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- John Doe

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

Get There

Four: Beau

By: John Doe

I never thought Kan felt that way. I knew I teased him a lot but I thought he knew that it was a joke. But I guess I never thought about the fact that I did it so much he second guessed our friendship. It's like in our circle of friends he felt like he was the one I hated, when it's the exact opposite. I love him. I couldn't hurt him, but I guess I did anyway.

Kan shifted in his sleep. He was sweating a little bit. I pulled some of the covers off of him. I look at him. His smooth skin glowed in the moonlight. God he was beautiful. I slowly touched his skin. I slowly laid my left hand on his soft stomach and slowly brushed it upwards. He was passed out from the alcohol. I slowly leaned and kissed his chest. He didn't even stir in his sleep. As my left hand wandered across his body my right hand found myself, and I started to stroke myself. My left hand found his right nipple and I circled it. I lean down and slowly flicked my tongue against his left nipple. He shifted in his sleep and I paused. My heart was beating a mile a minute. I was thinking this was so wrong but I couldn't help myself. I sat there stroking myself still and just looked at him. I leaned down again and sucked on his left nipple again and a small moan escaped. I thought it was him and another escaped and I realized it was me. My tongue glided slowly across the erected area of flesh. I playfully bit it Kan just turned his head. Fuck it I don't care if he wakes up finding me doing this. It'd be worth

it. My left hand began to wander his body again. I slowly stroked his stomach with my left hand and I lean down again to suck on his ample flesh. I was getting close. My left wandered down to his crotch and I felt him through his underwear. Suddenly wave of intense pleasure washed over me. I closed my eyes tightly and bit my lips so I wouldn't make a noise. My right hand closed over my head and I grunted a few times as I shot about eight times into my hands. I opened my eyes and looked at Kan, he was still in his peaceful sleep. I took my left hand and slowly milked the rest of my fluid out of my shaft and into my right hand, which was overflowing. As I removed my right hand, my thumb swept over the opening to make sure everything was picked up. I laid next to Kan and slowly rubbed myself into the sheets. I know this sounds creepy but for some reason it made me feel better. It's kinda like marking what's yours, writing your name on a new CD or DVD or having a car being registered under your name. This is the same. Although he may never think or agree with me at least, to me he'll be mine always.

He stirred in his sleep and mumbled something. I didn't catch it though. I slowly wrapped my arms around him and went back to sleep. I was relaxed. This feeling was perfect, with him sleeping next to me and me holding him. This is how it should be.

I woke up with the morning sun in my eyes. I yawned and turned around to look at Kan, only he wasn't there. I frowned. I got off the bed and noticed that his clothes were still on the ground though. I opened my bedroom door and was about to go look for him when I heard him talking to my mom downstairs. I smiled. I walked back into my room and closed the door. I went over to my closet and pulled out a pair of boxer briefs and a towel headed into the bathroom for my shower.

The shower felt good. I slowly rinsed myself and what happened last night flashed into my mind. I blushed, I could feel it. It was weird, I wasn't embarrassed by it last night but now that I was thinking about it I kind of was. I can't believe I did that. I shook my head as I turned the water off. I dried myself and put my boxer briefs on. I went into my room and grabbed a pair of straight legged sweat pants and a tee shirt and headed downstairs.

When I walked into the kitchen Kan was sitting at the counter with his back facing me saying something about Ohio State, one of his other schools he applied to. I noticed that he was wearing one of my older shirts and an old pair of shorts of mine. God it felt so right. I just had the urge to kiss him. So I walked up behind grabbed by his shoulder and pulled him back. "Hey!" he shouted and his hands flew back and grabbed my waist.

"I wasn't gonna let you fall. I know, I was thinking, I promised," I softly said to him.

A small laugh slipped from his mouth. I loved hearing it. I couldn't hold my urge anymore and lean forward and peck him on the cheek. He pushed me off of him. "Gross. What was that?" he said as he turned to face me.

My heart started to pound faster. He didn't like it. Of course he didn't, he's not fucking gay. "I... uh," I stalled. I didn't know what to say.

"You'd do anything for a joke now, wouldn't you? Well it wasn't funny," he simply said.

"Well it got a reaction," I said to him.

"Everything gets a reaction. Just depends what reaction you want," he replied.

