

Signals

by: *rise*

This is a true story. If you think this story is about you, you're wrong for a variety of reasons I won't go into here.

Obviously if you shouldn't be read this story, don't. I doubt that will stop you, but hey, I tried.

This is the first story of any kind I have written in several years, and I'm no Stephen King. If you have any suggestions or feedback you can send me an e-mail at risestories@gmail.com.

"We should hang out some time." John didn't look at me. I'm not sure exactly where his focus was, but it wasn't on me. I felt him avoiding my gaze. At least, I think I did.

"We aren't now?" I asked sincerely. I saw him every day, after all, so it seemed like an odd thing to bring up on a whim.

John and I had Personal Fitness together, a bullshit one-semester class required by the state of Florida. One the first day, I noticed him immediately. OK, so that's a lie. I actually had noticed him some time before that. While my high school didn't have the sort of cliques and groups prominent in many featured in television and in movies, John was a pretty popular guy. He was a wrestler, and he ran track. In my mind, he was always pretty well-known, but I've never been certain as to whether or not that was a product of my infatuation.

And I was, from the first day when he sat next to me and introduced himself, infatuated. It wasn't much.

"Hi, I'm John. You're Evan, right?" he asked.

"Yeah. Have we met before?" I queried, surprised he knew my name.

"No, but a lot of people know you." He was right, a lot of people did know me. At the time, I was somewhat well-known in school myself as a result of my musical talents, which had gotten me a few awards and some small amount of county recognition. I never *felt* particularly well-known at the

time, but looking back I probably was, more so than I thought.

“Oh.” I considered for a second what I should say. I was a scrawny, awkward kid and was never sure where to go in delicate conversation. It didn't help that my stomach was fluttering; John was beautiful. He had curly brown short hair, dark brown eyes, and a gorgeous pale complexion. He was tall, how much taller than me I'm not sure, but he was tall, thick, strapping. At that moment, I couldn't stop staring. I was afraid that if I opened my mouth to speak, I would choke up a bit and make things more awkward than they were.

The good and bad news is that our meeting was cut short by Coach, who over the next few weeks began to laugh at how close John and I became. It didn't start out as much. We joked around together more often than I would have expected. I wanted to keep things low-key because I didn't want to become too attached. I wasn't publicly gay in school, and I didn't need him finding out.

...but then things started to change. John began to seek me out in gym class. He began to join my teams during team sports segments. He sat next to me on the bleachers. He sought me out for group projects. He complimented my intelligence and sarcastic wit. He liked me quite a bit, in what I assumed was in a purely platonic way. As someone who was and is somewhat quiet and socially awkward, I wasn't prepared to deal with the camaraderie he was offering me.

...but I adapted. People other than Coach began to notice our strong friendship. He became my protector, something I wasn't sure I liked. He defended me against bullies and critics. Time after time, he came to my rescue when I was too awkward to deal with social situations myself.

...and it didn't stop. While helping me with my homework, he would lean in, allowing me to feel his breath on my neck, my ears. He would put his arm around my shoulder and squeeze briefly as a show of affection. I was starting to think...

...no. It couldn't. My active imagination was running away with itself.

...and it kept running. He began talking to me about more personal things. He would try to edge me in the direction of disclosing my masturbatory habits. He would mention how it was nothing

to be ashamed of; that he and everyone else did it frequently. I of course knew this already, but the acceptance, the affection of this older, more masculine, attractive classmate made me feel so warm and accepted. What did he see in me? Why was our relationship so personal? When did it happen?

...and he also became aware of my social anxiety problem. As a performer, I could hold my own. When I was fluent in the language I was speaking, I felt great. However, I was a mild, high-functioning autistic kid, something he didn't seem to mind. He began to help me even more; never talking down to me, but understanding that sometimes I needed help explaining myself.

He surprised me every day until the end of the semester with something new. He ran to catch up to me between classes. He'd take me to lunch in his car (until that year they began to disallow off-campus lunch—lame) and pay for my meal. It was starting to become a little nerve-wracking. I didn't know what to do. I didn't know how to handle this. Did he suspect me of my homosexuality? Was he going to try to expose me as the fag I was?

