Naked as we came
by bellarosa

Summary

The story begins with the night when they had sex for the first time and it goes from there to who knows where.
Warning: lots of smut and fluff in almost every single chapter.

Notes

Hey guys, this is my first fanfiction/smut about Elio and Oliver from the movie "Call me by your name". There are a lot of gaps in the movie and i loved that the director Luca left us with our imagination to fulfill what has been going on behind closed doors. This is how i imagined their story. I hope you like it and please leave a comment. Enjoy!❤
The first time

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Grow up, I’ll see you at midnight, said the note.

It was midnight, maybe couple of minutes after midnight. The hour of the day I’ve been looking forward to the entire day. I had to find a way to kill the time. Marzia, I thought. Yes, okay, that will work, but not good enough. It did the work of killing time but I was so anticipated and kept checking the time. 12 hours, 8 hours, 6 hours and then Isaac and Mounir came to our villa for dinner. All I wanted was for the clock to strike 12 and I’ll see him. Him. Oliver. He’s been out all day and I was left with Marzia and my parents and the guests, who left when it was a little after 11:55 pm.

At midnight or so we ended up in his room. My room. Our room, I thought. He sat on one of my beds that were conjoined by him. He was wearing a green, baggy shirt and white bermuda pants. In the process of sitting down he closed the door, gently but the draft suddenly appeared and I tried but failed at stopping it. It slammed and It made a sound, a sound that I hope none of the residents had heard, Oliver giggled at my childish reaction. And then, we were left in the silence.

We were quite for a while, just looking around the room. He was sitting and I was standing above him at the foot of the bed. I really didn’t have a clue what to do, what to say, should I say anything at all, should I just hug him, should I get under the covers, what should I do? I felt my heart beating, really fast, my heart was in my throat. I was breathing faster, he was breathing normal, deep but normal. I sat next to him. I was now sitting on one of the beds that have been my home of many holidays of ours. The bed where I used to sleep, read books, listen to Busoni and Bach on my walkman, write in my so called diary but now, that he was here, that he was staying with us, I did everything the same on the bed in the next room except the new part I put in was thinking about Oliver right before I would fall into a sleepless dream and occasionally touch myself thinking about him and his big hands all over my tiny, slim body.

He didn’t say a word, was he nervous? I know I was, he knew that too. I liked the feeling of sitting next to him, just the two of us, just Elio and Oliver, sitting alone on the bed, after midnight, not talking, breathing and letting our desires take us where we needed to be. I took of my snickers and then my socks and threw them away. I wanted to say something, anything, I wanted to ask him where he was the whole day, I wanted to tell him about the dinner with Sonny and Cher, tell him that my father made me wear that ridiculously looking shirt just to satisfy them and my parents. But I got interrupted. He took off his espadrilles, put them aside and now we were both naked, just our feet, actually. And it was perfectly clear to me where this was going. So we weren’t gonna talk and there’s only one thing left to do.
It’s been days since our first kiss and I didn’t want to stop there, he’s been avoiding me for some time and I couldn’t take it hens the note slide underneath his door and the answer I got this morning. Slowly removing every fabric that covered our skins, the shoes were just a start and I wanted more.
I started playing with my foot, teasing him, crawling my toes and put my foot on top of his.
“What are you doing?” He asked with a smile, looking down at our feet. “Nothing.” I answered, my voice was shaking.

Then he put his foot on top of mine. I let out a silent moan. “This makes you happy?” I felt him looking at me, I couldn’t look at him, I was too nervous, was afraid I didn’t know what to say so I just nodded. “You’re not gonna get a nosebleed on me, are you?” “I’m not gonna get…”

And I went for it. I wanted to tackle him down on the bed with my right shoulder and my entire body but he being this huge and tall guy didn’t move an inch, I puled his shirt and then climbed on top of him. I grabbed his shoulders while I was getting up and he got the hold of my thighs and placed them around his hips. Not a word was spoken, he breathed in my stomach while I played with his hair, messing it all up, devouring it. His hands were on my back and sliding slowly down my spine and grabbing my ass with those enormous hands of his. Few seconds later, I sat in his lap, I was straddling him, his body between my legs and his hands back at the top of my spine, one was caressing my neck and the other on my hip. I was shaking, my lips were trembling when I bit a side of his neck. All sorts of chemicals were going through my body, my brain, my heart. And all I could think was This is finally happening, I have him underneath me, take me Oliver, please. I gently grabbed his face and kissed him, he breathed in my mouth, he then grabbed my face and kissed me again, deeply while I reached and pulled my shirt over my head from the back. He helped nearly at the end, only saying “Off, off, off, off, off “ and I did the same the moment my shirt ended on the floor with me shaking my head and smiling down at him. My hands were on the top buttons of his shirt, my hands were shaking so much that I only did one while he kissed my stomach. That made me feel warmth everywhere in my body, the stomach kiss showed me how much I wanted his lips and mouth anywhere, anytime, just like when he kissed my foot while I was bleeding from my nose.

“Yeah, just pull it.” He said, grabbing the front while I pulled the back and failing at it, only to end on my back behind him, unbuttoning my own jeans. “Or I’ll pull it.” He said with a smile and turned around and laid on top of me, not crushing the weak boy underneath him, kissing my chest while our legs were intertwining. I was gasping the entire time, I wanted him inside me so bad but I also wanted this to never end because I knew what was coming next and I was scared a little. He pulled from kissing my body and started unbuttoning his bermudas. So many buttons, I thought. I was getting hard by the seconds, I felt like I was gonna explode very soon if he stops. You’ll kill me if you stop. There was a massive dose of adrenaline coursing through my body that I almost didn’t feel the light metal necklace land on my stomach. He was doing his belt and I picked up his David’s star necklace from my stomach and slip it in my mouth, playing with it with my tongue, while looking at him. He threw the belt almost very violently on the floor and removed his underwear and shorts and then he came back to me. I felt his erection, a big one, it was hitting my thigh, almost rubbing against mine, through clothes. Eye-contact didn’t break, the whole time we were preparing for the next step. Being able to look him in the eyes made me fill very secured, he wanted this too, it’s too late to back out now, not really but I never wanted him to stop making me feel like this. My neck was being filled with kisses from him while my hands were playing with his beautiful hair once again, I kissed his right cheek. You’ll kill me if you stop.

Oliver, being a big guy above me only made me feel more secured about anything in the world at that moment. He wouldn’t hurt me, I thought to myself. A gentle giant, my lips were still shaking, emotions got bubbled up in my stomach and all I could do was breathe. I want this, I want it more
than anything now, I want you, I want you to devour me Oliver, just do it.

He took a pause from everything and got up from the bed, leaving me breathless, only to completely remove his clothes and mine as well. He was so gentle, first he removed my 501 jeans and then my boxers, I smiled at him, innocently and brought up the necklace from my mouth and placed it on the night stand. I was naked now, in front of him, not a single peace of fabric was covering my skinny, white, muscle-less body. Naked, like I imagined in my thoughts before falling asleep. *He is here, this is real, we are gonna make love or fuck, very soon.* He smiled back and got back on the bed. I’ve seen him in his short shorts and with nothing on top and I wanted more. It didn’t matter to me if he was naked, without clothes, I wanted him naked in a way where I can be naked for him as well, vulnerable, without a secret in the world, because, being with him in my bed was my only secret and now this was happening. But now he is naked, and he is beautiful. Maybe at a strange place and strange time a strange thought popped into my head Chiara never got this far, I smirked at myself, hoping he didn’t notice it.

He stood above me, looking at me, and then we looked me in the eyes. Everything got so quiet. My emotions were growing ad getting wild much like our cocks did. He kneeled between my legs and then gently flipped me on my stomach. *No, Oliver, I want to see you, I want to see your face when you enter me, I want to look at when you cum.* He raised my legs so I was also kneeling with my face with stuck to the pillow. Then, he spread my butt cheeks and bent down to kiss the bottom of my spine. I grabbed the pillow, preparing for the pain as I started to feel him at my entrance. And then he stopped.

“Oliver?” I whispered.

He grabbed my stomach from underneath me and flipped me on my back now. My legs were now wrapped around his waist and my hands were holding his. “You’re too beautiful not to look at.” He said and I blushed, faster than any time in my life, blushed in front of this man. I closed my eyes and covered my face with both of my hands and started giggling. “Don’t hide your face from me, Elio.” He said, removing my hands away from me and looking me deep in the eyes, he smiled and then got down and kissed me, softly, biting my lower lip and then kissed my nose. “Are you sure you want this?” He asked, I nodded. He grabbed both of my legs and put them on his shoulders, still holding my hips and kissing my left foot. He kissed my right foot that day I got a nose bleed, now they’re equal. I sunk into the mattress, still trembling, avoiding his eyes.

And then I felt it, I felt him, It didn’t feel like another cock was entering me, more like, It was Oliver. *Oliver.* I was flushed red, my eyes were shut tightly so I don’t know Oliver’s reaction, only mine. Still trembling and now red in the face. In that moment I felt everything, absolutely everything. Not only the feeling of him getting inside me but also having a part of him hitting my emotions and my wildest dreams about him. The pain was there, enormous amount of pain running through out my body, I wanted to scream but I didn’t want him to stop. Inch by inch, he was entering me, slowly, moaning at every inch he became closer and closer to me. When he was all in, he stopped, it still hurt. We became one. A part of him was inside of me and the thought made me feel everything, again, I was in pain but I was happy, I was scared but safe at the same time. Emotions got the best of me and I teared up a little. “Elio.” He whispered my name as he laid on top of me with all his weight.

There was not a part of him that was not touching me, kissing my tears away and deep kissing me
on the mouth with tongue. I was overwhelmed with everything around me, on top of me. The pain started to settle down as I asked him how he feels, “I am okay, Elio… How do you feel?”, I finally said :” I think I’ll be fine too.” He gave one of those Oh-honey smiles and kissed me again and then got up with my legs wrapped around his waist. The first thrust was painful as hell, I told him to move, looking at his eyes and so he did. The second thrust was less painful and finally there was some friction. The next thrust was finally the one we were looking for and I was finally moaning, not loud, I didn’t want to wake my parents and Mafalda up. Later on we found the common tongue, he was moving slow and fast, our bodies made sounds, sweat was all over the beds, friction was making me hard and every time he would look at me I would feel him grow even harder inside me. I was able to move my body with his, my lower parts not just hands and arms.

This is happening, this is happening, he is inside me, Oliver is inside me. He was moaning also, started going deeper and faster, hitting the nerves inside me. I wanted him inside me forever. He went down and started moaning in the crock of my neck with my hands wrapped around his neck, his hands were holding my legs in the air. “Elio…Elio…” he moaned my name, that made me harder even more than I was.

“Oliver…are, are you gonna…” he was moving slowly now, I knew he was at the edge, without the slightest idea of how long have we been doing this.

“Yes, oh”, he bit my neck, I grab the hold of his face and looked at him. His hair was a mess, his face was red and he was panting and whispering my name.

“Come inside me, Oliver...” We never broke eye contact as he released himself inside me. I moaned at his lips at the same time he moaned in my ear.

“Oh God Elio!”

I smiled at him and then kissed his forehead. He pulled himself from inside me and kept our small distance. Once he was finally and completely out i hissed at the emptiness. My breathing was lifting Oliver’s head on my chest and his messy wet hair was tickling my skin. I absentmindedly began caressing his back, it was my way of slowing his and my breathing.

I got up on my elbows with him still in the crook of my neck and got a hold of his necklace. “Oliver?” I said and showed him his necklace, “Oh, i didn't know when...Put it on me” he said and so I did. Why the hell did I want to do that after everything we just did, the irony, I guess. I loved how he looked with that around his neck. We moved our bodies to lay on the pillows, I was holding him in my arms while he fell asleep. In the middle of the night, while I was still awake, he moved even closer to me, had no idea it was even possible, i kissed his cheek and continued caressing his skin.

This was the closest I will ever be with him. I wanted that since I read his note, since he asked me to play the piano, since he broke his first soft boiled egg, since I saw his picture in my father’s files. It was that simple and yet I felt like I just climbed the freaking Mont Everest to get in the same bed with him.

He awoke some time later and asked me what time it is, his hair still a mess.” Maybe 3 in the morning” I answered, he then straightened his arm so I would lie on it, and the other one was stroking my hair, ear and cheek. I loved this feeling, I had him inside me and still a part of him was now dripping from my body. Just a boy and a man, sharing the same desire for one another. His
skin, his eyes, his smile, I wanted to die just so I can have this image of him, I wanted him to be the last thing I see before they bury me. I was addicted of him, what did you do to me Oliver, you’ll kill me if you stop.

Out of the blue, he came out of the crook of my neck, looked me in the eyes, held my gaze and said “Call me by your name and I’ll call you by mine”

“Elio” I said pointing a figure at his chest.
“Oliver” he whispered. That made me smile.
“Elio” I said quickly.
“Oliver” and as I heard him say his name I got hard once again.
“Elio” I said and pulled him in a rough kiss that consisted mostly of teeth and tongue.

Oliver lifted me on top of him and straight on his already erected cock. When did he get hard again, I thought but it didn’t matter. He was, once again, inside of me, and this time it felt good from the very start; i was stretched enough after only one going-in. I gasped at his hand on my cock as his other hand managed to find its way on my ass. I guessed he didn’t like me jumping up and down at him so he sat on the bed with me in his lap and moved his body in sync with mine. My head was thrown back when he attached his lips to my neck, my hands were in his hair, tugging and pulling while his were on my hips, helping me move faster or slower. I moaned his name, almost like a grunt, when I came between us only few minutes into it, some went on my chest and some on his, I came undone, untouched. He smiled on my decorated body with the fluid that came from my body and the reason it came out splashing was him. I continued to move back and forth, up and down; i was finished but he wasn't. The need to please him overtook my entire body and my will to live. He grabbed me by the hips and pulled me off of him and then released himself all over my chest with a huge smile on his face when he finished.

We laid there for a while, my head was hanging from one side of the bed, his head was on the other side, we were in kinda like 69 position. I was exhausted and happy, satisfied, trying to stabilize my breathing and shaking lips. We did it, I did it, all over myself: This was what I wanted, I wanted him, and I got him, I tried him, I liked it. A hot summer night in July, Oliver and I made love, maybe the first time, the second time we fucked. I wanted more, I wanted to go again but I was exhausted and I don’t think Oliver had the strength nor the cum to go again. When he calmed down, a while later, got up and grabbed his Billowy shirt that was hanging at the foot of the bed and whipped the cum off of his chest.

“Did we make noise?”
“Nothing to worry about.”
”I don’t know, Mafalda always looks for signs.” He gave me the shirt to whipe myself.
“Well, she’s not gonna find any.” Oliver said.
When I was done cleaning myself I threw the shirt on the floor. It shined underneath the moon light all together with our cum on it.
“You wore this shirt the first day you were here, will you give it to me when you go?” I asked and he smiled and nodded, then he pulled my body away from the moonlight and I fell asleep right after he placed a kiss on my nose and pulled me closer to his chest.

It was hot that night, the weather did its part but so did we. My body was slowly starting to cool itself down but Oliver’s body next to mine brought back the heat.
I am @summer_of_1983 on Instagram❤
The morning after

I had a dream about Marzia. No idea why. I was happy, she wasn’t. Dreams are in a way connected to reality. I woke up suddenly, it shook my entire body. It was chilly outside on a July morning. In that state between reality and a dream I was numb and in pain. So much pain. My legs hurt, my hands hurt, my entire lower body hurt, so very much. I was sticky, my hands were gluing themselves to everything, finger to finger. I opened my eyes and the first thing I saw was the peach tree outside my room. My room? What? And that’s when a hand on my chest surprised me. I looked up. Oliver. Oliver? Oliver. Oh no, I thought. He smiled at me, he looked happy, I wasn’t. Why was he staring at me? I turned and continued looking at the peach tree. I was naked, we were both naked and that’s when images from barely few hours ago went through my head. Every single touch, kiss, thrust, word, bite, kiss, touch, touch, kiss. It all came back to me. I wanted to get out of there, get him away from me, not Oliver, just the thought of him, thought of last night, actually, only few hours ago.

It was early in the morning. I got up on my elbows, I felt his eyes on the back of my head, he was still staring at me. I exhaled deeply and got out of the bed. Picked up his Billowy shirt from the floor and threw it on the bed next to him while making eye contact and a stupid smile on my face that could never match his happy smile with beautiful white teeth. I would usually stay for another hour or two in my bed, just lying there, thinking about my life. I was way too young to think like that, noting really made me happy, until he came along. I remember craving his touch and then later on his kiss and going further, I craved him. I had a taste of him and I didn’t like it. I wished for my boring mornings to return, to replace what I woke up to but as hard as I tried to suppress it, it fought back because the thing I was trying to run away from was lying next to me and it was all thanks to me. I expressed my desires towards him. I was a magnet to him the night before and I dragged him into this and now I wanted out. Maybe, just maybe, this was a good thing. He was finally out of my system, finally out after so many weeks and unsubtle clues whether he liked me or couldn’t stand the kid that was chasing after him.

“Let’s go swimming.” I finally spoke and broke the awkward silence. I wasn’t mad at Oliver, I didn’t want him to worry whether he hurt me physically or emotionally. It was all my fault. I couldn’t stand the silence and I wanted to speak to him. And there you have it, good one Elio.

It was around 5:30 in the morning when we hopped on our bikes and went down the river. It wasn’t that cold, I wore my baggy sweater, I needed that warmth. Oliver kept me warm all night and mid morning but I wanted to be far away from him now. He was behind me on his own bike, in his short shorts with, I believed, a worried and disappointed look on his face. His hair was no longer a mess.
The water was cold but I didn’t care, I needed to wash everything off of me, to wash him off of me. His cum, my cum, his touches on my face, his moans on my neck, his lips on my spine, all of it. We were far apart, and only hours ago we were the closest two human beings can be. I was still in a lot of pain, the bike I rode made it difficult for me to sit on it so I was kinda standing while riding it, just like I rode Oliver only 2 hours ago. I was disgusted and water didn’t help. Oliver’s paper about Heraclitus and “Panta rei” was going through my mind the whole time I was swimming. The same person can’t enter the same river twice, meaning, the river flows and changes everything inside and people change too, ergo a changed person can’t enter an already changed river. His note also said that some things stay the same only by change. Oh Oliver.

He was already out of the river when I started to dress myself. I needed my baggy sweater. I was walking funny because of the pain, he came and confronted me. “Are you gonna hold what happened last night against me?” “No…” I shook my head, even I didn’t believe it. I felt his eyes on my back as I was heading towards my bike. Turn around, I thought, he’s in pain, can’t you feel it. I did.

It was close to 7 in the morning when we parked our bikes in the backyard. Everybody was still asleep, Mafalda would be up soon to make us breakfast, to boil eggs and make espresso and apricot juice. In the hall where it all, in a way, started I looked at him and saw a spark in his eyes, he was hoping we would talk about it. I didn’t want to have anything to do with it, I didn’t hate Oliver, I didn’t hate the feeling of him inside me, I hated how I felt, disgusted, ashamed and on top of it, I dreamt about Marzia. I was happy, she wasn’t. Yesterday noon I was fucking her and hours after that Oliver was fucking me. I went to my room, through our joined bathroom, got a glimpse of him and shut the door, far away from him. My baggy sweater was off and I was staring through out the window. The same window I was looking when he arrived with his Billowy shirt on, in a green taxi, listening to my father commenting his height and saying to Marzia that he seems pretty confident. I was finally starting to feel good, not as good like before but relieved. My thoughts about the green taxi were interrupted by Oliver opening my door.

“Elio, come here.” I did as I was told, still walking funny and it was all because of him. No. Not him, I wanted this the moment he asked me to make an excuse for him at dinner so he would continue resting after his exhausting trip from New York to Italy. My addiction, like a toxin coursing through out my body I just knew that type of arrogance not only did attract me but it made me touch myself that very first night. He was only a door away, still sleeping and the thought of him inhaling my scent from one of those beds made me aroused. Stop it Elio, I said to myself the first night. And there I was.

“Take your trunks off.” I looked at him, that confidence was finally making a come back, looked at his bottom body parts while untying my trunks and finally lowering it down to my ankles. What is happening? Oliver kneeled right in front of my cock and took it all in his mouth. I gasped and inhaled deeply, tugging his hair, messing it all over again. I couldn’t believe it, I couldn’t believe the feelings that were bubbling up in my stomach again, they’re back. Oh Oliver, I wanted to moan his name as he was playing his tongue all over my cock, I got hard again. I thought he was gonna do his part so I put my arms on the door frames. He stopped, making pop and came up with a smile on his face. “Well, that’s a promising. You’re hard again. Good.” And just like that I got the door
slammed in my face with my trunks down and my cock being all wet because of his saliva and hit by the morning summer breeze. What the fuck Oliver? I stood there for couple of seconds, thought that he would open the door again and fuck me against the door frame. But he didn’t. I guess I deserve it. Fuck. He awoke those feelings again, I wanted him. Now. Him. Oliver. What are you doing, Elio?

I took a shower and relieved myself under the water, he left me hard and I needed to get him out of my system once again. It was still very early, breakfast was usually being served at 09:30 or even 10 sometimes, depends on Mafalda’s mood. The bed was calling me to take a short nap before breakfast, after all I was up all night, getting fucked in the ass and it felt good, oh it felt really good. Then what the hell was I doing. I don’t know. I did take that nap, only the problem was the nap didn’t want to take me. I was being haunted by the images of Oliver coming on my chest, images of me putting his necklace around his neck and of course Oliver Elio Oliver Elio moment in the middle of the night. Again, almost did I get hard.

Oliver was sitting with my parents at the breakfast table, he was deep in his thoughts and playing with a book in his hands. It was very quiet. I was still In pain but it didn’t hurt like it did couple of hours ago. I kissed my mother and father on their cheeks as a good morning sign, both of them were quietly reading news papers, and sat down slowly on my sit at the table. I had no appetite thanks to the man on my left. I was consumed with all sorts of feelings and I was glad that he was there. Like in the middle of the night, in his sleepy condition I felt secured and that semi blowjob I got from him two hours ago made me want him all over again. I wanted him, needed him. Why did I act like a complete idiot this morning?

“Professor I got your note…thank you for reminding me. I’m gonna go to town and pick up those type pages so maybe later we could…”

“Later.” Said my father, my mother laughed with Oliver. “We’ll look them over later before you leave.”

“Okay, so….later.”

“Later.”

And he left. Before you leave. His six weeks with us are coming closer to an end.

Once I took a sip of my morning milk I jumped on my bike and went to town after him. The pain was gone, because it was replaced with another type of pain, the emotional one, the one he was feeling that morning because I was too stupid to talk to him about. And there was no comparison. He was leaving soon, I thought as I was crossing the road in the streets of Crema. “Oliver” I said as he was on his way from the post office. Yes, Oliver. I’m sorry, I wanted to scream.
“You’re not sick of me yet?” He said as I was leaning my bike on the wall outside the building, took my sunglasses off and stood in front of him.

“No I just…I just wanted to be with you.” I was nervous again. He didn’t say anything, he just took a step back which made it all clear. “I’ll…I’m gonna…I’ll go.” I wanted to get out of there. His silence was killing me again, just like mine did that morning.

“Do you know how happy I am that we slept together?” That took me aback. He was just casually talking about two men sleeping together, in the middle of the street, in Italy and it was the 80’s.

“I don’t know.”

“Of course you don’t know.” He looked down at his feet and smiled. “I don’t want you to regret anything. And I hate the thought that maybe I have messed you up, or…I don’t want either of us to pay for it.” That was beautiful, he opened up to me. Oliver was expressing to me his feelings, his fears and I hurt him that morning by not talking about mine. I guess he summed up what I was feeling. Oliver never pushed himself onto me, or pushed me into the bed, it was all me, he stood aside and let me make a decision because it was Oliver and his “I know myself” scared me sometimes. He knew who he was, what he wanted but I didn’t. After everything that we did, after everything that happened between us, that morning, the night before, weeks before, I just knew I wanted him in any way possible. He gave me space that morning and made me feel what I needed to feel. I think he knew I was gonna come around.

“No I…it’s not like I’m gonna tell anyone. You, you’re, you’re not gonna be in like any trouble.” I was nervous, I was standing and stuttering in front of the man that spent the entire night inside me.

“That’s not what I’m talking about.” His smile was comforting me. He walked away from the post office and I couldn’t handle it so I let a couple of our fingers to intertwine as we were walking in silence. I finally stopped and looked at him. First I needed to check if my nose wasn’t bleeding before I turned and asked him “Are you happy I came here?” he gave me a glimpse and then checked if we were alone, left and right. Oliver put his hand on a wall next to me and came an inch away from my face, I felt his scent, the scent I have been inhaling the entire night.

“I would kiss you if I could.”

I felt my lips shaking again and my body trembling of his closeness. Yes kiss me now, and fuck me when we go home. Please, Oliver. You’ll kill me if you stop.
I waited outside the post office for him. He was sending a letter back home in the States, for his parents, I guessed. I never asked. We hopped on our bikes and went back home. While driving, we were mostly just trying to get over one another, he was smiling finally and so was I just like we were the night before. The Sun was shining very bright just like his smile, I was glad I didn’t ruin him completely.

“Are you okay?” he asked me as we were walking next to our bikes outside the villa.

“Yeah, great.” I replied.

“No I mean…are you okay…everywhere?” I knew what he meant, I didn’t want him to worry about me. “Are you sore?”

“Oh…maybe a little. It was worse this morning, but I’m fine now, Oliver.” I said, trying to avoid the look on his face.

I got up to my room to change and Oliver stayed downstairs with my father, he was helping him with some books and letters and notes related to history and philosophy. When I came down, he was already gone, no idea where he went to. I sighed feeling kinda relieved, so I went outside and grabbed two peaches from the tree I have been staring at when I woke up that morning. Mafalda was chatting with her friends about new desserts they were making. I kissed my mother on the way to the attic.

The book I was reading, while lying on the mattress and a piece of sheet and eating a peach, didn’t keep my attention. My mind was elsewhere. My mind was with him. With Oliver. Where are you? Now, I was hiding too. I wanted him close but I also wanted him to be miles away from me, I wanted to kiss him but also wanted him not to stare at me, wanted him to get inside me and never leave and just die like that. What are you doing, Elio? Where are you Oliver? Come and get me, come and take me on this mattress, nobody will hear us up here, I will scream now, I promise. Come inside me again. Oh, how I worshiped you and the idea of you.

After I gave the book up, I changed the song on the radio station and just laid there in silence. I took the other peach and just twirled it between my fingers. I could still feel him, I still feel Oliver between my legs. It’s like his kisses and touches were imprinted on my body and they were crawling beneath my skin, and as much as I wanted It to stop, I never wanted it to end. I never wanted him to stop, he was officially a bad habit of mine. Even though it was a one time thing, our first time and our first night together, I had my own imaginations of our bodies entering one another, both of us moaning and our bodies making sound of skin slapping on skin days even weeks before it actually came to life. That was before I read his note saying he wanted me to meet him at midnight. I wondered was I ever ganna get my chance to be inside him, or was this just this once. God I hope it wasn’t a one time thing. And as much as I was in pain and my body was suffering and feeling dirty and disgusted, I actually liked it, that feeling, Oliver and Elio, Elio and Oliver, the whole night. Two human beings, fulfilling each other, just the way God designed our bodies. I must have been very deep in my thoughts and I awoke from it once I felt the peach juice land on my stomach.

It came as a surprise once I realized I just put a finger in the peach while daydreaming about Oliver. I continued digging into the fruit until the seed was completely out and threw it across the
room. The peach was starring at me, and was dripping its nectar on my body. Once again, somebody’s bodily fluids were making its home on my chest. I felt my cock rising bigger and faster with every thought of Oliver. I let the peach juice slide down my skin as I unbuttoned my trunks and afterwards I let the peach cup my erected cock. The moment it touched my flesh I squirmed on the sheet but I never stopped. Oh God, it felt good. It was wet and moist and it fit perfectly on the head of my cock. I kept it that way for a while, an image of Oliver beside me made me arch my back and then I started moving the peach. I was on the edge very quickly. After only a few seconds I ejaculated inside the fruit. It came as a surprise how fast I finished. “Fuck” I murmured as I removed the peach from my cock and felt my cum dripping from it onto my stomach. Now I had a mix of peach nectar and cum all over my abdomen. I set the peach aside and whipped my hands on the mattress, turned around on my side and fell asleep instantly. I was so tired from pulling an all-night-relation with Oliver, swimming in the river, getting a blowjob from that same man, driving to town and now finally fucking the fruit. What a day.

I woke up after couple of hours, maybe two, four. My dream was empty, I was way to tired to invest my energy into dreaming and fantasizing. Lately, everything that was messing with my mind had to do with him. Oliver. He found me. Oliver found me. He was leaning on the door frame with a huge smile on his face. I was lying on a dirty mattress with my body covered in juice and cum, I felt so dirty as well. I looked at him, thinking he was gonna initiate a talk but instead he took off his shirt and sat next to my legs on the mattress. His face came down my body, licking and sucking the skin and juice. Finally he found the cum, gave me a confused look and then continued with licking it. That flavor was not unfamiliar to him. He had that same flavor in his mouth couple of hours ago.

“What did you do?”

“Nothing.” My head was shaking. I glimpsed at the violated fruit next to me.

Oliver picked up the peach while giggling.

“Oh I see. So you’ve moved on to the plant kingdom already. What’s next? Minerals? I suppose you’ve already given up animals, you know that’s me?” He pointed the peach towards him. He was holding a part of me in his hand, just like he did the night before. I was disgusted and ashamed, poor peach. I wanted to die right there and then. But at the same time, I enjoyed it. It was clear as day, I wanted him and only him. My body was partly in pain from the night before but it didn’t matter, as long as the pain was coming from him, nothing else mattered. I raped the poor peach because he was not here to fuck me.

“I’m sick aren’t i?”

“I wish everybody was as sick as you.” Oliver said while dipping a finger in cum inside the fruit.

“Please don’t do that.”

“You wanna see something sick?”

“Please don’t, hey please don’t do that.”

“Why are you doing this to me?” I was ready to break down.

He put the finger in his mouth. I asked him again not to do that, I tried kicking the peach out of his hand, he grabbed my shoulder and told me to stop.

“You’re fucking hurting me…”
“Then don’t fight…”

As soon as he said that I stopped fighting. Fighting my emotions towards him, towards everything. Everything came out, weeks and month of suppressing those thoughts and feelings for the man I had in front of me. He was finally here, he no longer lived inside my head, what I felt was real and I could only hope that he felt the same. I let it all out on his lap. I was feeling everything. I was feeling happiness and sadness, I was even mad, angry, disappointed, surprised, disgusted, I felt the love, the hate, everything. He put the peach down and then cupped my face with his strong and big hands. “Sorry…” I managed to say, “It’s okay”, I kissed him. The kiss was filled with lust and passion and my tears, “It’s okay” Oliver said and I believed him. We continued kissing while I was messing his hair again and later he kissed both of my cheeks and my forehead. Oh Oliver. I never wanted this to end. We were alone, far away from any house member, just him and I. The adrenaline inside me was screaming Take me now, never leave my side. Later he hugged me, he pressed his almost naked body against mine, skin to skin, man to man.

“I don’t want you to go.” I finally said on his shoulder as he was caressing my back. It was clear as day to me that this was gonna end, Oliver is going to leave, he was going to leave me. He’s gonna go back to the States and I leave me with nothing but memories. Crying in his lap made me feel even more secured by him. He’s seen me cry, he tasted my tears multiple times now. It was like he had seen every side of me, the side when I was keeping it cool, trying to ignore him and pretend he was not there and the other side, the side of me with physical and emotional pain and yet he was still there, next to me, didn’t run away.

At the beginning I felt sympathy towards him, afterwards his arrogance made me want to ignore him and even pretend he doesn’t exist while the man was sitting next to me at a dinner table. In a way it turned me on, hens his red short shorts on my head. After that it was lust and desire and we were kinda working on that at that moment. And after everything, my words to him and the plead of him not going home made it all clear that I have passed every possible emotion towards him and the only thing left, and I was damn sure he felt it too, was love. I fell in love with him. I was in love. Love.

Not a strange feeling to me but when it came to Oliver nothing was strange. And even though he wanted me to be safe and was afraid that he was going to mess me up in a way, his body was singing a whole other song to me. It was the music to my ears, a beautiful symphony. After all, Oliver made my summer good for the first time in years. His good looks, intelligence, arrogance, desire, touches and body awoke the kind of love I only believed you could find between characters from a very good book.

“I’m sorry if I hurt you in any way…”

“Fuck me Elio.” I whispered to his ear, I caught him off guard. His breathing was increased and that made me nervous because he was nervous and I didn’t care. The look on his face wasn’t confusion which made me think he didn’t forget what he said to me in the middle of the night right before he picked up my skinny body and slid it down on himself. He smiled a bit, he was up for it.

“Will you scream? Oliver? We are alone.”

“Yes…” I replied through my tears.

Once again, he flipped me over on my stomach. I was past that, he looks so beautiful when he climaxes. I was past those feelings before our first time, now and still after so many tears and pain I wanted him, I wanted his skin, his everything next to me, inside me. He became my addiction,
nothing to be ashamed of when he’s here.

He got up and took off his short shorts, I watched as he put them aside, then came down and took mine off. We were both naked, next to each other and I felt more alive than ever. He was hard and ready to penetrate something. We were alone. This spot was all mine, just like Monet’s berm. And now I let him in, again, in my secret spot, never mind that Marzia was up here also, but Oliver, oh Oliver.

Oliver came down, his torso pressed on my back, this hard cock glued to my butt cheek, kissing the back of my neck, softly and gently tugging my curls with one hand. “Elio, I don’t want you to be in pain again. I can’t go dry again.” The other hand made its way to my mouth, I licked his fingers, sucked on them like he sucked me off. “Oh, Elio…yeah…fuck.” He moaned in my hair as his wet fingers traveled down my spine and found they place between my butt cheeks. My eyes were closed as I felt the first digit at my entrance, my saliva on his fingers helped with the preparation, he gently massaged my hole, it hurt a little. He pushed one in and I stiffed, tightly squeezing the end of the mattress. “No, Elio…you have to relax…I want to make you feel good.” He whispered to my ear, I was in pain to even process it. His finger was stuck inside me while I concentrated on my breathing, trying to stop tears from falling down my face again. I wanted to feel good too. “You’re so tight…fuck.” He moaned in my hair, I was starting to feel worried. “Are you okay?” I turned on my elbows and asked him. The sight surprised me. Oliver looked stunning trying to control his body on top of me. He was blushing, panting and breathing heavily, his hair was a mess and lips were trembling. I felt the urge to hug him and kiss his red face. I felt my body relax in his hands, I loosened up a bit and Oliver then added another finger, without letting me know, I couldn’t take the pain so I grunted into the mattress with tears in my eyes. “I know, I know…breathe…” He was so kind, In a way. He tugged my hair so I would lift my face and he kissed me, deeply, with tongue while moving the fingers inside me, and out. Oh God that felt so good, he was getting hard by the seconds. I was breathing heavily as he added another finger and that’s when I finally let my body melt into his touch. “Yeah Elio, that’s it…let me make you feel good again.” I didn’t say a word, nothing to speak about. His words made me feel the world move, the stars shine and his desire towards me. Oliver came off of me, fingers still inside me, I lifted my head to see what’s happening. He was smiling at me which gave me comfort, I relaxed in his hand. His big blue eyes kept me safe. His fingers left my body and I hissed at the emptiness again, having any part of him inside my body was the most beautiful feeling ever. It was so quiet, the only things that could have been heard were my heavy breathing and his kisses on my back once he placed his cock at my entrance once again. I squirmed and stiffed at the feeling. This time it was good from the very start, a minimum amount of pain, fingers helped with the preparing. I moaned at the first thrust and then the second and then the third, fourth until it was all behind us. He was pounding inside me with all of his strength and I was grunting and panting and moaning his name, my name, the God, fuck , Oliver, Elio, don’t stop, don’t stop, right there. He clenched his teeth as he said the same thing, his name, my name, Elio, Elio, Elio.

He slowed down once I thought he had finished but then on my surprise he grabbed my belly and lifted me with my knees kneeling attached to his body. I turned my head back and kissed him as he continued to fuck me from behind. I loved that position, any way I just wanted to be one with him. We kept going like that for what it felt like hours but actually only couple of minutes. My moans soon turned into light screams as he kept the pace and continued fucking that one spot inside me. Oliver was moaning and gasping in my curls, holding in one hand my stomach and in the other my cock that he jerk with every thrust. I was getting emotional before I came all over the sheet for the second time that day. My legs became like gelatin, shaking and helpless. He tried to unattach himself from me so he could come on my back or the mattress but I squeezed his hips so tightly and kept him inside me, he got the message, he’s not going anywhere. Oliver then grabbed my cock again and continued to jerk me off until everything came out and then he came inside me.
again. *Oh, how I worship him like this,* I thought as he put us down on the mattress again, collapsed to the exact, still attached to one another, my back pressed to his torso.

“Elio, are you all right?” after couple of minutes he asked while whipping sweat from my forehead and styling my curls. So gentle, he was, the thought about him crushing me with all his weight never crossed my mind and if he did I wouldn’t complain. I turned and looked at him, he was still inside me, I wanted to ask him to stay that way forever. Oliver’s beautiful white teeth made me show my own, maybe for the first time since we first met.

“I am, I really am…are you?” I was happy. He kissed my nose and then unattached himself from me, I grunted and he noticed that, hence the smile as the was putting his clothes back on. I laid there for a while, still trying to calm my legs down. “That was amazing, of course I am, I am great.” I laughed and blushed at his reaction.

“You’re really something Elio Perlman.”

He sat next to me, admiring my body and what he had done to me. “I don’t mean just while we’re connected but in a way that I’ve been having a hard time of trying to keep my hands off of you and I still do, I want more of you, I want you now.” I wanted to cry, because, why not? That made me blush even more and I almost felt like coming again, instead I sat on the mattress, my eyes never leaving him…and then getting interrupted by a bell. It was dinner time. It never occurred to me to think about the time, it was dark outside but the moonlight shined through every window there was. I completely forgot about everything, food and drinks and even going to bathroom. My mind was one hundred percent focused on him. Oliver.

“Oh Mafalda…” I grunted. He grabbed my hands and helped me get up and then hugged me, that wasn’t common, I hugged him back. He pressed my naked body to his. We stayed like that for a while, it was nice until I realized I was leaking. His cum was leaking down my legs. “Oh shit, sorry, shit…” Why did I apologize? He smirked at that.

“You go downstairs, tell them I was napping. I’m just gonna grab a quick shower and then I’ll come down.” I said while whipping my legs with my swimming trunks, trying not to get it on the floor.

“Don’t. Keep it that, just wear something down…” Oliver said while walking off the attic. My face turned red again and I did as I was told, because, why not? It was him, any part of him inside my body was good enough to satisfy us both. I put my trunks back on and went downstairs with his cum dripping from my ass. *Oh, Oliver.*
After third unsuccessful try to remove myself from my chair at the dinner table it came as a light bulb to me that I have to take that shower. One more time and I was off the chair, saying good night to my parents and the guests, feeling Oliver’s eyes on me, smiling and finally walking away. I went upstairs immediately, locking myself and pouring hot water onto my body. *Breathe, Elio, just breathe*, I thought as I was feeling him coming out of me but also, the peach juice as well. I put on fresh clothes and knocked on the door of his bedroom, my bedroom. There was no answer so I came in. He was not there. *Where did you go?*

I got back to my room and collapsed on the pillow and feel asleep instantly. God, I was so tired. I smiled while my eyes closed and the last thing on my mind, before I drifted into sleep, was Oliver.

The next morning Oliver was no where to be found. Breakfast, lunch and dinner had passed and he wasn’t even in sight. I asked Mafalda, my mother, my father where he was, they had no idea. *Wasn’t he hungry?* I assumed the worst. He was once again, after a whole day and a half of fucking and coming all over my body and inside me, avoiding me. My chest felt the kind of weight I never felt before. *What have I done? Where are you?* I was so happy the day before and now. The feelings, from the time he avoided me after our kiss on the berm, came back to me. Maybe I’ll see him tomorrow, I thought. I wanted that day to end so badly. I tried but failed at napping the day away, the books didn’t help, the piano didn’t help, the food didn’t help. I wanted him. I wanted to see Oliver. I managed to nap one time but I cried myself to sleep. I was in love with that man and he didn’t want anything to do with me. Maybe he was with Chiara or any other woman from town or even, God no, a man. Something pulled me to his room and as I made the first step inside my eyes started to get wet and I ran out of the room and into the night.

I went outside, not to look for him but to just suck in some fresh air, alone.

“Elio.” I heard my name and I turned. Oliver was sitting on one of those cemented parts of the inner gate. What? He looked so beautiful under the moon light. “Looking for me?” he spread his hands when I smiled at him. He’s here, he’s not with her, he’s not with him. “Yes and no.” I replied, drying my tears away. It was dark so he didn’t notice that. “Join me, come on.” I hopped on the other side of the part of the gate, facing him, our legs were spread. I was happy again. I was happy to see him but I was angry because I had no idea where he had been the entire day.

“It’s such a beautiful night.” He whispered, I nodded. My eyes never left his face, he continued to stare at the stars and I was staring at the brightest part of my life.

“It’s never beautiful like this in New York. The nature and the air are so different here.” He looked at me. “How can you hate it here?”

“I don’t hate it, just…it’s boring. All the time. Last year I read about 30 books just to kill time.”

“And now?”
“Now what?” I smiled, I had a feeling where this was going.

“Are you bored now?” He took my hand and intertwined our fingers.

“No. Ever since you came here there hasn’t been a dull day of the summer.” Straight up. Nothing to hide from him.

“I feel the same way, Elio.” I gasped as he cupped my face and kissed my forehead and licked my lip and finally initiated a kiss. My hands went under his shirt. Oliver pulled me closer to him with my head resting on his chest. I felt his heart beat, his breathing calmed me down. The silence was filled with night crickets and our hearts pounding like crazy.

“You showered yesterday.”

“I had to. I was glued to the freaking chair.” He laughed.

“I saw that.” He kept laughing. I faced him.

“When are you leaving?” I dreaded the question, his smile disappeared.

“Soon. Before I leave I have to go to Bergamo. Research study at the University.”

“Bergamo is beautiful.”

“You’ve been there?”

“Yeah, my father took me there couple of years ago. You’ll love it.” He nodded. “Did you enjoy your stay here?” I asked like a hotel manager.

“You know I did,” he took my hand, “I’ll miss you…”

“No, stop, Oliver…we still have time.”

“And tonight. That’s all gonna run pass us, you won’t even notice.”

“God, we wasted so many days! Why didn’t you give me a sign?” I played with the shirt oh his chest.

“I did!”

“You didn’t give me a sign.” He smiled at me.

“I did…”

“Wait, when?” I crossed my arms on my chest. I part of me was sad that I even brought it up.

He sighed and grabbed my shoulder “Remember when we were playing volleyball and I touched you” he kissed my neck, my head fell backwards, my hands started stroking his thighs, I would let him take me right there “just to show you, that I liked you” I gasped as he kissed my throat and then he stopped and pushed me back against the gate with a huge smile on his face, he was teasing me. “But when you reacted made me think I molested you.” I came closer to him, “Sorry, sorry”, “No, it’s fine, I just decided to keep my distance.” He took my hand in his, “I don’t know”. I looked at him as he was staring back at the stars, he was so beautiful and even then, he wanted me. I wanted you too Oliver, I wanted to yell, why didn’t you come to my room then? After we kissed, you avoided me, after yesterday I wanted to die! I waited for you, Oliver.
“I come out here for hours, almost every night.” He broke the silence. My hand found its way underneath his Billowy. Seriously?

“I didn’t know that.” He nodded with a smile, “That’s funny, I thought that…” I thought you were sleeping with every woman and man in Crema.

“Yeah, I know what you thought…” he smirked while trying but failing to tickle me. “Stop, stop.” I whispered. His hands brought mine towards him and my head landed on his chest. I kissed his collar bone and then lifted my head to kiss him. Slowly, passionately, with tongue. Hours had past, my legs got numbed. We continued talking about anything and everything but mostly about us. I liked “us”.

“Where have you been all day today?” I asked through the kiss.

“Here. I got a lot on my mind.”

“I waited for you, Oliver!” I felt like crying.

“I know you did and I’m sorry about that, it’s just…this, us, awoke something in me. I don’t know what exactly but you…you’re beautiful Elio. Everything about you makes my heart stop. I don’t know how or what I feel about us but I know one thing though, I know how I feel about you.”

“Isn’t that the same thing? Us and me?”

