



Billy

By Ian Kovnats
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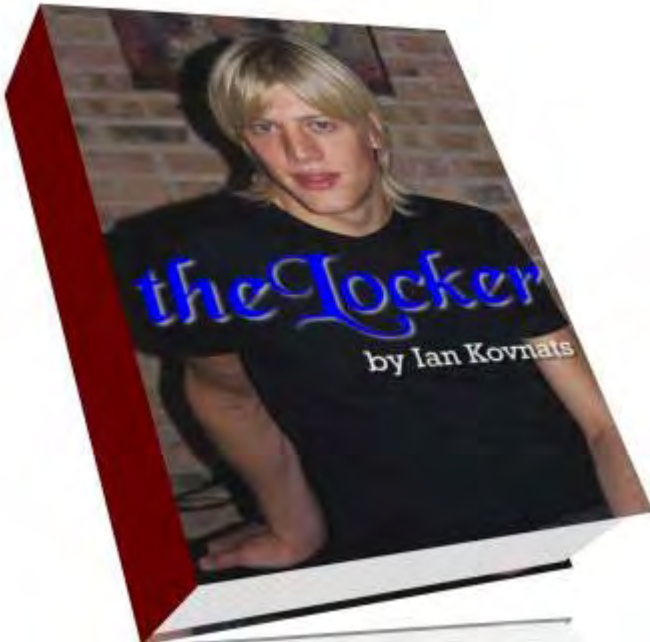
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Forward

If a person is lucky, they are blessed to share in the love of someone special. I have been so blessed, one with the love of my partner, Dave, and again in having the honour to know two very fine young men, my Billy and Mikey. Their love and friendship has sustained me through a very rough time, and for that I will be eternally grateful.

The following offers those who read this story a glimmer into what real love is. What you will read is merely a pale version of how I feel each time Dave walks into the room, or sits next to me. It is a poor copy of how Mike feels when he hears Billy's voice, or a dull version of how Billy feels each and every time he stares into Mike's eyes. I wish I had a better command of the English language, because this kind of love needs to be written, so we can all share in its power and its beauty.

Chapter 1

He watched in agony as the clock was ticking down. The crowd was on its feet, stamping and shouting for their offence to get a touchdown. They needed this win, even though it was the first game of the football season, it was their arch-rivals from across the river. No one could stand to lose to them and right now with less than 2 minutes left, they were behind 26 to 21.

It was third and 8 to go when Billy watched the defense flush their QB out of the pocket. Gawd he is going to get creamed he thought and then he watched as number 17 ran around and then heaved a pass far down field. He was on his feet watching the ball arc down field and there he was, their only white jersey amidst a sea of black ones and somehow, he still couldn't believe it, but he caught the pass and Billy was cheering like a madman.

No way, no fucking way could anyone make that kind of catch but number 85 had. Who the fuck was 85 this year? Hey it was some new transfer student from LA and man did he have good hands, and look at him run. Billy was standing on his seat, and cheering like a lunatic. His father was next to him and if not for his age, maybe he would have been able to out yell his son.

What a sight it was as the whole stadium exploded as Number 85 stumbled across the goal line, a tackler hanging on his shirt tails. The whole place was nuts as the team had done the impossible, which seemed to happen regularly in high school football games.

His father was clapping some guy on his back; almost knocking him down into the next row of seats he was so excited. Billy just jumped up and down and hooted with the rest of his schoolmates. Most of them he knew already, he had been sophomore class president and hopefully this year he could secure junior class president but he did have some stiff competition.

The whole place was rolling as the extra point sailed through the uprights and the scoreboard registered their 28 points for the home team. The band was playing loudly some damn tune, but who could hear it as the noise of cheering students drowned even them out. He'd have to find out who Number 85 was, maybe he could get him to endorse his candidacy, now that would certainly help.

Shit, here he was at a high school football game and still his mind was whirling on angles to push himself ahead of all the others. He wasn't always this way, shit only in the last three years or so had he become so absorbed.

The smile on his face faded slightly as he thought of the reason for his pre-occupation with getting ahead. He knew it wasn't right, wasn't the real or

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only reason but it gave him some feeling of pride to do it, to make it for her. He owed her that at least. At least now he didn't fall asleep crying, thinking of her or of how he missed her. He wondered though, how his dad was feeling.

Billy turned from the frantic celebration going on the field to stare off to the side at his father. There he stood, the rock for the family and at what price? He was amazed at how his father had managed to cope so well with the loss, and how he had never really cried in front of Billy or his older brother Taylor.

Now here he was, cheering with everyone else and slapping people on their backs with ease that still amazed Billy. Sure it was 2 years, 9 months, and 18 days since that terrible day, and he was getting on with his own life, but he was just a kid. How could his dad manage so well?

Billy's dad turned to face him and he saw the eyes, those wonderful soft blue eyes and they seemed to just bore into his own baby blues. Billy wasn't a tall kid, only 5 foot 9 inches and 139 lbs but his father, now there was a knock out of a guy for you. The dream man for any women, or man for that matter.

It was unreal how that one look from his father seemed to calm him down and turn his thoughts back to happier things. His dad had that knack of always making things right for him and Taylor, but the price was high, of that Billy was sure.

The crowd was slowly moving away and the team had managed to get past their howling cheering classmates to go to the locker room so people started to leave. His father grabbed his arm and together they started their descent from the stadium to ground level.

"That was a terrific game...I really think we are going to have a good year Billy...don't you?"

"Oh yeah Dad...they sure hung in there this time, not like last year's team."

"Hehe, yeah well this year they have some damn good players on the team...and most of them are juniors."

