Temporary Lexapro

by awildesunflower

Summary

Life for the elders in District 9 changed drastically after they were shut down. Now they belonged to the Church of Arnold and were scraping by with what little they had. Life was already hard enough in Uganda without the complicated feelings involving Elder Price and Elder McKinley. Everybody has their tipping point. And everybody needs help once in a while whether they'd like to admit it or not. Even the great Kevin Price.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
It was some odd hour of the night when Kevin jerked up in bed in cold sweats and tremors. Hot tears were dried on his face indicating that he must've been crying in his sleep. Tears started to flow again as the images from his hell dream flooded his blurry vision. It was Elder McKinley dying over and over again in the most horrific ways; it was all Kevin's fault. Normally, when this happened Arnold was there to calm him, but tonight he was with Naba. Leaving Kevin all alone in the small, dark room. He couldn't get those images out of his head, he had to make sure that Elder McKinley was alright. Slowly, Kevin got out of bed and walked out into the hall in his temple garments. His bare feet picked up flecks of dirt as he made his way to the district leader's room. With a shaky hand, he reached out and knocked softly on the door, hoping it'd be enough to wake him up. Luckily, McKinley was a light sleeper and always alert. He sat up and squinted in the darkness. He turned on the lamp next to his bed before getting up to answer the door. He trudged across the room and opened the door to find a distressed Elder Price with a tear-streaked face. He immediately jumped out of his haze of sleep and put on his district leader face.

"Elder Price, is everything alright?" Elder McKinley asked with a voice full of worry. Seeing the usually confident and arrogant elder in this state worried him greatly. He'd only seen Price break one or two times, but never like this. He beckoned the elder into his room and shut the door before Price latched onto him and fell into a mess of sobs. The district leader was startled by the sudden closeness. He felt sick for taking pleasure in this in Price's current state. 'Turn it off, turn it off, turn it off' he repeated to himself in his head. He took a deep breath and held the elder gently. He rubbed circles on his back as he sobbed into his shoulder. Hot tears wet the soft cotton of his garment. The taller elder seemed much smaller in his arms. McKinley coaxed him over to the bed and sat down on the edge with him. He tried his best comfort Price, but he just clung to him and cried. McKinley pushed the elder's hair back and softly ran his fingers through until the sobs began to calm.

"Elder Price, you're alright. I'm right here. Please tell me what happened," he whispered softly.

"I...I had a nightmare. It's dumb, but I thought you were dead. It was so horrible and I can't get it out of my head," Elder Price stammered. "I was so scared. I wanted to make sure you were okay." He finally looked up at Elder McKinley with red-rimmed eyes. He pulled himself away from his arms and curled up, hugging his knees close to his chest.

The district leader placed a hand on the elder's shoulder but he quickly flinched away from his touch. "Elder I'm worried—"

"Don't be," Elder Price snapped. "I'm fine. I was just worried for you." He tried to put his confident exterior back on. He was so upset with himself for letting McKinley see him like that. The only person to ever see his panic attacks was Arnold. He was mortified. "I'm sorry for bothering you. I just...I'll head back to bed." He unfurled his limbs and pushed himself off the bed.

"Elder Price, you're never a bother. If you need anything at all, I'll be here for you," he said reassuringly with pleading eyes. He wanted Price to trust him. He wanted more than anything to be close to him.

Price gave a curt nod before slipping back into his own lonely room. He curled up on the stiff mattress and stared into the darkness. He hated himself for letting anyone see him in that state. He had to protect the last shreds of his reputation; letting the district leader see him in such a vulnerable state wasn't helping. He scratched the inside of his wrist until the skin was raw and the pain distracted him from his thoughts. He drifted off into a restless sleep but was thankful for the lack of nightmarish images.
When Elder Price finally awoke, he didn't feel well rested at all and his head was pounding. He trudged out of bed and went to the bathroom that was strangely empty at this hour. He looked at his ragged reflection in the scratched mirror and hated how pathetic he looked. He splashed water on his face and brushed his teeth, but had no motivation to do anything else. He ran a hand through his straggly hair and stalked back to his room. He changed into his stiff clothes and pinned on the black name tag. He walked out to the common area to see Elder McKinley sitting at his desk, hunched over papers.

"Where is everyone else?" Elder Price asked with his voice still rough from sleep.

McKinley jolted up from his papers and turned towards him. "Oh, Elder Price. You're finally awake. All the other elders are out doing their duties. How are you feeling?"

"I told you, I'm fine," he muttered. "What time is it?" He rubbed his arm anxiously. It seemed to be that the district leader had let him sleep him. Was he showing him pity?

"It's almost noon. I tried to wake you, but you were out cold. You look...unwell, Elder Price," he said with hesitation. In truth, Price looked utterly terrible. His normal kept hair was a wild mess, his eyes were red-rimmed, dark circles heavy under his eyes, his chipper smile now replaced with an insecure frown. It saddened him to see him like this. And it felt even worse knowing that Price resented his efforts to help him.

Elder Price sighed and shook his head. "Can you not anyone what happened? And stop worrying about me. I don't want to talk about it. I was nervous. That's all," he said without making eye contact. Before Elder McKinley could even open his mouth to respond, he was already out of the mission hut to start his duties. Most of the elders stayed away from him as he worked with a scowl on his face. Even Arnold knew to stay away from him. He'd talk to him later that night after everyone went to sleep. It was their nightly ritual. In the meantime, he watched Kevin work with vigor on building the Church of Arnold. He could feel the tension in his muscles a mile away. The tension thickened once Elder McKinley stepped out. Arnold caught the look that passed between them. Something happened last night and it definitely included the district leader. Elder McKinley went around and checked in with all of the other elders, but his gaze always drifted to Elder Price. His tie had long been discarded and his shirt was unbuttoned halfway. His dark hair was plastered to his forehead from the sweat that glistened on his sun-kissed skin. He was beautiful, even when he was a mess. McKinley couldn't tear his eyes away from him. A warm feeling pooled in his stomach and a blush formed under his already pinked face. Arnold came up behind him and tapped his shoulder making him jump with a squeak.

"Oh, Eder Cunningham. You startled me," Elder McKinley stammered and begrudgingly took his eyes away from Elder Price.

"Is everything okay with Kevin? He won't even talk to me," Arnold asked with concern.

McKinley almost let it slip, but quickly composed himself. “I’m not sure El-Arnold. He hasn’t said anything to me either. Maybe you should try to talk to him.” He glanced back over to Elder Price who had now discarded his button-up shirt. His temple garment stuck to his chest and McKinley thought he would melt right there. He forgot Arnold was there until he cleared his throat and tapped his shoulder again. He quickly tore his eyes away and his face turned bright red. “Sorry. I uh…I think it’s time for lunch. You go get Elder Price and I’ll round up the other elders.” He plastered on his official smile and skipped off to call for the other elders.

They all gathered in the common area while Elder McKinley and Poptarts prepared the food. Elder
Price went straight to the bathroom and shut the door. He peeled off his clothes that were already drenched in sweat. He stepped into the pop-up shower and let the cold water cascade over him. He pressed his forehead against the wall and squeezed his eyes shut. All he could think about was Connor—no, Elder McKinley—watching him. Why was he staring at him like that? And why was he talking to Arnold? He probably told him everything that happened and Arnold would be sure to bring it up later. Bumps raised on his skin and he started to shiver slightly. He leaned his whole body against the flimsy wall, out of the stream of water. He turned the temperature up a bit as he washed his hair. He closed his eyes and images of McKinley’s blue-eyed gaze and flustered face flooded back to him. He looks so—no, he couldn't think like that. He shook his head and washed the soap out of his hair. He turned off the water and stepped out, promptly wrapping a towel around himself. He sat on top of the toilet seat and pulled his legs close to his chest. He felt his chest get tight again and breathing stutter. He took deep breaths and tried to push all of his overwhelming feelings aside. He was pulled out of thoughts when there was a soft knock at the door.

“Hey, buddy. Are you alright? You’ve been in there for a while,” Arnold’s peppy voice sounded through the door. Kevin pulled himself out of his thoughts and snapped his head up. “Yeah…I’ll be out in a minute,” he spoke softly as he pulled himself back together. He quickly got dressed and ruffled his hair before pushing past Arnold and going to the kitchen. He grabbed his plate of food and rather than sitting at the table, he stood at the counter away from everyone else. An awkward silence filled the mission hut as no one knew what to really say. Elder McKinley felt absolutely terrible. He, of course, put all the blame on himself for Elder Price’s feelings. The former missionary looked so broken and he wouldn’t let anyone help him. Connor wanted to be that one person to put him back together, but Kevin would never allow that, he knew this. But he’d kill to be the reason there was a smile on that beautiful face. Turn it off, Connor McKinley. You know that will never happen, he told himself. Under the table, he pinched his thigh until thoughts of Kevin subsided and resumed with lunch. After everyone finished, they all went back to their duties, leaving Elder McKinley to clean up the kitchen. Elder Price was still leaned against the counter.

McKinley hesitated for a moment before asking, “Elder Price, would you please talk to someone? Arnold, me, anyone.” His eyes were practically pleading.

Elder Price looked at him with tired eyes. The familiar gleam wasn't there. “Elder McKinley, please just...just let me be. Why do you care so much?” His voice wasn't combative, it was just worn out.

He parted his lips to speak, but he didn't know the answer to that question. “I...well I consider you a friend. And you aren't acting like yourself. Everyone can tell that something is wrong.”

“Connor,” he said firmly. “I will come to you if I need to. I just need to be left alone right now.”

Price never rarely called him by his first name, so he could tell he was serious. A wave of guilt came over him for pressuring him to talk. “Of course. I'm sorry Elder Price. I'll let you be,” he spoke meekly before going outside, leaving the dishes undone. He buried himself in his duties and tried to keep to himself. Now everyone knew something was up if the charismatic district leader was shutting himself off.

That night was tense, to say the least. Dinner was eerily quiet and everyone retired to their rooms early. They silently decided to skip their usual movie night. Kevin stripped down to his temple garments and slid into bed with a book, not even looking at Arnold.

“Kev, buddy, what’s going on?” Arnold pleaded from across the room. Kevin just turned his back to him and stared at the pages of his book. “Don’t make me come over there, Kevin Price.” More silence. “Alright, that’s it.” Arnold jumped into Kevin’s bed and squeezed himself against his back.
Kevin curled up and grunted, “Go away, Arnold.”

“Not until you tell me what's wrong.” He rolled halfway on top of him.

“Fine, fine!” Kevin caved. “Just get off of me and I’ll tell you.” He sat up as Arnold rolled off of him. “Last night I had a nightmare. It was really bad and…well, it was about Elder McKinley.” His face turned red from embarrassment and he felt his chest tighten again. “It was terrible. And when I woke up, I panicked and I was alone. So I went to him. The things I saw were so real. I needed to know that he was okay and…and I completely fell apart in front of him.” He hugged his legs close to his chest and rested his chin on his knees. He didn't know how to express what he was feeling if he didn't know what he was feeling himself. "Why Connor? I don't get why it was about him. And why is he so worried about me? And why does he look at me like that? I can't stop" He began to ramble.

Arnold stared at him for a moment. "Kev, Connor likes you. He really likes you," he said it like the answer was obvious. And it was obvious to everyone but Kevin. Arnold wasn't an idiot. He had seen the way Connor acted around Kevin for six months. The exchanges between them were always a bit awkward and the way they looked at each other when they thought no one was looking was more than friendly. It was like a middle school crush.

Kevin furrowed his brows. "What the hell does that mean?" He was baffled.

Arnold sighed and patted his shoulder. "I'll let you two figure that out. Goodnight, bestie." He turned out the lights and went back to his own bed.

Kevin stayed in that position just staring into the dark with a baffled expression. A weird feeling fluttered in his stomach and his face flushed red.

Connor McKinley had a crush on him.
Chapter 2

Kevin's hell dreams became more frequent in the following weeks. Sleep became scarce, sometimes only getting an hour of sleep a night. They were always about Connor. He'd watch him tortured and dead over and over again. And he could do nothing to stop it. Every night he had to fight the urge to run to Connor's room to check on him. He couldn't wait until morning to see that he's was okay. Even then, he still wouldn't let Connor get close to him. He was terrified. Terrified of his feelings; of himself. Arnold's words replayed in his head over and over again.

Kevin's caffein addiction skyrocketed. At first, it started with a small cup every morning, but now his cup was never empty. He'd often sneak out to the kitchen well after dark to brew another pot. The coffee here was strong and it kept him awake. It kept the nightmares at bay; that's all he wanted.

Kevin hadn't slept in three days; his longest streak yet. Surely, the other elders could tell, but no one bothered him about it. He had endless cups of coffee and refused to lay down. Now he was on his second trip to the kitchen that night. His movements were jagged and jittery. He couldn't really feel anything and his brain was complete mush. He trudged into the kitchen and fumbled around to grab the familiar supplies. He scooped the pre-ground beans into the filter and started to brew the coffee. He didn't feel the tap on his shoulder or the whisper of his name. He wasn't aware anyone else was in the moonlit kitchen until he was grabbed by the shoulders and jerked around. Connor McKinley's shorter figure stood in front of him with what he perceived to be a concerned look on his face. His lips moved but he couldn't really make out what he was saying. He tried to focus on the redhead in front of him but everything was just vibrating. He rubbed his hand down his face and placed the other back on the counter to hold himself up. His eyes started to flutter shut and he jolted himself back awake again. That's when he felt hands back firmly on his shoulders. He grunted and felt his body slump against Connor's chest and the rare closeness caused his breathing to hitch. Just as he was about to move Kevin back to his room, he seemed to come to and jerked away in a panic. Connor felt even worse than before. He was terribly worried for Kevin. All he wanted was to talk to him, to help him in some way. Instead, he crawled back to his room and cried a bit more for his pathetic self.

The following day, Kevin and Connor were both a mess. Kevin was barely functional. He couldn't
hold any focus and his words were jumbled. Connor was in a terrible mood. He hardly got any sleep and seeing Kevin in his current state was distressing. Once again, it was eerily quiet in the mission hut. The day went by slowly and Kevin was on the verge of passing out. He excused himself from dinner and brewed his sixth cup of coffee. He swayed as his head spun, holding onto the counter to keep himself steady. Just as he was about to safely take leave for his room, Connor stalked into the kitchen and startled him.

"Elder Price, I know you told me to leave you alone, but you really need help," Connor started and a hand out when The other elder tried to talk. "You haven't slept in days and you drink ten cups of coffee a day. You look terrible and you can barely function. Please, for the love of god get some sleep."

Kevin just shook his head and mumbled something inaudible.

Connor took the cup of coffee and poured it down the sink before grabbing Kevin's shoulders. "I care about you, Kevin. People care about you. If you need help, we are here for you. What's going on with you?"

"I'm fine," he mumbled.

"Don't give me that, Kevin. You aren't fine. Everyone knows it." His tone was aggravated.

"Leave me alone, Connor. Jesus Christ, can you not take a hint? I'm not like you," he said harshly and set his jaw.

Kevin's words felt like a punch to Connor's gut. "I-what do you mean?" His voice shook as he asked. He knew exactly what he meant, but he didn't want to believe it.

"I'm not gay. Alright. Get over me. Just leave me alone," Kevin said finally. He pulled himself away from Connor and trudged off to his room.

Connor felt the tears trickle down his face. He hastily wiped them away before storming out of the mission hut without a word. The sun was mostly set, but there was a little bit of light left. He ran across the dusty ground until he reached a small ring of vegetation around a pool of water. He sat on the bank, resting his chin on his knees. He watched the reflections on the water as he cried softly. He was pathetic.

Arnold knew something was going on when he heard two hushed tense voices in the kitchen. His suspicions were validated when Connor ran out. Now he knew it had to be something serious. He excused himself from the table and went his and Kevin's room.

"What happened between you and Connor?" Arnold asked as soon as he walked in the door.

Kevin stopped his pacing and rubbed his eyes to focus on Arnold. "Um, I said something I shouldn't have," he murmured.

"And that was?" Arnold pressed.

Kevin sat on the edge of his bed and made himself smaller. "It doesn't matter."

Arnold crossed his arms and glared at him. "Kevin, don't make me tickle it out of you. You know I will do that."

Kevin's vacant gaze shifted to the ground. "I, well, I said I'm not like him. I'm not gay. I told him to get over me and leave me alone. I didn't mean it. Well, I don't think I meant it. I don't even know
what I feel."

"Go apologize," Arnold said sternly. Kevin looked up to protest, but he cut him off. "Apologize or I swear I will burn all of your books in front of you. I'm not sure where he went, but you better go find him."

Kevin stared at him wide eyed. "You wouldn't dare."

"Oh yes, I would." He ran over to the stack of books and scooped them up into his arms. Kevin gasped. "Okay fine. I'll go find him." He got up and put his hands in the air as a surrender as he walked out of the room. He rubbed his eyes again as he silently walked out past all the other elders. He looked around and wondered where to head first. He walked around for a few minutes before coming across the pool of water. He saw Connor curled up on the bank and he looked so small. He quietly walked closer and sat a few feet away from him.

Connor looked over at him with puffy eyes and red-faced. "What do you want?" He asked with a broken voice.

“I came to apologize. Connor, I’m really sorry. I shouldn't have said that.” Kevin looked over at him. “Look, I’m not trying to give my an self excuse but I really don't know what I’m feeling or doing. I haven't slept in almost four days.”

“I forgive you I guess. Can you just please tell me what’s going on with you?” Connor’s voice was soft.

Kevin rubbed his arms and sighed. “I...well the hell dreams. They’ve gotten worse and I just can’t take it anymore. I’ve been keeping myself awake to avoid them,” he spoke quietly.

“I know how it feels. I used to do that when I was younger. Kevin, why didn't you talk to me?” One could hear the hurt in his voice.

Kevin shook his head and looked down into the water. “I didn't think I needed anyone’s help. I have never needed anyone’s help.”

“Kevin, I know you were like the super Mormon, but you aren't Superman. It’s okay to get help once in a while. I promise I’d never tell anyone that you’re actually human.” Connor cracked a small smile.

“Why are you so nice to me? I've been a complete asshole this entire time." He looked back over to him.

"Language, elder," he said lightly. "You weren't all that bad. Believe it or not, I like you Kevin Price," he paused. "How'd you find out that I...felt that way?"

He cleared his throat awkwardly. "Well, Arnold told me. Apparently, it's super obvious. Everyone knew but me I guess."

"Oh, it was that obvious? I tried to hide it, you know, turn it off," he said sadly.

"We aren't supposed to be doing that anymore. Remember what Arnold said?"

"Yeah, I know. I've just been doing it all my life. And I didn't want to ruin our friendship or whatever we are."
"We're friends, Connor. Let's just forget about all of this. Start over," he said with a curt smile.

"Yeah," Connor smiled for real this time, but something hurt deep inside. He didn't want to start over. He didn't want to get over Kevin. He wanted to kiss him and play with his hair and hold his hand. He wanted so many things with him that he couldn't have. Maybe he could settle for being just friends if it was the closest he could get. "We should probably head back before we get eaten alive." He got up and dusted off his pants.

Kevin got up and his vision was spotted. With just his luck, he stumbled and fell into the water. "Ah, shit!"

Connor covered his mouth and stifled a laugh. "Oh em gosh, Kevin! Let me help you!" He ran over to him and grabbed his hand to hoist him out of the water. He reveled in the touch as Kevin regained his footing and stepped out of the water. Kevin grabbed Connor's shoulder to steady himself. Connor wanted to kiss him so bad. They were so close and his hair was wet and falling into his eyes. He shook himself out of his trance. "Come on. Let's get you home."

