



*Lucky
Us*

By Laura S. Fox

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M/M Romance

Intended for Mature Audiences Only

This book contains graphic depictions of sexual intercourse and strong language, and it is not meant for readers who are less than 18 years of age.

Chapter One

Adam Longview loves sucking the D. The painfully scribbled inscription on the bathroom wall held a grain of truth in it, Adam thought, feeling the corners of his mouth dropping low. Well, the part about sucking was true. The one about loving it, not so much. Brian was a major A-hole, if he was the guy behind that awful piece of prose. But who else could have known about it? From the moment he had looked into the other's boy eyes after the deed, he had known it had been a huge mistake. Unfortunately, there was no time machine so he could go back and avoid ending up sucking Brian's D, as the guy had euphemistically put it.

It was not enough that the others were ignoring him, like he was invisible. He was kind of a weird one, because he only loved studying, and his classmates preferred to call him a geek. A few girls had tried to get close, and he had even heard some calling him cute, but they were soon mocked by the popular guys which caused them to become too discouraged to even talk to him.

And now Adam realized that being ignored had been a good thing. Yeap, he had had it and thrown it all away just because he thought... Whatever. He wasn't going to dwell on that shit too much. He had bigger problems now. He walked out of the bathroom stiffly, expecting to hear a laugh or two behind his back. Apparently, the people in the hallway cared not a drop about the strange rumor written on the bathroom wall in the boys' room. The janitor was going to wash that, anyway.

Relieved for the moment, he walked into the classroom, only to stumble over a pair of long legs stretched between the rows of desks. He fell weirdly on his ass, after a small dramatic pirouette. Dispassionately, Dane, the guy known as the school delinquent and owner of the said long legs, looked at him as he stood up and dusted his clothes.

"Sorry," Adam mumbled, although he knew Dane should have been the one to apologize.

The guy threw him a strange look, and Adam felt his cheeks catching fire. Could Dane be suspecting anything? The school's famous black sheep was not one of the gossipers and he didn't like staying in school, but Adam could totally see him roughing up a gay guy, just because he was tall, strong and he could. It was kind of a miracle that he was present at any class, Adam thought. On most school days, Dane was a no show.

Adam hurried towards the back, where his usual place was. Teachers could not understand his preference for that habit, but he had his corner and he liked it that way.

His saving came in the form of Mr. Claymore walking in and beginning to teach his English class. Adam could focus on something he really liked it. He opened the book and immediately got engrossed in the teacher's lecture. After a few minutes, however, he started to notice the glances thrown in his direction. A small laugh made Mr. Claymore stop for a second, but he continued. However, the murmurs turned into a ruckus, and the teacher had to call for order.

“Quiet! You are weeks from finishing high school and you still continue to behave like twelve-year-olds. Amanda, bring me that piece of paper right away!”

The girl blanched, but she got up and placed the crumpled piece of paper on the teacher’s desk. Mr. Claymore threw her an exasperated look, then he took the paper and stared at it, his brows furrowed. Annoyed for some reason, he crumpled the piece of paper and threw it into the garbage bin behind his desk.

“Go back to your place, young lady. Everyone, take out a piece of paper and write: My life as someone else.”

“But Mr. Claymore,” a redhead in the first row protested, “we should keep with our curriculum!”

“In this class, I decide what you do.” The teacher pointed a finger towards the entire class. “Now think of a person you despise or you don’t like too much.”

“What if we like everyone?” A boy dared to ask.

“You’re teenagers. Of course you hate someone, if not the entire world. However, pick someone of the same age and start writing about how you think your life would be if you were to walk in that person’s shoes for a day.”

Soon, the ruckus died down and only the sound of pens on paper could be heard. Adam could not stop wondering what that was all about. As soon as the class was up, Mr. Claymore called for him to approach the teacher’s desk. This time, he made sure to avoid stumbling on Dane’s long legs. The guy didn’t care about making room for others, it looked.

The teacher waited patiently for all the students to be gone, so he could speak. “Adam, has anything happened lately?”

He could feel his cheeks on fire again. “No.” He shook his head and looked down.

Mr. Claymore sighed. “Teenagers behave badly, and they are mean to others because they have a hard time dealing with their own emotions. Anything you may hear from others, Adam, anything, don’t let it get to you, all right?”

Adam nodded, still keeping his eyes down. So, the rumor was out, after all, and now he had to face the music. After murmuring a quick goodbye to Mr. Claymore, he scurried away. He hoped he could get home without anyone picking on him.

Unfortunately, there was no such thing as luck in his corner of the universe. A group of boys was hanging out close to the entrance, and Adam was grabbed by his jacket and almost made to stumble back as soon as he walked out.

“So finally we know why you’re such a pussy, fag,” a massive boy, with ginger hair and watery eyes talked first.

Adam tried to scurry away. Mr. Claymore was wrong. Some guys were mean because they just wanted to be mean and could without fear that someone stronger than them would put them in place.

The same guy pushed him back again. “Are you going to the beauty salon to get these curls, like girls?” Another punk pulled at his hair.

His chestnut curls were all natural, but Adam kept his mouth shut.

“Of course, ‘cause he is one,” a third boy said and started neighing like a horse. “And he sucks dick like one.”

Apparently, they all loved that joke.

“All right, you had your fun, now let me go home,” Adam said, trying to keep his voice steady.

“Not until you get here on your knees and show us how you do it.”

“It’s a stupid rumor. I didn’t do anything,” Adam tried to say in his defense. Brian apparently hadn’t come to school today. A bit of eavesdropping had clarified that the guy was supposedly sick and wouldn’t come to school until the following week. So, who had written that ugly thing on the bathroom wall?

The ginger head snorted. “Yeah, right. How come you don’t have a girlfriend? Because you’re a fag, that’s why.”

“You don’t have a girlfriend, either,” Adam replied and regretted right away, as the guy’s fist connected with his jaw and sent him sprawling on the concrete.

“What’s going on here?” The voice of one of the teachers made the ruckus die as if by magic.

The bullies made themselves scarce, but not before the ginger head threw a venomous look in Adam’s direction. Adam stood to his feet quickly, trying hard not to scream in pain. His jaw was flaring. He hurried towards the exit, hoping to reach home without any other incidents, and getting away from any explanations the teacher might want to hear from him. They could call him names or whatever, but that didn’t mean he was a snitch.

He wanted nothing but to get home and hide under the bed, but then he noticed someone walking in front of him. The straight dark hair cut right above the shoulders belonged to someone Adam recognized. Suddenly, he had an idea.

The guy looked strong, not only because he was taller than anyone else, but also because he was already starting to look more like a man and no longer like a boy, as the rest of the guys

attending their high school. Maturity seemed to have come earlier for him, but he was repeating the year, so that came with the territory.

Adam admired the strong back and slender legs briefly before hurrying to catch up with Dane.

“Hey,” he called out and offered his hand when the other slowed down and eyed him carefully. “I’m Adam, we’re in the same English class--”

His words were cut short. “I know.” A pair of magnetic blue eyes examined him. “I don’t suffer from amnesia.”

Adam drew a deep breath. This wasn’t going to be easy, but it wasn’t like he expected Dane to be all friendly with a dude that had ‘loser’ written all over his forehead.

“What happened to your face?” Dane asked casually, pointing at what was probably a bruise in the making.

“Oh, that. Hmm, ok, I--”

“Come on, pretty boy, if you want to say something, just spit it out.”

Dane’s voice was rough, just like the rest of him. Adam felt his jaw going slack. He had never been called pretty by a guy before. He shook his head. Now it was the wrong time to have wide-eyed fantasies involving a classmate, and not the kind that was likely to take such things lightly.

“I want to ask you something,” Adam said more determinedly this time.

“Shoot. But nothing is free, ok?” Dane nodded and looked at him again. He was scanning Adam’s face for something, and for a moment, a wild thought that maybe he had something written on his forehead crossed Adam’s mind.

“Sure, I wouldn’t dream of things standing otherwise,” Adam said dryly. “How much would you charge for protection?”

Dane stopped and looked at him, with a quizzical expression on his face. “Protection? What do you think this is? Prison?”

“No, high school,” Adam said with a long sigh. “Now look at my face and tell me I don’t need it.” Lost as he had been in that magnetic blue gaze, he had forgotten that he had been punched in the face, or maybe the pain was slowly fading. Dane had actually asked him directly what had happened to him.

To his surprise, his new found acquaintance nodded shortly. Adam took his chance to examine the dude’s handsome face again. His classmate had smooth olive skin on which the blue eyes had a stunning effect. The planes of his face were a bit harsher than what could be seen in other boys

of their age, but his hard set jaw and aquiline nose made him really good looking. Adam barely refrained from licking his lips.

He knew he must look milk-fed and weak, compared to the solid proof of masculinity in front of him. He was not very short, but he was skinny and his baby face and soft lips didn't help him at all. His green eyes had often attracted praises from girls, and he had come to believe they were maybe his only good point. Clearly enough, he didn't look his eighteen years of age.

"I have fifty bucks now, but I can bring you more," he explained and started to rummage through his jeans.

"What's the deal? What do you want, exactly?" Dane questioned, while keeping his amazing blue eyes set on Adam.

They started walking again. That was a good sign. The guy was interested.

"Not much. I need you to walk me to school and back home every day. I hope everyone will get the idea and leave me alone."

"Like a chaperon," Dane said amused. "And when going out?"

"Oh, I don't go out," Adam hurried to say. "I do all the shopping I need on the way back."

"Don't you work or something? Some part time job, like anyone else? Where do you have money from? Your folks?"

"I work online," Adam answered. What the hell was with the twenty questions?

"I see," Dane agreed. "Does it pay well?"

"How much do you want?" Adam was starting to feel a bit unnerved under that scrutiny. It didn't help that Dane was every bit his fantasy man. Not that he had a lot of experience in that department, except that failed blowjob, but--

"There are three weeks left until school ends, this means five hundred," Dane said quickly, interrupting his dirty thoughts.

"I have no idea how you do your math, but that's fine," Adam agreed quickly.

"Do you have that kind of money?"

"I do," Adam nodded. "Do you want it all, or...?"

Dane laughed. "If you give it to me all right now, I can put it in my pocket and not give a shit about who's kicking your ass."

Adam bit his bottom lip nervously. "I guess so. Then, here is fifty, and tomorrow, after I'm safely home, I'll give you another fifty."

"That will add up to more, if you want to keep it like this. I cannot offer you any discount," Dane explained in what sounded like a very professional tone.

It looked like Dane wasn't exactly a stranger to being hired to protect someone. "I don't care. It will be worth it," Adam said.

"What about weekends?" Dane continued his professional inquiry.

"I won't need protection on weekends. I stay at home and play video games," he explained.

"Hmm." Dane seemed to consider Adam's words, as if the fact that a nerdy teenager was spending his free days on the computer at home could have added some extra relevance to the whole deal.

"Is this all you have to say?" Adam questioned. "No comments on how lame I am and stuff like that?"

He had no idea why he was trying to get the guy pissed. At this point, he should have kept his smart tongue under lock and key.

"Nah, whatever floats your boat," Dane shrugged.

For a second, Adam wondered what floated Dane's boat. He licked his lips nervously. Why was his throat and mouth so dry while he stared at this guy?

"So, I'll walk you home now?" Dane asked.

"Yes, if that's all right with you," Adam added quickly.

"Okay," Dane agreed and started walking.

Adam hurried after him. They walked in silence for the remainder of the road back home, and he didn't dare to interrupt it with stupid conversation. It looked like Dane couldn't care less if he was willing to share why he was in trouble with some dudes at school or not. And that was a real relief, because seriously, he didn't dare to think that Dane would be too happy to hear the details of that sordid affair.

"This is my place," Adam said, as they stopped in front of his driveway.

"All right. Tomorrow at seven-thirty, then?" Dane asked.

"That's fine."

"If you want to sleep in, I'll take my car and we'll get to school in less than ten," Dane offered.

Adam shook his head. Just picturing himself on the dead man's seat in Dane's Mustang was making his tummy feel funny. Yes, he knew the kind of car the guy drove. He knew a lot of stuff, apparently.

"It's better if we're not seen as too close," he said.

"Why?" Dane searched his face, his eyes at half-mast, searching again for that something that still remained a mystery to Adam for now.

Adam was about to spill the beans, but caught himself in time. "Nothing, I just don't want people to think we hang out together." The other boy's face darkened. Too late, Adam understood how that must have sounded. "I mean, I don't..." he made a lame attempt at an excuse.

"Forget it," Dane said aggressively.

"I'm sorry, I really didn't mean it!" Adam became panicked. It wasn't like there were many guys he could hire for protecting his ass until the school ended.

"Stop fretting. I'm still taking your money, even if you're a prick." Dane sounded bitter, and Adam felt even guiltier.

He swallowed hard. Well, he kind of deserved that, and it wasn't like he could explain that the boys at school thought he was sucking dick and liked guys.

"And you obviously don't understand that it will exactly look like we are hanging out, because I am not going to punch your friends like a ninja, without anyone seeing me."

Adam burst into laughter. What friends? The idea of having Dane dressed up like a ninja and smacking that ginger head right in the kisser was really funny.

"You're one weird dude," Dane commented, but a large grin lit up his handsome face.

"Nothing I haven't heard already," Adam said with a sigh. "See you tomorrow, ok? Seventy?"

"Seventy and we're taking my ride. That just because you're a prick and a weird one, on top of it all. I'm taking it now from the shop and I want to use it, all right?"

The way Dane drawled the words, linking them together, like aw'right, did funny things to his stomach. To hide his reactions, Adam grimaced and nodded. He was in no position to bargain. He just hoped Dane was not going to regret his decision to help.

Dane nodded shortly back and left without another word.

Chapter Two

Adam held on tight to the edge of his seat, while Dane smoothly attacked the last curb to school. He had said nothing all the way and anyway he needed to keep this professional, so to speak. He quickly got out, wanting nothing more but for the other kids to miss on his dramatic entrance.

He noticed the strange glances everyone threw in his direction and he tried to keep calm. It took him a while to realize Dane was walking very close to him.

“What are you doing?” he whispered.

Dane shrugged. “Going to class. Like you. And protecting your ass.”

“Can’t you do it less obviously?”

“Nope.”

Adam opened and closed his mouth. There was no normal way of dealing with the guy. Dane looked straight as an arrow, so to speak, and he didn’t seem like he could take a hint.

Fortunately, they reached their class, and Adam hurried to his usual place. Dane casually explained something to the boy standing at Adam’s right and slumped in the small chair casually.

“You’re really something,” Adam whispered, his eyes darting around.

Dane flashed a perfect smile at him that made Adam’s stomach flip for a second. Suddenly, the older boy looked more like he still belonged in high school and not... somewhere else. And surely not like a guy offering his protection services in exchange for cash.

No more words could be exchanged between them, as the teacher entered. However, for the first time in his life, Adam found it hard to focus on the lesson, his eyes drawn to the handsome boy at his right.

The day went without any incidents, until the time to leave came. The same bullies were again waiting for Adam at the exit. Adam could only marvel at their lack of imagination.

The ginger head was pretty confident as he walked toward Adam. He looked nervously for Dane, but he had no time to react, as the bully was quickly forced back and made to stumble and fall on his ass. The group stared with gaping mouths at Dane who calmly towered over the ginger head, with a challenging look in his eyes.

The ginger head made to get up, but Dane casually pushed him back with just two fingers. His friends didn’t seem willing to help and watched from a safe distance. When the bully tried to get up again, Dane pushed him back and was staring at him like he was some sort of insect.

“What the hell, man?” The ginger head complained.

