

My Summer with Old Mr. Gregory

BANG CRASH

That was the sound of my summer going down the toilet. It was the sound of one very heavy rock and one very fragile, very expensive window breaking. It was the first Friday of my summer vacation before college. A night full of celebration, fun, and a light sprinkling of mischievousness. I hadn't planned on breaking Old Gregory's window down the street, but give me a few beers and some overly persuasive friends and my fate was already sealed. It wasn't until Monday came that Old – I mean Mr. Gregory came to my front door with a recorded video of my throwing the rock through the window. He threatened to call the cops and reporting the vandalism, but the three of us knew that anything like that and my college scholarships would fly away faster than the very rock that went into his window.

My father took Mr. Gregory into his study while my mother and I worried on the other side of the large wooden doors, unable to hear the hushed conversation between the two. It was a whole twenty minutes later, an eternity to me when the two exited the office and presented the solution to the two of us.

"You want me to do what?" I asked him, shocked by the offer of manual labor for the entire summer. "Can't we just pay for the window and move on?"

"I offered that, but he feels that you need to learn a lesson and I would also agree with that sentiment. We can't have you throwing rocks through peoples windows without thinking of the consequences," my father said. I opened my mouth to blame the alcohol but I knew that admitting to underage drinking would only sink me into more trouble. So I decided to keep my mouth shut and fell back into one of the leather armchairs that occupied his office. I crossed my thick muscled arms in front of my wide chest in annoyance.

Letting out a large sigh of displeasure I asked, "What exactly am I doing? Lawn work or something?"

"Anything Mr. Gregory asks, you got that?" My father asked; his eyes narrowing towards me in anger. "Understand?"

"Yes sir," I swallowed, sitting up slightly in the chair. I had seen that look before and I knew it wasn't one that I wanted to test. He turned away from me signifying that the conversation was over. I pulled myself from the chair and began to walk out of the office.

"Sean," my father called.

“Yes?” I asked as my hand clasped around the handle to the door.

“If I hear anything. And I mean anything from Mr. Gregory about you causing trouble or disobeying anything he asks. Any fun getaways or trips you had planned this summer or upcoming winter are canceled,” he threatened. Images of all the money and the trips that were already planned flashed through my mind’s eye. I knew this threat was not hollow, so I knew that I needed to follow Mr. Gregory’s order to get a good report to my father.

The following day I was dressed in an old cut-off tank top, some yard shoes, and a pair of jeans. I wasn’t sure what I was going to be doing, but I knew it was hot as hell outside and I wanted to be comfortable. I had taken into account that there were rumors that Mr. Gregory was a big homo. So I thought maybe if I turned on the charm and turn up the sexy appeal I could get off early or be able to half-ass any of his requests. I made sure to pull some of my older clothes from the closet when dressing that morning. The cut-off shirt clung to my large pectorals and both of my deep mocha colored nipples showed through, teasing those who looked. The jean shorts looked like they would need to be peeled off my thick quads and robust asscheeks. I had spent many long hours at the gym and hopefully, Mr. Gregory would appreciate it as much as the ladies did at school.

Ding Dong

I could hear the muffled steps of the older man as he shuffled through the house and opened the front door.

“You’re late.” Were the first words that left his mouth. This was going to be a long summer. I brought my widest, toothless, fakest grin to my face.

“Sorry about that Mr. Gregory. I decided to walk over it was a much nicer day than I had thought, but I guess it was a longer walk than I had thought as well.” I lied. I had woken up late. I stretched my pumped arms upward, lifting the cut-off shirt higher on my stomach revealing several rows of hard abdominals. I caught his eyes glancing downward at my stomach while my arms stretched towards the sky. I wouldn’t say I knew how to be a tease or been called a tease by my teammates multiple times, but I knew how to use my body to my advantage. As my arms fell to my side I let them roll over the mounds of muscles that sat on my chest. I could have sworn I saw the smallest hint of a smile at the corners of his mouth but he kept the same sullen look on his face.