I looked at my mom. She arched her right brow at me and mouthed 'tell him' to me. I shook my head. I couldn't tell him. How could I tell my best friend that I was in love with him. I couldn't. My parents kind of knew when I was 15. I couldn't go without a day, not seeing him. When Kan would go out of town I would always wonder how he was doing or what he was doing or if he was having fun without me. My parents said I was different when Kan wasn't around, less active and less lively. My mom one day told me that I would have to get use to the notion that Kan wouldn't always be there for me, that one day he'll be leaving soon and I would be alone. I refused to believe that. But now the realization is coming to me. I never thought about college and Kan is applying to all these different colleges. He's already got acceptance letters from some and received tuition rides to some. Some of the schools he's applied to my family and I could never afford, and Kan's couldn't too, but he has what scholarships look for and he gets them. I could never. I looked at him and he was beaming with pride as he talked about some of his other colleges he applied to. Now, I realized my mom was right and there's nothing I can do. A lumped formed at my throat and I leaned back against the wall and slid down and sat on the floor. I can't cry, not right now.

I thought back to the time my parents confronted me about me being gay. It was my dad actually. The Christmas I was fifteen and the Christmas I gave Kan that watch. My dad came into my room before they were coming over. I was all excited because they were spending the night; it was going to be so much fun. I couldn't stop talking about Kan. I was sitting in my bed when my dad came in and said we needed to talk. "Son, we need to have a little conversation before they get here," my dad said to me.

I looked at him strangely. "Umm sure dad. What's up?"

He sighed and ran his hands through his hair. He looked down on the ground and sighed again. He finally looked up at me. I was starting to get uncomfortable. "I don't know how to say this but just to say it."

“Okay.”

“Are you gay, son?”

As soon as those words flew out of his mouth, I almost went into immediate shock. How could they know? They couldn't know. I thought I hid it so well. I started to shake and the tears started to come down my face. This couldn't be happening. I told myself it was a dream. “Son,” my dad said as he touched my shoulder.

I didn't even see him walk over. He tried to touch me again and I screamed, “Don't touch me! Don't touch your gay son!”

My mom ran upstairs, burst through the door. I looked at her and started to cry harder. I finally found my voice and started to wail. “Beau, it's okay,” my dad said to me.

But I wasn't listening. I couldn't hear them. I kept picturing them being angry, yelling, and screaming at me. When they tried to console me all I could hear was them screaming at me. “I'm sorry. I'm so sorry,” I kept saying.

Finally after an hour I calmed down a bit and my parents were hugging me, sitting on my bed. From that I knew that it was okay. That they loved me still and that it was okay that I was gay. “How did you guys know?” I asked them.

“How could we not,” my mom laughed.

I gave her a questioning look. She smiled and my dad answered for her. “Because of Kan; the way you talk to him. Interact with him. The way your eyes light up when you see him and drowns out when you miss him. It's the way you're not yourself when you haven't seen him in a few days and the way you are when you see him for the first time in those few day breaks from him. We can tell by the way you speak about him; you get all excited and proud, like you're proud of him and happy for him. When he's sad you're sad with him and try to cheer him up. Son those things aren't just qualities of a friend.”

“I love him,” I whispered. For the first time ever I whispered that to myself, admitting it to myself.

“We know honey. I mean you're young and all, but we know what love is when it's there. How can you miss it?” my mom said.

“I love him,” I repeated. I felt right. The words were so right. It was perfect. It was better than perfect.

“Does he know?” my dad asked me.

I shook my head. “Are you going to tell him?” my mom asked.

I shook my head again. “He’ll hate me. I just know he will,” I told them.

“You won’t know until you do it,” my mom told me.

“No I can’t. Not yet at least,” I replied.

They both nodded their head. “The right time will come I guess,” my dad said. He got up and patted my knee and walked out of the door. My mom kissed me on the cheeks and followed my dad and a few hours later I was laughing and wrestling with Kan on my bed.

I looked up and my mom was gone. Kan was sitting there at the counter eating breakfast saying something to me. He turned around and smiled at me, but his smile vanished in an instant. He quickly got off his chair and came over to me. “Are you okay, Beau?” he asked me.

“Uh... what?” I replied somewhat dazed.

He got in-between my legs and kneeled in front me. He reached out with his right hand and instinctively I grabbed it. His other hand came up and wiped the tears off my face. I didn’t even know I was crying. My heart was pounding, wildly. I just grabbed Kan and pulled him into a hug and leaned back against the wall. I didn’t ever want to let go. “I’m sorry,” I apologized

“It’s okay, Beau. I’m the one who should be sorry. What I said last night was uncalled for,” Kan said to me.

