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The Minute Man

March

Chapter 3

By Ziel.

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Jared was only standing there for a moment before Kimya returned and threw his discarded clothes in his face, but it felt like an eternity. He had never felt so disgusted in his life. There was this gross sensation that was permeating his very core. It was as if his very existence made him want to vomit. Everywhere he looked there were people staring at him, but it wasn't the way he liked them to. Their expressions ranged from amused to disgusted to horrified to smug. All the stares made him want to curl up and die.

It took him a while to realize that what he was feeling was humiliation. It had been years since he had felt anything like this. He was the guy that everyone wanted or wanted to be. He was an idol. He was a rock star in his own right. This shouldn't be happening.

Jared gathered up his clothes and clutched them to his crotch to hide his still-drooling cock. As he scampered off to the restroom he could hear the jeers and whoops. He could hear ladies whistling appreciatively at his buff, toned physique and his impeccable ass. He had never felt so vulnerable and exposed before. Normally he liked it when ladies looked at him and appreciated his fantastic body, but today he just felt scared and skittish.

Jared's stomach lurched as he felt his bare feet make contact with the cold, damp tile. He hated public restrooms with a fiery passion. They were so dingy and dirty, and now he had his bare flesh pressed up against the mold and mildew.

He quickly ducked into an open stall and surveyed the damage. His clothes were drenched clean through. Every fiber, every stitch of his shirt and jeans was soaked in cum and pre. He was disgusted but he knew he had no choice. He had no one he could call on to bail him out and he had no other clothes available to him. He had other more important things to attend to first though.

Jared wrapped his hands around his still boned cock and began to stroke. He gritted his teeth as he pumped the overstimulated shaft. He could feel the loathing building inside of him as he watched heavy ropes of jizz splash down into the dingy porcelain bowl. He couldn't believe he was actually doing this – beating off into a public toilet like some sexually

repressed, basement dwelling fatass. Only guys who couldn't get a date did shit like this.

He was so wrapped up in draining the heavy backlog of spunk from his nuts that he almost missed the obnoxiously chipper chirping of his phone. By the time he realized it, the 8bit remix of a forgettable pop tune was nearly complete. Jared fumbled quickly through his pockets. His hands were soaked in cum, but that hardly mattered. He quickly tapped the screen to answer the call and uttered a hurried, "what do you want?" into the receiver. He was not at all surprised to hear the mysterious caller laughing on the other end.

"My, you HAVE been busy, haven't you, Jerry." She cackled.

"What do you want, you psychotic bitch." Jared moaned into the receiver as he stroked out another rope of cum.

"Oh, I was just calling to tell you that I enjoyed the show you put on. It pays to have friends in the academic department. My friend Farah – You know Farah, don't you? Brown hair, glasses. TAs for Mr. Kerrigan's Socioeconomics class? Well, she's certainly glad she corrected your grade last week!" The caller had to stop her explanation there because she began cackling so hard she could hardly breathe.

"Oh, god. She's sending me the video! Look at you! Oh god! You look so stupid. Just staring at the door like whaaaa?" The caller said between mocking cackles.

“Fuck you, cunt.” Jared growled.

“I don’t think you’ll be doing any of that. You’ll cream yourself at the mere sight of my snatch.” The caller sassed back.

“Fuck you. Haven’t you done enough?” Jared growled into the receiver.

“Hmm... Nah. As fun as this is, you still haven’t learned anything yet. Maybe I could be persuaded to give you the antidote, but I want to be sure you deserve it first.” The caller replied nonchalantly.

“There’s an antidote?” Jared sputtered.

“Oh, yes. Of course. I’m not a complete sadist.” The caller replied snarkily.

“How do I get it!? I need it. Give it to me!” Jared shouted into the phone.

“Well. I could be persuaded to give it to you...” The caller replied cryptically.

“What do you want?” Jared asked.

“It’s not that simple. I don’t think you’re ready for what I have to say. How about this? Consider it your homework. It’ll be a good practice for you seeing as you’ve never had to do homework before, and I guarantee you you’re gonna have to be doing a lot of it going forward.” The caller mused out loud.

“I don’t get it.” Jared replied.

“Do I have to spell it out for you? You can’t sleep your way out of this one, Jerry boy. You’re gonna have to learn to do your own work from here on out.” The caller said with a twisted chuckle. The tone of her voice sent shivers down Jared’s spine.