They began walking home with Kevin leaned against for support. He was definitely on the verge of falling asleep. Connor's stomach was fluttering at the casual contact. Once they got to the hut, Kevin went to shower and Connor slipped into his room. Kevin could barely keep his eyes open as he showered, but he made it to his room without passing out. He collapsed face first on his bed with a grown and almost immediately fell asleep.

“Did you apologize?” Arnold whispered loudly from his bed.

“Yes, Arnold. Everything is fine. Now let me sleep,” he groaned into the mattress.

“Good. Goodnight, Kev,” he said finally before rolling over and going to sleep.

Kevin let the warm wave of sleep washed for the first time in several days. Rather than disturbing images, he saw ginger hair, a warm smile, and bright blue eyes. He nuzzled into his pillow with a smile and didn’t even bother to question the thoughts. He’d worried about it later, but at that moment he was content.

Connor curled up in bed and closed his eyes. He thought of all the things he wanted with Kevin. His soft, pink lips on his. His fingers in his hair. His arms wrapped tightly around him. His tousled brown hair in the mornings. Connor wanted so much. He hated himself for being so damn greedy. No, no, Connor. Stop beating yourself up. Just think of him and be happy, he thought to himself with a sigh. He thought of Kevin again and drifted off to sleep with a smile playing on his lips.

Chapter End Notes

I may have made myself cry while writing this. No biggie. I promise things won't be as sad next chapter. Hopefully.

Feedback is appreciated <3
The tension in the mission hut greatly decreased once Kevin actually started to sleep and speak with Connor. His hell dreams were few and far between now, but they were replaced with other images that worried him. Now his nights were filled with images of fluffy ginger hair and bright blue eyes and a crooked smile. They increased the closer he and Connor got. In the weeks after their conversation, they actually grew to be close friends. They helped each other out with their hell dreams and mutually ignored any non-platonic feelings for each other. Kevin opened up a lot more and grew closer to everyone. He started to smile more and Connor reveled in it. He especially loved when he was the reason for that straight-toothed smile. He loved when Kevin would laugh at his stupid, cheesy jokes. His heart would almost burst at the sound of his chipper giggle. But he constantly had to remind himself that they were just friends.

On nights when Arnold was with Nabalungi, Kevin took to staying with Connor. He told himself it was just because he didn't like being alone and that was partly true. That night Arnold was out again so he skipped into Connor’s room and laid in his extra bed.

“Can we watch a movie or something? I’m wide awake,” Kevin asked with an energetic smile.

Connor chuckled, “How about we play cards?”

“Ooo, can we play slap jack?” He bounced up and down.

“Fine, fine. You really need to lay off the coffee, Kev. And don't tell me you didn’t have any today. I saw you had two cups,” Connor said with a parental look.

Kevin grinned and jumped up to grab the deck of cards. “Shush. You don't have any authority anymore so I can do whatever I want,” he said pointedly.

Connor pursed his lips. “Technically that is true. I’m just making a friendly suggestion,” he shot back as Kevin sat next to him on his bed.

“Shush and prepare to get slapped silly,” he spoke cockily.

Connor just rolled his eyes and snatched the cards from him. They played until their hands were red and raw. Kevin always got a bit too competitive, but Connor just found it adorable. They ended up deciding to watch a movie and of course picked a Disney movie. He slid The Little Mermaid disc into the old DVD player and plopped back on Connor’s bed much to his surprise. They laid side-by-side with their heads propped up on their hands and watched the movie like little kids at a sleepover. Kevin softly sang along to every song and it was one of the most beautiful things Connor had ever heard. He couldn't help but giggle at his child-like antics. Their legs kicked in the air and knocked together as they laughed and joked around. Connor thought his heart would explode from the sheer softness of the moment. It was so perfectly innocent and everything he wanted. Well, he just wished he could press soft kisses to Kevin’s cheek and be held close. There he went, being greedy again. He pushed away his internal dialogue and just relished in the moment. After they finished that movie, Kevin put in Aladdin and brought his pillow over to Connor’s bed to get comfortable. Connor ended up dozing off halfway through Kevin singing Prince Ali. He was mildly offended, but that was...
quickly forgotten when he admired the sleeping ginger. His red hair was fluffy and his pink lips were slightly parted and his freckles peppered his always rosy cheeks. Kevin never saw Connor like this, but he was just so adorable in that sleeping state. A blush covered Kevin’s face and he forced himself to look away from his friend. He shouldn't look at his friend like that. No, no. Now wasn’t the time to have an argument with himself. He just needed to sleep, but he didn’t want to get up. If he got up, he would surely wake Connor and he would hate to do that. He reasoned with himself that it’d just be best to stay in the bed. Sure it was a tight squeeze, but friends slept in the same bed all the time. There was nothing weird about it. So he pulled the blanket over the both of them and curled up to fit on the bed. He fell asleep with their arms lightly brushing together and it sent shivers through him.

Connor woke up to the sun glaring in his eyes through the window. He blinked the haze of sleep away to see mussed brown rested on his shoulder and long tan legs tangled with his. Kevin was warm against him in the morning glow and it was the most peaceful thing Connor had ever seen. For a short second he panicked about the repressions once Kevin woke up, but he just wanted to soak in the moment. The softness of the small domestic morning. He watched Kevin’s steady breathes and listened to the soft snores. His long eyelashes were curled perfectly against his rosy cheeks. His plump pink lips were parted slightly and blowing soft puffs of air on Connor’s arm. He lifted his fingers and very softly slid them through Kevin’s hair. A soft smile quirked his lips up. This was what he wanted every morning. He wanted Kevin next to him. He wanted to wake up to soft kisses. He wanted gentle caresses and warm hugs. He wanted tangled limbs and haphazard sheets. He wanted Kevin. He wanted Kevin in every sense of the word. He closed his eyes and inhaled the scent of cheap soap and Irish Spring. He felt a slight shift in the bed that was followed by a croaky good morning.


Kevin yawned and inadvertently nuzzled his head against Connor’s neck. He mumbled, “Mm, it’s fine. ‘m tired.”

“Then go back to sleep. No more mandatory wakeup time, remember?” Connor said with a sleepy smile. “I’ll go start breakfast and your pot of coffee.”

Kevin smiled dopily. “Thanks, Con,” he mumbled and curled back up with his pillow.

Connor smiled again before slipping out of bed and padding into the bathroom. If life were a cartoon, hearts would be haloing his head and his heart would be bursting out of his chest. He was practically floating on a cloud as he began his shower. He learned that he had to really appreciate moments like those because they were the closest he’d ever get to what he really wanted.

After showering, Connor quietly went back to his room to get dressed. His towel was wrapped tightly around him and luckily Kevin seemed to be passed out. Connor had his back turned to him as he slid a clean pair of undergarments. The slight disturbance was enough to make Kevin crack his eyes open and he was greeted by the mostly naked backside of Connor McKinley. He wasn't complaining at all. The plane of his back was pale and sprinkled with freckles. His thighs looked so soft and his clad bottom was perfectly supple. Wait, he wasn't supposed to be looking at his friend like that. It was just an accident, of course. He buried his face in his pillow and shook away the thoughts. They almost terrified him more than his dreams. He told himself he couldn't control what he dreamt about, but he could control his thoughts. It couldn't be any worse than sleeping in very close quarters though, right? Or was that wrong too? Of course, they didn't mean to fall asleep like that, but neither of them seemed to particularly dislike it. Kevin let out a groan and Connor pulled his clothes on swiftly. He quickly scurried to the kitchen and hoped Kevin didn't see him changing. Kevin sat up in bed and ran a hand down his face. He was so very conflicted. He wasn't gay. He
Knew he wasn’t. He couldn’t be. But there he was sleeping very close to a boy who he observed to have a very nice butt. That could be platonic, right? Right. He pushed his hair back with a sigh and got out of bed. He made a quick dash for the shower before anyone else could get in. He took a cold shower to distract his thoughts. He slipped into his shared room with Arnold expecting it to be empty, but of course, it wasn’t.

“Hey, buddy. How’d you sleep last night?” Arnold asked with a knowing smirk.

Kevin shot him a scowl. “Arnold, I slept fine. We just played cards and watched a movie. We’re friends,” Kevin said clearly.

Arnold just smiled and nodded. “Yep, of course. Just friend.”

Kevin groaned and finished getting dressed. “I’m going to the market with Naba tomorrow. I need clothes, regular clothes.”

Arnold giggled and rocked back on his bed. “Guess who already asked to go to the market tomorrow?” He paused but continued once he realized Kevin wasn’t going to guess, “Connor! You three can go together.”

Kevin sighed. The universe clearly wanted Kevin to be with Connor as often as possible. And Kevin couldn’t argue with the universe. “Connor’s making breakfast. Let’s go.”

Arnold let out a mocking “oooo” before following Kevin out to the kitchen. Connor was almost finished with breakfast and Kevin and Arnold helped set the table. Arnold paid close attention to the way the pair acted around each other. They hovered awkwardly around each other and Connor held an almost permanent blush. Arnold just wanted to make them kiss already. The romantic tension was practically palpable. He was determined to get Kevin to come to terms with his feelings.

Kevin’s shrill alarm blared earlier than usual and he was not happy about it. He groaned and slapped the old clock until it finally stopped. He quite literally rolled out of bed and trudged to the shower, nearly walking right into Connor.

“Oh, sorry,” Kevin mumbled and rubbed his eyes.

“It’s fine. You go ahead and shower. I’ll put us together a little breakfast,” he said with a smile that was way too wide for such an early hour.

Kevin stumbled into the shower and hoped it would actually wake him up. He dreaded putting on his stiff missionary clothes and sitting in a hot, stuffy bus. He’d definitely have to shower again, but then he could put on regular clothes. And he got to spend the whole day with Connor and Naba, of course. He figured he could get away without wearing his dress shirt so he walked into the kitchen in the top half of his temple garment and his dress pants. Connor had already made a little breakfast and put together Kevin’s plate.

“Thanks for breakfast, Connor.” Kevin smiled curtly.

Connor nodded and blushed slightly. Kevin looked great like usual. His chest was so defined in the thin cotton shirt and his hair was still damp and perfectly floppy. Kevin was such a heartthrob. He’d fawn over him any day. He didn’t have time to do that though. Now he had to quickly eat his breakfast and shower.
Naba, Connor, and Kevin filed into the cramped bus and slid into a seat fit for two people. With just his luck, Kevin was smushed between Connor and Naba. They were more than shoulder-to-shoulder. She was practically pushing him into Connor's lap. He kept trying to make Naba move over but she just giggled and pushed him back into Connor's side. He furrowed his brows and figured Naba and Arnold had plotted something. Meanwhile, Connor was about to pass out from Kevin being halfway in his lap. Their hands periodically brushed together and his head knocked against Kevin's at any sudden jolt. The ride felt twice as long and Naba was getting an absolute kick out of it.

They finally arrived at the market and Kevin practically ran off the bus. He bent over and took deep breathes, glad to finally be out of the humid and cramped bus. Connor was close behind him nearly on the verge of a panic attack from his claustrophobia. Meanwhile, Nabalungi was getting a huge kick out of them.

"You white boys are so dramatic. Let's get what we need and we can get dinner later. We're staying here tonight," she said with a bright smile and a playful glimpse in her eye.

"What?! Why?" Kevin asked with exasperation.

Naba just shrugged and skipped off to the rows of booths. "Make sure you hold hands, boys. Don't want you to get lost," she called off before disappearing into the crowd of people.

Kevin scoffed, "We aren't kindergartens."

Connor bit his lip and reasoned, "Well, maybe we should stay close. I'll grab onto your arm if I have to. I happen to get lost easily."

"That's fine. I wouldn't want to lose you—in the crowd that is. It's kind of scary with all of these people," Kevin stammered awkwardly. "Let's start shopping, shall we?"

Connor nodded and followed Kevin into the flow of people. It didn't take long for Connor to latch onto Kevin's arm with a strong grip. Normally, Kevin hated being touched by anyone, but Connor's hands were warm and soft on his arm. How could that bother anyone?

It took them a little over an hour to buy all of the things on their list. By the time they were finished, both men were sweating profusely and Connor was a beet red while Kevin just got perfectly sun-kissed. Before heading to the motel they'd be residing in for the night, the three of them got some food at a quaint cafe.

When they arrived at the small motel, Naba went up to the desk to get the keys to their rooms. Naba handed a key to Kevin and kept the other for herself. "You and Connor will be sharing a room. We could only get two and a girl needs her space. Have fun boys!" She smiled and ran off to her room.

The boys shrugged and walked to their room. Everything was fine until they opened the door to find a single twin bed with a thin blanket and one pillow. The two stood in the doorway with their mouths agape.

"Well...we seem to be in a bit of a predicament," Connor said with butterflies in his stomach. There weren't any extra pillows or blankets to sleep on the dusty floor so they had to figure out a way to cram in the bed together. Kevin set the bags of supplies down beside the bed and just stared at. "You know staring at it won't make it any bigger."

Kevin furrowed his brows and put his hands on his hips. "Something is going on here," he muttered
to himself. He knew this had to be Arnold and Naba's doing. Why were they doing this to him? Why did they insist on torturing him?

"What do you mean?" Connor asked with knitted brows and leaned into his line of vision.

Kevin shook his head. "Nothing, nothing." He sat down on the edge of the stiff mattress. He bent over and pulled off the stuffy dress shoes. He kneaded his sock-clad feet with his thumbs to relieve some discomfort.

Connor moved to the opposite side of the bed and sat with his hands folded in his lap awkwardly. "So...what should we do?"

"Well," Kevin got up and opened the bathroom door. "I'm going to shower. We can figure out how we'll sleep after."

They both showered and stripped down to their temple garments for the night. The two men stared at the bed again trying to figure out a strategy. Laying perpendicular on the bed wouldn't work since most of their bodies would be hanging off. The only way they could fit together was the obvious answer. They slid into the bed, their shoulders overlapping and legs on top of the other. They laid there for a moment staring up at the cracked ceiling in silence with their hand folded on their stomachs. Connor could've sworn that Kevin could hear his heart pounding against his chest. His forehead started to perspire and his hands became clammy.

Kevin cleared his throat. "Well, um. Goodnight, Connor," he said still looking at the ceiling.

"Yeah. Goodnight, Kevin," Connor stammered back. After a few beats, they turned their backs to each other and stretched the blanket tautly over them.

Somewhere in the middle of the night when they were fast asleep, Kevin slung an arm over Connor's torso and was pressed tightly against his back. When Connor woke up that morning, always the first to wake, they were still in that position. Kevin's arm was softly draped over Connor's torso and his hand softly clutched the fabric of his temple garment. Kevin's breathes were warm on the back of his neck and his tufts of hair tickled the damp skin. Then, he felt something poking his bottom and his body went rigid. Oh, no. Oh, this wasn't good. Of course, it was just the body doing its thing, but that didn't mean Connor wasn't starting to feel certain things himself. He went as still as he could and tried to pull his bottom away from Kevin without waking him. He wasn't exactly complaining though. It was very nice being in Kevin's arms with his heat emanating off of him. It was just another taste of what he craved. Still, he wanted more. He wanted to curl into Kevin's embrace and never leave. But no. Right now he was trying to keep his ass away from Kevin's morning wood without waking him up because he still wanted to savor the moment. Wow, his life was sad.

It felt like ages before Kevin finally woke up. He shifted and nuzzles his face into Connor's soft, ginger hair before realizing what he was doing. His eyes shot open and he jumped off of the bed, landing with a thump on the hard floor.

Connor jolted up and moved to the other side of the bed. "Oh em gosh! Kevin are you alright?" He asked, his face turned pink with embarrassment.

Kevin looked up at him and stammered, "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." He clamped his hands over his crotch. "Oh my god. I'm so sorry. It's not for you. It...well you know. Oh my god. You should never talk to me again. This is horribly embarrassing." His face was bright red as he rambled on.

Connor got off the bed and knelt beside him. "Kevin, it's totally fine. I understand. It's just biology, ya know. And the bed was small. We were sleeping. It wasn't on purpose. Am I really that bad to
cuddle with?" Connor added with a small chuckle to lighten the mood.

Kevin's face got impossibly redder. "Well...no I guess not," he murmured. In truth, Connor was the most amazing person to cuddle. He was warm and soft and fit perfectly in his arms. "Just um...don't tell anyone. That we did that. I know it was nothing but people might think it's...something."

Connor nodded with a hint of sadness in his eyes. Kevin was so scared of people thinking he was gay or even associated with Connor. It took him months to even be friends with him. But Connor couldn't hold it against him. He knew first hand how scary it was to deal with his feelings. Everything was so confusing and it must be even worse for Kevin. The Kevin that grew up as the poster child of Mormonism and everything godly on the earth. But so what if the Mormon superhero was gay? Superheroes could be gay, right? He was getting off track now. The point was Kevin needed to find himself and come to terms with his feelings. And Connor really wanted to help him so that maybe one day they could be a thing. Long story short, Connor McKinley was absolutely desperate for Kevin Price. He would wait around forever for him.

They got on the bus to head back to the village and it was just as cramped as before. Kevin refused to talk to Nabalungi and didn't even try to move out of Connor's lap. He was just so agitated with himself. Part of him was pleading him to stop fighting his feelings, but the other part was screaming that he was disgusting and sinful for his thoughts. That was when tears started to pool behind his eyes. He shrunk as best as he could in the seat and willed the tears to stay back. He leaned his head on Connor's shoulder and closed his eyes, but the tension was clear on his face.

"Hey, Kev. What's wrong?" Connor whispered.

Kevin just shook his head and mumbled, "I don't know. I don't know anything."

Connor hesitated for a moment before placing a soft kiss on the top of his head. It was a risk but he just couldn't help himself. He rested his head on Kevin's and resisted the urge to nuzzle into his hair.

Kevin felt so safe and so comfortable in that moment. He very slightly leaned into his touch and the tension left his face. He decided right there on the bouncing, stuffy bus that he had to come to terms with his feelings. He was done beating himself up about it. He had to face the battle going on in his head.

He wasn't sure when or how, but Kevin Price was going to kiss Connor McKinley.

Chapter End Notes

Shoutout to Reagan for making me a playlist. It's what I listened to while I wrote most of this chapter.
I was feeling really soft so hence the boys being soft. Will they finally kiss? Who knows.
Once again, kudos and comments are greatly appreciated !! :)
Project Kiss Connor McKinley was in full effect. Well, that was a bit of a stretch. Kevin had made no visible progress. They were still friends, *bros*. Kevin's progress was more personal. Every waking moment he spent thinking of his sexuality and of Connor. God, he thought about Connor a lot. It wasn't his fault that Connor was just so enticing. He was always so giddy and smiling that stupid crooked smile. And looking at him with those big blue eyes. And touching him with those soft, delicate hands. Kevin really liked his hands. Kevin really liked Connor McKinley. He knew this now. He still didn't know how to go about this though.

Kevin was good at most things. He was terrible at flirting. And even worse at expressing his feelings. Truly, Kevin was an awkward, bumbling mess whenever he was around Connor. Connor found it quite adorable and endearing. Now Connor was starting to do the opposite of Kevin. He was working on suppressing his feelings again. He couldn't continue down this path of nowhere after Kevin. After their mission, they'd be separated again anyways. He could move on. Connor McKinley could do anything once he put his mind to it.

Arnold paid close attention to Kevin's failed attempts at flirting. It was almost painful to watch. Arnold was quite the Casanova of the group. He got with Nabalungi only a few weeks into the mission and they were still together. Obviously, he was the professional at wooing a mate. So when Kevin finally put aside his pride and asked Arnold for help, he gladly obliged.

"Arnold, I just don't know what to say. How do I say 'hey, I don't know if I'm gay but I like you and I want to kiss you but like I don't know what else I want'?' Kevin rambled as he fidgeted with his hands

Arnold laughed, nearly doubling over, "Kevin, you need to relax. Connor is already into you. Listen, all you gotta do is waltz up to him, shoot him a smolder, grab his face, and place a big, juicy smacker on his lips."