“Not exactly. You say we waisted our days, but I don’t look at it that way. It took time and effort and a lot of patience to get where we are now. In my mind you were the pray and I was the hunter, the hunter takes it time to get to the goal. All the ignorance and competition you created between us are a part of you and me becoming us. Becoming one. And I’ll tell you one thing. You, in my bed… A man can be left speechless and that’s how you are to me. You. But us, I love the hiding and discretion and I fear the thought of leaving you, leaving you messed up and…” I cut his beautiful speech with a kiss.

“Stop talking.”

“I didn’t finish.” He smiled on my lips

“I don’t care, I don’t want to know the ending just like I don’t want to know what’s gonna happen after you leave. So shut up and kiss me and enjoy all that it’s left of our time.”

He looked stunned. Probably because it’s the first time he’s heard me speak this much and I spoke so wisely.

“You got it.” The kissing continued and later on he pulled me to his chest again.

The silence took its place again. I didn’t care if the silence was all that I got from him at that moment, I just wanted him.

“Aren’t you hungry? You’ve been here all day.”

“No I had a bite after every meal. Mafalda made a special place for me.”

“What? When I asked her had she seen you she said no.”

“Really? I told her I’ll be writing my book in silence in the back.”

“She never said anything.”
“Maybe she knows. About us.”

“I doubt that. She would have said something to my parents. I would know.”

As we were walking back to the villa I realized something. Everybody was asleep. I stopped and waited for Oliver to turn around and notice me.

“Elio? What’s wrong?” He finally did, he came closer as I kept my gaze on the villa.

“Kiss me.”

He sighed and then smiled.

“We’re all alone, it’s…” I checked my watch, “one in the morning”.

Oliver cupped my face with his hands and kissed me hard. His hands moved and found their place in my curls. I was rubbing against him, my hands made their way from under his shirt to his crotch once again, this time he didn’t remove my hand. God, he was hard! I started to untie his belt when he interrupted me, trying to catch his breath. “Elio, why are you doing this to me?” his eyes were closed.

“Oliver, please take me…”

“Are you serious?” Why was he shocked?

“Of course I am.”

“Man, you have a big appetite.”

“I can’t stand the thought of not being with you. Does that make me cheesy? I know it does…”

“You got it.” The kissing stopped once he picked me up bridal style, I was laughing at his neck, he kissed my curls and we entered the villa. Going upstairs was tough. It was dark and we needed to be quiet, which was impossible so we made it ourselves.

We were once again in that room. Every tear, every bit of pain, every look seemed so far away, like it’s been ages ago. It felt almost like I wasn’t a beginner, I wasn’t a child that ran after this guy. I was still nervous like the first time. It looked like Oliver had seen everything of me so in his eyes I was an adult, by that matter. Once the door shut, this time quietly, I looked up and smiled at him. Did he grow in height? I continued with unbuttoning his trousers, his hands moved from the locks of my hair to the end of the shirt and it made me stop with what I was doing to raise my hands and remove the shirt, he then did his own. By my surprise, he grabbed me underneath my armpits and lifted me up so my legs were around his waist. I shook my head in disbelief but also made a sound once we’ve moved past the bed and he putting on the window. It was a bit chilly outside but I had a mix of Oliver and adrenaline to keep me warm.

“No, what are you doing?” I managed to say.

“We’ve already done it on the bed…let’s try something different.” He said with a huge grin on his face and I went with it.

Before he left I wanted to do everything and everywhere with him. We kissed while taking our clothes of. Thank God we were both wearing slippers, it would’ve taken time to take the snickers
and the socks off, it would’ve been such a mood killer. Naked again, he lifted my body so he would put his enormous erected cock inside me once again, without any spit or saliva, he went in dry again and I loved it. Everything happened so fast, I didn’t even had the time to process that it was happening again. This time it was so different, at the first push my eyes rolled on the back of my head, it was hanging from the top window, starring at the peach tree upside down. He grunted once we sat the pace, my legs around his waist, his hands holding my tiny body with everything he had, my hands engraved on the window frames. We were fucking and letting our bodies slap over the pile of books I had them set under the window. We were moaning In sync, mine went outside, his ended up in my hair. At one thrust I screamed in pleasure and that made him stop with his eyes staring at me, widely opened. I put a hand over my mouth and started giggling, my nails were digging into his skin with the other hand.

“What are you, don’t stop…don’t stop, don’t stop…don’t ever stop” I whispered all sweaty.

Oliver didn’t say a word just continued fucking me. He moved us to a wall next to the window, my legs were still around his waist, I was holding onto him like a koala on a eucalyptus tree.

“Is this okay?” he asked as he continued setting me off the edge, my eyes kept rolling, I was sweating, I managed to nod and gasp a “Yeah” multiple times.

“Oh God Elio, you feel so good, oh, so good…”

My body slid up and down the wall so many times and I managed to rip the poster off of it, it landed between us. The floor was creaking due to Oliver’s weight, it was making sounds for the both of us, but with this kinda hunger it was better than to let the beds scream. He was exhaling and moaning at the same time and was all I needed to come on my stomach again. His whole body tensed and I knew he was gonna come after his own release.

“Oliver, Oliver…oh God, Oliver don’t come, don’t come yet…”

I kissed him deep and then set myself free from him, kneeled in front of his big, erected cock and took him in my mouth. It was warm and full of precum.

“Oh God!”

Oliver’s body was on the edge of convulsing, his arms grasped the wall in front of him and his head went downwards looking at me, only his eyes were shut. I stared at him as he was trying to make this last longer. But he failed, after bobbing his head and deep throating him for a while he came inside my mouth, it tasted salty with a pinch of Oliver in it. He grunted on the wall, trying to stabilize his breathing as I finally came face to face with him and I swallowed it. I swallowed him. Oliver. He opened his eyes a tiny bit just to see me do that and then pulled me in for a big, passionate kiss. We exchanged everything. Hi kissed me, I kissed him, with him on my tongue, him on his tongue. I was tired by the time we finished. And yes, Oliver was right, I was hungry and now I’m full.

“You have…no clue, what you’re doing…to me.”

He finally managed to say after catching a breath. I was staring at him, my eyes never left his face. No Oliver, you have no clue what you’re doing to me. “ I’m tired Oliver”, he kissed me once more. I still had him in my mouth, I gently took his hands in mine and guided us to the beds. I was lying closer to the window. Oliver laid next to me, still surprise with what I just did. I was falling asleep and before I closed my eyes for good that night I felt Oliver kissing my nose and my forehead as he pulled me even closer to him, I heard his heart beat and felt him pulling the sheets to cover our naked, sweaty, exhausted bodies.
My eyes weren’t even completely opened when I reached to the other side of the bed. It was empty. I was once again in my old bedroom, between my old sheets that now smelled like him and again, alone. Was it all a dream? I was naked underneath, and I never sleep naked so I knew he was here somewhere. I yawned as I was trying to come to my senses. The sheets were cold, he had been up for some time, but it still had his scent, our scent.

It was sunny outside. I glimpsed at the window where we had made love only few hours ago. He wasn’t anywhere near the bedroom but something was new. On the foot of the bed there was a hanger with a shirt on it. Billowy. His Billowy shirt, and it had a note.

For Oliver, from Elio

I giggled. He remembered when I asked him to give it to me before he goes back home to the States. I pulled that shirt to my chest, to my heart and just laid there for a while.

The breakfast table was empty, nobody was there except food. I was starving. Hours ago I’ve been eating Oliver and that was enough for me, but now…There wasn’t much left, maybe two soft boiled eggs, one bread piece and some fruit. No coffee, no juice, no tea. Mafalda was nowhere to be found, my parent’s napkins were crumbled and Oliver’s seat was right next to mine and his plate was empty.

“Ah, good morning!” a familiar voice came from behind me. It was him. After everything we had done I still felt submissive by him.

“Good morning…when did you get up?”

“Maybe 6, 7…I don’t know.” He sat in his spot next to me.

“I didn’t feel you leave.”

“Well, you were sound asleep.” He was staring at me when I cracked the top of the egg.

“Yeah I was pretty tired…” I smirked at him. He looked around us, we were alone. He leaned in and kissed my cheek. I wasn’t gonna let him stop there, so I reached with my fingers and moved his face to my lips. Licked his lips, like our first kiss, and again kissed him deeply. I felt his foot making its home on top of mine.

“Stop that, you’re gonna make my nose bleed again.” He leaned back to his chair with his hands behind his head. “You said it wasn’t my fault the first time.” It was.

“I lied, I didn’t want you to worry. I had a lot of things on my mind that day and it pilled up and released itself through my nose.”

“I see…me, I guess?” He smiled at me and then got up and grabbed a piece of fruit from the bowl.

I didn’t say anything just nodded, again, blushing. On my humor, the fruit he got was the peach. “Look Elio…” it wasn’t funny and he was enjoying it. Oliver took one bite and then swallowed it.
“Yours taste better.” I wanted to die.

“Good morning sleeping beauty!” My father came behind us and Oliver took his foot off of mine.

“Morning dad…” I said.

“Oliver, come, I need your help with something.” My father said and then got back inside the villa.

Oliver raised his eyebrows at me and continued eating the peach while following my father inside.

Hours later, Oliver was still with my father in his study room. He didn’t notice me when I walked pass the room five, six, seven times. I was so bored. Everything felt just like before Oliver came to Italy. I had nothing to do all day long. I went up to our bedroom and started examining every part of it. Just like I did the day I put on his red short shorts on my head and imagined him fucking me from behind. I touched the pillows, the night stand, the window, the closet. With every touch came a memory. A memory I was so scared to even think about while he was still here. *Save those memories for when he goes home*, I thought.

I took off my shirt and laid there on the bed, spread all of my limbs, hoping to kill time or hoping that Oliver is gonna show up any moment and glue my body to the mattress. No one came, not him nor my parents. *Everybody’s got their business going on.*

I waited for the day to go away and for the night to show up with opened arms. Because, then I knew that Oliver is gonna be all mine. During the day he was out and about, with my father, and as it turned out, with his thoughts and not with every woman in Crema. I smiled at that thought and felt an amazing amount of relief. *He was all mine.*

The dinner came and went. Oliver sat by my side, never even looked at me. His foot was, yet again, on top of mine. The guests at dinner finally started talking about something I was interested in: music. Oliver caressed my foot with his when I was in the middle of a sentence, I stopped to breathe and then continued. I gave him a look of *Not cool man* and continued my dinner.

The guests then started chatting with Oliver about his book and how did he manage to fit in here in Italy. I wanted him to pay for what he did so, without a thought, I put my hand on his thigh and started moving it upwards to his crotch. I ate with my left hand while my right had other business underneath the table cloth. He moved my hand from between his legs and continued to speak. I put it back on, it’s where it belongs. His voice changed really fast and squeezed his lips in a straight line. I moved my hand after he was done talking. We looked at each other, not a word was spoken.

Two or even three hours later everybody went to bed. In a time between lunch and saying Good night to everybody Oliver spent it with my parents in the living room talking about Bergamo and with that deal, they saluted with alcohol. I was outside moving the strings on my guitar, playing the same tune I did when he asked me to play it on the piano. It would always remind me of him. Minutes later as I was walking back into the villa I heard my parents saying good night to Oliver so I ran right after them and wished them a good night as well. They went up the stairs, closed their bedroom door and we were finally alone again.

“You’re a monster.” He said as I came in the living room.

“Why am i…” I was confused.

“Oh I don’t know…maybe because you picked the possibly worst time ever to grope me at dinner!” He looked semi-serious.
“Oh that. You started!”

“I did, with my foot not…” he then showed a hand movement “jerk” in mid air and that made me laugh. I came closer to him and kissed him and I was above him again. His lips tasted like whiskey and I loved it. If he was drunk, so was I. Drunk because of him. I had been drunk ever since he stepped outside the green taxi.

His huge hands moved from my hips to my ass. He caressed it gently as he was getting up, never breaking a kiss. “Oh Elio” he moaned in my hair.

“Let’s go upstairs” I suggested, bringing his hands from my body to my hands “I need you Oliver.”

And that was all it took for him to pick me up bridal style once again and we head upstairs. I swallowed my laugh, holding tightly Oliver around his neck.

Oliver put me down as soon as we closed the bedroom door. “What are you doing to me…” I whispered in his ear. He kneeled in front of me, took off my slippers, trunks and my shirt and I was naked before him. Nothing to hide from him, he’s seen every part of me, kissed every part of me, been inside me so many times, four, but still… in my dreams and thoughts, many, many more.

I started removing his shirt but I was interrupted. He took my hand and guided me to the end of the bed. Oliver sat and leaned on the bed board. “Come here.” still holding my hand he helped me climb on top of him. He was dressed and I was naked.

“Look at me” he whispered, “Elio, look at me” I blushed, still staring at his chest hair. They rose underneath my fingers. My eyes never wanted to meet his. Every time in that room or anywhere, I was still very nervous in front of Oliver. I felt him getting hard with every breath he took so I finally looked at him.

“Are you afraid?” I nodded. “Why Elio? It’s just us. This isn’t foreign not to you, not to me. You are so beautiful, you have no idea how much. Your skin tone is like a porcelain, I want to do so many things to you and with you it’s almost sinful how much I need you. That’s why tonight…I want you to be inside me.” Oliver whispered those sweet words looking me in the eyes. He was sure about that. He thought about it, apparently.

I froze at that statement of his. *What? Why? How?* I wanted to feel him, for sure but the amount of fear I felt almost left me paralyzed. I was naked on top of him, he was still dressed, getting hard just like I did and he wanted me to fuck him.

“Oliver, i…I’m, I’m…” No words, what was my excuse? I didn’t have any.

“ I know it’s scary. It was for me the first time, but when I saw your face and how beautiful and blushed you looked with your eyes wet and closed and your body trembling…I’m going to carry that moment with me forever, until my last breath. Take my shirt off.” He whispered.

After everything he said I felt like crying and not fucking. Those words of his, I’m going to carry them with me forever, until my last breath. Take my shirt off.” He whispered.

“Anything you want. Don’t hesitate anything, I’m here.”
He took one of my hands and kissed it. We were both hard as hell and I needed it to take advantage of it as soon as possible. I moved in between his legs and let my body slide down closer to his face. I initiate a lustful kiss, one hand on his hard cock stroking him up and down and the other held his face as he was changing his face expressions. What am I doing? Am I doing this right? I put one finger inside his mouth, he sucked on it just like I did the other day. He was already panting, looking me deep into my eyes as he covered the fingers with his saliva. The sight was so beautiful.

I feared I was gonna hurt him in any kind of way. I let my wet finger slide from his mouth to his ass, massaged his entrance and his face relaxed, his saliva was all over his hole and he started moaning. I pushed on finger inside watching his face change. He clanged his whole body and held onto my shoulder as I pushed my finger all the way to my palm.

“Oliver are you okay?” The words were shaking on my lips.

“Yes, yes… you can…move it now…” He inhaled deeply before finishing his sentence.

And so I did, I moved the first finger while adding a second one. Our eye contact never broke, I was scared and he wanted my cock inside him. He was so hot and tight down there, there was precum on his cock. The third digit came after and his body was finally relaxing. I moved all three fingers in and out of him until his grunts finally got replaced with moans. We went like that for a while. He was getting me off the edge with his beautiful face being all sweaty and every muscle showing. He smiled at me before he said “I’m ready Elio…”. As was I.

I removed my fingers from his now red and stretched hole. It was so wet I didn’t need to wet my cock. I grabbed his strong legs and spread them around my waist, his hair was a mess and he was breathing unevenly. Sweat glued his beautiful hair to his forehead. I took one final breath and started entering him. He was in pain I could tell, his hands gripped the pillows he was lying on. I pushed very slowly and very carefully, I didn’t want him to scream or cry. But I did feel like crying, the feeling was overwhelming. I attached our bodies and stayed like that for a while, I was waiting for him to give me a sign or at least start breathing normally.

“Oliver…do you want me to stop?” I didn’t want to, he felt so good all around my cock like that.

“No, no, no, not at all…you can move now.” I looked at him, he was a mess, I probably looked the same every time.

And I moved, inch by inch I moved out and then back in and out again and then back in.

“Slowly Elio please.” He grabbed my forearm.

“Shit, sorry, Oliver…you…ugh fuck…”

And I came back slowly, in and out, couple of more times and then he told me to pick up the pace.

I was going faster, harder, sloppier. My face was cupped by his huge hands as they pulled me down to kiss him as I continued fucking his hole, hitting, probably, his prostate and all sorts of pleasurable nerves. Now I knew how he felt when the roles were reversed. The kiss was sloppy as hell, there were teeth and tongue everywhere, lips were getting bitten, chins got sucked. Oliver’s facial expressions changed very quickly, he was biting my lip almost until blood came down and I knew he was very close. I grabbed his cock, letting my entire body weight lend on his stomach and started jerking him faster than the thrusts inside him. He moaned into my mouth as he climaxed all over his stomach and some landed on mine. I came right after him, inside Oliver. I didn’t check with him would that be alright, I just knew he was gonna like it as much as I do.
I got outside of him, the cold summer breeze hit my wet cock instantly, my entire body shivered. Oliver was panting next to me, my body was convulsing after everything. I picked the cum off of my stomach and licked it, then I came down and licked his cum off of his stomach. Oliver was still trying to catch his breath while my only goal was to cover us up so we don’t get cold and ruin few days we have together. I looked up and he was already in his dreams, I couldn’t believe I succeeded in tiring Oliver that much.

Being inside him was my second favorite feeling ever, the first one was when he was inside me. I took his right hand and turned his whole body against my back, kissed his fingers and finally drowned myself in his scent. The night was a bit chilly, our bodies were hot and I fell asleep happier than I remembered.
The talk

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the Kudos! I know it's not much but every one of them counts. This one's kinda short. Hope you like it and enjoy! ❤

The hair on the back of my neck stood up from the feeling that someone was touching me. Summer breeze that was whistling from the outside shook my body and made me shiver with every movement I made. I opened my eyes, blinking slowly, still trying to process where I was and the nature around me. It was still dark outside. My stomach was stuck to the sheets and I felt soft touches that were moving from the bottom of my spine to the top of my scapula. I exhaled my sleeping breath into the night and turned to face the person next to me.

Oliver laid on his side; hair was still a mess and the moonlight found its cave and dived into his beautiful blue eyes that were looking at me. He continued caressing my back as I was getting my arms from under the pillow.

“How long have you been up?”

“Maybe couple of minutes. I couldn’t resist.” He whispered and then placed a kiss on my bony shoulder.

“Did you sleep okay?” I yawned.

“Yeah…good.”

“You feel asleep right ever I…I finished you.” My voice was husky.

“No, I feel asleep after you devoured me and gave me the fuck of my life.”

The way he talked about me and the things I do to him made me blush, again. The darkness in the room helped to cover my red cheeks. His hands never left my back. I was staring at him while lying on my stomach. I brushed his lips with my index finger and moved my body closer to his to give him a good night-good morning kiss. I was still very tired. I wanted to sleep but… Oliver… before me. Looking like that. Looking at me like that. Then I was the one who couldn’t resist.

Sleeping used to be my favorite activity. Used to, until he came along and then daydreaming and night devouring became my favorite activity In every possible way.

We were silent for some time just staring at each other; him, softly running his hands up and down my back and me, playing my fingers on his lips and then letting my hand fall down to his chest hair. I wondered how many I could plug out if he’d made me orgasm really hard. Was I even in a position to do that? Of course I was. I had the man of my dreams, literally, in bed next to me. Our naked bodies were touching underneath the covers, my leg positioned itself between his knees. It was almost like his body was made for me; all the small parts of mine would fit perfectly in his body. My hand fit in his, my head fit in his neck, my lips fit in his like they were made for him, his cock fit perfectly inside me and my feelings for Oliver…feelings. Since when did I start to develop feeling? Now, yesterday, weeks ago? Everything felt normal. I was in love? Yes I was. Was he?
Or was this just physical? No, his beautiful speech about me and him and us, that I eagerly had to interrupt, it meant something. Right? Just physical? Just sex, just love making, just fucking our brains out, just fucking that was being followed by complete exhaustion and convulsions, just that? I was afraid if I speak again, he was going to avoid me. Again.

“Elio?”

“Hmmm…”

“What are you thinking about?”

“Stuff.” I smirked.

“What stuff?” His hand found its way under the sheets. Oliver was making circles on my butt cheek, and then on the other; softly squeezing like there was something to squeeze. I let out a soft moan.

“I don’t know…”

“Yeah you do.” His middle finger was once again near my entrance, massaging my hole, making circles around it. I bit the pillow case I was laying on due to the pleasure I felt from down under, but I had it enough.

“Okay, stop!” I grabbed his hand and pulled it out from under.

“What? Are you alright? Did I hurt you?” His eyes widened at my words.

“No Oliver, you didn’t hurt me. Honestly, I have nothing against us making love or fucking all the time, every day, every night, I’m just…I’m just overwhelmed. By you, by everything. I’m afraid to speak, I’m afraid to confront my feelings for you because the only image I have in my mind is you avoiding me all day once again. That eats me away inside and I don’t even know how you feel. We never talk, we never talked about this…”

“We did and you interrupted me, remember?” His face changed from a worried look to a soft smile within few seconds of me bursting out like a child.

“I know and I still don’t want to hear the rest” I got up on my elbows, my eyes looking down at our hands which were, on my surprise, intertwined without my knowledge, “I don’t even know where this leaves me, where am I right now, Oliver?”

“Right now, you’re in bed, with me. Why are you questioning us?”

I got irritated by his response, out of frustration I sat on the bed with my back pressed against the board. He was still lying on his side; his eyes never leaving my face. I didn’t want to go back down next to him. His arrogance was making me nauseous.

“Why are you acting like this?” I whispered looking at him.

“Okay, hear me out and don’t interrupt me. No matter the number of the books you read or the number of compositors you listen to every day and look up to a lot of great men, you, right now, are being very stupid. I hear stupid things coming out of your beautiful mouth and I just want to hug you to shut your stupid pie hole. Elio, I wouldn’t be here if didn’t feel anything. And now… I feel everything. I would be out, maybe in town, playing poker or even sleep with somebody else, which I never did. But I’m not. I’m here, with you, every night and I wouldn’t change a thing. Every time I touch you, I feel your body react, every time I get near you, I feel your energy
increase itself because of me. I know how you feel about me Elio, I feel the same way. What that is, I have no idea and honestly, that scares me a bit because usually I have an explanation about how I feel about someone, and knowing myself I have never felt anything like this…until I met you and felt you. And I don’t even want to know. I just want to spend the rest of my time here with you. Doing whatever and talking about whatever. Listen, Elio…the first time I kissed you, one kiss, I was totally hooked. Addicted to you. Keeping my distance after that and this…it’s not going to work. I could never feel like this the way I feel about you. I’d follow you across the universe.”

“Universe? Oliver?” I gasped.

“That’s all you heard?! Seriously…” He whispered a bit loudly.

“No…I’m just…amazed.”

“What you did to me, hours ago, how you made me feel…I never felt like that, ever. Once I was close I saw the stars and stardust and all the planets and satellites…it sounds crazy I know but that’s just how I feel.” He whispered, never breaking our eye contact. My body was craving for me to jump and drown in those eyes of his.

“I feel the same way… Oliver.”

I got emotional at the end. I shed a tear.

“It’s fine, Elio, this talk was gonna come up some day. This, between us, was never destined to be just about sex. You chasing after me was the highlight of my day and you moaning like that is the highlight of every night and still the nights to come. Are we clear?” He brushed my tear away.

“I’m sorry…I’m so sorry…” I slid down next to him. Oliver cupped my entire body tightly and brought me closer to him. I laid there listening to his heart beat and regretting ever opening my mouth.

“Shhh, it’s fine, it’s fine. We are having a normal, healthy conversation, nothing to apologize for. For God’s sake Elio we’re all human and it’s normal to feel something after all of this.”

“I know, I know, I feel awful now. It feels like I’m pushing you away with my honesty.”

“You’re not! I’m here! You can see me, right?”

That made me smile through my tears.

“Yes Oliver…kiss me now please…”

Oliver pulled my face from his chest and kissed my tears away. That was happening a lot lately. He kissed my cheeks, my nose, my forehead, my ears and my lips and I let my body sink into it with everything I had.

The silence played its role again.

“You never talk about yourself.”

“What would you like to know, Elio?”

“Everything. The other day at the post office, to whom you were sending the letter? Your parents?”

“Mhm. My mommy and daddy back in the US.”
“What are they like? I mean, you met mine, it’s not like you had any choice.”

“Well…my mother is great, she is a housewife. She never really understood my passion for archeology and philosophy but she wanted for her son to do what made him happy and so I did and now I’m here. In a way her approval led me to you.”

“Well that’s sweet. What about your father?”

“He’s a whole different story. He is a doctor, an endocrinologist. Very conservative. My relationship with him is based on a very few times he has for me when he’s not in the hospital. I mean, I’m a grown man now but as I was growing up it was expected of me to act a certain way and dress and express myself in a certain way, being the doctor’s son.”

“That must have been difficult…”

“Not really. Once I realized he was craving for his son to be an example for everybody else, I started drowning in books. That’s why I understand when you said the books helped you kill time. For me, books killed a lot of years and brought me to a period of my life where I was old enough and wise enough to make my own decisions. When I left for Italy he was at work. Just said “Good luck son, I hope you have a great summer.” And I did. The best one yet.” He kissed my nose.

“You came out of the mix that he had a say in. And you turned out so good. It doesn’t matter that you chose a different path. It makes you different and no less than perfect. To me.”

“To you…” He smiled.

“And what about siblings?”

“A younger brother. Four years younger than me. He has taken my father’s footsteps.”

“Doctors, doctors, doctors…”

“That’s why I love your family! I mean, how can you not love them. They understand me and I don’t mean in a way that brought the US and Italy closer due to intelligence and knowledge and science and pleasure and love but just in a way I feel like I’m home and this home is better than the one across the ocean. And the best product is you. And everything about you.”

“Yeah, they’re okay.” I smirked at his chest. “Hmm…I like the way you say things.”

“That sounds…familiar…wonder where you mixed that…”

“Hm, from a guy…no one important.”

“You little…” Oliver didn’t finish his sentence. The kiss that followed our conversation was one of those that made my knees buckle, even in a horizontal position. He brought my body on top of his as he continued to initiate a kiss. His hands were in my hair and mine were spread on both sides of his body.

“Oliver?” I moaned into the kiss.

“Yes, Elio?” he gasped between breathes.

“Call me by your name.” He stopped.

“Oliver.” He whispered staring at me.
“Elio.” I whispered through a kiss.

“Oliver.”

“Elio.”

I finished as I laid my head on his chest, he hugged my body and kissed the locks of my curly hair.

“What do you want me to do.”

“Hold me while I sleep. Can you do that?”

“Anything you want.”

My forehead was kissed once more and that final move was a free pass to falling asleep with a smile on my face. I listened to his heart pump blood, to his lungs expanding and going back to their normal form, to our feelings going back and forth between our naked bodies. Now, everything was completed. My hand fit in his, my head fit in his neck, my lips fit in his like they were made for me, his cock fit perfectly inside me and my feelings for Oliver fit perfectly within his heart. Although, heart has nothing to do with emotions, it’s because of adrenaline and serotonin and dopamine, that were coursing through my body, I felt like that.

Oliver was fast asleep once I felt the dream chasing me. I wanted to keep him like that. Forever. I wanted him never to leave. Never to leave Italy, never to leave the villa, never to leave me. I wanted for the time to stop, for this moment to last forever, for him to lay underneath me. Forever. I wanted for Oliver to kiss me and fuck me while the time was on pause. I wanted us to lay like this, naked as we came into this world, as we sunk our bodies into one.
As a stupid kid, Oliver claimed I was sometimes, it dawned on me that morning why did I keep waking up alone, without him. The goal was to keep our relationship a secret from everybody. I could only imagine what would have happened if one of my parents or, God forbid, Mafalda had walked in and saw us together. But, on my relief, they never did that. They let me sleep as long as I wanted to. On a very rare occasion they would barge in if I were in bed until dinner, in moments like those, not even Mafalda’s bell had power over me and my thoughts.

The morning was beautiful. I heard Oliver talking to my parents during breakfast, which I skipped, as I was stretching my naked body with every step I took. I inhaled and exhaled softly with images from couple of hours ago on my mind. Oliver and I had a beautiful talk, there was no reason to doubt anything about him, no reason to question his feeling towards me. They were out in the open and I was drowning in them.

His stay with us was coming to an end and those images I sort of blocked from my brain. Like Oliver said, we are going to spent the rest of his time with us together. There was absolutely nothing I would have done to change it and why would I even think about that. I had that classic summer romance I stumble upon in one of my books; didn’t even care about that or even understood until I lived one by myself. Even as a kid of only 17 years old I knew that the best time is spent with people that we care about the most, even if that time consisted the silence and occasional love making, talk that lasted for hours but also kisses, tears and cum.

I wore my swimming trunks and debated whether to wear anything on top or not. In the end I went with Billowy. It was beautifully hanging on the bottom of my bed that was pinned to the wall. I brought the shirt closer to my face to smell it, no scent but I knew his scent was on me, in me, on my mind and everywhere I went.

The breakfast was skipped, I just grabbed an apricot and went outside to pick my towel from the pile of laundry that was on. On my way, with my mind full of thoughts and words, I heard my name being called.

“Elio?!”

I turned around and stopped in my tracks. Marzia.

She rode her bike In a red outfit with a dazzling smile on her face. *Fuck*. She was happy but so was I. She was happy because of me and I was happy for a totally different reason that was waiting for me somewhere within this villa.

“You disappeared for three days.” She said to me in French.

*Really? Has it been three days already? Three days since Oliver and I had made love for the first time. It felt longer.*
What to say? What to do? I used this poor, innocent girl who was not only my childhood friend, but my rock and a best friend, a person could ask for, for my own amusement, to kill time before I slept with Oliver that day.

“I had to work.” I said, feeling ridiculous.

“You completely disappeared.”

“Yeah… I don’t know… I just… I had a lot to do.” I felt bad for saying that.

She stared at me with a slightly sad look in her eyes, clinging onto her bicycle.

“Am… Am I your girl?” She finally asked. I was afraid that might happen. What to say? What to do?

I shrugged my shoulders in a meaning “I don’t know” just shrugged.

Her face was covered in shame and sadness. Marzia grabbed her bicycle and turned around so quickly and got back the same way she got there.

It was official. I hurt her. So much. Impossibly much. Over the moon much.

I was happy and she wasn’t.

I was still bummed out by her reaction when I continued my way to the pool. On my surprise, everyone was there. Well, almost everyone. My parents were laying in deckchairs, both were sunbathing and wore their sunglasses. My mother took off her shirt, she was only laying in her bra.

Oliver was sitting on the heaven. His shirt was opened, revealing his masculine pectoral muscles and chest hair with whom I played in the middle of the night. He looked up from his papers to wish me a good morning. My parents awoke from their nap and wished me the same.

“Elio! Good morning.” My father said through his exhaled breath.

“Good morning mom, dad. Oliver.” I went to sit next to Oliver on the heaven.

“Mon cheri, are you well?” My mother took her sunglasses off to look at me.

“I am mom, why?”

“Well, this isn’t the first morning you slept in and skipped your breakfast. You need to eat. You’re skinny. Doesn’t he have to eat Oliver? He needs to fulfill his figure.”

Oliver looked at my body with an admiring look on his face almost like he was proud and happy that he got the permission to check me out in front of my parents.

“Not really, he’s good like this. Besides, he’s healthy. And that’s the most important thing.”

I had the need to blush but didn’t.

“I’m fine mom. I slept in because I was tired, I was up late and I’m not hungry. I ate an apricot.” I said as I was sitting closer to Oliver staring at him the entire time. He smiled at my response.
Oliver’s back was turned to my parents so they had no idea what look of approval I got from him.

“You’ve been up late very often lately.” My father said.

“Yeah well…I had a lot to do.” My answer was the same as the one I gave Marzia minutes before coming out to see them. The answer was never a lie.

Marzia was on my mind as we sat in silence for a while. I felt his eyes on me and mine were directed to the water that was pouring from the other side. What to say? What to do? How do I explain this situation? How to make her love me, listen to me, trust me, respect me again?

I brushed a hand through my hair and adjusted the sunglasses, everything while letting multiple sighs. I was on the edge with tears. *What is wrong with me? Why am I crying all the time?*

My thoughts were scattered all over the place. Oliver noticed my silence wasn’t usual so he asked me am I okay. *I don’t know, am I?*

“Yeah, I’m just tired. I was up all night transcribing Haydn.” I never looked at him, I needed to play like that so my parents wont suspect anything.

“Did you finish it?” He smirked my way, that took my attention from the water to look at him finally.

Everything that bugged me about Marzia had passed as soon as I heard his deep voice. *Am I that selfish?* I wanted her to know that my feelings, as a friend, didn’t change towards her, but how?

“I sure did. I listened to it couple of times and then just went for it. For the first time in my life and I think I did it justice. ”

“I’m sure you did.”

“It felt so beautiful, almost too good to be true. Everything was out in the open. My energy and my time, everything was put into this compositor. I put all of me into it, I’m proud of my work.”

“Haydn would be too.”

“Do you think so?”

“I know so” he then leaned in closer to my face “I felt it.”

Blushing.

“What are you going to transcribe tonight?”

“I don’t know, maybe nothing. Anything…”

“Well, whatever you choose…”

I felt better after talking in codes with Oliver about last night and the nights to come. I loved talking like that in front of my parents and the entire world; referring Oliver to Haydn.

“You’re wearing the shirt.” Oliver smiled as we picked up the conversation.

“I like how it fits me. And I love the smell. I rolled the sleeves like you did.” I whispered in a
sunny day like that one. My parents were having their own discussion behind our backs. None of
them paid attention to us.

“You look good in it. Beautiful actually. Can I get a smile?”

“Can’t you picture it?”

“No.” He replied without any expression.

I felt the need to be alone but at the same time I needed him to just sit there and be quiet. The water
caught my attention again.

What made me break through my sad mood on a beautiful day like that was Oliver’s foot under
water. It found its way on top of mine, again. The hair stood up on my lower extremities as he
continued caressing it. Almost like rubbing it against my skin. The water made the feeling soft and
the friction slowed it down. He moved his foot under mine and with the one he cupped my toes
between his. The toes on my right foot were intertwined with the toes of his left and his right foot
was underneath my right. Our toes were massaging each other, the feeling was mesmerizing. It was
almost a turn on because it was happened only couple of feet away from my parents. I looked at
Oliver. His head was turned to his right, staring at nothing as his feet continued their playdate with
mine and his skin against my skin awoke the feelings I was separated from for only few hours but
were keeping me safe the entire night.

I smiled once he turned his head back and looked at me. Through his dark sunglasses I could only
imagine his blue eyes staring at me. It was rare but my smile contained teeth. No one really earned
it. Only Oliver did.

He mumbled “That’s better” with his left foot coming up and up until it reached my knee. The
water splash could have been heard. The feeling was mutual; I wanted him, in that moment, as
much as he wanted me.

We stayed there in that position for a while even after my parents had gone into the villa to start
preparing for lunch and the arrival of our guests.

“Are you okay?” Oliver asked me as soon as we were sure that the ghost was clear.

“Yeah, I’m just…I’m just tired.” I replied, my eyes still fixed on our feet.

“Still? Wow, that Haydn is needy.”

“You have no idea.”

I brought my sight to his stomach, then chest and then his face. “Are you okay? Everywhere?”

“Nothing to worry about.” He said, his hands resting on the back of his head.

“Tell me. I was in pain for quite some time. I had to ride my bike standing up.”

“And now?”

“Now what?”
“Are you in pain now?”

“No. Just that one time, it hurt for almost the entire day. The day after we had…we slept together for the first time I was in pain up until we had done it again…in the attic. But it’s more like post-sex pain.”

“And during?”

“Just the first push and then I’m myself again.” We were talking about how we hurt each other during the time we’re the closest the God invented our bodies to be. “You?”

“I believe that the desire and love that we have for one another numbed my pain. I’m not saying I didn’t feel it just that it kinda felt good, really good, maybe because of you and I finally developed the sense of empathy towards you and how you felt that morning.”

“If the minimum amount of pain is the price I have to pay for the pleasure I feel afterwards…don’t have to tell me twice.”

Oliver took my hand and kissed it, in the middle of the day and the backyard. He started making circles on the palm of my hand as my head went backwards due to the sunshine and him and his touches all over my extremities.

We were sitting on the spot we called heaven and I was in heaven, with him.

An hour later, we were still by the pool, we heard the car pulling up to our driveway and that was the sign to get out, get dressed and eat. The skin on my toes were atrophying and making small waves.

In my room, while I was putting my denim jeans I heard a knock on my door. This time it was a knock, the last he opened them without my permission. “Come in!”

Oliver came in and immediately attached his lips to my neck. My body was melting with every kiss he placed on it. Everything I had in me it stumbled once his hands groped my body. I felt his teeth and tongue on the left side of my neck, my hands were hanging in the air because of the pleasure that made my entire body shiver. I moaned the second I felt his flesh on mine, his hands were holding my almost naked body firmly in his embrace.

“Oliver…” I moaned again, I couldn’t help it.

“There, you have something new from me. It’s not much. I don’t want everybody to see what I do to you.” He whispered on my lips and then kissed them.

“What did you do?” I gasped through closed eyes.

“I can’t wait to see you tonight.” He moaned on my decorated neck.

“You see me now.”

“Not that kind of meeting.”

“We don’t have to wait for the night to fall.”

Oliver took a step back from me. “Are you sure?”
I nodded, almost too insecure.

“Let’s not risk it. I am planning to make you scream again. See you downstairs.” And he closed the door on his way back. I ran into the bathroom to see what he did to me. There was barely anything there, a small bite with a mix of purple and red could’ve been seen if only up close. From a far there was nothing there. I knew Oliver would never leave something on me that could raise my parent’s suspicion. But I liked that feeling; him biting my skin and me having no clue how to react to that, it was safe to say that Oliver was, still, full of surprises.
“It’s so beautiful! You have to see it!” The guests were waving with their cigarettes all along with a photo of their new house near the lake they were planning to buy.

“The view is to die for!” They continued in Italian.

“I can’t wait to show it to you. Once we settle in, you will be our first guests!”

“The lake is so beautiful at night!”

Mafalda filled my plate with extra food, she said it was because I never eat and because my breakfast was small. I got double of every piece of food the other people at the table were eating. And still, I wasn’t hungry. I was preparing for the night; Oliver made me a promise. Things were going through my mind, what was he planning, at the same time I was excited and a bit worried. And that awoke a new type of hunger inside me.

Lunch was over very quickly, I barely touched my food. I got looks from all over the table seats. “Not hungry.” I murmured with my head resting down in my palms. For the first time in a while, Oliver never touched my feet, I felt so empty. I excused myself as I got up and went into my room. I was still tired, thought I might take a nap since there was nothing I could do until the Sun goes down.

My nap lasted maybe half an hour, an hour, don’t know. Later I heard my parents and the guests laughing loudly, not a sound came from Oliver. Maybe because I never heard him laugh so profoundly and with full lungs like those people did. I came down only to catch my mother speeding her walk towards me.

“Ah, mon amour. Your father and I are going with them to see their new house. We won’t be long.”

“How long?”

“Well, it’s a long drive and you know them…there’s always gonna be wine. Hours, count on that.”

“Alright mom, drive safe!” I kissed her temple and hugged her on her way outside. My father was waiting in the car for her and the guests were in the red car behind them. I waved at them and then walked out in the backyard.

Oliver was still sitting in his seat, drinking his glass of wine and going over his manuscript. I came from behind so he jumped once I touched his shoulders; gently rubbing my small hands in his
tensed skin. He turned to look at me and then turned his attention back to his book.

“Oh, I thought you were asleep.”

“I was.”

“Sleep okay?”

“Not really. They’re loud.” My hands were still massaging his back, thumbs circling that spot that connects shoulders and neck.

“Oh…yeah, right there…” He gasped once his head lost control over its posture and it fell almost too violently. He was so tense.

“You like that?” I whispered to his left ear. My lower lip brushed his ear lobe. On my move he squired a bit in his seat.

“Oh, yes…Elio, don’t stop. Please go deeper…” So perverted, I thought as I squeezed even harder, clenching my own body to please him. “Ohh…God…” he was officially moaning in broad daylight. Letting out just the sweetest noises that only triggered something inside me to want him even more like that.

“We’re all alone.” I whispered still massaging his upper back.

“I know…God…” He said with eyes still shut tightly, hands resting on the table. We both knew where I was going with this but hearing him like that and seeing him looking like that made me bite my lower lips while putting all my energy into his relief.

I stopped to check if we were completely by ourselves, on my relief, we were so I came down and bit his neck, pulling the skin, sucking the flesh as he, once again, moaned in my presence. I felt the need to devour him all over again, repeat our lovemaking from the night before. Ruin him, I thought.

“They won’t be back for hours.” Mafalda is not going to start dinner without them. Anchise hardly ever goes inside.”

“They’re eating at their house. You father told me…” He gasped, letting everything fall apart in my hands. “They invited me, I told them I wanna stay here and work on something…that something, they picked up, was probably my book…but I had…oh yes Elio, mmmm…”

“You had what?” I was enjoying that so much. My fingers were extracting his build up intensity and emotions through every touch I placed on his body, even with his clothes on.

“Nothing, nothing…don’t stop, ah…” I may or may not have overreacted engraving my fingers on his neck. Just like his kiss did to me. “God that feels good…”

This time, he put his hand on top of mine, intertwining our fingers. Oliver then pulled that hand and my body to confront him. He settled me into his lap and began kissing my neck and collarbone. His huge hands were grasping my entire being and caressing my ass. I couldn’t hold my voice so I let a soft moan once his lips sunk into the cave between the neck and collarbone. My hands dug into his silky hair, tugging and pulling just to let a sign to never stop doing that. I felt his arousal underneath my thighs, he was so hard and that made me question for long had he been building up inside.
“Let’s go inside…mmm…” I moaned while whispering as Oliver’s lips were kissing my chin.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, yes…you made a promise…”

“That was for tonight…” He smiled on my chin with eyes still closed.

“I don’t care” I squeezed his chin “i need you know…” and kissed him. Deeply.

I don’t know where did he manage to find the energy to stand up with me in his embrace and a hard on, but he did. I want you, I need you, take me, devour me, ruin me, destroy everything inside me.

Separated, we ran upstairs and closed all the door behind us; the bathroom door, my room, his room, everything. Oliver took my shirt off, my trunks and cupped me again and threw my bony body onto one of the beds. I giggled as I was being carried, still feeling his cock rising with only a fabric separating us. I laid there naked, looking at him as he was admiring my white skin from above. It almost looked like he was making plans in his head for me and inner self. Oliver picked up my swimming trunks from the floor and sat between my open legs.

“Why are you still dressed?”

“Quiet…”

But I couldn’t take it. I got on my knees and started undressing him while kissing his jaw line. A hand on my chest made me stop, the hand pushed me back onto the pillow. Oliver then picked up my trunks and pulled the bust out of it.

“You’re going to like this.” He said and then came down, his knees next to my hips. “Give me your hands.” I stopped dead in my tracks, even in a horizontal position. I was second guessing his untold plan but eventually I put them in front of me.

Oliver tied them together, not too tightly and not too loose and then put them above my head. I smiled as he was finally taking his shirt off and throwing it away.

“God, you’re se beautiful like that. Don’t move.” I obeyed. Staying still while his body was lingering over me made my cock rise even more.

Oliver came back down between my legs, flashed me a smile and then took me all in his mouth. The fact that he swallowed me whole all the way to my balls made me gasp so loudly that, for the first time, I was afraid someone would hear me. I squirmed at the first and second suck. And then he took me out and then again in, all the way every single time. Five or six deep throats later I was completely moaning and on the edge of explosion. His tongue was playing with the head on my cock, kissing and licking all at the same time. I tried to reach for his head to maybe tug his hair but I was stopped “No, I told you not to move.” I squirmed and threw my head back in the pillow. God, the feeling is so good. His hands never touched my body which made it impossible for me to believe I was ready to come only with his tongue on my cock. He hadn’t even entered me. I held back my reactions to him sucking me off in the middle of the day, I just closed my eyes and twisted my head on side.

“Are you serious? You can’t come yet.”
“I can’t, it feels so good…ah, fuck…Oliver!”

“Not yet. You’re not gonna come. What you feel now is a need to come. It’s not the same. One is in your head and the other is in your cock…don’t ruin it for me. Relax Elio, please.” And he got back down between my legs.

Once he popped, Oliver came back up again and kissed me. This time with a lot of tongue and teeth. I wanted to touch him. My cock was in his hand, stroking with every breath I took, his thumb was on top of my erected cock.

“Please…”

“Not yet.”

