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# The Locker

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## Chapter 1

Monday 8:20 a.m.

Noah lifted his head up and stared at the long corridor. To one side lay a bank of lockers, to the other lay the open courtyard to the main outside lunch area. The area was particularly crowded this morning as the bussed students from Brock were trying to figure out where their lockers were, or at least where the one's they would be sharing were. Already the school year had gotten off to a lousy start for Noah and now it was only getting worse, having to share a locker with someone. Granted it wasn't the fault of the Brock High School kids that their school got torched over the weekend, but he had enough headaches to deal with. Already he was getting razzed about his screw up from last season, even though he thought it would be forgotten some kids loved to keep reminding everyone that he was different even though there was no proof. Least he didn't think there was but it wasn't like anyone cared.

Besides it wasn't his fault, the damn drama teacher had made him play the part and he needed the grade. So it meant wearing a dress, it didn't make him a fag like all the stupid jocks said, just cause they couldn't act worth shit didn't make drama a pussy sport as Hector said, like he'd know anyways.

His face was set in a scowl as he walked down the cement walkway towards where his locker was as he remembered the first day of school, only two weeks ago, but already it seemed like a year, when Hector had nailed him in the lunch enclave. At the top of his stupid bass voice he wanted to know if Noah had gotten any new dresses for this season, or was he going to just wear the same old frock. Christ what an ass he was and naturally the whole school laughed, like it was a big joke, but it didn't stop there. Someone, and he was sure it was Hector and his gang of mental midgets, had scrawled on his locker pussy boy, faggot, and even girlie boy, but no one cared, least the principle didn't. Hell, the guy even made him clean it up, like it was his fault or something.

Things hadn't gone easier the rest of the week either, his first assignment in science and he got teamed up with Marvin, which only gave Hector more to tease him about too. Marvin wasn't exactly a bad person, but if you ever wanted to know what a stereotypical gay was all you had to do was look at Marvin. The guy had to have a swivel in his hips the way they kept swishing to and fro, and the high-pitched voice and

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hand gestures, Christ it was enough to make anyone yell 'FLAMER' and he got stuck with him first off. No discussion, no chance to weasel out and naturally Hector made a big deal of it, wanting to know if Marvin was 'man enough' for him or if they shared dresses after school. The science teacher, Mr. Wolcott, laughed the loudest too which sure as hell didn't help matters and now he was an easy target for everyone. It just wasn't fair and he could see it only getting worse as the semester went on. Now he had a new 'locker buddy' and with his luck, it'd most likely be another Marvin.

As he came closer to his locker he could see a tall young guy standing near it, his head was turning to watch everyone passing by, and he had the most gorgeous long dark hair he had ever seen. The guy looked so friggin hot that Noah could feel his 6 inch cock already rising up. The guy was leaning two lockers away from his own and he wished that he would have been his locker buddy but no such luck, of that he was certain. Man, the way the guy looked, so self assured, so confident and yet he was in a new school, one he hadn't known before. Noah licked his lips as he wished he could luck out and seeing the locker he was leaning on, he really felt down, because it belonged to Rusty who he had a crush on last year. Now he was HOT and yet he didn't seem to act like one who was perhaps the most popular guy on campus. Even as a sophomore he was popular among the seniors and now, well now there would be no competition for that honour.

Rusty was everyone's favourite, the super student who had good grades, not honour roll but close, was a great athlete in Track and Swimming, and the most sought after date by every female in the school. He was liked by the teachers and everyone always seemed to hang on his every word, but he always said 'hi' to whomever passed by him. It was the one highlight of what was mostly a lousy day to see Rusty in the morning, and to have him smile and say hi. Christ, it wasn't that he was queer or anything, and Noah knew that too, just that it did give him something to look forward to other than Hector's hazing. He sighed, because he knew that as perfect as he thought Rusty was, Rusty laughed like the rest did when Hector teased him, but at least he didn't start any of the comments. That was something wasn't it?

He slowed down a bit as he came up to Rusty's locker and his eyes couldn't help but stare a little at the new kid. Christ he was so fucking hot that Noah was certain that he would cream his fucking drawers if the guy so much as said BOO to him. His eyes had that look, a certain gleam to them that just melted a person's will to hide anything from his

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probing thoughts. It was like the guy was just so complete, so totally in charge of himself that you could feel his self-confidence. Shit, what he wouldn't give to have one tenth of that confidence but then maybe if he looked that good he would, instead of looking like the male version of twiggy.

Christ everything about this new kid looked good. His hair was shoulder length, a dark rich brown colour that seemed to glimmer in the sunlight coming in from the sides, and his eyes were already enough to die for. His lips were thin and pale but they suited his long narrow face. The way his nose looked was just right for it and Noah could see the way each nostril flared a little as he breathed in. That in itself got his dick hard as he saw the chest push out and then in as the kid breathed. He wore a simple blue button down shirt, long sleeves but rolled up past his elbows and the skin was a deep golden tan colour, the kind that sun worshippers would kill for. The shirt fit snugly and with each inhale of his lungs, you could see the buttons shake a little and the muscles in his stomach made the fabric ripple.

Noah tightened the grip on his books as he walked past, lowering his face but trying to sneak a peak from under his eyelids. He breathed in deeply smelling a sort of apple fragrance and wondered what type of shampoo he used, or if it was a soap scent, because whatever it was, it was friggin perfect. It just had the right hint of apple to it and if anything, it made him seem even more desirable. Shit, it would be all he needed now was to have the kid notice him gawking, it wouldn't take Hector long to find out and add to his discomfort. Shit, he thought, as he moved past him towards his own locker where he stopped, turning his back to the new kid to help take his mind off the absolute rock hard chest and well built legs that the kid had. Nothing had ever felt like this before, the way his own breathing seemed to be labouring as he reached for the combination lock on the door and he knew his legs were trembling a little too as he just couldn't shake the image of this new kid from his mind.

The tap on his shoulder startled him so much that the books under his arm went falling to the floor in an instant just as the soft voice asked if he was Noah. His head snapped to turn towards the offending person, his books at his feet, when his jaw fell open as he saw the hot new kid standing right next to him. He could smell that apple scent now and he knew it had to be soap and shampoo as he looked into the boy's face, seeing the gleam in his deep dark brown eyes. He knew his mouth was open but he couldn't speak, and he could feel his cock, it was moving around inside his pants and he felt the

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pressure in his crotch, praying he could keep himself together for a minute longer. His lungs ached as he tried to breath inwards, but the pounding of his heart seemed to get in the way, as it roared and his ears echoed to the harsh beat.

Kid "Uh, sorry, you Noah?"

He knew he couldn't look at him, no way, not this early in the morning and he bent down quickly to gather up his fallen books, hoping he could keep his obvious desire hidden until he could get control over the raging thoughts that were passing into his mind. Noah was stuttering as he tried to answer, wishing for one brief instant that he had the type of confidence that he had seen in this kid's face only moments earlier.

Noah "Uh, yeah, yeah that's me, uh why?"

The kid squatted down on his legs helping to pick up a book or two and his face was level with Noah's as he spoke. Noah couldn't help himself but the hardness of his groin was killing him and yet as he stared into the dark rich eyes, he felt like everything he had kept hidden was under assault. Every secret part of his mind, his heart, even his soul was suddenly flung open to the probing mind of the guy in front of him.

Kid "Didn't mean to startle you, I am Dakota, guess we are supposed to share a locker?"

Noah "Dakota?"

Dakota "Yeah, it's a long story, but all of us got named after states."

Noah "Uh, Dakota is a nice name, my folks liked the Bible ones, uh, so, uh, sorry about being a dufus, uh I mean..."

Dakota "Cool, so uh, am I supposed, I mean, do I meet you here or how's this work? Never had to do this before."

