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Emo Boi Finds Love **Chapter Forty Six**

It was Monday morning and Tyler lay by the pool working on his tan, which was coming along nicely. A pair of silver nylon mesh shorts, the only piece of clothing he'd worn out to the pool when he'd come down from his room were lying on the concrete deck next to the lounge he was relaxing on. There was hardly any hint of a tan line to be seen now. Shakespeare, the huge German Shepherd puppy, was curled up by his feet. At a glance, the dog appeared to be napping, but his ears were perked up which told Tyler he was really on the alert for anything he considered to be a threat. Tyler had been living here for just over a week and had settled into a routine; part of which was to spend every morning by the pool. Although his college orientation would be held at the end of this week, regular classes would start for him one week from today, so he wanted to enjoy the last of his summer break.

Kevin and Luke had both been back to see Tyler, Luke more so than Kevin. They had brought a couple of their other friends with them a few times, so Tyler was getting to know a few of the other local boys. Some had been gay, some had been straight, a couple had stated they were bi-curious and one described himself as a tri-sexual, saying that he'd try anything at least once. None seemed to have an aversion to skinny dipping in the pool, regardless of their

particular orientation. It didn't seem to matter to Kevin what their orientation was either, he wasn't shy about making passes at any of them. Tyler was even beginning to warm up to Kevin some, but studiously shied away from his advances. A couple of the other boys had tried to make advances as well, but Tyler let it be known that he and Jayson now considered themselves to be in a committed relationship.

One thing Tyler did have to admit – every single one of them was at least cute if not stunningly gorgeous.

Tyler had even begun to wave to Almarita, the old gypsy woman who often sat on the dock across the lake fishing when he saw her. While she might have been able to tell he was most usually naked by the pool, he was convinced that there was no way the old woman could see clearly enough to tell any detail, so he didn't let it bother him. His exhibitionist tendencies definitely helped in this regard. Only once had she returned his wave, but had sometimes tipped her straw hat in reply. Thomas had told Tyler that she was nearly deaf and wasn't able to see much either. Today she hadn't yet arrived at her usual spot.

Tyler stretched out his arm to reach the plastic glass on the small wrought iron table next to him and took a sip from his iced tea. He was getting to really enjoy this beverage that seemed to be a real staple in the southeast United States. As he placed the glass back on the table, Shakespeare lifted his head and perked up his ears. Tyler thought at first it was his movement that had alerted the dog, but then he stood, faced the house and started to bark. Tyler wasn't yet accustomed to all the dog's mannerisms, but at least he no longer knocked him down whenever he entered the house and was obeying him when he would give the dog commands. This was sometimes difficult for Tyler because Thomas had trained the dog mostly using commands in German, a language Tyler did not speak.

Not quite sure what the dog was interested in, Tyler got up, pulled his shorts on and followed him into the house through the sliding glass door as the dog trotted in through his doggie door. As he walked in, he heard the doorbell ringing. Shakespeare was already standing next to the front door, still barking.

Tyler held onto the dog's collar as he pulled the door open. He didn't want the dog to lunge out at whoever it was ringing the bell; he was expecting a guest, but it seemed quite a little early for his arrival. Tyler was somewhat taken aback to find Luke standing there. Luke was wearing a t-shirt, shorts and beige slip-on deck shoes – apparently normal high school attire in this area from what Tyler had gathered from conversations he'd had with some of the local boys he'd been meeting. Tyler didn't expect to see Luke today – at least maybe not until the afternoon. Tyler's classes might not start for another week, but the high school classes Luke should have been attending were scheduled to start that day. The other thing that surprised him was that one side of Luke's face was swollen and he had a black eye. “Hey, can you open the garage so I can stash my bike?” Luke asked. “I really don't want anyone to know where I am right now.” He seemed shaken.

Tyler nodded and shut the door. He walked back through the house to open a garage door for Luke to bring his bike inside, Shakespeare trotting along beside him as he went. “Make

sure you put it out of the way, Thomas is supposed to be back sometime soon,” he told Luke as he pushed the bike into the garage, indicating the center stall. Thomas had been away overnight on a business trip and was due back sometime that day.

Once Tyler had pushed the button to reclose the garage door, he took Luke’s hand and led him into the house. “What happened to your eye?” he asked once he had Luke seated in the living room.

“Bill,” Luke answered. He didn’t seem to want to offer any further information.

“When did it happen?” Tyler pressed. Luke had been there the afternoon before and had been fine then.

“Last night, after I got home. Look, I don’t really want to talk about it right now.”

Tyler decided not to push for any more information just then, but he was determined to find out what had happened to his new friend. He grabbed a remote from the table and punched a button to turn on the stereo. The morning radio show Thomas liked to listen to was on, so Tyler turned the volume down to just provide some background noise. For the most part it was just the same lame stuff every morning show did, but for some reason Thomas seemed to like it, and every once in a while even Tyler found some of it humorous. He went to the kitchen and poured a glass of tea for Luke, then he invited the boy to join him on the patio.