“Stop bullshitting me. I don’t have time for your riddles and games. If you’ve got something to say just fuckin say it already.” Jared growled into the receiver.

“Fine. Take all the fun out of it.” The caller replied in a tone of feigned exasperation. “I’ll level with you. The antidote isn’t a cure. It just stops the effects of the serum coursing through your veins. You won’t get any worse, but don’t think you’ll be getting any better either.”

Jared was too stunned to reply at first. She was offering him an antidote but it didn’t do shit? What good was it then?

“God. I can hear those gears turning from here. Do you really need me to hold your hand for the whole thing? I guess you never could do anything for yourself that didn’t involve fucking your way out of trouble.” She mocked.

“You’ve probably noticed that things have been getting... worse for you. Believe it or not some other guys would pay to be in your position. Such unrivaled sensitivity and libido. You can feel levels of pleasure average guys could never dream of. You can cum like a fire hose and not feel spent.” The caller

explained. She was practically moaning the words orgasmically into the phone. She was explaining Jared's condition as if it was a godsend, but Jared knew better. This was a curse.

"I don't have time for your bullshit." Jared growled.

"Of course you don't. You've got to be at the gym in less than an hour." She replied casually.

Jared's eyes went wide as he remembered the tournament tonight. He had to compete. There was no other option. He had skipped so many tournaments and practices already that he risked being kicked off the team. It had taken every bit of schmoozing and bedding in his repertoire to get the coach and the dean to give him another chance. He was skating on thin ice as it was. If he messed this up he was off the team for sure.

"Shit..." Jared grumbled under his breath.

"Shit indeed." The caller replied. The menacing chuckle she let out chilled Jared to the bone. Her voice took on a dark and sinister tone as she continued her explanation. "And it gets worse. The serum will stop your condition from deteriorating. Hell, you may even show some improvement if you get it soon enough, but you're on a tight deadline. If the serum has had enough time to fully absorb into your system no amount of antidote will stop it."

“How long do I have...” Jared asked. He tried to sound calm and collected, but his voice faltered in spite of his best efforts.

“Who knows. Best estimate I could give you is twenty hours. Basically you’ve got to get it tonight if you’re going to get it at all.” She explained menacingly.

Jared felt another shiver run up his spine. He had to get that antidote tonight. He just had to! “Tell me what I have to do.” He pleaded.

“I’ll see you at the tournament. We can discuss this more there.” The caller replied flatly.

Jared was about to ask for more information, but the caller hung up on him. He immediately dialed back, but he was not at all surprised to find that his calls were being blocked. Whoever was calling him only wanted to speak on her terms. He growled angrily and punched the side of the dingy restroom stall that he had been standing in. A jolt of pain shot through his knuckles. The flimsy partition wobbled and threatened to shake clean off its hinges from the impact.

“Fuck!” Jared roared. He stared back at his phone and tried to wrap his head around the phone number listed in his recent calls list. He knew he recognized it, but he didn’t know why. It just felt like a number he should know. It was as if he had seen it so many times before in the past that he memorized it on some subconscious level. He tried to search his memory banks. He tried to block out the recent events and focus on what he used to feel when he saw that

number. The emotions were a jumble. Mostly he just felt amusement.

His thoughts weren't making any sense to him. He got the impression that whoever was calling him used to be someone he was on good terms with, but that was the extent of his recollections. He gave up on trying to force it. It sounded like he would be seeing her in person soon enough. In the meantime he had to redouble his efforts to get ready for the tournament.

Jared quickly pulled on his clothes and dashed across campus back to his apartment. His clothes were crusty with jizz, but he had nothing better to wear. Everywhere he went people stared at him, but it wasn't the typical looks of lust and admiration that he usually got. He looked disgusting and he felt even worse. He had no doubt that he smelled even worse than he looked. He could smell the stench of stale spunk wafting off of him. He reeked like some randy teenage boy's private wank sock.

Jared hurriedly showered off and jumped into his singlet and threw on some loose clothes over top of it. He was running so late that he wouldn't have time to change into his uniform once he got there so he had to slip it on under his clothes. He made a quick catalogue of his stuff and made sure he had everything he needed for the tournament and then hauled ass back to the gym where they were holding the events. He got there, got signed in, and made his way to the locker rooms just before the event were about to

start. He was gasping for breath as he took his seat on the bench beside the rest of his team.