“See this guy?” Dane pointed at Adam. “He’s with me. You touch him, I touch you. Twice. Understood?”

It felt like the entire courtyard fell silent.

“Are you boys causing trouble again?” The high-pitched voice of one of the female teachers interrupted them.

Adam grabbed Dane’s arm and dragged him towards the exit. Before anyone could say a word, they were in Dane’s car and away from school. He didn’t need his hired bodyguard to get into trouble.

“That was pretty awesome!” Adam yelled over the blaring engine.

“You didn’t let me finish.” Dane had a bleak expression on his face.

“Well, I didn’t want you to be picked on by teachers.”

That earned him a surprised look from Dane.

“I don’t want you expelled because I’ll get no protection then,” Adam explained and felt somewhat taken aback with the disheartened look in the other boy’s blue eyes.

They were soon in front of his house, and Adam got out. He turned to face Dane from his side of the car.

“Listen. Do you want to come in? Grab a bite? Drink some juice?”

“I don’t drink juice,” Dane said somewhat amused. Sure thing, he didn’t look like the type. What would a guy like that like to drink? Beer? Whiskey?

“I also have two cans of beer,” Adam offered. “When my dad comes home, he usually needs a cold one,” he quickly added.

“And if I drink them, what will you do?”

“I’ll buy some from the store tomorrow.”

“Really?”

“The shop owner knows my dad. It’s no issue.”

“Nah.” Dane waved his hand.

Adam bit his bottom lip. Of course a cool guy like Dane didn’t care about spending the afternoon or even ten minutes with a pathetic loser like him.

“Forget it,” he said briskly.

“I didn’t say I won’t come in.” Dane got out from the car and followed Adam to the door. “Juice is fine,” he added, breathing the words against Adam’s curls, making his hair stand on end briefly.

Adam felt a bit nervous. He had acted on instinct and now he was inviting a stranger into his home, while his dad was away. He knew nothing about Dane, except for some rumors involving some illegal stuff. Adam had no idea about the details and now he wished he had been more attentive when there were people gossiping around him.

However, he braced himself and had Dane follow him to his room upstairs.

“I’ll go bring the food and the juice right away,” he promised and scurried towards the kitchen.

When he turned back with the full tray, he felt a huge lump forming in his throat. Dane was sprawled on his bed, his hands linked behind his head, his stance relaxed, like he was some big cat resting after a meal. Or maybe it was an act to fool prey into believing it was safe.

He placed the tray on the table and invited Dane to help himself.

“This is awesome,” Dane commented while taking a huge bite out of the turkey sandwich.

“It’s just a sandwich,” Adam said a bit embarrassed.

“No, dude, this is really tasty,” Dane added, while grabbing the second one, with a ravenous expression on his face.

“Glad you like it.” Adam smiled and started eating, too. “I can cook a lot of stuff,” he found himself talking.

“Like soups and all that?” Dane questioned, looking at him with growing interest.

“Even desserts. I make a killer tiramisu.”

“What’s that?” Dane asked, as his eyes traveled all over Adam, like he was trying to figure out the other.

“Some kind of cake.” Adam cast his eyes down.

What was he doing, talking about recipes in his bedroom with a gorgeous dangerous guy? And what kind of guy bragged about being able to cook?

“I’d like to have some,” Dane said.

For a split second, Adam’s mind wondered at the kind of ‘some’ Dane wanted to have. He shook his head quickly. “Really?” he asked and tapped his foot nervously.

His weird behavior went unnoticed by the other.

“Yeah, why not? If it’s half as tasty as this,” Dane pointed towards his sandwich, “I’m sold.”

Adam smiled wholeheartedly this time. He hadn’t expected Dane to be such an easygoing guy. He was really pleasant to be around.

“Do you want to study together?” he offered.

Dane grabbed his glass of juice and gulped it down then quickly rose.

“Nah, I’m good. Thanks for the treat. I’ll see you tomorrow morning.”

Adam hid his disappointment. Maybe Dane was not the scary delinquent everyone thought he was, but he was still no fan of studying.

Days passed without any incidents and Dane made quite a habit to indulge in Adam’s food and drinks after school. Adam had no idea when Friday came around and he realized he was not going to see Dane for the entire weekend. They didn’t talk much during those minutes spent together, but Adam longed for them nonetheless because they offered him the possibility to stare at the guy without seeming too weird about it.

After eating his sandwich, Dane lingered on, like he wasn’t in the mood to get going.

Adam had no idea why. Then the other shoe dropped.

“So, is it true, Adam?” Dane looked him up and down, making him feel goosebumps everywhere.

“What?” He tensed right away.

“That you sucked some guy’s dick in the locker room?”

Dane surely didn’t like to sugarcoat things.

“No, no.” Adam looked away. “That’s just some stupid rumor. I know they don’t like me at school, but this time it’s really bad and that was why I needed you,” he said in a heartbeat.

Dane stood from the bed and came closer to Adam who sat on his chair, turned away from his computer.

“Are you sure? People don’t just make up stuff like this.”

“It’s a misunderstanding or something.” Adam felt sweat pooling on his back, as he could now breathe in Dane’s manly scent.

“Was that why you said that day that we should not be seen together?”

Adam tilted his head back so he could see the other and nodded. “Yeah, so that, you know, they don’t start rumors about you, too.”

Dane smiled. “Nice of you.”

Adam stood there, dumbstruck. Nice of him?

“Thanks for the food.” Dane walked away and stopped with the hand on the doorknob. “I know you don’t go out on weekends, but how about coming with me to the races this Saturday?”

Adam was just about to refuse.

“Come on. For two hours tops, I promise. You studied the whole week. All work and no play...” Dane added a smile and a wink on top of that.

“Ok,” Adam accepted quickly.

Dane looked a bit surprised, but then he nodded shortly. “I’ll come pick you up at nine.”

“In the morning?”

Dane laughed. “In the evening.”

So they were that kind of races, realization dawned on Adam and suddenly he felt filled with excitement. He was finally going to do something fun and crazy and not at all planned out.

That was how you ended up sucking Brian’s dick, a small voice said to him, but he chose to ignore it. He was just going to the races. Sucking dick was out of the question.

Chapter Three

He eventually settled for some sports clothes that his father had bought for him. He felt strange, like he was going on a date or something. He really had to keep his fantasies in check. Dane was a really handsome guy but he was off limits, just like anyone else in their small town. Adam sighed. He hoped college was different and once there, he could score or something. Although he wasn't sure that was the correct term for gay guys who maybe preferred to play bottom. At least in his fantasies, that was what he thought he liked. Brian had been the only guy he had been with, if a lame blowjob in the locker room could count as that.

The chirpy tune of his phone startled him. That meant Dane was already downstairs. He jumped the stairs three by three and was right at the door in just a few seconds. He didn't notice he was out of breath as he opened the door. Dane looked stunning, dressed in washed out jeans and a black leather jacket. Adam stared at him wide eyed.

"Are you all right?" Dane frowned and Adam quickly walked and pulled the door close behind him.

"Yeah, sure, it just feels funny to be out at this hour."

Dane laughed softly, sending eddies of warmth straight to Adam's belly.

"Are you competing? In the races, I mean?" he asked, not wanting to dwell on the sound of that laughter, and how could it felt to be so close to this bad boy.

"Yeah, there's good money to be made."

Adam was not so sure he wanted to hear more about that. It sounded pretty illegal and it most probably was, too.

"Your dad is a truck driver, isn't he?" Dane asked out of the blue.

"Yeah, he's on the road a lot. But I manage," Adam said briefly.

He appreciated how Dane didn't ask anything about his mom. The fact that she had upped one morning and left a crumpled note, something about how unhappy she was didn't make some fine conversation topic. He still ached for her, although she never called and didn't seem even to remember that she had a son; his dad said nothing about it and just took on longer assignments, leaving Adam to deal with everything on his own. The man always brought him nice clothes and other presents from his journeys, but he never stayed home long. Adam missed him, too, but he couldn't say that out loud.

"With your killer cooking, I guess you're great on your own," Dane offered him, along with a honest smile.

“I’ll make tiramisu tomorrow,” Adam blurted out, thrilled with the compliment. “If you want to drop by, I’ll save you a good chunk. Regardless of the time when you want to come.”

Dane grabbed his shoulders and guided him towards the car. “All right, I’ll stop by in the afternoon. Now, let’s hit the tracks. I want you to see my baby in action.”

Adam knew the other boy was talking about his car, but it sat on the tip of his tongue to ask if Dane had a girlfriend. Guys like him usually did, the kind of girl great in the sack, who knew how to dress to make all the boys’ heads turn.

Adam looked after the spirals of dust sent floating in the air by the cars engaged in the race. He was thankful he saw no familiar faces from school there. Apparently, this was more like adult fun, and kids from school weren’t allowed. The audience was pretty colorful, with bikers and women with spiky hair and long, red painted nails. Strangely enough, Adam didn’t feel out of place, mostly because no one was staring at him or making him feel unwanted.

When he saw Dane’s Mustang finishing second, he let out a sigh of relief. It was not as dangerous as he thought it was, but still the sound of screeching tires made him feel uneasy. Dane walked straight to him, with a bit of a crooked smile painted on his face, and Adam congratulated him, beaming with excitement.

“It was just second place,” Dane said, and Adam could swear the guy was embarrassed.

“That was pretty awesome. With so many fast cars, second place is really something,” Adam said honestly.

“Do you think?” Dane grabbed his shoulders again, and Adam felt all warm inside. The casual gesture was seemingly natural for Dane, and it made Adam feel good. “Now let’s go and collect our cash.”

“Our?” Adam asked, a bit surprised.

“I used the money you gave me to get into this race, so yeah, our cash,” Dane explained.

A biker with a long beard shook Dane’s hand.

“Good race, kiddo,” he commented and placed a wad of bills in Dane’s free hand. “A new friend?” He gestured towards Adam.

Dane nodded.

“Yeah, I thought about showing him a real race, not like the glitzy stuff on TV.”

“Great, Dane. You’re getting better. See you in two weeks?”

“Yeah, why not? Thanks a lot for the money, man.”

“No sweat. All deserved.”

As Dane bid farewell to the biker, and they both walked away, Adam could not stop asking.

“Is there an old friend you used to take here? Since I’m the new one.”

“Yeah,” Dane said, looking slightly annoyed. “I used to have a good friend. He left town a couple of months ago.”

“Oh,” Adam barely managed. “Is he coming back?”

“In like one year or so. That if he is on his best behavior.”

Adam’s mind started twisting and turning. He swallowed hard. “Is he like in jail or something?” He laughed, a bit embarrassed with his presumption.

“You’re a smart boy, you figure it out.” Dane ruffled his hair and Adam felt a cold chill running down his spine. That was Dane, that was his world, with illegal races and friends who went to jail for who knew out. He remained silent, unsure of whether he should ask more about that or better keep his mouth shut.

“So, we have like five grand here. What’s your pleasure? It’s all on me, of course.”

“Pleasure?” Adam echoed, feeling much aware of Dane’s fragrance. He knew that one. Lucky You, the type supposed to make the guys wearing it a real hit with girls everywhere; in his opinion, Dane didn’t need it to get lucky. He had a handsome face and a stunning body, and he only had to smile to make all panties drop.

“You know. A stiff drink. A girl, maybe,” Dane teased.

Adam tensed. “No, I’d rather go home and play online.”

Dane tsked. “All right, a man, then.”

This time, Adam froze. “Those are just rumors,” he said stiffly.

“Chill, dude. I was just pulling your leg.”

Without any reason, Dane pulled him close and Adam felt his knees turning into butter as he was pressed against the dude’s side. The nice smell didn’t help either. Adam wished he would be so lucky one day to have a guy half as handsome as Dane to keep him this close and mean it. For Dane, it seemed like nothing but camaraderie and nothing else.

“I don’t want to ruin your night. Go and celebrate,” Adam urged him, feeling the sudden need to get home, get into the shower and masturbate furiously thinking of Dane in his jeans and leather jacket and smelling of Lucky You.

“By myself? That’s no fun,” Dane shrugged. “Is your dad home?”

“No.”

“Can I come with you then?”

Adam had a mind to refuse, thinking of the nasty erection straining his pants. But he felt like he could not just say ‘no’.

“All right. I have some movies we could watch, and I can make popcorn.”

“Ok, sounds like fun,” Dane said and Adam wondered what kind of fun the guy usually preferred when he wasn’t babysitting high school losers like him.

After the movie and popcorn, Adam felt like he had no intention to let Dane go home. The guy’s comments throughout the entire movie had been so witty and funny, that Adam no longer regretted choosing a racing movie to watch together with a guy who was so much into racing. Dane had pointed out the blatant mistakes in the movie in such a casual, entertaining manner that Adam had laughed the whole time. He didn’t remember having so much fun in his life.

Dane stretched and yawned.

“You could sleep over if you want,” Adam offered. “I know this sofa is too small for you, but you can sleep in my bed, and I can sleep here.”

“Are you sure?” Dane watched him carefully, like he was afraid Adam was going to say that he was just joking.

“Yeah. I want to play a game before going to bed, but I hope you don’t want to fall asleep right away.”

“No problem,” Dane shrugged and followed Adam upstairs.

Adam quickly arranged the bed, as Dane followed his instructions to the bathroom, so he could take a shower. He turned on his computer, anxious to let some steam off with a quick game before going downstairs to hit the hay. He was in the matchmaking screen when Dane returned with his clothes in his hand and nothing but a towel around his waist.

He quickly averted his eyes, not wanting to let Dane see the effect the sight of that gorgeous naked torso had on him. Dane was truly more like a man than a boy, with the mass of curly black hair on his chest and well defined abs on which a few droplets of water shone.

“I’m usually sleeping naked, so you better wash those sheets after I’m gone,” Dane said as he dropped his clothes on a chair and sprawled on the bed.

Adam remained turned, his eyes fixed on the computer screen. A man as beautiful as Adonis was naked in his bed, and he was playing video games. That really made him the geekiest of all geeks.

He quickly purchased his starting items as his team already started to rage that he wasn’t moving from base.

He could hear Dane moving and breathing. Damn, he really had a tough time focusing on the game. When he was the first to go down, his team went berserk.

Sorry, guys, he started typing, there's a really beautiful person in my bed and I cannot concentrate.

What the fuck, dude? You invite your gf over and you let her with her pussy wet there so you can play?

Loser.

Lame.

Just play. And Socrates31, if you leave, you still get a report for being an asshole. You just don't start an online game when your gf comes over.

Yeah, loser.

Come on, guys, I promise I'll focus on the game from now on.

Yeah, lol.

His online banter was stopped by Dane.

“Adam, do you have any magazines or something?”

“Yeah, sure.” Adam stood and typed quickly on his keyboard. *Brb.*

He offered Dane a few science mags, since they were the only ones he had upstairs. Why wasn’t the guy on his phone, playing online games or watching cat videos, like everyone else? Adam didn’t care to ask.

He sat back in front of the screen.

Back, he typed.

What the fuck, dude? You came in 5 seconds?

Your gf is still wet, but for nothing, I bet.

Can I come over and fuck her, too? I think I can beat your record.

Stop being dicks, guys. I just gave her some water. Let's just play, ok?

Besides his nervous clicking, only the rustle of the magazines pages could be heard. Adam really wanted to rush and go to bed. His cock had a mind of his own, and he no longer could function. At one point, he just decided to no longer respond to the others' constant teasing.

"Are you enjoying your reading?" He asked over his shoulder.

"Yeah, pretty much," Dane said in a husky voice that sent an instant shiver down Adam's spine.

