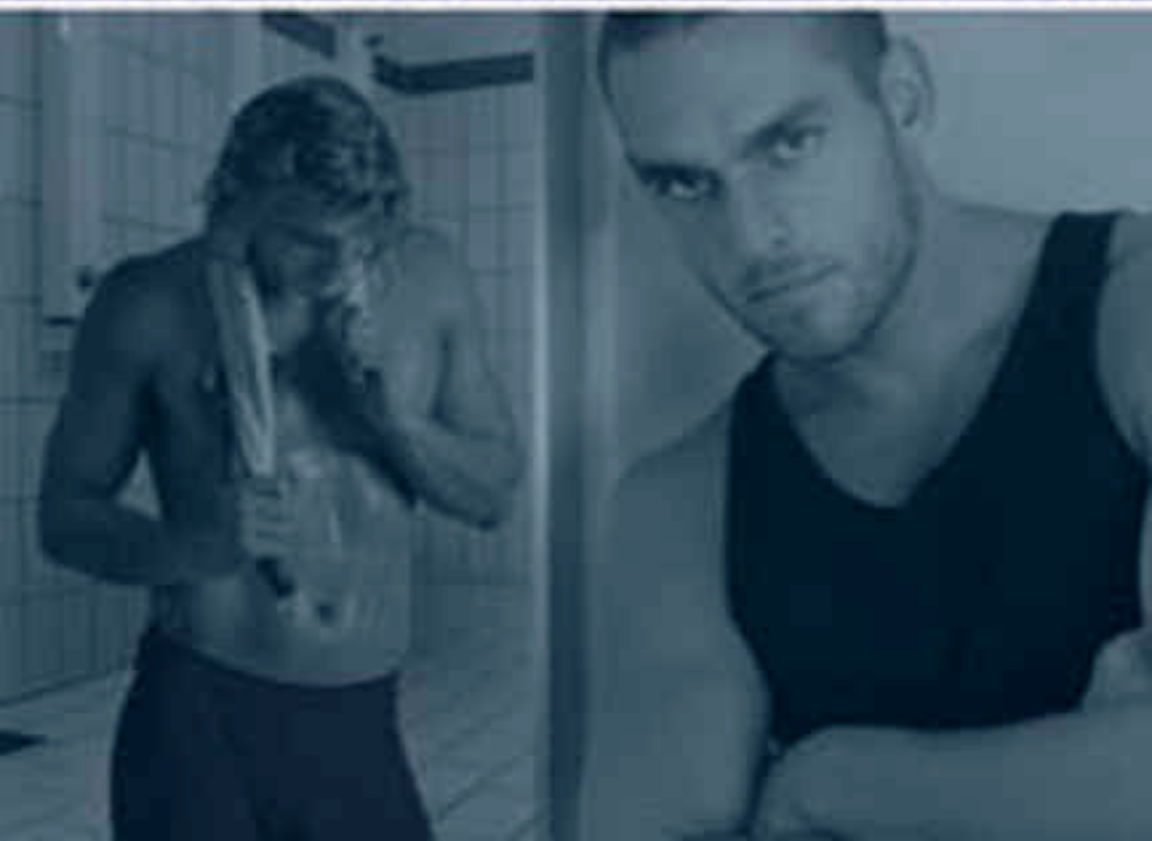


# Carol Lynne



**SACKING THE**

**QUARTERBACK**



Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

**Total-e-bound**

[www.total-e-bound.com](http://www.total-e-bound.com)

Copyright ©2007 by Carol Lynne

First published in 2007, 2007

NOTICE: This eBook is licensed to the original purchaser only. Duplication or distribution to any person via email, floppy disk, network, print out, or any other means is a violation of International copyright law and subjects the violator to severe fines and/or imprisonment. This notice overrides the Adobe Reader permissions which are erroneous. This eBook cannot be legally lent or given to others.

This eBook is displayed using 100% recycled electrons.



Distributed by Fictionwise.com

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

A Total-e-bound Publication

\* \* \* \*



\* \* \* \*

[www.totalebound.com](http://www.totalebound.com)

Campus Cravings: Sacking the Quarterback

ISBN # 978-1-906328-15-3

©Copyright Carol Lynne 2007

Cover Art by Lyn Taylor ©Copyright June 2007

Edited by Claire Siemaszkiewicz

Total-e-bound books

This is a work of fiction. All characters, places and events are from the author's imagination and should not be confused with fact. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, events or places is purely coincidental.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any material form, whether by printing, photocopying, scanning or otherwise without the written permission of the publisher, Total-e-bound eBooks.

Applications should be addressed in the first instance, in writing, to Total-e-bound eBooks. Unauthorised or restricted

Sacking the Quarterback  
by Carol Lynne

acts in relation to this publication may result in civil proceedings and/or criminal prosecution

The author and illustrator have asserted their respective rights under the Copyright Designs and Patents Acts 1988 (as amended) to be identified as the author of this book and illustrator of the artwork

Published in 2007 by Total-e-bound eBooks 1 The Corner, Faldingworth Road, Spridlington, Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, LN8 2DE, UK.

Warning:

**Warning:** This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Dedication

To Drew Hunt for your continued wisdom and support.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Campus Cravings:

SACKING THE QUARTERBACK

Carol Lynne

## Chapter One

"Hey," Koby said as his mom answered the phone.

"How're you doing up there by yourself?"

"Good. Coach invited me to his house yesterday for a barbecue and I got to meet Julian Malono. Oh Mom, he was so cool. He's the new conditioning trainer at the university and he told me he'd work with me to bulk up. He even thinks by next year, I'll have a chance at starting quarterback. How cool is that!" Koby was practically vibrating in his enthusiasm.

"It's nice that this Julian boy thinks you have that kind of talent." His mom said dryly.

"I do have that kind of talent." His mom had always downplayed his ability. "I'll talk to you later."

"Now, don't pout, it's just that Gerald could really use you here at the ranch. Why you think you need to play sports all the time is beyond me. You know you'll never be good enough to go pro, so I just don't see the point in wasting your life playing a game."

"Of course you don't understand, you never did." Koby took a deep breath and ran his fingers through his shoulder-length blond hair. "Look, I really gotta go. You can try and call next week, if you want."

"I love you."

"Yeah, sure. Talk to you later." Koby hung up and set the phone back on his desk. He looked around at the overly crowded room. He felt claustrophobic already, what would it be like with a roommate?

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Deciding he needed some exercise to help his mood, Koby picked up an elastic band and put his hair into a short ponytail. Grabbing his keys off the desk and slipping them into his pocket, he picked up his gym bag and left the tiny room.

Jogging down the steps, he thought about the conversation with his mom. God, what would it be like if he had supportive parents? His mom was too wrapped up in his stepfather, and his real dad was too busy with his career and a long line of airheaded-bimbo girlfriends.

No, Koby thought, none of his relations cared about his football career. The fans in the stadium had been the only ones to cheer for him, never a family member among them. That's who Koby played football for, the fans, complete strangers who thought he was more special than his own parents. This year he'd be playing for North-Central University, but the school didn't matter as much as the fans. Here, the fans were football fanatics and Koby couldn't wait to hear them screaming his name.

Walking into the empty locker room, Koby changed his clothes and walked out onto the track that circled the practice field. Stretching, he thought of what Julian had told him the previous day. He knew he was good enough to take the top spot away from the present quarterback, Vic, but Julian had been right, he needed to get in better shape.

As he started running around the track, he decided he'd spend every available second getting into condition. He'd show his folks that he was good enough, even if it killed him.



Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

After his muscles began to loosen, he picked up the pace, going into the quiet place in his head. He'd used this technique often, when life at home got to be too much. When he was in his zone, nothing could touch him. He first learned how to do it when he was only fourteen. Right after he'd heard his mom on the phone with his dad discussing custody. Unlike most kids, neither of his parents wanted him. They actually had a custody battle over who would be saddled with a fourteen-year-old boy.

The judge finally decided that the record business wouldn't be conducive to raising a child, so he was ordered to live with his mom. Two months later, his mom married Gerald, with whom she'd been having a long-term affair. Gerald hated Koby, and made no secret of it. To Gerald, if you weren't working breaking a sweat, you were doing the devils business. Koby never understood how his mom could live with a man who worked from sun up to sundown, six days a week. Sunday, Gerald believed, was a day of rest and of paying one's respects to the Lord. Gerald and his mom spent half of every Sunday in church, and the other half visiting neighbours.

After coming out to them, Koby had no longer been welcomed in Gerald's church. He hadn't really been welcome in Gerald's house either, but until he turned eighteen, Gerald didn't have much choice. So, in the meantime, Gerald made sure he gave Koby every shitty job on the ranch to do on Sundays.

Running as fast as he could, Koby started to feel the burn, but he wasn't ready to stop. He was so far in the zone, he

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

almost ran over the hulking shape in front of him. Strong hands reached out to brace him as he skidded to a stop. He stared at Julian, trying to bring himself back to the present.

"Koby? You okay, man?" Julian said, still holding onto his arms.

He shook his head, trying to break his trance-like state. "Koby?" Julian said again.

Blinking several times, he finally nodded. "Yeah, yeah, I'm okay, just you know ... in the zone."

Julian seemed to examine him closely. "You're not on something are you?"

"No, God no. It's just something I do when life gets too much, ya know?" He motioned toward the track. "I run, empty my mind of everything but me and the ground under my feet." He shrugged his shoulders as Julian dropped his hands. "It's how I cope."

Julian nodded.

"So, did you want something?" Koby started walking to cool down his muscles so they wouldn't cramp.

Julian turned and walked beside him. "Not really. I saw your bag in the locker room and thought maybe you'd feel like working out, but from the way you were burning up the track a minute ago, I'd say, you've had your workout."

"No, I'd like to workout. I was just thinking that I'm going to spend every spare moment getting into better condition." He pulled the elastic band out of his hair and ran his hands through it. The slight breeze in the air felt nice against his heated skin.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Chuckling, Julian patted him on the back. "Well from what I saw, your running speed is just fine, but maybe we could start working on your upper body strength. That's if you really think you're up to it today?"

"Oh, I'm fine. I do this almost every day." He grinned at Julian. "It's a cheap version of therapy. I would like to rest a few and grab a bottle of water first though." After circling the track, they headed back toward the locker room.

Julian opened the door and looked at his watch. "What about a light lunch before we get started?"

"Sounds good, let me take a quick shower to wash the stink off and then I'll be ready." He grabbed a towel from the shelf, and started undressing.

Julian pointed toward the door. "I'm going to turn off the lights in the weight room. I'll be back in a few."

"Okay," Koby said as he pulled his T-shirt off. He watched Julian leave and breathed a sigh of relief. Any longer in the presence of that Grade A beef and he would have embarrassed himself. Deciding not to take any chances, Koby quickly stripped and headed for the shower.

\* \* \* \*

Julian turned off the lights, talking to himself the entire time. "Get a grip on yourself, man. You're almost twenty-four years old. Stop thinking about someone just this side of jailbait."

He picked up a few dirty towels someone had left on the floor and carried them to the locker room. Putting them into the laundry bin, he sat on a bench and rested his forearms on

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

his thighs. He didn't know if it was wise to work with Koby, given the way his cock took notice of the kid, but for the first time, he actually wanted to get to know someone. The fact that the someone he wanted to spend time with was presently naked in the shower, tortured him even more.

Other than his once a month trips into the city, he never thought about sex. In the backroom of his favourite bar, he fucked anything with a hole. No emotion, no commitment, just fucking. He was in charge, the master of his own fate. Julian's head popped up when he heard bare feet slapping on the concrete. Oh shit, this was going to be a problem.

Koby smiled at him as he picked up his duffle and pulled out clean clothes. Clad only in a small towel wrapped around his waist, there was too much skin showing for Julian's comfort. Damn that man had a killer body. "Nice tan," he mumbled, trying to find something to say after he was caught staring.

Looking down at his nearly naked torso, Koby shrugged. "A natural by-product of spending all day, every day, surfing. Nothing else to do at my dad's." Looking straight at him, Koby dropped his towel and went to put his underwear on.

Julian didn't quite get his head turned fast enough to miss Koby's package. Oh, holy fuck, the man had a nice size cock. That image had already burned itself into his brain. At least he'd have something to beat off to now. He felt his prick trying like hell to break through the restraints of his jeans. Thank goodness he wasn't wearing his customary workout clothes. No way would Koby be able to miss a hard-on in his jersey shorts.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Looking at the floor, he was surprised when a tanned pair of legs entered his field of vision. "You ready?" Koby said, towering over him.

Lifting his head to look at the whitest smile he'd ever seen, he nodded. "Let's go." They walked out of the building, and Julian pointed to his red pickup. "I'll drive."

"That's good, because I don't have a car." Koby said climbing in.

"Oh that sucks, man." Julian said fastening his seat belt. He motioned toward Koby's unfastened belt. "Buckle up."

"Oh, okay, sorry. I'm not used to wearing one. When you live out in the middle of nowhere there's not much use for it." Koby pulled his safety belt around and snapped it.

"Well, surely you've heard the story of Nick Anderson and Max Henley since you've been here, haven't you?" Julian started the truck and pulled out of the parking lot. "Then, just a couple of months ago, poor Max had to go through almost the same thing when he witnessed his partner Alec's wreck." Shaking his head, Julian glanced back at Koby. "I learned my lesson. No more starting the truck without being buckled up. So you'd better get used to it."

Koby smiled at him. "Does that mean I'll be riding in your truck again after today?"

"Well, it does if you're still planning on spending all your free time training with me. A man's gotta eat sometime." He smiled and winked at Koby. Shit, what had he just done? Flirting? Julian had never flirted in his life. What the hell was happening to him? It was like he was a different person around Koby.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

"You feel like a steak and salad?" he asked as he glanced again at his passenger.

Koby ran his hands up and down his body. "No, I don't think I feel like a steak or salad."

"Smart ass," he chuckled. "I know of a pretty good place. The steaks aren't so big that they weigh you down for the rest of the day, and the protein would be good for you."

That got another chuckle out of Koby. He reached across and gave him a playful punch in the arm. Then he laughed along. He suddenly realised he'd laughed more in the past two days, since meeting Koby, than he had in the last ten years. What the hell was going on?

## Chapter Two

By the time he returned to his dorm that evening, Koby was worn out. He barely managed to undress before slipping into bed. The next day was the first official pre-season practice, and he knew he'd have to be at his best. He'd heard a lot about Vic Winters, but he'd yet to meet him. Most people detested the pompous first-string quarterback who'd taken Nick Anderson's spot after his death.

As he slept, dreams of Julian brought him awake more than once. Finally, at four-thirty, he decided to give up and go for an early-morning run before practice. He was a little disturbed by the way Julian had pulled away the longer they worked-out the previous day.

After slipping on a pair of sweats over his running shorts, Koby picked up his bag and left the room. Walking across campus, he thought about his dreams from the previous night. He knew he'd sensed a mutual attraction between Julian and himself, so what had he done to make the older man pull away? Going back through the afternoon, he couldn't think of a thing. It had started when Julian was spotting him on the free-weights. Maybe he'd become uncomfortable by the erection evident in his sweats. Although, why would it make him uncomfortable? They'd been getting along great before then. He still remembered the will-power it had taken not to brush his hand across the prominent bulge. From the look of it, Julian had a cock to rival his own.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Relieved the door to the athletic facility was unlocked, Koby walked down the hall to the locker room. He spotted Julian already working out on the band machine. "Hey," he called as he continued walking. If Julian thought he was getting too close, too fast, he'd just cool it for a while.

"You're here early," Julian said as he continued his workout.

"Couldn't sleep, so I thought I'd go for a run before practice. Are you always here this early?"

"Not quite this early. I couldn't sleep either," Julian said with a funny look on his face.

Deciding it would be better just to get the hell out of there, Koby nodded. "Well I'll see you at practice, I guess."

"Koby!" Julian yelled after him.

He stopped and looked back over his shoulder. "Thought I'd give you a heads up, Vic's on the track. He always runs this time of day."

"Well I guess our first meeting will be when I pass him then." He smiled at Julian.

"Just watch yourself," he called as he went back to his workout.

"Will do," Koby said as he opened the locker room door.

He quickly stripped out of his sweats and stowed his bag in the locker Coach had already assigned him. Walking out to the edge of the track he started stretching. He watched as Vic jogged around the far side of the track. He smiled to himself and shook his head. He should have guessed, Vic was the type of guy he hated. He could tell just by looking at him. Vic had short brown hair with longer, artificially highlighted



Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

strands on top. He looked to be a couple of inches taller than his own 5'10 frame, but that didn't bother Koby a bit. He could take whatever bullshit Vic could dish out. He'd been eating bullshit for breakfast for years, so why should college life be any different. He knew he'd never be able to get into his zone with someone else running, but he'd at least be able to burn some energy.

Deciding he was stretched enough, Koby started out running at a decent pace. He noticed Vic looking over at him, but decided to ignore him as much as possible. He wasn't afraid of him, but he didn't see a need to confront him until it was absolutely necessary.

Clearing his mind, his speed picked up measurably. A shout to his right got his attention and he looked over, surprised to see Vic running beside him.

"Who the hell are you?" Vic said.

"Koby McIntire," he said slowing his pace a little.  
"Incoming freshman quarterback."

"Well I don't give a fuck who you are, this is my time on the track, so get the hell off."

"I'll try to remember that, but for now, I'll just finish my run and then hit the shower," Koby said, picking up speed and shooting passed Vic. He smiled to himself as Vic grunted and tried to keep up with him. One thing he was sure of, his speed far surpassed Vic's, and once he built up his upper body and worked on his throwing arm, he'd take Vic on.

Two more laps around the track, and he decided he'd warmed up enough. After one more lap to cool down, he headed toward the showers. He undressed and grabbed a

Sacking the Quarterback  
by Carol Lynne

towel off the shelf. Turning the water on, he decided he liked the challenge that he'd set for himself. That reminded him, he'd need to talk to Julian as soon as he got dressed.

Turning off the water, he swiped himself dry, and wrapped the towel around his waist. As he walked toward his locker, he heard the outside door open and close. *Great, he hadn't gotten out fast enough.*

"Hey asswipe, maybe you don't know who I am, but around here, I'm top dog." Vic pointed his finger at Koby's nude chest. "When I say jump, you ask how hi? Got it?"

Rolling his eyes, he tried to turn away, but Vic grabbed his arm. "Don't even think of turning your back on me."

