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# The Locker

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# Chapter 3

'Tuesday'

6:45 a.m.

He opened his eyes slowly, feeling the brightness of the sun bathed room and blinked several times, feeling the heavy weight on his chest and he wondered for a minute where he was, what was holding him down when it suddenly all came clear to him. Dakota turned to stare at the mop of hair that rested under his chin and he could feel the hot breath still blowing across his chest, and as he realized that it was Noah, he felt a stirring at his groin, and he remembered all that had happened during the night. It was still a puzzle to him, why Noah had bothered to stop him from leaving but something inside told him that it was something he would eventually understand, if he gave it time but would others give him the time?

His head turned away from Noah's head and he stared over at the small little clock on the night table. The green LED lights shone at him and he sighed a little, wondering if he had been right in coming here, in letting himself actually feel something for Noah. Sure, he liked to get off, to feel the release but it had such little real, well it just never seemed to last and for once he wanted something to last, something that wouldn't be taken away from him. Maybe what he wanted didn't exist, after all there was that possibility, but hell, if that were true then why did so many people bother? No, it had to exist just that maybe some gave up too easily or simply didn't bother to try, maybe that was it?

Strange though, the second he had walked up to where Noah's locker was he had this strange feeling that his life was about to change. It had scared him and when he had seen the faded words that hadn't quite been wiped clear, his heart grew afraid, wondering if perhaps he had been found out, if maybe his locker assignment wasn't random, wasn't as innocent as it was supposed to be. Hell, he was certain that eventually his secret would come out but he had hoped it would be at his choosing, not someone else's, but then that wasn't realistic either and if he had become one thing, he had become realistic. Life had a way of doing that to a person and he could feel the emptiness deep in his heart where once he had felt the love and security that all kids should have.

Dakota looked back at the still sleeping boy on his chest. God it felt weird having someone's hot breath blowing across his naked chest, and yet even as he thought about that he could feel the ache growing between his legs and he knew that he wanted Noah, wanted him in a way that he had never quite felt before and yet had. It was really weird how he felt the desire, the lust even for the touch of another boy, and yet with Noah it seemed different. Yeah he wanted to feel that same thrill

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when his dick would push into the ass, but it wasn't quite that that he wanted. He couldn't explain it to himself, but then neither had Montana been able to fully explain it, and Montana knew about that stuff, or at least he knew a damn site more than Dakota did. It was sort of, well sort of like the time that Montana had finally been able to show him, to let him experience the same feeling he wanted to have Noah feel and yet in many ways it was so different, so strange and yet exciting.

Funny, they had done it only once, it had taken them a long time of talking and just touching before they had come to that point, yet when they had he couldn't believe how painful it felt and yet how wonderful too. It wasn't like how he had felt with his first full fledged sex partner, it was different even though the things they did were the same. Hell his first was about Montana's size too but it was different and he hadn't really noticed it until he felt his brother's pole buried deep inside, felt his heart beating right next to his that he finally understood a little of what love meant. They had loved each other, he knew in that instant, that very second when Montana was sliding in and out of his aching rectum that this was as close as two people could get if they were willing and he also knew in that very moment that it would be the only time he and Montana would experience this closeness, this way. It was strange, but Dakota knew that even as he had thought that, even as he had felt his brother's throbbing pole bury itself deep inside of his tight anus, that Montana knew it too. It was, well it was like they could talk to each other in a way that needed no words, no looks even and yet all that his mind heard was his own whimpering and the soft deep moans of Montana.

His body grew a bit cold as he wished he could talk to Montana now, wished he could feel him next to him as they used to, when they could spend an entire night nestled close together just talking about stuff. He missed that the most, the closeness they shared, and as he had grown older it hadn't been sex anymore, they just would lie next to each other, talking about their life, about their friends, about mom and dad, all of that stuff that made them feel each other's soul. Only that one time had they had sex, but it hadn't felt like sex, it had such a strange feeling to it, and he missed it, knowing he could never have quite that feeling again. He wished he could have something like it though, and at first glance at Noah something had awakened inside of him, something had cried out urging him to throw caution aside.