"It sure would be nice if we could get back to the playoffs this year Dad...man that would be something wouldn't it?"

"Sure would...if they do. Maybe you and I can go down and watch? Would you like that son?"

"Really? That would be super...but it's a long ways off..."

"True...and they do have to win enough games to get into the playoffs...but they seem to have the talent."

"Boy they sure do...specially that new transfer student...number 85."

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Billy's dad started laughing at that comment and slapped his son on the back, making Billy jump forward and bump into the people ahead of him. He apologized for his clumsiness and stared in amazement at his dad. What had gotten into him? He was still laughing and looking at him like a Cheshire cat. Oh well, no accounting for old people he thought as he made his way to the parking lot.

"Hang on a second Billy...we have to wait for someone. I promised his folks that he could get a lift with us."

"Okay...who..." before he could finish his dad had disappeared into the crowd and was gone. Typical dad these days. For the last week he had been acting really strange, and come to think of it, so had Taylor, who rarely missed a game, but for some reason had begged off coming tonight. Wonder if he's found a new friend at college?

Billy waited by his father's car, a sad smile on his face once again as he realized that Taylor would be gone now. He was going to be living on campus rather than at home and commute to school. The talk they had late Friday night last week wasn't one of his best. He had cried then, and was close to tears again with the thought that Taylor wouldn't be home to give him counsel or more importantly his love.

Sometimes he wondered if maybe he was a freak of nature. Certainly according to all the respected people what he and Taylor did wasn't right, but who were they to say? They weren't all alone in a world of pretty boys and artificial breasts and everything else that went into making up the teen world. It wasn't easy these days being a kid and worse, being fairly certain that you were gay.

If it hadn't been for Taylor, there was no telling what he would have done or worse yet, what might have happened to him. If his dad ever found out, well, there was no doubt he'd be in for it. But that was almost 2 years ago now, and in those years he had at least found comfort and solace with his big brother.

They didn't start out to become lovers or whatever it was you called them. It had just happened, quite naturally if you thought about it. Funny how bad things brought about good things too? He never really got along that well with Taylor when he was younger, they always seemed to fight or ignore each other but after Mom had passed away, well it changed.

Not at first, at first they were both lost and feeling alone. They had dragged themselves through the daily ritual of merely existing until that one night. Billy could recall it like it was only yesterday.

He had moped around the house and his Father had finally managed to feel like he could leave them alone and had actually gone back to work. It was the first time in months that Billy had come home and not found his father standing in the doorway watching him walk up the drive. He felt uncertain and

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chilled even though it never got cold here.

There was a note, telling him where his dad was and how to reach him if he needed him and what time he would be home. It was strange to walk through the large house and not hear anything. There wasn't the noise of someone cooking or the smell of a cigar floating around the study. It was just empty, sort of like how he felt inside and it made him restless.

Billy had gone out to the pool and stripped his shirt off, to just take in the sun and that is how Taylor had found him. His brother had come home, and feeling the same emptiness had ventured his way to the pool, the scene of so many family gatherings and fun times. Now, well now it was a place to think and grieve. He was startled to find Billy there and yet he felt some sort of comfort in it.

For the first time since the funeral, he acknowledged Billy's presence and he too lay down in one of the chaise lounges to just think back and to try and make sense out of it all.

The quiet of the pool, and the gentle sounds of the water lapping against the concrete had a lulling effect on Taylor but it made Billy feel sad and alone. Soon he couldn't stop himself and the tears were flowing once more as remembered some treasured moment that had happened right at that spot. Taylor had watched as Billy had cried silently with only the occasional sob escaping to the air.

Billy could see it now, the way he was one second laying on the lounge, crying and the next a dark shadow standing over him. He had opened his tear-streaked eyes to see his older brother towering over him, tears in his eyes too. He also saw his father's features in Taylor. The long blond hair that Dad once had, the soft blue eyes, not like his, and the soft fine features around the nose and the thin but tempting lips.

He could of been his dad at 19 or 20, he was so close in appearance. Billy looked up, the pain was almost too much and he just wanted to cry out, when Taylor sat down next to him and opened his arms up. There wasn't any second thought and Billy jumped up to let his brother hold him and hug him.

It was strange; the second that Taylor had put his arms around him, that everything just seemed to go away. He wasn't afraid anymore, and he didn't feel so alone or so empty. He actually could feel his heart aching, something he hadn't felt in months. Billy had snuggled into Taylor's arms, and his head burrowed its way into a spot just under the chin.

Billy figured they had sat there for at least an hour before either of them spoke. Once the quiet had been broken, it was non-stop talking. They seemed to suddenly discover each other, and found that they both had the same feelings. Taylor told him how he would wake up in the middle of the night to go around and check on Dad and then even Billy. He said it was to make sure they were still there.

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Tears were flowing throughout their conversation, and each time one felt they couldn't go on, the other would just wait patiently while they got it out of their system. It was the closest they had ever been, as brother's and slowly the sadness seemed to just disappear. Finally the talk turned to other things, such as school and once or twice even dreams of future hopes.

Time held no meaning as they talked and it wasn't until they heard their names being called that they realized that the whole evening had been spent out on the chaise lounge. They looked at each other and Taylor reached over and gave Billy a kiss full on the lips. Billy was surprised by the action, and yet he felt pleased. He had a big grin on his face when his dad walked out to the pool to find them.

For the first time they were all together out at the pool and Billy and Taylor actually took part in talking things with their dad. They told him about school before he could even ask, and they talked about how with spring coming up they should maybe plan some time away.

