

Young...Juices?

Superboy and Robin lounged in the abandoned JLA headquarters they had set up as the base for their team, Young Justice. They had sent the junior member of the team, Impulse, out for pizza-- and because he was a speedster, they didn't anticipate him being gone long.

Superboy was seated in one of the chairs that surrounded the meeting table in the huge cavern that had formerly served as a meeting place for Earth's greatest heroes, tilted back at a relaxing angle, his feet up on the table.

Robin was wandering around the cavernous room, inspecting the remnants of old computer equipment that were still there.

"This'll be kind of fun," began Superboy. "I've never been on a real sleepover before. Since I'm a clone, I was raised in a lab-- my childhood memories are all implants. I'm actually kind of nervous."

"Why?" asked Robin. "Afraid you'll wet the bed or something?"

Superboy snorted. "NO. I mean, of COURSE not."

Robin could see in the beam of the ceiling tracklight that Superboy was blushing; He came away from the dusty console he'd been perusing and sat next to him. He took off his gloves and flexed his fingers.

"What then?" he joked. "Afraid of the dark? Boogeymen?"

"I ain't afraid of nothin', chump," grinned Superboy. "I'm just saying it'll be a new experience, that's all."

Moments passed in silence. Robin leaned forward and rested his chin on his hands. "What is TAKING him so long? I thought he was supposed to be FAST."

Superboy shrugged. He had removed his leather jacket and gloves too, and was stretching in his chair. "Dunno. Maybe he got lost."

"THAT I'd believe." Robin grimaced.

"Or forgot what he was doing," added Superboy.

Robin grinned. "TOTALLY. Can you SEE it? He's got two pizza boxes in his hands, running through Timbuktu or wherever, stopping to ask where he is because he forgot where he was going!"

Superboy laughed. Robin joined him.

Then Superboy's face sobered. "So, have YOU ever?"

"Ever what?" Robin asked.

"Wet the bed at a sleepover."

"Nope," said Robin. He noted Superboy's downcast eyes, carefully not meeting his. "I once wet the bed at Batman's place, though."

"No WAY!" Superboy was aghast.

"Yup," said Robin nonchalantly. "It was right after he redesigned his costume. He appeared in front of the bed one night, and woke me up. He looked so scary-- the new costume was really frightening. The next night, I had a dream about it and it made me wet the bed."

"What did Batman say when he found out?" Superboy's eyes were wide.

"He never did. I managed to hide it with the help of - a friend."

"Who- oh, you can't tell. Secret identity stuff and all that."

Robin nodded. He glanced down and noticed that Superboy was adjusting himself through his costume. Robin grinned. Could it be that Superboy...? One way to find out.

"That was nothing compared to the time I wet my pants while I was on a mission, though." Robin slyly looked at Superboy-- yup. DEFINITELY had his attention.

"Batman and I had been watching an old, abandoned building where some goons were making a drug deal. We were waiting for the big boss to show up. We'd been waiting for about four hours and I had to go pretty bad. But then the boss made his appearance, and we had to move.

"Batman and I split up, him taking the bottom floors and me taking the top-- and I mopped up the goons I found and stayed put, as per his instructions. It got real quiet. My nerves were really on edge. I heard absolutely NO noise at all. It was really starting to get to me.

"Then BANG!" yelled Robin. Superboy jumped, lost his balance and nearly fell off his chair.

"What, what?" demanded Superboy, leaning forward in the chair.

"Nothing. A rat had scurried by me in the dark, knocked over a rotten old shelf and dropped a bunch of tin cans on the floor."

Superboy's mouth was dry. He swallowed. "And that's when--"

"I thought at first I'd been shot, because of the warm feeling running down my legs. That's when I looked down and saw that I was wetting myself."

"Did Batman find out?"

"No, we always keep spare costumes in the Batmobile-- so I snuck out and got one. Sure was embarrassing, what with my pants being so soaked and all."

This time there was no mistaking it. A quick look revealed that Superboy was hard.

"Yup, just couldn't believe I'd peed my pants like that."

Superboy's cock twitched. Robin found himself getting aroused as well.

"I've done it too, ya know," Superboy said. It sounded an awful lot like a boast.

"YOU? Get out," said Robin.

"No, I did, seriously!" Superboy insisted. "I was hunting this mutated creature that had crawled into a cave outside my hometown on Oahu. That's in Hawaii."

"I know," Robin said.

"Oh. Well, I'm stalking it through this cave, and it's all dark, and I don't have any vision powers, so I'm pretty much going by sound. And all the sound is distorted, all weird and echoey. And in the blackness I can hear this 'drip, drip, drip' off the walls.

