

PART TWO
One Month Later (So, in November)

"That's the last of the boxes," Luc said, knocking the snow from his boots. We were just moving the last of my things from my old apartment to Luc's house that day. I'd finally decided to give up on moving back to my old apartment after I started to get nasty letters from other students' parents.

"Cool. I can take it upstairs."

"Thanks."

Lucas' family let me take over their spare bedroom as my own. It wasn't quite as spacious as my apartment, but it was a lot nicer, so I decided to stick it out. The only problem was finding a desk big enough for both my computers. At least, it was a problem until Maya mounted the screens on the wall for me and got me a nice cabinet to keep the towers in.

Jess was in my room when I got there, carefully stacking my hard drives on their shelf.

"Hey Jon. Is that the last one?"

"Yeah. I think it's mostly random stuff that was under the bed, so I'll take care of it."

"Cool." She sat down on the bed, looking around the room. "Are you nervous?"

"About what?" I asked, sitting down on my desk chair and turning to face her.

"About moving in with your boyfriend, you dummy."

I rolled my eyes.

"Of course not."

She glared at me.

"I can tell when you're lying Jon. Tell me the truth."

"No, really. I'm not. I haven't spent a night at my apartment for a month. I'm over it already. Anyway, I never got why you always made such a big deal out of it."

"Well, I was afraid that you'd drive each other crazy by always being in the same place, but *Sarah's* more worried that you'll be so busy fucking each other that you'll forget she exists."

"She doesn't have much to worry about then," I growled, turning away from her so she couldn't see me blush. "It's not like we've done anything but sleep in the same bed yet..."

"WHAT. Jon Shepard, are you fucking with me? Are you serious? You've been SLEEPING together for a whole month, and you haven't so much as *touched* the boy?"

I cringed back away from the force of her outburst.

"It's not like I didn't want to. I just felt like I would be taking advantage if..."

"Jon, the poor boy is STUPID for you! He probably *dreams* about you 'taking advantage' of him! It'd make his entire year!"

"It... It just never felt like the right time..." I said, lamely, looking down at my feet.

She sighed. "Jon, I know this is really new and unfamiliar for you, but I honestly think that, if you'd just ask him, he'd say yes. To whatever you're comfortable doing."

"Thanks Jess. I guess I really am making a mess of this, aren't I?"

"Jon, in all honesty, if your not wanting to have sex right away was enough to mess this up for you guys, then I'd say that you should break up. But I don't think that's the case."

"Yeah, I guess you're right."

"Listen to me Jon. Lucas didn't start pursuing you because he wanted sex. He did it because something about you turns him into a bumbling, shy, sensitive, confused, *child*. I think all he wants is to be the same person for you that you are for him. Sex doesn't have to be a part of that."

"Really?"

"Yeah, I think so."

"I never thought about it that way."

"Well, that's how I see it." She got up and went to leave. At the door, however, she paused and looked back at me.

"All that doesn't change the fact that I'm giving you homework."

"Oh no..."

"Oh, come on! You'll enjoy it! All you have to do is grab his crotch while you're lying next to him in bed."

"What if I don't feel like it?"

"Then I show Jon all the photos we took on Halloween five years ago. Remember, when you went as the Hulk?" She grinned evilly.

"This is blackmail," I muttered turning back to my desk.

"Yep. Now, Sarah and I would *prefer* video evidence, but I guess photos are okay too..."

"OUT!"

"Okay, okay, I'm going."

I was helping Maya make dinner when Jess sauntered down the stairs and sat herself at the kitchen table.

"Lucas, that is a very confused boy you have up there."

I rounded on her.

"What have you been telling him Jess?" I said, brandishing a carrot as if it were a machete.

She pursed her lips and looked up at the ceiling.

"Oh, nothing. Just trying to set him straight about some of the finer points of being in a relationship."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh, I just meant that he still has no idea why you picked him, out of all the people you could have picked to date. He believes it happened, but he still has no clue why. So, I shared one or two of my theories with him."

"Not your theories on 'he wants you to fuck his brains out,' I hope," I said, turning back to what I was doing. "Don't think I haven't heard you and the rest of the KGB talking about it."

"Well, you can't deny that it would be super hot," she said, laughing. "But no. I told him why I think you're dating him, which, I can truthfully say, has nothing to do with how hot you two having sex would be."