It was later that night when Billy found out how much things had changed in his young life. He was still shaken and once more the dreams had come to him, but this time instead of gripping the bed sheets and crying into the pillow he struggled out of bed and walked to his brother's room. He entered it carefully and softly called Taylor's name and when Taylor answered, well the rest was now history.

He never had experienced the warmth and comfort as he had that night, all snuggled up close to his big brother, their young bodies wrapped close together, the safety of his brother's arms around him had given him the best night's sleep he had in ages.

Billy's reverie was broken as he heard his name being called and he looked up, shaking himself to see his father approaching. There was a dark figure standing next to him, and he had a fresh pink look to him, even in the darkness. As they got closer, Billy was sure he knew the kid with his dad, but he wasn't sure.

One thing he was sure of though, was that this guy was one hot stud. God he looked dreamy, the way he walked stride for stride with his dad. His hair looked rather short, but he had a great build on him. He had to be close to 6 foot tall and the eyes seemed to just shine in the darkness.

Billy watched him walk and every few seconds he glanced downwards to check out the very full package coming towards him. Man, what a hot one this guy was, but who was he? Damn it, he knew who it was but he didn't. Closer and closer they came and it kept nagging at him just until they were almost right on top of him, then it hit him. Fuck it was his old school friend Mike.

No fucking way could it be though, Mike and his family had moved away just before his Mother had passed on. Yet, it had to be Mike, those eyes

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were the give away. My God he had gotten tall, Billy thought, as the young man got closer.

“HEY BILLY!” the tall figure yelled as he got close enough to see.

Chapter 2

Mike dropped his big sports bag and ran forward to engulf Billy in a giant bear hug. Billy couldn't believe it. This was his best friend back into his life and suddenly his heart felt whole for a brief time. His arms were wrapped around the unbelievably strong body of Mike and he felt a strange sensation run through him.

"Mike...when did you get back into town?"
"Two weeks ago...damn I am glad to be home."
"You mean you've moved back, for good?"
"Yep...Dad had enough of LA and so did I."
"But...your mom...didn't she..."
"Uh...well she kind had enough too...but look at you...all that long hair and stuff..."

"Yeah but you are bald...hey, there isn't anything wrong is there?"
"Hehe...No, it's just easier for me to wear my helmet."
"Your helmet? Shit...you are number 85...I should have known

the way you ran down the field...it had to be you...well what a catch."
"Hehe...you liked it did you? So did I..." Old home week ended as Billy's dad hurried them along. Traffic

was thinning out now and it was late. They were busy talking over old times when Billy's dad announced that they had arrived. Billy looked up to see they were at the Carter's old place and he smiled.

"Hey, we are almost neighbours...this is great."
"Yeah it is...uh...maybe we can get together tomorrow?"
"That would be super Mike...why don't you come over and we can

go swimming." "Sounds great Billy...uh, thanks for the lift home...and I'll see you

after lunch...the coach has us going over films in the morning." "Okay Mike...cya then." Billy lay in his bed, thoughts of Mike running through it. Funny

how things were always changing yet not really changing. First his brother was leaving and now Mike had come back into his life. He wondered if Mike was still into messing around like they used to do?

A wide grin crossed Billy's face as he remembered how the two of them would sneak away to the bushes or down to the basement to experience their

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changes in their young bodies. It never really felt weird doing that kind of stuff with Mike, and in fact, it felt damn good.

He had talked it over with Taylor only a few months ago, when they were laying together in bed, after being close. It was amazing how easy it had become to talk with his brother now, and there were no longer any secrets between them. Taylor had been surprised when Billy told him about Mike and their jerk off sessions in the basement and how he missed that contact once Mike moved away.

It wasn't easy telling Taylor about Mike, but once he did, it just all came out and for maybe the first time in his life he came to understand what it meant to be gay and young. The feelings he had for Mike weren't just sexual, they really didn't do much except jerk off together, and most of the time they did themselves. Mind you, he really did enjoy the times Mike wacked his dick off, and when he got to pull on Mike's, well he felt powerful and whole bunch of other stuff.

Taylor had smiled at him when he talked about Mike and he told him that he was just missing that one thing all people search for. He was missing his soul mate, someone who could touch him in ways no one else could, and who he could share things with.

When did Taylor get to be so damn smart? Funny because Taylor also told him how he too was looking for someone like that. Billy was surprised and a bit hurt when Taylor talked about needing someone to share his life with. Taylor had picked up on that and he kissed his younger brother, and then gently explained that what they had was something no other person could ever share with them, but it wasn't the same.

Billy had to admit, the sex and pleasure of being with Taylor was nice but it didn't really make his heart pound or his body ache in the way his thoughts of Mike did. And now, now Mike was back in his life, just as Taylor was leaving it.

The day was dragging for Billy but each time he checked, the time only moved ever so slightly ahead. His father watched him pacing the sundeck and smiled. Well, at least this time his son had an interest that was purely for himself, not for someone else. He felt glad that finally after all these years his son was starting to heal.

Walking out at lunch time he noticed how often Billy kept looking at his watch. Well, he really seems to have it bad.

“Hey Billy...time to have something to eat.”

“Huh? Oh yeah...sure Dad...I guess so.”

“He'll be here soon son...pacing isn't gonna make it any sooner.”

“Yeah I know...it's just...well I never realized how much I missed

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his friendship all this time...it sure was nice seeing him again last night.” “I could see that. You know it might be a nice idea to invite him to

join us for your birthday dinner on Thursday...if you'd like to that is.” “Like to...THAT WOULD BE GREAT DAD...thanks.” Billy's father laughed and slapped his son's shoulder. Well that

certainly had been easy. Now if the rest of his plan would work, then his son's milestone birthday would really be something special.