His kisses went from my mouth to my jaw, sucking the little skin I had there. Oliver got his tongue out and licked a line from my neck, to my nipples, both of them, making me tremble due to the mix of saliva and air on them. It moved itself to my belly button and stopped to bite both of my hip bones through the skin, leaving a mark just bellow the bone. My body was trembling, shivering, convulsing, needing him to touch me, move his finger from the top, touch me anywhere, let me come, get inside me; my head was twisting and throwing itself on an impulse; I was squeezing my toes in a ballerina pose, closing my eyes shut in an attempt to hold it together. I was biting my lips throughout the entire teasing process. Wanting to pull his hair was my only wish just to feel him in my hands, but I got stopped again.

“Please Oliver…”

He finally looked at me and I could only imagine the reason behind his smile. I was laying naked, hands tied up above my head, red in the face, bitten lips, tears only few seconds away, hair a mess, body trembling and the message could’ve been clearly read on my face; I wanted and needed him to let me unravel myself in his hand. His chin caressed a spot above my cock, he inhaled and exhaled on that place and I felt precum leaking or trying to leak underneath his thumb.

“No Elio, you can’t come yet. I haven’t fucked you yet.”

“Do it! Now! Please…Please Oliver…” My breathing sped up with every word I inhaled.

“Do you promise you’ll scream?” He released my cock. “Don’t come, Elio.” I swallowed the need to climax with his words.

“Yes, yes, anything…I can’t take it anymore…” I sobbed while pleading for Oliver to devour me.

“Fuck me, Oliver.”

Not a word was spoken.

Oliver got off the bed and took his short shorts off and position himself between my legs once again. He lifted my lower back and cupped my butt cheeks into his huge hands. I was still tied up; the need to touch him was unbearable. He slid his right thumb in my hole and started moving in and out. My head was twitching, body was shivering once I felt the digit inside me. Don’t come, don’t come, don’t come. I squeezed my abdominal muscles, bit my lip, intertwined my own hands in a bust just to not come. Oliver never added another finger, his cock was next; I felt it, all the way in, balls deep.

“Oh God! Oliver!”
I was officially screaming, yelling, moaning, gasping, panting, everything that he wanted me to do. The pain was gone, it was pleasure I felt from the very beginning.

“Ahh Elio! You feel so good! Mmmm…” He was panting above me, sweating and biting his lip also.

“Don’t stop, don’t stop!” He did what I asked for, not stopping, going deeper, boiling himself in the hotness of my inner self.

Oliver came down on the crook of my neck and continued moaning while our bodies were slapping one another. My tied-up hands had a hole between forearm and a shoulder, in that hole Oliver’s head fit perfectly. My legs were around his waist, his hands cupped my butt cheeks again as he was fucking me into oblivion.

He pushed harder and harder each time he went out and then back in again. Oliver moved his sweaty face to mine and gave me the sloppiest kiss of all time. Tongues and teeth were everywhere. He was panting deeper than I ever heard him before.

“Elio! Elio! You feel so good…you have no idea! Oh God!” It looked like he was on the verge of crying as well.

“Oh!” I screamed with everything I had, “Right there, oh my God! There! Again” I screamed for him to do the same thing he did to make me let out a noise like that.

He removed his head from between my hands and flipped me on my side and entered me again, he lifted my leg up until my knee touched my chest. Oliver continued pounding inside me, giving me all of him, not hesitating. I wanted to come so badly but I was waiting for him to enable that for me. Once again, he flipped me on my stomach and lifted my lower back so that he could enter me like he did back on the attic. He kept fucking me with my face glued to the pillow and his hand tugging my hair and kissing and kissing my shoulder. And at last, he flipped me again on my back and got into me quite fast. Both of our faces were almost blood red, the vein on his neck stood out, I wanted to bite it but before I could make any other move he reached between us and started jerking my cock with every thrust inside. I felt warmth in my lower abdomen as soon as he cupped my cock again. I came on the third jerk, cum landed on my stomach and some on my chest. I moaned so loudly that it occurred to me that maybe my parents could’ve heard it and they were hours and hours of car drive away.

Once he was done with me, he lifted my tiny body in a sitting position, never breaking eye contact or any kind of body to body contact. To my surprise, I didn’t even notice those few seconds he took to untie my hands. My entire body felt like a pudding, I threw my head and my body back all together when my hands grabbed and squeezed his calves. My legs were around his waist the entire time, I was so tiny comparing to the big man I had inside and under me. Oliver started kissing my neck and that was a set of for me because seconds later I came for the second time on my chest. “Good boy!” He moaned on my neck and with that he came inside me. The unbelievable amount of cum filled my asshole; my slim and shivering body collapsed to his chest and I was completely done, it felt too good to be true. Once he was all out he pulled my head from the crook of his neck and kissed me softly on the lips. But I almost didn’t feel that because I was so tired and happy to process anything other than a feeling I was opened up to. The best sex of my life and with that the best orgasm of my life!

“You did good…” He whispered.

“Oliver…that was…”
“I know, I feel the same, Elio.”

“The best…” I whispered to his lips.

“Ever, I agree. I agree…”

Oliver stood up with my body in his arms; I was already between reality and sleep when I felt his hand, that was carrying me, open the door of my current bedroom. He gently put me down on the bed and covered my devoured and cum-filled body. Oliver placed a kiss on my forehead and went back to my previous room. His room now. Our room. I fell asleep instantly, maybe with a smile on my face but definitely with a feeling I had never felt in my entire life.
The river

Chapter Notes

I really had fun writing this one. Hope you like it, enjoy!❤

It was day when I went to sleep and night when I woke up. I heard nothing and no one else but owls and crickets outside my window. The things in my current bedroom cast shadows which were made thanks to the moonlight that was shining through the window in front of my bed. I checked my watch, it was two o’clock in the morning. I rubbed my eyes and yawned to come to my senses, and everything started coming back to me in vivid images.

My parents were away so Oliver and I had sex in the other room, he tied my hands and fucked me in four different positions, I came twice and he came once very hard. He knew that, that kind of exercise would exhaust me and that was why he put me to sleep in my bedroom.

I felt very rested and I wanted more. I wanted Oliver. I got out of the bed and went into his bedroom naked, with his sperm sticking itself on my inner thighs. Expecting he would take me immediately, even in the middle of his dreams, I needed more of what we did hours ago. But the room was empty. The bed wasn’t even made and his stuff was all over the place. I would guess that he was with my father but it was early in the morning or late at night, not even professor had that kind of schedule nor the energy. I could only guess how they got back home and when, if the wine really was pouring.

A light bulb went on in my head, the idea popped to me where Oliver was. I got into the bathroom and scrubbed my chest, inner thighs and stomach with a wash cloth. The fabric soaked in my and his semen and combined with water it all went down the drain. When I was done, I put the trunks on and my baggy sweater and went outside. The night was so beautiful, the moonlight was mesmerizing and it was my light on a way to the gates. Just as I suspected.

“I knew you would come.” Oliver whispered sitting in the same position I found him days ago.

“It was either here or in the study.” I said making a move closer to him.

“Hi.” His smile was intoxicating.

From his sitting place he spread his arms to embrace me, I hugged him while standing up. His face was in the crook of my neck, my hands playing with his hair. We stayed like that for some time, inhaling each other’s scent, still smelling like the afternoon fuck we shared. It wasn’t just about the sex, it was clear to me as he started caressing my back through the baggy sweater. The way I felt that afternoon…nothing like that ever in my entire life. I was drunk from all of it, mesmerized and stunned because of him and our summer time spent together.

My body moved in between his legs as he placed my back to his torso, again. Tiny, bony hands of mine started stroking his knees and calves while he began breathing in my curls.

“Oliver?”

“Hmmm…” he murmured through my hair.
“When did my parents arrive?”

“Around eleven.”

“Seriously?”

“Yeah. Mafalda was so pissed. You should’ve seen her. She waited and waited for them so she could start preparing dinner but nothing. So I ate alone and they went straight to bed once they reached the door.”

“What did you say about me?”

“Nothing. They said good night to me as soon as they walked in. Your father was carrying Annella with one hand around his neck. They never asked about you. And I told Mafalda that you were asleep.”

“She didn’t ask why?”

“Nope.”

“Good.” I sighed intertwining our hands.

The silence was filled with his deep breathing in my hair, my heart beating like crazy and the mixture of owls and crickets. I never wanted to leave his embrace, especially like that; I felt safe with him around me.

“Oliver?”

“Hm, yes Elio?”

“Am i…”

*Am I your girl? Marzia…*

“Am I your…your first?” I closed my eyes as soon as I asked him that.

“This is not foreign to me, Elio.”

“But am I your first?”

“In a way, yes you are.”

“In a way?”

“Why are you asking me this?”

“I don’t know, I’m just curious.”

“Well…that curiousity of yours is going to get you in a lot of trouble one day.”

“Don’t change the subject.”

“I was nineteen. There was this guy, Jason, from my class. He reminded me of you because he was the first one to confront his feeling towards me. But the only thing that makes you different from him was that I liked you from the very beginning. With him, I just enjoyed his company and as we
hung out more I developed my own feelings towards him.” There was some kind of sadness coming from his mouth as he talked about that Jason guy.

I didn’t know that bothered me, it was the truth and there was nothing I could do to change it.

“Did you do it?”

“No, we never went that far. We only kissed, couples of times and that was it. You could’ve guessed where we stopped by my non-existing reaction on your hand between my legs back on the berm. So, yeah, in a way, you are my first. With a man, in a physical way.”

“Do you still like him?”

“No, no, that’s the past. He ignored me afterwards and started the rumors about me being into guys. I hated him and I still do. The thing that hurt me the most was he liking me first and being too big of a pussy to admit it. It’s a critical period, Elio. Not everybody gets the love we have for the same sex people. Not everybody is you and me, thank God.”

That brought a smile on my face. I felt awful after his story and I was just as bad as that guy. I too ignored him after our first time. That must’ve awoken something inside of him and maybe brought back the past. But I would never hurt Oliver on purpose, I loved Oliver, I worshiped him.

“That’s true” I lifted my head to look at him “are you happy with me, like this?”

Oliver never said a word, just gave me a kiss that was full of desire, lust and love. Oh love. He whispered between my lips “I am.”

“Oliver?”

“Elio?”

“I’m cold…”

“Am I not warm enough?” He adjusted my body and placed a kiss on the back of my head.

“You are…you really are but I guess it’s because I’m tired. I want to sleep with you, Oliver.”

“Let’s go inside. I’ve been here for hours now. My butt fell asleep.” We laughed together at that.

I got up first and waited for him to stretch his body and went inside. We were holding hands the entire way from the gate to our bedroom. Our bedroom.

Dressed like that I laid and waited for him to finish his business in the bathroom, I was exhausted from all that adrenaline that was the most active in the afternoon and minutes before while laying on his chest.

“Let’s go to the river in the morning.” He suggested once he adjusted his body next to mine. My response was a huge grin and a kiss on a lip.

“Turn around” I said “I want to hug you from behind.” He did just that and I fell asleep the second my face hit his back and my nose met his scent again; I slept in my baggy sweater, he slept half naked.
Somehow, in the middle of the night, I managed to turn my body and change the entire position with my head facing the window, laying on my stomach. The kiss on a check awoke me and his soft voice whispering “Elio, wake up. Let’s go swimming.” Those words were so familiar to me, because they came from my mouth days ago. What followed was a torturing ride to the river and the silence, which I used to enjoy then, but despise now. I rubbed my eyes and turned to face him.

Oliver was already dressed; he changed his outfit from couple of hours ago.

“How long was I out?”

“Maybe two, two and the half hours.” He got up.

“Really? It feels like I slept for a lot longer...” I yawned after I finished my sentence. I was still very tired but the water will wake me up completely.

“I didn’t sleep at all.”

“Why not? Is everything all right?”

“Yeah yeah...just couldn’t force myself to do it.”

“What did you do then?”

“Watch over you.” A soft smile appeared on his face; he was sitting on the foot of the bed where I slept. I returned a smile.

Couple of minutes later, after I finished my business in the bathroom and changed my trunks but kept the baggy sweater on, we jumped on our bikes and started peddling to the river.

The water was cold as it was days before, if not, even colder, but this time everything was different. I didn’t resent Oliver, didn’t avoid him, didn’t swim on the completely opposite side of the river just to be away from him, fearing he would take me again, and with that, under water. If anything, I wanted to be him, be near him, be close to him, I wanted never to separate from him, from his voice, from his embrace, his kisses, his fingers, his cock, nothing.

The hair on every part of my body stood up as soon as I dumped a finger to check was it swimmable or not. We swam naked because Oliver suggested and I went with it. The water was up to my nose and the middle of his upper arms.

“Fuck! It’s cold!” I grunted.

“It’ll warm up.”

“How and when? It’s freezing, I wanna go out!”

“Come here.” Oliver said and then took a big wave and within seconds his body showed up in front of mine. “We’ll warm the water. Together.”

Oliver lifted my body so easily, because the density of water was bigger than air and everything was so light to lift, even I could have lifted him and hold him with one hand. In his embrace I was higher than him, the water was touching my elbows. I wrapped my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist. “I didn’t even feel you on me.” He joked on my weight and I kissed him. Our wet bodies were intertwined and our tongues started battling for dominance. As hard as I tried...
to hide my boner from him I couldn’t and neither did he. During our tonguing I felt his erected cock on my thigh and his finger at my entrance. Oliver pushed one in and then the second one, and started moving them in and out, I moaned into his mouth. Everything happened so quickly, my body was still getting use to the idea of swimming that early in the morning and even I wasn’t completely awake.

“Oh fuck, Oliver…” it swelled my lips so much.

“Are you okay?” He asked once he moved his mouth on my neck.

“Mmmm ah, yes…feel so good.” I let my head fall back with opened mouth I let out, this time, a loud moan.

We were alone in the woods, it was five in the morning and it felt too good to hold it in.

“Aghh, Oliver!” He was still moving them, hitting everything inside me, every pleasure nerve, speeding my adrenaline and for a second I was immune to the pain, didn’t even notice the cold water and especially didn’t notice if anyone could see us let alone hear us.

“Ahh, I’m ready Oliver!” He was still kissing, biting, sucking both sides of my neck. Oliver took out his two fingers out of my hole and that made me squeeze his neck even tighter. He kissed my lower lip, holding me in one hand and with other guided his cock inside me.

“Oh!” I screamed with my eyes closed shut. “Fuck!”

His huge hands hugged me again and began moving my body on his cock. It was slow at first because of the water but every thrust was fucking amazing. He was breathing heavily in my face, everything he exhaled I inhaled, every word, every breath, every kiss. My hands gripped tightly on his hair as he was fucking me under the water with every muscle in his body put into it.

“Oh fuck Elio!”

“Mmm, that feels…so…soo good, fuck, fantastic, ah!” I let it all out, there was no point in holding it in. Here I can scream my lungs out.

I didn’t know it was possible but that morning I felt the closest to him than I ever did. Not only were our bodies bounded and in a slow motion separating only for a while but the emotions were coming out of me with every grip of his. Maybe it was because I finally released everything I had kept inside me since the first time I saw him and then kissed him and then fucked him. All of it was coming out. Every word, every moan, every gasp; everything was now out in the open. The river was filled with our bodies being in process of falling apart.

Oliver pushed and pushed inside me, water was preventing him to go faster and with every thrust came a small wave between us. My lips were parted, moaning became my usual activity every time his cock would hit that special spot inside. Throwing the occasional “Fuck” in between with every thrust he was setting me closer to the edge. The air made me shiver a bit, but the real source of shivering was the man under me. He was so focused on defeating the laws of physics, the need to distract him was coming over me and then I called his name. “Oliver? Oliver…look at me.” Our eyes met, blue to hazel, man to boy, Jew to Jew. I have never seen Oliver work so hard on anything. He could’ve been working on his book or peddling his bike harder but no, he was working on destroying the water so he could be closer to me. The redness in his face brought his blue eyes to shine even more. The Sun was still no where to be seen, early august morning, first of the month.
“Kiss me, Oliver…”

“Oh, Elio! You’re so beautiful like this, so pure and perfect!” He was on the edge of sobbing.

“Kiss me, please!” I felt a ball of warmth and pleasure accumulate in the lower part of my abdomen, I needed the kiss to set me off.

“I’m going to come Elio…ahh! Fuck!”

“Me too, so kiss me please!”

Once I felt his, now dry, lips on mine it triggered chemicals in my body and I came under water and at the same time he came inside me. My body was trembling few second before and after I unraveled myself in the water, following the loudest grunt I ever released. He sighed in relief and rested his head in the crook of my neck, still panting very hard and fast. I caressed his hair.

“It’s okay, it’s okay.” I whispered to his ear and then kissed it. The river was washing what we just let it consume. It will never be the same as it was seconds ago filled with the result of our lovemaking. And Oliver and I would never be the same once we got out of the river. Panta rei.

We stayed connected for some time, I didn’t mind at all if we stay in the river for another hour but the Sun should’ve been out soon and the residents of villa would question our absence. Once Oliver’s breathing stabilized and my body calmed down he twirled us in the river. We were laughing and smiling and giggling and I was happy that Oliver felt better. Our lips met again.

“You never even wanted to swim, did you?”

“Oh, fuck, Elio…I’m sorry…”

“No, no, I knew you would leave eventually…”

“Hey. Look at me.” I got my head out and forced an eye contact. “I have a surprise for you.”

“What?”

“Would you like to come to Bergamo with me?” He smiled, teeth showing.

“Wha-a-t, what…what?”

“Your parents suggested you coming with me for those three days and then they can pick you from the train station.”

“Are you kidding me?”

“Of course not. We would have those three days all to ourselves. We can go anywhere, do anything
you want. So? What do you say?” Oliver was smiling at me while my tears came down even faster.

“Yes, yes, yes! Oh God! Yes, yes!” My hands gripped his body tighter as I peppered his face so many kisses. This was the happiest I had been in a while and having some alone time with him, in another city, just the two of us, that news was the best thing I could’ve received that morning. Well, second. Oliver was first.

Oliver parted from me a while after and we were out of the water and into our clothes within minutes. Racing with time, that’s exactly what we did. We arrived at the villa only to find Mafalda in the kitchen and my father in his study room. I wished them a good morning and got stopped on my way to the bedroom.

“Where have you been?” My father asked.

“I couldn’t sleep so we went swimming. And Oliver was already up so…”

“Is the water cold?”

“A little, but we were riding bikes before we entered it so we were already warmed up.” If only you knew, papa.

“Did Oliver tell you about Bergamo?”

“He did. Are you sure I can go?”

“Do you want to go?”

“I do.”

“Then it’s all settled then. See you at breakfast.” I ran down and hugged my dad all wet but he didn’t move an inch. I thanked him for the opportunity and in return he kissed my temple and let go of me. God I love this man!
Right after breakfast Oliver ran to the town to pick up his manuscript or whatever and I was left to finish my full plate and help Mafalda clean the table. Her exact words were “As far as you can ride and swim in five in the morning, you can help me clean this table as well.” I stacked all the plates on top of one another, forks and knifes on top of them and for glasses I had to come back outside again. Mother’s friends came by some time after I finished helping and cleaning. On the menu was cup of coffee, fruit juice and new gossips about anyone and everyone.

I was bored again.

That boredom ate me inside and all I wanted to do was to see Oliver. The thought of going into town just to be with him came across my mind dozens of times but I never touched it. I figured he needed some alone time since he was leaving very soon and the book was almost finished. It was safe for both of us that I stay at home while he’s doing his business, I would just be in his way or a distraction even, and I couldn’t keep my hands to myself whenever he’s near me.

I put my headphones on and started transcribing. For the first time in a while I managed to concentrate on something and truly dedicate myself to the music. Maybe it’s because of him. Everything felt so right. My heart felt clear and after weeks of weeks torturing myself and having him on my mind I was finally free from that. Because he wasn’t on my mind anymore, he was in my heart and that felt so nice. Oliver was out of my system and out in the open. My hand started following everything that was coming out of that walkman and onto a paper.

It never occurred to me to even check the time, I usually knew what time of the day was based on Mafalda’s yell for lunch and her bell for dinner. Before lunch everybody spent their free time outside and all Mafalda had to do was to yell. As for dinner, we were almost all the time inside the villa and the bell was indeed required.

And then the bell rang. It’s dinner already? I took my eyes of the paper just to be stunned by the absence of Sun through the window. Blinked once, twice to scatter all the notes from my view sight and, again, on my surprise I was buried under a huge pile of already transcribed music. I went downstairs and out in the backyard for dinner just to see that everything was already served and everybody took their seats, except Oliver.

“Where’s Oliver?” I didn’t even greet my parents, where he was had been my number one concern and attention direction.

“I don’t know. He was here at lunch. Where were you?” My mother asked.

“Upstairs. Transcribing my music.”

“Are you two…fighting?” She asked after the sip of wine.

“No, why would you say that?” I was eager to finish my meal and go look for him.
“No reason.”

“We’re not fighting. We’re okay. I’m even going to Bergamo with him as a tour guide.” I said that with a small smile and turned my attention to the food, for the first time in days. I was hungry.

“I know, it was my idea for you to come along.” Annella smiled my way after glancing at the professor, she continued her meal, my father was quiet the whole time. I gave both of them a look of sheer confusion but they didn’t notice that.

“Really?”

“Si.” Smile on her face.

“Thank you, mom.”

“You’re welcome mon amour, it looked like you needed some time out. I know you’re killing yourself with boredom whenever we have new guests every year.”

“Well, professor” my father looked up from his food on my words “You picked a good one this year.”

“Hm, we picked a good one this year. Finally someone who can follow your level of intelligence and love for books and music.” And everything else.

The dinner continued with laughter and lots of wine on my parent’s side. I had a glass or two or even three, and being the skinny creature I was it got me pretty fast. My lips were numb and everything around me was so beautiful and perfect. I kept thinking about Oliver and what was he up to but the dinner with my parents, alone after so many missed ones and crowded with other guests, was a success. I wish Oliver was there so that we can both drink and go to the destination of being drunk and make love like that, slowly and passionately. Tell him that I love him, that I’m happy he’s with me and not with just anybody, tell him that I can’t wait for our trip to Bergamo, can’t wait for us to have some time to ourselves.

After dinner I went inside to satisfy my parents and played the piano. Something soft, my father said. And so I did, played and kept staring at the door hoping to see him. But he never came in. I received an applause at the end and left them drowning in alcohol as I took another glass of wine and went outside.

My feet automatically took me to the back gate. Stumbling along the way, a thought popped up in my mind or, a lot of thoughts. Does she know something? Does my mother suspect anything? About me and Oliver. And what about my father? Do they know? Do they know Oliver and I are sleeping together? It was her idea for us to go to Bergamo? Why would she do that? Do they know that Oliver and I are sleeping together? Nah! How could they? We were very discreet. We were very quiet. Were we? Mafalda? Mafalda? Did she spill the beans.

I got caught up in my thoughts and alcohol to realize I was already at the back gate but Oliver wasn’t there. What? He said that he’s either there or in the study room with my father. I looked around hoping to find him in the bushes, but nothing. All I got was a headache and dizziness and even more questions. Where are you Oliver? I sat up there, maybe he’d show. But still not a clue. I gave up and went to bed.

The shower was calling my drunken ass to come in and I went with it. A quick shower to wash away a good day. Feeling dizzy I managed to put on some boxer shorts and fix my curls, they were getting longer and needed an immediate cut. I took a quick look in the mirror to examine my skin.
Oliver’s bite, or whatever, on my neck was gone, it’s like it never existed. The purple and the red were now replaced with my white skin tone, it dawned on me that he was being careful, not leaving anything that could raise a bunch of questions. But still, it felt good when he was doing it, a deeper kiss.

Hey?!

It never occurred to me to check if Oliver was in his bedroom but what were the odds. I looked through the hole on our shared door and there he was. Sound asleep, still dressed, even wearing the sneakers, just like he did the first day he came, only, back then he was wearing his, my Billowy and now something else. His body was spread on both of the beds and he was sleeping on his stomach. Oliver looked so beautiful like that. The sober me would just leave him like that and even hope he would hear me and crawl in between the sheets and take me, but the drunk me wanted him right there and then. I took a deep breath and slowly and carefully opened the door, it made an annoying sound and the floor was creaking. I walked in half naked and on my tiptoes, got to his side of the bed and slowly laid my body on top of his.

My skinny structure fit amazingly on his enormous body. My hands were caressing his arms up and down, a tiny fabric was separating my naked cock on his dressed up ass and my torso was pressed to his back. I put my head closer to his neck placed a kiss on it. He shifted on that action and it made my body move as well. I kissed him again. Oliver moved his hands from under the pillows and intertwined our fingers like that. He sighed during the movement.

“Mmm…Elio…”

“Oh, are you awake?”

“No…”

“Oops, sorry…”

“What time is it?”

“Ummm” I pushed my entire body weight to check the time “it’s midnight.”

“Oh, fuck. I’m so tired.”

“Where were you at dinner? I missed you.”

“Here. Sleeping.”

“I’ve started transcribing after you left and finished right before dinner time. It was amazing how focused I was.”

“Hmm, that’s nice.”

“When did you get back?”

“I don’t know, I don’t know. They mixed up all of my pages again, I had to run back here to type again and go back to the town for them to translate it. I get there, and signora Milani is on a break. The break lasted 40 minutes and even then I had to wait and the entire day was shitty.” He was whispering in the pillow.

“I’m sorry to hear that.”
“Elio, I’m exhausted, can we talk in the morning? I really need to sleep.”

“Yeah sure. You can sleep with me.”

“No, Elio, go sleep in your room please, I’m so tired.” Oliver got up and removed me from his body.

“What’s your problem?”

“I know you. You’re just here because you’re drunk and you’re horny.”

“No, I’m not. I miss you. I haven’t seen you all day.”

“We swam this morning! Now could you please go in the other room?”

“No, not until you talk to me! Why does my sleeping next to you suddenly bother you?”

“Because I’m tired, I’ve been up all day, running all around the place. Please, it’s not you…”

“Apparently it is.”

“Elio, go, please. We’ll talk tomorrow.”

“Why can’t we talk now? You’re awake, aren’t you?”

“Please…” I made him mad and furious.

“Okay, fine! Have a nice sleep.” I screamed at him.

I got up and went into the other room, not carrying about the floor creaking nor the sounds I was leaving with every move I made, and I slammed the door as hard as I tried. I got in between the sheets and started crying in my pillow.

What was that?

He got sick of me. He doesn’t want to sleep with me or next to me.

Oliver thinks I only have one thing on my mind.

I wished I never got there. I hated myself for doing that to him and to us. Should’ve just left him to sleep. The tears soaked my pillowcase quickly, I was hurt and sad. And only hours ago I wanted to tell him that I love him, that I’m happy and that I wanted to make love to him. The dream got to me as soon as I squeezed my eyes shut and let the tears follow my facial lines.

“Elio?”

I heard my name being whispered.

“Elio?”

I felt a kiss on my cheek.

“Elio? Wake up…”
Someone was lying pressed to my face. Not someone. Oliver.

Oliver?

“Oliver?” I unglued my eyelids from tears to look at him. It was still dark outside.

“How long was I out?”

“Maybe twenty minutes.” It felt a lot longer. My tears disappeared.

“What are you doing here, I’m tired, I need my sleep, we’ll talk tomorrow.” I said to him what he had said to me and later on I turned my body in between sheets and my back to him. I was still mad. And hurt. And by the time I woke up I felt normal again, hurt, but the wine must have evaporated completely.

“I’m sorry.” He whispered. “I’m sorry Elio I said that. It had nothing to do with you. Honestly. I’m sorry.” Still no answer from me, I felt my tears preparing themselves to come down again.

“Elio? Are you mad at me?”

I nodded.

“I’m sorry, I can’t apologize enough. I was so tired. I’m awake now, our fight couldn’t present me with silence and quietness as I hoped. I didn’t mean any of it. And if anything, I would’ve loved if we did made love in your drunken state. I love you Elio, come on, this is ridiculous.”

I turned to face him.

“You never said that.”

“Said what?”

“I love you.”

“Sure I did.”

“No, no, never. I would’ve remember it.”

He paused and looked towards the darkness of my room.

“We never said it, didn’t we?” He spoke after some time.

“I didn’t want to say anything until you did and…” My statement was cut with his lips on mine. Oliver embraced my tiny body into his and let our mouths explore each other by getting deeper and deeper in and pulling our bodies closer and closer.

“I love you Elio” I said into the kiss.

“I love you too, Oliver.”

“If I’m bothering you, you should’ve just said so. I would’ve understood. Partly. I would’ve given you space.”

“No, you’re not bothering me Elio. Not at all. And I don’t want space between us, never. My heart
aced after you slammed this door. I just…I just had a very stressful day and I took it out on a wrong person. And before I even started packing for Italy, I only had my book on my mind. And then you came along and spiced everything up and made my summer and possibly my year, Elio. But now, I know that the book is almost done and with that, my stay here is done and I just, just, don’t even want to think…”

“Stop talking. Oliver, please.” I felt my eyes watering up.

“I know, I know…you said you don’t want to know the ending…”

“Stop. Oliver, we have three days in Bergamo. There, we can do anything we want, go anywhere we want and talk about anything we want. Don’t ruin the last couple of days here for use because you’re scared of the future. I mean, God knows what’s going to happen to us in the next five days let along five minutes. So can we please take the best of this moment now, and take the best of the day that is soon going to climb outside this window? Please, I really missed you today and I was sad when you weren’t in our special place.”

“You are too smart for your own good.”

“So I’ve been told. Come here.” I made a head sign for him to get in.

Oliver then removed his sneakers and his shirt and got next me under the covers with my face pressed to his, our legs intertwined and our hands caressing each other’s bodies. My forehead received so many soft kisses and with every one I pushed my body even closer to him, if that was even possible. I wanted to be so close to him that it hurt.

“You still reek of wine.” He whispered in my ear.

“Really? Sorry?” I covered my mouth.

“Hm, it’s fine. You still taste amazing.” He removed my hand.

We kissed. Many times.

“Oliver?” I was wide awake and he was on the edge of falling into a deep state of sleepiness.

“Mm?”

“I’m sorry.”

“Stop it Elio.”

Silence.

“Tregua?”

“If I had an arm made of stone, I would offer it to you.”

“That day at the lake so beautiful. Do you remember it?”

“I could never forget it. You bugged me about Chiara before we left. You wanted to see if we would grow to dislike each other. You’re a monster.” Oliver smiled on my forehead.

“Oh, shit. Yeah, I did. Was that so obvious?”

“What do you think?”
“My plan failed. You’re mine now.” I whispered to his lips.

“Indeed.”

“Let’s sleep now.”

“Already on it.” He sighed, kissed my forehead and went back to his sleepy face even before our first fight.
Maybe for the first time ever I woke up before him. Oliver was still deep in his sleep and dreams and I couldn’t take his heat anymore. It was summer morning, we were sleeping half naked and still, with him pressed to my body, I wanted to die due to his breath and hot arm thrown around my waist. I had to get out of there.

I slip out from under him quietly, trying not to wake him up, changed my clothes and went downstairs, all along keeping my eyes on him. He never changed his position ever since he crawled into the bed with me couple of hours ago.

On my way outside I was surprised by the silence that was coursing through the villa. It’s not usually quiet like this. And I was even more surprised to find an empty breakfast table, the food was the only guest at it. Anchise walked passed and wished me a good morning, I returned the gesture and went inside the kitchen to find Mafalda. She was battling with the fridge door.

“Good morning, Mafalda?”

“Oh, Elio! Buongiorno! Sleep okay?”

“Si, si. Where is everybody?”

“Sleep.” She rolled her eyes.

“Still? It’s ten in the morning."

“I know. Go eat.”

Yeah, I would probably be pissed too.

I ate alone. No one showed up in the hour to come. I was alone with my thoughts and food. My parents were passed out drunk and Oliver was just exhausted.
On my way upstairs I met my father coming out of their bedroom. He looked like he regretted waking up.

“Good morning father!” I greeted him a bit louder with a huge smile on my face, a hug and a kiss on a cheek.

“Oh, Elio. Good morning. Why are you so up beat? What time is it?” He hugged me back.

“It’s khm ten thirty in the morning!” I showed him the time on my wrist watch.

“Okay. I overslept.”

“Yeah, you did.”

“I don’t remember when we went to bed…agh…my head hurts.”

“I guess it’s the alcohol.”

“Okay, kid, go do your business.” He playfully tugged my curls and sent me on my way.

I giggled after turning away from him.

“Oh, Elio! Is Oliver awake?”

“No, he’s still sleeping. I guess he had a rough day yesterday.”

“I know, I know. He told me. Is there…are there any problems between you two? I heard door slamming last night…”

“No, I haven’t talk to him since yesterday morning. It was probably a draft…on the door slam.”

“Alright. I need him to go to town to pick something up for me…if you see him, tell him I need to speak to him.”

“Sure thing dad. Now…go downstairs. I was waiting for the steam to burst out of Mafalda’s ears.”

Oliver was still asleep when I got inside the bedroom. It made me so happy to just look at him like that. His hair was a mess, an innocent look on his face and his naked back built up the courage in me to do the same thing I did the previous night. Oliver was sleeping on his stomach and the movement of his skin, muscles and bones almost made my mouth water. I prayed to God not to start another fight just because he’s tired and I’m needy. I took off my shirt and got straight to the business.

And once again I laid on top of him, kissing his upper back and neck on the way up. I whispered his name in his hair, he didn’t move an inch. I raised my voice a bit higher and called out to him again.

“Oliver?” nothing.

_God I needed him up_! I grunted in my mind. I brought my hands to his shoulders and began moving them down low to his hips. Up and down, again, and nothing. _Is he dead?_

“Oliver? Wake up.” I kissed his neck again.

My hands were on his butt cheeks, staying still like that and calling his name once again with no results started to piss me off.
“Oliver!” I had it enough, he slept enough.

I rolled myself off from the top of him and laid next to him. All sorts of ways of waking up came across my mind and I just picked the one that wasn’t going to trigger another fight. I kissed his ear, his cheek, his forehead, his nose and got deep into a kiss on his lips. Oliver finally gave a sign of life in a form of a sigh in my lips.

“Mmm Elio.”

“Oh, finally.”

“You taste sweet.”

“I ate a strawberry.” I said during the process of biting his lower lip. I backed away to let him come to his senses completely.

“Mmm, don’t stop, come here.” He tugged my curls and brought me even closer to his face, with his eyes still closed and his hands all over my body squeezing my butt. Oliver then topped me, spreading my legs and making his place in between them. He threw the covers off of us and removed my trunks, never opening his eyes and never breaking the kiss.


“No, everybody’s outside. Eating.”

Oliver opened his sleepy eyes to look at mine.

“Is there a problem?” He looked so sure and up for it, the redness in his face made me think how this was the best way to wake someone up.

“Not a problem. Please, continue.” I smiled and he took that as a sign to kiss me deeply again, passionately, with tongue.

I brought my hands to his shorts and started undoing the bust and buttons. From that position, with my legs already all the way up to his shoulders, I only managed to take the shorts off just a little bit but enough to expose his already hard and blood red cock. I was stunned by his size in the morning and it got me thinking how long was he holding in his hard on.

“Oh Elio…” he moaned in his ear as his thumb was pulsing at my entrance.

“Argh…Oliver…stop…” It hurt for the first time in a while, I kept throwing my head on the pillow and compounded a painful expression on my face. Guessing it was because he was going in dry.

Oliver stop to look at my face realizing the amount of pain I was in, maybe that face took him back to our first night together.

Then he turned me over carefully on my stomach and went with his mouth down there. Oliver got down between my legs and began licking my hole. On the first lick I squirmed too far with a giggle because it tickled a bit and he had to hold my hips to keep me there and with that, hold my butt cheeks spread. He continued licking and fingering my hole with his thumb and throwing an occasional side look my way. I was probably a mess, blushed face, eyes squeezed shut and biting my lips. To hold in a scream I bit the pillowcase, trying not to draw attention from the outside.
“You like this?” Oliver asked in between licks.

“Oh, fuck…mmm…yes, yes…oh…fuck…” He turned me on my back again.

Once he thought I was wet enough he finally put two fingers at the same time inside me. I wanted to scream of mixed pleasure and pain inside me that were sending my adrenaline to run through my blood stream and setting me near the edge with an untouched erection that was waiting to burst on my stomach. The fingers moved inside and out while Oliver was focused on making me relax and stretch down there, kissing my neck and not carrying if I moaned loud enough to be heard by the whole universe.

“Fuck…oh, Oliver…mmm…fuck me.”

“What’s that?”

“Arghh…fuck me…”

“You want me to fuck you?”

“Yes, please!” I moaned in his ear again.

My hand automatically went down low to cup my own hard cock in attempt to release a bit of my frustration.

“No, not yet and not by you.” He slapped my hand away from the cock.

His fingers were still moving in and out, going faster and lighter, fully focused on destroying me. I opened my eyes and saw Oliver placing kisses on my chest and collar bones and nipples and ribs, his head was moving with the waves that were coming from my breathing and body trembling.

Upon the removed fingers I relaxed a bit but still worshiped the feeling of them inside me, any part of him inside me made me happy. He grabbed my legs and placed them on his shoulders again, holding my hip in one hand and in the other his cock. My hands were lying freely waiting for his body to come down so I could hug him as he would fuck me in the mattress, early in the summer morning with everyone awake and running in and out the villa

“Stand up.” Oliver said.

“What, why?” I got on my elbows to look at him with confusion, feeling the sweat in my hair.

“Come on, give me your hands.”

On our way to the middle of the room he took his shorts completely, I was still confused what was he up to, he never let go of my hand. Oliver gave me a small kiss on my lips and then turned me to face the desk. He leaned his body behind me and his cock was finally on his way in. Oliver spat in one hand and slicked his cock with the saliva to get inside the pain-free way. The first thrust almost immobilized me and made me grab the ends of the desk with both my hands. My entire body went forward until he was all in. My legs started shivering but it passed very soon, I was gasping and panting trying to hold in my emotions towards the pleasure I was feeling from behind me.

“There you go…” Oliver whispered to my ear and kissed my neck with his hair brushing my spine.

“Fuck…Oliver…you can mo-o-ve…”

“As you wish, love.” I could’ve come just on that single word.
He moved inside me with my hands still gripping the wooden desk and his hands attached to my hips. With every thrust he moved my body closer and closer to the furniture until I was on my elbows above my papers I had been transcribing the entire previous day. Trying to squeeze my orgasm In became hard for me to even think properly but I noticed drops of sweat on those papers and I felt the need to get them away before it gets even more intense.

Oliver pressed his head on my upper back. I felt his sweaty forehead and wet hair on my shoulder as he was placing kisses all along the way. He picked up a pace and was moving faster with small breaks in between his thrusts and that made me think I wouldn't be able to hold in much longer.

Thanks to the intensity of that man behind me, I wanted to break a piece of the wood due to the pleasure and trying to hold in everything. A beautiful morning that was blessed with sunlight became even more beautiful with Oliver fucking me from behind while I tried not to scream or come altogether standing in the middle of my bedroom and gripping an old piece of furniture in front of me.

“Oliver…Oliver…oh…Oliver, Oliver…” I said his name through my teeth.

“Come here…”

Oliver turned me and picked up my entire body and lifted it onto the desk, along the way pushing every pile of books I had on onto the floor. Thank God I placed my papers away from my sweaty body or I would’ve been wasting my time all for nothing. He got inside me again and we continued to fuck on a piece of wooden furniture where I used to read and write my music while thinking about him doing exactly that.

The imagination of him bursting in my room, stripping me naked and fucking me on the desk was coming to life. Oliver slowly put my back on the desk, watching for me not to lay on any book or something sharp. My hands were holding onto the ends of the furniture and his hands were under my lower body lifting it up to adjust his pace. I was biting my lip with every heat I felt rising in my stomach.

The Sun was shining through the windows, making his skin shine also, and showing his beautiful red face and gorgeous blue eyes and blonde hair that was soaking wet. I began moaning very loudly, but with a hand on my mouth, once I felt him hitting something in me that triggered the scream the last time. Oliver was panting and grunting deeply when he saw me put my hand over my face.

“No, don’t do that…you’re so beautiful like this…I want to hear you as you unravel Elio!”

“I can’t!”

“Yes you can!”

“Mmmm take me to bed…ahhh…oh…fuck...please, take me to bed Oliver!”

“Oh Elio!”

He picked up my skinny body in his embrace and brought us back to bed with his body lying on it and me on top of him. I was so light when he collapsed, I was afraid of injuring both of us but nothing happened.

My body fits perfectly in his. Oh I like this.

His head was where feet goes and I was on top of him riding his cock faster and faster. I’m now in
I thought. I was holding his chest and probably plugging a couple of chest hair due to the enormous amount of pain and pleasure and desire that I was feeling, his hands were spreading my butt cheeks, making it easier for me to move. I was moving back and forth trying to rise whatever he had inside it to come out, never breaking an eye contact. I was clenching my teeth and squeezing my lips and afterwards, once it started to grow on me, I relaxed my lips and moans came out, I couldn’t take it anymore.

The moans that were coming from my mouth slightly turned into grunts from my throat and back at the moaning due to the pain that was transformed into something I never felt before. Straddling, riding and fucking senseless the man I loved and with that grasping his chest hair and moaning my lungs out with my head completely thrown back. I wanted to cry so badly. The emotions were coming over me, I felt once I ejaculate I would finally push my tears out on their way. The bed creaking was the only noise that could’ve been heard besides him panting and me moaning and skin slap on skin. Once he started moaning finally and threw his head back I felt it was my time to climax. I came down and kissed him, licking his chin on my way to the lips.

“Elio…do it….” He said and then grabbed my cock and jerked me twice before I came all over his chest and some even landed on his chin. Oliver got out of me, took my body, placed me on my back and came on my stomach. A lot of cum came out and I giggled once I felt the warm, salty fluid land on my abdomen. I let my tears fall on their own.

“Oh fuck!” He grunted and then collapsed on top of me.

“Oh, that was so good!”

“You’re amazing Elio! Fuck, oh!” He kissed my lips and my cheeks and slid next to me. “It’s okay…I’m right here.”

“Best one yet…ooh, ooh…” I smiled showing my teeth after the kiss.

“Oh I agree…fuck…mhhmm…”

We were quiet for a while, trying to regain the control of our bodies and stabilize our breathings.

“Oliver?”

“Yes Elio?”

“This is the first time we made love in this room.”

“Hmm, why is that relevant?” He asked with a smile.

“It is to me.”

“Good observation.” He said still a bit panting.

“Thank you.” I grunted as I got up naked. “Go downstairs to eat. Mafalda was pretty pissed because no one came down except for me.”

“Really? Not even your parents.”

“Nope, they got waisted last night.”

“Hm, and you…”
“Oh, I’m not anywhere near them.”

“Wow, what an amazing family.” We exchanged smiles. “But actually, I’m going to town right now. Last ten pages and then it’s done.” Oliver took my hand in his and brought me closer to the end of the bed.

“I can’t wait to read it.”

“You’ll be the first one.” He kissed me when I was above him and went to his room to dress.

“Oh, and my father wants to see you.”

“Cool.” He said while whipping me off of his chest and chin with a tissue and later on combing his wet hair backwards.

“Aren’t you gonna shower first?”

“No way. I love the smell of you on me.”

I blushed.

“Elio?” I looked up, “Later!” and he got out with a huge smile.

“Later.” I smiled.

I smiled the entire time I was showering and was thinking about him. The water washed him off of me and soon changed from hot to cold and so did my smile turn to tears and happiness to sadness, because then I knew we’re finally at the end.

There was knock on the door after a while. I wiped my tears with water and stabilized my breathing only to say that I’m taking a shower. Oliver came in. He took a look at my body and smiled.

“Do you wanna come along?”

“Wouldn’t I be bothering you?”

“Yeah, but I still want you to come. Only for few hours, to take a walk around Crema.”

“Okay, I’ll be right down.”

“I’ll wait for you where the bikes are.”

“Okay.”

I smiled once he closed the door and let the tears fall back again. What am I doing? Why am I wasting my tears on this? This is a happy moment, for me and for the both of us.

I wore my trunks and his Billowy, rolled the sleeves almost to my shoulders and went downstairs. He was waiting for me, smoking a cigarette and holding his bike.

“Nice look.” He said because of his shirt.

“Thanks. Let’s go.” I smiled.
We stopped just so he could leave his papers with the translator and then we were off exploring the town. On my surprise the town was empty, a total ghost town. We were the only two people there.

After walking and running by chasing each other, we took a break and had a drink in one of the café’s there.

“Oh, I’m gonna miss this.” He said looking around, absorbing the Sun.

My mood changed so fast.

“Don’t do that.”

“Do what?”

“Remind me…”

“Don’t you do that.”

“Do what now?” I was confused.

“Don’t be sad, I’m still here. I’m not dead. Let’s use the time, like we said we would.”

I nodded.

He was right, I was only getting myself depressed only by thinking about him leaving. No! Stop!

Later, we jumped over the gate and got on top of the stone that was actually a memorial to the soldier from the battle on the Piave river. We climbed and touched it, hugged it. He helped me get up, holding me by the hand. Underneath us there was another café and a couple were sitting there, looking at us. They looked young so I guessed they knew all about I-can’t-keep-my-hands-to-myself faze, because his hand was already groping her breast and she was giggling.