"Then WHAM!" Superboy grabbed Robin's thigh and squeezed! Robin jumped, too, making a little yip of surprise as he did so.

"What?" he said, irritated that Superboy had gotten him.

"A tentacle snakes out of nowhere and wraps around my leg and starts squeezing. It scared me so bad I wet myself on the spot."

Robin laughed ruefully. "Surprises in tight situations will do that."

"So I grabbed the tentacle, and hauled the creature out into the open-- it was a giant squid. I threw it way out into the sea. Of course, it was too late to hide the fact that I was soaking wet."

"So what did you do?" asked Robin casually.

"I dove into the ocean and came up dripping wet all over," grinned Superboy. "No one could tell what I'd done."

Robin felt himself getting a hard-on, too. Imagining Superboy in wet pants-- and then a skintight, dripping wet suit as he came out of the water-- it was strangely attracting.

And Superboy's own story was obviously exciting him, too. He leaned forward, his eyes narrowing. "And that's not the worst I've done," he said darkly.

"What do you mean?" asked Robin innocently.

"This one time, a bad guy in some wierd robotic exoskeleton had me on the ropes. He was just a punk, but he'd got his hands on some high-tech hardware and caught me by surprise. He had me in a chokehold, and I couldn't get out of it."

"Oh oh," said Robin.

"You better believe it," agreed Superboy. "I was straining as hard as I could, trying to get some leverage--"

"But you've got tactile telekinesis. Couldn't you have just made the robot suit fall apart?"

"Try thinking of that when some punk is choking you," retorted Superboy.

"All right, sorry."

"ANYWAY," continued Superboy, "I was straining too hard, I guess, because the next thing I knew-- I was loading my pants. I'd messed my tights but good."

"Whoa," said Robin, surprised. His cock stiffened in his tights. Why was this turning him on so much?

"Anyway, the guy started laughing at me because I'd loaded my shorts. He relaxed his grip."

"And that's when you nailed him."

"Darn RIGHT," said Superboy. "No one would believe how he got caught. They all thought he was making it up. You're the only person I've ever told the truth about it," confided Superboy. "Even the toughest of us can fill our drawers under the right circumstances."

"That's true," said Robin smugly. "Even I'VE done that one."

"What! You have NOT," said Superboy angrily.

"Have SO. I was trying to catch the last of the Frazetti gang, up on the roof of Gotham City mall. I thought I'd nailed him. But when I snuck around a roof vent to get him, he wasn't there.

"He'd seen me coming, and moved around behind me. He grabbed me from behind and started to bearhug me around the chest. I thought he was going to crack my ribs."

"And you had your accident?"

"No. I was trying to get free of his grasp, so I brought my legs up and slipped through his arms. He wasn't ready for the change in weight."

"And?"

"And when I stood up, I wasn't ready for the release of being free of all that pressure. I messed myself good and proper right THERE."

"And the thug?"

"Couldn't believe his eyes. I dropped him with a spinning round kick."

Superboy's eyes were shining. "And you had a spare costume, right?"

"Not that night. I was on a motorcycle-- not enough room to pack one. So I had to ride home, sitting in my own mess."

By this time, Superboy's cock was so hard he was tenting out his spandex. Robin noticed his own bulge was just as prominent.

Robin looked down at Superboy's crotch. "Pretty exciting stuff,huh?"

Superboy blushed. "Oh, well, you know, it's just kind'a funny, that's all."

Robin nodded. He was sweating. This was really turning him on.

"And is THIS funny, too?" And he reached out and gently, with two fingers and a thumb, squeezed the tip of Superboy's stiff prick.

"Uh! Uhhh...." Superboy's legs spread, invitingly.

Robin took this as permission to engulf the hard cock in his fist, and slowly pump it. "Got you all hot and bothered, did I?"

Superboy licked his lips. "Looks like you are, too..." He reached over and caressed the length of Robin's shaft with the back of his finger.

As if by unspoken agreement, the boys stood up. Erections facing each other, they closed in until their bulges were touching. They both gasped.

Superboy reached up to unclasp Robin's cape. "Why don't we get this out of the way," he breathed. He then gathered Robin in his arms, pressing their crotches together.

Robin moaned as the heat of their two throbbing cocks met, pressing and rubbing through the skintight material of their costumes. His hands reached down and cupped Superboy's ass, lifting the cheeks and driving Superboy further against him, eliciting a gasp from him.

