

Revelations

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by

Jonathan Longhorn

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Chapter Two

As they sat eating cold fried chicken, chips & salsa, guacamole, potato salad, and having more beer, neither brother spoke for what seemed to them both to be three days past forever. Finally, the questions that had been percolating in Cody's head came to a boil.

"Matt?"

"Hmm?" Matt responded with a mouthful of potato salad.

"You know, um. . . ." Cody paused to stuff a chip dripping with guacamole into his mouth. "Boyfriend? Lover? Sheet ripping fuck bud?"

Matt choked. Sheet ripping fuck bud? How the hell did a term like that come out of such an angelic. . . . Sheet ripping fuck bud? God—didn't that sound good? *If only there was a sheet ripping fuck bud right now, little brother.*

Maybe being honest wasn't such a good idea after all. Matt had not expected Cody to go there, or—not to go that *far* there. He gulped at his beer. He opened his mouth. It slammed shut. He opened it again; it slammed shut. Sigh. *Too late, Matthew. You opened this worm bucket.*

“A friend or two that I messed around with back home.” He glanced up over the chicken leg he'd been gnawing on and looked Cody squarely in the eye. “But, no—nothing like a . . . Nothing like what you asked.”

“Please tell me that you don't go out looking for it, and—you know. . . .” Cody's question was interrupted by a wave of his brother's hand.

“No,” Matt said defensively. He felt his face flushing at this line of questioning from his innocent younger brother. “I'm gay and horny as hell, Cody but, no—I don't go out looking for it. I'm still relatively new to actually facing the reality of who I am . . . and . . . acknowledging what all this means.” He stopped and gnawed—taking a few moments to work through his answer more fully. “For a long time I had myself convinced that it was just hormones . . . getting my nut. It took a while for me to admit to myself that I'm gay and that the closet is no place to live.”

Silence enveloped the two brothers for several minutes—silence as thick as the fog that was now completely encompassing the city. Cody was surprised to find his mind racing through candidates who might have been sheet ripping fuck buds back home. He came up with several possibilities amongst Matthew's closest friends and teammates but only one name came back over and over. Without looking up from his plate where he was spreading a thick glob of guacamole and salsa over a chicken breast, the name slipped through his lips.

“Tanner.”

Matt's hand froze between the table and his mouth. Salsa dripped into his lap. He shoved the chip into his mouth and then wiped his shorts. “Tanner?”

Cody swallowed a mouthful of his concoction. “Tanner is probably your very best friend. And, well he's. . . .” an impish grin and shrug. “And, well—he's dead on into your looks and body and sexual heat, and. . . .” He sipped at his beer which was now in a frosted mug instead out of the can. “And, well—he *is* gay.” Eyebrows raised and lowered and the teenager flashed a knowing grin. “Isn't he?”

I know Tanner's gay but how the hell do you know? Matt finished wiping the spilled salsa and reached for the potato salad. That cherubic gaze aimed in his direction said that he wouldn't get an answer to that question so he moved on. “I won't ask the obvious question, here, little brother.”

Mental Memo: Self—call Tanner.

“Can I ask you something really . . . personal?” Cody's head tilted slightly as he waited for a 'yes' or 'no.'

Matt face clouded as he tried to second guess what was coming. “No, I don't wear dresses or make-up and I couldn't recite the verses of any Broadway musical if my life depended on it.”

Cody laughed out loud and tossed a meat-sucked-clean chicken bone across the table. Matt ducked just in time and the bone sailed into the kitchen and skidded to a thumping stop against the kick plate under the sink.

“What kind of, um . . . stuff . . . are you. . . . You know—into?” Gosh, maybe this is how Dan Rather got his start—interrogating big brothers over a dining room table. “I mean, okay—you just said you’re not into women’s clothing. But like, you know—leather? B&D? S&M? Toys? Slings & poppers? Group sex? Dogs . . . sheep . . . orangutans?” He caught himself as he suddenly realized how many things had just slid out of his mouth. Where in the hell did all of that come from? He soothed himself as he realized that his face flush couldn’t be anywhere as crimson as Matthew’s at this very moment. He realized it was way too late. He’d already thrown the inquiry into overdrive; but he reworked it slightly. “I mean, what are you into with a, um—special . . . sheet ripping fuck bud?”