"Nice. What article are you reading? I know these by heart, so we could chat about it," Adam said to hide his embarrassment and immediately cursed under his breath as he was ganked for the umpteenth time while trying to place wards in the jungle.

"I doubt chatting would help," Dane replied, somewhat amused. "Especially since it's not the text, but the pictures that truly leave a lasting impression."

A foreboding sensation made Adam feel his feet freezing. He slowly turned, only to see Dane holding in his hand one of his skin magazines. Grinning, Dane showed him the centerfold displaying two guys completely naked engaging in some old-fashioned sword fighting with their cocks and tongues.

It felt like time had stopped. How he could be so foolish to leave those under the bed? Why had he kept them? He stood, ready to flee if Dane made any move to jump him and beat the crap out of him.

"That's not..." His voice sounded strange, and he gaped for air, not really knowing what he could say.

Dane quirked an eyebrow. "That's not..." He encouraged Adam to continue.

Adam slumped his shoulders. "I was just curious, all right?" He said in a meek voice.

Dane snorted. "You have like five or six of these. You're a really curious guy."

Yeah, that was true. He had gotten them on a trip to a different county, where no one knew him. Why exactly didn't he just stare at naked men on the internet, like everyone else? The internet, where he could wipe all his traces clean? Hard to tell. Maybe he just wanted the experience of

owning that kind of thing. And now his mind was racing as Dane pushed himself off the bed. Adam hurried to the door. But Dane was quicker and soon, he was trapped between the hard body in front of him and his bedroom door.

“How about some truth, Adam?” Dane asked softly, while placing his hands above Adam’s head and towering over him.

“I... I like guys, I think. The rumor... is true, ok? Now can you just leave? And don’t tell anyone?” Adam begged.

He was very much aware he sounded really pathetic. Dane moved a bit to caress Adam’s lips, and he stood there, his face white as paper, not understanding what was happening.

“You have really nice lips,” Dane explained, while moving his fingertips slowly. “You’re probably giving great head.”

Adam gulped audibly. “Why... Why aren’t you kicking my ass?” He dared to ask and Dane chuckled.

“Why indeed.”

His chin was grabbed and his lips were quickly captured in a kiss, rough and demanding, making him open his mouth until his jaw hurt, only to let the other get inside. Dane’s tongue was strong and unyielding, performing all kinds of moves in his mouth, making his eyes roll in his head and his toes curl against the soft carpet.

When Dane eventually let him go, he was breathing hard, sweat making his curls stick to his forehead.

“I’m not telling if you’re not,” Dane teased and smiled. “Now tell me, do you want to go finish your game or...”

“Fuck that,” Adam threw caution to the wind and spoke his mind. “You’re... I mean... You want...?”

“What? A nice blowjob from a pretty boy like you?”

Adam smiled nervously. “I’m not that good. I mean, that time, it was the only time when... you know.”

Dane shrugged. “It seems like you have plenty of material around, and since I know how fond you are of studying, I think you can do it quite well. I believe in you,” he added in a playful tone.

Next thing Adam knew, Dane took him by the hand and made him climb the bed. Adam was sure he was going to die because of how hard his cock was. There was going to be lack of blood in his brain, because it was all shot down to his dick.

Dane removed his towel and let Adam marvel at the beautiful snake, fully erect, lying against the muscled belly.

“You’re big,” Adam concluded.

Dane laughed. “You haven’t seen enough of this in real life to have basis for comparison but thanks. Come on, touch it.”

Adam didn’t wait to be told twice. He grabbed the erect organ and pulled the foreskin down. He was about to bend over and take it in his mouth when a strong hand grabbed his nape and made him scoot next to the other. He rose his green eyes to stare into Dane’s wonderful blues.

“There is plenty of time,” Dane cooed and began kissing him again while starting to undress him.

Adam had never been completely naked around anyone else, at least not that he could remember it. When Dane grabbed his ass, he whimpered helplessly.

Dane suddenly stop. “Wait just a moment.” He stood from the bed and went to the computer where he typed something.

“What did you do?” Adam asked, feeling too naked under the blue gaze.

“I told the guys not to report you because you’re about to get your dick sucked. And don’t worry, I can play the 'gf' role just perfectly.” Dane winked at him, making Adam smile shyly.

“Are you? I mean, I thought I was going to...”

“Haven’t you heard of sixty-nine? Or there was nothing of the kind in those mags of yours?”

Adrian shook his head. “I doubt I can remember anything. My mind is all blank,” he admitted.

“Then we’re lucky you don’t have to use your brain then. Your mouth and your cock will do for now. Maybe later your ass.”

“My ass?” Adam murmured.

“If you want.” Dane offered him one of his gorgeous smiles.

Adam wanted, he wanted everything and even if Dane was going to write on the bathroom walls on Monday back to school that Adam Longview also loved to take it up the ass, he had no intention to regret this.

Soon, they were entangled in another kiss, and Adam was already becoming more daring. He got his hands buried in the other’s chest hair, searching for the nipples, wanting really badly to take them in his mouth and see how they were like. With a giggle, Dane let him explore and suckle on

dark nipples, but he didn't just stand there. A deft hand sneaked between Adam's slender legs and grabbed his manhood.

Unfortunately, that was too much for Adam. "No, please," he barely managed when Dane stroked him fast, and one minute later he came all over the sheets and the other's hand.

He was breathing heavily, as he was coming down, and kept his eyes shut. His first time, and he was blowing it, literally. Apparently, Dane had other plans as he manhandled Adam to place him on top and making him face his cock. A slap over his buttocks woke Adam up.

"Come Adam, it's time for you to learn a few things about cock sucking. First lesson, no teeth. Second lesson, don't try to fit it all in one go. And third lesson, think of it as the most delicious lollipop you've ever had. Enjoy," Dane added with another slap on his behind.

What had Dane just said? Adam could not remember anything, but he took the hard cock in his mouth, sucking it with delight. He didn't have to be told about the no teeth rule. He let the organ slide in and out, while applying pressure with his lips and tongue, especially on the head. His half erect cock was also engulfed in scorching heat and Adam felt getting fully hard again. If he was going to lose his cherry, too, tonight, he was going to be the happiest dude on the planet.

Until then, there was a long way to go, or better said, a long cock to suck. Dane could run his mouth as much as he wanted, but he was big, most probably, compared to most guys. And Adam was bent on shoving as much of it as he could into his mouth. This was nothing like when he had sucked Brian's D. Yeah, that guy didn't deserve more than a single letter, while Dane's was a COCK, in all caps.

Adam polished it from all sides with gusto. His mouth drooling, he went for the head again, licking and taking it in over and over. Dane was doing marvelous things to his dick, too, and Adam had to squeeze his butt in an effort to keep his cock from acting up. If they went at it for long, he wouldn't be held responsible.

He wouldn't be just another lame geek after tonight. With all the strength and determination he could muster, he pushed half of Dane's cock into his mouth.

And... promptly choked.

"Easy," Dane scolded him softly. "This position might be a little too much for a determined little thing like you."

Adam wanted to bristle at that but when Dane maneuvered him that they were face to face, his words died on his lips. Dane's mouth glistened, and just thinking of where it had been was enough to make his cock want to spurt without being touched for longer than a moment.

He was kissed again... holy shit, he was. Dane caressed his lips with a wicked tongue, and Adam was pretty sure he was melting, turning into nothing but a puddle on the bed, and nothing else.

“Enough to chill a little?” Dane asked.

Adam stared at him in a daze. “Right,” he snorted. “Like I could chill with a sexy dude like you in the same room. No,” he corrected himself, “not like you. You.”

Dane laughed. “Let me get back to that. Someone’s a fast shooter.”

“Screw that.” Adam bit his tongue as soon as he realized that he had said the words out loud. “I mean, I want to suck your cock.”

With Brian, he had only approached the guy, and they had fumbled, finally landing in a weird position. This was nothing like it. Adam pushed Dane gentle away, just so that he could move down and take his amazing cock between his lips.

Dane didn’t protest and, instead, he began to caress his hair, whispering soft encouragements and indications. “There, baby,” he cooed, “oh, yes, you know how to work that cock, don’t you?”

Even dirty talk sounded tender in the guy’s mouth. Adam’s eyes watered with a new sensation. Maybe he was stupid, and it wasn’t anything else but sex, but he damned sure felt like he was falling in love. He sucked on the hot rod in his mouth, wishing to feel its taste fully and as fast as he could. Not that he didn’t want to stay like that forever, but now, an unfamiliar ambition was growing inside him. Dane had promised something, right? At least, he had pointed to the possibility, and Adam wanted it.

He lifted his eyes and stared at Dane. “Will you…” he gulped, “will you fuck me, please?”

Dane’s eyes glinted. “You sure? You’re doing fine down there,” he praised and teased him, at the same time.

“I want you… to fuck me,” Adam choked on the words. He was eighteen, a geek, a loser, and a lame high school student, who got pushed around for sucking the wrong dick, but now it was a bit of time for growing up.

Dane nodded shortly and pushed himself off the bed. Adam followed him with his eyes. “Where are you going?” he whispered. It couldn’t be that Dane changed his mind, right? At least, not all of a sudden.

Dane winked at him as he rummaged through his jeans. “Condom, baby,” he said and winked as he showed Adam the rubber. “And go fetch some body lotion or whatever. If I’d known I’d get so lucky tonight, I’d have been better prepared.”

Adam didn’t need to be told twice. He sprung from the bed and hurried to the bathroom, where he grabbed the first thing that appeared to work as lube. His ass would get it tonight and for real. He just didn’t believe his luck, but it was high time to believe it. Dane hadn’t thought of getting lucky tonight, but he was having it backward. Adam was the lucky one.

He rushed back into the bedroom and stared at Dane, completely stunned by the sight. The guy had made quick work of putting the condom on and was now waiting for him, on his back, his cock proud and jutting out like a ship's mast, his arms behind his head, and nothing else but a sly smile on his face.

"Come here," Dane ordered, and Adam hurried to obey. "Easy, baby, straddle me, and let me take care of you. All good?"

Adam nodded quickly. Dane pressed their bodies together, while his fingers moved along Adam's crack slowly, pushing the lotion in and working on opening him.

"First time? Don't lie," Dane whispered.

Adam nodded slowly this time. "Yeah," he whispered. "I have no idea what I'm doing."

"Don't worry. I do," Dane teased and brought his lips close for a kiss. "I'll teach you how to ride tonight."

Adam managed a small nervous laugh. "Not a car, though."

"No, not a car," Dane confirmed. "My cock."

Adam was thankful for that position. Maybe Dane liked it better when his partner was on top, or maybe he had sensed that Adam needed to be at least a little in control. He didn't protest in the slightest when something hard pushed against his slowly opening ass. Dane's fingers felt so good, but Adam hoped the guy's cock would feel even better.

"Go easy, okay," Dane advised and steadied him. "Give me that sweet mouth again." His voice was ragged, and Adam could tell that it was this much the guy could do not to push his hips off the bed and impale his partner as his cock most probably demanded.

A hand kept resting on the small of his back, pushing him down slowly. Adam knew that he was being coaxed into it, made to take it, but it wasn't by force or even clumsiness. Everything Dane did was smooth like butter.

He keened softly as his body stretched to adapt to the other's girth. Still, it felt so good that it was bringing him to tears.

"Can you take it, baby?" Dane asked softly. "Can you? Your hole is so tiny," he said in a voice that seemed to carry pity in it.

Adam clamped his mouth shut to keep himself from crying out and pushed himself down. He couldn't breathe, but he felt victorious. "Stop calling me tiny," he said through his teeth.

Dane offered him a lopsided grin. "All right, tiger, it's your show. Care to share?"

Adam bit his bottom lip and breathed out. “Just give me a moment.”

Another sly smile and a kiss, and Adam lost his grip as Dane began to guide his hips, slowly at first. Oh, fuck, that was it. He was having sex, not just with some random guy, but with a sexy, awesome man, and it felt like everything he had dreamed of, only more real and different. The pleasure came from somewhere inside, it was building slowly and bringing him closer and closer to that moment he had read in pornographic stories. How was it possible? He had no idea, but it confirmed everything he thought he knew about himself. He loved to bottom.

“You’re killing me,” Dane moaned against his lips. “Do you think you can let me? Fuck you harder?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Adam confirmed and laughed as Dane turned the tables and had him trapped under him in a matter of seconds.

The laughter died on his lips when Dane pushed inside him, and things got just a little more real. From that angle, there was no fooling around with taking just half of that amazing cock. No, not at all, because, well, when Adam reached for the point where their bodies met, he realized that Dane was completely in this time around.

“Fuck,” he whispered, “how...”

Dane kissed him quickly. “You may be tiny in places, but you sure know how to take it.”

Adam stared down at their bodies in disbelief as Dane moved in and out. It seemed so surreal to see the guy’s long and hard cock disappear inside him rhythmically. His eyes were rolling in his head, and he wondered briefly if there was such a thing as losing consciousness over experiencing too much pleasure. Dane moved excruciatingly slow, and his amazing eyes were set on him, Adam Longview, the lame geek who only cared about studying and video games. Well, starting tonight, he was very much interested in other things, such as discovering every inch on Dane’s body so that he could store the information away in his mind for future reference.

Especially since this was about as lucky as he would ever get with a guy like that. Dane wouldn’t fuck him a second time, would he? He chased away the thought, as Dane reached that special place inside him and brushed against it with the head of his cock. “Dane,” he whispered dreamily. “This is so good.”

“Thanks for the confirmation, baby,” Dane cooed. “Ready for me?”

“W-what?” Adam stammered. “Ready for...” His words turned into a long shameless moan.

Dane changed the angle again and pressed him against the bed. And then, he began to hammer him hard. Oh, that was what he meant. Adam closed his eyes, too overwhelmed by the sensation in his ass, the pressure of Dane’s body over him, the scent of Lucky You mingled with the

masculine smell that was all his partner, and he breathed out words of praise. Dirty words that made him blush and open his mouth in silent pleas for more.

He couldn't tell whether he was coming or just getting out of his skin and turning into someone else. But something was happening, and all his body and soul alike were engaged in it.

"So good, baby, so good," Dane purred and his entire body tensed, and he breathed out words turned into a low growl of victory.

Adam wrapped his arms around Dane and held him, shuddering around the other's orgasm. Minutes after that, he wasn't letting go. It was his first time, and most probably, the only one with Dane, and he didn't want it to end, not so fast.

Dane peppered his face with kisses as he pulled away. Adam mumbled something and refused to allow him to move.

"Gotta take out the condom," Dane whispered. "I'll be right back."

Adam lay on one side as Dane walked out of the room. His entire body was so different, boneless and weightless, his insides nothing but jelly, and his mind, hell, his mind was simply too full for him to form any coherent thoughts.

Dane came back and for a moment, he stood there, eyeing Adam with his astonishing eyes.

"What?" Adam asked, suddenly conscious of how his skinny body might look to a guy as sexy as the one in his room right now. It seemed like such a twist of faith to have that guy land in his bedroom of all the possible places in the world where he could be.

"You're so pretty," Dane praised him and offered him a smile that wasn't sly, nor cocky, none of the usual.

No, this smile... It was maybe a weird thing to think, but to Adam, it seemed completely pure, coming from a place of undiluted emotion. He wanted to take a picture of Dane smiling like that and keep it as a souvenir forever.

Dane sat on the bed but didn't lie down. Did he want to leave? Already?

"I'll go for a ride," Dane said, and Adam's world sank. "You should sleep."

"Will you come back?" Why the hell did he sound so needy? "I mean," Adam cleared his throat, "see you on Monday morning, right?"

Dane searched his face, and his smile faltered. "Weren't you saying that you were making that cake tomorrow?"