God how could he not know. He has to know. “No I’m sorry for hurting you,” I told him.

“I’m just a pansy. Don’t worry I’m over it.”

I wanted to tell him so bad, but I couldn’t. So I just held him. His phone rang. He tried to get up but I didn’t let go. He tried again and I slowly let him go. It felt like I was letting him go for good. “Hello?” he said into his phone. “Oh hey James.”

My ears perked up. Damn James and his little schemes. God James is moving fast. “No. No not at all. Yeah I’m sure. Beau? I’m sure he’s fine. He can live with it. Okay I’ll see you at six then. Bye”

What just happened? “What’s going on?” I asked him.

“James invited me to his house to watch a movie and play some video games,” Kan said so nonchalantly.

“Oh.”

It was silent for a few seconds, seconds that seemed to be minutes. Kan turned around and smiled at me. “Thanks.”

I was confused. “For what?”

“Not freaking out on me. I thought you would yell and scream at me.”

I was about too. “Can I come?” I asked.

I had to protect what’s mine. I looked at Kan. His smile was slowly fading from his face. A look of uncertainty soon masked it. “Umm I don’t think he expects you. He didn’t ask me to invite you too. I mean we even talked about you,” Kan nervously said.

I was getting angry. My heart was beating a mile a minute. Fuck James. Why the fuck does he have to pick my boy. “It’s okay,” I calmly said to him. I gave him a smile, it was a weak one and I can tell he knew that too.

“I’m sorry,” Kan said.

“It’s not your fault,” I told him.

Kan left and went upstairs. I sat there thinking of all the things James was planning to do. God I don’t even want to think about it. A few minutes later Kan came back downstairs with his things in hand. “Beau I’m gonna go home okay.”

I looked up and stood. I slowly walked over to him and he gave me a hug. I didn’t return it though I was too upset. He broke the hug and took a few steps towards the door. He paused, turned around and smiled at me. It was a full genuine smile, one that I couldn’t help but do the same back. “I knew you could be happy,” he said to me.

I laughed and flipped him off and he returned the favor. He turned back around and walked out the door. I watched his back as the door closed and breathe a sigh of

frustration. My mom walked in and she patted my shoulders. "I thought that was the time," she said.

I shook my head. "Almost. I almost did but he reacted badly to the kiss. I just couldn't do it," I responded.

She smiled. "I wished I had a camera. That would have been a lovely picture," she sighed. A smile spread across my face and a small laugh escaped my lips. I glanced at my mom as the blood rushed my face. She smiled. "You're too cute when you are blushing," she giggled but her face return to her serious look. "If you wait too long, you're going to lose him."

I sighed. "I know, Mom, but it's harder than it seems," I told her.

"I know I'm telling you, sometimes love waits for no one."

I nodded and walked towards my room. I fished for my cell phone out of my pocket and called Lawrence. He picked up on the third ring. "Hello?" his voice emanated from the phone.

"It's me. What are you doing right now?" I asked.

"Nothing. Just cleaning my room so that my mom won't have a fit, why?"

"You wanna hang out or something?"

"Right now?" he asked.

"Yeah. Or about an hour from now."

There was a pause on the other line. "Okay. Sure." I sighed in relief. I need to get Kan out of mind for a while. Well him with James. "Everything okay? That sigh seemed to be full of something," Lawrence's voice echoed in my ear.

"Yeah I'm fine. Just wanna get out you know," I replied.

"Okay I'll see you in an hour. Come to my place."

"Okay."

"See you."

"Yeah," I responded and hung up the phone.

I sighed once more and leaned back and fell on my bed. Damn why can't I stop thinking about freaking Kan. I got up and pulled my chair out of my desk and started up my laptop. I found myself surfing aimlessly thru myspace and facebook. Yeah I know it's like an addiction. You tell yourself you won't succumb to something that stupid but it gets ya. It got me bad. I scrolled down the screen and realized I was looking at James' profile on myspace. It was set to private so I had to invite him in order to see his profile. I snarled in frustration. What does our star quarterback got to hide eh? The prick. I returned to my profile and surfed through my photos. Kan was in a lot of them. He was smiling in some, angry in others, and laughing in some others.