“Jesus fucking Christ, Jared! What the fuck is wrong with you?” The coach roared at him as he sidled up beside one of his teammates. Jared was too confused to respond at first. He merely sat there and stared incredulously at the coach.

“Hey. At least he’s ‘excited’ to be here for once.” One of his teammates mockingly replied. The rest of the team busted out laughing at this.

Jared silently seethed as his team shared a laugh at his expense. The last time he was here everyone stared at him in silent admiration. He was supposed to be a god to these guys. What had happened since then?

Jared knew the answer. They had no doubt heard about his botched attempt to screw his way to a higher GPA. They had no doubt heard how he had to run fleeing from the TA’s office with his clothes clutched over his still spewing cock.

As Jared continued to seethe he slowly became aware of something else. It wasn’t just the rumors that had them laughing. He was giving them good, hard evidence to back the stories up. Jared looked down and noticed that his cock was rock hard. The constant sensation of the stretchy fabric of his skin-tight singlet rubbing against his junk had gotten him fully boned. His dick was oozing pre. The clear, slimy liquid was seeping through his white singlet

causing the fabric to turn sheer and stick to his huge dick. His dick was so visible that may as well have not been wearing anything at all.

“Clean that shit up, Jared. You’ve got fifteen minutes before your set, and I’m not gonna have you giving everyone in the tri-state area a free shot of your dick.” The coach barked.

Jared wasn’t about to argue. He didn’t want to do that either. He quickly got up from his seat and dashed back into the locker rooms and quickly began to wipe down his crotch with paper towels, but he wasn’t making any headway. If anything the constant rubbing just made him leak faster. He was getting closer to cumming with each stroke.

“Shit. This isn’t working.” Jared grumbled. He needed to find something else, something to make him stop cumming. If he could just make it so it didn’t feel so good...

Then the answer to his prayers hit him. He wasted no time and staggered into the nearby supply room. He had been here enough to know that they kept first aid supplies on hand for whenever an athlete was injured. He just hoped they had what he needed.

He pulled box after box off the shelf and arbitrarily threw them over his shoulder. None of the generic stuff would work for him. He needed something serious. His eyes fell upon a white box with a prescription label on the side. A smile crept across his face. This was the stuff.

He quickly peeled off his single. He hastily pulled on some latex gloves and pulled the ointment jar out of the box. He scooped up a large, oozing clump of the light blue goop and began to rub it into his junk. It felt like his dick was being frozen to the core, but he kept rubbing it in. Thick, heavy gobs of cum oozed out of his cock and splatted on the floor, but the more of the stuff he rubbed into his cock the less he could feel his own stroking. The flow of cum steadily tapered off until stopping altogether.

Jared smirked victoriously as he continued to rub the gel into his dick and balls. He could see his hands rubbing across his huge cock. He could see his ringers kneading the stuff into his full nuts, but he couldn't feel a damn thing. His dick was completely numb.

Jared checked the clock. He had less than five minutes to get out there and get in position. He hastily wiped off as much residual pre from his singlet as he could and hauled ass onto the field. There was still a splotch across his groin, but it was hardly noticeable at a distance.

Jared charged onto the stadium floor just in time to hear his name blaring over the loud speakers. He didn't even bother going back to his seat. He changed his course and headed straight over to the still rings, his signature event.

Jared could hear the audience cheering him on. The steady chant of "Jar-red! Jar-red! Jar-red" filled him with renewed confidence. His dick didn't feel like

it was going to go off like a champagne bottle and the audience adored him. Everything was right in the world. He felt like his old self again, but as he got steadily closer to the rings another voice began to cut through the din.

“Jer-Rie! Jer-Rie! Jer-Rie!” The mystery woman called.

Jared’s blood ran cold. He only knew of one person who called him that. He nervously scanned the audience. He tried desperately to find the source, but he was surrounded on all sides by bleacher and the sounds were echoing this way and that. He didn’t even know what the woman he was looking for looked like.

He tried to tune out the chants and focus on his routine. He knew that if he could just get into the zone he wouldn’t have to worry about her or anyone else. Jared chalked up his hands pulled himself up onto the rings. He took a deep breath and tried to focus on clearing his mind of anything but the task at hand, but it was proving harder than he had anticipated. He may have numbed his dick, but he did not at all diminish his supercharged libido. He could still hear the voices chanting in his head.