Luke sat down in a chair next to Tyler’s lounge and kicked off his shoes. He leaned back in his chair and took a swig of his tea. “You got any aspirin?” he asked. “My head is killing me.”

Tyler told Luke to hang on for a moment while he went inside. He returned a few moments later with a small paper package. “All I could find was this – it’s a Goody Powder.”

“I’ve had them before,” Luke told him. “They’re kinda nasty at first, but once you wash them down with something to kill the taste they’re okay and they work fast. That’s all I care about right now.” He opened the packet, dumped the powder into his mouth and washed it down with a big swig of his tea.

Tyler thought the liquid in Luke’s glass looked a significantly lighter shade now than his own and glanced over to the bar on the other side of the pool deck. It appeared that there was now a bottle out of the rack and on the counter below the bar top. He hoped that his new friend wasn’t drinking this early in the morning.

“So I take it you don’t plan on going to school today?” Tyler asked.

“I don’t want anyone to see me like this,” Luke answered. “It’s sort of embarrassing, ya know?”

Tyler just nodded.

They sat silently for a while. Tyler looked over at Luke periodically and finally noticed a tear making its way slowly down Luke's cheek. Tyler got up with his towel and using a corner wiped the tear away. He bent over and pushing Luke's hair back, kissed him on the forehead. "If you want to talk about it, I'm here for you," he told Luke. "But if you don't want to I'll respect that. All I'll say is that it might help if you do talk to someone about it – whether that's me or someone else."

Luke smiled up at Tyler and smiled. "Thanks, I appreciate it, right now I'm just real tired – I didn't get much sleep last night," he replied. He wasn't yet ready to talk about what happened. Instead he picked up his glass and took another large gulp of his iced tea, sat back in the chair and closed his eyes.

A few minutes later Luke was snoring lightly. Tyler got back up and took the glass from his hand. Since they were out on the pool deck, it was actually made of plastic, but Tyler was only thinking about keeping it from spilling. He sniffed the beverage before setting the glass down on the table between their chairs. People always said you couldn't smell vodka, but Tyler could tell that Luke had spiked his tea pretty generously with it. Stepping over to the bar confirmed his suspicion. The bottle that had looked out of place to him a few minutes earlier was Stolichnaya vodka.

Tyler shook his head and put the bottle back in its place in the rack. We was worried about his friend drinking first thing in the morning. Tyler remembered when he'd done the same sort of thing – a particularly troubled time in his life when he'd been living . . . , 'no,' thought, 'I was just *staying* with Drake. That wasn't really living.' Reminiscing about that part of his life made him think about Ollie and the events in his life that had ultimately led to his beautiful Ollie's untimely death – the bad family life at his mother's house, running away, taking drugs and drinking far too much to dull the pain and sometimes hustling tricks on the street to get by. A tear rolled down Tyler's cheek as he thought about his dead former boyfriend. He made a vow to himself then to do whatever he could to prevent the same thing from happening to Luke.

Tyler needed to relieve the depressed mood he felt himself slipping into – today was supposed to be special – he dropped his shorts onto the concrete by his lounge chair, took a few steps and dove into the pool. The cool water was refreshing and after a couple laps he was feeling much better. He swam over to the corner of the pool and walked up the steps out of the water. He didn't dry himself, but dropped the back on the lounge so he could lie flat, spread his towel and lay down on his stomach. He didn't exactly sleep, he just lightly dozed.

When Luke finally stirred Tyler noticed the movement and sat up as well. "You ready for a dip in the pool?" Tyler asked. "It might make you feel better." He pointed out.

"I don't know, the Goody's is helping, but I'm still pretty sore..." Luke replied.

"Get in the hot tub then, that'll make you feel better," Tyler wasn't giving up easily.

Luke frowned, but he couldn't argue Tyler's logic. Still, he knew that to get into the hot tub he would have to get undressed – at least taking his shirt off if nothing else, and he'd figured out enough about Tyler by now to know that would mean answering some questions he wasn't sure he was ready to right now.

Tyler was already grabbing his hand to pull him up from his chair. "C'mon, get up and get in the tub. You know it'll help. It sure can't hurt."

Tyler managed to pull Luke up out of the chair and tried to encourage him by putting his arms around Luke and started to lift his shirt. Luke flinched when Tyler's hands brushed against his back. Tyler pulled his hands back and stepped around behind Luke. Gently, and being careful not to touch Luke's back again, Tyler lifted the back of his shirt.

Tyler gasped – there were nasty red welts all over his back. It looked as if he had been whipped. "Okay, spill it," Tyler demanded. "What happened and who did this to you?" The time for not asking questions was over.

"I told you, it was Bill. When I got home last night he'd been drinking beer all day, like usual – he was totally wasted. He called me a little faggot tried to get me to blow him. I wouldn't do it so he started to hit me. Then he pulled off his belt and started to whip my back with it." By the time Luke finished telling his story he was sobbing. Tyler wanted to pull him into a hug to comfort him, but knew that would only cause him more physical pain.

