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- John Doe

(Hint: Chapters are from different character's perspectives)

## Get There

Ten: Beau

By: John Doe

James and I argued for a bit more after Kan left. For some reason I kept telling myself that James was feigning not knowing who Kan was going with. But finally I relented. I was jealous. Super jealous. Insanely jealous and pissed off. Then I was also pissed off at Kan for practically setting Susan on my lap. I knew she liked me from freshman year. She was a pretty girl but I just didn't do well with girls. I prefer boys, guys, guys like Kan. Fuck. I'm not going to winter formal with Susan but now I have to go to see who Kan's date is. And I can't go alone because everyone in the freaking hall and Susan's friends all saw me stand there stupidly with Susan all over me. I was too shocked that Kan just threw me over without a care. Of course everyone else took it as a yes. I'm gonna kill the little snake.

Then he fucking ups and disappears. He didn't come to first period. I wanted so bad to chew him out, but he never showed. At lunch he was also gone. I couldn't find him at all. I ran into Lawrence, who informed me that he didn't see Kan at all during his passing periods, which he usually does. Lawrence was hanging out with some of his hockey buddies since Julie Ann seemed to be busy. I decided to hang out with them and we went out and got pizza. Finally I saw Kan afterschool but the rodent, sly as always, ran off.

Sighing I got up and got dressed. There was a hang out tonight at one of Lawrence's team mates place. It's said to be a hang out but I bet it's going to turn out to be a party. As I was dressing Lawrence walked into my room. "Your front door was unlocked," he said as he walked in, sitting on my bed. He glanced around the room. He stood up and walked around my room looking at the pictures I had up on the walls, bookcase, and night stand. "Wow you are like molesting him in some pictures and he doesn't even know it, huh," he teased me.

I smirked. "Shut up," I said.

"Seriously, look at this one," he said as picked up the frame and turned it around so I can see.

It was one of Kan and me, last year. We were camping and he dumped ice water on me while I was napping. I chased him and caught him while my mother, as always, took pictures. That time I grabbed him and lifted him over my shoulders, with him facing up, but the picture, at it's odd angle, made it seem like I had my hands down his shorts. "It's not what you think," I said.

"Right but what I think is what you wished," he snickered.

I blushed. "Fuck off."

He laughed and after he calmed down he nodded and headed for the door. "Let's go."

I nodded and walked behind him. He drove to Patrick's place. When we got there it was dark and the loud music could already be heard. "So much for a hang out," Lawrence said.

"Like you didn't know this was going to happen," I said as I grinned. When we walked through the front door we were surprised that there weren't as much people as we expected. "Beer?" Patrick said as he walked up to us.

Patrick was a semi short guy. He was taller than Kan but not as tall as Lawrence who I had a few inches on. His light brown hair was short and lightly gelled. I took the beer Patrick gave me and guzzled it.

The night went on like any party. More people flowed in and some flowed out. Most everyone was drinking and just when I thought the alcohol had went dry more would be brought in by the new people. I looked up at Lawrence and noticed that he was on his cell phone. I stood and walked over. I stumbled onto the table. Weird I felt fine.

Lawrence glanced at me and frowned. He walked over quickly and grabbed my arm. "You okay?"

I nodded. "I guess I had more than I thought. Julie Ann?" I asked referring to his phone call.

He sheepishly smiled and nodded. Damn I wished I had someone to call. I did only he doesn't know about it. Freaking Kan. Stupid oblivious Kan. I took out my phone and looked at the time. It was barely ten thirty. Shit I got drunk way too fast. I guess we did arrive kinda early. We got here at seven. I smiled, well at least Kan would still be up. I walked outside with Lawrence following me. I dialed Kan's number. It rang a few times and then went to his voice mail. I frowned. "What the fuck?" I mumbled.

"Calling Kan?" Lawrence asked.

I nodded. "He's not answering."

"Well you told me he said he was hanging out with Celes and them," Lawrence reminded me.