Now here he was, unsure if he had been right, if the voices inside were real even, but he had that same tingling, that same sort of unreal sensation that this was supposed to be this way, that he was still just learning about the stuff he needed to know. His eyes moved down to see his huge thick cock pushing the sheets up and he wondered why he had such a large cock. It had even frightened the few girls he had been with, well all but one. She had almost died with envy, hell even when they broke up she had wanted to know if he would at least still screw her. Man she was sick but in a way it was flattering. Then there was Noah, the way his eyes had looked, the fear that he had, made him wish he

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hadn't been so well gifted, if you could call it that.

He knew that it would hurt, that it would maybe even make Noah cry if he wasn't careful, and yet, somehow he knew that Noah really did want him to do it, to feel it and as much as Noah wanted that, so did he too. There had been times, not many, when he had taken one look and knew he wanted no part of the guy, not because he was huge or anything, he just didn't want to know the guy that way, yet with Noah he wanted to know all of him, to feel being inside him as well as having him inside his own body. Everything about Noah was confusing to him, was making him think more than he wanted to, and yet that tingle, it kept gnawing at him as if it was something he had to face, had to find out and he turned to look at Noah, and saw his eyes were open, staring up at him.

Noah "Hi!"

Dakota "Hi!"

It felt so weird looking up at Dakota, the way his eyes looked so mysterious, and yet for brief instants he thought he could see beyond, see inside to the real person and it kind of thrilled him as well as frightened him. Dakota was everything he had thought he would be and yet so much more than anything he could have imagined. There was something deep and dark hidden behind those mesmerizing eyes, something that made his heart skip a beat and sent a strange weird warmth racing all through his body. Waking up to this was awesome and he could feel the ache growing as he let his body snuggle in a bit closer to Dakota.

Noah "What were you thinking about?"

Dakota "Stuff, you and last night."

Noah "Wish you were elsewhere?"

Wishes? Funny he hadn't stopped to even think about what he had wanted, least not for some time and yet ever since he had met Noah he had done virtually nothing but daydream, have thoughts that he had long since pushed away, and it was kind of nice to once more think about tomorrow as being something special instead of just another day.

Dakota "No, and yes... but not in the way you think, I wish I was out on my own, a place that was just mine, where you would be, or could be if you wanted to be."

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Noah "Why?"

Dakota "So we could, I don't know, so we could not worry about making noise, about people walking in on us; so we could, well really get to know each other, to talk, to just hold hands even."

Noah "I like your thoughts, it would be nice to have that, to be able to just be alone, the two of us."

Dakota "Yeah?"

Dakota's voice sounded so distant, so wistful and yet as he felt the heart beating across from his face, his whole body could sense the desire within Dakota's body which only made him feel that warmth even more. Weird how the way a simple word like 'yeah' could make him feel so, well, wanted for starters. He really didn't think anyone like Dakota would ever pay him any attention, least not the kind he dreamed of and yet here he was, laying with him in his bed, naked and talking like they were a couple, like there was more between them than just sharing a locker or stuff like that.

Noah "Uh huh, I mean, I don't know, it is like you do something to me, inside, that I just can't explain really, guess its stupid huh?"

Dakota "No, no it's not. It's weird isn't it, that sort of I don't know, tingling feeling that is somewhere inside, sort of, like its waiting for something?"

He glanced up at Dakota's face, seeing the thoughtful look he had and he felt all goose bumpy, as if he was speaking his own thoughts. He couldn't believe it and yet, the words were real and so was the feeling, the one he could feel even now as he spoke.

Noah "You feel it too?"

Dakota "Yeah, since I first saw you walking down the hall towards the locker."

Noah "Wow, that's scary!"

Dakota "Scary? How?"

Noah "Cause it's, well, it's how I felt when I saw you leaning against Rusty's locker, kind of like, well kind of like you were someone I had been looking for for a long time and then suddenly, there you were, waiting."

