

BROTHERLY GAMES

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Chapitre 1

As far as I remember, my older brother George always was kind of an asshole to me. Not the mean kind that will literally bully you or beat you, but even though he knew I adored him he pretty much always ignored me. At some point, however, you just roll with it. My brother and I were not close, period.

I don't exactly know why I adored him; we were always so different from one another. Sure, he had some amazing qualities, he was very self-confident, determined and smart, he was a very talented swimmer that won countless championships he always knew what to say to get his way with others even when he majorly fucked up. George knew how to be persuasive; he was a very seductive young man and he used his charm to get out of bad situations.

But he also had some big flaws; he was manipulative, arrogant and careless with other people's feelings. To me he was even cruel, he always made a point of ignoring me, of shooting me glances full of contempt and mockery, of excluding me of his life altogether when I was asking nothing more than some kind of acknowledgement. In the end I just loved him despite his flaws because he was my brother.

George was just punishing me. My parents were almost never home, they were running a successful business and they thought parenting was only providing material comfort. When we were kids and I fucked up, George was often blamed for 'not taking care of me' even though he was only one year older. My parents were protective of me and George felt neglected, therefore he came to resent me somehow. I know, it is hardly my fault my parents failed him, but here we are anyway.

I am Henri De Montpensier, a 15 years old French teenager living in Toulouse, Southwestern France. I've known I was gay since I was around 10 years old. I slowly came out to everyone during my French college (11-15yrs old), everyone except my brother and parents. To my classmates and friends this was absolutely no big deal and soon enough the whole college must have known it but did not care.

George and I were not attending the same college since he had a better opportunity for swimming in another establishment, but we ended up in the same high school. Actually, being the lazy ass and distracted student he is, George failed his first high school year and we even ended up in the same class. He set the tone from the very first day though by sitting the further away from me as he could. Great, my own brother was snubbing me in front of my friends, I thought, but I was expecting it anyway.

Ozenne high school was a fairly big establishment with more than a thousand students, and my bad luck made me end up in the same fucking class as George. However, another classmate caught my attention; Timothée.

Timothée was a smoking-hot teenager. Rugby player, tall, fit and athletic, he was also super friendly and funny. He sat next to me from the very first day and since that we became great friends. Friendship, however, was not really what he was after. By the end of September Timothée and I were flirting. And one night of October he invited me to his place when his parents were away.

“You are a bit early” He pointed out with a smirk after opening the main door. “Come in!”

“Thank you!” I answered shyly. “Yeah... I know, sorry I overestimated the time it would take for me to come.” I explained while scratching the back of my head.

“No problem!” Timothée reassured me. “I was about to go to the supermarket to get something to eat for tonight! Or maybe we can order something?” He proposed, flashing his pearly white teeth to me.

“We can order in yes! That way you don’t have to cook!” I approved with a faint smile. He pointed at the couch to invite me to sit and I immediately noticed the large collection of video games displayed by the television. “Oh my god! These are yours?” I exclaimed a little bit more enthusiastically than I wanted. Tim laughed and sat on the couch as well.

“Yeah, my sister and my collection.” He answered.

“Well you are lucky to have a sibling to share with!” I lamented. Timothée seemed surprised and raised his eyebrows.

“Isn’t George your twin brother or something?” He asked with genuine confusion.

“He is my brother yes, not my twin though. But he would never share any of his belongings with me, not in a million years.” I explained with a chuckle.

“Well, that sucks!” Tim concluded. “Pizza?” He proposed while opening UberEats on his smartphone.

“Sure!” I said while nodding.

“So, what game would you like to play?” Timothée asked me while getting up to get the CD’s.

“Which one is your favourite?” I responded, not knowing any of the games he had.

“Hmm... This one!” He eventually declared picking one. He turned his PS4 on and put the game in it. He grabbed two controllers and gave me one before sitting by me on the couch.

“Uh... Well, I think you’ll have to explain to me how to play because I don’t know how to do shit really!” I laughed.

“Oh sweet! I hope you’re not a sore loser then!” He teased while getting closer to me. His hands touched mine as he explained the commands and I felt a shiver as his fingertips touched the back of my hand. His body heat next to me was turning me on and I know he felt the sexual tension growing up between us, but he didn’t say anything.

We started playing as expected, I kept humiliating myself by losing. I was feeling good though and we laughed and teased one another until our pizza eventually arrived. Gosh, Timothée was a savage when he ate! I knew Rugby men usually had quite the appetite, but this was something else.

We played while we ate, really while I ate and while he devoured. And I was getting better at it, I won one round, barely, but I was getting tired of playing PS4. I think he felt it and he suggested we stop. I was honestly expecting to chat a little and go back home, but Timothée came closer to me on the couch and wrapped his arm around my shoulder.

I had a direct sight on his hairy armpits and the manly scent emanating from it was driving me crazy with lust. I did my best to keep my composure though and repressed my need to jump on his lap. Timothée, on the other hand, was not trying to repress his urges and soon he became more and more tactile.

Eventually, I could not hold it anymore. I looked at him dead in the eye and I leaned my face closer to his. My lips encountered his and my hand pressed the back of his head to pull him closer. His tongue entered my slightly agape mouth and we started making out passionately. I could taste the hot pizza sauce on his lips, but I could not have cared less. I was lost in a trance and instinctively I climbed on his lap.

His hands gripped my firm ass and caressed my jeans. I was moaning as Timothée was driving me fucking crazy. Suddenly, he stood up while his hand lifted me by the ass, and he carried me upstairs to his room. He slammed my body against the mattress, and I was lying on my back in front of him. Mesmerised by the sight of my partner taking his shirt off and exposing his muscled torso to me. He kept his shorts on and climbed on the bed.

“Fuck! You are so sexy Henri!” He told me with lustful eyes. He peeled my T-shirt off my back and leaned his intimidating body over mine to kiss me again. My hands browsed his back and muscular ass. Expectantly my other hand reached for his bulge when suddenly I felt it. What the fuck! How big was this monster anyway? Tim caught my widening eyes and my dazzled expression and grinned widely.

He straightened up and pulled down his shorts. His black briefs were obscenely stretched, and I was genuinely scared by the girth and length of it. I reached for it, and it was rock-hard. Curiosity took over and I pulled his underwear down to reveal an absolutely massive cock. I was about to say something, but I did not get the chance. Tim gripped my hair roughly and pressed his dick at the entrance of my mouth. I opened and he forced his cockhead inside of me.

The taste was intoxicating, I eagerly sucked and rubbed my tongue around the head while Tim moaned and grunted. He pushed his dick further in my mouth and I gagged. He did not stop though and pressed my head further down until his cockhead slipped inside of my throat. I frantically tapped his thigh and he let go of my head. I backed off and caught up my breath, but he forced his cock back in my mouth. I was willing to please him, but I must admit he was savage. I felt like his personal flashlight as I was going up and down on his fat dick. My gagging and choking noises seemed to exhilarate him.

At some point Timothée yanked me off his dick and grabbed me by the shoulder to take me off the bed. He made me kneel on the floor, in front of him, and wanked his cock furiously.

“Look at me!” He told me lustfully. I looked back submissively, and he grinned. He stopped wanking and searched for something in his shorts. He pulled out his smartphone and started filming, pointing the phone right at me. He resumed jerking off as I leaned to lick his balls. His breath was becoming erratic and he moaned louder. He grabbed me by the hair and forced me to look at the camera.

“Suck my cock whore!” He commanded. I obeyed and meticulously I took care of his massive cock while I licked the tip of his dick. “Open wide fag!” He told me.

His balls flexed and suddenly, a thick rope of cum splattered my face. And then another, and another. After the 6th or 7th rope of cum landing in either my mouth, cheeks, nose or even opened eyes, it stopped.

“Oh my god you’re so sexy baby!” He said. He ended the video and took a few pictures of my cum-covered face. “Did you like it?” He asked nervously. I pointed at my rock-hard dick and we both laughed.

“Do you want me to take care of that?” He then proposed. I smiled mischievously and raised my eyebrows.

“What do you suggest?” I asked playfully. He smiled back at me and unbuttoned my jeans. I pulled them down and he grabbed cock. With one of his fingers he wiped the cum away from my face and spread his load all over his fingers before grabbing my dick and he started wanking it.

The feeling was great and I was pretty much in heaven already, but then he reached for my hole with his other hand and he rubbed his fingertips around my smooth pucker, pressing against the entrance but never actually going inside. I rested my head against his shoulder, and I felt his warm breath on my ear and neck.

“It feels so nice, please keep going!” I pleaded while he fastened his pace. It took me only a few minutes before reaching the edge and shoot my load all over his hairy thigh while moaning “Fuck, fuck! Oh fuck!”

“I think we both need a shower.” He announced with a smirk before kissing me. I nodded, still catching up my breath, and we headed to the bathroom.

That night I slept at Timothée’s place and we cuddled all night. Occasionally he would kiss me in the middle of the night, and I would smile happily. When I woke up the next morning I was snuggled against his warm naked body. Tim was snoring slightly, and I took the chance to browse my hand over his muscles.