Noah "Huh? Oh, sorry, no I'll give you the combination. It's uh, shit, sorry, not been a good day!"

Dakota "Didn't mean to throw you off. Want me to hold those while you open up?"

His heart started to pound even harder as he looked into Dakota's face. God he was so fucking handsome, it was unreal how he looked and those eyes, shit he couldn't stop himself from staring into them and yet he knew that he was making a total ass out of himself, he just couldn't help it as he kept stuttering, wishing he had more balls. His mind was confused

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enough, now it had this perfect face to drool over and he could feel the ache in his groin, feel it ripping deep into his soul and despite the panic he managed to suck in enough air to at least not hyperventilate.

Noah "Open up? Huh? Oh, shit, sorry, thanks."

He stood up, hoping that his obvious thoughts wouldn't be that obvious as he handed over his books. His hand touched Dakota's and he felt a sudden shock suddenly run through his whole body. His legs felt like rubber and he was certain he'd collapse if he didn't move his hand away quickly. Christ, the touch was like a sudden burst of lightning had hit him and his eyes had strayed, looking down at Dakota's hand and at the same time, he stole a quick look at the boy's crotch, his mind already fantasizing about what lay inside those faded tight pair of jeans.

Dakota "You okay?"

Noah "Yeah, sorry, Monday you know!"

Dakota "Yeah, so, someone don't like you?"

Panic seized him and he felt like someone had placed their hand deep into his chest, gripping it and squeezing it tightly as he trembled. His hand shook and the lock rattled against the metal of the locker door as he heard the soft-spoken question. Damn, what was this about?

Noah "Huh? No, why? What uh, I mean, uh..."

Dakota "The faded paint on the door, can still see it... Looks like someone..."

Noah "Oh that! No, no just some guys fooling around, no big deal, really."

Dakota "Cool, so, what's this place like?"

Noah "Uh it's okay, it's well, it's school."

Dakota "Yeah, school... never thought I'd say it, but I kind of, well never mind, can you write down the combination for me?"

Noah "Yeah sure, uh, I'll just get this shit off the top shelf, you can have that if you want, or you prefer the bottom?"

Dakota "Haha, don't matter to me, either works!"

Noah "Huh?"

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Dakota "Nothing, inside joke, my brother, uh, he used... shit, sorry."

Noah stared at Dakota, seeing him suddenly turn away and he could have sworn that the guy had tears in his eyes. Man it was strange, one second the guy was being happy, smiling even, which made him wish he could take a picture of him, the way his whole face seemed to light up as his lips parted and the smile formed across it, and then 'wham' he looked like the entire world had just ended.

Noah "Uh, you okay? I mean did I..."

Dakota "Huh? No I am fine, sorry, thinking about my older brother, gets me bit sappy, not your fault."

Noah "Oh!"

Dakota "Yeah!"

Noah "Uh, here, this is the combination."

Dakota "Uh huh, well... thanks, now can you tell me where the science lab, uh, room 109 is?"

Noah "Sure, hang on a sec and I'll show you..."

Dakota "That's okay, just point me in the right direction, I'll find it."

Noah "No problem, I have that first period too, but uh, didn't they give you a home room?"

Dakota "Shit, yeah, Mr Reese?"

Noah "That's his right over there, the one with the all the girls standing by it, uh mine is the one next to it. If you wait for me after home room, I'll show you the science lab, if you want."

Dakota "Sure? I mean... that would be great!"

Noah "No problem, uh, we better go, Reese hates people coming late, I had him last year."

Dakota "Thanks, uh, sure you don't mind showing me?"

Noah "No, no problem, like I said I have science first too, so..."

Dakota "Thanks!"

He couldn't help himself; the way Dakota moved down the hallway it was like he was gliding more than just walking.

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Every movement seemed so effortless as he headed towards the homeroom and all Noah could do was follow behind, his eyes almost bulging as he stared at the way the tight cheeks of Dakota moved from side to side. They looked so perfect, like tiny moons secured in a patch of faded blue, almost like a dawn's early sky really and he cursed himself, knowing that as long as he kept thinking like this he was flirting with disaster. With his luck, Dakota would notice if he hadn't yet, and then he'd really be in trouble. Least with Hector's teasing, well it was because of drama, not like he had been caught making a move on someone. This, this would be way different and he lowered his head, feeling like he was walking headlong into trouble.

**12:30 p.m.**

He didn't know why he was sitting out here, it was an open invitation for Hector and his buddies to harass him, but he just couldn't stop himself from being here, after all Dakota would be here, and he just couldn't get enough of watching him. Christ he felt like he was some love sick puppy dog the way he had followed him around, hell it had even made him late for English but he really didn't care. To just be able to see him, to see his face light up as he spoke, or to see the way he simply moved was enough, well at least it would have to be.

The morning hadn't been all that great but somehow it didn't really matter. He seemed to feel like all that went on was just, well just an interlude really until he could be at his locker to meet Dakota. He knew in his mind that he was building this up into something that would never happen and as he sat there, he spotted Dakota coming into the common area, a tray in his hand. For a brief second he thought that maybe if he stood up and waved that Dakota might actually come to sit with him, a dream that would last a long time but it never happened. He never stood up and as he sat there, feeling like a total coward he saw a girl walk up to the object of his desire.

She really wasn't bad looking, short though but she had really amazing long hair, and then to his hearts dismay he saw Dakota laugh and tussle her hair and then he placed his arm over her shoulder and together they walked off to another end of the courtyard. His whole spirit seemed crushed as he stared in their direction, watching them sit side by side, their faces constantly turned towards each other, she laughing at something, tossing her head back and his own hand reached around to brush his shorter hair off his ears. Damn, why did SHE have to show up he thought as he chewed on his

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sandwich, not even tasting it really as his thoughts were all focused on Dakota and the new girl.

Funny, he knew in his mind that there never would be anything more between him and Dakota other than being locker buddies, yet in his heart he could feel a growing dislike for that pert little girl with the long dark flowing hair that sat with him. He couldn't explain it if forced to, but he was already thinking of her as some tramp from Brock that had her hooks into his man, his Dakota. He shook his head as he reached for his milk carton, taking a long swig of the white liquid, wondering if Dakota liked milk and not the cold kind either. Christ, he was becoming an absolute idiot he thought as he wrenched his head away from Dakota and the girl. She had to be putting out, that had to be it and he grew angry at that thought, of Dakota and her writhing together in some bed, his lean tanned body towering over her small frame. It all flashed before him and the anger sparkled in his eyes as he turned to stare at them, to see his arm once more around her shoulders.

Marvin "Man you look pissed, Hector at it again?"

He hadn't even noticed Marvin coming in let alone sitting down next to him. Christ, it was bad enough to have put up with him in Science, and worse, to have let Dakota see him with Marvin. Why couldn't Marvin have been sick or something today, and why did that fucking asshole Wolcott have to make him his lab partner? Damn it really was annoying and now here he was, like shit sticking to the bottom of your boot, sitting next to him and worse, talking to him. How the hell could Dakota not notice that, and make the quantum leap that he and Marvin were friends?

Noah "No Hector isn't at it again, and what business is it of yours anyway?"

Marvin "Shit, no reason to bite my head off, just trying to be friendly."

Noah "Yeah well your friendship I don't need, I got enough headaches as it is!"

Marvin "Uh, sorry, didn't mean to, uh sorry."

Marvin got up and started to walk away when Noah realized how what he said must feel, knowing they were hurtful because they would really hurt if say Dakota had said them to him, and before Marvin could get too far, he called him back.

Noah "Sorry, I, I didn't really mean it the way it

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sounded, I guess it's, well, it's just been a tough few weeks."

Marvin "I understand, look its okay Noah, I guess I just assumed, well... sorry, I'll uh head off, not really safe to be here anyhow."