He stopped to look at me and gave me a peck on a cheek, I blushed to check if anybody saw us; only the boy and the girl and they mirrored our move. They kissed, full on mouth.

We moved to the other side of the stone so we could be alone and we were, there was nobody around us. I stood and looked at the soldier for the millionth time in my life when I felt his hand undoing a bust on my trunks. I looked at him with a surprise but he was focused on getting his hand inside and caressing the skin. His touch almost made me hard but I figured, it was the public, even I couldn’t have been that cold. Oliver grabbed my cock and before he would even begin to move his hand I stopped him.

“No. Not now.”

I took his hand out.

“Not on this stone.”

I tugged my bust and got off the stone, jumping over the gate.

“Elio.” I turned to face him.
“Oliver.”

“I’m so happy right now.” He smiled.

He gave me a hug so our naked torsos were touching. He also opened his shirt because the day was pretty sunny.

“I have to leave you now.”

_Not just yet, there’s Bergamo._

“Are you okay with going home alone? I need to write the rest and then take it to signora Milani. I think it’s best if I finish everything today.”

“Yeah, sure. You do what you need to do.”

“See you at home then.”

I nodded and went back to the bikes and Oliver went the other way.
The darkness

Chapter Summary

Elio was feeling a bit down but at the right moment the right person came in.

Chapter Notes

Let me know what you think and enjoy!

After a thrilling and exciting morning, I spent the rest of the day alone in bed. I skipped lunch, which not only included food and drinks but also meeting our guests and chatting with them about what I did in my free time. Oliver, would have been my answer. Just didn’t see the point in it. I knew my parents were starting to worry about me and my mood swings; being so happy and cheery and hungry in the morning, and sad, lonely and quiet after the Sun goes down. I found more joy just lying on sheets where I had my best orgasm yet than sitting and talking about anything and nothing. It was annoying to even think about it.

As much as I worshiped my current bed at the time, only because it was still fresh with the images of our intense love making, I translocated into his beds, my old beds, that were going to be mine again in just couple of days. It was stupid to even think that the sex we had with my hands tied above my head was the best one yet; I was still drowning deep in the thoughts of him taking me on my desk and later on walking and running in the streets of Crema.

I striped my clothes off and got in between the sheets, leaving my skin cells and scent all over the bed. His smell was imprinted in the pillowcases, as soon as I smelled him I started to get hard again. *Fuck, I should’ve let him jerk me off in the middle of the day.* I felt ashamed about how much I needed him. Even after sleeping with him every single day I couldn’t get enough of him. I wanted him, needed him every second of every day. Just to hold, just to touch, just to kiss, just to fuck, nothing overdramatic. It killed me to be apart from him.

The image of him underneath me from that morning flashed before my eyes; moving back and forth, pushing him to the edge and over it, him panting, sweating, grasping every part of my body. I put a hand on my cock and started stroking myself thinking about his red face, thinking about his huge hands wrapped around my butt cheeks. I closed my eyes as I started moving faster, throwing my head left and right in between pillows.

It took me back to the time when I used to touch myself at night right before falling asleep while he was moving in the room next to my head. I began remembering every time I had him on my mind while touching myself underneath the covers, hoping he would come in and find me like that and maybe help me with it all the way.

Every time I touched myself I was thinking about his big arms massaging my back on the volleyball court, or at the time when he cracked my knuckles when I had a nosebleed or even at the time after our trip to the lake or maybe after the dance. It all came back to me and it felt like nothing has changed. Everything did change but I stayed the same, or nothing has changed but I
was a completely different person.

I craved his touch and my constant dream of him accidentally coming into the wrong room, into the wrong bed and taking me when my father and mother were only few feet away. To keep my orgasm in I took one of his pillows; I smelled it, touched it, bit it, licked it and finally wrapped my legs around it, and that didn’t help at all, it didn’t even made sense.

On my fingers I felt precum leaking and that was a sign I should stop. I never wanted to go that far. The idea was to smell his pillows but not come inside his bed for the second time that day in overall. I dragged my painful body into the bathroom and done the rest of it under the shower. I jerked with images of him touching my feet and massaging my shoulders. I cried at the end, I felt so awful and pathetic. More tears.

After the shower I put on fresh clothes and got into my bed. Since the windows were opened constantly and the Sun was bursting inside the room it was ruining my mood of being sad and lonely and I managed to make myself get out of the bed to close them. And suddenly it was night. I turned away from it and fell asleep instantly, thinking about absolutely nothing, not even Oliver.

I awoke after some time.

I was in pain.

A lot of pain. It’s been a while since I felt that kind of pain. After our first night together I could barely keep my walk or ride my bike. He went in dry and felt that instant torture inside my body once he, in a way, forced himself in. During our love making that day, due to the adrenaline, my body was numb to even process the pain but everything fell apart after we were done and after I showered. Fuck, I thought once I tried to lay on my back but turned to the side instead. The force of sleep was coming over me and so I submitted to it.

“Elio? Mon cheri?”

The awful smell of a cigarette and her hands in my curls woke me up.

“Mom?”

“It’s ten o’clock. Are you alright?”

“Night?”

“Yes of course, mon cheri.”

“I’m so tired.” I rubbed my eyes and pulled the covers closer to my nose.

“I can see that.” She took a drag of her cigarette and in few seconds exhaled in the air we were sharing, she continued caressing my curls. “Do you want to eat something? Or sleep?”

“Sleep.”

“Elio, I’m worried about you.”

“Don’t be. I’m fine. I just want to sleep.”

I turned on the other side and continue with my sleep.
But I couldn’t make myself to fall asleep again. The thought that was that late at night was harassing me. It was 10 pm and Oliver was still in town. I wished for him to wake me up like she did, I wanted him to tug my curls and smoke in my face. Or was he home and doing something else? Was he writing his book still or eating or helping my father or sitting In the back and waiting for me? The thought of him being somewhere near me and not next to me, kissing my face and touching my body, whispering his words in my ears and staring at my eyes and lips, tortured me. After she left I tried to focus my hearing on the outside. *Maybe he’s here*, I thought. I even thought about getting out of the bed to go look for him but I changed my mind on the thought of getting out of the bed generally. And as if he could’ve read my mind, there was a knock on my door, through the bathroom.

“Come in.” It sounded almost like a whisper but as soon as his face appeared I felt tears gathering themselves in the corners on my eyes.

“Are you planning to get up today? Or…ever?” He made me smile just standing there at the frame of the door, still holding the door handle.

“No.” I shook my head. “Where have you been?”

“Hell.”

“Did you finish the book?”

“Yes, finally. I just need to do a bit of research when we get to Bergamo, not related to my book”

“I’m happy to hear that.”

“Were you here all along? Ever since you got home?”

I nodded.

“I missed you.”

I pulled out my hand from under the cover and raised it in the air. He closed the door and grabbed my hand, kissed it all along taking his espadrilles off. Oliver got under the covers next to me still holding my hand in his. I moved my head so that he can fit in a small bed but he cupped my entire body with his arms and held me there with my face stuck in the crook of his neck. He smelled nice. I managed to throw my leg around his waist, pulling him closer to me; his hand on my back pulled me closer to him. Oliver and I laid like that for some time; breathing in each other’s scent, holding onto each other for dear life, not talking, not kissing, just the silence and our deep breathings filled the room from the inside and the sounds of the night, owls and cricked could’ve been heard from the outside. It has been a while, or for the first time ever, that we were sleeping completely dressed; up and down. Couldn’t care less if he was dressed or naked underneath, everything I wanted and needed in that moment was holding me in silence which I never even noticed because his heart was beating like crazy next to mine that was flattering.

Oliver moved a bit to kiss my temple. I sighed to the touch of his lips on my skin. He moved his lips to my cheek and left a kiss there and finally kissed my lips. Just a kiss, nothing more. I moved my hand, that was resting on his chest, to his face and slowly caressed the skin on his neck and kissed him again, this time deeply. And then I kissed him again. Oliver moved his hand on my hip and kept it there not going a step forward; thinking that he would top me again like that morning but nothing came out more than just a touch on a bone. We continued to make out in my bed in
which, only twelve hours ago, I was praying for him never to stop doing what he did and never to stop making me feel the way I felt that morning. Oliver slid a tongue inside my mouth. My face relaxed to the feeling of him being inside me in that way.

“Elio?” He broke the silence and the kiss to call out my name. “Why are you crying?”

Crying?

Oliver whipped my face; kissing my tears which I hadn’t even notice were on my face, falling from my eyes.

“I didn’t even feel them…sorry.”

“It’s okay, no need to apologize.”

“I know, I know…”

“Why are you crying?”

“I don’t know…”

“You know.”

I knew. I was in pain that was, thankfully, fading away and everything I was feeling day found its way through my eyes and down my cheeks. There was a complete darkness in my room, only few things I could tell apart

“I don’t know, I guess…I just feel like it.”

“Do you feel good afterwards, Elio?” He whispered.

“I do.”

“Do you want me to leave you to cry? I’ll do anything that makes you feel better.” He kissed my forehead. The fact that I couldn’t see him made me nervous.

“Yes…but I want you to stay with me.”

“I’m here. Elio, you can cry now. And after, if you want to talk about it, I’ll be there to listen.”

That made me cry harder than I intended to. My tears were getting all over his skin and shirt as he pulled me closer again to the crook of his neck; this is my spot, it’s all mine. It seemed like a good idea to Oliver for him to play with my curls while I was in the middle of getting absolutely everything out of my system. It was a great idea actually. He was touching me through those caresses and playfully leaving kisses all over my shoulders and arms.

Oliver lifted my face from his neck and kissed my wet mouth. I was left speechless because of the sensitivity in his lips and if there were never words invented to quiet a person down during crying, his lips on mine were the cure. I stopped crying almost immediately just to participate in that connection, he wasn’t moving until I joined in. His attempt to caress my cheek was actually a successful move in whipping my tears away. It was dark and I was moaning softly. Oliver removed the covers, grabbed my body and put it on top of his, my legs were around his waist as he lifted us and sat with his back pressed to the bed. He continued to kiss me like that and later on moved to
my chin, jaw and neck. Once his teeth scratch my skin I moaned once again. I was sitting on him still feeling overwhelmed not really carrying what was next in his mind. The pain was the last thing on my mind. I didn’t want Oliver to know, didn’t want him to worry.

*Are we going to make love again or continue to kiss like this?*

“Mmm Elio…you smell nice…”

“Ah, thank you, I showered…” He smiled on my neck and bit it again.

“Do you want me to stop?”

“No, no…oh, don’t stop…keep going oh…” I replied while messing up his hair.

“Do you want me to continue?”

“Please…Oliver…” He moved to the other side of the neck, kissing and biting, matching it with the other side.

“You like this?”

“Mmm…I love this…so much…”

“I love this too…you know what else I love?” He stopped and even in darkness I could tell he was staring at my face.

“What?”

“You.”

“Oh, Oliver…I love you…”

He moved his hands under my shirt; I squirmed at the touch of his cold hands on my warm skin. One hand went down and cupped my butt, pulling me even closer to him in a position where I could feel him rising under me.

“Mmm…Oliver?”

“Do you want me to continue? Elio?” He removed his head from my neck to look at me, or at least try.

“Oliver…” I whispered.

“Elio, you can tell me. If you don’t want us to make love tonight, I’ll understand. I know you’re emotional and I don’t want to force you to do something you don’t feel comfortable doing. Okay?”

I nodded. It was a stupid move.

“Elio, I want to make you feel good, okay? If tonight you’re not feeling well it’s fine. I’ll stay here and hold you until you get better.”

“Oliver…” I whispered again, I felt my eyes watering again.

“Tell me.”
“I don’t, I... I’m sorry. Can we...not tonight? Can we just lay here?”

“Yes, of course. Oh, Elio!” He hugged me. Oliver swallowed my body on his lap and as sad as anybody would think I was, I wasn’t, I was happy.

“Come here.” He whispered and then lifted my body from his and separated us only for a second, but still it made me ache. I was lying next to him, as he pulled the covers back on, our bodies pressed tightly. We were back in the same position from couple of minutes ago and I was still crying and was still very happy. It’s strange how those two emotions collide. Was I crying because I was happy or was I happy that I was finally letting myself and everything, that was gathering up inside me, go and with that, in front of the man I worshiped?

“Oliver?”

“Yes?”

“But...you’re hard...” I felt his hard cock on my thigh.

“Oh, it’ll go down, don’t worry about it.”

“Do you want me to...help you?”

“Do you want to?”

“I want it...”

In the dark, I let my hand touch him down there, he stiffened on my touch. I undid his belt, unbuttoned his trousers and pulled out his hard cock. I moved my hand up and down just like I did it to myself hours before. Oliver grasped onto my shoulder and snuggled his face in my curls all along gasping a bit. I started moving faster, twisting my hands around it from the base to the top, plying with the hole on the cock with my thumb; every time I went down and then up I massaged the hole.

“Oh, oh...ah...Elio...” He moaned my name in my ear.

“Oliver!” I moved my face to his, kissed him deeply while my hand under the covers was making him meet the stars.

“Oh my God Elio!”

I slowed down a bit and then sped up again, again and then fast, then slow and then fast again. He was close, I felt the path of his cum under my touch and shut the hole with my thumb. Slow and then fast, slow and then fast, touching and rubbing the hole. I was helping him get out whatever I caused it myself to build up.

“Elio...I’m close...ohh...”

“Don’t come yet, don’t, don’t come...”

“Elio, please...ah...let me come...mmm...”

I twisted my hand at the base and sped up my move on the way to the top. Twisted my hand at the top and sped up my way to the base. I created a scheme that was making Oliver beg for his own release in my hand, a scheme that made him moan, pant and gasp in my ear. I wanted more of him like that but I tortured him enough.
I removed my thumb and then went back down to the base and to the top with my hand and then he finally came. He got hard really fast because of me and when I backed out I wanted to make him feel good just like when he wanted me to feel good. My hand was salty and sticky and some landed on my shirt; which wasn’t even a problem, I would stick in water and tell Mafalda that I spilled something else, other than Oliver’s cum.

“Oh, fuck…Elio! You’re so good…mmm…” He moaned on my lips and kissed me again.

“Wait, Oliver…” I turned around to light up my lamp that was on the night stand next to my bed. The light finally shined and made my eyes water a bit. I grabbed the tissue that was on the stand and whipped my hand with it and just dabbed what was left, on my shirt, of him. Oliver’s hair was a mess and he was breathing faster; he looked so beautiful like that, lying and panting because of me. I threw the tissue away and got right back down to him and his neck. He kissed my cheek and I could finally feel him breathing normally again.

“Are you hard?” He asked.

“No, I’m okay.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah, of course. I only had you to please on my mind.”

“Oh, you did more than that.” The kiss I got consisted of tongue fight and lip biting.

The silence popped out again. Even in silence I felt him mesmerizing with emotions.

“I can’t wait for our trip to Bergamo.” I finally spoke.

“Me too. It’s going to be great.”

“How can you know that?”

“Because you’re coming with me.”

“When do we leave?”

“Your mother got us two tickets for a bus at 9 in the morning in two days.”

“Oliver?”

“Hmm?”

“Kiss me will ya?”

“Always.”

And so he did. His lips were the last thing I remembered before I drifted into sleep and joined my dreams that we calling me the entire day.
There was no Sunshine to wake me up. The day was indeed sunny but nothing came in once I closed the windows the day before. It was nine in the morning and for me to wake up at that time was a success. Again, I woke up to an empty bed, the thought occurred to me about how little Oliver sleeps. I wasn’t tired, just hungry. Without even knowing it, my face formed a smile when I looked myself in the bathroom mirror. Not only that, I felt some sort of warmth and tingling sensation in my stomach. *This must be how happiness feels like.* I brushed my teeth, combed my hair a side and went downstairs.

The smile never left my face, there were plenty of reasons to be happy that beautiful morning; the next morning, Oliver and I would be on our way to Bergamo. Actually, there was only one reason: Oliver.

All of a sudden everything felt good. The Sun was shining, fruit looked juicer, the food smelled amazing and I was hungry, very hungry. Where was this feeling when I needed it the previous day? I caught Mafalda on her usual station, by the stove, and hugged her. That almost never happens but I couldn’t resist not sharing my love and happiness.

“Oh, I see someone’s in a good mood.” She said while hugging me back.

“Si.”

“Hungry?”

“You have no idea.” I parted from her.

“Go outside. Let me know if you need anything.”

“Thank you.” I kissed her hand and went outside.

Mother and father were sitting on the same side of the table, both of them were reading the newspapers in silence, just like they did the morning after I felt Oliver for the first time. Oliver was sitting on the seat at the head of the table just absorbing the Sun with sunglasses on. His plate was
empty but so were my parents’.

“Good morning!”

“Good morning Elio!” My mother looked up from her paper. I leaned and kissed her cheek and moved to my father and placed a kiss on his cheek as well, he wished me a good morning too.

I wanted to kiss Oliver, accidentally tongue him in front of my parents. The thought about kissing him made the warmth in my stomach rise a bit.

“Morning.” Oliver gave me a small smile and took his glasses of to look at me. His eyes hit me like they did the first day when he arrived. I sat next to him and went for the espresso pot and pour it in the cup that was placed in front of me.

“Would anyone like an espresso?”

“Non, mon cheri.” My mother and father shook their heads.

“Oliver?” I gave him a side look and a smile.

“Sure. Thank you.” I pour it for him.

After a while, Mafalda brought out the food and we ate. The three of them were caught in a conversation about Oliver’s book and what was left to help the professor and I just sat there, ate my eggs, drank the coffee and enjoyed the day. In 24 hours I will be alone with him.

I reached under the table and rested my hand on his knee, thank God for the long table cloths. He continued his conversation and moved his hand on top of mine, softly making circles on the back of my hand. I wanted to go north and surprise him like I did once before but I couldn’t risk it and didn’t want to upset him so I removed my right hand before I grabbed the spoon and began breaking the top of the egg shelf.

It didn’t stop there. Oliver reached and slid his foot underneath mine. I could only imagine how did my foot feel due to my habit of walking bare foot for months. His was smooth whenever it was on top of mine, but that day it was different. I spread my toes and, in a way, intertwined them with his, the feeling made me smile even more.

My parents left the villa after half an hour to pick some things that Mafalda requested for the big dinner that was going to be held in just few hours in honor of Oliver’s leaving. We stayed at the breakfast table, going through morning papers and what was left of the food.

“We’re alone.” I said and flipped the page.

“I know.” He continued his sunbathing in the chair.

“I know you know.”

He moved his head to look me in the eyes.

“Later.” He said.

“Why not now?”

“How are you feeling?”
“I’m fine. Why not now?”

“You weren’t last night. What’s going on? Why were you crying?”

“I don’t know…I guess, I was upset. About you leaving…don’t know.” That was partly true but I kept my mouth shut about the pain.

“Oh, Elio…” He leaned to my chair by tugging my curls and rubbed his nose with mine, softly… “I can’t wait for tomorrow.”

“Me too.”

“Kiss me now, please.”

“You don’t have to ask.”

I tasted coffee on his tongue as it was twirling around mine. It ended with a small peck over the lips and I kissed his nose which wasn’t something I did very often or ever.

“Are you okay?” I had to ask.

“I will be.”

“When?”

“After I fuck you senseless.”

I blushed on his comment and sped up my breathing. He continued to sunbathe and I was left with a frown on my face and red cheeks. My mouth was dry and the thought of tonguing him again flashed in front of me but was interrupted when Mafalda came out to ask if we were good or if we needed anything. I need him. Oliver said no and thanked her in Italian. I need you, I want you. Fuck me Oliver now.

“When is that going to happen?”

“What?”

He turned to look at me.

“When are you going to fuck me senseless.” I licked my lips and locked my eyes with his.

“Hm, later.” He turned to his Sun.

“Oh come on! Give me something, please.”

“Oh I will.”

He smirked.

“Oliver…”

I sighed.

“It’s our last day here. I can’t promise I will hold back.”

“I don’t want you to hold back. Get everything out, now, I beg of you.” I reached and squeezed his biceps, God I wanted to tear him apart.
“Be patient.” Oliver began gathering the plates and stacking them on one another.

“Fine.” I violently removed myself from the table.

Couple of minutes later we got up and left Mafalda with the dishes, she said that she didn’t need my help, it was helpful that I finally ate. Oliver went into the study room and I stayed in the kitchen to get a cup of apricot juice. It surprised me how hungry and thirsty I actually was. I wanted to go into the study and catch him off guard and make him take me on the red couch or on the desk again, over the pile of books, by the door. I knew every spot, every inch, every corner of that room so to picture him taking me anywhere was easy. *If worst comes to worst I can always rape another peach.*

“Elio?” I turned to face him, as if he was reading my mind.

Oliver came up behind me. *Was I thinking at loud?* He went from one door frame to another and found himself outside again.

“Follow me.” He said.

I was very excited. I followed him outside with a smile on my face still waiting for him to devour me. The table was cleaned, there were no dirty plates anywhere and no sign of Mafalda. Once I got outside he pulled my hand and place my body up against the wall.

His lips met mine again. I untucked his shirt from the trousers and let my hands slide up his shirt, waiting to feel his skin and abdominal muscles. Oliver pushed his pelvis against mine making me hit the wall even harder; if there was a possibility I could sink deeper into the kiss I probably would. His fingers were caressing my face and he moved them down my body; touching my chest, my stomach and, eventually when he felt awful about teasing me, my cock, that was getting harder and harder by the minute. I moaned his name and stirred him to slid his tongue back in my mouth. He continued to push me with his manhood in my pelvis, fucking over the clothes and scratching my back due to the old and cemented wall behind me.

“Let’s go…upstairs.” I caught my breath to tell him I was ready to end up senseless.

“No, no, no…that is for tonight. Come.” He took my hand and pulled me back inside.

We were outside eating and then inside we went our separate ways, then back outside for a steamy make out session and now we were going inside to fuck.

We checked to see if anyone was around and made our way up to his bedroom. The draft played its part again and slammed the door shut. I didn’t react like the first time, only turned and kick the door with my head in an attempt to say “Why are you doing this to me?”.

Oliver hugged me from behind, actually, hugged me just to take my shirt off, then turned my body and lifted me with my legs around his waist. He pushed me against the wooden door and continued to place kisses on my neck while I was trying to hold on for dear life.

“Bed…” I moaned with my head pushed back at the door.

“Not yet…” He gasped and then bit the skin on my neck. I squirmed in his embrace.

His hands slid down to my butt cheeks and I was left to hold my body by myself. He undid the bust and began to lower the trunks only a bit. He got up to my face and kissed me.

“Do you want to?”
“Yes, please.”

“I know you were in pain yesterday.”

“No, I…”

“You should’ve told me. I would’ve understood.”

“Sorry…I didn’t want you to worry.”

“Of course I was worried, I didn’t want you to sleep alone and in pain.”

“Shut up and fuck me.”

“Hm, not yet.” He kissed me and then made me suck on his fingers again. I sucked on them like they were his cock, I moved my tongue the way I moved my hand the night before when I jerked him off. I spit on two of his fingers and, keeping the eye contact, sucked them again, even he pushed them deeper in my mouth.

One finger went down to my hole and transformed the saliva from his fingers to my insides. I squirmed again and stiffened my body. No matter how many times we slept together, every time the discomfort was present whenever he would put his fingers or his cock inside me.

“Oh fuck…mmm…” I moaned with my head back at the door.

“Elio, look at me. Look at me.”

I forced myself to do it, his eyes were staring at my face, he was exploring from my chin to my forehead. *What is he thinking about?*

Just as I loosened up a bit and feeling ready for him to penetrate me, he stopped. Oliver removed his fingers out and turned us to lay on the bed; I was lying on my back and he was straddling me. He removed his shirt and his trousers, then went down to remove my trunks and again, we were naked in broad day light. I lifted my upper body on my elbows to look at him. The Sun blessed his already blessed body, his skin was shining, muscles were showing and blue eyes were intimidating me.

“Oliver…touch me…”

But he didn’t, he touched himself. Stroking his cock from the base to the top. He was hard.

“You see what you’re doing to me?” He nodded to his manhood.

“Touch me, please…” I moaned.

He laid next to me.

“You’re staring at me.” I finally said with my breathing speeding up.

“You’re beautiful.” His fingers ran across my face and pulled me into a deep kiss, lifting me on top of him. My hands were supporting my limb body onto his chest, caressing his chest hair.

“Oh, this…I like this…” The thought of riding him again raised that warmth in my stomach.

“Patience…”
On my surprise, he turned me around, pulled my legs up to his face and I came face to face with his cock.

I gave him a look full of questions and he smiled back at me. His mouth cupped my cock again and with that I gasped and moved my body. Oliver kept his hands on my hips to keep me from moving. This was mutual, the only thing we could both do at the same time. I stroke his cock and then put him in my mouth. I started sucking his skin, licking the top and stroking his length and he was doing the same to me on the other side of the bed. He would occasionally lick my hole and insert a finger in it. Every touch he placed down there ever weren’t a match to what I was feeling at that moment. I loved the feeling we were sharing at the same time.

“Oh fuck Elio…”

I continued bobbing his head, deep throating his beautiful wet cock as he was doing the same thing to me on the other side. I never felt the need to come, I wanted this to last as long as possible.

I guess I was overwhelmed with everything we were doing, and doing it for the first time, that I completely forgot about his scratch on his hip which he got weeks ago after falling off of his bike. It was starring at me the whole time. The color changed completely and was starting to heal. I hoped there would be no scars on his beautiful body. I removed my lips from his cock and kissed the wound.

What ever we were doing I made sure my mind and my body were isolated from the world and the fear of getting caught never crossed my mind. Usually, it was nights and sometimes days when nobody was home like that day. That night, Oliver is getting a goodbye party and I was getting a goodbye fuck of the century. I wanted to die like that; with him in my mouth a me in his mouth.

My muscles were contracting, I felt my body tense a bit every time he would suck me and then make a pause and let the air hit my wet cock. He kept one finger inside me, and as long as it was staying still there I was secured of one of his body parts inside me all the time. That warmth in my stomach was rising and the pleasure was trying to settle and accumulate itself in my lower abdomen, I was getting closer and closer. Oliver never said a word just continued to fuck me with his finger and silence.

“Elio…are you alright?’’

“Mmmhm, oh fuck…”

“You like this?’’

“Yes, yes…Oliver… I think I’m gonna come…mmmm…”

I felt the sweat pour from my forehead to my closed eyes.

And as if they knew when I was at the edge, my parents burst out on the front door with my mother screaming to get down and give them a hand. Oliver stopped and pulled his finger out. There was no way I was going to let them destroy this for us.

“Elio! Come down, we need your help with this!’’

“I’m taking a shower!’’ I screamed back.

“Where’s Oliver?!’’

“Sleeping!’’
“Get down when you finish showering!”

“Fuck…” I gasped.

“Alright, get up…”

Oliver said, and on the way, he kissed my butt cheek and the slapped it. Why did I like it? Slap me again, please. He moved me next to him on the bed and began putting his clothes back on.

“No, no, no, what are you doing?”

“We have to go down stairs. Get dressed.” He threw my clothes at me.

“We can’t go downstairs looking like this.” I nodded on our erected cocks that were standing out.

“You’re right.”

He got back up on the bed and put my cock back in his mouth. I messed up his hair as soon as I felt his tongue twirl up and down, and what it seemed seconds, and probably were, I came in his mouth. My body was shivering and convulsing when I was done, I moaned his name at the end. “Oliver, Oliver…” He swallowed my sperm and continued his dressing up.

“You go down, and I’ll go back to sleep.”

“I can’t get up. You ruined me, my legs are trembling…” I was tired.

“Go…”

“Do you want me to take care of you?”

“It’s okay.” He leaned and kissed me. “Splash you face and hair with water.”

“Right. Come on, let me help you.”

“No, beautiful, you save that energy for tonight.”

“I can’t wait.”

“Hm, neither can I. Go wash your face.”

And I did. He stayed in the room and I went to the bathroom to fake a shower. I washed my face and put my head under the fossette, the cold water made my tremble once again.

I went downstairs and they were just loading the bags from their car to the door. I picked up three bags and brought them to the kitchen for Mafalda to get the stuff out and place them in the fridge.

“Where’s Oliver? We need a strong hand.” My mother said.

“He’s a sleep…hey, what’s wrong with me?”

“Nothing, mon cheri. Here, take this.” She put a bag of cucumbers in my hand and I smiled once I saw the size of them. “When does the party start?”

“It’s still early. Mafalda will begin preparing for lunch soon.”

“Alright mom.” I kissed her temple with a load of long, green vegetables in my hands.
“Go. Give it to Mafalda. She’s waiting.”

I knew what he was doing upstairs, I just wish he’d let me help him get off. He promised me something and the thought of what I was getting that night...I guess we both needed the strength and energy for that. There was nothing I could do to speed the time but I was needed in the kitchen and that’s where I went.
The dinner party started around 7 pm. The guest list was minimized and included the four of us: Oliver, my parents and myself and the six other guests that were so delighted by Oliver himself and insisted to say goodbye the proper way. They invited themselves. Oliver said that he wanted to keep it low, not to invite any of the people that were my age and I couldn’t agree with him more. If the young came, then the party would last until dawn and he wouldn’t have any time at night for me. The circle of old, how I called the dinner table.

And of course, the only guests that never got the chance to meet the famous Oliver were Isaac and Mounir, aka Sonny and Cher. The only thing I got dancing in my head from father’s sentence about them coming was God help me, please don’t let him make me wear that shirt again. He said nothing and I took that as a no. They were our guests nights ago, when Oliver and I slept together for the first time, he just walked pass the living room and went straight up to his bedroom, leaving me to entertain the crowd.

Mafalda really outdone herself with the food she had been preparing for hours. It wasn’t anything big just a lot of portions and the only thing that stayed constant and never stopped coming was the wine. Not a minute came by that the guests’ glasses were empty.

We ate, drank and laughed. Oliver was, as I thought it would be, the star of the evening. Every theme they started was based on him and him only. About his work, his stay here, to which he glimpsed at me, his summer, his book. The guy came all the way from America to write in piece and silence and then we happened.

We had to put out another table and we linked the two so that everybody had enough space. The ten of us had room to move around and everybody was happy.

Oliver was sitting next to me, not giving me a second of his attention which made me feel kind of sad and annoyed once I realized when the food came out and then when empty plates came back in. His foot never touched mine, my hand never felt his thigh.
Earlier that day, when I was done helping in the kitchen, I came back upstairs to find him lying on his bed, reading. I crawled next to him and snuggled up to his neck, inhaling his mesmerizing scent. As tired as I felt from all of the things we had done that afternoon I didn’t want to pass out with him next to me. He put his arm on my back and brought me closer to him. He then flipped the page and I started kissing his face. I kissed his ear, to which he squirmed, then kiss cheek and then his neck. In silence, the only things that were filling the room were his paper flipping and my wet kisses on his skin. Touch me, Oliver, please.

“I like this.” Oliver said which made me open my eyes.

Did I just fell asleep?

“What?”

“This. You, like this. Sleeping, not talking. No words. No speeches.”

“Do I bore you?”

“Hm, I hear stupid things coming out of that beautiful mouth of yours. Again.”

“You like my mouth…I suppose.”

“Elio.” He put the book down on his stomach. “I love your mouth. If that wasn’t clear up until now then I must be doing something wrong.”

“Oliver…” I brushed my lips on his chin and that made him look me in the eyes.

“Are you tired?”

“No. Why? What did you have in mind.”

I was excited all over again. I was never tired for him and what ever he had on his mind to do with me.

“No, no.” He laughed and kissed my forehead. “Not now. Keep your energy for tonight.”

“Why can’t we do it right now? We’re alone. Everybody’s downstairs getting everything ready for the party. Now is the time.”

I looked up.

“No, tonight is the time. I want to do this the right way.”

“Oliver…” I sighed.

“Go back to sleep. I’ll be right here. I’ll wake you up if you’re needed downstairs.”

He put my head back in the crook of neck and continued his book.

“Oliver? I’m happy.”

“You’re just horny.”
And happy.”

Oliver grabbed my forehead and our eyes met again. He then kissed me suddenly, making me choke on my own air. I believe I fell asleep right after that kiss. Over the past couple of days I got use to falling asleep next to him, it felt like the most normal thing in the world. I was overwhelmed and I refused to hide my smile. Never have I ever felt this way about someone, ever; whether the person, that made me feel like I am flying most of the time, was a man or a woman was the last thing I would break my mind over. I just wanted him. I just wanted Oliver.

As I was falling asleep and the page flipping became more and more silent, my mind ran over to Marzia. I haven’t talked to her ever since that morning I broke her heart and me being an asshole, didn’t even call since then, I’ve been too busy making me happy. Maybe she’d understand, I don’t know, didn’t want to know. There was no use in thinking about it because there was nothing I could’ve done from that position so why bother yourself. I’m sure I’ll talk to her eventually.

Oliver woke me up about an hour before the party by kissing my eye lids and my nose.

“Elio, wake up. We have to start getting ready soon.”

I grunted.

“I don’t want to go.”

“Well, thankfully, we just have to get down stairs.”

“I know, I know. It’s going to be crowded.”

“That’s my fault.” He smiled.

“Yeah, it is.”

I looked up at him, ran my finger through his lips. He kissed it.

“You didn’t move at all?”

“No. I didn’t want to wake you up.”

I smiled.

“Kiss me.” It took me by surprise when he requested that from me, it usually was the other way around.

“Patience.” I smirked.

“Why?”

“Don’t know. Just want to torture you a bit. Like you did to me.”

“Idiot. I gave in eventually.”

“You had to.”
I got out of his embrace and off the bed and went straight into the bathroom. Oliver was left speechless and without his kiss.

I washed my face and brushed my teeth. He appeared after couple of minutes behind me.

He placed his hands on my hips and brought me closer to him from behind. I pushed my back against his torso and he pushed his pelvis against my ass. I felt him. I wanted him so badly it only made me feel worse about self-control which I refuse to indulge. We started at ourselves at the mirror. He leaned and kissed my temple.

“See how good we look together?” He whispered.

I nodded. Can we stay like this forever?

“Don’t move just yet. Please.”

“Okay.” He breathed into my hair.

As if I could feel it, my heart started beating slower and my breathing was stabilized. I felt so relaxed with him behind me, breathing in my hair, feeling his chest move against my back. I wanted to stay like that forever. Never move, Oliver. Never leave. Please.

I threw my head back that rested on his shoulder and closed my eyes.

“God, you’re so beautiful.”

“Stop it.”

“What?”

“Stop saying that…”

“It’s the truth. I don’t want to hold back that inside. Every part of you is beautiful in every way possible. The thought of your body against mine, just like now, makes me want to never separate from you. When I kiss you, when I kiss your skin and lick your cock, like I did hours ago, and your body responds to it in shivers…well, I made you a promise for tonight. But I can’t promise you it will go within the ranges of passion like we explored up until now.” He whispered in my ear. I felt shivers running down my spine.

After a few seconds, he began caressing my shoulder with his chin. He kissed my cheek, my eye and turned me to face him and kissed my lips. Well that didn’t last long.

His hands ran through out my entire torso and back. The height difference wasn’t that big which is what I loved about us and the weight difference was enormous and I loved that too because I felt safe in his arms. We had three days a head of us, 72 hours.

“In 14 hours it will be just you and me.” I whispered in between kisses.

“I can’t wait.”

I pushed him against the door behind us and continued kissing him and moved my mouth to his neck. He grunted at first but later on he began to moan. His words awoke something inside me, I couldn’t hold back any longer, and why would I?

I didn’t want to plead for him to fuck me then and there. His words were playing their own dance on my tongue and were replicating everything I ever felt towards him on his neck.
“Oh…mmm, Elio…”

“You sound like I haven’t touched you in days.”

I continued to suck his skin, trying not to leave anything for guests to see.

“We have to go.” I whispered on his wet skin.

Eventually I stopped and moved away from him.

“Don’t stop…”

“I have to. You’re going to burst if I keep going.”

“I don’t care. Keep going.”

Oliver had his eyes closed and was panting, that made me smirk. As much as I wanted him inside me, to feel him like every single time, a part of me hoped we could go the other way around. I wanted to hear him, to feel him fall apart with me inside him. Just that.

“No.”

I kissed him and got into my bedroom to get ready, he never came after me.

Once I was finished dressing up, I then moved my attention to packing my stuff for tomorrow. I packed the usual in my back pack: one book, my walkman, couple of tapes and papers. As for the clothes, I packed two shirts, my 501 jeans, swimming trunks, a colorful sweater and Billowy shirt.

It was 5 minutes until 7 pm and I finally went downstairs. I greeted all the guests, shook hands, kissed cheeks. We sat down and the wine played its part again. At the end of the night, I drank 3 glasses and Oliver drank a lot more than me. I was afraid he’d fall asleep once everybody left and his promise would mean nothing with him like that. Mounir, who was sitting next to me, started talking to me about school. God, I hated that subject.

After the food, the guests moved inside. I was standing in the living room, leaned against the wall and Oliver was in the chair talking to Isaac. I kept throwing a glimpse at him from time to time. He never even looked at me.


Feeling a bit sad about all the ignoring I couldn’t protest his request. I turned my back to the crowd and began playing. My attention was completely focused on the notes, there was silence between the crowd. The alcohol had an effect on me but I thought, everybody was already waisted so no one would know if I played correctly or with any type of mistake. I got an applause at the end and as I got up I took a look at the clock. It was midnight. _Time flies._

I made an excuse to go to the bathroom but actually turned away and went outside to breathe in some fresh air. The alcohol kicked my head and tore my heart apart. I was feeling down from all the ignoring and the alcohol only increased that feeling. I wanted to cry. I knew Oliver doesn’t actually feel like that, it was only because of so many people in one room. I breathed with eyes closed and head tilted back looking at the dark sky decorated with shining stars. The brightness of the Moon showered my body with its light.

“Hey.”
I turned around.

Oliver was standing behind me, leaned against the door frame with a cigarette in his hand. My mood changed all of a sudden.

“Hey.”

“How are you feeling?”

“Good, you?”

“I mean…are you feeling…drunk?”

I nodded with a goofy smile on my face.

Oliver looked stunning underneath the Moon light. I had the need to hug him and kiss him, make love to him drunk. Feel him ejaculate inside me with the effect of wine still coursing through my blood stream.

As much time we spent together in bed, all day and all night, this conversation that took its own turn kind of felt…strange and weird. I mean, I love the guy and everything but I needed to get use to him outside the bedroom. He looked so beautiful that night, it just reminded me why I fell in love in the first place. His soft and masculine body, his husky voice in the morning, his silky hair getting all messed up because of me, the way he still, after six weeks, was a complete idiot when it came to cracking the soft-boiled egg. Not to mention, how intelligent and kind he was and let’s not forget my opinion when we met: arrogant, jerk, liar, annoying, stuck up and that was just what I thought during the day but at night, there was nothing I wanted more than for that arrogant stuck-up jerk to come in my bedroom, naked and tear me apart from all the amount of pleasure and desire I worshiped he’d put my body through.

“You want some?” He offered me a cigarette he was smoking.

“Sure.”

I took a big step closer to him. And the cigarette looked so good on him.

“They’re going to leave soon.” He said looking at me.

“Did you have fun?”

“I did. Very intelligent people.”

“Yup.”

I took a drag from the cigarette.

“It’s such a wonderful night.” He whispered.

“Are you nervous…a-a-about leaving?” Because I was.

“Not really. I know the road ahead, I know that I’m going to be very tired.”

“You were exhausted once you got here.” I gave the cigarette back.

“I feel asleep within seconds.”
“Yeah, you did.” We shared a laugh, remembering the first day for the past six weeks.

“Your scent was all over the sheets, maybe that’s why I dozed off so quickly.”

“Then it must have been one hell of a stench.”

He laughed and looked so beautiful because I knew he was drunk as well and that everything felt and looked so wonderful.

“Quite the opposite. It was the scent I’ve come to love very much.”

I was way too drunk to process his words. I was starting to feel nervous about the night ahead of us. Why was I so anxious about it? It wasn’t our first time. Even before our first time I wasn’t that nervous up until I saw Oliver standing and smoking on the balcony.

“Oliver?” My mother interrupted us. “Mon cheri, come out to say goodbye to everybody.”

“I’m coming.”

“Elio. You too.”

“Coming.” I threw a cigarette on the ground and stepped on it.

We said goodbye to everyone. Hugs were involved, a kiss here and there and that was it. Maybe it was my drunken mind but I couldn’t remember who was at the dinner party at the end, I just said my farewells and that was it for me.

“Leave everything like this. Tomorrow, we’ll clean the room after you leave.” My mother said while taking her heels off.

“Alright, boys. It’s late and we have to be at 8:45 in the morning at the bus station. We’ll wake you up at 7 so that we can all have breakfast for the last time.” My father began with a clap of his hands.

We said our good nights to my parents and they went their own way into the bedroom. Mafalda and Anchise were already fast asleep. We were left alone.

“Could you play something for me?” Oliver asked softly, standing next to a piano.

“Sure. You have something special in mind?”

“Play Bach. The original, like you did weeks ago.”

I smiled and began tangling the keys. He was standing leaned on his elbows on top of the piano. His eyes were closed and he was absorbing every note my fingers turned into a beautiful melody.

When I was done, Oliver smiled at me, his eyes were glowing.

“That was beautiful. I don’t know about you but it takes me back a bit, and memories…”

“Back then I thought you thought that I thought you hated Bach but in reality, I thought you didn’t like me.”
“You thought. I thought. It’s all in the past and no, I didn’t think like that, ever. I kept my distance and was very careful whatever I would do or say. I didn’t want to come off as a moron.”

“I never thought you were a moron. I thought you were a jerk.”

He laughed again and tugged my hair, his touch made me come back to life. It’s been a while since I felt him.

“Ready?” He asked me and extended his hand towards me.

I wasn’t ready. I was nervous. I was anxious. I was in love. I was drunk. I was scared. I was stupid. I was beautiful. We were beautiful. I was nervous.

I nodded and took his hand.

“Let’s go.”

Why was I so nervous?

Why was I so scared?

Why was I so anxious?

It was Oliver. Oliver.

We walked upstairs holding hands, turning the lights off on our way up, leaving nothing but darkness behind us. He looked at me once we were upstairs. I opened the door to our bedroom and we walked in. In silence, not a word, only our breathing in sync were the melody that was filling the dark room once again.

Chapter End Notes

I’m finally experiencing the difficulties of being a medical student. This week and the next one are so hectic and crazy and the exams are kicking my ass. I have the next chapter already written but I still need to edit it and fulfill everything for their big night. So I’m not going to post anything for the next 10 days or even more, so enjoy this one and I hope the days will just speed right through me.
The night

Chapter Summary

It's Elio and Oliver's last night in the villa before they go to Bergamo for three days and they spent the entire night making love.

Chapter Notes

I wrote this chapter few weeks ago and it's the longest i've ever written. I put everything i felt at that moment as i wrote it, it's actually the one i'm most proud of. I went back to edit it over and over again, i wanted to be as good as i thought their night was. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

We walked in still holding hands. By nature, I was a very anxious person, that was brilliantly shown through my sweaty palms and now my sweat was being transferred onto his palm that was dry before coming into contact with me. My nerves were on the edge of explosion, a feeling very familiar to me came running back at me. I was nervous like I was during our first night together days and days ago. It was the first thing I said to him when we met at the agreed time “I’m nervous.”. Midnight. Now, it was past midnight and the anxious feeling was still bubbling up inside me. Do something, say something, I don’t know where my hands are.

Why was I so nervous? I wanted our last night here, in our bed and his last days in Italy to be great. Was it the wine? God I hope it was the wine, that will evaporate very soon, I kept convincing myself. If the wine wasn’t the issue, and if I would still feel like a mass that was going to spread into tiny pieces everywhere after his touch, then I was utterly nervous as hell.

I felt like a virgin I was before him. Before him even coming into our lives, before our first kiss and before our first ride to the town. And even though that was way past us, how I felt before him still lays within me somewhere; that person isn’t gone, it’s just sleeping. And now it’s awake, like never before. In a way, we had a chance to start everything with a fresh start. But why would we? Unless he wasn’t satisfied with me satisfying him enough or not at all. But this is Oliver, I thought, he would’ve said something.

In that room, everything began, and in that room everything would end. The same walls absorbed our combined moans that first night and the same walls were going to absorb whatever noises we were planning to make on his last night in the villa. A little part of had a brief insight of the future: the same walls are going to absorb my crying noises when he leaves.

The virgin inside me screamed for him to touch me again and he was already holding my hand in one of his and my heart in the other. As long as he was with me, above me, underneath me, inside me, I was safe and had nothing to worry about. A friend, a lover now, to whom I can confide with everything that has been making my mind tick-tock like a grenade, was staring at me as I was looking around the room. Everything resembled our first night. Days had passed, don’t even know...
what day it was, we were different yet nothing has changed. I was a totally changed person than I was the first time he entered me and still, everything around me looked and felt the same.