At some point I was so turned on that I started caressing his cock and I felt it grow under my palm. Driven by lust, I leaned on his body and kissed my way from his abs to his quickly hardening dick. I opened my mouth and started sucking. I wanted Timothée to wake up to the feeling of the best blowjob ever. I dedicated the greatest care into sucking his cock and pleasing him.

Timothée started moving and slowly woke up. His hand went through my hair and gently caressed my head, letting me manage the blowjob unlike the previous evening when he rough face-fucked me. Our eyes met and I stared at him submissively with a good length of his cock in my mouth. I took his cock out of my mouth and kissed his balls one after the other. Slowly, the kisses turned into licking, and eventually swallowing. He grabbed his cock and rubbed it all over my face while I took care of his big balls, spreading his scent all over my skin. I loved it and I decided to dare something else.

I kissed his balls lower, and lower until I was kissing his scrotum, but I kept going lower and finally Timothée understood what I was after. He spread his muscled legs and exposed his slightly hairy hole. I pressed my mouth over his tight pucker and stuck out my tongue. I was in a trance, his scent was even manlier than the previous evening, his body odour was intoxicating beyond measure and I was frantically lapping his hole like it was an ice cream. I penetrated him with my tongue and Timothée grunted loudly.

“Babe! Keep going please, oh fuck you are so good!” He exclaimed while I rimmed his ass like a lunatic. He stroked his cock in the meantime and I felt he was getting close. When his moaning betrayed his incoming orgasm, I pulled my face out from his butt-cheeks and resumed sucking his fat cock.

A few minutes later, his warm cum shot directly in my mouth and flooded my throat. I could taste it right from the tap and I eagerly swallowed everything. When I was done swallowing, I opened my mouth wide for him to check I did my duty as any good whore would. I felt so proud to be his sex-toy. This was better than anything I had expected so far.

“Was this your first time with a guy?” He asked me out of the blue. I blushed, embarrassed by the question, and nodded yes. “Sweet!” He declared with an evil smile. “I want to be the one to take your cherry!”

“Oh yeah?” I asked playfully. “You are quite big Timothée, are you sure you don’t want me to practice first?” I added with a smile. He stared at me with confusion and started frowning, obviously not amused.

“What?!” He shot back irritated. “Fuck no! I don’t share my boyfriend with anyone!” He said.

My eyes opened wide and I must have looked shocked because the irritation from his face turned into apprehension and obvious nervousness.

“I mean, we are together, right?” Timothée asked me with a soft tone.

“Uh... Ok, yes. Yes!” I confirmed before laughing. Timothée stared at me with confusion and probably feeling a little insecure but I crawled to his face and kissed him all over the chest, neck, jawline, and mouth. “You will be my first in all kinds of ways!” I pointed out between kisses.

“Mmh, baby I could fuck your perfect ass just right now!” He declared. Timothée must have caught my worried expression because he immediately added “There is no hurry, I want our first time to be perfect, just like you!”

I smiled at him and we made out in his bed for quite some time. I loved his scent, I loved his features, his kindness, his roughness, his innocence, and his mischievousness, he was truly the best boyfriend I could hope for. I felt so privileged. On the subway ride home, I smiled happily thinking about Timothée. Thinking about my boyfriend. And I was already picturing all the fun we would have together.

My parents lived in a very large house by the ‘Jardin des Plantes’. I knew they were in Japan for the next 10 days for a business trip, so I expected to be alone when I arrived. I pushed the main door and immediately heard a feminine voice. I walked into the living-room and bumped into George and Julie, a classmate of ours, sitting on the couch and watching a movie.

“Oh! Hey Henri!” Julie greeted me with a smile.

“Hey!” I answered politely. George did not even acknowledge my presence and I went straight upstairs to my room.

Fucking hell! I cursed in my head. I always had hated with passion all the people revolving around my brother. Before today I liked Julie, she was a decent girl, but now I was jealous. Why were all these people deemed worthy of George’s friendliness and not me? I hated them, even if they were blameless. I almost forgot I was supposed to be beaming about having a boyfriend. But everything I had in mind now was this stupid ass whore giggling around my brother downstairs. FUCK!

The rest of the weekend went smoothly. I went to the cinema with my best friend Jean-Baptiste and we hung around downtown. I told him everything about my evening with Timothée and the following morning he was ecstatic. He kept asking me for embarrassing details and, obviously, I was happy to oblige.

Sunday evening, Timothée dropped by my place uninvited, I was taken aback but the surprise was quickly dissipated and replaced by excitement. I invited him inside and cooked for him. My parents were so often away that I mastered the art of cooking for myself from a very young age. I also cooked for my brother even though we never ate together when we had the house for ourselves. I would just put his plate in the fridge and by the next day it would be gone. I cherished this little ritual, it made me feel connected to him in some kind of way. I know, it is pathetic when your closer interaction with your sibling is a meal left in the fridge for him to eat later. But hey, that’s my life!

Timothée’s appreciation of my homemade chicken and cheese meatballs was less discreet than George’s. Actually I wholeheartedly laughed witnessing him devouring them like a madman, barely taking any time to breath. We chatted for a while and he was really affectionate.

“Thank you so much baby! Those were some seriously delicious meatballs!” Timothée concluded after his plate was totally empty. He grabbed my arm and pulled me to him, he leaned over my face and his lips kissed mine. We had just broken the embrace when my brother walked in. I think the three of us were equally surprised and saying I was embarrassed would be an understatement.

Technically, George didn’t catch us kissing. Our body language, however, was unequivocal and my brother must have known immediately something happened between us. I was a nervous wreck; I never came out to my brother and I had no idea what he would say.

“Hey George!” Timothée eventually greeted him.

“What’s up Tim?” George answered casually, walking to the fridge.

“I just dropped by to check on Henri for our Literature class presentation tomorrow!” Timothée lied.

“Sure!” My brother said, unbothered, while opening the fridge door. He grabbed the still warm plate of meatballs I left him and shot a quick glance at me.

“Oh! This is some seriously good shit! Henri is a real chef, you’re lucky dude!” My boyfriend enthusiastically told my brother pointing at the plate he just grabbed.

“Looks pretty good, yeah.” George answered friendly. “See you tomorrow dude.”

“See ya” Tim told him as he walked out of the kitchen with his plate. I was melting, my brother just indirectly complimented me. It might not look like a lot but these kind of things just didn’t happen, and I was inwardly beaming. I kept my composure as Timothée would not have understood why I was reacting like that.

“Well! I better get going before my parents freak out!” My boyfriend said. I nodded with a wide smile and he leaned in for another passionate kiss. “See you tomorrow babe!” He told me before leaving.

When I woke up the next day, Monday 23rd of October, I felt like this was just another regular school day. I went to my bathroom and took a shower, brushed my teeth and sprayed some perfume on my neck. I got dressed and prepared my backpack. I went downstairs and George was already waiting for me in the living room. I had my headphones on and we headed to the bus station without exchanging a single word, as usual.

We exited the bus at ‘Esquirol’ and walked to Ozenne high school. I parted with my brother in front of the school and met Jean-Baptiste and a few of my other friends and we chatted a bit before the class began. The whole morning was uneventful. Timothée was sitting next to me but he was cautious not to touch me or give me inappropriate attention that might raise suspicion, not that anyone would have cared anyway.

I had lunch with Jean-Baptiste, and we had a great time, as always. I was disappointed he was not in my class but at least we had lunch together every day. After lunch we decided to head to the courtyard and chill outside for a bit before the classes started.

“It was you right? You fucking piece of shit!” I heard the unmistakable voice of my brother shout. I increased the pace and walked in the corridor. George and Timothée were facing one another and my brother looked very angry. “I know it was you, admit it you fucking coward!” George threatened while pushing Timothée.

“What’s happening?” I asked anxiously, standing next to Timothée.

“You stay out of this you fucking idiot!” George shouted at me angrily.

“Dude! Chill out, Henri’s got nothing to do with it okay!” Timothée shot back immediately. I was about to speak to calm things down, and also understanding what the actual fuck was happening, but my brother just lost it.

“You don’t get to tell me shit about how I speak to my brother!” George screamed at the top of his lungs.

“George please!” I pleaded trying to calm him down.

“WHAT?” He screamed back at me. “You are going to defend your asshole of a boyfriend?” He said before pushing me roughly. Witnessing that Timothée was ready to jump on him and George was equally willing to fight.

“No! NO!” I screamed putting myself in the middle. George raised his fist and threw his best punch. I am not sure I was meant to be the one to be punched but I honestly don’t remember much after that. Apparently, the punch sent me directly on the staircase and I roughly fell on the stairs. I was unconscious by the time I reached the lower floor and two of my ribs were broken.

Jean-Baptiste told me that there was a moment of silence before Timothée rushed downstairs to check on me. My brother stayed dumbfounded standing in the middle of the corridor and was found there when the security arrived a few seconds later.

I woke up at the hospital a few hours later. Jean-Baptiste was by my side, looking at me when I opened my eyes.