The security gate alarm sounded and Billy rushed out of the house before the harsh ring had fully ended. He hadn't been this excited for a long time and he skidded to a halt at the iron gate. There he stood, Mike in a pair of tight jeans and a loose fitting t-shirt. Man what a site he made.

“Hey Billy...sorry for taking so long.”
“No problem...come on in. You had lunch yet?”
“No...thought I'd head straight here...”
“Hey...I'll make you something if you want?”
“Yeah? Hey that'd be kewl...you cook now?”
“Well...actually Taylor and I share that duty...but I guess it'll be all

mine soon as he gets settled at college.” “Hehe...well guess you'll make someone a nice wife then...hehe.” Billy laughed at the comments and it was like old times again. The

two of them picking on each other and just being kids together. He loved it, and his heart felt so much at ease. He walked beside Mike as they headed up to the house and he kept glancing back to see the way Mike's butt wiggled with each stride. It sure was one sweet looking butt, and those tight faded blue jeans certainly didn't hurt in showing it off.

The day seemed to just rush past. It was almost dinner time before Billy remembered to ask Mike to come to his birthday party dinner. There wasn't a seconds hesitation in Mike's acceptance and Billy felt on top of the world. Well, maybe this year he would really have a good birthday.

The night ended with Mike telling him he'd see him on Thursday for his birthday, but couldn't do much before then, with school and stuff. It was a bit disappointing for him, but at least he would be seeing him on Thursday.

School was something Billy generally enjoyed. His ability to ace most tests certainly helped and yet this time around, he felt rather bored. Even filing his application for candidate for junior class president didn't seem to bring him much joy. The only time he seemed happy was thinking ahead to his birthday dinner and Mike. No longer did he think about Taylor letting him drive his car, instead his thoughts were focused totally on Mike.

He kept reliving last Saturday and how they had splashed and played in

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the pool. How when Mike had tackled him, pushing him hard into the pool, had given him a raging hard on and how his heart had leapt at the mere touch of Mike's body against his.

Sleep that night had been difficult and it was for most of the week now. He kept wondering if Mike was still the same Mike. The one who liked to sit up against a tree and play with his dick or was he now into girls?

There were times during the day when he thought that Mike had not changed, the way he would catch Mike's eyes glancing at his crotch or the way his hand would sort of just stay a little longer than necessary on his shoulder. Then there were times when he would talk about how the cheer leaders were sure hot, and how horny they made him, jumping all over the place during a game. Was he or wasn't he?

The confusion was hard to get a handle on, and it led to some heavy tossing and turning at night. He wished Taylor was home to talk to, and maybe he could get a chance before Thursday, least he hoped so. He so desperately wanted to rekindle all of the old feelings with Mike, but he was scared to make that first move.

What if he was straight? What if all they did in the past was just youthful experimentation? Gee he sure hoped it was more, but maybe Mike didn't have the same urges or feelings as he did? Maybe it was a mistake to have him at the dinner? Maybe he should have just let him come to the party on the weekend instead? So many questions and no one to ask. That was his biggest problem, always was until he and Taylor got close, but now Taylor was away, and would soon not be home other than on holidays.

As the day approached, Billy's nervousness seemed to increase. Even his father was noticing it and wondered about it, but chalked it up to expectations for his birthday. Well, at least he had that one covered, and there was no way that Billy would even come close to guessing what he was about to get.

He awoke early, seeing the sun just starting to rise up and he knew it was going to be another hot day. Well, he didn't mind that too much, and then he realized that this was finally his big day. Today he would be legal, to drive all on his own. It also meant that he was having dinner with his dad, Taylor and...Mike. Well, this should be at least interesting and he quickly tossed his bed sheet off and headed for the bathroom and his morning shower.

He loved his morning showers, and this week he had certainly been enjoying them more. Well, at least in the shower he didn't have to think if Mike was or wasn't, 'cause in the shower and in his mind, Mike was and that always helped to start his day.

Billy would get the water just right, so that a steamy spray beat down on his body. He would then take the soap and slowly rub it up into a lather and ever so gently start to soap his whole body up, thinking of Mike and his body.

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Leaning against the side of the shower, Billy would start to gently rub the soap around his chest, making sure his small pink nipples received lots of attention, enough to make them hard and rigid to his touch. Then he would start to work the soap downwards, down the center of his chest, where his three blond chest hairs resided, then down to his stomach.

Here he would stop and spend a little more time, feeling his stomach muscles tighten as his hand moved all across the flat tummy. He enjoyed his body, and the way it was solid, even though he wasn't a jock. Then, after making sure he was nice and satisfied there, he would start to move his hand down his legs. Carefully he would avoid the one area that by this time was eagerly awaiting its turn with the soap.

Then he would gently caress his thighs, moving his soapy hand or the soapy wash cloth down and around the well formed thigh. He would reach down then, to quickly soap up the rest of his leg, then he would bring his hand right back up, to run it across the flat of his lower stomach to the other side, and start the ritual all over again.

Not until he had made sure his legs had been carefully soaped and massaged would he then bring his hand to stop just over his belly. Carefully he would make sure that he had lots of soap and would gently push down, reaching down towards his groin and his small patch of blond pubic hairs. They were rather prickly hairs, nestled in a tight v and just below them, his average sized penis would be sticking straight out like a flag pole.

This morning he could tell that his normal routine just wouldn't do. Billy was too hyper and he gave his body a cursory soaping before he found his hand was not circling his young dick. He closed his eyes and now he could see a young boy, leaning against a tall redwood tree out in the back pasture area. He saw the eyes sparkling and looking towards him, and he was smiling.