"Oh, yes, right," Adam confirmed. "So, will you drop by tomorrow?"

Dane kissed his temple. "I wouldn't miss your killer cake for the world. Heck, I'd come back later, but I should really let you sleep --"

"I'll give you the spare key," Adam blurted out.

"You sure?" Dane's eyes mocked him, but playfully. "I could be a criminal, waiting for you to leave the house so that I could come back and steal all your valuables."

"Valuables?" Adam snorted. "Like what?"

"Dunno. Your magazines?" Dane teased.

"Shut up," Adam said and snickered, hiding his face into the pillow. "You already got the most valuable thing."

My heart.

No, too melodramatic. "My..." he took a deep breath, "cherry."

They both burst into laughter at the same time. Dane slapped his ass, making him protest.

"The key, smartass."

"Sure." Adam struggled to his feet and rummaged in the plastic bowl where he had the spare.

He turned with it in his hand, and the sight in front of him caused him to swallow hard. Dane was looking at him with burning eyes. Adam felt very naked and vulnerable under that gaze. He cleared his throat and hurried to give Dane the key.

Chapter Four

After debating with himself for a bit, Adam had decided to sleep downstairs on the sofa. He had promised Dane the bed, and in the offchance that the guy did come back, he surely wanted to get to sleep without having to deal with Adam hogging the bed to himself.

He was deep in the world of dreams, quite pleasant ones, when he sensed someone hovering above him. Before his senses could kick in, a warm body was all over him, and a wicked tongue was in his ear.

“Dane?” he mumbled. “I prepared the bed for you upstairs.”

“Why are you sleeping here, though?”

“Because the bed is for you. The sofa is for me,” Adam explained and yawned. Next thing he knew, he was grabbed and carried up the stairs, bridal style. “Hey,” he called out in alarm, “what the--”

“I want to sleep with you,” Dane said directly.

“Um, sleep like in --”

“Sleep, you perv,” Dane said and snickered.

He sounded young and free right now, not like the guarded guy Adam had come to know only a week ago.

What a weekend that had been. Adam was floating, walking on cloud nine, and the world would really have to conjure a disaster of epic proportions if it wanted to get him down from there.

Not that the world couldn't be a scumbag if it wanted. Adam walked right into someone, his head in the clouds inhabited by a very naked Dane smiling and winking at him.

“Adam,” someone said in a low voice. And right after, much louder, “get away from me, you faggot!”

It all happened so fast that Adam stumbled as he was pushed back. At least, he didn't fall on his ass, but he stood there, dumbstruck, staring at Brian. In the hallway light, he looked so ugly all of a sudden, not at all like a guy Adam had thought to have a crush on through almost the entire year.

He looked around. The other students present stopped and looked at them, some snickering, some making comments that he didn't care to hear.

“Yeah,” Brian added. His eyes darted sideways. “Fucking faggot.”

Adam watched him get away, pushing against the students gathered in the hallway and making himself scarce. What the hell had that been all about? Weird as hell. But that only came to strengthen his belief that Brian hadn't been the one to scribble that awful thing on the bathroom stall wall.

That meant, he started to think, that someone must have seen them, and, things were quite clear, that someone hadn't managed to see Brian, as well, or they would have written about the guy enjoying to have his dick sucked, as well.

Yeah, that made sense, he thought in a daze. He walked toward class wondering how long Brian would shun him only so that he would get out of that mess scot-free.

His heart leapt in his chest when Dane followed him into the classroom. They didn't have many classes together, so after they had come together to school in the morning, they hadn't seen each other until now.

The guy smirked at him and plopped in the seat to his right. “So,” he drawled. “How's school?”

Adam snickered. “How's school?” Then, his voice dropped to a whisper, after he looked around to see if anyone was paying them any mind. “Is that a pick up line?”

Dane wiggled his eyebrows. “Is it working?”

Adam blushed and pretended to stare into his textbook with focused eyes. His mind was somewhere else, like back to his room as it had looked after the last weekend, all crumpled sheets, the shape of Dane's magnificent body imprinted on them. This morning, he had had a hard time dragging himself out of bed, busy as he had gotten with just reliving all the good moments that Dane had given him.

“Yes,” he replied in a small voice. Brian calling him names and pushing him away didn't matter when Dane looked at him like that. Nothing in the entire world mattered, let alone a prick like that guy.

Throughout the lesson, Adam continued to float on his cloud nine. He could feel Dane's eyes on him, playful and full of promises, and each time he dared to look, he wasn't disappointed. Dane was, indeed, looking at him.

He was heading out, eager to meet Dane by his car, when someone called for him. The student population was scarce, as he had stayed a bit behind to talk to one of the teachers about some college applications.

“Adam,” a familiar voice insisted, when he didn’t turn.

He was surprised to see Brian jogging to him.

“Oh, you remember my real name. What a shocker,” he said.

“Listen,” Brian begged. “You didn’t tell anyone, right?”

Adam snorted. “Right, like I’m mental or something. You sure you didn’t tell anyone?”

Brian made a horrified face.

“Well, don’t worry. I’m not going to say it was you. Things will just stay the same.”

He turned to leave, but Brian caught his arm. “Make sure they do,” the other boy warned him.

Adam was about to say something cutting and mean, but things like that didn’t come easy for him. He needed to think long and hard about what to say to teach Brian a lesson. He couldn’t believe he had wanted so much to suck the guy’s dick. He was nothing special.

“Hey, fucker,” someone intervened.

Adam watched in surprise as Dane pushed Brian’s hand away from his arm.

“Who the hell do you think you are?” Brian asked.

Adam could tell that the guy was eyeing Dane with unease, but he just didn’t want to lose face, like the idiot he was. Damn you, high school crushes, can you be stupider than that?

Dane surprised Adam for a second time, hooking one arm over his shoulders and leaning in, to make Brian understand every word without any room for confusion. “I’m his boyfriend.”

Adam opened his mouth, his jaw dropped, and it stayed there.

“Boyfriend?” Brian took a step back. He turned, but then made the mistake to throw over his shoulder, “fags.”

Adam would congratulate himself later for realizing instantly what that meant for Dane and caught him before he could reach Brian. “He’s just a stupid idiot,” he said. He wrapped his arms around Dane to keep him in place. “He’s not worth it.”

Dane’s body was like a spring. He wagged a finger at Brian. “You just dodged a bullet, fucker. Don’t let me catch you talking to Adam ever again, got it?”

Brian continued to walk. “Or what?” he shouted but he looked ready to break into a run if need be.

Dane made a fist. “Or I’ll have you meet a friend of mine.”

Adam didn't need any extra explanations to understand what Dane meant by that. "Let him be," he said quickly, as he noticed one of the teachers walking out the main building. "Let's go home."

His mind was reeling. After the initial shock, now his thoughts are getting back in place. "Boyfriend?" he asked.

Dane had his hands on the wheel and was looking ahead. His lips were pursed in displeasure, and a deep frown knitted his eyebrows together. And he looked sexy as hell, even pissed like that, but Adam didn't want to dwell on that particular thing while Dane was driving and couldn't be jumped by a horny—

Boyfriend?

"Yeah, got a problem with that?" Dane asked aggressively.

"No, not at all," Adam said quickly.

Dane sighed as he pulled into Adam's driveway. "Sorry about that. I didn't mean to scare you."

Adam snorted. "Scare me? Right. Are you coming in?" He really wanted to explore that 'boyfriend' thing at large. There was nothing he wished for more, only that it wasn't Christmas, and maybe, just maybe, Dane had said it because it was a good measure to keep assholes like Brian away.

"Yeah," Dane said and followed him inside.

Adam went to the fridge and eyed the two beers on the shelf, kept there for his dad who wasn't due for a few more days. He'd replace them later. Now seemed like a good moment to take them out. With sure moves, he grabbed them and took them to the kitchen table. For a moment, he wondered if Dane wanted a glass, but he didn't look like the kind of dude who would drink beer otherwise than straight from the bottle.

Dane murmured a thanks and took a long sip. "I shouldn't have said that, right?" His voice was rough and unsure.

"I want you to be my boyfriend." Adam was quite proud of his steady voice. Yeah, it sounded crazy, and it was like they had only... what? Had sex? No, it had felt as much more than that. Oh, no, what if he sounded clingy? "I mean, if you want," he added quickly.

Dane smiled at him. Again, it was that honest smile, the kind that came from the soul. "I do," he said.

Adam let out a breath and smiled back. "Good," he said softly. "I do, too."

They both burst into laughter at the same time.

“It sounded like we were getting married.” Adam laughed until he hiccupped. “The only thing missing is my dad coming through the door and forcing some shotgun wedding on you.”

His laugh died on his lips when he heard the front door. What on earth...? He went to check, and he was shocked to see his dad leaving his keys on the little table by the door and turning toward him. “Hi, Adam,” he said. “All good?”

He must have looked weirded out because that was like two words more his dad addressed to him compared to the usual. They never talked much. “Yeah,” he said. “Hi, dad. I... I have a friend over.”

His dad was already heading for the kitchen. He looked weary, and he was probably tired like hell. “What friend?” he asked gruffly.

Adam followed his dad. Dane was already on his feet. “Hello, Mr. Longview,” he said. “I grabbed one of your beers. Sorry about that. I’ll make sure to replace it later.”

“Don’t bother,” Adam’s dad said curtly. “See yourself out, young man. I need to have a word with Adam.”

Dane nodded and walked out. Adam made an attempt to follow him, but his dad’s stern voice stopped him in his tracks. “Adam.”

A single word and it was enough. “Yes, dad,” he murmured as he watched the door closing behind Dane. He couldn’t explain it, but it felt like reality had just come crushing down on them.

“Do you know this boy well?” his father started as soon as they were both in the kitchen.

“Yeah,” Adam said. “We’re in English class together. I’m sorry about the beer. I’ll--”

His dad put one hand up. “This isn’t about the beer, although your friend shouldn’t be drinking at his age.”

Maybe he shouldn’t do many other things, either, but it wasn’t like Adam was ready to judge Dane for who he was.

“He comes from a broken home,” his dad continued.

And what is ours called? Adam had the words on the tip of his tongue, but he didn’t dare to utter a word. First, he’d listen, like a good son, but then he’d defend Dane, because that was what friends – no, boyfriends – did for each other.

“His dad did time, and his momma, too,” his dad added. “I don’t want you anywhere around him. Do you hear me, Adam?” He turned brusquely toward him and bored his eyes into him.

“He’s a good guy,” Adam said, feeling overwhelming revolt pooling in his gut.

“That’s what you think. What? Did he take you for a ride in that muscle car of his? Sure thing, at your age, that might look like the coolest thing ever, or how you kids say today. Adam, I don’t want to hear a thing from you. You stay away from Dane Jackson, hear me?”

“I hear you, but--”

“No buts, son. He’s bad news. God only knows how he didn’t end up behind bars like his folks until now. He must be doing something illegal.”

Like illegal racing, of course. Adam knew a few things about Dane, but not that many. Still, he knew deep down that Dane wasn’t the bad seed his dad pictured him to be. He didn’t know that Dane had a good heart and that he could smile like no one else.

Or that, Adam realized with frightening clarity, he was in love with him.

He clenched his fists and began climbing the stairs.

“Where are you going, Adam? This conversation isn’t over,” his dad warned.

“I need to study,” Adam replied stiffly. “And college applications don’t send themselves.”

He kept from slamming the door shut, not to rouse more of his dad’s temper than necessary, but threw himself on the bed and hid his face into the pillow. Too bad he had replaced all the sheets yesterday. He thought he’d had a few more days with Dane.

“Are we meeting in secret?” Dane asked him as soon as Adam hurried to him, all the while throwing nervous looks over his shoulder.

It was after nine, and his dad had fallen asleep in front of the TV, and Adam knew that he was risking a lot, but he just needed to see Dane. So, he had sent a quick message, hoping that the other would come to see him, right outside the house.

“Sorry about my dad,” Adam said quickly. He rushed into Dane’s arms and kissed him deeply on the lips.

“Wow,” Dane whispered but didn’t push him away. Instead, he held him close and kissed his forehead, then the tip of his nose. “So, does your dad know...”

“About me and you? Or just about how I like boys?” Adam asked.

“Either, both, whatever.” Dane exhaled and wrapped his strong arms around him.

“No. He just thinks that I’m hanging out with you because I like your ride.”

“Don’t you like my ride?” Dane teased him.

“I do, but I like its owner better. A lot better,” Adam said after a short moment of hesitation. When was a good time to confess? Was it now?

Dane interrupted his train of thoughts. “Let me guess. He told you to stay away from me.”

“Yeah, pretty much. But it’s not like I’m going to listen to him.”

“Why not?” Dane asked, giving Adam pause.

“What do you mean ‘why not’? I like you,” Adam said. It was more than ‘like’ but it felt wrong to stop that bomb on Dane at the moment.

“Yeah, but every word your dad told you is true. And it’s not even all.”

Adam felt his blood run cold. “How do you even know what my dad said?”

Dane shrugged. “My family is trash. I’m trash.”

There was resignation in Dane’s voice, and Adam hated it. “That’s not true,” he contradicted him.

“How do you know that? You can’t know that,” Dane said.

Adam felt him slipping away. He felt tears coming to his eyes. “I just do.”

“Because we fooled around once?” Dan asked.

“It was more than that. For me,” Adam said.

Dane’s arms fell. Adam took a step back. It was hard to read the other boys’ eyes in the streetlight.

“I’m not giving up,” Adam said, clenching his fists. “Not because my dad says so. Or because you say so.”

Dane leaned against his car and seemed to give Adam a slow once-over. “Really?”

“Yes, really,” Adam said. “You don’t know who you’re messing with.” God knew what could have driven him to say something as stupid as that.

Dane laughed. “Then I guess you should make sure I do know.”

Adam relaxed and grinned. “Okay. My dad’s going to be on the road again next week. Then, you can come over again. Until then--” he stopped, not knowing what to say. “See you in school?” he asked, a bit unsure.

“Yeah, in school.” Dane opened the door and gestured for him. “Get in.”

Adam threw a nervous look toward the house.

“You’re the one saying that you want to get with the wrong kind of guy,” Dane taunted him playfully. “How are you going to hang out with a bad boy, when you can’t be a bit of a bad boy yourself?”

That was enough of a challenge. Adam climbed inside without another word.

“Don’t worry,” Dane said as he closed the door. “I’ll take you back as soon as I get enough of you.”

Adam felt a small shiver coursing his body at those playful words. What could they mean?

Adam moaned in ecstasy as Dane moved his mouth along his cock slowly, sucking in with so much force that it felt like his entire self was getting sucked through. A rough hand played with his balls, while a finger gone rogue was probing him between his butt cheeks.

“I’m not going to fuck you,” Dane said. “Although there’s nothing I want more.”

Adam sighed, ready to protest, but Dane made quick work of sucking him with all his might, and he was gone. Good thing they were in the middle of nowhere, and no one would be witness to his shameless cries of pleasure as he shot his load straight into Dane’s mouth.

He was breathing hard but wasn’t allowed to do that much, as Dane kissed him hard, giving him a taste of his own cum.

“I’ll take you back now,” Dane said.

“But what about you?” Adam asked. “I want you, too.”

“Another time. Stay on your dad’s good side, Adam, okay? And you know, the usual. Study, stay in school. Don’t do drugs.”

Adam pushed Dane playfully. “Are you sure you’re a bad boy? You’re practically giving me the spiel for real.”

“It looks like you need it,” Dane drawled. “It’s just that lately you seem to enjoy other things than you should, Mr. Straight-A Student.”

