



Spare Change

By Ian Kovnats
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Chapter One

The night was cool for this time of June and Alex was having trouble trying to sleep as his stomach kept growling, signifying its hunger and disgust at him for not finding a job, once again. Another night spent either wandering the city streets or trying to snuggle under some stairwell. He tried for another hour to fall asleep; well, what he called sleep, but it was no use. His stomach just wasn't going to give him any rest until he found it some food.

Damn he wished it would just lighten up some. For the last 90 minutes he had walked up and down the strip, asking people for spare change, and so far he had 3 quarters and a crumpled dollar bill. Not good wages for a pro like him. He had even used some of his best material, but tonight not even they worked.

Alex kept his pace, his brown eyes darting every which way, trying to find that one mark, that one soft touch so he could at least get a hot meal into his belly tonight. He knew he needed to get a shower, and was putting off going to Father Mike's shelter as a last resort. He paused briefly to stare into a picture window and saw his dark hair flowing around his cheeks. It was getting long and needed a good cleaning, but five days on the streets wasn't exactly conducive to having good hair. He could see the cheeks slightly hollow, and he didn't really look like he was 18. Staring at his reflection he saw a pale face, red rimmed eyes, with strands of hair cutting across his vision.

Someday he would look less haggard, less like a bum and actually only have to worry about what to make for dinner, not whether or not he would be able to eat period. He shrugged his shoulders and went back to walking the street, searching for a score. He hoped and prayed silently to God that he could find some soft touch before 2am otherwise he would have to resort to his other stand by.

Time rushed past and there were less ordinary people walking by. Now the pedestrian traffic was bar patrons heading home from a night at the bar. Slowly he started to change his tactics, and now he scouted out one doorway. It had a soft glowing light reflection which would help hide some of his dirtiness and haggard expression. He leaned against the wall, tossing his jacket over his shoulder, letting his t-shirt ride up, his pale belly glowing in the yellow light.

Patiently he waited, as the first trickle turned into a steady stream of drunk, or half drunk, patrons strolled by. Every now and then one would turn and stare at the tall gangly youth in the doorway. It looked like one or two even thought about stopping, but their friends hurried them on. Damn, this was getting bad. He could feel his stomach growling more and his eyes felt heavy from lack of sleep. This was not turning out to be a good week for Alex.

He was so absorbed in his miserable week that he hardly noticed the older man standing beside him. He jumped as the man spoke to him. Man his nerves were on edge as they bantered back and forth for a few minutes. Finally

he agreed to going around the corner to the back alley and together they ambled off. Alex kept his eyes open now, making sure no one was watching him as he entered the darkness of the back alley. He found a dumpster and went behind it, leaning against the wall.

“You got the \$20?”

“Yeah.”

“Let’s see it before we go any further.”

The older man reached inside his pants and pulled out a twenty dollar bill. It was crumpled just like his suit jacket. The tie was a narrow one with frayed edges and there was no doubt that this was no secret millionaire looking for a soft body. Just another old guy looking for a moments escape with a young body.

“Okay, place it under my foot.”

“What? What the fuck is this kid... you trying to hustle me?”

“Look mister... you get what you pay for. I am just making sure I get paid. You can’t take off with the money if its under my foot without getting hurt, and I can’t get the money without giving you an edge. That way you get what you want, easy like... and I get paid... okay?”

“Well... that’s a first... okay kid you win... you don’t move sudden now and I’ll slip this under your foot.”

Alex watched carefully, his fists all balled up ready to strike. His legs were tensed up as the man shifted his one foot, placing the opened \$20 bill under his left foot. He took an extra few minutes as he felt the strong leg muscles and Alex let him. He shuddered at the touch, and gritted his teeth, knowing what was coming next.

“Okay, while you’re down there you can reach up now and undo the pants... just keep it simple mister and you can have what you pay for.”

The man looked up at the young voice with the hard edge to it. He didn’t really care too much for the location, and the dumpster wasn’t exactly adding to his sense of passion; but fuck, what did you expect out here. He should of gone to the park, but the bar was much closer to his flop house.

Slowly he reached up to Alex’s waist. With an expert tug, he had the belt undone, and the button popped open. His fingers trembled slightly as he undid the zipper, hearing the rasping sound as it slid down the teeth. He licked his lips as he could see the welcoming white of Alex’s shorts.

The sound of his zipper going down made Alex glance downwards, then he looked all around, making sure they were alone in the alley. He gritted his teeth as he felt the cool air rush inside his pants. He felt the pants slide

down his legs, his leg hairs suddenly standing on edge as they felt the cool night air. His body shuddered slightly as the man reached back up to grip his shorts.

Alex leaned back hard against the cold brick wall, his eyes now shut tight as his underwear was quickly pulled down to his knees, exposing his semi hard penis. The man stared at it, he could tell, and then he felt a scrawny hand grabbing at his dick. With his teeth gritted firmly, Alex tried to will his dick to come to attention, to get itself fully hard so he could shoot his load and get his money and get away from here. As usual, it wasn't cooperating, and he could feel the man start to pump his dick. He sighed deeply as the man's hand now pushed hard against his crotch, then yanked outwards, stretching his penis, forcing it slowly to react to the firm pressure.

For almost ten minutes the man pulled and yanked on his cock, his bony knuckles hitting his crotch every second as it traversed back to his body after each yank. Slowly his body reacted, too damn slowly for his liking, but at least it was reacting. He could feel the blood start to flow and he knew that soon he could end this nightmare.

The passing voices no longer rang in his ears as he tried to send his mind off to another world. Slowly he let his body relax, the tense muscles gradually releasing their hold on him; and as they did, his body was able to react more to the constant pressure around his organ. Alex could feel the blood filling his cock, stretching it now from within, and now it was fully erect, a full 8 and one quarter inches long.

As his cock reached outwards, the man stopped his urgent yanking and now started to pull down on his balls. He could feel the fingers digging into his scrotum, pushing his balls in the sac, and the touch made his mind flash backwards to another time. A soft moan escaped his lips as he felt the warm wetness of the man's mouth on the tip of his penis. It felt good now, and he let himself go. He let the man take his penis slowly into his mouth, his hands still clenched at his side, but less and less they resembled a balled fist of iron.

His mind was finally off on its own journey of sexual release. He could see the pale blue sky now, not a darkened cloudy smoke filled night sky. It was dusk, yeah, that was it, and gentle white clouds floated by as he lay in the tall cool grass. He grinned now as he saw standing over his naked body a tall young man; he was just standing there looking down at him. There was a smile on his face and as Alex looked up, he too was smiling.

The tall young man was blond, and had it combed across his head. It was sort of a dirty blond color, but one large clump kept falling across the standing man's face. He could see the sparkle in the eyes as he brushed the hair back and continued to look down on Alex.

He could hear the tall man talking to him now, hear him calling his name as the old man's mouth slid up and down his cock. He felt the saliva from the old man and didn't even give it a thought, because he was elsewhere. His mind had not let him down and he was in the field of his dreams as the old

man's mouth pushed hard against his pubic hairs. He could feel his hips starting to gyrate slightly now, as his balls slowly started to react to the firm steady strokes of the bony fingers against them.

The tall man over him was telling him how lovely he looked, all pink and fresh in the night's air. He just smiled as the handsome man told him how he was going to take him to his home by the lake, and how he was going to bathe him. He talked about how he would make sure that every inch of his body was well soaped with his own private blend of perfumed soaps. How he would take his soft sponge and caress his young body so that every spec of dirt was slowly and carefully wiped away.

His breathing was starting to get shallow now, and the man working on his erect penis started to slide his mouth even faster on the thick cock shaft. He worked his tongue around the boy's cock, licking at the cock head, and was rewarded by feeling a constant tremor running through the dark haired boy. His own breathing started to get laboured as he struggled with the huge cock in his mouth. It had a gamey taste to it, but he didn't care, it was a cock and a young one at that, too. He sucked hard on the penis, his teeth now gently rasping against the soft blood thickened skin.

Alex could see the tall man reach down for him. He saw the strong muscular arm reaching, and the long tapered fingers stretched outwards for his own hand. He reached up, and as his fingers touched the tips of the tall mans, his body shook. It was like a 1000 volts of electricity passing through his body and he cried out a little, a small weak cry and he could feel his blood boiling now, his heart surging forward, his lungs aching from lack of air, and a sudden tightening of his balls signalled his imminent ejaculation.

He reached down, his arms now rested on the shoulder's of the old man, as in his mind he saw his fingers reaching for the outstretched hand. He could almost reach it, almost grasp the hand, and the bare touch of skin was enough. His heart bursting, he felt his body shake again and again.

The man felt the tremor growing in the body. He waited for it with his lips pressed hard against the young crotch. He didn't have to wait long, a strong steady hot stream of cum came flooding out of the jerking penis in his mouth. It flooded him out, almost, as the cream's force surprised him, and he choked back a little then recovered to swallow that first full load of boy cum.

A second stream found its way into his mouth and the man flung his tongue around the pulsating penis. He could feel it jerk one final time and a small dribble of cum was coaxed out by the force of his lips and the actions of his tongue. Slowly he released his grip on the now drained penis, and he pushed himself back, letting the cock fall out gently. His eyes stared at the white glowing penis, and he watched as it grew smaller and smaller.

The old man licked his lips and slowly he got to his feet. They were sore from kneeling on the cold pavement but his belly was full. He could still taste the sweet milk in his mouth and he ran his tongue all around the inside of his mouth. Carefully he backed away as Alex leaned against the brick wall, still

a slight shake to his thin body.

Gradually he returned from his world of lush green blades of grass and clear blue skies with a wisp of white blowing in the gentle warm night air. His eyes no longer saw a tall handsome blond, just a shadow of an old man whose eyes didn't sparkle, they were like empty sockets. He shuddered as he slowly bent down, pulling up his underwear and pants in one quick motion.

"Thanks kid," the old man said as he turned and started to head off. He stopped halfway out of the alley to see Alex bending once more, to pick the \$20 bill up from under his foot. The old guy shook his head, that certainly was a first for him.

The money was tucked into his pocket and he stayed leaning against the wall as the old man walked away. He saw him swallowed up in the night and the bustle of the hurrying people. For a few minutes he just stood there, his body shaking and his mind throwing up. He hated this, having some old fuck touch him, lick him and then take his cum. Alex shivered as his mind rebelled at the scene that just took place, but slowly he was able to get himself calmed down enough so he could safely walk.

It always was this way, always a struggle afterwards to regain his composure as he once more entered the busy street. Well, at least now he had enough money to get some food for a day or two.

Walking quickly he headed away from the strip, as if his departure could erase the horrible feeling in the pit of his stomach or the stark scenes that kept replaying over and over again in his mind. One day, one day he would find his grassy knoll and his tall blond. That he promised himself; but so far, for the last 4 years he had found nothing but old men who only wanted his dick.

Alex didn't know how long he had been walking, but the flashing lights of the city were behind him as he finally stopped his movement. He looked around, and once again he felt his stomach growl a warning to him. Well, he couldn't have stayed downtown and now he saw a small café off the road. It looked shabby but was close to the interstate off ramp and he trudged over to see if it was open.

Well, his luck must be turning, as the place looked decent enough and was actually open. He walked in to find one young blond man sitting at a booth and an older lady at the counter. Both looked up as he entered and strolled over to the counter.

"Coffee please Ma'am," he asked.

"Sure kid... anything else?"

"Uh, let me see... how about some bacon and eggs?"

"Sure thing kid. Uh... you out pretty late for a young fella."

“Yeah I guess... one of those nights I guess.”

“Sure... here’s your coffee, the rest will be a few minutes.”

Alex could feel the other pair of eyes on his back, and his hair was standing on edge as he took his sip of the hot black coffee. It felt good going down his throat and he relaxed a little.

“You got a washroom I can use?” he asked the lady.

She turned around from the grill and pointed over to a corner of the building, past the table with the young man sitting. “Over there Son.”

“Thanks, won’t be a minute.”

Alex slowly walked over and past the stranger who didn’t stop staring at him. He felt uncomfortable at the stares, and wondered what his problem was. He shrugged his shoulders as he entered the washroom, and saw a nice clean bathroom. Quickly he splashed some cold water on his face and then, making sure the door was closed, he stripped his shirt off and splashed some more water and soap on his body, giving himself a bit of a clean.

He looked in the mirror and patted down some of his dark unruly hair, making himself look a little less like a rag-a-muffin.

Finally he dried his hands and put his shirt back on. Staring at his reflection he noted the creases in his forehead, and the deep lines of the bags under his eyes. Well no wonder people out here stared, he looked like some two bit hoodlum.

Tucking his shirt tails into his jeans, he took one last look in the mirror then headed out to his waiting food. As he walked out the guy at the booth looked up and a small smile seemed to cross his face. ‘Well, guess I pleased him’ he thought as he sat down to see a full plate of 4 eggs, several strips of nice fat bacon and a whole mess of hash browns.

Man it looked good and he started to fork the food down with gusto.

“Been awhile has it sonny?” the lady asked.

Alex managed a brief “yes ma’am” between mouthfuls of the hot food.

“Well, there’s pie after and let me get you some more coffee there.”

Alex looked up at the lady and saw a kind smile and a small round face that seemed to be nothing but a mass of creases and

wrinkles.

“That would be great, thank you.”

“Not at all. So where you from son? Not from around here are you?”

“No ma’am, well not really. I am originally from a small town in New Mexico but came out here a few years ago... just travelling around.”

“Well, the city is no place for young boys like you. Why don’t you go on back home? Surely it beats living in that place they call a city.”

Alex leaned back a bit, his stomach purring as it digested the hot meal he had just shovelled down his throat. He felt more relaxed and while he normally didn’t talk much, there was something about this lady that just seemed to push past his barriers.

“Well Ma’am... it just isn’t all that simple, and you’ll have to take my word for it, the city is a hell of a better place for me than home could ever be... but thank you for the concern.”

“It just don’t seem right young man... it just don’t seem right.”

“Yeah, but that’s the way it goes... and this is the best food I’ve ever had... thank you.”

“Hmmp, by the looks of it you ain’t been doin’ all that well in the city... you young folks, always rushing to get nowhere fast. Well, here’s your pie, now you eat it slow like... gonna get yourself a hurt tummy otherwise.”

Alex laughed and promised her not to gulp the pie down. He was feeling rather contented, and the kindness of the old lady made him feel almost like he had no care in the world, even though he had no idea where he was going to sleep tonight. Maybe he could find himself a nice spot of ground somewhere.

The lady was talking with the stranger and Alex watched as the man pulled out a \$20 and gave it to the lady. He watched as the man walked out. He didn’t look too bad, and as he passed by Alex, he seemed to look right at him, and smiled. Alex was taken aback by the man’s huge grin and he nodded to him as the man walked out the door. The soft bell tinkling as the door closed.

Finally, after a few more mouthfuls he was finished. Alex paid the lady her \$8 and thanked her for the meal and her kindness. She seemed to beam at him and with a twinkle in her eyes, told him to come on back any time. It was strange, the way she made him feel like he was like a long lost son of hers. He felt good as he walked outside, breathing in deeply the night air. It even smelled better out here in the outskirts of the city.

As he started to walk away from the building, he saw the red glow of a cigarette butt and he stopped. Looking over to the side he saw a shadow figure standing by a pick up truck, loaded with something bulky and he knew it was the guy from the diner.

“Where you heading to kid?” the voice asked.

“Nowhere particular... you?”

“Need a place to crash?”

“Maybe... you offering?”

Alex’s hair on the back of his neck was on edge once again. The warm feeling he had just moments earlier had now vanished. The guy had looked okay, but he obviously had something on his mind. No way he was waiting out here to just be nice. Well, he could use the extra money, and he was sure that that was what the guy was looking for.

Chapter Two

The figure moved away from leaning against the side of the pickup truck and walked forward slightly, into the light. He didn't look all that menacing or even all that old. Alex figured he had to be in his late 30's or maybe early 40's and he certainly wasn't a fat dude. He had a bit of a paunch showing and he looked like he worked with his hands. This wasn't any suit that was for sure. Alex waited, his face showing nothing, his eyes never really making contact with the man.

Alex could feel the man's eyes roaming across his lanky frame. He shivered slightly in the night air, as he saw a hungry look cross the man's face. He waited, knowing what was coming. There was no easy way to move this along, and he really didn't enjoy this part of the life. Hell, he really didn't enjoy any of it; but at least when they were doing something, he could escape inside his imagination. Alex turned slightly, exposing more of his groin to the man, and he lifted his head a bit, tossing his hair off to one side.

"Could be offering, I suppose if things were right... by the way, name is Mark... you?"

"Tommy," Alex replied. First rule of life out here, never ever give the john your real name, least not until he became a regular and even then you waited. Well, the opening play was made, the question for Alex now was, just what was the right 'things' that Mark wanted?

"Well, Mark. I ain't no mind reader... and it is late, but a nice warm place to sleep could be nice, depending on just what 'things' you wanted."

"Tommy is a nice name... had a friend in school named Tommy."

"Yeah? That's cool."

"Yep, he was a good friend, but he was a fag... always wanted to suck me off..."

"Uh huh, so uh, did you let him?"

"Oh sure, I mean it doesn't matter if it's a guy's mouth or some bitches, a blow job is a blow job, isn't it Tommy?"

"Yeah man, I suppose it is... look I uh... really should get going here... maybe you got me wrong."

"Really ? Nah... I don't think I do... look it's been awhile since I had a good blow job... and you do kind of remind me of my school friend... so?"

Alex had a bad feeling running through his entire body. Every part of

his senses were screaming inside his head to turn and run from this guy, but he was tired and it had been a long few days. He needed a place to sleep; and besides, the guy just wasn't full of manners, that's all.

"That all you want... Mark?"

"All you want is a place to sleep for the night Tommy?" Mark replied.

He had moved closer now, his eyes never leaving Alex's lower body. His tongue was busy licking at his lips, as if he could taste the young flesh before him. There was no denying his desire, but his actions didn't jive to Alex, this guy was too hinky for him.

"Yeah... all I want is a safe place to sleep, for the night Mark..."

Mark stopped his forward lean and picked his head up. He glared into Alex's face, and his eyes seemed to be cold and unrelenting as they bore into his own. Alex shivered again, and despite his best efforts, the clamouring bells inside his head refused to be silenced.

"So where is this place of yours Mark? Far from here?"

"No, it's just up the road a bit. Nothing fancy, just a small farm house with a few barns out back for the animals and things... this mean you accepting my offer?"

"Could be Mark... unless you'd rather just maybe go round back there... I can give you what you want for... oh, I don't know... say forty?"

Alex was playing for time and also, maybe he could get some money instead of the bed. He could easily use the money and a place to sleep wasn't all that hard to find out here. He could sleep anywhere, even out in the trees if needed. With the money he could at least not have to worry about doing this for a few days.

"Forty? No... that's kind of rich for me Tommy... no... I don't mind you crashing at the house, but no... can't do the money."

With those words, Mark turned and walked back towards his truck. He walked only a few feet away then turned to look back at Alex standing in the glow of the restaurant lights. He sure did want that boy, but no way was he gonna spend his hard earned money on a blow job from some street punk.

"Your call Tommy... place to crash for the night or not?"

Alex shivered slightly as the wind was picking up. He could feel a slight chill in the air and knew it would be a wet night if he stayed outside; and judging by the time it was, he really didn't think he'd find a dry place for a bit and he was tired.

"Yeah, okay man... your place it is."

With that, Alex headed towards the truck and watched as Mark climbed in the driver's side. He walked around to the other side and saw Mark lean over and pop the door open. His eyes were clearly focused now on Mark, and he noticed the look again. His hair was still standing on edge, but he was in the truck, one hand gripping the door handle, just in case.

The truck roared to life quickly and shot off down the road, the headlights coming on as the truck was already on the main highway. Mark didn't talk much and he just stared ahead, following the old highway trail for a bit. It didn't take long before he started to slow down and finally he turned off into a dirt roadway. The truck bounced as Mark didn't slow down for the gravel trail that he was now travelling on.

In a few minutes the headlights showed a clearing coming up and then they were there. A small weather beaten house showed in the glare of the truck lights, and Alex could see that it was definitely a well used place. This wasn't some abandoned shack, and he could see two fair sized barn structures towering over the roof of the house.

It didn't take them long to get inside and Mark went into the small living room where he managed to get a fire going in the fireplace in relatively short order. The flickering flames quickly seemed to warm up the small area and Alex was able to relax a little. His apprehension level slightly lowered as Mark busied himself in warming the place up.

Alex was able to look around and he noticed that the kitchen had dishes in the sink and the living room certainly wasn't what you would call a showplace. He was surprised to notice that the room contained a rather large television set, and video set up. There were stacks of tapes all over the place and stuck off to one side was a small desk with a fairly new computer sitting on it. The room didn't have much else to offer, a single easy chair and a rather worn couch were about all the furniture in the room.

The fire was roaring now and Mark walked over to the entertainment centre and pawed through a couple of tapes. He checked them out, then selecting one, he inserted it into the VCR above the television.

"Well, you ready to do this?" he asked standing facing Alex with the remote in one hand, the other resting inside his pocket.

"Uh? Yeah, sure... here?"

"Yeah... here..."

"Fine man... uh, mind if I have a drink of water or something first?"

"Help yourself, glasses are above the sink and the water's pretty good."

Alex went through to the small kitchen and helped himself to some water. Looked like this guy wasn't into any of the preliminary stuff, which was

fine with him. He was rather tired and it had to be getting close to sunrise by now. Funny there wasn't any clocks in the house it seemed.

Walking back into the living room he noticed how the place had a strange glow to it. There really didn't even seem to be many lights in the place and that was okay with him.

"So, uh, where do you want to do this Mark?" he asked entering the now warm living room.

"Here... you uh, strip first."

"Strip? Hey, thought all you wanted was a blow job man?"

"Yeah, well... I like to see some skin..."

It really wasn't a big deal to Alex, but he had hoped he could get away without having to strip. Well, he was here so might as well get it over with. He tossed his jacket off and put it on the couch, and then he turned to face Mark. Damn, he hoped the bed was at least comfortable for all this trouble.

He could feel Mark watching him as he slowly removed his shirt and shoes, then he stood up straight, facing Mark with his back to the television. He unbuttoned his jeans, then slowly unzipped them, gradually exposing his underwear to Mark's watchful gaze. As Alex opened his pants up and reached down to slowly slide them down his long legs, he heard the click and whirr of a motor as Mark started the VCR with the remote. Alex turned his head to watch the television set spring to life.

"Don't look, you just face me Tommy," Mark's voice commanded.

Alex turned back towards him, a chill seemed to go down his spine as he knew that something wasn't right. He stared into Mark's face, his pants hanging down by his hips, and he shrugged his shoulder's, signifying his acceptance of the order.

There didn't seem to be any volume and he guessed that some porno flick was now playing across the large screen. Oh well, whatever turned him on he guessed. Might as well get this done, so he reached and pulled his pants down to his ankles. His crotch was clearly shown now and he saw Mark licking his lips. He wasn't sure if it was from the sudden view of his groin or what was playing on the screen and frankly he didn't care now.

Alex stepped out of the pants and pushed them to one side. With one hand he rubbed his crotch, getting his penis to come to life one more time for the night. With a brisk even move, he gripped his underwear and pushed them down, bending slightly as they passed by his knees.

With his underwear now laying on top of his discarded jeans, Alex stood up straight before Mark. His penis was semi hard and stuck out a bit, but his balls hung clearly visible to the man in front of him.

“Well... now you ready for this Mark?”

Mark stared at Alex, taking in his slight frame but still well built body. The muscles were clearly defined around his chest, but you could see the ribs sticking out by the side of the stomach. He lowered his eyes to take into account the thin waist, and the way his legs moved out and away. A small pubic patch of hair nestled nicely around a rather normal sized penis that was not fully erect. A slight scowl crossed his face at that and he looked up briefly into Alex's eyes, showing his unhappiness.

Alex didn't like the inspection, it was to say the least rather disconcerting, and he was uncomfortable. He shifted his stance slightly and saw Mark's eyes glare at his face. Now what he thought. This guy was definitely hinky, and the sooner he got this out of the way the better he would feel.

“Doesn't look like you are all that ready Tommy... too many other times tonight or what? I am not pretty enough for you?”

“Huh? What the fuck you talking about?”

“Your dick Tommy... the Tommy I knew was always rock hard when he got undressed for me... you aren't.”

“Yeah, well, uh... guess it's cause I am tired... that's all man.”

Mark just stared at Alex, his eyes seemed to narrow with each passing second but he didn't say anything to Alex's excuse. This was getting freaky and Alex continued to shift his stance every now and then. He felt like a side of beef being graded by a butcher.

“Come here Tommy, and get on your knees. I like it better if you are on your knees.”

“Yeah... sure Mark...”

Alex moved forward and dropped to his knees in front of Mark. He stared up at the figure now towering over him and he waited. Was he supposed to pull this guy's dick out for him or what? He kept his eyes upwards, and he could see Mark was staring at the television screen now. Damn he wished he could see what video this guy was watching. Better yet, he was starting to wish he had not listened to his inner voice and passed on this trick.

“Uh... you want me to... you know... take it out for you?”

“NO... no... you just wait there until I am ready... you'll know when Tommy, won't you?”

“Huh? Yeah, sure... I suppose.”

Alex was getting stiff from kneeling and his legs hurt. The floor had

carpet on it but it felt like it was placed over concrete. A slight chill was entering his knees and his toes were starting to cramp up. Fuck if this guy didn't drop his pants soon he was just gonna get up and get dressed and leave. Maybe he should anyway, but he had gone this far, well a few minutes more couldn't hurt.

He saw the shape in front of him start to sway a bit, then he could see the hand with the remote move to the side and saw the black remote being tossed to the couch. Now both hands were rubbing his crotch in front of Alex's eyes. He watched as the flat crotch started to develop a bulge and he could tell that the guy was getting himself up. Well it was about time he thought, wondering what kind of dick this guy had.

The swaying motion seemed to increase, and now and then a small murmur came from above as Mark was really getting into whatever it was he was watching.

Suddenly the hands undid the pants and the zipper was quickly pulled down. Alex could see a pair of chequered boxer shorts inside and his eyes glanced upwards to see that Mark had his eyes closed now. Mark's hands moved in unison as the pants were pushed down to his knees and then he reached back up and pushed the boxer shorts down, exposing to Alex's eyes his entire package.

Alex almost choked as he saw the huge penis plop out and it was still growing under the careful attention by Mark's left hand. A pair of large balls dangled beneath the penis, and he could see lots of dark spidery hairs wrapped all around the dark scrotum.

Suddenly he felt a strong hand on the back of his head, pulling him forward and he leaned inwards, his eyes watching the other hand firmly grasp the huge penis, holding it straight outwards towards Alex's face. Well, this wasn't going to be easy but he closed his eyes as his lips brushed up against the fiery looking cock head.

Just as his mouth touched the hot flesh, the hand gripped his hair and with a sudden show of strength pushed his face forward hard, forcing the huge cock into his mouth.

Alex choked and sputtered as the huge thick cock entered his mouth, and he could taste a salty presence as it pushed past his lips. The huge cock was being forced into his throat and he struggled slightly to try and manage it without choking too much. The pressure of the hand on his neck was increased so he couldn't move backwards and the figure in front seemed to move in closer, forcing the huge cock further into his mouth.

He could feel the pressure of Mark's hips as the huge cock was shoved down his throat and he managed to clench his fists and force his mind to order his throat to open wider. Gradually he was able to get his muscles relaxed enough to allow the forcing penis to slide easier down his throat and he could feel its thick hard head banging now deep inside. He could taste the salt of the

penis, from the thick shaft, and he could even feel that huge balls as they finally came in contact with his chin.

As the balls struck his chin, Mark's hips started to grind from side to side, as if to firmly nestle the huge cock in Alex's mouth. A muffled cough escaped Alex's throat, but it didn't stop the constant pressure being applied. The hand had the back of his head in its grip, and now the other hand joined it to keep it straight and level.

Mark was groaning louder now, as he started to push in and out with his hips, sending the huge weapon in and out of Alex's mouth. Each outward pull barely gave Alex enough time to gulp in needed air before the huge cock came crashing back inside.

His mouth was stretched wide by the thick pulsing penis and he could feel the heat from it each time it entered his mouth and throat. The cock was slowly being coated by Alex's saliva and as it got more moist, it slid in easier and deeper. Each time the huge cock head pushed past his lips and teeth, it burrowed its way deeper into the expanded throat.

Alex was sure that if he hadn't had his tonsils removed earlier in his life this huge cock would have pushed past them. He gagged a few times more as the cock started to push in and out faster now. The thick cock was forcing his jaw even wider with each inward thrust and Alex knew he was gonna be sore for a bit afterwards. He reached up with his hands to rest them against Marks thighs and as his hands touched the bare skin, he felt a small shudder go through the sturdy frame of Mark.

He had the rhythm now and with his eyes firmly shut he let Mark do the work, keeping his throat relaxed for each thundering thrust. A strange gurgling sound was reverberating around the room and suddenly Mark's fingers seemed to be digging into his head, twisting his own hair into tight curls, before pushing into his skull. It was getting painful and his knees were aching badly now as the force of the constant thrusts were almost lifting him up then down. He could feel himself sway to the heavy pounding his face was getting and there was nothing he could do to stop it. His own fingers were digging into the warm flesh of Mark's buttocks and yet it didn't seem to phase the guy. It only seemed to make him go faster and faster.

Alex could feel the corners of his mouth aching when the hard throbbing cock seemed to crash into his mouth harder than any other time. He could feel the tough bristly hair of the pubic patch scratching his chin and nose as Mark's whole body seemed to be pushing against him. Suddenly he felt the hard knob of the cockhead strike the very back of his throat and he knew he was about to be inundated with a flood of cum.

A hot burning sensation started deep inside his throat as Mark let out a loud primal scream. At the same time he pushed his crotch even harder into Alex's face, and pulled Alex's head forward at the same time with his two powerful hands. He could feel his nose being squashed by the sheer force of pressure. His lips were pressed hard against Mark's groin and the sudden

feeling of nausea filled his whole body.

Thick creamy cum was flowing out of the rigid cock inside his mouth. He could taste a strong salt flavour and a strong odour of sweat and man scent filled his nostrils. His throat tried to swallow and managed to get the first wave of cream down, when a second wave started oozing from the still hard pressed cock head.

He struggled to pull his head back, to give himself some air but Mark's hands only dug into his hair harder, pressing his head even tighter into his groin. Alex was starting to gag on the lack of air and the strong man smell of Mark. The cum was thick and bitter tasting as it slid slowly down his throat, coating all of his long throat with its gummy substance.

Mark's voice no longer rang out in animal screams and was now a mere whimper as he suddenly pulled his massive penis backwards slightly, letting in some precious air into Alex's throat. The huge cock was shaking a bit as it pulled back, the throbbing cock shaft still pulsing as it readied for another blast.

Alex could sense it, and he waited, still trying to pull his head back further but Mark's hands wouldn't let him move. His knees were aching and he had a strange pain in his stomach as it tried to digest the thick goo of Mark's cum.

Finally Mark seemed to be spent, and he slowly pulled his still hard cock out of Alex's mouth. The cock was coated in a greyish colour, and Alex watched as Mark pulled it free, inch by inch from his mouth, and slowly he was able to drink in air, to quieten his aching lungs. As the huge cock head came plopping out of his mouth, Mark moved one hand to hold his solid cock, and he then moved forward, wiping the huge cock along Alex's face.

Alex tried to move out of the way, but the other hand held him firm. Mark wiped the shining cock all along the face, even across the eyes, causing a stinging sensation that made Alex buck backwards and almost free himself from the iron handed grip on his head.

Mark pushed his slowly softening penis up under Alex's chin, wiping it and pressing it hard into the soft throat. He looked down at the now coated face of Alex, seeing his cum drying all over the cheeks, eye lids, and even the bridge of the nose. He pulled Alex's head back, forcing him to look upwards while he finished wiping his cock on Alex's chin and throat.

Alex wanted to strike out at this guy but the force of the hand on his head made him keep his anger in check. Slowly the hand seemed to be relaxing and he was able to at least breath more easily. Still his face was kept facing upwards, at the towering figure of Mark.

He scanned the dark brooding eyes of Mark and it made him shudder a bit. Well, this was over at least, and he managed to glance over to the side to see his clothes just slightly out of his reach. The look in Mark's eyes was

changing now, and slowly he was returning to normal. He could feel his breathing starting to become more regular and even and then Mark let go of his head, and stepped back a couple of paces. His penis was no longer rigid and pointing at his face, but it still had an angry look to it. Dry flakes of cum were all over the softening penis.

Alex started to move, to get up when Mark's harsh voice boomed out, telling him to stay there. He was about to argue when he saw Mark walk to the couch to grab the remote and then he heard the click as the television was turned off. Mark then looked down at Alex and told him to get his clothes on, he'd show him where he could sleep.

Carefully Alex managed to crawl over to his pants and underwear. His knees were sore and his legs felt all cramped up. It was hard but eventually he managed to get himself standing up and dressed.

"Hey... where can I wash up man?" he asked as he was putting his boots on.

"No where... come on... I'll show you where you can crash... hurry up I don't have all night."

"Hey... fuck man I did what you wanted, least you can do is let me clean up before crashing."

"You want to sleep or not? Come on."

With that final word, Mark headed towards the kitchen. He waited tapping his foot on the linoleum while Alex tugged his boot on, and shrugging his shoulders, started to follow Mark towards the rear of the house.

They walked through the kitchen to the back door and then Mark held it open for Alex. He pointed outwards towards a dark shape structure.

"There's horse stalls there... hay and stuff inside... pick one out and you can crash there. If you really need to wash up you'll find a trough beside the far wall... it has rainwater in it... now don't go messing around either... and don't go touching anything... you got that?"

"Yeah, thanks a lot man. Shit, you sure you can spare the space?"

"HEY. ANYMORE LIP OUT OF YOU AND YOU CAN JUST FUCK OFF DOWN THAT ROAD NOW... TOMMY BOY."

