

After the sleeper success of my story ‘*The Best They Can*’ and whines of MOAR from the people who talked about it, I tried to make more, but ended up with an abomination that I decided to blow up and re-construct. That was bust too, so I put a bullet to that zombie, took the bloody body-parts from those two story and the rotted remains of other ideas I had for stories and patched them together to make something Doc Frank would be proud of.

So all I can say about this story is:

IT’S ALIIIIIVVVEEE!!!

Don’t read this if you aren’t supposed to (you know who you are). This story will (eventually) contain sexual activity of consenting minors, who do not use protection as this story is complete fiction as much as I wish it wasn’t.

This story is *mine*. Y’hear me? Mine, mine, mine! I don’t care if you put it in other places, but ask first, give me credit, but more importantly, *don’t change a damned thing*.

Uh, if I’m forgetting something else just put that on the list too.

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Special Effects

By Eric Wythe

Chapter 1 – The Makeup of... Something

“*Next station: Botanical.*”

I always thought the pre-recorded voice of the lady who does the train announcements was pleasant. Most of the trains that run this early are usually packed with people on their way to work, but today, it was empty, and I was going home.

“*Botanical. Exit to the right.*”

Or I was trying too, I was really tired. I couldn’t keep my eyes open. I was leaning my head against the window; I’d be fast asleep if the chairs on the train weren’t so uncomfortable. I couldn’t move for the life of me, I only had the energy to breathe and listen to the pleasant voice of the train-lady.

“*Next Station: Wormwood.*”

I need to stop letting my friends drag me into their shit. I might be handy with a box of tools, but sweet-talking the police is something I’ve never thought myself adept at. One day we’re going to get caught and then we’ll all be screwed because I’m sure I’ll be the one who slips up on the alibi.

“*Wormwood. Exit to the left.*”

The train stopped and the doors opened, then closed and I went back to trying to will away the sore-spot on my back somewhat so I could at least snooze. I felt the metal seat dip slightly from the weight of someone who decided to sit next to me.

I wonder why someone would sit here. The train is empty; this person could sit anywhere they wanted. Well, whatever, I don't have the energy to put up my personal bubble.

I began to rethink that when I felt an arm wrap around my shoulders. It was very strong, I could feel the play of its muscles on my back as it pulled me into the side of who it was attached to. The large body was firm and incredibly warm in the cool train. It was... comforting. My head landed on his shoulder, my face slightly nuzzled into his neck. I tried to protest but it just came out as an unintelligible mumble that invoked a slight chuckle from him. It was a low bass rumble that vibrated through his entire body and in turn, into mine. It sent shivers down my spine.

*"Next Station: Holland."*

I was unintentionally breathing in his scent, it smelled good, it wasn't a cologne or deodorant, it was his own earthy musk. It relaxed me to the point of turning me into mush. I'm sure I would've slid to the floor of the train if his arm didn't have me held so securely into his side.

*"Holland. Exit to the right."*

The sore spot in my back had disappeared, all my weight was against this disarming stranger. I didn't even know what he looked like. I could tell as much as he must be a gym-rat or something. Dude was ripped; I could feel every muscle he had under his clothes.

I was losing consciousness quickly, all the energy I had remaining was being focused on breathing in his scent, and the more I focused on one thing the drowsier I became. The part of me afraid of being kidnapped was fighting to stay awake, while my hormonal part wanted to know who this dude was, and how big his dick was, but the currently most dominant part of me was only thinking one thing:

Warm: sleep.

I could feel myself effortlessly drifting into sleep in the side of this very warm body. And I was accepting it. Sleep was now finally within my grasp.

*"Next station: Carnival Pines."*

Wait... that's my stop...

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I first became aware of birds chirping from outside. I must've been under a window because a slight breeze was dancing across my face. I clutched the sheets of the bed in my fist as my feet glided underneath the sheets feeling the smooth cloth. I nuzzled my head further into the pillow, it smelled like him.

But where is he?

And... where am I?

I lifted my head slightly from the pillow and pried my eyes open with my hand. The room was brightly lit, with the sun pouring in directly from the open window. The room was mostly taken up by the giant bed placed in the center, with a chest of drawers on one side and a closet on the other with a bedside table squeezed between the bed and the wall. The table had a small lamp on it with a picture; I picked it up in hopes to find something out about my kidnapper.