I clicked through the pictures over and over and aimlessly. When I glanced at the clock at the bottom of the computer I realized I was supposed to be at Lawrence's house half an hour ago. I smiled and quickly grabbed a sweat shirt and ran out the house and drove over towards Lawrence's place.

When I got there Lawrence was outside on his porch talking on his cell phone. "Hey I'll call you back, okay?" Lawrence said into the phone. "Uh huh. I will. Kay talk to you later," he continued and then he kissed into the phone. I smiled holding back my laughter. He turned to look at me and glared. "Don't even start."

"I wasn't going to say anything," I said defensively, holding up my hands. "I assume that was Julie Ann."

Lawrence nodded. A grin spread across my face. I envied him. He had a great relationship going. Julie Ann was a cheerleader. She unlike most of the other cheerleaders wasn't afraid to voice her opinions and didn't fit the mold of the "popular girl." She was popular but she gave herself an image, not turning into a "oh my god" type girl, most people come to expect. She was beautiful in any guy's standard. Her long dark brown hair glowed and it seemed soft, which Lawrence had said many times that it was. I turned to look at Lawrence. They really did make a good couple. He was attractive. His auburn hair and hazel eyes would stop any girl in her tracks, if he knew how to use them. Playing hockey and running and weightlifting on the off season keep his body in shape. His six foot three frame made me look short standing next to him though I was only two inches shorter than him.

Lawrence peered at me from the side, a smile crossing his face. "So Kan left you all alone huh."

I looked up at him. "He had plans," I simply responded.

"And it didn't involve the guard dog?" Lawrence playfully joked.

A knot formed inside of me. I was getting annoyed. Lawrence was good at reading signs, taking the silence as a signal to back off he apologized, "Sorry. You guys are always together it seems."

"I know. Not always though as today is proof of that," I said though I wished it was otherwise.

"What's he doing?"

"Him and James are hanging out I guess."

Lawrence blinked in surprise. "James?" he asked. I nodded. "Since when did they hang out with each other?"

I shrugged my response. You and me both want the answer to that question. Lawrence walked inside the house and I followed him in. We walked into his room and he turned on his TV and his Xbox. He threw a controller at me. I glanced at it realizing there was no cord.

"When did you get the wireless controllers?" I asked.

"About a month ago."

"Nice."

He nodded and he pushed the power button and soon the sounds of the game came to life. Half an hour later I was getting badly beat by Lawrence and the people we played online. "Lost the lead," echoed from the TV followed by a "Took the lead." I sighed in frustration. I have to admit, Kan being there all by himself with James really bothered me. I saw Lawrence glance at me from the corner of my eye. Even still he killed me in the game with his sniper rifle. "Damn," I scoffed.

"Okay you suck but not this bad," Lawrence said to me.

"I know."

"Kan huh?"

I looked at him and blinked. "What?"

Lawrence sighed and signed off of the game and put his playlist on his Xbox on play. "You know you're lucky people don't realize or see through some of the things you do," Lawrence said calmly.

I tensed. I didn't like the direction of this conversation. Though I wasn't sure where Lawrence was taking the conversation I had a sinking feeling. "What?" I asked.

"Don't worry. I won't say anything. Well maybe Julie Ann but still we won't say anything. You know Julie Ann. She'll cut out her own tongue to prevent her from saying anything someone didn't want repeated. Anyway we had been thinking," he paused looking at me. My voice was caught in my throat. This was going exactly where I thought it was going. I tried to speak but nothing came out. "Yeah Julie Ann and I. Is there something we should know?"

I sat there on his bed staring at him, watching him, trying to formulate some story to tell him, but none came and I just sat there. Finally my voice returned to me. "What are you saying?" I questioned.

Lawrence looked at me and he hesitated. Anger was taking root as my primary emotion and Lawrence saw it in my eyes. I knew he did. "Look I don't mean to be insulting. And Julie and I will still be your friends. We just want to make sure."

"Make sure? So you've already made a decision about it," I stated more so than questioned.

Lawrence hesitated. "Look my older brother. Well he was too and I kinda picked up the signs. You learn how to do that when your older sibling goes through that."

"And what may that be?" I growled.

Lawrence got up and walked towards his desk away from me. "Calm down. I'm not attacking you."

"I'm not angry," I stiffly said.