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Dakota reached out and let the back of his hand run down Noah's cheek, feeling the soft peach fuzz by the ear and he smiled, knowing his wasn't much thicker yet either and then he felt the emptiness inside, the sense of loss that would just come up and hit him unexpectedly. The tears welled up in his eyes as he struggled with the emotions running inside, the emptiness on one hand, the promise of fulfillment on the other. His body ached and not just from the desire he had for Noah but also from the pain of his loss.

Noah moved up to rest level with Dakota, his body pressed inwards a little and he could feel the warmth from Dakota's body and somehow he knew it just felt right, that this was what he had always been wanting and now this was his chance. He could feel the fear inside too, the fear of not knowing how to get what he wanted, or maybe better, how to show Dakota that it was what he wanted. He had almost blown it last night, and he still didn't quite understand why Dakota was so insistent on condoms, that was for those who did a lot, and Dakota said he hadn't been with lots, and he sure hadn't been with anyone. Still, in a way it was kind of nice, the idea that someone cared enough.

His eyes kept glancing down, towards the lower part of the bed and he could see the sheets making a sort of tent shape around Dakota's groin and he knew why, he still couldn't get the picture of that monster sized cock out of his mind, the way it had looked when he first saw it, the size of it and all. Just thinking of it made him squirm a bit even now, but in a strange new way. Sure at first it had scared him, to think of that going inside his bum, man that would freak anyone out but then as he thought more about it, as he smelled that strange aroma that was Dakota's brand of scent, as his heart yearned for just the touch of Dakota's hand on his, he felt a sort of excitement too, a sort of itch that wasn't really an itch but then was. Damned if he could explain it but he wanted that, wanted to feel it and touch it and hold it and yes even to taste it.

Maybe he was being a pervert or just sick, but there was something thrilling about the notion of him sitting on top of Dakota's wildly bucking body while having that thick pole wedged inside of him. He could almost imagine feeling the pain of it going inside of him but he also imagined the feeling of what it would be like to be a part of another person. His heart ached for that feeling; his soul cried out for it and yet his mind kept holding him back, kept denying him that sensation. For the life of him he didn't know why but it was like he was suddenly embarking on an adventure, sort of like the way Star Trek started out, journeying to bold new worlds and that thought made him tingle.

He didn't know why but as Dakota's hand came to his chin, he reached up and held it, then placed it in front of his mouth and lightly kissed the back of it, then he placed Dakota's hand down to his groin and he snuggled his body inwards, and leaned in and closing his eyes, he

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kissed Dakota's thin pale lips. He tasted the salt and yet as he touched, he felt the warmth invade his young body, making him tremble, sending a torrent of emotions up and down his whole spine. His feet tingled right to the very tips of his toes and his hair even seemed to feel a bit strange, as he tasted once more that flavour that would forever be Dakota.

Dakota "Noah... uh..."

Noah "I know, school, but damn, I mean, I had to just... I wanted to make sure that last night hadn't been a dream..."

The kiss had done something, he could feel it deep inside of his body and he wondered what it was that kept him there, that made him feel so different than all the times, even those few precious times with Montana. Why was he feeling this way? He didn't know Noah and all he had to go on was this strange unknown feeling deep in his guts. Was it real? Was Noah real or was he so desperate that he was imagining things?

Dakota "No, it was no dream, it all happened."

Noah "Not all, least not yet, right?"

Dakota "No, not all, and yeah it will... I mean if, well, if you still..."

Noah "Oh I do, I really do Dakota, uh... what, this is dumb but, uh, what kind of condoms should I get?"

Dakota "Kind? Doesn't matter, whatever kind you want I guess."

Noah "Uh no, that isn't, I mean..."

He glanced over at Noah, seeing the sort of hesitation and if the light wasn't playing tricks a slight blush seemed to be creeping along Noah's face. For a second he wasn't sure why Noah seemed so soft spoken or why he would feel embarrassed and then it all dawned on him once more. The way Noah had gotten so excited by a simple touch, a simple closeness that had surprised him and made him lose all sense of control. It was like, well like he had been that very first time with Montana. Noah simply had never done anything, with anyone.

Dakota "You have never bought any?"

Noah "No."