Noah "No, please, look I didn't mean it that way, you can sit here if you want."

Marvin "Thanks, but, I think not, I mean, hell I don't even know why I came in the first place, guess I was day dreaming."

Noah "I really didn't mean it Marvin, please; I feel bad enough, honest I am just in a mood I guess."

Marvin "Yeah, you did look kind of pissed, that's why, I mean, I know it isn't easy, Hector can be real nasty, but he'll get over bugging you, soon as this science thing is over, he'll move on."

Noah "I know, it is just, shit, I didn't really do anything to give him the idea that, well, that..."

Marvin "I know, one of the downsides of being in the drama club, why I dropped it last year."

Noah "You were in the drama club?"

Marvin "Yeah, well not really in it, I was signing up and... hell it doesn't matter does it? Don't let Hector get to you Noah, he isn't worth it!"

Noah turned away from watching Dakota and the girl to look at Marvin. For a brief instant he was sure that he saw the hurt in his eyes, hurt that he had caused but then as he looked a bit closer, he realized that it wasn't just from his stupid words, but was something that went a lot deeper. For the first time he took a long look at Marvin, seeing the way his hair was askew, a sort of ruffled look to it. In many ways it seemed to suit his face, a rather thin pale one and yet, if you looked at him long enough you could see a sort of, well shine underneath. It was almost as if there was something hidden under the skin, just waiting for the right time to come out and yet as he looked in the boys eyes, all he could see was a whole lot of pain and shame even.

Noah "I don't, well for the most part I don't, he ride you a lot?"

Marvin "Hector? Yeah some, he's a jerk but fairly harmless, it's the others, the one's who you never really see,

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they are the one's who are the worst!"

Noah "The others? What others?"

Marvin had a strange far away look in his face, and for a brief moment or two Noah was sure he saw terror and hatred inside of Marvin's face. Weird really, to see someone that had been the butt of most jokes about gays look the way he did, the anger that was inside seemed too dark, so complete that it scared him as he saw it, and he wondered just what was it that had Marvin feeling that way.

Marvin "The one's who spur the Hector's on, guy's like Rusty for instance."

Noah "Oh come on, Rusty? No way man, he's too cool for that, I mean, shit, he even helped me clean up my locker after Hector, well after it got written on."

Marvin "Yeah I noticed, and that's why he's more dangerous, he's the type who gives the Hector's the ideas, then he sits back and acts like the great guy that everyone can look up to. No Noah, don't be fooled by the likes of him, he's more of a threat than Hector ever could be, least Hector, he's out in the open with his hatred... Look, I should get going, uh, thanks anyways, but this isn't a place I want to be at, just, well, just don't let it get to you, okay? I mean, well, you are one of the nice guys, see you."

Before he could think of anything to say to Marvin's words, Marvin was up and heading down the corridor away from the area. Strange, he still couldn't believe what Marvin had said about Rusty, it just couldn't be true. Rusty was one of the really nice guys, even if he was the most popular, he never seemed to make you feel like, well like he was condescending. Marvin had to be wrong, maybe it was just that he had thoughts about Rusty and let them get too far, maybe he even said something and got rebuffed, that would explain it, wouldn't it?

Whatever else was going on, this was certainly turning out to be a different day for him and as he turned back to stare once more at Dakota he took in a deep breathe, because he saw Rusty, standing right next to Dakota. God, to see those two together like that was almost numbing, blinding really as both of them were total hunks in their own ways. Dakota though seemed to have an edge, mainly because he just seemed so much more at ease than Rusty, something Noah had never noticed before. Wild, how listening to someone's paranoia could make you see things that you had missed

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before, but the way Rusty was standing, it was almost as if he was nervous, in a very quiet way. Now what would Rusty need to feel nervous about with Dakota and that bimbo that was obviously in love with Dakota?

Sitting there, he wondered if maybe Rusty was feeling that Dakota would give him a run for most popular? Dakota sure had the looks and his smile, he still could see the way his face lit up and yet there was something else about Dakota, something that he hadn't ever seen in Rusty's face at all, a sort of defiant confidence or maybe it was a strength of some kind. Whatever it was, it only added fuel to the crazy thoughts that swirled around inside his head and he sat there, enjoying lunch for the first time this school year, enjoying it because he was day dreaming, enjoying a mirage of him and Dakota, fending off the advances of no less than Rusty himself, and he felt the heat rising up and he looked once more towards where Dakota was sitting.

Maybe it was life's way of bringing him down to earth but it wasn't a scene he particularly wished to have seen at that moment. His fantasy quickly vanished as he saw Dakota stand up and then bend down to kiss the girl on her cheek, and then watch her kiss him back, on his cheek. Damn, hell of a way to ruin a nice hot fantasy but then he should have known better, even in his dreams they rarely ended with him riding off in the sunset with the hot stud, so what could he expect in the real world? He couldn't explain why he felt so sad as he put his tray away and he too headed off to get on with school. He had his books with him and even as he thought about going back to the locker, he knew that it would be useless, that Dakota would be long gone by now so he trudged on down the hallway, away from the locker.

He looked at his watch, the dial glowing a bit and he stood back up, feeling a bit sad actually as he stared down one end of the corridor and then down the other end, still not seeing who he had expected. Maybe he had been wrong, but he didn't think so, but he just didn't have time to dwell on it as he headed away from the locker, heading off towards his next class. Maybe later, or maybe not, but he could always hope.

**2:45 p.m.**

Noah came around the corner and stopped, as he saw the small figure staring at the spot that was his, well his and Dakota's now and he grew disgusted, recognizing the figure as the girl that had been throwing herself all over Dakota at lunch. God, wasn't it bad enough that she was the one sitting

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next to him at lunch, now she was intruding on what he thought was his only time to live in his fantasy world. Well, he'd tell her, he thought as he walked towards the locker, seeing her turn to stare at him.

For a minute he blinked, seeing the way she looked at him, the way her eyes seemed to peer at him and for a minute he wasn't sure if he was having a really bad nightmare or what but he was certain that he could see, but no that couldn't be, it was impossible. He had just spent way too much time daydreaming and that was all there was to it. He came up to the locker and looked at her, sort of daring her to speak but she just waited, and stared down at the floor before once more looking up at him.

He was about to say something to her when he turned to see Dakota coming down the hallway and he noticed how her face lit up, the way she suddenly straightened up as if her day had just been capped off. It was weird, cause it was sort of how he wished he could feel, to know that Dakota was coming for him, but he knew that was silly, yet he did feel a sort of jealous pang at the way she looked, the way her whole face had once more lit up like a Christmas tree. It just wasn't fair as he turned away to concentrate on opening the locker, trying desperately to ignore her presence, but as hard as he tried, he just couldn't do it. She even smelled like Dakota, that same apple fresh scent wafted past him and he banged his knuckle as the lock refused to pop open and he had to start all over again.

Dakota "Hey you made it, cool, any trouble finding it?"

Girl "Nope, exactly where you said."

Dakota "Great, so you meet Noah?"

Girl "No, he just got here, but you were right."

It was almost as if he wasn't even there, and just what was Dakota right about? Had they talked about him at lunch, and just who was she? Noah had to admit though, she was kind of good looking for a girl, and she had a lot of Dakota's looks in her face, the way her eyes seemed to sparkle just like his, but then if he had someone like Dakota to moon over, his eyes would sparkle too or so he thought. For the life of him he couldn't explain why he was going off on the deep end over Dakota and trying to put himself into the mix, it wasn't like he even knew the guy's last name or even what he liked, but something about him had tweaked his imagination. Christ whatever it was it had gotten his imagination working

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overtime. That in itself was dangerous enough but this uncontrollable jealousy, that was something very new for Noah and it worried him, worried him that he'd wind up shooting his mouth off and get into more trouble than he wanted.