With those words, Mark turned and let the screen porch door slam shut against the frame. Alex watched as the man walked away, shutting off the lights and obviously no longer interested in Alex. For a few seconds more, Alex stood there, then he wrapped his jacket tightly around himself and started walking up the road.

No fucking way was he going to stay there. He was tired and the barn

would of been okay, but Mark was just too damn queer. As he walked up past the front of the house he could see the light from the living room go off. He was sure he could see the curtains pull apart in the darkness and the shadowy figure of Mark fill the window. He glanced briefly, noticing a bluish tinge behind the dark figure, but he didn't stop to even consider it anymore. He just picked his feet up and headed up the driveway, not running but walking as briskly as possible.

Chapter Three

The noise of honking horns made him wake up. He moved around a bit, feeling very stiff. His legs were sore, specially his knees and his jaw ached something fierce. The sun seemed to be rather pale this morning as he leaned on his elbows inside the thicket.

Alex had walked for over three hours before he found this stretch of bush. He had made himself a nice little burrow inside and had crawled in to get some sleep. He felt dirty and sore and yet he smiled to himself. He had survived another night and he thought about last night, wondering just what was Mark's hang up. The more he thought of it, the more he felt he was lucky to have gotten away. His back ached and was sore from laying on a bunch of branches; but somehow, he thought it was better than waking up in Mark's horse stalls. Somehow he just didn't think that if he had stayed, that he would be smiling right now. Well, he didn't get the sleep or warm bed, and he had to suck that fucking weapon but at least he was alive today. He started to crawl out of the bush when he noticed that the sound of a horn blaring was still going on.

Shaking his head, he glanced out to the road to see what the commotion was all about. He saw an older lady leaning on her horn with her little Volkswagen Beetle stuck off to the side of the road. Looked like she had run out of road and for some insane reason she was hitting her horn, as if that would help. Well, it kind of did, didn't it? Cause it had waken him up.

Alex climbed out of the bush and tried to brush himself off. He must look like a real mess but he doubted if many cars came this way. He walked slowly up towards the car but the old lady didn't seem to notice. He tapped lightly on the window and saw the lady start. She seemed scared and just looked at him.

He knew about old people, a bit, so he wasn't too upset. Besides, he did look pretty rough and he figured his jaw had to be swollen a bit from last night. Carefully he backed away, and the lady lowered her car window just a bit.

"Need a hand there Ma'am?" he asked politely. He knew she was scared of his appearance.

"Well aren't you a nice young man? What happened to your face though?"

"Oh nothing much... sort of ran into a tree last night... wasn't watching where I was walking. Uh... can I help you?"

The lady seemed to hesitate a bit. She stared thoughtfully at Alex, seeing his dirty clothes and ragged appearance. There was no doubt that his face was a mess, judging by her comments. He couldn't really tell by his reflection off the car, he was too far away, but he waited patiently for the lady

to decide.

“Well, that would be very nice of you, young man... seems I have run a wee bit off the road and these cars aren’t really what I am used to.”

Slowly she opened her door and Alex sprang forward to help her out. She was elderly, but very trim and proper looking. She had on a nice hat that old ladies wear and her glasses were your typical old lady type. She didn’t stand too tall but her smile was something else. It set her blue tinged hair off nicely and she had a nice face. Alex felt a strange warmth around her and it was no time before he had the Beetle out of the ditch and back on the shoulder of the road, rumbling, waiting for her to get back in.

“Well young man, that was very nice of you... can I offer you a few dollars for your kindness?”

Alex could tell that she wasn’t a wealthy lady, and he could use the money, but instead he refused, asking if she would mind giving him a lift into town in place of any monetary reward.

The lady seemed relieved at his request and was very forceful in getting him into the car. She smiled a lot and half way along the road, she finally managed to coax out of Alex that he was living on the streets. She seemed nice about it, but he really didn’t feel much like talking about his life. The lady did insist that he come home to her place and get cleaned up. He resisted for most of the trip, but as the car slowly moved along the town streets he finally relented. He could use a wash and well, why not. Least he knew there was no hidden agenda here.

It was one of those old style two story houses that you always associate with old ladies and cats. Alex was amazed at how nice the house looked, how ancient it felt and yet when he walked inside, how comfy and warm it felt. Sure, he could smell that ‘old person’ smell, but the way it just sort of wrapped itself around a person, making them feel safe and secure was something else.

Miss Rose, as she liked to be referred to, showed Alex the entire house, showing him the collection of antiques and oddities that made this her home not just an old person’s house. He was dutifully impressed and rather enjoyed the Grande tour as Miss Rose referred to it.

Finally the tour ended upstairs, and she showed Alex a spare room, all musty and stale but well decorated. A single bed adorned the room and she moved past its crisp white sheets towards the window which she managed to open with her aged hands. A gentle breeze wafted inside and it felt like a nice comfortable place to be in.

Miss Rose then rummaged through a couple of drawers and she brought out some towels and even an old bathrobe. She insisted that Alex go into the bathroom and when properly ready, to bring out his dirty clothes. She insisted so strongly that Alex didn’t have the heart to refuse her.

The bath robe was definitely made for someone much taller and sturdier of frame than Alex as it wrapped itself around his small frame at least twice if not three times. He stepped back into the now fresh smelling bedroom with his dirty clothes to see Miss Rose standing there waiting like an expectant mother.

She smiled, remarking how he looked like a small birthday package all wrapped up, then she took his clothes from his hand and told him to go clean himself up. Even reminded Alex to wash behind his ears and that he would find some personal hygiene items in the medicine cabinet. With a twinkle in her eyes she turned and left briskly to go wash his clothes and fix a little something, as she put it, while he took care of business.

Funny how coming from her he didn't mind it one bit. From most anyone else in his life he would have taken that to mean something entirely different and yet from her, for the first time in years, he felt and took it to mean something completely innocent.

Alex lay dozing in the luxury of the warm bath water. A smell of peach floated in the air as he gently scrubbed away the dirt and layers of the street. He couldn't remember when he last had been able to just lay and enjoy the warm caress of a bath.

The room was steamy from the hot water and every few minutes he would reach across to add even more of the seemingly endless hot water to the tub. He lay there, fully stretched out, his toes curled around the far end of the tub and his head resting against a pink flowery rubber thingee on the other end. If heaven was as good as some of the priests had said, then he was as close to heaven as he would ever get.

He closed his eyes, letting the soft gentle smell of peach fill his soul. The heat helped ease his sore muscles and he was able to gently wash his bruised and battered body with the thick wash cloth he had found laying on the side of the tub. With a dab of soap he was slowly running the cloth along his legs, feeling the hairs come back to life.

His hand passed over his scar on the right leg, the one that almost ran up to his groin, which was from some drug crazed drunk who had stumbled onto his night time spot. The guy had really been spaced out swinging a long knife as he stumbled through the alley, and unfortunately for Alex, he had spotted him.

It wasn't much of a battle, as Alex had been dazed by sleep and the knife didn't really seem to register until afterwards. Somehow, he had managed to get the crazy off him, and watched him meander down the alley still cursing and shouting when the pain had hit him.

Alex had looked down to see dark blood gushing from a tear in his jeans and before he realized it, he was trying to follow the crazy drunk to wail on him for cutting his pants. The pain had woken him up fully and he had never been so scared as he was that night, crawling out to the street to try and

summon help.

There hadn't been a lot of people willing to help him, and he most likely would have bled to death right there in the middle of a busy street had a police cruiser not come by on its nightly rounds. They had pulled over and were frisking him when one of the officers noticed the cut and blood. Only then did they summon a paramedic unit.

Alex shivered in the warm bath water as he recalled that whole night. Had the cops not come by, he doubted if he would be alive today and even then it had almost been too late. They had assumed him for a drunk and only by luck did they notice the bleeding leg. Well, at least he had learnt from that episode. Rarely did he seek shelter in an alley no matter how tired he was. Instead he settled for catching a few hours in different doorways for the most part; or, if lucky, in some flop house where he only had to listen to a lecture in the morning about the errors of his ways. Least he didn't get knifed even though he had been roughed up some in a few of those places.

The bath water was turning a bit cold so he added more of the steamy hot water and let the bad feelings float away with the steam. He added some more of the peach smelling bath stuff and concentrated briefly on cleaning his stiff body. The water helped to ease his sore muscles and as his hands travelled all along the thin frame, he could feel the bones and muscles starting to let up. No longer was he coiled waiting for some john to burst inside and take what he wanted.

Slowly his dark thoughts eased and he felt better. The hot soapy water was lulling him and his eyes felt slightly heavy as he remembered a time not all that long ago. As his hands rubbed his stomach, the water gently lapping at his skin, Alex could almost reach out and touch that time where his mind was taking him.

He could see Chase standing in front of the bathroom mirror. There was no doubt it was him, the tall figure looked like a Greek god the way his body was built. Strong muscles rippled all over a perfect 6 foot frame with short cropped hair curling around the back, lightly covering the most perfect set of ears a person could see. Chase was from Florida and had scored this hotel room somehow. Alex never did find out how, but it was like a palace to him and it was a long time since Alex had ever been inside something that had hot running water that wasn't from a tank or kettle.

He had just found his way to the city, and was a youngster then. The scars of home were still visible, not just in his eyes but on his young emancipated body. Chase had found him at the bus station, wandering around looking for a place to sit down out of sight of the local security guards.

Chase showed him the ropes back then and for a few years they had hung around together. Never really together but it had felt like Chase was his big brother, and whenever things had gone bad, Chase always seemed to show up to help or at least to console him. Alex missed Chase these days, and small tears welled up in his eyes as he thought of his friend and mentor.

For a brief time his hands just stayed still in the water, letting the warmth enter his body. He could feel it slowly ebb away at the dark corner's of his soul and he was able to shake off once again the sadness. Back his mind went to the scene in the hotel room , where he stood in the open bathroom doorway listening to Chase humming as he combed his hair and looked at himself in the mirror.

Chase knew how to make Alex smile and he did then, as always. He flicked the towel in his hand at Alex and then they horsed around. Chase was wearing a towel wrapped around his middle while Alex was fully dressed. They ran around the large luxurious bedroom until Chase finally caught him and tossed the young Alex onto the bed. Least now Alex wasn't just skin and bones. He had finally managed to put some meat on and mostly that was due to the teachings of Chase.

He had shown Alex how to panhandle and how to use his baby face to his advantage. Always teaching, he had brought Alex here to sit back and enjoy the comforts of a real bed for the first time in ages. They had watched television, something Alex had almost forgotten about and when he asked how long they could stay, he was surprised to find out that Chase had the room until noon the next day.

His curiosity got the best of him and he realized, sitting in Miss Rose's tub, that it was then that he received his first real lesson into living a life on the street. It was then, amidst the novelty of being in a room with a real bed and real sheets with real food on the table, that Alex learnt how his young body could help keep him alive.

As his hand gently massaged his inner thighs, gently washing his groin, Alex recalled how he had insisted on Chase telling him how he had gotten the room and finally Chase had sat him up on the bed and told him. He had explained how this guy was looking for fun and how he, Chase, had shown him a real good time. Alex didn't tweak to it right away, but the gleam in Chase's eyes and the gentle hand on his shoulder finally had managed to penetrate even his thick skull.

At first he was repulsed by the idea that some old man had lain hands, or worse, on Chase's perfect body; but then he slowly came to feel rather excited at the thought of a sweaty night of being in Chase's arms. He was confused then, and was still confused now as not many men could make Alex feel horny and hot. Chase was one of the very few, and that afternoon he had initiated Alex into the world of man sex.

As Alex thought back to that afternoon, he could feel his penis starting to waken itself up after a long sleep. It seemed to want to stretch out and smell the air and feel the sunshine on its face and he lay back in the hot steamy water as his mind saw the hotel room and Chase sitting on the huge bed, explaining how he only did this with certain select men. He watched the scene unfold as a younger version of himself sat there wide eyed, staring at the hard chest of Chase, seeing the perfect red nipples standing fully erect as Chase talked about how he really didn't do this too often.

Alex could feel his penis waving in the warm water and he slowly reached down with his soapy hand to grab it. He could feel its heat, even through the hot bath water that lapped around the throbbing cock. A thin smile crossed his face as he could see Chase's dark eyes staring into his own. God, what a specimen of manhood Chase was back then. The way his muscles would always ripple when he moved any part of his body.

The talk had gone from one question to another, and Alex had many questions in his mind. Finally he asked his mentor, his hero, if he was queer. Funny, you were supposed to say gay or some such fine word, yet it never did come out that way. Chase had laughed at his attempt to define his sexuality and instead he just laughed. It had really gotten him going, and Chase lay stretched out on the bed, with just that bath towel around his waist. Alex could see that it covered a nice package and was stunned to see that the discussion had aroused Chase.

Chase caught him looking and he sat up, and the conversation turned serious then. He touched Alex, lightly resting his hand on top of Alex's shoulder and for some reason, just thinking back to that touch always gave him a shudder. This time was no different as he started to gently pull on his fully erect penis, the warm bath water gently giving way to the motion of his hand on his fully erect penis.

Alex closed his eyes as his hand started to pump his erect cock. He could feel every part of his dick and could feel his own blood traveling along the thick pulsing vein underneath. His heart started to beat faster as his mind replayed that hotel room scene over and over again.

He saw, and could still feel, the way that Chase's touch had electrified him. The scene unfolded as he recalled how that touch made his body quake right down to his torn sneakers and how it took him several minutes to catch his breath; and then how he had flung himself forward into Chase's waiting arms.

The feeling of those massive arms wrapped around his young body made his hand move faster still on his dick. There was no denying that Chase had aroused him and as he clung to him he could feel the strong hands gently rub his back, gently caress him and then the soft whisper of Chase's voice in his ear, telling him how nice he was, how perfect he was and how much he was wanted. It was almost too much for him then, but he had hung on, and through his tears he had told Chase how much he needed him and how much he loved him.

The words had struck Chase hard and he had leaned up, over shadowing Alex on the bed, and he bent down to the young pale face, and with a perfect set of red lips, he had kissed Alex full on the mouth. From that moment onwards, life had changed for Alex. He was no longer a child and Chase slowly had undressed him, tossing his torn street clothes off to expose the young virgin flesh to his eyes. Alex was nervous, but somehow he rose to the occasion and as the last of his old clothes were gently pried from his body, his cock stood straight and tall, showing its readiness for a lesson in love with

another man.

Chase had been gentle for the most part, but the sight of Alex's long penis, standing straight up seemed to have loosened his control. Before Alex could even hear the ratty underwear fall to the ground he was swept up into a tidal wave of heat. A strange wet warmth seemed to be growing from his crotch through his entire body as Chase had gone down on him.

Alex was stunned to see the back of Chase's head on his stomach and to feel the strong powerful legs of his hero straddling his own long but tiny legs. He could feel the strength in those legs as they closed around his, pushing his legs together and forcing his balls upwards to rest on his lap. The strange wet feeling was coming from Chase's mouth that had covered his penis in one swell swoop.

He could feel the tight lips around his cock shaft, feeling the lips press against his dick and he lay back onto the bed, his two hands stretched out on either side, and his body now started to tremble with the feelings that were running through him. He smacked the sides of the bed as Chase's lips touched his pubic hairs and his face ground gently into his groin. Alex started to moan as he felt his body surrendering to this tall giant's mouth.

Alex's body was pinned on the bed and yet it did everything it could to break free. He thrashed around, his chest heaving as the struggle continued. There was no denying Chase his wish, and yet for some strange reason Alex's body was fighting it, or was it? He could feel himself groaning with each hurried run of Chase's mouth along his penis, and when Chase would get almost to the point where Alex's penis was free of his mouth, he would then send his tongue all around the cap, the rough surface of the tongue licking the soft sensitive underside of his cock head, which only made Alex groan even louder and harder.

He could hear his own voice begging for Chase to take him, and he could hear the tears and pleading of his body in his quiet urging for Chase to have his way with him. His hands pounded the bed with each downward thrust of Chase's mouth and with each push of his face against the small pubic hair patch.

His cries to be taken grew with each lick of his cock. He felt like it was on fire now, the heat was tremendous and he was groaning constantly now. The only break was when he would beg softly for Chase to take him, pleading in a tiny breathless voice and then suddenly he felt the mouth off his dick and he found his legs being spread apart then tossed upwards. He felt a strong pressure on his ankles as Chase had a firm grip on them and was holding them up high in the air, and far apart. He could feel his ass move upwards and a cool breeze seemed to waft across his slicked up penis.

Chase's hands moved slowly down, keeping the legs high up in the air and apart until they were just under the knees. Then Alex could feel the sudden weight of Chase on his lower legs and he reached upwards with his own hands to take a hold of his ankles and hold them up in the air. Chase felt the change

and as Alex held onto his own legs, he moved down. His face now buried into the white young flesh that was Alex's buttocks.

Alex could feel the strong hands push his cheeks aside, exposing his anus to Chase's face. He felt the rough edge of Chase's tongue start to lick him around the inside of his cheeks, slowly moving it along the ass crack, until it found the mark. Chase let out a small groan but Alex could barely hear it over the beating of his heart and the thumping of his lungs as they struggled for air.

Slowly Alex felt Chase's tongue lick around his pink hole and slowly edge it ever wider. The strong hands seemed to reach inside to pull his cheeks apart even more and force the legs even wider as the tongue continued to work on the pink hole. He could feel the urgent stabs of the rough tongue pushing against his sphincter muscle. The sensation was unlike anything he had ever felt before, not that he was a total virgin; but in man to man sex, he was a pure virgin. The feeling was so intense and so damn wonderful that he had groaned loudly, shaking the room with his pure animal sound of pleasure.

Chase had waited for the room to quieten before he started to work even more magic on Alex's rear. He pushed the tongue inside now, licking eagerly at the soft innards, tasting the unique flavour of Alex. Soft moans escaped from Chase's own mouth, muffled by the pure white flesh of Alex's anus.

The rapid stabbing tongue tickled and made Alex squirm constantly. He couldn't believe the way his whole body felt under the strong pressure of the tongue. His insides seemed to come alive and burst into flames as Chase run his tongue deeper inside, tasting and licking all of the insides, making the already silky lining more slick with his saliva.

The groans were constant from both and suddenly Alex felt the pressure ease and he knew the tongue had been removed. He wanted it to continue and let out a small disappointed groan, as if to signal he needed more of the warm tongue. Chase heard it but didn't answer, instead he rose himself up and lay heavily on the young fresh body beneath him. His whole weight pushed the legs even further down and forced Alex's tight virgin ass upwards more.

Alex could feel a solid strong object poking at his butt, and he knew that shortly his virginity would cease to exist. He was scared at the thought of some man's penis digging into his asshole and he started to squirm away, if possible, but the firm weight of Chase's body prevented it.

Alex opened his eyes to find himself staring into the sweating face of Chase. He saw the desire in his hero's face and all thought of resisting ended. He wanted to please this man so much, and he owed him his life, so why not give him his virginity. He smiled up and that was all the encouragement Chase needed.

Quickly he reached down with one hand to pull his thick throbbing penis up along the spread apart butt cheeks. The young flesh moved apart

easily for Chase, and the huge cock was now carefully wedged against the lubricated anus. Chase moved it back and forth along the tight pink hole, letting the young body get used to it; and soon he could feel the desire in Alex as he started to push backwards onto the thick cock head. With that signal, Chase pushed down now, his huge cock spreading apart the tight pink hole like a hot knife through butter.

The sudden entrance was hard for Alex. He felt a searing pain as the huge cock pushed it's way inside him. He let out a small yelp as the pain rolled through his entire body and his legs trembled with the onslaught of the huge cock. His butt cheeks quivered to the slow even pushing of the huge cock into his ass, and then he felt the full weight of Chase on him. He could feel the pubic hairs rubbing against his soft skin and then he could feel the balls striking his own body, just below his ass. The sudden feeling of those huge balls, touching his inner crotch, made him groan with pleasure this time.

Chase moved his cock deep into Alex. He let it settle fully inside, his hips gently grinding from side to side as he let the young body get used to having such a huge object inside. He could feel the untried muscles stretching and yet still clinging hard to the long throbbing cock shaft.

Now he started to slowly pull back on the throbbing penis. He could feel a sudden tremor run through the young body pinned by his weight and he knew that Alex was hooked. The soft quiet moans were starting to get louder and the body beneath him no longer tried to squirm away. Instead, Chase could feel the quivering cheeks and filled ass try to push back, to keep the throbbing penis inside.

Chase moved his hands forward, planting them on either side of Alex's shoulder and his body started to shake in a regular even motion. His hips shot upwards then hesitated a second, then crashed downwards in one easy motion. His rhythm was perfect, sending his huge throbbing cock deep into Alex's anus, time after time. His upward pull brought the thick pulsating penis almost to the brink of extraction, just the huge bulging cock head being kept inside the warm moist hole.

The muscles inside stretched and tightened with each thrust and each pull. Alex couldn't believe the strong feelings he was experiencing. His butt no longer hurt, instead it felt strangely warm. There was no way to describe how it felt, he just knew he was enjoying the way his body was reacting. He wanted to keep that long pole deep into his butt, and he found himself squeezing his cheek muscles each time Chase pulled back, desperately trying to keep the pole inside him.

Alex could tell his efforts were working. Chase started to groan now as he kept the pressure equal. He didn't move any faster, not yet, and Alex could tell that it was hard for Chase to keep his control. He was concentrating hard on the huge weapon going in and out of his ass. The thick vein under the huge cock seemed to be twitching each time it pushed inside, and his muscles attempted to slow its progress and to squeeze the huge cock inside him.

The pain was growing, yet it wasn't the kind that you hated. For some reason it felt good, and he liked it, and his brain kept telling him he needed more, and directed his body to arch upwards each time Chase seemed ready to plunge his body back downwards.

There wasn't any doubt that Alex was doing it right. Chase was breathing harder now and his movements became quicker with each passing second. His thrusts were shorter and more intense than earlier and the sounds of his flat washboard stomach crashing onto the upraised tail bone of Alex seemed to echo in the room. The hard slapping sound seemed to push past Chase's control, and it made him go faster and faster.

Chase couldn't get enough of the hot warm hole. He felt so much pleasure that his heart was racing beyond safe limits. His breathing was getting ragged and his hips were working overtime, slamming his penis deep into Alex's butt. The tight muscles inside were being forced wider with each thrust. The throbbing in his groin was getting more intense with each entrance into the warm tunnel of Alex's love canal. Chase felt it getting close and he could feel the heat as it traveled up his cock shaft, through his groin to flow freely into his body. His blood was boiling and now was surging from every extremity to concentrate on the urgent needs of his penis. Chase was almost ready to black out as the blood drained from his face and his arms and legs.

The hard thumping sound grew louder as Chase's body was in overdrive. He thrust hard with each push, grinding his hips from side to side as he came down heavily onto Alex's butt. His balls were tight up against his cock shaft, and he could feel them bounce hard against the sweating flesh of Alex.

The water in the tub was splashing every which way as Alex's hand was pumping his cock hard, as his brain replayed that first time over and over before his eyes. He was close and suddenly just as the scene of Chase slamming down into his anus played in front of him, his penis shook in his hands and his creamy cum came shooting out in the steamy water.

Alex was breathing hard as his penis jerked again and again to the wonderful scene of Chase banging his ass for the first time in his life. He shuddered in the warm water and felt the water lapping at his chin as his cock gave one last final jerk, before it too started to relax.

He lay there, the water starting to slowly calm down from his pounding of his own dick, when a loud knocking sound made him come back to reality. It took him a few moments to collect his thoughts before it dawned on him that it was Miss Rose calling him.

"I'll be out soon Ma'am," he yelled.

"That's okay dear, there is someone here I'd like you to come down and say hello to... now you make sure you dry off and wrap that bath robe around you well... you don't want to catch a chill."

“Yes Ma’am,” he replied as he rose out of the ancient tub to stand dripping on the bathmat, grabbing a large terry bath sheet to dry off with. He got a glimpse of himself in the long mirror over the sink and he could see the purple bruise around his mouth. Well that Mark sure had done a number on him. Man he was hung, but there was no cause for being so rough about it.

Alex managed to dry himself off and comb out his hair before long and with a fresh towel wrapped around his middle, he donned the lush bath robe Miss Rose had given him and made his way down the stairs.

He could Miss Rose talking to someone as he came down the long stairs, and he followed the voices to a room off the dining room. He knocked and entered to find Miss Rose seated in an old style arm chair. Next to her was a man, dressed in dark clothing sitting in another of those old style high backed chairs. He had a cup and saucer in one hand and a napkin in another when he turned to stare at Alex.

“Ah, there you are Alex. I want you to meet Father O’Malley.”

Chapter Four

The priest rose up out of his chair, and turned towards the young figure standing in the doorway. It was hard for Alex to tell just how old the man was, he had a rather thin face and he stood very erect, almost 6 feet, but it was his eyes that drew Alex's attention. They seemed to sparkle and looked as if they held a secret that everyone would enjoy.

Alex could feel him looking him over. He felt uncomfortable under the scrutiny of the priest and it was like he was being examined. Damn, he had little use for the holy roller's, specially the older one's. They weren't any different than most of the john's he ran into and he shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"Hello Alex... pleasure."

"Yeah, hi."

"Looks like you are making yourself at home."

Alex was pissed off, how dare this holy roller imply that. He felt like he was under some damn microscope the way the guy looked at him, smiling eyes or not. Most likely the guy wished he could see under the damn robe; they were all alike, always wanting to cop a feel or look, while telling you to repent your sins. Bunch of damn hypocrites.

"Wasn't my idea... I just asked for a ride into town... Miss Rose insisted."

"ALEXANDER..."

Alex turned to Miss Rose sitting in her chair. She had her back ramrod straight and was looking at him with a disapproving frown on her face. His anger at the priest dissolved immediately as he could tell it bothered her.

"Yes Ma'am?"

"Alexander... you apologize to Father O'Malley now... he didn't mean to cast any aspersions on you... he was being a typical nosey priest... now you apologize."

"Asper... what? Uh... yes Ma'am. Sorry Father O'Malley."

Alex felt like a school kid having just being scolded by the ancient English teacher that every school had. He hadn't felt like that ever, and while he felt rather foolish, standing there in a borrowed housecoat, naked and fresh from his first real bath in months, he felt also kind of warm. It was as if Miss Rose actually cared and had expectations of him.

“Oh that is alright young man, and Miss Rose you leave the poor boy alone now. He didn’t mean anything, he has his ways of dealing with us nosey priests, just as certain elderly women do... hehe.”

“Well, here you are in my home insulting me now... if it wasn’t for the years of our friendship I think I would take exception to that remark... elderly indeed...”

“Now Miss Rose... you know I wasn’t referring to you... you certainly aren’t elderly, why you don’t look a day over 60. Hehe.”

“That’s the Irish in you... a good one with the blarney. Well, I guess once again I have been put in my place. I think I shall go make some tea, you two can argue it out while I am out of the room.”

“Please don’t go to any trouble on my account Miss Rose.”

“Yes... well us elderly folks enjoy our tea. Alex you will entertain my guest for me please?”

“Yes Miss Rose.”

“Good, good.”

With that final remark Miss Rose got up from her chair and proceeded to leave the room. She turned back briefly at the doorway, a small smile on her lips as she looked into Alex’s eyes. He could see the grin and the twinkle and felt like he was perfectly safe.

“Don’t you let this nosey Priest overwhelm you dear, but you mind your manner’s now,” she said as she left the room, not even waiting for the startled Alex to respond.

The room grew quite as Alex shifted from one foot to the other. He felt vaguely uncomfortable under the priest’s gaze. Finally he shrugged his shoulders and took a seat. Damn if he was gonna let this holy roller see how he felt; and besides, Miss Rose did tell him to be nice.

“Well Alex... I understand you were nice to our Miss Rose, you know she is really something special...”

“Yeah I know... she’s very nice.”

“Hehe, yes that she is. Did you know she is almost 83?”

“What? No I didn’t... she doesn’t look like it.”

“No she doesn’t, but she’s not a well women either. I think it is nice of you to agree to stay with her for a bit.”

“Huh? What are you talking about? Who said I was staying here for a bit? Look, if you’re are trying to make something out of this...”

“Whoa... settle yourself down young man... and you can drop the attitude while you are at it...”

“Hey... look Father O’Malley... you are the one who...”

“Hear me out before you condemn me for the sins of other’s my lad.”

Alex was stunned. He sat there, his mouth open and his brain clicking away. First of all, what exactly had the priest meant by him staying here a few days, and Miss Rose certainly didn’t look like she was ill. The other thing was, how the hell did the priest know he was thinking of him as being like some of the other holy Joe’s he had run into?

“I don’t know what you are talking about.”

“Fine... if that is the way you want to play it... your business. But we don’t have much time to speak privately... so...”

“So... what about it? You got something to hide from Miss Rose?”

The priest seemed to have dropped his easy going manner. A coldness seemed to suddenly come forward. His face no longer looked jolly and his body seemed to have strengthened, as if getting ready for battle.

“Listen here Mr. Alex. I have known Miss Rose for nigh on 35 years and she is one of the dearest persons God put on this earth. She is a treasure and I’ll be damned if I’ll stand by and see her hurt by some street urchin. So, either you drop the attitude and listen up or...”

Alex’s impulse was to sneer and say or else what, but he refrained himself. He could see that the priest did care for Miss Rose, and for some unknown reason, so did he. It was as if she was the grandmother he never had or knew. So, he bit his retort back and merely stared at the priest, waiting for more of this strange conversation to continue.

For his part, the priest sat back in the chair. His breathing was a bit shallow but he managed to get it back under control. For a brief second his thoughts of paddling this boy’s behind flashed in his thoughts, but he knew that the days of paddling were well past for Alex. Yet, in many ways he still was a child, locked in a young man’s growing body. There were definite scars on this boy’s soul that other’s had placed there. He felt a strange sadness for him and in a second realized that Alex was waiting, and that maybe he was the one who could help.

When Miss Rose had first told him about Alex, he had been very worried. He had hoped that she hadn’t gotten in over her head, in her desire to be the kind gentle lady that she was. Everyone was her pet project; she saw young men like Alex as other elderly women saw stray cats. She had this urge to help everyone that crossed her path, but a bowl of milk and a pat on the head didn’t work with people.

He had no idea of who Alex was, and first impressions weren't always the best guideline, yet despite his roughness, the young man did seem to have a quality about him that didn't make his internal alarm scream out in apprehension. He liked what he saw in the young man's face, and the eyes certainly held a great deal in them. He could see the way he looked at Miss Rose, the love that was there, buried for so many years. Father O'Malley smiled and turned his attention back to the present.

"Miss Rose is a very dear friend Alex, she told me how you helped her out and how she brought you here so you could ease your pain. She isn't a stupid old lady you know."

"I know..."

"Good. She says you are a good person, and I must apologize to you."

"Huh? Why?"

"I judged you by other's, without meeting you, rather as I suspect you have judged me... isn't that correct?"

"Well... maybe. I don't get this... what is it that you want from me?"

"Me? Nothing my lad... not a thing. I am concerned about our hostess. She says you are staying here for a bit... are you?"

"Hey... like I said earlier... I just asked for a ride into town. She offered me a place to clean up and rest... but there hasn't been anything said about me staying... so you can stop worrying about that. Besides, I wouldn't do anything to harm her... she's a nice lady."

"I am glad to hear that. And I didn't mean to imply anything sinister in you staying here. She could use the company and maybe you could use a safe place for a bit... judging by your defensive posture. I think it might do you good to be around Miss Rose for a bit."

"Fancy big words... so just what is it that you wanted to talk to me about? To have me leave? Or now is it to have me stay?"

"To stay Alex. Miss Rose asked me if I would take you into town to get you some new clothes. She says the ones you had were rather in need of mending and she couldn't have you sitting around in a robe all day long... so first of all, will you let her do this for you?"

Alex stared at the priest. He was taken aback by the sudden change in demeanour and of the offer. He knew his clothes had brought a look of distaste from Miss Rose as she took them from him before he went for his bath. There wasn't enough money for him to waste on clothes and he figured he could still get a few more months wear out of them, but now here was an offer for new ones.

“Well... I don’t know... I guess they are pretty worn. But... look don’t you priests have some thrift place or whatever... maybe you’ve got some clothes that’ll fit me there... that way it won’t cost much. I have a few dollars...”

Father O’Malley smiled as he listened to Alex’s attempt at turning down the offer of new clothes. He was also rather surprised and pleased. This wasn’t a dumb kid, that was obvious, but he also wasn’t the hard as rocks person he pretended to be either.

“Well, yes my church does, and I did suggest that earlier to Miss Rose, but she wouldn’t hear of it...”

“Wouldn’t hear of what John?”

Miss Rose was standing in the doorway with a long silver tray in her hands. She walked slowly with the heavy burden in her arms and Alex was by her side in seconds. He took the tray of tea and plate of cookies from her, despite her objections, and walked beside her. She directed where to place the tray and proceeded to pour out the tea, handing her two guests each one cup and plate.

“Now you boys help yourself to some of those cookies... and just what won’t I hear of John?”

“Hehe... always the hostess and such keen hearing you have. I was telling your young friend of your desire to have me escort him to town to pick out some new clothes.”

“Oh yes. Alex, you will let Father O’Malley take you won’t you?”

“Uh... well...”

“Miss Rose, our young friend here has suggested that he would be very pleased to accept your kind offer but...”

“But? What is there to discuss?”

“Well... he suggested that maybe he could find something at our thrift store... that was all.”

“Nonsense... Alex... when was the last time you had a new pair of pants and a shirt?”

“Well... uh... really Miss Rose... that isn’t necessary... I can find something I am sure at the thrift store... really.”

“Now listen here young man... I asked you a question.”

“Better answer her Alex, she gets down right nasty if she doesn’t get her way... hehe.”

“You stay out of this... you just want to make sure your church gets the business. Now Alexander... when was the last time you had some new clothes?”

“Well... it has been a long time. I guess not since I was a little kid.”

