

Born to be Wild – Goin' Steady

A continuation ficlet

by Addison Albright

Wow. He'd felt like the interview had gone well but somehow Roland hadn't expected to actually get an offer from Boston General Hospital. Now what was he supposed to do? He had the offer from Saint Vincent Hospital here in Worcester, but the position in Boston was in ICU, which he wanted more than the surgical floor nurse position he'd been offered at Saint Vincent.

It should be a no-brainer considering his family also lived in Boston, and it would have been but for the Fisher factor. Fisher. Damn. The kid had really wormed his way into his life.

Fisher'd been acting strange lately. He'd made a few comments about Roland's applications and interviews. Offhand comments that weren't as casual as they pretended to be.

Roland couldn't believe he was actually considering staying in Worcester after graduation for a boyfriend. Hell, he couldn't believe his boyfriend seemed to be worried about his leaving town, either. But Fisher affected him unlike anyone he'd ever gone out with before.

Roland hadn't even looked at another guy since that first crazy night eight months ago making out in the doorway with Fisher. Hadn't wanted to, which was surprising considering he'd never stayed in a relationship longer than four weeks prior to Fisher.

"Hey Roland," brought him out of his reverie.

"Sammy. What's up?"

"Nothin'." He glanced at the pile of mail in front of Roland. "Anything for me?"

"Nah, not today."

"Oh. You get some good news?" He referred to the offer letter still in Roland's hands.

"I haven't decided." Shit. Was it good news? It occurred to him that he'd actually been hoping for a rejection so he wouldn't be faced with this decision.

"O-kay." Sammy drew out the word. Damn. It had sounded pretty stupid.

Roland sighed. "Shit. I can't believe I'm saying this, but I don't know what to do."

"About?"

He handed Sam the letter. Not that Sam would be able to relate. He and Henry were on their third year together and were in the same class. They were committed to each other and were coordinating their job applications to the same cities.

Sam's face lit up as he scanned the letter. "You got it!" He looked down at Roland with a smile. "Roland, you've been talking about wanting this job forever."

"I know." But somehow it didn't seem so all important anymore.

"But now you can't decide if it's good news or not?"

Hell, what more could he say to that?

"So, it's a Fisher thing, right? It's that serious with you two? I didn't think you guys were committed like that."

"We aren't. Weren't. Shit – whatever."

"Told ya, Sammy." Henry stood in the doorway, grinning from ear to ear. He turned to Roland. "I knew you were hooked."

Roland grumbled. "Guess you knew it before I did."

"You know Fisher's worried out of his head over there. He's got it bad."

"He's been acting weird lately."

"Hell, Roland, you know he'd never come out and ask you not to go. You've been talking about moving home to Boston since the beginning of the school year."

"Well," added Sammy, "Boston General's only an hour from here. You could commute to work from here. Or live there and travel to see Fisher."

"Shit Sammy, I don't want to spend two hours a day in traffic. And I'll probably end up working a lot of weekends. Between getting crap beginner's hours, being on call, and the driving distance we'd never see each other."

"Ya know," said Henry, "the fact that you were sitting here staring at that paper like you'd just found out your best friend had died should tell you all you need to know to make your decision, Roland. Just go over there and talk to Fisher."

Henry was right. He should talk to Fisher. Neither one of them had dated or hooked up with anyone else since their first time together, but it was a pretty damned informal relationship. They'd never actually talked about being exclusive let alone talked about a future together, but he sure as hell wasn't passing on that job unless Fisher was ready to say the words. He stood up. "Yeah, I need to talk to him. Shit." He made a face and shuddered. "I've never had a 'relationship talk' before."

Sam rolled his eyes. "Jesus, Roland, just go."

So he did.

Roland found himself standing on the stoop of the YKB house next door waiting impatiently for someone to hear his knock over the blare of the stereo. He reached up to pound harder when the door flew open.

"Roland! Good," said Trey. The social fraternity president's grin was smug as ever. "I was afraid you'd be the other neighbors bitchin' about the tunes." He cocked his head towards an open doorway behind him. "Fisher's in the kitchen."

"Thanks." Roland stepped around Trey but stopped short when he reached the kitchen doorway.

Trey snickered behind him. "Nice, huh?"

Fisher and Corey, another freshman in the YKB house were on their hands and knees, scrub brushes in hand, scouring the floor. Roland had to admit he didn't mind seeing a good looking man with his ass in the air.