“Hey, Henri, how are you feeling?” He asked me anxiously. I was confused, it took several seconds for me to fully remember everything that happened and why I was there.

“Where is my brother?” I immediately questioned with a dry mouth and hoarse voice.

“He is being questioned along with Timothée at the high school.” J-B explained with a low voice.

“Questioned by whom?” I interrogated.

“The police as well as the school administration” He told me with a serious expression. “I hope this asshole will get expelled!” He added.

“Oh gosh! I’m having a rough headache J-B!” I said while rubbing my temple.

“I knew your brother was an jerk, but this is seriously fucked up Henri!” Jean-Baptiste eventually said with a stern face.

“He didn’t mean it!” I defended him, hardly believing it myself. J-B was about to say something but at the last moment he refrained and just sighed instead.

“Well, I should get going. I will drop by tomorrow morning, before your parents arrive.” He said with a faint smile.

“My parents are in Japan right now; I doubt they will drop by tomorrow!” I answered with a chuckle. Jean-Baptiste rolled his eyes and gave me a condescending look.

“One of their sons sent the other to the hospital unconscious. I was there when the doctors called them, they will be here by tomorrow!” He explained.

“Oh, ok. Thank you for warning me.” I answered, astonished. He smiled at me and walked out of the room.

I was still processing the news, it was very unlike my parents to cancelled business trips. I was feeling super guilty and I was apprehending their return, they would be very mad at my brother and I. Inwardly I was bracing myself for when the shit would hit the fan.

The rest of the evening was plain boring. The hospital conducted check-ups on me to verify that everything was okay since I had been unconscious, and they kept me to sleep there for observation. I was super tired anyway, so I slept like a baby. When I woke up the next morning, I was brought to yet another battery of medical exams and then Jean-Baptiste arrived with some lunch for us both. We ate in my hospital room and he stayed with me until it was time for him to go back to school. After he left, I had a nap and when I woke up my parents were walking in the room.

“How are you darling?” My mother asked me while she sat by the side of the bed. My father stood on the other side and was looking down at me. He seemed a little embarrassed and I was wondering why, but apart from that they definitely did not seem to be mad at me, which was a surprise honestly.

“I am fine, they were just making sure I was alright, but I have nothing wrong really!” I reassured them with a wide smile.

“Well you have two broken ribs son!” My father told me while ruffling my hair gently. “And you were unconscious, that is not nothing.” He added. My mother shook her head and now seemed angry.

“I still cannot believe how George could do such a thing!” She declared furiously.

“It was an accident mom! Really that’s no big deal, you shouldn’t have changed your plans for that!” I immediately answered.

“Henri, well... uh... the school told us what happened.” My mother said, embarrassed. For my part I had no idea what she meant, and I looked back at them, puzzled.

“Son, we love you just the same. It doesn’t matter to us that you’re gay.” My father then declared with a faint smile. My eyes grew wide in shock and I straightened up in my bed.

“What? How did you...? Wait, what? What does it have to do with any of this?” I asked, totally confused, and lost.

“Don’t worry about it darling. Your father and I have decided to put George in a boarding school, we won’t allow him to bully you because of who you are.” My mom announced with a concerned expression. I was scandalised and I gasped in shock.

“Mom! You must believe me, they lied. That’s not what happened! George was fighting with someone and I just tried to separate them. He punched me but he meant to punch the other guy, that had nothing to do with me! Please! Please don’t do that!” I pleaded with tears building up and a shaky voice.

“Henri, your brother was not fighting ‘someone’.” My father corrected while giving me a look.

“Ok! Yeah, he was fighting with my boyfriend, so what? I had nothing to do with it!” I explained. My parents were having none of it, and I felt that the situation was getting out of hand. If George were sent to a boarding school because of me I would never, ever forgive myself. I started sobbing and crying like a baby. “Please! Don’t send him away. He is all I have, I love him. I swear it was an accident. Please you cannot do that. I beg you, I would do anything, anything you want!” I implored them while tears flooded my eyes and blurred my vision. I never cried in front of my parents before and was rarely displaying my emotions, but this was too much to handle for me. My parents seemed deeply moved and glanced at one another. My father took my hand in his tenderly and squeezed it.

“Ok Henri, but you must let us know if he hurts you, in any way, ok?” My father said softly. I nodded while trying to stop from crying

“Thank you, dad! Thank you so much!” I managed to whisper between two sobs.

I gathered my stuff and I came back home with my parents. George was still at school, so it was just the three of us. I took a long shower and changed into comfy sweatpants to chill in the living-room. my parents ate something quickly and went straight to bed. It was super early but the jetlag and the improvised international flight must have wrecked them. By 6pm they were upstairs in their room and I was watching television. Around 7.30pm I was hungry, so I went to the kitchen and started preparing dinner.

I was almost done when I heard the main door opening. My brother was home, and I was very anxious to see him after what happened. Deep down I was not absolutely sure it was an accident. After all, my brother hated my guts and never really tried to pretend otherwise. Perhaps that’s what he meant to do, to punch me in the face, to put me into a coma.

I heard my brother turn on his PS4 in the living room and I grew a little anxious about seeing him, but in the same time I didn’t want to avoid him. I prepared a plate for each of us and walked in the living room.

“Hi!” I greeted my brother with a soft tone.

“Is there some for me?” He asked casually, pointing at the plates I was carrying.

“Sure.” I confirmed.

To be honest I was not expecting much, but his casual behaviour, like nothing happened, hurt me like hell. I felt like I was garbage for him, like I could die, and he would barely notice or care. He sure knew how to make me feel like I was nothing. The feeling kind of overwhelmed me and I had to know. I tried to suppress the question from my head, but it just kept popping in my head.

“Did you mean it?” I eventually asked, staring at the television, and avoiding eye contact.

“No.” George simply declared after a long pause. “You need a better boyfriend.” He then said.

“What?” I exclaimed with incredulity.

“Your boyfriend is a douchebag; you should dump his ass.” He continued without turning his eyes from the television.

He was still not apologising; he was not even looking sorry about anything. And now he was insulting my boyfriend for no reason whatsoever. I wanted to scream, I wanted to ask him why he was treating me like shit every goddamn time.

“Like you would care anyway!” I snapped before quickly getting up and walking to my room. Before I could even leave the living-room George caught up with me and grabbed me by the arm. He pinned me against the wall and I winced with pain as my broken ribs hurt like hell.

“I care! I care more than you think!” My brother whispered angrily. My face was twisted in pain and I was so angry I did not even process what he just told me.

“Why do you hate me!?” I shouted. He quickly covered my mouth with his right hand and brought his face millimetres from mine.

“You’re always so perfect, Henri.” George spit out with contempt. “No wonder you are Mom and Dad’s favourite. Henri never lets you down, he never gets bad grades, he never misbehaves or do or say anything inappropriate, Henri is a fucking saint, is he not?” He added with resentment. “You’ve always made my life miserable, forcing me to justify why I wasn’t like my ‘holier than thou’ baby brother, forcing me to endure the glances of pity the parents give me when they realise I will never be like their precious prodigious boy, secretly wishing you were an only child.” My brother enumerated between his gritted teeth. “But don’t say I don’t care, because I do.”

George took his hand off my mouth and walked out without saying anything else. I was stunned, barely processing everything he just told me. Mechanically, I went upstairs to my bedroom. I kept repeating the words he said in my head, “Don’t say I don’t care, because I do.” I was trying to make sense of it.

I texted Timothée straight away to at least understand some of the things that were currently happening. Nothing made that much sense to me. The fight that broke out between Timothée and George, the fact that my parents then learned that I was gay and had a boyfriend, the things my brother told me. I just wanted to sleep through it and wake up in a world where none of it happened.

“Hi!” I just texted Timothée on Facebook Messenger to see if he was available to talk.

“Hey babe! How are you doing? I am so sorry I did not come to check on you at the hospital, but I thought it would not be the greatest idea with your family and stuff.” He texted back.

“I am fine don’t worry. I’m in a little pain with my ribs but I’m mostly okay.” I answered.

“Are you coming back to school tomorrow?” He asked.

“Yes! I wanted to ask you something though. Why were you and my brother arguing in the corridor?” I decided to interrogate straight-forwardly. I waited for several minutes but I did not get an answer even though the message was ‘seen’.

“Babe, I am so sorry...” He eventually texted back.

“What? Tell me what happened Tim!” I kept pressing, a bad feeling growing inside of me.

“He saw the sextape I made of you the other day and just lost it.” Tim eventually explained.

“Timothée! What the fuck?!” I wrote angrily. “Tell me you haven’t done that to me, OMG!” Was everyone going fucking nuts? My brother, my boyfriends, my parents, was there anyone in their right mind for goodness sake!

“Henri, I am so sorry. It was an accident. I was so excited that I showed it to my best friend Vianney. This fucking idiot is friends with your brother too and I really don’t know why but he showed him the video!” He explained.

I hadn’t known Timothée for a long time, but I still trusted him. I felt so betrayed and disgusted by his behaviour. Showing this video to his ‘best friend’, what sort of best friend would show the sextape to his boyfriend’s brother anyway? This was a seriously fucked up thing to do.