“Then that settles it. Your other clothes are cleaned as best I could do and once you have attired yourself again, Father O’Malley is going to drive you into town and see that you get some new pants, shirts and whatever else is needed... understood?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Good... and there will be no arguments from you either John.”

“Martin isn’t going to like this Miss Rose.”

“Pffft to what Martin likes. It’s my money and my choice, now no more arguments, the subject is closed.”

“Uh. Who is Martin?”

“My son-in-law... but you don’t worry bout him; besides, he only shows up once a month... for his allowance.”

The priest smiled and winked at Alex as he gave in. Damn she was a forceful woman Alex thought as he sipped at the warm tea. He managed to eat some of the cookies, too, and found them to be like pure heaven. It was strange, but he felt like he was in a family, not a visitor, but like a long lost relative who had been found.

The conversation ran from politics to local gossip about the neighbours. He sat there just enjoying the banter between the priest and Miss Rose. She had Father O’Malley on the ropes several times, specially when she talked about that ‘interloper in Rome’ and managed to get quite a few chuckles out of the man.

Finally it came time to end the small tea party. Rose looked tired and for the first time, Alex noticed the circles around her eyes and the way her one hand trembled a bit. She had a whiteness to her that he had seen before and then he recalled the priest’s words about her health.

Before Miss Rose could stand up he was by her side, placing the empty tea cups on the tray and the plates. He gathered up the nice linen napkins they had used and put them on the tray as well, getting ready to pick it up.

“Where do I put these Miss Rose?”

“Nonsense... you need to go get dressed so Father O’Malley can take you shopping. You leave them dishes and I’ll do them while you boys are out on your errands.”

“Now Miss Rose, let me do this for you, it doesn’t take me long to get dressed, and I am sure Father O’Malley won’t mind the few minutes wait.”

“Course not... tell you what Miss Rose... you let me do the dishes and we’ll send the young man here to get dressed instead, how’s that?”

“You two trying to make me feel feeble? No... now off with you Alexander. You will find your cleaned clothes on the table by the back staircase.. Father O’Malley can sit and talk to me while I do my cleaning... go on... get now.”

There was no changing her mind so they gave in. Alex found his clothes, neatly folded even though they really looked like they should be in the garbage and he raced upstairs to dress.

He had to admit to himself as he started dressing that he was rather excited about going shopping. There hadn’t been enough money to ever buy something new, and while lots of people he knew had managed to get new clothes, he couldn’t bring himself to do it. Also, Chase had taught him well, that while shop lifting was a way of life for many on the streets, it also was a quick trip to jail which wasn’t for people like Alex.

Chase had told him that it wasn’t all that easy to steal, no matter what it was you were trying to pocket. The thing was, to weigh the risks versus the gain. You could always get clothes from a church or thrift store for nothing, and today’s stores were well protected with all that electronic crap. Food was something you could easily pocket and the new fangled electronic gizmo’s weren’t geared for that yet. Besides, if you got caught with a pair of jeans, there wasn’t much chance of talking your way out of it. Food on the other hand, well, sometimes, if you teared up and looked the part, you could not only get away with not having the cops called, but usually with the food too. People did have a soft spot for hungry kids.

For his part, Alex stayed away from ripping off the department stores for clothes. He managed okay in the thrift stores, and only a few times had he even tried to lift some food. The feeling he had afterwards never seemed to make the food taste very good so he mostly opted for the various soup kitchens. Mostly he found he could scrape enough together from his pan handling; and if not, well he still did have a body that men would pay for.

As he walked down the staircase, he could hear Rose and Father O’Malley coming from the back of the house and it sounded like they were once again engaged in a heated discussion. He smiled as he thought about how things had suddenly changed for him. He still wasn’t sure about the priest, but the old lady was turning out be more like a fairy godmother than a grandma; but then, they were pretty close to being the same thing. Least that was how he thought of it.

Chapter Five

Alex couldn't believe that a whole ten days had passed. It was funny, but the longer he stayed with Miss Rose, the more he felt like the long last grandchild. He had been surprised when Father O'Malley had taken him to the local JC Penny store and proceeded to outfit him. It was embarrassing when they left the store and needed a shopping cart to haul everything. He had protested for about an hour, but finally stopped after Father O'Malley had simply said, "Miss Rose will skin us both alive if I don't come home with everything on her list, so accept it and enjoy."

He had enjoyed it. Running in and out of the change rooms with jeans and shirts. She had certainly decided on dressing him well. There were even nice slacks for Church, which didn't go over to well, but hell, if spending a few hours a week at some church was payment for the treasures he was receiving, then well, why not.

Alex had thought the shopping had been an experience and he felt so damn excited. He had searched his memory and he really couldn't come up with anything that compared to this treatment. The whole experience was out of a movie, and when they returned to the house, he thought he would simply melt. He had ran out of the car to hug the old lady, and when she smiled at him, he felt so damn happy that it seemed like the years of being on the street were nothing but a bad nightmare.

Once inside, Miss Rose had insisted that he show her all of his new purchases and she made him try on every shirt and pair of pants to show her. He couldn't explain it, but each time she clucked her approval, his chest would swell and he felt so damn warm and happy. For sure he had to be floating on a cloud and it made him feel special, for the first time in a long while.

The royal treatment didn't seem to end there either. That night he sat down to a dinner that he had only dreamed of for the last few years. Miss Rose had made roast chicken with all of the trimmings. There was fresh homemade mashed potatoes with real gravy, not canned crap, peas, carrots, and even stuffing. After dinner he felt like he had gained 100 lbs.; but the biggest thrill for him was being able to lay down in a clean bed, a gentle breeze blowing through the slightly opened window and the door slightly ajar. No thoughts of drunks barging in, no fears of being knifed or raped were present with him that night or any of the following nights. He was actually able to sleep peacefully, and to dream.

Funny, he had never thought much about dreams, and for the most part his only hope had been to simply be able to get through the night. Now he was able to actually sleep, knowing that tomorrow would find him safe and in one piece.

At first he wasn't sure if he was really alive or if he had died and gone

to heaven. The first two days had been spent just relaxing, and getting used to actually being in a house and eating regular meals. He found that Miss Rose woke up early every morning to bake and prepare her meals for the day. He learnt where the corner butcher store was and ran errands at first. Then as time went on, he found himself exploring more of the little neighbourhood.

Miss Rose was a popular lady it seemed, and there hadn't been a day when some company or neighbour wasn't popping in. They all seemed to take his presence for granted, few ever asking any questions. Some even invited him to dinner, with Miss Rose of course, and it was like he was indeed a part of her family.

He found himself doing errands for several of the neighbours, and helping them with their yard work. It seemed for the most part that the people were all senior citizens, with families long since moved away and there was a real need for a young person to help out. In very short time he found that his day was fully occupied in helping this one with their mowing, this one with their weeding, the other with some minor repairs or painting.

At first he was surprised at how readily they accepted him into their midst, then he came to understand that it was due to the high respect they all had for Miss Rose. It made him feel very special, and scared. In some respects he felt overwhelmed by all the kind attention and he didn't know how to handle it. People he never knew would come up and offer him odd jobs, and he didn't know how to deal with it. Would he upset them if he refused their money? Could they even afford it? And would Miss Rose expect him not to charge them? It was all very confusing until Father John talked to him about it that Sunday after Church.

It wasn't a fancy church, rather plain he thought, but it felt right. He hadn't been in too many churches in his life, and this one didn't look like the one's in the city. It was wood framed to start with and rather simple. He liked that and was surprised when, during the services, he was welcomed from the pulpit by Father John. His cheeks had gone red and he felt like he was being welcomed into a whole new family. Miss Rose had taken his hand when he was introduced and squeezed it hard, which brought a tear to his eye. He wasn't a crier, but damn it, he came close that Sunday. Specially after the services were over, when people came up to him to welcome him and invite him over. They simply accepted him for him, and no one had ever simply accepted him without some strings.

Father O'Malley introduced Alex to Bill, the lone bachelor in the entire neighbourhood. Alex's jaw had dropped as he stared at the tall young man with a flowing mane of blond hair. His eyes seemed to sparkle with some secret amusement that just drew him in. He stammered out a weak hello and when his hand touched the extended one of Bill, he thought he would fall flat on his face. It was like a bolt of lightning had passed through him.

He couldn't shake the strange glow that seemed to permeate through his entire body and as he raised his face to glance back at Bill, he could see the deep blue eyes boring into his face. It was as if the man was reaching inside

him to touch his soul. Alex gave a slight shudder, as if a cold chill had entered him, but he didn't feel cold, it was more like excitement.

The conversation on his part was weak and when Father O'Malley suggested that maybe Bill would be interested in having Alex help out at his place, Alex was sure that he would faint. When Bill smiled down at him, Alex could feel his knees buckling and he was sure that everyone in the room, all the older people, could see his trembling body. Instead, the conversation flowed around him and he left the church floating on a cloud, knowing he was to show up at Bill's house the next afternoon.

The night was spent in a fog for Alex; he couldn't get Bill out of his mind. He had pumped Miss Rose for every drop of information she had on Bill. Alex found out that Bill was the only son of a dear friend of Miss Rose's who had passed away a scant eight months ago. He was single, travelled a great deal, and had something to do with banking. Exactly what, Miss Rose wasn't sure, but she did say that Bill was rather a loner, never seemed to entertain much but was a good neighbour. He drank up all he could about the man and when it came time to head off to sleep, he still couldn't get the man out of his head.

Chapter Six

Alex hadn't had much sleep. Visions of Bill mixed in with thoughts of Chase made him toss and turn all night long. The clock was ticking away and Alex decided that he might as well get up and see what was happening downstairs. No sense in trying to sleep anymore, and by the way his dick felt, he sure as hell knew he wouldn't have a good sleep. Damn it, he felt so weird at how he was feeling.

He had dreamed many times in the past of Chase, and that usually ended in him jerking off and feeling rather relieved and pleased. Now, he would try to think of Chase and images of Bill floated in, clouding his thoughts of Chase. He would see Chase's face but it was Bill's eyes staring out at him and he was definitely feeling strange. How could some guy turn him on so much when he didn't even know him or had really even talked with the guy?

All night long he had tossed, even when he woke up to fluff the damn pillow a few times; he felt confused by the thoughts of Bill being naked and Chase taking his cock in his mouth. There just wasn't any answer, except that maybe he really was turning queer. He didn't really think he was a fag, even though he enjoyed his time with Chase and the sex that they had. He had loved it, but that was different, Chase wasn't just some guy, he was someone who loved him, Alex, and so why shouldn't he have enjoyed being with Chase?

Least that was his rationalization of his sexual relations with Chase. It wasn't being gay, it was simply that he owed Chase and that Chase was more like a father, not a lover; and besides, they didn't always screw around. Hell, Chase wasn't gay, he had lots of girls too, it was just that the bond between them sometimes made them want to have sex. As for the guys that had sucked on his dick or had bent over for him to fuck, shit that was business, a way to survive so it didn't count. He knew lots of guys who did that and they weren't gay.

Damn it, he wished Chase was here now. At least he could talk to Chase, he could tell him how he was feeling, and Chase would have the answer. He would hold him in his powerful arms, his hand maybe brushing his hair, and then he would explain it to him. He would comfort him and that would make it all better; but Chase wasn't here now. He never would be again, and Alex could feel the tears welling up in his eyes. FUCK IT, he thought, and though he tried to turn it off, his heart wouldn't let him and he stood over the bathroom sink, his head bowed and the tears now falling off his cheek into the wash basin as he mourned for his friend, his lover, his father, his brother, Chase.

The pain in his chest grew as he tried to push the dark thoughts away. Instead, it only brought more visions of Chase. He could see him standing at a corner, waiting for Alex with a bag of food in his hand. Or he could see him walking down the street with him, side by side, talking and enjoying the sunny

day together. All of these visions of a time past roared past his tear filled eyes and Alex couldn't stop them.

Slowly he sat down on the floor, his body racked by his sobs. He leaned against the toilet, his head now in his hands as he cried for his friend, the only person who in his entire life had treated him with love. The only person who had cared for him when he was sick or watched over him. He had no such thoughts of his mother or the so called person of the week who she called his father. None of them ever had touched his soul like Chase had, and he cried for that as well.

Slowly Alex managed to compose himself and he raised himself off of the floor to stare once more at his reflection in the mirror. He could see the lines around his eyes again, and he knew that no matter how happy he was here with Miss Rose, that it wasn't the same. Carefully he brushed his teeth and started to run the shower. He raised the temperature so that it steamed and filled the large room with its heat and mist.

Carefully Alex stepped into the hot shower and leaning back against the wall, he let the hot water work its magic on his tense muscles and his bruised heart. The heat penetrated every pore and his mind no longer dwelled on the sadness of not having Chase there. Instead it went back to happier times and he could feel his body relax in some ways, tense up in others.

His mind went back to the time that Chase took him camping out to one of the state parks, not far from the city but far enough to make a difference. They even had a tent, its origins he never asked about. Same for the two army surplus sleeping bags that they trudged with deep into the grove of trees.

A small smile formed around his face, as he recalled how funny they must of looked as they struggled to set the tent up. How Chase looked at their efforts and laughed as the whole tent collapsed the second he let go of the flap, or how he grinned and slapped Alex on the back when the tent managed to actually stay up. God those were fun times, even if it only lasted for three days, it was something he looked back on with pure joy.

The hot water was soaking him and its warm spray splashed across his face as he saw the way Chase looked when they sat around the open fire, hearing the wind gently blowing through the trees, the logs crackling under the flames, the bright orange flames dancing in the dark blue of the night. It was a treat for him, and it came after he had a bad time. Shit, now he remembered, that was just after he had gotten out of the hospital after being beaten by a john. Alex shivered as the thought of that time flashed before him, but the image of Chase sitting next to him by the roaring fire chased it away quickly.

He felt like he could just extend his hand and touch the lock of golden hair that always fell across Chase's face. He was sure he could feel the softness of each strand of hair, and now he breathed deeply, smelling that unique scent that was Chase. They had sat around that fire, Chase holding him against his muscular frame, his arms keeping Alex close to him.

Alex could see himself, nestled into Chase's body, his head resting on the broad shoulder, his body wedged as close as was humanly possible. They didn't talk much, just sat there, letting the fire do its weird dance, letting the flickering flames warm them.

His memory kept the scene focused in front of his eyes. Slowly he was running his hands along his naked body as the images of Chase holding him, and the hot water combined to send him back in time to that very night.

Alex could hear himself breathing and feeling the terror that still lingered with him from the stay in the hospital and the way the john had suddenly turned on him, beating him all over. He could see himself shivering with those thoughts and then he felt the soft touch of Chase's lips against his forehead and there he was, staring up into the most perfect blue eyes you could ever imagine.

His mind showed him the reflection of his troubled face in Chase's eyes and the way he started to just suddenly cry in those strong arms. He could see his body shaking under the strain and how Chase held him even tighter, whispering to him, telling him to let it go, telling him that it would never happen again as long as he was around, and of how secure he suddenly felt then. There he was, alone deep in some woods, around a blazing fire with the only person who had ever cared for him and Alex could see himself reaching up, kissing Chase now on the lips, taking him by surprise.

Alex leaned hard against the shower wall as his whole body trembled with the memory of that kiss. He could still taste the salt from his own tears as he had kissed Chase, parting his lips with his own tongue, sending it deep into the warm mouth and tasting Chase. He could feel his tongue running along the teeth now, feeling every edge and enjoying just being in this giant's arms.

He could see his body pushing up against Chase's. There was a sense of urgency that Chase was able to suddenly pick up on and he let his taller frame slide down so they were eye level with each other. He watched the scene as Chase effortlessly lifted his bruised body up and placed him on top of his own muscular body, their mouths still locked in a deep kiss.

Chase had his arms around the shaking body, holding it and then slowly massaging the thin back. He could feel those hands even now, and he trembled with excitement as he knew what happened next. He felt the hands grab his buttocks, squeezing them firmly under his hands, then running down a bit, all along the inside of his legs, gently pushing them open.

It was amazing how he could see every detail of something that happened ages ago. He could see the way they lay there, kissing for what had to be hours, but really wasn't. His eyes focused on every movement of Chase's hands and body as they lay there kissing, each one drinking deeply of the other.

His memory showed him now on his side, then suddenly being lifted up off the ground into Chase's massive arms. He felt the air under his young emancipated body as he was picked up and how he looked up into the dark

blue eyes that merely sparkled at him. He could feel the kiss on his lips, the soft touch of skin, then he was no longer feeling the heat of the fire on his back; instead, he could see it as Chase walked away from the fire towards the tent.

He felt the canvas tent flap slide past his hair and legs as they were now inside the dark tent. The only light was the shadowy image of the flickering flames and no words were spoken as Chase kissed him again on his lips, then his forehead as he bent down and lay him on top of the stretched out sleeping bag. Alex could feel the way his heart was beating and how it hurt, even now, he could still feel the way his body suddenly started to ache for Chase's touch.

The steamy water continued to beat against Alex's body as his hands travelled down his body, touching every scar and area that once held bruises. He could almost feel the healed crack in his ribs as his mind watched Chase bending down now, gently undoing his shirt buttons, then carefully lifting his thin body up so as to remove the shirt.

Chase was as gentle as possible and even though every movement brought a twinge of pain to Alex, his mind refused to let it register. There was no pain for the first time in days, and his breathing wasn't shortened by stabs of pain. Instead, it was shortened by the unbelievable tenderness that Chase was showing. Alex could tell that Chase had a massive erection, and yet he was slowly moving to undress Alex. He was in no hurry, not like some of those men who tried to be affectionate. Once they saw his bare chest, 9 out of 10 of them would rush to get the pants off and his dick out. Not Chase, not now.

He let Alex rest back onto the sleeping bag, then he just stared at him with a puppy dog like expression on his face. Alex could see the way his eyes were melting as they looked down onto his body. It wasn't milky white that night, it was more black and blue than anything, and yet, he didn't feel embarrassed by it. He watched as he saw the pain in Chase's eyes as he took in all of the marks, the welts and bruises. Alex could feel tears welling up in his eyes and as he tried to raise his hand to brush them aside, he realized that the tears weren't in his eyes but in Chase's.

The hot spray soaked him and Alex didn't even notice the growing rise of grey as the room was now filled with the hot moisture. All he could see was that Chase was crying and that before he could do anything about it, he saw his friend bend down, and ever so lightly start to kiss each and every mark on his chest. The way the lips barely touched his skin made his heart race.

Each bruise was lightly kissed by the soft red lips of Chase. Alex couldn't believe how it felt, his whole body had to be trembling as if in an earthquake. The pain seemed to vanish from him, and yet every time he had moved or touched any of the marks, he would wince. Not now, now he could feel the pain and terror leaving him. For the first time since the attack, he smiled and his heart felt almost whole once again. He put his hand on top of Chase's bent head, feeling the softness of the hair, and feeling the love that was inside of Chase.

Carefully he put pressure on the head, trying to force it downwards now, past his aching chest that struggled for air. He knew that Chase wanted his body; and now, he too, wanted nothing else but to feel Chase's warm body pressed against his own naked body. There was a sudden resistance and he stared down his pounding chest to see the blond head raise itself up. Alex stared into the deep blue pools of Chase's eyes and he could see the love and desire that was real, not faked, not based on pure lust.

His own eyes seemed to suddenly come alive, and he saw their reflection in the shimmering blue of Chase's eyes. His body seemed to calm itself and he even could hear his thin raspy voice telling Chase he needed him, he wanted him inside him, and yet he knew he never spoke. He could feel the deep desire in Chase, and somehow he seemed to convey his own urgent need to be with Chase.

Alex let the shower beat all along his body. His hands now firmly gripped his erect penis, feeling the blood pulsing inside the thick wet organ as his mind continued to revel in the camping trip and in the vision of that night.

The tent was in darkness, small shadows of flames barely casting a shadow inside, and yet Alex felt like he was in a brilliantly lit room. He could see every detail of Chase's face and body as he moved slowly to comply with Alex's silent request.

Alex could feel his jeans being slid off his body and despite the pressure of the material rubbing against his legs, his brain didn't scream out with pain as was the case every time he moved. The dark welts all along his legs and inside his inner thighs didn't burn anymore as he felt the soft touch of Chase's lips against his battered body.

Chase worked slowly all up and down his legs, kissing every inch of the long legs. Each touch of those lips made his legs twitch and shake, but not from pain. His whole body seemed to have suddenly healed; he no longer felt the pain or saw the horror of the flying fists and baseball bat. Instead, he felt like he was floating on a cloud, and there was no darkness, just a deep golden glow that seemed to make it all feel so damn good.

Alex watched through the fog, seeing how Chase carefully and lovingly kissed him, kissed his pain away and then brought his attention, finally, to his demanding cock. He saw Chase tenderly lift his full balls up off the sleeping bag, then bend down and brush his lips all over the full scrotum. He could feel his wiry hairs tickle Chase's nose, and he felt the warmth.

There was no pain; instead, a deep gradual feeling of heat started to well up inside his body. It started at his groin as Chase continued to lightly kiss his balls, then move to kiss the cock root, then up the long pulsing pole that was his prick. He groaned loudly in the night air as his body shuddered with each kiss, each touch of the hot lips against his own flesh. He could feel his heart racing and it was like it had been reborn, as if it was eager to burst out of his chest and sing.

His chest ached now, but not from the bruises or the cracked ribs inside, but instead from his lungs desire to simply burst outwards and engulf Chase. He could feel the thumping of his heart now, the way his chest heaved under the strain, and he felt the soft but firm touch of Chase's hand under his buttocks. He squirmed, spreading his legs open wider, and he could now feel the slow steady movement of Chase's index finger along his ass cheeks.

Another groan escaped his mouth as the long finger found his waiting hole. He could feel it rub along the warm muscle, teasing it while his mouth still kissed his throbbing cock shaft. There was no denying his desire now, he moved his hips, desperate to find the moving finger, desperate to get it inside his waiting hole.

Chase didn't take long to push aside the still tight sphincter muscle and now his index finger and one other were slowly pushing inside the warm love canal of Alex's buttocks. Alex was groaning constantly now, the feeling of Chase's fingers inside his body and his mouth running along his cock was sending wave after wave of pure pleasure through his body. He could feel his arms slapping the sides of the sleeping bags and his legs quivering under the intense pleasure he was feeling.

His head rocked back and forth and suddenly he let out a loud yell. Chase had taken his cock into his warm mouth and a gentle warmth had suddenly enveloped Alex. He could feel the saliva from Chase's mouth mixing now with his own sticky pre-cum that was oozing from his cock slit, and he felt the tingly rasp of Chase's teeth against the sides of his penis. God, he was feeling like he couldn't hold on and yet he had to.

It was a struggle as he felt the teeth sliding downwards, the pressure increasing on the sides of his penis as Chase started to swallow his entire penis. As Chase's mouth moved downwards, Alex could feel the sudden forceful pressure of the two fingers inside him. They were pressing deeper as the mouth came down more. Just as the lips brushed firmly against his pubic hairs, the two fingers found his inside secret. He felt them touch him, felt his whole body lurch upwards, driving his penis even further into Chase's mouth.

Alex's balls slung themselves upwards, his whole lower torso was in mid air, impaled on the two fingers, and his hips started to gyrate slightly, as if trying to push the fingers inwards even more, and yet, at the same time trying to force his penis further down Chase's throat. He could hear a slight cough and he briefly opened his eyes. He stared down at a mass of long blond hair flowing across his belly and it was too much for him.

The blood left his arms and legs in one giant flood. His head rocked hard to one side and his mouth was salivating fiercely. His heart stopped for a brief second; his lungs stopped their battle for air. His eyes could no longer focus; they were blinded by a warm orange glow and he could feel every muscle inside his body contract, and then in a blink of an eye, it all let loose.

His whole body shook, his arms flayed around, his head tossed back and forth, and his legs jumped hard as his whole body was racked by wave

after wave of excruciating joy. His penis jerked hard deep inside Chase's mouth. His buttock slammed itself down at the same time, forcing the two fingers to push past his prostate, and he let out a yell that echoed throughout the tent and the night air.

Alex was breathing heavy now, the flashing orange lights, the streaks of purple and the shades of red slowly subsided inside his head. He could feel the hot water against his belly and he finally managed to focus on the wall in front of him. He could see his white milk sliding down the far wall, a steady stream of it, and he breathed deeply of the rich moist air. He coughed once, then again as his hands now rested against the tiles of the bathtub wall.

The water managed to finally ease his muscles and he was able to catch his breath now. His head was clear and for the first time he managed a small smile. He had felt almost as spent as he had that time in the tent with Chase. His body shook once more as he brushed his one hand past his slowly shrinking penis and he could recall the deep pleasure he had had that time. It was almost the same feeling now, almost, but not. Damn he missed Chase, and this time his tears flowed easier. It was good to remember, good not to forget the person who had made him feel so alive.

Carefully he pushed himself upright in the tub, letting the spray cascade across his face and he slowly started to turn the water spigots to bring about less hot and more of a cooling spray. He felt alive again, the pain of his past once again buried back into the recesses of his mind. He no longer felt the darkness but saw the golden rays of the sun shining through the opaque window of the bathroom.

Alex towelled off briskly, feeling the blood circulating throughout his body. Well, he had been through hell in his short 18 years, but for now, he was in heaven. He had a roof over his head, someone who tended to his needs; and best of all, he had people who seemed to actually like him for him, not for what was between his legs. It was something he had never really experienced except for when he was with Chase.

With a feeling of comfort, he dressed quickly and as he combed his hair back, he stared at a stranger. This wasn't the same Alex who only two weeks earlier peered out of a thicket to see an old lady stuck on the side of the road. This was someone he had never really seen before, and damn it felt good. The creases no longer made him look older and he could see a small sparkle in his brown eyes, a hint of laughter where before there had been emptiness.

Chapter Seven

He stood by the front white picket fence, looking at a house similar to that of Miss Rose's, but yet, different. While Miss Rose had a white painted house, this one was stucco, a grey color that seemed to set a more serious tone. Alex was early, he wasn't supposed to be here till after lunch, but he couldn't hold back. He had a strange urge to be here and while it was only half past 10 he thought 'what the hell' and had rushed over here. Now he was here, he felt nervous and scared. Was this what it felt like when you went on a first date?

The front of the house was bathed in the brilliant light of the morning sun and Alex slowly walked up the sidewalk towards the shimmering front porch. His palms were sweating and he kept wiping them on his jeans. He kept tossing his hair back off his forehead as he approached the front steps. He noticed the car parked in the driveway off to the side, and gave a low whistle. Man this guy had to be loaded, as the car was a brand new 1999 Dodge Viper. Now he really felt nervous.

Maybe he should come back at the right time? Shit, what if Bill had company, like maybe a date from last night? Fuck, he was gonna screw this up, he knew it, but the glare of the sun and the freshness of the air made him go forward. There was something about today, something that while it had started off weird, had convinced him that today would be special. He stared up at the front door, then towards the car, then behind him. He saw Mrs. Van something or other across the street and she waved to him, and he waved back. Well, he was stuck now. If he left, she'd most likely wonder and she sure did talk alot. Hell she'd probably tell Bill that he had been here this early and he'd wonder why he hadn't knocked or something.

Well, there was no other choice. Plucking up his courage, his forehead covered in a heavy bead of sweat, his palms itching from their own sweat, he climbed up the last few steps to the front door. Before he could turn and run, he found his finger jabbing at the doorbell and he could hear the chimes inside. He waited anxiously, his body seemingly intent on making him a walking pool of water. He could feel the sweat running down his back and even down his legs. Shit, all he was here for was to help the guy out with yard work and stuff, there was no way that someone as drop dead gorgeous as him was queer, and even if he was, why would he want someone like Alex? Besides, he didn't look queer and he didn't know if anyone really knew his background, so he felt safe there, so then why was he so fucking nervous?

His mind was racing, every weird thought possible was explored and tossed aside to add to his confusion as he waited for the door to open. He wondered if maybe Bill was still asleep or involved in some important work. Come to think of it, he didn't know what Bill did for a living. No one had said and like the idiot he was, he hadn't asked. All he knew was that for some reason, he wanted to be next to this man, to be in his presence. No one had ever made him feel that way, hell not even Chase if he was honest about it. Alex started getting antsy as the door remained closed, silence coming from inside.

Now what did he do? He started to fidget a little, glancing over to the side window then the other window and then behind him. Should he ring the bell again? Or should he just turn tail and get the hell away? Wiping his sweaty palms for the umpteenth time he was about to turn and head back to wait for the right time when the inside door rattled and opened. He stared at that face that had so captivated him Sunday at Church. He saw the same blue eyes, but they weren't exactly sparkling this time around.

"... uh, hi... I am early... uh... I can... uh... I can come back later... uh... just... well," he stammered out at the face before him. Shit, he felt like some 14 year old geek, and he knew he was blushing. His head was bowed down, but he forced himself to finally look up at Bill. His jaw almost fell to his ankles as he realized that Bill was standing in the doorway with no shirt on.

His eyes bulged outwards as he saw the broad chest, the deep pink nipples standing erect and the dark blond chest hairs all along the centre of the muscular chest. His eyes took it all in and he was sure he was licking his lips, before he could stop his tongue. Damn the man was hot. He felt his own groin and knew that he had a major hard on and he sure hoped his jeans weren't pushing out too much.

"Alex... right?" the voice said, and he just nodded. Damn he felt like he was going to faint.

"Well... yeah, you are early... uh... well... okay... come on in..."

"Uh... sure... I can come back... uh... I didn't mean... well, uh... I just... shit... I can come back later... if this isn't a good time... uh..."

"No. I guess it's okay... come on in..."

Bill held the door open more and Alex reached for the screen door when he realized that Bill had only a towel wrapped around him. He stumbled over the doorstep and almost fell into Bill's arms. It was like a scene out of a Chaplin movie. He lurched forward, putting his hand out, and at the same instant, Bill reached out to grab him.

As he did, his towel slipped from his waist, and Alex was staring straight down towards Bill's crotch and he couldn't believe what he saw. His eyes were wide open as he stared at a semi hard penis, rather thick and a deep dark bush of pubic hair surrounding it. He could feel his own penis jerking hard inside his jeans as he took in the magnificent site of Bill's dick and then he felt Bill's hands grabbing hold of his shoulders.

If the site of Bill's cock had aroused him, then the firm grasp of his shoulders combined with his own hands pushing up against Bill's muscular chest sent him over the edge. Alex could feel his cock jerking inside his pants, and he knew that he was blowing his load. Fuck, he was really in for it now. There was no doubt of him cumming, he could feel his warm sticky jizz inside his pants, covering his dick and balls and soaking his underwear. Damn, if Bill saw the evidence, he would be for it.

Bill managed to catch him and stop him from falling face forward onto the floor. In the meantime, he righted the slender youth and the touch of his body was giving him a strange sensation. His embarrassment at dropping the towel passed quickly. As Alex stood upright, Bill reached down to pick up the towel.

His blond hair pushed past his face and they were too close. He could feel the strands of his hair flash across Alex's body and as he grabbed the towel he could smell the strange odour that was man milk. He glanced upwards and he could see the dark patch on the jeans. His mouth opened and shut quickly, hoping that the boy hadn't noticed. Well, this was different, and he knew he was in trouble.

Bill had the towel in his grip, but he was in a predicament. If he stood up, then Alex would see that he was fully aroused now. The sudden site of Alex at his front door had surprised him, and yet as Alex had stammered out his first words, Bill had felt his cock awaken. Now, it was definitely awake and he couldn't let this young man see it. With sudden inspiration he rose up turning away from Alex, bringing the towel up the side of his legs and opening it at the same time. This way, Alex wouldn't be able to clearly tell if he was erect or not. As he did this he started to walk inside, telling Alex to grab a chair in the living room while he got dressed.

Too late Bill realized that the living room was a total mess from last night's party. As his foot hit the first rung of the stairs, he also remembered he wasn't alone in the house and now he was in deep shit. He had broken his cardinal rule of letting his guest spend the night and now he was about to pay for that lapse in judgement. Damn, how did he get himself into this mess. For years he had managed to lead his life without complications, and now in less than 24 hours his whole world may come crashing down on his head.

He couldn't stop Alex from seeing the mess, and now he had to figure out a way to keep him from finding out about his overnight guest.

"Uh... Alex..."

"Yeah..."

"Uh... maybe you'd rather wait in the kitchen? The living room is a real mess and... you can maybe help yourself to some Oj or milk?"

Alex was in the living room and he could see that there must of been a hell of a party here last night. He saw lots of things that made him just stand there. Now Bill was trying to get him out of the room. Well, it was too late, and he could see that his fantasy about Bill was just that, a fantasy. Shit, he shouldn't have come early but there was no sense in kicking himself.

"Sure... uh... I can clean it up for you if you want?" he yelled back. He didn't know why he had offered, he just had. His heart felt like it was in tiny pieces; and yet, for some strange reason, he didn't want to leave. Maybe the guest or guests weren't close, maybe it was just some casual thing, maybe

there was still a chance? Damn, there he was, making up a fantasy for himself, but damn that was one hot looking guy.

“NO!” Bill shouted. “Uh, no thanks Alex. Please just leave it all there, I’ll deal with it in time... you just go into the kitchen and have something to drink or whatever you want... help yourself, I’ll be a few minutes.”

“I don’t mind... honest.”

“NO... no Alex, okay... just leave it please...”

“Okay... sorry, I just wanted to help. Uh... I can come back later if this is a bad time man...”

Alex didn’t want to leave, but he also didn’t want to get Bill pissed at him. He could feel the anger when he offered to help clean up. Shit, he didn’t mind, not really. It was a chance for him to find out about this guy who had suddenly captured his imagination, but something was holding him back. Fuck, he didn’t want to screw up, not now.

“Uh... no that’s okay... look, just wait for me in the kitchen okay?”

“Yeah... sure...”

He left the living room and walked towards the back of the house, past the staircase where he saw Bill still on the first rung of steps. God he looked hot, that navy blue towel wrapped tightly around him, the long legs, the firm buttocks. Shit, if he kept this up he’d blow another load and he increased his step, smiling as he past the stairs and Bill.