Noah "Excuse me?"

Dakota "Nothing man, say hi to Arizona."

Noah "Arizona?"

Arizona "Yeah, but heck, could have been worse and been called Florida I suppose."

Noah "Uh, yeah I... you two related?"

Dakota "Christ yeah, this is my little sister, I mean shit you don't think there are two sets of parents going around calling all their kids after states do you?"

It was like he had suddenly been set free from years of captivity as wild images of him and Dakota together flashed before him. Hell, he could even see himself reaching out, touching that golden flesh that just seemed so frigging enticing that once more he felt his body reacting, a state he had found himself in for most of the day and all because of this stranger from Brock High School.

Noah "Uh, well, shit, sorry, I uh thought she might be your girlfriend..."

Arizona "Girlfriend? Oh that is rich! He's funny Dakota, you didn't tell me he was a comedian too."

Noah saw the way she had cocked her head to one side and in that very instant he saw the family resemblance, and it struck him how much alike the two were. He also couldn't help but notice the sly grin that she had on her face and yet he also felt her staring at him, her eyes almost bulging open and yet the probing intensity made him feel like he was on inspection or something. The grin on her face helped ease the sudden tension inside, and yet as his eyes tried, they couldn't break the contact, as if she was holding them there by her very will.

Dakota "Oh be quiet, you gonna make Noah think we are as loony as our folks."

Arizona "Can't have that, not until he knows us better that is, then it won't matter, will it big brother?"

Dakota "Oh shut up!"

Arizona "Don't mind him, Noah, he gets that way at

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first, but he warms up, don't you bro?"

Dakota "Arizona, I am warning you... it's not, just cool it will you?"

Arizona "Sorry uh, say uh Noah?"

It was all going so fast for him, the way the two of them seemed to just feed off each other and yet in Dakota's voice he sensed a sort of

the bold hesitation - don't you mean something else here - already used hesitation in phrase before...do you mean apprehension here??

hesitation, a sense of hesitation even. Strange, the brief times he had spoken he had this impression of someone totally in control over their emotions and yet now, watching him with his sister, it wasn't the same. He still seemed in control but there was something else, something hidden maybe but whatever it was, he found himself falling even more for the guy, the ache in his body threatening to once more embarrass him in public.

Noah "Yes?"

Arizona "There a Mickey D's close by or something like that?"

Noah "Burger King a few blocks over."

Arizona "Great, how about it bro? Maybe you'll come with us Noah?"

Noah "Huh? Come with, I mean..."

Dakota "Yeah why don't you Noah? You can show me where it is and hell, I'll even spring for a junior whopper..."

Arizona "Take it Noah, I've seen his whopper, ain't no junior if you ask me!"

Dakota "ARIZONA! Shit will you shut your mouth?"

Arizona "Hey don't get bent out of shape. Sorry Noah, didn't mean to be so, crude, nerves, I say stuff I shouldn't when I am nervous, really, I am not normally this much of a tease, honest."

He could feel the sweat on the palms of his hands, and he was certain that his entire forehead was nothing more than a seething river of sweat but the idea of knowing what Dakota looked like naked was almost too much. What he wouldn't give

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to find out if what she said was true or not and yet something in the back of his mind felt fear, like perhaps he was heading into the path of a runaway train even. Noah couldn't explain it, but as much as he wished to spend every possible second in Dakota's presence, smelling that lingering apple scent, he also felt the fear that such an association could bring to him.

Noah "No problem, uh... thanks but I, I mean..."

Dakota "Please Noah, I know it's a pain to have to put up with sassy mouth here and me, but I don't know this part of town well, and we have to get some dinner before we head off to work, it really would help us out if you could..."

Noah "Work? Uh..."

Arizona "Yeah we both have after school jobs, its our only chance to grab something without rushing, please, it really would help, I mean, we are kind of, well, lost out here, besides Dakota needs bulking up, don't you think he's too skinny for a guy? I do, and this way maybe he'll, oh hell, I am being a pest, sorry, but, well, please, will you come?"

The way she looked at him and at Dakota and then him again, he didn't know what was happening. First to even think that Dakota was interested in letting him hang around him was something shocking and then when he thought there was no chance for his dreams, to find she was his sister and now this? He could feel the hard dick in his pants jerking a bit and his mind was conjuring up so many different images, he didn't know if he was really there or if this was just part of his fantasy, but how could he not go with them? He might regret it, hell he was certain he would regret it, but the power of his imagination was too strong for him.

Noah "I didn't know, sure if you really mean it, I'll show you where to go, I thought you guys from Brock came in buses. How are you, I mean won't you miss your bus back?"

Dakota "I drove here, the family beater so to speak."

Arizona "It is not a beater, I like it; besides it was Montana's, and he loved that car."

Dakota "Fuck I know, okay? Please Arizona just shut up?"

Arizona "Sorry!"

Dakota "Okay, just relax, okay? Look, go wait for us at the car, I gotta put my books away, we wont be far behind, okay?"

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Arizona "Okay, I am sorry Dakota, you know how I get, you aren't mad at me are you?"

Dakota "I know, its okay, I am not mad."

Arizona "Thanks, don't be long, please?"

Dakota "We won't be, right Noah?"

Noah "Uh yeah, not long at all."

Noah watched her briefly as she went down the corridor, his attention turning more towards the tall handsome stranger that had magically appeared into his life today. He couldn't believe how hot Dakota looked and he stared, seeing the way he kept watching his sister leave, his eyes never leaving her and he even noticed how his body seemed all tensed up, as if he was ready to pounce on anyone or anything that got in her way. Strange but as he watched the body language of this strange new guy, he realized that what he was watching was love, total love by Dakota for his younger sister and suddenly he felt weird, as if he was intruding on something very special, something that he envied, wishing someone would look at him in that way, sort of. The beat of his heart grew stronger and he wiped his hands on his pants, feeling a strange exhilaration at being party to such a scene, wondering if maybe there was hope for him and Dakota, not so much as what his mind wanted, but more as a friend or something.

Funny, the idea of having Dakota as a friend seemed to quiet his fear, his panic that he was heading for trouble and he felt the beads of sweat slow down and it was like something had reached out and rocked him into a state of calmness. His nerves no longer jangled and as much as he still thought Dakota was hot, he also seemed to be seeing something else, that as much as the guy seemed so in charge, so in control, there was a sensitive side of him that was hidden, that was lurking behind that mask of absolute control.

Dakota "Sorry about her, it really isn't her fault, she's uh, she's got this disorder thing, makes her real hyper at times, she says the first thing that pops into her head, gets a bit embarrassing at times."

Noah "It's okay, no explanations needed, uh, you sure you want me to tag along?"

Dakota "Yeah, you been about the only friendly face in this place, how the hell do you stand it here man?"

Noah "It's not that bad."

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Dakota "Christ, feels like I am in a pit of snakes, man some of the dudes here are sure weird!"

Noah "They're just a bit cliquish, you'll fit in though. You play any sports?"

Dakota "Used to, but don't have the time anymore."

His heart suddenly began to ache for Dakota, the way his voice had sounded so lost, so empty really and he had this raging desire to just want to reach out and hug him, to bring him close into his body to curl his arms around Dakota and comfort what seemed to be his pain. Noah didn't understand it but as he stared at Dakota, he was sure that if the conversation went further that he would see tears and that thought made him tremble, made him think that he could actually feel the pain in Dakota.

Rusty "Hey, Dakota right? Hi Noah."

The sound of the deep voice startled him and he stepped back to see Rusty standing there. He hadn't even seen him walk up and yet something seemed different this time. He had been so lost in his own thoughts about Dakota that everything else had been blocked out and now the world was once more in focus, or so it seemed. Noah noticed how Dakota suddenly changed, his body suddenly tightening up, and the pain he thought he had seen in Dakota's face was now gone, a strange mask of indifference in its place.

