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### **Emo Boi Finds Love** **Chapter Forty Five**

Luke sobbed into Tyler's shoulder for about twenty minutes before he finally sat up and wiped his eyes. "I need to get ready to go home," he announced sadly as he got up from the bed. First he pulled dry clothes from his backpack went into the bathroom and got dressed. He came back with his hair neatly combed and started putting his things, including the wet board shorts, into the backpack. While he was doing that, Tyler took the opportunity to get dressed, so they met downstairs.

Thomas was in the living room puffing on a pipe. The smell of the tobacco was slightly sweet, but not unpleasant. Tyler arrived downstairs first and sat down to talk to Thomas. Luke came down a few minutes later. He was a little dismayed to see that Kevin was still out by the pool on a lounge chair sipping a drink. "What an ass," he muttered, just barely loud enough for Thomas to hear. Tyler seemed to have missed his comment.

Luke plopped down on the sofa next to Tyler, dropping his backpack on the floor in front of him. "Did he even come ask where we were?" Luke asked Thomas, who simply shook his head 'no.'

“Asshole,” Tyler commented.

Not having met Luke until the day before, he didn’t know where the boy lived, so he asked. Luke’s home was in the same neighborhood, but about a half mile from Thomas’ house. “That’s a pretty decent walk,” Thomas observed. “Why don’t you give him a ride home while I throw Kevin out?” Thomas asked Tyler.

“What, in your Cadillac?” Tyler asked. “I don’t have a car you know.”

“Actually, I thought you might need a car to drive while you’re here, so I was planning on letting you use my other one while you’re here. You *will* need something to get you to and from school won’t you?”

“Other one?” Tyler questioned. He hadn’t noticed the Camaro in the garage’s third stall.

Thomas pointed into the kitchen. “There are sets of keys hanging on a rack next to the door going out to the garage, the set farthest from the door is the one you want. There’s a garage door remote clipped to the visor above the driver seat. Just remember not to bump into anything with it.”

Tyler gave an exaggerated sigh. “I didn’t bump into anything when I drove the Caddy, did I?”

“Nope,” Thomas replied. “But now you can’t come back later and tell me that the ‘don’t bump into anything’ rule only applied to the Cadillac.”

Tyler shrugged and gave another exaggerated sigh. “Well, you did say you’re anal retentive...” Tyler then looked over to Luke, who seemed amused by the exchange. “You ready to go?”

Luke glanced out to where Kevin was lounging by the pool still, stood and started toward the kitchen. He paused and glanced back to Tyler, who had not yet gotten up from the sofa. “Yeah, I’m ready,” he said flatly. “Are you?”

Tyler got up and followed Luke into the kitchen. He located the set of keys he was looking for, took them from the rack and took Luke out into the garage. Tyler was unable to hide his surprise when he saw the Camaro. The car looked as if it may just as well have been sitting on the showroom floor. Tyler and Luke got into the car and checked out the interior; other than a new stereo system in the dash it too was in showroom condition and completely vintage. Tyler pushed the button to open the garage door and as it began to roll up, he inserted the key into the dash and turned it gently to start the ignition.

The engine jumped to life with a throaty roar. Tyler unlatched the roof from the top of the windshield and touched the button to retract it. Once the car’s top was down, Tyler shifted the car into reverse and backed out into the street. Luke gave Tyler directions and a few minutes

later they pulled up in front of his house. There was a dilapidated truck with some ladders and assorted other junk hanging out of the back, It definitely didn't fit with the surrounding neighborhood and the yard in front of this house was notably less well kept than any of the others. "That's my stepfather's truck," Luke explained without being asked. "When he works he's sort of a 'handyman.' He doesn't seem to work very often though, mostly he sits in the living room and drinks beer while he watches TV."

"He sounds charming," Tyler remarked sarcastically.

"I just wish it didn't seem like he was eying me up all the time. He's old, fat and gross; he just sits in his chair and drinks beer all day, burping, farting and smoking these foul smelling cigarettes."

Tyler chuckled a little. "Sounds like you two have really bonded."