His eyes darted around the audience. Everywhere he looked he saw more and more women bouncing in their seats and cheering him on. Normally he would love all this attention. All the cheering, all the hot girls jumping up and down, all the big tits jiggling left and right as they cheered him on would have spurred him on to perform better than ever

before, but today it was just distracting. He couldn't focus on anything but the hot girls all around him.

Jared slowly began his routine. He could feel his muscles faltering as he shifted his weight. His arousal was so powerful that it was making him weak. His whole body shuddered. He couldn't focus. He needed something to dull his arousal.

He began canvassing the crowd again, this time in search of someone who wouldn't cause him to bone up. His gaze intentionally sought out all the girls that he would normally not give a second glance. His eyes went up and down the aisle. He saw a geeky brunette with huge coke-bottle glasses, but her visage didn't dull his arousal. He spotted a gangly red-head, but even she wasn't homely enough to take the edge off. One after another his eyes darted from mousey geek to chubby heifer until he locked eyes with her.

Jared's eyes went wide in shock. Suddenly he knew where he knew the voice. He just hadn't made the connection because she was quite possibly the last person he'd ever expect to turn on him.

"Heather...?" he silently mouthed the name. She nodded silently in reply, a devilish grin plastered across her lips.

This was not the same girl he had dated – Jared knew that right away. Her demeanor was different. Her composure was different. Even her dress was different. The Heather he knew was a quiet, awkward girl who spent most of her time wearing lab

coats and hunched over a microscope. The woman he saw now looked more at home shaking her ass on the hood of a car than she did in a chem lab. Her full figure was crammed into a skin tight set of black leotard and equally tight black bra which was plainly visible through her open blouse.

Jared had never once thought Heather was hot. She was the kinda girl he would bang with the lights off. She wasn't ugly by any stretch of the imagination, but she was by no means sexy. If anything she was completely forgettable. The only reason he kept her around as long as he did was because her wallet was even thicker than those chubby thighs.

There was no doubt in Jared's mind. She knew he was checking her out. It may have been the lust in his eyes that gave him away, but whatever it was, she was more than happy to oblige his hungry gaze. Heather leaned forward and puffed up her chest to give Jared an eyeful of her full cleavage. Her ample bosoms were barely being held back by her undersized bra. Jared couldn't take his eyes off of her. He could see the devious sneer curl across her lips. He could see the mocking gaze in her eyes. There was no doubt in Jared's mind that she was taking some sadistic glee in this. The guy who couldn't even kiss her with the lights on was now a shuddering, trembling, hormonal mess at the mere sight of her massive rack.

Jared could hear the coach screaming at him, but he couldn't focus enough to make out the words. The belligerent old asshole seemed like he was miles

away. Jared tried to wrench control of his senses away from his hormones and focus on anything else, but he just couldn't do it. He felt a warm wetness spread across his abdomen. Suddenly her gaze made sense.

He was so fixated on her tits that he had forgotten about his numbed up cock. Just because he couldn't feel the blood rushing to his dick or the fabric rubbing against the shaft he had thought that he was safe, but he now knew the truth. Pre was soaking through his uniform all over again. The fabric was so soaked that it had become completely transparent. His huge, shuddering, fully boned cock was revealed for the audience.

Jared's body shuddered again. He felt his grip falter. The ring slipped from his grasp. He made one last ditch effort to regain his composure, but he missed his mark. The next thing he knew he was laying flat on his back in the middle of the arena. The impact had knocked the wind out of his lungs, but hadn't taken the wind out of the sails of his rampaging hormones. He writhed and shuddered under the spotlights. His cock lurched hard as huge thick gushes of spunk oozed through the fabric of his singlet.

He couldn't believe this was happening to him. Not only was his gymnastics career ruined, but his reputation would be forever devastated. There was no way anyone could ever take him seriously as a ladies' man again. He wanted to scream. He wanted to puke, but all he could do was writhe on the ground while moaning and cumming. The shouts and jeers echoed

all around him. He couldn't make out any of the words, but he could tell from the tone that they were all laughing at him. He wanted to curl up and die. He wanted to hide away from the world and just be left alone, but he couldn't drown out the taunts and jeers of the audience. All the while a single, high pitched cackle reverberated over the din of the crowd.