"Thanks then." I said, turning around again. "I really don't want to push him about anything physical."

"Oh, I think he'll get over that soon. You'd be surprised how much Jon doesn't let other people know about himself."

I rolled my eyes.

"I'm suspicious, but I don't have the energy to interrogate you right now. Are you staying for dinner?"

"No."

"Well, we're about to eat, so I guess I'll see you on Monday."

"Yeah. See you then Lucas."

She let herself out as I went to the bottom of the stairs.

"Hey Jon. Dinnertime!" I called.

"Coming," he called back.

"So, what did you and Jess talk about this afternoon?" I asked as we were preparing for bed.

"A lot of things. She and Sarah are starting to be a pain about the whole 'you should have sex' thing. It's really aggravating. I'm perfectly happy the way things are now. Why do they want us to change so much?"

"I'm not sure that they really want us to change. I think they're bored and they want something to gossip about."

I slipped out of my sweat pants and went to the bathroom to brush my teeth.

"I just wish they'd leave us alone sometimes," Jon said, leaning against the doorframe. "It's like they have nothing else to do."

"Mhm," I said, watching him in the mirror. I noticed that he wasn't looking at my reflected gaze, but rather, at something much lower. I smiled inside. *Well, it would seem that we've got his attention...*

I finished and bent down to spit in the sink, making sure to bend straight over so he got the full view for a few seconds. When I stood up and turned around, he was already pretending he hadn't been looking, but I could tell from the slight reddening of his face that he was still thinking about what he'd seen.

"Ready for bed?" I asked, grinning.

"Um... Yeah." He said, rubbing the back of his neck. "I just, uh, wanted to wash my face first. I'll be there in a minute."

"Okay. I'll be waiting," I said, stepping back into the bedroom. I switched off the lights and got into bed, glad to be under the covers where it was warm. Maya had turned down the thermostat for one of her experiments, and it had been freezing inside ever since.

A few minutes later he joined me, his body pressing against mine under the sheets, his arms sliding around my chest to hug me close. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply, inhaling his scent.

I was just drifting off when I felt his lips on the back of my neck.

"Hey, Lucas," he whispered, "Are you tired?"

A tingle ran up my spine at his words.

"Not... Not really." I whispered back.

"Then turn over," he said, pressing his lips under the back of my ear.

He let me go, and I rolled over onto my other side, my face ending up just a few inches away from his.

"Like this?" I asked, searching his eyes for his intent.

"Just like that."

He leaned forward and kissed me, his nose rubbing against mine. I reached up and pulled him closer, my right hand finding his ear and tugging at the lobe.

"Mnnn..." He sighs, reaching out and pulling me tight against him.

Suddenly, his mouth left mine. Before I could protest, however, he was nuzzling his way under my chin, nipping lightly at my Adam's apple. I gasped out loud as he started sucking on my neck, right under my jaw, his tongue flicking sensuously across the taut skin

"Oh God... Jon, that feels incredible." I breathed, squeezing my eyes shut.

I was so focused on what he was doing with his mouth that I didn't notice one of his hands sliding down between us; at least, until it brushed across the head of my cock.

"Jon! What're you... Uhhnn!" I moaned, arching my neck back and biting my lip. His hand was wrapped around me, his strong fingers pulling me to and fro. He reached out with his thumb, and in a moment his own shaft was pressed hard against my own.

"Ah! Jon..."

"Wha- What?"

"That... That feels... Ungh!"

I gasped. It felt like I was on fire. I could feel the drops of sweat running down my skin; hear the blood rushing in my ears. I reached down with a hand to join him, my fingers longing to hold both of us together.

But, the moment my hand brushed against him, he caught his breath and let go, sitting up so fast he almost fell off the bed. Still somewhat dazed, I reached out for his shoulder, trying to get him to come back. But at my touch, he quickly stood and went over to the window, his back to me.

"Jon? Why'd you stop?" I asked, pleading with him.

"I'm sorry Lucas," he said. "I... shouldn't have started that."

"What do you mean?" I asked, sitting up.

"Nothing. Just forget about it."

"Jon, if something's bothering you, please, you have to tell me."

I got up and went over to him, putting my hands on his shoulders and leaning my forehead against his bare back.

"I'm... I'm just not sure I did it for the right reasons," He said, hanging his head. "I just wanted Jess and Sarah to stop bothering me about it. I should have told you, but I just wanted to get it over with. And then I just lost my head, and before I knew it we were..."