Noah "Hi Rusty."

Dakota "Hey."

Rusty "Look, some of us are heading over to Burger King, why don't you join us if you got the time, you too Noah if you want."

Dakota "Well I don't know man..."

Rusty "It will give you a chance to meet the gang. Say Noah, you should talk to the Janitor man, maybe he can give you something stronger to get the rest of that scribbling off your locker."

Damn, he would have to bring that up wouldn't he? Shit, now he'd have to explain it to Dakota and there went the fucking ballgame. No way would Dakota risk being seen with him now, no quiet time at Burger Kind or anywhere else. Shit, maybe Marvin was right about Rusty, maybe he wasn't the super guy he had thought?

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Noah "Uh, yeah, sure Rusty."

Dakota "I noticed that, someone go writing on your locker man?"

Rusty "Yeah couple of idiots thought it was a big joke, just cause Noah here played a girls part in last years drama play."

Dakota "Oh? Made you wear a dress uh? Drama teachers can be so fucking cruel!"

Rusty "Yeah, you played the part good too, but you know how some guys get, stupid really."

Dakota "Yeah."

Was he dreaming? Did Dakota seem to move closer to him as Rusty spoke and the way his eyes flashed, a sort of anger or no, maybe it was more like hatred seemed to flash from Dakota's eyes towards Rusty, but that couldn't be, could it? Noah was feeling a bit flushed, he had expected Dakota to have laughed or made some comment, instead he was defending him, standing up to Rusty no less and as he had watched, he could see that even Rusty was confused by Dakota's response. Shit, maybe Marvin had been right about Rusty after all but what about Dakota? Was he the same as Rusty except maybe better at it? Noah could feel the confusion rising but one thing he knew, Burger King was out and that pissed him off. He had really been thinking how it could be fun, to just spend time talking to Dakota and even his sister. She sure did speak her mind it seemed and now that was all gone.

Noah "It was no big deal, really, doesn't bug me, they can think what they want."

Rusty "That's the spirit Noah! So how about it Dakota, going to join us?"

Dakota "Uh, wish I could Rusty but uh, maybe some other time, I have to get to work and all."

Rusty "Oh? Okay, well sure another time then, uh see you later Noah."

Noah "Yeah, sure."

Dakota "Aren't you going to go?"

The way he spoke, soft and yet in some way it was like an accusation or maybe even a taunt, but if it was a taunt, it wasn't directed at him but more towards Rusty and suddenly

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he felt a strange glow inside as well as a rising sense of panic. What was happening here? His mind was in a fog, too much dreaming about Dakota and now suddenly the object of his dreams was actually standing up for him, and not to Hector or some other jock, but to the most popular guy in school, he was taunting Rusty, for him, Noah.

Noah "Uh, no, no I have to get home, so..."

Dakota "Uh huh, come on, I'll give you a lift then, seeing as how we go right by your place."

Rusty "You got your own wheels?"

Dakota "Sort of, my older brothers car, uh, we gotta run, thanks for the offer man, another time, 'kay?"

Rusty "Huh? Oh yeah, sure well, catch you tomorrow... "

Dakota "Yeah, tomorrow..."

This was too unreal, too confusing as he stumbled along, watching Dakota brush by him and toss his books into the opened locker and then close it. He was no more than an inch or two at best from Dakota, the closest he had ever been to another guy really and he could smell that strange apple scent, it made his heart thunder and his pulse race as he could feel the warmth coming from Dakota's body. For a second he thought he would faint as he felt the hard jerk in his pants, knowing that the strange jolt that was running suddenly up and down his entire body was also spilling out from his hard throbbing groin. Panic was reaching for him but the scent of Dakota was holding it back, and he could even hear the short but powerful gasps for air that Dakota's lungs were making.

Dakota "Ready?"

Noah "Huh? Oh yeah, sure."

Dakota "Great, let's go."

Dakota moved in front of Noah as if to shield him and placed his body between him and Rusty. His hands were at his side and he stared at Rusty, as if he was making up his mind about something, the way he looked at him, almost as if the two were sizing each other up, like two bull elephants about to clash for dominance over the herd.

Dakota "Thanks again Rusty, another time."

Rusty "Sure, no sweat."

Dakota "Cool."

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He quickly turned and started to walk, his body shielding Noah's from Rusty as they passed by and he could see the eyes darting every which way, as if they were checking for lurking danger and yet he never turned his head away from the exit. Noah wasn't sure what he was feeling, he knew that he had witnessed something that he never thought possible, that someone like Dakota would actually choose him, his company, over being with someone like Rusty, the most sought after boy in the school. It felt weird and as he walked, he felt his softening dick rubbing against the wet patch and as much as he wanted to run out and race home with embarrassment, he knew he couldn't do that, least not just yet. Silently he prayed that Dakota wouldn't notice, or at least not say anything but as they headed towards the student parking lot he was certain that as much as Dakota might not say something, if his sister saw the wet patch on his pants she sure as hell would. His heart sank as they rounded the corner and the student parking lot opened up before them.

The steady gait suddenly slowed and he felt like Dakota was going to say something, or at least that he wanted to but wasn't sure how. Strange, it was like a whole new world suddenly opened up for him as he contemplated what it was that Dakota might say but what was really weird for him was how he suddenly seemed able to guess at Dakota's mood, knowing that he was close to the truth if not right.

Noah "Uh, about Burger King, sorry that, well..."

Dakota "What are you sorry for?"

Noah "You would have gone if I hadn't been there, I mean you really didn't have to..."

Dakota "No you are wrong, I wouldn't have gone, not with someone like Rusty."

Noah "No? But, I mean, why not? He's one of the most if not the most popular kid in school, why wouldn't..."

Dakota "Don't like phonies, he's not real, sorry, he a friend of yours? I mean you two sort of sounded like it..."

Noah "Me and Rusty? I don't think so, he is just, well... polite?"

Dakota "Fuck that, you can have that politeness, sorry... it is just, I don't know, guess it's my own nerves, bitch at Arizona for hers and here I am not really any better, sorry."

Noah "That's okay, uh, there is a McDonald's but it's not

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close by, uh which way you heading?"

Dakota "Well, to your place first, then over to the train yards; the Pay 'n Pak is where I work, Arizona works in the hairdressers next to it."

Noah "My place? Uh, look really you don't have to, I can walk..."

Dakota "Why? I said I'd give you a lift, you don't want to make a liar out of me do you?"

Noah "No, just, well I thought you were saying that to, well, to uh, shit..."

Dakota "No, I don't use people for an excuse, sorry, guess I am a bit wound up, so, which way you live?"

Noah "You serious? I mean, shit I feel like an ass..."

Dakota "Christ, what ever for?"

Noah "I don't know... I mean why you doing this? Rusty can make things easier for you here, why did you brush him off for me?"

Dakota "I don't know, maybe the same reason you shot your wad in your pants when I was next to you?"

His heart suddenly stopped and he felt an icy chill in his body as he stopped walking. Every part of his body trembled from fear as he turned his face towards Dakota and stared into the boy's deep rich eyes. Noah had no idea how he found the courage to look at Dakota, but as his own eyes made contact with Dakota's he felt a glow inside, a happiness that belied the fear he was feeling in his mind.

All sorts of things went racing thru his mind and yet, looking into Dakota's face he didn't see derision, or anything like that. It was almost as if Dakota understood, as if he knew what Noah had been thinking about him and that it didn't matter to him. His nerves were definitely on edge; his legs even trembled a little as he tried to figure out what to say next.

Noah "I, I... shit, I mean... Dakota it isn't, hell..."