That wasn’t exactly the truth, and he got B’s, too, but Adam didn’t care to protest. What he cared about was to spend a little more time with Dane, bantering with him, doing all kinds of things that were fun, and exhilarating and took his breath away. “What other things?” he mumbled.

Dane's crooked smile was so sexy Adam thought he didn't need food or water for the remainder of his days on earth. He only needed this guy. Without letting Dane reply, he leaned in and kissed him, bolder than usual and putting his all behind it.

It took Dane a bit of force to push him away, but he did it playfully. "These things," he eventually replied to Adam's earlier questions. "I'll take you back now."

Adam didn't want their little clandestine date to be over so fast. "School's almost over. I have enough money put aside for my first year's tuition," he began babbling. "Dad's not going to lord over me anymore. How about you come with me? You don't have anything keeping you here, right? After school--"

Dane gave him a strange look. "Do you want me to go to college with you?"

Adam felt his cheeks getting hot. "I guess there are plenty of things to do anywhere. Even racing. Maybe you could even go pro."

Dane tsked and looked ahead. For some reason, Adam felt like the guy was already slipping through his fingers. He seemed far away, without even saying anything. His silence was enough to tell him everything he needed to know. They only had right now, and it seemed so unfair that they couldn't even have that. He couldn't have that; by the looks of it, he was the only one wanting it. Dane just thought he was talking out of his ass.

"Don't give me that look," Dane warned him as he kicked the engine into gear. "You're the nicest guy I've ever fucked and sucked. And that means by a landslide."

Adam gulped. How easy it was for Dane to talk so dirty. And sexy. He squirmed in his seat and pushed against his crotch. They were having a serious conversation now; it wasn't the time for his dick to act up like an idiot.

"You're the only one for me," he let out. "I mean, you know, you're the first and everything," he added and then pursed his lips. Whatever went out of his mouth, he just made it sound worse.

"Yeah, the first," Dane admitted. "But I won't be the last."

That was unfair. Dane was hinting at him going with other guys like they never even happened.

"That's not true," he said stubbornly.

Dane's laugh was humorless. "You'll see."

Adam punched him in the shoulder, taking him by surprise.

"Ouch, what was that all about?" Dane pretended he'd been hurt a lot more than he had to be. But real humor was back in his voice.

“You said we’re boyfriends,” Adam pointed out. “Don’t take it back or--”

“Or?” Dane drawled.

“Or I’ll kick you in the nuts,” Adam said with satisfaction that he found something that at least didn’t sound like an empty threat.

“All right, tiger,” Dane said and laughed.

Adam felt his heart getting back in its usual place. He hadn’t realized it had somehow climbed up, almost choking him. He loved it when Dane called him ‘tiger’ or ‘baby’; he loved all those things they did. Maybe it wasn’t the right time for a serious conversation just yet. The school would end, and they would have all summer to figure out ways to stay together. Or maybe see how a long-distance relationship could work.

“Stop overthinking, nerd,” Dane said playfully and flicked his ear. “I can see how you want me to put on nice clothes and go work at the mart or some shit.”

Adam inhaled and exhaled noisily. “I wouldn’t change you for the world.”

Dane looked like he was about to say something, but then he stopped the car, a couple of houses before Adam’s.

To Adam’s surprise, Dane got out of the car, too. He shivered and wrapped his arms around himself. At that hour, it felt like going out in nothing but a t-shirt wasn’t that great idea. But Dane looked like he couldn’t bear to leave just yet, and Adam didn’t want to rush into the house, either.

“Are you cold?” Dane asked.

“A little, but it’s fine,” Adam replied. He felt suddenly shy as if Dane’s hadn’t had Adam’s cock in his mouth only half an hour ago.

Dane smiled and took off his jacket. He wrapped it around Adam’s shoulders and stared at him. Adam inhaled the scent of leather and Dane’s favorite fragrance. “Lucky You,” he whispered.

“I’m lucky, yeah,” Dane confirmed with a toothy grin. He looked boyish like that, even in the streetlight, not at all like the bad boy or black sheep everyone talked about.

Adam snickered. “I was talking about your cologne.”

“Ah,” Dane let out a disappointed sigh, too exaggerated to be for real.

“I love your jacket,” Adam said and wrapped it tightly around his body. Unlike him, Dane didn’t seem bothered by the chilly night air. “I might want to steal it from you.”

“I don’t mind that,” Dane said with a shrug. “But you can practically swim in it. I’ll get one for you when I visit that store again.”

“But I want this one,” Adam complained.

Dane laughed and ruffled his hair. Adam moved closer and snuck his hands around him. It felt so good just to stay close. Too bad it was so late and they couldn’t stay like that forever. With regret, Adam pulled out and handed Dane back his jacket.

“See you in school, pretty boy,” Dane drawled as he put his jacket on.

Adam stole a quick kiss. “Yeah.”

He made as little noise as possible as he walked toward his house, which was difficult since he felt like wanting to break into a dance on the sidewalk. It wasn’t like his dad could hear him from that distance, but he was new to all this sneaking about.

Chapter Five

“Where have you been?”

The light made him squint for a moment, as his dad flicked the switch.

“I needed a bit of air,” Adam said, trying to sound casual and unaffected.

“At this hour?” his dad pressed.

Adam didn’t dare to face him. He could only guess how pissed he had to be. “I’m too skinny for my age. I went for a run around the block.”

“Don’t give me that, Adam. You’ve been hanging out with that Jackson boy again.”

Adam felt his blood boil. All his life, he had been an exemplary son, a student who worked hard, and someone who aimed to please those around him. It wasn’t fair to be denied his happiness. “He’s not bad,” he said, clenching his fists. “He’s someone I trust,” he added.

His dad caught his elbow and tightened his grip to the point of bruising. Adam didn’t believe it, didn’t want to. No matter how hard things had been, his dad had never tried to hurt him before. They had a kind of love where no one talked or shared anything. But that invisible fence was as damaging as was hurling things at each other.

He shook his arm. He didn’t do it forcefully, but it might have surprised his dad that he seemed capable of it in the first place. “I’m doing fine in school,” Adam said. “I’m not giving you any trouble. Is it that bad that I want a friend?”

“Not this kind of friend,” his dad said, unwilling to back completely off. “There are plenty of other boys in school--”

“Yeah. Boys who call me names and can’t stand that I’m better than them at studying.”

His dad seemed to recoil at that. “What do you mean, call you names? Because of your momma--”

“No, dad,” Adam hurried to say. “It’s not because of that. They’re just stupid. I’m a nerd, okay? So it comes with the territory or something.”

His dad nodded. “They just call you names? That’s it?”

“Yeah, and I just ignored them. It’s just that they cannot be my friends. I don’t have anything in common with them.”

“And you have with the Jackson boy?”

“Yes,” Adam said evenly. “He’s got more than half a brain, you know?”

To his surprise, his dad laughed. But then he reconsidered and assumed the same stern look again. "He's not giving you drugs, is he?"

Adam let out an exasperated sigh. "No, dad, he isn't. And he doesn't use drugs, either."

"But he has that car," his dad said like it was almost an afterthought. "That boy has gasoline in his blood."

"He's not speeding when I ride with him," Adam said quickly. That wasn't true, but he needed to put his dad's mind at ease. "We're very responsible. And I'm helping him with math."

His dad gave him a long look like he wasn't fully convinced just yet. "All right, Adam. You'll leave for college anyway."

He knew very well what his dad wasn't saying. It was clear as day that, just like Dane, his dad expected him to forget about this short friendship with a guy from the wrong side of the tracks. They should have known him better.

Adam had to admit that he was curious. Dane couldn't come over anymore as Adam's dad was around and not bound to leave for a few more days. To prove to his dad that he was the same exemplary son he knew, Adam was studying day in and day out. That left them with little to do about getting together as it was obvious they both wanted. Stolen kisses were not enough. Sure as hell just getting a little groped now and then wasn't enough either.

"I've never seen where you live," Adam said while Dane drove them away from school.

Dane's face twisted into a frown. "In a place that's not as nice as yours."

"I don't care. I want to see it. Are your folks home?"

Adam watched Dane's expression getting darker and darker. Maybe that had been a mistake, to ask about that kind of thing.

"No, not right now," Dane eventually replied.

"Can I come over? Dad won't be home for a couple of hours since he went shopping for some stuff before he leaves, but I don't want him to, you know, catch us." Adam was overly conscious of how his voice dropped to a whisper.

"Catch us?" Dane asked, amused by his beating around the bush.

Adam groaned and covered his face. "I hate you. But I haven't kissed you properly in forever, let alone do other stuff."

Dane shot a naughty grin at him. "Other stuff? Come on, say it, Adam."

"What do you want me to say?" he mumbled.

"Say it and make it happen... or don't," Dane teased him.

"I want you to fuck me again," Adam said quickly, so quickly that the words ran in together.

"I didn't quite catch that," Dane teased him a little more.

Adam thought for a moment and then he suddenly grabbed Dane's crotch. The immediate response was a groan and Dane made a quick show of pretending to lose control over the wheel. Adam moved his hand away.

Dane laughed. "Shit, man, you want to get us in the hospital or something?"

"No, just in a bed," Adam replied, a bit miffed that he was being laughed at.

Dane became suddenly serious. "All right." He turned the car on a side road, and only then Adam realized where they were heading. It should have occurred to him before that it was one of the reasons why so many people sneered at Dane at school. Not that they dared to do it to his face and if they cared about not getting punched in the face.

"So, do you still want to come over?"

"I've seen trailers before," Adam said with a shrug.

"Well, since you're so sure," Dane said abruptly.

Wasn't it weird to have such a car parked in front of a trailer? Adam had a feeling Dane could be keeping his car somewhere else but didn't ask. He followed him inside, without another word. The place was cleaner than he expected, and to prove to Dane that he wasn't impressed in a bad way or anything, he threw just a short look around. "So, where is that bed?" he asked.

Dane burst into laughter. "Get in there."

Adam walked behind the curtain and didn't have time to say another word because Dane was all over him from behind. He was forced face down on the bed and Dane pressed him with all his weight, making him squirm and protest.

"Grabbing my cock out of the blue, admitting that you want to get fucked, walking in here with just the thought of me plowing your cute sexy ass... let me tell you something, pretty boy," Dane whispered in his ear making him shiver in anticipated pleasure, "you're not getting out of here until I properly eat you."

“Eat me?” Adam asked, his voice dropping to a whisper, too. Dane was already making a point by nibbling on his ear and sending shots of heat straight to his groin.

“Yeah, there’s something I haven’t done to you yet.”

Adam’s mind began searching for an answer. What could Dane mean by that? His thoughts were brought to a halt as Dane straightened up and began taking him out of his t-shirt. Next went his jeans along with his underwear, as well as his socks and sneakers. Adam was pretty certain he had never encountered anyone who could undress another person so fast. Maybe Dane could do those things because he was a fast rider? He closed his eyes, images of his sexy man behind the wheel of his muscle ride. It was enough to make him almost come on the spot, and he let out a shameless moan while Dane pushed his butt cheeks apart.

“Hey, I haven’t even started,” Dane teased him.

“You know what you do to me,” Adam said, somewhat accusingly. “And stop staring,” he ordered over his shoulder, while taking in the naughty smirk playing on Dane’s lips and the intense blue gaze settled on him like he was some delicious meal waiting for be devoured by a gourmand.

Dane had dropped his jacket at some point, and now Adam could look at his strong arms at leisure. Under his leather jacket, Dane often wore white tank tops, and this time was no exception. The fabric stretched over his strong pecs, and his nipples showed, dark and hard. Their little fumbling around wasn’t leaving him unaffected, either. Adam wiped his mouth with the back of his hand as he began to drool. “Will you just fuck me?” he begged. Days without Dane touching him felt like weeks. What weeks? They felt like years. Adam could feel his asshole twitch at the sight of those handsome arms that could so easily pin him down and give it to him hard.

“Not so fast. Didn’t I say that I want to eat you first?”

“What--” Adam started but any questions he might have had died on his lips.

Dane ducked lower so fast that it took him by surprise. But that wasn’t the thing that made him gasp in pleasure. No, it was a hot tongue going straight for his twitching hole. Adam had only had sex one time with Dane, but he knew that he wanted it again, that sort of pleasurable ache that stretched him and searched for all his sensitive points. He wanted it so much it hurt, but nothing had prepared him for being ‘eaten’, as Dane has so euphemistically put it.

“Oh, oh,” he moaned without caring whether people walking outside could hear him.

Dane’s tongue was solid heat inside his ass, going deeper and deeper, teasing all the way, and making his mind explode to bits. He had read about rimming, jerked off to images of guys

spreading open their partners and giving them a good delicious lick, but nothing, absolutely nothing, had been able to prepare him for the sensations he was experiencing right now.

He grabbed handfuls of coverlet and bucked his ass back wildly. Dane had to grab his hips hard and keep him there while torturing him with his tongue a little while longer. “Dane,” he whispered, “Dane, this is--”

Too much. That was what he wanted to say, but the words didn’t come out, as he began to shoot all over the bed cover. It was like no other ejaculation he had ever had in his life, and Adam felt like a fool, but a blessed one, as he dropped on his belly and groaned to express his shame.

Dane laughed and turned him gently. He lay on top of him, and Adam could feel the cold belt buckle from Dane’s jeans against his lower belly. It didn’t bother him. Nothing could bother him in the entire universe right now, as he looked at his boyfriend’s handsome face, his glistened lips and look of absolute wonder in his magnetic blue eyes.

“You could be a model,” he blurted out the first thing that came to his mind.

Dane laughed. “A model for rimming guys?”

“Not what I meant.” Adam kissed him hard. “It was awesome, Dane,” he whispered.

“You already came,” Dane teased him. “Should I still fuck you or--”

“Don’t end that sentence,” Adam warned him. He had never imagined that he would ever be so free and straightforward with anyone, let alone a boyfriend. “You must fuck me.”

“I must?” Dane teased him some more.

Under the belt buckle, Adam could feel something hard poking at his empty balls. “Your cock wants to,” he pointed out.

Dane laughed and straightened up again so that he could free his snake from his jeans. Adam looked at him and licked his lips. He was there, on that bed, completely naked, his dick spent, his ass licked, and he couldn’t imagine a happier place for him in the entire world.

The practiced ease with which Dane put on a condom and then spread a generous amount of lube made his heart beat faster. But a prickling thought, one that came from places he didn’t like to visit too often, began to poke at him. How many guys had laid like that in front of Dane, waiting to get fucked? Plenty was the only answer he could think of.

“Am I--” he started but caught himself.

Dane ignored his unspoken question, apparently more preoccupied with his task at hand. He was firm when he slid his hands underneath Adam’s ass and pulled him toward the edge of the bed. “Hold your legs for me, baby,” he cooed.

Adam immediately obeyed, and pushed his ass as high as it was possible from that position. His efforts didn't go unnoticed because Dane grabbed his balls and pushed him to arch just a little more. Adam jolted when the hard cock set against his hole but willed to relax. Dane was considerate and went slowly, so Adam felt the need to help some more. He let go of his legs so that he could grab his ass cheeks and pull them apart to allow his boyfriend better access.

"You're not yet used to it," Dane said. "Offer your ass like this more, and I might not be able to keep from pounding you into the mattress."

He said it like it was some big or undesirable thing. Adam snorted. "That's the whole point. For you to pound me into the mattress."

Dane's eyes flashed with blue fire. "Good thing you dress like a nerd. If men knew what a hot little thing you are under those clothes, they'd come at you in throngs."

Adam wanted to laugh at that. In their little town, he doubted there were many men interested in stuff like that. Dane was the only guy who was into the same thing as Adam, and Brian didn't count because he was an idiot, a douchebag, and most probably not gay at all.

