

Horace Grant Gay Erotic Fan Fiction
By Smacko

It was the day that Joey had always dreamed of. He was finally getting the chance to meet his favorite basketball player, Horace Grant of the Chicago Bulls. He was so excited to finally meet his idol. He was ushered into the dressing room by Phil Jackson. Phil told him that he was really going to enjoy finally meeting Horace and that Horace was one of his favorite players. As he brought Joey into the locker room, Joey noticed that many of the other Bulls players were on there way out and there was no sight of Horace. At first Joey was disappointed. Finally after the rest of the Bulls players had left, Phil told him that Horace should be out of the showers anytime and that he had to go to a meeting with the owner of the team, Jerry Kraus. Finally Horace emerged from the showers only wearing a towel. Joey ran over and said “Hey Horace, I am your biggest fan.” Horace chuckled and said “I have been looking forward to meeting you for some time.” Joey could see the outline of a large member underneath his towel. Horace hugged Joey close and Joey could feel his pulsing member quivering against him. He suddenly became more aroused than he had ever been before. The feeling of Horace’s member against him sent chills up his spine. As he backed away he shivered in delight. Horace said “I have a surprise that you are going to love.” He reached into his towel and pulled out a set of Rec Specs TM. He gave them to Joey and said “He’re you go, you can be just like me now.” Joey was so excited, he had always wished for a set of Rec Specs like Horace

and now he had them. Horace asked Joey if he wanted to know what basketball was really all about. Joey eagerly replied "Yes of course I want to know what the life of a basketball player is all about." Horace replied "Alright Joey but you can't tell anyone about this, it has to be our little secret." Joey said "Of course, anything for you Horace." Horace replied "Alright well I already have two strikes, and a third would send me to jail so you can't tell anyone about what happens." Joey cried "Oh Horace I would never do that to you." Horace sighed and said "I'm so glad to hear that Joey." At that point Horace let his towel slip to the floor exposing his 9 inch erect phallus. Joey gasped and said "Horace what are you doing?" Horace replied "I am about to show you what basketball is all about." Joey noticed a small bead of pre-cum on the tip of Horace's massive dong. Joey asked "How does this have anything to do with basketball?" Horace hurriedly replied "Basketball is all about getting play." Joey cautiously replied "What do you mean?" Horace said "You know EXACTLY what I mean." Horace put his hand on Joeys head and forced him to his knees." Joey inquired "What are you doing??" but was cut off when Horace rammed his erect cock into Joey's mouth and said "If you want to know what basketball is all about you will suck my cock." Joey mumbled in discontent but then began to obey. Horace slowly eased the head of his cock into Joey's mouth and the asked "Have you ever sucked some cock before Joey?" Joey's mumbled reply was "No not yet Horace." Horace slowly pushed his cock further into Joey's mouth until he almost gagged on Horace's huge tallywhacker. Joey 's mouth resisted at first but then began to relax. He began to take Horace's engorged penis into his mouth

greedily. Soon he had taken Horace's entire shaft into his mouth. Horace groaned and said "Oh fuck that is so fucking good." Spurred by Horace's remarks, Joey began to speed up his motions and gorge himself on Horace's generously endowed manhood. Horace implored him to slow down and take it slow. Joey complied with his idol's demands. Joey was savoring every inch of Horace's manhood. He was smoking pole with great fervor. Horace ordered Joey to put on the set of Rec Specs TM that he had given Joey earlier, and Joey quickly complied. Horace asked Joey to remove his shorts and Joey submitted to Horace's demands and removed his shorts and briefs. Horace moaned loudly "Oh fuck Joey, you are turning me on so much, I have to fuck you." Joey said "But how can we have sex Horace?" Horace quickly quipped "Leave that to me Joey." Horace turned Joey around and inspected his virgin asshole. Horace said to himself "Damn I'm going to enjoy this shit." He then slowly inched his cock closer and closer to Joey's tight asshole. Finally he spit on his cock and told Joey "Relax and this will all go much smoother." Before Joey had a chance to respond, Horace rammed the tip of his humongous rod into Joey's asshole. Joey exclaimed "What are you doing, it hurts?" Horace yelled "Didn't I tell you to relax you fuck." Joey, engulfed by shame, began to submit to Horace's will. He tried to ignore the pain in his asshole from Horace's huge glistening member. Horace kept slowly pushing himself further into Joey's tight anus. Joey cried out in pain but Horace continued forcing himself further into Joey's rectum. Joey exclaimed "I don't think I can take anymore Horace!" Horace explained "The more you relax, the more dick you can take." He then handed Joey