Kevin made a face and scoffed, "No, Arnold. I'm not doing that! It has to be...romantic. And sweet. Gentle. I don't want to force it on him. How can I get him to kiss me first? That'd be easier."

"Hm. Well, maybe you should try to get closer to him. Like, make it really obvious. Get all up in his business. And then when you're alone, you get *real* close and then he'll just have to kiss you!" Arnold said triumphantly.

Kevin thought about it for a moment. "Maybe I should talk to Naba," he mumbled under his breath.

Arnold gasped and held his hand to his heart, "What? Am I not good enough for you?!!"

"No, no. It's not that, pal," Kevin said with an unconvincing smile. "It's just. She's a girl. Girls are usually better at relationship stuff."

Arnold thought it over before agreeing, "Yeah, I guess that's true. She's great. She's really great. Did I tell you about the first time we kissed?

Kevin groaned, "Yes. You've told me probably one hundred times. I'm going to find Naba." He backed out of the room and left to go find Naba.
Arnold, on the other hand, skipped outside to find Connor working with the children. He bumbled over to him and pulled the ginger aside with a jerk.

"So, Connor. Do you have a crush on anyone?" Arnold said with a nudge.

All of his blood immediately surged to Connor's face in a ferocious blush. "Um, no. What are you talking about?" He stammered.

"I'm talking about Kevin," Arnold exclaimed with exasperation. "You guys seriously think I'm dumb. We all see how you two act."

Connor felt nauseous. "I—what do you mean? We're friends. That's it," he said like he had rehearsed in his head over and over again.

"Connor McKinley, don't give me that bullpoop. You like him. You like him a lot," he said pointedly.

"Even if I did, he's not gay. He'd never date me anyways," Connor spoke with a hint of sadness.

Arnold rolled his eyes and groaned, "You are both so dumb! Connor, he likes you! I know for a fact he does. Now all you have to do is kiss him." He put his hands on his hips and smiled.

Connor stood there dumbfounded. "How—how do you know?" There was a glint of hope in his voice.

"He told me so. He said it right to my face. He even asked me for advice!" He jeered.

"Well, I have to get back to the children. Goodbye, Arnold," he said hurriedly before running off with his face still scarlet red.

Arnold swaggered into the village with a cocky smile on his face.

"Naba, I don't know what to do! I like him. I like him a lot. I think. I'm not good with feelings. But I look at him like I've never looked at anyone before. And I think I want to kiss him. I think his lips would be really soft and ge—" Kevin rambled, fidgeting with his hands before being cut off.

"Stop being such a sissy then! Kevin Price, you can do anything. Why can't you just ask that ginger boy out?" She spoke with annoyance.

"Because I don't know what to say!" He whined

Naba rolled her eyes. "Kevin, just go up to him when you're alone and tell him how you feel. Tell him you like him. That to think he's pretty. That you want to be more than friends. I promise he won't reject you."

He pondered this for a moment. "I guess I could do that. There's this spot he always goes to when he needs to get away. That'd be a good place to do it." A small smile played on his lips.

"Good. Do it soon. Don't keep him waiting." She pushed Kevin out to her porch. "Now go woo your prince."

Kevin smiled and skipped off with gangly limbs back to the school where he was supposed to be helping with the addition.
Connor watched him bounce over to help the other elders and couldn't help the smile that spread across his face. He turned his attention back to the children who were climbing all over him. Around midday, the children decide to have a game of soccer. They dragged Kevin onto the makeshift field and each team begged for him.

Kevin jogged over to Connor and grabbed his arm. "How about you play for the other team? Come on, it'll be fun," he said giddily as he dragged him onto the field.

"Oh, I don't know about this. I'm not good at sports at all," Connor stuttered.

"It's easy. Just kick the ball into the other goal. The kids with teach you," Kevin chuckled with a wink before jogging over to the other team.

Connor wasn't the best to put it kindly. He stumbled a lot and couldn't kick in a straight line to save his life. He tripped over the ball once or twice which prompted Kevin to help him up, adding more contact than was necessary. By the time the game was over, Kevin's team winning, of course, Connor was redder than a tomato and completely out of breath. Even though he was wearing shorts and a thin t-shirt, he still felt like the heat was suffocating him. Meanwhile, Kevin was all smiles and glistening skin and sickeningly gorgeous.

"Kevin, can you get me some water? I don't feel so hot. Actually, I feel too hot," Connor panted as he bent over holding his knees.

Kevin bounded over to him and chuckled, "Aw, Con. Let's get you back to the mission hut." He put his arms around his shoulders and walked him back to the house. Connor collapsed on the couch while Kevin got him a glass of water. He sat the couch with him while they cooled off and kept subtly nudging his shoulder. Kevin wanted to kiss him right then. He knew he couldn't, but he knew that the feeling was real. He looked so debauched with his hair stuck up with sweat and his face flushed red. He pinched his thigh to pull himself out of his thoughts. Now wasn't the time.

The next week it was time to call their families or friends. At least once a month they were allotted a phone call. Kevin's family had grown to forgive him. Well, what they really said was, "We understand you're just helping that special friend of yours. The church welcomes you with open arms." He rolled his eyes when he heard that. Kevin also hadn't told them many things. He hadn't told them that they had abandoned mission rules or that he was drinking coffee or wearing normal clothes or how his hair had grown longer or that he really wanted to make out with his former district leader. His parents knew virtually nothing about him and he was okay with that. He just told them everything was okay and that he missed them until they finally hung up.

Connor wasn't so lucky. His family wasn't outright terrible to him. They were much more subtle with their destructive antics. Every word they spoke made Connor shrink further into himself. He should've stopped calling them, but they were still his family and he kept hoping that they'd change. This call was no different. Actually, it was worse. They kept going on and on about how he was a disappointment and he needed to come home so they could "fix" him. He slammed the phone back onto the hook and ran off in a fit of tears. Kevin watched as he took off running towards the little oasis. He found himself running after him seconds later. He stayed close behind him until they reached the small pool of water. Connor was sobbing with his head in his hands and shoulders shaking. Kevin hovered a couple feet behind him.

"Con, are you alright?" Kevin whispered and put a soft hand on his shoulder.

Connor shook his head and sat down on the plush grass.
Kevin sat next to him and without hesitation pulled him into a hug. He held him tightly and whispered, "Whatever they told you isn't true. You are an amazing person and you aren't a disappointment. You're so kind and hardworking. Don't listen to them."

Connor sniffled and wiped his tears on the thin fabric of Kevin's shirt. "They're my family. My family hates me," he cried.

"They might be your family but they don't know you like I do. I know the real Connor McKinley. All they know is some show. Fuck them," he said with malevolence.

"You don't understand," he muttered.

Kevin moved back a bit and tilted Connor's chin up, cupping his cheek. He didn't even think. He didn't have to think. Slowly, he tilted his head down and captured Connor's quivering lips with his. His lips were soft and moist from the tears. He swiped a tear away with his thumb. He wanted it to last forever but suddenly Connor was jumping up and stumbling back.

Kevin's eyes shot open and his stomach dropped.

Connor was shaking his head crying more. He was choking on his sobs as he backed away. "It's wrong, Kevin. It's wrong!" He cried through a sob.

Kevin jumped up and reached out. "I'm so sorry. I wasn't thinking. I thought you liked me," he said trying not to cry. This wasn't how he wanted their kiss to be like. "Connor, it's not wrong. I understand if this wasn't ideal but your feelings aren't wrong. You deserve love. You deserve to have someone that truly loves you."

"I have to go," he stammered and ran back to the mission hut.

Kevin just stood there completely defeated. He kicked at the ground and yelled out in anger. Everything was ruined. He looked up at the sky and at the glittering stars.

"Fuck you!" He screamed until his throat bled.

He wasn't sure what time it was before he got back to the mission hut. He went into his room and slammed the flimsy door. Before Arnold could even ask what was wrong, Kevin snapped, "Don't say a fucking word to me."

Arnold knew this was nothing to mess around with so he just turned back to the wall. Kevin laid in bed and just stared at the ceiling. A single tear trickled down the side of his face. He so desperately wanted things to be different with Connor. He wanted that kiss to be special. He wanted this to be the start of something new with Connor. He hated himself. He knew it wasn't a good time, but Connor looked so sad and he wanted to fix it. He was just thinking about himself like always. He beat himself up about it all night. He was still awake when the sun rose.

Neither Connor nor Kevin came out of their rooms until noon. They both looked terrible and it was clear that they'd done their fair share of crying. They didn't say anything to each other and their eyes stayed glued to the floor. It wasn't until everyone left the hut that Connor said something.

"I'm sorry," Connor spoke so quietly that Kevin almost didn't hear him.

"It was my fault," Kevin murmured and rubbed his arm awkwardly.

"I'd uh...I'd like to make it up to you," he stammered and cleared his throat.
"You don't have to. I understand," he muttered.

Connor grabbed Kevin's wrist tenderly. "No, I want to. I really do."

Kevin looked at him with wide eyes. And just like that Connor leaned up to kiss him. Like the first time, it was very soft and quick, but Kevin savored every moment. His lips were soft. Softer than last night. His heart was beating rapidly and he thought he might pass out. They broke away and Kevin cleared his throat.

"That was—that was nice," he said softly.

Connor smiled slightly. "Yeah. I can't believe I've kissed two boys and I'm nineteen."

"I can't believe I've kissed one," Kevin smiled. "Who's the other boy?" He furrowed his brow.

"Steve Blade," he chuckled.

"I was better, right?" Kevin's good ole ego shown as always.

"I don't know yet." He smiled cheekily.

Kevin hit his arm playfully. "I can guarantee you that I will be." He winked with a smile.

Connor smiled before it faltered a bit. "Should we talk about last night?"

"Only if you want to," he spoke reassuringly.

Connor nodded. "Well, I better get working." He smiled before heading out.

Kevin just smiled dopily after him. Maybe he didn't completely screw things up. Maybe he could kiss Connor McKinley again. And again. God, he wished he could. Maybe he liked the idea of someone giving him so much attention, but maybe he liked Connor. It wasn't a maybe. No, he liked Connor. He liked Connor for who he was. His ginger hair and pale skin and a million freckles and blue eyes and soft skin. He liked it all. He loved it. He loved him.

Oh my god, he loved Connor McKinley.

Chapter End Notes

I apologize if this chapter was not the best. I was finding it difficult to write and I've just been in a funk lately.
As always, I appreciate feedback
Follow me on twitter @jocefitz
This chapter is a little more not PG. I was just feeling really soft and flirty every time I wrote.
I also apologize for the slight delay. The past week has been rough. Enjoy :)

Kevin and Connor didn't tell anyone that they kissed. Kevin knew if Arnold found out he would tell everyone and never shut up about it. They agreed to be subtle and take this very slowly. Nothing between them really changed. They were a bit more friendly and talked more, but nothing unusual. Both of them knew they wanted more, but neither would admit it or push things further. Although Kevin was back to his egotistical, arrogant self, he was still scared to mess things up or go too fast with Connor. He'd never been in a real relationship where he had actual feelings for another person. Sure, he had a girlfriend in high school, but he did really love her and all they did was study the word of God together.

Connor, on the other hand, had been in a relationship before. The problem with that was he was far more head-over-heels in love with Steve Blade than Steve was with him. So really, neither of them had been in a mutually loving relationship. Between the two of them, they could figure it out—probably.

Kevin pranced into Connor's room once everyone went to bed. He plopped on his bed and stretched out, all of his gangly limbs dangled off the bed. Connor was sat at his desk organizing papers.

"Can you stop doing whatever stuff you do over there for one night?" Kevin groaned as he propped his head on the pillow.

Connor rolled his eyes and chuckled, "I was trying to sort out the duties. And before you say that we don't have to follow the rules anymore, I just like to keep things organized." He pushed Kevin's legs over so he could sit down.

Kevin hesitated for a moment before speaking, "You know, I really liked it when you kissed me. I wouldn't mind if you did it again."

Connor blushed. "Is that so? It wasn't so bad, I guess," he joked with a smile.

Kevin rolled his eyes and kicked him playfully with his foot. "I guess," he mocked him.

"I'll consider it," he giggled. "If you stop making fun of me."

"That's like telling me to stop breathing," he gasped before adding a laugh.

Connor hit his arm. "Oh shut up," he said with fake annoyance.

Kevin pushed him back and like children, they ended up going back and forth in a fit of laughter to push the other off the bed. Connor triumphantly pushed Kevin onto the floor, but his victory was trifled when he was pulled down with him. Connor fell mostly splayed on top of him. Their laughter died down as they stared into each other's eyes; the tips of their noses just a hairsbreadth apart. Their chests pressed together as they breathed heavily from the horseplay and the sudden tension. Connor's
Kevin McKinley's hands splayed on either side of Kevin's head while his rested on the cool floor. It took little thinking for him to place his hands gently on Connor's sides. And it took even less thought to lift his head to connect their lips. And it definitely didn't take any thinking for his eyelids to close and start kissing Connor McKinley. Connor's brain was practically mush as every nerve in his body sent sparks through him. Everything felt right. It felt absolutely perfect. Kevin's lips were perfectly soft and perfectly plump and just a little sweet. His hands were gentle on his sides, but secure. Connor was drowning in Kevin.

Kevin pulled away first with a soft smile on his lips. "That wasn't so bad," he chimed.

"I quite enjoyed that," Connor whispered. "I should probably get off of you now." He smiled a bit.

Kevin chuckled, "I don't mind." He riskily slid his hands down to the small of his back. Connor's face flushed and he jumped up back onto the bed. Kevin sat up and rubbed the back of his neck nervously. "Well, um, should we put on a movie?" Kevin asked as he got up.

"I was thinking we could just talk," Connor suggested. He moved over and patted the spot next to him. Once Kevin sat down, Connor leaned his head on his shoulder.

"So what did you want to talk about?" Kevin asked with a bit of worry.

Connor shrugged. "Just us. What we're doing. What we are. Feelings."

Kevin was especially nervous to talk about things of this nature. He had no idea about relationships or feelings. He just knew that he really liked Connor. And he really liked kissing him. And being around him. And making him laugh. He guessed that meant he wanted to date him. Maybe he did know. He was just nervous about the other elders finding out. He had no idea how they'd react.

The conversation was so scary after all. The feelings were mutual. They both really liked each other. They were both scared of going public. It was simple. Right?

"So we're dating now?" Kevin asked with a small smile.

"I guess so," Connor chuckled.

"Does this mean I can kiss you all the time now?" Kevin nudged his side.

Connor laughed. "Mm, fine." Kevin went to kiss him, but he put his finger on his lips. "I know I'm a good kisser, but that better not be the only reason you're dating me."

"Of course it's not, silly," he mumbled against Connor's finger with a smile.

Connor laughed and kissed him softly before laying down to go to sleep.

Kevin was the happiest he had ever been. He was always bouncing around and smiling. Arnold was almost scared by his sudden positivity. That's when he knew. He knew it had to do with Connor. He was determined to get Kevin to confess. It was so obvious that he and Connor had grown significantly closer, Arnold just needed to hear him say it.

First, he had to gather his evidence. He carefully observed the way the two looked at each other and the slight brushes of their hands and the school-girlish giggles. They were totally dating. Anyone could see it. Arnold waited a week to confront Kevin. He waited until everyone was in their rooms and stopped Kevin just before he went to Connor.

"Hey, buddy. Can we talk for a minute?" Arnold said trying to suppress his smile.
Kevin turned away from the door and furrowed his brows. "Um, sure. What's up?"

"Naba and I were thinking about hooking McKinley up with a guy. I think a boyfriend would be good for him. Make him happy," he said with a smile.

Kevin's eyes went wide. "That's a terrible idea!" he exclaimed. "Who would you hook him up with anyway?"

"Naba was thinking Poptarts. She thinks he swings that way, but I—"

"Connor already has a boyfriend, Arnold!" Kevin couldn't contain it anymore. "Connor and I...we're dating."

"Ha! I knew it!" Arnold shouted and jumped up and down.

"Shhh! Be quiet. We haven't told anyone. And we don't want to," Kevin whispered.

"How long have you been dating?" he whispered exaggeratedly.

"About a week...but we kissed a few weeks ago," he mumbled, preparing for Arnold's outburst.

Arnold gasped, "Why would you tell me?! I'm your best friend! That's what you tell your best friend!"

Kevin shushed him again. "I know, I know. I'm sorry. But please don't tell anyone," he pleaded.

"Of course, pal. Can I tell Naba?"

"Yeah. That's it though."

Arnold pulled him into a tight hug and rocked side to side. "I'm so proud of you, buddy."

"Thanks, Arn. Can I go now?"

"Yeah, yeah. Go be with your booooyfriend," he chuckled with a wink.

Kevin rolled his eyes and shook his head before going to Connor's room.

"You what?" Connor squeaked.

"It's only Arnold. And he already knew. I guess we aren't as subtle as we thought." Kevin rubbed the back of his neck. "I told him not to tell anyone. I know he won't. We'll be fine." He put his hands on Connor's shoulders.

Connor sighed, "Okay. You're right. But if you're wrong, you're dead to me."

Kevin frowned. "Oh, come on. That's not true."

"You don't know that." He raised his brow and pursed his lips.

"Uh, yeah I do. I'm Kevin Price. I know everything," he said with a smirk.

He rolled his eyes. "Remind me why I'm dating you."

"Because." Kevin pulled him close and kissed him. "You like this. And I'm Kevin Price. Who
doesn't want to date me?"

Connor laughed, "Well then, I guess everyone is jealous of me because Kevin Price is all mine." He leaned up on his tippy toes to place a soft kiss on his lips.

"I'm irresistible." Kevin smiled.

Connor shoved his chest lightly. "You're too much."

"I'm just enough. I'm like a tall glass of cool water." Kevin sashayed to the bed.

"You're insufferable," he laughed. "Your ego fills up the entire room. I can't breathe." He faked gasping for air.

"Will I have to perform mouth-to-mouth resuscitation?" Kevin raised a brow.

Connor snatched a pillow from the bed and chucked it at him. "Put on a movie and shush."

Kevin laughed and got up to put in Hercules. It was one of Connor's favorites. He plopped back down on the bed and slid under the covers. Connor dozed off just before it ended, like always. Kevin kissed the top of his head before going to sleep with his boyfriend pressed snuggly against his side.

Kevin was extremely clingy. Connor did not expect this. Kevin took every chance he got to touch him in some way. Whether it be a short hand hold or a brush on the thigh or a quick peck, Kevin always took the opportunity. Connor wasn't complaining. He absolutely loved it. He was just scared of getting got. Back home, he would never show any signs of affection in public. Kevin was understanding though. He always reassured him that they'd be safe. This was usually followed by a soft kiss on the forehead. Kevin Price made his heart throb.

Kevin's favorite rendezvous spot was the impossibly small laundry room. It might as well have been a closet—which was quite fitting for the situation. Connor would be pressed up in the corner with Kevin kissing him softly and sometimes passionately. It's also the first place Kevin gave him a hickey. He definitely wasn't expecting it. Kevin dipped his lips to his neck and before Connor knew it, he was sucking a large hickey on his neck. He couldn't help but let out a squeak to which he promptly covered his mouth. Kevin admired his work, not even thinking about the consequences. He placed a soft kiss on his lips before strutting out of the laundry room. Connor was absolutely dumbfounded. His body was on fire and his mind was swimming. He couldn't believe Kevin just did that. And then left. What a tease! Now he was left with a very noticeable hickey on his neck. He resorted to sticking a large square band-aid over it. He shot Kevin glares the rest of the day to which he just responded with a smirk. This was a game and currently, Kevin was winning. Connor knew this would end with them getting caught, but he didn't care at this point. This was his chance to take Kevin Price down a peg.