The boy against the redwood was naked, his jeans were over beside him and right next to his stretched out legs were another pair of young thin poles, known as legs. Funny, but Mike always did get to lean against the tree, while he had to support himself with one hand. Those other legs were his, and he started to sway in the shower as his mind replayed that time over and over again.

His soapy hand was firmly holding onto his throbbing cock, feeling its heat over that of the steaming shower spray. He could feel his heart pounding a little now, his breathing becoming ragged as he watched the younger version of Mike pulling on his own dick, and with each yank, he felt his own hand tugging at his erection.

God he wished Mike could be in that shower with him, but it wasn't to be. Well at least tonight he would at least get to see him, and that thought made his hand move faster along the 6 inch long cock shaft. He felt it throbbing and he squeezed a little harder now. With his free hand he reached around to push up his balls, those rather full balls and he moaned a bit.

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The sound of his voice startled him slightly and he opened his eyes. He looked around at the steamy mist and then leaned back once more and continued where he had left off. His hand continued to stroke his fully erect penis, and every other time he reached his cock head he would pinch it every so lightly.

Mike was good looking way back then, but now, now he was one fucking super hot stud, or so Billy thought. It was totally amazing the way he looked, all filled out and the way the muscles on his arms and shoulders seemed to bulge out. Even in the loose t-shirt he wore on Saturday, you could tell he had muscles. To just feel those arms around his waist would be heaven, to be held within that full body would be beyond heaven and yet it was just Mike. The whole day had passed as if they had never really been apart and now Billy's hand was really moving fast.

His breathing was getting very shallow as images of Mike's hot butt floated past his eyes. He even could see the way it filled each crease of the jeans, and stretched the middle seam as he had bent over. There was no denying that Mike was hot. Even when he had pushed Billy fully clothed into the pool, it was like something out of a love story, but without the mad passionate sex. Well, at least not yet.

Billy felt his balls sling themselves upwards, as his time was coming. The mere thought of Mike's bare chest, glistening in the late afternoon sunshine was enough to send him over the edge and his penis started to jerk in his hand. Gobs of his boy cream came flooding out between his fingers as the vision of Mike's perfect pink nipples flashed across his face.

He stood there, panting as his cock continued to jerk on its own. Load of his hot milk came flooding out to mingle with the warm shower spray and push past its curtain to splatter against the glass shower stall doors. His legs ached and were rubber like as the final spasm of his ejaculation roared through his body. His heart was still beating a mile a second and yet he felt like he could do it all again, if only Mike was to open the shower doors. Billy waited, his eyes glued to the opaque glass doors, as if waiting for a sign that they would be thrown open by his man. Damn, now he was getting silly, calling Mike his man, but the ache in his heart and his groin seemed to think otherwise.

Chapter 3

The dinner was disappointing for Billy. First of all, they were late getting to the restaurant. Then Taylor couldn't come for some reason, which is why they were late, and Mike was there with his dad. Worse, Mike's dad sat next to Billy on one side and his own dad was on the other side. Mike was relegated to sitting across from him and that just made Billy even more nervous.

About the only thing that was good about the dinner was that he could spend his time staring at Mike. He had no choice so at least this way he couldn't get into trouble. It was hard too, as Mike had worn a tight fitting light blue button shirt that only highlighted his pecs. Billy found himself constantly dreaming of having those nipples in his mouth and it had led to some rather lame answers to questions he was asked by everyone. Even Mike seemed to look at him strange a few times and this only made him more nervous.

God what did they expect? I mean it was supposed to be his day and first his brother didn't show up and then he was stuck having to stare at a male god that was off limits. Did they really expect him to be coherent?

Billy's dad kept exchanging looks with Mike's dad and for some strange reason with Mike too. Wonder what that was all about? Well, dinner was coming to a close and then he could get home and try to talk himself into believing that it was an okay birthday when he was stunned by his dad suggesting that Mike and his father join them. Well wasn't that just dandy, now he had to pretend to be the happy birthday boy for a few more hours. What part of HIS BIRTHDAY did his dad not understand?

The drive home wasn't all that talkative and for some strange reason his father seemed to not mind. Well this was certainly not the evening he had hoped for but at least it was almost over. And he did at least have the prospect of the party to help pass the time with. Who knows, maybe he could sew up a few extra votes if he played it right.

His thoughts now turning towards other things, his bubble burst.

Funny, the lights were all off as they approached the house, with Mike's dad's truck bringing up the rear. He was sure they had left the security lights on, and he damn well knew he had left his bedroom light on and yet everything was dark. Maybe they were experiencing another power outage.

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Billy climbed out of the car and started to head for the front door when he was startled by the blaring of a loud truck horn. He jumped and turned to check out why Mike's dad was blowing his truck horn and yet, the sound didn't come from there and he turned his head once more to the side where the noise was coming from.

Suddenly a whole array of lights sparkled into life and blinded him. He put his hand up to shield his eyes from the unreal glare that filled the darkness with its brilliance. What was going on? His mind was numb and confused and he heard laughter coming from behind him and from the source of the light.

"What? What's going on?" he yelled, but he only received more laughter and shrill screams of his name.

Finally he was able to make out some shapes and he saw a huge truck all lit up standing off to the side. It had huge off road lamps that were blinding him not to mention its own headlights. The laughter was coming mainly from behind him, where his dad and Mike and Mike's dad were standing.