Naturally, panic set in. His request to hang out during the last week of school didn't help the situation.

“Sure, we do. But I mean outside of school. Some friends and I are going to hang out on the last day of school. We're going to a bar. It's a bit far out, but I'd really like you to go. I want you to meet my friends. They're great people.”

I stammered. Something was wrong. His tone of voice wasn't the deep, warm, welcoming voice I'd come to know. His expression seemed cold and plastic. This was wrong. I needed to tell him no.

Naturally, I accepted.

“OK. We'll take my car after school into town and meet up with the other guys.”

The days of the last week of school came and went. The hot Florida summer was approaching. The pavement in our school's outdoor campus was hot. Humidity approached 90%. One could feel the

sweat dripping from uncomfortable parts of their body.

During this final week, my green mile, John became distant and cold despite this scorching weather. He neglected me during classes, and would sometimes not show up at all. He avoided me during the team sports portions and gym exercises and sat with girls in the bleachers. My stomach would tighten and my head would swarm with jealousy. I began to realize I'd let myself fall further than I'd promised myself.

As Friday inched closer, my sense of dread increased. I would have to see him then. We would be forced to acknowledge each other. What upset me so much about this, I can't say; I felt like a kid going home to a parent who'd just received their poor report card. I felt like I was in trouble, like I'd done something wrong, when in reality I had done nothing.

It was 2:30, and school had just let out for the summer. Students waited for their busses and ran to their cars, thirsty for freedom. Among them was John, who was sitting at a bench by the front doors. I smiled as I approached him, a gesture he did not care to return.

“Evan.”

“That's my name,” I said, feigning cheeriness. There was a thick, nervous tension in the air. I pretended not to notice, but he seemed affected by it.

“I...” he hung his head. I looked at him, concerned.

“Is something wrong?”

“You know, you don't have to come. Not if you don't want to. I didn't mean to pressure you into...”

“Is that a challenge?” I spat back. I was suddenly inexplicably angry and upset. “I don't know what you're talking about. I can handle you and I can handle your friends. I don't need pity from you.”

He cowered. I couldn't help but be surprised at this. He was much stronger than I was. If he wanted, he could have crushed me, but the look on his face was one of fear, and his body spoke the

language of intimidation. I had shaken him. "Whoa, kid, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to imply anything like that."

I glared at him. I was angry.

...until he reached out and touched my shoulder. His soft affectionate touch tore me from reality. I had let myself melt. I had allowed myself become a quivering mass of infatuation. He smiled, and his eyes met mine. He applied a very slight amount of pressure, suggesting I sit next to him. "Relax! Let's just wait until the parking lot clears out and then we'll go."

The meeting with his friends at the bar did not go well; they did not enjoy my company. John's buddies were big, loud jock-types. They spit and drank (how they got the alcohol I don't know), talked shit to each other, and bragged out sexual conquests. I felt awkward, having so little to contribute. I wanted to go home. I asked John if he would taken me. He made no attempts to hide his disappointment. "Please? You said you'd take me when I was ready to go."

John made his apologies to his buddies, who sneered in my direction as we left the bar. On the way home, John said not a word. But I did. I had plenty to say.

"Why is their acceptance of me so important? What is it, really?"

"I want it to be OK."

"What are you talking about?" I demanded, my voice getting louder.

He touched my shoulder, attempting to calm me, but it didn't work. "I am not going to change so that I fit in with your friends, man. It's just not going to happen. I'm the way I am. I thought you liked me because of that. Don't you?"

Even as my house formed as a silhouette in the distance, John said nothing. He said nothing as I shoved his hand from my shoulder. He said nothing as he pulled into my driveway, though he did sit for a moment, thinking in a distant way. He said nothing as I opened his car door. I said my goodbyes, but he neglected to reply. Instead, he backed out of the driveway and drove away.

Once inside my house, I had plenty of crying to do. *I knew I shouldn't have let myself become so attached, I punished myself. My fault, my fault, my fault. He isn't interested in you that way. He lives differently. He thinks differently. He likes girls. Your silly crush has driven him away.*

It rained that night. My mother's concern, while appreciated, served as little more than an annoyance. I didn't want to tell her what happened. I didn't want to explain I was in love with a boy and all of the things it might have entailed. I just wanted to forget it. Eventually, I would get over it. I wasn't so jaded that I didn't realize it.