The unspoken aim of the game was to see who could get the other the most "riled up" without anyone seeing. Other elders had to be somewhat around and they couldn't get caught. Kevin's tactic was to aim for Connor's neck and collarbone. Connor went for tugging his hair and biting his lip. They pinned each other against every corner, every shed, every wall, every counter, and even the trees. After a week of this little game of theirs, Connor knew he had to put an end to it. The only way to stop it was to go big and he knew exactly what to do.

It was Kevin's turn to clean up the kitchen after dinner that night while all the other elders went to the living room. Connor crept into the kitchen and smiled with a mischievous glint in his eye. Kevin
turned around from his place at the sink and leaned back against the counter. He raised his brow as Connor came close before planting a kiss on the corner of his mouth.

"Mm, you aren't giving up yet?" Kevin asked smugly.

Connor shook his head and kissed him until Kevin melted into it. His hands daintily traveled down his firm torso until they landed on his hips. Kevin thought he was in the perfect position to win until Connor's hands slyly slipped south. Without thinking, a moan slipped past Kevin's lips. Connor pulled back with a smirk and tilted his head to the side.

Kevin gasped and covered his mouth. He was definitely not expecting that; he wasn't expecting himself to react like that. Connor spun on his heels and walked out with a pep in his step. Kevin stood there, turned on and confused and completely overwhelmed. He had never been touched like that. All he felt was as though he had been missing out on that very much.

It wasn't until Poptarts walked in that Kevin moved from his spot.

"Hey, Kevin. Uh, I just needed a glass. Are you alright? You look...flustered," Poptarts murmured without looking him in the eyes.

"Yeah, yeah. I'm just going to go the bathroom," Kevin muttered and ran off. He locked himself in the bathroom and just kept readjusting his pants. He was hot and his face was red and he was perpetually out of breath. This was not how he expected his first sexual experience to go. He was suddenly extremely embarrassed by his lack of experience. Clearly, Connor was more versed in this matter. He just had to educate himself. How would he do that? He was definitely not going to ask Arnold. He was not going to turn to the internet because he knew that was a mess. He'd just have to figure this out with Connor. That would definitely not be an awkward conversation.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry for the delay. A lot was going on and then my hone deleted the first draft so I had to rewrite it. It was just wild. But I saw BOM on tour last week!!! I saw it twice in one week because it was so amazing! I also met most of the cast and PJ and Gabe make a very cute McPriceley.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Just when Kevin thought he was getting better, everything was ruined again. He thought being with Connor was supposed to fix everything. He thought being in a relationship would solve all of his problems. He wasn't sure where he got these expectations, but he stood by them. Maybe he and Connor wouldn't work out. Maybe that's why he was feeling this way. Kevin's anxiety caused him to distance himself from everyone. He retreated into the dark place inside him.

Connor began to notice this change in attitude. He noticed the circles appearing under his eyes and how his hair was unkempt. He noticed how he was quieter and somehow smaller. Kevin stopped spending time with him at night and he was far less touchy. There were no more secret kisses or fits of giggles in dark corners. That beautiful smile of Kevin's was now hidden by a perpetual look of gloom. Stress knitted his eyebrows together and chewed on his lips. He took to staying in his room when he wasn't burying himself in work. He found some sort of solace in walking to the by the water where he kissed Connor for the first time. It was a space where he could just go blank. He didn't have to think about anything.

Arnold was extremely worried about Kevin. Although this wasn't particularly unusual for Kevin, he just looked worse than normal. He wasn't taking care of himself much at all. Arnold didn't know what to do. He tried talking with him, but he couldn't get through to him at all. Kevin could build a brick wall better than any mason. He was not going to let anyone get through to him.

After dinner, Kevin always took to slipping away to his room and curling up in the dimness. He laid his head down on the pillow and he couldn't help the tears that slipped down his face. He was so incredibly overwhelmed. Arnold tried for one more push. He crept into the room and Kevin immediately wiped his eyes.

"Bud, how are you doing?" Arnold asked sadly.

Kevin didn't respond. Instead, he sat up and wrapped the thin blanket around him.

Arnold looked at him with a pout. "I'm really worried about you, Kev. You haven't talked to anyone in a week. You haven't even spent any time with Connor."

"Connor hates me," he murmured.

"Kevin, you can't be serious. Connor loves you. You're like the center of his world. All he does is stare at you and talk about you," Arnold said what was only obvious.

Kevin burst into tears and covered his face with the blanket. Arnold went to hug him, but Kevin flinched away. He sighed and took to patting his shoulder. "I'm here for you, pal." Arnold slipped
back out of the room to find Connor crouched next to the door with his ear against the wall. Worry was written all over his face. Arnold nodded for Connor to go into the room. He rolled his lip between his teeth as he walked in, shutting the door behind him.

"Hey, Kev," Connor spoke softly. He covered up his worry. He had to comfort Kevin.

Kevin's breath hitched and he tried to compose himself, but the tears were already stained on his cheeks. "I'm fine," he whispered.

Connor stepped to the side of the bed and sat on the corner. "Kevin, please talk to me." He looked up at him and placed his hand softly on his knee.

Kevin shook his head and curled further into himself. "I can't."

Connor turned to face him and crossed his legs. He reached forward and gingerly grabbed his hands. "Please. I care about you," he pleaded.

"It's just. It's all so much." His voice broke as he spoke. He looked down as a tear trickled down his cheek.

Connor's heart broke at the sight. He couldn't help himself from pulling his boyfriend into a hug. Kevin buried his face in his neck and cried softly. Connor rubbed circles on his neck and squeezed him lightly. He refrained from pressing him further to talk. Kevin just needed to let it out. Everyone needs a good cry once in a while.

They sat there for an hour until Arnold knocked on the door. Kevin reluctantly left Connor's embrace. Before he could get up, Connor wiped the tears from his face and kissed him softly. A slight smile grew on Kevin's lips and Connor's heart was full once again.

Arnold slowly opened the door and peaked his head in. "How are you guys doing?"

Kevin looked to Connor and then to Arnold. "Better I guess. Thank you," Kevin smiled softly.

Arnold bounded over and wrapped his arms around both of them. "I love you guys so much. You're my bestest friends."

Kevin chuckled, "I love you too, Arn." His eyes flickered back to Connor. The tips of their noses were just barely touching.

Connor mouthed, I love you too. Kevin's heart pounded against his chest. He was taken out of the moment by Arnold nearly suffocating Connor.

"Arnold, I can't breathe," Connor wheezed and tapped on his arm.

Arnold jumped back. "Sorry! My love knows no bounds."

"I know it doesn't," Kevin smiled and hit his arm lightly. "Well if you don't mind. I'm going to stay with Connor tonight. See you in the morning." He dragged Connor out of the room and ran down the hallway into his room. He hadn't stayed with him in a week and he really missed it. He missed Connor even though he was really at fault for the distance. He laid down on Connor's slightly comfier bed and just admired his boyfriend. His boyfriend. Connor was his boyfriend. He still couldn't believe it. He couldn't believe up until Uganda, he thought he was straight. Then again there was that one time in middle school.

Connor laid down next to him and rested his head on Kevin's shoulder. "I'm worried about you,
Kev," he whispered.

Kevin's brows knitted. "I'm sorry. I just...I don't know how to explain it."

Connor took his hand in his and rubbed his thumb in circles. "I just want you to talk to me. I'll always be here for you."

Kevin sighed, "I know. Connor, I'm just tired. Can we just sleep for now?"

Connor nodded and rolled on top of him.

"What are you doing?" Kevin asked with his brows raised in confusion.

He buried his face in his neck. "You've barely touched me in a week. I'm making up for it."

"I guess I'm not complaining." Kevin wrapped his arms around him and closed his eyes.

Kevin wasn't perfect. He was far from it, but he was better. Connor found ways to get through to him when he was panicking. No one had ever been able to do that. They were back to their normal routine of secret kisses and hidden whispers. It added a thrill to their relationship. Connor was getting a bit tired of this "thrill". He hated hiding his feelings; after all, he was forced to hide his feeling his entire life. He just wanted the freedom to be Kevin's boyfriend. He didn't want to worry about getting caught anymore. He slowly started dropping hints as days went on. Usually, after such sessions, Connor would bring up how much better it would be if people knew about them. He figured it would eventually get to him. He thought it would really get to him if he stopped letting Kevin give him hickeys.

"But why, Connor?" Kevin whined and stuck his bottom lip out.

"Because you're so worried about the other elders finding out. And don't pout," Connor said with fake sternness.

"You do a good job at hiding them. Come on," he pleaded.

Connor crossed his arms and shook his head defiantly.

Kevin pulled Connor into his lap and nuzzled his nose against his neck. "Please," he mumbled against his skin. Connor shook his head but didn't do anything to stop him when he started to kiss his neck. He couldn't deny that it felt very good.

"Darn you, Kevin Price," he said with a slight gasp as Kevin lightly nibbled his neck.

"So much for no hickeys," Kevin snickered.

"God, I hate you," Connor groaned before pushing Kevin back on the bed.

Mafala's birthday was rolling around soon, so the elders and the villagers decided to throw a party. Naba really wanted to go all out for his birthday. He was turning forty so it was quite a milestone. Connor made room in the budget for the party supplies. Despite Kevin's constant begging, Connor and Naba went to the market by themselves. Kevin's job was to assign everyone's duties for the
party. He begrudgingly listened to Connor and wrote down what each person was making or setting up. He was quite proud of himself for being so organized. He figured it'd be best for him to take as much stress off of Connor as possible. Connor had the tendency to get extremely anxious when planning something important. It was this quality that made him such a great district leader. He suffered for the sake of success.

The night before Mafala's party had Connor in an absolute wreck. He paced around the mission hut over a hundred times going over his mental checklist. He muttered to himself and chewed at his fingernails until there was nothing left to bite. Kevin pulled him aside and grabbed his shoulders to ground him.

"Connor, look at me. Just relax. Everything is going to be alright. You planned the party perfectly. Everything you plan is always perfect," Kevin reassured him lovingly.

Connor chewed on his lip and shook his head. "No, no. I always mess things up. Something always goes wrong," he stammered.

Kevin cupped his face in his hands. "Con, listen to me. This party is going to be perfect. Everyone is so excited. And if anything goes wrong, god forbid, I'll be standing right by your side. I'll take care of everything," he said with a small smile. "Let's go take a walk to our spot. Sound good?"

Connor nodded and threaded his fingers with his. "Thank you," he whispered.

Kevin kissed his temple softly before walking down to the mini oasis. They sat on the bank leaning against each other. For a moment they just sat in silence and watched the moonlight reflect on the soft ripples of the pool.

"Have I ever told you how much I love your freckles?" Kevin spoke softly.

Connor scrunched his nose. "You like my freckles?"

Kevin smiled and turned towards him. "Yeah. They're like little stars. You're covered in constellations." He studiously examined the freckles that spread across his cheeks. "Naba told me that her mother used to tell her the freckles were little skin stars."

Connor blushed, making his freckles even more apparent. "Aren't you supposed to wish upon a star?"

"There are so many to choose from; you are made of so many wishes." He gently traced his fingers across the freckles on his cheeks down to his shoulders. "I wish I could just count them all."

"You should start counting now," he chuckled. He threaded his fingers through Kevin's hair. He brought his face closer so their noses brushed against each other.

Kevin kissed him oh so softly. "Should we head back to the hut? You know, before we get eaten by lions or safari ants," he said with pseudo-eeriness.

"I don't know. I wouldn't mind the lions right now." He fell back dramatically against him.

"Oh, be quiet. I'd miss you too much." Kevin slapped his arm lightly.

"The lion can eat you too. Isn't that what relationships are all about: getting eaten by lions together."

Kevin rolled his eyes and got up, pulling Connor with him. "Shut up and let's go."
Connor woke up way earlier than was necessary. Kevin was still completely out and drooling on the pillow with his arms wrapped tightly around Connor. He wriggled out of his grasp and sat at his desk to go over the checklist. The disturbance was just enough to wake Kevin. He sat up in bed and rubbed the sleep out of his eyes.

"What time is it?" He yawned as he stretched.

"7:30," Connor responded monotonously.

"Con," Kevin groaned. "Come back to bed. It's too early."

Connor let his head fall down against the desk in clear distress. Kevin forced himself off the bed and trudged over to Connor. He closed the binder on the desk and rolled his chair away from the desk. He dragged him out of the chair and shoved him back on the bed.

"Now, we're going to back to sleep for a couple hours and the party will still be as amazing as ever," Kevin said with a voice thick with sleep. He pulled the blanket over them and held Connor tight against his chest. He kissed the top of his head before dozing back off to sleep.

All of the elders and villagers gathered in the center of the village where Connor had set the entire party up. Tables of food were on every porch, there were dozens of buckets filled with ice, a small dance floor was set up, and decorations lit up the entire village. Kevin came up behind Connor, who was admiring his work, and subtly placed his hand on the small of his back.

"This is absolutely phenomenal, Con. I knew you'd pull it off," he whispered in his ear before walking off to join the other elders. Everyone grabbed plates and piled on the food until they might break. They sat on a variety of chairs and porch steps. Everyone chatted and joked together like one big family. Kevin smiled at Connor from across the way. They shared a short moment of affection before returning back to their respective conversations.

Once everyone finished eating, the party really started. Mafala and Naba started dancing on the makeshift stage as Arnold blasted the music. By the time of sunset, everyone was dancing and cracking open drinks while Connor turned the fairy lights on. He stood idly by and watched everyone party. His eyes drifted over to Arnold "dancing" wildly with Kevin. Kevin caught his eye and beckoned him to come over, to which he politely shook his head. Of course, that prompted Kevin to run over and drag him into the crowd. Everything was fairly normal until Kevin got a couple drinks in him. The alcohol was enough to make Kevin forget all of his principles. His dancing with Connor turned to something very handsy and almost like grinding. Connor tried to talk some sense into him, but that clearly wasn't going to work. Luckily, no one was exactly watching them except for Arnold and Naba and Mafala and maybe Gotswana. Okay so maybe a few people were watching them. Connor found it quite amusing to see Kevin like this. His hair was all askew and a thin layer of sweat covered his skin. He also loved the public affection even though he was under the influence. Then Kevin had another drink and things weren't all fine and dandy. By now everyone was watching Super Mormon get drunk off his ass and feel up the "closeted" district leader. Kevin saw this as the most appropriate time to very passionately—and sloppily—make out with him. A very audible gasp spread across the crowd and Naba burst out laughing—heaving over and all. Connor looked around with a scarlet red face.

"I, uh...we should get going," he stammered before wrapping Kevin's arm around his neck and running back to the mission hut.
The freckle part is inspired by PJ Adzima (Elder McKinley) because he has the most beautiful freckles. I hope you enjoyed this chapter. A lot went on
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

This chapter is probably not PG. The boys discover sex GASP

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Connor's alarm screeched through the early hour of the morning. It seemed more piercing than usual and went on for much longer.

"Turn it off. Turn it off," Kevin grumbled and slapped Connor's arm. His head pounded and everything ached. He pulled the blanket and pillow over his head in an attempt to muffle the sound.

Connor yanked the blanket away and threw open the blinds so the sunlight blinded him. Kevin squirmed and whined until Connor finally turned off the alarm.

"What was that for?" Kevin whined.

"For getting absolutely wasted and making a fool out of yourself in front of the entire village!" Connor spoke loudly, making Kevin wince. He wasn't exactly mad at him, but quite annoyed with his hungover lover.

"Lower your voice," he groaned. "What are you talking about?"

"Oh you don't remember, do you? Well, you are an extreme lightweight by the way," he began to fill him in.

"Oh no. I can't believe I did that," Kevin repented with his head in his hands once Connor concluded. "Why didn't you stop me?"

"Well Mr. Price, you are very tantalizing and very hard to stop when you're in the mood," he said with a slight chuckle as he sat down on the bed. He pulled Kevin's head into his lap and massaged his temples. "Now everyone officially knows about us."

"What a terrible way for them to find out. How am I supposed to face them after that?" Kevin mumbled into Connor's lap.

"Over breakfast. You clean up a bit while I make you coffee and finish up breakfast," Connor said softly.

"Okay," Kevin grumbled. "Thank you."

"You're welcome, sweetheart," Connor smiled and kissed his forehead softly before slipping out of the room.

A blush spread across Kevin's face at the pet name. That was new. It was almost sickeningly sweet; however, Kevin absolutely loved it. He was a sucker for affection and that was like the cherry on top. He'd make sure that pet names became a regular thing. After his little internal squeal, he got up and slowly got ready. He didn't even bother to fix his hair. It was its own entity at this point. He threw on a t-shirt and thin cotton pants before tiptoeing to the bathroom. His breath was less than
favorable so he brushed his teeth and rinsed his mouth out with mouthwash until the bitter taste of alcohol was gone. In order to boost up his confidence, Kevin looked in the mirror and took deep breaths, even adding a little pep talk at the end. His stomach was knotted with the anxiety of the other elders' reactions. He reassured him that it must've not been too bad since Connor seemed fine. He took one more deep breath before walking into the kitchen.

All of the elders who were chatting around the table stopped as soon as Kevin walked into the kitchen. They all looked up at him with cheeky grins on their faces. He panicked and ran into the kitchen to find Connor dancing over the stove. Seeing his hips sway and contained tapping made him relax just a little bit more. He hugged him from behind and rested his chin on his shoulder.

"I really don't want to go out there. They all stared at me," Kevin mumbled and tried to mask his fear.

Connor turned to face him and held his face lightly. "You'll be okay. We'll be okay. Since when does Kevin Price let anyone scare him, huh?" He smiled and slapped his ass lightly. "Breakfast is ready. Let's go get em, tiger."

They brought out the food and set the dishes on the table. Normally the elders rushed to pile food on their plates, but this morning they just sat and grinned. Kevin hesitantly sat down next to Connor and swallowed the lump in his throat. Connor squeezed his hand under the table and nudged him to speak.

"So how's the happy couple?" Poptarts asked before Kevin could speak.

Kevin opened his mouth but then shut it again. "Good, actually. We've been together for almost two months," he finally spoke with confidence.

"Only two months? You've been in love with each other since Price walked into the mission hut," Elder Neeley exclaimed.

"Yeah, we were all just waiting for you to finally tell us," Elder Zelder piped in.

"But of course, the great Kevin Price had to be over the top and announce it like that," Elder Michaels jabbed.


All of the elders burst out laughing as Poptarts added, "You guys are terrible at hiding your feelings. Plus you suck at hiding hickeys. And hiding your make-out spots. We've all seen you two together."

Now Kevin and Connor were both utterly embarrassed. They looked at each other as their faces turned red.

"You guys don't mind this, do you?" Kevin asked with hesitance.

They all shook their heads. None of them really seemed to care about their relationship considering they already knew. Finally, they began to make their plates and go on with the morning. Kevin and Connor shared one small smile before continuing with breakfast.

Everyone seemed to go on with their day like normal. In all honesty, Kevin was a bit annoyed by the lack of reaction. He wanted to be the talk of the village. Here and there people would poke fun at him or ask him questions, but nothing extra. Except for Arnold.
Arnold bounded over to Kevin while he was working outside. "You did it! Good job buddy!" Arnold cheered.

"I didn't do anything. The alcohol made the decision for me. But uh thanks," Kevin said awkwardly.

"Everyone clapped! Well, Naba laughed. We should have a party! Like a coming out party!" Arnold exclaimed.

"No! No more parties. We are not repeating last night," Kevin said sternly.

Arnold frowned but didn't press him anymore about it. Maybe he could convince Connor or Naba, so he skipped off and let Kevin continue his work.

