

© 2015-2016 Ziel

# The Minute Man

## March

Chapter 4

By Ziel.

## The Minute Man March

### Chapter 4

Jared staggered to his feet. He'd never felt so humiliated before, but there was something else causing his gut to lurch. This was the last straw, and he knew it. How could he hope to keep his spot on the team after making such a ridiculous spectacle of himself? He hadn't even managed a simple chin-up let alone done a decent set on the rings. He was the laughing stock of the gymnastics team, and he couldn't even use his fantastic cock to get himself out of this mess.

Jared looked down at his fully boned cock. Jizz was still oozing out his cock and seeping through the thin fabric of his white singlet. The cloth had become nearly completely see through by this point leaving his dick perfectly on display for anyone who so much as casually glanced his way.

Somehow even just the sight of his own dick made him sick to his stomach. Normally he wouldn't mind letting everyone get a good long look at his fantastic cock, but today it was the source of all his misery. He just couldn't control it. His constant need to cream and his inability to hold back his own wad had ruined everything he had set out to do today.

Jared was about to stagger off back to the lockers and hide himself away from the world when he saw something that caused him to do a complete 180 – both mentally and physically. It was Heather. He could see that fatass bitch shoving her way through the throngs of jeering stadium-goers. Jared's disgust gave way to ire. His shame gave way to rage. He wasn't going to let her get away. He was going to chase her down and demand she give him the antidote.

Jared awkwardly shambled as fast as he could towards the outer rim of the arena and hobbled up the stairs. Every step he took caused the tight fabric of his singlet to rub against his oversensitive cock. He was so horny and so aroused that each slight stroke of his cock sent shockwaves of sexual bliss through his huge, fully-boned dick. With each lurch and shudder that his cock gave, he could feel his legs tremble and threaten to give out from under him, but Jared powered through it. He didn't even try to fight the need to cream. He let the heavy, sticky wads flow freely from his fully boned cock and focused all his willpower on keeping his legs from giving out completely.

He ignored the gasps and jeers as best he could as he staggered up the stairs and into the outer hallways. The halls were full of people milling about as they waited for whatever event they actually cared about. Heather was so short that it was tough for Jared to find her amidst the crowd, but he would occasionally catch fleeting glimpses of her wide frame and tight black garments as he shoved through the throngs of people.

He finally managed to catch up to her near the exit. "Hey!" Jared shouted with all his might, but his voice didn't sound too intimidating nor did it even come out very loud. His voice faltered and trembled. He sounded more like he was whining pitifully than shouting.

If Heather had heard him then she chose not to show it. She continued to briskly stride towards the glass doors like a woman on a mission, but Jared couldn't let her get away that easily. He summoned forth a burst of energy from some long forgotten font of willpower and shoved his way through the crowd. He managed to catch up to his hefty blond ex and grabbed her shoulder.

"Hey! I'm talking to you!" Jared groaned. Heather turned to face him, but still made no effort to respond. She just stood there and stared at him as if she was merely annoyed by his intrusion.

"Heather. Please. I need the antidote." Jared pleaded. Heather's expression seemed to soften somewhat, but she still looked annoyed.

“Oh. So you do remember my name. I was getting worried.” She replied apathetically.

“Come on. Cut the crap. I need that antidote.” Jared pleaded again.

“And you’ll get it.” Heather replied. Jared’s face lit up. He couldn’t believe it would be that easy, but then he noticed the smug smirk on Heather’s face. She didn’t look like she was about to do anything remotely charitable. What she said next merely confirmed Jared’s suspicions.

“... once you’ve earned it.” She added as if she was chiding a spoiled child.

“What the fuck. Haven’t I suffered enough?” Jared growled.

“Your suffering isn’t important. My goal isn’t to punish you.” Heather explained. Her tone of voice said otherwise. Jared could practically hear her malicious cackle bubbling just below the surface. Heather let slip a soft, sardonic chuckle. “Ok. I admit. It’s been pretty fun watching you writhe and wriggle.” She said.

“So aside from getting your sick giggles at my expense, why are you doing this?” Jared asked.

“You needed to be taught a lesson.” Heather replied flatly.

“So this is your idea of revenge then is it? You’re pissed off that you can’t get a decent lay now

that I've ditched your fat ass so you've got to ruin me for everyone else?" Jared growled menacingly.

Heather didn't reply immediately. She merely smirked and eyed Jared up and down as if appraising him. Finally she shrugged and replied, "Not everything is about sex, you know. You could stand to learn that."