I didn't want to eat dinner, and I couldn't sleep. So that night I stared at my ceiling, hungry and contemplative. The rain pounded with windows and doors in the house so hard, that I almost didn't hear the knock.

But I did.

I stood up, and slowly walked to my door. I opened it, and there stood John, soaking wet, shivering.

“John, you retard, come in here.” I yanked his large frame inside by the arm with surprising ease and closed the door. Mom would have a fit for all the water in the morning. “What are you doing?”

He didn't say anything. He just looked at me. After a few seconds, I felt strange. “John?”

“Come drive with me.” It wasn't a request, and I couldn't deny him. I left a note on the kitchen table for my mom, and we left.

For the first ten minutes or so, the drive was silent. “Where are we headed?” I asked. “My house. I want you to come to my house.” The way he was speaking seemed forced and hesitant. There was something rather cinematic and dramatic about the way he spoke to me. He was off in some capacity I couldn't place at first.

“John, have you been drinking?” I demanded.

He didn't answer. I'm not sure I wanted to know.

If he was drunk, it was of little consequence. We safely arrived at his large modern, home. The rain poured relentlessly outside of the car, and we laughed as we ran through it to the front door. We were sopping wet, as though we'd just swum ten laps in our school clothes.

For the first time I became aware of just how build John was. His wet clothes clung tightly to his thick, muscular frame and I couldn't help but feel weak in the knees.

Our mad dash concluded under the awning leading to the door of his home. He fumbled with the keys for a moment and unlocked the large French doors, which swung into a vast living area with very expensive décor; I knew for sure that if I were to touch something I would break it.

“My parents are out of town with my little brother, so you don't have to worry about noise.” He flipped a light switch and the house illuminated itself, blinding me for a moment while my eyes adjusted. He closed the doors. “We need to get dried off. Come on.”

I followed him through a large island kitchen into a conservatively sized laundry area that connected to what was probably the garage. He took his shirt off and threw it into the washing machine. “Give me your clothes,” he said.

My stomach fell out. I thought I would be sick. His shirtless, slightly hairy torso was impossible to avoid with my eyes, and at the same time I dreaded losing my clothes in front of him. I was scrawny and hadn't been seen naked in years; not by my family, not by friends or anyone. He looked at me, confused. Then his expression softened and he offered a shit-eating, lop-sided grin.

“What's the matter?” he asked, knowing very well what the matter was.

“I..I-..” I stammered uncomfortably.

“Evan, we're friends. On my teams, we... I... do this every day. You need to relax. I...” his face changed to reflect a more sympathetic state. “I should be less judgmental. I know. I'll get you something to change into. I won't look.”

He walked out the door to the laundry room, leaving me alone in it for a few unsettling

moments. I felt so unwelcome, alone in this large house belonging to people I didn't know. And John's mood was scaring me. Something had changed. He wasn't saying something to me.

He returned with two pair of boxers, and offered one to me, eliciting yet another uncomfortable gaze from me. "You really ought to not worry so much about how you look without clothes on." A funny thing to say, I thought.

He turned around so that I could remove my clothes. I placed them into his family's washing machine and very quickly slipped the pair of underwear over my thin, undefined frame.

"Safe to turn around yet?" he asked.

"Yeah. I guess."

When I turned around, he too had apparently finished changing. He turned around and without batting an eye, tossed his clothes into the washing machine and turned it on. Once back in the living area, we sat on his large, white couch, situated several feet from each other. John turned on the TV, but still seemed to glance at me occasionally.

I asked for a blanket.

"Are you cold? I'm sorry, I should have asked."

"It isn't that. I just... I feel so uncomfortable shirtless. I don't like the way it feels. I need the confinement of clothing." A common autistic trait is the dislike for certain types of clothing. I always wondered if this feeling was a manifestation of this, but I neglected to mention it to him. The timing didn't seem right for scientific discussion.

"I think you look... fine," he said.