“Baby? I am so sorry I swear! Please forgive me!” Timothée texted. I ignored him and turned off my phone. I had too many social interactions for the time being. I was going to do my homework, read a little and then go straight to bed.

I woke up the next morning only to find out that I was still rather pissed at everything that happened. I took a quick shower and got everything ready for school. When I went downstairs to eat breakfast, I overheard my parents talking but they interrupted themselves as soon as they heard me coming down.

“Hey!” I greeted them while walking in. They were not alone actually; they were talking to George. I strongly suspected that they were lecturing him from the face he made and the tense atmosphere.

“Hi darling, did you sleep well?” My mother asked.

“Yeah, fine thanks. George, are you ready? I’m just grabbing something to eat and we can go.” I suggested. It was a little early to leave but I wanted to help him get out of this situation. I was still feeling guilty that my parents were so mad at him and blamed him for cancelling their business trip.

George shot a glance at our parents to seek for their approval to leave and my father nodded. My mother sighed and seemed irritated and frustrated but she didn’t say anything else. My brother followed me in the kitchen, and we grabbed something to eat before heading to the bus station.

He was silent and was back to his usual self. Like nothing happened the previous day, like he didn’t tell me that “He cared”. I must admit I was twisted between the comfort of pretending everything was back to normal and the envy to explore whatever my brother meant the day before. I would leave that choice up to him anyway, as I was too nervous around him to press the matter.

When we reached the high school Jean-Baptiste was already in front with his girlfriend Nadège. They both glanced at George with an accusatory expression before my brother and I parted, and I joined my best friend.

“I expected your brother to be expelled for at least a week, if not definitively!” Nadège exclaimed.

“Don’t be like that, my parents give him enough shit as it is.” I answered with a little irritation. J-B rolled his eyes but didn’t say anything. He knew I had a difficult relationship with my brother and that always made him angry that I would let George treat me like that without firing back. But Jean-Baptiste genuinely loved me as a friend and he respected my decision not to hate my brother.

We changed topics and chatted and laughed as usual. Okay laughing was not a great idea considering my broken ribs, but Jean-Baptiste was actually a very funny and joyful guy. I was so happy to have him in my life. After the bell rang, I went directly to my classroom and everyone was staring at me. To be precise everyone was staring at George, Timothée and I, as we were the protagonist of the big fight that everyone gossiped about.

Timothée sat by my side as usual but I pretty much ignored him. I was still very angry and felt betrayed that he allowed me to be outed to my family in this wicked way. He tried to get my attention on several occasions during classes, but I wouldn’t budge. From the corner of my eye I noticed that George was occasionally shooting glances at us and seemed irritated, to say the least.

The rest of the day was uneventful and at 5.30pm George and I were on our way back home. Silent bus trip as usual and when we got off the bus it started raining quite heavily. We ran back home, and I found out that running with broken ribs was actually very painful. George and I went directly upstairs to change into dry clothes but as I were putting some sweatpants on my brother walked into my bedroom.

I froze and started breathing heavily, I knew something was up. He walked to me slowly and my face flushed. To hide my embarrassment, I turned my back on him and grabbed a T-Shirt to put on. He pressed his body behind mine, and I felt his warm breath in my neck. I had goosebumps, and I was feeling weak and confused about what I felt.

“I have a favour to ask you” He whispered in my left ear while his arms slowly embraced my stomach. “We are going to play a little game together, but I’m sure you will love it.” He told me with mischievousness in his voice. “I want the parents to believe you and I are the closest fucking brother on earth so they can finally get off my back!” He said.

“Why would I do that?” I answered, trying to sound firm and threatening but poorly succeeding.

“Well, because that’s what you want. Because you know I don’t deserve all the shit they give me because of you.” He shot back with self-confidence. “Mom told me you cried when they suggested sending me into a boarding school. Is that true? Did baby Henri cry and manage to convince the parents to keep me here?” He mocked with obvious contempt in his voice. I gulped painfully.

“Fuck off George!” I weakly answered but still relished on the gentle hug he was giving me.

“Oh, now that’s not a way to talk to your older brother, is it?” He teased before kissing my warm skin between my jawline and my left ear. My heart was beating fast and I was disoriented as a million thoughts crossed my mind at once. “Don’t pretend you won’t love me to act like the most caring brother. Isn’t that what you always wanted? Me to love you the way you love me?” He teased manipulatively.

“Yes.” I admitted in a murmur.

“Good. I can’t wait to break your heart in little pieces” He declared before letting go of the embrace and walking out of my room.

Chapitre 2

“So, tell us more about your boyfriend.” My mom asked out of the blue as we were having dinner with my parents and George after a cold rainy day.

“Well, he is in our class with George.” I started explaining after a moment of awkward silence. I was not even sure he was my boyfriend any longer. “He is actually very smart, we bonded mostly by doing homework together!” I said as I caught my brother pout. Yeah, George was not a very studious teenager and according to him people like Tim and I were plain boring.

“Oh really? That’s great isn’t it Philippe?” My mother invited my father to participate in the discussion even though he seemed uneasy.

“Is he doing any sport?” He eventually asked. I chuckled, my father was always so leaned on sport and I knew he was a bit disappointed I wasn’t doing any.

“Oh yeah! Actually, he is playing rugby, I’m going to watch his match Saturday afternoon with Jean-Baptiste.” I answered. My parents looked at one another with a satisfactory grin.

“That sounds like fun!” My father exclaimed. “I would love to see a rugby match.” I caught my brother’s offended expression even though he tried his best to keep his composure. My parents would never come to his swimming competitions even though George was super talented and won some impressive championships.

“Perhaps another time dad. I think I should ask him first or he is going to freak out!” I declined with a chuckle.

“He already met me he probably does not really want to meet you in case you are just as crazy.” George mumbled with a hint of dark humour. My parents frowned and looked at each other, unamused.

“Have you presented your apologies to this young man, George?” My father then asked. And there we are, they had to find some way to blame George for something.

“Timothée is the one who should apologise to George.” I declared with a stern face. Mom, Dad and George turned to me with utter confusion. “He was the one that started it, George’s reaction was legitimate.” I added. My parents were lost, and I even thought I saw some guilt on their faces. George was on cloud nine and displayed a satisfactory smile.

“Let’s just all move on from that story anyway.” My brother declared with fake magnanimity. Well, that certainly shut my parent’s mouths, and I couldn’t help but feel some sense of pride defending George in front of them.

Mom quickly changed topics and we finished eating while doing some small talk. After dinner we watched television together and after 10pm I felt tired, so I walked upstairs to my bedroom. Before I could open my door, I sensed my arm being roughly grabbed and George pulled me to him in the corridor. My body was, once again, pressed against his and my heartbeat was speeding up.

“Good job, Baby Henri. Too bad you didn’t finish your explanation and told them why exactly I was mad at your loser boyfriend.” He teased me. I winced in pain, my ribs once again hurting me, and I just looked my brother in the eye, trying to understand what was going on between us two.

“Good night, George.” I eventually told him as he wasn’t letting me go.

“Good night, Baby Henri.” He told me as he finally released my arm from his grip. “Oh, one last thing; if the parents go to see any of your little boyfriend’s matches, I swear to god I’ll kill him.” He said before disappearing in his bedroom.

Once I had closed my own door behind me, I sighed heavily and thought about how much my life went from normal to absolutely fucked up. Yet I wasn’t sure I wanted my normal life anymore. Maybe I liked the fucked-up relationship with my brother better than the silence treatment he usually gave me. I still didn’t make sense of it, my brother never seemed to give a shit about me, and he seemed suddenly so... territorial somehow.

I took off my clothes and threw myself over the mattress. I was definitely tired, but I realised I was still too upset to sleep. My hand found its way to my cock and I closed my eyes, picturing the things that would help me cum. I tried to have neutral thoughts, somehow, but my mind kept coming back to Timothée. He was so handsome, he was so tall, he would so easily overpower me.

Imagining losing my virginity to his massive cock was both terrifying and arousing, but as much as I tried to convince myself that he was an asshole, I couldn’t stop picturing him forcing my head up and down his shaft. Eventually, I stopped resisting and pictured us together, having the roughest sex and loving it. I came all over my chest and some even reached my neck and chin. I sighed and meticulously whipped the cum off me before throwing the cum-rag by the side of my bed. In no time I was fast asleep, lulled by the rain pouring all over my windows.

When I woke up the next morning the weather was still shit. The sun was not up yet, and the rain was still pouring heavily over Toulouse. Mom was going to the high school to meet with the director, probably about George but she did not specify it. At least George and I wouldn’t

have to walk under the rain to the bus stop. The trip to the school was dead silent, Mom was probably thinking about the appointment and my brother must have been a little nervous about a possible sanction.

We parked in the street and the three of us ran to the school. Once we were sheltered inside, I immediately noticed that Timothée was there. Our eyes met and he walked to me.