“Follow me to the back. I have some grass that needs to be cut and a pool that needs to be cleaned.” He said before turning around quickly and walking towards the back of his house. I followed him looking at the many photos that adorned his walls and the weird tchotchkes on every table. It was exactly as I had expected of his house. “So I need the grass cut, weeding done in the gardens, as well as

the pool cleaned.” Mr. Gregory ordered as he opened the back door to the patio. The bright light blinded me briefly before I got a view at the horrible state that his backyard was in; his grass was overgrown, his flowers were dead, and the pool looked like it needed some definite TLC.

“Sounds like a plan sir. I will get right to that.” He directed me towards the garage and helped me lug out the multitudes of different tools I would be using before leaving me alone.

After refilling the lawnmower and covering my hands and shorts in oil and grease I was finally able to start the lawn an hour later. As I started up the lawn mower I saw Mr. Gregory step outside onto the patio, while before he was dressed in the typical old man garb of an unfitting polo and khaki pants, now dressed in a small bright blue speedo. A speedo which left little to the imagination. I would never have guessed that such a muscular body was hidden underneath all those layers of polyester and tweed. He looked like he could possibly even match me at the gym, only possibly. While my body was thick with muscles his was more toned and rippled. He had a tight pair of pectorals that lay flat against his chest and a flat stomach covered in the same gray hair that sat atop his head. Usually, his appearance made me want to pity him, but looking at him right now made me wanna arm wrestle him. I wondered, did he milk the old man appearance to get pity from people?

“Don’t forget to get behind the blackberry bush,” Mr. Gregory yelled, his voice echoing through the empty land.

“You got it!” I shouted back as I began to push the lawn mower across the large acre of land, mowing over anything in my path. Every few moments I would look over my shoulder and saw Mr. Gregory looking in my direction from one of the many pool chairs that decorated the surrounding of his pool. His gaze following me wherever I went. “So you are a fag,” I whispered to myself. Now was the time to really turn up the charm.

“Lord it’s hot!” I shouted, taking a hold of my T-shirt and lifting it over my head. I could feel the shirt pull on my burly chest causing both to bounce when the shirt was fully removed from my body. I dabbed the shirt on my chest and neck, sopping up the sweat that gathered on my body. I could feel the heat from the sun seeping into my skin as well as the eyes of my neighbor staring more intently than ever. I “accidentally” let the shirt fall to the ground and bent over at my waist, wanting him to have a full gaze at what every girl at school raves about.

RIPPPPPP

My eyes went wide as I felt my jeans split in two. My hands flew to my ass attempting to cover the large hole that now occupied the space between my cheeks. What made matters worse was that I

usually went commando, and today was one of the days that I did. Which meant that not only had Mr. Gregory seen my shorts rip in two, but he also got a full and personal look at my bare ass.

“Sean come on over here!” Mr. Gregory shouted. What could he possibly want now?

I made my way across the lawn arriving, keeping my hands behind my ass hiding my bare ass from any prying eyes. As I stood in front of Mr. Gregory I crossed my arms in front of my chest, puffing out my large pectoral muscles like a peacock trying to assert their dominance. I looked down at Mr. Gregory as he laid down on the pool chair.

“Did you need something?” I asked, attempting to keep my tone as none condescending as possible. Mr. Gregory pulled his sunglasses from his face and placed them on a small table beside him, and took another long look at my body.

“You seem to have had an accident.” Mr. Gregory’s words were accusatory yet still condescending. The thought crossed my mind, maybe this is what I would need to cut out early and go home.

“Yeah. I was wondering could I head home for the day and get another pair of clothes.” I looked at the watch on my hand. “It looks like it’s actually getting pretty late so I was thinking we could set up another time maybe next week?” I batted my big blue eyes hoping to sway his thoughts with a little bit of flirtation.

“I was thinking the same thing.”

“Perfect, then I will go ahead and. . .”