Dakota "Shit... uh, well don't worry, I'll pick some up from where I work, I get a 10% discount anyhow."

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He couldn't explain it but he knew that Dakota's offer meant more than just being polite. He had seen the threadbare underwear, and he had wondered why Dakota as well as his sister needed after school jobs, so for Dakota to make that offer, it had to mean that he really did want to be with him, want to have more than just a casual friendship and he felt his body grow even hotter, the strange glow inside seeming to rise up and reach for all sorts of hidden places inside of his body.

Noah "No, I can get them, just tell me what, I mean, I have seen the ads and stuff, I don't know what..."

Dakota "Well, uh, I usually get either Ramses or Sheik brand, get the lubricated ones, nothing fancy really."

Noah "Okay, uh, what are those, I mean the ads, they talk about cream and ribbed?"

Dakota "Yeah some come with a cream inside, its to kill germs and stuff but, well I never really, just get the plain lubricated one's, the ribbed ones are well, they are okay but not really worth the money. Look, I can get them from work Noah, really."

Noah "No, I want to, besides, I have to do this. I mean, well, time I learnt more anyway. Uh, other than condoms, should I get anything else?"

It wasn't any one thing that was exciting him in a way he hadn't thought would ever happen again. He glanced briefly down at his legs, saw how rigid the sheet stood up with his hard cock pushing up higher than he thought it could. Funny, it wasn't that Noah was a raving hot stud, and yet in many ways he was hotter than anyone he could think of, cept Montana but then, that was different. His eyes misted a little as he wanted to not sound like some slut, some professional tramp and yet as his eyes returned to look into Noah's face, he felt the desire and something else. He felt the need to protect Noah, to be sort of like a shield.

Dakota "Well a 'Vette would be nice... haha."

Noah "Okay with my next allowance...haha, but no, should I get anything else, cream or lotions? I mean, I... I want nothing to, well, I really want to... well, you know..."

Dakota "Yeah? I mean, you really want to..."

Noah "Yeah, I do!"

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Dakota "You don't have to you know, I mean, you could uh, you could do me if you'd rather..."

Noah "Do you, I mean is that what you prefer? I'll do whatever you want... I just thought that, well, that you would want to uh, to..."

Dakota "To be on top?"

Noah "Yeah."

Dakota "Sort of, but, hell, it doesn't matter to me, I just, just want to be with you. I know it's weird and all, but Noah, you don't have to do stuff just cause, just cause you think it's what I want, we can do stuff you want too, stuff you are okay with, okay?"

Noah "I suppose, it is just, I don't know, this is all so... so..."

Dakota "Scary?"

Noah "Scary? Yeah it is, but I really do want you to, you know, to do it to me."

For a moment there, he thought it was him talking to Montana, the way Noah was so quiet in his questions, his head always looking everywhere but at him, just as he had done when talking to Montana asking him about this stuff. Strange, Montana hadn't laughed at him either, instead he had smiled at him and told him that he was special. Funny, he wondered for a second if any of the kids in school even knew about the things he had learned from Montana? Did they even care but the moment passed as he could feel the desire, the need even of Noah wanting to please him.

Dakota "Okay, uh, well maybe get some extra lubrication, uh, KY is good."

Noah "Guess I sound pretty stupid don't I?"

Dakota "Why? I had to ask my first time too, nothing stupid about that."

It was really weird, to lie here next to Dakota, talking about what to buy so they could have sex. It wasn't how he thought it would be and yet in some ways it seemed to thrill him. His body had a strange tingling sensation and the way Dakota looked, those eyes melting each time he managed to glance at them, all of it was surreal and yet not.

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Noah "I know, just that, shit I am 16, the way everyone talks at school they been having sex for years."

Dakota "Yeah and you know what? Most of that is pure bull."

Noah "Really? I mean I figured some of it might be, but geez, the way some of them talk in the locker room after gym class..."

Dakota "Yeah, I know, everyone likes to boast. It really sucks, but most make it up, or at least make it out to be more than what it was."

Noah "How do you, I mean... what do you say, or do they ask?"

