the 5:43.

It wasn't like he'd done anything that bad. Brian would have done it. Maybe. Justin sighed. Brian wouldn't have done it and he wouldn't approve. Jesus, he'd done something so bad even Brian wouldn't approve. But that was just because he had some sort of complex about high school. Michael had said a few things that made Justin suspect that Brian's high school experience hadn't been as blissful as he made them out to be. That Brian told the story about slamming the homophobic jock's hand into his locker wrong. That Brian had really been the one whose hand had been slammed in the locker. That Brian had been the one who'd suffered three broken fingers.

But who cared what Brian's high school had been like? Who cared what Brian thought? Justin told himself he didn't even though he knew he did. So Brian had a complex about high school bullies, so what? It didn't make him an expert. Justin didn't care if he approved. Justin didn't care if anyone approved. It wasn't like he'd really done anything wrong.

So he'd used someone for sex and kind of forced him. Well, not forced, really. He'd just taken advantage of a complete asshole when he was at his most vulnerable point and then called him a faggot. So what? It wasn't like Chris Hobbs hadn't deserved it. It wasn't like he hadn't deserved a hell of a lot more for being a bigot and an asshole and most of all a coward. Justin wasn't afraid of the word "faggot" any longer, but Chris was. So maybe he deserved to have it used against him.

Justin smiled when he realized that Emmett would love the story. He'd go into Torso before his shift and tell Emmett all about it. He could already hear Emmett's response in his head. "You GO, baby. Give me

every detail."