I was quiet for a few moments. I picked up the remote and turned the television off. The room became dark. "John, why am I here? This is weird. You come and pick me up in the middle of the night and bring me to your house for what? To sit on the couch and watch TV?"

He spoke after a few moments. "Do you like me?"

"Of course I do. What kind of question is that?" I laughed nervously.

His face contorted into a kind of upset frown I can't quite describe in words. I could practically hear his pulse quickening. His forehead broke into a sweat. He looked like he was seriously contemplating. He shifted uncomfortably and then moved a few inches closer to me. He looked at the floor. "No, Evan. I am *asking* if you *like* me."

It clicked. My stomach bottomed out. I thought I would vomit. I then thought I would cry. I didn't know how to respond. My tried to stand up, but my knees weakened and I stumbled a bit. I didn't know where to go now. I looked at him. He was still looking at the ground. His head slowly turned to meet my frightened, confused daze. He chuckled and smiled, but it wasn't a happy smile. It was an ironic smile. It was the kind of expression a good sport generates when they know they've lost.

John stood up and walked over to me. His eyes, which were locked onto mine, were as the headlights of an oncoming SUV. His large frame closed in, and he reached out to touch me. He slowly spun my frozen, scared, shaking body around. His arms slid under mine and he pulled me in close to him. The feel of his lightly haired chest across my back caused a quiet breath to escape my lungs. His chin, which rested upon my blonde, short mop began to move, sliding along the right side of my face. His rough stubble against my neck caused me to shudder. John's mouth was so close to my face now. I could feel his heavy, labored breathing against my ear.

"Do you like me?" he asked. His voice was more demanding now. I could smell it on his breath now. The alcohol. "Because I like you. I..." He stopped talking briefly and pulled me in closer to him. It was as though a vacuum had finally collapsed, and there could no longer be space between us.

"I need to know. I have to. I need it. Do you like me?" His voice was raspy, hovering unstably between a whisper and a shout. The stubble against my face and his hot breath on my ear elicited more shudders from me. His now-hard member poked crudely at my back, and my own penis was beginning to react as well.

He bit softly into my neck and massaged my lower stomach with a light touch. I moaned

quietly his name, “John—“ I was quickly spun around and interrupted by his mouth mashing violently against mine. His tongue slipped past the barriers created by my lips.

I felt my body moving. My eyes were closed as his lips explored my face. He pulled back as I heard a door close behind us. I was set down on his bed, and he turned a small lamp on which accented a double bed on the opposite side of the room. Posters of athletes lined the walls. Airplanes hung from the ceiling.

For the first time since the events in the living room, I was able to see his body. His hardness strained his boxers in an obscene way.

I found myself pushed back onto his bed. His boxers were torn from my body exposing my erection to the air. I made an involuntary effort to cover my self, but he intercepted my hand and pinned me to the bed.

His eyes found mine. “Stop covering yourself. Stop hiding from me, damn it.”

I looked into his eyes, scared. “I don't know what you mean.”

“You are so shy. So quiet. I don't know what it is about you. I just don't get it. It drives me crazy. The way you look at me. And those kids at school. They way they pick on you. They don't get it. They just don't get you.”

His blithering was borderline incoherent. His thoughts were a jumbled mess, and it was made increasingly evident as he spoke to me.

He applied his weight to mean and kissed me with force. His tongue explored my mouth, then licked my lips. When he pulled away, strands of spit snapped away delicately taking residence on our faces. He sucked and nibbled at a spot on the front side of my neck for a moment. As I groaned, my eyes squeezed tight.

John leaned back on his haunches and spread my legs. My erection slapped against, my stomach, splashing us both with my copious pre-come. He stared hungrily at my endowment. The head of his dick poked through the hole in his boxers now. He reached down between his lithe,

powerful legs and gave it a squeeze, exposing its girth to me. He sat down on his bed Indian-style, pulling my backside onto his lap. He squeezed our dicks together, and for the first time, another man was touching me. I whimpered and looked away from him.

“Stop. Stop hiding. You are beautiful, Evan. You are... you... you make me fucking crazy! Look what you are doing to me!” John was yelling now. “Don't you get it, Evan? Don't you understand yet?”