"Yeah. Says the person Not Getting Any." Jared growled.

"So it looks like you're no longer interested in asking nicely." Heather replied flippantly.

"We both know that wouldn't work. I'll just have to find some other way to get it from you." Jared replied menacingly. He balled his hand into a fist and raised it up like he was about to strike Heather.

Heather merely glanced at Jared's hand and then back to him. She rolled her eyes and casually replied, "So you're going to start hitting women now?"

"If I have to." Jared growled in reply.

"Hitting me won't get you any closer to a cure, and it's not like you'd ever land a punch. I can take you down with just one finger." Heather replied coolly. Jared looked noticeably baffled by her response. It was clear that he intended to formulate some comeback, but he didn't get the chance. Heather casually ran a finger across the length of Jared's fully-boned oversensitive cock. Jared shuddered and groaned. His cock lurched. Thick spurts of jizz erupted from his cock

and soaked through the already saturated white fabric of his singlet.

“... you bitch...” Jared grumbled under his breath.

“Really, Jerry. I’m astounded you’d even raise your hand to me. You’re so much better than that.” Heather chided.

“Fuck you. Who the fuck are you to say what kinda guy I am? It’s your fault I’m like this.” Jared groaned.

“For once I agree with you.” Heather said flatly. “It is my fault. I should have cut you off ages ago. I should have stopped the serum when I saw what you were becoming.”

“Then why didn’t you.” Jared sassed back.

“Because I believed that no matter how many girls you screwed you’d always come back. I thought I meant something more to you, but you proved what you really thought of me. I couldn’t believe it at first. When you so casually sent me away I thought it must be a dream.” Heather said. Her voice began to falter for the first time during their altercation. Her stone cold exterior began to crumble.

“I knew it. This is all because I dumped you.” Jared sneered. He finally had the upper hand. Finally he was in control of the situation. He had found her weakness and now he knew how to play her.



“You didn’t dump me. You fired me.” Heather replied. Her voice was beginning to crack. It sounded like it took every ounce of willpower she had not to just shriek at him. Jared knew he was onto something. He could see the tears forming around the corners of her eyes.

“You’re right there. You couldn’t fulfill your end of the bargain so I cut you loose.” Jared replied.

“My end of the bargain!?” Heather scoffed.

“We had an arrangement.” Jared replied coolly.

“We had a relationship!” Heather countered. There was a moment where Heather looked like she might be ready to cry, but that time had passed. She had gone from faltering to flipping out in the span of a few seconds.

Jared didn’t say anything. He merely gave a noncommittal shrug which just made Heather even more furious.

“Don’t you shrug at me. I gave up so much for you. Whenever you would call me up I would be there. I would cut classes to take you out to lunch. I would skip labs to see movies with you. My grades suffered, but I didn’t care because we got to be together. Then once I started to lose my scholarships you left me!” Heather screamed.

“You could no longer afford my services.” Jared replied casually.

“I refuse to believe you only wanted me for my money.” Heather fumed.

“Believe what you want. It doesn’t change the facts.” Jared replied.

“What about when I had the flu!? You stayed with me the whole week and nursed me back to health, and what about when my grandmother died? You were there to help me through it. Are you telling me that was all an act too!? That was all just part of your business?” Heather shouted.

Jared balked. He had almost forgotten all about those times. He didn’t think anything of it at the time. It just seemed like the right thing to do, but now that he was being called out on it he couldn’t explain it. He tried to mask his own doubts. He shrugged and rolled his eyes. “Consider it customer service.” He replied flippantly.

“Urgh! You used me from the very beginning. First you used me to get into the trial. Then you used me for my money, but you know what? I realize that a lot of that was my fault, and that’s why I am making things right.” Heather fumed.

“By ruining me for everyone else.” Jared countered and glared menacingly at her.

“I’m not ruining you. I’m taking back everything I gave you.” Heather countered in stride. The two of them held each other’s fierce gaze for a moment. The tension could be cut with a knife.

Finally Heather spoke, but her reply wasn't at all what Jared expected. She no longer sounded furious. She sounded sad and apologetic. Even the look in her eyes softened. She was no longer glaring at Jared with the intense rage she had had earlier. "And despite all that, I still think you're a good guy. You've just forgotten is all." She said.

"Forgotten what? What you see is what you get." Jared replied flippantly.

