

Desire

written by

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There was a room - cold, unkempt and hidden away from the rest of the house - that he'd always be taken to if he didn't obey.

He'd go in there for no more than half an hour at a time, then leave looking ten times more miserable than he did before.

He never did anything to deserve what befell him in that room...
Or at least, not before his punishment began and, even then, only within the mind of the punisher.

The victim, it turned out, was a boy of twelve...

...

Then just over four years later, the boy sat alone at a table in a high school canteen.
Across the room, another sixteen year old student was watching him with beady eyes, cluttered around a large group of friends.

The boy watched him with a look of lust (and hunger.)
He played with the food on his fork while staring across to him.

Their eyes fixated on one another and the boy took a bite from his meal. He chewed his food leisurely while the student eyed him up and down...

Finally, he swallowed.

He then got up and started walking over to the other table.

The students started to snigger amongst themselves. The boy stopped beside the table and awkwardly stood, hesitant to speak first.

The student in question stared at him while the other students all looked like they were about to burst out laughing.

Mustering up his courage, the boy greeted the student...

"Hey."

The student replied, sharply...

"Fuck off!"

The boy started to blush. Then, all of the students, even the student in question, started laughing their socks off.

The boy then turned away, paced back over to his table, grabbed his school bag and then exited the canteen.

...

Over the following months, the boy continued to watch the student from afar.

Every lunchtime would be spent obsessing over him: Peering over his shoulder, breathing down his neck, watching his every move.

He even fantasised over him to the point of drawing pictures of the two of them together - living out the boy's fantasies as mutual partners.

Alas, it was and continued to be nothing but a daydream.

One day, a rare opportunity arose.

The student was, for once, alone and away from his large circle of friends.

The boy, determined to fulfill his fantasy, grasped the opportunity with a full heart.

He approached him once again. The student was seemingly prepared to pour even more salt into his wound, staring him down while sat at a table in the school courtyard.

The boy stopped beside him...

"Hey."

The student stared at him like he'd completely lost his mind.

Mustering up his courage, the boy did something even more daring... He pulled out a drawing he made of the two of them and offered it to him.

The student snatched it away and observed.

"Are you fucking retarded or something?! I told you to fuck off and leave me alone!", the student exclaimed.

The boy just stood there for a second or two...

"And go where? I've got nowhere else to be?"

"You being funny? You really think I haven't noticed you following me around for the last three months?!"

The boy replied sarcastically...

"No, not really... because to be honest, I haven't really been paying attention to where your eyes have been at... I know where mine have been though."

The boy smiled and then eyed him up and down.

The student then leaped off the table and pounded him one.

SMACK!!

He punched the boy in the face. He cried out in agony and collapsed to the ground.

But it didn't stop there. Now he was down, the student took the liberty of kicking his face in!

WHACK! SMACK! CRACK!

He was continually beaten in just about every place on his body until he was red raw and his nose and jaw bones were smashed to pieces.

To finish off, the student bent over his face and let out a huge spit that dribbled all over his eye.

He then walked away, callously leaving the boy as a broken wreck in the courtyard.

...

What followed over the next month was an agonising stay at the local hospital.

The boy went through hell day and night as he tried to wrestle with his pain - not only that which plagued him physically during the day, but also his own personal demons that haunted him during the night...

The boy recalled that room - cold, unkempt and hidden away from the rest of the house - as the source of his true demons.

He remembered being dragged into the room, tied down onto his bed by his babysitter, whipped with a belt and then repeatedly raped!

The very thought of it made him sick. And with every thought thereafter, only one thought became clear to him... when he got out of that hospital, he would have his desire!

And so he did...

The boy managed to catch the student again one day after his discharge, finding him smoking a fag down a quiet alleyway.

Readying himself to carry out another beating, the student began to approach. He cracked his knuckles like a WWE fighter.

The boy, still battered and bruised, stayed put. He looked at him with a sort of reserved hatred.

Before he could lay a finger on him, the boy forced the student against the wall.

He then started rubbing his hand over his crotch. The student tried to force himself away but soon gave in - It seemed he was starting to like it.

The boy then reached into his trousers, pulled his pants down and started rubbing his penis...

For ten solid minutes the boy continued masturbating the student - the student getting closer and closer to climaxing.

The boy looked angry all the while.

Ten minutes later and...

"Aahhhhhh!!!"

The student shot his load all over the boy's clothes.

Then, leaving the student with his trousers down, the boy simply turned around and walked away, looking ever so slightly less frustrated.

Now he'd finally had his desire!