He saw a tall figure outlined by the truck and could hear laughter coming from there too when he realized that the figure was his brother Taylor.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY BILLY" was now being chanted by everyone and he was totally confused. Sure, now they were singing happy birthday, not at the restaurant, but here in the middle of their front driveway with Taylor's truck lights...wait a second? Taylor didn't have a truck.

Just as the thought finally seeped into his head his Dad came forward. The harsh lights dimmed as Taylor turned the high beam roof lights off and another pair of head lights now shone on a dark brand new truck with a huge ribbon around it.

"What the..."

"Happy Birthday Son" his father said into his ear and Billy turned to stare into his father's blue eyes. He was totally stunned as he saw Taylor come up and toss a pair of keys at him.

"NO WAY...DAD IS THIS?"

"Yes Billy...it's for you...go on, go check it out."

"OH YES SIR!" he yelled and started for the truck. He stopped a few feet ahead, then turned and ran back to his father. He jumped into the waiting arms and hugged his dad hard and with unbelievable strength. Tears were in his eyes as he heard his father whisper to him that he loved him. It was perfect, the whole thing was perfect and he finally stood back on the ground, his arms still

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around his father, but no longer clinging to him.

Their eyes were locked and it seemed like they had finally connected once again. Father to son, son to father. It had been a long time since they had been able to connect. Both had tried many times but there always seemed to be some barrier, but for this moment, the barrier was gone. Both teared up and finally Billy was shoed away to go check out his new truck.

Taylor stood by his younger brother as he climbed all over his birthday gift. He was happy for Billy, and at least with the truck, maybe Billy wouldn't miss him too much. As he told him, now he didn't have any excuses for not coming up to college to visit for a weekend.

Billy hugged his brother and just kept crying. The tears didn't stop from the second his eyes had locked onto his father's, until now as he clambered all over the huge 1 ton pick up. It was loaded and had every option imaginable. Man what a treat and a 1999 model too.

Taylor moved on towards the house with his father and with Mike's dad. They were all laughing together, reliving Billy's terrified and confused expression at his birthday present. Only Mike stayed behind and he seemed rather nervous. Wonder if he knew about the surprise?

"Hell of a birthday present...isn't it Mike?"

"Yeah. It sure is."

"Wow, I am so damn stoked Mike...did you know about this?"

"Yeah...kind of."

Billy couldn't believe it. How in the blazes had everyone been able to fool him but man, what a surprise and what a birthday this was turning out to be. He looked at Mike and gave him a slug on the shoulder.

He started to turn away to admire his birthday present some more when he felt a slight touch on his shoulder. He turned back to find Mike's face right next to his and a strange sort of fear-like expression on his face. Before he could say a word Mike leaned forward and kissed him full on the lips.

Billy almost fainted. His heart was in over drive and his knees started to buckle. He felt two strong arms grab hold of him before he wound up kissing the driveway. There was silence all around him as he looked up into Mike's face. He saw worry and concern and yet the feel of those strong arms around his waist was too much for him.

With his heart still racing and without any further thought Billy reached up with his own arms to wrap them around Mike's broad shoulders and he pulled. Mike was startled by Billy's sudden movement and before he knew it, his face was now right next to Billy's and this time it was Billy who did the kissing.

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They broke apart, both of them stunned with wild looks in their eyes. Billy could hear Mike's breathing, and it was almost as shallow and ragged as his own. He was sure that Mike was being made deaf by the loud banging of his heart against the rib cage.

"Mike...I..."

"Happy Birthday Billy."

"Mike...I don't know what to say except..."

"Billy...you don't know how much I have missed you...please don't hate me for that. I..."

"Hate you? Are you nuts? I loved it...and..."

"You what?"

"I loved it...you don't know how I have dreamed of that happening."

"You too?"

"Me too? You mean...but you never said...I mean on Saturday...you..."

"I think you can stop stammering now...yes, me too."

They just stood there, in the glow of the house lights and the walkway lights. Both of them still touching each other's shoulders, staring at each other's face. So much had happened in that brief time, and yet so much had stayed the same.

"Hey you two ever gonna come inside?" Billy's dad yelled and broke the connection. Both of them started laughing and raced ahead to the house, giggling like two school girls with their new found secret.

"What' is so funny?" he asked as Billy raced past him.

"Nothing Dad...just nothing...this is the BEST BIRTHDAY EVER!!!!"

The night moved quickly from that point on. Far too quickly as far as Mike and Billy were concerned but they had a great deal of fun. There were numerous stories about Billy told, how when he was only 5 he had sneaked into his parent's bedroom and got himself all dolled up in makeup and lipstick and high heeled shoes. The story wasn't particularly amusing for Billy, at least not until he felt Mike squeeze his hand while howling in laughter. Mike even managed to cackle out that he knew that Billy would make a good wife someday. Taylor had rolled on the floor with that one and then Mike's dad had dropped his bombshell, telling everyone how he always thought Mike would be the better wife of the two boys.

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Billy had laughed at that one even though he wasn't too sure just what was meant. It seemed like everyone was in on a big secret except for him and Mike.

It was a school night so the party broke up early. Everyone walked outside to see Mike and his dad off and just before they left, Mike managed to get Billy alone out behind the new truck. There he put Billy's head into his hands, holding his cheeks and then he leaned forward and kissed Billy one more time.

"You going to the game tomorrow night? Wifey?"

"Hehe...yeah hubby...I am...they got some cute guys playing this year...hehe."

"Yeah well you just keep your eyes on 85 or else...that is...well..."

"Wouldn't have it any other way Mike."

"Really? I mean I know this is rather sudden...but..."

"Been working up to this all our lives Mike...I am certain if you are."