A tear rolled down my cheek as he began to slide his large powerful hand around both of us, masturbating us simultaneously. I moaned in an embarrassingly high-pitched voice that seemed only to fuel his intense longing. “Ugh!” he cried as he burned my visage with his look.

Still rubbing us with his left hand, he placed his right hand upon my abdominal area and began to massage it lightly. When his left hand joined it and pulled my nether regions north to rest upon his chest, I looked at him with surprise. He gave me that smile of his, leaned his head down, and began lapping vigorously at my taint.

My eyes widened as he traveled south toward my ass. When his tongue slid softly into the hole and being lapping at it, I thought I would shoot. I reached for my dick, but his hand met mine before I was able to reach and squeezed it. Using his other hand, he began to slowly massage my throbbing, aching erection, causing me to scream out. He let go, allowing me to collapse on the bed and smiled.

Pre-come covered my stomach. With one hand, he played with it, and with another, he played with my right nipple. I thrust my cock involuntarily toward the sky. He chuckled at my reaction, adjusted his position a bit and clamped his mouth down on my right nipple. Once again I tried to reach for my painfully throbbing erection, but John just wouldn't have it. He took my hands and planted them firmly above my head on the bed and then began to ravage my pits. I took his head in my hand and played with his curly hair.

He leaned back once more. “You never answered my question.”

I was breathing too hard to speak. I was finding it hard to find oxygen. The room smelled of

sweat and sports odor, and our sweat was ruining his sheets.

He tore away his boxers, revealing his naked self to me. Using the pre-come still on his right hand, he began to masturbate. He leaned down and began lapping at my balls. Tears streamed through my eyes, my emotions running wild, and I made yet another loud groan as my hands rubbed his strong shoulders.

His eyes found mine once again, and he used his left hand to position my face and hold it how he wanted it. “Stop hiding!”

“John—“

His glans poking intrusively at my hole was enough to stop me from talking. The room fell silent. I started to speak, but didn't. Couldn't. I felt him enter me slowly, using my pre-come as lubrication.

Once his head passed through the sphincter, he rammed it inside of me. “Oh god!” I cried. It hurt so badly that I wasn't sure I would ever walk again. He stopped, holding it there momentarily. His face, which had shown only sexual intensity thus far now briefly reflected concern. Using more of my pre-come as lube, he began to tease my dick. My eyes shot open. My sphincter tightened around his cock and we cried out in unison.

Rolling back on his feet again, he pulled out of me for a second before slamming back into me.

“You drive me so fucking crazy,” he grunted.

I couldn't look at him. I'm not sure why, I just felt so dirty. So disgusting.

“Stop! Stop doing that! You are beautiful. Your face. Your gorgeous face. You...”

He withdrew his cock and pounded me once again.

He tensed and relaxed his member inside of me as he spoke. “I need to know. I need to know what this is. Ever since I saw you perform on stage last semester, my stomach has been in pieces. I needed to get to know you.

“So I watched you. In class. I sat next to you. Got to know you. I dropped hints. I tried to get

you to understand. But you didn't. Is it because you don't like me? Oh fuck, those eyes. Those green eyes.”

For the first time, I found the courage to speak. “No!” and then as a reaction to his poking of my prostate, “uhng!” Pre-come sprayed my stomach as John collapsed his weight on top of me, taking my mouth into his own.

His fucking became more and more urgent. “Evan, I... I have to know. You have to say something. I need to know what you're thinking.”

“John, I—“ I stammered. His dick rammed my prostate and I groaned. He took my dick in his hand again and stroked it slowly as he fucked me faster. “I—“

“What, Evan? Fucking *what*?“

Sweat flew from our bodies as he fucked me. He leaned in and nibbled at my ears again, stroking my cock wildly once more.

I pulled his face away from my ears to look into my eyes. A tear slid down his cheek. My breathing quickened. Soon, it would be over. “I—I fucking li—“

No. I didn't. I didn't like him. Not like that. Not like this. It was something else. Something more.

“I belong to you, John. I fucking love you!”

And with those words, I came. Stream after stream of white rope littered the room; the walls, our bodies, and his bed all fell victim to my terrifying orgasm. John came as well, screaming my name out in primal fury as he unloaded a semesters' worth of frustration into my gut.