Koby looked at him and shook Vic's hand off. "Get lost. You have no hold over me."

"Is there a problem?" Julian said from the doorway.

"No problem, as long as this newbie stays out of my way and off my track in the mornings." Vic walked past him, shoving him sideways in the process. As Koby tried to hold his ground his towel fell off and slid to the floor. Vic laughed on his way to the shower.

Koby noticed the way Julian's eyes ate up his nakedness. He gave Julian a slow smile and turned to his locker, not bothering with the towel. "Thanks," he said. "The rumours I heard are most definitely true regarding that meathead." He retrieved his clean clothes out of his bag and started to dress, well aware that Julian was still watching him. The more he thought about it, the harder his cock became until it was totally hard, bobbing against his stomach.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

He heard what sounded like a moan coming from the doorway, he glanced over and was surprised to see that Julian had taken several steps toward him. When he met Koby's eyes, he seemed to snap out of his lustful trance. "Uh ... meet me in my office once you're dressed."

Nodding, he smiled, "Sure thing." He purposely, reached a hand down and brushed it against his hard-on. Julian's face went red before he turned and left the room.

"Damn, I'm mean," he chuckled to himself as he dressed. He was just tying his shoes when he heard the shower shut off. Quickly stowing his gear into his locker, he left before he had another encounter with Vic.

\* \* \* \*

Sitting behind his desk, Julian was still in shock at his earlier behaviour. He'd been two seconds away from falling to his knees to worship Koby's cock. What would have happened if Vic had come into the room and spotted him staring at the luscious cock proudly on display. He shook his head. This was exactly the reason he'd pulled back yesterday.

He'd spent most of the night, trying to figure out what felt so different about Koby. His entire life he'd been a withdrawn loner. Football was his release, the only thing in his life that brought him joy. He wanted to go pro after college and even had a few teams approach him, but his father had taken that dream away from him, like all the others.

He was still trying to figure out how a guy like Koby could fit into his fucked-up life, when the man of his thoughts came strolling through the doorway. Koby smiled and plopped down

in the cracked vinyl chair beside his desk. *Damn, he looked good.* Julian rolled his chair further under the desk to hide his erection.

"What did you want to see me about, Coach?" Koby said, strumming his fingers against the desktop.

"Why don't you call me Julian. I'm not that much older than you, besides, Justin would probably get jealous if he heard you call me Coach." He flashed Koby a smile, which he actually felt.

"Okay, Jules," Koby chuckled. "Am I in trouble for not caving to Vic?"

"Hell no, not from me anyway. I wanted to see what your schedule for the next two weeks looked like. Once school starts, we'll have to factor your classes in as well, but I thought we could set up a workout regime if you were interested."

"Sure I'm interested, even more so, now that I've met meathead. I was planning to ask about getting some help with my passes, too."

"Well, I'll be the one to work on the strengthening side of things, but you might be better off talking to Coach about the passing aspect."

"Why would I need to do that? You've got the greatest arm in the history of this university." Koby leaned forward a little in his chair. His eyes squinted as he looked at Julian. "Unless, you just don't want to work with me that much. Hey, man, if that's it, it's cool. I can ask Coach later."

Julian closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "I can help with your technique, but I'm not very good at passing the ball

back and forth anymore." He prayed Koby would leave it at that, but he was quickly proved wrong.

"What? You've only been out of the game for like two years. Don't tell me you're getting soft in your old age?" Koby finished his question with a smile.

Without thought, he scooted back his chair, pulled up his T-shirt and patted his washboard abs. "Does this look like I'm getting soft?"

Koby's eyes ran from his abdomen to the half-hard cock still evident in his sweats. "No, you don't look soft anywhere." He raised his eyes and looked into Julian's. "What's really going on?"

"I just don't like to pass the ball anymore." He lowered his shirt and scooted back up to his desk, feeling the heat rise in his cheeks.

"I'm not talking about football. I'm talking about us." Koby rested his arms on the desk and leaned toward him. "Why are we dancing around it? I think it's obvious that you're just as attracted to me as I am to you. So why the games?"

Julian felt his jaws clench. "It's not right. You're a student here, and I'm a member of the faculty."

Koby sat back in his chair and crossed his arms. "Is that the excuse you're giving me or yourself? Because just a few minutes ago, you told me that we were too close in age for me to call you Coach."

"Let's just stick to the conditioning aspect. Age has nothing to do with this."

Koby nodded slowly. "Okay, for now."

## Chapter Three

A loud snore woke him. Koby sat up in his seat, realising it was him. The English professor was still droning on as he tried to focus his eyes. He hadn't had a decent nights sleep in almost a month. He could even pinpoint the exact day. Yep, it was the first day he worked out with Julian.

Since that day, Julian had kept him at arms length, refusing to give in to the mutual attraction they both felt. If not getting sleep wasn't enough to slow him down, the gruelling workouts would have been. He did his normal morning run followed by his conditioning session with Julian. Then he showered, went to class and tried to stay awake. After his last class, he headed back to the weight room for another short round with Julian before football practice. After practice, he'd grab a bite to eat at the cafeteria before going to the library to do his homework.

Koby tried not to spend time in his room. His roommate seemed like a nice enough guy, but Shane was a year older than Koby and already had a lot of friends who liked to stop by in droves. He could barely breathe with just the two of them in the room, but when you put four or five, he thought he'd crawl out of his skin.

Before he knew it, class was over and the students around him began filing out. Retrieving his backpack off the floor, Koby quickly shoved his unopened book inside and jotted down his homework assignment off the white board.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Stopping by his room only long enough to pick up his gym bag and drop off the books he wouldn't need that evening Koby was surprised to find the room empty. He looked at his bed longingly. He'd felt like shit for two days. Oh how he'd love a short power-nap. Looking at the clock, he thought he had time, but decided not to chance it. He got the books he'd need for later and picked up his gym bag.

Entering the weight room, he couldn't stop yawning. He spotted Julian working out with Max. He smiled and waved. He hadn't seen Max in a couple of weeks. "Hey," he said, walking up to the pair.

"How's it been going?" Max asked, stopping to shake his hand.

Just then, a big yawn escaped him. Max chuckled. "Looks like someone's been doing too much partying."

"Hah! I haven't partied once since I've been here. I've been working out, going to classes or studying in the library." He yawned again. "I think it's starting to catch up with me though. I was just in my room and for the first time since school started it was blessedly empty. You have no idea how hard it was not to take a nap."

"You should have," Julian said from behind Max. "We can pick up the conditioning in the morning. Go back and grab a quick nap before practice."

"Thanks, but I'm sure Shane is there now with about three of his friends. He tends to run in a pack." Koby wiped the sleepy tears from his eyes as he yawned again. "Damn, I don't know what's wrong with me."

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

"I do. You're either just worn out or your getting sick. Most freshmen seem to pick up something when they first start. I don't know if it's new germs or being away from home." Julian looked at Max. "Isn't that right?"

"Hell yeah, I remember getting sick as a dog about a week after I got here." Max reached out and felt Koby's forehead. "You feel pretty hot."

Koby brushed away Max's hand. "I'll be okay. I just need a good nights sleep for a change." He picked up his bag and turned toward the locker room. "I'm going to stow my stuff and change. I'll be back in a few."

\* \* \* \*

After Koby left, Max looked at Julian. "He looks rough."

"Yeah, I've heard him mention a couple of times that he never gets to relax in his room. That right there is enough to wear most people out." Julian rubbed his jaw.

"Not only wear them out but make them sick." Max eyed Julian for a moment. "Maybe I should call one of Alec's friends and ask if Koby can crash at their house until he feels better?"

"What's wrong with your place? Since Demitri moved out, you guys have a spare room." The thought of Koby being nursed back to health by strangers just didn't set well with him.

"No can do. After we finally got rid of Demitri, Alec quickly turned the spare room into an office. He said he'd never take the chance of having a houseguest again. But he's got some perfectly nice friends that I've met at the club."



"Are you talking about Secrets? No way, no way would I let Koby be a houseguest in a Dom's house." He ran his hand across the back of his neck and exhaled. "If he's really getting sick, he can crash at my place for a while." Fuck, how was he supposed to deal with that? Still, given the choice between sending Koby to a strangers house or having him right where he could keep an eye on him, he'd much rather take Koby home.

Max pumped his arm in the air. "Woo Hoo, I knew you wouldn't let me down."

"Yeah well don't get too excited, Mr. Matchmaker. If he's just tired, he can sleep in his own bed tonight."

"Mr. Matchmaker, me?" Max gave him an innocent look.

Julian took a step forward and tapped his finger in the centre of Max's chest. "Don't think I don't know what you're up to. I'm telling you now, it won't work. No way will I risk my job chasing after a student."

"Why would you be risking your job? Alec's a professor and I'm a student."

"It's not the same and you know it. You're a graduate student, and Koby's a freshman. Arrggghh! Why am I even discussing this?" He started pacing back and forth rubbing his closely cropped hair.

Max put a hand on his arm to stop his pacing. "I can tell there's something between the two of you. I've seen more light in your eyes since Koby got here than I've seen since my first day of practice my freshman year. Don't fuck this up. If you're that worried about your job, ask Justin. He'll give it to you straight."

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

"Ask me what?" Justin said walking into the room.

Max nodded to Julian and picked up his towel. "I've got to take a shower and get home to fix dinner. Bye Dad."

Julian watched as Max walked into the locker room. He turned to Justin, who was staring at him with his hands on his hips. "You got a minute?"

Justin looked at his watch. "About fifteen actually, why, what's up?"

Motioning toward his office, Julian asked, "Can I talk to you in private?"

Nodding, Justin followed him to his office. When they were both seated, Julian tried to think of how to ask the question that could change his life. He scratched at his bristled jaw and finally looked at Justin. "What are the rules about faculty members dating students?"

Justin grinned, "Koby?"

"Hell, do I have a sign or something on my forehead? Does everyone know he drives me crazy?"

"I don't know about everyone, but the people who care for you can tell you've been happier since he's been here. There's nothing wrong with it, if that's what you want. Some of the faculty look on it as wrong, but who the hell cares. The people you work with don't give a shit. Forget about the rest of those stuck-up academics, and just do what makes you happy."

"You mean I won't get fired if I decide to pursue this?"

"Fired? No, but you might lose respect from some of the faculty. That's straight up. You need to understand that going in. Some of the players you work with might try and hassle

either you or Koby over it, but it just depends on how bad you want this."

Julian nodded and sighed. "I'll have to give it some thought."

No sooner had he got the words out, that they heard his name being yelled from the weight room. He jumped up and ran out of the office. "What's wrong?"

Max ran over, "It's Koby. He collapsed in the locker room. I managed to wake him and a couple of the guys helped me get him to one of the training tables."

"Shit," Julian growled as he ran toward the small office just off the locker room. He found Koby sitting up, wiping his brow. Luckily, Max had thrown a towel over his still naked groin. "What are you doing sitting up?"

"I've got practice in a couple minutes," Koby whispered. "Just trying to get my head to stop spinning so I can get dressed."

Julian walked up to him and felt his forehead. "Christ Almighty, you're burning up." He turned to Justin and Max who were standing in the doorway. "Max, get Koby's clothes. We're going to need to take him to the campus clinic."

Max nodded and left. Julian looked at Justin. "Can you do without me today, Coach?"

"Sure thing, just take care of my quarterback."

It was on the tip of Julian's tongue to argue that point. Why did Koby already feel like his? Max rushed in carrying Koby's sweats and T-shirt. Looking at Koby, Julian knew he was in no condition to dress himself. He looked back over his

shoulder at Max and Justin. "Can you give us a minute while I get him dressed?"

After Max and Justin left and closed the door, Julian took a deep breath. "Okay, I need to get you dressed so we can get you to the clinic. Can you hold your arms up?"

"You don't have to do this." Koby said as he slowly raised his arms.

"Nonsense, what kind of a friend would I be if I didn't help you out when you needed it?" He got the shirt over his head and pulled it down his torso. Looking at the sweats, he noticed Max didn't bring any underwear. He looked back at Koby. "Guess you'll be going commando." He bent down and slipped Koby's long, narrow feet into the pants legs. He pulled them up until he ran into the towel. He looked at Koby.

Blushing, Koby removed the towel. Julian was amazed that he was half-hard. He looked back up at Koby. "Seriously, you're sicker than shit and you can still get it up?" He shook his head as Koby shrugged.

"Sick or not, your hands on my skin feel like heaven."

It took every ounce of will-power Julian had to pull the dark blue sweats up and over the bobbing erection. "You're killing me kid." He shook his head as he helped Koby down from the table.

"I'm not a kid. I may only be eighteen but I grew up in a hurry when I was fourteen." Koby slumped against him and Julian could feel the heat radiating off his body.

"Can you walk?" Julian asked, trying to forget what Koby said about growing up at the age of fourteen.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

"Yeah," Koby took a couple of wobbly steps before his leg's started to buckle. Julian caught him and scooped him up into his arms. Koby shook his head, protesting. "No, I'm too heavy. You'll hurt your back."

"Hush," he said as he tried to open the door and carry him through.

"Ouch," Koby yelped as his head hit the door jam.

"Shit, sorry." He readjusted Koby in his arms and moved his head a little as he carried him successfully into the locker room.

Justin rushed over and looked at Julian. "Do you need some help?"

"Just get the doors. Where's Max?" He carried Koby down the hall to the side door.

"He got your keys off your desk and went to pull your truck up to the door. We figured you'd need it to take him home after you left the clinic."

"Well at least you're thinking further ahead than I am." He smiled to himself as he felt Koby's head land on his shoulder. God forgive him, but it just felt right holding him, even if he was sick.

Max pulled the truck up and jumped out while Justin opened the passenger door. "I think maybe he'd be better off going to the emergency room."

"Can't," Koby piped up. "I don't have any insurance. Only through the college."

Julian gave Justin a look and shook his head. "I'll take him to the clinic and see what they have to say." He sat Koby in the seat and buckled his seat belt. Running around to the

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

driver's side, he looked back at Justin and Max. "I'll call as soon as I know something."

He put the truck into gear and pulled out of the parking lot. The clinic was all the way on the other side of campus. He looked over at Koby, he looked so young. Reaching a hand out Julian ran it over Koby's face. "I'll take care of you."

## Chapter Four

After getting Koby settled into the spare bedroom, Julian went to the kitchen to get a sport drink. He was relieved that Koby only had a bad case of exhaustion and dehydration. Why hadn't he noticed before today? According to the doctor at the clinic, Koby hadn't been taking care of himself. He was his conditioning coach for God's sake, it was his job to notice these things.

They'd stayed at the clinic long enough for Koby to receive an IV drip. The doctor gave strict orders of bed rest and plenty of fluids. If Koby did both of those things, he should be up and healthy within four or five days.

As he carried the bottle into the bedroom, he was sorry to see Koby was already asleep. He knew that sleep was needed, but Julian thought liquids were more important just then. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he ran his hand over Koby's shiny gold hair. It was so soft. He longed to run his fingers through it. With a sigh, he spoke. "Koby? You need to wake up and drink something."

"Sleep," Koby mumbled.

"I know, but the doctor said you need to replenish your fluids. Come on, wake up and drink this bottle and I'll let you sleep for a while." He ran his hand over Koby's chest and stomach. A fire lit in his groin as he felt the muscles ripple under his fingers. It must have had the same affect on Koby because he moaned even though his eyes were still closed. Startled, Julian took his hand away and put it on the bed.

Opening his eyes, Koby smiled. "If I drink, will you continue to rub my belly?"

Julian looked at him for several moments. "I'm not sure you're up to it." He handed the bottle of blue sports drink to Koby.

Taking the bottle, Koby tried to sit up. Julian helped manoeuvre him until he was leaning against the headboard. Before Koby lifted the bottle to his mouth he took hold of Julian's hand and brought it back to his chest. "Keep doing it, it makes me feel better."

Against his better judgement, Julian rubbed circles over Koby's flesh. He swallowed as he watched Koby's nipples harden into tight nubs. His tongue tickled with the need to taste one of those hard peaks. He sure as hell didn't understand what was coming over him. He'd never had these desires before. Fucking had been his only link to another individual. Right now though, he wanted to worship every inch of Koby's tanned skin. He wanted to crawl under the covers and hold him in his arms, another first for him.

As Koby drank, he maintained eye contact with Julian. When the bottle was empty he reached over and set it on the table. Leaning forward, Koby did the unthinkable and kissed him.

Julian was shocked at the warm tongue probing his lips. Damn, he felt like a terrified virgin. He tentatively opened his mouth and let Koby inside. Julian was overwhelmed at the feelings one kiss could evoke. Koby moaned and put a hand to the back of Julian's head, taking the kiss deeper. Too much, he was feeling too much emotion.



Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Breaking the kiss, Julian looked into the bluest eyes he'd ever seen. "Get some sleep. I'll wake you in a couple of hours with another drink." He quickly got off the bed and saw the hurt in Koby's eyes. "I'm sorry, it's just...." He left the room and walked straight to the deck.

Slumping into a chair, Julian closed his eyes and relived the kiss, his fingers automatically going to his swollen lips. He couldn't believe at the age of twenty-four he'd finally been kissed with tenderness. The kisses he'd suffered in the past had been nothing like what he felt with Koby. Thinking of the past, had him shaking, no, he refused to give his father the satisfaction.

Grabbing his keys off the table, Julian headed for the grocery store. If he was going to have a houseguest for a couple of days, he'd better stock the kitchen with something besides soup and frozen dinners.

As he shopped, he realised what had been bothering him about Koby. He knew he'd never be good enough for a man like him. Julian had too many secrets, too much of a past.

With his new resolve, he headed back to his small house. He'd bought the house once he was hired at the university. Even though it was old, it had been well cared for. The pale yellow house with white shutters fit his lifestyle and his budget. The best thing about it though, was the enormous back yard. You just couldn't get a decent sized yard in the new subdivisions popping up around town.

Pulling into the drive, he turned off the ignition and sat there. He realised that for the first time, it felt like he was coming home, not just back to his house. Julian knew the

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

difference was the man inside. He felt his eyes begin to burn and blinked quickly to dispel the tears. It would be selfish to drag a man like Koby into his fucked up life, no matter how much he wanted to.