“Hey Henri!” He said when he was close enough. “Listen, I...” He started saying, probably oblivious to the fact that the woman standing next to me was my mother, but she immediately made the link and a wide smile spread on her face.

“Oh hello!” Mom greeted him warmly while extending her hand. Timothée was taken aback, and I could read the obvious confusion on his face. “I’m Henri’s mother! And I assume you to be Timothée?” She continued. I could tell that my brother was mad, and he turned before walking away from us.

“Hello, Madame De Montpensier.” Timothée eventually answered after he came back to his senses. “Nice to meet you!”

“Pleasure is mine, my husband and I were anxious to finally meet you!” She declared. She was definitely over the top, I thought. It hadn’t been a week since I dated Tim and she felt the need to talk about it like he was my fiancé. “Well I should get going!” She declared after an awkward silence between Tim, Mom and I. She walked away and Tim and I were finally alone. I giggled after a moment of silence, noticing the visible embarrassment on Tim’s face, unsure if he did something wrong or not. I came to the conclusion last night that I didn’t actually want to break up with Tim over the leaking of our sextape, but I still wanted him to know how pissed I was. He smiled at me and was about to say something but I just we walked to the classroom before he had the chance.

I sat and Timothée was about to sit by my side when George forestalled him and took his place. Tim was dumbfounded and seemed irritated to say the least, he shot a glance at me, but I didn’t say anything.

“Yes, Timy?” My brother asked provocatively, playing dumb.

“Pff!” My boyfriend simply answered before finding another spot to sit. I remembered the first day at the high school, when George picked the furthest spot possible to sit. Now he was sitting next to me, and I was savouring my little victory. I knew he was only doing so only to piss Timothée off, but I didn’t care.

The rest of the class was uneventful, and we were ready to go to the next one when our teacher halted both George and me.

“Can I speak to you both before you head to your next class?” She told us. We waited for everyone to leave the classroom by her desk and she closed the door.

“So, George, you failed last year, and your grades are still rather low.” She began. I was not sure why I was supposed to be there as it was none of my business.

“Yes, I know. Sorry, I will work harder.” George apologised, deeply embarrassed to be put in such a position in front of me.

“And you, Henri, you are probably the best student in the class.” She then said.

“Well that’s no competition now, is it?” I shot back, irritated that she fuelled our already unhealthy brotherly rivalry. She was obviously surprised at my impudence, but she regained her composure.

“No, it’s not a competition. However, for you George the high school does have tutoring programs with either senior students or very studious one of your grade. Since you two are brothers I wondered if you wanted to be tutored by Henri?” She proposed. I was taken aback and so was George. “Henri you would get some bonus points from it, and you George, well you would probably have the opportunity to do better!” She further explained after a moment of silence. My brother shot a glance at me, expecting me to say something.

“If that’s what you want, I’m in.” I told my brother. I could tell he was hesitant . Failing the first trimester would probably mean bad news for him, the risk of getting our parents mad and being grounded, even losing the opportunity to be part of the swimming team. But accepting my help was probably something particularly humiliating in his opinion.

“This is an official school program, so I need both of you to agree so we can sign the papers. You have two hours of mandatory work per week at the school library, and since you two live together I encourage further study at home.” The teacher explained. “George, refusing a tutoring program in your situation is not recommended and would certainly not play in your favour for the next classroom council.”

“Fine!” He reluctantly agreed.

“I will get the papers to the headmaster by tomorrow, you two will sign them before your lunch break.” She announced.

“Thank you, professor!” I said before following my brother that was storming out of the class.

I caught up to him in the now empty corridors. I followed him and we eventually arrived at our next class, twenty minutes late.

“Well! Where have you two been!” Our teacher asked, annoyed.

“Mrs Simeon wanted to talk to us.” I simply explained with a faint smile. The teacher shook his head disapprovingly but gestured to take our seats. Tim glared at my brother and me suspiciously as we passed by him. I was distracted during the rest of the morning and I welcomed the lunch break as an opportunity to take my mind off this whole situation with George.

“What did Mrs Simeon wanted to talk to you about?” Jean-Baptiste eventually asked as we were eating lunch with Nadège.

“She just wanted me to tutor my brother to improve his grades” I truthfully said, hoping that would not provoke any further questions.

“And you’re going to do it?” Jean-Baptiste asked, barely hiding his true feeling about it.

“Sure, this will get me bonus points as well” I answered.

“I’m not sure you brother deserves it after what he did to you!” Nadège exclaimed. I was seething inside, I had enough. Without even finishing my lunch I stood up and walked out of the cafeteria furiously without saying anything to either my best friend or his girlfriend.

By 7pm, dinner was in the oven, and I was still alone in the house. I started cleaning the kitchen while the dinner was cooking when suddenly someone rang at the door and I walked to the hall to check on it.

“Oh, hey there! Aren’t you supposed to have rugby practice tonight?” I asked, a little confused at seeing Tim.

“Yes, we were, but the field turned into a swimming pool because of the rain so we will train tomorrow instead!” Tim answered. “Can I talk to you, please?” He pleaded with puppy eyes. I simply nodded and invited him to come inside. “Henri, Babe, I am so sorry about what happened, I swear to you that I had no idea Vianney would show the video to anyone.”

“Tim! You didn’t have any rights to show it to Vianney in the first place!” I protested energetically. “But if it was just that, I wouldn’t care that much, really.” I specified as Tim looked very uncomfortable and guilty. “My own brother saw me with a dick in my mouth and trust me that’s not the way I wanted him to find out about me being gay!” I lectured as Tim

looked down and stared at his feet. “Tim, you are my boyfriend, we need to be able to trust each other. Can I trust you from now on?” I asked with a serious tone.

“Does it mean that...?” My boyfriend asked as a smile appeared on his face.

“What? You thought I would dump you?” I teased with a smile of my own. “You won’t get rid of me so easily.” I concluded as Tim displayed a boyish joy. He pulled me for a kiss and I wrapped my arms around his muscled back as we made out. What was supposed to be a quick peck on the lips turned into a passionate make out session.

“I am sorry about what happened baby.” He whispered with a guilty expression. “I swear I will never let you down again.” He apologised. I dropped wet kisses all over his neck and he rolled his eyes in pleasure. Playfully, I bit his earlobes and he moaned, his hands caressed my lower back and even adventured to my firm ass. I backed off a little and locked my eyes in his.

“You are so handsome.” I simply declared, mesmerised by how much he turned me on.

“Does it mean I am forgiven?” He playfully asked as he roughly squeezed my butt cheeks.

“Depends, I like the way you try to apologise, I think I want you to keep going!” I teased with a smirk. He smiled back at me and pressed his lips against mine. He gently pressed me against the entrance hall’s wall and his body pinned mine against the hard stone. I winced a little as my ribs hurt but I certainly did not want him to stop.

I could feel his hardening bulge against my stomach. He was driving me crazy with lust. His scent, his muscled body, his enormous dick, I loved it all. With my right hand, I started rubbing his crotch and he grunted animalistically.

“Shouldn’t we go to your bedroom baby?” My boyfriend suggested with a low hoarse voice.

“Yeah, that’s a brilliant idea Timy!” A voice declared next to us. I jumped with surprise and quickly turned my head to realise my brother was standing in the hall, watching us with a fake smile that poorly dissimulated his anger. “I am terribly sorry to interrupt. The door was ajar and, you know, this happens to be my fucking house too.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow Tim.” I eventually told Timothée as he looked back at me incredulous to be sent away like that. I watched him with pleading eyes, doing my best to avoid another fight. He gave in and sighed before walking out of the house.

“Yeah, see you tomorrow baby!” My brother provocatively said before slamming the door behind him.

“You could try to make an effort with him.” I lamented weakly after a few seconds of awkward silence during which George and I stared at one another. George threateningly walked to me until his body pinned mine at the exact same spot Tim’s body did a few minutes earlier. I have no idea why, but I closed my eyes and gulped. He was intimidating me; I sensed his deep anger even without having to look at him. I felt his warm breath on my face. The palm of his right hand caressed my left cheek as his fingertips rubbed my temple.

“If only you knew how much energy it took me not to crush his pathetic skull against that wall when I saw him standing here, then you wouldn’t underestimate how much effort I am already doing.” George explained with a low but incredibly serious tone. “Now go wash your face, I can smell his scent on you.” He commanded me. Without thinking, I obeyed and walked to the bathroom to rinse my hands and face. As I watched my own reflection on the mirror, I wondered what the fuck was happening to me.

My parents came back home shortly after and I announced to them that I cooked dinner. They were thrilled and we all sat around the table as I brought them the main dish. I caught George’s boyish expression as he realised that I prepared his favourite meal, and I smiled like an idiot while sitting.

“Thank you, son! That looks delicious.” Dad complimented me before serving us generous portions.

“Bon appétit!” Mom told us as we all began to eat.

“How was your day boys?” Dad asked joyfully.

“It was fine, thanks, what about yours?” I answered as George was visibly too busy devouring his meal to even notice someone asked him a question.