The sweat was spreading on my palms and I grasped my thigh to wipe it off, it didn’t feel right to touch him like that. My jaw was ticking due to the adrenaline inside me and I was starting to feel very hot, it felt like when I had a fever and mom’s cold hand on my forehead made it all better. Could I ask him to hold my forehead? It’s stupid. I’m not a kid anymore, mommy can’t help me and certainly can’t help me now and with this. She was sound asleep in my father’s embrace; I imagined them sleeping like that, passed out waist deep.

He let go of my hand and pulled me into a hug. His body swallowed mine and what was left of it, my arms held onto his back as tightly as possible. I inhaled his scent; the mix of wine and cigarette was the only thing I felt on him that night, maybe it was because I saw him drink and smoke but as my brain learned to process him as a person and everything that came within, I found his scent underneath the other’s. He smelled like something incredible, he smelled like a promise and a well kept promise for the night. He smelled like fruit, like the pool, like his hair gel, he smelled like the air that he sets off once he comes inside me. Was it possible to smell a sound? If not, then the wine was still thinking for me and playing against me. He smelled like his words in which he constantly had repeated my name. Elio, Elio, Elio.

Oliver felt like home; warm and cozy, he felt like security, wisdom, hot chocolate, he felt like my dream, he felt like a real life heaven.

“Elio?”

He separated us and locked our eyes; his hands were holding my head up to look at him. I didn’t say a word.

He kissed my forehead and moved our bodies to sit on the bed, I sat in his lap with my legs hanging from his. My hands went around his neck and his were playing with my skin under the shirt I wore for that night, for him. I kept staring at the window and what was coming out of it; the peach tree, but beyond that I saw our special place, the river, the attic, my bedroom next door. The reason why we were in that room and were feeling like that only made me more nervous because I know what goes after every kiss and what happens after we take our clothes off; we were both determined to have a night to remember.

Oliver brought his lips to my neck; didn’t kiss it, just kept them there, they settled perfectly on my skin. My shirt came off few seconds later and I felt the goosebumps running from the back of my neck to the tips of my toes.

“Are you cold?” He asked after feeling my body shiver and seeing the hair on my body stood up.

“No…I’m just nervous.” I said to his forehead.

“Why are you nervous?”

We were whispering. I looked at him.

“Oliver…make love to me tonight.”

“I was planning to.”
“Like the first time, please, be gentle and…slow, only you know how.”

He nodded quickly. My eyes were hurting me, they gained weight suddenly over the number of glasses of wine I put in my body that night.

“Can I touch you?”

“Yes, please.”

He picked up my body bridal style and placed me so my head would face the window. Oliver caressed my belly with one hand and with the other he undid the belt and the buttons on my jeans. One hand, impressive. He pulled them down a bit only to reveal my cock. He ran his nose across it and that made me shiver and later I squirmed when he placed a kiss on it. I held his hair as he licked and kissed my cock, maybe watching it rising right before his very eyes. He took it all in, the sensation ran through my body and I tugged his hair. Oliver took his time with it; it lasted like it did the first time he went down on me. I knew he didn’t want to push me already so he stopped after few licks and sucks.

Oliver came back on top of me, the Moon light had made his skin more perfect than it was the last time I saw it showered with the light of the Moon. I was trying to breathe through my lips but I couldn’t help it, I was breathing through my nose and fast.

I felt so vulnerable with him looking at me like that. The need to cry I desperately tried but failed to suppress; one drop rolled from my eye and landed on the cover. Oliver never broke our eye contact.

“Why are you crying?”

“I’m nervous…and drunk…and…”

“And?”

“And in love.”

“Love is what brought us here.”

“I know.”

“Then why are you crying?”

He talked without a point or was I crying without a point. After hearing his deep voice in our room for the first time, having him inside me became my only goal at night.

I took his hand, still breathing very deep, and placed it on my chest. Let him feel the real me, let him feel that is not just about our bodies being entangled night after night, let him feel my heart pumping blood faster and faster only because of him. Everything was because of him.

“You really are nervous.”

I nodded. I felt hand pulsing on my body.

Again, I was acting like we haven’t done this, ever. Like we were back at the beginning to which I had no clue how to start our night, didn’t know what to do with my hands, didn’t know weather to sit or stand. This felt almost the same, only Oliver was out of my dreams and out of my system and the thing I had counted on that was going to be different from the first time was, I will not resent
him for what he did to me, but actually, I would love him even more for what he’d promised to do.

“Kiss me.” I whispered with another tear on its way.

“Can I make love to you?”

“Yes.”

“You can tell me to stop whenever. This is about making both of us feel good, but mostly you. Because whenever I have you in my arms, you are my only task for the night.”

“No, I don’t want you to stop. Ever. And if you do, you’ll kill me if you stop.”

His lips were gluing themselves to mine while his hands traveled up and down my torso; fingers circling on top of my ribs and making me inhale deep to which the bones became more visible through skin.

The villa was silent, Oliver and I were the only two awake, the feeling was like we were completely alone. Tired soles were sleeping few feet away from us. I was getting aroused on the thought of two of us, within 24 hours, screaming our lungs out because we were finally, completely and for the first time alone.

We continued the kissing, I moved my hands to the buttons on his shirt, the first time I tried to deal with them, Oliver interrupted me to tell me to just pull it off but I failed so he did the rest. I unbuttoned the first three, going in blind with my eyes closed, focused on his lips on mine and later on parted him from me to take it off. He sat up, straddled me with me in between his legs. Oliver pulled my jeans off of my body completely and threw them behind me; the boxer shorts came off seconds after leaving me butt naked. I stopped to look at him doing his own and led a hand with the belt. Then, he fell down next to me and took the rest of his trousers off; he was naked. He was naked and hard, almost leaking. My drunken eyes stared at him down there and flash a goofy smile.

We laid there for a while, breathing and starring at each other, not touching, not a single part of our bodies collided. A smile appeared on his face and I mirrored his move.

As an unread request I got up and got on top of him; I was sitting on his chest while his hands were caressing my thighs. He never said a word which led me to believe this was what he wanted or didn’t want to protest because It made me smile the second I got up there. It occurred to me that he remembered how much I liked this pose and that’s why it’s the first of many for the night.

Oliver sat up, still looking at me and did as he always did in those situations and it made me harder every single time; he put two fingers inside me mouth. The wine was making me produce saliva even more, the kind of wine a bit sour disgusted me in the beginning but now made me feel all sorts of things. I licked them, spit on them and licked them again all the way looking at him looking at me, he loved my tongue on his fingers. At the end I placed a kiss on both fingers and brought his hand behind me.

The gentle man under me first let one of the fingers massage my hole and then softly placed the tip inside. That movement made me close my eyes shut and inhaled very deeply. By this point I knew I needed to relax so that he had a better chance of getting in all the way. The entire finger got in barely a few seconds later. We had all the time in the world, no rush but I was eager to feel him so I did what I felt was right and whispered to him “Put another one in, please.” A look of despair flashed across his face but I wasn’t the one to argue with. He did as he was told and I was finally focused on both of the digits inside me and the pain that was shrinking every time we made love.
I squeezed the skin on his chest, leaving, for the first time, many marks. His other hand got up to my face and he ran a thumb across my lips. I kissed his finger, leaving nothing but wine in my saliva. Knowing he’s looking at me even though my eyes were shut I nodded as a sign for him to move the fingers. Every single time pain was the last thing I had my mind wrapped around, and that time, I was more focused in visualizing their movements inside and outside my body. Was it because of the wine? I managed to smell a sound, who knows what I was capable of doing at that moment.

Our naked bodies were rubbing one another, a part of him made its home inside me; didn’t want him to leave my side, never to leave this bed, never let the virgin inside fall asleep again. Weeks ago I thought the hand shake was the closest I would ever be with him, then I thought, when I inhaled him through the red fabric on my head, that was the closest I will ever be with him, and now this. It wasn’t the first time but It sure felt like it, not like our first time but the feeling of going into something beautiful and hating whenever we had to stop.

The first time I felt an urge to be with him and felt the fire inside me that he’s definitely going to come in was when place was empty and we were the only two left in the villa. I laid in my bathing suit, waiting for him to come in and take me. Just to see me how much I needed him, just to see how I craved his touches, everywhere, all over my body, on my skin, in my hair. Make my dreams come true Oliver, just come in, I left the door opened just for you. Instead, when he didn’t read my mind that day I touched myself. Absentmindedly put my hand down the bathing suit and began to pleasure myself, thinking about him. Eventually, he did come in only to ask me if I wanted to go swimming with him.

Lie. I wanted to be with him, I wanted his skin, way back on his first day with us.

“Elio, look at me.”

I opened my eyes to be stunned by this figure in front of me. Oliver’s hair was a mess and his eyes shined right through me.

“Can I…are you ready?” I felt the nervousness in his voice.

I nodded.

He removed the fingers and in that same hand he spat and with the other he held me by my hip. He soaked his cock with the saliva and carefully pushed me down onto him. Was he shaking? I couldn’t resist looking at him while spitting in his hand and then transferring that saliva onto himself. I kneeled above him and his hand spread my butt cheeks for better access.

And then I felt him. Like I did the first time. I yield my body and my soul to him. I was supporting myself onto his shoulders. He got in all the way. Oliver didn’t say anything, he gave me a moment to adjust to his size. I got up by myself and he pushed me down again. He sat with me in his lap, his back was being showered by the Moon light.

My head went backwards when I pushed down and got up after three times. He was holding my hips and helping me move all the way kissing my stomach. The boy, now man, inside jumped and pushed Oliver back to lay on his back. He laughed with surprise and I just flashed him a smile.

Once the pain felt years and years far I started moving my hips back and forth, twisting my pelvis and letting out only a few gasps. He held my thighs and stroked them with my movements.

After a while I sped up the pace and, finally, moaning. I felt amazing and still a bit drunk. I wanted to make love to him drunk for a while, just to see if the feelings match. And they don’t. This was
way better. Oliver had his eyes shut near the end but mostly he was gasping and breathing heavily through his nose. Again, he got up and kissed me deeply, with tongue. The need to eat his tongue came up to the second I felt him inside my mouth.

On my surprise, he hugged me. I returned the hug and continued to move on top of his and with that, find myself staring at the peach tree outside. For a while I was moving very fast, pushing my pelvis as hard as I could, even worrying I could rip his cock off and when that fear flashed in front of me, I slowed down and earned a mass of moans from his mouth. Hearing him fall apart after the first love making of the night I hissed through my teeth and let out a mix of grunts and moans myself.

On my other surprise, he flipped us over, letting my head violently and suddenly hit the end of the bed and that was the second pose.

“Are you alright? I’m so sorry.” His concern was the last thing on my mind, next to a bruise that was probably going to appear the next day.

“Yes, yes, don’t stop…please.” I bet he loved when I plead for him to devour me.

He nodded a bit worried and continued to pound inside me. I was gasping and panting for God and his name and the holy fuck. Oliver spread my legs as wide as they could go and sped up a bit. I noticed the sounds that were coming underneath me; the bed was creaking with two bodies slapping on top of it. He was so into it, pounding fast and hard and I took it all in.

“Oliver! Ahh…”

“Oh, God…fuck…fuck…”

“Fuck!”

Oliver continued to push everything inside me, moving my body on the bed and making my stomach, and everything I had put inside of it that night, collide and mix. I thought I was going to throw up. But I didn’t. My head was between the clouds when he slowed down and the pushed back in violently. I was stupid to ask him to make love to me slow when he was fucking me hard at that moment and everything felt so good. Every time it seemed like teasing because it was, one push all the way I would receive a kiss and then back out slowly and then back in faster and a kiss at the end. That felt so good, unusual and fantastic.

Seconds later, he grabbed my cock and held it in his hand. He didn’t do a thing to it but his touch made my legs shiver and it triggered something in my brain to send signals to the rest of the body that I was close. Very close. One move and I would be done.

He continued that pace, he could tell by my reaction: eyes shut, lips biting, hands tugging my curls, that I liked the hell out of it. Push in fast, pull out slowly, push in fast, kiss, pull out slowly and so on.

Oliver’s hands were around my cock and, suddenly one moved on the bottom half of my stomach. It seemed as though he was pushing me and making me come with just a touch of my cock.

“Elio…open your eyes.” He said and I did.

I looked at him; flushed and trembling. He was close too. Both of us were, by that point, moaning. It felt good very quickly and it felt good every single time.

“I want to look at you as you come…”
“Oliver…I can’t…” I was panting.

Him pushing my stomach and holding my cock was what woke the need to scream then and there. He started moving the hand on my cock, up and down, rubbing the tip with his thumb. Pleasure was the only type of drunken love I knew and cared about that night. That was the goal, that was his promise to me, to fuck me senseless.

“Oliver…I’m going to…”

“Do it…”

His jerking my cock sped up and I was done within couple of seconds. I came all over my stomach like the usual. He pulled out from inside me and ejaculated on my stomach as well, hissing throughout the scene. I loved looking at him unraveling himself on me. The result of our intense love making was lying perfectly on my skin.

“Come here.” He whispered and then brought my body into his embrace.

His promise came to life. Not only was that brilliant and mesmerizing but also, I felt so pure and so good with him there. He read me like a book and filled the holes with his actions and words. A promise well kept, I thought. The goal was to make me feel good and I thought about how far I’ve come from a drunk, nervous wreck only maybe 30 minutes ago to a state of mind where everything felt so different and wonderful.

“You can rest now, I’ll wake you up later for more.”

“More?”

“Yes. You didn’t actually think that we were only going to do it once?”

“Well, a promise…”

“Yes, I made you a promise. Now sleep, you’ll need your energy later.”

A while later

“You’re staring at me.” I whispered through closed eyes.

“Good morning.”

“What time is it?”

“Two in the morning.” He said after putting my left arm back to my body to check my watch.

“It’s still early.”

I opened my eyes. He was barely a few inches away from my face. The alcohol had completely evaporated from my body, I saw everything like I did before but the feeling was still there. Thank
God it wasn’t the wine. I wasn’t imagining when I felt him make love to me with his feelings, when I mixed his smell and sound, when I felt like the virgin touched for the very first time.

“You have freckles. I never noticed that before.”

He ran his fingers over my face. He found out something new about me, lying so close I wondered how he could have missed it.

“They’re adorable. I wish I could kiss each and every one of them.”

“Why don’t you?”

“I can’t believe I missed them. And I kissed every other part of you.”

“How is that even possible?”

“I have no idea. I thought I knew everything about your face. The green eyes, crooked on the inside front teeth, chapped up lips from all the biting before you come, a bit deformed nose at the top. But this is new, they’re hardly visible, only under the Moon light like now.”

I felt tingling sensation down there.

“There’s a lot you don’t know about me.”

“And I don’t want to know.”

That stung.

“I love the way we are like this. I know you too good to even doubt the thought I don’t know a thing about you. Believe it or not, Elio, only few things can tell you a complete life story based on the person’s favorite book, favorite song and a thing that makes them lose all sense of control. And I know it all. The best part, the thing that makes you lose all sense of control…”

My cock was rising with every word of his.

He stopped.

“Is lying next to me.” I whispered to his face.

I was hard.

“Your words not mine.”

That was it for me. I was up and ready to go again still covered in our cum from the previous action. And it was his turn. I freed myself from him and got in between his legs. The violence was not my plan but I screwed the plan once I grabbed his thighs to bring him closer to me.

“Oliver. I’m going to fuck you now.”

“Oh, yes.”

His approval sounded more like a whimper. Was he nervous? I’ve only been inside him once before.

Should I go in dry? What and make him immobile for three days straight. I couldn’t, I wanted to but a part of me wanted to trust in right away and the other wanted to make him feel good. There
was no way a good combination to come out of it. What if I go in dry and he loses the function in his legs and wouldn’t be able to sit on the train and his plane back to the States and he’d have to stay here with us forever? Yes, that’s sounds like a plan. A stupid one.

I was aroused and needed to hit something. Oliver looked relax underneath me and I thought that if I do this the right way again, he would be moaning very soon.

I spat in my hand and covered his hole with it. He closed his eyes and threw his head back to hang from the bed. I only massaged the hole, barely putting any fingers in. His face became red almost instantly on the touch of his hole, the Moon light showed me his straight and well carved jaw line. Oliver was throwing his head left and right and I was enjoying looking at him trying to hold it it but failed because he was hard again.

I bet he was very surprised on my decision to fuck him and he should be, I just got fucked by his words, every word describing me from his point of view. He’d seen so much of me and every part of me for the past six weeks. Body parts, body movements, the possibilities I was getting ready to push my body to the limits and over it and then there was the emotional part of me; with him I never held anything inside and why would I, it was him that destroyed the walls around my heart and it was him who had my permission to move inside and never leave.

I pushed a finger in and he held his breath. If he’d let it out it would’ve probably awoken the entire villa. There was no warning, I just did it. It felt good so I pushed another one in. My eyes never went to see what my fingers were up to, I was focused on him. How is it that Oliver was as sensitive as I was when it came to fingering each other? I moved them for a while, it was hard, he was so tight.

“Stop, stop, stop…”

“Wh-what?” I stuttered.

“Get the fingers out…I want you.”

“I can’t just yet, I need to stretch you, you’ll be…”

“I don’t care. Get inside me now…ah…”

He was insane, but my plan about hurting him so he could never leave me was finally coming to life. I kept the fingers inside as I spat again in the other hand and soaked my cock with the saliva. Like right on time, I replaced my fingers with my cock and slowly pushed the head in and, because I don’t know how to control myself, I pushed inside him with everything I had.

I was waiting for him to react but nothing came out of his mouth except moans and occasional gasps. I waited for him to start breathing normally again but I also needed to make sure he was there and not in “Pain land”.

“Oliver? Are you okay? Talk to me.”

He inhaled and exhaled deeply. No answer.

“Oliver, a-a-are you there?”

Humor.

“Goodness Elio! Fuck, I’m sorry if I scared you…that feels so good…fuck…mmm…you can, you can move now…”
“Are you sure?”

He nodded with eyes still closed and head thrown back. So I moved my cock inside him, in and out. His expressions changed frequently but his breathing improved. I started at him a bit worried. Do I look like this?

Just the wait made me feel my own cock pulse from the need to get into something. Maybe I was a bit harsh towards him with the fingers and even more when I slid my cock inside him.

He squeezed his eyes shut even more, he was about to sob and I began moving inside him faster. On the inside, he was tight and hot almost like feverish. My cock was boiling inside him and he wasn’t making any gestures just breathing uncontrollably and hissing with every trust of mine. Do something, say something!

I pulled him closer by coming down and lifting his head from the edge of the bed. I kissed him and as an instant reaction, he kissed me at the same time with tongue and that was the trigger for him to finally relax around me. I was already leaking in precum so the movement was better because it had on what to slide on and create friction.

“Oh yes!” He finally spoke in my face.

“Ah, Oliver, you’re so tight!”

“Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me…fuck…” He hissed and threw back his tongue in my mouth.

And I fucked him, over and over until I was starting to feel cramps in my thighs. I decided on when the both of us would release our juices. As I was on my way to grab and jerk his cock he came all over himself, without my touch, without any warning. Oliver came so hard and undone, I was surprised, maybe I wasn’t too harsh or not harsh at all, whatever he thought.

“Fuck Elio!” He threw his head back and loudly screamed my name out.

“Quiet…”

“Are you fucking kidding me. Look what you did to me! This is the best feeling…Oh God!”

I kissed him again and released myself inside him with a loud grunt and too, without any warning. He moaned once his hole was filled with my cum. I rolled over and laid next to him, still staring at his chest and making sure if his breathing would ever get back to normal again.

And it did, when he fell asleep seconds later.

I mirrored his action and fell asleep myself.

Soft kisses on my shoulder woke me up. In the middle of the night Oliver hugged me from behind and was kissing my back. Our naked bodies entangled one another, fingers intertwined; I didn’t feel a single move. I guess my body got used to the idea of him pressed against me, skin to skin. It was probably like breathing, inhale and exhale, like blinking, like making a face when you talk to a dumb person, something every human being does absentmindedly.
I caressed the skin on his forearms.

“Oh, you’re awake.”

“Mhm.” I murmured.

“Did you sleep at all?”

“Did you?” I moved aside to look at him.

“After that…I could’ve slept for days.”

“I’m glad you liked it.”

“Liked it? I loved it. I don’t know what the hell did you do to me and I don’t want to know. Thank you for releasing me, Elio.”

“Releasing you? From what?”

“Everything. I’ve been trying to sort my mind ever since I got here, trying to relax and think on our special spot for six weeks, almost every night…but now…I feel relaxed and at peace like I never did before in my life. And it’s all because of you.”

I kissed him.

“What time is it?” He asked in the middle of the kiss.

“Almost five.”

“Oh. You want to go again?” He smirked.

“I do, but…let’s just lay like this for a while…can we?”

“Oh, of course we can, anything you want.”

This was our last night at the villa, at the Perlman house, in our room. In the room where everything started and now it was the perfect place to end it. Our bodies laid in the same position since the night had started and it hasn’t move from the Moon light upon us. I wasn’t tired at all, I just wanted to keep us like that for a while longer or possibly forever.

The softness of his skin was better than I expected ever since I first laid my eyes on him. In the beginning, every step he took near my door I had hoped for him to burst in and take me, no matter the time of the day; morning, noon, evening, night.

And now I have him, he’s lying next to me, kissing my skin, caressing my hair, thrusting into my heart with every word coming out of his mouth. His mouth, oh how I’ve come to love his mouth and everything it does to me. He was literally my addiction, like a bad drug, but…every drug is bad. Oliver was the type of drug I wouldn’t mind to get hooked on and die from it, die from all of the consuming, die from having him in my system. Don’t leave my system, don’t leave this bed, don’t leave me. Please.

“What’s this?”

I noticed a white scratch on his palm and ran a finger through it, he didn’t move.
“Oh that…I smashed a glass last year, it left a scar.”

“Why did you do it?”

“I was angry, it was in a moment of madness.”

“Something must’ve really pissed you off, to lead you to leave a mark on your skin.”

“Someone.”

“Your father?”

“Bingo.”

“Why?”

“Long story, no point in telling, I’ll just get angry all over again.”

“There’s not a glass here to smash.”

“There’s you…kidding…” He kissed my cheek.

I kissed his palm at the end couple of times, like when he kissed my foot when I had a nosebleed. He moved my chin to face him and he kissed me again, deeply.

“Turn around.” He whispered into my lips.

I was ready like never before. This is it. Our last love making on this bed.

I laid on my stomach, almost touching the floor with my hands. My eyes never went behind to see what’s going on, I left it all to him, my body was now in his hands. He spread my legs and got in between them, began tickling my inner thighs and then moving the finger tips to my calves. I squirmed a bit from all of the sensation, letting only soft moans on the covers where my face laid. My cock was rising very quickly and it began to hurt while lying on my abdomen.

“Oh, fuck…touch me…Oliver…”

I was biting the covers when he moved his fingers so close to my hole and then pulled it back.

“Oliver…touch me, please…”

His hands went back down and up again, only his finger tips made my hair stood up all over my body.

“Oliver…”

“Hang on. Don’t fall off the bed.”

“If you don’t do anything soon I’ll fall on purpose just to to-o-o…fuck!”

Not even letting me to finish my plead, he lifted my lower body into a kneeling position with me still hanging up front and already had his tongue in me. He spread my butt cheeks as wide as they could go and began licking and sucking the flesh. I was seeing stars again. The kisses were wet and sloppy, a finger came in occasionally, making me move even closer to the floor. Oliver held me in place but I couldn’t take it. I felt my legs getting numb and that numbness was spreading to my stomach.
“Mm, you like this?”

“Yes, yes…oh…don’t stop…”

“Not planning to, just don’t come yet.”

“I can’t…”

“Hold it in. I told you the difference…”

“I can’t think now…”

He added another finger, licked the hole and then pushed the fingers inside and that was the way.

“Stop, stop…I’m ready…oh…”

“I know you’re ready…I just love seeing you fall apart like this…”

“You’re the cruelest man alive!”

There was never a pause between the fingering and the moment I felt him enter me. I let out a loud moan and was praying to God for no one to hear me. He never stopped, just went it all the way. Oliver was impulsive and I loved it. He fucked me with everything he had, with the last atom of his energy after being up all day and all night. With every thrust, a moan came out of my mouth and a grunt from his. Breathing was the last thing I had to think about, I had him inside me once again, I wanted to squeeze my muscles tight down there to keep him forever.

It felt like eternity from when we entered the room, I looked up, not on purpose, and saw that the sky wasn’t dark anymore, stars came down, the Moon pulled itself from the window. It was another day, another morning, his last day, our last day here. Let’s use these last moments in the right way.

I got up and pressed my sweaty back to his sweaty torso. It seemed like every time we’d done it in this position, I always got up just to be closer to him. In that moment there wasn’t a part of him that wasn’t touching me. My body was pressed to his, his cock was inside me, my calves were under him and touching his calves as well. His hands were glued to my stomach, pulling me closer and tighter, my hands were on top of his, helping him pulling me closer. It was so intense and I was ready to cry and come at the same time. The need to sob in his hands was the last thing I would want to do any other day but that night, that moment…I couldn’t hold myself anymore.

Oliver kissed my neck with my head falling onto his shoulders and whispered “It’s okay, let it go, let it all out.”

With his thrusts I let my tears fall down my face, some landed on his shoulders. How did he know how and where to touch me to make me cry like that?

One touch of his hand and I was done, I ejaculated all over it, it was leaking with my cum. The second I got everything out it was like I could breathe again, like I was holding the air for years and now thanks to him it was finally out. My body was limp.

Oliver whispered my name on my ear and released himself inside me again.

“Oliver, I love you.” I turned to look at him with tears in my eyes.
“I love you too Elio. Oh, fuck…”

“I’m sorry for crying.”

“Don’t ever apologize to me for that.”

“I feel like I’m always crying in front of you.”

“I don’t care.”

He removed himself from inside me and got out of the bed. For the first time that night. I laid on my back staring at his beautiful and sweaty body.

“What time is it?” He asked.

“Six.”

“Already?”

“It was five o’clock 10 minutes ago.”

“Elio…” He got down to where my head laid. “We just made love for six hours.”

“An all-nighter.”

“Exactly.”

“But we slept a bit in between.”

“It doesn’t matter, this night is always going to be the one when we fucked our brains out.” Even when he talked dirty it sounded so beautiful.

He kissed my forehead and got into the bathroom.

“You better move that beautiful body back to your room before your father wakes us up.”

“I will…as soon as my legs stop shaking.”

I looked around the room and saw that all of his things were packed. Only a pair of shorts and a blue shirt were sitting on the chair, waiting for Oliver to wear them.

That was it. Everything started in that room, in that bed and now it was the end. His cum was dripping from my hole and the other ones were sticking on my skin. I remembered the day we made love up in the attic and afterwards forbade me to wash myself, leaving me stuck to the chair.

Oliver fucked the nervousness out of me.

The Sun shined through the window and it was my cue to get up and get out of there. I picked up my stuff from the floor and went to my bedroom. It seemed so foreign to me.

After showering for about 20 minutes, Oliver knocked on my door. I said to come in, he was wearing nothing except the towel around his waist; his hair was wet, water was dripping from his chest hair.

“Wanna join me?”
I jumped like a little happy boy and went straight into the bathroom. On my way he pulled me into a deep kiss, pushing me against the wall. Why were we so perfect?

“Don’t you dare try anything. We have to get downstairs soon.”

He pointed a finger on my chest.

“Don’t worry, you can trust me.” I smiled.

What a lie.

“There’s not a chance I could ever trust you after pulling an all-nighter.”

“It’s not my fault I can’t control.”

I smirked making my eyes glue to his wet cock under the towel.

“Idiot.” He kissed me again and helped me get in the bathtub all along getting himself naked.

Oliver wet the sponge and then ran it through my body, later, he added soap and repeated the motion. He slid that thing on every part of my body. I never stopped looking at him and his facial expressions when he went between my legs. My face stayed the same, it felt so normal to have him touch me down there again. He moved to my hair, letting soap drip from my hair to my face, I closed my eyes and was separated from Oliver. After that, the water washed everything off of me. He was already getting dry.

“We never showered together.” I said.

“Never. But…there’s always room for something new.”

I got out of the tub and he wrapped me in a towel and then whipped me with it. We kissed while drying my body together. So much of him came out of me. He left my body again but he would be only mine for the next 72 hours.

“See you downstairs.” He said into a kiss and then came back to his room.

I nodded and went inside my bedroom.

Chapter End Notes

The exams are finally done! It was indeed a very crazy week, a lot of sleepless nights and a lot of tears but it's done and i'm so proud of myself for making it work. My summer can finally begin and i couldn't wait to post this chapter.
The trip

Chapter Summary

A trip to Bergamo.

Chapter Notes

This is a short one, I also wrote it a while ago and edited it recently. I'm planning to stretch the three days in Bergamo to three chapters, each day specially written for itself. Enjoy this one and thank you for all the kudos!

It was 7 in the morning when my father knocked on the door.

“Come in.”

“Oh, Elio, you’re awake.”

“Yeah, for a while now.”

“Good. I’ll go wake Oliver up. As soon as you finish come downstairs. Let us all have breakfast for the last time together.”

“Hey dad?”

“Yes?”

“Thank you for letting me go.”

“Elly, you know I’m all for you exploring and traveling the world.”

“Yeah I know, but thanks anyway.”

He nodded and he got out.

Last time together.

Couple of seconds later I heard my father knock on his door, he was also awake.

By that point I couldn’t even keep my head on shoulders, the tiredness finally caught up to me. Being up and active all night had consequences in the morning. A lot had happened over the last couple of hours, days even and the thought that the end was here was eating me inside and the thing was, it wasn’t me who was leaving, it was him. In a way, maybe the leaving was mutual, he was leaving me and I was leaving him.

I couldn’t predict the days that were yet to come so I pushed those thoughts deep inside a box in the deepest part of my brain and began putting my shoes on sitting on my bed.
A knock on the door. But not the door of the bathroom, it was from his room.

“Come in.”

“Hey.”

“Hi.” My voice was low and soft, I was exhausted.

He sat next to me, already dressed and smelling nice. Oliver no longer reeked of wine and cigarettes, combined with sweat and cum. The hair was combed back and the necklace, Star of David, was tugged under his blue shirt. How my brain works when I’m tired, I seemed to remember that he wore that shirt on our trip to the river the morning after we slept together for the first time, and didn’t change it later in the morning when he sucked me off, and later in the day when I ran to the city just to be with him, and finally when we had sex in the attic. A lot of memories fit into one shirt. I am convinced no one’s brain worked like mine.

I wore my short jeans and a blue-white shirt on stripes. The same combination I wore the day we went to lake Garda and on the way had our first minor fight about Chiara and at the end we made peace.

“How are you feeling?” He asked.

“Tired.” I answered still tying my sneakers.

“Me too. How’s your head?” I needed time to recall what he was talking about but it shot me like a gun; when he threw me on the bed and I kicked the end with my head.

“Oh that, it’s fine, I forgot all about it. Are you okay?”

“Of course, don’t worry about it.”

“Are you in pain?”

“Elio. Stop worrying, I’m fine, it hurt a little bit but I was totally numb after it.”

Silence.

“My promise came to life. Did you enjoy it?”

I looked up to find him already staring at me, so close. What a stupid question. He indeed made his promise worth the wait. To fuck me senseless, like he said, I was officially brain dead in the morning. But to even begin with it, it wasn’t just about to make me come so many times, once everything started coming out of me, everything did come out of me. Oliver managed to bring up the deepest emotions a person could ever posses from inside me, with his hands and mouth, tongue and cock. I never felt like anything like I felt that morning. I was beyond exhausted but it was all worth it, because not only was a sexually satisfied, I was also emotionally and spiritually satisfied and happy. For the first time I was happy in my life. It’s strange for a 17-year-old boy to think like that but in that moment, I wanted nothing more or less than a man who was sitting next to me that morning and spent the entire night inside me. Period.

“You know I did. Didn’t you hear me?”

“I heard yes, of course. But I know you can do it better.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”
“I mean, you can do it louder.” He whispered.

“Oh, that.”

“What did you think I was talking about?”

“Nothing, nothing.” I looked away.

“Wait. Did you think I was talking about you In bed…Elio…shame on you, never second guess that, please…”

“Alright, alright I won’t.”

“You’re an idiot. Don’t ever think like that I beg of you. What you did to me and not only by making love to me or fucking me, like you said you would, but how your body answers to me when I’m inside you…that’s the only satisfaction I need to have in my life. Seeing you like that is the only thing that helps me get through the day. And now, within couple of hours, we’re going to be completely alone and let us have the most amazing three days a person can have in life. Okay?”

“Oh.”

His chin started caressing my shoulder and I leaned my head on his. Like the first time with every couple, the kiss that followed was so innocent and accidental. It was like whenever you wanted to kiss a person you had a crush on but you had to move your lips closer and closer to her, subtle and slow until you accidentally ran into other pair of lips and then continued what you had started in your head.

A peck and then a full mouth kiss with tongue. One of his hands held my waist and pulled me closer to him. I ran fingers through his silky hair and deepened the kiss.

“That’s all you’re going to get for now.” He said once we parted.

“And later?”

“That’s for later.”

We got up and he ran to his room to get his stuff and I did the same. We went downstairs, leaving our stuff in the living room on a sofa and went back to eat.

“Good morning.” Oliver greeted my parents and Mafalda who was circling around the table getting all the food out.

“Oliver! Did you sleep well?” My mother asked.

“I did.” He gave me a glimpse from the corner of his eyes when I sat next to him, facing the orchard.

“Elio? What about you?”

“Sure did. I passed out as soon as I hit the pillow.”

“Good. Mon amour, be nice, behave well, don’t bother Oliver, let him finish what he needs to.”

“Oh Lord, yes, mother of course.”
“And call us when you get there. I need to know if everything goes well.”
“Fine.”
“And show Oliver around, you know the town.”
“I’ve been there only once before.”
She expected me to know every corner of the town in which I’ve been only once before.
“You’re a smart boy, you know your way around.”
She was annoying me that early in the day while I just wanted to sleep. But I never seemed to hold it against her, she means well and I just wanted for time to speed so I could just jump into the bus to be with him. I’ll sleep on the bus, I thought.
“Oliver keep an eye on him, I don’t want any trouble.”
“You got it ma’am.”
“Good, good. Now, eat please. You’ll need the energy.”
For the last time ever, his foot was on top of mine. I relaxed once I felt his touch. For the last time with my parents, in the backyard, at the breakfast table; the thought showered me with nostalgia which was stupid because he was right there, next to me. He seemed not to care if anybody see us and frankly, neither did I.

We ate, drank the apricot juice, some tart at the end and, of course, no breakfast could go by without an enormous amount of talking and laughter. Even I started talking and laughing with them which was unusual, I was always that kid at the table who couldn’t stand the other people present. But that time it was so different, It really did feel like some thing were about to change and that I should just use my time with them while I still have it.

It was 8 when we were done. Oliver went upstairs to the bathroom one last time and I was happy to be blessed with a bladder that could hold it for hours.

While he was upstairs I said goodbye to Anchise and Mafalda, both of them hugged me and told me to watch my behavior and be good.

On his way down he said goodbye to Anchise, they hugged and exchange something in Italian. When I asked him what did they talk about on our way out, he said that Anchise showed him how to water the fruit, on what time during the day and that after they hugged Anchise just reminded him the right way of taking care of it. He patted Oliver’s back and went the other way around.

“What do you have the conditions to grow fruit?”
“No, I do not.”
I smiled as he passed me and went to say goodbye to a very important person in the villa.

Mafalda waited for him, she wasn’t wearing the apron and was waiting with opened arms. That hug was adorable, it lasted almost a full minute, she kissed his cheek at the end and he kissed her hand, like when a gentleman greets a lady.

We grabbed the stuff and went out the front where we were being waited by my parents.
The ride to the town took us about 30 minutes. The bus leaves at 9 and just a precaution, we were there 20 minutes earlier. We were driving through the nature which, on bike, Oliver and I managed to visit almost every part of. We passed the road which led us to the famous berm where we kissed for the first time. I don’t know if he knew the way because I took him there only once and I’ve been going there for years.

Once we were out my mother gave us the tickets and then lit up another cigarette. We all hung around the car. Oliver talked about his book and his research and how would he be going to meet with his Italian publisher and my father was the only one listening to him. I kept looking their way, the movement of his hands, his lips moving, his eyes shining, the muscles twitching, hearing his deep voice and a smile at the very end. I couldn’t help but smile myself. Who would’ve thought that this man came here to write a book and have a vacation in Italy but ended spending the last couple of nights inside me and making me beg for release. I would never have imagined that I would fall in love with one of our summer residents. I despised the tradition, mostly because I had to vacate my room and move next door to a very uncomfortable bed, but Oliver was Oliver. The addiction from the very start. His arrogance and ignoring me only pulled me closer to him. Funny, I thought.

Mother pulled me aside.

“Be good, please.”

“I will, don’t worry. You can trust me.”

“I trust you completely.”

“Doesn’t sound like it.”

“Oh, mon amour. You’ll be a parent one day and you’ll understand what I’m talking about here.”

She kissed my cheek and at that time the bus came along. All the people that were going in the same direction as we were began hugging and saying goodbye to all their loved ones.

I hugged and kissed my parents before the bus stopped and the driver came down to open the trunk. Again, I was warmed to be good and to behave well and not to bother Oliver. What if he bothers me?

“You know you’ve been our favorite student.” She said to Oliver. “You must come back.”

“You sure you’re not just saying that?” He smiled.

My father and I were putting our bags in the trunk.

“Oliver.” She sighed.

“Thank you very much, professor.”

We went our way around to the other side to the entrance. The people were getting in.

“Oh, man…” Oliver grunted, I felt he didn’t want to leave, he knew that the trip would be a disaster. Going from one town to the other, the train station, the airport and finally, home sweet
home in the States.

“Please, please, come back soon.” My father said.

“Come back? I’m just going home to pack. I’m moving here.”

They laughed.

“You’re welcome.”

I was already on my way up there and found us a good place to sit. I turned around to see what’s holding him, they were hugging and exchanged couple of kisses on the cheeks, even my father gave him a big hug instead of a handshake. I bet he said “Later, later Perlmans.” That’s how I imagined him leaving.

“Later.”

There were people all over the bus, women mostly, but I was waiting for my man.

He finally went inside and moved all over the bus waving at them saying “Ciao, ciao, arrivederci, ciao, ciao”. I mocked them leaning my head a throwing my tongue out to the window. They ran to the back and were still waving at us, wishing us a good trip.

After a while he came back and sat next to, I took my glasses of and saw that he was already happily starring at me. He was onto something and I was in love with whatever was on his mind.

“What?” I asked looking at him.

“Nothing.”

“What?” I wanted to know what was on his mind, why the look.

“Nothing.” He finally said and pushed his shoulder with mine, friendly.

I was exhausted even after him coming back to me, I counted on adrenaline to keep me awake but there was no use. I wanted to kiss him so badly but didn’t want to raise looks and gossip from all the women and men around us.

The bus let the siren’s sound and we were on our way out of Crema.

“Chiara just missed us.” He spoke after some time.

“Now?”

“Yup.”

“What happened between you two?”

“Absolutely nothing. What you saw, that was basically it.”

“Did you sleep with her?”

He laughed at my question but I figured it was Oliver, there’s no shame in asking.

“No, nothing like that. She wanted to, after the dance she was a bit waisted and went for my belt but I pulled her hand off of me and sent her on her way. Only few kisses but I was pretty much
“avoiding her.”

“What’s with you and avoiding people?”

We both smiled at that, knowing I asked him because he was avoiding me in the beginning.

“Are you tired?”

“Mhm, a bit…”

“You can sleep now If you want to. Lean on me.”

“Can I?”

“Of course, I’ll wake you up if there’s a stop or a bathroom break. Don’t drool on me.”

“I don’t drool.”

I smiled at him and he reached and rested his hand on my knee. There was no one next to us, only a lady behind us and a man in front. I put my hand on top of his and shifted my body in a way so my head was resting on his shoulder and fell asleep.

I woke up hours later on my own. It was noon and Oliver was still supporting my head with his shoulders.

“Did you sleep okay? Don’t lie to me like you did to your mother this morning.”

“You lied too.”

“Point taken.”

“Yeah, it was good.”

“I gave the conductor our tickets, just so you know.”

“Mm, excellent, thanks.”

I stretched my muscles and twisted my head to hear the bones crack.

“I can’t wait to get there.” He said.

“Me too.”

“Your parents got us a good room. It's only couple of minutes away from the university. So in the morning, while you’re asleep I’ll just sneak out and do my business and I’ll be back before you wake up.”

“What if I don’t sleep?”

“You’re an idiot.”

“Kiss the idiot.” I whispered closer to his ear.
“I wouldn’t want anything else right now. But we can’t.”

“Fuck them.”

“Gladly. But I’d rather fuck you.”

“Please.” I sighed.

“Stop it. Keep your hormones down for couple of more hours.”

“Oh, but it’s so hard.”

“Already?”

We laughed.

A short after, there was a bathroom break and couple of people left the bus and few more came in. I needed to use the toilet but so did he. It was crowded inside so there was not a chance or space for me to make a move on him.

We came back on the bus and drove for the next two and a half hours and finally came to our destination. Bergamo. *Now, this is the place where everything begins*. Bergamo.
The bus left us in the middle of the town around 3 in the afternoon. We got out of the bus and went to pick up our stuff, four more people also got out of the bus. Oliver was busy gathering his stuff while I took a look around to see the town and where were we. Were surrounded by cafés and shops, people and tall, but old, buildings. The day wasn’t as sunny as we hoped it would be, bunch of grey clouds were hanging above our heads and it smelled like it was going to rain.

“We should use this time before it starts pouring.” He said.

“Good idea.”

He was holding his bag and his backpack was already on his shoulders. I held mine in my hand.

“So, where to first?”

“I know where.” I smiled at him.

“Lead the way, please.”

“But we should go to the hotel to leave our stuff there.”

“Yes, another good idea!”

I smiled at his comment.

Finding the hotel took us some time. We were walking and asking around for about 20 minutes but eventually found it because it occurred to Oliver that is near the university.

The hotel wasn’t a big one but inside everything brought such warmth inside me, everything seemed small and dated. The front desk was carved from dark wood and the walls were full of bookshelves and books on them. While I was looking around, Oliver was talking to the lady that worked at the front desk. She informed us that another bus was coming in two hours to pick up the guests that were already staying here and taking them home and that rooms would be done within an hour. We asked if we could leave our stuff here and she said yes to that idea.
“Bring your sweater.” I said once he was settling his suitcase in the lobby.

“Alright, if you say so.”

“I’ll go and call the old ones waiting at home, just to let them know we arrived.”

“Yes, say hi to them from me.”

“No.” I smiled.

I asked the woman at the front desk where can I use the phone and she pointed the one on the wall and the price. My father answered.

“Dad?”

“Elio, hi!”

“Hi, I just want you to know we’ve arrived and the trip was fine and we’re good, alive and healthy. Oh, and Oliver says Hi as well.”

“Alright, Elio, I’m glad to hear that. Do you like the hotel? Say hi to Oliver too.”

“We can’t check in yet, not for another hour or two, but we’ll go sight-seeing first and then hit the room.”

“Okay, Elio. Go have fun! Call us when you want us to come and pick you up.”

That stung me so much and so badly.

“Alright, bye dad!”

“Bye!”

The first thing I wanted to do, once we arrived in Bergamo, was for him to see the waterfall. It was set in the middle of nowhere, the forest was far away from the town and since it was out away and out in the open, the nature was going to surround us, I insisted that we bring something with long sleeves on top. We could’ve gotten wet or freeze ourselves and later catch a cold and ruin our time together.

The woods were starting to appear after a walk that took us about half an hour away from the town. We walked and talked about where we should go and what to see, Oliver made me his tour guide. We were completely alone. I thought that maybe people were feeling the rain coming around the corner so they were avoiding the outdoors. Good, more space for us to fool around, I thought.

Once I laid my eyes on the first rock in the middle of the forest I raced and sat on it and began undoing the belts on my backpack.

“Dress warm. It’s not as steamy as it looks.”

“Hold this.” He gave me his backpack, sat next to me and began opening it to get the sweater out.

He took out his gray sweater, which I’ve never seen before, and wore it over his blue shirt. I did the same with my colorful sweater and we were ready to go.
“You’ve been here before?” He asked, looking around.

“Yeah. Years ago. My father took me for a couple of days. He was teaching at the university.”

“He sat up this meeting for me, you know?”

“Not surprised. He can basically pull any kind of connection, whatever you need.”

“He got us a good hotel. The reservation is on his name.”

I smiled at him as I was done putting my backpack back on my shoulders.

“Let’s go.” I said.