Dakota "Look, this isn't, I mean, can we get into the car? I really don't think we want to talk about this out here, do we?"

Noah "No, no guess not, it is just, I mean... fuck I don't know what to do, what to say, I never... I didn't mean to

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embarrass you or give you, fuck..."

He was certain that in a second he would break down and start bawling his eyes out when he felt a soft gentle touch on his shoulder. Dakota had his hand lightly on his shaking arm. He felt the strange warmth again and deep inside he felt a renewed sense of hope that what he had been wishing for, had been hoping for really was possible, that maybe Dakota was real, and if he wasn't, well he prayed he'd never wake up from this dream.

Dakota "You didn't, now come on, Arizona is looking at us and we should get away from here, she does have a big mouth."

Noah "Yeah, okay... fuck is that your car?"

Dakota "Yeah, well I guess, it was my brother's."

Noah "SHIT, it is, I mean it's in mint shape, wow!"

The 1968 Mustang convertible rumbled into life at the flick of Dakota's wrist and he could feel the power of the engine as they backed out of the parking spot, his head spinning as he sat next to Dakota, smelling him and wondering too what he had meant, what all of this meant as they left the school behind. He had seen Rusty's face flash by as they past him getting into his 2002 PT Cruiser. Noah wasn't sure, but it had seemed as if Rusty had a look of anger on his face, anger as well as maybe envy? There was no doubt that the deep blue Mustang had something to it, the rich white interior only adding to the beauty of the car and he finally was able to turn to look at Dakota as he drove down the street. There was something almost mystical about him, the way he looked was like he belonged behind the small steering wheel of this car, and his hand rested so easily on the stick shift in the centre console, like it belonged there and he felt the warm wind on his face and settled back into the soft leather bucket seat.

Whatever else happened from this point on he didn't really care, because right now he was in heaven as far as he was concerned. He had thought his life would be over if Dakota had noticed he had creamed but instead it was almost as if Dakota took it as a compliment. It was all too strange for him, first to see someone with Dakota's looks toss Rusty aside for him, then to just accept his, well his accident for lack of a better term, was too much. Noah just knew that for this moment, he felt alive, felt like he really was human and not just an empty shell.

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11:30 p.m.

Noah sat there, staring at the book lost in his thoughts once more. It had been like this ever since he had gotten home from school and he doubted if he'd get much sleep either, all the crazy thoughts flashing thru his mind and all but maybe it was just his imagination? Maybe Dakota was really a dream, a figment of his imagination but then, he had been awake all day, so he had to be real, it was just that, well stuff like this didn't happen to him; he wasn't a jock, wasn't a dog either but he wasn't special, he was ordinary so why would someone like Dakota show any interest, care if he was alive even? It just didn't make any sense to him and there were other things too.

The ride home had been silent for the most part, other than for Arizona who kept up a sort of non-stop chatter about school, about work and all. She really was a nice girl and he felt kind of bad for the things he had thought about her earlier, but then he hadn't known she was his sister. Weird how knowing that changed everything and he was kind of amazed at how protective and patient Dakota seemed with her.

They had decided to not stop anywhere else, and Arizona seemed a bit disappointed, and he had to admit it was about the only time when she didn't have a comment. He could tell she kept staring at him, her eyes seemed to always be on him or on her brother, and he wondered what she was really thinking, if she had noticed his wet spot or if not, what she had thought about him, seeing how he kept stealing glances at Dakota all during the ride home. Hell, he couldn't help himself but there was something about how he looked, the pair of sunglasses suiting his face, the way his hand moved the stick shift so effortlessly.

The car had a nice ride to it and when they came to his place, he felt like he was still up in the stratosphere or something. The way Dakota had smiled at him, asking if he wanted a lift to school in the morning, and all that. It was almost as if Dakota was really wanting to spend time with him, and he had almost jumped for joy when even Arizona had pleaded with him to let them pick him up. How could he refuse such pressure so he had agreed, still not sure why but no longer caring, because all that mattered was that he could once more sit next to Dakota, smell his fresh clean scent and just listen to the way he spoke.

Even his parents had noticed how he was acting, his dad actually asked him if he was falling for some girl or something.

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Christ if his dad only knew the truth, he would drop dead on the spot, but then again maybe not. His dad wasn't all that bad and come to think of it, when he had told him about the part in the play last year, his dad hadn't said a word about it, other than they would look forward to seeing him perform. Strange, how sometimes parents could surprise you but then sometimes the surprises weren't exactly pleasant either.

He had heard about how some parents when finding out about their kid had simply tossed the kid out, and it always scared him; ever since he was certain that he was different that one day he might just find himself an orphan, not from death but from choice, and not his either. Strange, you always heard about kids coming out, or being outed, and even watching shows like Queer as Folk didn't come close to the panic that you could feel just thinking your parents would find out. Not everyone was as strong as the JUSTIN character seemed to be, and he sure as hell doubted if his fellow students would be happy with just needling him or laughing at him. Hell they didn't know for sure now and already his life was pure hell, at least until today it had been.

Noah sighed as his hand once more reached down to his groin, once more touching the hard throbbing flesh of his dick that rested in his fourth pair of shorts tonight. Man he had it bad, he knew that and just laying on his bed thinking about Dakota had given him such wild pleasure, such immense joy that he couldn't believe it even. He had jerked off many times, but never did he feel like he had felt this time around. Hell, he barely had to touch his hard dick the first time, the way it just shot a load of cum so hard he had a hell of a time catching his breath afterwards. Worse was, that by the time he had calmed down enough to pull his shorts back up, the friggin jizz had dried all over his balls and inner thighs; and he had to eat dinner feeling that dried cum each time he moved.

The shower after was great though, the hot steamy spray and the warm foaming soap was unreal as his mind continued with its fantasy about Dakota. He had the poor guy nailing him so many different ways that he was sure he would break off his dick. His mind tried to picture it too, dredging up lots of images but they were never clear, never totally focused and yet each time he thought about what Dakota would look like nude, laying on his bed, it always was cloudy, yet he could still hear Arizona telling him that it was no junior whopper. Christ, there he went again, and he felt the hard pole shifting in his shorts as he just couldn't get the idea out of his mind. He pulled his hand back up out of his shorts, rubbing it up against his stomach, feeling his muscles coiling and he leaned

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back in the chair, his hand now moving up and around his chest, squeezing one nipple then the other and he thought maybe it was time again, time to once more escape into a dream world of him and Dakota but he had to stop, had to get a grip because if he didn't, he would sure as hell ruin it somehow.

This constant fear of fucking up was getting on his nerves too, but what could he do? He still didn't know how or what Dakota thought about his earlier accident, the one by the locker and it gnawed at him. What if he was just biding his time, what if he were waiting till he was with the other guys, and sprung it then? Christ, he could just hear Hector now, the way he would heckle him mercilessly, and what about Rusty? That too bugged him, ever since Marvin had warned him too, which had scared him a bit. He knew that Marvin was constantly being teased in class and all, but the way Marvin talked it seemed to be more serious than that. He just couldn't imagine that anyone would hurt Marvin but then you did hear about that, after all he didn't think Matthew Sheppard had expected to be left for dead by those guys, but it happened. Maybe he was naïve, maybe he just wanted to believe that people weren't so cruel and yet, he knew he was just kidding himself.

Christ, if there was one way to get his dick soft he had just found it, and he grimaced as he heard a low rumble coming from outside. For a minute he thought it sounded a lot like Dakota's car but he glanced at the clock on his desk, knowing it couldn't be his car. No way would he be here at this time of night and besides, why would he show up here? It wasn't like they were boyfriends or anything, but shit that would be something and once more he could feel his groin aching, once more his dick grew hard inside his shorts and this time, he knew he wouldn't deny it, wouldn't let it go soft without first once more exploring the depths of his imagination.