"Right and I'm not sensing your overwhelming death glaring eyes," Lawrence sarcastically said.

He looked at me and sheepishly grinned. "What?" I demanded.

"Well seems like that's your favorite word for tonight. And your irritation proves it. I don't really need a vocal answer."

I stood up as the anger slowly drained away which was replaced by fear and anxiety. "Proves what?" I asked.

Lawrence was silent as he stared out the window. I sat back down on his bed and followed his gaze outside. We sat like that for awhile. Finally Lawrence broke the silence. “Does he know?” I looked up in surprise. I don’t know why I was surprised but I knew then that Lawrence and Julie Ann knew. Panic swept over me. Lawrence glanced at me. He immediately walked over to me and wrapped his left arm over my shoulder. “Dude it’s okay. Like I said we won’t say anything and my brother is too.”

“Gay?” I asked before I can catch myself. Lawrence nodded. Lawrence was my friend and he showed me now that he was still my friend. I sighed in relief and frustration. “How did you know?”

Lawrence turned to look at me. “Are you kidding me? How can you not?” he pause gauging my reaction. My eyes widen in disbelief. “I mean holding your waist and swinging it while you walk and screaming out haaaaaaye, like that bad gay horse joke, it is sooo obvious,” he mocked in a lisp.

I laughed and shoved him away. “No seriously. Am I obvious?”

Lawrence smiled and the serious face returned. He shook his head. “You are a very straight gay man.”

I blinked in confusion. “How then?”

“Kan.” My heart caught in my throat. I could feel the beat against my Adam’s apple and it was choking me. Kan knew? He knew and he never said anything? Was he trying to be nice to me all this time? Did he read through all my advances and just ignored them? The little fucker. Lawrence amused face returned. “Relax. He has no clue. Or rather your advances are unnoticed.”

I jerked my head up to face Lawrence once again. “How?”

“Really. Are you really asking me that?”

I nodded. I had to keep it a secret. Maybe I can change my ways to make myself less obvious. Although Lawrence just said I was straight acting. I don’t get it. “Yep,” was my simple response.

Lawrence sighed and paused to think about what he was going to say. I looked at him, staring him down. A smile spread across his face. “You look at Kan the way I look at Julie Ann,” he paused again. My mind paused replaying the sentence over and over again like a CD on repeat. “No one can tell though don’t worry I only could tell because I’m as much as in love with Julie Ann as you are in love with Kan. You have these longing eyes. Your eyes tell everything to me. They glare at other guys, actually girls

too, when you see him interacting with them. Especially when he's really enjoying himself. Like at the Lazy Dragon when James was whispering into his ear and he was giggling like mad. I gave you my food just to watch your reaction. I knew something interesting was going to happen."

"Whatever," I spoke more harshly than I intended.

"So you're denying your liking of Kan?" I glanced up at him, glaring at him. "I'll take that as a no. Like I said Thomas was gay too." Thomas was his older brother. "He was as subtle as you and growing up with him made me learn to pick out a few things myself."

I sighed knowing I had no way of rejecting his claims. "Damn it," I breathed out in frustration.

"Jeez relax," Lawrence mumbled, "no one is going to know unless you tell them. And I mean tell. People here are too stupid and ignorant to realize or recognize the truth. Everyone just thinks you both are really close friends."

I laid on his bed thinking. Kan, my best friend and crush, no it wasn't a crush I love him. I really did. I sighed just thinking about him. Then I realized he was probably being straddled by James right now as they playfully wrestled with each other over something stupid. I growled in frustration and slammed my left fist into Lawrence's bed. Lawrence laughed. "Jeez and fucking James have to like him too. What are the freaking chances?" I spat.

Lawrence nodded. "Competition. I always knew those rumors were true. But like I said people feign ignorance. Ignorance is bliss."

We sat in silence. Time went by. I thought of Lawrence, half glad someone other than my parents knew about me. It gave me some relief like my burden was lightened somehow and I was amazed that he didn't turn his back on me. But then again like he said he experienced this with his brother and he would never turn his back on his brother. I guess in a way he considered me as a brother.

Lawrence finally broke the silence. "How long have you liked Kan?"

"Since I can remember," I said surprising myself at how easy the answer came.

Lawrence nodded. "That young?"

"Like I said since I can remember."

“Wow that’s a long ass time.”

“Tell me about it.”

“It all makes sense. Why you were always so protective of him.”