Right. Going through my contact list I dialed Celes. It rang a few times and I sighed when I thought she wasn't going to pick up. She finally answered when I was about to hang up. "Hello?"

"Hey Celes," I said.

"Hey Beau. What's up?" she replied.

"How's your little get together?" I asked.

She laughed. "What get together?"

I frowned and looked at Lawrence. He gave me a puzzled look. "Can I speak to Kan? I called his phone but he didn't answer," I told her.

"Beau, are you okay? Are you drunk or something?"

"I'm a little drunk," I admitted. "Let me speak to Kan."

Celes laughed. "He's not here with me. I'm at home with my family."

I paused. The anger began to surface. He better not be fucking hanging out with James by himself. “He said you guys were going to hang out tonight,” I told her.

“Sorry he’s not here. I promise.”

I sighed. I could tell she was telling the truth. “Kay thanks I’ll see you later.”

I looked at Lawrence and he had a grin on his face. “He’s a little squirt isn’t he,” Lawrence said as he chuckled.

I glared at him. “If James is,” I paused. “Fuck this. Take me back.”

Lawrence looked at me with a startle stare. “What?”

“Take me to your house. So I can go look for him.”

“Okay stalker. You know that’s not really cool. Give him some space.”

My eyes narrowed. “Are you helping him? Is that why we’re here?” I asked.

“Shit no Beau. I asked you to this, weeks ago,” he reminded me.

I nodded. Okay I was being paranoid. But Kan has never done this before. These past few weeks he has done things he had never done before. He’s not being himself. I was worried, as any good friend should be. Yes, maybe I worried more than I should but still, I can’t help it. “Can you just take me to my truck then?” I asked. “I’m not going to look for him.”

Lawrence sighed. “Alright. Let’s go.”

I walked over to him and patted his back. “Thanks.”

“You owe me big,” he replied.

“I know.”

The drive back to Lawrence’s place was shorter than I expected. Though I wasn’t proud of what I did when Lawrence dropped me off. Okay so I did this even though I don’t condone it nor would I ever do it again. Driving while you are the tiniest bit intoxicated is not a good thing ever. Sad to say, I did this. I drove all the way to Kan’s place. I noticed that his car was still in the drive way. Jeez I am an idiot. Being all worried, okay jealous, without knowing the facts for sure was stupid of me. I smiled as I walked up to the door and rang the door bell. I waited. No response. I frowned. I rang

it again. A few more times actually. Okay he would have gotten the door by now. Frustrated I walked back to my truck. He was most likely with James right now. James probably came and picked him up. The fucking bastard. Why? Kan is mine.

I started my car and drove down the street. I was going to do a stake out. Freaking I need to know what Kan is doing and why he's lying to me. Fucking James is corrupting him. He's probably touching him right now. His hands touching Kan's smooth skin, running his hands through his smooth hair. I wonder what Kan's moans and cries of ecstasy were like. They were probably kinda high like and soft. His legs wrapped around mine as I slowly explored his body with my hands. I undid my pant's button and unzipped the zipper. I was hard. Slowly I found myself and rubbed the tip. It was wet. Jeez I wonder what it'd be like to feel Kan's touch. His hands on me. I gasped as I began stroking myself. I closed my eyes. His lush lips wrapped around me, sucking on me as he moved his head up and down. The warmth of his mouth around me. I sucked in my breath. It probably would be heaven. I wonder what he would taste like. My breath became short and I arched my back. I heard the sound of an approaching motorcycle. Fuck Kan suck it. I moaned and I shot my load all over me and onto my steering wheel. Slowly I focused my senses. Damn that felt good. The real thing I knew would feel a hundred times better.