The picture was of two adults, a handsome red-headed man and a very beautiful blonde woman holding what I assume is their two kids. One was blond like their mother and the other had red hair, like their father. The red-head wasn't even a toddler, the blond one looked just a few years old. The blond boy was fiddling around with a toy while the baby was pulling on their fathers tie. You could see the laughter in the father's bright smile and in his eyes, the mother looked slightly embarrassed, but you could tell she thought it was funny too. They all looked happy, it made me miss my parents, but in a good way.

I put the picture back on the table and extracted myself from the giant bed. I was still in my clothes; and felt only a little disappointment from it. I did a stretch and let the white light from the window wash over me. It felt refreshing, and breeze in the room made me feel tranquil. I quietly let myself out of the room and was welcomed by the smell of food coming from further in the space.

I could hear movements of a person as I went down the hallway of what I deduced as a small apartment. The wood flooring creaked under my feet, the worn white walls showed more than one sign of previous tenants. The place was old for sure, but it gave a sort of odd 'Lived-in' charm that a lot of places in the city lack unless you go far into the ghettos.

As I came around the corner of the hallway I turned into the small kitchenette stuck in the corner of the living-room. A guy was standing in front of the stove shaking something in a pan. Behind him was an island, I decided to make myself at home before he noticed me.

The stove was directly next to the sink, which was placed under a small window. The white light poured from the window and gave the guy a very ethereal look. For some reason I never once thought that this guy would try and hurt me, I felt unusually uncomfortable in his apartment, it felt like I had known it for years... and this guy.

He was huge, I mean, I'm a pretty small guy to begin with, but he was at least twice the size of an average guy. His shoulders were broad; his back was wide, tapering to thin waist. His shirt was tight so I could see all the muscles on his back pop and move as he worked around the stove. His neck was thick, with pale white skin contrasting the nearly shaved red hair rounding out his head. The sleeveless shirt allowed me to peer at his hyper-defined arms, thick and corded; his forearms were dusted with hair of the same red color.

The workout shorts he wore clung to a perfect ass, with two thick legs with red fur trailing down. Most guys as big as him are usually ugly-bulky, but this guy's proportions were absolutely perfect, his definition was perfect he was just... perfect, and I haven't even seen the front of him yet!

As much as my eyes didn't want to leave the sight of him, I tore them away to look around the apartment. It was definitely a bachelor pad. The couch was of the futon variety, the decent sized TV was placed on top of an old chest, and the floor had various scatterings of meaningless things, like clothes, cans, dishes, garbage. There was a recliner situated near the couch while there were some nice looking furnishings rounding out the space, none of it looked like it was from any specific type of set. Or even from the same time period. And yet, it all blended really well together somehow and really just brought out more of that 'Lived-In' charm the apartment gave off.

My eyes wandered slowly back to their original spot, until they eventually were met with a pair of peering yellow eyes staring closely into my own. I jumped, surprised at how close he got and he let out a chuckle. It was the same one from the train.

So this is the guy?

His face was very squared, rugged and masculine, while still retaining some boyish features that I'm sure would dissipate within the next few years. His square jaw was met with a pair of sideburns that were sexy for no reason other than that they were on him. His nose was kind of large, but it worked with the rest of his face, a lopsided grin was dancing across his thin lips.

Fuck this guy is hot.

The rest of his front was as big and burly and just... perfect as the rest of him. His chest was deep and his abs were insanely pronounced, I wanted to look at the rest of him, but he caught me off guard by speaking.

"I'm supposed to be the one surprised, not you." He smirked.

His voice was deep and rough, it made me sit up straighter and my pants tighten.

"Your eyes." I blurted, pointing to his face.

“Huh?” He held up a shiny pan to his face and looked at his reflection, “Oh shit.” He muttered.

He took his fingers to his eyes and bent forward slightly, when he came back up, I was met with a pair of playful brown eyes. He tossed a pair of contacts onto the island.

“Sorry, I forgot I still had those in.”

I raised an eyebrow at him, “Are you a Goth or something?”

“Huh?” He gave me a confused look which pronounced the few boyish features he had. Realization suddenly struck his face, “Oh! No, those were just left over from my last job, I just got home from it, like I said, I forgot to take them out.”

I nodded, transfixed by the expressions that manipulated his face.

After an awkward moment of just staring at each other I momentarily snapped out of it and piped up.