Luke turned in his seat and punched Tyler playfully on the arm. He reached into the backseat to grab his backpack. As he was getting out of the car, Bill came out onto the front porch. He was wearing an old pair of well faded overalls with only one shoulder strap fastened and a dirty 'wife beater' t-shirt that looked as if it may once have been white. He drained the last of one can of beer, tossed the can down onto the porch floor and flipped the tab on another to open it.

He took a long pull from the can before stepping off the porch and walking out into the street. He took a considering look at the car, then at Tyler. He took another pull from his beer and asked "So, is this one of your rich little fag friends?"

Tyler straightened up a little in the driver's seat and shot a hard look at Luke's stepfather. Using a horribly fake British accent, Tyler replied. "My good man, fag is slang for a cigarette and I can quite assure you I am bloody well not one of those."

"Fuckin' fairy," Bill muttered. Then he looked over to Luke who was standing on the other side of the car. In a much more pronounced tone he continued, "And you get your little pansy ass inside. Your mother's been worried sick. That leaving a note and thinking it makes everything okay shit isn't going to cut it. I have enough to do around here without having to listen to her complaining that she doesn't know where you are all weekend."

'Have enough beer drinking to do,' Luke thought. 'Like you ever do anything else.'

Luke's face assumed a disgusted look, but he walked around the car and headed into the house. It was easy for Tyler to tell how reluctant he was to do so. Tyler wished he'd had a chance to give Luke his phone number in case he wanted to talk. He had a feeling the younger boy might need someone he could talk to and it seemed pretty apparent to Tyler that Kevin wasn't exactly the listening type.

Tyler waited until Luke had gone into the house before he put the car back into gear and drove away. He drove slowly through the tree-lined streets on his way back to his new home,

looking over the area. With the exception of the house where he had dropped Luke off, all the homes looked well-kept and had nicely manicured lawns. Having met Luke's stepfather, he didn't wonder why that was. Even though he had never met the woman, he did wonder why Luke's mother would have chosen to marry such a useless specimen of humanity.

Tyler was almost home when his phone started to vibrate indicating incoming text messages. Rather than pull over to read them, he decided to wait until he was back at the house. He pulled the car into the garage stall and pushed the button on the remote to shut the door behind him, but didn't bother to put the top up on the convertible. After he got out, he circled the car once again, running his hand over the smooth finish, admiring how well the car had been kept. As he walked into the kitchen from the garage, he was pulling his phone from his pocket to check his texts. He was caught off guard by Shakespeare and found himself once again lying flat on his back on the floor with the dog licking his face.

Thomas stepped into the room and with a snap of his fingers the dog moved away. Thomas looked down and told him, "Don't worry, once you feed him a few times you won't get that same greeting."

After he wiped his face, Tyler replied "I guess I better start feeding him pretty soon. I'm not sure I can take this sort of greeting every time I come in the door." Tyler checked his text messages – the incoming messages he'd received as he had driven home from Luke's house were all from Jayson. Tyler poured a glass of iced tea and plopped down onto the sofa and began to answer.

Jayson's first message had been 'We've only just met but I really miss you.'

Tyler responded in kind, and several messages later, Tyler was telling Jayson about Luke and how he felt badly for him because of the way Kevin – presumably his boyfriend – treated him and also his miserable home life. He left out the alcohol fueled sexual encounter, but not the skinny dipping. Tyler still didn't quite buy into Kevin's idea that since he and Jayson weren't 'officially' dating that there was nothing wrong with what they had done – and he was feeling guilty about it.

Later that afternoon he went to Thomas. First Tyler told him that Jayson was coming to visit. Then he asked for advice about dealing with his guilt over the sexual encounter he'd had the night before with Kevin and Luke.

Thomas puffed on his pipe, assuming what Tyler thought of as a studious look. Finally he spoke. "The way I see it you have two choices. You either completely forget about it and hope Kevin and Luke do as well, or you can just tell Jayson what happened and hope he understands."

"And if he doesn't?" Tyler was fishing for the answer he wanted to hear.

"If he doesn't, think how much worse it will be when he does find out. And I'm pretty sure that if he and Kevin meet, there's a better than average chance that he will," Thomas

answered. Then after a pause he added, “And if he’s coming to visit, since Kevin lives practically right across the street, I don’t think there’s much chance they won’t meet.”

“You really think Kevin would tell him?” Tyler asked.