“Actually, George, I had met with your headmaster this morning.” Mom declared. I closed my eyes and sighed. If they ruined the dinner I had prepared especially for George I swear to god I might just smite them. George looked at my mother anxiously and stopped chewing his mouthful. “You won’t get expelled, or even sanctioned for what happened... uh... well you know what I’m talking about” My mom stuttered painfully. George seemed relieved, and so was I, even though I kept my composure. “However, he told me they wanted you to start a tutoring program as soon as possible for your grades.” She added with a lecturing tone.

“Henri is going to tutor me. We settled that with our classroom’s directress today.” George said casually. This was nothing like him, openly admitting to our parents that I was going to help him with something and make me look like the ‘good guy’. “In exchange he asked me to

train him to be part of the swimming team.” He added with a smirk. Well, that was new. Even under torture I’m not quite sure I would have agreed to anything like this, I hated sport with passion. I glared at my brother with disbelief and annoyance.

“Henri?” Dad exclaimed, incapable of hiding his joy. “I had no idea you wanted to be a swimmer!” He declared with a triumphant smile. Yeah, me neither dad, I thought. I simply smiled politely, cursing my brother in my head for trapping me like this. George took all the attention away from him and conveniently moved it to me.

“That’s great!” Mom concurred. George was displaying his vilest smile to me. Well, I was fucked.

“Yes, but not until my ribs are fully healed of course!” I eventually declared, hoping to at least grant myself a few weeks before George tried to drown me.

“How long would that be?” Dad inquired.

“Four weeks, at least.” I announced. My parents nodded and George rolled his eyes, disappointed that his evil plan would have to wait for at least a month. At last everyone was in a good mood, and we finished dinner like a real family.

After dinner we watched a movie together. At some point during the movie George announced that he was going to sleep, and ten minutes later I followed him. I went straight to his bedroom and knocked quickly before entering. I closed the door behind me and turned to face him. He was lying on his bed, wearing only his navy-blue brief underwear, scrolling on his phone. I stared at him for several seconds, mesmerised by his defined body. I rarely, if ever, saw his full body. Gosh, he was gorgeous. I knew he was athletic of course, but I suppose I never truly realised he was such a Greek God.

“What is it, Baby Henri?” He asked, getting me back to earth. He used that nickname to demean me, but the truth is I liked it. I made sure I didn’t let him know because I’m sure he would have stopped otherwise.

“George, I don’t want to be a swimmer. Do you know how much I suck at sports?” I lamented while sitting on the edge of his bed.

“How cute, you think I want to actually make a swimmer out of you. I can’t wait to see you being terrible at it, that’s the whole point. Oh, I will love being the one to smile condescendingly at you as you lose competition after competition.” He explained with a mischievous smile. Ok, so now that made much more sense to me. George wanted to prove once and for all that he was way better than me at something. It was probably rather pointless, as I think anybody could have guessed that I was no match for George athletically speaking.

“What if I actually end up being good at it?” I provocatively asked with a chuckle. Once again, George was taken aback by the fact that I was not mad at him even though he tried his best to infuriate me. The truth was that I really did not want to be part of the swimming team, I hated sport. I could bear losing the competitions but training twice a week was out of the question. I hoped that provoking him would somehow convince him to drop the idea altogether.

“Don’t worry, if you’re any good at it, which I seriously doubt, I will just stop training you and you’ll sit on the bench by the pool waiting for the practice to finish.” He answered casually. I rolled my eyes and sighed. “And if you win any competition, we will play a game that I baptised ‘Let’s see if Baby Henri can hold his breath under the water for a whole hour’.” He added before chuckling to his own joke. “Now get out!” George eventually commanded exasperated. I complied and walked out of the bedroom.

When I got out of George’s room I bumped into my father. He looked at me quizzically and he frowned.

“Is everything alright?” He asked, scrutinizing me.

“Yeah! I just said goodnight to George !” I lied quickly. Dad raised his eyebrow in surprise. Yeah, it didn’t sound convincing, but you know, I just answered on the spot.

“Well, goodnight too then.” He answered with a laughter. I smiled back at him and leaned to kiss him on the cheek. He wrapped his arms around my back and hugged me.

Most of the time, being French was great. It meant I could wander in the old paved alleys and buy the best pastry in the world for a quick breakfast, enjoy a sweet worriless life under the sunny sky of southwestern France without having to be nervous about my future. Today, however, being French meant the buses were on strike.

George and I were standing at the bus stop when we found out there was no bus to wait for anyway. My teenage mind, far away from socio-economic issues, simply cursed the bus drivers. George seemed unphased, being late for school was not really something he would have cared about anyway. Our parents were already off to work when we left the house earlier this morning, it meant that we were on our own.

“I guess we will have to walk!” I eventually lamented, resigned about the 20ish minutes walking distance to Ozenne high school. (I know, first world problems)

“No fucking way!” George shot back annoyed. I rolled my eyes and gave him a look. “Let’s see if we can find a City-Bike first!” He then suggested, understanding I was not going to ditch class.

“Ok.” I simply mumbled, I hated cycling, but that was probably our fastest option anyway. We walked to the closest VelôToulouse Station to find out that there was only one available bike left.

“Let’s take this one!” George exclaimed. I glared at him, wondering if he could count up to two or if he just wanted to leave me right there and take the bike for himself. “Come on, you’ll just sit on the front iron-basket.” He specified.

“Are you for real! You’re going to get us killed!” I refused categorically.

“Come on we’ll be late!” He insisted with a smirk.

“Why aren’t you the one sitting on the front basket then?” I retorted, knowing this was a trap.

“Because you hate cycling!” He argued while sighing.

“That’s not true.” I lied faint-heartedly.

“Come on. I still remember how much you cried when you were eight years old and Dad taught you how to ride a bike.” He laughed. “That was hilarious.” He added, obviously replaying the scene that I only vaguely remembered.

“That was a long time ago.” I mumbled, vexed.

“I mean, you haven’t changed a bit Baby Henri. I could hardly tell the difference!” He teased while grabbing the bike.

“You wish!” I shot back as I was trying to find the best angle to sit on the front basket. He locked his eyes in mine and smiled.

“Come on! Let’s go, we don’t have all day!” He rushed me to sit on the bike. The position was very uncomfortable, and the iron basket was squaring my butt-cheeks. “You’ll have to find another position cause I can’t see shit like that!” George complained. “Lean on me so I can see the road!” He instructed.

I leaned and my back was now pressed against his chest. Our two faces were millimetres from one another as his left cheek was almost rubbing against my right one. I could very well smell his perfume as if it were mine. His hands were on mine as I was clenching on the handlebar except his fingers were resting on the brakes. I couldn't tell you why, but in that intimate position, I once again felt confused and somehow anxious.

"That's much better!" My brother casually declared. As if this was no big deal. Well, it was a big deal for me anyway. George must have interpreted my sudden confusion for nervousness because he tried his best to be gentle and avoid abrupt movements. "Relax Baby Henri. You can trust me; I won't get us killed." He told me. I turned my eyes from the road and looked at him dead in the eyes.

"I trust you." I declared with a faint smile. I wanted to believe I was clutching at the handlebar so hard because I was nervous, because I hated cycling, because I was stressed about being late. But inwardly I knew that George was the reason. I couldn't describe the way I felt around him, both incredibly safe and at the same time I sensed the perilousness of something else. Something wrong, something that I was in no way supposed to feel.

Somehow, despite George's numerous attempts to get me killed on the trip, we arrived at the school safe and sound. We were only five minutes late when we reached the classroom and I immediately noticed that we were not the only one that the bus strike inconvenienced. Timothée had left my usual spot empty next to him so I sat by his side.

"Hey baby! I hope I didn't cause too much trouble between you and your brother yesterday." Timothée whispered with a cocky smile.

"Don't worry, he has seen worse than that. Thanks to your best friend Vianney." I reminded him. He glanced at me for a few seconds before realising I was just teasing him and laughed.

"Quiet!" The teacher scolded with a stern face. We exchanged complicit looks with Timothée and refocused on our lesson.

"I beg your pardon?" Jean Baptiste exclaimed in disbelief as we were eating lunch. "You are going to train to be part of the swimming team?" He repeated incredulously.

"Yeah!" I confirmed in a chuckle. "I wanted to give it a try, and George volunteered to train me!" I lied.

"That's... strange?" Jean-Baptiste answered. "I don't know, that doesn't sound like your brother at all."

“You know, he’s changed somehow.” I explained pensively. “He talked to me more in these past days than the three past years combined.” I pointed out, conveniently leaving out the part where some of these interactions were more aggressive and territorial than what my explanation suggested.

“Are you sure it’s not a trap to drown you at least?” J-B joked with a smirk. Well, no, to be fair I wasn’t entirely sure the whole point of George’s operation wasn’t to drown me.

“What are you doing for Halloween?” I changed the topic quickly.

“Duh... We are going to Vianney’s big party, what are you talking about?” He answered me like I was an absolute idiot.

“I don’t know if I’m going, especially after what he did to me!” I shot back, slightly irritated by the condescending answer.