"Yeah...I am now...wasn't all week long but now I am...for sure."

"Then it's settled. Will I see you after the game?"

"Hehe...yeah you will see me after the game, in the morning after the game...hehe. Guess your dad forgot to tell you that I am staying over all weekend while my folks go to LA for the weekend...hehe."

"What? Why you...hehe. Okay you win...another damn secret you all kept from me...how many more are there by the way?"

"Oh a few left...a few. I gotta go...cya tomorrow after the game. Wish me luck Billy."

"Wait a second...what do you mean a few more? Hold on..."

"Can't. Dad's honking the horn already...tomorrow."

"Yeah... 'kay tomorrow..."

Mike quickly jogged towards the truck and as he climbed in, he looked back at Billy and smiled. "HAPPY BIRTHDAY BUD" and then he was inside and the truck was pulling away.

Billy stood outside watching the truck's tail lights vanish in the night. He turned to see his brother and father by the front door watching his every movement. Slowly he walked up towards them, and then in a sudden rush of emotion he rushed into their arms, tears running down his cheeks, only this time they were tears of absolute joy. Well another birthday was over and he stared at the bluish green numbers flashing on his clock radio as he lay in bed

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thinking over this totally radical day and night.

He couldn't have imagined it all could he? No, the tingle he felt around his lips were real alright, even Taylor said so. Funny, he thought it would be difficult telling Tay about Mike but instead it was super easy. And Tay, well he was Taylor and for some reason all he did was smile at Billy, never once did it really seem to phase him that now his younger brother was embarking on a journey with some other guy. No longer would there be their own special nights together, and Billy felt sad at that. He even managed to tell that to Tay who merely reached over and kissed his brother.

Billy had tasted the salt from tears that had fallen down Tay's own angular face and when he looked into his eyes, he saw the sadness there, but he also saw the love. For a strange reason, it wasn't really an ending but more of a new beginning of their relationship. It seemed like at the time they had needed each other and that need had been expressed in their sexual contact.

You know, the sex between them had been good, and for the first while it seemed like they couldn't get enough of each other, but over the last six to nine months, even that had dwindled down. If he really thought about it, they hadn't had any real sex for the last four or five months. Sure they had kissed and cuddled, and there were maybe three or four times that they had jerked off together, but nothing really heavy. No cock sucking at all, let alone butt fucking.

He never thought about it much, until now, but they had changed. They had finally gotten on with living, not just coping but actually in living. He looked at the clock again and realized that time never really did stand still, and that things always changed, whether you wanted them to or not and tomorrow he was starting another change in his life.

He wondered how it was going to be, him and Mike and he wondered if Mike was laying awake right now thinking of him. Funny, he had mentioned to Tay right at the beginning of their new found brotherly love that he missed not having Mike around. Taylor had stroked his head, running his hands through his blond hair and telling him that some day he would find Mike again and they would pick up where they left off, but in a more grown up way. Now here it was two years later and it was all coming true.

Sleep came slowly to Billy as he thought of just what was in store for him and his new beginning. Guess this only proved that he was totally gay, not just a pretender or a coward unwilling to venture forth into the wild world of hetro life. Wonder what his dad was gonna say about all this, if he ever found out? God, that opened up a whole new can of worms for him to mull over. Now he had to be careful not only for his own sake, but for Mike too. Why couldn't the world just accept that some people didn't like to play around with those outside their gender? Why did they have to be so damned pig headed and idiotic.

Chapter 4

He had never experienced a blow out before, and man was it fun. The game was over long before the final gun had sounded and Mike didn't even play in the 4th quarter or most of the 3rd either. The team had gone ballistic and Mike had led the way. Early on he had snagged a dump off pass and run over 60 yards for another touchdown. The crowd had gone nuts, but not as loud as Billy.

On his way back to the sideline, holding the ball high in the air, Mike seemed to be searching the stands and as he came past the 50 yard line he stopped and held the ball up high in the air. Everyone jumped up and yelled and cheered but Billy knew, he knew that was for him and he just seemed to melt into the stands. Tears flowed down his cheeks and he had real trouble in stemming the onslaught.

Mike had a great night and by halftime their team was ahead 38 to nothing and Mike had 2 more touchdowns to his credit. Each time he paraded past the 50-yard line and held the ball high up in the air. There was no doubt now in Billy's mind that he was sending him a signal. God what a hunk he was, the helmet in one hand raised up high, the other hand raised with the football. He looked so cute down there, the black eye make up setting off the sparkle in those perfect eyes only made Billy more teary and also seemed to get his dick rather excited.

The wait by his truck was unbearable. Scores of cheering classmates strolled past and it seemed like no one was in a hurry to leave the stadium. Party plans seemed to be tossed around and for the most part they were directed to thin air. Billy joined in several back slapping reminders of parts of the game, and each time someone would talk about Mike or one of his catches, he would feel his chest swell with pride.

God was he ever falling in love or what. It was totally unreal for him. He hadn't seen Mike in over two years and yet here he was, waiting for him, with thoughts of having him in his bed naked and his own naked body sitting astride of him. How could that be? Didn't it take time for a person to fall in love or was this love? Maybe it wasn't, maybe he was just so damn horny that he was leaping onto the first possible outside date in his entire life? Could this be puppy love or hero worship even?

Back and forth his mind went as he waited for Mike. The crowd was still super high and cheers were still reverberating all around him but his mind ignored them. Was he making a mistake? Maybe Mike hadn't meant all that he said, or maybe he miss understood what the words meant. Maybe he just meant that they were back to being best friends not lover's. What if this turned out so different than he had dreamed of, or hoped for? Well, if it was

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a dream, he liked the idea of him and Mike being lovers, even though he wasn't too sure what that meant. He did know that he ached thinking about Mike, and that had to be something.