Answering a question with a question, Thomas replied, “Based on just what you know right now, do you think Kevin would want to try to get into Jayson’s pants?”

Tyler just sat and looked at Thomas for a moment as he pondered what Thomas had said. Finally he muttered quietly, “Jayson looks like a fucking god, so yeah, I think he would.”

“And I’d be willing to bet with that as his goal, he’d use whatever he could to accomplish it,” Thomas observed. “Kevin doesn’t exactly seem to be afflicted with a strong sense of morality.”

Tyler just nodded his agreement. The question of explaining what had happened between him and the two other boys was running through his mind. Finally he asked what Thomas thought he should say.

“Just tell him what happened,” Thomas replied. “The easiest way to remember what you said is to just tell the truth. And as they used to say on all the old TV police shows, ‘the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.’ That way you don’t have to worry about something you forgot to mention coming up later.”

“I was afraid you were going to say that,” Tyler said, frowning.

“Trust me, it will be worse if it comes up later,” Thomas repeated. “It’s all up to you though.”

Tyler shot Thomas an irritated look. He’d hoped for an easy way out, but Thomas wasn’t offering him one. He picked his phone back up and shot Jayson a short text message: ‘Skype pls?’

A moment later, Jayson replied affirmatively and Tyler ran up to his room to get online. He was greeted by a huge grin from Jayson. He only wished he was able to return it. Jayson quickly realized something was wrong and asked Tyler what it was.

“I really need to tell you something, but I’m not exactly sure how…” Tyler started. Tyler watched Jayson’s expression change as he told him about the sexual encounter he’d left out earlier. It started out as disappointment, but as Tyler got to the end and described how he had refused to go along with Kevin’s plans for Luke, the expression seemed to turn to one more of relief. Tyler included Kevin’s rationalization that since he and Jayson weren’t really ‘officially’ dating that it technically wasn’t ‘cheating’ – but that he still didn’t feel right about what had happened.

Tyler finished with the statement “I really hope I haven’t fucked things up before they really had a chance to get started and that you can forgive me.”

Jayson had waited while Tyler bared open his soul about the rest of what had happened the night before. It was only when Tyler had finished that Jayson told him that he was glad Tyler had finished the story. As Thomas had suggested would probably be the case, Jayson was understanding about what had happened – because Tyler had not tried to hide it from him. Without actually saying it, Jayson left the implication that if he had found out about it later, his reaction to the news would not have necessarily been the same.

However, the next thing Jayson said caused Tyler a moment of unease. “So Tyler, I think we should get a couple things straight…”

Tyler gulped, “Sure…”

“If it should happen to come up again, we *are* dating now, right?” Jayson asked.

After breathing a huge sigh of relief, Tyler exclaimed “Absolutely!”

“And therefore, I think we should have some ground rules… Skinny dipping is okay – that’s just looking, and I don’t think either of us will be able to stop *looking* at other guys, but no sex unless we’re both there.”

Tyler was a little surprised by that proclamation. “So, um, does that mean my new boyfriend is into group sex?”

Jayson chuckled. “Your new boyfriend…” He smiled at Tyler through the web cam. “I like the way that sounds. I’m honestly not sure though, I’ve never tried it. But if I *do* try it, it will be with you there. And I want you to agree that if *you* do it again, that I’ll be there.”

Tyler now had a huge grin on his face and blew a kiss to the camera. “Promise!” he replied.

The last thing Jayson said to Tyler as they were signing off was “Love you, and see you soon!”

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Tyler was beaming when he came back downstairs to join Thomas in the living room. Thomas looked up at him and said “So I take it things went well?”

“Yep. Pretty much just like you said.”

“So all is right in the world and I don’t need to worry about you crying yourself to sleep tonight?” Thomas teased.

“Fuck you,” Tyler replied, flipping him off at the same time but grinning widely. Jayson was coming to visit, and he was now officially Tyler’s boyfriend. What could be better?

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Comments and feedback are welcomed at [t\\_macd@comcast.net](mailto:t_macd@comcast.net). Flames will be ignored by me, but the senders will meet with an untimely and horrible demise as the result of the curse of the old gypsy woman who once lived across the lake, and inexplicably took a liking to me. Anger her spirit at your own risk; I’m sure she’s looking for someone to haunt.

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