Dakota "Hell they ask, I tell em the truth for the most part, least about the girls, sure as hell don't say anything about the other stuff."

Noah "Girls? You still, I mean..."

He hesitated for a second, wondering if he should tell him the truth or should he lie? How do you explain to someone that you do things simply because its easier than facing up to who you really are? Yet, as much as he really wanted to lie, that damn nagging voice inside wouldn't let him, he couldn't understand it, but it was the same as when Montana had asked him about who he had been with. There was no way he wanted to tell Montana but he had, just as he knew he would tell Noah the truth.

Dakota "Yeah, I do."

Hearing those words was strange to him. Noah didn't know why, after all Dakota was what everyone called a 'hunk' or 'stud' and yet for some reason he didn't think he still went with girls, or at least not to bed. Sure he'd go out with them; he'd pretty well have to but why to bed? Why did he have to let them know him that way?

Noah "When was the last..."

Dakota "With a girl? Christmas time more or less, more than likely will have to do it again soon too, but I don't know, it feels worse each time now, sort of like I am cheating, kind of hard to explain really."

Noah "Why? I mean you are so, I don't know together, why would anyone question you?"

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Was Noah any different than the rest? His eyes were clouded as he tried to figure it all out, to wonder if maybe all Noah really saw in him was a chance to get laid, but even as his mind pushed the thought further forward, somewhere deep inside he knew that it wasn't true. Noah wasn't like the others; he wasn't like that old guy that had picked him up hitch hiking or really like any of the rest. There was no easy answer to his mind's probing thoughts, other than he just knew Noah wasn't like that. Besides, how would he know about guys like him?

Dakota "Yeah right... Noah it isn't fun being thought of as super hot or anything like that, least not for me, all the girls pushing to hang with you, even guys too but not because of who I am, but because to them I have this look, the features that they think are so hot. And you know what, that sucks, I hate it more than I can tell you, it just, it just pisses me off."

Noah could feel Dakota's pain and he let his hand touch the far arm, his fingers suddenly feeling like they were on fire and he knew that Dakota was telling him the truth. Being looked up to did carry its own weight, something he should have known and yet talking like this, it was like a whole new world was suddenly opening up for him, a world of excitement if he could just let it inside.

Noah "Never thought of it that way, guess it can be really tough but guys like you, I mean you make it all seem so natural, so effortless."

Dakota "Just another myth, I mean it isn't easy being anyone. I don't know, how we'd get onto this anyhow?"

Noah "Sorry, guess I am avoiding this."

Dakota "Avoiding what?"

Noah "Ending this, getting out of bed and having to go to school instead of just staying here, being next to you, listening to you talk, feeling how your chest rises as you breath... I don't want it to end, I just want to, to spend the rest of my life like this, silly huh? I mean shit, I don't know, part of me aches and yet its all so new, so weird really, didn't you feel that when you first, when it first happened?"

For a mere instant he thought he could feel the voice rising up inside, and as he stared at Noah, trying to see if he really meant it or was he just saying it to make him feel happy? Hell, it wasn't like he'd know or would he? Something inside kept telling him that Noah was special, that this was

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something he needed to be a part of and yet he felt fear too. He knew it was dangerous to fall for someone like Noah, to be involved with someone he went to school with and yet, he didn't seem to care anymore about what others thought, he just wanted what Noah was offering him, a chance to be needed and to be loved once again.

Dakota "End? No I don't want it to either, but if we don't get a move on, your parents will come in and then what? I guess, I don't know, I wish we could just stay in bed like this, would be nice."

Noah "Yeah, it would!"

Dakota "Won't your mom come in?"

Noah "No, well, she'd knock, but I don't think she'd just, you know, walk in."

Dakota "Fuck we'd be toast if she did or would she, I mean, have you?"

Noah "TOLD THEM? NO! Sorry, no, no way would they understand, I mean sex to them is something we just don't talk about, and this kind? Man I think my dad would have a heart attack, mom would be in tears, no, no way could I or do I want to tell them... uh, what about yours?"

Dakota "Huh, oh, I think they know. It's just that right now, well, things haven't been so good for us, but I think my folks would, well, I just don't think they'd freak about it anymore."