Noah stood up and switched off the desk lamp, and as he walked towards his bed, he heard the rumbling noise getting closer. He smiled as he thought about Dakota, about how handsome he looked when he drove off in the deep blue Mustang after dropping him off. God what a sight that was, he could still see him, the way he climbed into the driver's side, and how he had stopped and stared over at him, and his hand moved down his chest, feeling the trembling excitement building in his body as images of the real Dakota and the fantasy one merged.

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He shrugged his bathrobe off, letting it fall to the floor and he turned around, trying to decide if he wanted to walk towards the door and flick off the main light or leave it until after he finished his dream. Looking at the far off switch, he thought he would just leave it on for now, and the sudden silence startled him. The low heavy rumble of whatever car it was had gone and he sighed, wishing that it hadn't stopped. The sound reminded him so much of Dakota, of the pleasure he had felt in just sitting next to him in those white leather seats.

The tapping sound didn't register at first, his mind lost to the images of sitting in that Mustang, stars shining over their heads, the car looking out over the town from up on Robert's bluff, the lights twinkling and all, but finally the noise penetrated his dream and he realized that it was coming from his window. He rushed over to it, wondering who or what it was that was tapping and as he pushed aside the drape, he caught his breath because he couldn't be imagining it, could he?

His hand shook as he pushed open the tall window and as he did, he realized that he wasn't dreaming, that it was Dakota standing there. His heart raced faster and he could hear its deep booming thunderous beat echo in his head, nothing could penetrate that loud booming noise and yet when Dakota spoke, it cut through the rolling thunder like a hot knife thru butter.

Dakota "Uh, can I come in?"

Noah "Huh? Yeah, yeah sure, uh, course, come on in."

He stepped back from the sill, watching first one leg reach up and over the low sill, then another, as two strong hands gripped the window frame on either side. His mouth was open and he was certain that his jaw was resting on the carpet as he saw the head duck inside and then like magic, there stood Dakota. He was puffing a bit but he had the most gorgeous smile he had ever seen and his heart continued to thunder as he watched Dakota turn and pull close the two windows and then turn to face him again.

Noah couldn't believe it, and as Dakota turned to close the window, he pinched his arm, feeling the sharp pain and he knew it wasn't a dream, that Dakota was really here and he felt the sudden warmth rising up from inside of him. His eyes couldn't leave the tall handsome figure that was bending over to grab at the window handles and he noticed the firm buttocks again, just as he had this morning when Dakota had

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walked towards his homeroom. God they still looked perfect to him and it hit him then, that he was standing in his fully lit bedroom with only a pair of shorts on, stretched tight by the raging hard on inside. He felt the blush and he gulped quickly uncertain what to do.

Dakota "Thanks, uh, sorry for, I mean, your light was on, so I thought I'd, I mean I didn't wake you or anything did I?"

Noah "Huh? No, no, I was, uh, what are you, I mean, why are you here? It is, I mean, shit..."

Dakota "Haha, you always talk in riddles or just when some strange guy crawls thru your bedroom window?"

Noah "Always, I mean, no, never, shit, it is just, I didn't expect you to show up, I was..."

Dakota "Oh? Hmm I don't know, kind of looks to me like perhaps you were waiting for someone, so uh who is the lucky guy then? Haha..."

Noah looked straight at Dakota and saw that his eyes were lowered, that they were fixed firmly at his waist and he could feel the pre cum oozing out from the tip of his hard dick. Christ, he didn't know what to say or do and he began to tremble even more now, praying that he wouldn't have another of those moments like he had earlier. He didn't know what to say, and as the words bounced around in his confused mind he raised his face to see Dakota smiling at him. There was something about how he looked, and the gleam in his face was unreal, it tugged at his heart that was already in overdrive.

Noah "I... I wasn't expecting anyone, uh... fuck stop staring, please... I don't want, I mean, fuck..."

Noah turned away, tears welling up in his eyes as he tried to control his thoughts, wishing his body would cool off, wishing also that Dakota would hold him, would touch him even knowing that he was being a complete ass.

Dakota "Hey, I am sorry Noah, Please... I didn't mean to tease you, honest."

The words didn't make sense to him but the sound, the way he spoke was almost like he meant it, like he really did care how he felt and he sniffled a little and then froze, as he felt Dakota's hand on his shoulder.

Noah "Sorry, I guess, I don't know, shit, how did you

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know what I been thinking?"

Dakota "I don't really, maybe I am just, I don't know, sort of hoping that that is the reason..."

Noah "You? SHIT!"

Dakota moved back as Noah turned to face him, his eyes showing disbelief at what Dakota had said so bluntly, so matter of fact. They looked at each other and Dakota couldn't help it, his eyes kept going back down the almost totally naked body and he felt his tongue as it licked his lips and he sighed, wondering just how badly had he fucked up tonight.

Dakota "I am sorry, guess I shouldn't have just blurted that out, uh, I thought that, well..."

Noah "So what, you want to be sure first, before you go telling the school that I am a fag? That it?"

The words were out before he knew it, and as he said them he saw Dakota's head jerk up, his eyes flash a second of pure anger and then he saw the deep pain, the deep hurt that came welling up into those wonderful eyes, and Noah felt like crap in a second, his own fear and anger suddenly gone. He cursed himself as he realized that Dakota really hadn't come here to catch him out, to trick him.

Dakota "Sorry, guess I should go, I didn't... fuck, what's the use? I'll leave, uh, guess tomorrow is..."

Noah "Wait... please, I didn't, fuck Dakota I am gay, okay? I am and I am sorry, I just, it is hard, you don't know what it is like, hiding all the time, I mean, shit... Please don't go I..."

Dakota turned back and looked into Noah's powder blue eyes. He could see the tears there, or were those his own he was seeing? He couldn't explain it, not for a million bucks but he felt so alone, so empty and yet, maybe, maybe there was still a chance as he looked at Noah, saw the pain in that oval shaped face. He could see it, feel it even as he stood there, his own body trembling as he wondered why life had to be so cruel simply because some were different than others? Why?

Noah felt the pain deep in his very soul and he regretted his words with each passing second. Tears were at his eyes and he felt so helpless, so much a fool as he had caused someone such pain, such unneeded pain and all because he was gay. Why couldn't he just get past that, why did he have to see danger around every corner, feel fear when with

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someone new, feel panic at each look, each glance? He felt his body shudder and he reached behind him to grab his bathrobe. With a shaking hand he picked it up and began to pull it up to put it on when he heard Dakota's voice, muted and riddled with a sort of sorrow that ripped at Noah's heart as turned to look at Dakota.

Dakota "What are you doing?"

Noah "Putting my robe on."

Dakota "Why?"

Noah couldn't stand it anymore; he lowered his head and muttered, feeling his shame as he spoke.

Noah "So I won't embarrass you anymore."

Dakota reached out with his hand, stopping Noah's own arm from moving, from sliding into the sleeve of the light blue bathrobe. The touch made Noah jump a little and as he looked back up, he thought he saw a flame flickering in the very depths of the deep rich chocolate brown of Dakota's eyes. He shook a little, feeling the fire burning in his soul as he kept his face tilted upwards, towards Dakota.

Dakota "I... I like you this way, you don't embarrass me, and... well... don't..."

Noah "Don't?"

Dakota "Don't put it on, don't turn the lights out, don't hide, I... I know this is freaking you out, but, I am not like the others, really."

He felt his heart pounding and he was confused. Noah didn't know what to think and yet as Dakota spoke he could feel the honesty there. Dakota wasn't lying to him, and his hand still held his, and he felt like there was something happening that he just couldn't explain, but he knew that it was something special as he let the robe slip from his hand, falling softly to the floor. As it did he saw Dakota stare into his eyes and then slowly he watched, as Dakota stood upright, moving a step or two closer. Noah blinked as he breathed in deeply, smelling a faint hint of that apple fresh scent and as he opened his eyes again, he felt the soft hesitant touch of Dakota's hand on the side of his face.

