

Disclaimer: If you are underage, or if homosexual content offends you, or if it is illegal to view homosexual content in your country, do not view the following. Otherwise, enjoy.

## Austin and I Chapter 1

‘Bardin, get your ass out of the bed!’

I groaned and buried my head under my pillow.

‘Bardin, I’m meeting my girlfriend at school in half an hour. I don’t wanna be late for her!’

I didn’t move, hoping that he would just leave me alone. Then I heard a grunt as my brother lifted me like a baby out of the bed. I groaned again, resting my head against his muscled chest. I blinked as I suddenly came awake.

‘You’ve been working out, haven’t you?’ I asked, giving him a lazy smile.

My brother, Ethan, chuckled.

‘Yup, I’ve been going to the gym every other day this past month. Didn’t you realize before?’

I didn’t answer, because at that very moment my brother had set me down upon a chair in the dining room. I gasped when my bare feet touched the floor.

‘Oh my god, it’s cold today.’

‘Good job, Sherlock,’ laughed Ethan as he placed in front of me a plate with two pieces of hot toast on it. He flicked his dark brown hair out of his face, took off his apron, and sat down opposite me. I smiled gratefully at him.

Let me explain. My parents are both workaholics, they leave the house at five in the morning to arrive at their workplaces two hours early. My dad’s the manager of a bank downtown, while my mom’s one of the editors for Vogue magazine. They both bring in big bucks, and they love their jobs, it’s just that their children don’t get to see them that often. Mind you, they love us very much. I think.

My brother and I share the same dark eyes and eyebrows. He’s got my dad’s strong-looking jawline and chin. I’ve got a less attractive jaw, but I make up for it with a cute nose that I’ve inherited from my mom.

So anyway it’s become my older brother’s responsibility to cook breakfast for me every morning, and get me to school on time in his car. He’s older than me by two years, and drives a Mercedes convertible. Pretty cool, huh? It’s all part and parcel of having well-off parents. I love having him as a brother. He’s caring, funny, very easy on the eyes, and now – buff. If he wasn’t my brother, I’d try to... heh heh.

My brother called me out of my daydream.

‘Dreaming of pretty boys again, Bardin?’

If only he knew... I pretended to roll my eyes.

‘We gay guys don’t dream about boys all the time. It’s like the straight people. You don’t dream about girls all the time, do you?’

‘Ummmm, hell yeah!’

I chuckled.

‘Okay, bad example then.’

I got up to leave. Just as I was about to leave the dining room, I was grabbed around the waist by my brother and pulled into his embrace.

‘Drink your milk.’

Grumbling, I did as I was told. I hated milk. Raising the glass to my lips, I closed my eyes and slowly drank. Encircled by my older brother’s hard biceps, I confess that I felt an involuntary stirring in my groin. I put the empty glass back on the table quickly before breaking free of my brother and escaping into the washroom. With the door closed behind me, I hoped fervently that Ethan hadn’t noticed anything.

Then I heard his voice outside the washroom.

‘Forgot to jack off this morning, little bro?’

Shit. I dropped my toothbrush into the sink as I blushed furiously. That bastard.

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The car rolled to a stop outside the school gates. Ethan, wearing aviator sunglasses, grinned at me.

‘Or maybe you’re not doing it properly. You gotta grip it firmly with your fist, then-’

‘Shut up! I know how to – how to do it, all right?’

‘Yeah? Well, you don’t seem to be able to um, *reach the end* soon enough. Maybe we should do it together, you know. I’ll bet you twenty bucks you’ll be finished in less than a minute if you do it with me.’

Seeing the shocked look on my face, my brother laughed loudly. A few of my fellow students who were passing stared at him.

‘Be quiet! People might hear you!’ I hissed.

‘Whatever, man. See you later.’

I was too huffed to reply. I grabbed my book bag, slung it over my shoulder, and walked through the gates.

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First period was philosophy. I only chose this subject because I hadn't chosen enough for the minimum number of subjects, and philosophy didn't seem to be too bad. I never made a more unwise choice in my life. Mind you, the teacher was completely fine. It was just the subject: it was sooo BORING!

I found my classmates sitting on the ground outside the classroom. I made my way over to my friends.

'Hey Bradin, how was your Christmas holiday?'