"I don't believe that. I've known you for too long. You got into college without sleeping your way through high school. You got good grades too. You got into a good school, and you made the gymnastics team without the need for steroids. You've become lazy. You've become dependent on drugs and sex to maintain your lifestyle and in doing so have taken everyone around you for granted." Heather said.

She had laid Jared's life out before him so plainly that even he was taken aback. He couldn't even deny what she had said. He maintained his cocksure smirk, but it was clear from the look in his eyes that he was shaken.

Heather waited for Jared to give any sort of rebuttal, but when it was clear that none were forthcoming she sighed and shook her head. "Dammit, Jared. You could make something of yourself if you just tried." She said.

"I was making something of myself just fine before." Jared replied. He tried to be sassy and snide,

but his heart was no longer in it. His remark sounded pitiful and weak.

“And how long would that have lasted? What would you have done then? Found a rich wife to bone until you wake up one day and realize the two of you have nothing in common? Maybe once you stop performing in bed she’d cut you off and you’d be on the street with no job and no skills. Is that the life you wanted?” Heather asked.

“I would have figured something out. I could have gotten a nice job. I still had gymnastics. The coach said I had potential to go into the Olympics, but you screwed me out of that today.” Jared whined.

“Olympics.” Heather scoffed. “Do you really think you would have passed the drug test? Even if you did, you never would have survived the training schedule. Think about it, Jerry. You screwed yourself out of it. You HAD potential, but you squandered it.”

Jared glared at Heather and grumbled under his breath, but he had no counterargument nor did he have the will to argue anymore. All he had was his rage and his confusion, and the more he spoke to her the more his confusion started to win out.

There was something else there too – some long forgotten emotion that plagued the back of his mind and gnawed at his gut. It wasn’t the same as the shame and humiliation he had felt earlier, but it left a very similar taste in his mouth. The longer he continued to speak with Heather the more what little

bit of conscience he had begun to be plagued by doubts. He had been telling the truth right? All that stuff about how their time together had been mutually understood was true, right? She knew that it wasn't real, right? Of course she did. She had to have, but there was something else eating at him.

Heather waited for some sort of reply but eventually gave up. It was clear that Jared wasn't going to be saying anything worthwhile. "Just leave." She said dismissively.

"Not without the antidote." Jared replied.

"You're not getting any closer to getting it as you are now, and you have a date to get to, don't you?" Heather replied coolly.

"How did you...?" Jared muttered.

"Do you think it was just a coincidence that I set this up on the busiest day of your life? I know your schedule." Heather replied.

"You're a fucking stalker is what you are. I ought to get a restraining order on you." Jared growled.

"Good luck getting your antidote if we're not allowed within five hundred feet of one another." Heather replied sarcastically and then added, "But no. I am not stalking you. I happen to be good friends with Lindsey which is part of why I decided to go through with this hair brained scheme."

“So you couldn’t stand to see one of your friends getting the dick that you lost, huh?” Jared replied snidely.

“God! Can you not act like a douchebag for like, ten seconds! Lin is a sweet girl, and she deserves so much better. I saw you doing the same shit to her that you did to me, and I couldn’t take it anymore! I’m not going to let you break her heart, Jared.” Heather replied. She glared at Jared so intently that he felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end. He had never seen Heather so resolute before.

“I’m not going to break her heart. She knows what she’s getting with me.” Jared replied flippantly.

“Do you honestly believe that, Jerry? Do you honestly believe that she sees this as the soulless, mutually beneficial exchange that you make it out to be? Have you not been paying attention to the way she looks at you? To the way she talks about you? Or are you just too afraid to accept that someone liked you for more than just your cock!?” Heather was once again fuming. Jared took a step back from the sheer intensity of her glare and her voice. He was bigger and stronger and had Heather pinned against the wall. He should have been the one controlling the situation, but he couldn’t help but recoil from the sheer force of her rage.

Jared tried to say something, but Heather cut him off. “Leave.” She said flatly.

“But-“ Jared stammered.

“Just go. You’ll need to get cleaned up before your dinner, and you don’t have a lot of time.” Heather said. Her rage had once again ebbed and had been replaced by something else. Jared couldn’t quite put his finger on what this new emotion was. It wasn’t quite sorrow. It wasn’t quite remorse. Heather sounded almost wistful.

“Ok. I’ll go.” Jared said.

“Think about what I have told you. We’ll talk again after your date.” Heather stated. She then shoed Jared away and added. “Now go on. Your girlfriend is waiting for you.”