Bill was starting to sweat but as Alex walked past towards the kitchen his heart started to slow down a bit. Well, he had one problem sorted out for the moment, now how the fuck was he gonna get rid of the sleeping beauty upstairs? And on top of that, how was he gonna get the living room cleaned up without Alex seeing?

Only a few minutes earlier he was rock hard with the site of Alex’s crotch staring at his face and the spreading wet stain of a premature ejaculation wafting through his nostrils. Now he was as soft as a freshly laundered towel, and the only thoughts he could muster was how to salvage this situation. He didn’t want to let Alex leave, there was something enticing about the way he talked and acted that had made him ask Father O’Malley to introduce him. Now he was caught in a awkward position, and he had to think fast. He opened his bedroom door to see his overnight guest still sleeping in the bed. Well, for starter’s, he better wake up his guest, and then try and figure out how to make one overnight guest disappear.

There wasn’t much argument from his guest, specially after he handed over four fifty dollar bills plus a twenty and a ten for cab fare. The frantic dressing in hushed tones added an air of intrigue to the whole stupid situation, but finally he managed to get his guest out through the front door. As Bill was

shutting the front door he noticed his neighbour standing out watering her lawn. He saw her stare at the young guest walking down the sidewalk and he knew he was in for some interesting questions next time he visited for coffee. Well, he'd cross that bridge later, right now he had to tend to the more pressing problem of Alex.

Alex didn't hear the front door close or even hear Bill walk into the kitchen. He was too busy drying some dishes and staring off out of the window. His thoughts were racing still, partly thinking over the mess in the living room and some of the items he saw there, but mostly it was thinking over and over about the semi hard penis he had seen. God it was beautiful, the way it hung there, between those solid muscled legs. He could still see the light colouring of the pubic hairs and how the hairs curled all around the thick cock base.

It was strange, he never really thought of other men. Sure he would think of Chase, many times lately, but for the most part he would just think of some fashion model or movie star whose picture he would see in papers or magazines. Rarely did he watch television and he never really cared for what he saw anyway. But here he was, in some strange man's house, doing his dishes, thinking of that man's sex organs and how he would love to know more about them. Fuck, he had to be turning queer.

He could see the sun growing out back and the large back yard had a lot of trees and bushes spread all over. Alex also noticed the started barbeque that was at the edge of the cement patio. Two lounge chairs were side by side and he wondered if they saw some action last night? He noticed that the small table besides each chair contained dirty glasses and ash trays.

Briefly he considered going out and grabbing them, but he had enough dirty dishes in the sink already. His instinct to wash them was strange for him. It was like he lived here, but he didn't, and yet he wanted to act like he did. Despite his wandering thoughts, his mind would keep coming back to the scene of the towel falling and exposing that wonderful penis. Each time his mind came back to that scene, he could feel his own dick stirring in his jeans and it brought a smile then a frown to his face.

The idea of touching and having that cock made him hot and horny, but it also gave him pause for concern. This wasn't like him, to be so taken by another male's body parts, even if that part was so damn inviting. Alex would shake his head and yet he couldn't get it out of his mind. It was like some weird and wild drug that kept him wanting to come back for more.

Bill watched Alex doing his dishes. He couldn't believe how perfect it seemed, the young boy standing by the sink, a soft humming coming over the trickling sound of water running. He smiled as his eyes took in the whole scene, specially the way Alex moved. The way his butt swayed as he moved from one side of the sink to the other. How the young flesh wiggled as he wiped the dishes, which brought not only a smile to his face, but a definite lump in his jeans.

“Looks like you found something to do.”

The sound of Bill’s voice startled him and he almost dropped the plate he was drying. He turned to see Bill standing in the doorway, fully dressed now in a pair of faded blue jeans which had one hell of a bulge showing in the crotch. Hmm, wonder what is on his mind, Alex thought as he shrugged his shoulder’s and answered him.

“Well, figured I might as well do something constructive... uh, that isn’t a problem is it? I... well...”

Shit, he had been all composed, and after a few seconds he was back to being a little kid again, unable to find the words or to put his thoughts into a proper sentence. He could feel his face getting flushed and he knew he was blushing, once again.

Bill could see that he was nervous, almost as if he was some school kid who had just got caught with his hand in the cookie jar. It brought back some warm memories as he stared at the tall young man before him. There was an innocence about Alex that had attracted him to him. He had heard the story of how he came to be with Miss Rose and he trusted her judgement over his own. There definitely was something about Alex that made you want to hold him or protect him.

“No... that’s fine Alex... but I didn’t have you wait in the kitchen so you’d wind up doing my dirty dishes.”

“I know... I just... well...”

“Well what?”

“Well, I guess I just needed something to do... sort of keep me, well, I dunno... it seemed like a good idea at the time...”

“Haha... and now?”

Alex could see the wide smile across Bill’s face. It made his heart flutter with a strange sense of happiness. He couldn’t explain it to himself, let alone anyone else, but he just felt good seeing that smile and those perfect white teeth. He grinned as a wild thought of feeling his dick slide between those teeth flashed across his mind. He almost dropped the dish once more as the image of that possibility floated in front of him.

“What you so nervous about Alex? You look like you are about to have kittens... haha.”

“Nothing... I just... well... I...”

“Okay... never mind... so Father John says you are very handy around the place, that you are a natural yard man. Where did you learn all that stuff ?”

“I don’t know, just sort of picked it up I guess... I like it outside, digging in the dirt and seeing things grow... kind of makes me feel good...”

“Sounds like a religious experience to me... hehe.”

“Huh? Uh... no no... nothing like that... shit... oops, sorry, I guess I am nervous... this is all kind of new for me...”

“What is Alex? Being around me or... ?”

“No... you are fine... uh, just well... I haven’t been around too many people for too long... never really got to know them, ya know? I sort of moved around a lot...”

Bill studied the young face. He saw the eyes clouding over and for a split second he thought he could see Alex’s heart and see the pain it was feeling. Then it shut off and all he could see was a thick wall hurriedly being shoved back into place around the aching heart. He almost reached out to touch the young man, but felt it safer not to. Least he wouldn’t lose any dishes this way.

“Well, whatever it takes I guess. Uh... so Alex... you planning to hang around here for a bit or you just passing through?”

“I don’t know... I guess I haven’t really thought much about it... I would like to stay... I never felt this good before... I mean... well...”

There he went again, back to talking like some damn kid. Shit, he wished he could just control himself in front of this man. He wanted Bill to like him so much, that he was losing it. Thank God he hadn’t seen him shoot his load earlier, and just thinking of that made his dick jerk inside his pants. Fuck, when was he going to learn, and when was he going to figure out why he was so damn attracted to this guy?

“Well, the way Father John talked, you aren’t leaving anytime soon... so... I guess the thing is this... I need someone to help around the place in keeping the yard and that looked after. I am away a lot and well, I don’t want to be the only place in the block with a half-assed looking lawn.”

“I can handle that... no sweat.”

“Yeah? Well Miss Rose did say you were eager to please... are you Alex?”

It was a good thing he was leaning back against the counter. The way Bill had asked that last part, the way he was staring deep into his eyes as the words came out, almost knocked him over. Was there more to the question than just taking care of some yard work? Could there be a chance for him and Bill? His heart was doing even more flip flops as he weighed his answer. He wanted to let this man know that he could ask anything and he’d be happy to do it, but how could he ? Damn this was too complicated for him, and yet...”

Well... uh... that was nice of Miss Rose... I just kind of... well I... yeah, I guess I am eager to please... least for those who have been nice to me. Uh, shit that... oops... look, I just kind of do what I can for people I like... no big deal.”

Bill was watching the way Alex talked to him. It was unreal the way the young man could barely look at him, and yet he was always trying to catch a glimpse of him. He could see him glancing upwards every now and then, when he didn't think Bill was looking at him. His whole body seemed to be on pins and needles, the way he shifted from one foot to the other, or the way he shifted his position against the sink counter. If he didn't know any better, he'd say the kid was acting like he had a crush on him.

“Well one thing I can say, you are one nervous young man. Is there something about me that is making you all hinky? Or is this your normal routine?”

“NO. I mean no... it's nothing to do with you... well... I mean, no, it isn't anything you've done... like I said, I am not used to being around people for very long... that's all... honest.”

“Okay. No sweat Alex. Look, why don't you go check out the back yard, see what you think of it and maybe get the mower out and give the lawn a manicure, I'll just clean up a bit in the other room and then join you and we can decide what to do... okay with you?”

“Uh... yeah, sure... uh I can help you if you want... I mean in cleaning up... if you'd like... I won't break anything...”

“Huh? Oh... no, I am sure you won't but... well it really isn't necessary... that's okay.”

Alex seemed rather sad at not being allowed to help. For the life of him, he couldn't explain why either, not to himself. For some reason he wanted to be a part of everything that had to do with Bill.

“Okay... if you're sure? Uh... should I finish this first? I mean I did start it... and I did kind of show up early... so...”

The eager look on Alex's face found its way past his natural reserves. Damn the kid was good. The way his face could change expressions so rapidly and each one of them like piercing darts at his heart strings. He didn't know what to make of him, the puppy dog like affection he was showing was a bit unsettling for Bill. He had thought Alex was cute and interesting, now he was getting a bit scared of him.

“Well... uh... yeah, okay why not... go ahead, I'll get started in the living room and stack the dirty stuff up...”

“Okay... great...”

With that compromise, Alex set to in finishing wiping up what he had already cleaned. He seemed to suddenly come alive again, and once more Bill witnessed the rapid change of expressions. It was almost as if the kid was a chameleon the way his expressions changed. His thoughts were so wrapped up in the rapid changes of moods, he never realized what he was doing. He had picked up some dirty glassware and was stacking them beside the sink when he realized his mistake.

“What’s the mirror for?” the voice asked, a slight edge to it, and Bill realized he had goofed. He could still see some smears of white along the surface and now what was he going to do? Did he lie or what? Alex wasn’t a rookie, he had to know what it was for and what was on it; the question was, what did he think of it?

Bill chose to ignore it, to simply answer, ‘just a mirror’ and he headed back to the living room. The next comment made him stop and turn towards Alex.

“So how much coke do you do?”

“Huh? Oh... that... well... uh... not much... uh...”

Now it was Bill’s turn to feel like a tongue tied school kid. He had been caught and all because he wasn’t paying attention to the details. It was the details he insisted that would lead a person to their downfall, and how right he was. Now what must Alex be thinking; worse, who was he going to tell?

“Yeah?” was all Alex could muster. The sudden realization that his dream man, the one that had been haunting his thoughts since he first saw him a mere 24 hours earlier, was a coke head. It stunned him and he was at a loss at what to say. He didn’t even realize he had dared to ask the question, and now he felt that any chance he had with Bill had just been thrown out the window.

Bill stared at the young man, the mirror in his hand and the way his eyes were cast downwards. At first he thought that Alex was disgusted at his revelation, but then he saw that instead the boy was looking like he had lost his best friend. Again with the sudden changes, and it was making his head spin. For some insane reason he walked up to Alex, and put the mirror down on the counter. He took his hand and let him to the living room and had Alex sit down on the couch. Bill cast his eyes at Alex, then he surveyed the messed room. There were empty glasses strewn all over the place. Several ash trays were laying all over, one even on the floor, filled with overflowing butts. On the coffee table in front of Alex lay three male magazines with naked men on the cover. For some strange reason he knew that today was turning into his moment of truth, and that it was due to Alex being there. Something about Alex was forcing him to face his own hidden persona, and he took a deep breath as he sat down on the coffee table. Facing Alex, he looked at him, forcing eye contact.

“As you can see, I do like to party at times Alex. Why I am telling you all this is beyond me right now, but I want you, no... that isn’t right... I would

like you to hear me out before you bolt out of here... okay?"

Alex didn't know what was going on. He was totally confused and yet, while a part of him told him to leave, his heart was telling him that all was not lost. For some insane reason, when all signs said he was about to be tossed out of the house, he found himself seated in the living room. He wanted to hide, his anger at himself for being an idiot taking hold, but the power of Bill's presence was too much. He couldn't leave. Instead, he sat there, his eyes locked onto the drawn face before him. All he could do was nod his head in agreement.

"Good... and thanks... I don't know where to begin here... I never expected to be doing this. Well, that isn't true... I just always thought it would somehow be different, more of a choice rather than need. No, please don't say anything... uh, Alex... shit... I don't know how to say this..."

"You don't have to say anything. Uh... I am sorry Bill... really I am... I'll understand if you want me to leave..."

"Leave? What? No I don't want you to leave... I thought you wanted to leave... I mean after finding out I do coke..."

"Me? No... fuck I am the last person to object to that... I've done it a few times... I don't really enjoy the feeling after, so... well, I never really got into it... but..."

"You've done it? Oh, I see... yeah, I guess I am... but... I mean the way you looked... it just..."

"I am sorry Bill. I just... shit, I just wanted you to like me and well..."

"You do?"

"Do what?"

"You want me to like you? That is what you said?"

"Yeah... I know it sounds stupid... and I've never felt this way... I am sorry... look this whole thing has been one fuck up after another... I shouldn't have come early..."

"No... no, that's okay... it is just that... you really wanted me to like you?"

"Yes. I do... I know it has to be awkward for you... I mean being surprised by me, your towel falling off, me almost falling into you... seeing you naked and all... then I go and start pestering you about what you do to relax. Shit, it's none of my business and all I did was screw it up... please Bill... I am sorry... you have to believe me..."

Bill sat there, totally stunned by Alex's confession. Here he was about to make his own confession, and instead he was listening to the halting

explanations of Alex. He still couldn't believe that Alex needed his approval so much. They didn't know each other, in fact this was really the very first time they had said more than two words to each other. Damn, this was a weird Monday.

His hand rested on the cover of one of the magazines and he leaned backwards to take all of Alex in. He could see the way the body seemed to be shaking, as if he was about to cry. More than that, he could actually see the desperate desire in Alex to have Bill accept him. Wonder how he would react if he knew the truth? Well, this wasn't the time to break that news to the boy; besides, he still wasn't sure, or maybe it was more that he still didn't have the courage to tell him the truth.

"It's okay Alex. Look, why don't you go in the kitchen and wash your face, then come back and we can talk a bit. Okay?"

"Okay."

Alex left for the kitchen and ran the cold water. He was confused, not sure why the trip to the living room and now the obvious move to get him out of the living room. Damn this was a strange day, but for some reason, at least he wasn't being told to hit the road just yet. He felt the sting of the cold water on his face and felt better. Quickly he managed to pull himself together and walked slowly back to the living room where he found Bill sitting in the big armchair, a drink in his hand.

"Have a seat... feel better?"

"Uh huh... thanks."

"No problem. So Alex... why is it so important to you that I like you? We don't know each other... so what's up with this?"

"I don't know... honest I don't... it is just that... well... I don't know if I can explain this without sounding like some damn fruit. I don't think I am a fag... or anything like that... I have had lots of girls..."

"Whoa. You are going way to fast... are you saying that you want me to like you... uh... well... uh... sexually?"

"NO..." Alex jumped up, looking like a spooked horse in a thunder storm. He started pacing around the room, playing for time as his jumbled thoughts fought for clarity. He could feel himself sweating; and yet, despite all of this, he still could see that semi hard cock of Bill's when the towel fell off. Fuck, he was losing it; and yet, somehow, he managed to get his breathing somewhat normal, and quiet the pounding of his heart down to a dull thud.

"No... that isn't what I meant... shit... I am not very good at words... uh..."

"Okay... just take your time Alex... and say what's on your mind... I

promise not to be a jerk about whatever it is you have to say... okay?"

Alex couldn't believe it. He wanted to just fling himself into Bill's lap but he knew that it would be taken wrong, least after what he had just blurted out. Instead he sat back down on the couch, and with his head bent he managed to take a couple of deep breathes.

"I am not gay man... least I don't think I am... it is just... I don't know but... well for some reason... fuck... I have thought of nothing but seeing you today... it's why I was early... I just couldn't stay at Miss Rose's any longer... I had to get here... and... fuck, it makes me sound like a fucking fag... but I can't explain this... no matter what I say it isn't going to come out right. Hell, I don't even know what I am trying to say... look, I guess that I should just leave..."

"Is that what you want to do? Leave that is?"

"No... but I can't... fuck, why are you being so damn nice to me? I come into your house early... ruin your morning... stick my damn nose where it doesn't belong... speak like some damn drunk and you are being nice to me still... I don't get it..."

"Well Alex... how should I put this... I guess I am just as confused by this as you are..."

"What?"

"Look... I am glad you came early... and as for ruining my morning... well, I have to say that most of my mornings after aren't this exciting or nerve racking... ssshhh... no, I guess I am being nice to you because I am just as confused as you are. I don't want you to leave... okay?"

"For real?"

"Yes."

"But what are you confused about? I mean... shit there I go again... I am sorry... I never could learn..."

"It's okay... Alex... honest... look... why don't we just forget this morning... and start fresh... deal?"

"Fuck. Yeah... can we? I mean... yeah, sure..."

"Look... it's getting close to noon... what say we fuck this house cleaning shit and go grab us some burgers at Burger King? My treat?"

"That would be great... but I have some money..."

"Nope... your money is no good here... my treat... come on let's go."

Alex felt relieved at the change. It was as if a huge weight had

suddenly been lifted off his body and he could once again move around. He broke out with a wide grin as he stood up, waiting for Bill. Maybe it would all work out, he thought, as they headed out the door and towards the car. Not only had he not been kicked out, but here he was getting to ride in a super sports car, and going out for something with a man who had suddenly become very important to him. He still didn't understand why Bill had become so much a part of his thoughts, but least for now he could just enjoy being in his company.

Chapter Eight

Alex sat in Father John's outer office, waiting patiently for his turn to talk to the priest. It was funny how he found himself turning to the priest for advice about his problems. Here it was, almost six weeks now since Miss Rose had made him come home with her. He still couldn't believe his good fortune, and most mornings he had to pinch himself to make sure that this wasn't a dream. So far it had been beyond his wildest dreams.

For the last 3 weeks he had been spending most of his time over at Bills place. He had worked hard, and for the most part, Bill had been there, right beside him. It had been an unbelievable time for him, and still a confusing one. There hadn't been any mention of the royal fuck up of that first meeting, and he enjoyed just being in Bill's presence.

He couldn't explain it today anymore than he could that Monday weeks ago. For some reason he was fixated on thoughts of another man, other than Chase. It would trouble him, and at times he would lay awake in the soft bed, trying to think it all through, and still coming up with two and two equalling five.

For the most part he managed to keep his thoughts under control, but it was getting harder with each passing day. He found himself stealing more glances of Bill as he would bend over to pluck a weed, or when he walked to the house to get some refreshments or something. Alex couldn't get the thoughts of Bill out of his conscious brain, and when he slept, well it was even worse.

He would dream of being with him, in ways that only he and Chase had ever been. Thoughts of women no longer intruded in his dreams, and for his morning shower, it was always fantasies of Bill that guided his hand and his cock. Each morning always ended now with that stirring vision of Bill's semi erect cock and the way the pubic hairs swirled around the thick cock.

Even now, sitting in the outer office of a Priest, he could feel his dick stirring as his mind thought of Bill. There was something about the man that just made him ache all over, made him desire him every second he was away from him, and yet made him shy and reticent when he was with him. He could barely get two words out without stuttering while around Bill, yet he could talk a mile a second anywhere else. It was strange, he never really thought of himself as being gay or bent that way.

For the most part, he dreaded the times when he had to go out to find some guy so he could make enough money to eat. He never got used to the rough hands touching him or the bearded mouths kissing his body, unless it was Chase. Now his thoughts were cantered on having all that and more done by Bill. He shivered slightly as the door to the inner office opened and Father John appeared in the frame.

"Ah, Alex... thanks for coming by... come on in."

Alex carefully got up, his mind willing his body to put aside its dreams of Bill for the moment. He wondered briefly what odd job Father John had for him, so he was taken aback when Father John started in about how he liked it over at Miss Rose's.

"What's this all about Father?" he asked, his radar sending him signals of warning.

"Nothing son, just you've been here now for several months, what about your parents? You haven't mentioned them at all, least not that I know of."

"They are dead."

"Dead? Hmmm, dead in that they are now with the Lord or dead just to you?"

"Does it matter?"

"No, I suppose for now it really doesn't."

"Why all the interest all of a sudden?"

"Still the untrusting one, aren't you Alex?"

"Trust? Well I guess maybe... just not sure what it is you are after."

"After? Hmmm, I think one could read a lot into that statement, if they chose too."

"Suppose so."

Father O'Malley stared at Alex through his finger tips. His thoughts jumbled a bit as he considered the young man before him. He had watched the way he had just fitted into their little community. It was a treat to see him walking down the block, smiling to people, or how he would help some of the more senior of the citizens when he would come across them. He even had old Miss Jane convinced that he was a little angel, and she was not an easy one to fool.

This wasn't going to be easy, and he thought he would get more information before going on but it seemed that despite the time Alex had been here, he still had his tough street attitude and wariness about him. Father O'Malley sighed deeply at that, feeling the frustration at how someone as nice and kind as Alex obviously was, could be so pained, so disillusioned already by the world. The world was certainly not what he had hoped it would be.

"You don't make it easy young man," he finally said.

"Make what easier Father?"

"Getting to know you, for starters."

“What is it you want to know Father?”

“Not much, not much.”

“Well then... so what is it you really asked me down here for Father John?”

“To talk to you, to see what your plans were, if you had any.”

“Plans? To what, leave?”

Alex felt a tight knot at the pit of his stomach. Was this the end of the perfect time? Was Miss Rose tired of him hanging around or no longer interested in being his benefactor? Well, he knew it would have to end, he just wished it hadn't been so soon. He was kind of getting used to this life, having decent food every day at the same time, working outside for people who genuinely seemed to be nice, not phoney like most everyone he knew in the city.

He could feel his shoulders sag a little as the prospect of heading off back to his old life loomed in front of him. Well, he at least would have this time, and for that he certainly owed Miss Rose, so he couldn't be angry at her. Only if she had told him herself, that wouldn't have been so bad, but maybe she just was afraid he'd cut up rough about having to leave. Well, he really shouldn't be surprised by that, he was a street rat so it was to be expected, but there was no way he'd hurt her. He had his pride and his own sense of honour, but most of these people wouldn't understand that.

“Nothing lasts forever I guess,” he managed to say.

“You are quite the cynic for someone so young, but there are some things that do stand the test of time, least if you let them.”

“Really? And what is that?”

“Well, love for instance. It can stand the test of time and can last for an eternity even.”

“Yeah, well, that hasn't exactly been my experience.”

“So I have surmised, but then friendships, too, can last for a long time, and they are a form of love.”

“Sure Father, maybe in your world.”

“But not yours?”

“No, not my world Father, nor anyone's in any real world either.”

“You don't think much of this world do you Alex? Ah, that is such a shame, and you with such a willing heart, if you'd only give it a chance to rule your head.”

“This world? No I suppose I don’t, but then this hasn’t been exactly a kind world to me, or thousands of other’s just like me, but you know about that so who you kidding Father? And just what does this have to do with me leaving?”

“Are you leaving?”

“Isn’t that what this is all about?”

“What? No Alex... are you under the impression that I am asking you to move on?”

“Aren’t you?”

“No... no most certainly not.”

“But... I am sorry... I thought... well, it is just... well, why all this talk, just what is it you are telling me?”

Father O’Malley stared at Alex, his head bent slightly to one side as he considered the young man before him. How wrong first impressions could be. At the beginning he was sure that all this young man had wanted was to worm his way into Miss Rose’s life and take what ever he could. Now here he was, thinking that all this was or had been nothing but some kindness that was given only temporarily. He was obviously willing to leave, without question or anything; it was as if he actually expected to be asked to leave, as if this type of life was merely an interlude in his struggle to survive.

Surely Alex had to have dreams, had to have desires that exceeded just wanting to survive, just wanting to exist? Could he not see that the people here had accepted him and took him to their bosom as one of their own? Did he have such a low esteem of the world and of himself that he could block all that out?

“You really expect us to be asking you to leave?”

“Yeah.”

“But why Alex? Surely you don’t feel that we are that uncaring or insensitive, do you?”

“Well, no... it is just that, well I am just some stray brought in for a moment.”

“Let me see, you think that you are just some temporary salvation project, to make us all feel like we did our good deed for the day?”

“Well... yeah, sort of I guess.”

Father John sat back in his chair, amazement etched across his well lined face. Well this young man certainly had a way to cut through the bullshit

at times. It was amazing how someone so young could rock one's foundations so easily and the worse part of it all, he really didn't know he was doing it. My God, he thought, was his world so insular, so callous, that it had allowed its youth to be so disheartened? Was the world really that inhuman?

Maybe he had been here too long, never really stepping out into the world, the real world as Alex would most likely say. Could he be right? Could all this attention simply be that the parish had taken to him, as if he was some stray puppy that had wandered into their field?

There was some truth to what Alex had said. Many people did indeed pay lip service to helping the poor, helping the downtrodden, but surely even that was better than no help at all? Could it be that the gap between the have's and the have not's was so far apart that sincere caring could not bridge it?

"There maybe some validity to what you say Alex, may I say, but not as it applies to you my lad."

"No?"

"No... I don't think these people here are that way, deep down I don't believe that many people are so unfeeling that they can't feel the suffering of other's. But that isn't the case in any event here."

"Just what is this all about Father?"

"It is about you, you and Miss Rose."

"What about Miss Rose?"

"She is concerned for you Alex, specially now."

"Uh, why specially now... look, I am not good at guessing or these, uh, mystery hints you giving me."

"Yes... I guess I can see where you might be getting the wrong idea... Alex are you aware that Miss Rose is a sick lady?"

"Sick ? well I know she is tired a lot and well, she is old, so that's to be expected... isn't it? I mean there isn't something really bad wrong with her is there?"

"Do you know what leukemia is Alex?"

Alex sat there. His face had gone chalky white in an instant. Tears formed at the back of his eyes, something that had become easier for him since first meeting Miss Rose. His heart was thumping hard inside his chest, it felt like it was in the middle of a tightening vise grip.

"Yes," he answered softly.

Father O'Malley saw the change come over Alex. He could almost feel

the pain that was running through the boys' young body. There was little doubt that he knew what leukemia was; and worse, what its outcome was. He also could see that Alex did indeed have a good heart and just as important, that he was capable of deep emotion.

Alex could barely see, the tears were too many to hold back. His breathing was becoming shallow as he struggled to keep the pain in check. 'DAMN IT,' he screamed inside his head, 'DAMN DAMN DAMN,' he kept chanting to himself as he fought the battle in his heart. He knew what leukemia was, he knew that it was a killer, and he knew that once again his life was to be torn apart by death.

How he hated life, how much he despised it at times. Just when he thought there might be a chance for him, life would rear its true nature up and kick him in the balls. Once more he had taken from him something that eased his pain. How cruel God was, to dangle this life of happiness, of laughter, of joy, and then just as he was about to grab hold of it, to snatch it from his reach. Well, DAMN GOD too, and he started to feel himself crying now.

The tears wouldn't stop and his body shuddered under the strain of his thoughts and of his pain. His whole body was in convulsions, as the enormity of the situation now confronted him. Poor Miss Rose, she deserved so much more than to have to suffer with pain, and now even she too was to suffer and it was his fault. If he hadn't come into her life, maybe then GOD would have spared her; but no, it was his curse that had brought this on.

As these thoughts raged through his young mind, he could feel himself losing total control over himself. It was almost too much for him to bare, and yet he had to, there was no choice. Why couldn't God just take him now? Why did he have to torture him this way? He could hear himself now, the roar in his ears was too much as it overcame the pounding of his own heart. His whole being was in torment, his soul was crying with his heart and his mind no longer could feel. It was numb with pain.

Slowly he managed to gain some hold over himself. He managed to get his heart to slow down, to ease its painful grip on his chest, and his breathing became slightly easier as the pain subsided a bit inside him. It was then that he felt a strange weight around his arms, and a strange wet warmth on his cheeks.

Alex opened his eyes briefly and saw darkness, but not really. It was the dark cloth of Father O'Malley's shirt and the strange weight across his shoulders was the two meaty arms of the priest. He raised his head to stare into the old wizened face of the priest, where he saw that tears rolled down the ancient wrinkled cheeks too, and that this man too felt his pain.

It had a strange calming effect on him. His chest stopped aching, his breathing was back to near normal now and his mind no longer shouted abuses at an imaginary God. His soul no longer spit condemnations at him, and a sort of peaceful calm seemed to be slowly flowing through his body.

"I am so sorry Alex... I should have known... please calm down now

son.”

“Known?... known what... I am sorry... I...”

“Ssshhh, you don’t have to hide it... I am so sorry.”

“Fuck, what are you sorry for... shit, I didn’t mean to yell.”

“You have a right to Alex... it is all right.”

“No... no, it isn’t okay... damn it...”

“Come on now... I know Miss Rose is very special to you, she is special to us all Alex, but it will be all right.”

“All right? How can you say that... leukemia isn’t something you win over... how can you say it will be all right?”

“She will be with God, Alex... and she has led a full life, she is over 80 you know...”

“Who cares how old she is... and be with God? Is that supposed to make it okay? He doesn’t need her, I do...”

Father O’Malley was slightly taken aback by the vehemence of Alex’s words. He was still shocked by the complete breakdown of the young man, the way he had suddenly burst into tears. He hadn’t expected such an outburst from him and now the way he had sneered at God, and then the way his voice had become so tiny when he lay claim to his need for Miss Rose. This was not what he had expected. Alex was certainly full of surprises.

“Alex, you may not accept it, or like it, none of us do, but at least she will be going to a better place where she won’t feel any pain and besides, you are giving up way too soon you know.”

“Feel any pain? There is no such place Father... no such place... and I don’t give up easy... leukemia is not something you can fight.”

“Yes it is Alex, they have some wonderful new procedures, and new drugs every day that help a person manage the illness.”

“Manage it? To what, lay around in pain for the final end to come and end it?”

“It doesn’t have to be that way always Alex. There are new treatments, new methods.”

“Yeah, sure Father.”

Alex didn’t feel much like talking anymore. His whole world had come crashing down the second the word ‘leukemia’ had echoed in the priest’s office. It was over, and he had to get used to it. So despite all the talk, all the

‘this isn’t about you leaving’ crap it really was about him leaving, and of him losing once again in the game called life.

“Alex... now you listen to me... you have a choice here to make young man... an important choice, and frankly I expect more of you than this defeatist attitude.”

The words were like a glass of cold water thrown in his face. Damn this fucking priest, how dare he say these things. What right did he have to tell him what type of attitude to have. He didn’t know about living on the streets, about sleeping in door ways with your back against a wall and your hand wrapped around a knife so you could protect yourself from some of the real vermin that haunted the streets at night. What did he know about the cruel men who paid you to let them paw at your body and spit on your soul? How dare he tell him what attitude to have.

It wasn’t the priest who had to wander the streets, looking over his shoulder every minute for cops who wanted to hassle him, simply because he had torn pants and dirty hair. Or to watch out for those creeps who took pleasure in rousting you for your few pennies because they didn’t want to find their own money. Hell, at times it was simply because you had a warmer jacket or shoes with no holes in them. Whatever the reason it wasn’t a life of fun or joy, so why shouldn’t he be pissed? Why shouldn’t he have an attitude?

‘He had expectations of him’ yeah, sure, just like most old men he met, they had expectations too, but those generally revolved around how much it was gonna cost them to have him drop his fucking pants. Expectations? Yeah, sure, of how long he’d let them play with his dick is more of what they expected. So fuck his fancy talk, fuck his holier than thou crap. What good did it do him? Miss Rose was gonna die, what choices did she have? What choices did she get?

“Choice... I HAVE A CHOICE? GET REAL FATHER... I HAVE NO CHOICES, NO OPTIONS, NOTHING FATHER. GOD HAS SEEN TO THAT.”

The words were spit out in short staccato bursts. Each one of them like a bullet, carefully aimed, expertly fired. The priest almost felt like he was being shot, his body twitched with each syllable, each pronouncement of condemnation, each epitaph of despair, of hopelessness. They scored, hitting where they were aimed to hit, right in his heart, and in his soul. Anger flared across his face as the words hit home.

A strong urge to reach out and slap the drawn face in front of him welled up inside the priest. His anger was rising to burst out of him, when a strange hand seemed to land on his shoulder. As it touched him, he felt the anger suddenly dissipate. His heart no longer quelled in outrage; instead, it started to ache in sorrow. His soul no longer rang out in silent indignation, instead, it seemed to swell inside him with a feeling of brotherly love.

“Yes Alex... you can feel that way... you can swear from now to

forever at God for the unjustness of this illness, of the tragedy of your life to date, or you can accept this chance to make a difference to someone who has shown you kindness and yes, even love. Though you may not admit it.”

He had no idea where the words came from, or how he had managed to get them out in such a soft calm even voice, but Father John had.

Alex sat back in the chair. His breathing was still fast, his chest still ached, but his anger had suddenly met an immovable object. The stinging accusations had not hit their mark, instead they had been flung back into his face with an even harsher slap than before. He looked at the priest, saw the calm in his face, the silent strength as well. It was strange, he had wanted to hurt the man, and for a second he had felt triumphant as he saw his words hit home. Now, they seemed to have only brought about a greater strength, a greater calm to the old wizened face.

Suddenly he felt like a piece of shit. The words had been meant to hurt, and he knew it was wrong, he knew that Father John hadn't wanted to hurt him, but he had struck out at him none-the-less. Instead, the priest had answered in a way that had stung him, had weakened his anger, his pain, his hurt.

“What chance?”

It was his surrender. The fight had left him as the words of the priest had dug deep into his soul. The anger was still there, still burning inside him, but there was something else starting to burn inside him. Some strange ray of hope seemed to suddenly burst deep inside his soul. He could feel himself trying to fight it, trying to bury it, to put it out, yet the more he struggled to do that, the brighter it seemed to burn, the larger it seemed to grow. He was confused by the shift in his emotions. His mind was no longer consumed by the anger, the fear.