His whole body was trembling as he felt Dakota slide the back of his hand down his tear stained cheek and then the fingers lightly ran across his quivering lips. His mind was in a fog, dazed and frightened even and yet his heart seemed to

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revel in the touch, the feel and deep in his soul he felt a strange calm coming to him. It was unreal and better than anything he had ever dreamed of and his body shook, his cock growing even harder in his shorts and he felt the strange warmth coming to him again as Dakota's hand moved down his chin, then under it, the tips of the fingers barely touching him and he turned to look and saw Dakota's face next to him. He could feel his hot breath on his own mouth now as less than an inch separated them and Noah blinked as he saw the eyes flutter and close and the lips purse and the head tilt to one side, his own head tilting the opposite way. He held his breath as he felt the soft press of Dakota's moist lips against his own mouth; his heart suddenly bursting inside and his trembling became uncontrollable shaking.

Noah's body shuddered and as Dakota's lips pressed against his, he felt his tongue flatten inside and his teeth raise apart, his lips open as the rough raspy edge of Dakota's tongue suddenly pressed up against his still quivering lips. Two strong arms suddenly were around his shuddering body and he was being gently but firmly pulled inwards, in towards Dakota's body. He surrendered to the pull and felt his body suddenly being wrapped up in the strong body of the taller boy and his lips parted.

He had no control as he felt like he was falling, felt like his whole world had just exploded in front of him. His body arched inwards, his own arms reached out frantically to grasp hold of Dakota's strong arms and his head fell backwards. His whole body shook as he felt the violent ache in his groin suddenly explode and he knew his cock was once more shooting its load of milky white boy cream. His lungs ached as he felt the hard hot edge of Dakota's tongue as it snaked past his teeth and filled his mouth with its fullness, with its heat, with its desire. His hips shot forward, grinding his near naked body into the fully clothed one of Dakota.

The warmth invaded every part of his body as it shook and shuddered within the hard grasp of Dakota's arms. He cried as he felt his body crushing hard into Dakota's own solid frame. Nothing moved and it felt like he was suddenly glued into the body that held him. His eyes were clouded from the tears and he tried to open them, to look at the face that had just made him explode. He still shook as finally he opened his eyes, to stare into Dakota's face, to see if his actions had been out of pity or out of something else and looking into his eyes, Noah saw a burning fire reaching for him.

Dakota "Do you believe me now?"

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Noah couldn't help it; he looked once more into the fiery eyes that held his own gaze locked within. He could feel the flames now, the way they were getting closer to touching him and instead of feeling fear, of feeling panic, he felt a warmth that only made him feel excited. His whole body no longer shook from fear or embarrassment, but from anticipation.

Noah "Yes!"

Dakota smiled at Noah, then in a quick move, he reached forward and kissed Noah on the mouth, a semi hard kiss that surprised Noah but not as much as Dakota's next move did. Noah's eyes bulged open as he saw Dakota kneel down, his hands suddenly tugging on the thick white coloured elastic of the waistband of his shorts.

He looked down, to see the dark hair flowing around the golden flesh of Dakota's face, and he felt the face press inwards, the hot lips crushing into his belly as Dakota's fingers dug into the shorts, the backs pressing hard into his quivering flesh and as he felt the strange sensations welling up inside, he also felt the sudden press of his underwear sliding down his legs, and he knew that his body was now naked, his still hard cum caked cock sticking outwards. He shuddered as he felt the hard grasp of two hands on his legs, the thumbs pressing deeply into his inner thighs and he stared down, and saw Dakota raise his head up and stare up at him.

He watched as Dakota pulled his head back a little, the eyes taking one last look upwards and then he stared as Dakota's hand came from one side, the fingers gently touching the very base of his cock and he heard himself groan, his body shake as the tips of Dakota's fingers now moving slowly along the trembling shaft of his 6 inch long penis, gently touching the still hot skin that was still stretched taut. Noah felt his body shudder and he felt the ache in his groin, a different ache than normal, and he could feel his buttocks, the cheeks quivering and tightening, every muscle in his body suddenly screaming as wave after wave of pleasure seemed to pass along the still hard cock right into his body, filling him with a deep warmth.

The fingers moved slowly along his cock shaft, feeling every part of it, and as he looked, he saw how Dakota kept looking at it, and he thought he could feel the eyes, those dark eyes, as they stared transfixed at the sight of his cock. The ache inside grew more intense and he felt himself whimpering, wishing he had been able to hold back, to keep the now dried milk inside just a bit longer, wanting it for Dakota, not wanting it wasted drying uselessly on his shorts and his skin. He felt a

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bit ashamed but then he felt the soft brush of wet lips against the still hot end of his cock, and he groaned now, feeling a warm glow reaching upwards, and his hands rested on Dakota's shoulders, feeling the glow grow in power as it filled his shaking body.

Noah "Dakota..."

Dakota "Yes?"

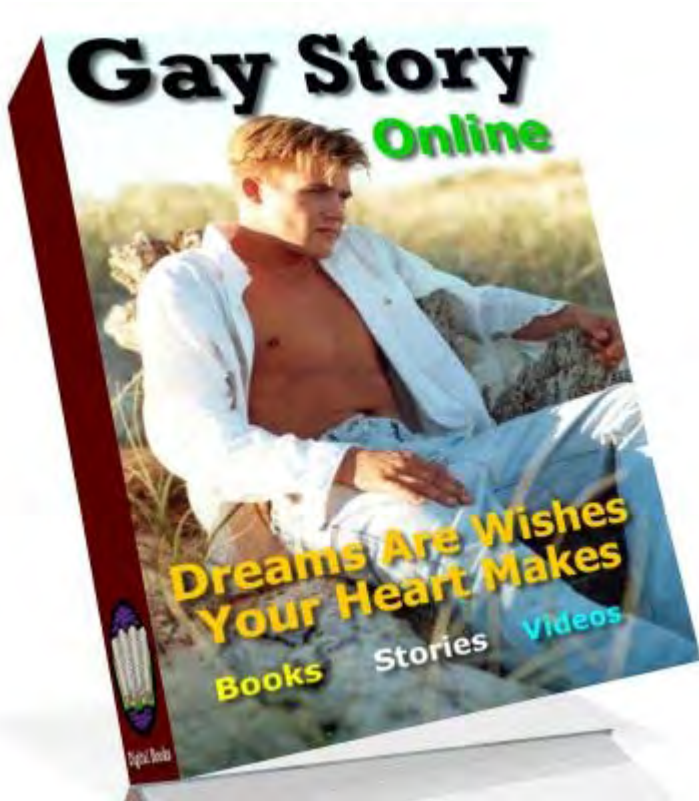
Noah "Will you? I mean..."

Dakota "Are you sure?"

Noah "Yes, more than I can say, yes, you?"

Dakota "I am now"

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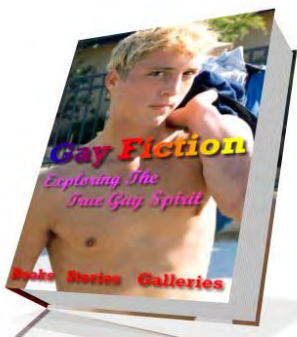
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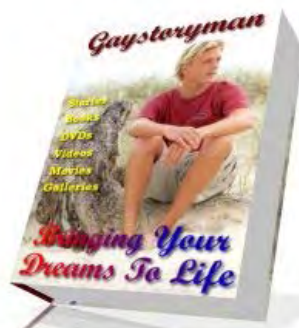
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