"I've never..." Superboy breathed, "..touched... another guy... like this before."

"Me neither," said Robin, "But it feels pretty good."

"Can I try...?" Superboy asked. He gently disengaged and spun Robin around. He gently hugged him from behind, pressing his rigid cock against the Boy Wonder's ass, nestling his hard-on between the muscular ass cheeks of the teen superhero.

Robin let out a gasp. Precum began to ooze from his cock and he wondered if he might cum in his pants. "Wait," he said. "Try... THIS..."

Robin bent over the meeting table, exposing his ass as he spread his legs. Superboy, rapt at the sight, his cock sticking out like a tent pole from his bright red tights, poked his cocktip into the cleft in Robin's backside.

Robin moaned aloud. Superboy felt a spasm, and a warm jewel of precum oozed from his cock, staining his red pants. He had to fight with himself not to rub against Robin's ass until he came. He wanted this to LAST.

"Now me," he said, and bent himself over the table, too.

Robin stood up and had buried his spandex-covered crotch against Superboy's tight ass cheeks. He too was tenting out his costume, and lightly poked the tip of his cock into Superboy's ass over and over, as though they were actually fucking.

Finally Superboy stood up. His tights were wet in one specific area. It gleamed with the sticky jewel-like quality that only a horny young boy's cock puts out.

Robin sank to his knees. Superboy held his breath, and their eyes met for one moment, a moment of understanding for what Robin was about to do. Robin kissed the wet spot, his tongue flicking out to taste the warm salty flavor of cum on Superboy's tights.

Superboy sighed as Robin made his crotch even more wet-- this time with his hot mouth working up and down the length of Superboy's shaft. He moaned, unable to believe it. Robin the Boy Wonder was licking his cock through his pants! He would never have imagined this in a million years... his hands reached down to stroke Robin's hair.

Robin was fumbling with Superboy's belts. Immediately Superboy realized what this meant. He showed Robin how to get his tights down, since the belts were for decoration and had nothing to do with it.

Immediately upon being freed his naked hard-on was thrust into a warm, wet environment as Robin took the whole length of it into his mouth.

"God..." moaned Superboy. His best friend was sucking him off! His ass clenched and unclenched, his hands moved through Robin's hair... and before he knew what was happening his vision exploded into a hundred little stars as he came, came, CAME into the boy's mouth.

He was sweating, sated, and Robin was licking the last bit of cum from his cock. Robin stood up, and looked Superboy right in the eye as he swallowed his friend's cum. Superboy's knees nearly gave out.

"Thank you," was all that Robin said.

"No, let ME thank YOU," said Superboy. He had no idea what he was doing. He just fell to his knees, put his face to Robin's crotch and pressed it there, kissing Robin's balls through his tights.

Robin couldn't get them down fast enough. The second his throbbing teen cock was exposed, Superboy had it in his mouth. He didn't know really what to do, but instinct moved him and instinct was a great teacher. He sucked and drooled, licked and pumped, his lips fastened around the salty, warm meat that he had just tasted for the first time-- and without warning Robin shuddered and gripped Superboy's shoulders, and his cock erupted in Superboy's mouth-- a thick cream, hot and salty that ballooned Superboy's cheeks.

He too, stood and, staring Robin right in the face, swallowed his prize.

They both stood there naked for a few minutes, coming down from the experience-- then quietly helped each other to dress. Just as Superboy finished buckling Robin's belt, Robin's lips were on his as they locked into a passionate kiss.

They were both still horny, but decided to cut it out lest Impulse should return.

Fifteen minutes later Impulse STILL was not back, and they were growing impatient.

Superboy spread his legs, affording Robin a good view of his crotch. His hard-on was clearly visible. "You know, I was just thinking," he said conversationally.

"About what?"

"About what we just did. After I came, I went all weak in the knees. I felt weak all over."

"Me too," said Robin. "It was really great." He stroked his own cock. It was hard again, too.

"I mean, I feel SO weak right now, I hope nothing happens," prodded Superboy.

Robin's brow furrowed. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing," said Superboy nonchalantly. "It would just be a shame if- oops!"

Robin stared as Superboy's crotch, red and vibrant, suddenly darkened as a wet stain appeared and spread down the length of the boy's hard-on.

"Is that... did you just PEE your PANTS?"

"Oh golly gee, I guess I did," pouted Superboy. "How embarrassing. I just feel so - OOPS."

This time the stain spread to encompass his whole crotch, and the upper parts of his thighs.

Robin was silent; he licked his lips, his hands kneading his own crotch.