“What chance Father?”

The priest sat there, watching the battle raging inside of Alex. He could feel his own battle, subsiding a bit as the strange hand still lay across his shoulder, still guiding his thoughts, his heart, his soul. He ached now for the torment evident in Alex's face, and he reached out, once again, this time he gently touched the drawn face, feeling the wet tears rolling down the sunken cheeks. His hand lightly wiped them away, and gently lifted up the chin, to face his own tear stained weathered face.

“I ache for her too Alex. But together, you and I, we can make her days remaining happy one's, for as long as God gives us... if you are willing, that is?”

The softness of the priest's voice was louder in his head than if he had shouted the words. He could hear them ringing inside him, wrapping themselves around his heart, gently easing the pain inside him. He had no idea what the priest meant, but he knew that he couldn't just run anymore. He knew

he had to stay and face this; and for the first time, he actually believed that he would be able to do this, and that he wouldn't be alone.

"I want to Father... God knows I want to."

"Yes He does... that is why He sent you here... don't you see? He knew Miss Rose would need you... that is why He directed her to find you, why He arranged for her to bring you back here... it is His will... and now you must take your part in His scheme... are you willing to do this Alex?"

"I don't know about this plan Father... shit, it is all strange to me. I don't really know what you are talking about... but... but... I do know I can't leave... I don't want to leave her. I'll do whatever I can for her Father... that is for sure."

"Good, because this is not going to be easy... Miss Rose is a proud lady Alex, she deserves our best and with God's help I think she will get that..."

"I don't know much about God, or of His help... but I will not leave Father... I... I... I love her Father John... I really do you know..."

"Yes... I do know that Alex... and Alex..."

"Yes."

"She loves you too..."

Alex couldn't take it anymore. Those three words, they made all the difference to him and he buried his face into his hands and started to cry once more. Deep rich sobs of pain racked his body, and he shook as he cried out his pain, his sorrow, and his fear. He knew that it was a rough road ahead of him, rougher than any he had yet travelled, but somehow, he knew he would come through it.

They sat for what seemed hours, but in fact was only a short hour or so. They talked about the way Miss Rose was stubborn, how she insisted on doing things she knew were exhausting and hard for her, yet she still did them. They discussed how she would insist on keeping to her routines, even though they were hard on her stamina and her health. They also talked about how she would never relent in her opinion of things, how she was so adamant about her rights, her home, her beliefs.

Father O'Malley explained to Alex what he had planned. He told him that Miss Rose's daughter and son-in-law were coming down to see her in a few days, and how he had asked Bill if Alex could stay with him for awhile while Miss Rose dealt with her daughter. He was stunned by the prospect; but he argued against leaving, until the priest told him that he would be there every day himself, to stand with Miss Rose as she directed the way she was going to deal with her illness. Alex had to relent when Father John told him that it was Miss Rose herself who had asked Bill, and that it was her idea to have him be

absent for the few days. She would also discuss the details with him tomorrow before Martin and Joan arrived.

As he got up to leave, Father John also rose up. He walked the two steps to stand close to Alex. On an impulse, he opened his arms and Alex stared at him for only a second. Then he just sort of fell into the open arms. He felt them close around his young body, and it felt so damn good. His head rested on Father John's shoulder, and he could still feel the dampness from his tears on the priest's shirt. He shivered a bit, fear starting to rise up once more inside him, but the strength of the arms seemed to push down, seemed to reach inside his body and thrust the rising fear back down to its dark corner inside his soul.

Father John gave a small kiss on the top of Alex's head, and then raised the body out of his arms. He looked straight into the brown eyes of Alex, and silently he said a prayer for both Alex and Miss Rose. Alex seemed to feel the silent words. His heart no longer was pounding inside him, and his breathing was back to normal as he turned to leave, the priest's arm across his shoulder. It was the first time some stranger had his arm across him that he hadn't felt dirty or cheap or uncomfortable. It felt good, and he felt good, sad, yes... but still good.

The door opened and he stepped out. Sitting in the chair he had waited in for Father John, sat Bill. His eyes bulged as he realized that Bill had come to fetch him. Suddenly, the whole room seemed to explode in a brilliant flash of light and he ran towards the rising figure of Bill. In an instant, he found himself wrapped inside of Bill's strong muscular arms, the hands clasped around his back, holding him tight. His own arms wrapped under Bill's, but tightly gripping the full body of the man.

Tears once again were rolling down his cheeks but he didn't care. For some strange reason he just needed to cry, and to let Bill hold him. The pain of hearing of Miss Rose's illness, his own pain at the thought of losing her, suddenly eased inside him as he knew that Bill was there to help him. How could he have been so stupid earlier, to have doubted that there was no hope? Maybe, maybe this was a sign? He pulled his arms closer to himself, pulling Bill closer, hugging him tight, feeling safe for the first time in a really long time.

Alex had his head under Bill's chin, and he could hear the soft voice whispering into his ear, telling him that it was all right, that everything would be okay and for the first time since he first heard the bad news, he actually believed it. For the first time he actually could feel some hope inside of himself. The soft voice continued to whisper to him, to comfort him, and the tears continued to roll down his cheeks, to soak into the light brown shirt of Bill. He could feel the wetness, and he could hear the silent beat of Bill's heart along with the soft words of encouragement.

They stood there, arms locked across each other's bodies for several minutes. Alex finally was able to gather himself together, to collect his emotions and to allow the bond between them to cement. It was a strange

feeling that was now in the pit of his stomach. For some reason, his lust for Bill was no longer of paramount importance to him; instead, he felt something different, something more like a burning passion for the man in his arms.

As they broke apart, he looked deep into Bill's eyes. He saw something he had never seen before. He saw an answering image of love and desire there, for him, and it made his heart skip a beat. Could he be imagining this? He was pretty emotional at the moment, but there was more than just sympathy in those wonderful deep blue eyes.

Bill's face broke into a thin smile as they pulled apart. He felt like he had just changed his whole life in that brief embrace. Something strange was happening to him, ever since Father John had called him to tell him of Miss Rose and of her request. At first he was stunned and every part of his body, mind, and soul, had argued against the plan, fearing that only trouble would come of it.

Now, with the feel of Alex still flowing through him, the smell of his shampoo still in his nostrils, he knew that the plan was a god send. This was not going to be an easy task, and a lot lay in store for them both, but it was something that suddenly felt very right.

"Come on roomie... Miss Rose is waiting in the car."

'Roomie', man it sounded so good to him. Suddenly the prospect of confronting Miss Rose with what he now knew no longer seemed so terrifying. Also, the prospect of the future didn't seem so bleak. He just grinned at Bill and headed out to the front with his arm around Bill's backside, Bill's own arm rested firmly on his shoulder. It felt so right.

As they walked out of the church, the sun was shining. For a brief instant, though, as he stared at the car, the sun was hidden behind a cloud. He hesitated briefly, but the firm pressure of Bill's arm on his shoulder seemed to wipe away the trepidation and as he started walking forward again, the sun peeked back out of the clouds. It was like God was sending him a signal and he gritted his teeth and wrapped a smile on his face as he opened the door to the back seat to say hi.

"Well, it's about time you showed up... you come sit in back with me Alex."

"Yes Miss Rose," he answered quickly.

Miss Rose stared at Alex as he climbed into the back seat to sit next to her. He moved quickly and was buckling himself in when she reached across and with one bony finger, lifted his chin up so she could see into his face.

"William... what have you done to this poor boy? He's been crying?"

Bill leaned in from the driver's door, seeing the young face in Miss Rose's hand, and he could see the puffiness around the eyes, the redness too,

and yet he had hoped that Miss Rose would not notice. That in itself was a mistake, she rarely missed much around her.

“I didn’t do anything to him Miss Rose.”

“Fiddle-faddle... Alex?”

“Uh... nothing Miss Rose.”

“Then it had to be that Roman priest who did this. William, let me out of this here fancy car of yours...”

“Now Miss Rose... Father O’Malley...”

“Miss Rose, Father John didn’t do anything to make me cry... it was just... well...”

“Yes? It was just what Alex?”

“Nothing Miss Rose... he didn’t do nothing... I just...”

An awkward silence seemed to envelop them all. Miss Rose had acted like someone had hurt him, which made him feel like maybe he was someone special, even though he knew he wasn’t. She sat there, feeling like she had hurt this poor young lad, who had only been a blessing to her. William was unsure what to do or say as he watched the two of them in the back seat. He stood there, uncertain if he should get in or what.

It lasted only for a few seconds before Miss Rose took charge.

“Well... then I guess it’s my fault...”

“NO MISS ROSE... please... it isn’t your fault at al... I just got weepy... honest... don’t worry about me... I am...”

“You are what Alex? Not worth the effort? Is that how you feel?”

She stared at him, her frail body trembling slightly as she kept her emotions in check. This was the hard part of being ill, she knew that it would be but she refused to shy from her duty. Father John had tried to get her to stay home, even young William there had argued with her, but she knew she had to be here, and she was right. Poor Alex, the whole world must seem against him, and now he had to face this. Well, she would be damned if she’d sit at home and let someone else run interference for her. This was her task, her duty, and she was going to see it through.

“Yes,” he managed to say, the tears once more welling up inside of him. His voice was quiet and soft, as if the life blood in him was slowly being drained out. Years of frustration and disappointment echoed in his words.

With a great deal of pain, she summoned up her inner strength to face this problem. Her bony hand rested lightly now on Alex’s shaking hand. She

was the strong one right now, but in time she knew that, too, would leave her. Well, just as well that she confronted this situation now, and that was why she had insisted on being here.

“Alex, I don’t have much truck with people who feel sorry for themselves. It isn’t my way young man.”

“Miss Rose... Alex...”

“QUIET WILLIAM... You will have your chance to speak... later.”

“Yes Miss Rose... but...”

“No buts William... now hush... Alex...”

He was stunned by the harshness in her voice. She had not taken him into her arms, which he desperately had hoped for. Instead, she seemed angry at him, and even Bill seemed shocked by her attitude.

“Yes ma’am.”

Her voice suddenly softened as she looked at him. Carefully she reached out, her long thin bony hand with the deep blue veins sticking out along the backside touched his chin, lifting his face upwards, so she could peer into his brown eyes. He saw her own eyes, slightly clouded but still firm and unrelenting in their gaze. He shivered as he awaited her lecture.

“Alex... I can’t begin to comprehend what you must have faced in your all too young life that has made you sleep in bushes besides highways, or make you feel like you are unworthy of someone’s care and love. Hush now my young friend... this is me talking... and maybe I don’t know how things are in this modern world, maybe... but maybe I do still know a few things... like that for instance you are important.

“Yes Alex... you are... maybe you don’t believe that right now, for whatever reason I don’t pretend to know. Maybe you feel you did something so horrible that no one can love you... but whatever it is... you are still important... just as William there is important, or that roman papist Father John is important. But just as they are important, so is the stranger walking down the street or the young boy huddled inside of a bush... they are all important, Alex, because they are all children of God...”

“Miss Rose... it isn’t that... I mean...”

“Ssshhh.... I don’t expect you to suddenly believe me, specially not right now... you feel like you have been betrayed... like you are being abandoned once again to the cruel fate of the world... but you must listen to me... this is not an end... it is not what I had hoped for... you are a very sweet young man... and...”

“Please Miss Rose... don’t upset yourself... I am not complaining...”

please I don't want you to..."

"Alex... you listen up now... I told you... I am talking."

"Yes ma'am... but..."

"No buts... Alex... I am a stubborn old women... yes I am. Don't you go deny it now... but sometimes... well sometimes being stubborn just isn't enough. I have been battling this illness now for over 20 years Alex... I bet you didn't know that did you?"

"No... I didn't.."

"You didn't either did you William?"

"No... no Miss Rose... how... I mean..."

"Never mind... that is the fact so if this round the illness wins, well so be it... I have the comfort in knowing that I have fought it to a standstill for a long time... more than most maybe... less than some but none the less it is my choice now on what I do. I am tired Alex... and so maybe it is time."

"Please don't say that... if you've fought it for so long... why can't you..."

"What? Fight it for more years?... well maybe I can... I am not giving up Alex... but I also won't be some damn guinea pig either or let myself suffer the indignities of so called modern medicine. I won't let people remember me as the weak old women who had to have someone help her pee each time, or who couldn't feed herself... I WON'T DO THAT... do you understand that Alex?"

"I... I... think so... I am not sure... it is just that..."

"Yes I know... and sometimes I to wish otherwise, but on this... my mind is made up and you both know me when my mind is set... so no arguments ... but I am not giving up either ... not just yet... there is still some fight left in these old bones and this old heart... God willing... but I need your help..."

"Mine? But how... I mean of course I'll help... but..."

"But how? That is the easy part and also the hardest part Alex. I am asking a lot of someone so young, but I know that you can do it... so I am going to ask anyway.

"First though... you have to believe me when I tell you that you are special... you are a good person Alex and no matter what you may think... I am very pleased to have you near me at this time of my life. Can you accept that ?"

“Yes... but...”

“No buts... now... this will not be easy and so that is why William here is going to also help. He is going to keep you on track... do you understand?”

“Uh... no ... I don't know... I am confused.”

“Yes... well he'll explain it later... and I am getting ahead of myself. Alex, right now I need to deal with some of my family who aren't as caring as you, that is why I think it would be best for you to stay at William's home. As soon as I deal with them, well then you can return, but just because you are staying at William's does not mean you can escape your chores around the house... now is that clear?”

“Yes Miss Rose,” he said, his voice showing some relief and yet some confusion. Obviously there was a great deal going on that he hadn't a clue about, and hopefully Bill would shed some light on it later. Right now he was just glad that he wasn't being shoved out of her life. He was so desperate to make her happy, and with this illness he knew she would need help.

“Good... now William get your keester into this car and let's go... I feel like some ice cream... how about it Alex? A great big sundae or better yet... I want a banana split... come on William.”

“Hehe, yes Miss Rose... your wish is my command.”

“It better be... after all, I helped your mother and your grandmother change your diapers not so long ago... now let's go.”

Chapter Nine

The trip to the ice cream parlour had been one of merriment and laughter, as Miss Rose talked about all sorts of things. Alex especially enjoyed the little snippets about Bill when he was growing up. Things like how he would always poop in his diapers when his mother had company, or how when he was a toddler he would hide in his grandmother's closet, and drape himself in her clothes.

Bill protested at the recollections, but it helped to lighten the mood; and for the most part, Alex was able to push aside his concerns for Miss Rose and for himself. He enjoyed listening to Bill and Miss Rose exchange friendly fire, and it made him feel like he was really a part of their lives. It comforted him, and right now he felt he needed that.

Tears still would come close, specially as Miss Rose would talk about her children. How she had lost her husband so young in World War II, how shortly after that she had lost her eldest boy in Korea, then another in Viet Nam and finally the third on some damn mission or other in Europe not long after. All she had left now was some grandchildren, daughter-in-laws, and of course Joan and her husband Martin. He could feel her loss, feel her pain as she looked back on her life, and how much she still relished being alive.

Silently he cursed God for letting someone as important and loving as Miss Rose suffer this illness. If any one deserved to be allowed to live forever, it had to be her. He would gladly change places with her, and for the first time in many years, he prayed silently, as they ate their ice cream, that God would make him a trade. His life for hers, and he meant it. It wasn't just a reflex action, it was from deep within his soul that he bargained with God.

The drive to Miss Rose's house was mostly in silence, each content to simply let the afternoon move on its way. They kept their thoughts to themselves and several times Alex was sure that he caught Bill staring at him in the rear view mirror. Each time made his heart skip a beat, but his mind was still arguing silently with God.

Alex wasn't one for the 'God thing' and yet in the last few weeks he found himself talking more and more to that imaginary being. Well, at least to him it was imaginary, but something inside him, something deep and buried long ago seemed to cast doubts on his lack of belief. Maybe at one time he had believed, but life had quelled that rather quickly. The whole thing now with Miss Rose had awakened his old thoughts, his old wounds; and yet, while he could feel the pain, something was holding him back this time, something was sort of, well, stopping him from judging it all.

The car had stopped and he realized that he was here. It was time for him to gather some stuff and then head over to Bill's house. Here he had been angling for weeks to try and be there, now he was going to live there for a few days. Well, part of him was glad, even excited; yet for the most part, he wished it wasn't happening at all, because it wasn't due to Bill wanting him, it was due

to Miss Rose being sick. Damn sickness, and damn... no, not yet, he couldn't say that... maybe his bargain would be accepted, and if he spoke bad, well it might just turn the guy off, so he bit his lip and climbed out of the car and headed up the stairs while Bill walked with Miss Rose.

Alex stared at the room, the nice off white walls, the small desk in one corner, the rather large bed in the centre and the door to his own bathroom. Well, this certainly wasn't what he had thought Bill's guest room would be, but what had his heart pounding a bit was that his bedroom door opened directly across from Bill's bedroom door. He was a mere four or five feet from the man he had been dreaming of for the last several weeks.

He tossed the small bag onto the bed and walked around a bit, and stared out the big window, seeing the street as his room faced the front of the house. Well, it wasn't a busy street and besides, he doubted if the noise of cars would ever bother him. He was used to noise and commotion. In fact, his first few nights at Miss Rose's house, he had found it hard to fall asleep, because it was so quiet.

As he walked out, to head downstairs, he passed by Bill's open bedroom door and he stopped. He just stared into the room, which was much larger than his, but what attracted his attention was that one wall was covered in a mirror, the one in front of the huge four poster bed, and the one right behind it. Man, that had to be an interesting sight, to be doing it on that huge bed and look up to see your reflection. Alex could feel his dick shift in his jeans, and he knew his thoughts would be filled with that idea tonight.

He heard his name being called and ran down the stairs to find Bill waiting for him. Bill announced that dinner was served and together they went into the dining room. Alex smiled as he saw that Bill had managed to set the table and they were sitting across from each other. The flower's he had picked yesterday graced the center of the table, and there was even a place mat on the table. Coaster's too, which made him chuckle as he had spent hours polishing the fine wood table earlier in the week, and had bitched about how Bill should use coasters.

The meal was passed in light banter, no one really interested in bringing up the one subject that both wanted to discuss. There were times when he knew that Bill was thinking of it, of Miss Rose, and it was hard a couple of times for him to choke back the tears or to not just burst out into tears. Strange how this lady had affected him so deeply in such a short time. All this, from simply crawling out to help her get her car out of the ditch. Now he had a home, well for the time that is, and some clean clothes and he had a few months of relative peace. That had to be worth something. As these thoughts ran through his mind, he once more silently made his offer to God, to take him in Miss Rose's place.

Doing the dishes was an experience for him. Bill went out of his way to keep things light and for the most part, Alex enjoyed it. The constant thoughts of Miss Rose were able to be put aside for brief moments in time, specially when Bill got soaked when he turned on the tap to fill up the sink.

Alex laughed hard, maybe a bit too hard, but somehow he needed that laugh. Bill looked so damn funny, white foamy suds dripping off his face, him spluttering and his shirt, soaked to the bone, just added to the situation.

Alex could feel his heart beat a bit harder when Bill merely stripped the shirt off and finished doing the dishes without a shirt. It was hard to concentrate on the dishes with that awesome chest moving around next to him. He could see the dark hairs curling down the cleavage and the pecs, man what a site they were. Bill was certainly in top physical shape, and each time he managed to look at him, it made his dick jerk inside his shorts and brought a tight feeling around his chest.

He almost dropped a dish, his mind was so taken by the hot torso of Bill's that he never saw the water coming. Bill managed to scoop up some of the dish water and splashed it right at Alex's face. He managed to score a direct hit, and the dish in his hand almost fell. Luckily he caught it and found himself spluttering just as Bill did earlier. He was drenched and Bill was howling like a banshee.

The horseplay seemed the right thing to do. Bill could tell that Alex was consumed by the news of Miss Rose, and in his own way, so too was Bill. Thoughts of having Alex in his house for three days and nights was also troubling to him. He knew he had a yen for the boy, well almost man, and was afraid that he either wouldn't control his urges, or that Alex would find out about his desires and that it would ruin their friendship. It was a tough situation, but he couldn't refuse Miss Rose or Father O'Malley for that matter.

He laughed as he got Alex with the soap and together they started to splash each other. Finally it ended, with Alex hiding behind the fridge as Bill had the spray hose out from the sink. He called it quits and they just stood there laughing. Finally Bill could relax a little, and he saw that Alex was more at ease himself.

"Come on... we gotta finish these dishes kid."

"Yeah... put the sprayer down first man..."

"Why? You afraid of a little water... heh?"

"Little water? Hell you've almost flooded the place out... come on... put it down..."

"Spoil sport. Okay there... its down... satisfied now?"

"Yeah, okay... just keep your hands away from it now... okay."

Alex walked back out from the side of the refrigerator and came cautiously towards the sink. His shirt was soaked to the skin and dripped as he walked back to help finish with the dishes. Damn it was a bit hard with his shirt sticking to him, and his feet squished as he walked, the floor was covered in water.

“Take it off.”

“HUH? What? Oh... the shirt... yeah sorry...”

He had been stunned by Bill’s command and his hand had almost betrayed him. His mind had been off wandering in the field of ‘what if’ and was dreaming of following that treasure trail further down on Bill’s full body. God he was such a hot looking guy and the way his hair curled around in little tufts made his heart beat. He could see the hair just below the naval, the way it looked so full, so inviting, as it led down into the jeans. Damn, he wished he could just pop open those pants and let that monster cock back out. He still could see the semi hard cock from his first day here, and it still made him come fully erect.

When Bill had suggested he remove his shirt, his mind was considering popping the jean button and his hand almost started to move forward. In fact it jerked outwards before his mind could come back to reality. Alex felt a deep red growing across his face as he quickly pulled his hand back, then raised them to undo his shirt.

Had Bill seen the movement? Shit, he hoped not or else he was in for a rough time. Damn it, why did he have such low control over his thoughts and body? How could he be so stupid as to assume that Bill would even want to look at him, let alone want him to strip his pants off ? He better get a grip or else he was going to make a real fool of himself in the three days he would be staying here.

Bill tossed him a towel as the shirt came off. In return he reached out and took the wet shirt out of Alex’s hands. His fingers touched the wet hand, briefly, and Bill thought he would pass out. A sudden tremor seemed to rumble through his entire body and all because of that single touch. Damn it, he had better be careful or he’d blow it with Alex and send him running. Why the fuck was life so friggin complicated? Why did Miss Rose have to get sick like this? Why did someone like Alex feel so alone, so disillusioned? Was this really all a part of God’s master plan? If so, it wasn’t all that much fun.

He shrugged his dark thoughts off, willing himself to concentrate on making Alex have a decent night and to get his mind some rest from the turmoil it obviously was in.

The night passed quickly for Bill. He was surprised when they watched ‘West Wing’ on television and some of the comments that Alex came out with. It was amazing how much the kid actually knew about things other than life out on the streets. He showed amazing sense in discussing the show’s plot, and how he felt that maybe politicians should spend more time in people’s homes rather than in some private corporate jet.

They spent the evening talking, watching television, and just getting to know each other. Alex would sit quietly sometimes, then would jump up or make some off the wall comment that brought about some interesting discussions. Damn, the kid was not just street smart, but he put Bill to the test

to keep pace with him.

In many respects it was like a normal evening in anyone's home. The father sitting discussing things with his almost adult son. Yet it wasn't all that normal, as Alex pointed out, just how many families really sat down and watched television together. Weren't they all off into their own world, doing their own thing or something else? He was amazed as the news came on, talking about some local tragedy.

Suddenly it grew quiet in the room. Bill could feel his heart aching suddenly, and the sound of Alex breathing filled his ears. He was about to suggest that maybe they should call it a night when Alex reached out and touched his arm.

The touch of the long tapered fingers around his arm made his blood suddenly boil. He could feel a slight constriction in his throat, and his heart skipped several beats. The cock inside his jeans started to wiggle and grow as Alex's hand rested on Bill's lower arm. Bill slowly turned his face towards Alex, and he saw tears in the boy's dark eyes.

"Bill..."

"What is it Alex?"

"She is going to die ...isn't she?"

How did he answer him? The voice was so soft, the pain very evident in the tone. There was a child like quality in the way Alex had asked him, as if he was a small child asking his father to come forth and battle the hidden monsters and set the world right again. It was an impossible task, and yet Bill felt he had to make an effort.

"I guess Alex... in time ... yes... but we don't know when... look, you are pretty smart... you know that this illness can be held back for years... there are lots of people who manage to do that... all we can do is hope and pray that it happens like that for Miss Rose..."

"I know... it is just..... shit I am sorry, I ..."

"Ssshhh... Alex it's okay. Come on... come here..."

Bill reached over, taking Alex's hand that was on his arm, then pulled the young man towards him. He felt the young flesh of his bare chest as it came into his own bare upper body. His arm wrapped itself around the young boy's shoulders, holding him close to his heart.

"I am so afraid Bill..... damn... I ..."

"I know Alex... I know... honest I do..."

“Why her? ... why? Is God that much of a dickhead?”

“What? God? No... no he isn’t Alex... it is just... shit I don’t have the answers... I don’t know why...”

“Why then? If not God... who? Why her? Oh damn... I swore I wasn’t gonna cry again...”

“It is okay Alex... go on... cry if you want... I know I feel like I could use a good cry about now...”

“You?... but...”

“But what? I cry too Alex... and Miss Rose... shit... she’s been like a mother to me... you know... maybe even more of one than I care to admit...”

Bill held onto Alex tightly as memories of his own youth flooded his mind. Visions of Miss Rose in earlier days came crashing into his mind and he shook with the images. His whole body trembled as he realized that this fine lady was leaving him shortly. He had always thought of her as indestructible, and now that vision was shattered. His own salty tears started to roll down his full face, and he sat there, with Alex crying into his upper chest, and his own tears now flowing down his own face.

It seemed like hours, but in fact was only several minutes. They both sat on the couch, in each other’s arms, holding on, trying to ease their own pain by the sheer physical presence of the other. Bill couldn’t believe how deeply he felt for Miss Rose, but also how much he cared about how Alex was taking the news. It was strange to him, strange that some street kid who she had plucked out of the woods, could develop such a strong bond for her in such a short time.

Alex was terrified by the thought of losing Miss Rose. Yet, here he was, in Bill’s arms, crying like some two year old, and yet it may be stupid, but damn it felt so good to be held by Bill, to feel his heart beating next to his ears. The warmth and strength of Bill’s arms made him feel secure, made the whole situation somewhat bearable. Maybe if he was with Bill, maybe then he could survive this, but no... that isn’t what he wanted ... he didn’t want to survive it, he wanted to have God accept his offer, his deal. That is what he wanted, and yes, he would gladly sacrifice being in Bill’s arms if it would mean that Miss Rose would beat this illness.

Silently he whispered his prayer to God. Once more, over and over again he prayed, ‘Please God, please’ and his heart ached as he struggled to talk with a vision, an image that held no shape in his mind, no structure in his thoughts. ‘Please God, please’ was his mantra.

Bill could hear the soft words from Alex. The chant of ‘Please God, please’ echoed softly in his ear. He knew what Alex was saying, he could feel the anguish in the soft words. There was no doubt of what the prayer contained, and suddenly, Bill began to add his own voice to the prayer. He, too,

offered himself to the Lord, in return for Miss Rose, but not just for her. He asked God to please spare Miss Rose, so she could look after Alex as she had helped look after him when his own mother had left.

His own prayer came from deep within him, it rose up desperately from the depths of his soul, to find its voice in his mind. The heart ached, and the muscles around it felt rock hard, as they constricted to hold the beating vessel of his heart.

His own anguish now flowed upwards to the heavens as he struggled to make the Lord understand. He too wished for Miss Rose to be spared, to take her place; but he also wanted to have God look after Alex, to give him hope, to give him a chance at life and to do that he pleaded with God to let Miss Rose show Alex, just as she had shown a young Bill many years earlier.

His body shook under the tremendous strain of his pleading. He could feel his chest constricting and Alex's head seemed to almost be bouncing on his upper chest. His legs quivered and his arms started to feel like jelly. They seemed to just vibrate with the emotion as it poured out of his soul. His prayer, his own 'Please God, please' echoed loudly inside his whole being. Tears no longer rolled down his cheeks, instead they seemed to be flowing like water coming from a broken dam. He knew they were falling on top of Alex's head and shoulders, but he couldn't stop. His chest was wet from the raging river of tears, not just his own, but they were being joined by an equally immense outpouring from Alex as well.

They were both a mess, each lost in their own silent prayers to a God that neither of them had thought much of in the last few years. Funny, how when things got tough, one turned to someone they had basically ignored when things were good. Bill could feel the hypocrisy in his thoughts, and it only made him wince and tremble harder.

Finally, they were able to gather themselves up. The tears had stopped, for the moment. The breathing became slightly easier, and the pain around their two hearts seemed to ease somewhat. Alex looked up into Bill's blue eyes and found a sea of blue staring down at him. The water was calm now, no white caps rearing their heads. A strange calmness came over him, and he could feel it coming from Bill. He never felt that way before, never felt such a strange union or connection between himself and another human being.

Not even when he was with Chase had he felt so connected, so much a part of someone else. His heart fluttered a bit as his mind struggled to cope with this new sensation. He lifted himself from beneath the sticky wet arms of Bill. It was eerie, but they didn't speak to each other. They moved apart, yet their eyes remained locked onto each other. For a brief time, they communicated between their souls, as if one soul was merely an extension of the other.

Alex sighed deeply and he finally managed to raise his hand and wipe his eyes. His body felt like it had been through a wringer. It was as if he had just waged a war and now it was over. Glancing over at Bill, he could see the

total exhaustion on his face. There were stress lines running across Bill's forehead and he could see that he, too, was spent.

No words were needed, and they rose together and headed off to their respective rooms. Bill stopped in front of the spare room and he took Alex into his arms and gave him a hard hug. He patted his back and smiled down at Alex. His smile wasn't the one Alex normally saw, it was thin and forced looking. There wasn't any doubt that Bill was also struggling with the idea of losing Miss Rose, but he also seemed to sense that there was more to Bill's concern, than just about Miss Rose.

He wondered what Bill had meant when he said that Miss Rose had been like a mother to him when his own had left. He never connected the phrase before, now it nagged at him as he saw Bill enter his own bedroom and close the door, leaving it slightly ajar.

Alex stared at the soft bed, and out of habit, he started to undress, the door open. He thought briefly about shutting it, but decided that he needed it open tonight. His shirt was still downstairs, hanging to dry. He kicked off his sneakers, then reached down to pull off his socks.

As he was bent over, he could feel his heart start to ache again. He also could feel the anger inside him well up to once more demand from God an answer to his prayer. His legs shook and he stumbled a little as he finally got both socks off. He tossed them over to one side of the room and then found his hands grabbing at his pants, angrily trying to pop the damn jean button.

His mind ordered him to slow down, to calm himself, and for a second he let his hands rest at his side, then move back up and this time the fingers managed to grip the pants and pop open the button. Then the zipper was pushed down and he stepped out of the jeans. Only his shorts remained and for some reason, he found his hands wrapped around the waist band, pushing the thin nylon fabric down.

Once more he raised his feet as his hands slid the nylon shorts off his body. He stood there, totally naked, his thin frame trembling a bit in the night air. He looked down at the bed and crawled into it, covering himself in the crisp white sheets and blanket. He lay there, his eyes blinking, staring upwards to the heavens.

Time just seemed to be standing very still. His eyes would check the small clock radio beside the bed, and each time the numbers seemed to have barely moved. He saw the 12 come, then each passing minute seemed to take forever. First it was only five after, then ten, then fifteen and after what seemed an eternity the 12 finally was replaced by a 1.

Alex stared out at the window, watching the old tree bending in the night's wind. He saw the leaves shake to the soft blowing of the air, and he wondered if it was God's breathing that was making the wind. He shook his head, wondering why he was thinking such childish thoughts.

His mind wandered to his past, looking at times in his life and suddenly he saw the face of his mother staring down at him. He could see her fine blond hair flowing from behind her back, the locks curling at their ends. He saw the pain in her eyes, the way she looked at him in disgust.

A dark figure rose up besides her, and he could see the angry face taking shape. His body shook as he saw the man become visible to his eyes. He stood there, one hand resting lightly, almost lovingly, on his mother's shoulder, the other hand was by his side, filled with a long iron stick. Anger flashed in his own eyes at the tall man with the angry eyes and the permanent scowl on his face.

Suddenly the images changed, his breathing relaxed a little as now a figure dressed all in black started to form before him. He could see the blond hair, and he knew it was Chase. There he was, once more in front of him, looking so peaceful, all dressed up in a dark suit. Alex could see his face, so quiet looking, his eyes closed and his hands resting lightly across his stomach.

Alec bolted upright in the bed, as his mind recognized the scene. He was staring down, at Chase, at his body laying there, so much at peace, but then why wouldn't he be at peace. He was dead.

He shivered as he remembered the funeral. There were a few other people there, some old couple who kept crying and wringing their hands together as the Priest said a few words. The casket was open, and Chase lay there, as if asleep. There wasn't any evidence of the trauma that had taken his friend, had taken the only one who had comforted him when he was hurting, who held him when he had his nightmares. Now there was no one, no one left, until he had found Miss Rose and now she too was being taken from him.

Tears started to flow down his face and his whole body began to tremble. He didn't want to be alone anymore, he didn't want to be left out on the street like so much garbage. He could feel his heart pounding in his chest, it ached from the stress, and he could feel himself shaking under the covers as the image of Chase now shifted, and he saw Miss Rose laying there. The old couple was replaced by a vision of Bill and the priest talking was now Father John. He could see it all, and it only made him quiver more, and he could hear himself whimpering in the still of the darkness.

Somehow, he had found himself standing in the doorway to Bill's room. His body barely visible in the darkness, the door that had been left ajar, had been pushed wide open and he stared inside.

There, over to the side of the large bed was what he sought. He softly walked in, his feet cold even though the room had a plush carpet on the floor. He was calling Bill's name softly, with each step he trembled, his arms wrapped across his chest, clinging to themselves and to him.