“Wait.”

Ha came closer to me only to kiss me, softly. The kiss lasted a bit shorter than I intended to be so I was caught off guard when he stopped. I already inhaled a lot of air due to the surprise of him kissing me for the first time in hours.

“It’s just us now.” He said with a smile.

He was right, it was just us so I wasn’t planning to lose that time to anything or anyone. If it was even possible to spend every minute of every hours for those three days with him, I wouldn’t need to blink to second guess that decision.

We had all the time in the world to do whatever we wanted and all I wanted was him and whatever he was in the mood to do. Let us make these last days the best days of our lives.

As an impulsive kid I was sometimes I started running up the little hills. He came right after me and on my surprise was the first one to call out his own name as it was my own. The fact that his words still mattered like they did when we first slept together, and in the heat of the moment or passion or even love, made me feel that warmth in my abdomen again. I knew what it was, I felt it before but never like this, never in this amount of doze.

“Elio!” I yelled as he was running after me.

“Oliver!”

“Elio! Woah!”

“Oli-ver!”

“Elio! Elio! Yeah!”

“Oliver!”

At some point I had no idea who I was, what was my real name. I was the luckiest kid alive and the happiest person at that moment. Alone, in the nature, with the man whom I was in love with… I was Oliver or was I Elio? What was his name? Oliver? No. Elio? Oliver? No idea, let’s keep it that way, I thought.

We continued the running although it became more and more difficult because the grass was starting to get slippery and I knew we were close to the waterfall, I could hear it running down. I was right to insist the sweaters, it was freaking cold underneath it. The climb was making me tired all over again and needed to stop to take a break or breathe at least. I turned to him, a bit clumsy,
his hand held me in place and out of all the things I wanted to do him at that moment, I couldn’t bring myself to start something I knew I wasn’t going to finish. Wait for the warmth of your bed at the hotel, I thought. I messed up his shining hair and continued to climb.

The waterfall appeared in front of us and I waited for him to be next to me so that we could look at it and explore it together.

“See? It’s so beautiful.” I said, mesmerized like when I saw it for the first time in my life.

“Oh, wow, yeah…you were right to come here first.”

“It’s so relaxing, watching the water fall like this. And to think what else does the nature have in stored for us.”

“You’re right.” He sighed and put his hand around my shoulder.

With every wave I felt like I was getting drunk all over again. I wished we could just stay and sleep there, make love while the water does its course. Panta rei.

There was rock closer to the waterfall and we sat on it, watching this beautiful creation by nature. And then I thought, in a way we too are the creation by nature, let’s watch us do whatever our bodies, minds and impulses were supposed to do.

His hand was still around my shoulder and I leaned into it, letting my body rest on his. It was my turn to initiate a shy kiss like he did that morning.

“What a wonderful idea.” He whispered and I heard him clearly even next to the water.

“What?”

“To kiss here, underneath the waterfall. A bright kid.”

“Your words not mine.”

“Hm, please continue what you started.”

I kissed his jaw and then moved to his wet lips. The air was thick due to the water itself and splashing us even that far away wasn’t unavoidable. I kissed him again. And then again. He hugged me and pulled me closer to him letting our heads lean on one another.

“Let’s go.” I said and got out of his embrace. I would’ve stayed there forever but I still wanted for us to run on the wet grass and then later on, make love in our hotel room.

We continued to run, laugh and scream me, his, our names. At one point, I was in so much pain on that special spot just below the rib cage and I had to stop again. He caught up to me and checked if I was okay, but really I just needed to stabilize my breathing.

My legs started running on their own and Oliver followed. Once we reached the narrow fields, without the rocks, we began moving a bit faster.

And then I fell.

Wasn’t surprised but Oliver screamed of laughter. I had no balance when I slipped and hit the ground with my face, kissing all that the nature has left for me. When I got up my face was wet and
I had tiny pieces of grass on my face which Oliver, when he was done balling and holding his stomach, cleaned it and then kissed me while still laughing.

“I can’t believe you just fell!”

“I’m glad you liked it.”

“I loved it!”

“Ha, ha.”

“I’m sorry, sorry, are you okay? You’re not hurt or anything?”

“No, except my face. Well at least I ate.”

He started laughing again and that stirred me to laugh with him. My sweater was all wet and Oliver offered to give me his but I rejected it, saying it was time to head back.

He was still laughing, occasionally but never let go of me.

It was around 6 on the evening when we dragged our exhausted bodies to the hotel, saying hello to the girl at the front desk on the way in. She waved at us with a big smile and gave us the key to our room, we thanked her and began taking the sweater off of us and were finally on our way to the room.

The room was on the first floor, small and very intimate. Only one bed but big enough for the both of us. We threw our things on it, gathering and making a pile of it. There was one closet, one wooden desk and a small bathroom. I was happy as soon as I saw the balcony but first I collapsed on the bed, holding my head in hands, still going through the fall I had a while back. Oliver was laughing the whole way upstairs and on his entrance in the room. I too laughed a bit but felt the headache coming over me very soon, I was afraid of getting another nosebleed.

Oliver jumped over my legs that were hanging from the bed and went straight to the tiny balcony. I picked myself up and stood next to him while eyeing the view we got. Since we were completely alone, and it was August, I figured everybody went on their vacations and holidays.

Could this get any better, I thought as I looked at him and pulled my tradition of leaning my head to his shoulder and letting my entire body fall onto his. He thought it was a game and began tickling me. I was way to tired and in love to stop him, his hands traveling on my body wherever and whenever. The thought of fighting it and probably making some noises did cross my mind but it made him laugh even more so I let him do this to me and later on, pushed me on the bed. Actually, I tried to escape but he fell on top of me continued or, better yet, never separated his hands from my stomach. The laugh inside me wanted to escape but I was more in the mood of getting him naked on a completely different bed than ours, in a totally different city with the same goal like the previous one’s.

Oliver continued tickling me until he stopped only to realize I was trying to pull his shirt off of him. He didn’t say a word only continued to take his shirt off and then moved his hands to me, taking my shirt as well. I pushed our stuff off the bed and moved us in the center, the windows were open and we were alone. Oliver stopped what he was doing and brought his hand to my cheek, looking me deep in the eyes, we were both breathing faster.

“You’re so beautiful. I could look at your face all day and find something new each time.”
I blushed.

“Now you’re blushing. You blush every time I look at you and call you beautiful.”

I shrugged my shoulders.

“Why are you blushing when it’s the truth? Do you blush when I say that the Earth revolves around the Sun or that Mozart is dead? That’s the truth.”

“I blush because of you.”

“Oh, I see. Well, I can’t blame you. That’s how I knew that you liked me.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I think it was my first week with you guys, we were talking about compositors over dinner, or you were on that matter, and I looked at you but didn’t stop looking until you looked back at me and then you blushed. That’s how I knew.”

I couldn’t believe it.

“So you knew all this time?”

“Let’s say I was pretty sure. I mean, I knew I was making you uncomfortable, I just needed to make sure.” He smiled at the end.

I smiled back and brought his face to mine and kissed it; kissed his eyelids, nose, cheeks, upper lip, lower lip.

“Oliver. Make love to me.”

He kissed me again and proceeded in getting the rest of our clothes off. It took some time to remove my sneakers and then his after me. I brought my leg up to him and he began untying the bust, all with a huge grin on his face. Seconds later, the shoes, trousers and underwear were settled on a pile next to our bed. This was a bed that was made for us. Back home, we had to combine two into one, like our bodies, and the one in my room was small for us, we needed space.

I laid naked before him and loved every second of it. Suddenly, the laugh we were sharing minutes ago seemed so far away, there was nothing but silence in the room. My heart was racing like crazy but I was glad he couldn’t hear it. Every single time I would get the same feeling right before we do it, in a way, it always made me sure and safe that he wouldn’t do anything to hurt me and I was blessed for that opportunity.

Oliver was kneeling in between my legs, his hands were gently caressing my knees and thighs, up and down, making me squirm and shift my body due to the overwhelming sensation. I was waiting for him to do anything but, then again, I could’ve just had him like this, at least I knew he’d be safe and the only place where he is always welcomed was between my legs.

He brought his lips to my chest, moving them and leaving wet kisses on my nipples, stomach, hips and their journey ended around my cock. I hissed when I felt his tongue on it, he was pumping with one hand and with the other he held tightly on the lower part of my abdomen. I reached out and intertwined our fingers, I squeezed it every time I felt the sensation run through my body. My eyes were shut and my head was thrown back to the pillow which I could feel it under the covers.

“Oliver…”
Oliver would pump three times then lick it from the base to the top and would bob the head. With every pump stretched into minutes I figured out why was he holding my stomach. After minutes and minutes of that type of love making, his mouth going deeper and deeper around my cock, I was starting to moan and letting out grunts from my throat. The sound of tongue licking the already wet skin was filling the room, all along with my moans, grunts and moans of his name, my name. Oh how I wished for him to make me come but at the same time, like the silence, I wished I could keep him here, like that, doing that to me, making me feel this way forever. I was already too exhausted to process how close I was and where the hell was I when it started to accumulate in my body. His lips did magic on my body leaving me with the strange sense of losing time.

“Oliver…mmm…”

“You’re biting your lip.”

He sounded so calm and composed, my eyes were still shut and I couldn’t bring myself to open them up and look at him. My cock was still pulsing vigorously in his hand.

“You’re going to come soon.”

“Mmm, yes, yes…”

He was right. He knew me, I did bite my lips before every ejaculation.

“Do it, don’t hold back, I’m here.”

He pressed my stomach and I came into his mouth. Oliver swallowed everything that came out of my body through a tiny hole, making me let out a speed of the breathing I never knew a person can possess. I was breathing like a frighten little child, didn’t know what struck me and how fast everything happened and came over me.

“Elio, breathe, Elio.”

There was no way in stopping my hyperventilation.

“Breathe in, breathe out, slowly, Elio.”

He sounded worried and I could hear him but it seemed like there was nothing I could do to let him know that I was okay. My legs began to shiver, it probably looked like I was having a seizure.

Oliver did the only thing to stop my breathing and kissed me, stopping my breathing and slowing down my legs.

“Kiss me back.” He said.

And we continued the kiss, only by pressing his lips to mine. In that position there was no other way than to breathe through my nose. Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale, exhale, I kept repeating in my head until I was brought back to normal.

“Are you okay?”

I nodded.

“Don’t nod! Talk to me, use your words!”

“Yes, I’m fine.”
“Oh, God, you scared me. I was ready to flip you over and take your tongue out.”

“I’m so sorry, I have no idea what that was.”

“It’s fine, are you alright?”

“Yes, yes, sorry I scared you.”

He kissed my forehead and pulled me into a hug, embracing my naked body and flipping us over so that Oliver was lying on his back and I laid on top of him.

“You know what this means?” I asked him, lying on his hairy chest, his necklace only an inch away from my face.

“What?”

“You have a magic tongue.” I laughed, he laughed.

“If that ever comes in handy.”

“You destroyed me with it and then you cured me with it.”

“Elio. Sleep.” I snuggled up to his neck.

“That was smart.” I spoke after a while.

“What?” His voice was husky, maybe he was falling asleep but I didn’t let him.

“Kissing me to stop my breathing.”

“It was either that or shoving a sock in your mouth. But, I guess it’s hygienic this way.”

We laughed a bit. It was dark outside.

Nothing else happened that night. The exhaustion from the previous night and day finally overflown our bodies and we were ready to pass out. We didn’t continue to make love, even though Oliver said it was this what he wanted, we didn’t eat at all, didn’t shower from a restless trip and an amazing day. We just fell asleep embraced like that, as naked as we came into this world.
Bergamo, day two (part 1)

Chapter Summary

Exploring something new and unknown.

Chapter Notes

Okay, so I had to stretch this day into two or maybe three chapters. I'm still writing the next one and maybe, just maybe, I'll have to add the third part of their second day in Bergamo. I spiced this one a lot and the scenery was so exciting to think about, let along write. I have so many ideas about the continuation and I did have a lot of requests about their happy ending, which is something I'm still considering but the story is eons away from being over. And in the meantime, enjoy this one because this is one of my most proud works ever and thank you for all the kudos! Love ya all!

The sound of a thunder approaching our hotel woke me up in the deaf part of the night. I checked my watch, it was 3 in the morning. New day, I thought. We slept for so long, I wasn’t even tired anymore.

The sound awoke me but more importantly it shook my entire being and I was starting to feel very cold. It’s been a while since I ever felt that cold on the verge of clicking my teeth, every hair on my body stood up when the wind finally kicked in and let itself into our bedroom. Oliver, from whom I separated God knows when, was sound a sleep on my left side. I got up, butt naked and got under the covers on my side of the bed, unsuccessful in my try not to wake him up.

“Elio, what are you doing?” He murmured with eyes still closed.

“Sorry, didn’t mean to wake you up. I’m cold and it’s about to rain.”

Oliver opened his eyes to look at the balcony that was still wide opened. He dragged his naked body up to it and closed it. He then joined me under the covers too and seconds later the rain started falling down.

He embraced me again and it took me only couple of seconds to feel warm all over again. Was it the fabric of the covers or was it because of him? Our naked bodies entangled with him pressed to my back. But I wasn’t tired, didn’t want to sleep, I wanted us to talk, about everything and anything.

It was the perfect scenario: it was pouring outside and I was inside a warm embrace.

“Oliver?” I whispered.

“Mm…”

“I can’t sleep.”
“What do you want to do?”

“Talk.”

“Okay, talk then.”

But nothing came out, I waited for him to start but he was giving me nothing. *Quick, say anything or he will start to drift away again.* Let’s talk simple, I thought, ask him about our trip and our days to come.

“What are we going to do tomorrow?”

“Tomorrow is today.”

Smart-ass.

“Well?”

“Well I should be up in couple of hours to go to the university.”

“What time?”

“8. But if you want to talk, I’ll listen. What’s on your mind?”

“So…what are we going to do?”

“You tell me, you know the town.”

“I know but I could just as easily settle down for a whole day in bed with you.”

“Hmm that does sound good but we need to get out more.”

“True, true…”

He was giving me nothing. There was silence in our room for some time, Oliver was lying pressed to me from behind, breathing very deep in my hair.

“Oliver…”

“Mmm…” He murmured.

“I was wondering…is there any way we could stay in contact, after you leave?”

“I think we can arrange that, yes.”

“Only if you want to, if you want us to speak over the phone or even send letters, whatever.”

“I would like that Elio.”

“Really?”

“You sound surprised.”

“I am. I will give you our home number in Milano and we’re at the villa every holiday, Hannukah is very close, I mean the closest that I know for sure we’ll be down there.”

“Deal.”
“But only if you want…”

“Oh, shut it. I don’t want you questioning this. I can even try and arrange for us to meet in the States.”

“Of course, yes!”

He turned my head to him and kissed me.

“Was that keeping you up in the middle of the night?” A peck on the nose.

“That and the storm.”

“I love when it rains, but I had no idea I was a sucker for the Sun ever since I came to Italy.”

I turned to face him, he was already drifting to sleep, such a beautiful human being, resting.

“Rain…it maybe the only moment when I can breathe normally for the first time.”

“Why do you say that?”

“I don’t know, it brings up everything inside me, my emotions are mixed and I let them collide until I feel that right moment and cry it all out.”

“That’s stupid.”

“That’s just how I feel.”

“You’re not crying now.”

“I’m happy now.”

“I am happy too…like this.”

I kissed his lips couple of times but he brought me in for the long hall. Oliver slid his tongue in and let it twirl around with mine, eyes closed, the rain made it even more emotional. His hands caressed my back the entire time, my hand travelled from his hair to his cheek to his ear and suddenly I felt as if we were back in the villa, sharing our first ever, deep, breathtakingly conversation after we made love for the first time when he awoke and told me to him by my name.

“I think I’ll sleep now.”

“Good. Good night, Elio.”

“Good night Oliver. See you in few hours.”

I nuzzled up to the crook of his neck and fell asleep inhaling his masculine scent while the rain kept falling down, hitting the metal bars on the balconies of the hotel.

I woke up to an empty bed. An empty room.

No need to panic, he is at the University, it was 9 in the morning. It seemed as though the rain never came down, the Sun was peaking through the blinds and it was hot inside the room. I never felt Oliver leave the bed, didn’t hear him shower, dress up, pack his things and leave. I had a
choice: either I would go back to sleep or get up and start the day and as much as rolling in bed the whole day sounded appealing, it wasn’t the same without him. So I got up, naked, and went straight to the bathroom and began showering. My body was still covered with sweat from the bus and from all the climbing and then later that day from all the sweat caused by an enormous dose of adrenaline coursing through my body because of him. The shower felt nice, I washed my body and my hair with hot water and Oliver didn’t pop into my mind once.

“Good morning.”

That is, until he popped in the bathroom behind me.

I jumped and almost fell again when I heard him behind me. He stood near the bathtub without his shirt on.

“Oh God Oliver…man, you almost gave me a heart attack.”

“You left the door opened.”

“I didn’t expect you to be back so soon.”

“I didn’t want to waste my time there, I’ll go tomorrow morning. May I join you?”

“Didn’t you shower already?”

“I did.”

He took his shoes off and began undoing his belt and buttons.

“But I need another one.”

The trousers slid down his long hairy legs. I kept my eye on his chest. He took his underwear and stood bare naked in front of me, he wasn’t hard, I wasn’t hard. Now what?

“Move.”

I moved to make room for him. Oliver stood underneath the shower and began wetting his hair and body. I continued eying his body like I haven’t seen it before, like I haven’t touched every single part of it, like I haven’t kissed every skin cell he owned. He then took my hand and pulled me closer to him so that the water would wet my hair again. The water stopped.

I giggled looking at him through the water drops and saw that he was leaning forward to grab the shampoo bottle we had there and began putting it on his own hair and then moved the rest on my own. Oliver combed my curls backwards with the foam and then I did the same to his hair, we finally matched and began giggling looking at each other. My hands went impulsively around his waist but he slapped one of them.

“Later.” He smiled. “Now we shower. Later we do our business.”

“But then we’ll need to shower again.”

“Oh, lucky for us, we have all the time in the world. Now turn around.”
I did as I was told and seconds later I felt his hands all over my body, he was covering my wet figure with a shower gel. His hands massaged my shoulders, back, arms, butt cheeks, legs and, as I was still facing the wall of the shower tub, his hands went up front covering my chest, stomach, thighs and cock. I let out a soft moan when I felt him down there.

“You like this?”

“Mmm, very much…”

“Turn around.”

Again, I did as I was told.

“Do me now.”

I pulled out my hands and he squeezed some gel on my hands and I began mirroring his movements. Oliver kept his eyes on me as my hands ran across his chest and arms and stomach and thighs and legs, even reached to the behind and massaged his butt cheeks and spine. And the best for last, I touched his cock, which wasn’t limp nor was it hard as it usually was. I wanted to kiss him, to put my fingers inside him but he was right, we have the time, I just don’t have the patience.

The shower ran again and we started washing everything off of our bodies into the drain. We never kissed, we never touched where we got used to touching each other, we never spoke. Our skins were the only one’s touching, caressing and massaging: my hand over his chest, his hands all over my back, standing very close, inhaling each other’s smell, we smelled the same but it felt so different when it was him.

He kissed my forehead when we were done. Oliver got out first and grabbed a towel and started drying my hair.

“Ouch!” He pulled my curls.

“Sorry, sorry, sorry…” He whispered into my hair all along kissing both of my temples.

The towel went down to my arms, stomach and legs. He kneeled in front of me and I was prepared for something to happen, but nothing. He turned me around and dried my legs and calves and, on my surprise, he kissed my left butt cheek and smacked the right one as he was getting up and continued to dry my back. I was in heaven.

“Go get dressed, I’m starving.”

“Don’t you want me to dry you off?”

“If you insist.”

Like a little kid I jumped ass soon as he handed me the towel. I dried his hair rising my skinny body on the tips of my toes, his arms, chest, stomach and legs. We stayed limp during our shower but my mind was not clean the whole time. God, I wanted to touch him so badly and not just with soap and a towel.

“Where are we going?”

“Anywhere where we can eat.”

We were dressed within couple of minutes and went outside the room and downstairs out of the
The Sun was killing my eyes but it sure felt good on my skin. We walked all over the place until we found a small bakery far from the hotel next to a bookstore.

“There’s a party here tomorrow night. We were invited, my publisher is going to be there.”

“We? I was invited too?”

“Actually, just me, but you’re going with me now.”

I smiled.

We were sitting next to each other and ordered couple of bagels and two cups of coffee.

“Did you sleep well?” He asked.

“Yeah, I didn’t hear when you left.”

“After our talk, I think I slept for maybe couple of hours. I couldn’t sleep anymore after that.”

“What did you do?”

“Nothing. I just continued lying there, didn’t want to wake you up. I got up at around 6 or so and went outside for a walk. It was so beautiful, I watched as the Sun got up. Then I went to the University.”

“Why didn’t you wake me up to go with you?”

“I couldn’t, you were sound asleep. You slept like a baby on my chest.”

“We can try and wake up tomorrow morning at the same time to go for a walk.”

“Yeah, sounds good.”

Again, I felt like I was in heaven. I slept with him, showered with him, ate with him and was going to a party with him, as his…date?

He was eating and drinking like a child, making himself dirty from all the foam from the coffee. I knew he was starving but didn’t actually know how much.

“What?” He stopped and looked at me, I smiled back.

“You have a little something…here…” I showed him where with my finger on my face. Maybe it was inappropriate to do it myself, because knowing myself I would probably kiss him and there were people around us.

He took a napkin and whipped it off.

After breakfast we went for a walk. On our way back, hours later, he bought a pack of cigarettes. It reminded me when back in Crema we stopped our bikes because of the same reason and then the scenes that followed were: confronting my feelings to him and inviting him to my special spot, which I haven’t shown anyone ever, where we shared our first kiss. That seemed so long ago but it has been barely a month. And now I was in another place and another time, but with him.
“Want one?”

“Sure.”

The same scenario, plus the kissing and making love every night.

“I’ve seen all of this this morning. See there…there’s the University.” He pointed out to the building far away from us but I didn’t even recognize it.

“Oh, it looks better than when I was visiting here years ago.”

People were walking by, it was 2 o’clock in the afternoon, I didn’t even realized how time had passed so quickly. The Sun was still shining on us.

“I’ll wake you up tomorrow morning so you can experience the sunrise and I’ll go do my stuff after that.”

“What are we going to do now?”

“Want to go back?”

“And do what?”

“Whatever you want.”

He smiled at me and took a drag from the cigarette, we both knew what that meant. I nodded and we were on our way back.

The walk back certainly brought back memories from years ago. The town did change, or maybe it was because of me, maybe I was the one who changed a lot but the town stayed the same. Maybe it’s true when they say that once you’re in love all of your senses change. Maybe what changed within me was that I saw the world more beautiful than it actually was. But I didn’t care. We were heading back to our hotel to make love in Bergamo for the first time. We were away from everyone we knew and away to a whole different world, this is the place and the time where boundaries never existed, where it was just him and me, me and him, Elio and Oliver, Oliver and Elio.

It took us half an hour to get back. On our way we were talking about my junior year in high school and later on were commenting everyone that passed us by. It felt so different to see him in broad day light and talk to him about every-day things. Different but just as equally good. I was so used to him without anything on his body that I couldn’t help but catch myself thinking about wanting to have him and his entire being in my embrace all day, every day.

Before we even reached our door, he was already all over me; grinding on me from behind and grabbing my butt cheeks. I loved it when he’d smack them, it made me feel that warmth again.

“Wait, wait, wait…let us get to the room at least.”

“I can’t wait to fuck you. It’s been long enough…” He whispered in my ear and bit it.

I was feeling myself getting hard inside my pants. I unlocked the door and finally pulled us in.
Before the door closed he pushed me against them and began kissing me, moving his hands from my thighs to my neck, squeezing the skin and pulling my shirt off of me. My hands went automatically underneath his shirt, wanting to feel his warm skin again and the way I wanted for the first time that day. His breath smelled of caffeine and cigarettes.

“Take it off…” Oliver whispered in my neck. He licked and bit the skin, I moaned as soon as I felt his teeth.

So I did pull the shirt off of his body, I hugged him around his neck, hanging myself onto him. He grabbed my butt cheeks and threw me onto the bed.

“I want to play with you…” He said from above me.

His face was flushed red but his hair was still in his place, I didn’t like it that way. I was ready to submit to him and to whatever he had on his mind, that’s how much I wanted and trusted him. But games?

“A board game?”

“No, you idiot.”

He took his belt off, undid the buttons and slid the pants off of him, now standing only in his underwear.

“Take your clothes off, I’ll be right back.”

And he went into the bathroom.

I did as I was told, mostly because I was so curious about what was coming next. I laid naked on the pillows, over the covers, facing the ceiling. The nerves were getting the best of me and I was ready to submit to them as well. What is he doing? When is he coming back?

Oliver came out after few minutes, still in his underwear, holding a belt from the bathrobe, two actually and the slower gel. Shower gel?

“I couldn’t find anything better.”

“Ooh…now what?”

“Give me your hand.”

I remember this; the last time he told me this he tied my hands together and fucked me in so many different positions, I fucking loved it. He placed the bottle on the night stand and the belts next to my body.

Oliver got himself on top of me, straddling my naked body and tied the belt around my knuckle and tied the end to the bar of the bed. He did the same with the other hand and I was officially tied down to him.

“Does this hurt?” He asked but formed a smile at the end as soon as he saw my smile.

“No, no.”

I was so excited, we never did this before but I couldn’t help but feel a bit sad that I wasn’t going to have the chance to touch him but on the other hand, I presumed, this can’t have a bad ending. Unless I panic.
“Your skin…is so soft, it feels nice to touch you.” His hands started from my hips, travelled all the way up to my neck.

“You’re making things very difficult for me.” His voice was soft.

“Why am I making things difficult for you?”

“Well, it takes more than a thought to pull me back to reality when I look at you like this.”

“And why is that?”

“I can’t keep my hands to myself when you’re lying here, looking so pure and perfect…and blushing, I knew it.”

Of course I was blushing.

“I want to see something else. With you. Inside you. I want to explore your body deeper.”

“Deeper? I thought we’ve already done that.”

“No, sweetie, not like that. I want to see how you react when I take something away from you.

“Then do it…”

“Will you let me?”

“You have my permission. Do as you please with my body.”

Oliver licked his lips, eyes glued to my body that was at that point, shivering.

His fingers hugged my neck so softly yet so violently in other’s perspective, but I could breathe, I wasn’t restrained from that, he just held my neck. He moved one hand down to my cock and cupped the entire organ, the other hand stayed still wrapped around my neck; his thumb was caressing the other side of the neck very gently, making me speed up my breathing. I couldn’t touch him, he held me in place underneath him, making me fall apart by choking me with one hand, or so it looked like that, and keeping my cock in the other. I always knew he could just as easily finish me off with only his hands. I was loving this.

“Is this okay?” I was starting to see his real self, his mouth was opened the entire time he was putting me through this.

I nodded.

“Don’t nod, use your words, I need to know I’m not hurting you.”

“You could never hurt me Oliver…”

“You don’t know that. Now, is this alright?”

“I’m fine…move your hand, please.” I was referring to the one on my, now very, hard cock.

“Not yet…I want to make you feel good…and I want this to last…”

“I feel good right now like this, now move…”
I was squirming underneath him, trying to hold onto the last atom of my strength not to burst in his hand, but I wanted to keep his hand on my skin forever.

“God, you look so beautiful like this with my hand around your neck.”

“Want to see something even more beautiful? Move your hand.”

“Don’t rush me, Elio. I want this to last.”

“I won’t last!”

“I know.” He smirked and I blushed.

Oliver squeezed my neck a bit tighter as he went down and began kissing me; soft kisses placed on my lips and cheeks. He then moved the hand from around my neck and I hissed at the empty feeling. That hand went down slowly to my nipples, he ran the fingers across one of them and I grunted on that feeling. His tongue wet the skin and finally began moving the hand around my cock.

“I want to do everything to you, Elio…I want to touch you everywhere. Will you let me?” His warm breath on my wet nipples made my lips shiver.

“Yes, yes, anything…mmmm…”

His tongue moved to another nipple and repeated the motion. Oliver bit one and I clanged my entire body underneath his, the need to grab onto something was stronger than me; I grab the belt and held on tightly as he continued licking my body and moving the other hand. I missed the one around my neck.

I closed my eyes and completely let myself go to him. I didn’t care what happens next, I just knew, the time he took to satisfy me was wisely used. I finally understood his hesitation to move or to touch me in all the right places. The longer it took, the better it felt.

“Oh!” I almost immediately screamed as he sped up the movement on my cock down there, he was moving faster and harder, very violently, not giving me the time to adjust to the changes on the bed.

“Oliver…mmm…”

“Am I hurting you?”

“No-o…mmm…fuck…yes, do that…”

He’d slow down and speed up again but I was already rock hard and was controlling my orgasm.

His lips went back to where they’d been the night before; taking me in, licking the entire length and, with the other hand, holding the base of it all. He knew exactly how and where to touch me. I wanted to hold his head, to guide him to go deeper if that was even possible, to mess up his hair but to be tied down felt as amazing as I expected it to be.

I was moaning after some time, for the first time not worrying if anyone would hear me. I wanted to be heard, it wasn’t enough for him to know it but I wanted the world to know how Oliver makes me feel. It was all because of him.
Oliver moved his lips and started kissing my lower stomach and moved it all the way to my neck again where he inhaled everything from my body. My hands were still holding the belts. And then he just stopped. I opened my eyes and realized he’d stopped everything. I found him reaching all the way to the floor and picked up my shirt I wore that day.

“One more thing…”

He pushed my head through the hole and stopped at my eyes. That shirt went across them, leaving me totally blind to the world.

I was officially restrained from seeing him and touching him.

Don’t want to say I didn’t like it, it was different, but maybe after “loosing” the senses it could only get better.

I was lying under him, tied to the freaking bed with a shirt as a blind fold on my face. And I was hard like a rock.

“Is this okay?”

“Oh, yeah…”

What he did next almost let me out of breath, literally; he laid on top of me. The big man crushing the little boy underneath him but I didn’t care and what it looked like Oliver didn’t either.

Our cocks were rubbing against one another, the stupid fabric of his underwear was the only thing separating us. The fact that I couldn’t see did in fact make everything feel so hot and so warm and not to mention good, the best feeling ever.

We started kissing, not worrying if anyone’s tongue found its way into the other one’s mouth. He licked my face, my cheeks and my chin, moved the tongue across the bridge of my nose, kissed my covered eyes and forehead. He was so strong and heavy on top of me, I found myself fighting for air but that was the last thing I had to count on. The more I was getting turned on, the more air I needed. If only I’d relax…

“Oliver…”

“Tell me what you want…”

“Oliver…”

“Tell me, I’ll do anything for you…”

“Fuck me…please…”

I could only imagine what a helpless boy begging to get stuffed looked like underneath him. Oliver got up…

“Don’t get up! Stay! On top of me…I can’t see you, I can’t touch you…don’t leave my body. Stay on top, crush me, choke me, please…just fuck me…like this. Fuck me with your entire weight on top of me.”

“Oh, Elio…do you have any idea how much I love you right now?”

“I might…now do it.”
I opened my mouth waiting for him to stuff two fingers inside as usual for me to lick them so that he could have the painless entrance. But nothing came in. His body was still on top of mine and the only things that I could hear were his loud, deep breathing barely few inches away from my face and a click. Click? Click of the bottle? Shower gel? Yes, of course, I’m so stupid. He brought the bottle and squeezed some of it on my chest. It was cold so I squirmed a bit, leaving a smile on my face.

“This should help us. It’s not safe with just saliva.”

“Why not?”

“It dries too fast. This should help me just slide right in.”

I felt his hand on my chest and seconds later I felt that same hand between my legs. It was indeed cold but I figured It’ll heat up very soon. I moaned as soon as his fingers reached my hole and began massaging it. I arched my back to his touch and to the feeling of one of his fingertips inside it and wrapped his body as high as I could, giving the circumstances of wanting him never to leave my body. He was right; the pain was there, but the smallest amount of it ever, and I could barely feel the difference between him around the hole and him inside of it.

The weight of his body was crushing me and making me almost choke to death but at the same time it was the hottest thing ever. One finger turned into two, two fingers even turned into three which was unusual for us and I was seeing stars.

“Oh, oh, oh…fuck!”

“You see what I’m talking about…”

“Yes!”

Without any heads-up he started moving them but the feeling was like nothing before. He was still lying on top of me and I was still blind and helpless to the world. Him pushing inside me only increased his breathing on my neck. My head went left and right, throwing itself between the pillows of the messy bed we hadn’t made from that morning. I was ready like never before!

“Oliver…oh, I’m ready…take your shorts off…now…”

It was a mix of moaning and whispering but he got the idea. Seconds later, with one hand still inside me, he took his underwear off with the other, pushing his weight on top of me even more than before. I heard when the shorts hit the floor and was finally granted with the feeling of his complete nakedness.

It felt as though hours and hours had passed since our talk in the middle of the night and then our shower, breakfast and walk. With Oliver time flies like with nobody else.

He got the other hand out and with his entire palm picked up what was left of the gel on my chest and covered his hard cock with it. One hand was supporting him at the top next to my head and the other one, I guess, guided his cock inside me. It’s been more than 24 hours since we had sex, not counting the blowjob/seizure from the previous night.

I grunted on his complete entrance. Oliver held me tight with his forearm around the back of my neck. We’ve never been this close; so close I could actually feel him taking the air in and exhaling it moments later. With every push he grunted and I moaned, I grunted and he moaned and when we were moaning in sync I couldn’t help but smile on the thought how everything seemed to be falling into place.
“Oh God!”

“Elio…mmm…”

“Yes, yes…ah, ah…mmm…”

Once he began sliding up and down my body, his chest hair against my bare chest I began whimpering and moaning uncontrollably.

“Yes, Elio…oh…let me hear you…”

He kissed me and I let myself fall under his command.

I really hoped everybody could hear me because holding in that good of a feeling was a total crime.

I spread my legs as wide as I could and I managed to cup his body and keep it in his place. The weight of his body never left mine and that’s all I wanted.

With his arm around the back of my neck and my blindness I could only beg for the other one to either go around my neck or around my cock. Neck, please!

Oliver read my mind.

The right hand indeed got wrapped around my throat as I was triggering the vocal cords inside it with my moans to vibrate and with that, vibrate inside his hand.

“God, you have no idea how beautiful you look right now!” He kissed me with tongue, I never had a chance to say anything back.

He kept pounding inside me, squeezing my neck and all I wished for it was to never end. Let his hands travel wherever they wanted, let his lips kiss whatever they wished and let his cock stay inside me for all eternity. Oliver began panting after God knows what time and I knew he was close, this entire afternoon was such a big turn-on even for him and so was I.

Impulsively I began biting my lower lip and was now waiting for him to react, for him to grow the third hand and help me with my release.

Again, he read my mind.

The one that hugged my neck from behind went down there and he started jerking me off. The loudest person in the world was me at that moment as I was ejaculating everything from inside me with his help. My back arched to the feeling of coming with him still on top of me and still very deep inside me. It was stronger than me and I wanted for him to hear me. Some of my juice landed on my lower abdomen which I felt, some a little bit higher but I could feel the rest of them comfortably settling in his palm. My legs were shivering and the stomach muscles were clanging.

“Oliver!” I couldn’t help but yell anything other at the moment.

“Fuck! Oh, I’m gonna come…”

Moments later I felt the warm fluid fill my hole and his final grunt before he fell on top of me with all of his weight. He was limp but my body was limper. I wished I could cut off his hand and keep it around my skin until I die.

Oliver unattached himself from me for the first time in a while; his cock got out of me, his hand let go of mine and the other one finally made a bit easier for me to breathe.
“Come here.”

He untied my hands and took the shirt off. The Sun that was bursting inside the room surprised me and I closed them again immediately. My eyes got so used to the darkness, I wouldn’t mind staying with the shirt over them for some time.

He laid beside me looking me directly in the eyes. His hair was a mess, still panting and I was breathing normally after all of it. Breathe in, breathe out.

“Did you like it?”

“I did…it was so good…and different” I smiled.

“I knew you would.”

“I love you…”

“Hm, I love you too, Elio…”

He kissed my nose as I was struggling with the force of keeping my eyes open.

“Do you want to rest now?”

I nodded and submitted my body to the tiredness that was coming to take me after an amazing and different love making session.
Bergamo, day two (part 2)

Chapter Summary

They try something really different this time.

Chapter Notes

I wrote this one for days, constantly having new ideas and editing everything from the start. Hope you like it and enjoy!❤️

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I reached over to the other side of the bed, with my eyes still closed, only to find a cold spot.

“Oliver?” I murmured in a state between reality and a dream.

No answer.

I got up on my elbows and realized I was all alone again. As I recall I went to sleep naked, but now I had my underwear on and I was covered with the sheet. I didn’t remember when the clothes and the cover came back on my body. Was it all a dream? I checked my watch, it was 8 in the evening. No, not a dream. I turned around and found out that the belts were still hanging from the bed and I still had the gel on my chest and cum on my stomach. Definitely not a dream.

Where are you Oliver?

I managed to drag my body to the bathroom where I did my business. Also, I whipped the gel and cum off of my body with a wash cloth and walked out and gave a glance at the wooden desk on my left side. It had a note on it.

“Went to the University, I’ll be right back. E.”

E? Elio?

Like if there was need to sign it, it was just the two of us. But he wrote the E. Elio.

I smiled and pressed that note to my chest.

There was actually nothing to do here when it was just me. The images of couple of hours ago flashed right before my very eyes. The fact that I was blind only made it more intense because now, I was just focusing on the sounds and let my imagination fill the gaps. The sounds of him panting so close to my face, the movement of his chest hair on my bare body, his hand around my neck, that one I still felt like it was there. I put my hand on it but it was nothing comparing to his gigantic hand grasping my entire neck. I wanted to do something special for him, I wanted to make him feel like I did, it’s such a unique feeling, I needed to share it with him.

Still in my underwear, and still feeling a bit down, I pulled out my tapes, a walkman and the papers
and pushed myself right into transcribing again. It’s funny how, before Oliver came into my life, that was all I looked forward waking up to and now, as much as it relaxes me and takes me into a very special place in my head, I was starting to feel like an obligation to transcribe. I just wanted Oliver.

Once the pencil hit the paper there was no stopping. The music coming into my ears was the only sound that filled the warm and empty room I was sitting inside topless. Whenever I would squeeze the pencil a bit tighter or force it onto a paper I would feel the pain in my muscles, expanding to my biceps. It had to be because I was tied up for who knows how long.

Time after time, I would stop and check the watch; it passed 10 minutes, 25 minutes, 5 minutes, half an hour and he was still no where to be found. I pushed the thoughts in my head, I pushed the worry inside me thinking that something had happened to him or maybe he got lost or if he was really into it and was still at the University, researching.

Suddenly a cold air hit me from my right side and interrupted my transcribing and my thinking. It was going to rain soon, it was close to 10 at night and still no sign of Oliver. I sighed and went to close the balcony door which were opened some time before I woke up. There were no words how empty and sad I felt whenever he was not with me. I needed to remind myself that he’s not gone, not yet, he’s in the same town as me, or at least I hope he is, he’s not leaving me just yet. I wasn’t hungry nor thirsty, I was starving for his attention and his form of human being to be in the same room as I was. A tight hug, a wet kiss, warm embrace to fall sleep at night. Whatever we did in bed was nothing comparing how I was feeling at that moment, I just wanted and needed his warmth next to me. He wouldn’t have to speak about anything or kiss me or even touch me, I just wanted him. Want, want, want. I guess I was asking too much.

Minutes after, the rain started falling.

If he were to show up any time soon I knew he would be soaking wet, we never even brought the umbrella. He was going to get a cold right before the big day tomorrow and right before he leaves for home. Another good idea. He’ll get sick and maybe stay at the hospital due to the enormous fever and coughing and sneezing and his train and plane would go on without him.

Yes, that’s it Oliver. Stay as long as you want outside and get sick, please.

I pulled the backpack on my lap and began digging for anything to replace his warmth. And the perfect thing landed beneath my fingers; Billowy. It had my smell on it but it would always be his, ours, full of memories of when he arrived in it that day at the ending on June, when he wore it at lunch before our first night together and of course, when we whipped and combined each other’s cum off of our chests. Before I knew it, a tear landed on the light blue fabric in my hands. When did I tear up? I whipped my tears with it and then later on, still crying, pulled it over my body. It was maybe twice my size but that’s what made it even more perfect. The idea was to wear his clothes that were, due to my skinny figure, baggy to me. A smile appeared on my face because the shirt was one of the many things of his I wanted to keep after he leaves. One of them was Oliver.

“Elio!”

My thoughts were interrupted by someone’s voice yelling my name. I looked up.

“Elio!”

There it is again. I opened the balcony. It was him.
He was wearing the blue shirt and white bermudas, no umbrella, no sweater, nothing. As I thought he would be, he was soaking wet and only had his backpack in his left hand. Looking up at our balcony only made it difficult for him because of the rain.

“Oliver!”

“Get down here now!”

“What’s wrong?!”

“Get down here now!”

Was he broken, he kept repeating for me to go down there over and over. Our balcony didn’t have the view of the street or the main entrance but it actually had the view of the other buildings behind it so I knew I had to go around the hotel because he sure wasn’t moving from that spot of his.

I put my shoes on as quickly as I could, closed the balcony door, locked the door of our room on my way out and was headed downstairs. There was no one in the lobby, it was just after 10 pm and the reception doesn’t work that late.

I went around the hotel and found him standing there where I left him, starring at my way.

“Oliver, are you alright?”

“Come here! I want to kiss you… in the pouring rain.” There was a huge grin on his face. And then on mine.

No one was around us but if even it was I couldn’t care less. I ran to him and hung myself from his neck. The rain was pounding on our bodies, making loud noises all over Bergamo. Oliver cupped my face with both of his hands and kissed me. Silence in between us. Rain and kiss. It felt so different than anything in my life before. Maybe the wet scenario was making it better for us, tongues were involved, the rain only made it easier for us to slip onto it but I could tell the difference between his saliva and the water dripping from above. His hands moved around my waist and under the Billowy, I smiled into the kiss.

“Look at me…” He stupidly whispered into a kiss.

The rain was making it hard for me to look him deeply as I was used to but after so many times spent together I knew the anatomy of his face like I knew the names of all the books on my nightstand back at home.

“Elio, I’m cold…”

“You idiot! Let’s go inside.”

“Worth it.”

We kissed again and then we were off.

I pulled him by his forearm and sped up the pace to the entrance.

“I was waiting for it to rain so that I could call you out.”

“You waited all this time?”
“No, I was at the store when it started to rain so I just rushed back. See…I bought us dinner…” He opened the bag only to reveal four peaches. I laughed in his embrace. He giggled at my laughter and only brought me closer.

It was smart of me to close the balcony before going out because as soon as we stepped into the room the rain started falling down even faster and stronger. We were both shaking and the thought of both of us getting a cold and winding up together in the hospital did pop into my head. Sick and helpless.

“I’ll go get the towels. Get that shirt off.” I said.

I took the Billowy off, hung it on the chair and went to get the towels to dry us. On my way out I was drying my hair like I did that morning, this time by myself. Oliver was sitting on the bed in his underwear, I threw the towel over his head.

“Come here.” I stood between his legs and began drying his silky, blonde hair. His hands went straight to my butt cheeks and pulled me closer. He kept them there the whole time I was working the towel. Very soon I felt his wet hair on my body and his lips on my stomach. One kiss, two kisses, three kisses, four, five…

“When did you leave?”

“Right after I put you to bed. I managed to finish everything so I won’t have to wake up early tomorrow.”

“That’s great!”

“Yeah…are you okay?”

I messed up his hair and sat next to him, leaning my body onto his; placing my chin on his shoulder, our eyes stayed barely few inches away from one another.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean…are your hands in pain? Neck?”

“Oh that, no, I’m really fine.”

“Elio?”

“I’m serious. You wanted to see me what would’ve happened if you were to take away something from me, and you did. I couldn’t see you or touch you but the feeling was…like never before.”

We shared a short kiss and then he pulled my body by grabbing my waist and settled it in a kneeling position in front of him. The towel ended up on my head and he started with my drying off.

“I thought you’d doze of very soon so I wanted to finish everything before you wake up.”

“Did you dress me up?”

“Who else is here to do that? You were asleep as I was pulling your boxers on but you participated. You don’t remember?”
“No. Nothing. I was exhausted…”

“Get up, you’re done. Change into something dry.”

“Why?”

“What why?”

“Why bother dressing up for bed?”

“Oh? You had something else on your mind.”

“Maybe.”

I stayed in that kneeling position, flashing him a huge grin and pushed his body back onto the bed. We were both still a little wet and this was my chance to repay him for how he made me feel, moan and come that afternoon.