two Quaaludes. Soon Joey began to feel very calm. Slowly he allowed more and more of Horace's thick cock into his ass. It hurt but he gladly accepted the pain associated with pleasing his hero. Horace began to increase the speed of his thrusts and soon was jackhammering in and out of Joey's ass. He began to reach around and play with Joey's balls as he reamed his ass. Joey began to moan as Horace simultaneously rammed his ass and jerked him off. Horace began whispering in Joey's ear as he obliterated his asshole. Joey urged Horace to be a man and fuck him harder. Horace began harnessing all his might to slam Joey's asshole with all of the intensity that he could muster. Out of nowhere, Joey hummed the McDonalds song and then exclaimed "I'm lovin it." Horace replied by screaming "The whistles go WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" Joey was somewhat confused by this outburst but soon the pleasure of the massive dong was the only thing he was thinking about. Horace pulled out of Joey's ass suddenly and then said "Joey now I want you to fuck my ass." Joey hesitated for a moment but then quickly agreed. He bent Horace over and placed his cock against Horace's cornhole and began to push into him. Soon Horace's well-used asshole began to give and soon Joey was completely inside of his idol's rectum. Joey began thrusting as hard and quick as he could. Being inexperienced he had trouble controlling himself and after a few minutes he was closing in on orgasm. He continued ramming Horace's poop chute and then moaned loudly as he blew his load in Horace's ass. Horace yelled "Did you just fucking cum in my ass you little shit." Joey quietly replied "Yes sir." Horace then roared "Go grab a fucking straw from my locker you idiot." Joey

went and retrieved a bendy straw from horace's locker. "What am I supposed to do with this?" said Joey. Horace said "You're supposed to suck the fucking cum out of my ass you little cretin." Joey was unsure about the felching but did not want to incur the wrath of his idol. He inserted the straw into Horace's ass and began to suck on the straw. Soon semen and shit were flowing into his mouth. Finally he finished sucking the anal porridge out of Horace's ass. Horace quickly began wanking off with one hand and pushed Joey onto his knees with the other. Horace said "You stay right there and I'm gonna cum on your fucking face you little shit eating cock sucker." Horace spit on his dick and began stroking at a furious pace. With his free hand he began slapping Joey in the face and telling him "This is what you get for cumming in my ass you stupid fucking honkey." Horace began to reach orgasm. Just as Horace exploded and came all over Joey's rec specs, the trainer came into the locker room and yelled "Jesus fucking Christ Horace, What the fuck are you doing to that 12 year old boy? That kid is from the fucking make a wish foundation, he has fucking cancer what the fuck Horace!" Horace just laughed and said "Like you wouldn't fuck a 12 year old in the ass." He picked his towel up from the floor and walked towards his locker. He then said to both Joey and the trainer "If you tell anyone about this shit, I'll slit both your motherfucking throats and fuck your esophagus. " Joey slowly got dressed and slinked out of the room. Horace thought to himself "Man I don't know about that kid's fucking wish, but that shit just made my motherfucking day!"