"Bill. Bill..." he cried out, softly, in a whimpering voice.

"Uh... what. Who... Alex... what is it?"

Bill awoke to soft sound of his name being echoed in his room. He felt strange, as if he was dreaming. The room was in pitch darkness yet he could see a shivering figure near the bed, coming closer. His heart raced briefly in fear, wondering who this was, when his mind finally recognized the shape.

The soft whimpering voice penetrated into his mind, and he could sense the fear in the young man coming towards his bed. He was stunned by how small and vulnerable Alex looked in the shadows of the night.

“Bill... please... Bill.” The voice pleaded.

“Come on Alex... come here...”

It was all that Alex seemed to need. He heard his answer and in a flash his body was pulling aside the bed covers and he was climbing into Bill's bed. He slid over, putting himself next to the figure on the other side.

Bill felt the bed shake as Alex crawled in. He felt a slight draft as the covers were lifted up, then a strange warmth as the young man climbed in and started to slide over to rest his body against that of Bill's. As he felt the touch of Alex's body, he came to suddenly realize that Alex was totally nude.

He reached out his one hand, and as if by signal, Alex fell on top of the arm, and flung his own arms over the well defined chest of Bill. He snuggled his body into the crook of Bill's arm, resting his head on the strong shoulder, his legs wrapped themselves around Bill's own muscular ones and Alex's one hand rested around the bare midriff.

He could feel a wetness as Alex's face rested on his shoulder and he knew that the boy had been crying once again. His heart seemed to feel the pain, and by some unknown instinct he just lay there, his one arm circled under the boy's body, and slowly he brought it upwards, letting it drape over the shaking body.

Gradually the shaking body grew calm. Bill could feel the change taking place and he just waited, knowing that Alex was far from asleep. His arm was still draped over Alex, holding his stomach. Bill just lay there, his mind awhirl with all sorts of different thoughts.

He could see the danger in what was unfolding, yet his mind didn't complain, as it usually did. Instead it seemed to be listening to the beat of his heart and the cries of the young boy next to him.

There was a strangeness about the way he felt. It was as if he felt whole, complete, rather than his normal disjointed feeling. There was no outcries of this was wrong that normally echoed in his mind when a young man lay next to his body. There was no inner struggle of saying no to the lust of his heart. For once his mind and his heart seemed to be in agreement, and it felt so calm, so peaceful, and yet so damn right.

Alex lay in the darkness, his sobs more silent now, more of an inner

cry than a vocal one. He could feel a strange warmth coming over his shaking body as he lay there next to Bill. It was strange, it felt like he belonged here, as if he was meant to be here, next to Bill. The ghosts of his life no longer floated in front of him, they no longer passed through his heart, no longer sending chills down his spine and into his soul. For the first time he actually felt at peace, at ease.

The tears still flowed down his face, but they were no longer generated by terror and shame. He felt so calm, so at one with himself and the tears were tears of thankfulness. Thankful that Bill had not turned him down, but had welcomed him into his bed. Thankful that for this one moment in his young life, he was not some plaything, some package of goods to be haggled over. Thankful that this time, he was actually wanted, not for some perversion or some warped idea, but just for being Alex.

His heart ached still, but differently. It wasn't torn by his past, by the thought of his mother's disapproval or his step dad's anger or of his loss of Chase. Instead, it ached from joy that for this moment, this second of time, he was actually being accepted for just himself. It was a very strange feeling, and his mind wasn't sure how to cope with it. It struggled with the new sensation, tossing this and that in front, for his heart to ponder.

Finally, he managed to calm himself, to fully let his new found acceptance simply take over his being. He opened his eyes, and the darkness seemed to be passing away. It was as if the feeling inside him was pushing the dark cloud away, was letting the light back in to not just his soul, but to the whole room. A sort of bright blue seemed to be overtaking the dark black of the night.

Bill lay there, waiting, his own mind grappling with the warm feeling that was passing through his body. His legs tingled, not from being asleep, but for being alive. His arms felt like they were on fire, the warmth was so intense, specially in the one arm that held Alex to his body. Where Alex had his own hand, Bill could feel a warm glow penetrating his body. His stomach muscles didn't object, as they coiled themselves up. Every part of him seemed to be fully awake, fully enjoying the strange warmth that was invading him.

He blinked as the room started to take shape. Bill could see his dresser, the various bottles and papers that always seemed to crowd the top were becoming visible to him. He could see the walls now, and the shadows of the pictures were very pronounced as the room seemed to be bathed in a soft blue glow. He shook his head, trying to clear it, and instead he watched in awe as the room filled quicker with the soft blue warmth. His toes twitched and he could feel Alex next to him, feel his heart start to beat slightly faster and he knew that Alex was looking up at him.

The room was no longer hidden in the shadows of the night. The soft glow of the moon had risen from behind and now bathed the room in its soft bluish glow. It cast its shadow over the two figures laying in the bed, showing them close together, almost as if they were one person.

“Bill... please...” a soft voice whispered into the glow of the moon. It pleaded quietly, a sense of urgency in the two words, and a sense of total need also. Bill blinked once, as he heard the words gently pass into his ears. He turned slowly, onto his side, to stare across and into Alex’s dark brown eyes. He saw the same request there, as in his ears. He could feel the heart inside of Alex’s chest beating slowly, as if it was waiting for his answer.

That was all he said, “Bill please” and yet it spoke volumes to him. Bill could feel his body tremble as the words ran through every part of him. He knew what they meant, what was expected and his own heart started to slow down, as if waiting, waiting for the answer.

His own blue eyes, locked onto the brown glow of Alex’s eyes. He stared deeply into them, and he saw a strange glow deep down inside. It was barely visible to his searching eyes, but it was there, surrounded by a dark impenetrable black. He moved his face forward, his eyes still open, watching. He focused on the small light, the one tiny shard of brilliance inside the brown emptiness of Alex’s soul.

Bill’s mouth came closer, and he could feel the soft breathe of Alex now, pushing past his dry lips. He could feel it blow past his teeth, into his own waiting mouth. The light seemed to flicker now, he could see it better as his lips were less than an inch from Alex’s.

His own breath was being held in check as he moved closer. He couldn’t close his eyes, some strange force was keeping them open as his mouth lightly pressed up against Alex’s. He could feel his heart change its beat, it was strong but slow, even and contained as his lips pressed against the young mouth of Alex.

The flame in the eyes started to grow before him. It rose up inside the liquid pools of black, starting to shine, then as his tongue touched the shivering teeth before it, the light stopped, then shrunk down, but only for a brief pause. Now it roared back, its faded blue turning into a brilliant flickering blue white.

It rose from the centre, filling the dark brown eyes with its brilliance. Bill’s heart started to pound steadier, but faster. The beat was now starting to cause his chest to ache, yet he could feel that with each thump, each beat, an answering beat was coming from without.

The light was growing as his tongue pushed past the now opening mouth. He could taste the saltiness that surrounded the lips, from all the tears, his mind told him as he continued to watch the flickering light inside of Alex’s eyes. His blood started to pick up speed, to rush quickly to and fro inside his body. As the light grew, Bill’s penis started to awaken from its sleep. The fear of the moment, the hesitation of the time, now pushed aside with each passing second as the flame inside of Alex’s eyes grew in intensity.

His own blue eyes seemed to shimmer as he watched the scene unfolding. His heart was gradually growing in strength now, his breathing becoming more strident as his tongue explored the warmth of Alex’s mouth.

He could taste the salt inside, feel the rough edges of the uneven teeth, feel the hot breathe coming up from within. Still his eyes refused to close, still they locked onto the now growing flame.

The darkness surrounding the light was gradually changing. It no longer was an impenetrable black, it had turned first to a sort of black, then a dark grey, and now even that dark shade was lightening, as the flame flickered in its wild dance of growth. It started to fill the orbs of his pupils, The empty blackness no longer covered his soul, it was slowly breaking out from under the depths of the despair that had covered it, with each flick of Bill's tongue, Alex could feel himself grow.

Bill's arms now were gently holding the shaking body between him. His mouth covered the young scared one, tasting his fear, and yet also tasting his release. The shaking had scared Bill, but now he knew it was from a release, from joy and not from pain. The demons were leaving as he gently ran his hands down the shaking body, feeling the tiny young hairs trying to push through on the skin, feeling the scars along the leg, feeling the desire welling up inside the chest. All of this passed through his fingers and into his own body as he continued to kiss and gaze into Alex's eyes.

The light was growing faster now as his own heart started to shift into over drive. He could feel it beating, faster and faster, with each flick of his tongue, with each flicker of the now blinding blue white light. He saw Alex blink, first once, then again, and suddenly the dark shadows had disappeared within the eyes, instead his brown eyes started to shine, to radiate as his tongue stopped, resting against the roof of Alex's mouth. His hand stopped moving, resting lightly on the belly, just below the soft belly button.

Bill could feel a strange pounding against the outer part of his chest, right near the thumping of his own heart. His chest vibrated to the beat, feeling it, sensing it, matching it now with the solid thump of his heart. Slowly he breathed out, releasing his own pent up emotions, and like a magical wand, he knew that he was feeling Alex's own heart reaching into his chest, he could feel the temerity of the boy, feel the uncertainty, then as it met the solid beat of his own heart, the fear, the doubt, flew away.

A sense of pure joy and exhilaration entered his body, and passed out of it to go to Alex's. He felt it taken inside, felt it flow along the young limbs, the legs, arms, the whole body. It started to change its motion, the shaking seemed to stop briefly, then once more it began to tremble but now in a different manner.

His lips pressed harder against Alex's mouth, and for the first time he felt life inside. He felt Alex move his tongue, flick it out to touch and rub against the bottom of his own tongue. His mind leaped for joy at the touch, his heart raced forward and he knew his cock was suddenly rock hard. His muscles inside his whole body were suddenly coiled like a solid steel spring. Ready to pounce, ready to unleash their power, but still holding back, waiting, just waiting.

Alex had his hand on Bill's back, it had rested there, not moving, not daring to even tremble. Suddenly, with a tentativeness that surprised Bill, it shook briefly. The fingers seemed to stretch out for a bit, then retract, and then seeing nothing happen, they moved out once again. His hand now played the fingers outwards, fanning them against the warm solid backside, feeling the heat passing along the back veins.

Now the hand trembled, but not from fear, but out of excitement. He could feel the blood racing inside the body they held. He could feel, that in itself made his heart leap for joy. His mind was no longer closed, no longer clouded. A strange calm entered his whole body, and his legs quivered, but out of desire, not out of fear. His arms shook, not from trepidation, but from anticipation.

He forced his tongue out from hiding, and now it played eagerly with the slow moving one from Bill. He teased it, tasting it, enjoying the sudden taste of something fresh, something that loved him back. He wiggled his tongue, touching Bill's, both tips eagerly now licking at each other. His mouth felt alive, a deep warmth was flowing down his throat, down to his heart, which seemed to be growing in strength now.

His eyes no longer reflected bleakness. He could see now, the deep calm blue of Bill's eyes were visible to his soul now, and it made his body quiver in excitement. A strong urge to shout his joy was welling up inside his chest, and the deep blue of Bills eyes filled his soul with passion.

It was like watching the birth of a world, as the flame started to burn brighter and now it took full centre stage. The darkness that once almost hid it completely was gone, instead of even a light grey, there was light now. A radiance that seemed to be burning brighter with each touch of his hand, each motion of his tongue, each breath, each beat of his heart. The awakening of Alex was a breathtaking thing to behold and Bill could feel his soul reaching out now; it, too, coming alive for the first time in ages.

His own depths of despair, and ghostly demons, seemed to be fleeing from the bright light burning clearly now inside of Alex. It touched him, it made him feel whole, feel alive like he had just been reborn. Slowly his hands moved along the young body, exploring the soft young flesh, feel it move under his touch, feel it tremble with desire as his hand brushed past it.

There were no doubts, no thoughts of turning back. He wanted this, as much as Alex. He could feel his own desire surging ahead, demanding its own place amongst the passion of Alex. Surprisingly, it was allowed in, the hot young body relaxed, allowing his own skin to sweat in anticipation, tremble with excitement. His heart pounded anew deep inside his chest, in time with an answering beat from deep within Alex.

Together the two hearts echoed their brains desire, their bodies eagerness, their souls acceptance. As if they were one, the two faces pulled apart, the tongues just barely sticking out, still touching, tip to tip, making the kiss linger for one last brief added second. Then they were apart, their souls not

physically connected but still locked together by their mutual need and desire.

Alex reached across, his hand now moved slowly down Bill's broad back, he felt the spine, the rough discs that dotted it were each lovingly traced, gently caressed; then on the hand moved, downwards, and still his brown eyes gazed wonderingly into the deep ocean blue of Bill's eyes.

Bill could feel the way Alex was touching him. It sent jolts of flames racing through his body. His arms quivered under the gentle touch of the young hand. He felt the tenderness of Alex, felt the soft side of the young man who acted so tough, so capable, so not in need, but yet who was desperate for a warm smile, a gentle hug. The facade was broken, wiped away under the brilliance of the fire that had awoken deep inside him.

Alex moved his hand slowly, his heart guiding him, refusing to let him fail. Carefully his hand could feel the soft flesh of Bills buttocks rising up to meet him. He could sense the presence of the deep centre cleavage, the entrance that his heart desired. Just as his hand reached it, he stopped his motion. His eyes now changed, they no longer just listened, no longer reflected his inner thoughts, now they switched to his heart, revealing his urgent needs, his desperate desires towards Bill.

There was no denying the strong force of the boy's pleas. Bill could hear them roaring inside his head. The messages were coming fast and furious now, his heart was relaying them with lightning speed and yet was barely able to keep up. His soul started to burn hot and bright inside his body.

Bill could tell that his needs had been served, for now. It was time to once more delve down deep into the very depths of Alex, to find the source of the brilliant blue light, to cradle it, to hold it, to cherish it, to fuel its flame even more.

He reached down, his hand now around the slender waist, reaching down from the soft flesh of the belly, to run along the course trail of hair, barely formed along the belly button down to the groin. His fingers could feel the wiry hair, and twisted it, played with it, feeling it come alive, feeling it start to spread apart as his fingers and hand moved downwards.

The trail was leading to a joint meeting of hearts, minds, and souls. Bill could feel the softness around the upper groin, then the full patch of pubic hair was beneath his hand. His fingers spread the hairs apart, digging down to touch the roots, touch the bare skin from where they sprouted from. His lungs expelled their pent up breath, took another deep pull of air and his chest started to ache even harder. Still his hand moved slower, careful to touch each strand of wiry hair, each strand was attended to.

Alex breathed in deeply, filling his lungs with the crisp night air that filled the room from the open window at the foot of the bed. He could smell the night odour, but also the scent of Bill was able to wrap itself around the night's own special scent. Together they were intoxicating to Alex. His head swam a little, as the heady odour permeated his brain.

Alex's toes arched downwards, with the soft touch of Bill's hand against his groin. His legs started to vibrate as Bill moved his hand slowly along the soft sensitive skin. There was an answering shudder from Bill's leg that lay across Alex's. Their bodies were starting to become as one, reacting to the other, as if plugged in to the same socket, draining the power from the same source.

Just as Alex's eyes had flickered, now his started to smoulder under the intense penetration from Alex. His own soul had burnt through the obstacles, the facades, that one so hardened had thrown up. Now it was his turn, his time to feel the deep penetration of another soul. Bill sighed deeply, a slight fear rising amongst all the wild passion that was surrounding him.

It started in the pit of his stomach, as the tip of Alex's tongue broke apart, leaving his own dangling, wanting to feel more of the rough textured organ, yet his heart beat out its messages, filling his mind, ordering his body. Bill suddenly felt like he was back in high school, his first kiss, his first touch. The fear of failure, that always haunted him, the fear of rejection that always stood on his shoulder were once more in place. This time they didn't seem so tall, and this time his heart had help.

Alex could feel the oncoming fears, the doubts that were always waiting to assail a person, and his heart rose up in its love, its need, its desperate desire. It joined the thumping beat of Bill's own heart and without any thought, his hand now renewed its journey along the buttocks. His fingers played along the man crack, his hand resting just above the tiny blond hairs along the outer edge, feeling them as it moved downwards.

His fingers gently pushed down inside, along the deep crevice, feeling the warmth and moisture that was ever present. He could feel the sweetness that was there, the tenderness and his heart rose up even more. His breathing was being held in check as his hand now pressed down a bit harder, pushing against the twitching flesh.

The shrill voice of rejection was gradually being silenced. Its perch on Bill's shoulder was getting wet, slippery, and it was having to battle to keep its hold. Louder and louder Alex's heart was beating. Slower and slower his soul was reaching across, gradually eroding the distance between itself and Bill's waiting soul. The hand now rested at the very centre of the twitching buttock cheek, his fingers slowly were inching themselves forward and down, patiently moving aside the quivering flesh.

Bill could feel it, his eyes blinked once, then remained locked again on the now solid burning blue white light across from his face.

The brown eyes were shimmering in the glow of the moon bathed room. His ears echoed only the strident cries of love and desire from Alex's heart and mind and soul. The shrill voices of rejection, of failure were fading, losing their hold, losing their grip.

Alex moved his body closer, his face still just inches from the soft

glowing face of Bill. His eyes locked onto the deep blue eyes across from his own, and he could see the blue starting to sway, starting to gather itself, beginning to glitter. His fingers continued their trek down between the perfect white mountains, looking for the secret entrance. He could feel the desire welling up across from him, the way the legs were still, waiting for his journey to reach its destination.

Bill felt every muscle in his body slowly rear back, coiling up like tempered steel. His ache was now running through every part of his body. His blood was racing here and there, answering the urgent cries within for the life giving oxygen it carried. The veins in his whole body were full, extended to their maximum as the hot blood raged inside.

The soft but firm touch of Alex's finger, against his tight pink hole made him cry out. The groan echoed into the still of the night, the sound bouncing off every wall. It grew in volume, yet Alex heard nothing but the soft quiet 'yes' that entered his mind. Bill's silent desire was transmitted and the young thin finger, poised and waiting above the pink hole, answered the call.

It moved slowly, circling the tight pink muscle, feeling it, testing it, letting it know that it was there. Bill's whole body stiffened as the finger ran around the tip of the hole. His lungs were aching hard, his chest was tightening, his heart was still beating, but in a ragged tempo, as it, too, waited to see the result of the urgent plea.

Around and around the finger circled the tight pink hole, slowly working its way down, slowly and carefully warming the tight muscle, letting the natural lubrication juices work their wonder around and on the pink sphincter. His finger was expertly guided as it circled, narrowing its pattern with each completed circle. Slowly it moved, but relentless in its drive down.

Now it barely moved in space, the circle tight and centred on the pink hole. Carefully the young bony finger pressed down, with increasing firmness the pressure was increased as the tip still circled around. The hand rested strongly on the fleshy cheek, the other fingers splayed outwards in a fan shape, pressing themselves into the warm moist crack, pulling back on the soft pink flesh, opening and exposing the tight muscle to the one touching finger.

The harsh voice of failure no longer was able to cry out, the shrill whining voice of rejection was tossed off his shoulder as the finger tip pushed in, slowly but inwards none-the-less. It passed by the tight muscle, controlling Bill's hole, and the realization that it was now inside of Bill made the two hearts pound together in rapid beats.

As the long tapered finger pushed inside, Bill shifted his body forward, to press hard into the young body in front. It met an equal adjustment as Alex also moved closer. Together their bodies now joined, the sweat from their quivering limbs joined them like glue.

Bill's hand was wedged tightly inside, between the two bodies that came together. He winced a bit, but then he felt the warmth, the hardness under

his hand and the firmness of the finger pushing inside his own rectum. His eyes no longer reflected calm control; instead, it was like the oceans had risen up to roar their might. His eyes were no longer soft placid pools of blue.

Alex could see the change, feel it in his whole body as they came together on the outside. His finger travelled deep inside now, feeling the heat, the softness that was inside of Bill. He felt the muscles inside slink back, letting his finger in, allowing it to pass unimpeded.

For a second Alex closed his eyes, to let his mind adjust, to revel in the pure joy that was now filling every part of his body. His soul was yelling in triumph, at its success at reaching Bill. His heart was no longer straining, as it had help in that it, too, had joined with Bill. His mind no longer fought alone, for it had been reinforced by the older more experienced mind of Bill. They were as one, almost, and they knew that that too would soon change.

His body shuddered as his finger was extended as far as it could go. He was deep inside of Bill, feeling all around, feeling the soft velvet lining, feeling the smooth walls that lined his insides, feeling the strong muscles that were coiled up inside, barely letting the finger work through.

The clock on the night table continued its constant ticking, showing that time did indeed advance, but to the two bodies entwined in the bed, time had no meaning. The golden glow of the moon bathed them both, the sheets no longer covering their bodies; instead, the night air cloaked them in its embrace, letting them explore each other in absolute peace.

Bill's body couldn't stand it, he could tell that his whole life was at a pinnacle. His eyes peered once more deeply into the brilliant shining orbs of Alex. He searched briefly before he knew that what he had been seeking was there. Another moan escaped his mouth, adding its ringing endorsement to what his heart already knew.

He crushed his body forward, forcing the teen's finger further into his rectum, feeling it touch spots never before touched so lovingly, so tenderly, so urgently. Now he also felt other things, his hand, almost asleep, began to move again, finding room between the locked bodies, and it, too, had its mission to complete.

Agonizingly slowly his hand managed to free itself enough to move, and downwards it went, stretching out, just as Alex's hand had done in its own search. It pushed aside the wiry young pubic hairs, and then slowly managed to work its way back up along the shuddering thighs. His hand now free, rested on top of the bony hip that was Alex. It didn't waste any time, and pushed itself along the young boy flesh, feeling the indent of the thigh muscle, then the soft flesh of the ass cheek. It felt it give as it moved around to feel the full cheeks, the flesh hot to his touch, just as his own was.

His hand moved faster now, his fingers reaching out and then they found the narrow crevice, the crack that separated the two young cheeks, and his own fingers now fanned out, digging into the young flesh, hitting bone.

Now they pressed even harder, forcing the young flesh to spread apart. One cheek hooked by Bill's hand, the other left to quiver on its own, in anticipation.

The hand was larger than Alex's and he could grab more of the young flesh. His finger moved down now, feeling the boy's heat, feeling also his almost uncontrollable excitement as Bill drove his finger towards the centre, towards the young pink sphincter muscle. It reached it, but his heart couldn't wait, and it pushed hard against the young muscle, feeling it resist for a brief second, then it gave way, allowing Bill entry.

As his finger felt the muscle give way, his mind ordered it to move faster, and now it forced its way inside, past the resisting muscle, past the young firm inner muscles, deep into the velvet lined hole his finger went, sending shock waves of joy up the canal, deep into the boy, right for his soul.

Bill could feel his body stiffen, feel the body under his grip stiffen as well. He looked back into the eyes, seeing the flame almost explode outwards. Its top now flickered bright right at the centre of the pupils. He could see the light shards themselves. Rays of pure blue seemed to dance around, sending long flashes outwards towards his own face.

He licked his lips, as if tasting what his finger was feeling, buried now deeply into Alex. His own buttocks squeezed inwards, gripping Alex's finger that was inside. They lay there, each of them with one finger in the other's rectum. Each of them twirling the finger, exploring every part of the other's inner sanctum.

Huge waves of pure energy seemed to be running free inside of the two bodies. There was no stopping them, not that either of them wanted to. The bodies were in motion, the hips pushing in, then out, each of them desperately trying to hold onto the wiggling fingers, desperate to make them stay inside, eager to force them deeper inside.

Bill's face was filled with sweat and he could see the glistening covering of sweat across from his own face, a mirror to his face, or so his mind said to him. He smiled then, a thin slight upward turn of his lips, his tongue just barely visible. It was all Alex needed to see.

In a second his finger was pulled free of Bill's clenching cheeks, his body made a smacking sound as it too pulled free of the sticky body in front. He reared backwards, forcing Bill's finger to come out, to slide along his cheeks then his hips. Alex couldn't hold back, and he turned his body from facing Bill's to being on his back. His legs stretched out, his one hand now tossed to the other side, far away from Bill.

With his other hand, he brought it down to his side, in between his body and that of Bill's. He wormed it under the shoulder that rested on the bed. His face was angled so that it stayed fixed to Bill's face. His eyes signalled their need, signalled to Bill's own heart the need and desire.

Bill had been taken aback by the rapid withdrawal of Alex's finger

from his rectum, he felt suddenly less than whole. His pure joy was suddenly tempered, dampened a bit, until his eyes once more focused on the burning eyes of Alex. Then he understood as he felt the young hand worm its way under his lower shoulder, the one resting on the bed.

Easing it up, he let the hand pass easily under him, to reach around and then up his back. It rested on his shoulder blade, then with surprising strength, he felt himself being pulled over and up, so that he would wind up on top of the young man who was now sharing his bed.

Alex could feel the sudden emptiness inside him; it felt like he was in a vacuum all of a sudden. He ached in his rectum where once Bill's finger had been exploring, touching him. Now it felt empty, but he needed to fill that need now, he couldn't wait any longer. His arm passed effortlessly under Bill, and now snaked its way quickly up his back, towards his shoulder.

With a deep sigh, filling his lungs with fresh air, he pulled, to bring Bill forward and up. It was a gigantic feat, considering that Bill outweighed him by at least 50 pounds, but somehow he managed.

His heart knew how, and it rose to the occasion, pounding even faster, sending the blood raging through his limbs. His muscles strained outwards, uncoiled, to join in the undertaking.

Bill's heart joined in the struggle, beating in time with that of Alex's heart. His mind signalled his body to not only not resist, but to aid in the attempt and Bill found himself now laying across the young man. His arms were spread out and above Alex's head. The palms rested firmly on the bed. His legs were now placed right between those of Alex, his whole body now centred, his chest right on top of Alex, his hips on top of Alex, his groin now pressed firmly downward, right on top of Alex.

As Bill came over and rested on top of him, Alex spread his legs apart, forcing Bill's legs to land in between them. His cock was drooling with anticipation now, a steady stream of white pre-cum oozing from its open head. His hands now stayed inside, so that Bill's would rest above his shoulders. His eyes now stared upwards, and while they had changed direction, they still were focused onto the steaming blue eyes of Bill.

They looked into each other's soul. Bill, urgently in need of reassurance, Alex in need to communicate his urgent need for union. Together they stared, each one seeking answers from the other. Both of them, breathing heavy now, sucking in the night's fragrance, the night's air, into their heaving lungs. Their hearts slowed briefly, to gather themselves for the coming mission. Their minds closed to everything around them, tuned in to the beating hearts, and the joyous souls.

Bill stared, as his body slowly gathered itself. He waited, knowing that more was to come, and that his part was still to come. His eyes seemed to be burning, and the glare from Alex's eyes were blinding. He breathed deeply now, his chest rapidly filling itself up with the intoxicating smell that was

floating around them. As he lay there, the night's air cooled his over heated body. The coolness was helping him, as the sweat stopped its dripping, for the moment.

Alex could feel the tension rising as he collected himself. His lungs were filling themselves up, gearing up for the next step in his desire to be loved. His whole body was focusing itself on the towering shape above him. Cautiously he moved his arms down, slowly starting to raise his legs to meet the coming arms.

Bill could feel the movement beneath him, and he lifted his hands upwards, planting them firmly into the mattress. Very slowly he raised himself a bit, letting Alex move freely beneath his bulk. The legs of the young boy, long and soft, were now moving up. The bony knees were starting to raise up, and the torso started to slip down a bit. He could see the light in Alex's eyes, it was jumping up and down, bright and full one second, then ever so slightly dulled and lower the next.

Alex had his legs up now, the knees were almost straight up, his feet firmly planted on either side of Bill's towering frame. He looked into Bill's eyes, focused on the pulsing white caps that seemed to be rolling across the deep blue eyes. His hands rested by his hips, waiting. His body continued now, pulling the knees backwards, raising his young long legs up off the mattress, raising them so his own groin would be fully exposed to the shape above him.

He felt the night air circling beneath his warm flesh, his buttock gradually changing its position as the legs rose upwards, the knees now parallel to his flat backside. His arms reached up to place his hands just behind his knees, feeling his own firm thigh muscles as they strained in lifting the legs upwards.

Bill felt the change, felt the hot throbbing cock sliding up against his belly, as the body changed its position. His mind waited, counting out the time, watching the motion, watching the slow march of the knees backwards, waiting for its moment in the spotlight. His thoughts were focusing on the young body, the ribs now visible to his searching vision, the small indents that signified scars or marks.

As Alex's knees came backwards, Bill felt himself lifting his body upwards, his chest no longer pressed down on the young thumping chest of Alex. His face no longer breathed a mere inch from the most desirable mouth he had ever looked at. His torso now was upwards, his own long thick cock still touching the hot flesh of the boy, but no longer wedged tightly against it. He could feel the hot tube of Alex sliding away from his belly, jerking slightly as it passed by his belly button, as if trying to remain behind, trying to stay touching his body.

The knees were bending back now, the long legs started to be pushed aside, forced to spread apart even wider now, the hands moving along the inner leg, down to grip firmly the thin ankles. Alex gazed into Bill's blue eyes, as his hands wrapped themselves around his own ankles, each finger tightening its

grip, attaching themselves in a death grip on his own flesh. He felt his knuckles turning white, felt the blood leaving the long tapered fingers.

His heart now stopped briefly, as the eyes narrowed, his vision no longer seeing anything but the deep blue that was Bill's eyes. In the centre of the deep pulsing blue, he could see the light of his own eyes reflected, then he opened his mouth, gasped out a low moan, as he saw the reflection change, the blue change its shape, now they blue discs no longer were just pulsing; instead, he saw them open wider, taking him inside, feeling the pull, the drag of Bill's soul.

His body responded, the heart stopped its frantic pace, its beat stilled by the sight being viewed from within. The brain no longer urging the body to move this way, that way. Time stood still for Alex as he watched Bills eyes, watched his soul starting to show itself to him.

Bill could feel it, his stomach was gurgling, as if in motion, his body started to vibrate, sort of humming as it moved. A soft roar, like waves crashing against a shoreline, but off in a distance, filled his ears. His body ache was growing, the pressure around his groin was intense now, the ache dominating his brain briefly, then a new ache took its place. It was centered deep within his body, filling his whole body with its strident call.

The legs were up and off to one side, waving in the air, nothing but Alex's own hands holding them up, his buttocks were twitching in the night's breeze. The soft bluish rays of the moon cast its glow over the white flesh, the sudden shakes, twitches of the cheeks, casting shadows across the bed, sending out its readiness towards the waiting figure above.

Bill could feel his cock now, it was moving, slowly it was snaking its way down, the head of it barely touching the hot young flesh beneath it. White drops of pre-cum helped to allow the hot dry flesh slide down, resting now on the very edge of Alex's body. It had passed by the full balls, swaying in the night's air, eager for the upcoming motion.

As if it had been there before, the huge cock managed to find its own way towards Alex's cleavage. The crack between the two moon bathed cheeks was there, guiding the throbbing penis now, as the head had found the start of the long trail. It was touching the top of the opening, the top of the trail, as Bill's body tensed up. Each muscle now coiling itself tighter and tighter, willing the moment to last even longer, willing it to wait while it readied itself for the coming explosion of passion and desire.

Bills' eyes were burning now, small tears formed at the corners of them, as he felt the hot white light from Alex push its way inside, touching his blue calm, setting them alight with a new found passion, a new found desire, a new found urge, need. The body shuddered as the light flickered briefly then roared forward, steady now, growing larger and larger.

His penis moved down the trail, down the widening canal, aiming for the quivering tight pink mass that awaited the throbbing member. The cheeks

shook as well as the hot burning cock passed along its outer canal, white pre-cum now flowing steady from the burning head, easing the passage, coating the canal with its milky lubrication.

The two and half inch thick penis pushed the quivering cheeks aside as it relentlessly moved down the warm canal, aiming for the pink hole and Alex's entrance-way. The huge seven and half inch penis was slowly reaching its goal, Bill could feel it tingling with excitement as it came closer to the waiting entry point.

The light in his eyes was digging itself deeper into his body. Just as his cock was slowly reaching its desired mark, so too the light was inching forward in its own quest. His heart now started to beat once again, time no longer held in abeyance. His chest ached from the strain, but he ignored the searing pain; instead, he let his muscles continue to tighten, continue to wind themselves up into tight compact coils. His skin felt clammy, the dry sweat now starting to once again ooze out from his pores.

It was becoming warmer inside the room, the heat from the two bodies now was like a blast furnace door, and entrance to the fiery depths of their animal passion and lust. Alex could smell it, the desire of his body was slowly mingling with the same tangent smell of Bill's body. Together the two scents were merging, becoming one fragrant potion of love.

Alex could feel his cock jerking against his own belly, the long slender throbbing six and quarter inch penis was jerking one way, then another, yet always coming back to briefly rest on his belly, on the soft fuzzy patch of dark hair that led up to his belly button. His arms now started to throb in excitement as he felt Bill's pulsing cock moving closer to his pink hole.

A brief spasm passed through Alex's body as he felt the sudden touch of one of Bill's hand as it moved down his side, towards his own pulsing groin area. His balls were up tight against his cock shaft, and he felt the hand pass below them, reaching past them to find the throbbing love weapon that was wedged between his quivering cheeks. He could feel the hand touch the thick member, feel it hold it, then firmly to push it down a bit further along his outer canal, pushing it to its final resting place, right above his quaking pink sphincter muscle.

As the hot two inch thick cock head wedged itself above and on the tiny pink muscle, a stream of sticky pre-cum came flooding out, coating the pink hole with its wetness. The feeling of the hot juice made Alex cry, a long low moan came cascading out of his mouth. The room's silence was broken by the soft yet urgent cry, and Bill felt his whole body tremble to the sound.