He shook his head and opened his door. Gathering the bags out of the back of the truck he carried them inside. Before putting them away, he popped his head into the spare room. Koby was still asleep. Julian wondered what demons drove the young freshman to work his body until it collapsed. Taking a deep breath, he went back to the kitchen to get the groceries put away.

\* \* \* \*

Koby woke to someone shaking him. "What?" he mumbled sleepily.

"Time for another bottle of water," Julian said, looking down at him. "I'm getting ready to grill a couple of steaks. I thought those and a nice salad would be good for you. Now sit up and drink," he commanded, but ruined it with a grin.

Struggling to sit up against the headboard, he looked at the clock. "It's almost eight and you haven't eaten yet?"

"I had a snack earlier. I thought it would be best to let you sleep a while. So are you feeling any better?" Julian didn't sit on the bed this time, he noticed.

Brushing the hair out of his face, Koby moved his head from side to side. "I feel like I have the world's worst hangover. How long did the doc say this would last?"

"He said to stay in bed and drink fluids for the next four or five days."

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

"No, I can't be away from practice that long, Coach will kill me. Maybe if I just drink water like crazy and sleep for two days I'll be okay." He looked into Julian's eyes. "Please," he begged. "You gotta help me get better and back on the field."

Julian placed a hand on his shoulder, pushing him back against the headboard. "Something has to change with your schedule. I'm not sure where I went wrong, but you should have never gotten dehydrated like you did. Have you been drinking enough during practice and after working out?"

"Yeah, I thought so. I've been skipping breakfast and lunch, but I always try to at least stop by the cafeteria for a sandwich in the evenings before I go to the library."

Julian held his hands up to stop Koby's ramblings. "What? Why are you skipping meals? And exactly what kind of supper is a sandwich? You should be overloading your system with protein and carbohydrates. I don't think you have any idea how many calories your body's burning during the day." Julian exhaled and sat on the bed. "When was the last time you've gotten any rest? Not sleep, rest?"

He had to think about that one. "I ... uh ... guess it would have to be before I got my roommate. Most evenings I spend in the library. It's the only place quiet enough to study, but as I'm sure you're aware, the chairs aren't meant for rest or comfort." He unscrewed the cap on the bottle and drank the cool liquid.

Julian surprised him by cupping his cheek. "We'll figure something out as far as the rest goes, but the eating situation has to change. I'll expect you to eat a full breakfast in the morning, either before or after our workout. Lunch will be a

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

minimum of two sandwiches and juice, along with some fruit. Supper, you need to eat protein and lot's of it. Pasta wouldn't be a bad choice either. I won't continue to work with you if you don't follow my rules. I won't have you putting your health in jeopardy again."

Putting his own hand over Julian's, he leaned into the caress. "I need to be the best. Do you know what that feels like? It's like a burning in my gut, constantly pushing me."

"Oh, sweetheart," Julian said as he placed a kiss on Koby's forehead. "You don't have to do everything this year. You've got three more years to prove yourself, but the way you're going, you'll drop dead before it ever has a chance to happen."

Koby swallowed, he knew what Julian said was true, but he wanted it so much, almost as much as he wanted Julian. "Kiss me," he whispered.

With a grunt, Julian leaned forward and covered Koby's lips with his own. This time, Koby wouldn't let him just walk away. He wrapped his arms around Julian and pulled him down against him. One kiss became two, and two became three.

Trying to kick his covers off, Koby ran his hands down Julian's back to his rock hard ass. He moaned at the feel of Julian's body against him. Finally getting the covers down, Koby broke the kiss. "Touch me. Please, God, touch me."

The feel of Julian's strong hands on his skin had him ready to shoot before he got anywhere near his aching cock. When Julian licked his way down Koby's neck to one of his nipples, he was sure he wouldn't last.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

"I'm gonna come," he said as he thrust against Julian's stomach.

Continuing down his torso, Julian licked the tip of his cock. "Mmm, you taste good," Julian said as he opened his mouth and Koby thrust inside. With Julian's lips sliding up and down the length of his shaft, Koby shook.

"Jules! I'm gonna, now!" Instead of pulling off like he expected, Julian sealed his lips tighter around Koby's cock. Heart hammering, Koby shot his seed deep into Julian's throat. He'd never felt anything like it. Damn, he was hooked.

After licking him clean, Julian crawled back up his body and kissed him. Koby felt like a wet noodle, but gladly accepted the kiss. "Stay with me tonight, right here in this bed."

Julian suddenly sat up. "I can't," he looked at Koby and shook his head. "I'm not good enough for you, Koby. This was a mistake." Without another word, Julian walked out of the room.

Shit, not again.

## Chapter Five

Koby was asleep under the blossoming cherry tree in Julian's back yard, when laughter woke him. He opened his eyes to find a grinning Max. "What's so funny?"

Max knelt down beside him and swept the fallen cherry blossoms off his chest. "You just reminded me of Rip Van Winkle there for a minute. How long have you been out here anyway?"

"I don't know. I came out right after lunch. What time is it?" He sat up on the blanket and rubbed his eyes.

Laughing, Max plopped down beside him. "It's almost four. I *thought* it looked like you'd been here a while. You were covered in a nice blanket of white flowers."

Koby looked up through the tree canopy of white flowers. "What kind of tree is this anyway?"

"It's called an Autumn Cherry Tree, but it blooms in both spring and fall. Pretty, isn't it?"

Looking around the beautiful yard, Koby grinned. "Gorgeous. I love this yard. All the flowers and smells," he took a deep whiff. "Heaven."

Max nudged him with his elbow. "Yeah, you look like you've been in heaven. So does that smile on your face have anything to do with the owner of the yard?"

Groaning, Koby fell back onto the blanket. "He's driving me crazy. He runs hot and cold at the drop of a hat, I never know where I stand with him."

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

"Oh listen to you. You're seeing the new improved Julian. Before you came to town, I don't believe anyone even thought the guy knew how to laugh. Even when he was the campus All-American, he kept to himself. Never dated, never had friends he hung out with, nothing." Max reached over and flicked a few flowers off the blue blanket. "He's always been one of the saddest people I've ever known."

"But you don't know why?"

"Some of it, maybe, I'm not sure anyone will ever know all of it. As much as I want to, I can't tell you what I know. I think trust comes hard to him, and I wouldn't want to be one more in a long line of untrustworthy people in his life."

Sighing, Koby picked apart a blossom. "I can respect that I guess. It's just hard, ya know? I mean, I really care for him, he's almost all I think about."

Max's brows shot up. "Wow, Julian's surpassed football? Damn, you have it bad."

"Fat lot a good it does me. He walks around the house with a hard-on all the time, but refuses to let me do anything about it."

Max started laughing so hard tears began to stream down his cheeks. Koby crossed his arms and just stared at his new friend. When Max's laughter died down, Koby asked. "You about finished?"

Holding up his hands in surrender, Max shook his head. "I'm sorry, man. It's just too funny. The thought of that big brooding Italian walking around with a hard-on and refusing to do a thing about it, just cracks me up. Damn, that man is stubborn."

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

"Tell me about it." Koby stood and motioned for Max to get off the blanket. "You want something to drink? I need to head to the kitchen and get dinner started."

Winking at him, Max stood and helped him fold the blanket. "No, I need to get home and make supper for my man, too."

Koby felt the heated blush work its way up his neck and face, he tucked the blanket under his arm and started walking toward the back porch. "Well, it's the least I can do. He's letting me crash here for a couple more days until he's sure I'm okay. He did say I should be okay to practice football tomorrow, but he still won't let me work out."

Max put a hand on Koby's shoulder, suddenly looking serious. "Just be patient with Julian. I know for a fact that he feels something for you. The whole thing just scares him. I don't think he's ever been in a relationship before."

"I'll try." He waved as Max left through the privacy gate and walked into the house. While preparing dinner, he thought about what Max had told him. "Patience, huh," he said to himself.

\* \* \* \*

As soon as he got out of his truck, Julian smelled something cooking on the grill. He smiled as his stomach rumbled in delight. He loved this, coming home to something besides an empty house and a frozen dinner. As soon as he walked through the door, he heard Koby singing in the kitchen.



Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Setting his bag down, Julian walked toward the angel's voice. He leaned against the doorway and listened for a few more minutes. He didn't recognise the song, but he knew a church hymn when he heard one. Funny, he'd never taken Koby as a religious man.

Spotting him, Koby abruptly stopped singing. "Hey. Dinner will be ready in about fifteen minutes."

"Pretty song," he said with a smile. At Koby's blush, Julian pointed toward the bathroom. "I'm going to take a quick shower, if that's okay."

"Sure, dinner should be ready about the same time you are."

Nodding he went back through the living room to his bedroom. He had to keep reminding himself that Koby would only be around for a couple more days. The problem was, the longer Koby was there, the less he wanted him to go.

Hours later, Koby woke to a noise he couldn't place. He sat up in bed and opened the door slowly. Stepping out into the hall, he followed the sounds to Julian's door. Someone was crying.

Taking a deep breath, Koby quietly opened the door. The cries were indeed coming from Julian. He crept closer to the bed. The open window washed Julian's nude torso in moonlight, not enough to see great detail, but enough to discover that Julian was still asleep.

Koby suddenly felt like an intruder. He was trying to figure out whether to leave or to wake him, when Julian started to speak. "No, Daddy, please, don't." Julian began thrashing around and Koby felt like his heart would break. He stretched

out beside Julian and tried to calm his flailing arms. "Shhh ... it's okay, you're safe now," he continued to whisper over and over until Julian started to calm down. When Koby could let go of Julian's arms he began rubbing his chest with one hand, while the other rubbed his scalp through the short buzz cut.

Julian started and gasped as he sat straight up. "Koby?"

"Yeah, it's me," he said in a calm voice. "You were having a nightmare." He scooted even closer, trying to comfort Julian without words.

Julian seemed to take the gesture for what it was, and wrapped his arms around Koby. Neither of them talked as their lips came together and their hands began to explore.

God, Koby thought, Julian felt better than he'd ever imagined. He took the kiss deeper and pulled Julian on top of him. The older man thrust against him making Koby moan. "Make love to me," he pleaded.

That seemed to bring Julian up short. He backed away a little and looked down at him. "I've never made love, I um...."

"You're a virgin?" Koby asked sympathetically.

Julian let out a bark of laughter. "Oh, God, no. I haven't been a virgin since..." He started to say something else and stopped.

Running his hands down Julian's face, Koby smiled. "Talk to me."

Koby felt Julian's jaws clench under his hands. "I don't know how to fuck with feelings involved."

"Oh," Koby thought about it for a few seconds, "Well then you're lucky you have me to teach you." Without asking, Koby reached over in Julian's bedside drawer and searched

for a tube of lube. When he came up empty he looked at Julian. "Lube?"

Clearing his throat, Julian reached under the pillow on the other side of the bed, going a deep shade of red. "I um ... well I've been using it a lot recently."

Koby couldn't help himself, he started to chuckle. "Damn, I'd have helped you out with that, all you had to do was ask." He took the lube and squirted some in his hand. Next he took Julian's hand and applied a big dollop to his fingers. "Have you ever stretched anyone?"

Unable to maintain eye contact, Julian shook his head. "Never much cared if someone was stretched enough." He met Koby's eyes again. "Until you."

"Okay, well I'm sure you know the concept, so just go slow and I'll talk you through it." At Julian's nod, he continued. "It'll be easier if you roll to the side, that way you can see what you're doing."

Rolling over, Julian sighed. "I can't believe how stupid I feel right now. Can we just kiss and take it from there?"

"Come here," Koby pulled Julian's head toward him. He ran his tongue over Julian's heavy five o'clock shadow, feeling each bristle against his sensitive tongue. He worked his way up Julian's strong jaw to suck on his earlobe. Julian groaned as Koby ran his lubed hand down to encircle his lover's erection. He pulled off the lobe and made his way back down to Julian's lips. "You feel good in my hand and on my tongue," he whispered against Julian's lips. He sealed their lips together and thrust his tongue inside Julian's warmth.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

He almost jumped when he felt a finger begin to circle the puckered skin of his hole. He moaned so Julian would know, he was doing it right. Spreading his legs further apart, he began moving his hips to Julian's touch. "Push in one finger," he coached.

Ever so slowly, Julian's middle finger breached his hole. "Yes ... Oh, that's it. Move it around a little and when you feel I'm loose enough, give me another."

The stretching and kissing went on for several more minutes, until Koby thought he'd explode. "Condom?"

"Shit. They're in my top dresser drawer," Julian complained as he broke away from Koby. Before his body had a chance to cool, Julian was back. He started to turn him over onto his stomach, but Koby shook his head.

"I want to see you as you make love to me." He hooked his arms under his knees and opened himself to Julian.

"God, you're hot," Julian said as he lay on top of him.

"Hot for you." Koby opened himself to welcome Julian's probing cock. As they both rocked back and forth, Julian took his mouth in another passionate kiss. Once Julian was buried to the root he broke the kiss and put his head down on Koby's.

"Home," Julian whispered, more to himself than to Koby. He pulled out a couple of inches before thrusting back inside. Setting a slow rhythm, they moved together as one. Koby reached between them and stroked his cock to match Julian's rhythm. As the speed slowly built, Koby felt his balls draw up tight.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

"Gonna come," he panted. He'd never in his life felt so alive, so cherished. This may have been Julian's first time at making love, but he was doing a damn good job of it. Koby truly felt loved as Julian's body surrounded him, invaded him. He knew in that second, he'd fallen in love.

Koby murmured sweet words in Julian's ear as he took the express elevator to ecstasy. Thrusting inside him a little harder and a lot faster, Julian groaned. "Yes, come for me."

As if on command, Koby's cock erupted with stream after stream of cum. Julian's eyes kept moving from Koby's cock to his face. He buried himself as far as he could and howled Koby's name. He felt Julian's entire body vibrate with the force of his orgasm moments before he collapsed on top of him.

Rubbing his back, Koby was surprised that Julian continued to shake. With his head buried in the crook of Koby's neck, all Koby could do was hold him. "You okay?"

He was surprised when Julian shook his head no. "Julian?"

"I'm almost twenty-five-fucking-years old. Why didn't I know? God, I hate that bastard even more now."

Koby tried to roll Julian to the side, so he could look at him, but Julian only buried himself further against Koby's body. "No," Julian whispered. "Please, just hold me. I don't want to talk anymore."

Koby held him tight, going over the nights events in his head. The cries in his sleep, the revelation that Julian had never made love, the words spoken moments earlier. It all seemed to add up to one thing, but, God, he hoped he was

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

wrong. If he'd come to the right conclusion, Julian may never be able to have a normal, long-lasting relationship.

As Julian fell asleep in his arms, Koby tried not to think about giving this man up. No, he'd do everything in his power to fight for him, even if he had to fight Julian to do it.

## Chapter Six

Koby woke the next morning still curled around Julian. He smiled as he ran his hands up the sculpted chest to the twin brown nipples. Circling first one, and then the other, he grinned as they hardened. Leaning in, he licked one of the nubs, feeling it rise to a stiff peak under his tongue.

"Mmm," Julian moaned. "Morning," he said opening his eyes to look down at Koby.

Releasing the nipple, Koby scooted up enough to get a quick kiss. "Morning," he said as he rolled on top of Julian. "How did you sleep?" He began a slow rub, cock to cock as he waited for Julian's answer.

Julian started moving, picking up speed, and spread his legs enough to bring Koby even closer. "I slept well, once you were in my arms." Julian arched his back and started breathing erratically. "Feels good, sweetheart."

Koby warmed at the endearment as he ground down against the man he loved. "Gonna make you fly this morning."

Grabbing onto his ass, Julian moaned, "You make me fly by just being in the same room."

The sentiment tipped Koby over the edge, hot seed warming his stomach. A loud groan from Julian and Koby felt him shudder as he came. Koby held on, kissing his jaw and nipping at his lips.

Soon, their mouths found each others again, and they settled in for several minutes of good old-fashioned, making

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

out. When the alarm went off, Julian reluctantly pulled away to shut it off. "You feel up to your morning run?"

Koby swirled his fingers around the sticky essence on Julian's stomach. "Well, I'd much rather stay in bed with you, but seeing as you need to go to work..." He leaned down and swiped his tongue through their mutual seed. "Yeah, I'm ready." He shared the taste with Julian in a passionate kiss.

Julian started to say something, but stopped. Koby looked at him closely. "What's wrong?"

Shaking his head, Julian pulled him closer. "I don't want to give this up, but there are things..."

Koby pulled away enough to place his hand on the side of Julian's face. "I know you have secrets that you aren't ready to share, but I'm not going away just because of them. I hope someday, you'll love me enough to share whatever pain is still inside of you. Until then, I'm gonna love you every second of the day."

Closing his eyes, Julian nodded. "I don't know what I feel. I've never loved anyone before," his eyes drifted away, "ever."

"I'll let you work that one out on your own. I just know when I'm not in the same room with you, I miss you. When you're sad, I'm sad. And when I think of the one person I want in my life, it's you."

"Is that what love feels like?" Julian grinned. "Because if that's love, I feel the same way."

Sitting up, Koby grinned. "Does that mean I can stay with you again tonight?"



Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Pulling him back down against his chest, Julian kissed him. "That means ... if you want, you can clear your stuff out of the dorm."

"What about your job?"

"Justin said I wouldn't get fired over it, only that it was really frowned upon by some of the faculty. He also said we might have trouble with some of the players. Are you prepared for that?"

"For you? Bring it on."

\* \* \* \*

They arrived at the athletic facility an hour and a half before his first class, plenty of time to get in a good run. As they walked toward the office, Julian's hand landed on his shoulder. "You take it easy out there today. You've been off for four days, so start slow and build." Julian gave the shoulder a slight squeeze before releasing him.

"Is it okay if I leave my backpack in your office?" Koby asked as Julian unlocked his door.

"Once inside, Julian sat in his chair. "Of course it's okay. That way, I know I get to see you before you leave."

"Stop looking at me like that or you might just get a lap full of Koby." He winked and dropped his pack on the floor.

Grinning, Julian slid his chair back and patted his lap, just as someone knocked on the door. Sighing, he held up his hands. "Hold that thought until this evening."

Feeling daring, Koby grabbed his crotch through his sweats. "Okay, people might look at me funny, but I'll hold it if you want me to."

"Smart ass," Julian said, throwing a towel at him.

Koby caught the towel and looked at it. "Ew, it smells rank." The knock came again and Koby blew Julian a kiss, "I'll see you in a little while." He opened the door and smiled at Justin. "Hey, Coach."