He didn't have the luxury to meditate some more over the lack of an actual gay scene in their town because Dane made good on his threat and sank inside Adam fast and hard.

For a moment, Adam felt his breath catching in his throat, but the stretch and the burn were quickly replaced by new pleasure. No doubt about it; he was a bottom boy and he pulled at his ass cheeks, wishing for Dane to plow him deeper.

"Yes, baby, like that," Dane encouraged him while grabbing one of Adam's legs for leverage. He moved his hips amply, hitting Adam's ass in all the right ways.

He had absolutely no idea how other guys did it and if it always felt so good, but for him, there could be no one else, regardless of what Dane and his dad thought they knew without the shadow of a doubt.

"Oh, baby, your ass squeezes me so good," Dane moaned and moved with more abandon.

Adam only then realized how much restraint Dane had to manifest only to take him slowly. But as inexperienced as he was, he knew that he liked it like this, and especially to watch Dane losing any pretense of control while slamming into him over and over again.

Adam grabbed his cock, too, moving his hand frantically over it, and losing speed and rhythm from time to time, as new shocks of pleasure went from his ass into his cock and throughout his entire body.

"I'm going to shoot," Dane said and surprised Adam when he pulled out.

He was about to protest at that but Dane moved closer and began to stroke his cock furiously. The next moment, Adam had to close his eyes as ropes of cum began pelting his face, neck and chest. He moved his hand fast, and a second round flew out of his dick, as well, painting his belly with fresh sperm, as well.

“Wow,” he whispered and laughed when he realized that he couldn’t open his eyes. “Tissue?” He gestured blindly.

“Sure.” Dane’s voice was unsteady and he was still catching his breath. “Fuck, the way you look, baby.”

“You had a lot,” Adam said appreciatively as he wiped some of the cum from his cheeks. “Did you keep it all for me?”

“You can bet,” Dane replied.

Adam didn’t protest as a damp towel was pressed against his closed eyelids and Dane began wiping him gently. Their eyes finally met when Dane moved to clean other parts of his body.

There was no such thing as perfect timing. “I love you, Dane,” Adam said dreamily while taking in his boyfriend’s face.

For a moment, the blue eyes stared at him in surprise. Adam watched as surprise turned into something tender, and then, much to his dismay, into a harsh glare. He felt suddenly cold. That wasn’t right, was it? Had he been too rash to confess? But if not now—

“I should take you back,” Dane said as he hopped off the bed and began dressing.

“Wait,” Adam said, all the hurt pooling inside his chest threatening to come out and twist into unflattering words.

“You said your dad should be home soon. Do you want to give him reasons to be suspicious of you? You know he doesn’t approve of me--”

“Why does that matter?” Adam pulled his knees to his chest as he straightened to sit on his ass. “You’re Dane Jackson. Since when do you care what your boyfriend’s dad thinks?” He challenged Dane with his eyes.

For a moment, amusement and warmth turned into the beautiful blue eyes, but only for a moment. Dane picked Adam’s clothes from the floor and threw them at him. “Come on, dress up,” he ordered. “My folks shouldn’t find you here.”

Adam wanted to ask, to learn about Dane’s parents. Heck, he even wanted to meet them, but Dane clearly didn’t want the same thing. So he grabbed his clothes and began dressing with brusque moves. The problem was that he couldn’t allow himself to be properly mad. Dane had

never promised him anything beyond a little fucking around, right? He was the stupid one, confessing out of the blue.

Dane tried to guide him out by touching his shoulder, but Adam shook his hand away. He regretted doing that immediately, but the confused anger and hurt that gripped his heart couldn't be reasoned with. The other no longer insisted, and Adam walked out of the trailer on his own.

He wanted to run home and hide in his room, but there was no way he'd be able to do that without riding in Dane's car. There was a bit of a distance to cover, which only meant that he had to humiliate himself further and ask for a ride.

"Get inside," Dane ordered, his voice tensed and hard.

Adam obeyed. He congratulated himself silently for not slamming the car door, but he crossed his hands over his chest after putting on the safety belt and looked straight ahead.

"Adam," Dane began, "I'm only going to tell you this once."

"Save your breath," Adam mumbled. He knew he sounded like a spoiled kid, petulant and miffed for not getting his way. But he was new to this rejection thing; he was new to everything concerning Dane, period, or having a boyfriend. Had that thing also been a lie?

Dane continued, ignoring his reply. "You're going to go to that college, wherever that is, and you're going to find a nice boy like you."

I don't want some nice boy. I want you, Adam wanted to scream at him, but he couldn't see himself begging for Dane's affection. Things were bad enough as they were.

"This is just fucking," Dane said. "Good fucking but nothing else, okay?"

"Was," Adam said as icily as he could manage.

Dane took his time to say anything this time. "Sure," he said like he couldn't give a damn about anything. "Ah, I meant to give you this." He reached for the compartment and took a plastic bag from there. He dropped it into Adam's lap.

Adam took it and stare at it, not getting it at all. There was money in there. "What's this?"

"All the money you gave me for protecting your ass in school," Dane said in a derisive tone.

"Why? You delivered," Adam said, mimicking Dane's tone.

Dane shrugged. "I don't need it. And I don't take money from the people I fuck, ever."

Adam felt tears prickling his eyes. "Did you fuck a lot of people, then?"

Dane turned his head slowly and met his glare. “Yeah, Adam, go figure. You’re not the first guy I’ve fucked.”

Not that he hadn’t known that, but the blunt admission still hurt. Adam swallowed his hurt and looked straight ahead, turning from Dane. “Does that mean that I’m on my own at school from now on?”

“Yeah, something like that,” Dane replied coolly.

How could he be such an asshole? Adam felt a bitter taste in his mouth. Dane kicked the engine into gear and drove off, without another word, while Adam stood there, by his side, silent and in pain like no other pain he had ever felt in his life.

Chapter Six

“Are you sick?”

His dad’s question took him by surprise. Adam continued to fold the laundry, turning away from his parent in an effort to hide how he was truly feeling. “No. Just tired from all the studying, maybe,” he offered, hoping it would be enough for his dad to let him be.

“You study a lot,” his dad said matter-of-factly. “How about you go hang out with your friends? You’re spending too much time cooped up in here, on that computer of yours, playing video games all the time.”

“I’m not only playing video games,” Adam snapped. “I use it for work so that I can pay for college.”

That seemed to have the desired effect because he heard his dad walking away. It wasn’t fair, and his dad was working his butt off to provide for him and keep that nice house they were living in, but Adam was in no mood to be a good obedient son right now. Even if his rebellious streak came with unfounded accusations, he didn’t think he could stop.

He heard footsteps again and raised his head to look at his dad. His old man seemed a bit nervous, and that had to be nothing but Adam’s imagination because he didn’t remember ever seeing his dad affected in any way but to put a sour expression on his weather-beaten face.

It took him a few moments to notice the piece of paper in his dad’s rough hand. “Is that a check?” he asked.

His dad scratched his head but then handed the piece of paper to Adam. “Put it into your account,” he said curtly and left the room before Adam had a chance to say anything.

He stared at the paper and read it a few times. Then he rushed out of the room and caught his dad at the foot of the stairs. Without a word, Adam rushed into his arms and hugged him tightly. “Thank you, dad,” he eventually managed.

His dad patted his head awkwardly. They weren’t the kind to hug in that family, but maybe everyone, in every family, was doing his or her best, the best way they knew how. Adam ignored his father’s discomfort and held him tightly a little more.

“I’m proud of you, son,” the man eventually said, and that was enough to bring tears to Adam’s eyes.

Adam let go with reluctance and looked away to hide his face.

His dad ruffled his hair. “Now go outside and see the sun a little. Hell, go for a ride with that Jackson boy if that’s what you like.”

Despite the fresh hurt in his heart, Adam managed a small laugh. “I thought you didn’t agree with my being friends with him.”

His dad sighed. “You’re too old for me to tell you how to choose your friends. Just tell him to keep it under fifty.”

Adam nodded. One part of him wanted to blurt out to his dad that he and Dane were no longer friends, and even the truth – that they were no longer boyfriends, either – but he knew that it would be a bad idea. Later, when he figured out his future and what he wanted to do with his life, maybe he’d come home and tell his father about himself. After the fiasco with Dane, Adam considered that he needed to become a lot more cautious with his timing.

Adam looked at the empty seat by his side, fighting the aching pain in his chest. Should he have been surprised that Dane hadn’t even bothered to come to school? It was clear as day that studies weren’t the guy’s first priority, or second, or anywhere on a list of priorities to begin with. He sighed and turned to his textbooks. One clever piece of advice he had once heard somewhere, about how people shouldn’t worry about the things over which they have no control, came to his mind. The advice, however, said nothing about how to deal with a broken heart.

Were all first loves like this? After feeling happy like never, were you bound to deal with bitter disappointment? And yet, Adam still wished to see Dane, at least from afar. Only to see him, and he would surely feel a little better than this.

Even without Dane coming to school, he was left alone, which was a blessing. Most probably, the resident bullies were too afraid of the notorious bad boy to try anything, and since school was as good as ever, Adam was thankful for not having to care about that problem anymore.

The classes were over, and he was busy putting his textbooks away when shouts erupted in the hallway. At first, he didn’t pay any attention to the ruckus. All he cared was to slip out of the school unnoticed and head back home, so as long as everyone’s attention was drawn to anything else except his person, he was fine with it.

However, as soon as he stepped out of the classroom, he realized that something was wrong. Students were hanging from the windows, their whole attention trapped by a scene that had to be happening out in the yard. Some laughed, some seemed tense and worried, especially the girls, and there were hushed whispers, as well as loud shouts, cheering on whoever was engaged in who knew what outside the main building.

Adam clutched his schoolbag to his chest, determined to use it as a shield and slinked along the wall and down the stairs. His ears caught tidbits of conversation, and curiosity got the better of him.

“He called him what?”

“But you know that he’s always been such a dick.”

“Yeah, but that’s brave, right?”

“Oh, fuck, that was right in the kisser.”

“Who? Adam? Adam who?”

What the hell was going on? At the sound of his own name being passed around like cheap merchandise, Adam hurried his steps. With dread, he stepped outside, and instantly, his voice caught in his throat, and his stomach dropped like he had just swallowed a huge rock.

Even above the crowd of students gathered there, he noticed the black leather jacket. Dane, at his height towering over the rest, was holding someone by the front of his shirt and punching him in the face.

Adam forgot all about trying to get away without getting involved. He threw his schoolbag on one shoulder and made himself a way through the curious students, pushing them left and right, in a desperate attempt to get in front.

He stopped short when he finally recognized the guy getting punched in the face by Dane with so much scary precision. Brian spat in Dane’s face and struggled to get free, while blood, red and sickly to look at, poured out of his nose.

“Stop!” Adam shouted. “Stop!”

No one listened, and no one seemed to hear him to begin with. Adam rushed toward the two fighters and grabbed Dane’s arm just as it was descending upon Brian’s bloody face again. He was pushed back so he stumbled and fell on his ass, but he achieved his goal. Dane stopped to turn and see who dared to stop him. Adam barely had the time to notice the wild look in his magnetic eyes that Brian took advantage and, with a loud howl, rammed into Dane’s chest, his head first, and managed to make him take a few steps back.

Where the hell were all the teachers? Before, they had been so quick to break any fight. With resolute moves, Adam pushed himself back to his feet and hurried to break Dane and Brian apart once more.

“Motherfucker!” Brian shrieked and tried to punch Dane while crying like a furious kid. Dane just caught his arm and pushed it back hard, making the other boy howl and drop to his knees.

“Dane, stop,” Adam yelled. He hung on Dane’s arm, putting all his weight to it.

A grunt was the immediate answer, but at least he didn’t get pushed aside like before. Dane let go of Brian’s arm and pushed him with one foot, making him roll on the ground.

“You need to go,” Adam mumbled, holding on to Dane’s arm with all his might. “Run, don’t look back,” he continued, as he could hear an authoritarian voice calling in the distance. Finally, a grownup was going to come and settle things.

Using his entire body, he pushed Dane toward the exit, through the students watching, who quickly stepped aside to let them walk. Adam felt his blood pounding in his ears, and his mind didn’t make any sense of what was going on and why, but his only thought was that Dane had to go and be as far from that place as he could possibly be.

Adam froze for a moment at the sound of sirens, not very far by how loud they thundered in his skull. “Your car?” he asked.

Dane was breathing hard. Adam’s eyes dropped to his scabbed knuckles for a moment, his stomach revolting at the sight. Now wasn’t a good time to become queasy.

“In front,” Dane said curtly.

“Then go,” Adam said and pushed Dane through the gate, out in the street.

Dane sprinted toward his car and pulled open the door. For just one moment, he stopped while Adam stood in front of the gate, his entire body stretched taut, his mind frantic at the realization of how bad things were, with the police sirens getting nearer and nearer.

“It was for you,” Adam read from Dane’s lips during the short moments the guy stood by his car before jumping behind the wheel and driving off, all screeching tires and dust rising behind.

The grownups took turns at staring them down. Adam felt strangely calm, despite standing in a room with the principal and a couple of policemen, while waiting for parents to arrive.

“So,” the principal said while linking his hands over his desk and looking haggard enough to let anyone know that solving schoolyard scuffles wasn’t exactly how he had been planning to spend his afternoon. “Why did you get into a fight with Dane Jackson, Mr. Maynard?”

“He attacked me out of the blue,” Brian spat. He was talking funny since he had cotton stuffed in his nose. He hadn’t been hurt too badly, but he did a fine impersonation of a victim. Too bad for him that the medical personnel that had inspected him was sure that he could spare a few minutes to explain the police and the school principal why he had gotten into a fight with Dane.

“Other kids say something else.” The principal set his washed out eyes on Adam. “Did you use homophobic slurs, Mr. Maynard?”

“No.” Brian scowled. “And Adam wasn’t even there,” he said viciously. “He’d say anything to save his boyfriend.” The last word was dropped like it was too disgusting to keep in his mouth for longer than a split second.

“Dane isn’t the only one to blame,” Adam intervened. “When I tried to break them apart, Brian was just as involved in the fight.”

“Yeah, like I would just sit there and take it like a little bitch,” Brian hissed.

Adam could barely bear to look at him. His lips were twisted into a snarl, and he looked ugly. His soul was probably showing through that split lip and the several scrapes on his face.

“Language, Mr. Maynard,” the principal said, but without too much conviction. “Regardless of the reason you and Dane Jackson fought, it is clear that the guilty party chose to flee.”

Adam couldn’t believe his ears. “Excuse me,” he said with unhidden indignation. “Dane wasn’t the only one to fight. He’s not the guilty party!”

“Mr. Longview, I don’t want to hear a peep from you. You’re here only because you somehow managed to break the fight. These nice police officers would like to hear what you have to say.”

He could bet that they wanted that. Yeah, sure. Adam didn’t need an anemometer to tell which way the wind blew. Brian’s dad was well known and respected in the community. He had dinner with the chief of police every Thursday, and he had money. If he didn’t insist on the truth, Dane would be considered guilty and soon searched by the police.

“And I’m going to answer all their questions,” Adam said forcefully. He crossed his arms and looked intently at Brian. The other boy squirmed under his glare.

During the short time that took the police to arrive and for Adam and Brian to be taken to the principal’s office, he had had enough time to piece everything together. For some reason, Dane had chosen to come to school, although he didn’t attend any classes as far as Adam knew. Brian had taunted Dane in the yard, asking him about his boyfriend, all apparently with the intention to make a bunch of students laugh. Adam could only imagine who those students were. Brian was clearly trying to save face, despite Adam not telling a soul about what had happened between the two of them.