Noah "Wow, that's cool!"

Oh it was cool okay, if only Noah really knew how or all that went on before it became cool and really, as he thought about it, it wasn't cool. Maybe his parents had gone overboard at first, the yelling, the screaming, the tears, but maybe too Montana could have, shit, there he was again, thinking about stuff that was best left forgotten. It still hurt to remember the words, the fights, the pain and for what? He still couldn't understand why it had to be a big deal, least not in the sense that sex was sex, it was natural, no matter who it was you were doing, it was natural, so why should it be a big deal, why should his parents have been so shocked, so angry, so hurt?

Dakota "Cool? No, not really, just that they, they know what it means to, uh, look, maybe we should get going? You don't need your folks walking in and, well, I mean, its kind of obvious what,

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uh, we should go."

There was a change in Dakota's voice, something he had noticed a few times before, sort of a sadness that didn't make sense to him, sort of a feeling of pain that he knew was there, but that for some reason Dakota was keeping hidden. He could hear in the voice but never for long, just for an instant or two and it made him quiet too.

Noah "Okay, uh, we?"

Dakota "Yeah, my car is down the street."

Noah "Won't, I mean, won't it make people talk if we drive up together?"

Dakota "It might..."

There! He had heard it again, that same sorrowful note, but there also was a hint of defiance in it, and he felt proud of Dakota and then fearful. Shit, if he wasn't careful he'd wind up being outed to the school, both of them, and while Dakota may be tough enough to handle it, he didn't think he was. Besides, why tempt things?

Noah "Uh, maybe you could let me off just before school?"

He felt a sort of relief at Noah's offer, and then a wave of shame seemed to wash over him, as he knew he'd not object, least not too much. It wasn't fair, he could hear inside but then he knew that life wasn't fair, he had his fair share already of just how unfair life could be.

Dakota "Okay, if you want, but..."

Noah "Safer, and I don't want to, I mean, I just don't want anything to stop us from, from being friends. I don't mind getting out before school, honest."

Dakota "I, fuck Noah, I don't want to hide this, but yeah, it is safer I guess."

Noah "It is, especially with guys like Hector around."

Dakota "I suppose."

Noah "Dakota?"

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Dakota "Yeah?"

Noah "We are friends, I mean, last night and this morning, its not going to be, I mean..."

Dakota "Our last?"

It felt kind of neat, the way Dakota could sense what he wanted to say, but then too it was also kind of weird. Maybe he was putting too much on last night, maybe all Dakota really wanted was just a friend, not a boyfriend or anything like that, he did back off real fast last night, just because of not having a condom.

Noah "Yeah."

Dakota "No, I mean not unless you want it to be, I just don't know when, I have to work each night during the week and during the day Saturdays. I only have Saturday nights when there is time, is that okay?"

Dakota was looking at Noah, his brown eyes just barely visible from under his long dark eyelashes. Noah could see the hairs fluttering as he felt the eyes on him, and he heard the hesitation in the voice. For a second his heart seemed to stutter, as if maybe feeling Dakota was trying to back out, to give an excuse for not seeing him again but then the small voice within seemed to rise up again, the tingle in his legs started fresh and he could feel his half limp cock rising as blood rushed to it. No, Dakota wasn't trying to ditch him, and he felt ashamed at thinking that and not in realizing that Dakota wasn't like the guys he knew. For whatever reason, he worked and took it seriously too, and there was a part of his mind, wondering what it was that made Dakota need to work so hard.

Noah "Sure, uh, where? I mean you want to come back here?"

Dakota "I don't know, maybe, or you could come to my place?"

Noah "Cool, that would be great, uh, how do I get there? I mean, where is your place?"

Dakota "I'll come and pick you up after I get off work, if that's okay?"

Noah "Okay? Sure, but I can take a bus, save you the gas and all."

There it was again, that soft but powerful urge to protect

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Noah, as if it was his duty even. Funny, in many ways he knew it was how Montana had felt about him, and how he felt about Arizona too.