"You feeling better? Ready to get back out there today?"

"Yep, I'm going for a run now." He pointed toward Julian. "Although Coach Julian won't let me work out this morning."

Chuckling, Justin ducked another towel as it flew across the office. Koby caught that one too. "Dude, seriously, take your own scanky towels to the locker room."

"Get outa here," Julian laughed.

One last wink at the man he loved and Koby shut the door.

Justin took the seat beside Julian's desk and grinned at him. "What?"

"What? You know what." Justin gestured toward the door.

"I take it things have improved between the two of you."

"Yeah, but with it comes another whole set of problems."

"Like?"

"The team, the faculty, the fact that there are certain things I don't ever want him to know about me, you know, stuff. I asked him to move in, by the way."

Justin whistled, "Boy, you move fast."

Looking out the window, Julian shrugged. "It feels right. Koby may be the only thing in my life that does right now."

Sitting up straighter in his chair, Justin leaned on the desk. "Are you telling me you don't like your job?"

"Naw, it's not that. I just feel a bit like a failure at it sometimes. I didn't catch on to Koby's health issues. I

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

should've and I completely missed it. And then there's Vic. God help me, but I hate that guy. I hated him when he came in as a freshman and I haven't changed my mind since. Now he's trying to boss Koby around. First there was the confrontation on the track, and then all the extra shoves he gives Koby every time he walks by. He's a rich, pompous ass and when he's around it's hard to maintain my self-control."

"First of all, Koby pushed himself too hard, that wasn't you're doing. And secondly, Vic will get his someday. Sooner than anyone thinks I believe."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I've never coached a player with as much talent as Koby. Excuse me for saying it, but he even has you beat in the quarterback department. He's almost at Vic's level now. My guess is if he continues to train, he'll give Vic a run for his money before the season's out."

Julian rubbed the back of his neck. "What happens when the team finds out that Koby and I are living together? Will that cause the players to call foul if he beats Vic out of his slot?"

Shrugging, Justin stood. "Only time will tell. I wouldn't worry too much about Koby, though. He seems like a guy who can take care of himself."

"He won't fight Vic. He already told me that. Koby said he wouldn't let that meat head get him thrown off the team. I'm just worried that Vic is too big of an asshole for Koby to ignore for long."

"I'll keep my eyes open." Justin waved as he left the office.

\* \* \* \*

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Koby was running his final lap when he heard a whistle. Deciding to ignore it, he kept his pace without breaking stride. The whistle came again and this time he looked over. Vic and two of his buddies were standing on the practice field watching him. Turning his head back to the track, he tried to empty his mind again.

"Hey asshole!" Vic shouted.

Koby knew he wouldn't be able to get back into his zone, so he slowed his pace to a slow jog and then to a walk. With his hands on his hips, he took deep breaths and tried to cool down his muscles. He couldn't believe what a difference four days had made. Instead of feeling weaker, he felt stronger. Maybe everyone had been right, and he hadn't been taking proper care of himself.

He was on the backside of the track, when he heard footsteps behind him. Koby moved to the side of the track, to let them pass. The footsteps slowed to a walk just over his shoulder. Koby rolled his eyes and kept walking. "Bug off, Vic," he said in a bored voice.

"Heard you were a little sick baby, had to go stay with Julian. He's a fag ya know. Did he try anything with you while you were there?"

"Shut the fuck up. Take your little lap dogs and get the hell out of here." Koby hadn't even bothered turning around, which seemed to make Vic that much angrier.

"Ooh you two butt buddies now?" He said with a sneer in his voice.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Koby stopped walking, his hands fisted at his sides as he tried to take calming breaths. "Leave it alone, meat head. You should be spending your time enjoying your position on the team, before it's taken away."

"Oh and just who's going to take it from me, you? That'll be the day. No way would the team allow a candy-assed queer like you lead them." Vic started laughing.

Koby turned around, ready to go for his throat, and damn the consequences, when Justin's voice boomed across the field.

"Don't you boys have class?"

Vic narrowed his eyes. "Watch yourself, McIntire. You don't want to mess with me, got it? I can make life very difficult for you."

"Don't let your mouth write checks your ass can't cash, Winters." Koby replied as he turned and headed toward the locker room.

As he walked through the door, he spotted Coach leaning on the lockers. "Everything okay?"

"Yep, business as usual, it seems." He started undressing and Justin cleared his throat. "Don't let him get to you. He's running scared because he knows exactly how good you are."

"Thanks, Coach."

After showering, Koby stopped by Julian's office to retrieve his backpack. He was on the phone when he stuck his head in, but Julian motioned him to enter. Koby sat down and waited.

Hanging up the phone, Julian smiled. "That was student housing. You'll need to go by their office sometime today to

sign some papers, but you shouldn't have any trouble getting a partial refund on your dorm fees." Julian stopped talking and looked at him. "Have you changed your mind?"

"No, not at all."

"Then what's the look I see?"

"Are you sure you'll be able to handle the flack we get over this?" Koby looked down at his hands, unable to meet Julian's gaze.

"I can handle it, can you?"

"Yeah, I just don't want you losing your reputation around here. I don't have one, so there's nothing for me to lose."

"There are only a handful of people in this world I care anything about, and you're at the top of the list. Why would I care what a bunch of stuffy professor's and stuck-up rich kids think about me, when I have a wonderful, caring man who loves me?" Julian leaned over the desk and gave him a short, but passionate kiss. "Now go, before you're late for class. Meet me back here for lunch and we'll grab a deli sandwich or something."

"Okay," Koby said as he picked up his pack and walked toward the door. With his hand on the knob, he turned his head to look at Julian. "I love you, yeah?"

"Yeah, sweetheart. I love you, too."

## Chapter Seven

"God, that feels good," Koby moaned.

"Do you want me to do it harder or lighten up?" Julian asked.

"Always harder," Koby moaned again, feeling Julian's hands dig deep into his muscles. He'd actually gotten to play in that days Homecoming game. It may have only been for the last three minutes, but it was three minutes more than most freshmen ever got. Vic had taken a hard tackle, and had to be helped off the field. "Did you find anything out about Vic's condition?"

"Ugghh, the little asshole just had a mild concussion, his heads too damn big and hard for serious damage. You should have heard him in the emergency room, shouting orders like he owned the place. I finally just left. Justin called just before you got here."

"Is he going to be out for a couple days?" Koby asked hopefully.

"He won't be able to practice for at least four days, so at least you'll get to practice in the top spot. If you show Justin what you're made of, he may play you more than three minutes in next week's game." Julian reached beside him for a towel to wipe his hands.

Koby turned over, and pulled him down for a kiss. Vic wouldn't be able to practice, but he was sure he'd be at the Fall Festival tomorrow, riding on the king and queen float.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Koby smiled to himself, maybe his big head would be so sore, Vic wouldn't be able to wear his Homecoming crown.

"What are you smiling about?"

"Nothing, just thinking about Vic trying to fit that crown on his sore head."

"Well you keep practicing and you'll de-throne that asshole in no time."

"I like having you on my side. Will you practice with me here in the evenings? I just need to perfect my short pass, for some reason that's harder for me than the long ones."

"I told you before, I'm not as good as I used to be." Julian nuzzled and kissed his neck.

"How bad could you have gotten in two and a half years? Come on, please?"

Julian pulled away and scooted to the side of the bed. "I can't anymore. I just ... can't."

Scooting up behind Julian, Koby wrapped his arms around him. "Can't you even tell me why? You have so many secrets. I just want to know a little of what's in there."

Standing, Julian hastily pulled his clothes on. "I'm going out for a while. You go on and get some sleep." Julian grabbed his keys off the dresser along with his wallet and walked out.

Koby was left staring at the empty doorway. He scrubbed his hands over his face and got out of bed. Walking toward the shower, he tried to figure out what had just happened.

\* \* \* \*



Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

A noticeable depression in the bed woke Koby from a troubled sleep. He reached out a hand and ran it down Julian's back. Bent over, with his head resting in his hands, Julian started to shake. "I'm almost totally blind in my left eye. It happened when I went home at Easter, right before I graduated."

The news that his lover was unable to see out of one eye shocked him. How could he have known Julian for two months and not noticed? He thought back to the little things he'd seen that Julian just passed off as being clumsy. Koby remembered the time Julian was carrying him, the day he collapsed in the locker room, he'd run Koby's head into the door jam trying to walk through. Evidently, it wasn't Julian being worried or careless. It was him being unable to see properly. He'd watched Julian run into things quite often around the house and in stores, but Julian always laughed it off.

"Will you tell me how it happened? Or am I pushing?" He desperately needed for Julian to open up about this, but he didn't want to take the chance of chasing him away again.

"My dad punched me in the eye. I left, it swelled shut." Julian shrugged. "I figured I just had a black eye. Once the swelling went away, it was blurry, but I figured it was still because of the punch I'd taken. After about a month, I went to an ophthalmologist because my vision seemed to get worse, not better." Julian rubbed his hands over his scalp. "I have a detached retina. The doctor said if I'd come in right away, he probably would have been able to save the vision, but I was too afraid about what people would think." Julian

turned and looked at Koby. "One punch and my professional football career was over before it began. I just don't have any depth perception now. That's when I decided to continue my education. I had nothing else to look forward to."

Koby pulled Julian into his arms. "I'm not going to ask any more questions tonight. Someday, I hope you'll tell it all, but this is enough for now. Get undressed and let me make you feel better."

Julian woke to warm lips wrapped around his cock. "Morning, sweetheart."

Koby pulled off his cock and grinned up at him. "Thought I'd start your day off right." Koby went back to his licking and sucking. Resting his head back on the pillow, Julian closed his eyes and just enjoyed the sensations. When Koby moved down to take his balls one at a time, into his mouth, Julian couldn't help but moan his approval. He reached down and ran his fingers through Koby's silky hair. His man may be losing his tan, but his hair was still as gold and shiny as the first day he'd set eyes on him.

Spreading his legs to accommodate Koby's wide shoulders, Julian felt his body tense as Koby circled his tight rosette with a finger. He tried to take deep breaths and let Koby explore, but when a fingertip entered him it was too much. Tugging Koby's hair just enough to get his attention, Julian shook his head. "Come up here and give me a morning kiss."

Crawling into Julian's embrace, Koby looked at him. He could tell Koby wanted to say something, but didn't feel like fighting. After getting several very nice kisses, he looked at Koby. "I told Justin we'd meet him, Luc, Max and Alec at the

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

park at ten for the parade," he said looking out the window. It looked like it had either just rained or was about to. "I hope the weather clears, before it starts. We wouldn't want it to rain on our parade."

Koby groaned at the bad joke and kissed him again. "Feel like making love to me before we get up?"

He looked at Koby's hopeful, eighteen-year-old eyes and felt guilty. Koby had only been trying to make him feel good earlier. Julian ran his hands down Koby's back to land on his ass. "You think you're up to it? You took some pretty good tackles yesterday."

"I feel good, you feel even better," Koby said running his hand down to pluck at Julian's nipples.

Reaching over, Julian grabbed the well used tube of lube and handed it to Koby. "Let me watch you get yourself ready, it's so damn sexy."

Koby nodded and rolled to the side. Spreading his legs, he was just about to start when Julian stopped him. "Let's try it from the back this morning. We haven't done it that way yet." Koby gave him a funny look, but eventually nodded and turned over onto his stomach. Getting his knees under him, Koby began to rim his hole with well lubed fingers.

Watching Koby on his knees, Julian had to close his eyes for a moment. He never thought he'd make love to him in this position, yet the hurt and memories were too close to the surface that morning. He couldn't allow Koby to look at him, there was just too much there.

Julian watched as Koby buried two fingers inside himself. He was so damn hot, giving, loving. What the hell was he

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

doing? Julian thought as he rolled a condom on. He had a wonderful man who loved him. How could he let the past put something so special in jeopardy? Moving up behind Koby, he kissed his way down the muscular back. Koby moaned and removed his fingers. "So sexy," he whispered as he lined up the crown of his cock against Koby's well-stretched hole. Adding pressure, his cock was soon swallowed by Koby's body. As soon as he was inside his love, all the memories of the past drifted away. This is where he belonged, in the here and now. Nothing from the past could hurt him as long as he had Koby.

He gripped Koby's hips as he began a quick thrusting rhythm. Koby's back bowed as he moaned in ecstasy. Yes, this is what he could give Koby. The rest would have to work itself out, but here, in the bedroom, the two of them were in sync. Julian changed angles and found Koby's pleasure gland. Crying out, Koby reached under himself and began to stroke his cock to Julian's rhythm.

"Oh, so close. Make me feel so good," Koby babbled as Julian continued to peg his prostate.

"That's it. Give me all you've got."

Julian felt Koby's body contract around his cock as he cried his name. "Jules! Oh. Love you so much."

Taking the words out of the air and into his heart, Julian came, roaring Koby's name to the ceiling. He collapsed on top of Koby, not wanting to leave the warmth of his body. He nuzzled Koby's neck as they whispered words of love to each other.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

He was so afraid of losing this. Having all his dirty secrets kill this, like they'd destroyed everything else. Julian's cock softened and slipped out. He rolled to the side and took Koby into his arms. "No matter what, please don't leave me." He felt his eyes begin to burn as Koby looked at him with such love and devotion.

"You're it for me," Koby said with a hand on his cheek. "I just wish you'd let me in." Koby must have seen the moisture in his eyes, because he put his head on Julian's chest, not wanting to embarrass him. Julian was grateful. Tears weren't allowed, not when he had Koby in his arms. Yeah, he'd have to deal with the rest of the shit in his life, because this was worth it.

## Chapter Eight

It turned out to be a perfect autumn day. They'd had to park blocks away, but the walk was beautiful. Fall leaves gently blew in the air as the trees readied themselves for winter, as Koby walked hand in hand with Julian down the sidewalk. He'd been pleasantly surprised when Julian had taken his hand as they got out of the truck. This was a big step for both of them. Before now, they'd shown affection for each other only in private, for Julian to make this kind of public declaration made Koby feel all warm and gooey inside.

They rounded the corner and spotted Alec and Max sitting on the curb. He waved and they quickly crossed the street. "Hey, you the only ones here?"

Max smiled and nudged Alec. "Yeah, we got here early. Seems *someone* wanted to get a front row seat for the parade."

Alec looked affronted. "What's the use of going to a parade if you're too far back to enjoy it?"

Giggling, Max winked at Koby. "Yeah, and you can't grab candy from anywhere else but up front."

Narrowing his eyes at Max, Alec leaned toward him and whispered, though Koby could still hear the deep voice. "You're begging for punishment when we get home."

Koby watched as Max's whole face lit up. He'd heard about their relationship, but Alec had made him uneasy even before that. He was just so big and ... Greek. Koby glanced over to Julian, who shifted from foot to foot. He decided to take the

lead and sat down next to Max, Julian sat easily beside him. "So, when are Luc and Coach going to get here?"

Max rolled his eyes. "It's Sunday, their day to play. I imagine we'll be lucky to see them before the parade is over. Are you two coming over later?"

Koby deferred to Julian. He wasn't sure of Julian's moods from one minute to the next lately, and he didn't want to assume anything. Julian nodded, "I told Justin we'd be there. What time are you all eating?"

Now it was Max's turn to defer to Alec. "I'm going to start the grill at about four, so anytime after that would be great," Alec said in his booming voice.

Grabbing Max's arm, Koby pointed toward the amusement rides. "You're going to stay and ride awhile, right?"

"Hell yeah. I love those rides, the scarier the better." Max said, just as excited as Koby. Max looked over at Alec. "You're going to ride some with me, yeah?"

Scratching his jaw, Alec looked like he wanted to say no, but Max gave him puppy eyes, and Koby watched as the sweetest smile he'd ever seen spread its way across Alec's face. "Sure, little man, as long as it's not too radical."

Max reached over and squeezed Alec's hand. "Thanks, Babas."

The whole scene left Koby feeling warm. He was surrounded by good men, all taking a chance on love. Koby turned to Julian and batted his lashes. "And you, kind sir, would you like to take a ride with me?"

Chuckling, Julian shook his head. "I like the ferris wheel and a couple of the other ones, but my stomach can't handle anything that goes upside down or side to side too fast."

Koby wondered if it had anything to do with his lack of depth perception, he probably would have asked had they been alone. Out of the corner of his eye, Koby saw Justin and Luc walking up the street. "Well, they made it just in time." They all scooted a little closer together to make room for Justin and Luc because the crowd was growing by the second.

Squeezing in, Justin nodded. "I told Luc we wouldn't be late." He looked at his watch. "We could've spent another three minutes in bed." He smiled as Luc groaned.

"Three more minutes and we would've been an hour late." Luc looked around Justin, to wave to the rest of them. "Hi guys."

"Hey Dad," Max said. "Alec invited Demitri over too, so if you're bringing your pecan pie you might want to make another one. You remember how he practically ate the last one you made by himself."

"I remember, luckily Demitri already called me. I think he had the same idea you did." Luc chuckled and looked at Alec. "Where does that man put all that food?"

Alec shrugged, "He's always been a big eater. I think a lot of it has to do with being in remote locations all the time on digs. When he gets the chance to enjoy civilisation, he does it up right."

They all chuckled and watched as the parade got underway. Everyone stood as the colour-guard marched by holding the flags of the nation and state. Sitting back down,



Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Koby watched as brightly coloured floats rolled by. On some, the people began to throw candy. Koby smiled as Alec nudged Max's side and pointed. Max rolled his eyes and ran out further into the street to retrieve candy for the big Greek. Koby found it funny Alec wouldn't admit to anyone he had a bit of a sweet tooth.

Koby's favourite was a float made to look like a giant pink poodle. Man, they must have used a ton of pink cotton balls on that thing. It sure got the vets office the attention it was after though. Good job, he thought.

When the Homecoming float came into view, with its red and white crepe paper streamers blowing in the wind, Koby sat up straighter. The queen, Missy, he thought her name was, looked uncomfortable sitting next to Vic, the king. Koby smiled to himself, when the voting had taken place those two had been a short-lived item. Since then, Missy had been pushed to the wayside, like all Vic's girlfriends. He only kept them for about a month before he moved on to the next. He actually felt sorry for the unhappy queen. As the float passed in front of them, Koby couldn't believe the glare he and Julian got from Vic. "What an ass," he said to Julian.

"Grade A," Julian agreed.