According to the girls he had overheard, Dane had first tried to walk away, but Brian had decided to push his luck. Adam was still unclear on how his name had come about during that fight, but now it looked like the entire school knew who Dane’s boyfriend was, without a shadow of a doubt.

A knock on the door interrupted his train of thoughts. The principal’s secretary stuck her head through the door. “Mr. Claymore would like to have a word with you, Mr. Moore. He says it’s about this,” she added quickly and gestured with her chin at the people in the room.

“All right,” Mr. Moore said with the same tiredness in his voice as before.

Adam was just as curious as the others who all turned their heads when Mr. Claymore walked inside. What could his English lit teacher have to say?

“I’m sorry to butt in, Mr. Moore,” Mr. Claymore said with determination. “In hindsight, I think it should have been brought to your attention earlier. Some students called Adam names before. And this incident is related to that, I’m sure.”

“Names? What names?” Mr. Moore straightened up in his chair.

Mr. Claymore sighed and shook his head while frowning. “I thought it was just about kids being mean, but seeing how it escalated--” He stopped and gestured at Brian who didn’t dare to look up.

“That doesn’t change the fact that Dane Jackson did this to Mr. Maynard,” the principal pointed at Brian’s bruised face.

Mr. Claymore appeared uncomfortable for a moment, but then he continued. “Violence is never the way. However, let’s not forget who the instigator here was. I’ve already heard the students talking. Mr. Maynard, unfortunately, used some highly inappropriate language. I’d say that he needs a bit of a lecture on what it means to be a decent human being.”

Adam was staring at Mr. Claymore in stunned awe. His English lit teacher was a very nice and gentle man most of the time. He knew how to be firm in class so that students didn’t end up walking all over him, but Adam had never heard him talk like that ever.

The principal allowed the policemen to question the students in his office, and not only Adam and Brian. So they were now on the hallway, waiting to be called last. Adam moved closer until he was sure Brian could hear him. “If you dare to put your daddy’s hounds to chase Dane,” he said in a low menacing whisper, “I’m going to tell everyone how I sucked your dick and how much you loved it.”

He was at least a little bit crazy to issue any threats, but Mr. Claymore had been quite the inspiration earlier. School would soon be over, and Adam didn’t care about Brian and other narrow-minded idiots like him, but he couldn’t let anyone think that Dane was some delinquent who beat up a student just because he didn’t like his face. And just as Brian’s dad had the power to make the local police go after Dane, he also had the power to hold them back.

At least, that was what Adam hoped to achieve with his little act. Despite his sure voice, his palms were all sweaty, and his t-shirt was glued to his back. And that, without even having to face his dad just yet. Now, it appeared that the truth about the altercation was all out in the open. Everyone at school knew that Adam and Dane were boyfriends.

Had been. Adam wished things were still the same. But maybe they were, he thought, trying to convince himself. Those last words he had read from Dane's lips told as much, right? As soon as he was out of there, he'd head over to Dane's place and have a real heart to heart talk because oh, boy, they needed it.

"You wouldn't dare," Brian hissed at him, pulling him back from his fantasies of getting back with Dane. It looked like it took the asshole at least a minute to come up with a reply. That surely showed just how scared shitless he was at the prospect of being known as the same thing he tried to deny.

"Try me," Adam said in the same low voice. "Don't you think I picked a thing or two from hanging out with Dane?"

That appeared to give Brian enough food for thought because he hung his head low and stared at the floor, without another word.

Chapter Seven

The worst was yet to come, Adam thought while biting his lower lip nervously. He still had no idea whether Dane was going to be chased by the police or not, and now he was in the car with his dad going home.

Between them stretched a silence that announced nothing good. Adam didn't have the guts to break it and waited for his dad to talk first. His courage had waned and probably spent itself entirely on the threats he had whispered to Brian.

They walked into the house without saying a word to one another. Adam waited, one foot on the staircase, hoping that he would just be allowed to hide in his room and not have to talk at all.

"Get into the kitchen. Let's have a talk," his father said.

Adam moved like he suddenly had lead in his legs. Whatever his dad must have heard, it couldn't be good. He braced himself for what was coming, regardless of whether he wanted it or not. There was no time for making plans or choosing the right words.

His father ran his hands over his face after Adam took a seat across from him and they spent a few moments in absolute silence.

"That Jackson boy, what kind of friend is he to you?"

Adam stared at his hands, huddled together in his lap. He could deny it. He could just say that kids were mean and saying weird stories, but something inside him had hardened since earlier that afternoon. Was he going to live his life hiding? His dad could tell him to live the house, and that would be awful, sure, but Adam had learned some things during the last years since his mom had upped and left. One of them was self-reliance. He would be fine, he thought, without looking at his dad.

"Adam." The man's voice sounded tired, and Adam felt it right in his gut, something he hadn't thought of before, not for a single moment. His dad was getting older. There were wrinkles etched on his face, some caused by age, others by worries. Some of them, Adam didn't even know where they came from. And they were present there, in his voice, too.

"I'll disappoint you, dad," he said in a soft whisper. "What I'm going to tell you now. But I don't care. I can't."

"We'll see about that. Look at me."

Adam pulled his eyes from the sight of his own clenched hands to his dad. "Dane is more than a friend," he stumbled over his own words. Then, he drew a deep sigh. "He's my boyfriend." He quickly closed his eyes, afraid of what he might read in his dad's stare.

“Boyfriend.” His dad said the word curtly, like it was something foreign. “I suppose that explains all your sneaking about.”

Adam risked to look up. What was his father saying? Why wasn't he breaking into a fit of anger, throwing things, telling him to leave and never come back? “You're... not mad,” he said cautiously.

His dad shook his head. “I've done my fair share of mistakes, son. With your momma, most of all.”

Adam said nothing. His dad and he never had long conversations. Difficult ones, none at all. So neither of them knew how to navigate this novelty landed on their heads one strange afternoon. “Are you... fine with it?”

His dad snorted and looked to one side like he was hoping to find someone there, someone capable of offering him guidance. “I'm not happy.”

Adam frowned and looked down again. His fingers clenched again.

“Not for the reasons you think,” his dad continued. “I don't mind you having a boyfriend, that's not it.”

Adam blinked hard and tried to read his dad's face as he raised his head. “It's not?” he asked and licked his lips, trying to get the words out without sounding weird.

“And it's not because it's the Jackson boy, either, although I'd say you could do a lot better than that.”

Adam could hardly believe his ears. His dad was a taciturn man, and definitely not the kind to have that kind of conversation with his son. And yet, there they were, having it. “But why?” he asked the only question that made any sense to his ears at this point.

His dad sighed again. “It's because you'll have it hard in the world. People will pick on you or worse just because they think they're somehow better. Like in school, which you didn't tell me.” The pointed look made Adam feel tiny. “I had a couple of words with that boy.”

“Dane?” But how could that have happened? Dane had been long gone when his dad arrived at the school.

“No. The punk who dared to call you names. I know his old man, I know how much power he thinks he yields around here. But I can bet my next paycheck and more that his son won't dare to say another thing about you ever again.”

Adam felt his lips twitching. He didn't know if it was all right to smile while hearing his dad confess how he must have threatened Brian. "Do I want to know what you told him?" he managed with some difficulty.

"You're still wet behind the ears. You don't need to hear that."

In a way, Adam felt relieved. "But you're not in trouble with his dad now, are you?"

His dad waved, like such a thing wasn't even worth talking about. "You see about your life, Adam. I'm glad you're going to leave for college and all this is going to be behind you. That's what you deserve. To be happy."

"But you'll be alone, won't you?" Adam said quietly.

"I'm on the road anyway. We've never been much in each other's business, right?" His dad offered him a fond smile. "And it works for us. So, let's not ruin it by getting too sentimental all of a sudden."

With that, his dad rose from the table, a clear sign that their little conversation was over. As overwhelmed as he felt, Adam got to his feet and rushed for his parent, wrapping his arms around him and burying his head in the strong chest. A rough hand caressed his hand. Who said they needed to talk too much, anyway?

Adam wasn't sure if it was all right to search for Dane at home, at the trailer park, since he wasn't picking up his phone, and all of Adam's messages had remained unread. But it was the only thing he got, and he wanted to find him and ask him to come back to school since he wasn't a hunted man. It was strange that Dane seemed to have fallen off the face of the earth, but it could be that he had gotten pretty scared about the police and all that. Adam couldn't blame him, but he felt restless now, not being able to get in contact with him at all.

He observed the trailer home before knocking. For a moment, he even listened to see if there was anyone around. Just as he was about to raise his hand, the door opened, and before him stood a woman in her fifties with a tired expression on her face. At a closer inspection, she could be younger, but surely there must have been other things to put untimely marks on her face like that.

"Mrs. Jackson?" Adam asked politely. "Hello, is Dane home? He hasn't come to school, and we'll graduate soon--"

"Dane's not here," she cut his words short, but not in an unkind manner. "Are you Adam?"

He nodded. She measured him up and down in one short look and then disappeared back into the trailer house. Adam wondered if he was supposed to follow her inside, but his doubts were

dispersed when she returned. She was holding a leather jacket, and for some reason he couldn't pinpoint, his heart sank.

She handed him the jacket. "He told me to give you this."

Adam took it, his mind a daze. "Is he coming back? When? Did he say where he's gone?" The questions were tumbling out of his mouth like rocks.

"No and no," she replied in the same curt yet not unfriendly manner that seemed to be part of her character. She began to close the door, and Adam felt lost, standing there with not one piece of information to hang on to.

"Wait," he said. "Didn't he say anything else?"

She stopped and the look in her eyes was full of pity. "Nothing at all. The men in this family don't say when or if they ever come back." The reality of her words hit him like a truck. "Too bad," she added while slowly closing the door. "You're a pretty one."

Chapter Eight

One year later

“Another weekend spent doing nothing but studying?” Germaine hopped on the only desk in the room they shared and swung his feet. “Seriously, dude, didn’t you hear that college is all about having fun?”

Adam tried to turn his attention back to his textbooks, but Germaine seemed bent on not letting him do his thing. “I guess I didn’t get the memo,” he said dryly. “And you’re free to go have fun, like all the other college kids,” he added with emphasis and as if he was suddenly a middle-aged man. “It’s not long till finals, so you should be studying, too.”

“If you think this prickly attitude of yours is going to put me off, guess again. I’m not letting you finish your first year in college without having a little bit of fun. C’mon, there are many cute guys you can ogle. At least, some of them are gay. I mean, they must be. There’s no way that Clayton dude keeps his face so well moisturized without hidden reasons.”

Adam rolled his eyes. “Are you trying to piss me off right now? ‘Cause throwing around stereotypes won’t make me budge.”

“Oh, yeah?” Germaine inspected him through his dropped eyelashes. “I can clearly see that you want to.”

He was already shifting in his chair while trying to ignore Germaine’s wild leg swinging. “Fine,” he said and closed the textbook he was perusing until so rudely interrupted. “What do you want to do?”

“This,” Germaine said and threw something on the desk.

Adam looked at what looked like two tickets. “Tickets? To…” he tried to read without looking too interested, “some car racing event?”

Germaine grinned. “Your dad slipped these to me last time he came here to see you. He told me to get you out and force you to see the sun a little before you wither and turn into a vampire completely.”

Adam threw his roommate a crooked stare. “I seriously doubt that my dad said anything about vampires. He doesn’t even know what they are. And when did this happen?”

“Didn’t I just say? It’s was when he last visited here.”

“Yeah, but I was here the whole time.”

“You went to the bathroom once,” Germaine shot quickly. “He was very persuasive. You know I don’t care about racing.”

But Adam did. Not like some aficionado, or even some hobbyist, but he had often looked up for that kind of sports news in the silly hope that he might see Dane's name mentioned somewhere. So far, no luck. He doubted Dane would ever go the legal lane, to begin with. And news media didn't cover illegal racing events. Was this his dad's way to tell him to move on? But why hadn't he given him the tickets? Why all the mystery?

"You need to make your dad proud of you by going out a little, okay?" Germaine insisted since he was conspicuously silent. "I promise I'll have fun, even. For your sake. What do you think?"

Adam had half a mind to argue, but Germaine was right, in a way. Plus, he needed to know why his dad thought it so important for him to go see this particular event. Could it be he had heard from Dane? But no, his dad knew, without Adam getting into details, that he was still pining for Dane, and that the guy hadn't bothered to give him a single lousy call for an entire year. So, if anything had changed, and Dane had gone back to their little town, his dad would have told him.

"Well, this was certainly more exciting than I thought it would be," Germaine concluded as they joined the dispersing crowds.

Adam didn't say a word. He squeezed the phone in his pocket, wondering if there was a simple, less painful way to scold his dad for not telling him an important thing like that. He had known, deep in his gut, from the moment he had noticed the car shooting from the fourth position to tackle the competitors in front in what looked like an effortless move. The crowd had cheered around him, and he had known that he didn't happen to be there by accident, and his dad didn't just want him to move on.

"Hey, are you all right?" Germaine asked. "You're a bit pale. And you look like you're about to bite someone's head off, which is pretty big, since you're the gentlest person in the world I know."

"I'm fine," Adam murmured. Was that all? Had he come here only to see Dane racing and then finishing second? He had no idea whether that was just Dane's luck, or he had wanted to remind Adam of something from their short past together. But if that was the case, why was he still hiding?

It took him a couple of moments to realize that Germaine was squeezing his arm tightly to draw his attention. "Adam, someone's talking to you."

He was so caught up in a mental verbalization that involved Dane being at the receiving end at a series of unflattering terms that he didn't understand what his roommate wanted from him.

"Hi Adam."

He stared in disbelief. Dane was right in front of him, still dressed in his racing outfit, a little bit taller, a little bit broader in the shoulders, but still the same.

“You cut your hair,” he said.

Dane ran one hand over his short-cropped hair and laughed. “Yeah.”

And left me behind for an entire year to wonder where the hell you are and what the hell you're doing.

Germaine was still holding Adam's elbow.

“This is Germaine,” Adam said and looked as his roommate shook hands with Dane and exchanged a few words about the race. His feet were glued to the ground, and his entire body was stiff. It was only this much he could do from keeping to punch Dane right in the face for being a complete asshole and ignoring him for so long.

Germaine laughed and grabbed Adam by the shoulders. “This guy here,” he pointed at him, “he always keeps us indoors and forces us to study, study, study. You have no idea what it took to get him here. And he didn't care to tell me that he knows someone in the race.”

“I had no idea he was competing,” Adam said and threw Dane a crossed look.

Germaine seemed completely oblivious to the exchange between the two of them and continued his cheerful chatter. Adam was pretty certain his life at the dorm would have been a lot quieter without his roommate around, but also lonelier, so he was willing to deal with the consequences.

“It's so cool, right? To drive a car like that,” Germaine said. “How do you know Adam?”

Dane looked intently at Adam and said nothing.

“We were in the same English lit class in high school,” Adam said.

Dane's face fell. His eyes lingered on him and then on Germaine. “Yeah. Not like I spent too much time in school. I only had cars on my mind.”

“That figures,” Germaine replied. “I mean, it's clear by how you drive that it's not something you do since yesterday.”

“I'm glad you enjoyed it,” Dane said abruptly. “Have fun,” he added and waved as if he wanted to say goodbye already.

Adam pinned him down with a pointed stare. “Do you still have the same phone number?” he asked, trying to keep his tone light so that he didn't let out all that he was feeling.

“Yeah,” Dane said.

“Hmm, funny. I thought you changed it,” Adam continued in the same dry tone.

Dane shook his head and looked like he wanted to bolt.