“What?” Jean-Baptiste asked me with a baffled expression. “Is there something I don’t know?” He wondered. And then it struck me; I never actually told my best-friend that part of the story.

“Oh my god! I totally forgot to tell you!” I exclaimed in front of my best friend’s growing confusion.

“What? What happened?” He asked impatiently.

“Well, I told you about the fact that Timothée recorded me giving him a blowjob.” I started shyly. He nodded expectantly, encouraging me to go straight to the point. “Timothée sent the video to Vianney. And Vianney showed it to George.” I promptly declared. Jean-Baptiste’s mouth dropped open in utter shock and I giggled witnessing his astonishment. “That’s why George was mad at Timothée actually.” I added.

“Well! In a million year I never thought I would agree with your brother but here we are!” J-B eventually snapped. “What the fuck! Why would he even do such a thing! Oh boy, I liked him until now.”

“Relax, I moved on, he apologised.” I tried to reassure him. He looked back at me like I was crazy.

“Henri, that’s a red flag there! You have been dating for a week and he already exposed your sextapes without your consent, to you own brother god dammit! He outed you to a family

member in the most twisted way possible!” Jean-Baptiste enumerated, infuriated with my nonchalance.

“Vianney did it, not Timothée!” I pointed out. “Which is why I’m not sure I want to go to his party.”

“Good lord, Henri you are far too kind and forgiving for your own good!” He eventually exclaimed with disbelief. I chuckled and he gave me a death stare. My best friend and my brother fighting on the same side is something I never thought I’d witness. Jean-Baptiste knew me better than I knew myself. He dropped the matter. I could be a very submissive person, but gosh I could be stubborn too.

The afternoon was shorter than expected. Because of the strike, one of my professors could not make it to the school and therefore George and I were on our ways by 3pm after signing the tutoring papers. It was finally autumn vacation which meant ten days without school! When I reached home Timothée called me on the phone and I ran to my bedroom to pick up, after all I didn’t want to annoy George considering how little he thought of my boyfriend.

“Allo?” I answered.

“Hey baby! Do you miss me?” He playfully asked at the other end of the phone.

“Oh yeah, terribly!” I lamented. “It has been 20 hellish minutes since I left you at school! How can I even live without you for so long!” I sarcastically said before bursting into laughter.

“Well, worry no more because your man has a solution for everything!” He announced joyfully. I cringed a little hearing him calling himself “My man” but I’m not sure why. “I have the house for myself until late in the evening, my parents will be at my sister’s handball match tonight!” He declared.

“And how am I supposed to reach your house without buses?” I asked with a chuckle. Going and coming back from school had been difficult enough. Timothée lived in Saint Cyprien, a neighbourhood built on the other side of the Garonne river.

“I will pick you up in half an hour if that’s okay for you?” He proposed. I still failed to understand what he meant. Timothée was 15, driving a car was not permitted until 18 in France. “I hope you won’t get too scared on my little scooter!” He then added. Wait, what? Timothée had a scooter now? I’m quite sure I knew he rode the subway to go to school. Also, you would have to be deluded to think I wouldn’t freak out on a scooter considering how scared I was riding bikes!

“I don’t know if my parents would allow it Tim!” I tried to escape. “My brother might rat on me!” I lied. George would never do that, even when we were pretty much not talking, even when he was mad at me, he was simply not that kind of person.

“Ok, let me come to your place and we’ll see how it goes ok?” He wheedle . I wanted to decline, but I didn’t want to sound like I was avoiding him, especially after yesterday’s incident.

“Sure! See you in a moment then!” I simply answered, a bit nervously perhaps. He hung up and then I wondered if I should warn my brother. In normal circumstances I wouldn’t, our house was fairly big so having guests was not an issue at all. But I knew he hated Timothée with passion.

Anxiously, I went back downstairs, and George was playing videogames on the television. He must have noticed my nervousness because he gave me a sidelong glance. He was focused on his game though and I waited for him to finish his round. At some point however he just paused the game and sighed.

“What?” He asked, exasperated.

“Well, uh... I just wanted to let you know that Timothée is on his way and we are going to hang around here a little bit.” I shyly announced while blushing slightly. At that point, I just waited for George’s wrath to unfold on me. Surprisingly though, he simply nodded.

“Okay Baby Henri.” He eventually answered. I was a little confused by his chill reaction but relieved too. I was about to go back upstairs but he grabbed my arm roughly and pulled me to him. I tripped and fell on his lap. “If you bring the loser to your bedroom, I swear to god I’m going to oblivate your door with my fists, and drag his sorry ass out of this house buck naked.” George threatened. “There is no way I’m letting this motherfucker stick his dick in my baby brother while I’m sitting in the same fucking house, understood?” He added with a tone that made me shiver with fear.

“Yes.” I mumbled weakly. Fuck, I should shout at him to fuck off, I should resist, say that I don’t need his permission for anything. If he were anyone else I would. As a matter of fact, if I wanted to I would, but the truth was I didn’t.

“You know you have to obey me, always.” He stated, pushing his luck with me.

“Yes.” I admitted. I gulped painfully and eventually I dared looking at George after avoiding eye contact this whole time. When our eyes met, he displayed a satisfactory smile. I had been waiting for George to be a part of my life for most of my childhood and up until now, I had been witnessing older brothers or sisters being protective of their siblings with envy, and even though it felt wrong and weird to give George the kind of control he was now clearly seeking, a part of me wanted to give it to him while the other part was simply too weak to resist.

“Perhaps you’re not that stupid after all.” He sneered before pushing me away. “Get ready for your boyfriend.” He said before resuming his videogame.

I almost ran back upstairs. I rushed to the bathroom and once the door was closed behind me, I sighed heavily. What the fuck was happening to me? I felt like crying. I cursed myself, I sought to understand what the fuck was wrong with me. I just couldn’t process everything; my brain was overwhelmed, and I couldn’t think clearly. I caught up my breath and jumped in the shower, Timothée would be shortly here so I had to make it quick.

“Hey baby!” Timothée greeted me. He was wearing his Rugby outfit, I completely forgot that he was supposed to train the day before and couldn’t because of the rain, so they rescheduled it this evening.

“Hey there!” I greeted him back. “When does your training begin?”

“6pm!” He announced after giving me a peck on the lips. “So, we don’t have that much time actually!” Timothée pointed out. He took me in his arms and breathed my scent in loudly. “Do you mind if we chill in your bedroom?” He whispered in my ear as I rested my head on his muscled torso.

“Maybe later ok?” I lied. “George is going out soon and I wanted to wait for him to leave.” I lied again. George was going nowhere as far as I knew, and I doubted he would have left me alone in the house with Tim after the little speech he gave me.

“Sure.” Timothée sighed with disgruntlement. I frowned and locked my eyes in his.

“You’re not dating me just to get off, now are you?” I snapped, disappointed by his attitude. Tim’s face flushed and his eyes grew wide like a deer caught in headlights.

“No, No! Baby, I’m sorry that’s not what I meant. Gosh I’m sorry!” He profusely apologised before kissing me all over the face. I felt like a hypocrite, if it weren’t for my brother, I would have taken him straight to my bedroom and I knew it. And there I was, playing the prudish boyfriend on someone else’s command.

I took Tim in the living room and we sat on the couch. I turned the television on, and we picked a movie. I snuggled against his body and he caressed my forearm nonchalantly. I felt so good, and I didn’t realise I was about to fall asleep just like that. Tim kissed my hair from time to time. My face was resting on his pec. I heard his heartbeat and sensed his pulse. This was so relaxing. Slowly, I drifted and eventually closed my eyes before falling asleep.

“Baby?” Timothée murmured in my ear. I grunted softly and opened my eyes. I have no idea how long I had been sleeping. “I need to go Baby, I am going to be late for practice otherwise.” Timothée explained tenderly while caressing my hair. I smiled at him and nodded. Painfully I straightened up and I immediately saw his deformed bulge obscenely stretching his jeans.

“Oh, Tim I’m sorry. I was tired and I fell asleep. I didn’t mean to...” I started explaining, realising he had come to visit me but I actually slept the whole time he was here.

“Hey! Hey, baby, don’t apologise.” He interrupted me. He pulled me for a kiss and dropped several pecks on my lips. “It was great! You sleeping on my lap was so sweet really! I just got a little excited that’s it.” He chuckled. I smiled and gave me a final kiss before getting up. I walked him to the door and before he could open the door, I pressed my lips against his. He wrapped his arms around my back, and I was on tip toes to be able to reach his height. He was so strong, he smelled so nice, and I don’t mean his perfume.

“I love you.” I declared without even thinking about it. I was shocked to say the least and I opened my eyes to gauge his reaction. He was on cloud nine and his arms wrapped my body with so much strength I had the impression he would crush my bones.

“I love you too Henri! I love you so much!” He answered tenderly. We started fully making out and I could feel his rock-hard cock pressed against my stomach when the main door suddenly opened right in front of us.