As the days went on, things didn't seem to change. No one really cared that Kevin and Connor were dating. No one even cared when they caught the two of them displaying affection. At first, Kevin was still annoyed by the lack of attention. He thought this would be the moment he broke his Super Mormon image. Maybe that image was long gone, but he wouldn't be able to tell until someone told him directly. In the meantime, he grew used to the new normal of their relationship. He grew used to Connor sitting next to him on the couch and resting his head on his shoulder. He grew used to hugs from behind while doing the dishes. He especially grew used to the constant affection. It practically became his life source. They were going to be as obnoxiously affectionate as Naba and Arnold. Since they were the only other couple on the mission, they took to spending a significant amount of time together. It was clear that all of the other elders and most of the Ugandans were quite annoyed with the mushy lovers.

"Can we please play a game?" Arnold whined. They'd finished their work for the day and were all sitting in rickety plastic chairs in the shade.

"Just let us relax, Arn. Some of us have actually been doing work all day," Kevin grumbled back.

Naba strode over with ice cold water bottles and handed one to each of them before plopping down in Arnold’s lap. “After we all cool down, we can play cards or watch a movie. How about that?” She arbitrated.

Arnold huffed in agreement while Kevin sneered, gloating that he got his way. In their silent competition, Arnold wrapped his arms around Naba’s waist and kissed her cheek.

Connor leaned over and whispered, “Why don’t we ever do that, Kev?” He looked at him with a pout knowing he’d get his way.

He turned it over in his head for a moment before complying. “Fine.” He patted his lap for his boyfriend to sit. With a giddy smile, Connor sat on his lap and leaned against his chest. This may have meant more body heat between them but it didn’t seem to bother either of them. Kevin wrapped his arms around his waist and placed a soft kiss behind his ear. He bit his earlobe lightly, eliciting a squeak which in turn prompted a gag from Arnold. Maybe this was why they never say like this. Kevin’s constant affection caused Connor to squirm and squeal. A couple minutes later, Connor felt something. He repositioned himself on his lap as they talked. Kevin squeezed his hips a bit tighter and let out a frustrated grunt. That’s when it finally hit Connor. His face flushed red and he had to hold in a laugh.

He leaned back against Kevin and whispered in his ear, “Kevin. Do you have a boner right now?”

Now Kevin was bright red and clenching his jaw. “You asked for this.”

Connor just loved to torture Kevin, so he responded by gyrating his hips only for Kevin to hit the
back of his head. Naba looked over at them with a skeptical eye. They both responded with wide totally non-conspicuous smiles.

After a rousing game of Ginny—in which Arnold won because a certain couple was quite distracted —Kevin pulled Connor into his bedroom in a slight panic. He couldn’t ignore the tension between them—and in his pants. Just as Connor was about to crack a cheeky comment, Kevin grabbed him and kissed him more fervently than ever before. Animalistic impulse told his hips to press against Connor’s for much-needed friction. As much as Connor enjoyed this, he was a bit confused. Kevin moved his lips to his neck giving him a chance to speak.

“This is new,” Connor spoke with a gasp from the pleasant sensations elicited by his boyfriend’s tongue. “Very new.” Kevin didn’t respond. He just continued to make his way done his neck to his freckled collarbone. “Oh, oh. Wow. Okay. That feels good,” he spoke with a suppressed moan. “Kevin, maybe slow down a bit.”

He pulled back and took a deep breath. His face was almost as red as Connor’s. “Sorry. I’ll be right back,” Kevin stammered before running off to the bathroom. He paced in the small space contemplating what to do about his situation. “You know what you have to do, Kevin Price.”

And so with a little bit of lotion, he came into a thin cotton washcloth.

The rest of the night he couldn’t stop thinking about sex.

Sex. He was always taught that it was such a dirty word. He was the kid that wasn’t allowed to take sex education because his parents feared it would corrupt him. Puberty was a nightmare. Now here he was with his boyfriend cuddled against him. And all he could think about was sex. It was an internal battle between his brain and his penis. This was extremely pathetic but it was biology. The wait-until-marriage Kevin had been replaced with why-am-i-not-having-sex-right-now Kevin. His sensible side that had been shoved in the back corner of his brain was yelling “You’re a virgin! Do you even know what sex is? Let alone sex with a boy?!” This internal dialogue was becoming chaotic and he wanted to scream for everyone to shut up. It nearly threw him into a panic, but Connor’s steady breathing kept him grounded. Just sleep. You can do research later. Just let it happen. Kevin pulled the blanket over them both and pulled Connor just a little bit closer.

As Kevin drifted off to sleep he heard Connor whispered, “I can feel your boner against my ass.”

Chapter End Notes

AA I am so sorry for being slow with updates. LIfe is just hectic as hell. I miss my guys. Thanks to everyone for reading this !!
Nineteen. Kevin was going to lose his virginity to Connor McKinley. But first, he had to figure out how. The only access to the internet was two hours away by the market at the public library. Luckily, or rather unluckily, Naba was going to the market that morning. Kevin was so anxious that he woke up before Connor for once. The problem with that was it was impossible for him to get up without waking his boyfriend. Connor’s head was tucked under Kevin’s chin and his limbs were wrapped tightly around him.

“Hey, Con,” Kevin whispered as he kissed the top of his head. The only response was a muffled snore. “Wake up, baby.”

Connor stirred with a yawn. “Mm, baby?”

“Get up you weirdo,” Kevin chuckled as he shoved Connor lightly.

He groaned and gripped him tighter. “Why are you in such a rush?”

“I have to go to the market with Naba. Why are you so clingy?” Kevin smiled down at his dopey loved.

Connor rolled on top of him and kissed him softly. “Because I love you. Can’t Arnold go to the market? Stay with me. Please,” he pouted.

Kevin rubbed his hands across his back. “As much as I would love to, I already promised Naba I’d go. And I have some things to take care of. I’ll be back before you know it.” Kevin kissed him again before prying Connor off and getting up.

“Bring me back something pretty,” Connor smiled as he curled back under the covers.

“Of course.” He kissed his cheek before getting dressed and heading out to the kitchen. A smile lingered on his face as he made a cup of coffee. Connor McKinley was his boyfriend. He was his. Well, of course, Connor didn’t belong to him, but rather they were two parts of a whole. And now they were about partake in something sacred. Something that would bond them forever. Something —

“Kevin! What are you doing? You’re spilling coffee all over the counter!” Naba yelled as she walked into the kitchen.

Kevin shook himself out of his thoughts and realized his thermos was overflowing with piping hot coffee. “Fuck!” He screamed as it burned his hand.

“Language, Elder!” She mocked as she grabbed her self a bottle of water and threw a towel at him. “So tell me why you begged me to let you come to the market.”
Kevin bit his lip and turned his back to her as he cleaned up the mess. “I have some things I need to do. Don’t worry about it.”

“Well I heard that you and Connor are thinking about...you know.” She waggled her brows and smirked.

“Be quiet!” He shushed. “Maybe. But I don’t know what I’m doing and I don’t know if he wants to. Let’s just stop talking about this.” He poured a tablespoon of half-and-half into his coffee before screwing the cap back on.

Naba giggled, “Well, we better be heading out soon. You need to do some research and acquire some supplies.”

“I hate you,” Kevin scowled as he walked past her.

“No, you don’t.” She smiled as she skipped behind him.

The bus ride was once again overcrowded and ridiculously hot. But this time Connor wasn’t there to make it sufferable. He loved Naba but she loved pestering him way too much.

“I swear to Heavenly Father, I will turn this car around,” Kevin yelled, emulating his mother.

Naba jabbed his side with a laugh. “One, you sound like a thirty-five-year-old mom with four kids. And two, you’re not driving. This is a bus.”

He huffed wit defeat and slunk down into his seat. “This is why I’m gay.”

As soon as the word left his mouth he froze. Gay. Was he gay? Yes, he was dating a boy but did that mean he was gay? Did he even have any interest in girls? Was he really pondering his sexuality on a crowded bus in Uganda? It suddenly felt like a weight filled his stomach and his throat was constructed. He grabbed Naba’s arm as he gasped for air.

“I need to get out. I need to get out of here,” Kevin stammered as he pulled at the collar of his shirt.

Naba immediately jumped into action and attempted to regain Kevin’s composure. “Look at me. We’re almost there. You are going to be. You are going to be okay. No one is forcing a label on you. Just focus on your breathing and have a sip of water.”

Kevin nodded and closed his eyes. He mumbled to himself the phrases that Connor has repeated to him whenever he needed to relax. “I’m loved. I’m cared for. I’m me. I just have to be happy,” he whispered until the bus came to a halt. He opened his eyes to see almost all of the passengers staring at him. Before he burst into tears, Kevin shoved past Naba and ran off. This was not a good start his self-acceptance.

In his panic, he managed to find the library which was the only place he could find quietness. This of course through Naba into a panic as she chased after him hoping he didn’t totally lose it. His abnormally long legs made it hard for Naba to keep up with him but once she finally did she was completely out of breath.

“Kevin. Are you okay?” She managed to pant out.

He nodded without turning to her. He plucked a book from the shelf and walked over to the tables. She lingered there for a little longer before sighing and walking out towards the market. She knew
there was no helping Kevin when he was like this. Only Connor could get through to him.

Kevin looked up from the book once she was gone and let out a breath of relief. He needed to be alone for a little while. He slid the book back onto the shelf and went over to the computers in the very back of the building. Homosexuality was still illegal in Uganda so he wanted to ensure no one saw him.

Kevin wasn’t exactly sure where to start, but google led him to some interesting sources. He jotted down notes in his notebook. Although he felt incredibly embarrassed that he had to google how to lose his virginity, it was quite informative. He learned all of the proper ways to prepare, what he would need, and some varying positions. It was all very jarring at first, but now he was even more excited.

After he acquired all of this information, he realized he left Naba to do all the shopping alone. He walked out into the suffocatingly hot air and headed for the market in hopes of finding her. He shuffled through the crowd of people and bought the supplies he needed.

“Hey. I’m sorry for running off earlier,” he said once he finally found Naba.

She had already bought the necessities they came for and seemed quite exasperated. “Don’t ever worry me like that again, Price!” She yelled and smacked his arm.

“I’m sorry! I can’t help it. I’m working on it. Connor says I’m getting better,” Kevin spoke softly and seemed to shrink into himself.

Naba sighed, “Don’t apologize. Let’s just get on the bus. Did you get everything you need?”

“Yeah,” he smiled. “I bought Connor more craft supplies for the kids and lots of glitter.”

“He’ll love it,” she laughed as they squeezed their way into the bus.

The way home was much more relaxing. Kevin just wanted to see Connor.

By the time they got back to the village it was nearly two o’clock in the morning and everyone had long been asleep. Kevin walked Naba to her home like the good gentleman he was before making the trek to the mission hut. Just before he stepped inside, he stopped for a moment to gaze at the stars. As he admired the vast universe, he realized how small he really was. And all he had to do was live in the moment. He let out a breath of content before quietly stepping into the hut. As he blindly made his way to the bedroom, he heard the unmistakable Connor-snores in the living room. There on the couch laid Connor still in his clothes and a book on his chest.

Kevin smiled at Connor who was way too cute to be real. He knelt in front of his head and softly ran his fingers through his hair. “Hey, Con. I’m back,” he whispered as not to startle him.

Connor jolted awake with a snort. “I tried to wait up for you,” he mumbled. He rolled onto his side and lazily kissed Kevin’s forehead.

“You didn’t have to do that, sweetheart,” Kevin chuckled softly. “Let’s get to bed.”

Connor stumbled up and wrapped his arms around Kevin’s neck. “Carry me. I’m too tired.”

Kevin groaned and heaved Connor up over his shoulder. “There you big baby,” he spoke and slapped his butt lightly. He carried him off into the bedroom where he softly placed him on the bed.
Neither of them even bothered to change. Before he fell asleep, Kevin place the bag he got from the market on top of the dresser. By the time he laid back down, Connor was already passed out. He slid behind him and pulled him tight against his chest. The soft thumping of his heart and his steady breathes kept Kevin at ease and seemed to be the only familiar constant at the moment.

“You don’t think I forgot you promised to bring me back something from the market, did you?” Connor cooed. He had rolled on top of Kevin and kissed his face in an attempt to awake him.

Kevin grumbled and hugged Connor tight against him. “I didn’t forget,” he assured him. “But can I please sleep for just five more minutes?”

“Not until you show me my gift,” he snickered. Kevin squeezed him tighter and held the pillow over his face. “Kevin! I can hardly breathe!” he exclaimed as he flailed out of his grasp.

Kevin chuckled and let him go. “It’s in the bag on the dresser. Now let me sleep,” he grumbled before turning over and closing his eyes. The rustling of the bag and a gasp made him shoot his eyes back open. “Oh shoot! How do I explain this?” he shouted as he jumped up.

Connor’s face had turned bright red as soon as he saw the box of condoms and the small bottle of lube. “This is not what I was expecting.”

“That. That’s uh…well that’s for us in case we need it. I’m sorry. I should’ve talked about it with you first,” Kevin stammered and awkwardly rubbed his arm.

“I’m not mad. Just surprised. I didn’t know you…”

“Well, I don’t know. Are you—“

“I don’t know. I’ve thought about it…”

“Should we?”

“Only if you want to.”

“If you want to…yeah.”

“I think we should go get breakfast.”

“Good idea.”

The two shuffled into the kitchen in obvious embarrassment. Kevin poured himself a cup of coffee while Connor helped the other elders prepare breakfast. Arnold immediately caught on to the tension between them and had to mention it. Kevin caught onto Arnold’s mischievous look and sprinted to shut it down.

“Don’t say a word, Arnold. We’re fine. We just have to talk about…something.” The blush crept back up Kevin’s neck.

Arnold giggled, “Is it sex?” He made a poor attempt at whispering.

“Shut your whore mouth!” Kevin whispered harshly. Arnold opened his mouth, but Kevin immediately shushed him. “No words about this. It’s private.”

Arnold zipped his lips and nodded in agreement. “Good luck, buddy.”
Kevin rolled his eyes and chugged his cup of coffee. He poured himself another cup of coffee, but before he could drink it, Connor glared at him from across the room. *No more,* he mouthed. Kevin held up one finger and slowly sipped the coffee with a devilish smile. Such a small gesture reassured him that Connor wasn’t mad and they were okay. They all sat around the table with their plates and Kevin with his third cup of coffee—Connor gave him the eye for it. The conversation was light between the group and Connor squeezed Kevin’s thigh just to give him extra assurance. In the midst of their rousing conversation about tie knots, the wall phone rang. No one ever called the mission hut except for the president and technically they weren’t even an official mission anymore. They all looked around and waited for someone to answer the looming ring. Elder Neeley was the first to get up and walk over to the phone. With a deep breath, he answered the phone. The other occupants at the table stopped and watched anxiously.

“Yes, sir. I’ll tell the others. Thank you, sir. Praise Christ,” Neeley mumbled before hanging the phone back on the hook. He looked back at the other elders as they watched on expectedly. “The mission president called. He told us we are being sent home in a week.”

Arnold jumped up and nearly knocked the table over. “No! We can’t leave! What about Naba and the Church of Arnold?” He cried.

Kevin got up and attempted to calm Arnold, but he wasn’t even calm himself. He looked to Connor with wide eyes who looked like he’d be sick. Connor was petrified of going back home. It had been a little over a year since his mission started and he hadn’t seen his parents. And he had just learned to accept himself. And he just got involved with Kevin. Now all of that would be destroyed if he had to go back home.

“I’m sorry, everyone. I need to step outside,” Connor stammered and stumbled outside. He leaned against the thin wall and took a deep breath. Just when he thought his life was getting together, it all had to fall apart. He closed his eyes and tried to steady his breathes and think of the upsides. He heard the door shut quietly and a pair of arms wrap around him. The form was obviously Kevin, the only person he needed at that moment. Connor buried his face in his neck and held onto him. “I’m scared, Kevin. I’m so scared. What are we going to do?”

“We’ll figure it out. I don’t know what we’re going to do, but it’ll work out. I promise you. I promise it to you,” Kevin whispered and kissed his temple softly. Kevin was just as scared, but he had to be there for Connor who was always there for him. “Let’s be scared together.”

“Thank you,” Connor whispered and blinked away the tears. He lifted his head from his neck and kissed him softly. Then an idea struck him. “Maybe I could go with you. I’d go with you to Salt Lake with you. I wouldn’t even have to go back to Indiana,” he proposed with slight hesitation.

Kevin mulled it over for a minute before responding, “What would I tell my parents? I don’t even know what to do when I get back. Before you, I had everything planned out. I was going to go to BYU, get married—to a woman—, and have kids. Now I don’t know what university I want to go to. The only thing I know is I enjoy being with you and I don’t want us to separate when we move.”

“We could tell your parents that we’re just friends and I need a place to stay. And then when we decide where we want to go, we can apply to colleges and…well, I don’t know what we’d do if we go to different places,” Connor mumbled as he went on. “Oh, Kevin. Why does this have to be so complicated?”

“Because life sucks ass and nothing is fair,” Kevin asserted and hugged him tighter. “Just come home with me and we’ll figure things out as we go. Tomorrow is a latter day.”

Connor smiled and wrapped his arms around his neck. “You’re the best.”
The rest of the day, everyone was trying to contact their families and get their lives situated. Kevin and Connor didn’t even bother to contact their families; instead, they holed away in their room and watched Kevin’s movie collection. Connor barely made it through The Holiday before he was on top of Kevin sucking hickeys on his neck. Kevin held Connor’s hips to anchor himself and keep him completely losing himself in pleasure. Their hips slid against each other creating arousing friction. Kevin’s hand slid between them and attempted to soothe his arousal, but Connor’s hand swatted his away and began rubbing his crotch. Kevin’s breath hitched and his hips bucked up against Connor’s. One at a time, an article of clothing was peeled off until they were down to their boxers.

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“What do we do now?” Kevin panted against his lips.

“What do you want to do?” Connor whispered back.

“I want you to touch me,” he practically moaned out.

Connor slipped a hand into Kevin’s boxers but he wasn’t prepared for Kevin to return the gesture. With the help of two hands and a dollop of lube, they came between their stomachs amongst moans and sweaty bodies.

Kevin couldn’t even speak. His body was paralyzed with pleasure and his stomach cramped.

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“Connor McKinley,” was all he mumbled out with a dopey smile.

“Kevin Price, what am I going to do with you?”

Chapter End Notes

THE BOYS DID IT FINALLY
No more awkward tension. But what will happen when they are forced to leave???
I really hope this didn't make anyone uncomfortable
Give me feedback, please!
Kevin and Connor felt liberated after their first sexual encounter. An equal weight was lifted off of their shoulders now that they could be sexually open with each other rather than awkwardly shuffling around the subject. The only awkward part of their little escapade was the entire mission hut heard Connor’s moans and they weren’t going to let it go. The following morning when Connor went out to make breakfast, Elder Zelder and Poptarts very dramatically mocked the sounds they heard from the bedroom. Connor just about killed them before Kevin walked in. He expected him to tell the others to knock it off, but instead, he just laughed and kissed his flushed cheek. Kevin was lucky that Connor was so loud because it masked his whimpers and that seemed far more embarrassing. He also enjoyed the fact that the others knew they had sex. In his mind it solidified their relationship while also showing others he was superior. Kevin Price had to make everything a competition, so this was no different. He also started to appreciate public displays of affection more. The downside of all this was they’d be going home soon and that meant no more of this freedom.

The week went by much faster than they anticipated. Although the couple would have much rather spent most of their time alone, they had other responsibilities to take care of. Luckily the church was finished save for some minor interior additions but that easily be taken care of. The school was in good shape: Kimbai went to the market to stock up on new supplies. Mafala found it fit to throw a going away party for the missionaries so Connor was put in charge of putting that together. Party planning wasn’t exactly Kevin’s area so he took to spending much of the time with Arnold.

“Have you and Naba figured out what you’re going to do?” Kevin asked as they sat in his room playing War.