Oliver lifted his lower back and helped me with ease to take his underwear off. But I still struggled with it because of the wet fabric sticking to his body on its way down his legs.

I took his underwear off and threw them across the room only to reveal his beautiful big cock. It was dark in the room and as soon as I took him in my hand I began licking the head, Oliver momentarily relaxed his entire body. I felt the loosening of the muscles under my hand which was grasping his thigh. He hissed with every lick on the head; he looked so beautiful in the dark, so wet and so exotic.

I took him all in slowly, went inside all the way to the base. The rain was pounding on my left as I was going deeper and deeper until I finally felt his pubic hair tickle my nose and felt it almost at the back of my head but I didn’t mind. It only showed the limits I was ready to cross with him and because of him.

“Oh…”

His fingers were entangled in my wet curls, twirling and pulling, tugging and grasping every lock of my hair. I don’t know what it was; maybe it was because we were finally all alone, maybe because we had all the time in the world, maybe because of the rain pouring down slowed my heart beat, but Oliver was a completely different person that night. The way his muscles loosened right before my every touch and the softness of his moans colliding with the sound of my tongue licking his skin.

The need to make him feel like he made me feel, the need to satisfy him was more than I could bare. The extraordinary force of wanting someone who is right in front of you, in the position you want them, saying all the sweet words you want to hear, they’d be touching you in their own significant way, pulling all the desirable sounds out of your body…and I still wanted more. I wanted him to experience this as well.

Want, want, want. I wanted him and I have him but I wanted more. I wanted to please him like he did me. And suddenly I was hard. So hard. Painfully hard.

“Oh, Elio…”

His voice brought me back to life from all the wanting. I was so busy with my thoughts that I had no idea what I was doing with him nor my mouth. God, I wanted him like this. Like this. In front of me. Inside me. Inside my mouth. Wet. Eating. Sleeping. Kissing me in the rain. Getting dirty from

I popped him out of my mouth and climbed on top of him like he did with me that day, letting our cocks meet and grind against one another as we shared a wet, passionate, lustful and tongue-full kiss. Our bodies had dried off already but I felt drops of sweat sliding down his forehead.

“Oh, Elio…your mouth…tongue…”

“Say my name again…” I breathed, supporting myself on elbows next to him.

“Oliver…”

“Elio.”

He called me by his name.

I was ready to give him everything. I already gave him my body, my heart and trusted him with my life hours before. He was ready also, I concluded that once his hands were grasping my shorts and pulling them off of me.

“Should I um…um…should I get the…gel?”

“Yes, yes…good idea… I um, took it back to the um…bathroom…”

“I’ll go get it.”

I blushed. I blushed on my own words. Nice one, Elio.

I walked in shaking, not because I was cold but because I was full of adrenaline and desire and cum, trying to remember what the bottle looked like. It sat next to a sink so I just grabbed it and went right back in with my hard cock exposed and floating in the air. He was lying in the same position I had left him; legs spread, hair all over his face, blue eyes glowing in the dark, sweaty forehead.

“You know…” He began as I climbed back on the bed and sat between his legs.

“What?”

His eyes caught mine and we both looked at the bars of the bed.

The belts. They were still hanging.

“You want to?”

“Was it good?”

“Like never before in my life.”

“Tie me up.”

Oliver pulled to the top of the bed and laid his head on one of the pillows.
He smiled and I took his right hand and tied the belt from the bathrobe around it and then the other one.

“Tighter.”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes, I’m serious. Come on, put some strength into those sticks you call arms.”

“Fuck you, Oliver.”

And tighter they went.

“Can you move? Can you squeeze a fist?”

“Yeah, I’m fine. Please continue.”

I was more than happy to just get over to that part of love making between the fingering and coming over ourselves: that part when we finally set the pace and were both moaning and screaming because of the pain and pleasure.

But I couldn’t, and in a way didn’t want to, at least not that soon. My eyes were glued to his masculine chest that were heaving from all of the excitement. He was as nervous as I was. I missed his touch at that moment.

The unknown spirit and energy ran over me when an idea popped into my head. Like he said, we had all the time in the world and the fact that our little summer adventure was coming towards the end didn’t bother me at that moment. I was prepared to do something to him which he’ll remember until his last breath. I got off the bed, feeling his suspicious looks on my back and went straight to the desk. It’s where Oliver set the bag filled with four peaches.

Peaches.

I smiled and took one out. This one looked nothing like the one I masturbated and came in. The peach was still wet because of the rain but I could feel the juice bumbling up inside underneath my touch. One little squeeze and the poor fruit will burst. It was big and tiny hairs were covering the entire fruit but that one back home holds a lot of memories. Sex in the attic. Yes.

Oliver looked at me with a glaring but exciting confusion. Whatever he thought was going through my mind couldn’t actually fulfill his wildest erotic dreams.

“Remember this?” I asked, holding the peach next to my face.

“How could I ever forget it.”

I climbed back onto the bed and sat on his hairy chest, he was so close to pulling his head barely few inches up front and his mouth would’ve been filled with my cock. But no, this was his time to relax and enjoy.

“I’ve never seen you this?” He said.

“Like what?”

“Bold. I can’t read your mind. And your hair is stuck to your forehead. You look younger.”
“Younger than seventeen?”

“Yes, younger.”

“How is that even possible?”

“I don’t know, but you do look like that. I never did ask. When is your birthday?”

“Soon.”

“Elio.”

“January.”

“It’s not that soon. Which day, it has 31 days.”

“10th. What about you?”

“August. 17th.”

“That’s soon.”

“Yeah.”

“Well then, happy birthday.”

I took a bite out of the peach and sucked the juice that followed. The piece of the fruit never came down my esophagus, I came down, closer to his face and he bit the other side, all along sharing giggles with himself alone. The peach was melting in my hand and Oliver looked so hot once he swallowed what I once bit and kept between my teeth. His lips were covered in peach juice and I understood that he avoided licking them. I took another bite, a bigger one on purposely and the juice began dripping from my hand to his chest. Oliver smiled and hissed once he felt the substance on him. My body moved lower onto his abdomen and I took another bite and swallowed it instantly, almost choking. The juice dripped once again. When I looked up, I realized I left a whole trail of peach juice from his lips to the lowest parts of his stomach, just above his pubic hair. With one hand holding the fruit, I spread the juice on his masculine body with the other one, letting the images of him being sticky afterwards, in my head. One more bite and an enormous amount of nectar splashed on his body. I couldn’t stop thinking how beautiful he looked covered in another type of juice that came out because of me. A smile never left Oliver’s face and now I knew what I wanted to do next. Let him remember me like this bold kid and this day as the best day of our lives.

I moved between his legs.

“Oh, Elio…”

“Wait for it…”

“What…what are you doing…”

“Quiet…”

“Oh, come here…kiss me…let me taste the peach in your mouth.”

That immediately took me back to the moment when he licked my cum from the poor fruit I raped. I never felt that vulnerable and shameful and yet Oliver was there to comfort me and show me
something even more shameful in a form of eating what I ejaculated.

“Soon…”

“Elio. You’re extraordinary!”

I moved my face closer to his erected cock and took another bite of the peach and threw it on the floor. The nectar slid down from my mouth and onto his cock.

“Oh, ah, ah…”

The cold fluid dropped onto his organ and some stayed in my mouth. I swallowed the piece and took him into my mouth again. The sticky flavor was the only thing I could taste as I swallowed him down until my nose reached the peachy flavor pubic hairs. But the sticky flavor tasted like him. I knew his smell, his scent, his own inner fluids and now I just added the juice that will always and forever remind of him.

“Oh, fuck…Elio…oh…”

Once I decided he had enough I popped his cock out of my mouth and spread his legs around my waist.

“What’s got into you…oh, fuck, that was amazing…”

“Amazing is yet to come.”

I grabbed the bottle and squeezed out a large amount of gel. It had occurred to me that we probably won’t have anything to shower before that party in 24 hours and before we leave. But the more the merrier, the less the pain the better.

I kept my eyes on him as the fingers went down to the business. This was the clearest I would ever come to seeing him what he looked like since he was powerless into pulling me down for a kiss.

The juice was about to dry any time soon.

Oliver shut his eyes and threw his head back the moment he felt the cold substance on his entrance. My other hand was caressing his right thigh up and down, trying to relax him but I doubt the ever felt that hand there. He stiffened when I inserted the first finger, he also held tightly both belts, exposing his neck, chest shivering. I added the second finger, I figured, put it all in, he will adjust in time. But that process of activating his body, coming from the most relaxed human being ever to a squirming mess was his own way of rushing me because I was ready to explode. I needed to penetrate something.

The fingers moved, as usually, scissored even. He was so tight that time, I was sincerely worried that he’d get that spasm and I could just cut my fingers off and leave them inside of him. Another great idea. Let him get the spasm, stay in the awkward position for as long as it takes for his train to leave the station with an empty seat. But my ideas were all related to him getting physically hurt and that was the last thing I could ever wish to had happen to Oliver.

“Oh, fuck…”

“Oliver…tell me what you want…”

“You! This! Oh, fuck I love you!”
“Do you?”

“Yes! Oh my God!”

The unbearable feeling of wanting, needing, craving and lusting his sweaty and sticky body rushed over me and I took the fingers out.

I understood what he was going through at that moment and all I wanted for him Is to just suck it up and become numb to it, knowing that the good feeling is just around the corner. Oliver was panting frantically.

The bottle was already half-full when I squeezed out some more gel and covered myself with it, groaning in the process of doing. He was already nicely spread and wet for me.

“I love you Oliver.”

And then I got inside.

“Oh, fuck you’re tight!”

Oliver’s head almost hit the board of the bed every single time I pushed in. It was a force itself to fight his tightness and hotness around me. Again, I was worried about him spasming around my cock. I very much enjoyed this position but it became a regular for us whenever I’m the one in charge. The gel indeed helped a lot, going in quickly and pain-free but it can’t control Oliver’s nerves and sensitivity. He was grunting and panting all together and I began to feel very unsettling about him taking so long so adjust. Maybe I do the same but it’s different from the perspective of the boy who’s being stuffed and the one who is stuffing.

Half way in he finally loosened the fuck up and I heard his first moan that night besides the ones that were being caused with my tongue around his cock. God, I was so happy once his facial expressions relaxed, he wasn’t clinging his teeth, eyes squeezing tightly, hands gripping and pulling the belts. I kept one hand on his calf and the other one ran up and down his sticky torso, trying to spread what was left of the peach juice.

When It finally felt like he was stretched even more than my usual cock size it was like air was, all of a sudden, the greatest gift on the planet. I had no idea what time it was, it was night but no clue about the clock, the rain starting to settle down a bit but it was still falling down. Our bed became the only place where our moans and cums would collide.

He felt so fucking good! There was nothing I could compare to him around me feeling so wet and warm. I couldn’t help but moan as loud as my lungs gave me the chance to do it. In sync, we were moving, me pushing inside of him and letting all of the sweetest sounds a person was allowed to.

And then I had enough.

“Come here.” I pulled out and climbed on top of him.


Yes, we were both confused but I just had to use our time and energy wisely.

I untied his hands.
“Move.” I said lying next to him. “Get on top of me, now.”

“Elio, you’re crazy…I’ll suffocate you.”

“I don’t care, I survived this morning, I’ll survive now.”

“Wait, I didn’t know I was crush…”

“Oliver shut up and get on top of me! Ride me now!”

He realized he had no chance in winning an argument here if that was what it was. I wasn’t ready to deny him his pleasure any time soon and, after what I just requested, he wasn’t going to do the same for me.

Oliver sat on my tiny bony pelvis and placed my cock inside on him.

“Don’t be scared, I’m not in pain. You can hold me wherever you want…”

“Can I hold your chest…”

“Yes, of course, don’t hold back. This will make us only feel better…”

I felt like the older, more experienced and confident persona in our bed. I was the one who was guiding him and telling him that everything is fine.

Of course, his hands never touched my chest, I knew he was scared of hurting me. Instead, he threw his head back, exposed his neck and grabbed my calves from behind, when he felt my cock settle back inside of him. Oliver grunted with the very first feel of an excitement of being the one who rides the other.

This was new. I wasn’t used to seeing him like this, ever. In theory, yes, it probably sounded dangerous and impossible for him to ride me but this was just a balance between my erecting and his warm asshole, and if we fit perfectly with me on top, there was not a doubt in my mind that this could also be a road to satisfaction. Hell, I came more times in this position, and the feeling is fucking amazing!

His hips moved back and forth, grinding and straddling my skinny body. I grasped his thighs, digging my nails into his skin, it was my way of showing the affection, how much I worshiped him, how much I loved him, I was ready to give him everything.

Oliver was heavier than me but he wasn’t crushing or suffocating me, I think he was restraining himself of letting go and pushing his entire weight on me.

I slapped his ass as hard as I could, Oliver moaned even louder. I smiled and lifted my body on my palms, strangling the sheets.

“Oliver…look at me…”

Even that took everything I have to say that.

He looked me in the eyes; face red, sweaty hair sticking to his forehead, mouth opened, moaning and panting. This was the most beautiful I have ever seen him.

I lifted my body in a sitting position with Oliver still straddling my lap. I spread his butt cheeks, hugging his lower parts of the back and lifting my pelvis harder into him.
“Oh, oh, ah…mmm, oh…Elio, Elio…ah…”

The will to stuff him very good and very hard came over me and I pushed everything I had into those last few thrusts.

We hugged.

Our sweaty bodies touched for the first time, our chest heaving like crazy against one another. The peach juice was mixed with sweat and, as I was starting to feel, his cum.

I slowed down, feeling my own orgasm coming very soon. My hand momentarily went to his cock and I began jerking him with every thrust I made.

“Oh God! Mmmm!” It sounded like he was on the verge of crying.

His huge hands were holding my back, pulling me closer and closer.

“Kiss me, Oliver.”

Without hesitation he went straight in with tongue and four strokes later he was off. His juice came bursting between us; on his chest, on my chest, some landed close to my chin, leaving Oliver as a complete mess.

Seconds later I came inside of him. We both grunted on our relief. I imagined my wet fluid filling his tight, red, hot hole.

Oliver stayed in my embrace a long time after our cum shots had gone dry and our breathing stabilized, with me pressed so close to his neck. I tasted the peach we shared that night.

The rain began pouring again very hard.

“Oliver, are you alright?”

He didn’t answer me, he pulled me out from the crook of his neck and kissed me. Maybe it was sweat but I felt something on his cheeks and started to worry that they’re his tears. Why was he crying?

“Better than ever.”

“Are you crying?”

“Yeah, I was…”

“Why?”

“Because I can’t even start to process let along explain how I feel now. I finally understand why you were sobbing all those times.”

“I love you, Oliver.”

“I love you too Elio, more than I ever thought I would…”

I smiled at his beautiful face covered with not just bodily fluids but with emotions. I could read his face like a book, he was satisfied and I was the one behind it. What we did meant the world to me.
Listening to him talk about us, touching and pleasing him like he did with me was more than I could bare that at the end even I let a little tear slide down my cheeks.

Oliver kissed it and we continued hugging with him in my lap and a smile on both of our faces.

Chapter End Notes

I was having a lot of problems with this one. I accidentally deleted the entire chapter by mistake, don't know how, suddenly the half of it was gone and i couldn't find it. So i had to retype everything again from the beginning, and i really like this version more than the original one.

Oh and about their dates of births, i wanted to keep it inside their characters so i set Elio like Timmy to be a capricorn and gave Oliver the leo sign because he really does look and poses like one, i should know, I'm a leo myself. But Armie is a virgo and i could never tell that, he just strikes me as a leo. :D
Our deal about waking up early in the morning so that we could experience a sunrise failed once I checked my watch as soon as I opened my eyes. It was two in the afternoon. I was crazy to think that we could be up and about after our night. Night.

As for usual I slept on my stomach and on my divine and wonderful surprise, Oliver was still sleeping next to me. He looked so relaxed and satisfied, he looked like a rested angel and even looked younger. When he told me that the person could look younger than it actually was I didn’t believe him, that’s because I couldn’t possibly imagine myself looking younger than seventeen. But it was possible. He looked younger than 24. So much younger, and beautiful. His sweat has dried off completely and his exposed, limp cock, which was being shined with the afternoon Sun, laid perfectly on his testicles.

I thought about getting up, getting dressed, getting him up and ready for the day but I would hate myself if I were to wake him up like this and so I stayed on my spot.

Oliver was sleeping on his back, one hand on his chest, other on the side and his head was turned towards me. I could only assume, and if I were to assume it, his chest, stomach and crotch were sticky, sweet and salty because of me. I don’t think I ever saw or heard anything more arousing than looking and listening to Oliver falling apart beneath and above me.

It was sunny outside which didn’t come as a shock. It was summer, it was normal to rain all night and be bright and shiny in the morning. The sunshine was peaking through the blinds of our balcony window, informing us that is a new day, a new day indeed. And our last day where we were absolutely sure we were going to be together during the night.

It was also a day of the party at a bookstore. As much as I was excited about going, I was equally terrified and nervous. How are we suppose to act in public? I knew there were no chances of getting there holding hands, exchanging sweet kisses whenever I felt like it.

The bed was a mess ever since we arrived, it was completely understandable for two guys to have a messy and unmade bed. But the bed was the only thing of our trip that was the most active, soaking and absorbing all the energy from his and my body, all the sounds, all the moves, all of the tying up, everything.
I yawned and tried to turn around on my back, the Sun tanned my legs long enough. But I got stuck. The peach juice that was sliding from my mouth to my forearms was completely dried when we went to bed and now my arms were stuck to the sheet. I pulled the sheet off letting out a soft hiss. Nasty. Oliver never moved.

I dragged myself to the bathroom. Gently and on the tips of my toes, I grabbed the bottle of the shower gel that was sitting on the night stand next to his head, stretched my limbs and got inside, keeping an eye on Oliver all the way in. I did my business in the bathroom, brushed my teeth and then finally took a shower. The way our bodily fluids collided, plus the peach juice, were leaving my body kind of made me sad. Wanting for them to stay attached to me was stupid but I couldn’t help but feel a bit empty once they went down the drain.

Oliver never came in. I can’t blame him, he was really tired. And I was really happy.

I dried my body and went in the bedroom again and began digging threw my backpack for some clothes. I only wore a new pair of underwear and my swimming trunks. No beach, no river, no pool, but it was too hot to wear a shirt and too cold to just be in boxer shorts.

The idea was to waste time until he woke up but as soon as I looked over to him and saw that he hadn’t changed the position ever since I woke up, almost a half an hour I go, I figured he won’t be up any time soon. Let the big guy sleep, he deserved it.

My eyes went straight to the desk. Next to the bag of, now, three peaches inside I spotted my papers which I began transcribing the night before. I sat in the chair again, put my earphones on, played a tape on a walkman and began filling the paper with notes.

I only brought Vivaldi, Schubert and Brahms with me. Even that was way too much. I continued Brahms from the previous night. A soft melody filled my ears and I was on. The pencil moved on the sound of composer’s fingers tangling the piano keys, I couldn’t help but smile. Breathe in, breathe out.

From time to time I would turn around to check up on him only to find Oliver in the same damn position from the beginning. I turned my attention to the paper and then after 5 minutes to him, same position, paper, him, same position, paper, him…

What the fuck?

Is he dead?

I stopped what I was doing and moved closer to his side of the bed. He looked so peaceful, maybe because he was dead, no, stop. I need to check his pulse. The big artery on the side of his neck or his wrist. Neck, please. I took two fingers and placed them on his skin. No pulse? I must not be looking at the right place. I moved the fingers all around the neck until I found something that was pulsing beneath them. Okay, Alive! Barely. The heart was pumping his blood very good but slowly. Why was I so scared?

And then he opened his eyes.

I removed the fingers and sat at the end of the bed, waiting for him to acknowledge me. Oliver stretched his hands above his head and his feet also.

“Good morning…” He murmured peaking through his eyes, his morning voice was soft and husky.

“Morning.” I smiled at him.
“What time is it?”
“It’s three thirty in the afternoon.”
“No way! Fuck, I was so tired. When did you wake up?”
“About and hour and half ago.”
“Man, Elio…we slept over twelve hours straight!”
“Yeah. Did you rest at least?”
“Of course! Wow, I don’t think I ever felt this rested. Ever. What about you?”
“I did. I couldn’t believe I woke up before you.”
“What did you do?”
“I umm…I took a shower, changed into this and continued to transcribe.”
“Oh good, how’s it going?”
“Fine but you were distracting me.”
“How?”
“Every time I turned to check up on you, every five minutes…you stayed in the same position.
Man, honestly, I thought you were dead!”
“Were those your fingers I felt on my neck?”
“Yeah, I wanted to check your pulse.”
“You idiot, you don’t know how to do it. Give me your fingers.”

He guided them to a hole on the side of his neck. I finally felt his artery pumping blood insanely
fast but only if I’d squeeze that hole deep enough I could feel his body reacting to my touch.
“You feel it now?”
“Yeah, your heart it going crazy.”

I locked my eyes with his. Our fingers intertwined. He got up on his elbows and took a look at the
floor that was covered with our clothes, shoes and used-up peach. The bed was a bigger mess. It
was the only place that was the most active ever since we got there. Such an innocent looking
place collected and absorbed all of us. There was not a single spot on the bed that wasn’t covered
with our skin cells.
“Come here. Give me a morning kiss.” He said.
“Actually, it way past morning…” I grinned at him.
“You little…”

He pulled my hand closer to him and I leaned in to kiss him. I missed his lips, this was our first kiss
after half a day. His morning breath smelled like Oliver himself, without even trying. My lips
caressed his and I licked his upper lip. He giggled and all I could think of was our first kiss.
“I hate when you wear those.” He whispered in my lips.

“You don’t like them on me?”

“No. They cover up your beautiful body.”

“Such a shame, don’t you think…”

He pulled my forearm and settled me in his embrace once again. Oliver’s huge arms grasped my entire tiny body, placing his chest to my back and his exposed cock pushing into my ass. I rolled my hips to his pelvis and felt him getting hard again and ready for another round.

“Oh, Elio…what are you doing to me…”

He whispered in my ear and bit the ear lobe.

“I can’t get you and the peach out of my mind…”

“It did felt good, didn’t it?”

“Good? I can’t remember the last I ever felt that…fucking amazing!”

“I feel the same way.”

“I’m never letting you go.”

“Then don’t.”

I turned to look at him again. We attached our lips. God, it felt so good to kiss him after everything we did, after every single touch, his lips on mine felt good as almost as they did on the berm.

“I have a proposition, if you’re up to it.” He mumbled on my lips.

“Let’s hear it.”

“How about you come here and lay next to me and we don’t touch or kiss…for a whole hour?”

“Why?”

“To build our sexual tension. The longer we don’t touch the bigger it gets and the better it feels later. And then we’ll go to a party, and we’ll have fun and then tonight I’ll repay you for how you destroyed me.”

“Deal.”

I rolled over him and laid on my spot next to Oliver and stared at the ceiling.

Okay, no touching. No touching Oliver. No touching Oliver who is lying naked next to me. Naked. Fuck. No touching. I’m bored!

“Oliver?”

“Yeah?”

“Can we talk at least?”

“Yeah, sure. What’s on your mind?”
“Nothing. I just wanted to talk.”

I laid spread next to him, maybe couple of inches away from his skin but I kind of understood what he meant. It’s like when you’re not eating for hours so that you could eat at the end of the night and with that, eat the best part of the dinner. Food. Fuck.

“When are we supposed to be there?”

“Around 8 tonight.”

“And what are we going to do there?”

“Oh, I don’t know Elio. What do people usually do at parties?”

“Don’t ask me. I hate those things.”

“I’m not surprised.” I smiled at that.

“Is there going to be any food? I’m starving.”

“I hope so, I’m hungry too. If Mafalda knew what we ate In the last two days…”

“We still have three peaches left.”

“No, no, no, I’m not going anywhere near you and the peach.”

“Poor thing. It was of a great use!”

“I agree.”

His eyes were closed but mine were fixed on his beautiful profile.

“Hey, Oliver?”

“Yes, Elio?”

“Am I going as your…your date?”

“Maybe.”

“Maybe?”

“What you think you’re going as?”

“I don’t know.”

“Yes…yes you do.” He turned to look at me.

“What do you think I should go as?”

“What do you think you should go as?”

This was killing me.

“Nothing…never mind.”

“Well, Elio…I don’t think a couple of nothings can just do everything we did last night, don’t you
“Think?”

“Hm, yeah…It was just a stupid question.”

“Elio…I do love you. I hope you know that.”

“Yeah, I love you too.”

“Then stop questioning this.”

He closed his eyes again and I was left to just lay there with so many questions.

Why did it feel like this was going nowhere? Why did I feel like this was it? Why did I feel like he was going to leave and we won’t be hearing from him ever again? Why did I feel that? Oliver did tell me stop questioning us so many times before. But I couldn’t stop, it’s all I could think of. It’s been a while since I had time again all to myself and my thoughts, it’s been so long and everything was going through my head now. I didn’t like this game. I wasn’t touching him so I was doomed to thinking. Overthinking, actually. Was this it?

I rehearsed losing him so many times but I never went this far. It started when we slept together for the first time and it ended somewhere on his last morning with us. But then a trip to Bergamo mixed along. Then it changed it to our bus ride, dinner and the night when we would make love for the last time. Ever? I never got that far of rehearsing and including the bus ride to the station, waiting for the train to arrive…Stop it Elio!

He didn’t know it but his words stung me like never before. And not the ones questioning me as a guest that night, but the ones that he does love me. Everything became so hard to process and a tear slid down my face. Oliver didn’t notice it but I continue to water my eyes and to stuff my nose. I didn’t want anything or anyone near me at that moment. I didn’t want someone to tell me that everything was going to be alright. I didn’t want someone to tell me that is okay to let everything out of me. I didn’t want someone to tell me that it’s okay to cry. I just wanted him to hold me and not say a Goddamn word.

My lips were shivering with every tear I let fall down and as I tried to swallow a cry I let out a whimper.

And of course, Oliver heard it.

“Elio?”

“I’m fine…”

“Look at me.”

“It’s nothing…I’m fine. You were right, this feels good…”

“Can you at least tell me why are you crying?”

I opened my eyes. Oliver sat up and caressed my wet cheek. I saw that he was sad as well. He was sad because I was sad and I was sad because he was in love with me.

“Hold me.” I breathed.

“Anything. Come here.”

I sat in his lap but he translocated me and held me like a baby. One of his hands was holding my
legs and the other one was caressing my forehead and hair. My wet face fit perfectly in the crook of his neck and then I continued sobbing. He lost at his own game of not touching me.

“Sorry…” I swallowed a whimper but an apology came out.

Oliver never said a word, he just held me there and occasionally kissed my forehead. He held me like I was the purest, the most fragile and precious thing in the world. I still smelled the peach juice on his chest and smiled instantly.

It’s funny how my happy place, which seemed like a distant part of the summer, was replaced on the spot. Oliver’s embrace beat the lonely table in the backyard behind the villa. Without giving me any heads-up, Oliver lifted my chin and attached our lips again. There were no words for how happy and grateful I was feeling at that moment. Nobody was allowed to just kiss me like that while I was covered with shameful tears but then again, Oliver was a nobody. A nobody to whom I gave permission to just casually move inside my head, to move inside my heart, to move inside me. I let him. It was me.

But it takes two to love, right?

And now, as our lips were colliding and producing saliva, I didn’t know who was who and how long has it been since we met. He moved to kissing my forehead and pulling me closer to him. I stopped crying.

It always seemed like Oliver knew exactly what I was thinking. It was kind of creepy when he tied me up and I begged for his hand to go around my neck and that’s exactly what happened. I knew how to read his facial expression when he was the most vulnerable. It feels like he was the only one who knew how to kiss me to make my knees go weak. It feels like he was the only one who knew how to touch my feet and cause me a nose bleed. It feels like he was the only one who knew how to touch me to make my body shiver. And it feels like he was the only one who knew how to make love to me and make me love him even more. Period.

“Would you like to help me shower and wash us off of me?” His fingers lifted my chin again.

“Us? Yeah, I would like that.” I smiled. Us meant him, me and the fruit juice.

A peck on a lips and he got up with me in his hands and got us straight to the bathroom, locking the door behind us.

His silence was all I wanted and he gave me just that. That is the reason I fell in love with him in the first place and that’s the reason why I had a massive respect for the man who was keeping my bed warm night after night. And he respected me and my decisions in rewind. Oliver knew I wasn’t comfortable talking about my crying so he never pushed me to it.

Respect. Trust. Love.

And I think I fell I love with him once more, all over again. I have been in love with Oliver since day one, and knowing myself, I would be in love with him until I die.

In a moment like this one, it was better to die than to speak, because there was nothing left to be said that wasn’t already shown through a simple touch or a small peck on the lips.

Chapter End Notes
This one got deleted also, I don't know how. I downloaded a new writing program and now after every page I fill I take a picture on my phone just in case it gets deleted again. And there was a small part of the book where they were lying on the grass and didn't touch for some time, I absolutely needed to include that one.
Once we were inside the bathroom he took my trunks and underwear off and threw them away as far as he could, Oliver was already naked. Even at that moment, I wasn’t up for anything more than a shower. It came as a shock once I realized I just wanted to bathe with him, wash everything off of him, take a second shower within two hours after my awakening.

Oliver stood so close to me, his fingers were slowly going up from the sides of my thighs, crossing over my hips and going up up until I felt him under my chin, leaving shivering touches on his way up.

“Let’s relax. Shall we?” He asked once he raised my chin with his fingers.

Oliver ran his lips across my ear lobe as he was saying those words. Now what?

“What do you mean?” I breathed out.

“I think you’ll like it. You look like you need it.”

“Oliver…I umm, I’m not in the mood for…it.”

I was emotionally exhausted and I wasn’t ready to feel him again just yet.

“Don’t worry, sweetie. I’m not talking that kind of relaxation. And we can do whatever you want or don’t want. Okay?”

I nodded. He kissed my forehead.

He turned and ran the water in the bath tub and clogged the drain. The water was running for quite a while now. Oliver was kneeling next to it, checking the water temperature every few seconds. I sat next to him, starring at him making me a bubble bath or whatever. My fingers slowly moved from his face to his back, all the down his spine and back up again. He seemed to enjoy it, not a word came from him, I was starting to think he was a bit mad about me not wanting to make love again. But I did, just not at that moment and not at that place. His words used me up when we were playing his little game. Or was it me with my over fucking thinking everything?

“Grab me the bottle, will you?”
I crawled to the other end of the tub and gave him the bottle of the shower gel. By that point, it was so easy to hold it, I thought about us going back to saliva that night. And we might, because Oliver squeezed everything that was inside into the tub, even shaking it and the bottle let out that funny fart noise.

That was it. Saliva it is.

He mixed the substance with his hands and when the water was almost to the end he closed the faucet, or maybe it was because there was no hot water left. It would take hours to fill it to the hotness.

This is love, I thought: sitting in silence while waiting for the loved ones to make you a bath so you could relax. No one was a match for Oliver and no one ever will be again.

“Come here.” He got up first and offered me his hands to get myself up.

Oliver kept one of my hands in his and guided me inside. The hot water ran over my body and I just wanted to drown in it. We had a recognizable smell due to using the same gel in the bathroom and in the privacy of our bed. He got in after me and spread his legs so that I would have enough room for mine. The tub was perfect for the two of us.

The water was so nice and warm. I threw my head back at the edge of the tub and rested there in silence. He was right, I did need this. I knew he was looking at me. We sat in silence, the water dripping from the faucet was the only thing that was making noise.

I pulled my head back and saw that Oliver was now the one whose head was thrown back. The water came just above his nipples and instantly an image from our love making in the river flashed before my eyes. I smiled.

I “swam” towards him and placed myself between his already spread legs, my back pressed to his chest. Oliver pulled his head back to adjust to the new position and with one hand pushed my head back closer to his neck.

One kiss to the back of my neck and the other one in my hair, and we continued relaxing in silence. I missed his body under water. Neither Oliver nor myself ever got hard which was something to think about and to gain even more respect and appreciation to the man behind me. The peach juice was washing itself and spreading all around us.

I turned my entire energy into just breathing: breathe in, breathe out, deeper and deeper. I felt him do the same, hens the movement of my entire body from behind. My fingers were caressing his thighs under water. Not a word, not a sound, not a look.

Minutes had passed and we still hadn’t said a word. It was silent but it wasn’t dull because he was here with me. I could do everything in silence with him and for him. A massive warmth spread in my stomach and I repositioned myself closer to him.

Oliver was twirling with my curl, gently tugging each and every one of them on the back of my head. Without any word or warnings he moved into a sitting position and pushed my body up front so I could hug my knees. Oliver gently massaged my back, starting from the neck which was exactly what I needed because once his fingers squeezed that part my head fell forward and I sighed. That was the only sound let out by either one of us during our relaxing bath. He then moved to my shoulders and down to the spine. In reality, he was actually massaging my bones but to him, he wanted to do everything in his power to enable me to fully relax.
I could get use to this, I thought…and then I felt a river of tears coming towards me and there was no way to stop it, except for one thing.

On a thought of crying, hating myself and pulling out even more questions from him, I turned around to look at him. He was already staring at me.

“Kiss me.” I whispered so softly.

Without hesitation Oliver pulled my head back with one hand gently clenching it around my neck and kissed me. The need to cry faded away once I felt his lips on mine. And suddenly, I wanted to go further.

All it took was for Oliver to remind me to live in the moment and to use every moment wisely like it was our last.

I turned my body around completely and straddled him in the bath tub, never separating our lips. The water was moving on my motion and some fell out of the tub and his the floor. We stopped only because Oliver began laughing during our kiss. I didn’t find it funny, I found it arousing to the point when our cocks were rubbing against one another below the water, all by themselves. My hands were grasping and caressing his face, turning his head towards me in a note to continue kissing me. And so he did. His hands pulled me closer to him by grabbing and gently squeezing my butt cheeks. Just what I needed.

My body felt so relaxed and so ready to go all the way. But he stopped me.

“Elio…”

I looked at him hoping he would just penetrate me and scavenge all the feelings outside my body. I missed his voice.

“Grab the shampoo.” He said.

“Why?”

“So I could wash your hair.”

“I already washed it.”

“Doesn’t matter. I want to.”

“Oliver, I want you. Now.” I blushed looking down at his chest.

He smiled and raised my head with his fingers.

“Shampoo, please. We need to start getting ready.”

“It’s still early.”

“Shampoo. Now.”

I reached out behind me and grabbed his stupid bottle and returned to sit in his lap.

“Thank you.”

He removed the top and squeeze some of it on my head and began spreading it.
I kept my eyes on his face, he looked to be really into the whole washing my hair thing. Because I already washed in and showered couple of hours earlier, the foam was enormous once he was done rubbing my curls.

It was still so very early and I was not in the mood to be just wasting time with water. I wanted to feel him again, like I did the previous night, it ate me away how close I was to him and yet he was giving me some sort of restrain. All I had to do was to reach out and touch, he would’ve said yes but I got interrupted.

Oliver formed a huge grin and then a laughter on his face when he removed his hands from my head. I could only imagine what he had done up there. Pointy hair? Yes, that’s exactly what he did. All of my short curls were turned into a one spiky stick on the top of my head.

Oliver’s laughter only made me laugh with him. He was laughing because I looked funny and I was laughing because he thought that something so ridiculous could relax me and put me in a better mood. And he was right. Seeing him like that only reminded how much I love him and how ready I am to love him throughout this silence.

A pointy thing on my head stayed unmoved when I leaned to him and kissed him, kissed the smug off his face. Oliver held my neck just the way I liked it, thumb caressing my wet skin.

“Can I bring you like this tonight?”

“I look ridiculous…”

“Just joking. You still look beautiful. Always had, always will, even with that on top…” He burst out laughing again.

I destroyed the spike and blew the foam into his face. Of course, the most of it spread around the bathroom and some landed on his face. He laughed even more and embraced me again, so close to him.

After some time spent on his chest, still covered with soap, I felt the water getting colder and colder by the seconds. But I was inside a warm embrace, wherever his hands were I was warm, however his body was positioned I felt warm, around our warm bodies the water was cold.

I was addicted to us sharing the warmth, comfort and love. No one except Oliver ever came close to even say they deserved it.

“I think it’s time to get out.” I removed myself from him.

“Oh, I agree. I wasn’t gonna move until you say something.”

“Don’t be stupid. It’s not right to sit here if you’re cold.”

“But I wasn’t cold, you kept me warm, Elio.”

Fuck, why did he have to say my name at the end?

“Let’s get out.”

I stood up and he stood up next to me. Oliver grabbed the shower and poured both of us with hot water. The time we spent in there was enough for the water to get hot again.

Minutes later we were wrapped in the towels and were on our way out of the bathroom.
“Can we…like…not go?” I asked. What I meant was “Can we not go and stay here and fuck until the Sun comes out?”

“Why? Are you okay?”

“Oh no, no, I’m fine, just a thought…”

“Well I have to go. I just want to give him the file and be done with it. What’s done it’s done.”

“When can I read it?”

“I will make sure that they make a copy just for you. And I will sign it in person. Deal?” He smiled.

“Deal.” I returned the smile. “Turn around and grab the chair.”

Oliver seemed confused but it was just my way of saying thank you for the copy I’ll soon receive, and he did as he was told.

I licked two of my fingers and pushed them directly, without warnings or stopping, inside of him. I kept them there until I got used to his usual hotness around the knuckles. Oliver grasped the chair until his hand knuckles turned white, letting out a sort of whimper mixed with a grunt collided with a moan.

“Elio…mmm, you keep doing this, and there’s definitely no party.”

“I know.”

I kissed his back and pulled them out and then pushed them back in. I pulled out eventually once I felt him completely loosen up around them. It was the fastest I have ever seen him or felt him relax around my hand. We could’ve started but under no circumstances should we let it finish.

It was around 7:20 pm when we left the hotel, only bringing the keys to our room and Oliver brought his manuscript for the publisher. It took us some time to find the place. It’s a miracle how it seems that all the buildings had changed or had we been inside for too long?

It hasn’t been raining since the previous night but I hardly ever wanted to remember the rain: he was the only thing I want to remember, his body covered in juice, his sounds, his movements on top of me. Him.

And now we were walking and talking, enjoying what was left of our time together.

I wore my red shirt, the one I wore on his fist day here and he wore his green shirt, the one he wore when we slept together for the first time. It’s funny how, back then, we couldn’t have possibly predicted to get this far or to even get involved at all. I never thought it was possible to love someone this much. A part of me was so happy in love and the other one was scared of this amount of love I was feeling. It takes two to love but I takes one to pussy out. I hope neither of us was in a place to do that.

“Can you imagine living here? It’s so beautiful at night.” He began.
“Maybe. It’s nothing like in Milano.”

“Like this?”

“Yup. The city is crowded with buildings and people. I hate the crowd.”

“I know.” He smiled

“I just got used to…” I got interrupted once I felt his hand hold mine.

I looked at our hands and fingers intertwined and then looked back at him. We were in public holding hands. The last time I wanted to hold his hand, I was stopped with the thought of two men holding hands in mid 80s, but we actually held fingers which was close enough. And now, my whole hand was in his hand.

I held the keys in one hand, and my entire world in the other.

The streets were mostly empty but the people that were there, walking pass or, drinking and eating in the near by caffee’s only flashed us a glance and smile which lasted couple of seconds. They thought we were cute together and we really were.

“You were saying something?” Oliver smiled at me, he looked so relaxed with his decision.

“I umm…” I felt myself blush.

“You just got used to? Elio, relax. It’s me you’re talking to.”

“Right, sorry. I just got used to the villa. I don’t hate it anymore.”

“And why is that?”

“I don’t know, I never got along with any of father’s students. Now that I think about it, I am very certain that two years ago one student hit on me…he also sent me a note or wanted to write something for me, anyway, I was young back then and was only getting in the way. I really never got along with any of them…”

“Except for me.”

“Except for you. But still, if it weren’t for you, it would’ve been just another summer that I wasted sleeping in and transcribing music.”

“Don’t get me wrong, I think we clicked from the start, in a way, but there was a chance for you and I not to be…you and I.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, you couldn’t read my mind, you had no idea what I was thinking or wanted and as it turned out, we wanted the same thing. I kept my distance, that’s true but only because I waited for you to give me your sign. And you did, but even then I needed to make sure this…this is what you wanted.”

“I wanted you. That’s all I knew. And all I know. I want you and everything that comes with you.”

“I feel the same way. What a summer, huh?”

“Yeah. Finally a good one.”
“I still don’t understand how can you say that.”

“Well it’s easy for you to say, anywhere but the cold and rainy New York is a good place.”

“I mean…” We stopped.

Oliver gently pushed me against the wall near us. He’s gonna kiss me now, I thought, that would’ve been an icing on top of the cake. But instead he leaned his forehead on mine, his hot breath spread across my face and I felt my body shiver.

“…with the right person…” He placed a small kiss on my nose. “…any place can feel like home…” He moved and grabbed my hand back in the process and we were on our way.

“Now tell me, whose party is this? Is it yours? Is it for the great American?”

“Sadly, no. It’s for this poet…his publisher is my publisher so he invited me to give him this and to meet his crew, he said.”

“Okay, I’m starving.”

“You feeling okay?”

“Now, I am.”

We arrived at the bookstore somewhere around 8 and it was already crowded. There were maybe ten people in total plus the two of us. I walked first and was greeted with a woman, her name was Adele. I kissed her hand and introduced myself to her. She told me that she was the poet’s wife and said something funny about him which I didn’t quite understand but she laughed at the end and so did I. She looked to be maybe 50 years old, short blonde hair and hazel eyes.

Oliver came in few minutes later.

“Oliver!” One man came from behind Adele and flew to the door to welcome Oliver in.

“Hello!”

“Welcome, welcome! Do you have something for me?”

“Ah, yes. Here, take this off of my hands.”

“Thank you! We’ll keep in touch, now enjoy!”

His publisher looked around my father’s age, he was already drunk, by the way he got so excited to see him and by the smell he left behind him when he ran pass me.

Adele turned to me squeezed my hand in a way Oliver held it barely few minutes ago. She pulled me into a crowd of three young women, possibly in their 20s, telling me that they were her daughters. It was fun being the youngest one there. One of the daughter, Amanda, offered me a glass of wine which I kindly accepted and began talking to me.

They all started talking about poetry, politics, music, art, weather and included me into every one of them. My field was music, of course. They laughed whenever I would make a joke even if it
wasn’t that funny. They would touch my face, tug my curls, squeeze my mouth, treat me like a baby whenever I would stop to think or stopped to be a bit embarrassed due to the massive amount of attention I was receiving.

From a far distance I heard Oliver’s laughter and smiled when I heard his voice.

We were all standing leaned to the Spanish wall, talking, laughing and, of course, drinking. My glass was never empty. I had no idea what I was drinking: wine came first, then some vodka mixed with fruit and then I had no idea but whatever it was, it tasted good and was picking me quickly.

Why was I so full of shit about this party? This was fun. It was fun when you’re in the center of attention. I was getting drunk very fast and needed to eat something as soon as possible.

“Tesoro, who are you here with?” Adele asked after taking a sip of her wine.

“Oh, um, Oliver…his publisher…”

“Oh, Oliver, si, si. American. He was here the other day. Just dropped to say hello, I was here getting everything ready for tonight.”

“Oh, good.”

“He told us he was bringing someone. Just to count on one more person. I said, the more the merrier.”

“Thank you.” I smiled to her.

“Have you read the poems?”

“Yes, actually I met your husband. Back in Crema in one of the bookstores we have there, he gave me the copy and signed it there for me. That was nice of him.”

“Hm, sure. Yet, he can’t even check the children’s homework.”

One man, the poet, actually called us to go through a small door, saying that there is a table served with food and drinks. I felt my stomach growl and rushed in among the first.

We sat around the table, Adele sat on my left side, Amanda sat on my right and Oliver was right across me. There was no wine, something new I drank, grappa they called it. It tasted weird but I was eating a full meal for the first time since we got to Bergamo, besides the breakfast and the peach.

Three courses of meal and a dessert, a chocolate and vanilla ice cream, I was in heaven. By that time I was laughing ecstatically to whatever the other’s were laughing at too.

After we all finished eating, the poet stood up and opened his book, called “Se l’ amore” took a piece of his poems and began reciting the part called “The San Clemente syndrome”, one of my favorite pieces. After he finished reading a part of it, he shared the story of how that poem ever came to life.

We stood up and a round of applause spread across the tiny bookstore. Later on, we all got up and scattered around the store and continued the conversations we were having during dinner all along drinking the infamous grappa.
I was talking to Amanda. She was from Bologna, and this was her first time here in Bergamo. Just like Oliver’s. And speak of the devil, Oliver got himself between the two of us and held me tightly around my waste. The three of us continued talking and drinking.

Amanda excused herself to go to the bathroom and I was left alone with him for the first time in a while. I hate to admit, I did not miss him at all, I loved the life these people were having, I loved the way they treated one another with a huge dose of respect and love. I wanted that, I want this, but with him.