“Score three damn touchdowns and does he even greet me with a ‘nice going,’ no he just stands there like a lump...”

Billy was stunned. He hadn't seen Mike come up to the truck or toss his gear into the back. Man he was really in sad shape and he knew he needed to straighten it out fast, before he screwed it all up.

“Well, three td's isn't all that big of a deal. Now if you had made 4 or more, maybe then I would be excited.”

“Yeah right you lying little...come on let's get out of here man. I am totally stoked to the max...come on Mr. Class President...let's hit the road.”

“Yes Sir Mr. Super Jock.”

The banter made Billy wish they were all alone. God the smell of Mike was so intense as he climbed into the truck that he wanted to just rip his clothes off and take him right there. It was strange how that smell, that man scent, was so noticeable to him, and yet he had never really been aware of it before. They headed off when Mike turned to him and squeezed his leg, making Billy wince from its strength and from the unreal jolt of electricity that seemed to blow through his whole body.

“We gotta stop for a bit at Pizza Hut...the guys made me promise, that okay with you?”

“Huh...uh...yeah, sure I guess. You want me to wait outside or...”

“What you're talking about? Wait outside my ass...”

“That's an interesting thought now...”

“Funny boy...later...no you have to come with me.”

“Later? Just what is on your evil mind there? You aren't suggesting something purely animalistic and barbaric now are you?”

“Hehe...shit I almost forgot how you like to use all them big fancy words...well we'll see just what I have in mind...after we meet the guys at Pizza Hut...and yes, you are coming in with me.”

“Okay...shit you'd think you were my lord and master or something.”

Mike just looked at him, his eyes staring clearly into Billy's. The sparkle was there but so was something else. His hand found it's way to his leg again, and this time he kept it there, right by the inside thigh. He didn't move it, or the fingers, but let it just lay there.

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Billy was having a hell of a time driving the truck while Mike had his hand on his leg. God he wished he would just move over about a quarter of an inch or so but he was too scared to say so. He wanted to drop his own hand down to lay it on top of Mike's but he needed to keep his one hand on the wheel and his other on the stick shift or else he'd be the first kid to get a new truck and blow a transmission in less than a week.

Something was happening here, exactly what he wasn't sure but Mike wasn't acting like he just wanted to be best buds. There definitely was more to it, and his body was reacting like it had never reacted before. His dick was so damn hard, he was sure it would poke a hole in his jeans. At least it was dark in the truck otherwise Mike would have seen it and knowing his warped mind he would have something to say about it. Billy didn't know that Mike was sitting there scared out of his mind.

Mike had put his hand on Billy and he was planning on giving him a quick check, but the touch of his hand had sent such a jolt into his body that he was afraid to go further. If he did, there might be no way to stop his urges and what if Billy didn't go that way? Damn he was a fool for doing this, but he had his secret and at least he had discussed it with someone who should know. Damn, he wished he hadn't reached over to touch Billy's leg, it had only made his desire that much greater. His own cock was so friggin stiff that he was sure you could hang a couple of coats off it without it bending. It sure was uncomfortable sitting here with that hard on pushing up out of his pants.

You could feed an army on the testosterone level at the pizza hut. It seemed that every member of the team and it's supporters was there crowding the inside and the parking lot. Beers were flowing from some of the trunks and it was tempting but no way, not tonight, and not with his brand new truck sitting there.

Mike was the center of attention for a great deal of the time. It was funny how a crowd seemed to form around him. Tonight it wasn't a crowd it was damn tribute of the faithful. Billy watched as group after group paraded in front of them, each one trying to get his attention. The worst were the cheerleaders. They acted like they had the inside track to him, and it was funny watching him fend them off. One even had the nerve to jump on him and wrap her legs around him while trying to kiss him. It was so funny to watch, and yet he felt uneasy. In fact he felt angry at the girl, even though he knew her and thought she was nice, he was ready to tear her off Mike. Was he really falling that bad for the guy?

Somehow they had managed to get through the whole ordeal and had escaped after about an hour and half. They were heading towards his place when Mike started laughing his head off.

“What is so damn funny their jock boy?”

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“You are.”

“Me?”

“Yeah you...god if you could of seen your face when Jane jumped me...hehe...god it was a sight to see.”

“Well...uh...”

“There...you have it again...hehe. Man you are priceless Billy...no wonder I...well...no wonder you make me...well...”

“What?”

“I don’t know...laugh?”

“Yeah that isn’t what you were about to say...was it?”

“Mind reader now are you?”

“Just yours...always could read it you know.”

“Yes...you always could...for the most part...”

“What do you mean for the most part...I think I did pretty good at figuring out what you were thinking.”

“Well...smart ass...what do you think I am thinking now...if you are so damn smart.”

“Ain’t falling for that old routine. You never did play fair.”

“Hehe...that’s true...but you always had the edge Billy...always. and you never knew it...”

Billy looked over carefully at Mike to see what was going on. The conversation was strange to say the least, yet it was also exciting to him. He could feel his groin and the longing he had for Mike. There was no way to tell how much longer he could hold himself in check.

Mike knew that Billy was tossing things around in his pretty blonde head. God he was such a brain. Why would he even want someone like me he thought? He knew why he wanted Billy, who wouldn’t want him. He had style, class, brains, and what a friggin hot body he had. All that wrapped up in a neat package that just made you want to drool. Shit, if he didn’t get this out in the open soon, he would explode.

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