Timothée quickly broke the embrace. My hair was tousled, my face flushed, the surrounding of my mouth wet with my boyfriend’s saliva and Tim was displaying an enormous erection. That is the sight my father caught when he opened the door. I could tell he was shocked, actually he was dazed. Dad’s eyes rapidly scrutinized us both. I don’t record ever seeing him being so embarrassed, he blushed and his face was bright red.

“Hey Dad!” I eventually said, gathering my courage.

“Uh... Hi Son, I... uh... I didn’t know you were home.” He answered, trying to explain his surprise clumsily. “Hi uh...?” He then said turning to Timothée and offering him his hand to be shaken.

“I’m Timothée, Sir.” My boyfriend answered. He was paler than snow and I had the impression he was about to faint.

“Oh! Yeah... Of course, the Rugby player!” Dad said, pretty much stating the obvious since Tim was wearing his full rugby outfit. “Well good luck for tomorrow’s match!” He added as I sensed he was getting over his first sight embarrassment. Tim smiled back at him and grabbed his helmet. “Oh, that scooter is yours?” Dad then asked.

“Yes Sir, I should get going since I have training tonight.” My boyfriend explained, still very much unsettled.

“Good luck Tim, I see you tomorrow!” I told him with a faint smile.

“Bye Henri. Nice to meet you Sir.” He softly said before storming out of the house. Dad closed the door behind him and ruffled my hair.

“He seems like a nice boy!” He eventually concluded, smiling at me before kissing my forehead. “But please promise me you will never ride that scooter, or anyone’s for that matter!” He added with a stern look.

“Yes, Dad.” I answered chuckling. He gave me a look and insistently stared at me. “I swear!” I then added.

“Now go tell your brother to get ready for his swimming practice because we are having dinner before he goes.” I nodded and hurriedly went upstairs to George’s bedroom. I knocked and waited for my brother to allow me to walk in. He was wearing his sweatpants and was otherwise shirtless.

“What’s up Baby Henri.” He asked casually.

“Dad wants you to get ready for swimming practice because we are going to have dinner soon.” I explained. He seemed unphased and nodded.

“Is that all?” He inquired with a fake haughty tone.

“Yes, Sir!” I played along with an amused smile.

“Good!” He concluded while gesturing for me to leave. “Oh, before you go.” He added throwing me a pair of boxer briefs that were lying on the floor. “Can you put that in the laundry basket?” He instructed.

I caught them in the air with a disapproving look. But then my expression changed when I realised the underwear was covered in a wet and sticky white substance. I considered throwing them back to my brother, but I didn’t. I played dumb and simply nodded, trying not to act suspicious and just walked out of his room as if nothing happened.

Hesitantly, I started walking. I stopped in front of the laundry room, my respiration was heavy, my heart was beating fast. Then, I started walking away from the laundry room's door and went to my bedroom instead, his briefs still firmly clenched in my hand. I opened my door, my fists clinging on the cum-covered briefs and immediately closed the door. I leaned on my bedroom door and sighed. I brought the underwear to my nose and started feeling lightheaded. I was mostly lost, confused, disoriented. The briefs smelled familiar, I could definitely tell my brother's scent, but it was still somehow different. This particular scent I had never smelled on him. My head was dizzy, and my temple was beating furiously. I opened my mouth and stuck my tongue out to taste it. It was still somehow warm. I knew how taboo this all was, I felt ashamed beyond measure, I felt like a freak, but I kept doing it. I kept lapping my brother's cum from his dirty underwear. I hadn't come to his room to steal them; he gave them to me.

I reached for my cock and took it out of my jeans. With my right hand I was pressing George's grey cum-covered briefs against my nose and mouth and with my left hand I was furiously beating off. I came in no time and jizzed like a racehorse all over the hardwood floor. My vision was blurry, and I slid down the door until I sat on the floor. I tossed the briefs aside and cried like a baby, cursing myself for being such a pervert. I would never be able to look at George in the eye again, I thought.

Chapitre 3

When I woke up the next day, Saturday morning, I was feeling slightly nauseous and groggy. It was already late, around 10am, so I quickly showered and dressed for the day to begin. I went downstairs to have breakfast and Dad was there. He was reading a book in the living room and smiled at me when he noticed I finally awoke.

"Morning champion!" Dad said, closing his book and gently tossing it on the coffee table.

"Hi Dad!" I answered, forcing a shy smile. "Isn't Mom here?" I inquired.

"No, it's just you and I today." He announced as I began plunging my spoon in the cereal bowl I just prepared in the kitchen. "Do you have anything planned?" He questioned while rubbing my back with the palm of his hand.

"I need to go to Timothée's match tonight but apart from that no I don't think so." I managed to answer with a mouthful of milk and cereals.

“Well, as a matter of fact I have some spare time today, and I was thinking we could, you know, go downtown together and get you some swimming gear?” Dad joyfully proposed.

“I still have quite some time before I start my training Dad!” I retorted unenthusiastically. I was still clearly not thrilled about the swimming lessons my brother was forcing me to take.

“Oh, I see. Yeah... I suppose you’re right. I guess it would be better for you to go with George rather than me anyway.” Dad mumbled with a sad tone that broke my heart. I could tell he wanted to be the one to take me shopping for my gear. He seemed so happy that I was finally taking interest in sport, even though I really wasn’t. I couldn’t decently take that away from him.

“I mean, I would really like to go with you!” I pleaded, mostly out of guilt. “But you know, you work so much, I just thought you would like to rest instead. I don’t want to inconvenience you during your day off!” I explained. Dad’s smile grew wide and he seemed ecstatic. Phew, I should get an Oscar for best actor really! But at least it worked, and Dad bought my little ‘son of the year’ tirade.

“You are so sweet Henri! Do not worry though, I really wanted to take you downtown today!” He declared tenderly. “And then we can have lunch somewhere if you like.” He proposed. Okay, who are you and what have you done with my father? I don’t even recall the last time he suggested to take me out, so I was actually getting excited. I quickly finished my breakfast and went back to my room to get ready to go out.

We took the car and drove to ‘Jeanne d’Arc’ where we parked. Our first stop was the ‘Intersport’ shop. Dad was in a great mood. He never was the most caring father to George, but he took enough interest in his swimming to know what I needed. I, on the other hand, was ignorant. Each time Dad picked something from the shelves I gave him an interrogative look and he would briefly explain what purpose they served. Once he filled our cart with all kind of brand-new torture devices, we headed to the speedo section.

I was not ashamed of my body, not in any way. But the prospect of wearing a tiny speedo in front of a whole audience including classmates, friends and family was truly dreadful. Oh my god, I was becoming modest by the minute just looking at them on the shelf. And Dad was just scrutinizing me as I was making my decision. My face was flushed and I kind of wanted to run away from the store and hide, so I picked a plain black speedo of my size and thought we’d be done with it, but my father protested.

“Wait! I think it’s best if you have more than one. You can pick a few actually, I think your brother has at least five or six.” Dad pointed out. He picked a bright white and blue speedo that was far more revealing than the one I already had in the cart. I frowned and gave him a look.

“Dad! Look at these, they are far too... you know... inappropriate.” I complained. He laughed and looked at me condescendingly.

“Henri! You have no reason to be prudish, you are a handsome teenager. Besides, I’m sure you won’t need to ask twice for your boyfriend to come to the races if you were these!” He exclaimed with a chuckle.

“Dad!” I lamented. My face flushed; I was embarrassed beyond measure. He took more colourful and revealing speedos and threw them in the cart. I was truly mortified, but my father was having a blast.

“Ok, I think we are good! Let’s go to the fitting room now!” He eventually said. I reluctantly followed him, he gave me the speedos and I pulled the curtains to have some privacy. I looked at my reflexion in the mirror as I undressed. Being naked in a public place kind of aroused me and I could feel my dick chubing up. I looked for the black speedo I picked but I couldn’t find it. I tried a white and red instead, it was incredibly revealing, and the outline of my dick was clearly visible, even more now since I was half hard. However, the size was right. It was just meant to be that indecent. Out of the blue, I started picturing George wearing one of these. He was clearly not ashamed of his body, quite the contrary, and why would he? My cock was now getting fully hard and I felt sick to the stomach that such thoughts would cross my mind.

“So? How is it?” Dad asked from the other side of the curtain.

“Good, that’s the right size!” I quickly answered.

“Come out and show me!” He asked insistently. That was out of the question, I would get arrested for indecent exposure the moment I would get out of this fitting room!

“Uh... No, that’s fine really.” I declined shyly, unable to explain why I wouldn’t go out. Dad was having none of it, he pulled the curtain and walked in the fitting room. “Dad!” I complained loudly, blushing.

“Oh, I see!” He laughed, catching a glimpse of my stretched bulge before I covered it with my hands. “Well, at least you like it!” Dad added before bursting into laughter. I was truly mortified and my face was a nice shade of crimson now. “Well, get changed I’ll wait for you at the checkout.” He then told me.

“How many do we purchase?” I wondered.

“All of them.” He declared before walking out. Initially I was nervous but then Dad managed to make it sound like it was no big deal. I was still conflicted about the speedos but I think I liked them deep down.