

Writing Lines

Nicky Noxville

All my stories take place in a parallel world, very similar to our own, where STI's do not exist, so my stories are filled with practices that are highly unsafe in this world. I'm not going to say don't try this at home, but take care of yourself.

All my characters are of legal age, and you should be, too—do not read my stories if you are under the legal age in your country/area. Any resemblance to real persons, locations, or events is entirely coincidental.

This story is brought to you by my wonderful Patrons. I love you guys!

And now, our feature presentation...

I can't believe I have to be here, I thought as I stared blankly up at Mr. Miller. He was lecturing, and I knew that I should be paying attention—I needed to pass this remedial biology class in order to graduate, otherwise I'll have to repeat my senior year—but he might as well be saying “Wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah-wahhh.”

Summer school is so boring.

I looked around at the other guys who were stuck in this class with me. Ethan Middleton was there in the front row, of course. He had disappeared halfway through the school year, and rumors had spread that he'd committed suicide. He'd left for a family emergency, it turns out, and this was the last class that he had to make up before graduating himself and moving on to college. He turned his head to look at the clock, and I took in his shaggy black hair and thick, horn rimmed glasses in profile.

Zayne McIntosh was sitting behind Ethan, in the same row as me. Since it was summer, he didn't have to stick to the usual dress code and had his hair spiked in a pink mohawk, and Mr. Miller didn't make him take out his piercings. He, like me, had fucked around during the school year and needed this class to graduate. I took in his leather jacket, pants, and boots, and couldn't help but wonder how he could stand wearing them during the summer.

“Wah wah wah,” Mr. Miller continued in the background of my awareness. “Wah wah wah wah, wah wah wah, wah wah wah wah wah penis.”

I knew it was immature, even as it started, but I couldn't hold it in.

I laughed.

Now, you might be imagining a chuckle, or some other sort of muted laughter. No, that wasn't it at all.

“HAAAA HAAAAA!” I guffawed, shattering the silence and setting off laughter from most of the guys. Ethan turned to look at me—he wasn't laughing. Our eyes met, and his face went red before he spun back to face the front.

“That’s enough, that’s enough!” Mr. Miller said loudly. “Come on, boys, you’re all eighteen, get it together, you’ve all heard the word penis before.”

That set me off all over again.

The other guys were trying to contain themselves, but I had tears rolling down my cheeks.

“What, are you four, Mr. Knapp?” Mr. Miller asked me acidly. “I’m giving you detention.” That ended my laughter. “Stay after class.” He went back to teaching, and I sat there, sullenly refusing to hear anything but “Wah wah wah.”

After the bell rang, I stayed in my seat with my arms crossed as I watched my classmates all clear out. It wasn’t fair that they all got to go home, and I had to stay just because I laughed at “penis.”

I jumped when a notebook fell flat onto my desk. A pen followed, rolling a few inches across the black cover before coming to a stop.

“What’s this?” I asked, not bothering to hide my annoyance.

“Your punishment,” he answered, watching me as I flipped through the pages.

They were blank.

“What am I supposed to do with this?” I sneered at him.

“Fill it with penis,” he answered in his same, calm tone.

“W-what?” I stammered, shocked.

“Fill. It. With. Penis. Get it all out of your system. It’s like writing lines, only I’m just giving you the one word.”

“Fill it with penis,” I repeated, laughing and shaking my head. “How many times do you want me to write it?”

“As many as it takes for me to feel like you’ve learned your lesson,” he said before walking out of the room. He closed the heavy classroom door behind himself as he left, the loud bang causing the windows to rattle.

Fill it with penis.

I laughed again and picked up the pen he’d left. It was an old, antique looking thing with intricate decorations worked into it. Why had he given me this to use? Surely, he’d want a pen this nice back. I put my thumb to the end to click it to extend the tip.

“Ouch!” I yelled, my voice almost drowning out the satisfying click of the pen, as I felt something jab into my thumb. I put the pen down and grasped my digit, squeezing to revel the faintest of pin-pricks, only the tiniest speck of blood becoming visible.

I sucked on the end of my finger and glared at the pen for a moment before I picked it up and put it to the first page of the notebook. I wrote as large as I could, in capital letters, in order to eat up as much paper as possible.

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The pen glided over the paper smoothly, leaving rich, blue ink in its wake. As I wrote on, the only sounds that I could hear were the ticking of the clock, and the crinkles of the paper. I wrote on, picking up speed, filling page after page.