I glanced up and saw that the motorcycle I heard was parked on the road in front of Kan's house. Quickly zipping up and buttoning myself, I gazed out to look at who it was. The back rider got off and playfully shoved the driver. My eyes widen as the person who got off, took off their helmet. It was Kan. He was smiling and laughing. The driver flipped his helmet guard up and I could only see his eyes. It was a he alright., though it wasn't James. What the fuck? Who the fuck was this guy? How the fuck did Kan know this guy? I stared watching Kan interact with the unknown guy. Kan seemed really relaxed and comfortable. I felt dizzy. Kan was with some other guy. Someone I didn't know. They seemed pretty chum. Fuck Kan, he kept things from me? The fucking little twerp. He was off with some other guy. Not even James at that but someone else I didn't even know.

Plus I thought Kan hated bikes. He always said they were unsafe because nothing is around the person to protect him if anything should happen. Yet here he is, riding on a motorcycle, all happy and not angry or afraid at all. I gritted my teeth and gripped my steering wheel.

Oh tomorrow morning is going to be interesting alright. I'm gonna sleep here in my truck and confront the sneaky little rat. He won't be going anywhere. Kan's dad will be gone tomorrow morning too. He'll have no place to run. My stare was plastered on Kan. He said something to the guy and then took a step away and began walking towards the walkway to his front door. I saw him pause and he turned around and laughed and

flipped the guy on the bike his middle finger. I frowned. Kan was comfortable around this guy. Who is he?

I sat in my truck and brooded the night away. I was angry, jealous, and hurt was an understatement. Tomorrow Kan wasn't going to escape my interrogations. He was going to tell me everything. Everything I should know about whether he liked it or not.

So I couldn't sleep well last night. I drifted in and out of sleep. Kan ran through my mind all night and I got angry then sad and then angry all over again. I rang the door bell twice. I waited a few minutes and pressed the door bell again. A few seconds later Kan opened the door. He was rubbing his eyes and he peered at me through his half asleep gaze. "What the hell? You know what time it is?" he mumbled as he walked back towards his room.

I followed and walked in as I shut and locked the front doors behind us. "Amuse me," I said.

"Eight on a fucking Saturday morning," he murmured.

I didn't realize it was that early. It seemed late to me sitting in the truck. I did have nothing to do and my thoughts repeated itself over and over. So it could have seemed forever for me. Kan slipped back under his sheets and a few minutes later he was already asleep. I sighed. Quickly I took off my clothes, leaving on my boxer briefs, and snuck in next to him. I fell asleep within seconds.

"Get the fuck off me," I heard Kan sternly stated, which woke me from my sleep.

My eyes opened and I smiled as I had my arms around Kan. "What you're a great body pillow," I mumbled into his neck.

I heard him sneer as he tried to pull me off of him. "Beau I need to go pee," he said.

Sighing I released him. I heard him walk over to the bathroom and a few long seconds later I heard the toilet flush. I waited but I didn't hear him come out. I sat up and looked at the bathroom. The door was closed still. I frowned. I walked over to the bathroom door. It was quiet. Slowly I leaned against the door and placed my ear next to it. I heard him mumble something and then I heard him take in a sharp breath. What the hell was he doing? A minute or two later I heard him move and I quickly ran back to the bed as quiet as I could and threw the sheets back over me. I heard the sink water run and I knew he was brushing his teeth. Kan came out of the bathroom rubbing his inner leg thigh. I frowned and asked, "What's wrong?"

He shrugged. "Just kinda sore here."

I wanted to know why and I knew he knew why he was sore there, but I also knew I had to beat it out of him. I had to plan it carefully, ask him at the right time or else he'll completely shut down. "Sorry I didn't have enough sleep last night I guess. When I saw you get in your bed to go back to sleep I decided to sleep some more," I told him.

"To cuddle with me?" he sneered.

"Okay so I did that in my sleep. Give me a break," I lied. I know he didn't like me touching him, and he'll believe this excuse. It was a reasonable one.