Dogs . . . sheep . . . orangutans?

Matt’s head shook in disbelief. He stared at his brother, amazed that a question like that would come out of him. Then again, Cody had always been an inquiring kid. He knew, however that his brother was interested in his life, his welfare—*him*; something that had always kept them connected throughout their lives. Honesty had been a mainstay between the two of them. He had to keep Cody on his side.

“It depends,” Matt said finally. He took a gulp of beer as he tried to figure out how far to take this, or—to let his brother push it. Somehow, he felt Cody had a firm grasp on the throttle in this freight train and he would not relinquish control until they had blasted into, through, and beyond the brick wall at the end of the tunnel. “The timing. The circumstance. The other guy. A lot of it depends on how we gel. How we *fit* with each other.”

Cody nodded affirmatively; although, to be honest—he didn’t have a clue where an answer might have been located in that reply. “What do you like to do the best?”

Matt scooped up plates in one fluid motion and escaped to the kitchen. Cody grabbed the bowls of potato salad and dips and followed; he cornered him between the sink and stove. Time for one of his classic cherub strikes. He flashed that smile. The eyes twinkled. If he stepped any closer to his brother he would be smack dab inside those onion skins with Matthew.

“Well?”

“I, um. . . .” Matt started. And, stopped. He turned around to face his brother and immediately stepped back against the counter. *Geez, why don’t you just climb into my shorts with me, little brother?*

“I love kissing a guy—stroking and exploring his body. I like to suck dick and. . . .” Great. Fucking shorts. They hardly covered things when they weren’t reaching for the stars. Why was he throwing a telephone pole now? With his baby brother inches from him? *Back up, Cody. Let me out of this corner before I. . . .*

“Have you ever,” Cody caught himself in this question—paused; he felt his cheeks going to apple red. He turned and walked back into the other room.

Matt stood motionless for several moments wondering what that was about. After he cleaned the kitchen, he walked out into the living room. Cody was sitting on the floor looking through a gay magazine that he'd found stuffed under one of the couch cushions. Matt froze in his tracks. *Shit!* He wondered what he had ever done to piss off Couchonius Cushionus Maximus. Why hadn't he put that fucking mag away? Wait—this was *his* home. Not his father's. He crossed the room and dropped to the floor beside his little brother. What the hell; they were being honest here, right?

Cody looked up and grinned—his brow rising like it always had when he was a kid and was about to slide into cocky mode. The expression flowed into a wry grin. “Are you as big as this guy?”

Matt coughed and then deflected. “I . . . don't think it says in here how tall he is, Cody.”

“Nice try,” Cody countered sarcastically. “That's not what I meant and you know it.”

“Is yours?” Matt countered.

Cody just smiled in response and turned the page. A guy with blond hair was getting fucked by a cop. His eyes were rolled back into the back of their sockets. His toes looked like they were curling. His body was dripping with sweat. The cop's butt muscles were tight and straining with the obvious power of his thrusts. Cody wondered again if Matthew went there; and, if so—was he on top or was he the wide receiver?

“Ouch! How can you take something that huge up your butt? Wouldn't it split you into pieces,” he asked as he glanced up over the top of the magazine and saw that his brother's eyes were fixed on the picture as well. The expression on Matthew's face spoke volumes. Yes—it could be done.

“You'd be surprised, Cody,” Matt responded. Distant. Hoarse. “There are ways you can get the guy ready and actually begging for your cock up his ass.”

Cody looked back to the magazine and then back up to his big brother. “Um, yeah?”

“Yeah, Cody,” Matt said as he broke that stare and slid up onto the couch in hopes that he could hide the raging boner in his shorts from his little brother. “Yeah—you can get a guy so ready for it and so turned on that he'll beg you to fuck his brains into next Tuesday's midnight special at Madam Tootsie's Grille on Main.”

The impish grin slid into place. Cody's eyes twinkled more animatedly. “I bet you couldn't make me beg.”

(End of Chapter)

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