Hogro 2.1
By tha mothafuckin smacko am I rite lol

Bill Cartwright sat in the hot tub nursing his injury. He cursed the play that sent him to the locker room instead of being on the playing floor. The whirling jets soon soothed his concerns and he thought only of his glorious return to the court. The trainer soon walked by and told Bill that as long as he stayed with the program he would be ready to play in 3-4 weeks. The buzzer rang and the bulls lost a close game to Sir Charles Barkley and the Suns. It was a tough loss and everyone on the team was depressed since sir Charles had put up a triple double in typical Barkley fashion. The locker room was quiet and a feeling of uneasiness and despair was thick in the air, until Bill Wennington came into the locker room. His presence lightened the mood. He said “Barkley may have won the game, but at least none of us are as fat as that sack of shit!” This raised a hearty guffaw from the downtrodden team and lifted their spirits. Soon all of the Bulls were as relaxed as Cartwright.

Phil Jackson came into the locker room pissed as a motherfucker and began to rip everyone a new asshole for letting Barkley score 45. “How can you let such a fat sack of shit get open? I mean Jesus fucking Christ Barkley takes up half the fucking court how come we can’t seem to get a single one of you motherfuckers to stay within 10 feet of that rotund assmonger! You fucking idiots just let Barkley fuck us in the ass all goddamn game. It’s fucking ridiculous! Why don’t we just invite him over here to the locker room and he can just assfuck all you sissypants ninnies in the shower!” With that last comment Phil stormed out of the locker room and to the nearest bar where he preceded to get

incredibly drunk on Wild Turkey and then wrap his expensive sportscar around a telephone pole instantly killing him. However none of the Bulls yet knew of this tragedy and would not know until the next morning.

Wennington started joking again and proclaimed “If any of you guys know Barkley’s hotel just let me know so I can go over there and start slurping some dick!” Everyone laughed. Maybe it was this statement, or the jets spraying on his balls, or maybe the small vibrating buttplug that he had just inserted, but Cartwright soon began to feel a certain tingling in his bullocks. He hadn’t been fucked good in over a week and that just didn’t sit well with the big dog. (Side note: Bill Cartwright refers to himself as the big dog in the vain hopes that it will catch on as a nickname.)

Cartwright motioned Horace Grant over to the tub and discretely asked him “Yo, you want me to fuck yo ass tonight boy? You want to choke on the big dog’s dong?” Horace replied “Naw not tonight Shitheap, I gonna fuck this young little white boy named William Schaefer.” (Sidenote: Shitheap was Cartwright’s actual nickname since he was large and fucking horrible.) “Fuck who the hell am I gonna fuck then bitch?” Cartwright dejectedly quipped. Hogro snorted, pulled his pants up real high and replied “Got any CHEEEEEEESE?” Not getting the obvious Steve Urkel reference, Shitheap yelled “What the fuck you talking about Horace?” Horace quickly and deftly in one continuous move whipped his dick out and dick-slapped Cartwright in the face and then as quickly as he had taken it out, he safely stowed it back away in his pants. The speed and skill with which he performed this maneuver made it quite obvious that this was something he did quite often. After the wonderous wang wallop, Horace again pulled his

pants up and proclaimed “DID I DOOOOO THAAAAAAAAT???” This enrages Cartwright and he reaches out grabs the large bulge in Horace’s pants firmly and twists until Horace falls to his knees in pain. “Don’t fuck wit da BIG DAWG bitch!” he yells in the hopes the whole locker room will hear it and be impressed. In agony, Horace whispers “Fuck man I think you ripped my dick off. If you wanna get fucked just go talk to Wennington man.” He then crawls away from the tub.

Cartwright yells “Hey Wennington I gotta talk to your ass about something after I’m done with this jet pool shit so stick around for a minute!” Wennington replies, saying “What the fuck you need to talk to me about shitheap?” Wennington slowly changes into a velour track suit while Cartwright soaks in the jet pool. Finally, the rest of the team has left and the two are alone. Wennington approaches the jet pool and inquires “what the fuck you need to talk to me about you cocksucker?” Cartwright slowly raises himself from the tub to expose his erect phallus. Wennington exclaims “what the fuck you showing me your dong for shitheap?” Cartwright calmly replies “well I figured you ought to get to know it before I ram it so far up your fucking ass it’ll come out your mothafucking throat.”