'Not too bad. We stayed here, but we did loads of fun stuff as a family, like decorating the tree, eating out, stuff like that.'

'That's really cool, knowing the workaholics that your parents are.'

The guy who was speaking was called Wesley, but we called him Wes. He was good looking, and he had very nice hair. His was light brown, and was medium length, long enough let him tuck it behind his ears. He swore that he didn't even use conditioner, but no one believed him.

The bell rang, the teacher arrived, and I followed the others reluctantly into the classroom. I found myself sitting with Derrick, the third member of our band. He had dark hair and wasn't exceptionally good looking. I mean, he was passable, but combined with his slight dorkiness, he wasn't too popular. He spent his time either poring over thick textbooks or doing homework. But we included him in our group, boosting our numbers to three.

'... so, continuing on from last lesson, we were talking about...'

I groaned quietly.

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55 minutes later, I was among the first to leave the classroom when the bell rang.

'Hey Bradin! BRADIN! Wait up!'

Wes and Derrick were hurrying after me. I smiled to myself and kept on walking, but at a slower pace. I never waited for people; I liked having them chase after me. Haha, for some reason I liked the feeling.

My two friends finally caught up to me, slightly out of breath.

'So, Bradin. You've made up your mind yet?'

Derrick and I turned around to face Wes.

'About what?'

'About whether you're gonna go out with that girl or not.'

I rolled my eyes. This girl had come up to me at school a few weeks ago and asked if she could go out with me. I said no a little too quickly, and I think I may have hurt her feelings.

‘She’s two years below me. How can I go out with her?’

‘What? She was kinda hot. Hell, if you don’t want her, can I have her?’ asked Wes.

I forced myself to laugh.

‘Sure, knock yourself out.’

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I opened my locker door, finding my pile of books inside.

‘What’s our next class?’ I called over my shoulder to Derrick.

‘Geography,’ said a deep, masculine voice behind me.

I turned around to look at who had just spoken to me. My eyes opened wide when I saw the boy whom I’ve had the biggest crush on for the last two years. His name was Austin. He had dirty blond hair and luscious, very kissable lips. So many of the girls in my class were crazy about him, but they all pretended to tease him all the time, of course.

‘It’s geography next,’ he said again.

‘Thanks,’ I said weakly, trying not to stare into Austin’s deep, brown eyes.

I stuffed a book into my book bag and got up. We started walking to class together.

‘So,’ I said, trying to break the silence. ‘How was your holiday?’

‘It was all right, we went up to Canada and stayed at...’

I wasn’t really listening to what he said; I was too focused on trying to calm my heart down. I tried not to glance sideways at him too often, but failed. I’ve fantasized about Austin so much in the shower and in the bed... Maybe I should just grab his face and -

‘Well, here we are,’ said the beautiful boy of my dreams.

I blinked a few times before I realized that we had arrived at the geo room. I went through the door, holding it open for him to follow me. When he didn’t, I turned around.

‘Aren’t you coming in?’

‘I don’t take geography, remember?’ he grinned at me.

I flushed.

‘Oh, yeah. Right. Well, I’ll um... I’ll see you later then.’

‘Okay then.’

Before I turned to go into class, I gave him what I hoped was a dazzling smile.

‘See ya.’

I collapsed into the seat next to Derrick.

‘Dude, what happened?’ he said, looking up from his textbook. ‘You look like you just ran the marathon.’

‘Yeah, I feel like I just ran it, twice.’

Derrick gave me a strange look before burying himself in the textbook again. And then a thought hit me.

The geo room was on the bottom floor. Austin came to the room with me, but he didn’t even take Geography.

Did Austin just walk me to class?

I couldn’t stop myself from smiling widely. I felt like a silly teenage girl. But I didn’t care. Maybe, just maybe, Austin was interested in me. No way, I thought to myself. Maybe he just wants to be friends with me.

Or maybe, he wants to be more than that...

Yeah right.

Then, the teacher walked in, slamming the door shut behind him, and I forgot about Austin. Just for the time being, of course.

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Well, this is the first story of a medium length series. If you want to know when the next one is coming up, or if you want to send me feedback, email me at:

[bradin\\_k@hotmail.com](mailto:bradin_k@hotmail.com)

If you’re concerned about privacy or anonymity, just tell me in your emails to send them to the bin after I’ve read them. It’s no problem at all.