That was another reason to question his sanity in pursuing Fisher. Shit, he gave it up himself now as often as he got treated to the sight of Fisher assuming the position. He never used to give it up and hated to admit that with Fisher, it was downright hot.

"Take a break, boys." They looked up in surprise when Trey spoke. Hell, probably not used to getting breaks mid-shit-job. Fisher's dark eyes lit up when his gaze landed on Roland.

He smiled and stood up. "Hey."

"Corey!" Trey cocked his head. "Come on."

Corey and Trey left the room, leaving Roland alone in the kitchen with Fisher. He grinned. "Hey yourself."

"What's up?"

Roland handed him the offer letter and watched carefully to gauge Fisher's reaction. Fisher scanned the letter and while the smile froze on his face, the light left his eyes. He looked up. "Congratulations."

"I don't think I want to take it."

The frozen smile faded and Fisher's eyebrows knit together. "It's what you've wanted all year long, Roland."

"Things are different than they were back in September. Saint Vincent would be okay too and I think I'd like surgical floor work."

"You would?"

"I guess – well, yeah. I guess I was wondering what you thought."

"It's your life, Roland. You need to decide which job you'd rather have."

"Shit, Fisher. Quit acting like you don't know what I'm talking about. Yeah, it's my life. But my life is about more than just my career path now. I'm willing to make compromises with that if it's worth it."

Fisher stared at him a moment before speaking. "Do you think I'm worth it?"

"I'm standing here, aren't I? The question I need answered is do you think I'm worth it? Shit. We've never talked about this shit and I can't make a decision like this based on assumptions."

Fisher's classic grin spread slowly across his face. The light was back in his eyes and he wiggled his eyebrows for effect. "Wanna go steady?"

The hell? "Steady? Jesus Fisher, it's 1985 not '55, but – shit – I guess that's the idea. If I'm going to stay here it's because of you and I guess I want to know that we've got an actual agreement to be exclusive and that it's our intent to stay together."

Fuck. That sounded lame. But Fisher didn't laugh. His grin turned from cheesy to sincere. "It's my intent to stay with you, exclusively, as long as you'll have me."

Jesus. He must've been holding his breath because his exhale was a monumental relief. He smiled back then watched as Fisher removed his high school class ring from his right ring finger. Now what?

The cheese was back in Fisher's grin as he took hold of Roland's left hand and slipped the ring onto his ring finger. Roland couldn't help laughing. "O-kay. Thank you."

Fisher's eyebrows went up. "I'm waiting."

Shit. His ring. He pulled his own class ring off, took Fisher's left hand in his and slipped it on Fisher's ring finger.

Fisher looked into his eyes. "You'll really stay in Worcester? You'll be happy with that job?"

"Yeah. Suddenly that job looks pretty appealing."

Fisher leaned in and kissed him. Melted him. Even smelling of ammonia Roland still couldn't resist his touch. The sweetest part of it? He felt Fisher melting against him, too. He loved knowing that he had that effect on Fisher.

His arms found their way around Fisher, landing on his ass. Fisher's hands ended up at his jaw while his tongue tried to reach his throat.

Roland's arms were just moving up to tighten around Fisher's waist when Trey's impeccable timing intruded. "Another show boys? Seriously I don't think I can stomach another one."

They jumped apart. Jesus. Fucking Trey. "Really? I seem to recall earning a standing 'O' from y'all last September."

"Oh there were some 'O's' goin' on, but I wasn't one of the guys experiencing 'em." Roland couldn't believe he'd given Trey such a good opening. He should know better by now.

"Bet you scurried home to jerk off."

Trey snorted. Then noticed their hands and laughed. "What the fuck? You guys should both get down on your knees and thank me for getting you together."

Yeah, that was going to happen. Roland grinned. "Don't hold your breath."

Trey laughed. "Nah, don't worry about it. Fisher can scrub the toilets or something to thank me, later."

"Sweet." Corey was glad to hear he'd be getting out of bathroom duty.

"Damn, Corey. Now you get to help him. Don't you ever learn?"

The smile was back on Fisher's face, but he knew better than to comment in front of Trey.

"Break's over boys. Time to finish that floor."

Fisher sighed but flashed Roland a look that radiated happiness. Roland grinned and tore the Boston General offer letter in half. The surgical floor at Saint Vincent seemed downright appealing now.

He turned to leave, feeling surprisingly confident that he'd made the right choice. Steady. Jesus. His roommates would have some fun with him over the class ring exchange, but he didn't care. Fisher wanted him and only him, and that was all that truly mattered.