“Oh no. That’s not what I meant.” Mr. Gregory interrupted. “I have some clothes in the garage that you can wear. They look like they would fit you fine.” I stood there, slightly wavering at the idea of wearing Mr. Gregory’s old people clothes. “Or I could call your father and tell him how you were late today, and how you were trying to cut out early.” My mouth dropped. The old person getup was 100% a ruse. This old fucker was threatening me. I wanted to tell him to shove his clothes up his wrinkly ass. I wanted to call his bluff. I wanted to flip his pool chair into the pool and walk away like a badass. But I closed my mouth and began to walk away without thinking that he was able to see my ass cheeks bounce with every step. Before turning into the garage I looked behind myself and saw Mr. Gregory angled over the chair staring at me.

“God such a fucking faggot,” I grunted as I pushed open the door aggressively and walked inside, finding a small pile of clothes sitting on the shelf; as if it was there specifically for me. I pulled the clothes from the pile seeing the tiny pieces of clothing fall open. The shorts were basically like underwear but much shorter than any pair of boxers that I owned. I let out a huff of displeasure and dropped my shorts

to the floor feeling my cock slap against my sweaty thigh. The feeling of freedom of having my boys free did feel good. I gave my balls a few good scratches letting out a groan of relaxation.

“Fuck even better undressed,” a voice said behind me.

“Holy fuck,” I said, jumping out of my own skin as I turned around seeing Mr. Gregory standing behind me nonchalantly leaning against the door. His eyes went down my body, eyeing my cock causing my hands to immediately cover my gentians. “What the fuck are you doing in here?” I shouted at the older man.

“I just thought I would want a closer look,” Mr. Gregory said as he hefted his growing bulge in his speedo. “Gotta say that when that rock came flying through my window I couldn’t think of a My serendipitous moment. Too bad I had to bust a bigger hole in the window.”

“You what?”

“Well, I didn’t think I could get your dad to make you my houseboy for the summer with that little crack.” He laughed. “But let me see something.” He reached out his hand but was quickly smacked away before he touched me. “Oh that hurt,” he whined, cradling his hand; taking on an elderly façade. “It hurts so much. My bones,” he cried. If I didn’t know better I would have thought he was actually hurt. “Pretty good, huh?” He said dropping the elderly personality immediately. “Probably going to look a lot better when it’s in front of your father. Don’t you think?” He raised an eyebrow. “Now why don’t we learn how to behave, or I can make this summer a lot worse.”

He tentatively reached out his hand towards my chest and groped one of my pectorals through my shirt. I bit down on my jaw as his hand caressed my pectoral. I closed my eyes, trying to imagine that I was somewhere else and not being fondling His fingers biting down on my nipple and twisting quickly causing a yelp of pain to erupt from my lips.

“Oh does someone have sensitive nipples?” I knew the answer to his question even before this interaction. I had loved having my past girlfriends bite and nibble and twist my nipples during foreplay, and I tried with all my might to not enjoy what was happening to me. But even with all my focus, I could feel my begin to chub up between my legs. He reached out his hand and slipped it underneath my shirt and grabbed a handful of one of my pecs, squeezing the dense piles of muscle underneath my skin. A small moan of pleasure escaped my clenched jaw. “See just relax a little. Let’s make this a summer that we will both remember.”

Even with my closed eyes, I could feel his hands rubbing across my chest. He pulled away slightly and pushed both of his hands underneath my shirt and grabbed onto my nipples and pulled harshly. More grunts of enjoyment left my lips. His hands worked skillfully on my just as I fought to enjoy every

moment even though I knew he could see the pleasure moving across my face. As well as the ick that was growing harder with every passing second.

I opened my eyes and saw Mr. Gregory's older face inches away from my own. I had never really looked at him before, but he wasn't unattractive. Sure he had gray hair and wrinkles but it gave him more of a George Clooney look as opposed to Mr. Rodgers. But underneath that elderly exterior, I knew there was a mischievous monster that was going to make this one crazy summer.