The fire from Alex's soul grew brighter and hotter as Bill's penis found its mark. It filled Bill's entire body now, growing even hotter, as it warmed the flowing blood inside. It grew brighter as it reached its own mark, the edge of Bill's soul. The searing light cast its own glow, and Alex thought he could see Bill's body start to glow from within. The body above his own quivering mass of bones and flesh took on a strange orange glow. The skin

shown from within, no longer white, no longer cast in the shadow of the moon rays. It cast its own shadows across Alex, letting the young boy stare at the tight muscles, bunched together, waiting for that moment.

The solid pecs shook, the bright pink nipples fully erect, sticking out from the centre, the flesh shaking. The shoulders bulged with the coiled muscles inside, the stomach had long ripples running fully across it. The belly pulled inwards, the soft flesh now taking on the hardness of granite. The long thick legs, straightened outwards, the calf muscles bulging outwards, shining in the orange glow, casting their own long narrow shadows onto the back of Bill's legs.

The soft full buttocks were now clenched; indentations holding dark shadows of a deep orange, as the muscles constricted forcing the pliable flesh inwards. The hip bone now jutting outwards, showing its shape as the long thick cock was pressed up against Alex's tight hole.

Bill's face, slightly upraised, now lowered itself. He stared back into the fiery eyes, the windows into Alex. He could feel the burning light touching his own soul, and he waited. His heart skipped a beat, as it too waited. His lungs held the remaining breath, savouring it. His nostrils flared, taking in the mixed scent of his body and that of Alex.

Alex could feel it, the pressure on his hole was signalling to him. His heart now started to skip every other beat, then it settled down, found its rhythm, its beat. The young heart now reached out, one more time, towards the towering, waiting, figure that was Bill. The fire from deep within had stopped, it too waiting for the time to come.

As if ordained, a soft wind blew into the room from the opened window. A strong fragrance wafted into the room, the heavy smell of fresh growing flowers swirled around the two bodies, coating them in its fragrance. Both nostrils flared, both noses drank deeply of the intoxicating fumes. It was what they seemed to have been waiting for, the one final signal, the one final piece of the puzzle that was to become their love.

As the strong fragrance passed inwards, the fire that was Alex roared outwards, its hot flames flashed forward, entering Bill's waiting soul. The heat seared his soul, covered it in its own brilliance.

The waves of love now coming from deep within Alex cascaded outwards, overtaking every emotion, every thought, into Bill.

As the flame roared to life, Bill's body flung itself downwards. Every muscle inside his body uncoiled as one spring, forcing every body part down, letting loose a tremendous force of energy, sending it all towards the throbbing penis, sending it back down towards Alex's own body.

The seven and half inch penis ploughed its way inside, pushing aside the sphincter muscle, sending a rippling wave of pain into the young boy's body. The wave of pain moved fast, touching every part of the boy, making the

legs jump in his own hands, making the arms quiver and shake. His toes arched themselves backwards, sending another wave of pain back along the track of his veins.

Alex's body was in convulsions as the pain raged inside him. It filled every nerve, sent every bell off inside his head. His eyes fluttered, the lids shaking like a hummingbird's wings. His head tossed itself back and forth against the firm bed, the pain filled those eyes now with soft wet tears.

Bill's force had been tremendous. It was like the release of a thousand horses that had been penned up for weeks in a tiny corral. They broke free, to ride among the wind, to toss aside their restraints. The halters flew, the reins dangling and slapping against their necks, as they raced ahead, tasting the sudden freedom, feeling their independence.

His cock pushed hard, and was engulfed in a fleeting protest from the muscles that lined the velvet insides. It was useless, they couldn't hold the raging cock back, and it dug deep and hard into the warm insides of Alex. He could feel it pushing, feel it filling every inch of his canal, his body.

The pain had reached its peak, it was everywhere inside of him. Alex was crying out now, constant loud groans of pain escaped his mouth. His body thrashed under the force of Bill's entrance to his body. The flame inside him flickered, it wavered briefly but his own determination won through and now once more the flame roared out its desire. He pushed upwards, his buttocks flung itself up as his hands held onto his legs, forcing them to remain up and outside. He gave the huge throbbing cock inside of him more room, more space, as the motion spread his cheeks even wider, opening his canal even more to the plunging cock.

Bill could feel his insides burning. The bright light was blinding him, and yet he couldn't close his eye lids. They were burning from the harsh glare, yet held open as if glued to his forehead. His soul started to scream inside, as the heat of the flame grew in intensity. It was roaring inside him, hotter than any blast furnace, more intense than any explosion, and yet his heart knew that it was only the beginning.

His crotch now pressed hard against the soft wet skin of Alex's buttocks. He had filled the insides with his throbbing cock and yet it seemed to be demanding more of him. His body pressed hard, driving the body beneath him into the bed, forcing the coiled springs in the mattress to yield, to give to his force and they reverberated in the room, lost amidst the loud cries coming from himself and Alex.

The night was slowly fading but the two bodies knew nothing of it or of time. They moved hard and fast, acting as one single entity. As Bill would thrust his body down, Alex would push his upwards, to meet the relentless force that was Bill's body. As Bill spent his force down, then pulled it back, to gather his strength for another thrust into Alex, the boy would pull his groin down, to rest his buttocks briefly on the soft yielding bed. Then he would start all over again as the sweating figure above him would come crashing back

down. The throbbing cock reaching further inside with each thrust, each push.

Bill could feel his balls slapping hard and loudly against the wet cheeks of Alex's rear. The sound only made him push faster, push harder, push deeper inside. His heart now rang out, eager to fuel the furious thrusts. It was joined by Alex's heart, adding its own urgency, its own need to keep fuelling the hard furious pounding.

The two bodies acted together, the two hearts aided each other in forcing more and more blood towards the pounding penis, towards the aching rectum. The lungs filled and expelled its life giving oxygen as fast as it could, so the heavy pounding, the furious union, could continue.

The fire burned hotter and hotter, it surrounded then passed inwards engulfing Bill's soul. Together the two souls now mingled within the heat and brilliance of the bluish white light. Together they signalled their hosts, forcing the pace to go even faster, the feeling of their union taking over their entire being, their entire existence.

Bill's head was dizzy, it felt light, faint as the pace went on, growing in speed with each passing second. The waves of joy were almost too much. His ears rang out with the distant shouts of passion. They rang loudly, no longer dulled by anything. Distance no longer mattered. Each sound, no matter where it emanated from, filled his ears, filled his mind, filled his heart.

Alex could feel himself losing consciousness. His mind was becoming overwhelmed by the strong tremors that run through the young body. The pure joy was so intoxicating, so fulfilling, so damn inviting. He felt like he was floating, like he was on a sea of happiness. His heart pounded hard, fast, in time with each thrust of Bills body.

His arms were like rubber now, the sweat dripping off them to fall into a forming pool on the bed. His fingers ached from the strain of holding his shaking legs, his whole body was nothing but a quivering mess of rubber. The thrusts made him bounce now, his body would be forced hard into the mattress, so hard that it forced the springs down to the bottom, and as the force of the thrusts pulled back to pounce again, the springs in the bed would thrust the young body upwards.

Bill's arms were locked into position, the weight of his whole body was now resting on those two powerful arms, and they were feeling the stress. The elbows were locked, aching painfully, as they held him rigid. His legs were stretched so far out and down that the muscles were locked into position. His hips were a blur now, as they thrust down, pulled up, thrust down, faster than the eye could see.

The hard cock inside was beginning to chafe, the pre-cum long since used up, the heat from the constant friction of the huge throbbing shaft against the sinewy muscles along the velvet tunnel, making it even hotter, rubbing the skin, rubbing the thick pulsing veins.

Bill could feel his balls tighten their hold. They slapped hard against the wet buttocks, painfully slapping them, stinging not only himself but Alex. It was inevitable, the force was taking hold now, the two bodies were slowly losing their force, their fuel. The burning fires within were eating up the air, taking all the oxygen out, and then with one final effort, Bill could feel the fire roar out.

Alex could sense it, his own cock started to jerk itself, the six and a quarter inch shaft now was flinging itself all around his stomach, the hot head aching as it touched his own burning flesh. The slapping sound drove him hard, the noise filling his mind with what it meant, the union was becoming complete, one final part left to finish the puzzle, left to finally bring the two bodies together, to make them one being, one heart, one mind, one soul.

The long slender cock on his stomach burst, it spewed its hot boy milk as Bill's body rose up one more time. The hot liquid flashed outwards, splattering its burning milk all across the rising chest, drops burning as they touched the fiery flesh.

The touch of the hot cream was the signal his own soul needed. It was the last piece that needed to be finished. His heart gathered itself, joined by Alex's own pounding organ. A strong smell now filled his nostrils, filled his soul, and Bill almost fainted from the sheer joy that the smell seemed to give him. His whole body shook, then gathered itself one more time. Every muscles gathered itself, coiled once more, knowing that this was the time, the chance, the moment.

Alex could feel it, feel the hot liquid burning him, as drops of his cum splashed against his upraised chin. Drops touching his own pecs, drops falling from the body poised now above his own, hot drops of his milk now joined with the hot sweat from Bill and dripped to his body. His muscles tensed, waiting now for the answer to his last piece. He had given his all, his very soul to the man above him, and now he waited for the answer, waited to become one with Bill, to have his body join totally with that of Bill.

Time had stopped. The two bodies were poised now, gathering themselves. Bill could sense it, feel it, touch it. The emotion hung in the air, filled the room with its expectation. The body beneath him quivered as it readied itself. With a suddenness that surprised them both, the flame from Alex roared out one more time.

More brilliant than ever before, more intense than ever, hotter than humanly possible, the flame burned. It raged, roaring its desire, its need, its urgency. The fire filled the two bodies now, its flame a single solid mass of heat and desire. Bill's body flinched with the intensity of the flame, the brilliance of the light and then he started to shake.

His whole body trembled, as if he was in the midst of a 9.0 earthquake. Every muscle shook, every part of his body ached, and then the fire consumed them both. His muscles released their hold, his body came crashing down towards the up flung cheeks. The burning cock, all seven and half inches, went

racing down, the heat from it searing the velvet lining of Alex's tunnel as it passed by in a blur. The huge thick cock was deep inside before the loud scream of joy could even make it to Alex's lips. His body shook now, his own muscles felt the answer roaring down on it, his heart pounded, racing faster and faster, demanding more oxygen, demanding more strength.

The blood was all rushing from every part of his outer extremities, raging forwards as fast as it could flow, filling his veins, his arteries with their fluid as they rushed towards his groin, towards the searing pain that was Bill's cock pushing inside him. Blood drained from his brain, his eyes flickered, his head tossed from one side to the other. Alex's hands slipped around his legs, no longer able to support the dead weight of his thrashing legs.

They fell to his side as Bill's balls slapped up against his red tinged cheeks. The pain was lost among the heavy roaring of the final wave of pure joy. His legs came floating down, no longer able to be supported, they fell to the bed, still wide apart, each one of them coated in a thick film of sweat. Now they lay amongst the growing river of sweat on the bed as Bill's voice filled the room with its animal cry of release.

The fire consumed him, it enveloped his whole being, his soul was engulfed by the heat, the intensity of the flame. As it filled him, his muscles gave way, as one they surrendered to the fire, unleashed their final last ounce of strength. His whole body came down, forcing his burning cock to race deep inside of Alex.

The force was greater than any other time, his whole body collapsed as his muscles surrendered. His body caved inwards, his arms shook first, then they started to buckle as his body came down, and he felt his whole being falling, his whole body no longer was supported and that added to his downward force.

The shock of his body slamming hard against Alex's made him quake even more. His balls had slapped up against the hot cheeks so hard, that they bounced up, slapping his own groin area. They bounced a bit as they continued to slap the wet flesh underneath. The sound reverberated in the room, but it was his own voice that now filled his ears. Its loud cry, its animal like guttural sound was all he heard as his cock struck deep inside of the stretched tunnel.

He had touched it, the hot flame's centre, its source had been reached by this cock, and the touch of the flame had made the huge throbbing cock go wild. It jerked hard, tossing itself this way, then that, bouncing hard against the hot flesh inside. The heat had scorched it, yet it kept wanting more, still reaching, still touching, and the heat travelled upwards, to meet that same flame now burning equally hot inside of Bill.

His blood boiled, it no longer flowed easily in his veins. It rushed down from his collapsed arms, up from his jerking legs, from every part, every nerve, every artery, every vein, the blood rushed, bubbling, as it all came together in his groin, then pushed its way along the thick pulsing veins of his cock.

As the head flirted with the dancing flame inside of Alex, the blood rushed. The large cock head shook hard, jerking, blurring in its speed and then with one more final push, it was there, the cock had itself buried right into the centre of the fire.

The heat was tremendous, the sheer enormity of reaching the goal had made Bill tremble. Now he was there, now he was able to answer the call, and his thick milk came rushing out. It poured past the trembling cock head, opening its slit wide as the amount was like a sudden tidal wave. Out in force like he had never felt before, the cum came out, splashing inside of Alex's own shaking body.

The milk was just as hot, and it didn't even phase the fire that touched it. It was like pouring gasoline onto a raging fire, it roared its head, the flames flickering even brighter as the new fuel was added. The heat and light flew upwards and outwards. Flashes went running up and out of Alex to bury themselves deep into Bill's body. Other flashes travelled back and out to join the other flash, coming in to meet dead centre within Bill's shuddering body.

The fuel kept coming out, kept forcing the flames of love even higher, deeper than imaginable. Together the two bodies were consumed, they no longer were two separate forms. The eyes were now locked, the motion of the bed was strident as they shook. Together they looked within each other, seeing the other's soul merging with their own. Together they watched as the heavy load of cum continued to flow into Alex's rectum, and the flames danced around and within them.

Together they lay there, their bodies spent, their energies gone into the night air, and yet together they were. Their thoughts no longer jumbled, no longer separated by anything. Their hearts now beat as one, each one in perfect time with the other. Their souls were one, they were one, they were complete now.

The white cream was flowing back, coating the thick cock that was still wedged deep inside of Alex. It came back, to slowly drip down and out, to coat the outer canal, to cover Bill's shivering balls with their own milk. Their chests ached, as they heaved, drinking in the night's cooling air. The shaking was starting to subside, starting to ease as the last of their energy was being consumed within the burning fires that was their soul.

At last they could feel the calm flowing into their bodies. Bill could feel his legs stop shaking and he could feel his cock slowly retreating from within Alex. It was slowly softening, becoming limp, exhausted from its successful journey. His arms lay stretched out, weak and numb from their task.

Alex reached out, his fingers barely able to move, each inch painful, as they ached from their hard work. He felt them touch the spent arm of Bill and stop. That was all he needed, to have his fingers touch that arm. His body was still heaving, but gradually it eased. His head no longer felt like it would fall off his shoulders. His eyes blinked, as he still was locked onto Bill.

The night was leaving as Bill felt his body sigh. Every muscle ached, and yet his heart was filled with a joy that he had never experienced before. Every part of his body was sore and ached, yet it didn't matter. He had been loved, and more importantly, he had been needed and when called to show his caring, his love, he had been found. He hadn't been rejected or turned away, instead he had been welcomed and invited inside.

Alex could feel his legs, for the first time he could feel them and then he also could feel his heart. It felt so full, so pleased, so joyful. His eyes felt heavy now, and yet he needed to look at Bill, to stare into the blue that still flickered before him. He wanted to say so much, to tell him so many things, yet the blue eyes seemed to already know it all. He knew there was no need now, no reason for him to explain, it was all known, and it didn't matter.

He sighed, his body spent, and Bill could see the eyes slowly starting to soften, slowly start to close. There was an answering heaviness in his own eyes and he gazed for one last brief second into the light, feeling its warmth. As he stared at it, he knew that it would not die out, that it would never surrender to the darkness, and that it would always be there for him. He closed his eyes, seeing the flame dampen down, still flickering, still alive deep inside of the sleeping boy that held the flame and held his heart.

Chapter Ten

The reality often belies the fame.

Jewish Proverb

Alex had a small smile curled around his young face. It was unreal how he looked, Bill thought as he sat in his chair by the window. The sun was out; shining, and he could feel its warm glow against his naked back as he sat staring at the young 18 year old, peacefully sleeping in his bed.

Bill felt a pang in his heart as his mind recalled the night, how he had felt so suddenly alive and so suddenly needed. Night was over though, and the daylight brought with it doubts and fear. Bill wasn't sure; his heart was, but his mind kept telling him over and over that he was treading on dangerous ground with Alex.

What did he know of the boy? Sure, he was a nice enough guy, a kid really, who had a chequered past, but just who was Alex? Could he trust him? Miss Rose seemed to think he was okay, so that was a point in his favour, other than that though, what did he have to go on?

There he went again, something good was happening and he was putting up roadblocks. Just like last time and the time before. Maybe he wouldn't be so lonely if he'd just accept what was offered instead of looking for ulterior motives.

Then again, he could be making more out of last night than there was, just cause Alex crawled into his bed didn't mean it was going to be a permanent choice. Hell, Alex was just feeling vulnerable from the news of Miss Rose and everything else. He really shouldn't be making more of this, but damn it, it had felt so nice, so right. Wonder what Father John would think of all this?

Bill continued to toss his thoughts around as he watched Alex resting on the bed. He knew he wanted the boy, again, but would he be receptive? He could feel his groin stirring as he thought of how sweet it felt, those long legs against his, the arms wrapped around him, the soft luscious lips pressed against his own. All of these things were making him squirm in the chair, as his manhood grew larger and firmer under the hot morning rays of the sun.

Alex opened his eyes; a sudden panic gripped his heart as he realized that he was alone in the large soft bed. He reached out with one hand, feeling for but finding nothing but emptiness. His head jerked up and he glanced around the room until he spotted Bill sitting in the chair by the window.

His heart seemed to breathe a sigh of relief as he saw Bill slouched in the armchair. He smiled as he stared across the room, at the way the sun glowed behind Bill, making him look like a sleeping angel. He glanced at the alarm clock and saw it move to 10:40am and he knew he had slept way too

long. They had a lunch date with Miss Rose, and he didn't want to be late.

He sat up in the bed, the thin bed sheet falling down exposing his young chest to the warm rays of the sun. He felt so damn good, and so alive. His mind was trying to tell him something but he couldn't hear it over the bursting sounds of joy coming from deep within soul. This was a whole new day; and last night, well last night had been something special. It was as if he had been reborn during the wild passion of the moment and today was his new day, of his new life. Alex still glowed as he softly threw his legs over the side of the bed.

Bill must have gotten up much earlier, he was slouched in the chair, his hands dangling over the arms and his feet stretched out. He must be uncomfortable there, Alex thought, as he stood up, totally naked and fully aroused.

The sight of Bill made him smile as he recalled the warmth and tenderness of last night. For whatever reason, he felt at ease now, no longer scared of the future. Looking down on Bill he saw the smooth face, the way his nose flared as he breathed in and out. It was perfect and he wished that he could wake up to this everyday of his life.

Silently he looked upwards, towards the heaven and said a small prayer, tentative but heartfelt. This was what he desired above all, and he left no doubt of that in his simple request to God. It felt strange, him asking for this from someone who he never really believed in. He wasn't sure if he believed even now, but he just felt better asking.

As he finished and looked back at Bill, he saw him opening his eyes and stirring in the chair. A warm smile crossed his face as he waited for Bill to see him standing there.

Bill opened an eye, feeling the warmth against his neck from the sun and knowing that he had slept way too late. He glanced over at the bed to see it empty, suddenly his heart raced as he thought that Alex had left him. Before the panic could rise further he felt Alex's presence and moving his head to the side he saw the thin body of Alex next to him.

The sun was shining in and bathed the young naked body with its golden rays. He looked like a little angel standing there, a big grin on his face and his eyes simply sparkled with life. Bill's heart twisted inside, a pang of desire soared within but even more powerful was the feeling of relief that he was there.

"Hey sleepy head."

"Hey yourself, what time is it?"

"Late, just got time to shower... uh Bill..."

"Yeah?"

“Thanks.”

“For what?”

“Just thanks, okay?”

“Okay, sure Alex... uh, well I guess we should get a move on, uh, you want to shower first?”

Alex had a twinkle in his eye as he stared down at Bill. He could see that Bill was thinking of something entirely different, the bulge in his groin was slowly growing and his bathrobe was slowly being pushed open by the obviously aroused cock. Man it was so damn exciting to be able to see it like this.

“Yeah, I guess... ‘less uh, well...”

“Unless what?” Bill asked as he struggled to keep his growing cock under wraps. Damn it, the kid would think he was a damn sex maniac and he didn’t want anything to go wrong, he really wanted to make this into something special.

“Well, unless you could, uh well... why don’t we both shower together? It’ll save time.”

Bill almost fell out of the chair. His penis jumped upwards, shooting itself straight up from his groin, now fully aroused. It was amazing, the way Alex had sounded so timid as he made his request. It wasn’t like a typical 18-year-old, more like a small child asking for seconds.

“Uh, yeah, sure but, well, I don’t know if it’ll save time, you are, shit Alex you are amazing.”

He knew it was a lame reply, but he felt a sudden overwhelming urge to just reach up and hug the skinny kid standing beside him. Hell, he thought, why not and so he reached up quickly, surprising Alex totally and yanked him down onto his lap.

Bill kissed the sweet young face tentatively on the lips and as his lips touched those of Alex he felt an over powering sense of peace and joy. As his lips pressed against Alex’s he felt the mouth open, to accept his tongue and at the same time he felt Alex’s fingers reach down and inside his robe to wrap their hands around his well developed chest.

It was like two honeymooner’s waking up. He could feel Alex’s penis poking at his stomach as Alex moved to sit on his lap, to kiss him straight on. The young man started to devour the older man, tasting him, planting kisses all over his face. His hands now held Bill’s face between them, refusing to let him move as he placed kiss after kiss all over. Alex kissed his eyes, his nose, his cheeks and even under his chin as he seemed to suddenly let himself go, he let all of his inhibitions go and was like a hungry animal just coming upon its

favourite food after weeks of eating nothing.

Just as suddenly as Bill had acted, now Alex took charge. The release was unbelievable to him, his body was shrieking in pure joy as he kissed Bill but he wanted much more and they didn't have that much time.

He stood up, running his hands down Bill's chest to reach out and grab hold of his two hands. Then he tugged, to make Bill stand up next to him. He quickly pulled Bill's robe off, then holding his hand, he pulled Bill towards the bathroom.

Bill couldn't believe the raw passion that Alex was unleashing upon him. He was stunned as he felt his terry robe fall to the floor around his feet. His cock was pushing hard against Alex's young body and yet he knew that this was just a prelude to something even greater.

He felt himself walking along, stopping twice on the way to the bathroom to feel Alex pull him up close and rub his cock against his own and kiss him fiercely for a second or two. Then he was back to being led towards the bathroom.

Inside the bathroom, Alex quickly turned the spray on and let the shower run for a couple of seconds. One hand still clutching at Bill's; Alex's eyes not once leaving Bill's face.

As he got the spray adjusted just right and a small fog of steam started to rise from the shower, he rose up and pulled on the hand holding Bill's. He brought them both together once more and he kissed Bill hard, full on the mouth, his tongue pushing hard past the surprised lips, past the guardian teeth and was inside.

Bill almost lost his breath by the sudden pressure of Alex's mouth on his own. The taste of the young tongue made his hands reach out and wrap around the slender waist. He felt the strong pressure of his cock rise up against Alex's belly and he felt Alex's own hard cock press against his scrotum, pushing his balls slightly backwards by its strength.

They found themselves standing in the shower; the hot needle like spray was splashing against them. They could feel the water surround them; coat them with its warm embrace.

Alex was like a raging machine. His mouth was all over Bill's sculptured body, tasting it, kissing it, kneading it as the young man simply exploded into a ball of passion. His hands were everywhere, touching Bill in ways he had never experienced before.

Bill couldn't keep up with all the new and wonderful feelings that were coursing through his body as Alex simply went totally nuts. He found his nipples being squeezed one second, then a strong young hand was pulling on his cock while his mouth was drinking deeply of Bill's own mouth.

He twisted and turned sending the spraying jets of water every which way. One second the warm steamy water was merely splattering on his sides, the next second it was pounding against his chest as Alex worked his body over all over. Bill was losing control, too much was happening to him and he could hear himself groaning his pleasure, the sounds echoing off the tiled walls to bounce back into his own face. On top of that he heard the sounds of Alex's mouth as it sucked and kissed him everywhere.

His nipples were fully erect and hurt. His balls ached in a way he never thought possible and his cock was feeling like it would explode in milliseconds. Bill felt his legs shaking, as if they were about to simply collapse when suddenly the wild attack stopped. He opened his eyes to stare into the most perfect set of chocolate brown eyes.

They simply sparkled in the light of the room. He was totally hypnotized by their absolute beauty and depth. Bill could see the total and complete love that was held within and he reached out, his hands wrapped around lightly the quivering buttocks of Alex.

Alex put his two hands up on Bill's shoulder and stared into the magnificent deep blue eyes of his love. It was strange, he was totally taken by this 38 year old man and even the wild passion of last night was nothing compared to what he felt like today at this very second.

With surprising strength, he pulled Bill close to him, keeping his hands on Bill's shoulder. He let Bill kiss him hard on the mouth, tasting his man, and the warm spray from the shower splashed across both faces as they locked in a deep passionate kiss.

They kissed for a few more seconds before Alex once more took charge. With a guiding pressure on Bill's broad shoulders, he forced Bill to start to kneel, to let him taste his own young upper body.

He arched his head back as Bill's tongue started on its own journey of exploration. The slightly taller Bill could feel the excitement growing inside of him. Never had he experienced such a wanton desire to please someone. His whole body was coiling itself up. Every muscle within his 6ft plus frame was tensing up under the enormous pleasure he was experiencing.

His tongue flicked out around the firm young pink nipples of Alex. He could feel the trembling body shake each time his tongue touched the wet flesh. The golden body was aching with his touch, and it made his own well-formed body ache in turn.

There was no stopping him now, he knelt on the non-skid surface of the shower, as his head pressed up against the soft wet belly of Alex. His tongue licked the young flesh, tasting it and smelling it. He couldn't believe how fresh and how alive it felt under his tongue.

Bill could feel the throbbing cock under his chin. The spray was dripping from all around his face as his chin rested on the thick pulsing cock.

His mouth pressed hard, up against the most wonderful groin, kissing the wiry pubic hairs, tasting the young flesh like it had never tasted flesh before. His lips pressed hard while his hands wrapped themselves around the wet cheeks of Alex's buttocks. He felt his fingers digging into the soft flesh.

His whole body was alive, and his mind was reeling under the onslaught of emotions. His hands felt the warm flesh, sending shivers up and down his spine. The pure pleasure of being able to kiss the wet pubic patch was driving his heart into overdrive as he brought his hands back and down the long legs.

He felt them quake slightly under his touch. His own legs were shaking even though he was kneeling. The toes on his feet were arched and he could feel his chest heaving as he moved his face slightly outwards and found the hard fully erect young cock now pressed up against his eager lips.

He didn't wait, as the hot cock head brushed up to his lips, he opened his mouth, pushed his face forward and sent the young throbbing cock deep into his mouth. His lips now pressed once more against the wiry pubic hairs but it held within them the thick cock.

Alex let out a long rumbling moan as he felt his cock suddenly engulfed by Bill's mouth. He felt the lips pressing hard against his groin and he shook as his hands dug hard into Bill's shoulder.

For a second he was sure he'd pass out from the extreme pleasure that was roaring inside of him as Bill started to suck deeply on his 6-½ inch cock. He felt it jerk inside of Bill's mouth, slamming its now dripping head against the back of Bill's throat.

Bill no longer could think of anything but of taking that hot slippery cock inside of his mouth. He sucked on it, his tongue licking at the fast moving shaft; one second it was licking the rough underside, the next swirling around the bulging cock head. Each lick, each deep suck brought his own body to a high state of pure ecstasy.

His hands gripped the young boy's buttocks like a vice grip. His fingers held each cheek perfectly within them and they squeezed each time he brought the young body into his own. He could feel the pressure and suddenly his mouth felt like it had exploded as Alex's penis jerked hard then started flooding his mouth with its milk.

Bill felt Alex's body push hard against his mouth, forcing the long slender cock even deeper as it spurted its load down his eager throat. He swallowed once, then again as the fresh boy milk came flooding out, coating his throat and now filling his mouth as well.

The salty sweet taste filled him. He felt his stomach accepting the huge load of cream and his heart beat faster as it urged his mouth to take more of the wonderful tasting fluid. His head felt slightly dizzy, and he closed his eyes tighter as his lips and mouth worked to drain the 6 ½ inch cock of its entire

load.

Both of them were gasping for air as the last drops of cum dribbled out from around Bill's clenched mouth. He could feel the solid heaving penis slow down, the pulsing vein gradually slowing its beat as the last drops filled his mouth. The warm spray continued to beat around him, splashing his head as he slowly pulled back, to let the now spent cock out of his grip.

Alex felt the feeling returning slowly to his weak limbs as he rested his body on top of Bill's kneeling body. The force of his ejaculation had surprised him and he looked down on Bill. His heart was still racing as he contemplated the man who had just taken him. For the first time in his life he felt totally at ease with another man, for the first time he felt nothing but pleasure at what had just happened. There was no dirty feeling, no shame in how he had just acted and instead of regrets he felt desire.

Bill looked up into the brown eyes and saw the love that was within Alex. It was as if a huge bonfire had been lit inside of Alex, he could see the deep fire glowing inside of the chocolate coloured eyes and he smiled upwards, sending his own acceptance of the young man and all that it would mean.

With a wide grin on his face, Alex managed to get Bill to stand up and then still showing a wild desire for more, he had Bill face away from him. He wrapped his arms around the strong lower body, feeling Bill's stomach muscles coiled within.

He pushed his hips into Bill's rear, feeling his pubic hairs rubbing up against the fleshy cheeks, feeling Bill's body respond to his touch. Alex started kissing the back of Bill's neck; his two hands gently pinching the firm erect nipples on his chest.

Bill moaned his pleasure as his body was once again set off into a wild frenzy of passion. Never had he experienced such joy and pleasure from a man, and he just let the feeling completely overtake his soul and mind. His heart pounded anew, beating faster with each kiss along his spine, with each twist of his nipples.

Alex started to alternate kisses with the solid flash of his tongue along the deep spinal column. There was no mistaking the pleasure it was giving Bill, which in turn only seemed to feed his own desire to continue. His tongue now moved down and he slid his body to his knees so that he could kiss those wonderful half shaped moons that were Bill's buttocks.

His hands moved around the front, sliding down along with his own body to now rest around Bill's muscular belly. He felt the rippling muscles as he moved his hands down, to gently play among the tough wiry blond pubic hairs. His lips were now kissing the soft flesh of the buttocks, tasting the warm spray that rolled down to mingle with his saliva.

Alex pulled his hands around now, to prod the fleshy cheeks, to poke at them as his mouth gently kissed the very same flesh. Then he moved closer,

his hands now gently started to pry open the warm cheeks and his tongue started to flick outwards, touching first the top of the rump, licking the small peach fuzz type hairs that curled up around it.

Slowly he moved his tongue down the inside crack, tasting Bill. He could feel the warm spray joining his mouth, as it trickled down the now opened cheeks. Taking a deep breath, Alex felt Bill's scent overpower him and he pulled harder with his fingers, spreading the cheeks even wider as his tongue passed over Bill's tight pink hole.

Bill suddenly started to shake and his arms felt like rubber as Alex's tongue moved along the inside of his crack. He could feel the rough tongue rasping against his tender inside flesh, the small hairs now matted not just by the shower spray but by Alex's saliva.

His moaning grew louder with each flick of Alex's tongue along the inside cheeks. He could feel his ass quivering to the motion. His breathing once more became sharp and shallow as his body trembled with anticipation. This was a totally new sensation for him and he couldn't believe how tumultuous it was making his body.

Every part of him was shaking and trembling to the deep hard push of Alex's tongue. His arms bent at the elbow, no longer able to summon enough strength to hold himself from the shower wall. His face rested with one cheek against the warm wet tiles as Alex's tongue brushed past his hole.

His mind had only one thought racing through it, it wanted MORE and MORE of Alex. Bill's legs slid apart in the shower, desperately trying to open more of his buttocks for that wonderful tongue that was going up and down his rectum. He could feel his balls aching as the load of cream was churning deep inside of him and bubbling in anticipation of release. His 7 ½ inch cock was throbbing between his legs, bouncing with each flick of the tongue along his crack.

He didn't think he could take anymore, his mind was blurred by the overwhelming pleasure that roared through his body. He was crying out in pure pleasure when he yelled out. Alex had wedged his tongue around the sphincter muscle and pushed. The tip of the tongue had spread it open, and now was forcing its way into his body.

Bill screamed his pleasure as the tongue pushed in deeper, licking his velvet lining with its rough edge, sending tremors of joy throughout his body. His legs almost buckled with the first swipe of the tongue inside of him. Blood began to race from his extremities towards his groin as the tongue shot in, then out, then in again to swirl around the velvet lining.

His inside muscles were in heaven as they felt the rough textured tongue licking inside, tasting him, and devouring him in every possible manner. His whole body was convulsing when he felt his cock being gripped by a wet moist hand. Once more Bill groaned out into the room his pleasure and he felt the solid face pressing hard now against his rectum. The tongue was

lodged deep inside of him, licking and twisting, then suddenly it stopped. Suddenly he felt a strange sensation as Alex gently blew through his mouth, the tongue curled making a tunnel for the breath to travel along and it exploded inside of Bill's rectum, deep in his insides and further.

Bill's whole body shook, his penis jerked within the firm grip of Alex's hand and his balls slung themselves up and pressed against his groin. Alex swiftly started his tongue licking as he sucked outwards, taking in all of Bill's special scent and aroma.

His nose pressed hard up against the top of Bill's crack, his chin pressing in between the crack and his tongue fully extended deep into the long velvet tunnel. His one hand now moved in a blur as it stroked Bill's hard cock, feeling it jerk with each flick of his tongue.

Alex couldn't stop, he needed more and he pressed himself closer, as if trying to put his whole face into the tiny pink hole, his lips were pressing fiercely against the tight hole, tasting it as the long tongue simply pushed in further.