“P...E...N...I...S...P...E...N...I...S...” I muttered along, not caring how messy or even my writing was.

I jumped as the door opened and Mr. Miller came back into the room. He walked over to me and held out his hand. I passed him the notebook, and he started flipping through the pages. I waited, hoping that he would let me go now, and then my face went red.

I was hard!

I’d been so busy writing “penis” over and over again that I hadn’t even noticed my own penis getting hard. I shifted in my seat, hoping that Mr. Miller hadn’t already noticed. I hadn’t felt like this in a few years, back when I was getting random erections all the time.

My penis was out of control!

“Keep going,” he said, handing the book back to me and walking back out of the room.

I let out my breath and then stared down at my lap, at the bulge my penis was making in my jeans. I shoved my hand down into my pants and pointed my erection down my left thigh and out of the way. When I pulled my hand back out, I had precum on it.





The clock ticked.

The paper crinkled.

The pen glided.

Page after page was filled with penis.

The door opened again, and I slammed the book shut, as if I had been looking at a dirty magazine. My thighs squeezed together, pressing my erection between them and sending renewed heat to redden my cheeks.

He held out his hand again, and I placed the notebook in it. I kept gently bouncing my thighs together as he flipped through the pages. I couldn't wait until detention was over and I could jack off. I might not even wait to go home; I might just do it in the bathroom... All the students are gone, who will catch me?

Looking forward to the prospect, I accepted the notebook back from him when he offered it.

"Keep going."

My hand glided on, neatly tracing out each "penis" before moving swiftly on to the next one. I realized that it was taking longer to fill up the paper writing this way, but it was also more fun.

"Peeeennnnniiiiissssss," I muttered out loud along with my inner voice.

When I flipped to the next page, I paused. His instructions were to fill the book with penis... My pen moved around the page in large strokes, the lines meeting to form an obscene, cartoonish penis. I'd just intended to draw a crude dick, but I was enjoying myself more and more as I added more detail to it.

Precum at the tip.

"Peeeennnnniiiiissssss."

Bulging veins.

"Peeeennnnniiiiissssss."

The contours of each testicle.

"Peeeennnnniiiiissssss."

The frenum.

"Peeeennnnniiiiissssss."

I started to add shading, making the penis really pop on the page. When it was done, I went back to writing "penis" over and over again, working it in everywhere that it would fit around my drawing. I turned the notebook sideways and moved to the opposite page, putting pen to paper and beginning to draw a row of erect penises down the side of the page.

I wasn't a bad artist; I'd taken drawing freshman and sophomore years, I just hadn't practiced since I let it drop junior year. It was all coming back to me as I drew penis after penis, giving each its own personality.



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When the page was full, I moved over and began another penis montage, creating a tangled mess of penises, cum, and piss, only this time I left a hole in the middle of it all; a penis shaped hole. When everything else was filled in, I started to fill the hole in the drawing with the word “penis.” Neat, cramped, fitting as many penises as I could in the penis shaped hole in the drawing of penises.

“Penis!” I cheered as I filled the last space. I flipped the page and repeated the word in excitement as another idea occurred to me. I started to think about Zayne, imagining what his penis would look like. He was so... Punk. With that hair, and his unassuming confidence... I bet it’s a big one.

I started to sketch, outlining a fat penis...

“Peeeennniiiiissss.”

A long penis.

“Peeeeennnniiiiissss.”

The flair of the glans.

“Peeeennniiiiissss.”

The thick veins.

“Peeennniiissss.”

He had piercings, so I gave him a frenum piercing, drawing a ring piercing the flesh just below the head.

“Peeeennniiiiissss.”

I lovingly formed his nuts, gingerly tracing the contours of each testicle.

“Peeeniiiiissss.”



Finally, I wrote his name over it, filling three lines on the page with my neat, cursive writing: *Zayne McIntosh.*

I moved over to the next page, and this time I started to think about Ethan. I remembered him blushing when our eyes met earlier. With Ethan, I got the impression that he had a big dick for reasons opposite Zayne. I started to outline the next drawing.

Thick, like Zayne, only it bulged in the middle.

“Peeeeennniiissss.”

And I bet it curved, ‘cause it got so big, but he’s scared of it, so the skin is all tight...

I finished Ethan’s picture by signing his name over it and flipped the page.

Who should I draw next?

The idea I had next had me squeezing my thighs together, the muscles quivering as I moaned.