Arnold groaned, “Why do you always have to bring up serious topics when I’m trying to have fun?”

“I’m a trademarked buzzkill and ignoring your problems is not good,” Kevin spoke analytically without looking up from his cards.

“You’re one to talk,” Arnold muttered. “We have made a decision though. She wants to come with me, but she hasn’t told Mr. Hitimbi yet.”

“War!” Kevin yelled and they frantically threw three cards down. “Eat shit.”


“Oughtta what? Don’t make me get cousin Tony on ya,” Kevin yelled and shook his fist.

Arnold leaped across the cards and tackled Kevin which resulted in kicking and pulling hair like teenage girls fighting over a boy.

“Let go of me! Ouch! Do you know how long it took me to do my hair! My roots are sensitive!” Kevin screeched. By now Arnold had him pinned to the floor and was sitting on his back.
“Not until you fold! Give up you fool!” Arnold screamed in his ear.

Connor walked in about to ask for help but all he saw were two man-babies rolling on the floor. “Arnold, for Christ’s sake get off of Kevin. What are you two yelling about?”

“War!” they cried in unison.

Connor groaned and pushed Arnold off of Kevin and pulled him up. “Sorry to bother you while you were being completely useless, but I need help making decorations.”

Kevin smoothed down his hair and straightened his shirt. “I wasn’t being useless. I was taking my much-needed leisure time. But since you are practically begging me for my help, then I shall.”

“You are incredibly insufferable, Kevin Price,” Connor chuckled. He looped his arms around his neck and pulled him in for a kiss.

Arnold cleared his throat. “You guys are gross. At least let me leave the room first.”

Kevin smirked and over-dramatically kissed him back. Arnold left the room screaming.

Connor chuckled as he threaded his fingers through Kevin’s hair, “I may or may not have lied to get you alone.”

“You sneaky, sneaky fox,” Kevin laughed. “I’m glad.” He kissed down his neck until he rested on his shoulder.

“You are the most affectionate person I have ever met. I didn’t expect this from uptight Elder Price,” Connor snickered.

Kevin bit his neck lightly and squeezed his ass. “You just love pushing my buttons.”

“Yes, I do. But we really do have to make decorations. We can use that glitter you bought me,” Connor spoke as he spun away from Kevin’s grasp.

They sat on the floor with the supplies strewn about. Kevin poked his tongue out of the corner of his mouth as he focused on cutting the colorful paper into intricate designs and precisely adding glitter. Connor, on the other hand, was practically rolling in glitter of every color, but somehow managed to get more work done. He outlined each letter on the banner with hot pink glitter that stuck to his hands and face and even a bit to his hair. Kevin was still focused on making little cards for the food and drinks when Connor glitter bombed him. Glitter of all colors covered them as it rained down. Kevin flailed his arms in a pointless attempt to escape the herpes of craft, whereas Connor sat back and giggled at the shiny flecks. He pulled Kevin down to roll in the glitter which elicited more shrills out of him. Shrills turned to laughter which led to the two boys admiring their crooked smiles and crinkled eyes. Lips brushed together and hands slipped under clothes. A shirt was tossed and then another. The floor was cool against Kevin’s back as his body heated up from growing arousal. And then Connor’s back was on the floor and Kevin was kissing down his torso. His chest flushed pink and his hands reached for Kevin’s face. And then Kevin got up, taking Connor with him onto the bed, and looked at him for a moment. His eyes flitted to the bag on the dresser and then back to Connor.

“I know I was acting like some Casanova, but I really don’t know what to do,” he muttered almost embarrassed.
“Neither do I. Just take it slow. We don’t have to do anything you don’t want to,” Connor spoke sincerely.

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Kevin grabbed the small bottle of lube and rested it next to him before he went back to kissing Connor. He slowly slid Connor’s pants downed tossed them off the bed. He popped open the cap after taking a long glance at his partner as if to ask for permission. Once he earned complete consent he removed the last article of clothing. His eyes scanned over his pale freckled body that he had neglected to admire before. With a single finger, he traced the length of his body from his collarbone to his soft hips. He squeezed a generous amount of lube on to his fingers before hesitantly going to work. He was very slow and gentle because he knew it would hurt Connor. After not even a minute, he was moaning and whining as Kevin began to unravel him. He gripped the sheets until his knuckles went white as he tried to control himself. Kevin leaned over him and softly kissed his face and neck. With the crook of his fingers, Connor was writhing beneath him. His entire body was flushed making his freckles even more apparent. Sweat covered his chest that rose and fell with each deep breath he took. Another crook of Kevin’s fingers and Connor was nearly screaming—making an even bigger mess. Kevin removed his fingers, breathing just as heavily as his debauched partner.

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“Are you okay? Did I hurt you?” Kevin asked frantically.

Connor breathed heavily and closed his eyes. “I’m great. That was. I’ve never felt anything like that.”

Kevin smiled softly and felt relieved. “I’m gonna get something to clean up.” He got up and threw his shirt back on.

“I feel bad. You didn’t get anything.” Connor sat up on his elbows.

‘Don’t worry about it, baby,” he said with a wink. He quickly ran to the bathroom and grabbed a towel and a wet washcloth. He sat back next to Connor and gingerly cleaned him up.

“Thank you,” Connor muttered as he curled up on the bed.


“I love it. Now shut up and lay down with me.” He pulled the blanket over him and closed his eyes.

Kevin played with his hair until he fell asleep before going back to the floor to finish his crafts. He cut out each card and decorated with the glitter much more modestly than Connor had. He tried his best to sweep up the mess but glitter never went away. Gold and pink fleck still clung to his hands and his hair but that couldn’t compare to the amount of glitter all over Connor. He watched as the light danced across the reflective flecks on Connor’s pale skin. He softly kissed his shoulder as he quietly laid next to him. As he watched Connor’s chest rise and fall and listened to his soft snores, he thought. He thought about himself and his identity. He thought a lot about how he felt. How he felt about himself. How he felt about Connor. He thought back to all the times he felt something like that and he realized he never had. He took a deep breath and whispered, “I’m gay.” He felt a weight lift off his chest as the words floated into the universe. He expected to feel a sense of loathing, but instead, he felt relieved. A soft smile played on his lips as he looked over at his boyfriend: which he still couldn’t believe. He closed his eyes and felt content and proud.
The day the party arrived, Connor was, of course, up early to decorate and tie all of the loose ends. Kevin didn’t put up a fight about getting up early because he knew parties stressed him out. Arnold and Naba helped get everything together as well and by five o’clock, everything was ready. Tables were set up and covered with food and drinks. Banners and colored papers covered the porches and the stage was set back up. Fairy lights and torches lit up the village center. As the sun set, everyone gathered for the party. Music played and everyone danced. Mafala danced with Naba and spent the entire night by her side. Before she even told him, he knew she’d be leaving. He got up on the makeshift stage with glass in his hand and demanded everyone’s attention.

“We are having this party as a sendoff for our Mormon friends. They will be leaving us tomorrow but we will never forget them!” he cheered with a smile. “But one of our own will be leaving. My daughter Nabalungi will be following these white boys back to American,” he spoke with a hint of sadness but maintained his smile. Naba and Arnold both looked at him with shocked expressions wondering how he knew. “She is the only thing I have left, but she is in love and I want her to be happy.”

Naba ran up him with tears in her eyes just like she had when she was a little girl. She wrapped her arms around him and smiled. “Thank you. I love you so much.” Arnold followed after her and hugged them both tightly.

“Elder Price get your ass up here! You too McKinley!” Mafala called for them. Connor dragged Kevin up there and joined the hug. “Congratulations to these two for finally coming out! May both of these couples be happy for years to come!”

Everyone cheered and Connor teared up a bit. They all felt just a bit better about leaving, but they weren’t ready to leave their new family. To forget the sadness of the event, they started drinking of course. Alcohol made everyone rowdier and Kevin a lot more handsy. The couple swayed lazily together and muttered sweet nothings that they wouldn’t remember the next morning. It wasn’t until midnight everyone started stumbling home and crashing. Kevin was significantly drunker than Connor so it was up to him to take care of him. It was pretty easy because he collapsed on the bed and passed out as soon as he hit the mattress. Connor pulled the blanket overtop them and set his alarm before falling asleep.

A blaring alarm was not the way anyone wanted to wake up from after a night of drinking. They both groaned and hit each other to turn it off which turned into a pathetic slapping match. Arnold finally ran into the room and turned it off. He was his usual excitable self since he didn’t drink at the party.

“Get up you guys! Our flight is at nine and we have to leave for the bus in an hour!” Arnold screeched and shook Kevin.

“We’re up. Just please stop,” Kevin cried. He sat up and pulled Connor with him. “Make my coffee and I’ll get ready.”

“I’m not your bitch,” Connor mumbled as he walked to the kitchen to make his coffee.

Kevin stumbled past Arnold to go to the bathroom for a quick shower. He threw on his clothes and finished packing his suitcase. As he walked to the kitchen, Connor ran to the bathroom to shower. Kevin poured is coffee in a thermos and ate some food. All of the other elders were ready, they were just waiting on Connor.
“Come on, McKinley! Stop being so high maintenance!” Elder Davis yelled.

Connor came running down the hall with his pink suitcase. “First of all, screw you and second of all, I hate you.” He grabbed a piece of toast and started cleaning up. Finally, with ten minutes to spare, they said their tearful goodbyes and sprinted to the bus stop.

In two hours they were at the airport.

An hour later they were boarding their plane.

Eighteen hours later they landed in Salt Lake City.

Thirty minutes later Connor met Kevin Price’s family.

Chapter End Notes

The glitter part was inspired by a conversation with Tyler, Nikka, and Dylan that Connor would have glitter kink so I had to incorporate it. Once again, if explicit stuff makes anyone uncomfortable leave a comment or message me on twitter (@andrwrnnlls) and I shall refrain from writing it. Also if anyone could promote this fic on tumblr you’d be doing me a huge favor. Hope you enjoyed!
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

They're back in America and things aren't going too smoothly

“Kevin, honey!” Mrs. Price cried as she ran up to her eldest son. They had just walked out of the terminal to see the entire Price family waiting. His entire family including his father and three siblings enveloped him in a long hug.

Kevin smiled and ruffled his younger sibling’s hair. “I missed you guys. It feels so nice to back in Utah.”

“You look so different, Kev. Your hair is so long and you actually have a tan,” his brother chimed in.

“I missed you the least,” he chuckled. They started chatting and catching up while Connor stood awkwardly behind Kevin. After a minute of Kevin ignoring his existence, he tapped his shoulder. “Oh, I forgot. Everyone this is Connor McKinley; he was my district leader. He can’t exactly go home, so I invited him to stay with us until he can get back on his feet.”

“Nice to meet you, Connor. I’m glad Kevin made a friend in Uganda. We’ll be glad to help you,” Mr. Price spoke generously.

“Thank you for your generosity,” Connor spoke dignified. His posture was straight and his gentlemanly charm was turned on. Kevin hadn’t seen him like this since before their mission was shut down. He suddenly realized how strange and unlike him it was. For the past few months, Connor was bubbly and flirtatious, not this professional facade. Kevin didn’t like it at all.

They eventually all loaded into the large SUV that all big midwest families owned. Kevin and Connor sat in the very back with Kevin’s youngest sister between them. Megan was ten years old and had curly blonde hair, but Connor observed that she had Kevin’s eyes. Kevin absolutely adored his little sister and talked to her the entire ride home. Connor wasn’t terribly surprised considering Kevin was such a big hit with the kids in Uganda, but it warmed his heart. He knew he was thinking way too far ahead, but he thought Kevin would be a great father. He looked out of the window and watched as the city rushed by. He had only been to Salt Lake once when he was eight; when his family treated him like family.

Kevin caught a glance of the sadness that flickered over Connor’s face. “Con, are you okay?” he whispered softly. Connor looked over at him and nodded with a curt smile. He wasn’t going to go into anything around Kevin’s family. He just had to rebuild his facade that deteriorated in the hot sun of Uganda.

The house they pulled up to was a large, white two-story home in the center of a cookie cutter neighborhood. Connor had to refrain himself from rolling his eyes: of course, Kevin Price lived there. They climbed out of the car and grabbed their bags from the trunk. Once his family began walking into the house, he grabbed Connor’s hand softly and whispered, “I’m not excited about this either.”
Connor pulled him to the other side of the car so no one could see them. He grabbed his face and kissed him over and over again. “Getting it out of my system,” he sighed. Kevin hugged him one last time before grabbing their bags and leading him inside. The interior was even grander than the outside. The wood floors were newly polished and the white furniture looked as though no one had ever touched it. The whole home looked like it a showcase except for the family photos that lined the walls. Each year the Price children got their photos taken to show how they’d grown throughout the years. Connor surveyed the pictures of Kevin from when he was a newborn to just before he left for the mission. Kevin was a pudgy baby, but Connor would pester him about that later.

“Connor, you don’t mind sleeping in Kevin’s room, do you? There’s a bunk bed in there,” Mrs. Price asked.

“That’s fine. Thank you,” he said tearing his eyes away from the pictures.

Kevin nodded his head for him to follow him up the stairs to his room. He carried his suitcase up to the room at the end of the hall with the door that read “Kevin Price” complete with stickers and a “no girls allowed” sign. Connor chuckled earning a jab from Kevin.

“What do you mind if I shower? I can leave you to catch up with your family,” Connor asked once he set his things down.

“It’s fine. The bathroom is just to the right,” Kevin instructed. “Are you sure you’re okay?” he asked sitting next to him.

He concurred, “Yeah. It’s just going to take getting used to. Your family seems very nice.”

“Okay. Meet me downstairs when you’re done,” he chipped. He kissed his forehead before heading back to his family.

Connor sighed and got up to grab his clothes before heading to the shower. The bathroom had a marble floor and brand new stainless-steel faucets. It was daunting. He’d been in Uganda for a little over a year and he came back to this exquisite home. He got in the shower double the size of the one he was used to and let the hot water wash away his anxiety. He closed his eyes as he ran his hands through his hair. He wasn’t ready to go back to the way things were. He wasn’t ready to go back in the closet and be just friends with Kevin. He was scared. He was terrified all over again. What if Kevin’s parents found out about them? Would they be kicked out? Would Kevin leave him? The shower was not exactly helping his anxiety like he intended. He told himself it was unnecessary to worry about such things, but he knew the thoughts would come to haunt him in his sleep. For now, he sang “Midnight Radio” quietly to distract himself from his thoughts. Eventually, he got out of the shower once he felt sufficiently cleaned and relaxed. He threw on a thin blue cotton shirt that he took from Kevin and a pair of grey sweatpants that seemed much bigger than when he first got them. As he walked down the stairs he could hear the Price family laughing and talking like the perfect Mormon family. Like the family his mother always wanted, but Connor ruined it. He hesitantly walked into the kitchen where the family all sat around the table. Normally he would go hug Kevin from behind but now he just had to awkwardly stand next to him. He tried to chip into the conversation here and there, but it was just uncomfortable. It took Kevin a few minutes to catch on to Connor’s discomfort to which he finally made the excuse that they were tired and should head to bed. Connor said his thanks again before following Kevin upstairs. He felt a tad guilty for making him leave his family, but he’d surely understand. Kevin wouldn’t make him stay in the bedroom alone, would he?

“I’m sorry. I just don’t know how to fit in.” Connor mumbled with guilt.

Kevin shut the door and sat next to him. “It’s okay. They do like you though. I put in a good word
for you,” he spoke with a chipper to lighten the mood. He put his arm around his shoulders and kissed his temple. “I’m nervous too, ya know. Tomorrow we can start the application process and talk to Arnold and Naba.”

“Yeah, we should do that,” Connor quietly agreed. “What if we get caught? What would they do?”

“I’m not sure, but hopefully we won’t have to find out,” Kevin spoke with false confidence.

Connor shuddered and tucked his head under Kevin’s chin. “I’m really scared. I want us to work out, but what about your family. Why would you leave them for me?”

“You’ve only been with them for a couple of hours. It’s not always like this. They tend to put on a show, so everyone just has to pick a part and stick to it,” he groaned. He really didn’t want to go further into it. It seemed like enough for Connor because he hugged his torso and kissed him softly.

“I’ll take the top bunk,” he murmured as he pried himself out of Kevin’s arms. he pulled him back just before he could make it to the ladder and kissed him gently. “I love you,” Connor whispered against his lips.

“I love you, too,” he whispered back before kissing him again. “Goodnight, Con.”

He smiled slightly before climbing up the ladder to the top bunk. The bed was just small enough that his feet rested on the bars. He could only imagine how it was for Kevin with his ridiculously long legs. Luckily the blanket was more than large enough so his feet were protected from the demons. He eventually curled up and clutched the pillow to his chest as he began to fall asleep. He hadn’t slept by himself for at least a month. He missed the arms wrapped around him, but Kevin’s breathing reminded him he wasn’t alone. Sleep finally weighed his eyelids shut and let his brain take a break.

Kevin, on the other hand, could not fall asleep. He tossed and turned and hung his limbs off the side of the bed. He got up for a glass of water and then he went to the bathroom. He read a few pages of Lord of the Flies. He just couldn’t fall asleep. He couldn’t stop thinking about the “what ifs” or the worst case scenarios. What were they going to do? Was it a good idea for Connor to come with him? He needed answers that didn’t exist. He needed to get his life together right then and there. Kevin grabbed his laptop and started frantically researching universities. But what did he want to do? Maybe I could be a teacher, he thought. When he was younger the teacher would always put him in charge of the class. And as he grew up in the church he became a youth leader. In Uganda, he was in charge of the school and the little kids loved him. He was well rounded in all subjects. Maybe teaching was good for him. But what did Connor want to do? He loved singing and performing, but was that necessarily what he wanted to do? They could talk about that in the morning. He checked the time on his laptop and realized it was nearly one in the morning. Just as he was about to settle into sleep, Connor began tossing and turning and breathing frantically. Kevin jumped up, hitting his head on the wood pallets above him, and pulled himself onto the top bunk.

“Connor, Connor wake up,” Kevin whispered. He grabbed his shoulders lightly to keep him still.

Connor woke up with a gasp and tears in his eyes. “It happened again. It was so bad. Kevin, I’m scared,” he cried. He grabbed onto Kevin tightly and muffled his cries into his shoulder. In his head, he repeated, Please don’t leave me over and over again, but he couldn’t say it out loud. It was too pathetic.

Kevin held him close and rubbed his back. It’d been a while since Connor had a nightmare like this. Kevin couldn’t help but blame himself for it. “It’s okay. I’m right here, Connor. I’m not going anywhere,” he cooed. He ran his fingers through Connor’s hair and kissed his forehead. “I’ll lay with you for a little bit, okay?”
“I hate when you treat me like a baby,” he mumbled as they squeezed together.

“If you want me to go, I will,” Kevin spoke knowing the answer would be no.

Connor grumbled, “Shut up.” He curled into Kevin’s side, but he was basically laying directly on top of him since the space was so small. He felt safe as Kevin played with his hair and kissed the top of his head. He finally realized how clingy he was as a boyfriend. To be fair, Kevin wasn’t much less affectionate and he seemed to enjoy it…for now at least. Between the two of them, they only thought of the most negative outcomes. Yet at the same time, they were extremely hopeful when it came to their relationship. Connor had to hold onto that hope and so did Kevin. It was a dangerous game they were playing.

Kevin made the mistake of falling asleep with Connor still in his arms. At seven o’clock he heard his siblings wake up and smelled the breakfast being made in the kitchen. Just as feet pattered down the hallway he slid from underneath Connor and jumped down to the bottom bunk. Connor was too tired and confused to make a fuss which was good because his two youngest siblings barged into the room to wake him up.

“Good morning, Kevy,” Megan cheered before jumping on the bed. “Oh, and good morning, Kevin’s friend!”