He nodded and went to his computer. I went into the bathroom and took my toothbrush from the holder. There was always two there since we were kids. I had one because I spent so many nights here. It was the same for my house; Kan had one at my house too. As I brushed my teeth I wandered out. Kan turned around to look me. I can feel his eyes wander my body and I smiled in pride. I was very proud of my body. I workout everyday to be built like this and it was hard earned work. Turning around to give him a glimpse of my back side and to go back into the bathroom, I pretended to bend over to scratch an itch on my calf. I wished I could see him now. I chuckled to myself. "What's so funny?" he asked me.

I stood and shrugged my shoulder, but my amused grin was still on my face. I turned to look at him but he was already turned around. Did he even see me bend over? Damn. I rinsed my mouth and leaned against the bathroom door as I watched Kan. He had his knees up and his left arm was folded over them as he used his right hand to surf through his emails. He always had to be cute looking. After a while he glanced back at me and quickly turned to look at his computer again. Something made him uncomfortable and I knew what it was. "What?" I asked teasingly.

"Put your clothes on, really," he answered.

I walked to his bed and sat down. After a few seconds he turned around. He frowned at my lack of clothing but I didn't care. I kinda wanted to make him uncomfortable. "So what did you guys do last night?" I asked him.

He turned his attention back to his laptop. "I went to judo practice and then they met me at the dojo and we went out for a movie and then hung out at a dinner for an hour or so. Afterwards we kinda just went to the house and hung out," he replied.

So at least he was partially being honest. Though I knew his lack of vagueness was to make himself feel better because then he won't exactly be lying to me. "Who was all there?" I asked.

There was a silence. His fingers quickly swept across the keyboard. He was trying to make it seem like he was busy doing something. Finally he responded. "Eh you know."

No I don't but humor me. "Who exactly?" I asked again.

He turned to look at me and I was surprised to find a smile on his face. He shrugged. "I guess everyone but you," he replied as he turned back around.

He went back to his typing. "What are you working on?" I asked.

"My essay for government. Might as well work on it while we're doing nothing and I'm remembering it," he replied.

I sighed and laid back down. He was being difficult. I stood and finally decided to put my clothes back on. "What are your plans today?" I asked him.

He shrugged. "I'm gonna go help out the pound in a bit," he replied as he turned to face me again. "You wanna come?"

I shrugged and nodded. What else did I have to do? Plus I needed to quietly investigate him more. The next few hours or so was a blur. He made breakfast for us and then we were off on our way. At the pound we cleaned and washed dog after dog after dog. By the time we were finished with the last one I thought I didn't want to see another dog. "I can't believe you do this time to time. Who helps you when I'm not around?" I asked him.

"The supervisor or one of the other volunteer leaders," he replied.

I nodded. We cleaned up the room and I waited outside by his car as he checked out with his group. As he walked up, I couldn't help but notice how cute he looked with his hands in his pockets and his small strides. His bangs, which was brushed to the side to cover his forehead and away from his eyes, was being blown by the wind. He thought he had a big forehead so he grew out his hair to cover it. I liked his forehead but I didn't complain either when he told me he was growing out his hair. I liked the long look. He shook his head once to shake the loose strands out of his eyes. I smiled. "I know. I know. If I cut my hair I wouldn't have to shake my head and what not," he said.

He thought I was smiling at him, making fun of him. No I liked how he did that. It was really cute. His hair wasn't that long. It barely touches his shoulders. Actually the only part that actually touches his shoulders is the back. The sides curl around his

jaw line. He gazed at me. “You want me to cut my hair?” he asked me as he got into the car.

“No I like it. You can if you want,” I told him.

He shrugged. “My dad wants me to really bad. He hates it. Says I’m being a punk.”

I laughed. “Well your dad is somewhat old fashioned,” I told him.

“Yeah what punk actually styles his long hair? I mean I have mine layered and all. People mistake me for a girl from behind sometimes. Yeah I’m such a punk,” Kan said as he shook his head in annoyance.