I nodded. “I hated it when he would cry when he was little. I made me angry. I never like to see him sad.” A small laugh escaped Lawrence lips. “What’s so funny?”

“You’re like every gay boy’s and every girl’s white knight in shining armor dream.”

I smiled at his comment. “No I’m only Kan’s knight.”

Lawrence smiled. “Well he can definitely take care of himself these days. That’s for sure.”

“Yeah,” I agreed.

“The little guy’s kicks and punches are harder than he looks,” Lawrence commented.

I grinned. “You just bear hug him and smother him. That’s how you win. You can’t rush him or anything. He will freaking judo you or roll by and kick you.”

Lawrence nodded. “Funny how he picked up Tae Kwon Do and Judo.”

“He said his dad made him, but I think it’s more so he’s more comfortable of himself, of knowing he can protect himself rather than rely on me.”

The smiled disappeared from Lawrence’s face. “Tough for you?”

I shook my head. “No I want him to be happy and comfortable.”

“Well knight, you kinda suck at protecting your prince,” Lawrence sneered changing the mood.

I pushed myself up. “What do you mean?”

Lawrence raised his brows at me. “Honestly? Are you stupid today or did football jogged your brain too much?”

I smiled and said, “Kan said a similar thing the other day.”

“Well he must be right ‘cause I agree. You left him technically to the hands of the villain. Well not exactly cause James ain’t a bad guy yet. But you’re like King Arthur and you’re letting your Gwenevere run off with Lancelot. Only Gwenevere is more like Gartholomew or something like that.”

I laughed at his explanation. “Right and it’s Bartholomew.”

“Okay so whatever old English guy name that starts with a G, but I’m serious.”

“Well Kan wanted to go, I couldn’t stop him and Bartholomew isn’t exactly English.”

Lawrence paused and shook his head. Contemplation swept across his face and then a bright smile spread from ear to ear. “Let’s invite ourselves to the party. You know where James lives.”

“I can’t do that. Kan will get mad at me.”

“Did you know that Lancelot got to fuck Gwenevere? Can you imagine being Arthur and realizing she has been moaning under the touch and feel of another man’s meat?”

My mouth dropped at his analogy. What the hell? Though it went straight to the point. James kissing that smooth tan body, running his hands over Kan’s body and grabbing Kan’s firm behind. Blood rushed to my face. No I was not going to be King Arthur. “Let’s go crash a party,” I agreed.

Lawrence shouted with glee and we both rushed out to his jeep and we drove to James’ place. The drive seemed like forever. It’s funny how when you rush somewhere the traffic always seems to know and it seems to do everything in its power to slow you. I swear we stopped at every damn traffic light, every single one that we went through. All the lights turn red for us.

We got to James’ house and I rushed out to door before Lawrence had his jeep in park. As Lawrence walked up the walkway I rang the door bell. Seconds later the door opened and James’ surprised look greeted us. “Hey guys. What’s up?”

“Came to join the party,” Lawrence said as he walked into the house.

James laughed. “Well if you call being home by yourself a party then by all means.”

I frowned at his comment. James noticed the look and a sheepish smile flashed across his face. “Kan canceled. Said he didn’t feel like it. Actually said he didn’t feel well.”

My frown was replaced with concern. I took out my phone and dialed his cell number. It rang and then went to voice mail. I glanced at Lawrence, giving him a look and he walked back towards the door understanding my glance. “Well thanks James for letting us in. I think we’ll go. Sorry for the intrusion,” Lawrence said as he stepped out of the house.

I quickly followed behind him. As I reached the door James grabbed my right arm. “Is everything alright? Is Kan okay?” James asked with a little bit of concern on his face.

I paused and nodded. “He’s fine. I just remembered something else. It’s personal sorry James.”

Relief swept over his face. “Oh okay. Sorry to grab you like that. I thought,” he paused, “well I shouldn’t keep you.”

I nodded and quickly climbed into the jeep. Lawrence glanced at me but didn’t ask any questions, which I greatly appreciated. Freaking Kan. What the hell? Why didn’t he call me if he wasn’t feeling well? Why the hell wasn’t he answering his phone either? He just went to the doctor for blood testing. He said his dad was paranoid but I guess Leng knew his son well. Shit if Kan is somewhere out there sick... I pause stopping myself. I wouldn’t know what I would do. Damn it Kan.