I should draw Mr. Miller’s penis!

I’d only known him a few weeks, but his crotch is at eye level when he walks around, so I couldn’t help but notice his bulge a few times, and I knew it was big. I hadn’t even realized that I’d noticed, but it was clear in my memory.

I started to trace the outline of it, life size, making it a little bigger, because he’s got a chubby in my drawing, and he’s not all trapped by underwear and pants and shit.

He’s uncut, I speculated.

“Peeeeennniiissss.”

And the foreskin stays tight, only the tip peaking out when he’s chubby.

“Peeennniiissss.”

Fuck, that’s a beautiful penis.

“Peeeeennniiissss.”

Who knew that Mr. Miller had such an awesome penis?

“Peeeeennniiissss.”

The veins were so thick. They had to be to get that monster hard!

“Peeennniiissss!”

And his balls, I know they’re big, and I bet they hang low when he lets them free.

“Peeeeennniiissss.”

My hand paused over the picture. It was done, I just needed to label it. But what was Mr. Miller’s first name?

I jumped as the door rattled and started to open. He was back, but I had to... His name! His name!

Jason Miller!

I quickly, but carefully, wrote his name over the picture, finishing just in time to close the book and hand it to him. He started to flip pages, and I slipped my hands down between my legs to start massaging my penis through my jeans. I looked up at him, slowly flipping pages. I'd filled up more than half of the book, and the drawing of his penis was on the last page I'd done.

His penis...

Mr. Miller's penis...

My eyes dropped to his crotch, and there it was, that bulge. He was looking at the notebook, so it wouldn't be a problem if I just looked at it for a while. The more I looked, the more I thought that I'd done it right; that I'd made the right guesses.

Flip.

Flip.

Flip.

Flip...

Silence.

I raised my eyes to his face, blushing, and noticed him grinning.

"Do you think you've learned your lesson?" He asked.

"Uh huh!" I nodded, fighting to keep my gaze from lowering to his crotch again.

"What do you think the lesson was, then?"

"Uh, peeeennnniiiiissssss," I answered gleefully, my own penis throbbing and leaking against my thigh.

"Good job, Isaac. You can go but be sure to finish filling up the book at home."

"Yes, Sir," I said, gathering my possessions and getting to my feet. His grin hadn't faded, and I noticed that he was looking down. I followed his gaze and gasped. My own erection was pushing my jeans out in an obvious tent, and I'd leaked through both my underwear and the denim. "I... I..." I struggled, and he looked up, meeting my eyes. "I... I... I... Peeeennnniiiiissssss!" I squeaked and then ran from the room, making a beeline toward the nearest bathroom. I rushed in, past the urinals and to the last of the narrow, doorless stalls.

What's happening to me?

Oh, god! I need to touch my penis!

I frantically pulled off my clothes, letting them fall to the dirty floor next to the toilet. I sat down, naked, and as I shifted into a good position, I felt wetness under my feet.

My classmates' pee.

The idea started to repulse me, and then immediately changed direction. I moved my feet, taking delight as the pee of strange boys unknown came into contact with my skin.

Their pee is making me horny!

It shouldn't be possible, but it was happening. I'd never had any thoughts like this before, and now my penis was rigid and leaking, and I was only getting harder. I groaned and sank to the floor, sliding through the puddle.

Did I know all of them?

How many had used this stall?

Why is this making me so horny?

I was flat on the floor, my legs splayed, and I started masturbating, thinking about boys, and penises, and pee.

I need to pee!

The realization that my bladder was full hit me like a freight train. I was still so hard, but I knew it was going to come out anyway. I let go of my penis and just watched it stand up, bobbing with my heartbeat. I knew that I wasn't going to be able to stop it, so I did the only thing I could do.

I let go.

Pee arched into the air in a powerful stream before splashing back down on me. My muscles contracted, and the stream stopped before a blast of pee exploded into the air and fell back down onto my face. I was able to close my eyes, but I had been gasping in shock when it happened, and I forgot to close my mouth.

I tasted pee for the first time, and it started to spurt out of me with renewed fury.

I moaned, and gurgled, and rolled on the floor as my erect penis showered me with my own pee.

At least nobody is here to see!

A small part of myself, far in the back of my lust fogged mind, realized that thinking that was a mistake.

I jinxed myself!

The door opened, and voices started echoing through the bathroom, and I was still peeing.

I can't stop!

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