Dakota "You don't want to be riding a bus there at night man! No, I'll pick you up, besides, maybe we'll go for a cruise or something."

Noah "Great, uh, your folks, they won't mind?"

Dakota "I don't know, don't think so, they don't like me driving late at night, but they'll be okay I think."

Noah "I could stay... that is if you want, my folks won't mind me staying over, if it's... if..."

The moment of truth was at hand for him; he knew it as soon as he saw Noah's desperate pleading blue eyes. It gave him a warm glow inside too, to think that someone like Noah could feel so much for him without even knowing him, and it gave him courage too, to maybe realize that Noah was different, that he would understand certain things.

Dakota "Uh, well, it would be great, just that, uh, well I go see Montana on Sunday, you'd have to get up early so I could take you home..."

Noah "I don't mind that, if you don't. I mean, shit Dakota, I just want to be with you, uh, maybe someday I could go with you? To meet your brother?"

Dakota "I, I mean, you really don't mind? I mean my room isn't exactly that big, and the bed is smaller..."

Noah "That doesn't matter, unless, I mean if you don't feel comfortable with me sleeping over, I understand. I just, shit I don't know, this is so scary in so many ways, I am acting like a real idiot, I am sorry Dakota."

Dakota "No, you aren't. I guess I never really wanted to have someone spend the night, least not until now. I would have asked, it is just, I mean, our house isn't that nice, things have been sort of tough."

He could hear the pain in each word, the shame too for some reason and he didn't quite understand it. It didn't matter to him what kind of place he lived in, or if his room was huge or he had a big bed. Why did he feel it mattered, did the other guys make a stink about it? Was that it? Christ why did it

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always seem to matter what a person had, wasn't it what the person was like that counted the most?

Noah "I don't care about what the house is like or any of that Dakota, I just want to be with you as much as I can. I am sorry, guess I sound pushy or something, it is just, I don't know, part of me is scared but another part, it is like, well it is like this is more than I ever dreamed of happening. Stupid I know, and the sex, doesn't it scare you at times? I mean, that you'll, well not you, but that it won't be, shit, sorry..."

Dakota "No, not stupid, just eager, and I guess I was that way too, still am I suppose but, I don't want to, to well, the first time isn't always what you think it is, uh it isn't always like what they say or write you know."

Noah "No? I don't know, were you scared of it, the first time that is?"

Dakota "Of sex? Yeah, I was scared but he was cool about it, didn't rush me, but it wasn't like they say, it wasn't great, there wasn't sky rockets in the sky shit, felt good but nothing, well, nothing to really shout about after."

Noah "Did you love him?"

Dakota "Love? I suppose, I liked him a lot, but I am not sure if that is love, I was sad when we stopped seeing each other, but not a wreck, so I don't know."

Noah "Didn't you love the others?"

Dakota "Just one, but... fuck that was different."

Noah "How? I mean... if you don't want to talk about it, it's okay but I..."

Dakota "No, it's okay I guess, he was my second, taught me all about how to please a guy, was bit older than me too but... hell, him I loved, that I know!"

The deep sob startled Noah who turned to see tears rolling down Dakota's face. His eyes looked so pained that he grew frightened and he felt he should pull away but the way Dakota looked, the way his pain was written all over his face was too strong for his mind, and his heart took over as he squeezed hard on Dakota's hand, willing him to hold on. He had never really seen any one else cry, least not someone like Dakota and while it scared him, he also knew that something special was happening between them, something that was the beginning of a bond, of a friendship that he so desperately wanted.

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Noah "I am sorry, I didn't mean to make you cry."

He wiped the tears away with his free hand as he stared anywhere but at Noah. He didn't know why but it had suddenly reared up and hit him square in the face, the loss he was feeling for a different time, a time when he played sports, when he had time after school to do things like watch television, like tease his younger sister or help his mom set the table. Now it was all gone, and he felt that as much as his time was no longer his, he was empty, lost and alone when everything around him was so full, so hectic.

Dakota "No, it's not that, I just miss him, oh shit, I miss him so much Noah it hurts, that has to be love, doesn't it?"