“Get up you guys! Mom’s making breakfast!” Bryce, his twelve-year-old brother, chimed in.

“I’m up you guys. Give us a few minutes and we’ll be down,” Kevin said far too patiently for someone who just woke up. He ruffled Megan’s hair and they went on their way running downstairs.

Connor groaned and sat up, rubbing his eyes. “How are you so good with them this early?”

Kevin pulled himself up and smiled at him. “I’m used to them. Since when are you the grumpy one in the morning?”

“I didn’t sleep terribly well, thank you very much. And jet lag is not being kind to me,” Connor grumbled.

“You know how cute you are in the morning?” Kevin smiled dopily.

Connor blushed and rolled his eyes. He leaned over the bar and kissed him before shimmying his way down the ladder. Rather than properly getting read he just ran his hair through his fingers and went to the restroom to brush his teeth.

Breakfast with the Prices was normal, almost too normal. The entire family was too normal. Connor was just waiting for them to murder him in the basement. They were nice, but that was the problem. They looked like a nuclear family from the 50s. They were incredibly nice…until they weren’t.

“Connor and I are going to see Arnold today,” Kevin informed as he ate.

“Arnold? You mean that Cunningham boy,” Mr. Price spoke with disapproval. “That boy is trouble. He ruined your entire mission.”

“I don’t want you being around that boy, Kevin. He’s a bad influence,” Mrs. Price spoke with that fake concern that only mothers had.

Connor looked at Kevin with subtle shock. They were talking about Kevin’s best friend so negatively to his face. He tapped Kevin’s foot waiting for a reaction.
“Arnold actually became a good friend of mine. It really wasn’t entirely his fault that our mission was shut down,” Kevin spoke with contempt.

“He is a special boy. I just wish he wasn’t paired with you.” Mrs. Price spoke sweetly.

“I suppose you’re right. I’ll just show Connor around Salt Lake today. He has only been here once,” he swiftly changed the subject and his parents went with it. They began listing off places they had to visit: like the temple of course. Kevin just kept going along with what they said until they finished breakfast and were free to go.

When Kevin got in the car, it was clear he was upset. Connor was just shocked. Surely, Kevin didn’t agree with what his parents said, but he didn’t want to argue. That was never a good idea. Connor didn’t really know what to say. Kevin was right, his family wasn’t like they seemed. He just really wanted to get away from that house. It made him feel on edge. Luckily, Kevin got Arnold’s address and was punching it into his phone.

“Give me the phone. I’ll tell you where to go,” Connor suggested.

Kevin handed him the phone with a smile. “You’re always a cautious mother,” he jested.

Connor rolled his eyes and jabbed his side. “Yes, I am. Now turn left.”

They made it safely to Arnold’s house, thanks to Connor. His house wasn’t any smaller than Kevin’s. His parents seemed a bit nicer though. They welcomed Naba right into their home and even offered to help them get an apartment. Not only that, they invited Connor to stay with them if he needed to. Their attitude towards Arnold had completely changed. Kevin’s parents really needed to step up. After introductions, Kevin suggested that the four of them go out for lunch at The Labyrinth. Arnold called shotgun much to Connor’s dismay leaving him and Naba to talk shit about their boyfriends in the backseat. The outing made Connor feel a lot better about being in America. Naba was still in wonder at the extravagance of Salt Lake. Arnold’s parents had already started showing her around and buying her clothes. Connor was seriously jealous.

“I was looking at universities last night. I really want to figure it out soon. Applications are due in a month,” Kevin spoke as he sipped his coffee.

“I haven’t even thought about college and Naba still needs to get her papers situated. I was planning on waiting another year,” Arnold remarked.

Connor fiddled with the sleeve of his cup. “I want to go east. Being by New York City is a dream of mine,” his eyes lit up as he spoke. “Boston is my favorite city. I’ve gone to visit my grandparents there every summer.”

Kevin smiled at Connor and tried to stop his heart from melting. “I think I want to be a teacher. Like an elementary school teacher,” he confessed.

Everyone at the table was fairly surprised. If the old Kevin said that, they would’ve fallen off their chairs laughing, but new Kevin was much softer. “I think that’d be perfect for you,” Connor encouraged lovingly.

“You were amazing with the kids in Kitguli. It suits you, Price,” Naba persisted. “What are you thinking about, Con?”

“I was thinking psychology. As much as I love the arts, I don’t think I could do it professionally.” He
didn’t sound down about, but rather rational. “I’ve already made a list of colleges I’m interested in.”
He pulled the list up on phone and started reading them off. Most of them were in Massachusetts and
New York which Kevin didn’t really mind. He wanted to get away from his past. He was a new
person now. Arnold and Naba didn’t really care where they went considering nothing was tying
either of them to Utah. Kevin just had to tell his family and hope they didn’t disown him. They knew
nothing of how much he had changed in Uganda.

Kevin had gone from a devout Mormon that wanted to go to BYU and get married and have kids to
a gay, ex-Mormon that didn’t care what lied ahead.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so excited to write their college adventures but first, there has to be some conflict
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

There is some homophobia in this chapter :( I'll mark where it begins and ends in case it is triggering for some

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The clicking of keys and the soft hum of suburbia filled the silence in the sunroom. Connor sat beside Kevin on the daybed as he studiously typed up a list of pros and cons for six different universities.

- Penn State
- Cornell University
- Brown University
- Boston College
- University of Buffalo
- Stony Brook University

When they accounted tuition, programs, and degrees, it was narrowed down to the last two. Location wise, Boston College was closer to New York City, but BU was actually in New York state.

“These look like our top two,” Kevin finalized with a deep breath. He looked over to Connor for his opinion.

Connor studied the list once again. “Do you think two is enough? I think Stony Brook is a good candidate. It’s the closest to the city and I really like the campus,” Connor simpered.

Kevin thought it over and removed the strike mark. He looked at Connor. “Are you ready to do this?”

“You bet I am,” Connor spoke as he pulled Kevin into a hug.

“Ahhh! Kevin, I was not ready to do this,” Connor whined a week later. “We’re living on espresso shots that you have to sneak into the house. I haven’t slept for almost a day.”

Kevin looked up from his laptop with bloodshot eyes. “If you whine one more time, I will delete that essay you just finished.”

It was clear that the boys were on the verge of losing it, but they only had one more week to mail their applications. Sure, they could have waited until the next semester, but neither of them wanted to do that. One pack of Starbucks espresso shots and one Connor breakdown later, they finished their final applications at two in the morning. They looked up from their illuminated screens in awe. Connor shoved the laptops aside and jumped on top of Kevin.

“Oh my god I love you so much,” Connor mumbled as he sloppily kissed him.

Kevin chuckled, “We did it!” He grabbed Connor’s face and peppered it with kisses. He kissed the
side of his head and murmured sweet praises only to realized that Connor had passed right out. He smiled and pulled a blanket over them and actually fell asleep for the first time in two weeks.

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“Kevin, wake up. It’s Sunday; we have to go to the temple,” Victor, the sixteen-year-old brother, spoke highly-strung as he threw open Kevin’s door. He wasn’t prepared to see his a former mission leader laying on top of his older brother. “Kevin, what are you doing?”

Kevin jolted awake and pushed Connor off of him. “I—it was a mistake,” Kevin panicked.

“Lying is a sin, Kevin. And so is laying with a man as you would a woman,” Victor scolded before running downstairs.

Kevin got up and ran after him hoping he could catch him before he said anything. Connor was left confused and afraid on the bed. Just as Kevin stumbled down the last step Victor was rambling to their father.

“Look at him, dad. You can see it on his face. And look at his neck!” Victor yelled yet another accusation.

“Son…is this true?” his father asked but he seemingly already knew the answer.

Kevin stammered and felt his heart drop. “I-um…yes. It's true, dad.” Nearly on cue, he heard Connor creep down the stairs and land just behind him. Kevin raised his hands in defeat. “Connor is my boyfriend. I’m gay.” He closed his eyes to hold back the tears and braced himself for whatever was about to happen. He instinctively inched back and put his arms out to protect Connor.

“Get out, Kevin. Just get your things and leave,” his father sighed.

Kevin opened his eyes and looked at him with disbelief. He turned around and pulled Connor back upstairs. Neither of them said a word as they packed their things. Kevin rushed back downstairs where his entire family was now standing by the door. He kept his head down and pushed Connor ahead out of the door.

“Where’s Kevin going?” Megan asked nervously.

“He has to go find Heavenly Father,” Mr. Price answered stoically.

******

They got in the car and Kevin didn’t even hesitate to speed out of the neighborhood. He just kept driving and driving until he couldn’t do it anymore. Tears threatened to spill out of his eyes and forced him to pull over before he broke down. He rested his head against the steering wheel and sobbed near uncontrollably. Connor’s heart broke. He blamed himself entirely for what happened. He was the reason Kevin’s relationship with his family would be forever scarred. He just kept repeating “I’m sorry” until Kevin’s cries calmed. He liked up from the black leather wheel with red-rimmed eyes. His hair was still in disarray from the morning. Connor leaned over the center console and pulled Kevin into a hug. He couldn’t express how sorry he was. He just hoped Kevin held this against him. Connor rubbed his back and just tried to get Kevin to match his breathing. Connor still didn’t find him suitable to drive so he convinced Kevin to get in the passenger seat. On his slow drive to Arnold’s home, he stopped at Starbucks and ordered Kevin a venti iced coffee in an attempt to boost his spirits.

Just before they got out of the car, Kevin stopped him. “Connor, it’s not your fault,” he insisted.
Kevin recounted the tale for Arnold and Naba as they sat in the living room. Neither of them could actually believe it happened. And like the good-hearted Cunningham’s they were, they opened their arms to Kevin and Connor so they weren’t left with no hope. Kevin didn’t want to spend any more time dreading on his day, so like the true Price he was, he wanted to distract himself. Normally, Connor was all about talking one’s feelings out, but Kevin needed a weight lifted off of his shoulders. So naturally, Arnold pulled out the board games and turned on ABC’s Harry Potter marathon while Connor and Naba put together a whole platter of snacks. One round of Uno and Kevin actually had a smile on his face. Another round of Skip-Bo and he was back to his cocky self. One game of Sorry! and Connor was about to strangle him if he sent one more of his pawns back home again. But Kevin was laughing, so Connor was happy. And Kevin was kissing him and laughing with him and holding his hand. They would be okay. They were okay.

By evening, Naba was giving Connor a makeover while Kevin and Arnold discussed the logistics of Pottermore sorting. Connor spastically blinked as Naba brushed mascara onto his ginger lashes. He puckered his lips and batted his lashes as Naba finished his face.

“This is kind of growing on me,” Connor hummed as he looked at his face on his phone screen. He gave himself a little wink before chuckling. “What do you think, Kevy-poo?”

Kevin over to Connor from his riveting argument. “I—wow,” he sputtered and his mouth hung open. “Why couldn’t we be alone right now?”

“Ew, Kevin! You guys are gross!” Arnold exclaimed as he threw a pillow at the back of Kevin’s head.

“Let me be gay!” he shot back and swung the pillow back at him.

Being Kevin and Arnold, this could only turn into a full-blown war. Connor and Naba were left as innocent bystanders until Connor was accidentally caught in the crossfire. He may have a pretty face, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t pop-off. He grabbed a third pillow from the couch and swung it at Kevin’s butt. Naba had no choice but to join in. It was every man for themselves until Arnold finally called for a truce. Pillows stopped midair and arms were lowered into a ceasefire. They tossed their pillows in front of them and slowly backed up. Just as they went to shake on it Kevin grabbed a pillow off the couch and hit Connor in the stomach. Connor gasped in audacity and jumped on Kevin’s back, knocking him back onto the couch. Kevin laughed it off and kissed Connor until he was no longer in his competitive heat. By then, no one could tell how terrible the day had started.

Arnold set up a few air mattresses in the entertainment room since none of them wanted to be in separate rooms that night. The pillows, no longer being used as weapons, were strewn across the mattresses for an extra layer of comfort along with plenty of blankets. The night concluded with a large bowl of popcorn and old sitcoms. Connor went to snuggle up to Kevin, but he was met with a rigid reluctance. Connor understood the worry considering falling asleep together led to the day’s debacle, but he hoped this didn’t become any bigger. So Connor respected his boundaries and gave him space before falling asleep next to him. And soon everyone was asleep—except for Kevin. His mind was racing. He didn’t know if this was the best past for him. Before this—before Connor—he had his life figured out. He knew exactly what he was going to do and how his life would end up. He had a loving family and the guidance of the Mormon church. He had stability. But he never had himself. Kevin Price the super Mormon a sculpture that his parents molded. Anything that didn’t fit their mold was pushed out or suppressed even further. And this new Kevin was allowed to feel things and express himself and break out of that stiff, old mold. He just didn’t know where his life
was headed. Maybe he could be okay with that. He just had to teach himself how to be okay with it. He quietly got up and walked out to second-floor porch. The night was chilly with a soft refreshing breeze that gently tousled his hair. It reminded him that he needed to get a had to get a haircut. He rested his elbows on the railing and looked out across the neighborhood. It was exactly like his. But he hadn’t been there in a year and Uganda was completely different from his life in Utah. And he was okay in Uganda. The experience made him a better person. He was ready for a change. He needed something different. Maybe down the road, his family would come back around, but he had to live for himself now. He wasn’t going to go back to how he was before. Kevin Price was changing for the better.

“Alright, lady and gentlemen, we need to get jobs,” Kevin demanded with a clap. “Connor and I have roughly five months before we hopefully go to college and we all need money and something to do with our lives.”

Arnold groaned, “But my parents give me money whenever I need it.”

“We have to be adults. Real adults,” Kevin said pointedly. “Eventually we’ll be on our own.”

“You just made me apply to universities with no sleep or proper food. This better not be a repeat of that,” Connor scolded.

“Don’t be so dramatic. It won’t be as extensive. Job applications are easier,” he explained.

They spent their entire day deciding places they had even a remote interest in working at and filling out applications. Arnold was the first to break. He hyperventilated and ran out of the room screaming. Then it was Connor. He slammed his laptop shut and just walked out of the room. Kevin and Naba seemed to be the only sane ones. Maybe just Naba because Kevin was just plain mad. Eventually, Kevin finished and walked downstairs to see what Arnold and Connor were up to.

“We’re going out tonight. Go shower and put on something decent,” Connor instructed without looking up from his phone. “We’re going to The Complex. Andrew McMahon is performing there tonight and Arnold just bought the tickers.”

“Oh…okay. Sure, sounds fun,” Kevin corroborated before backtracking up the stairs. He conducted the news to Naba.

The first stop of the night was a new vegan-friendly restaurant downtown. They played indie music and served organic food and homemade drinks. Connor even thought about becoming a vegetarian. The night started off well as Kevin wasn’t being his serious and uptight self. He wasn’t even too worried about holding Connor’s hand in public. Connor even had more anxiety about public affection considering his experiences with it. Sure, people’s attitudes have changed a bit, but that didn’t mean some people were complete assholes. Despite Connor’s anxiety, they at least made it to the small concert venue with no confrontations. And the concert was fun. Kevin wasn’t too nervous about the crowd and Connor was by his side the entire time. Thanks to Connor, the four of them got to meet Andrew McMahon after the show.

“He’s so attractive. In like a kind of dad way,” Connor giggled as they walked to the car.

“That’s because he is a dad. He’s like twenty years older than us,” Kevin puzzled.

Connor corrected, “More like fifteen. Don’t get jealous, silly.” He put his arms around his shoulders
and kissed his cheek. He wasn’t drunk, but rather high on adrenaline; he wasn’t thinking sharply.

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A slurred voice from behind them yelled, “Fuckin’ fags everywhere.”

Connor retracted his arm and motioned Kevin to walk faster. Kevin halted and clenched his fists. “Kevin, let’s just keep going. We’re almost to the car,” Connor whispered, trying to pull Kevin along.

But Kevin didn’t listen; instead, he turned around and began walking towards the drunken homophobe. “I’m sorry, sir. Do you have a problem with my boyfriend and me?”

“Yeah. I don’t want to see that shit. It’s disgusting,” the man, not much older than him, spit in his face.

The man smelt heavy of liquor and his words tore his skin. And then Kevin was so filled with rage than he drove his bony fist in the drunken man’s cheek. Gasps from his group behind him grabbed his attention, giving the man just enough time to land a blow right to his eye. “Fuck! I thought I was doing good,” Kevin winced and went stumbling back. Connor grabbed him and took off running to the car just around the corner.

“Run you fuckin’ fairies,” yelled the man with a harsh laugh as they rounded the corner.

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“You are such an idiot, Kevin,” Connor scolded with motherly worry once they got in the car.

“I don’t even get a ‘thank you’ for defending my damsel in distress?” Kevin jested.

“I am not a damsel and I was not in distress. Why would you provoke a fight? We could’ve just walked away.”

Kevin pondered for a minute, trying to gather a response with sustenance. “Can we talk about it when I’m not trying to drive with a throbbing eye?”

Connor bought the attempt stall the conversation and went silent the rest of the way home while the other’s filled the silence.

Once they got home, Connor pulled Kevin into the upstairs bathroom to tend to his eye. “You are definitely going to have a black eye. Now tell me why you did that,” Connor insisted.

Kevin looked down and held the ice pack to his eye. “At first it was because I was just so angry. I was so mad that people like that still existed: people like my own family. And then when I thought about it a little more, I had no other choice. What good is it to just ignore them and walk away?”

“You can’t go around fighting every homophobic person,” Connor chuckled softly.

“I know, but I can’t just ignore it. We can at least try to educate them,” Kevin pleaded.

Connor corroborated, “That’s fair. Some people are just ignorant and I don’t want your pretty face being beaten up anymore.” He kissed him softly.

“You don’t have to be a damsel for me to be your knight in shining armor,” Kevin smiled and planted a kiss to his forehead.
“Well right now, my knight has a big shiner and he needs to let the damsel be the nurse for a little while.”

Chapter End Notes

If you skipped over the homophobic parts here is a summary: Kevin's brother found him and Connor sleeping together and told his father who then kicked them out of the house. After the concert Kevin picks a fight with a drunk guy shouting slurs. Kevin Lost
“Venti mocha frap with no whip for Kieran!” Kevin called out as he placed the cup on the counter. He adjusted his headset and went to the window to take another order. He had only been working at Starbucks for a couple of weeks, but he was one of the best baristas there. Not only did working at Starbucks aid his coffee addiction, but it also allowed him to make friends with the regulars.

Connor, on the other hand, was not as happy with his job. By chance, he got hired at Chick-Fil-A. Sure the pay wasn’t bad and his coworkers were nice, but the whole religious undertone was uncomfortable. He was a sore thumb when they’d pray before the first shift started. They never confronted him about it, but he knew that they looked at him differently. At least he didn’t have to work on Sundays.

The group fell into quite a normal routine of work and sleep with the occasional outing. It was painfully mundane for Connor who would have much rather spent his time finding himself and his identity. Despite Salt Lake being the center of the Mormon church, the LGBT+ scene was growing. Clubs were a large part of the history and Connor wanted to experience it at least once.

“Hey, babe. We don’t have any plans tomorrow night, right?” Connor asked from his criss-crossed position on the bed.

Kevin dried his hair with a towel as he walked out of the bathroom. “I don’t believe so. Is there something you want to do?”

“I was thinking that we could go to Sneakers: it’s a gay bar,” he propositioned with a coy smile.

Kevin scrunched his nose. “I don’t know, Con. I’ve never been to a club and crowded places make me nervous.”

“I know, but it looks fun. And if you really want to leave we could,” Connor pleaded. “I just want to experience it.”

“I suppose,” Kevin succumbed. He sat down next to him and kissed his cheek. “Let’s head to sleep.”

“What would you wear to a gay bar?” Connor asked Naba as he filed through his clothes.