"Take off your shirt and lay down on your stomach," Tyler said as he lowered the backrest on a lounge chair and spread a towel over it.

While Luke did as he had instructed, Tyler stepped over to a planter at the edge of the patio and started breaking off pieces of a bright green plant growing there. Luke watched and asked what he was doing. "This is aloe," Tyler replied. "It's got healing properties that are normally used for burns but it will help with these too." When he got back to the lounge Luke was lying on, Tyler saw that a couple of the welts extended below the beltline. "Loosen your shorts," he directed. "A couple of these go down lower and I'll need to get to those too."

Luke lifted his hips to unbutton and unzip his shorts and pushed them down onto his thighs but left his boxers in place. He trusted that Tyler was just going to let him pull them down as much or as little as he needed to apply the salve from the plant. Tyler started at the uppermost welts which started at his shoulder blades and worked his way down Luke's back, squeezing the juices out of the aloe stalks and gently rubbing them into Luke's wounds.

Luke found the juice from the plant cool and soothing. Tyler's hands gently rubbing it into his back felt pretty good too; a little too good. As Tyler's hands reached his waistband and pulled his underwear back so he could begin rubbing the aloe into the globes of his ass Luke found himself becoming involuntarily aroused. He tried to fight it, but it was useless – his body was enjoying the touching and despite anything Luke tried to think of to curtail his growing erection, he soon found himself quite hard.

It got even more embarrassing for Luke when Tyler discovered that the wounds went lower than he'd first thought. Tyler pulled Luke's boxers down bit by bit to reveal how far down the welts went. Finally Tyler reversed his tactic and pulled the loose fitting legs of the boxers up instead. He saw that Luke's entire ass was red and enflamed and the welts reached down just to the tops of his thighs. Tyler realized that there was only one way these wounds could be so severe and cover the area they did – Luke's back and butt had to have been bare and unprotected when his step-father whipped him with the belt.

When Tyler finished rubbing the salve from the plant into Luke's wounds, he sent him upstairs to bed. It stood to reason that cool sheets would be better for him than laying on a plastic lounge chair in the sun. But now the question that preyed on his mind was what to do next. He didn't want Luke to have to go back to an abusive home environment, but he didn't know how Thomas would react if he asked to let Luke stay with them. Despite Thomas telling him that it was his house too as long as he lived there and he could have whatever guests he wanted over, he also remembered the 18 year old rule Thomas had about people staying there.

'Nothing ventured, nothing gained,' he thought. He'd just explain the situation to Thomas when he got home and hope for the best.

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Thomas was speeding up I-95 through north Florida on his way home when the RADAR detector on his dash started to chirp. Instinctively he hit his brakes even before checking his speed – he tended to think of the posted speed limit signs on the highways only as "suggestions." He had the car to within 10 miles per hour of the posted speed in seconds, but his quick braking clearly caught the driver behind him unaware as Thomas glanced up at the rearview mirror. 'That's alright,' he thought; "when he sees the police car in a moment or two, he'll get over it.' Still, Thomas cursed the delay, even though getting pulled over would have cost him far more time – and likely quite a bit of money to boot.

Thomas was running later than he anticipated after the meeting he'd had with a new client that morning. He'd expected to give a short presentation on the risk assessment he'd conducted for the company's computer network and be on his way, but their CEO had insisted on attending the meeting and asked all sorts of questions that he didn't understand the answers to anyway, some of which Thomas thought actually passed into the zone of stupidity. Now he was running over an hour late based on his original projection for getting home.

Thomas had an important personal engagement that afternoon that he didn't want to be late for. It had been a long time since he'd seen the person he was supposed to be meeting and wanted to make sure everything would go as he had planned.

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He had been told that he had to be careful with the antique convertible; even so, he knew how much it was worth so he would have been anyway – he wasn't familiar with the area in which he was driving so he needed to drive slowly and pay attention and watch for street

markers. Finally he saw the large brick entryway with signs made of black marble with gold lettering announcing the Ashley Woods subdivision and he knew he was in the right place. After signaling, he slowed further and made the turn. It wouldn't be long now... A few corners and curves later and he arrived at the address he was looking for.

He parked the car in front of the third garage stall and peered up at the sky. It was a beautiful sunny day so he didn't bother to put the top up on the car before getting out and walking toward the front door. 'So this is Thomas' house,' he thought. It was an impressive two-story stone residence with a well-manicured lawn. A tall privacy fence enclosed the backyard. He felt a little trepidation as he approached the door of the house. This was a big step and one that he wasn't quite sure he was ready to take. He stood on the front porch thinking for a few minutes. He hadn't rang the doorbell yet – there was still time for him to back out, if he wanted to. After a moment of hesitation, his finger touched the button next to the door. He could hear the chimes ringing inside the house; seconds later there was the sound of a large dog barking.

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Comments and feedback are welcomed at 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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