I snickered at his comment. He has been mistaken for a girl once or twice. It’s because he’s so small next to me and with his long hair and somewhat tiny frame. Though it doesn’t happen much anymore but when we used to go out people would ask me if my ‘girlfriend’ wanted anything or who my ‘girlfriend’ was. He would turn around the people would gawk for a split second and then profusely apologize. It was somewhat funny. Kan took it in with stride and teased the people about it and made them feel worst. Then he laughed about it. Since then he’s bulked up.

When we got back to his house we went upstairs and laid on his bed. He had the TV on and was lying on his back, propped up by his head board and pillows. I was lying on my stomach facing the television. We watched in silence for about a half hour or so before I started on my interrogation again. I sat up and turned to face him. “So I think I’m going to learn how to ride a motorcycle,” I said, fishing for an answer.

He made a face, a disgusted one. “Don’t they aren’t safe. You know how I feel about that already,” he replied.

Right and yet you rode on one last night. The lying little twerp. I smirked. He arched his brow at me and gave me a curious stare. “Whatever. You would ride on one wouldn’t you? Can’t hate it til you try it,” I said.

Something flashed in his eyes and he smashed his lips together. He was thinking on what to say. “I guess.”

Admittance. We were going somewhere. “So what else did you guys do last night?” I asked once more.

He frowned. “Nothing else really,” his frown disappeared and a smile covered his face. “What did you do?”

I shrugged. “Went to Patrick’s party. Got drunker than I expected. Nothing else. Lawrence took me back. It was okay. Saw the same old people. No one interesting,” I said. I answered every possible answer he could have asked to stray the conversation to me.

He nodded. “Meet any one you like?” he asked me.

I shook my head. Silence over came us again as we watched the TV. I knew neither one of us was watching. I knew Kan knew something was up and he was trying to figure out what. But with him unless you bluntly approach him he’ll keep lying to himself. “So you’ll ride on my bike if I learn and get one?” I fished once more.

He shrugged. “I guess so.”

I snidely smiled. “You know what would be cool? A blue and white biker jacket,” I said referring to his ‘friend’s’ jacket.

His eye glazed over and he let out an uncomfortable smile. “Yeah blue would look nice on you,” he replied.

Almost didn’t faze him. “I think I want a crotch rocket. A black one,” I said referring once more to the same bike as the one he rode.

His eyes widen and he glanced at me. I gave him a knowing smile. The color drained from his face and he knew I knew. “That would be cool,” he nervously said.

“Anything else you wanna say?” I asked him.

Finally he sighed. “Okay so why were you spying on me?” he asked.

“I wasn’t. I came home waiting for you and you weren’t there. You weren’t with Celes like you said. You lied to me. I called her, you actually but you didn’t answer, so I called Celes and she was home with her family. I got here and no one was home but you’re car was here. I waited down the street.”

“You what? You stalked me?” he asked stunned.

“No I waited,” I corrected him.

“Jeez Beau and you can’t seem to understand why I kept secrets from you,” he said but his eyes widen realizing he had slipped.

I arched my brows. "Secrets?" I asked interested.

"No I meant doing things in secret," he said.

"Who was the guy?" I asked.

"No one you know," he replied.

"I know I didn't recognize him that's why I'm asking," I said as I scooted closer to him.

He tried to shrink away from me but he was already against the wall. "Just some guys I met at the park, kay," he answered.

"What?" I said more harshly than I intended.

He frowned. "What's your deal? First you get pissed off about James and now you're hinting you're mad about this guy," he asked me annoyed.

"Guys? There were more than one?" I asked.

He sighed. "Yes they both came to my Judo class."

"You never invited me there," I accused, kinda hurt.

"You never asked like they did."

True but still. "Why do you feel like you have to make new friends? Am I doing something wrong?" I asked. I didn't want to fight. I had to ask the right questions.

He shrugged. I can tell he was annoyed. "What's your deal? You're like needy all of a sudden and you dislike all the friends I make," he scoffed.

"Because they are all guys," I answered hinting.