"Jon," I said, stepping back. "Turn around."

He slowly turned to face me, his eyes searching my face. I held his gaze for a moment, then reached down and took hold of his still-erect shaft in my right hand.

"Jon," I said, looking him in the eye, "I'm doing this because I love you. Is that reason enough?"

He gulped and nodded silently.

"Then take mine."

He reached down, and I felt him gently wrap his fingers around me. I shivered, but kept my gaze level.

"Do you want to finish what we started?" I asked.

"Y-Yeah." He breathed, his chest heaving.

"Then stay with me."

I stepped forward until I could wrap my hand around both of our shafts. He let go when my hand brushed against his, but I shook my head at him.

"No, hold these with me," I said, never breaking eye contact with him. He nodded, and a moment later I felt his hand wrap around mine.

"Stay with me Jon," I whispered as I began to move, rubbing my cock back and forth along his own.

"I'll... try." He gasped, beginning to move back and forth himself.

For the next few minutes the only sound in the room was the sound of our labored breathing. We stared into each other's eyes the whole time, noting each gasp, each moan, each moment of ecstasy. Jon's breaths were already getting ragged and shallow, his movements more erratic and tense. I could see he was fighting against his own climax, fighting and losing ground fast.

"Stay with me Jon!" I panted, as his eyes started to wander.

"I... I c-can't. If I do, I'm gonna... HAH! Loose control..."

"It doesn't matter. Stay with me!"

He locked eyes with me again, his face contorted with the effort of holding back.

"Just let it go, Jon," I said, giving him a little bit of a squeeze.

That seemed to do it. A moment later, he squeezed his eyes shut, his mouth agape in a silent cry of ecstasy as he unloaded into my hand. Immediately, I slowed my pace, watching his face all the time. I was close too, close enough that the sensation of his pulsing shaft against my own coupled with the expression on his face was enough to send me over the edge with him.

I gasped as I shot into his hand, tilting my head back and closing my eyes as the waves of pleasure swamped me. A few seconds later the waves subsided, leaving behind a feeling of bliss that left me light headed. I leaned forward and rested my head on Jon's heaving chest, bathing in the afterglow.

For a while, neither of us moved or spoke. Eventually, Jon broke the spell, letting go of me and holding his hand up to the light coming through the window.

"You came a lot," he whispered, looking at it in wonder.

"Y-you too," I said, holding up my seed-covered hand.

He studied his hand for a few moments longer, then dropped it to his side.

"Is it all right if I take a shower?" He asked, taking a deep breath.

"If I can join you..."

"Okay."

Lucas leaned against me under the cool stream of water from the shower. I was still amazed by how good it had felt to have him hold me that way, how good I *still* felt, even after it was over. The memory of the face he'd made as he came made my chest feel too tight, as if something was trying to get out.

"Did you like it?" He asked, brushing his wet hair out of his eyes so he could see my face.

"Yeah. It was incredible." I smiled. No, I *beamed* at him. "Nothing's ever made me feel that good before. I feel like I could run laps around the city, or jump over a house or something."

He laughed, a calmer, softer laugh than his usual one.

"I'm glad. You seem... better, somehow. Like, something was bothering you, but whatever it was went away."

I laughed too.

"Yeah, I do feel that way. Like there's nothing to worry about." I sighed in pleasure. "I'd forgotten what it felt like to not worry."

"What about me?" He asked. "Am I different?"

I thought about it for a moment.

"You're calmer. You just seem really... fulfilled."

"Yeah, I do feel really peaceful right now." He said, yawning.

"And tired?"

"Yeah. And tired."

I turned the water off, reaching for our towels.

"Hey, I think the bed here might be a little sweaty from earlier," I said. "Maybe we should go crash in my room, now that we're clean."

"Sure."

"Come on then."

We wrapped the towels around ourselves and went across the hall to my room. I shut the door behind us as Luc dropped his towel and climbed into bed. I smiled at him as he pulled the covers up around his chin against the cold.

"I'll be there to warm it up in a bit," I said, hanging my towel on its hook by the door.

He yawned again as I sat down next to him and slid under the covers.

"Breakfast at Payne's tomorrow?" I asked, snuggling up against him.

"Yeah. Sounds good."

"Goodnight then."

"Night Jon. I love you."

"Love you too, Luc."

END PART TWO