Alex could feel Bill's balls swinging under his chin now, and he groaned with the pleasure he was getting. Bill answered his groan with deep loud moans of his own and Alex struggled to get even closer. His one hand now held tightly onto Bill's leg, his thumb up by the inner thigh, and he could feel the muscle twitching as his other hand stroked Bill's cock and his tongue licked Bill's love hole.

Bill cried out as he couldn't take it anymore. He could feel the hot milk starting to push its way up and down his throbbing cock and just as the first jetting stream started to push out he felt his body twisting around at the waist, the hands now urgently twisting his lower body so he was facing Alex.

As the second stream came bubbling up and along his thick cock shaft, Bill felt the head of his dripping cock being swallowed by a warm hot mouth and he pushed his hips forward quickly, forcing the cock to move faster and quicker into Alex's eager and waiting throat.

His back was against the wet tile of the shower and his hands were upraised over his head as his hips ground themselves into Alex's mouth. Bill's body started to slide down, being held from falling by the sudden but firm pressure of Alex's hands. His buttocks slid down the wall, his cock embedded within Alex's mouth, his cock jerking wildly inside, shooting its hot milk far and deep down the constricting throat.

Alex swallowed again and again as Bill's cream came flooding out of the jerking penis. He could feel it moving down his throat, the white sticky cream coating every part as it slid down towards his stomach.

His hands ached as he felt Bill falling slowly down the side of the shower. He moved back, letting the body come down, never letting his mouth go from holding onto the hard jerking cock that was inside. Alex pressed his

head forward, his forehead resting heavily on Bill's heaving belly as he took load after load of cum.

As Bill's rump hit the shower floor; his cock finally stopped its wild gyrations inside of Alex's mouth. His last bit of man milk dribbled outwards, to join the remnants of his earlier flood. He lay there, on the shower floor, the stinging spray hitting him in the face, dripping down to fall on Alex's head and shoulders that rested firmly on his belly.

They lay there together. Bill's arms limp and at his sides, his legs spread open and outwards, still twitching from all of the excitement. Alex had his head resting on the still heaving belly, his own arms rested lifeless on Bill's chest, his own legs vibrated on their own against the insides of Bill's trembling legs. The water continued to spray over them, soaking them, covering them in its fine mist as they slowly stopped their gasps for oxygen.

Strength slowly returned to both bodies and they finally managed to summon up enough strength to stand up together once more in the shower. The water had grown a bit cooler and Alex adjusted the spray. He looked at Bill and saw the most perfect smile he had ever witnessed.

Without any words, Bill reached over and pulled Alex towards him, and kissed him lightly on the lips. He felt so complete and loved he knew words were not necessary. Carefully he picked up the bar of soap in the dish and gently he covered Alex's young body in the perfumed fragrance of the soap. Washing him, he gently coated his whole body, touching him in a soft manner.

Alex took the soap out of Bill's hand and returned the favour. He coated all of the finely tuned muscles, the stomach, chest, legs, all of them with a soft rubbing motion. Not once did either of them lose contact with the other. Their eyes remained locked the whole time as finally they stepped out of the shower, hand in hand and as they stood there, dripping on the floor mat, they embraced one more time.

This time, the kiss was longer and yet even more tender. There was no pressure, no force of unbridled passion, instead, just a deep sense of pure satisfaction with each other.

As Bill rapped on Miss Rose's door, they finally managed to come down to earth. They had no idea how they had dressed and gotten here, but finally they became aware of just where they were. Bill found he still held Alex's hand in his and wondered what the neighbours must be thinking. Then he looked into Alex's eyes and he didn't give a damn what anyone thought. He had found what he had been searching for.

Chapter Eleven

The older the fiddle, the sweeter the tune.

Irish Proverb

Father John opened the door to Bill and Alex and bid them enter. He had a quizzical look on his face as Bill and Alex walked in, both of them sporting the widest possible grins he had ever seen. He smiled along with them as he felt their joy and happiness, and that in itself was good.

“You two are late, Miss Rose is waiting.”

“Well, we aren’t all that late Father John, but I guess, well we lost track of time.”

“Oh? I think it’s a bit more than that, and you know what Bill, I think its about time too.”

With that Father John slapped Bill on the shoulder and chuckled, surprising both Bill and Alex with not only his comment but also his obvious pleasure at it. Alex seemed to choke as the priest led them towards the living room where Miss Rose awaited them along with her daughter and son-in-law.

Miss Rose had her ‘stern face’ on as they walked in to the living room, and she was about to say something to the latecomers but as she saw Father John’s face, her own turned quizzical; and then, after carefully examining the two, she broke out into a beaming smile.

“Well, I guess you really aren’t all that late.”

“Sorry Miss Rose,” the two chimed as she waved them over to the couch by the window.

“Yes, well William, I am sure you remember Joan and her husband Martin; Alex, this is my daughter Joan and her husband Martin... and this fine young man standing behind me is Wesley from Los Angeles. His daddy is my attorney.”

Everyone made the polite talk and Alex felt rather uncomfortable. The whole setting was like out of an old movie where the reading of the will was about to take place, and Joan and Martin looked like the greedy relatives waiting for their money.

Alex noticed Bill taking in Wesley and was surprised to see him frown as he turned his attention to Miss Rose. His eyes spoke volumes, as his body sat upright and stiff in the chesterfield. Even Father John looked more strict and business like as he now stood right beside Miss Rose. Shit, was this going to be a reading of a will?

Martin was sitting in one of the wing-backed chairs that normally was near the fireplace. He had on a rather shiny looking suit and his tie was one of those multi coloured ones that really looked shoddy on him. His eyes kept flickering around the room at the people and yet never staying long enough to make contact.

He seemed nervous, his fingers were tapping incessantly on the arm of the chair and he seemed like he was very uncomfortable with so many people around. Alex's first impression of Martin was that he didn't like him; and as for Miss Rose's daughter, she didn't strike Alex as being much. She was seated next to her husband, but somehow she made it look like she was behind and off to the side of him, like a show piece rather than a wife.

"Well Miss Rose, you seem to have quite a collection of people here, and all that, I assume that you wish them to listen in on our regular discussion of your accounts?"

"Actually Martin, no. I don't wish them to listen in, because there is not going to be any discussion. Wesley, I believe you have something to present to Martin here?"

"Yes Ma'am."

The young man, dressed in a nice light blue suit, walked over and handed Martin a rather bulky looking envelope. He then retreated to stand behind Miss Rose and Father John.

"Martin, you will be so kind as to open that document, and you will find it is a letter revoking my power of attorney to you, effective immediately, and... hush... you let me finish now... and it also directs you to release all of my accounts and their records to William here immediately."

"WHAT? Miss Rose, you can't do this? I mean, well..."

"Oh I can Martin, I should of done this ages ago, but I kept hoping my daughter here would come to her senses; alas, that is not to be and I cannot leave this world with this business unfinished."

"Now Miss Rose, surely you aren't ready to leave us just yet and really there is no need for all this, I mean, I have done a good job for you."

"NO, No Martin, that you haven't done. Now I really am not interested in creating a big scene here. However, if you insist on one, I will do that."

"Mother, please, how can you do this to Martin? He has looked after your affairs for years now, surely you can't just yank it away like this? What about his position at the bank? Mother, really, please."

"Joan, my dear girl, when are you going to grow up and stand on your two feet? Sometimes I think I have failed you, but I know that isn't the case."

“Momma, please, you haven’t failed me, please, this is important to Martin, you can’t, oh please mother...”

“No tears Joan, it is time you faced reality, faced the fact that your dear Martin is nothing more than a scoundrel...”

“I OBJECT MISS ROSE...”

“HUSH... if it wasn’t for you being married to my daughter I’d have you thrown in the hoosegow by now, as it is I am still not sure if I won’t do that, so you just sit there and be quiet.”

Martin had turned ashen by the forceful manner in which Miss Rose had spoken. Beads of sweat were running down the sides of his cheeks and he wiped his face with a handkerchief. He looked totally deflated, no longer the dapper person when Bill and Alex had first walked in.

“Martin, for all the time you have been married to my daughter, I have watched, hoping I was wrong, but you only became more arrogant, more confident, so several years ago I hired Wesley’s father and had him investigate things for me. I was not pleased with what he came up with, but, I am also not as feeble or stupid as you thought.

“Thanks to young Wesley’s papa, I managed to secure most of your manipulations and protect myself. Now I am ready to insure that what is left is kept intact, and out of your greedy hands.”

“I, Miss Rose, really, I uh, well...”

“Martin, you listen to me, early this morning I had young Wes here file the necessary papers as his pappy recommended, and the accounts have been frozen; when you walk out of here, you can’t touch a single one of them, not one, not even the one’s you have set up in other banks.”

“Momma, please...”

“Hush child. This is between your husband and me, for now, you and I will talk shortly.”

“Yes Momma.”

“Good, now Martin, there is something else you should know, I never gave you control over all of my assets, praise God, so for that reason I am prepared to be generous to you and not prosecute you, despite Wesley’s fathers advice. If he had his way, you’d be in handcuffs right now, so you really should be thankful.”

“THANKFUL? THANKFUL FOR WHAT? You have ruined me, do you understand that? You HAVE RUINED ME and what about Joan here? Have you no love for her?”

“LOVE? HOW DARE YOU... YOU YOU MOUNTEBANK!”

“Miss Rose, your blood pressure... now come on, I told you.”

“Yes Yes, John, I know. Fine... Listen to me Martin, you are through, I love my daughter, a damn site more than you I might add, and I have made provision for her, but not for you. You are through, you will never set foot in this house and you will never get your slimy hands on my money, any of it, again.

“Now, really there isn’t much to say to you. You will make yourself available this afternoon to young Wesley here and provide him with ALL, I mean ALL MARTIN, of the records and books pertaining to the assets you were controlling. He will see they are delivered to William here who will assume control over them.”

“Miss Rose, please... maybe you should get a stranger to do this, I know we discussed it, but...”

“Nonsense, you are who I trust, now enough, let me finish then we can discuss the other arrangements I have made.”

“Yes Miss Rose.”

“Thank you William, now Martin, you may retire to your vehicle, I have matters to discuss with my daughter and I don’t wish to have you in my presence any longer, kindly take your leave, sir.”

“Just a second here, I will not, if you have things to discuss with my wife, I have the right to be present.”

“Yes? No I don’t think you have any rights, and if you wish to refuse, then I am sure these three young men will gladly assist you in leaving, won’t you Alex? William? Wesley?”

“Yes Ma’am,” they replied in unison, all of them staring intently at Martin.

The slamming of the front door echoed through the whole house as Martin made his departure known. Miss Rose stared at her daughter and then softly she spoke to her, rising from her chair and taking her daughter’s hand she left into the den.

Alex didn’t know what to make of this. He had expected a light lunch and banter, instead he seemed to have walked into a family battle of immense proportions. He stared at Wesley who was talking to Bill and felt rather envious. God, Wesley looked so damn hot, the golden colour of his skin told Alex that this guy enjoyed being outdoors.

He felt a slight pang of jealousy as he watched him talking with Bill. Strange, he never really thought about it, but now, well now he didn’t like

anyone being that close to Bill and yet they hadn't spoken about just what was between them. Hell, he didn't even know if he had a right to be jealous, but it didn't matter, he was.

Bill kept glancing over at Alex and he saw the way his brown eyes would suddenly glare out at Wesley. He smiled to himself, feeling the jealousy from Alex, and while he wasn't sure, he knew he liked the idea that Alex could be jealous of him and someone else. It simply made him feel all the more in love.

Father John came up to Alex, standing next to him and placed his one hand on his shoulder. He patted him lightly then whispered into his ear.

"I think he'll make you very happy Alex."

"What? Huh?" Alex replied, completely surprised by the soft words. He hadn't even felt Father John's hand on his shoulder as he stared at Bill and Wesley. All he could think of was how much he needed and wanted Bill, even now, just a short time after. He could feel his groin stirring with wanton desire for Bill once more.

"Sorry father, what?"

"Oh, I think we'll discuss the 'what' later. I hear Miss Rose coming back, come you sit over here with me."

"Uh? Okay, I guess so."

Upon Miss Rose's return, everyone took their seats again. It was obvious that Joan had been crying as she was still dabbing at her eyes with a linen handkerchief.

"Now, we need to finish some other important business. Wesley, you have a couple of more of them big fat envelopes behind you? Good, let us start with Joan here."

Wesley handed over an envelope to Joan and then once more took up his station behind Miss Rose.

"Joan dear, I love you, but as long as you live with that Man, I am afraid I won't be much help to you, even after I am gone."

"Momma, please stop talking like that... it scares me so much..."

"Hush, I know but we have to face reality, I really don't have as long as even I would wish, so you listen to me."

"Now, as long as you are married to Martin, my estate and trust will see you are able to look after yourself. Wesley's father's firm will send you each and every month a cheque for \$2500.00 to help you and keep you safe. That will continue for as long as you live my dear, with proper adjustments in

the cost of living; but Joan, that is all you will get... even after I am gone, there is no other inheritance as long as you are living with Martin and married to him.

“Now is that clear?”

“Yes Momma, but I don’t want the money, it is only that Martin... well...”

“Yes I know dear, but you can do better you know, and should you find the courage to leave that, that person, then you will have proven that you are capable of managing more of your affairs.

“It is all in that envelope dear, and don’t you let Martin fool you, it is ironclad my dear. As long as Martin is married to you, as long as you associate with him or live with him, the \$2500 is all you will ever get. On the other hand, if you do come to your senses, either now or years from now, there is provision in there to help you.

“Both William here and Wesley’s father will see to that, so you keep that in mind dear, it is in your best interest that I am doing this Joan, you must believe that.”

“I do momma, I do, it is just so hard... in some ways, well Martin hasn’t been bad to me momma, he really hasn’t.”

“Yes, well I guess in some ways we can be thankful for that.”

“Yes Momma.”

“Good, now Wesley, you have something there for our dear Father?”

“Yes Ma’am,” and once again he handed over an envelope, this time to Father John.

“John, old friend, I know your vows prevent you from personally gaining, but dear old friend, I want to do this, now no arguments either.”

“Miss Rose, really I don’t think that...”

“OH hush, it isn’t a bribe, besides, I figure if I gotta go, I might as well go with a bang, and I want to leave something behind John, and you are the best person I know who can make part of that legacy come true. So you take that there envelope and you do what it will allow you to.”

“But, Rose you always were one to force your will on people, I can’t accept money, you know that.”

“It isn’t for you John, it is simply that you will administer and set up a special trust or society to look after the young people in this town. I want that youth centre and scholarship program of yours to work; besides John, the

money can't go with me where I am going and, well, it also shows them snooty nosed politicians at City Hall that I can get my way. So, John, you will accept this chore?"

Father John sat there, tears rolling down his face as he opened the envelop and read its contents. He was breathing somewhat heavy and the silence in the room was almost oppressive. Miss Rose had colour in her cheeks as she waited for her old time friend to finish reading the documents.

He rose from his chair and planted a soft kiss on the forehead of Miss Rose.

"Rose, if I had ever one regret in becoming a priest, it was that I could not have married a women like you. Oh my dear friend, how can I thank you for what you are doing?"

"Well, now that is... well, thank me? I suppose you could say a prayer for me, I may need some added juice to get in, you know."

She smiled and for a brief second Alex saw the Miss Rose of yesteryear. Her face seemed to have come even more alive and she almost looked like a young schoolgirl as she teased her old friend. Alex knew that in her day, she would have been a real looker.

"Don't be so quick to thank me either, you have one other task to take on, which I am sure is going to add to those few grey hairs of yours."

Father John chuckled as he looked over at Alex. He just smiled and bowed his head briefly, his eyes still clouded over with tears of joy from the amazing gift he now held in his hands.

Alex saw the look from Father John and he could feel Bill's eyes on him as well. He turned to see him looking at him; his blue eyes sparkled almost as brightly as earlier in the shower. The thought of that brought his groin to full attention, and he shifted, hoping to hide his obvious arousal.

"Well, come on there young man, the next envelope please, I feel like I'm hosting an awards show."

"Hehe, yes Ma'am," and with that Wesley proceeded to hand the last envelopes out, one each to Bill and Alex. He was smiling as he gave them out and Alex thought he had an absolute fantastic smile. The way his face seemed to burst into life as his white teeth flashed out. Damn it, he was hot, but then he looked over at Bill and his heart skipped several beats. Yes, Wes was hot, but man oh man Bill made him weak at the knees.

"Miss Rose, please, this isn't necessary."

"William, am I going to have trouble with you as well?"

"No Miss Rose, I guess not."

“Good, now I have to make a few changes I think, considering everything... Wesley your father can make some quick alterations to these in short order can't he?”

“Yes Ma'am, I could have any changes you want made overnight if you wish.”

“Thank you, you are a really nice young man, do you know that?”

“Well, uh, I don't know how to answer that.”

“Oh well, that is okay, you know I had someone I thought I would introduce you too, but I think that person is no longer on the prowl now.” Miss Rose stared at Bill as she spoke. He blushed deeply, turning an amazing shade of red that Alex had ever seen.

“Well that is okay Miss Rose, I am rather deeply involved right now; in fact, well, you could say I am off the market for ever as well.”

“Oh? Well that is wonderful, I hope this person realizes what a catch you are, I mean that lovely blonde hair, those wonderful eyes, why if I was a 100 years younger, I just might make a play for you myself, hehe.”

“Haha, well Miss Rose I would be hard pressed to have refused you, even now, but I am the lucky one, really, I am very much in love.”

“And your father? He approves?”

“Oh yes, he really does, he has been very supportive, I couldn't be happier.”

“Well, it shows young man, it shows.”

“You finished blushing now William?”

“MISS ROSE! Yes I am, I think.”

“Good, now you are going to manage my affairs here in town, along with Wesley's father here and his money man, isn't that right Wesley?”

“Yes Ma'am.”

“Good, met the man during my trip to the city, he was very nice, rather good looking I thought, but then it seemed your home was filled with good looking young men, must be the food.”

“Hehe, yes Ma'am, must be.”

“Well, William, you are going to see to it that Father John there is properly set up, and of course you will help in keeping his expenses in line, don't you dare let those crooks at city hall push him around either.”

“Yes Miss Rose, I am sure I can handle that.”

“Good, now as to our little ragamuffin here.”

“Please Miss Rose, I don’t... please, you have done enough for me, I don’t want anything...”

“Yes I know Alex, which is exactly why you are going to let me do this, but you are also going to make me a promise.”

“Yes Miss Rose, what promise?”

“You are going to promise me that you will never go back to the streets, to that life, no matter what happens here, no matter how bad you feel, now... hush... I know this is not easy, but you are more of a son to me than I deserve...”

“Miss Rose, please, I...”

“Listen Alex, I don’t care what you did in the past, I wish I didn’t have such a good idea as to what you did do, but I do, and I want you to know that.

“I want you to know that even though I do know all, well pretty well all, of what you had to do, I still love you and I am still proud of you.”

Alex started to cry as the words struck him deep in his heart. He could feel himself faltering, his breath becoming shallow as he could feel the strange but powerful effect of the love that was in each and every word of Miss Rose. As he slumped in the chair, he felt a strong pair of arms wrap around him and a light kiss on his head and he looked up to see Bill sitting next to him.

He was stunned, as Bill merely hugged him tight and held him, telling him it was okay and suddenly he just fell apart. The tears wouldn’t stop and he was feeling so damn ashamed, to let himself go like this and in front of not only Miss Rose and Father John but a stranger.

It took him a few minutes but finally Alex was able to collect himself enough to raise his head and sit relatively composed. He stared out to see Miss Rose beaming at him, Father John still had tears around his eyes and as he glanced at Wes, he saw that he too had a few tears around his eyes. Damn it, he thought, everyone had the weeps today.

“Alex, before you thank me again, there are some terms, it isn’t going to be easy for you, for you and Bill that is, but...”

Alex almost fainted. How did she know? Bill’s hand that was draped over his shoulder suddenly went stiff as a board as he too looked over at Miss Rose, stunned and in shock.

“... I think you two have what it will take. Now Alex, you need to get yourself a real vocation. You can’t just be a gopher, not in this day and age, so

I have a task for you, which is that I want you to get a real education.”

“Miss Rose... please... I am not... please...”

“William, you and Father John here will see that my Alex here gets that, I don’t care what he chooses, but he must become self sufficient, I don’t want him having to rely on his old methods to get by, though I doubt if there is ever going to be a need for him to consider that, at least not if you do your job properly William.”

Bill just stared at her. His entire mind was whirling with all that was happening. He had known about her taking over control of her funds, but how did she know about him and Alex? Hell, he didn’t know about it even, least not yet, well not officially, they hadn’t talked or anything, but it was what he wanted, and, damn she was good.

His mind couldn’t focus, he sat there like a dummy as he felt her eyes boring in on him. Bill never could put anything past Miss Rose, but surely he wasn’t that obvious, was he? Somehow she had known what he wanted long before he did and now she seemed to know that he had found it, even though he hadn’t yet come to grips with it.

Alex’s mouth was agape as he listened to Miss Rose. She had completely astounded everyone. Without batting an eyelash she had disposed of Martin, given her daughter a chance to get out from under his thumb, had made a priest’s life long dream come true, and now had given him a real chance at a real life. How could he refuse her?

“I, I, oh Miss Rose, yes I’ll do that, I’ll do anything for you,” he blurted out, and in a second he found himself at her feet, his head resting on her lap, tears of joy rolling down his face and her aged hand gently resting on his dark hair. Alex felt the love grip him, and hold him, and he knew that he and Bill had a lot to discuss, but that would have to wait.

Time seemed to simply stand still. He could feel the rays of the sun shining through the windows and he felt so at peace, he never wanted to leave her side. The thought of her leaving, of her dying, brought sadness to him, but he knew he would always remember her and that helped him.

Finally he was able to raise himself up and he reached out and kissed her on the cheek as she wiped away the remnants of his tears. She looked into his eyes and he could feel her love soar through his body. He felt it deep inside of him and he breathed in deeply, knowing that his life was changed forever.

She smiled at him, then was back to her normal commanding self. She had Wesley, Father John, and Alex leave her alone with William. She had them go to the kitchen to make the tea while she talked with her adopted son, as she put it.

Bill didn’t know what to make of the upcoming private discussion. He already had been surprised beyond his imagination and the scene of her with

Alex had made his heart spring forward. Only now was he able to calm it down, to let the feeling of absolute happiness flow slower through his body.

He waited, wondering what else was on her mind, knowing that Miss Rose was a very persuasive lady who had an iron will. He saw that in how she had dealt with Martin. He also knew she was a very loving lady, and he had ample evidence of that in how she had dealt with her daughter, and with Alex.

“You are doing a wonderful thing for Alex, Miss Rose, you really are something special.”

“Nonsense, but thank you, I am glad he is happy, which is why we need to talk now, I think.”

“Oh?”

“Yes.”

“Well, sure, what is it?”

Miss Rose stared intently at Bill. He felt a bit uncomfortable under her stern gaze, but he also knew she was a lady of immense strength and goodwill. She scared him at times with her insights, but he also knew she loved him more than his own mother had. He owed her a great deal, and he would never deny her anything she wanted. He waited patiently, slightly apprehensive as he had never seen her so hesitant before.

“Bill, I love you like a son, you know that don’t you?”

“Of course I do Miss Rose, what is it?”

“Bill, do you love him?”

“WHAT? Uh, I mean, do I love who?”

“Please, don’t be angry with me, I have eyes, I see, do you love Alex?”

Bill didn’t know what to say or how to even reply. Did he love Alex? Well, his heart said he did, his mind hadn’t really had a chance to get its two cents in yet, his heart was still so full of Alex after last night and then this morning in the shower.

“Please Bill, I know it may not be my concern, but both of you are important to me, I need to know, do you love him?”

“Do I love Alex? I don’t know how to say it, I mean, well hell, sorry, I only know that I need him Miss Rose, that he makes me feel so alive, so needed, so much that it hurts me right now, to think of him not being a part of my life. I know, it sounds hokey, but honestly Miss Rose I can’t think of not being with him, and yet I don’t know him, or really anything about him other than what is in that report.”

“Does that bother you?”

“No, no it doesn’t, I thought it would, you know? But, no, it makes no difference to me, it isn’t that, it is, well I don’t know if I am right for him... I couldn’t stand hurting him Miss Rose, he is so vulnerable, so young.”

“You think he will prefer someone younger?”

“No, it isn’t that, well maybe yes, maybe that is part of it, but you know my past Miss Rose, you know all the troubles I got into, he at least had the excuse of age, what excuses did I have?”

“William, you are a wonderful man, you deserve to be happy as much as Alex does... tell me Bill, does he make your heart speed up when you think about him?”

Bill sat there, his head in his hands as he thought about what Miss Rose was saying. He stared out at her, saw her twinkling eyes and her gnarled looking hands sitting peacefully in her lap. He knew how much pain her hands gave her, how constant it was, and yet you couldn’t see any of that in her face or even her eyes. She was a remarkable lady, maybe she was right, maybe he did deserve to be happy too.

“I know that ever since I first laid eyes on him, I couldn’t stop thinking of him, of wanting to know him, and no, before you ask, I don’t think it really is just a physical attraction. Hell, the idea of touching him made me swoon, from fear, from not being able to please him, no I know it wasn’t a physical thing, and I can’t believe I am saying this to you.”

“Why not Bill? You know I don’t shock easy; and besides, you can tell me anything.”

“I know, it is just, well... how long have you known?”

“Known? Oh about you being homosexual? Oh, for years now Bill, for years.”

“Years? But you never hinted, said?”

“What was I to say? I watched you struggle with it, how you used to hide it when you were much younger, how you denied it and yet how you kept going back to it. No Bill, I have known for a very long time, and I thought when the time was right, well, we’d discuss it then.”

“You have known all this time? I...”

“Yes, which only shows you that it really makes no difference, you are still my adopted son, as much a son as if you were my own, so come on, is he the one Bill?”

“Yes, yes he is the one.”

“Does he feel the same way?”

“I don’t know, yes, yes I do know, he does Miss Rose, I mean, I can’t explain it, it is, well, it is like somehow we have connected, somehow it just happened, as if, well as if it was always meant to be.”

“He is very young, compared to you...”

“I know, that worries me... . Not that it makes a difference to him, but how other’s might look on it. I don’t want him to get hurt Miss Rose, I’d rather he find someone younger and be happy than be with me and be miserable.”

“Do you think he could be happy without you Bill?”

“I don’t know, but he deserves that chance, don’t you think?”

“Oh my dear sweet Bill, you are such an angel at times, at other times you think too much.”

“Miss Rose...”

“No, hush, listen to an old lady who has known real love, because when you find it, and believe me, you have found it, you can’t be happy without the other, he will never be happy with someone else, you know that, but you are willing to sacrifice your own happiness to make him happy when all he wants Bill is to be with you...”

“How do you, has he?”

“No, he hasn’t said anything to me, I think he would be quite mortified if he even knew I knew, but I can see it in his eyes, the way he follows you around, with his eyes, the way his heart beats faster each time you spoke or walked into the room, or spoke to him.

“Yes Bill, I have noticed all this, just as I noticed how you kept coming around, hoping to see him, how you conned Father John to introduce you to him, all of that I have seen, and now you know.”

“Yes, I guess I wasn’t very good at hiding my feelings, was I?”

“No, and that is why we must talk.”

“Okay...”

“Bill, stop hiding your feelings! He needs to hear your words, he needs to be told how much he means to you and you need to hear his answers. You need it as much as he does, and Bill...”

“Yes?”

“Don’t be a fool, sometimes we think too much with our heads, instead of letting our hearts sing out and touch the other. Bill, let yourself feel his love,

let him feel yours, and then sit back and let love run its course, don't be afraid to speak from your heart, you might rather enjoy the result."

"But, I might scare him off..."

"Then he doesn't love you nor you him, if a few words of devotion or desire scare anyone off, then it wasn't love to begin with."

"He's so young though, how can..."

"Bill, if he loves you he will find a way, just as you will, now enough rationalizing, instead you take him home with you, sit him down, and talk, tell him how you feel, your fears, your doubts, everything, be honest and let nature take its course. Don't be afraid of losing him."

"Sometimes in life you have to take risks to get what you really desire. You want Alex for your partner in life?"

"Yes, oh yes I do Miss Rose."

"Then tell him, he's a smart boy and besides, I think you two have the same goal, but if neither of you takes the chance to spell it out, well, you both will regret it."

"Do you have any regrets like that Miss Rose?"

"Me? No, thank God, because you see, my husband, bless his soul, he wasn't afraid to take risks, he pursued me and took on my whole family Bill, he fought for me, and he won, and we lived so much in love that it hurts even now thinking of him."

"Really?"

"Yes, we loved each other when the entire world was against our kind of love, they called it an abomination to God, and everything else. He fought it through Bill, just as you have to fight through the bigotry of today, but you need to want it Bill, with all your heart."

"I know it had to be rough, being married to a black man then, my God how you must have been treated I can only imagine."

"Yes, well it wasn't pretty at times Bill, there were people I had known all my life who refused to even acknowledge I was alive after I married Henry, but you know something Bill, there wasn't a single second of any day when I regretted marrying him. Not one single second."

"I don't know if I have that kind of courage Miss Rose."

"Courage? Yes, I guess you need some of that, but Bill, you get your courage from your love, from him and him from you, that is all you will need, but you can't hide from it either."

“Does it ever get better?”

“In time my boy, in time it does, but because people fear what they don’t understand, it also can get mean and cruel, but no matter what, no matter the hate mail, the burning crosses, the whispered comments, as long as you face it together, you can survive it and yes, even beat it.

“Look at today, mixed marriages are common place now. Sure there are some who oppose it but it is no longer illegal or at least you don’t have big burning crosses on your front yard anymore.

“In time, hopefully, your way of life will come to be at least tolerated as mine was. It never will be totally accepted, some people just aren’t smart enough to see the truth, but in time most come to terms with it.”

“How did you get to be so smart?”

“By living too long smarty pants. So?”

“So?”

“So... you going to seize the day my boy?”

Bill laughed as he remembered back when he was in school, how Miss Rose would always quote him something in Latin to make him think. He looked at this old lady, the one who had taken him in as one of her own, when all hell was breaking loose in his own house, how she had nurtured him and treated him no different than her own children. There was so much love in her, so much grace that he couldn’t resist.

He stood up and bent over her, kissing her on the forehead while holding her hand. He loved her so much it did hurt, almost as much as when he thought about holding Alex in his arms.

He gazed long and thoughtfully into her eyes. His heart filled with her love and compassion. “Yes Miss Rose,” he said, and smiling, he walked away towards the kitchen.

He found Alex leaning against the counter while Father John and Wesley were seated at the table, making small talk. They all looked towards him as he walked in. He stopped briefly at the doorway, surveying the scene, then he strode purposefully up to Alex.

Without any hesitation he turned Alex towards him, facing him square on and as a look of surprise started to form on the young face, he placed both of his strong hands on either cheek and pulled him close to his own face.

Bill kissed Alex fully on the lips, tasting him and he knew without a doubt that Miss Rose had been right. He had to seize the moment, and with that he released Alex and took his hand.

“You’ll excuse us Father John, Wesley, but I need to take Alex here home and we have some talking to do, Miss Rose will explain it all.”

Bill turned, pulling Alex close to him, and with his arm fully wrapped around the young body he walked out with him, heading down the street to their home.

Father John and Wesley stood by the door watching the two bodies going down the street. They saw them stop and kiss briefly, and then they saw Alex’s head resting on Bill’s broad shoulder as they continued down the block, towards Bill’s house.

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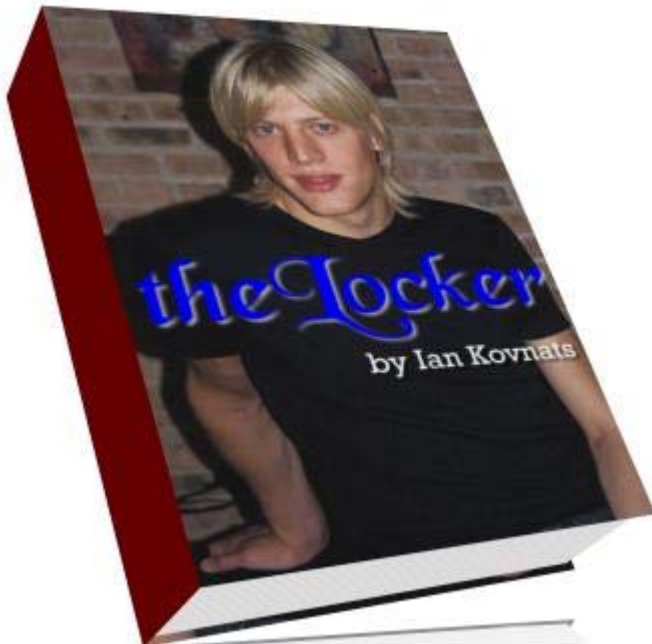


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The novels within this cd-r are adult in nature. They do contain frank adult language that might not be suitable for minors. The material contained within these novels is of a homosexual nature and deals with human relations in a frank, open, and explicit manner.

As such it is important that you confirm that you are of legal age to read such material and that it is acceptable in your region to receive such material. This is your responsibility to ascertain prior to requesting our collection of Gay Fiction books.

**No order will be processed without this statement
being signed and included.**

I do hereby state that I am of legal age to purchase Adult Material within my region and that I do so knowing that the material I am purchasing is of an adult nature, dealing with graphic sexual depiction and containing graphical sexual language and/or descriptions of a homosexual nature.

I further affirm that by signing this agreement that I am liable to prosecution for making a false statement of fact and shall be held legally liable for any and all expenses that might be incurred as a result of making a false statement of fact.

Dated This ____ day of _____ 200__

Signed: _____

Name: _____ (please print name)

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All information supplied shall be kept in strictest confidence and will not be made available to any outside source for any purposes.

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If the CD-R supplied is defective we shall gladly replace it free of charge. No other warranties exist and/or are implied.