"I can't believe it," said Superboy in a tone that said he believed what he was doing very strongly. "I can't believe I just WET...my.. PANTS! Oh NO! OOOPS."

This time, the stain spread-and kept on spreading. Superboy stood there and looked down, watching himself pee his pants, hard-on in evidence the whole time.

"What do you think of THAT?" He grinned.

"Exciting," answered Robin. "In fact, maybe TOO exciting--" He moved his hands away from his crotch. His hard-on was poking out of a wet stain the size of a fist. "And you know what happens when I get excited."

"What?" Superboy asked innocently.

"THIS." Robin spread his legs, and let go his bladder control. The stream gushed out of his hard cock, soaking both legs and his entire crotch. "OOPS." he said deliberately.

Superboy was immediately over, rubbing his wet, hard crotch against Robin's. "We're both pretty WET, huh?" he said.

Robin nodded. "Soaked! Soaked our PANTS," he said.

"Let's see that wet butt." Superboy turned Robin around and bent him over the table. His eyes lit up and he smiled to see the wet stain had crept halfway up Robin's ass, making his tights cling to him. He rammed his stiff pissy cock into Robin's little pansy, pissy ass.

He loved the feeling. Hot, wet, pissed pants-- it was TOO exciting. "But... something's MISSING," he said out loud.

Robin, who was close to orgasm again, breathed: "W-what?"

Superboy squeezed his ass. "Should I grab you around the ribs and squeeze?"

Robin understood. "Not necessary," he breathed. He spread his legs. Then, as Superboy watched, the seat of Robin's pants sagged, sagged some more, then began to truly FILL as the Boy Wonder messed himself.

As soon as he was through, the mess exposed and in plain sight as Robin bent over the table again, Superboy pressed his cock firmly into the warm, squishy mass-- and Robin gasped as his own mess was forced against his ass. He was very close to losing it and cumming in his pants right there.

"Me," he said raggedly, sweat beading on his forehead. "Now me."

Superboy eagerly assumed the position. "Oh please, Robin, I PROMISE I'll be good," he said, wiggling his butt. Robin smacked it, noting with pleasure that it too was wet, and in clinging pissy tights. He spanked it again. "DO it. Be a GOOD boy."

Superboy grinned and, just as his partner had before him, filled his tights the way only a sixteen-year-old pantsmessenger could.

Robin emulated Superboy's prior action and pressed his cock hard into the mess. Superboy groaned, and they rocked together for a while, humping in their wet, messy tights, til finally Robin moaned and came in his pants, Superboy doing the same thing moments later.

"AAAH!" Robin cried.

"Uh...UNGH!" Echoed Superboy.

They sat heavily down in the chairs, enjoying the loud SQUISH as they sat. They grinned across at each other.

Robin broke the silence, staring appreciatively at Superboy's wet, messy crotch. "So what are we gonna tell Impulse when he gets back?"

"Why don't we tell him the truth?" grinned Superboy, likewise checking Robin out. "See if he's into it."

"Yeah, right," laughed Robin.

At that moment, a streak of red-and-white blazed into the room. It was indeed Impulse, holding two large pizza boxes in his hands. "Uh, hi guys," he said sheepishly.

"What took you so long?" asked Superboy.

"Uh... the pizzas took a long time to cook, and I had to wait, and stuff..."

"They took THAT long to cook?" Robin checked his watch. "You were gone an hour and a half!"

"Okay Okay I admit it!" Impulse broke down. "I got the pizzas and then something happened and I spent the rest of the time trying to figure out how to hide it from you but I couldn't figure out how so I just came back and you might as well know..."

"SLOW DOWN," exclaimed Superboy. "Hide what from us?"

Slowly, tears in his eyes, Impulse turned around. The back of his tights were loaded full. "I got too excited while waiting for the pizzas, and I... and I.. MESSED myself," he wailed.

"Is that all?" said Robin. "That's okay."

"It is?" said Impulse incredulously.

"Yup," agreed Superboy. "We won't tell anyone... if you do one more thing."

"Anything! What?" demanded Impulse.

"You have to wet your pants, too..."

Impulse looked at them both. "Really? That's it?"

Both boys nodded. "Mmm hm."

Impulse looked down at his pants, and the red lightning turned dark as the white on his legs slowly turned yellow, all the way down to his boots. He proudly looked up.

"There! Now I... hey! How come YOU guys are wet?"

Superboy and Robin chuckled as they each put an arm around Impulse. "This is going to be the best sleepover EVER," said Superboy...

THE END