"After we ride a couple of rides can we go to the weight room? I'd like to get a head start on tomorrow."

Shaking his head, Julian reached down and took his hand. "I've got a better idea, why don't you ask Max or Justin to throw some balls with you? I think that would help you more than lifting."

He hated to ask Justin because he knew it would look like he was getting special treatment from the Coach. He turned to Max. "I don't suppose I could get you to throw the ball around with me later?"

Max looked over at Alec, who nodded. "Can you come by the house early? Say, around three? That should give us time to enjoy some rides before I have to go home and get things ready."

"Sounds good, it'll give me time to sample some street food." Koby looked at Julian. "Sound okay to you?"

"Fine," Julian smiled at him.

Turning back to Max, he nodded. "It's a date." Koby laughed when he heard both Alec and Julian growl.

The four of them walked around the mid-way, looking at all the rides and food available. Luc and Justin begged off, saying they were too old to ride amusement rides. Justin chuckled and said there were better things to be ridden at home. That of course, earned him a punch in the arm from a red-faced Luc.

The top forty music was so loud coming through the speakers that Koby couldn't hear anyone talk unless he got right next to them. They decided to start slow with a ferris wheel ride for Julian. Koby had never really liked the ride, but he wanted to share something with Julian and from what they'd seen this was it. As soon as they were in their own car and Koby felt the press of Julian's thigh against his, he changed his mind. He looked at Julian and winked as he placed a hand on his thigh. "This is my new favourite ride."

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Julian laughed, and slipped his arm behind Koby's back. Leaning forward, Julian whispered. "As soon as we get to the very top, I'm going to steal a kiss."

"Ooh, yes, please." As their car rose higher in the air, letting passengers on and off, Julian suddenly went rigid. He leaned forward and narrowed his eyes at the crowd below.

"What's wrong?"

After several moments, he shook his head and leaned back in the seat. "Nothing, I just thought I saw someone."

"Who," Koby asked suddenly feeling a touch of the green-eyed monster.

Julian's arm squeezed him tighter. "No one, sweetheart. I was mistaken."

Koby still wasn't happy and he crossed his arms in front of him, taking his hand off Julian's thigh. "Was it an old lover?"

Julian's quick intake of breath, made Koby look over at him. Brow raised he eyed Julian, "Well?"

"No. You're the first real lover I've ever had, so put the jealousy in your pocket," he said and winked.

When they reached the top, Julian leaned in and gave him a quick but mind-melting kiss. "I love you," he whispered against Koby's lips.

"Love you too. I just don't want you checking out other guys from up here." Koby looked down at the mass of people below. Families stood in long lines over at the kiddie section of the mid-way, teenagers and college-aged at the more daring rides. He pointed toward a funnel cake stand. "Oh, I gotta get me one of those, they're the best."

Sacking the Quarterback  
by Carol Lynne

He looked over at Julian and noticed he was staring into space, not paying attention to him. "Hey, you sure you're okay?"

That seemed to snap him out of it, "Sorry, yeah, I'm fine." Julian looked out over the crowd. "What do you want to ride on next?"

"Well, after my *funnel cake*, I want to ride on that one." He pointed toward a monstrosity that flipped little cages full of humans upside down as it whirled above the crowd.

Julian laughed, "You're going to have to ask Max if he'll go on that one with you."

"Yeah, I know." He looked over his shoulder and tried to get Max's attention, he and Alec where in the adjacent car. Knowing Max couldn't hear him, he pointed toward the ride. Max's face lit up and he gave Koby the thumb's up sign.

When the ride was over, Koby stopped and bought a funnel cake, while Max and Julian bought big soft pretzels. Alec declined anything to eat. Koby suspected he'd already had a lot of the candy Max had gotten for him.

After eating, they headed toward the other end of the midway where all the thrill rides were. Alec left them, saying he was going to find a restroom. They lucked out because the line was short enough that he and Max got right on. He gave Julian one final wave as the loud music started blaring, indicating the fun was about to begin.

Over the next several minutes, he and Max were flipped, dipped and shaken until they both thought they'd throw up. When the cage they were strapped into finally stopped flipping, Koby tried to get his bearings. He looked out and

saw a man pointing his finger at Julian. He appeared to be yelling and Julian was looking down at his shoes, shaking his head. He nudged a still laughing Max in the side. "Who's that guy yelling at Julian?"

Max leaned over Koby and looked out. "I don't know, can't say that I've ever seen him before." They watched for a few more seconds while waiting to be unloaded. Max turned to Koby. "Whoever it is has a definite affect on Julian. Look at him."

Koby looked at Max. "I wonder..." When he turned back to Julian, the man was gone and Julian was still staring at the ground shaking his head. "Oh fuck."

As soon as the cage door was opened, Koby sprinted to Julian's side. "Jules? Hey Jules? Are you okay?" Julian didn't say anything, but he continued to shake his head. Koby looked over at Max. "Go find Alec."

Max took off and Koby tried to lead a despondent Julian to the side of the mid-way, away from the crowd. Once he was safely out of the way, Koby wrapped his arms around the trembling Julian. "Talk to me, tell me what's wrong? Who was that man?"

Julian continued to stay quiet. Alec and Max ran up and Alec snapped his fingers in front of Julian's face, nothing. Alec turned to Koby. "I think we need to get him home."

Julian exploded, swinging his arms and looking wild-eyed. "NO! He's there, he's going there. I won't go. You can't make me go." He tried to walk away but Alec's large arms caught him around the waist.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Koby crowded in and ran his hands over Julian's head, knowing it calmed him. "Who's at your house? That man who was yelling at you?" A sick feeling started in the pit of his stomach. "Jules? Is that man your father?"

Julian jerked and looked at Koby for the first time. "Yes. He's come to teach me a lesson. He said to get my ass home. He'd be waiting there for me." Julian shook his head. "I didn't tell him about you. You can't go there, he'll be mad."

"Will you go with us to Alec's house? He can protect you." Koby tried to soothe Julian as his heart started to break for the frightened man in front of him. Koby looked at Alec. "That's okay isn't it?" Koby felt relieved when Alec nodded.

"No one can protect me. He's my dad. It's his right to punish me."

What the hell was Julian talking about? He was a grown man. Julian started shaking his head again. Koby looked at Alec. "Let's get him to the truck." Alec nodded and they slowly coaxed Julian out of the mid-way.

They got him strapped in and Koby drove toward Alec's house. Julian still muttered to himself for the first couple of miles, but when he started crying, it took all the strength Koby had, not to pull over. What the fuck did that man do to his son?

Flying into Alec's drive, Koby threw the truck into gear, unbuckled his seat belt and slid over to wrap his arms around Julian. He whispered words of love in Julian's ear as he continued to cry.

Finally, Julian spoke "I'm sorry," he whispered to Koby. "I'm not the man you think I am."

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

"Come on, let's go inside. We can ask Alec to put your truck in the garage so no one will know you're here."

Julian hugged Koby so tight he thought he'd pass out. "I don't know what to do. Please help me." Julian started to shake.

He motioned to Max to come over to the truck. "Come on, we'll get you inside and I'll hold you until you feel better."

Max started to open Julian's door, but Koby held a hand up stopping him. "Is it okay if Max helps me get you into the house?"

Julian's head popped up off Koby's shoulder and he quickly dried his eyes. "Can't cry, big boys don't cry." He frantically wiped at his face using the sleeve of his jacket. The hairs on the back of Koby's neck stood on end. He could tell Julian was in another place. He didn't even look like the same man who'd made love to him that morning. What he saw, was the face of a frightened child. Koby had to swallow around the lump in his throat as his eyes started to tear.

"All better now," Julian said, drying the last of his tears.

Koby nodded to Max, who opened the door. Koby unfastened Julian's seat belt and gave him a gentle nudge toward the open door. "Let's go, I'll take care of you." They helped a dazed and frightened Julian into the house.

Max looked around the living room for a moment. "Would you like to take him into our bedroom? I think I still have a few sleeping pills left from Alec's car accident."

Koby walked Julian towards the bedroom. "Would you take a sleeping pill?"

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Julian said nothing, but he continued to shake. Max returned with the prescription bottle. He handed it to Koby along with a glass of water and left the room.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Koby put one of the pills in Julian's mouth. "Come on, honey. I need you to drink some water and swallow the pill. It'll make you feel better."

Julian opened his mouth and drank some water. Koby set the glass on the table and spread out beside Julian. Holding him, he began to sing hymns to the little boy in his arms. Singing in church had always made him happy. The songs about love and forgiveness never failed to lift his spirits. They were the best reason to attend as far as Koby had been concerned. When Gerald told him he was no longer welcome in church because of his sexual deviation, Koby had clung to the hymns. They took him through the lonely times that followed. He'd sung about six songs before Julian finally drifted off.

Koby held him for several more minutes, before extricating himself and going to find Max and Alec. It was time to rally the troops.



## Chapter Nine

Walking into the living room, Koby wasn't surprised to see Luc and Max sitting on the couch together. They both looked up.

"How's he doing?" Luc asked, standing and coming over to give him a hug.

"He's asleep," Koby said. He felt totally wiped out, but knew there were things that needed to be attended to.

"Where are Alec and Justin? I think we need to have a talk."

Luc looked at Max and then back at Koby. "The two of them and Demitri went over to Julian's."

"Did they call the police first?" Koby began pacing around the room, too worked up to sit.

"No," Luc said. "There's nothing to call the police for unless Julian tells us what's going on."

Koby reached into his pocket and pulled out an elastic hair band. He quickly pulled his hair away from his face, readying himself for battle. "I'm going over." He headed for the door.

"I don't think that's wise, besides, they should be back anytime. They left quite a while ago."

"I can't just sit around here. I need to do something." Koby continued his pacing.

"If Julian wakes up he'll need you here." Max reasoned. "Why don't you and I go out and throw balls. You can work off some of that excess energy."

Koby shook his head at the idea. "No way could I concentrate. I'd probably end up throwing the football

through one of Alec's windows." He was saved by the sound of a car pulling up. Looking out the window, he saw Alec, Justin and Demitri coming toward the house. "They're back."

Alec opened the door with the other two men following. He opened his arms and Max flew into them. "What happened?" Max asked, looking up at Alec.

"Hell, I still don't know," Alec said, looking at Koby. "Julian's dad seemed to be a decent guy. He explained that he came up for the weekend, knowing it was Homecoming. He didn't get a chance to see Julian yesterday because he was on the field and then left with the ambulance when they took Vic away. He asked around and found out where Julian lived." Alec shrugged. "It all sounded reasonable."

Justin stepped up and put a hand on Koby's shoulder. "Those are the kind of men who scare me the most. Outwardly, no one would ever suspect or believe that man was capable of harming a child. I think we both know that's not the case."

Koby nodded. "I have my suspicions but Julian won't talk about it. It's just things that I've pieced together. So did he leave when you guys told him to?"

Justin shrugged. "He said he would. I'm just not sure I believe it. If he's remotely the kind of man I think he is, he'll be angrier now than he was before. He'll think Julian told and I'm sure he won't let him get away with that."

"So what do we do?" Koby said as he continued to look from man to man.

Justin seemed to take the lead. "Well, the first thing we need to do is sit down and compare notes." Koby shook his

head and Justin put his hand up to stop the protest that was on the tip of Koby's tongue. "I know you don't want to betray Julian, but we can't help him until we can figure out what the problem really is."

Koby continued to shake his head. "No. I can't do it, what if I lose him because I told?"

Max stepped forward and put his hand on Koby's arm. "Would you be willing to talk to a psychologist, someone that could offer advice on how to proceed?"

"Yeah, maybe. Oh hell, I don't know what to do." Koby sat in a chair and put his face in his hands. "I know I can't help him by myself."

"Alec, do you think we could call Theron?" Max asked.

"Sure, it's Sunday so he should be home." Alec went to get the phone.

Alec was talking on the phone when he came back in. "Okay, hold on," he said into the phone and handed it to Koby. "You can take it in my office if you want."

Koby nodded and took the phone. "Hold on a second, Theron, I'm going into Alec's office."

\* \* \* \*

When Koby emerged an hour later, everyone was in the backyard. He stopped by the bedroom to check on Julian. Sitting down, he ran his hand over Julian's head. He was still asleep, but from the looks of the cover Koby had thrown over him earlier, Julian hadn't had a restful sleep. Koby bent down and placed a kiss on Julian's soft lips. "What secrets do you have locked up inside of you?" he whispered. He closed his

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

eyes and prayed that he was doing the right thing. Even if Julian hated him afterward, getting him the help he so desperately needed was the right thing to do.

Knowing he needed to give Alec a heads up that his brother was coming to town, Koby reluctantly left his love.

Walking outside, Koby smiled at the sombre faces staring back at him. He took one of the empty chairs and sat down. "Theron's flying in. He wasn't sure whether or not he'd get a flight tonight, but he said he'd be here as soon as he could."

Koby felt the sting of tears as his eyes welled up. "He's agreed to talk with Julian. Now I just have to prepare Julian for his visit." He wiped his eyes and looked at his friends. "What if I lose him? He's the first person to ever really love me. My folks sure never did, they fought over who'd have to raise me." Koby knew he was beginning to ramble, but bless his friends for not calling him on it. "Not Julian though. That man loves me. I think it's a new feeling for him, too."

Standing, he looked back toward the house. "I asked Theron to stay with us, but he didn't think that would be a good idea."

"He can stay with us," Justin spoke up.

"Thanks. I'm gonna go sit with Julian for a while. I'm sorry your day was ruined." He started to walk back into the house, but was stopped by a hand on his shoulder. He turned and found Max with a sympathetic look on his face.

Pulling Koby into a hug, Max patted his back. "We're your friends and we love you, too."

Demitri stepped up next. "I know Julian won't feel like going back to his place tonight, so maybe we should swap

homes for a couple of days. My apartment isn't much, but Julian's dad won't find him there."

Koby was in awe of his friends. "What will you do if Mr. Malono shows up at Julian's?"

Demitri, in true tough guy fashion cracked his knuckles. "Bring him on."

Later that evening, they woke Julian enough to get him loaded in the truck and over to Demitri's studio apartment. He'd been right, it wasn't much, one big living area with a bed in the corner. Demitri helped him get Julian to the bed and handed him the key. "I guess I should give you the tour." He started pointing around the room, "living room, kitchen, dining room, which was the coffee table in front of the couch, that door is the bathroom and the other the closet."

Koby smiled, and handed him the house key. "If Mr. Malono shows up tonight, call the police. It's my house too, and he's not welcome there."

Demitri grabbed a bag and stuffed some clothes in it before leaving. Koby shut the door and started to undress. It had been a hell of a day. After he was naked, Koby started on Julian's clothes. He woke up enough to help by lifting his arms, but he still wasn't saying much.

Getting them situated under the covers, Koby pulled Julian into his arms. Julian snuggled against him kissing Koby's chest. "I love you," he whispered, his voice raw from his earlier crying.

"Oh, honey, I love you, too. So much that I asked Theron to come and talk to you." He felt Julian tense and try to pull away. Koby held on tight. "Please, just listen to me for a

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

minute. Something is going on with you and if you don't get help, I'm afraid of what might happen. You can talk to Theron and no one else has to know. He's a doctor trained to help people. Theron won't tell anyone what you discuss with him, but you need to talk to someone and evidently it's not me."

Julian went perfectly still and Koby held his breath waiting. When he finally spoke he sounded a little mumbled and Koby had to concentrate to understand him. "You'll leave me. You'll find out and be disgusted with me."

"No, I'm promising you that will never happen. I think I already know some of it, and I'm still madly in love with you. I may be disgusted at your father, but never with you. Please, just tell me you'll try talking to Theron, that's all I ask."

After a few minutes, Julian finally gave a short nod. "I'll try."

Koby found Julian's lips and kissed him. As much as Julian turned him on, the night wasn't about sex. Instead, Koby knew Julian needed to feel love and safety in his arms. He pulled Julian's head to his shoulder and kissed his forehead. "Let's get some sleep. Tomorrow's a big day for both of us. You have a meeting with Theron and I have a quarterback position to gain."

## Chapter Ten

The next several days were hard. Julian was often withdrawn and grouchy in the evenings and Koby had so much he wanted to share with him. Football practice had been going well, and Coach Williams told him that day he'd play more in the coming Saturday's game.

Vic was back to practice tomorrow and Koby felt a little uneasy about it. He could talk to Max, but it wasn't the same. He wanted to talk to the man he loved, but Julian seemed to have more important things on his mind. Koby didn't blame him. He was proud of Julian's willingness to open up and work with Theron. If he felt a little jealous that Julian was able to talk to someone other than him about his problems, well then, that was his own secret.

Walking into the apartment, he threw his gym bag and back pack on the floor beside the door. Once again, Julian wasn't home to greet him. Koby walked over and looked into the fridge. Hell, he didn't even know if Julian would be home for dinner.

Plopping onto the couch, he picked up the phone and tried Julian's cell number. When the recording came on immediately, signifying that Julian had it turned off, Koby hung up without leaving a message. He thumped the phone against his forehead, finally calling Max. He just needed the sound of someone else's voice.

Twenty minutes later, Julian walked through the door carrying a pizza. Koby said goodbye and hung up. "Hey," he

said, jumping off the couch and walking toward Julian. "I'm glad you brought home dinner. I didn't know what time you'd be..."

"Who were you talking to?" Julian demanded, cutting Koby off.

What the hell? Koby looked at the phone and then back to Julian. "Max, why?"

"I just find it strange that you're always on the phone when I get home and then you quickly hang up."

Koby held up his hands and took a step back. "It was just Max. Look, I don't want to fight with you."

"Really?" Julian glared at him.

"Where the hell is this coming from?" Koby crossed his arms. He had a lot of patience, but Julian's distrustful attitude was surely getting the better of him. He'd been bending over backwards trying to deal with Julian's moods lately because he understood all the crap he was probably sifting through during the day with Theron. Koby kept telling himself that Julian was just lashing out at the closest person to him, but it sure didn't make it any easier to live with.

"I don't know," Julian said tossing the pizza box on the coffee table. "It just seems every time I come in the door you're on the phone with Max. What am I supposed to think?"

"Uh ... maybe that I need a little conversation once in a while? Besides, I've talked to Max exactly twice. I had some news that I wanted to share and you didn't answer your phone."

"So the next step was Max?"

Koby closed his eyes and tried to count to ten.



Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

"Are you going to answer me?" Julian took a step closer.

God help him, he just couldn't do this again. Koby held up his hand to stop Julian's encroachment. "I'm going out for a while. The last thing I want right now is to fight and if I stay that's exactly what's going to happen."

"So you're just going to leave? Do you have any idea what I've been through today?"

"NO! I don't. That's just it. I don't know anything about what you've been doing because the only time you open your mouth around me is to yell or try and pick a fight. Do you have any idea what's going on with me? No, of course you don't, because right now I don't seem to exist to you for anything other than a whipping boy." Grabbing his jacket he pushed by Julian and walked out.

He was glad Demitri lived close to the campus. At a jog, he ran to the one place he felt at home lately.

Stepping onto the field, Koby wiped the tears from his eyes. He hadn't even been aware of them until he stopped running. Taking off his jacket, he stretched out before starting his run. He needed to get into the zone and forget about the fight.

For forty minutes he ran like the devil was on his heels, while safely ensconced in the zone. He began to slow his pace, when he noticed the man standing beside the track. The hair on the back of his neck stood, and Koby suddenly knew exactly what he had to do. Without thought he walked up to the man and threw the hardest punch of his life. Koby had the satisfaction of feeling the crunch of cartilage under his fist as Mr. Malono's head flew back a split second before

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

he fell to the ground. Seeing red, he leaned over the small bastard that had hurt the man he loved, feeling an uncontrollable rage coursing through his body.

Pointing his finger in the bastards face, Koby let everything fly. "You little sick fuck. You get the hell out of this town and don't ever show your face around here again. You will never attempt to see or speak with Julian again, do you hear me? As it is, you'll be damn lucky if charges aren't filed against you for what you've done to him." Koby didn't know exactly what he'd done to Julian, but the look on the bleeding man's face, seemed to say it all.

"What did that boy tell you? He's a goddamn liar if he said I forced it on him. He liked every minute of it."

Koby didn't give him the chance to get any further before he put a well placed kick into the man's stomach. "Shut the fuck up. You want to pick on someone, I'm right here. Get up and fight me like a man." Koby's hands were tightly clenched as the blood pumped so loudly in his ears he barely heard the bastard talking.

"You're not a man. You're nothing but a kid."

"Oh, so am I turning you on then? You sick fuck." Koby bent over and punched him one more time in the mouth before walking away.

\* \* \* \*

Koby walked around town for a couple of hours, trying to cool off before he went back to face Julian. His hand was swollen and he hoped he hadn't broken any bones, but even if he had, it had been worth it.

When he got to the top of the steps, the apartment door opened and Julian was there. Koby felt a lump in his throat at the look on Julian's face. He held out his arms, "I'm so sorry," Julian said.

Koby went into his arms and walked them both into the apartment. Kissing Julian, Koby felt his heart begin to heal. "I shouldn't have said those things."

"Yes you should have. I've been an ass." Julian kissed him. "Yeah, I'm working through some heavy shit, but I think it's going to take a while and I know I couldn't make it through the day without having you to come home to."

Koby winced as Julian took his hand. Julian looked at him and then at his hand. "What the hell did you do, sweetheart?" Julian asked as he examined the swollen red knuckles.

*Shit*, Koby thought. What should he say? If he told Julian he stood up to his father, would that make Julian feel even worse for never doing so? But maybe if Julian saw firsthand that his dad wasn't infallible, he could begin to move on?

"Koby? Did you get in a fight?" Julian looked him in the eye.

"Yeah. I know it was a stupid thing to do, but I really don't want to talk about it." Koby pulled his hand out of Julian's and walked toward the bathroom. "Do you think Demitri has any alcohol?"

Julian followed closely on his heels. "You don't appear to have a mark on you besides the cuts on your hand. Did you start the fight?"

Digging in the medicine chest, Koby shrugged. "Not really. I threw the first punch, but I didn't start the fight."

Taking the bottle out of his hand, Julian pointed toward the toilet. "Sit," he said as he got out a couple of cotton balls. "Do you realise you can be kicked off the team for this?"

Wincing as the burning liquid hit his cuts, Koby shrugged again. "It was worth it."

"Really? Football is the most important thing in your life. Why would you jeopardise that?"

"You're the most important thing in my life. Let's get that straight right now. I play ball because it makes me feel important. I like the fan's screaming my name. With you, I feel loved. There's no comparison between the two."

Julian threw the cotton balls in the trash and pulled out a couple of bandages. "Was it Vic? Because I can guarantee he won't let it slide."

"It wasn't Vic. Come on Jules, just drop it. I'm hungry and tired and I just want you to hold me."

A smile slowly broke over Julian's face. "Okay, for now. Dinner, bed and then snuggle." He held out his arms and Koby stood and hugged him. "I love you. Please be patient with me."

"Just remember I'm only human. I love you and need you sometimes too." He rubbed his burgeoning erection against the front of Julian's jeans.

"Hmm I can take care of that problem for you."

"Oh thank God. I'm still a young guy and if I don't come at least once a day, my balls start to ache." Koby winked at Julian.

"Well let me help alleviate your pain." Julian said as he led Koby toward the bed.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Once undressed and between the sheets, Julian covered Koby with his body. He looked at the gorgeous face of the man he loved. Koby could have any one of dozens of gay men around campus. Why would he saddle himself with someone as screwed up as he was?

"What are you thinking about so hard?" Koby asked as he lifted his head to kiss him.

"Just trying to figure out how I got so lucky." Julian brushed the golden hair out of Koby's face.

"Maybe we both deserved a break in life."

God, Koby made him feel good. "I'm trying to be the man you deserve, but I'm scared it won't be enough." Julian swallowed the tears that were close to the surface. He'd done enough crying around Koby lately.

With his good hand, Koby reached up and traced Julian's nose. "Do you have any idea how proud I am of you? How much courage you're showing by getting the help you need?"

Julian smiled, "Yeah, well you wouldn't say that if you knew how much blubbering I do all day. That Theron's tough. He doesn't let me slide on anything." Julian saw a flash of disappointment in Koby's face.

"That's good. Means he's helping you."

"He's not gay."

"Okay." Koby said.

"I mean you don't have to feel jealous or anything." Julian moved his hips a little, letting his half-hard cock slide against Koby's hard shaft.

"There are reasons to be jealous even if you don't want to sleep with him, but it's my problem and I'll work through it." Koby tried to distract Julian by spreading his thighs.

Shaking his head, Julian licked Koby's lips before delving inside for a taste of his man. "Talk to me."

"It's just stupid stuff, like the fact that you can talk to him about the things that hurt you. Don't get me wrong. I'm glad you've finally started talking, but I can't help feeling a little jealous that you couldn't do it with me."

Taking a deep breath, Julian tried to figure out how to explain himself. "If you stole something, which person would it be easier to confess to, your mom or a guy from your math class?"

Koby actually smiled for a second. "Okay, dude, bad example, but I see where you're going with it. Most people with normal families would probably find it easier to talk to a buddy."

"Ah, but I didn't say a buddy. I don't consider Theron a buddy. He's the brother of a buddy. It's different. I don't feel like he's going to be disappointed in me when he hears what I have to say, so I can open up more. With you, I'm just not ready to risk it."

He watched as Koby's jaw clenched, something he always did when he was thinking about something important. "I think I understand, but you need to understand, you're demons don't scare me or disgust me."

"We'll see."

## Chapter Eleven

A hard cock sliding against his ass woke Koby the next morning. Smiling, he pushed back into Julian. "Morning."

"Mmm," Julian moaned and began kissing his neck. "How's the hand this morning?"

Koby wiggled his fingers, *well at least nothing appears broken*, he thought. He tried to make a fist and winced a little. "Still a little sore. Hopefully, it won't hinder my passing game."

Julian wrapped his arms tighter around him and moved his hand to Koby's morning erection. "I'm sorry. I just realised I haven't asked you how practice has been going. Fuck, I'm an ass."

Thrusting into Julian's warm hand, Koby moaned. "Let's talk about football later."

He felt Julian pull away for a moment and then he was back, complete with condom and lube on his fingers. Julian continued to kiss his neck as he ran his slick fingers around Koby's hole. Slipping a finger inside, they both moaned. God he loved this. Being in bed with his man, fingers in his ass and hand around his cock. Life really couldn't get any more perfect than it felt at that moment. Julian removed his fingers and lined up his cock. Pushing in slowly he whispered in Koby's ear.

"Do you know how sexy you are? I wanted you the first time I met you at Justin's. You were so hot, with your

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

California tan and surfer hair." Julian picked up the pace, lifting Koby's leg even higher.

Koby was lost in the sensations. This was even better than running or getting in the zone. Right now, it was just the two of them. Problems were not welcome. Julian pegged his gland and Koby thought his head would explode. "Oh fuck!" Without warning his cock erupted in jets of thick white cum.

"No one else, only you," Koby babbled as Julian thrust several more times before grunting his name. He felt Julian jerk against his back at the force of his own orgasm.

Panting hard, the two of them drifted into a light sleep. No words were needed after something that good.

\* \* \* \*

Finishing his orange juice, Koby was surprised when Julian came out in his workout clothes. "Are you going into work today?"

"Yeah, I thought I'd go in for a while. Give myself and Theron a break for a few hours. Could you meet me for lunch? I have another session with Theron this afternoon, but then I'll be back for practice."

"Oh, speaking of practice," Koby said, bouncing on the balls of his feet. "If this hand doesn't screw things up for me, Coach Williams said I would get to play in the game Saturday."

Julian walked over and grabbed him up in a bear hug. "That's fantastic, all your work is paying off." His face suddenly lost its glow. "That's what you wanted to tell me when you called, huh?"



Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

"It's okay. Really, I'd rather just drop the whole fight scene." Koby broke away and put his dirty dishes in the sink. "So what's going on later? Will you be home for dinner?"

"I thought we could come back here after work and get things cleaned up. Maybe swap back with Demitri. I'm really missing my king-size bed."

Koby didn't know how to tell Julian it still wasn't safe. It was bad enough he was planning to go into work, but if Julian's dad was still in town, Koby was sure he'd be on the war path. "I think it would be best to stay here for a few more days."

"We can talk about it at lunch. I don't wanna be late for work. I've already been out most of the week." Julian picked up his keys and waited by the door.

Koby picked up his backpack and bag off the floor. He was still a little worried about Julian going to work, but he was even more worried that Julian's father would show up at their house if they went back. Koby thought Julian was safe going over to Justin's everyday, but he knew he'd worry with Julian on campus. He'd need to talk to Justin. Maybe he could keep an eye out for Julian's father and he could change Julian's mind at lunch about moving home.

As Julian parked the truck, Koby's eyes searched the parking lot and surrounding area. He doubted trouble would come this early, but he wasn't taking any chances.

He leaned over and gave Julian a quick kiss. "I'll see you after class," he said jumping out of the truck. They'd spent too much time in bed that morning, so Koby was pressed for time if he wanted to make it to his first class.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Grabbing his bag, Julian took a deep breath and walked into the building. Unlocking his office door, he threw his stuff down and turned on the lights before going to find Justin and Coach Williams. A lot of shit had happened in the past few days and Julian needed to know they were cool with everything.

Justin was doing stomach crunches when he found him in the weight room. "Hey, you got a minute?"

Falling back to the mat, Justin nodded. "Yeah, this old body isn't up to as many of those as it once was." He stood and reached for a towel, wiping the sweat from his face. "What's up?"

"Just thought I'd see if you and I and Coach Williams can get together for a short meeting." Justin nodded and stood. He walked beside Julian down the hall toward Coach Williams' office.

The door was open and the Coach was writing plays on the big chalkboard. "Hey Coach? You gotta second."

Putting the chalk down, Coach Williams turned around. "When are you gonna start calling me Collin?"

"Never. You'll always be Coach Williams to me." They all three took a seat. "I just wanted to make sure everything was cool with what's been going on lately. I know I've missed work already this week and at this time of year, you must both be working overtime to pick up the slack."

Collin waved his worries away. "You take all the time you need. I know whatever it is you're working through will only make you stronger."

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

"Well, that's just it. I'm not done. As a matter of fact, it looks like I might be switching doctors so I can work on these issues long-term. Once Theron leaves, I'll probably be able to do therapy in the evening, but for the rest of the week at least, I'll need to be off in the afternoons. I can make it back by the time practice starts though." Julian shifted a little in his chair. The thought of coming to work feeling raw and exposed after one of Theron's sessions didn't really sit well, but he still had a job to do.

"Should be no problem," Coach Williams said. "We haven't had any injuries this week, so the players should be able to work out with one of us. Do you mind me asking if you already have a new therapist in mind?"

"No, Theron was going to do some calling around this morning. He needs to head back to New York by Sunday, so we're a little short on time."

Collin rubbed the back of his neck. "Well, I have an old player that's in the process of moving back to town. Joe's become a good friend. He's a psychologist and is opening a practice in town, but he'll also be volunteering out of the clinic a couple of days a week. I think you'd like him, he's a good guy."

Julian wasn't sure how he felt about having his therapy sessions on campus, but one thing Theron had taught him was to speak up when something didn't feel right. "I don't want my sessions on campus." There, he'd said it. "Do you think he'd be willing to see me in his private office?"

"I don't see why not. Would you like for me to give him a call?"

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Julian wondered whether Joe would be disgusted by his past. Would he think that because he was gay he'd asked for it? Maybe Theron could check him out first. Then he wouldn't feel so ashamed if the new doctor was repelled by him.

"Yeah, thanks, Coach, but could you have him call Theron?" Julian felt a small grain of pride for standing up for himself.

"Okay then, why don't you two go on and get started with your day and I'll give Joe a call."

Justin and Julian stood to leave. Julian reached out a hand to Collin, "Thanks."

"Don't thank me, son, all my players are like family. Just remember, I've got a son coming to North-Central next year. He's a bit of a whimpy thing and I'm expecting you to make a man of him." Julian's eyes went wide and Collins face turned red. "What I mean is I want you to teach him how to work out. Put some muscles on that skinny body of his. I still don't see how a son of mine could be so different from his old man." Collin sighed, "Doesn't really matter I guess. I love the boy to death. You'll find out when you meet Rocco, no one can resist his charm."

"You've got yourself a deal," Julian said as he left the office.

When he and Justin got to the hall, Julian cleared his throat. "Why didn't I know Collin has a son?"

"Not many people do. From the little he's told me, he met Rocco's mom when he went to the Wind River Casino in Wyoming. They had a week-long affair and she got pregnant." Justin ushered Julian into his office and shut the door. "The poor woman came here to the college and found Collin. She

was devastated. He agreed to marry her, so she and his son could legally have his name. Soon after Rocco's birth there was a mutual divorce. Hell, I think he only sees the kid about once a year. I've only seen pictures."

Justin opened his drawer and withdrew a bottle of sports drink. After drinking half the bottle, he continued. "Collin showed me his senior picture just the other day. All I can say is Collin's gonna have trouble with that one."

Julian's eyebrows rose. "Why?"

"Rocco looks like the prettiest woman you ever laid eyes on." Justin said with a grin.

"Huh?" Julian was totally baffled by that statement.

"He's beautiful. I'm not just saying he's gorgeous, no it goes beyond that. Rocco's features are so perfect they don't look real, and he's got this long black hair that shines blue in the light." Justin chuckled. "Okay, I gotta stop there because the boy's Collin's son and I shouldn't be thinking of him that way."

"Yeah, from what you say, I can bet Collin will have his hands full. This place will be like an all-you-can-eat-buffet to someone who looks like that."

Julian sat looking around the office for several more seconds. He was trying to think of a way to confide in Justin about Koby. "So uh ... Koby got in a fight last night with someone. His hand was pretty swollen when he got home. I'm not sure how he'll do at practice today."

"Who'd he fight?" Justin leaned forward, arms on his desk.

"I don't know, he wouldn't say, but he did assure me it wasn't Vic. I was just afraid he'd get into trouble with the

team over it." Julian stood and wiped his nervous hands on his jeans.

"He won't get into trouble unless someone reports it." Justin stood and gave Julian a quick hug. "He'll be fine and so will you. Now get to work."

"Yes, boss," Julian grinned as he walked out.

When he stuck his head in the door, Julian was working with a soccer player Koby had seen around campus. Looking up, Julian waved and held up one finger, the universal sign for I'll be with you in a minute.

Smiling, Koby leaned against the wall and watched his man work. Julian was so good at his job, tough, but patient. It was a little odd for him to work with anyone besides football players though. Koby wondered what the story was. He'd have to ask Julian when they went to lunch.

Five minutes later, Julian walked toward him. "You ready to get out of here for a while?"

"Yep," Koby said as he led the way to Julian's truck. "My next class isn't for another two hours. I thought I'd eat a bite of lunch, do a little snacking on you and then maybe lift for a couple minutes." Hopping in, Koby buckled up and waited for Julian. He could tell by the way Julian acted there hadn't been a run-in with his father, so at least he could breathe a sigh of relief.

Pulling out, Julian turned to him. "Steak sandwiches sound okay?"

"Sure," Koby replied. "So, uh, why were you working with a soccer player? I thought they had their own trainers?"

"They do, but Coach Billings doesn't like their trainer. He said he doesn't know his elbow from his ass. Apparently he's one of the big soccer program sponsors' kids." Julian pulled into the tiny bar and grill. "Anyway, Aaron asked and since I had a couple minutes I was just showing Liam what exercises he should be doing to strengthen his injured leg."

Finding an empty booth, neither of them even bothered to open the menu. Koby greeted the waitress with a smile. "Hi, Amy, we'll both just have the usual."

Giving them both a wink, she jotted their order on her pad and went back to the bar. Koby stretched his legs out, running one foot up Julian's calf. "How's it been going today?"

"Good, actually. Coach Williams set up a meeting with a new therapist for later today. Some guy that used to play football here. He just opened a private practice in town." He shrugged. "Anyway, I'm supposed to meet with Theron and this guy Joe Pressman after lunch. We decided the sooner I get comfortable with the new doc, the better off I'd be and there's not much time before Theron leaves."

Koby reached across the table and squeezed Julian's hand. "I'm so happy you're continuing after Theron leaves."

"Oh, sweetheart, I'm afraid it's going to take years of therapy before I come to grips with my past." Julian squeezed back.

"Then it takes years. I'm not going anywhere." Koby grinned and moved his foot up the inside of Julian's leg to tickle the bulge in his jeans. He winked, "You feel like a little desert after lunch?"