“How long are you going to be around?” Adam asked.

He could tell that Germaine was a bit taken aback by his attitude. He was shooting questions at Dane like bullets.

“Until tomorrow,” Dane said.

“I want to talk to you. Tonight,” Adam said in a voice that brooked no contradiction.

“Sure. I’ll be at the shop until eight, and then we can have a beer,” Dane said. “You should come, too,” he told Germaine.

“No, he shouldn’t,” Adam contradicted him abruptly.

Germaine was giving him the weird-out glare he was famous for, but Adam was going to explain later.

“All right,” Dane said. “See you later, Adam. It was nice to see you. You look good.”

Dane threw the last words over his shoulders while walking away.

“What the hell, dude?” Germaine whispered at him. “Did he steal your homework in high school or something? I thought you were going to read him the riot act.”

“No, he stole something more important.” Adam bit his bottom lip. That memory was always making him laugh for some reason.

“Like what? Don’t tell me it was money,” Germaine said in an incredulous voice. “I mean, he does look a little rough, and I can’t imagine you two hanging out together, playing board games--”

“He used to be my boyfriend.” Adam decided to save Germaine a headache.

“Holy shit,” Germaine said slowly. “What the—I mean, for real? Wow. I mean, no wonder you can’t bear to look twice at Clayton. As properly moisturized as his face is, he has nothing on this dude.”

Adam snickered. “No, I suppose so.”

“Wait,” Germaine started, “so he used to be your boyfriend? With emphasis on ‘used to’? What happened?”

“It’s a story I’ve never told you. I’ll give you the abridged version, okay?”

Germaine nodded enthusiastically.

“Well,” Adam said with a heartfelt sigh, “first, I hired him to protect me from bullies, then he ate my sandwiches, then, we became boyfriends, and then we broke up when I confessed. And then, he beat the shit out of a guy who was dissing me--”

“Dissing you? It’s starting to get a higher rating for violence, I see,” Germaine interrupted him. “Go on, go on.”

“After that, he skipped town because he didn’t want to get in trouble with the police, which I totally agreed with. But, you see, he hasn’t answered his phone or read my messages for the entire last year. He told his mom to give me his jacket, though,” Adam added thoughtfully. On that, he had hanged most of his hopes the last year.

“Do you mean that cool leather jacket you didn’t want to let me borrow when I wanted to impress that goth chick?”

“It’s too big for you,” Adam said defensively.

“It’s too big for you, too.”

“Obviously. I mean, you’ve seen him, right?”

Germaine nodded. “So, tonight, what are you going to say to him?”

“First, I think I’m going to punch him in the nose. Then, I’ll kiss him.” Adam shook his head in mirth. “After that, I don’t really have a plan.”

Germaine dragged him along. “Thank god I’m your friend. I’m not going to totally diss your little strategy, but here’s what I think you must do.”

Adam had hoped that he would catch Dane alone at the garage, or else Germaine’s somewhat nutty plan would backfire in style. He stepped inside after asking one of the mechanics around for directions and took a few moments to look at Dane. It looked like his ex-boyfriend still preferred tight tank tops. He was bent over the open hood and tinkering with something. Adam admired his rough profile and muscled arms before his eyes slid down to the well-defined backside clad in denim. Dane had a great ass, and Adam had always regretted not being able to explore his boyfriend’s body as much as he wanted.

He pushed his hands into the pockets of his jacket and cleared his throat. Unlike Dane, he had let his hair grow longer, and now it was gluing to his nape, making him feel a little too hot.

Dane turned his head and promptly hit the hood of the car as he tried to straighten up. “Adam,” he said. “You’re kind of early.”

Adam moved slowly, keeping the jacket closely wrapped around his body. Dane's eyes flashed with curiosity and something deeper and wilder as they took him in. "I didn't have much to do."

He pretended to examine the car engine like he had any idea what all those pipes and wires were. In an effort to look relaxed, he leaned against the car, but quickly he realized he felt pretty awkward. According to Germaine, he was supposed to look and act all sexy, and that leaning against the car was supposed to be it. Next time, he'd know better than to take advice from a straight dude, as much a friend as he was.

"It's still too big for you," Dane noticed.

"This old thing?" Adam drawled and casually moved his hands so that the jacket opened enough to show what lay underneath.

Dane's eyes grew wider and more interested. "Are you naked?"

Adam threw him an affronted look. "No, obviously."

Dane chuckled and that was enough for Adam to forget what he was supposed to do next. He walked closer until they were so close that if they cocked their heads at the right angle, they'd have no other choice but kiss.

Adam shivered slightly as Dane moved one hand to touch his belly and caress it gently. He kept his eyes away. The first step of the plan, even Germaine had agreed, was to give the guy a proper scolding for the entire last year and his stupid vow of silence or whatever that thing had been.

"You're naked enough," Dane concluded as his hand stopped above Adam's belt. "Does your boyfriend know you're here, teasing me with what I cannot have?" He moved away, leaving Adam feeling cold. Dane had a hard cold look in his eyes all of sudden.

He pulled his jacket around himself again. "What boyfriend?"

"That cute guy you were with earlier."

"Germaine's my roommate. Asshole," Adam added for good measure and scowled.

Dane's face suddenly lit up. "Roommate? I guess that makes sense."

Adam pulled out one hand and punched Dane in the shoulder. "What exactly makes sense? Your ignoring me for the entire last year?"

Dane caught his wrist easily and gave him a long stare. He held eye contact while he hiked Adam's hand up and then placed a tender kiss on the inside of his wrist. Adam's resolve to kick this guy's butt melted on the spot. "Why?" he asked, his voice low and filled with longing. "Why didn't you pick up your phone?"

“I promised your dad I’d become worthy of you,” Dane replied.

“My dad?” Adam choked on his own words. “What the hell? When did you two—hell, I don’t even know where to start!”

“He called me, and we had a pretty interesting conversation. Very short, but very intense.”

“I suppose that’s my dad for you,” Adam murmured.

“He told me to make something of what I like to do and that he asks for nothing else. A little while back, I called him and told him about the race. He didn’t let me offer the tickets for free. And I asked him to get two.”

Adam rubbed his forehead. The way Dane kept kissing his wrist was quite unnerving. “Why?” All right, he was starting to sound like a parakeet. “Why two?”

“I didn’t ask him directly. If that was it, I was ready to face the music. I mean, it took me a little long to get here.” He gestured with his chin around. “If you got here with someone, and that someone looked like a boyfriend--”

“Germaine’s not my boyfriend,” Adam insisted.

“I know now.” Dane chuckled again and began to lick slowly the skin peeking from under the jacket sleeve. Adam looked and felt his knees getting softer at the sight. He had no idea why something as tender like that seemed so erotic.

“I could have a boyfriend, still,” he said, finally regaining some of his righteous indignation.

To his annoyance, Dane just laughed. “No, you couldn’t. You’re too nice a guy to let me do this to you while having someone who loves you like you deserve to be loved.”

Adam pursed his lips. No way was he letting Dane having it so easy. Later, he would have to deal with his dad, too, but right now, he had other priorities. He freed his hand, making Dane stare at him a bit confused. Then, he caught Dane’s nose between two fingers and pulled down hard.

“Ouch,” Dane protested but allowed Adam to have his fun. He caught his nose as soon as Adam released it. “That hurt, you know?”

“Not as much as being ignored for an entire year,” Adam promptly replied.

Dane moved fast and caught him by the waist. “I suppose I have to make it up to you. But first, is that boyfriend position still open?”

Adam caressed Dane’s cheeks. “It never got filled after you left.”

Dane nodded and then caught Adam's ass swiftly in his large hands. Adam was about to protest, but then Dane caught his mouth and all pertinent thoughts abandoned his mind. The kiss was as sweet as all the others he remembered. He wrapped his arms around Dane tightly, wanting to touch him everywhere, all at the same time.

Dane wasn't shy or short on touches, either, as he ran his hands over Adam's naked back, until he caught his nape and held it tightly while kissing him like a hungry man.

"Wait," Dane said in a ragged voice and jogged over to pull down the garage door.

Adam stood there, breathlessly, and watched him. Dane looked determined as he walked back to him and pushed him over the hood of the car. Soon, they were dry humping like crazy, and Adam could clearly feel Dane's cock pushing against his, two solid pieces of rock trying to win a fight. "You're bigger than before," he whispered.

Dane laughed and nuzzled the side of his neck. "And you're even prettier." He ran one hand through Adam's hair, from the nape to the crown of his head. Adam gasped as Dane made his hand into a fist, pulling slightly at his hair. "I agree with this. I'm going to hold on to it while I fuck you."

Adam keened softly. He had only imagine that they'd have a little bit of a talk and maybe make out before getting back together, but his plans hadn't taken him this far. "Are you..." he whispered helplessly.

"Fuck you right here? You can bet your sweet ass I will," Dane promised.

Adam didn't care to protest as Dane pulled one sneaker off his foot and then the other. Dane was just as efficient at undressing him as he had used to be in the past. Adam's heart squeezed painfully at remembering how he had wondered how Dane had gotten so practiced.

Dane let him out of his jeans and underwear, too, leaving Adam wearing nothing but the leather jacket. He murmured dirty words of praise as he caught Adam's hips and then snuck his hands under his ass, pushing against him while still dressed.

Then, just like that, he froze. "Shit," he said.

"What?" Adam asked with difficulty. "What is it?"

"No condom," Dane said.

"Really? You, the guy always ready to get lucky?" Adam teased him to hide his own disappointment.

"Yeah," Dane said with frustration. "After you, I lost the habit, 'cause I knew I didn't want to fuck anyone else. And since I thought you'd appear today with a boyfriend by your side--"

“You haven’t fucked anyone all year?” Adam asked, too happy to express himself.

“No, I haven’t,” Dane admitted.

“That’s good,” Adam said and smiled broadly.

“Have you?” Dane asked him.

The uncertainty in those deep blue eyes was just too much to handle. Adam pulled him close. “Are you nuts? Who could have--”

“The world is full of handsome dudes. And I heard college boys are awesome,” Dane teased him, but he was grinning, too.

“Yeah, they are,” Adam said, watching with delight how Dane was slowly starting to frown. He burst into laughter. “You have the living proof in front of you.”

Dane cocked his head and moved closer. Then, he suddenly bit Adam’s neck. “I want to fuck you so much. I got all my tests done and haven’t fucked anyone since you, but I’m not going as far as that. Not until you trust me again.”

Adam pulled Dane’s ear to get his attention. “I do trust you,” he said.

Dane stared at him. “Don’t play with me, Adam. You know I want you.”

“I don’t know, actually. You keep dodging the real question here.”

Dane seemed to ponder. “You told me that you loved me,” he said in a heartbeat while his eyes dropped to Adam’s lips and then back to his eyes. “You turned everything I knew upside down.”

“You don’t say,” Adam said wryly. “Then you listened to my dad and didn’t care to talk to me for a whole frigging year. And now, you stand here, all dressed while I’m naked, poking me with your snake and trying to tell me off.”

Dane blinked a couple of times like he was trying to make sense of Adam, and then buried his face into the crook of Adam’s shoulder. It took Adam a few moments to realize the asshole was laughing. “Are you laughing at me?”

Dane shook his head and then met his eyes. “No. I’m just happy. I was just a coward that day. But now I’m prepared. Tell me you love me again.”

Adam wrapped his legs around Dane, making their crotches rub together. “I’m not going to. You’re an ass.”

“All right,” Dane drawled. “Then that means that it’s my turn.” He brushed his lips over Adam’s ear. “I love you, baby.”

“See? It wasn’t so bad, was it?” Adam asked and shivered as Dane licked his ear slowly. “But don’t expect me to say it back so easily. I’m not over how pissed I’m with you.”

Dane chuckled. “I can wait. But until then, I can fuck you, right?”

Adam shuddered and nodded. Dane pulled away and winked at him while pulling out his cock. Now that was, right there, the clearest sign of how much the guy had grown during the last year.

“I might have changed my mind,” Adam whispered, only half-joking.

Dane shook his head. “No way I’m gonna let you go free this time.” He made no show of pulling Adam closer and pushing his ass up. “I’ve been dying to do this to you again.”

Adam drew a deep breath. He hadn’t been prepared for a lot of things, and going bareback with Dane was one of them. His breath hitched as he took in the guy’s hard cock. It was leaking precum and looked ready to plow some willing hole. His ass twitched in longing, probably not realizing what taking that thing meant.

Dane licked his fingers and pushed them in slowly, his eyes trained on Adam’s face. “Is it good like this?” he asked. “You can say no, okay?”

Adam sensed this was a good time for a little bit of bravado. He snorted. “You won’t hear that from me.”

Dane kissed him, pushing his tongue deep, while his fingers grew bolder. Adam continued to shiver and moan under the tender caresses and relentless push. Maybe he was too Dane-starved to care, but his body seemed pliant and willing to open up, so when the blunt head finally met his hole, all it took was a deep breath, and they were once one.

“Fuck, baby, you’re so damn tight,” Dane praised him.

Adam couldn’t care less for conversation at this point. He just wrapped himself tightly around Dane and squeezed his ass muscles just to test his power. The immediate reward was a low growl in his ear. “Do that again, and I might shoot inside you before you got your fill.”

“I’ll forgive you,” Adam promised, earning a short strangled cry from Dane.

He was lost in a sea of sensations as Dane fucked him harder and deeper, his fingers bruising Adam’s hips but not in a bad way. He could feel the buildup growing, too, but Dane cursed and began shooting inside his ass before he got his chance.

He didn’t have time to reassure Dane that it was all right. The guy was already dropping to his knees, taking Adam deep into his mouth. His fingers returned to the now well lubed hole and began to move in an out at a face pace.

Between the sucking that blew his mind and the constant hammering of his ass that took his breath away, Adam lost it, too. He came forever, or so it felt, and Dane held him down, drinking him dry.

He smiled meekly when Dane moved to kiss him. Then, he took in the smug smile on Dane's face. "What are you smiling for like that?" he asked.

"It looks like I got lucky, after all," Dane replied. "Lucky me, right?"

"No," Adam contradicted him and pulled him close for another kiss. "Lucky us, you arrogant ass."

Epilogue

Adam waved happily as soon as he got out of the car and rushed to his dad. Even though he knew that his father wasn't one for such effusive manifestations of affection, he hugged him tightly.

"I see that you got together with Dane again," his dad remarked as soon as Adam let him go.

"Like you didn't know that," Adam said with a well-aimed glare.

His dad didn't seem concerned at all.

"He told me everything. Did you threaten him or something? He gave me the silent treatment for one year," Adam added.

"I didn't threaten the boy," his dad said and shook Dane's hand when the other came closer. "I just told him to be worthy of you. It looks like he got the message."

Adam shook his head. "You two are so weird, and in the same way. What if I had started to date someone?"

His dad looked equally unfazed. "That meant that you two weren't as tight as you thought you wore."

Adam couldn't believe his ears. "You're something, dad. Are you secretly working for one of those dating TV shows?"

"I know nothing about TV shows. Now, you boys, get into the house. There's someone here to see you, Dane."

They both stopped and looked at Adam's dad. Then, they noticed someone standing in the door. Adam watched Dane's face transform, something he had grown accustomed with lately. That rough face could be tender, too.

"Hi, mom," he said and walked toward her, his fingers linking with Adam's. "This is my boyfriend, Adam."

"I know who he is," she replied. "Make sure not to let this one go, Dane. He's good for you."

He nodded and didn't protest when she caught him in her arms and held him close. Adam tried to move away, but Mrs. Jackson was fast enough to grab him with one hand. "Thank you for bringing my boy back, Adam," she said softly.

THE END