Wennington quickly grabs Cartwright by the throat and pushes him back against the jet pool yelling “what the fuck Shitheap, you think I’m some kind of faggot or something?” Cartwright begins slowly stroking his dong and remarks “No, I know you are the kind of faggot who loves dick up his arse.” Wennington is visibly shaken by this comment and stammers “who told you that shit?” Shitheap responds by saying “who the fuck you think you colon-cleanser, Horace told me all about your cock-loving ways.”

“But.. but.. he swore he’d never tell anyone!!” Wennington stammers as he begins to grasp the immense gravity of the situation. About the time Wennington is grasping the gravity of the situation, Cartwright is grasping his cock. With cock firmly in hand, Cartwright feels like a golden god, like a hero who has challenged the gods to a game of “Soggy Biscuit*” and come away victorious. With Wennington still reeling from the betrayal of his butt buddy Horace, Cartwright takes full advantage of the situation and has Wennington’s pants down to his ankles before he knows what the fuck happened. “Horace was lyyyyying!!!” he gasps as Shitheap begins to lick up and down the length of his 4 inch shaft. “Damn dude your dick ain’t very big,” Shitheap exclaims in between mouthfuls of pole.

“Lets hear you say that when you’ve got my cock in your fucking lungs!!” Wennington bellows as he grabs the back of Cartwright’s head and thrusts his manhood as deep as he can down Shitheap’s throat. Cartwright gags on the throbbing cock and begins to choke. Soon a geyser of vomit erupts from Cartwright’s mouth and sprays all over Wennington’s stomach and cock. Cartwright cackles loudly and shrieks “CHODE POWERS ACTIVATE!”

Cartwright gags and pukes all over Wennington’s chest. He had eaten spaghetti and meatballs. A portion of a meatball landed on Wennington’s cock. He then grabbed Cartwright by the scruff of the neck and forced his mouth onto the meatball shards. Cartwright scarfed them up like a rabid dog hoping it’s owner wouldn’t put it down. Cartwright rewarded Wennington by spitting on his cock and turning him around. “OH BABY, I’m about to rip your asshole up bitch,” Cartwright exclaimed as he jammed his

erect penis into Wennington's unwilling cornhole. Wenningotn groans as his anus is brutally penetrated, "OH GOOOOOOD MY FUCKING ASSHOLE!" Cartwright has no mercy and rams his weiner balls deep in Wennington's shit factory.

"Oh god, the only thing better than anal sex is Crack!" Cartwright bellows. At this point, Wennington summons a crack pipe and 4 crack rocks out of nowhere. The two butt buddies share the crackpipe and rocks, and their vigor is increased enormously. Cartwright is now fucking Wennington's ass as hard as deep as he can. He is beginning to approach orgasm. Cartwright takes out a hidden knife and holds it up, while he smiles like a man about to kill his first hooker.

"Hey Wennington!" he screams! As Wennington turns around he is met by a knife in the eyeball. As Cartwright removes the eyeball from Wennington's skull, he also removes his cock from Wennington's anus. Wennington's eyeball is impaled on the knife like the grossest shishkabob on earth. Cartwright uses this opportunity to stick his cock in Bill's eye socket and skull fuck him. The brain damage caused by the skull fucking ends up killing Wennington.

After his funeral, Cartwright and Horace Grant come to Wennington's grave in the middle of the night to pay their respects. "Lets fuckin MUNG him!" Horace proclaims~! "Alright flip the coin you pussy," Cartwright responds. The coin is flipped. Horace has lost. The two lonesome, terrible, cocksuckers exhume his body. Horace then places his mouth on Wennington's decaying, well used asshole. Cartwright screams "SNAP INTO

A MOTHERFUCKING SLIM JIM BITCH!” Cartwright then elbow drops the corpse in the stomach, squirting anal fluid and a portion of the corpse’s anus into Hogro’s mouth. “Damn, I don’t know about you, but that shit made my motherfucking day!” Horace says.

*Soggy biscuit is a game in which a group of players stand in a circle and jerk off. The last player to jizz on the biscuit or cookie placed in the center of the group is the loser and is forced to eat it.