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

"Oh, yeah. Demitri said he should be out of the house in a couple hours." Julian looked at his watch. "Yummy, I get desert at our house. He should be long gone by now."

Oh, shit. "What? You called him? I thought we were going to discuss it at lunch."

"I'm sorry, Demitri called to see how I was doing. I told him we thought we'd switch back..." Julian closed his eyes and sighed. "I should have waited."

Looking at his hand, Koby knew he had to tell him. It wouldn't be right if Julian was blind-sided by his dad at some point. "I have something I need to tell you." Koby took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "After I left last night, I went for a run on the track. I just needed to clear my mind for a while." Picking up the salt shaker, Koby studied it, trying to look anywhere but at Julian. "When I was done with my run I saw your father."

"What?" Julian said in a soft voice, his eyes full of questions. Then he glanced at Koby's hand. "You punched my dad?"

"Yeah, and it felt damn good."



## Chapter Twelve

"Wait," Julian said, shaking his head. "Let me get this straight. You punched my father?"

Unable to read him, Koby nodded.

"And he didn't kill you? What exactly did he do?"

Koby watched as Julian's face screwed up in confusion. He decided it might be best to just tell him all of it. "Well, at first I really didn't give him the chance to say or do anything. I saw him, walked up, and punched him in the nose. He went down and I told him to stay the fuck away from you. He started spewing shit that I didn't want to hear, so I kicked him in the gut and then punched him in the mouth, just because it felt good. He was still on the ground when I walked off." Koby sat back in the booth and waited.

Scrubbing his eyes with the heel of his hands, Julian's lips began to move. He wasn't talking out loud, more to himself. Koby began to wonder whether he'd done the right thing by telling him.

Finally, Julian looked up. "He always told me he'd kill anyone who dared try and hit him. I've seen the evil in him, and I know he's damn capable of doing it, so why didn't he?"

"Maybe that was just the control he used over you." Koby hesitated for a minute, before continuing. "I'm sure that to you, your father is a big scary man, but, honey, he's not. For starters, he's a lot shorter than you are and not nearly as fit."

Julian started shaking his head again. "Do you mind if we go? I need to talk to Theron before the new doc gets there."

Koby felt like he'd been kicked. Although he understood Julian's need to process the information with his therapist, it still hurt. "Sure," he slid out of the booth. "I'll just go tell Amy to put the sandwiches in a to-go box."

Driving over to Justin's, Koby ate one handed, while Julian's lunch sat between them on the seat. Koby really didn't know if the sandwich would stay down, but he thought it was important to Julian to see that his reactions weren't affecting him in a negative way.

Pulling into the driveway, Koby put the truck in gear. "You okay?"

"I don't know, it's just a lot to work out." Koby noticed Julian hadn't looked at him since they left the bar.

"Are you mad at me?" Koby asked, fidgeting with the lunch container on the seat.

Julian's head swung toward him. "What? Why would I be mad at you? I'm the one I'm mad at."

Unbuckling himself, Koby set Julian's lunch on the dash and scooted toward him. He wrapped his arms around the man he loved and kissed his forehead. "I'm not a psychologist by any stretch of the imagination, but I think, if someone is told something long enough, they believe it. I think your father used words as well as fists as weapons against you for many years. Don't blame yourself for believing them."

After giving him a soft kiss on the lips, Julian looked into Koby's eyes. "I love you, but I need to go inside and deal with this. I need to try and process it before I have a melt down."

"I know you do. Just remember I love you."

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

"I will," Julian said as he opened the door. "I'll call when I need you to come get me." He said, tossing Koby the cell phone.

"I'll be here when you need me." Julian shut the door and Koby watched as he walked away. He needed to tell Justin that Julian probably wouldn't be back in time for practice. Suddenly, he didn't feel like sitting in his English comprehension class. He needed to talk to Justin and then go for a run, a nice long one.

\* \* \* \*

Knocking on Justin's door, Koby felt antsy. Grateful when Justin called out, he walked inside and shut the door. "You have a minute?"

"Sure," Justin said, locking his hands behind his head and leaning back in the chair. "Have a seat."

Taking one of the chairs in front of Justin's desk, Koby's hands started sweating. "I just wanted to tell you that Julian probably won't be back in time for practice." Koby swallowed around the lump in his throat. "I told him I saw his father." Koby went on to explain to Justin what happened the previous night.

By the time he'd finished, Justin's jaw was hanging open. "Damn, so you really just punched the guy?"

"Wouldn't you have if someone had done something unthinkable to Luc?" Koby shifted in his chair, unsure of Justin's reaction.

"No, I probably would've tried to kill the bastard. I think you showed incredible restraint for your age. I'm proud of you."

"Don't be. I could have easily killed the asshole, but I knew he wasn't worth spending my life in jail over. I need to ask you something. Julian won't talk about his childhood. Do you know what state he grew up in?"

Justin nodded, "North-Central recruited him out of Orange County, California. I think he'd been there all his life. His folks don't live there anymore though. I think they live up north now, San Francisco, maybe. Why? What's going on in that head of yours?"

"I'm going to skip my run and go to the library. I have some research to do." He waved to Justin on his way out.

An hour later, with papers in his hand, he was back in Justin's office. "I think Theron needs to talk to Julian about pressing criminal charges and filing suit in the California civil court."

Justin's brows rose. "You've been busy."

Putting the papers on Justin's desk, Koby started to explain what he'd found. "I'm not sure about the criminal side of it, because that all depends on evidence and stuff, but it says here, that he can bring a civil suit against his mom and dad." He pointed toward the paragraph on the first page. "It says in here, that Julian has until his twenty-sixth birthday to file suit for sexual child abuse. His mom had to have knowledge that something was wrong in her house. That makes her just as guilty as that bastard of a father. The problem is we'll have to convince Julian that it's the right

thing to do. I know him. He'll be ashamed to admit everything that's happened to him. Hell, I don't even know most of it. He hasn't admitted anything to me actually, but his dad confirmed my suspicions."

"Sounds like a lot for Julian to own up to right now. I'm not sure if he's up to it." Justin scratched his jaw, looking over the rest of the papers.

"He doesn't have to do it right now. He has another year to file a civil case. I'm hoping by that time he'll be ready."

Setting the pages down, Justin leaned back in his chair again. "You want me to bring it up to Theron before he leaves on Sunday?"

"Well," Koby said looking down at his hands. "I was kinda wanting to talk to him myself, but if I just called him or went over to see him, Julian might feel like I'm pumping Theron for information. I was wondering if maybe you'd have a little get-together on Sunday. That way, I could try to talk to Theron in a more relaxed atmosphere." He looked up at Justin and smiled.

Grinning, Justin rolled his eyes. "You're a sneaky little shit. All right, I'll call Luc and see if we can't set something up. We'll call it a going away lunch for Theron."

Koby rocked back on his heels, and smiled. "Cool, thanks." He left Justin's office and headed for the locker room. He had just enough time to get changed and stretch out before practice. Walking through the swinging door, he came face to face with Vic.

Sacking the Quarterback  
by Carol Lynne

Choosing to sidestep him, Koby walked toward his locker and began pulling off his T-shirt. A nudge from behind had him pushed against the cool metal of the locker.

"Oh, sorry," Vic laughed, looking around to make sure the rest of the team was watching.

"Lay off," Koby said, and shrugged away from Vic. He stuffed his shirt in his gym bag and pulled out his jock strap and football pants. Going over to the bench, Koby sat and untied his athletic shoes. When he stood to unfasten his jeans, Vic loomed over him once more.

"We don't want queers changing in here. Maybe you should try the girls' locker room on the other side of the building." Vic laughed that big fake look-at-me laugh that Koby hated.

He was surprised to hear a voice from across the room tell Vic to cut it out. Koby looked over at Nate. The large, black, six foot four, two hundred and ninety pound offensive lineman was staring right at Vic.

Vic's laugh died in his throat. "What? You're defending this little homo?"

"I'm defending my quarterback. That's my job." Nate took a step toward Vic.

"What the fuck are you talking about? *I'm* your quarterback. You're supposed to be backing *me*." Koby noticed Nate's hands clench into fists at his side.

Suddenly, Nate pointed toward Koby. "Koby's more a leader than you've ever been, and I'm not gonna sit back and let you bully one more player on this team. I've had to listen to it for three years and I'm sick of it."

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Koby was surprised to hear several other players shout their agreement. He looked over at Vic who'd gone red in the face. Oh shit, no one ever challenged Vic. Koby watched as Vic's mouth opened, ready to spew forth filth, no doubt, when Coach Williams entered the room.

"Is there a problem in here?" He said, looking around the room.

Vic took a deep breath and shook his head. "No, no problem."

"Then get your asses out on the field, this isn't social hour." Coach Williams stood looking around the room with his arms crossed.

Koby quickly finished changing as the players filed out. A big hand landed on his shoulder, startling him. He turned around to see the big white smile on Nate's chocolate brown face. "Stay tough, I've got your back and so do a lot of the guys."

He couldn't help but smile at the friendly giant. "Thanks, Nate."

\* \* \* \*

After practice, Coach Williams called Koby and Vic into a meeting with Justin. Sitting in the chair across from Vic, Koby's nerves were starting to get the better of him. Practice had been a complete disaster and Koby was afraid of what the coach was going to say.

Sitting behind his desk with an audible groan, Coach Williams looked from Vic to Koby. "Would someone like to tell me what went on in the locker room earlier?"

"Just a misunderstanding, sir." Vic replied in his famous, I'm-kissing-your-ass voice.

"Is that right, Koby?" He asked turning his head to look at Koby.

"I guess you could say that. Vic wanted me to change in the girls' locker room and I disagreed." He didn't want to sound like a snitch, but he was tired of Vic's attitude and sick of the way he always got away with it.

"Hey," Vic chuckled. "You know I was only joking about that."

"Do I?" Koby met his stare head on.

"Well it seems your little misunderstanding has upset the balance of this team. Vic, I don't know what you did to the offensive line, but they couldn't have cared less about protecting you out on the field." Coach Williams turned to Koby, "And you. What the hell was wrong with your spirals today?"

Biting his lip, Koby reluctantly held up his still slightly swollen hand. "Sorry, Coach. It should be back to normal by tomorrow."

"How'd that happen?"

Koby looked from Vic to Justin. The last thing he wanted was to give Vic anything else to gossip about. "If it's okay, Coach, I'd rather speak to you about it in private."

Coach Williams leaned back in his chair and scratched his head under his baseball cap. "Here's what I'm going to do." He looked right at Vic. "I'm going to make you a deal. You lead the team to four touchdowns by half-time and I'll keep you in the entire game. If you fail, I'll sub Koby in and let him



Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

play the second half. I know Koby's still a little young, but from what I saw on that field, he's earned the respect of the team."

Vic stood and started to object. Coach Williams held his hand up, silencing him. "This isn't up for discussion. If you don't like the deal, stay home." He looked from Koby to Vic and waited. Koby nodded right away, but it took Vic several more seconds.

"Now, get out of here and be ready to practice tomorrow without the attitude." Vic and Koby stood and Coach Williams motioned for Koby to take his seat again. "See you tomorrow, Vic."

Puffing out a disgusted rush of air, Vic stomped out of the office.

"Now," Coach Williams said, "why don't you tell me how you hurt your hand?"

## Chapter Thirteen

Julian called during his brief meeting with Coach Williams to let Koby know he was ready to go home. It was a shock when Julian said he was ready to go to their home, not Demitri's.

As he drove over, he started thinking about the upcoming game and what Vic would do to get back at him. Someone like Vic didn't just let these things slide. No, he was sure the prick had something up his sleeve. Once again, he wished he could discuss it with Julian, but he was sure his lover would be in no shape to talk football.

Pulling into Justin's driveway, Koby wondered why Nate had stood up for him. They weren't friends, Nate was a junior and he was only a freshman. His thoughts were interrupted by the opening of the passenger door. He looked over and received a big grin from Julian.

Wow, he hadn't seen that coming. He leaned over and placed a kiss on Julian's soft lips. He could see signs of crying, but Julian's eyes were dry now. "You look good," he said, still a little surprised by Julian's apparent recovery.

"I feel pretty good. I had a nice meeting with Dr. Pressman, although he says to call him Joe." Julian leaned over and gave him another kiss. "Theron helped me work through a few things and Justin called to tell me my man was going to play in the upcoming game. Yep, I feel pretty good."

Koby knew his face clearly showed his shock. He narrowed his eyes then. "Who are you and what have you done with my brooding Julian?"

Reaching over, Julian turned the ignition off, unbuckled Koby's seatbelt and pulled him into his arms. "I think I'm going to be okay. I mean, I've got a hell of a lot of work to do, but for the first time in my life the guilt of my childhood isn't overwhelming." Julian covered Koby's lips with his own and thrust his tongue playfully inside.

"Mmm," Koby moaned, he tasted scotch and Julian. Wait a minute. Koby broke the kiss. "Have you been drinking?"

"Just one and my mood has nothing to do with it. Theron, Joe and I drank a toast to the future and overcoming the past." Julian shrugged. "I know it sounds silly, but it was really moving."

"It doesn't sound the least bit silly and if I weren't underage and about to play a huge game, I'd join you." He nibbled at Julian's neck and earlobe.

"I forget sometimes that you're so young. You seem so much older to me. Are you sure this is what you want? You still haven't led the wildlife of a typical college student. I don't want you to ever feel like you've missed out."

"Yeah," Koby rolled his eyes, "because my life with you is sooo boring." Koby rubbed the hair on Julian's head. "Your hair is growing out. I didn't even know it was curly. Is that why you keep it so short?"

He felt Julian tense and then slowly relax. "My father made me keep my hair long. It was black and curly and he used to tell me I was the most beautiful boy in the world. In my own

way, cutting my hair was the first step to healing." Julian closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "Wow, you're the first person besides Theron and Joe that I've told that to."

Koby watched as Julian swallowed and waited for his reaction. Koby didn't know what Julian needed, so he just did what came naturally. He kissed him again and rubbed his head. "I love it, and I'm not disgusted by what you told me. I'd like another crack at your father, but that's between me and him." Koby felt warm all over. It was the first of what he hoped were many steps in their growing relationship. "Let's go home."

\* \* \* \*

Eating pizza in their own bed felt like a luxury to both of them. Koby stretched his naked body out and rubbed his full stomach. "I can't believe we're finally home where we actually have a kitchen table and chairs and we're eating in bed."

Chuckling, Julian ran his hand up Koby's bare thigh to cover his flaccid cock. "Oh, but the view is so much better in here." His heart jumped as he felt Koby's cock responding to his touch.

Without a word, Koby spread his legs and grinned. Taking that as a green light, Julian scooted down and took the growing erection into his mouth. God he loved the taste of him. Oh, that reminded him. Julian pulled off Koby's cock and looked up at him. "What would you say to getting tested?"

Leaning up on his elbows, Koby tilted his head to the side, his blond hair covering one blue eye. "I'd say I've just been waiting for you to trust me enough to ask."

"I do. You want to go to the clinic tomorrow?" He circled Koby's erection with his tongue, flicking against the sensitive underside.

Koby moaned, "I'll go anywhere, anytime but please stop torturing me."

Deciding he'd had enough torture himself, Julian swallowed Koby's cock. He felt the slick glide of smooth skin as he lowered his lips as far as he could go. He wasn't as practiced at this as Koby and he still couldn't take him all the way down. Koby said it didn't matter to him because he got just as much enjoyment from what Julian did know how to do.

Koby started pulling at his body, "Turn around, I want to taste you, too."

Julian quickly obliged. He loved the feel of Koby's mouth wrapped around his cock. Lying side by side in the traditional sixty-nine position, Julian held onto the base of Koby's cock as he felt each vein with the flat of his tongue. His own cock was in heaven, deep in Koby's mouth.

Licking his finger, he rimmed Koby's hole as he continued to suck. "Oh, God. Yes, feel's good." Julian smiled around Koby's cock at his lover's words. Wanting Koby to lose control, Julian pressed the tip of his finger inside. "Uhh ... gonna come."

Taking a deep breath, Julian went as far down on Koby's shaft as he could, while running his finger across Koby's pleasure gland. With a jerk and a cry, Koby released his

essence down Julian's throat. Milking Koby's cock dry, Julian was happy they'd decided to take the small risk of pleasuring each other this way, without condoms.

Removing his finger and releasing Koby's shaft, Julian looked up at his lover. "Will you do something for me?" He knew this was a big step in their relationship, but he'd discussed taking baby steps with Theron.

"Sure, honey, I'll do anything you ask." Koby said, releasing Julian's cock.

Julian turned around and rested his head on the pillow beside Koby. He wasn't sure how to ask for what he needed. He knew he'd probably sound like a scared virgin, but he knew their sexual relationship needed to progress if he was going to keep Koby happy.

"I ... um ... would you touch my hole? God, I can't believe how stupid that sounds. It's just that, I know you're not fulfilled being strictly a bottom and I want to get comfortable with you touching me down there." Wow, he'd said it, a big pat on the back for him.

Koby nibbled at Julian's lips. "I think you need it as much as I do. Making love is a beautiful thing. You need to learn the difference between someone loving you and someone abusing you."

Julian looked into Koby's eyes. How could an eighteen-year-old be so smart? He knew Koby had already figured out he'd been physically abused, but evidently he'd worked out the reason he didn't like to be touched. The biggest thing about the moment was that Koby was still here, in his bed,

knowing that he'd been molested by his father. "You really aren't disgusted by my past, are you?"

"I'm angry about your past, but never disgusted with you." As Koby spoke he touched Julian's buttocks, running a finger up and down the crack of his ass.

"You don't know all of it. You might change your mind once you do." He moved his leg up and over Koby's body to give him more room. It felt good, natural, for him to be with Koby in this way.

"Are you ready to tell me more?" Koby rimmed Julian's tight rosette, not entering, just getting him used to the sensation.

Julian had to think, how much could he tell him and not damage their relationship. "My first memories are those of my father coming into my room. I have no idea how old I was, it just always was."

He stopped when Koby reached over and took the lube out of the drawer. Koby seemed to see the worry in his face. "I'm just trying to make it easier," Koby whispered against his lips. Soon Koby's fingers were back, slicker now, but still rimming. "Keep talking, I'm listening with all my heart."