“I don’t know. I’m not a twink,” Naba shot back with a chuckle.

He looked aghast. “Are you calling me a twink?” he asked with shock. All she had to do was send him a glare. “Okay. Maybe just a little. But Kevin is no hunk. If anything he’s a twunk.”

“Of course,” she agreed with a laugh. “Wear the really tight jeans and the blue v-neck. It matches your eyes.”

He picked out the outfit that she chose before hopping in the shower. Just as he started the shower, Kevin got home from work. He went straight to Naba for fashion advice just like Connor had.

“You guys are gay. Aren’t you supposed to be good at this,” Naba complained.
Kevin scoffed, “That is a stereotype. And I do have fashion sense; I just haven’t been to a gay bar before.”

“Sorry, sorry. Wear the brown jeans and that mint green button-down,” she suggested.

He picked out the outfit before walking into the bathroom just as Connor was stepping out of the shower. He quickly pulled the towel around his waist as a smirk grew on Kevin’s face. They exchange a quick kiss and an ass-slap before Kevin got in the shower and Connor went to get dressed.

The man at the door shined a flashlight on their IDs before letting the two into the club. Flashing lights and loud music accompanied by half-naked drunk men greeted them as they waded in. Connor walked ahead of Kevin, who kept a firm hand on his waist as not to lose him. They were both out of their element, but Kevin was more nervous. Connor already began bouncing to the music and dragging him to the dancing crowd. The only thing keeping Kevin from completely freaking out was Connor’s smile and sparkling eyes. Connor grounded him amongst the sea of people bumping and grinding against him. Kevin knew that Connor could dance, but he had never seen him dance like this. Within minutes Connor was pressed against him and moving his body in very sinful ways. When Kevin responded with flustered confusion, he began guiding his body with him. Kevin couldn’t believe that Connor had never done this before. He knew exactly how to move and exactly how to make Kevin blush. The song changed to something by Lady Gaga that had everyone jumping and shouting along to the lyrics. Connor couldn’t stop laughing. Even in the chaos, Kevin could still make out the myriad of freckles that became even more apparent as he smiled. Kevin put his arms around his waist and smiled against his neck. His initial nerves calmed only to be replaced with arousal from Connor grinding his ass against him.

“You can’t do this, Connor,” Kevin grunted in his ear.

“Yes I can,” Connor retorted. He thoroughly enjoyed a flustered Kevin because there was nothing he could do about it.

Somehow the two were able to get drinks even though they were underage. Kevin went for the fruity cocktails, but Connor went straight for the cherry vodka. Kevin couldn’t believe that Connor downed it with barely a flinch. Was Connor leading some double life as a clubber or was it the atmosphere that got to him? Either way, Kevin wasn’t displeased with this side of his boyfriend. It was very, very attractive to say the least. But gave him very inappropriate thoughts. Turn it off! Well at least until they got home. But even then, it wasn’t their house. Life was so hard for a horny ex-Mormon gay couple. Good ole liquid courage allowed Kevin to let loose a bit more. And suddenly the previously straight-edge couple was blending into the regular crowd.

Connor woke up the next morning with Kevin’s hair tickling his face and their clothes twisted and disheveled. His eyelids were still stiff with exhaustion, so he let them fall shut. Images from the night played through his head: Kevin holding him against him; soft bites on his neck; strong hands in his pants; hushed moans. He still wished they could go just one step further, but neither of them felt comfortable doing that in the Cunningham’s home. Only a couple more months, he thought. He held onto this as he wrapped his body around his boyfriend before drifting off to sleep.
March

The first week of the month letters from the University of Buffalo arrived. The letters laid on the oak dining room table as the four of them stared.

“What do we do?” Connor murmured.

“Aren’t you supposed to open them,” Arnold said like it was obvious.

“Yeah, but maybe we should wait for the other two. Do it all at once,” Kevin suggested.

Connor nodded and walked out of the kitchen. The presence of the letters alone made him anxious. He walked outside and sat on the porch steps. March in Utah was still a bit chilly and the breeze raised goosebumps on his skin. It was a refreshing contrast to the stuffiness inside. He heard Kevin walk out behind him before sitting next to him. Kevin lightly massaged the back of Connor’s neck—the point of all his tension. He dug his thumb into the knot making him wince a bit.

“You’re so tense, Con,” Kevin muttered with concern as he moved his hands to massage his shoulders. Connor bent his head down and leaned into his hands. He was extremely tense and he had been holding it since they got back from Uganda. His entire back was covered in knots that grew with each day. “Let’s go upstairs so I can give you a massage. You need to relax.”

Connor pulled his shirt off before laying down on the bed like Kevin told him to do. Kevin grabbed some rose hip body oil that Connor had bought. He poured a few drops on Connor’s back and some more on his hands before he began massaging the knots out. Connor grunted and buried his head in his arms. Kevin kneaded out the knots as the rose aroma calmed his tense partner. Kevin moved to sit on the back of Connor’s thighs for more intimacy. He placed soft kisses across his back and shoulders. He whispered endearing words into his ear for the reassurance that he knew he needed. Connor was never the one to let Kevin know that he needed something, but Kevin knew when his lover needed some classic TLC.

A week later

Two more letters arrived in the mail in prestigious envelopes. Connor added them to the pile with the other two and walked away. The small stack was the most brooding presence in that house. Connor walked outside and joined the group outside and got in the car. He pulled up the directions to the Mesa Arch on his phone. He hunkered down and prepared for the four hour drive. Arnold was in charge of the snacks; Naba controlled the playlist; Connor gave directions; Kevin was driving. With Kevin and Connor ridiculously stressed out, they decided to spend the weekend in the Mesa for a relaxing vacation.

“I BLESS THE RAINS DOWN IN AFRICA!” They screamed poorly along to the song as they entered the desert. The only other things around them were a couple of campers from California or Oregon. Connor rolled down the window to take in the crisp air only to be met with the strong smell of weed emitting from one of the campers. Kevin rolled up the window and turned the radio up as Toto changed to A Flock of Seagulls. The dusty hotel came into sight with only a couple of other cars in the parking lot. They could’ve booked a nicer hotel, but they decided to save money. It was a small mom and pop hotel with one row of rooms. It didn’t really matter where they stayed, because
they planned on spending most of their time in the Mesa; well Connor and Kevin did. Arnold would not stop whining about all the walking and hiking and lack of internet. The first day, Connor woke up at five in the morning in hopes of getting out to see the sunrise over the mesa. Kevin was relatively easy to wake up due to his excitement; waking up Arnold was absolutely futile. So the couple hopped in the car and drove to the base of the trail before hiking up to a cliff. Connor laid a blanket on the dusty ground just as the sun peaked over the horizon. The boys—with their sleep-mused hair and glassy eyes—leaned against each other as orange rays bursted across the landscape. It was almost as beautiful as the sunrises in Uganda; but the Mesa held its own unique charm that comforted the two. Kevin placed a soft kiss on Connor’s head. The soft, golden light added a vibrancy to his ginger hair and light freckles. Kevin fell in love with him all over again. Each time there was something more. He couldn’t imagine life with out Connor McKinley.

Two Weeks Later

Six envelopes sat on the kitchen counter. Three colleges decided whether or not they wanted to accept them. And now their future was about to be determined by the tearing of paper. So much weighed on this moment.

“I can’t do it here,” Connor panicked as he paced back and forth. “Can we go to a park or something. I just can’t be here.”

“Of course. You’re going to be fine, Con,” Kevin promised. Of course he was nervous himself, but he knew that they’d both at least get into one college. And even if they didn’t get into the same one, they wouldn’t be terribly far apart. And maybe distance could be a good thing. These were all things Kevin told himself in order to keep a panic attack at bay. Two panicking homosexuals was a recipe for disasters.

Naba put her arm around Connor’s shoulders. “I wrote Baba and he said that he knows you two will get accepted. He’s been praying for two months.”

It was nice to hear that someone was thinking about him and that the universe was aware that everything in his life was riding on getting into the same college as Kevin. He didn’t want long distance. He didn’t want them to be apart because that meant Kevin would realize that he didn’t need Connor and that he would meet someone new and better. Kevin was smart and handsome and charismatic and kind. Connor was untalented and had average grades and never did as much community work as Kevin. Why would any school pick him over Kevin? He was now convinced that not a single one of the schools accepted him which is why he wanted to be in public when they opened them: it would lessen the chance of him completely breaking down on the spot.

They sat at a picnic table at the playground of Kevin’s old elementary school. Three letters were in front of each of the two. Arnold and Naba sat on the other side of the table for support. They opened the first letters simultaneously.

Buffalo University: Kevin accepted. Connor accepted.

Boston University: Kevin denied. Connor accepted.

Stony Brook University: Kevin denied. Connor accepted.

Connor stared at the letters in disbelief. It didn’t make sense at all. Did their letters get swapped? That had to be the only explanation. He looked to Kevin, expecting to see him distraught, but instead there was a wide smile on his face.
“It looks like I’m going to UB. It’s up to you to decide where you want to go,” Kevin’s cadence never faltered as he spoke.

Connor’s mouth hung wide open for a second. He looked from the letters to Kevin and back again.

“Buffalo, New York, here we come.”

Chapter End Notes

I apologize for the delay. I’ve been quite a busy gal and just a lot has been going on. Hope you enjoyed!
Chapter 13

I AM SO SORRY !!! I didn't forget about this fic at all. I've just been super caught up with so many different things.

the end of this chapter is pretty NSFW

The Queen City rose before them as they passed the Peace Bridge and drove into the downtown district. The august weather in Western New York was much cooler than what they were used to. A crisp breeze blew through Connor’s hair as he stepped out of the car and stretched his limbs. It had taken them four days to drive across the country. They stopped at Connor’s parents’ house to gather some of the items he needed—they only went because his parents weren’t home and he still had a key. Being in that house nearly suffocated him, but the second they walked out, he knew he was never going back. Their new home was the Roosevelt Governors Complex—they didn’t have to stay in dorms, but it was cost efficient and they needed to save all the money they could.

Connor opened the trunk and pulled out the bags that he had packed his entire life into. He stared up at the building that rose before him: his new home—with a new roommate. Kevin put his arm around his shoulders and squeezed him tightly as he kissed his cheek. He had a wide smile on his face with his bag in his other hand.

“Maybe we can get to our dorms before our roommates arrive,” Kevin giggled against his temple.

Connor chuckled, “I’d hate for my roommate's first impression of me to know that I’m a bottom. Besides, it will probably be some over-aggressive straight guy.”

Kevin laughed and pushed Connor forward as they walked into the building. “Well, we have to christen our new rooms.”

They went to Connor’s room on the second floor. The hallway was filled with parents and students setting up their rooms and saying goodbye. Connor’s room was a blank canvas with two beds, a desk, and a dresser. It appeared that his roommate had not appeared yet which made Kevin quite pleased. He shut the door behind him and grabbed Connor’s hips.

“Kevin, there aren’t even any sheets on the bed,” Connor laughed as he turned in his grasp to face him.

“Mm, why do you have to be so picky?” He frowned and kissed him from his forehead to his collarbone. Connor braced his hands on Kevin’s shoulders as his tongue worked wonders on his skin. “I love you so much, Con.”

Connor smiled and ran his hands through Kevin’s wispy hair as his heart swelled up. “I don’t think I knew that,” he spoke with a cheesy smile.

“Really?” He cocked his brows. “Well, I’m just going to have to show you.” He kissed him softly over and over again as he backed Connor up against the wall. He slid his hands under his shirt and below the band of his jeans. Just as his hand reached his ass, the door opened and the roommate
crept in. He clearly was uncomfortable and Kevin was annoyed by the interruption. He stepped back and kissed Connor again before grabbing his bag and stepping out of the room.

“Sorry about that. We just got here,” Connor mumbled and rubbed the back of his neck. “My names is Connor. I’m a psychology major,” he introduced as he stuck out his hand.

“I’m Daniel. Sorry for...interrupting,” he apologized and shook his hand loosely. He set his bag down on his bed and began unpacking rather than continuing awkward conversation.

Connor followed suit and began setting up his side of the room. He stretched the silky blue sheet over his bed and organized clothes in the compartments under his bed. He made sure not to overstep the invisible line that divided the room in half. He hung up pictures of Kevin, Naba, and Arnold to keep him from missing his friends.

“So, was that guy your boyfriend or something?” Daniel asked as he looked over the pictures.

“Yeah,” Connor gestured to a picture of him and Kevin. “It’s not a problem, is it?” he asked with a hint of anxiety.

“No, no. It’s whatever. I think we should make a ‘Do Not Disturb’ sign or something,” he suggested. Connor nodded in agreement. Maybe his roommate wouldn’t be completely intolerable.

Kevin, on the other hand, was still waiting for his roommate to arrive. He made his bed, put up some pictures and posters, and arranged his books under his bed. His hall mates already seemed to be annoying with their hyper-masculinity and loud trap music. Time to call Connor up.

“Your dorm looks better than mine,” Connor complained while Kevin laid on top of him.

Kevin was already busying himself with peeling off Connor’s shirt. “Well, mine is half empty. We just have to be quiet,” he whispered into his ear as he nibbled on his earlobe.

Connor really, really didn’t want to stop him; he just had to make it difficult. “Kevin, we really shouldn’t do anything,” he groaned out.

Kevin covered his lips with him to shut him up while his hand slid beneath Connor’s waistband. “We shouldn’t, but I know you really want to. I know we both do.”

Damn, Kevin was always right. He always knew what Connor was thinking no matter how deceitful he tried to be. Okay, the jig was up. Connor was easy and they both knew it. He bucked his hips up as Kevin descended down his torso. This was a first, but Kevin had that eager hunger in his eyes which meant no one could stop him. Just as Kevin inched down his pants they heard the lock turn and a jeering laugh outside. Kevin jumped off the bed as Connor pulled his pants up and folded his arms over his lap. He didn’t have enough time to throw his shirt back on as the roommate walked in. He had a New York Yankees hat on backward and some sort of jersey with quite ill-fitting cargo shorts.

Connor’s entire upper body was flushed red while Kevin nonchalantly leaned against the wall with his most heterosexual facade. “My name is Kevin: I’m your roommate. This is Connor: he’s my boyfriend,” he spoke with confidence. He was worried that his roommate might punch him in the face, but he also didn’t want to let this guy scare him.

“Sup, I’m Brock. Hope I wasn’t interrupting anything,” he chuckled as he began unpacking. “I wish my boyfriend was in the same dorm as me.”
Connor and Kevin looked at each other surprisingly. “You’re gay?” Connor asked.

“Bi actually. People are always surprised,” Brock spoke light-heartedly. Connor already liked him more than his roommate.

“What dorm is your boyfriend staying in?” Kevin asked.

“The boyfriend is right here,” chirped a blonde as he skipped through the door. “I’m Andy. I’m staying at the westside dorms.”

The two couples got to talking as Brock and Kevin finished setting up their dorm. Connor was especially relieved that he now wasn’t completely friendless. Kevin was just grateful to have a great roommate. An added bonus was Brock and Andy were locals and they offered to show the foreigners around. Rather than exploring the food court with everyone else, the four went out to explore the city. Andy suggested a rooftop grill in Allentown: Allentown was the gay center of the city. Andy pointed out clubs and bars and cafes while Brock drove.

The city really was beautiful; it felt homey, but not too cramped. From the rooftop, they could see over Allentown as the sunset. The golden glow created a dream-like aura as Connor leaned over the railing. Kevin stood behind him and ran his hands up and down Connor’s arms soothingly. He placed a soft kiss to his temple. It was a small loving gesture that didn’t go unnoticed. Connor felt at peace. He felt relaxed and open. It was a new chapter of his life. A life with Kevin. He didn’t have to hide anything anymore.

“Kev,” Connor hummed softly. “You love me, right?”

“Of course I do. I love you more than you’ll ever know,” Kevin murmured against his temple and kissed his cheek.

Now Connor was sure his life was going in the right direction.

They settled into their dorms and began classes soon after their arrival. The campus was large and with just their luck, Connor and Kevin spent most of their time on opposite sides of the campus with completely opposite schedules. Connor took morning classes: Kevin took night classes. If they were lucky enough to have overlapping free time, it was usually spent studying in the library or one of their dorms. Kevin had a terrible time focusing when they were in the dorm. In the library, he could control himself because they were in public, but in the dorm they would lay side-by-side in bed; Connor’s shirt would ride up and his shorts would bunch around his thighs; Kevin would be got staring rather than analyzing Emily Dickinson, only to conclude that she was a raging lesbian.

Thursday nights they had the most time together and Brock would be out the whole night so that meant Kevin and Connor had ample time to fool around in his dorm. Connor was trying really hard to rewrite his notes from his earlier lecture, but Kevin kept kissing his neck and running his fingers down his thighs. Kevin closed his book and slid behind his boyfriend. He slipped his hands under Connor’s shirt and lightly pinched his nipples to get a reaction out of him.

“Kevin,” Connor groaned, trying not to give in to his seduction.

“What?” Kevin hummed innocently as he nipped at his neck and slid a hand down to his crotch. He could feel Connor’s arousal which only encouraged him to close Connor’s laptop. “Relax. It saves automatically,” he chuckled when Connor protested.

Connor sighed and leaned into Kevin’s touch. “I can’t get anything done with you,” he grumbled
only to let out a sudden moan when Kevin shoved his hand in his pants

“Yeah, but I get to do you,” Kevin smiled before pulling Connor’s shirt off. Connor caved and laid back on the bed as Kevin crawled on top of him. Kevin was swift to undress the both of them, never letting his lips leave Connor. He ground his hips against Connor for friction as he reached to the nightstand for the bottle of lube. Kevin pulled back for a moment to slick his fingers before sliding one into Connor’s hole. He lifted his hips up and pushed back against his finger (he was just as needy as Kevin, but he wouldn’t admit it). Kevin worked another finger in and scissored him open as Connor moaned and squirmed beneath him.

“For the love of god, please fuck me,” Connor whined with need.

Kevin laughed against his neck, “Look who wants it now.” He withdrew his fingers and went to grab a condom. “Shit we’re out!”

“I don’t care. I need you. Just go raw,” Connor cried. Kevin didn’t waste any time after that. He pulled Connor’s hips up and swiftly lubricated his erection before slowly pressing into him. Connor moaned loudly and wrapped his legs around Kevin’s hips to pull him closer.

“Oh my god,” Kevin groaned over and over. “You’re so tight. Shit, feels so good.” He thrust with more fervor and force making Connor nearly scream. The sounds that came out of him were filthy: he whimpered and moaned like a porn star. Kevin pounded into him and rammed his prostate, eliciting a shout. He continued to hit that spot over and over until Connor was moaning and clenching around his cock. He scratched his nails down Kevins back and dug into his shoulders. He came across his stomach without warning, his hole constriction around Kevin. Kevin chased after his own orgasm, fucking Connor through his. He thrust as deep as he could as he came with a low groan. Connor whimpered as Kevin pulled out. The feelings of Kevin’s come inside him made him feel so full.

“Holy shit,” Connor panted as he collected his breath.

“Yeah,” Kevin huffed. “That was something. That was really good.” He watched as his come slid out of Connor’s wrecked hole. “We’ve never done that before.”

“We should definitely do it again though,” Connor chuckled. Kevin got up and grabbed his discarded shirt and wiped the both of them clean. “I really got your back good,” Connor observed the red marks all down Kevin’s back.

Kevin laughed softly, “I don’t mind. I like being marked by you.” He kissed Connor softly before pulling his underwear back on. He sat back down on the bed and opened his book again. “Don’t you have work to do?” Kevin chided.

Connor glared at him. “I hate you.”

**End Notes**

This is my first McPriceley fic but they are my loves
Shoutout to Reagan, Lexi, Dylan, and all of TKF for reviewing this and cheering me on <3
Feedback is appreciated :(
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!