Noah "I think so, I am sorry, please, don't cry."

Noah wasn't sure what to do, his heart was trying to reach out but his mind kept holding him back, kept throwing doubts at him as if there was something for him to be cautious about, as if Dakota was merely someone out to use him. He knew it wasn't true, but seeing him there, his body trembling from whatever it was he was thinking about scared him. Dakota was one of the cool kids, and yet sitting there, in his bed he seemed so fragile, so alone that finally his heart was able to win out. Noah wasn't sure what was going on, whether they would ever be more than fuck buds, but then he knew that wasn't true either, he had this weird feeling inside, this tiny little seed of a thought that made him want to be with Dakota, to care about him and for him.

He put his arms around Dakota, holding him and feeling him tremble. Even the feel of Dakota's wet tears on his shoulder made him excited for some unknown reason. It was almost as if they were sharing something and yet he wasn't sure what it was that they were sharing. All he did know was that Dakota had loved someone, really loved them or else he wouldn't be crying now and that frightened him too, made him feel sort of like he had to be extra good, try extra hard to please the boy sobbing in his arms, and mainly because he wanted to have Dakota feel the same way for him now, just as he now felt for this other guy.

7:49 a.m.

Rachael Collins moved away from her son's bedroom door, a tear running down her cheek a little and her hands were all balled up into tiny fists. She wasn't a strong woman, or so she thought, she wasn't exactly courageous either but she loved her son, that she knew. All this, all this talk that she had heard muffled through the bedroom door had at first angered her, frightened her too and still did, but something had stopped her from rushing in, from screaming and acting like a complete crazy woman. She didn't know why she didn't rush in, she didn't know why she stood there listening either. Part of her wished she hadn't, part of her

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still thought that maybe she had heard wrong, that her son couldn't be talking that way with another boy, but in her heart she knew it was all true. She had known that for some time but she had hoped that it would pass, that it would change somehow but now she knew it wouldn't go away.

Whatever was happening in that bedroom, she didn't want to know, and yet being the mother she was she most certainly did want to know. She also wanted to know who this other kid was and she thought about phoning her husband, who was already gone, the commute making him leave so early these days. She hated that too but they had moved here for Noah, because they thought a smaller community offered a safer place for him and now look at what they had done. They had moved to a place where he could become, god she couldn't even say it to herself and yet she knew she would have to tell Nathan, her husband. He was a good man but he wouldn't take this news well, that she was certain of.

She stopped by the end of the hallway, knowing she had to pull herself together, knowing that she had to see her son off to school without letting him know that she had eavesdropped on him. God, what was she going to tell Nathan? You just don't walk up to your husband, kiss him and put a glass of bourbon in his hand and say "By the way your son is gay and seeing another boy" do you? If only Noah hadn't been an only child, maybe then it would be easier to accept, or would it only make it worse? God, what was she going to do?

She wrung her hands together and lifted her head upwards, leaning back against the doorway. Her heart was in her mouth, she felt dizzy even as she summoned up all of her courage.

Rachael "Noah! GET A MOVE ON Noah, You'll be late for school!"

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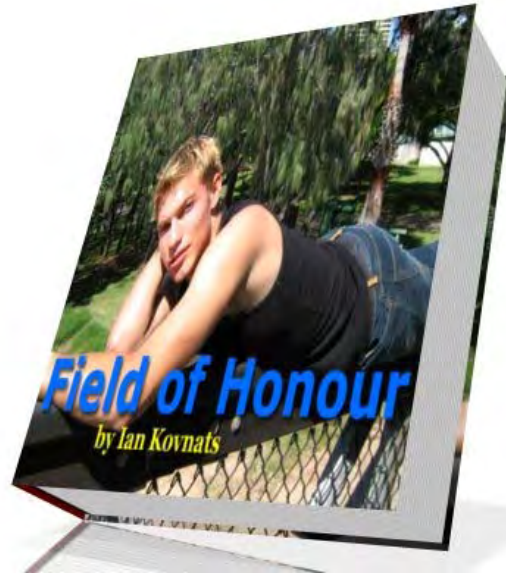
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