“S-so what do you do?”

“I-“

He was interrupted by a door slamming.

“Little brother! I have a job for us!” Someone shouted from the front door.

A few seconds later, a blond guy glided into the kitchen and began helping himself to whatever the red-head was making. It just struck me that these were the two boys from the picture.

The red-head looked to his... ‘Big’ brother.

“A Job-job or a pay-the-bills-job?” He asked.

“Both!” His brother exclaimed happily, “... possibly.”

The red-head let out an exasperated breath, “*Another* kid’s party with a ‘Big time director’?”

“Yes, but-“ He began to respond, swiveling to face his brother, but stopped dead on his heels when he noticed me. “Oh, hello, you must be Patrick’s latest fuck.”

I blushed.

The red-head's, who I assume is Patrick, eyes went wide and he punched his brother in the shoulder seething "Shut up Craig!" through gritted teeth.

The blond-Craig-was by no means as big as his 'Little brother' in fact, he was quite smaller, in both mass and height, but he still had the classic 'College frat-boy jock' build to him. His features were sharper than his brothers and would be best described as just... average. I guess he makes up for it in flamboyance. From what I could see, Patrick shared much more traits to their father and Craig to their mother.

Craig leaned onto the island, looked me square in the eye and asked with a serious face, "How old are you?"

"Sixteen." I responded.

He put a look of approval on his face and began to nod, "He's your own age, that's new." His eyes went wide with excitement and he slammed his hands down on the table, his face went real close to mine and I had to back up a little, "Did he cry like last time?"

"Craig!" Patrick shouted, he ripped his brother away from me and shoved him into the living room.

"What's your name kid?" Craig asked over his brother's grumbling.

"Sam."

"Huh, well it's nice to meet'cha Sam, feel free to come along if you have a few hours to kill." His eyes got wide with excitement again, "I could use a new puppeteer! Quickly! To the Suit-Tracker!" He stuck his arm out and charged his way out of room, slamming the front door behind him.

Patrick sighed and leaned on his hand against the island.

"Three. Two. One."

Craig came bursting back into the room, over to the island and grabbed his plate.

"I forgot my food." He stated.

Patrick rolled his eyes as his brother went back outside, assumingly to the 'Suit-Tracker'.

I raised an eye to Patrick, "Is he..?" I trailed.

He nodded, "All the time."

"Wow," I deadpanned, "At least you'll never be without entertainment."

“I guess.” He shrugged, he went around the island and grabbed a plate from the counter and set in front of me, “Eat, this party probably isn’t for a little while.”

“You sure..?” I asked hesitantly, “From the way he talked it sounded like it was about to start.”

“Oh he’s always like that.” He said waving his hand in dismissal.

I shrugged and grabbed my fork to dig in.

After a few bites I exclaimed, “This is freakin’ good!”

He gave me a beaming smile, “Thanks, Craig can’t cook for crap, so I had to take it up. I cook,” He smirked, “and he cleans up.”

I smirked back, “That’s a fair trade.”

We stared into each other’s eyes for few minutes.

He made me feel warm inside. It was strange, I’ve never felt so... attached to guy this quickly before. He had such a strange... aura to him. He was leaning against the island, picking at the food on his plate, the light from the window over the sink seemed to react to him, it surrounded him and gave him this outline of light. I’m not a huge believer of destiny or other worldly forces... but is this a sign?

“So... Sam, will you come along?” He asked.

“I...”

I wanted to make an excuse, to tell him I couldn’t, that he pretty much kidnapped me and tossed me in the middle of his life... but I could bring myself to do it. I want to know this guy. I want to know his likes, dislikes, how big his dick is, what he thinks of the world, of me, I wanted to just know... him.

So I told him, “Yeah, I’ll come.”

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Despite what my little spiel at the beginning might convey I actually *liked* working on this story. But something you should know is to not expect updates to happen all that quickly as I’m pretty busy. But anyway, this is something new as I’ve always wanted to write a story in the high-school setting without it being overly dramatic. My thing is for most of my stories is to make them entertaining without them being over-dramatic (although since these *are* high-schoolers we’re talking about, it’ll be hard to accomplish that).

So anywho, if you like this, or have any constructive criticism for me, go ahead and email me at [eric.wythe@gmail.com](mailto:eric.wythe@gmail.com).