Julian shrugged, "It was just a normal part of my childhood, to have father in my bed several times a month." Taking a deep breath, Julian could feel his eyes begin to burn for the little boy he'd once been. This is what he'd been so ashamed of, but he knew if he didn't confess to Koby now, he might never do so. "I didn't know it was wrong. I thought all fathers did those things, until I got a little older and I asked my father if one of my friends from school could stay over. He

told me no, that I'd never be able to have friends over because they wouldn't understand the special relationship he and I had. I didn't understand, and he told me that the love he had for me was stronger than most father's had for their sons."

Ever so slowly, Koby pressed against the pucker of Julian's ass. The feelings were immediate and Julian suddenly wanted more. "Please," he moaned. Koby looked at him for several seconds before entering him. He started to tense, but soothing kisses from Koby calmed him.

"Continue," Koby kissed his neck.

"When I figured out that what my father was doing was wrong, I tried to stop him. That was the night he first hit me." God, Koby was making him feel so good.

"What did your mother do?"

"What do you mean? She couldn't have stopped him? He was the head of the house. We all did what he said." He knew his body was tightening around Koby's finger, but the mention of his mother threw him.

"Shh, it's okay. Let's not talk about it for a while. I just need you to relax and feel."

Taking a deep breath, Julian closed his eyes and tried to give himself over to the sensation of Koby being inside his body. This was Koby, this was the man he loved and there was nothing dirty about how good it made him feel. A warm hand encircled his cock and the pleasure was mind-blowing. "I love you," he cried as he came in Koby's hand.



## Chapter Fourteen

Saturday morning, Julian cooked Koby a big breakfast of eggs and bacon. Koby's stomach was a little nervous and he just moved the food around on his plate, until he caught the attention of his trainer.

"You need the fuel, eat up." Julian pointed toward Koby's plate.

"I'm nervous," Koby said taking a small bite of eggs. "I know I played in the last game, but there wasn't as much at stake. These are the Cougars, probably our biggest rivals. What if I screw up?"

"Then you practice harder next week and don't make the same mistakes twice." Julian pointed toward his plate again. "Do you want me to feed you?" He said with a wink.

Rolling his eyes, Koby took several more bites. "I heard Vic's dad came into town when he found out what Coach Williams said to Vic. Nate told me you could hear him screaming at the Coach and Vic clear in the locker room."

"Yeah, I heard some of it in my office. With the bigoted filth that man was screaming, I was surprised Justin wasn't in there giving him a dressing down." Julian shook his head. "Asshole."

Finishing his eggs, Koby set down his fork. "I can't eat anymore. I feel like I need to run."

Julian shook his head. "No sense in expending energy now, you'll need every bit of it for the game."

Koby put on his pouty face, "Fine."

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Chuckling, Julian leaned over the table and kissed him. "I'll give you a good rubdown tonight. Will that make you happier?"

Koby grinned, "If that rubdown is followed by something a little more intimate it will."

Standing, Julian took their plates to the sink. "You've got yourself a deal."

Julian had to go in for a coach's meeting before the game, so Koby was dressed and ready before any of the players even got there. He wandered around the building trying to work off some of his nervous energy. When he walked back through the weight room he heard someone yelling. Turning a corner he saw Vic standing in the hall with his hand down and his father towering over him.

Mr. Winters was poking Vic's chest as he continued to bellow. "I will not have a member of the Winters family shown up by some faggot. You've never done a Goddamn thing right. It's time for you to earn the Winters name and the only way I'll be satisfied is if you get out there and show the Coach you're better than this candy-assed freshman queer. Fuck up and don't bother coming home."

What the fuck was it with fathers? Didn't they see what their words did to their sons? Koby stepped into the hall. "Mr. Winters, I don't believe you're allowed in the building. Unless you'd like me to call security, I'd suggest you go out to the grandstand and wait for your son to play."

He stepped closer and narrowed his eyes at Vic's father. "It's really sad that you can't see what you're doing to your

own son. Passing your prejudices on to him should not be a point of familial pride."

Mr. Winters started spouting more hatred, but Koby ignored the bigoted ass and turned to Vic. "Come on, it's time to suit up."

Vic looked at him for a moment with a look of gratitude on his face, but it was gone just as quick. Ignoring both Koby and his father, Vic walked off.

After watching his son walk away, Mr. Winters grabbed Koby's arm in a vise-like grip. Koby shoved the man against the wall. "Don't fucking touch me, asshole, unless you want a trip to the city jail." Mr. Winters jerked back and stared at Koby. Evidently he wasn't used to being spoken to that way. Turning, Koby walked toward the locker room without looking back. At least now he understood why Vic was such a prick, he came by it naturally and with a good bit of training.

\* \* \* \*

Sitting on the football field with one leg stretched in front of him, Koby warmed up. Nate chose to stretch right beside him, his own self-appointed guardian. Koby smiled, from what he'd seen of the man, Nate was more a gentle giant than a fierce protector.

"Hey, Nate?" Koby asked bending forward to stretch his hamstring. "Why did you stick up for me the other day?" The question had really been bugging him since it happened.

A wide smile spread across Nate's face. "Call me Bear, all my friends do." Bear stopped stretching and chewed his lip. "I don't like labels, and I don't like people who use them. You're

a damn fine quarterback and I think you'll lead this team to a bowl game some day."

Koby nodded, Bear looked like he wanted to say something else but stopped himself. "Thanks ... Bear."

Coach Williams blew his whistle three times, signalling the players to the sidelines. They had a brief meeting, Koby surprised that Coach Williams didn't tell the rest of the players about the deal he'd made with Vic. They broke the meeting and the two team captains, Vic and Zac, a defensive lineman, took the field for the coin toss, along with the captains from the Cougars. Vic won the toss and told the referee The Bighorns chose to receive the ball first.

Running back to the sideline, Koby heard Mr. Winters voice above the crowd noise. He began once again yelling at his son. "Remember what I told you, boy." Vic stopped in his tracks and looked up in the stands at his father. He stood there for several moments until one of his linemen tapped him on the shoulder.

Vic looked up as the special team took the field to return the opening kick-off. He looked back at his father and then stood on the sideline and waited to take the field. The kick-returner ran the ball to the forty-two yard line and the crowd went wild, cheering for their home-team.

The Wolverine offence took the field and lined up in formation. Vic called the play and received the snap from the centre. As all eyes in the stadium watched, Vic knelt down with the ball and braced himself for the impending pile up.

Koby stood with his jaw hanging open as the referee blew his whistle and tried to untangle the mess of arms and legs

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

piled on top of Vic. Once freed, Vic handed the referee the ball and walked off the field, straight to the locker room door.

The crowd went nuts and everyone but Koby were left scratching their heads. "Good for you, man," Koby said as he watched the door close behind Vic. He turned when he heard Coach Williams shout his name. The Coach pointed toward the field, and Koby was in the game.

During half-time, the locker room was buzzing over Vic's departure. Koby kept to himself on the end of one of the benches, going over in his head the mistakes he'd made in the first half of the game. He was determined not to make them in the second half.

Despite his inexperience in playing college football, Koby had done a decent job. They were down by a touchdown, but Coach Williams seemed to be pleased with Koby's performance so far.

He couldn't keep himself from wondering where Vic had gone. Wherever it was, Koby hoped it was far away from his father. A hand on his shoulder broke him from his musings. He looked up to see Bear towering over him. "You're doing good, kid."

"Thanks. I've made some mistakes though." Koby said, taking another gulp of his sports drink.

Sitting on the bench beside him, Bear chuckled, his laugh rattling Koby's chest. "Haven't you ever watched the pros play? Everyone makes mistakes, that's the nature of the game. It's what you do about the mistakes that make you a good player." He thumped his hand against Koby's thigh and stood. "I'll defend you any day."

Sacking the Quarterback  
by Carol Lynne

After Bear walked off, Koby thought about what he'd said. Bear was right. He was only a freshman for God sake. Instead of feeling down on himself he left the locker room with a renewed spirit.

\* \* \* \*

Riding home beside Julian, Koby was still keyed up. "Man what a great game."

Laughing, Julian reached over and squeezed Koby's leg. "You should be damn proud of yourself. We not only won the game twenty-seven to twenty-one, but the Bighorns united as a team. I haven't seen those guys work together like that in years."

"God, did you see Bear nearly take the head off that big guy that kept coming after me. As easy going as Bear is, I sure as hell wouldn't want to face him across the line on the field."

"He never played that well for Vic. I'm telling you, Koby, you're the glue that team needed."

Koby felt himself blush at the compliment and looked out the side window. Julian ran the back of his hand over Koby's heated cheek. "I'm proud of you, sweetheart. Not only for that, but for the way I heard you stood up to Mr. Winters."

Koby looked over at him. How had anyone found out about that? The question must have been evident on his face, because Julian continued. "Gordon Winters had a little *chat* with Coach Williams after the game. Told him what you'd said to him and tried to demand the Coach kick you off the team.

He's convinced you were the one that pushed Vic to quit like he did."

"That's bullshit, his dad was an ass and I told him so. Maybe seeing his father take a dressing down by an eighteen-year-old helped Vic re-evaluate things. I was proud of what he did on that field earlier. It took a hell of a lot of guts to walk away like that."

Pulling into their driveway, Julian turned off the ignition. "You're a good man. First my father and then Vic's. Is this something you plan to continue in the future?"

"I'll always stick up for you. The rest? I don't know, I've been thinking about going into social work. Maybe getting a job at the Boy's Club here in town." He looked over at Julian. "If you still want me in town by then, that is."

"Oh I'll want you." Julian leaned across the seat to kiss him. "I think you'd make a great mentor for boys."

"I think I'd enjoy it, although I might get a lot of flack from parents about being gay." Koby opened his door and got out.

Julian joined Koby on the sidewalk and wrapped his arms around him. "Don't give them the chance to make an issue of it. Let them know up front that you're my man and let them take you as you are."

"Ooh, wise words, you're learning a lot in therapy." Koby gave Julian a kiss. "Now, about that rubdown?"

Their intimate moment was shattered Julian's father stepped out of the bushes. "Hello, son."

## Chapter Fifteen

Julian's body tensed as he turned to face his father. Taking a deep breath, he remembered everything he'd talked about with Theron. How his father was just a man like any other. He was destructible and Julian didn't need to be afraid of him any longer. Of course, knowing it and being able to act on it were two different things.

Swallowing, he willed his voice to work without cracking. "You need to leave. You're not welcome in our home."

His father's eyes took on the crazed look Julian remembered as a boy. He stepped forward and reached for Julian. Koby stepped in front of him to ward off his father's advances.

"Get out of my way. This is between me and my son."

"I believe Julian asked you to leave. If you don't do it on your own, I will do it for you." Koby's hands were balled into fists as Julian watched the muscles in his back twitch.

He knew he should push Koby out of the way and deal with this himself, but the sound of his father's voice had always scared him. He remembered that voice as his father forced himself on Julian when he was a teenager, that booming voice as his father told his mother to mind her own business or she'd be next.

The more the memories came flooding back, the angrier Julian got. When he heard his father scream at Koby and then watched as he drew his arm back to punch his lover, Julian snapped. He quickly pushed Koby out of the way and tackled



his father to the ground. Sitting on his chest, he began pounding his father's face.

With every connecting blow, he felt a little lighter inside. The blood on his knuckles was that of his tormentors. Julian finally had the power and he wasn't ready to relinquish it. When his father stopped struggling, Julian still kept punching him. He didn't know how long he continued hitting the unconscious man, but a hand to his shoulder snapped him back to the present.

Koby bent down and pulled Julian off his father. "I think that's enough, honey."

Julian blinked a couple of times and looked down. His father's face was a bloody mess of cuts and a broken nose. Instead of feeling horrified with himself, Julian felt empowered. "I'd better go in and call the police."

Koby stopped him with a hand on his wrist. "What if they take you to jail for assault?"

"Then I'll share a cell with him, because he's going in for rape and sexual assault on a minor." Julian was surprised he'd said it. Theron had talked about it with him earlier in the week, but Julian hadn't been ready. It took the threat of his father touching Koby for that.

Side-stepping his father's unconscious body, Julian and Koby walked arm in arm into the house and shut the door.

\* \* \* \*

It was the next morning before everything was ironed out with the police. They'd released Julian after talking to both Theron and Dr. Pressman. Koby drove Julian home and

insisted he take a nap before they left for Justin and Luc's house. Julian told him the first thing he needed was a shower. He wanted to wash the smell of his father off for the last time.

Koby sat on the bed, giving Julian the privacy he thought he needed. He heard a few noises coming from the bathroom that sounded like crying, but Koby knew Julian would call out if he was needed. He just prayed that Mr. Malono got what he deserved. He no longer thought he needed to talk to Julian about a civil suit, seems Theron had already broached the subject with him. Although Julian still refused to see that what his mother did was just as wrong. Julian was adamant about the fact that his mom had been just as much a victim as he'd been. Koby still didn't agree, but it was up to Julian to work out.

The bathroom door opened and Julian stepped out surrounded by a cloud of steam. Naked as the day he was born, he walked toward Koby. "You taking a nap with me?"

"I don't know, do you want me to?" Koby stood and pulled the covers back.

"I'll have to give you a rain check on the rub down, but I'd like to hold you." Julian slid between the sheets and looked at him.

Smiling, Koby quickly shucked his clothes and slid in next to Julian. They cuddled together with Koby's head resting on Julian's chest. "We have to leave in about three hours. When I talked to Dr. Pressman at the police station he said he'd be there. He said something about Coach Williams' coming too and bringing his son. Seems the kid ran away from home. I

guess he surprised Coach by sitting on his doorstep when he got home after the game." Koby kissed Julian's chest.

"Anyway, I think they're all going to be there as well, should be quite the party."

Julian ran his fingers through Koby's hair. "Yeah, well just you don't go getting ideas about Rocco Williams. From what Justin tells me he's quite a looker."

Koby snuggled in closer and rubbed his face across Julian's chest. "I have all I want right here. And don't kid yourself, you're pretty good in the looks department too."

"Yeah, but this kid's supposed to be perfect." Julian ran his fingers lightly down Koby's back, raising goose flesh.

"He can't be too perfect if something caused him to run away from home. I think that's why Dr. Pressman invited them over to Luc's. He seemed kind of worried about him. I guess he's met him several times. He told me Rocco was an amazing person who didn't even know it."

"Enough about the pretty boy, let's talk about our future."

"Mmm, how far into the future?"

"Oh about thirty seconds away, when I throw these covers back and beg you to make love to me."

Koby sat up and looked wide eyed at Julian. "Really? You think you're ready for that?"

Julian pulled him down into his arms. "I'm ready to move on with my life, our life together. From here on out, I want us to be equal partners. I want to know what it feels like to have someone make love to me. I need to build new memories in place of the old ones."

Reaching over to the bedside drawer, Koby smiled. "Just let me get my tool box and I'll build you all the memories you need."

They arrived at Luc's house and were surprised by the number of cars in the driveway and along the street. Koby looked at Julian. "Did you know this many people were going to be here?"

"No, it was supposed to be a small farewell get-together for Theron." Julian grinned, "But you know how Justin is, he sees someone he likes, he just invites them over without giving it a second thought."

As they prepared to get out, Koby spotted Coach Williams and he guessed his son, going up the front walk. "Is that Rocco? Damn, Justin was right. Take a look at that hair." Koby couldn't get over the way Rocco's hair seemed to glow blue in the afternoon sunlight. It wasn't overly long, hanging just below his shoulder blades but it looked like black iridescent satin. Koby hadn't seen Rocco's face, but between the hair and the graceful way he walked, Koby understood Julian's fears. He looked over at Julian to find he was being studied as he watched Rocco. Oh, bless his man's heart. He was still afraid he'd find someone better. What he didn't know was that never in his life had he felt as at home as when he'd been inside Julian earlier. The memories of Julian's cries of passion would forever keep him hard.

Unbuckling and leaning over, Koby kissed him. "He's not so great."

Julian smiled and kissed him back, tongue pushing right in. Breaking the kiss, Julian looked at Koby and grunted. "Liar."

"Who me? Would I lie to the only person in the world who ever truly loved me?"

"Come on, they'll think we got lost." Julian grinned and pulled him out of the truck.

Walking hand in hand up the sidewalk, Koby heard Demitri's voice laughing from the back yard. He grinned. "Well that's a sound I haven't heard before." Instead of walking into the house, they made their way around the side to the backyard. Demitri was standing with Justin and a guy Koby had never seen before. "Who's that?"

Julian looked over and nodded. "Aaron Billings, the soccer coach. Seems he and Demitri have been talking on the phone lately. I guess Aaron called the house looking to ask me about working out with Liam and got Demitri. They seemed to hit it off. I guess Demitri played soccer in college back east."

Koby watched the two men thoughtfully. "Is Aaron gay?"

"Not that I know of." Julian pulled Koby away and towards the house. "Stop trying to be a matchmaker. Hell you don't even know if Demitri's gay."

"Yeah I do. The same way I knew that you were."

"What, that gaydar Max's always talking about?"

"Nope, the erection in Demitri's jeans is telling me all I need to know." Koby looked from Demitri to Aaron. "Oh, and low and behold if Aaron isn't having the same problem."

Julian glanced at his two friends. "Well I'll be damned."

Koby took Julian's hand and continued on to the house. "There's something magical about this backyard," Koby said, remembering the first day he'd met Julian.

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

"I hope so. Everyone deserves to find their soul mate." He kissed Koby. "I've found mine."

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

About the Author

An avid reader for years, one day Carol Lynne decided to write her own brand of erotic romance. Carol juggles between being a full-time mother and a full-time writer. These days, you can usually find Carol either cleaning jelly out of the carpet or nestled in her favourite chair writing steamy love scenes.

Email: [carollynne@carollynne.info](mailto:carollynne@carollynne.info)

Carol loves to hear from readers. You can find her contact information, website and author biography at [www.totalebound.com](http://www.totalebound.com).

Also by Carol Lynne

Campus Cravings: Coach

Campus Cravings: Side-Lined

Sacking the Quarterback  
*by Carol Lynne*

Total-e-bound eBooks

\* \* \* \*



\* \* \* \*

[www.totalebound.com](http://www.totalebound.com)

Take a look at our exciting range of literagasmic™ erotic  
romance titles

and discover pure quality at Total-e-bound.

---

If you are connected to the Internet, take a  
moment to rate this eBook by going back to  
your bookshelf at [www.fictionwise.com](http://www.fictionwise.com).