"What too scared you'll get replaced?" he sarcastically said.

"Yes."

He blinked. He turned to look at me. I stared him down. I knew he knew I was saying the truth. He sighed and broke eye contact. "No one can ever replace you. You're the best friend a guy could have. You have to realize that."

But I want to be more than best friends, damn it. I had to tell him. “Fucking James doesn’t want to be your friend. He wants more can’t you see that?” I hissed.

He looked up surprised. “How did you know?” he asked and then he gasped and covered his mouth.

I smirked. So the little guy did pick up the signs from James but not from me. “Don’t tell me you like it,” I sneered angrily, fueled by my jealousy.

“No,” he sternly said to me, a bit too sternly.

“You fucking do,” I snapped.

“I’m not gay,” he hissed.

“Yet you go along with James’ ploys,” I remarked.

He glared at me. “Why the fuck do you care so much?” he snapped.

“You said it. It’s because I care about you,” I rebutted.

“Sure you fucking do. You just have to know everything, don’t you,” he angrily scolded.

“Like I said I care about you,” I said annoyed.

He rolled his eyes and shook his head. “Whatever. You tell yourself that. You’re just jealous I’m branching out on my own.”

“You’re right I am,” I said as I grabbed his arm as he tried to crawl off the bed. “We’re not done.”

“Let me go,” he growled.

“No,” I sternly said.

“Why the fuck would you be jealous anyway,” he gnarled.

“Because you’re mine,” I answered. I was getting angry and that came out wrong.

He glared at me. “I’m my own person. You don’t own me.”

“That’s not what I mean,” I snapped.

“What do you mean then?” he barked.

My mind rushed and I knew he wouldn't understand unless I was in his face about it. I jerked him back and he flinched. He fell down on his back. Quickly I got on him and straddled him. He fought back trying to push me off. I grabbed his face as he screamed and cursed at me. I leaned down with no thought and control. The sensation of his lips against mine was more than I ever dreamed of. As soon as my lips touched his, he stopped moving. I felt his grip on my wrists loosen. I opened my eyes, and our lips were still mashed together. His eyes were wide in shock. I started to move my lips and my tongue darted out to lick his lips. He jerked and pushed me away. “I love you,” I told him. I blushed as I said the words. I got off of him and turned away from him. I was too embarrassed. He didn't say anything. I sighed. “So now you know. Why I'm so protective of you. I care a lot about you. Okay. I want you. I need you.”

He still didn't say anything. Nervously I glanced at him. He had a frown on his face. “That didn't happen,” he whispered. He was saying it for himself.

“Kan, listen. It's okay,” I told him. His head snapped up at the sound of my voice. His raging eyes burned into me and instantly I felt guilt and regretted kissing him. “Maybe I shouldn't have done that,” I began.

“Get out,” he snapped.

I blinked at his words. “What? Come on now. I'm sorry,” I started again.

“Get the fuck out!” he screamed at me.

I stood. Fear was gripping me now. “Kan it won't happen again. I promise. Please listen to me,” I tried to say.

“I said get the fuck out of my house!” he shouted as he stood up. “Now!”

I felt my heart breaking, though the beat was rapidly gaining in strength. This couldn't be happening. This isn't happening. I know Kan. He's my friend, my best friend. He wouldn't reject me. I sighed, he did say he wasn't gay. I glanced at him. “Please,” I whispered, my voice was breaking.

“Don't talk to me! Don't fucking look at me! Get out!” he screamed.

I nodded. I made a huge mistake. One I'll probably regret for the rest of my life. I'm such a fucking idiot. Quickly I ran out of his house. I was mortified, scared, and most of all hurt. I was so stupid. I shouldn't have ever done that. God I'm so fucking

selfish. I knew he would have freaked. I knew and yet I did it anyway. I'm so fucking stupid! Damn it! Damn it! What the fuck! I got in my truck. I slammed my fists against the seat a few times and finally I just cried. I didn't know what else to do.