“How are you feeling?” Oliver was smacked a little, I tasted his breathe on mine. I was starting to worry about my drunken state and would I react like I did back then in the villa, when I could taste a sound and smell a memory.

“Good, good, great, amazing…” I laughed at the end, Oliver laughed with me.

“What’s so funny?”

“Nothing, everything. I love you.”

“I love you too, you idiot.”

“Oliver…” I knew I was dangerously close, “Fuck me…now.”

“We can’t right now.” He whispered in my ear. The hot breath only left a fog on my skin.

“Why not?”

“Look where we are, and I’d rather do nothing more than you right now, but just hold on for a little while longer.”

“Ugh, okay…this really kicked my ass.” I raised the glass to him.

“Can you play something?”

“Is there a piano?”

“Here.” He motioned me the way to the instrument, I took another sip of my drink and sat to play. My fingers played the keys and it was a total silence inside the bookstore. It was like nothing and no one existed except for me and my piano. I was so into it that I had no idea what time it was, what date it was, what day it was, all I knew at that moment is every single note of the Brahms I was recently transcribing.

I received an applause and the end. I thanked them for listening and excused myself out to get some fresh air.

I heard all sorts of compliments about the young Elio who came along with the American as I was going out.

“Is he okay?” A woman asked.

“Yeah, he’s just a bit tired.” I heard Oliver’s voice.

I made few steps away from the bookstore and leaned against the stoned wall. I kept breathing
heavily, feeling the alcohol in my throat. It kept raising and pushing down, and the food I ate, It only got me more sick once I would think about it; the meat, the beans, the pasta…That is it, I was going to throw up.

“Elio?” I turned and saw Oliver. “How are you feeling?”

“Awful. Go back inside, I’ll be fine.”

“No, you’re not. I told them we’re leaving, it’s almost midnight.”

“Already? Soon, a new day, Oliver. Your last.” I felt sweat run my forehead as I mouthed the words I dreaded.

“Let’s go.”

The streets were completely empty and Oliver kept stumbling as we were walking back to the hotel. He sang something, holding my hand, twirling me around, mixing the alcohol and the food from inside my full stomach. He sang and sang as we were running along the streets. I jumped on an angle of the wall and let go of his hand, inhaled the night air as he was singing in his drunk state. God, I felt so good. Life was wonderful.

I knew, that no matter how we treated each other in the bed, how dominant he might seem and how submissive I would come across, how we had no boundaries when it came to satisfying one another…there was always going to be this childish, playful friendship which we owned and cherished before we became lovers.

Running and chasing each other on the night streets of Bergamo, all long listening to what ridiculous tune Oliver was getting off to, such a playful moment and I can’t even remember what day it was. Playing with each other, leaned on the stoned wall, me chasing after him, him running away from me with a huge smile on his face. This was the happiest I ever felt. My movements were slow so when he felt like it, Oliver hugged me against the wall, spin me around some more and moved his lips to where they belonged from day one. I moved my hands down his body while his were busy with a drunken kid, we were grunting and panting like we were the only two people in Italy and we may as well have been.

My neck was attacked by Oliver; kisses and bites were sending me outside this world. I was worried that I wouldn’t last long, that that was the place where I’d undress the both of us and let him penetrate me against that wall, which was scratching my back but when it came to Oliver, it was worth it. To him, kissing me in the cold rain seemed worth it, so for me, getting my skin scarped was worth it also.

Shivers ran down my spine as we continued to drunk satisfy each other even over our clothes. And then Oliver pulled away. He kept his eyes…don’t know where, I saw a spot on his neck and went for it with my entire mouth and teeth.

“You hear that?”

Maybe I should leave him a purple love bite. His palm caressed my face, trying to separate me from him, eyes still fixed to the place where some song he heard was playing. I heard it too but I was more into the idea of making out with him in the streets of Bergamo.

“Wait, wait, wait…” his voice was soft but full of excitement. My lips had no power here.
“Pum, pum, pum…No, no, no, it’s this way! Come on, it’s this way! You’re missing it!”

He finally pulled out from my tiny embrace and started running towards that place where the song was coming from. I was left dumbstruck but I was too drunk to process everything so I followed him. He jumped with joy and I mirrored the jump behind him.

The source of the music was a tiny red car parked nowhere near the place I was familiar. It was near the cathedral and there was a man sitting inside the vehicle, one man was leaning against it and a blonde lady dancing to the “Love my way” next to it. Oliver looked so happy and blessed with joy, like he knew them his entire life. I don’t think they even noticed a skinny boy next to a tall blonde enthusiastic and music loving guy.

“This. This. You are…” he snapped his fingers following the rhythm of the song, getting closer to the blonde lady.

The cathedral bell made its sound and that was the sound of midnight. A new day officially. He’s going to dance with me now, new day, why not start of with your lover? I thought but then again, I thought wrong and stupid.

“If you’ll excuse me. One second, one second…” He said to the guy that was leaned against the car.

Oliver grabbed the lady’s hand and took her in front of the main entrance of the monument and started dancing with her.

They began talking about something in Italian but I was way too drunk and tired to even wrap my mind around it. I sat on the near stone and watched as he was starting his new and last day in Italy with a complete stranger. He turned to me asking what she said but I way off. Only to remember that not long ago I sat and felt sad like I did at that moment when I watched him getting very close with Chiara. And the guy went for it. I couldn’t blame him. Chiara was everyone’s fantasy girl, even mine…before him. That song took me back a bit and I felt as though I was back home feeling lonely surrounded by a bunch of people.

I don’t know was it the song, was it the girl, was it the smell of the cigarettes which that guy outside the car was smoking, was it the food or was the alcohol but right there at that moment I let everything out. It felt awful and traumatizing to vomit at all, let alone in front of three people you never met before and Oliver. The feeling was the same as when I had the nosebleed, I was falling apart right in front of him and didn’t like it.

Oliver laughed at the sight of me throwing up, jumped over the chains that were decorating the main entrance to the building, said something to the blonde lady and ran over to pick me up and take me home.

Once I was inside his embrace, nothing else mattered. Not even that his decision to dance with a complete stranger and not me only awoke a new side I had for music as an art and that that song would always be the one I hate because I never got the chance to dance with him. But then again, at the end of the day, I was the one he’d fall asleep next to, and that was good enough for me.
Bergamo, day three (part 3)

Chapter Summary

They kiss on the street and then go back to their room and make love for one last time (hopefully not).

Chapter Notes

This chapter includes the famous Kiss of a lifetime and then afterwards hours of steamy love making, a real smut to be exact. Hope you like this one, let me know what you think and enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“God Elio! Do you know how to chew?”

“Go away…”

I motioned my arm to keep him away from me.

“There’s beans that aren’t even chewed up and they could feed the children of Africa!”

“Go away, don’t look…”

“It’s nothing I haven’t seen before.”

Below the steps we took after we left the red car and those people, we found a fountain in which I continued throwing up. Oliver held my curls and forehead as I was getting everything out of me. His comment about me not chewing the beans only alarmed me to throw up even more. The act of vomiting was scaring me and I was so glad I wasn’t going through it alone. The visualization of the plate in front of me did the trick and everything was out. I felt couple of kilograms lighter. The smell of the alcohol stayed in my mouth and the alcohol itself stayed inside my system.

“I think I’m done…”

“Look at me.” He raised my head with his hands.

“I hate this…”

“Get down, I need to splash you with some water.”

And he did, he washed my face like it was morning and the cold water really felt nice.

“Here, drink some water.”

“Ugh, I can’t…I will throw up again.”
“I don’t care, I’m not letting you go dehydrated.”

I bent down and took some cold water. I imagined it going down and mixing with everything I ate and felt the puke coming back up again.

Seconds later I was fine and just needed to focus on my breathing. Oliver drank some water as well.

“Fuck, the happiest day of my life and I ended up throwing up.”

“Let me take you home.” He said with a smile and held my hand again.

Again, the shivers fell down my spine only this time they were kind of numb and I’m guessing it’s because the alcohol. I felt so much better once I threw everything out and let him wash my face with cold water.

I was still very drunk as we made our way away from the fountain that was filled with undigested food, wine and grappa to the streets of Bergamo that were lit with big night lights from all over the place.

“I just thought of something.” I said, stumbling my way throughout the streets but Oliver kept me stable and helped me walk, left, right, left, right.

“And what’s that?”

“Nothing…just wanted to hear myself speak…and listen to you respond.”

“If you didn’t exist, you should be made up.”

Such a puzzled sentence and a statement, I needed some time to figure out what he actually meant. I guess it meant that persons like me don’t exist, something like that, I don’t know.

“Elio, look at me when you walk. It’s okay, I got you.”

I got you. I got you. I’ll fall very soon. I’ll be hurt very soon, emotionally that is. He will leave me, I will fall into sadness and ruin myself mentally.

His genuine smile kept me wanting to succeed in my drunken state.

We reached a place where we’d rest. Oliver leaned against the stoned wall, still holding my hand. He kept his eyes on my face, looking up and down, looking at my lips, my eyes, my crooked nose. I watched him looking at me and I have never seen anyone or anything look so breathtakingly beautiful. I could barely keep my head on my shoulders and I was ready to melt into him. After a moment of silent staring I closed my eyes shut when Oliver’s hand caressed one side of my face. Our lips met. He removed my hand from his and closed the distance between us by pulling me even closer to him. There was a certain warmth between us that was spreading with every breath I took through my nose. Both of his hands were now on my face, thumb violently but gently stretching the skin on my cheek as he persuaded in swallowing my lips. I lost my balance and the control over my body so I let him take everything from me, I no longer cared. He sucked the love, the sadness, the darkness out of me and blessed me with an unforgettable summer, blessed me with such happiness I could only dream of, he blessed me with the opportunity of being myself whenever I am with him, he blessed me with such satisfaction, passion, lust, desire that you could only read about. The love that he sucked out, he gave it back to me in a form of a “I love you Elio”. Our lips parted for a brief moment and I felt as though I had lost a limb. We glued our lips back again and it was my turn to swallow him, which I did and Oliver’s hands moved from my face, to my neck and he embraced me completely around my back, leaving me with the struggle of fighting
for air. I felt so tiny at that moment, comparing myself to him. There was a voice in my head screaming what I have been thinking since I first laid my eyes on him, this is who I am, this is how I’m made, here, take me, I’m yours Oliver, my body is yours, my heart is yours, my soul is yours. I relaxed my neck and melted my body inside his huge arms. Before the kiss even started I was so worried about my breathe, it even startled me, I could only imagine how he must have felt. But Oliver went for it which tells me that there were no longer any types of boundaries between us. There was nothing I haven’t seen or felt on and inside his body that would make me stop to question how much I wanted him and was ready to go anywhere because of him. We shared so much more than just bodily fluids and even then, when we were in the process of satisfying one another, even then, there were no limits I wasn’t ready to cross because of him. His wet tongue was twirling around in my mouth, leaving the taste of the same stuff I recently got out of my system, and the sweet and sour wine and grappa awoke me, I was getting drunk all over again. Oliver surprised me with choking and swallowing me with the kiss of a lifetime, the kind we will never ever replicate at that spot, at that time, feeling and looking like we did, just after my horrendous throwing up, just after we attended a good and classy party with lots of intelligent people, delicious food and strong drinks. No one, not even us, could follow up to the events that had occurred that evening and say that we did exactly and said exactly and felt exactly like the original Elio and Oliver. There was no point and there was not a cell in my body that wished for it to do it all over again. Because at that moment, as we were smacking lip to lip, skin to skin, that was the last kiss that Elio and Oliver would ever share in the night streets of Bergamo, just after midnight in the hot summer of 1983.

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We got to our hotel somewhere around 1:30 in the morning. I set my watch to wake us both at 9 in the morning, his train leaves at 11 so we had enough time to pack, to have a normal breakfast meal and to get to the station. The station was in a small area within Bergamo, named Clusone, and we did need some time to get there.

After the feeling of being through a war on a battle ground…that was just an expression I decided to describe my walk from the streets to our hotel…I felt a bit more relaxed and began feeling the alcohol evaporating from my body. Oliver never let go of my hand. People were passing by, commenting us, talking about two men holding hands, saying stuff like “Look at them” and so and so.

As tired as I was, I knew what was coming as soon as we reached the darkness of our room. It was still a mess but all we needed was a big bed and something to help him slide right inside of me.

We sat on the bed next to each other and took the shoes off first.

“We’re all out of shower gel.” I whispered slowly to him. The lights never came on.

“We’ll find something else.”

“I don’t want something else. I want you.”

“It will hurt.”

“It hurts every time but I don’t mind. I don’t want our last night to be filled with shortcuts. Just like our first night never was too.” I leaned against his shoulder feeling the room and the air around me.
I prayed to God to not pull me in for another throwing up session.

Oliver lifted my head and looked me directly in the eyes.

“I don’t…I don’t mind if it hurts me…as long as you’re the one above me, making sure that pain goes away.” I whispered softly, feeling the tears in my eyes.

“Oh, Elio. Why do you have to say stuff like that?”

“Because I will never have a chance to say them again.”

“You don’t know that.”

“Maybe, but I…I just want you to love me…for at least one more night.”

“I do love you and I will. As long as I breathe I will love you. Until my last breath I will cherish you face and your voice, I will die with an image of your smile.”

“Oliver. Take my clothes off and love me one last time this hot summer night.”

I laid on the pillows behind him and waited for him to proceed. Oliver kneeled above me and slowly but gently pulled off my red shirt. I closed my eyes. I wanted to stake this love on his touches and be done with the rest. The tears dried off and I was tired of them finally, I was tired of crying all the time, tired of whining about not having enough time with him but here he was, right where I wanted him and right where he belonged.

When he separated from me, now only straddling my legs, I knew he was taking his green shirt off and undoing the belt on his trousers. His skin was delicate and soft, arms and chest were hairy and standing up. The air in the room was thick and hot, he was nervous and probably feeling like I did hours ago, shivering to the point of not knowing what to do with myself. His soft lips attached themselves on the skin of my neck while his hands were caressing the skin on my tummy, traveling up to my face. His blonde and messy hair was tickling my skin but I kept my mouth shut. One kiss there, other one on the other side of the neck and his lips continued their way down. Honestly, I wasn’t expecting something extravagant for our last night together ever, I just wanted to feel him, nothing special, I think we managed to succeed in that just the other night.

I felt his wet kisses cover my entire chest, there was not a part that wasn’t covered with Oliver’s saliva. I thanked God I had a tiny body.

The buttons came undone and then my jeans and my underwear were all on the floor. I laid naked before him for the last time in the night ever.

“Elio, open your eyes.”

His voice was shaky and he was, for a while now, naked as well. Maybe it was the alcohol that numbed all of my senses including the sense of time because I don’t remember him getting undress, or maybe I do but it seemed to be so long ago. Now, we were both naked, staring at each other, waiting for anyone to make the first move. This was it, this was the moment I completely vanished below him and spelled it out with my body movements that he has every right and permission to do with me as he pleased.

I didn’t want any tying up, no blindfolds, no peaches, no window sex, bathroom sex, door sex, none of it. I wanted him and him only, as naked as he came into this world, as naked as he’d thrust inside me very soon, as naked as his soul was every time he’d expose himself to me. It will hurt, that was the truth and it was the only truth I was looking forward to. One part of me wanted the
softest love making ever and the other part wanted for him to split my anus into pieces.

“Hi…” He whispered.

“Hey…” I smiled at him.

“I um…I don’t know what to do with you…”

“Why not?”

“I want to do everything to you, I want to give you all, I want you to have it all…”

I raised my fingers to touch his face. Touched his eyes and his lips to shut him up, he kissed the fingers.

“It’s okay, you’re nervous. Don’t be. It’s me. This is me you’re looking at. Hi…Be impulsive, whatever you want to do, do it.”

He nodded.

“But first…Oliver, kiss me.”

He came down and our skins touched. He tasted of sweet and sour alcohol but also of him, he had his own scent, something that was so minty and refreshing, like right after you brush your teeth but add honey to it. He kissed my cheek afterwards.

“Can I turn you over?”

“Don’t ask, just do it.”

But before he even touched me I turned around on my own and settled my face in between the messy pillows. Everything else I led to him.

He bent down and began kissing the back of my neck, sticking his tongue out all the way down to my butt cheeks, letting a trail of wet kisses from my neck to the bottom. I hissed when I felt him that close, I always react the same whenever he’s that close down there. It didn’t even occurred to me to feel or see whether or not I was hard but I was, I felt it rise beneath me. I felt so weak and so tiny on that big bed, below the big man, I felt so secured and safe and it was like I was being kept far away from the real world, my problems had no power here.

Oliver kissed both butt cheeks and lifted my lower back closer to him. I was kneeling with my head still attached to the pillows. His tongue found the right way down there and I began grasping the pillowcases stronger and stronger while his tongue was licking my anus longer and longer. He was right, it wasn’t save with just saliva but I figured, the alcohol makes us produce even more of it and thicker so it should be fine now. But honestly, I hardly ever felt his fingers inside. If I hadn’t turned around to tug his hair and find him with fingers already inside me instead of his tongue I would never even guessed how numb I actually was. Or was I finally getting opened on my own? He didn’t seem to have problems with it and I was completely fine.

When the third finger got in that’s when I felt him. It wasn’t pain, it wasn’t discomfort but a large amount of pressure and the feeling of someone holding me down from below the waist ran through my body. It felt good, different, but good.

“You okay?”
“Mmm, ah…yup, ah…”

I felt when he pulled the fingers out and pushed his tongue back in. I wasn’t going to inform him that I was ready, that I had been ready ever since we walked back in, that I wanted him to enter me dry and knowing Oliver he’d refuse my request. So I kept my mouth shut and let his show magic to me.

Since I let him have my entire being I also trusted him with his decision to go in whenever he thought I was ready. And it wasn’t the first time that I feared he could read my mind and seconds after his tongue got out and when I was exposed to the air, he entered me.

“Ah!”

I bit the pillowcase and tugged the sheet. No pain, just pressure.

“Oh, fuck!”

He muttered through his teeth as he was going in slowly like he did every single time. Oliver held me by my shoulders until he was all in. He knew my body at that point so he never waited for me to signalize him to move, he just moved. Fuck, I kept forgetting how big he was all the time, that when I thought he was half way in, it turned out to be just the head of his erected cock. I missed him inside of me.

I thought the alcohol would make things a bit harder with his erection but he didn’t have those problems. Maybe I was that of a turn-on that even alcohol had no power over his juices.

His movements sped up and I was relaxing with every thrust and helping him get in all the way without any troubles. Oliver was sliding in and out so beautifully, I was grunting inside the pillows but moved when one of his hands pulled me by my hair and turned my head to moan in the air due to the overwhelming sensation of being forced to something that was as equally astonishing as it was breath-taking. God, I needed something to pull me back to life, some pain and tugging my hair did just that.

“Oh, fuck…mmm…”

“Ah, ah…go faster…”

“You sure?”

“Aham…yeah, yeah…”

He violently grabbed me by my hips and pulled me closer to him making me feel his balls almost at the entrance. Eventually, at some point, he bent down and put his hands back into my hair as we were moving in sync with every thrust and every groan of his. Oliver moved so fast and so hard, hearing him clanging through his teeth only made me wet myself with precum. I was having trouble keeping up with him only because I couldn’t process the speed of going in and getting out which led me to believe I was opened and stretched enough for him to move at his own way. His short, non-existing nails were digging into my skin and around that part I was still numb, his violence brought me back to life.

“Elio…ugh…God…”

“Oh my…ah, ah…”

“Oh, fuck…come here…”
He stopped and pulled out.

“Come…lay on your side…”

I positioned as I was told, Oliver laid behind me, lifted my leg and entered me again. Oh, only one time we did it like this, never again after he tied my hands back at the villa. I cupped my cock when I had a chance and started jerking myself. His hands were to busy making me comfortable. I threw that lifted leg around his waist from behind to make it even better for him to enter and for me to receive him.

Oliver lifted one of his hands up to me and squeezed my neck again, this time a little more tightly but I never complained, the feeling was heavenly. He laid me on his upper inner arm that was already resting on the bed and held my sweaty forehead with it as he was working his way in. That same hand moved my chin to him and he kissed me with tongue as he substantially and rapidly started thrusting deeper and deeper inside me. I was burning down there, I thought he’d rip me apart, I was afraid of bleeding, but this was Oliver. Never would he ever physically hurt me.

“Oh…Oliver…I’m gonna come…ah, harder…” I breathed into the kiss.

“Fuck…me too, baby, hold on…”

“Ah, I’m so close…mmm…”

“Look at me, mmm…”

My green eyes met his blue and his face turned from sweating red to the blissful human being when his warm fluid filled my insides, a specifically large amount of it came out, he let out the sweetest moans combined with the grunts from his throat. Oliver removed his hand around my neck and intertwined with mine on my already red cock that was pulsing when his fingers joined around it. I kept an eye contact, kept biting my lip to the point of tasting blood and let him jerked me off harder than he was thrusting deep inside of me. I came so hard, never did I come this hard ever with him. One shot laded as far as my collar bone and the next three were spread around the bed and on my stomach. I grunted when everything came out of me and I was panting vigorously.

“Fuck, that’s hot baby…” He moaned in my neck.

The trembling started once he pulled out and I felt his cum leak from inside me. I needed to relax and control breathing because the room began spinning around me even though I was in a horizontal position. Oliver unattached himself from me and went down and licked the cum off of my bare chest and bone and moved to my cock that was finally getting back to normal. Whatever was leaking he sucked it out of my cock, again, I felt so empty.

“Ah, fuck, ah…Oliver…” I tugged his hair.

“You like this baby?”

“Mmm, kiss me now, before it’s all gone.”

Without any words he came back up and we exchanged the saliva mixed with my ejaculated juice. After so many moments like these ones I even forgot what was in his mouth, whatever he had inside it’s his, only his and no one else’s.
“Want some?”

His voice of question awoke me. Oliver came back from the bathroom and was holding a pack of cigarettes.

“Ah, what time is it?” I asked.

There was darkness all around us, the light never came on, I checked my watch by moving my heavy and dirty body to the bottom of the bed, closer to the balcony through where the Moon light was making its way in our bedroom.

“2:40. How long was I out?”

“Couple of minutes. Cigarette, yes or no?”

“Ugh, yes, I need one.”

He lit me one and then lit his own. Oliver sat leaned against the board of the bed while I stayed at the bottom. The belts were still hanging behind him.

“Here…” I lifted my head to see what he was giving me. An ashtray, of course.

I shook the cigarette and continued to inhale it at the bottom of the bed and kept staring at the ceiling.

“I hate these things.” He said.

“Then why are you smoking?”

“I don’t smoke with just anybody.”

“Including me?”

“Hm, you’re the only one I smoke with.”

“And you don’t hate it?”

“Right now, no, but I hate the act of smoking. It’s not healthy and it’s dangerous.”

“Well man…” I shook again, “life is short, and if you didn’t smoke and still live a healthy life, you’ll die either way. The question is: do you want to live a boring life and die of all age or live a short, fulfilled life and die never? Because people like us never die, we’re a kind that is on the verge of extinction.”

“I told you once, I’ll tell you again, that big mouth of yours will get you in trouble one day.”

“Maybe, but not today.” I crushed what was left of the cigarette and laid back down again.

I felt his eyes on my body.

“Oliver?”

“Hm?”
“What are you going to do first? When you get back?”

“Sleep.” We shared a giggle.

“Seriously.”

“After that maybe visit the family and then I need to go to the University to pick up my schedule for the semester.”

“Professor Oliver.”

I looked at him from my position. Let me die with that image in my head; him smoking, sweaty blonde hair sticking to his forehead, blue eyes sparkling, smile from ear to ear. I was the reason why he looked like that.

His feet were so close to me, I took my chance and kiss his right foot.

“See? I didn’t break it to make you feel better.”

“Do it again.”

“Was it okay?”

“I like it, you were being impulsive, do it again.”

I did more than a kiss. I pulled the foot closer to my face and began sucking his fingers, started from the smallest one to the thumb. He let out a soft moan. Me kissing and sucking his toes were the sign how much I worshiped him. I had no shame in front of him. They tasted of sweat I inhaled minutes ago from him kiss on the mouth.

“Oh, fuck Elio, I’m so hard now…” He said and moved the ashtray on the night stand.

“Already?”

“Are you up for one more?”

“One last time?” There was sadness in my voice and he heard it but did nothing about it which is exactly what I’d hope he would do.

He answered me with coming on top of me, already pushing one finger in.

“Ah, mmm…” I closed my eyes due to the sensation.

“Oh, yes, you’re still opened…and wet.”

“Look me in the eyes until the end.” I opened them to show him how much I needed and wanted for him to just do that.

Still looking me in the eyes he spread my legs around his waist and pushed himself inside. I moaned at the first thrust. Oliver moved inside and outside, up and down at the edge of the bed. I watched him as he was moaning and panting already above me, slowly this time, almost like the first night. The need to close my eyes and bite down on something was screaming from inside my gut I kept the eye contact alive until the very end.

This was so natural for me; him inside. I couldn’t imagine my night without this feeling, the burning sensation that was spreading through my blood stream…I can’t live without it, I refuse to
live without it.

“Let me hear you, ah…”

So I let him hear me. Screaming in his face, letting out what he wanted to hear, being louder and bolder, impulsive and not afraid. It was three in the morning and we were the only two who were up inside the big hotel. It felt as though we were the only two alive and awake in the world. But that’s just it, it should feel like this when it’s just him and I, and nobody else has the importance in my life beyond Oliver, I will not allow just anybody to come in and destroy me like this. This was Oliver’s territory and if anybody wanted to enter, they were trespassing in reality.

Neither of us lasted long enough to say that we made the last love for hours but it sure did feel like we were saying our goodbye’s through our moans and whimpers, through our skin scraping, hair pulling, neck holding, toe sucking and coming. We did it all. Anything imaginable for two lovers, we did it all. No boundaries, no limits, no shame, no secret. Just Elio and Oliver. Oliver and Elio.

I watched him move and watched him wake up all sorts of emotions inside me that night. I listen to him grunt, pant and moan the last time that night and possibly forever. I saw nothing else but Oliver that night above me. My tears never came down which was a surprise, I imagined myself balling right before I felt my lower abdomen stiff for the last time because of him. But my eyes stayed dried. It was then that the image of our summer flashed before my eyes and again, I saw nothing but Oliver. I didn’t want to see anything else but this gentle giant. The feeling of shaking his hand for the first time came back at me, the moment when I “accidentally” threw a book on the floor to wake him up, that time when I was satisfied with him even talking to me, even for a second, when he read me the part of his book, when he told me about the scar he got, that was completely gone by now. That night when I slid a note underneath his door and found him sleeping all dressed up, the walk by in front of me while I was playing the piano for the dinner guests, he looked like a mess from the outside but I was a nervous wreck from the inside. Those five seconds I waited outside the balcony, contemplating whether or not I should get out, talk to him, start anything at all with him. The evil thoughts I nursed against Oliver when I woke up naked next to him, the pain I felt as we were swimming, the fear I felt when he asked me if I will hold this, all of this, against him. The unexplained happiness I felt when he sucked me off at the door frame, the regret I felt not kissing him minutes after during breakfast. The love I felt when we held fingers and his happiness that we entangled our bodies to begin with. The shame I felt when he ate my creamy peach, the hard on I felt when he kissed my neck on our special spot, the passion I felt when he took me on the window, in the river, on my desk, from behind, tied up, blindfolded, now. I was his, from head to toe. He had every right to ruin me forever. Forever. I would’ve forgiven him.

I bit my lip and that was Oliver’s sign to help me ejaculate for the last time in his hand. And I did, minutes later, after slow and gentle jerk off’s , I was done. For the last time, he came inside me and I smiled at his action. Even this was a hard work for the both of us. Barely an hour ago we started to make love and maybe 10 minutes had passed since we started our second round and we were both done.

When my cum landed on his hand and on my stomach that was it for me. The tiredness finally caught up with me. The alcohol was out of my system and now I was tired and ready to sleep. To sleep next to him the last time in my life, to feel him cuddle up next to me for the last time, to feel his hand around my body for the last time.

This was cruel. It was the cruellest feeling ever. I got used to waking up and going to bed next to this man and within couple of hours I would go back home, lay in my own bed alone, and fall asleep alone, wake up alone. I will never hear his laugh during breakfast again, I will never listen
to him showing off and being smart in front of my father again, I will never see him helping my mother picking the fruit from the trees again. I will never see him talking to Anchise about the bike again and I will never see him hug Mafalda like he did before we left for Bergamo. Never again.

Would I be able to live like that? In silence, in darkness? Without his kisses in the morning, without his hand on my tummy and around my hips, without his fingers in my hair, without him inside of me? The cruelest feeling ever and I had no idea how he felt about that.

How do I pick myself up after this? He came so suddenly and awoke the sleeping virgin, stirred my inner peace and activated my heart like no one ever did in my life. How am I going to fall asleep at night, feeling empty and unfulfilled? How am I going to pick myself up? How?

*Save these questions for when after he leaves.*

Once he pulled out of me, he moved us to the pillows and as I suspected, he hugged me, only this time from my front. I never felt his hug that tightly around my bony body.

So this was it? This was the end? I battled the urge to cry as he was climaxing inside me while I was, at the same time, refreshing my memories of him. Him, who was still here, at least for another couple of hours. This is how a broken heart feels? I don’t feel anything. Maybe because he hasn’t left yet, he’s lying next to me, breathing in the same air, in the same room, in the same building as me. Better not imagine him turning his back on me saying goodbye for all eternity. We made a little deal about meeting again soon, will that come to life, I had no idea.

“Uh, Elio…God, I love you…” He panted in my hair.

“Elio…I love you too.”

“Oliver…” He smiled so gently when he heard my name out of my mouth towards him.

We shared one last kiss that night and he fell asleep right after we called each other by our names. I understood the meaning behind his little secret game right away. I’ll call you by mine, he said and when I did, the feeling was unusual. I have never done this, but as automatically calling Oliver by my name, it was as though a picture of Elio was forming itself in front of me. Because after everything, I began feeling like we weren’t even two men or two same-sex persons, but two human beings. Letting what created us from the inside to come out. The impossible moment of such gratefulness and respect and on the top, love. None of this would’ve ever come to life if there wasn’t love between us. Was love enough to keep him going? Was I enough?

I was left alone, in the dark, with thousand questions and with memories of what happened the previous six weeks.

Get use to it, Elio.

Oliver? Oliver.

Chapter End Notes

I made myself shiver because of this one. And i’m not sure if i got it correctly about the train station.
Morning dose of reality (Oliver's POV)

Chapter Summary

That part of the movie when Oliver is looking over the balcony and thinking.

Chapter Notes

No dialogues, just Oliver and his thoughts. Hope you like it and enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

One of the perks of him always sleeping on his stomach, besides looking so peaceful, is that his watch was always at the visible place. It was 5 in the morning and I was wide awake. Something inside me made me wake up that early on our last day together, there was no way of going back to sleep so I was doomed to lying next to him with so many things on my mind.

It’s been maybe an hour after we made love for the last time and I drifted right afterwards and now I was up. Elio slept on his stomach with one hand aside and one underneath the pillows, it’s how he’s always slept. Almost every single time when we would go to bed holding each other, he would wake me up in the middle of the night just to get out of from my embrace and position himself like this. He looks like an angel when he sleeps, so pure and innocent, untouched and well behaved, a piece of art at which I could stare all night long. Even that occurred to me that early summer morning but I just couldn’t. I can’t lay next to him and explore his body and spirit, it would only be harder for me to separate for him within just couple of hours.

I wasn’t ready for that trip, hours and hours riding and driving from one city to another, from one country to another, from one continent to another. I travelled so much, all across the Atlantic and now it was now my time to say goodbye.

Should I wake him up? No, don’t be that evil. Let the poor little guy rest, he deserved it.

Elio has been so amazing that day. A bit of emotional in the morning but afterwards he relaxed in the bath tub, I sensed he was nervous before the party but every time I looked at his direction he was talking and smiling with those women. I had nothing against it, although I kind of wished we were standing closer so I could be his support but he seemed fine without me. After the dinner, he played the piano and afterwards we left the bookstore and continued our party on the streets of Bergamo.
He’s grown so much as a person and as a human since we met. So wise, intelligent and eager to learn. I remember myself at his age; I had no idea how the world works, what am I doing, how to concentrate on studying and not just going out and listening to music. Immature, that was me at age 17, and being the doctor’s son didn’t help at all. It was expected of me to behave a certain way because…well, I was the doctor’s son. And the family I’ve come to adore for the last six weeks…I wished my family was like that; supportive, laid-back, hungry for new adventures and knowledge.

Growing up the way I did wasn’t bad but different. Just like whenever Elio says that he hated the villa, summer after summer going to waste, father’s students being his neighbors next door, all of it, I never understood that. I think that if he had a chance to visit the States he would love it, just like I love Italy. But like I told him, with the right person, every place can feel like a home. I absentmindedly smiled lying there next to him.

Earlier that night I held his hand and he was completely lost for words. Did I have that much of an impact on the boy? It can’t be true. I’m just a person, he was the one who couldn’t keep his hormones under control. But I can relate; the way he makes me feel whenever he decides to be the one on top…I would never trade that for anything in this world. The nervousness I felt the previous night when he told me to ride him, I was scared shitless and when I learned that I was crushing him earlier that day, I wanted to hug him and apologize but he was determined about it so I just went with it, and it was fucking amazing.

We slept naked and that became on a regular basis, it was hot at night and there was no need to cover ourselves up in front of each other. He’s like that perfect person you’ve been searching your whole life and you know you found it when you walk around in your birthday suit or when you let that someone sprinkle your body with peach nectar. I smiled again and took another look at his tired body.

And then it hit me. It was then that I realized what awoke me this early, it was a cold dose of reality. And I needed to face it.

Even after so many days and nights spent together, I memorized every part of his slim body. I thought it wasn’t possible but it was, I managed it, without even trying. The way his ribs are being exposed when he clanged the knees to his face, when his tiny belly falls out when he lowers the trunks to his hips, and whenever he feels upset or sad he moves his lips aside, same way when he’s thinking he also touches his lips a lot. Elio bites his lips just before he comes, that’s what I told him, that’s his way of telling me he’s close and it’s my turn to do the rest. He loves whenever I lick his nipples, when I squeeze his neck, kiss his butt cheeks and maybe when I slap them. I had no explanation for his tears, not always that is, but I loved that he didn’t hide them from me. The boy was emotional because he too knew that the ending is near but I knew how to make him feel better. No one ever succeeded in pushing their lover into talking about something that clearly was unsettling to the one in tears. He will tell me when he feels like it, in the meantime, my job was to comfort him.
Of course I knew his facial expressions, when he’s happy and satisfied, when he’s tired and wants me to let him rest, I knew it all, without him telling me, I knew every part of Elio Perlman and I could write another book just for him and about him. I’m a guy that goes really deep into details and that’s what I’ve been doing the entire time I spent here in Italy, even before we started this I would just subtly look up and examine his body parts and body movements. And it’s been the only thing on my mind when I woke up before him an hour ago.

But there was something I wasn’t able to figure out. After I held his head when he was throwing up, I took him by his hand again and kissed him. But before that kiss even happened, he gave me a certain look, I can’t explain it. It was a look of sheer love, a look of a complete trust, a look of…I don’t know…his face has been popping in my head ever since I saw it. And the kiss that followed was also full of love and trust, he threw his entire body onto mine and if I could hold him, embrace him even tighter, show him I love him more clearly, show him how much he means to me…I would. If there was a way I could do all of this, I would. That look is still in my head, his kiss is still in my mouth, his body cells are still within me, my body cells are still on him, inside of him, inside of his mouth. Let everything we ever shared stay within our beings and I’ll be sure he knows how much I love him.

My time in Italy was coming to an end and each and every second I spent with those thoughts in my head I was loosing my sleep instead of gaining the energy for later events. So I got up.

I walked around the bed, because I slept by the door and he slept by the window, and opened the balcony door. The air around me was giving me the feeling you get just before you stop and think that very soon, a new day is approaching. There were some people walking around the streets, starting their day, getting the laundry inside. Who does that in 6 in the morning? People who do not know what to do with themselves. Just like me. There are always those people who’s habit was to wake up that early. Mine was to wake up before him.

I grabbed the railing, pushing my naked body out in the chilling morning air. The thought of coming back to bed was only flipping my stomach, I couldn’t bare to look at him. He still slept like a baby, this was too much for him and he was really scared when he threw up. Elio has lost a lot of sleep because of me over the last few weeks, especially days, it’s not healthy, he’s just a kid, he needs to sleep before he turns into those maniacs who suffer from insomnia. But he was ready for it all, he was ready to do it all because of me and for me and I never really understood the point in that until now. Until Bergamo, when he trusted me with his life after I tied him up, covered his eyes with a shirt and even choked him. It was just an experiment but he enjoyed it. Am I that important? Does he love me that much? Will he love me the same after I leave?

I do love him, that stays like I told him I do. Falling in love this summer, falling in love with the child of the professor, falling in love with a man, Elio, was not my plan. But to hell I went if this wasn’t the best summer of my life. I went through the whole relationship with a man once before and I still regret it. If I knew that years later there was someone waiting for me, someone like Elio,
I would’ve never got myself involved with the certain someone at a very young age. Elio could have been my first, my first at everything. Elio now is younger than me then.

Elio. Why did it feel as though if I don’t recall everything we’ve done in the last six weeks I will forget it? But I remembered it anyway, all of it. I knew I wasn’t letting Elio out of my mind that easily, or yet, to be honest. He was my summer. Whatever happened before just doesn’t count. I wrote the book, I helped the professor, I had fun, I got tanned, I ate well, drank well, met some nice people but now that I think about it, someone is going to ask me “How was Italy, Oliver?” and Elio will be the first thing that pops in my head and then the villa, the family, his friends, the river, Bergamo…I will answer “It was great! I did what I came there to do!”.

Never would I ever, in my wildest dreams, expect to feel this way; so fulfilled and satisfied and it’s all thanks to him.

I can’t even bring myself to think what he does to me, sexually. I’ll just get aroused all over again and I’m not going through that alone. It was bad enough when it happened just after our first kiss; when I stormed off into the bathroom to pISS but actually masturbated still imagining his hand down there. Don’t you just love it when the person you’re sleeping with every single night haunts your wet dreams even outside the bed? I love it. I love him.

And then it hit me. It was then that I realized what awoke me this early, it was a cold dose of reality. And I needed to face it.

When the gut wrenching feeling started eating me from the inside I knew it was time. Time to start a new day, time to say goodbye. But how? How do you just say goodbye? There is a word good in goodbye but it’s never good, it’s bad, that’s why I didn’t want to hear him or myself say that. Don’t say goodbye, I’ll say Later! Just like I said to the Perlmans. Later Perlmans! How do you just let someone go? How do you just jump on the train and that’s it? How do you just leave someone?

I spent every single day waking up next to him, he’d be sleeping on his stomach, and I would stare at his body until I felt it was enough and that I should leave something for the next morning, and now what? I will wake up tomorrow morning to an empty side of the bed. Who am I suppose to look at? Whose body am I going to explore? And I spent my nights inside of him, holding him, kissing him, touching him, helping the poor boy get over the edge. And now? I can’t get use to that, I can’t get use to just falling asleep at night. It became such a natural thing for me to make love to him, ejaculate inside of him, help him ejaculate, kiss him, tell him how much I love him and then fall asleep. Fall asleep with him in my embrace.

I never wanted to talk to Elio about his parents, but I think they knew about us, this whole time. They were so nice to me, but they were like that ever since I met them. They treated me like I was part of their family and judging by their reactions of not saying anything about us, they were giving us their blessing and support. It’s not a surprise, I figured they’d find out eventually, we weren’t
exactly that discreet or, on that matter, quiet. And the house is old, the floors were making sounds with every bed move we made and it’s hot at night so the windows were opened all the time. Elio is so lucky, he has no idea. If they were to find out, his parents would never say a bad thing about it and they would never let Elio suffer on his own. That’s the difference of having a family like his.

I pushed back from the railings and looked at Elio. Still sleeping. Now I feel like I should wake him up, the Sun will rise soon and I would really like for us to see it together. I walked back to my part of the bed and all of a sudden there was this big ball of emotions getting bigger and bigger inside my stomach. Sadness and emptiness.

What am I going to do now? What does this mean for me, what am I? Whoever I am it’s because of him. How do you just leave someone? Is it possible? How will I survive this? How will Elio survive this? I looked at him again. This is the last time I will see his naked, slim body sleeping where he belongs. This is our last morning, my last chance to show him my love, my last chance to use the time right.

I bent down and changed my mind about kissing his head so I just kissed his shoulder. One kiss took for Elio to jump in a panic. I smiled from ear to ear thinking, This is the last time I will wake him up like this, and felt sad again.

Chapter End Notes

Maybe a short one but this is a very crucial part. I absolutely needed to include this chapter and I really liked writing from Oliver's point of view.
A pair of soft lips on my right shoulder awoke me. I knelt on that move. Waking up so suddenly only caused me a headache, neck twist and I was completely lost in the matter of time and place. My eyes opened almost instantly and all of a sudden there was a dimmed light all around me. White sheets made my eyes hurt, I still felt the awful taste of whatever I ate and drank the previous night in my mouth, my muscles hurt from a sudden action of jerking my body out of bed.

“Oh, God…my head is pounding…” I murmured through a sleepy voice.

“Time to wake up beautiful.” Oliver sounded happy when he scared me like this.

I laid back down on my pillow and pulled my hand out from under it to reach out for his. He leaned back down closer to me, supporting himself on elbows.

“Come back to bed.” I whispered into his cheek.

“We have to go.”

“Go where?” I turned around to flash a look outside the balcony. “It’s still dark.” I turned back around.

“The Sun is going to rise soon, I want us to see it.”

“Ugh, later…come back here.”

“Later it’ll be late.”

“Ugh, I don’t want to get up just yet. Come back here, lay with me for a while. Please?”

Oliver smiled and laid back down next to me and almost instantly I threw my entire body on top of his. I missed his warmth. He’s been up for a while, I could tell by his skin being so cold. I can’t remember what time it was when I finally fell asleep but I did at the end, hardly but I managed to.
I’ll get deep into those thoughts when he leaves not while he’s still here. It’s like when you’re
crying over a sick person but that person is still alive and is lying next to you. I can’t believe I’m
comparing Oliver to a man on his death bed, but in one hand it was the same. Enjoy the time now,
cry later.

I focused on him beneath me. My head laid so close to his chest I could feel his heart pump blood,
the movements of his lungs were moving my head up and down in slow and soft waves, Oliver’s
hands cupped my entire back and we continued to lay there like that. Me being so tiny on this big
guy, my exposed and limp cock laid just close to Oliver’s belly button, his was glued to my thighs.
He stayed limp the entire time we laid like that.

“How long have you been up?”

“How do you know that?”

“You’re cold…and your voice is normal.”

“My voice gave me away?”

“Sure did.”

“Hm, you…I don’t know, maybe an hour.”

“Why didn’t you wake me up?”

“I did it now and you still want to lay here.”

“I know, we could’ve been doing this the whole time.”

“Didn’t we?”

“I’m going to miss this.”

A set of silent minutes played its part. A bad choice of words, he didn’t know what to say and I had
no idea what to say after that statement.

Oliver then caressed my curls, pushing them back behind my ear and finally pulling my head back
to kiss my forehead.

“Give me a proper morning kiss.” I said and pushed even closer to him, now my lips were barely
an inch away from his lips.

“Good morning, Elio.”

Oliver rolled us over and we landed on my spot of the bed. He straddled my hips and began kissing
me; slowly and with tongue. I held his hair as his lips moved south to my neck. I threw my head
back and exposed my throat, giving him all the region for his tongue to devour my skin there.

“Ah!” One kiss was enough for me.

“You’re so sensitive here...” He whispered on my wet skin.

“Can you blame me?”
It was still early in the day, there was barely any hot summer air in the room and yet here we were sharing our last moments in bed together, sharing our warmth and wet kisses. Was this going somewhere? I really hoped it wasn’t, I wanted our last night to be our last time, I wanted us to leave it at that, period.

As he was going lower below my neck, kissing and licking my nipples, getting the giggles out of me, something popped in my head. My dream? I dreamed of Oliver and myself that day when we went to Crema. I thought a person wasn’t able to dream of the events that already happened but this was different, this was new. It was us but those weren’t our moments. Both of us were hugging the monument, jumping over the fence and sharing a happy hug with both of our shirts opened but it wasn’t from my perspective, it was like there was someone with us and my dream was from their point of view. And the colors were off too. I decided to keep this one to myself.

But he never went down there where I am used to having him. His kisses ended up around my tummy and he came back up to kiss me on my mouth. The steamy make-out session in our bed continued for some time. Whatever he had in his mouth that morning was now in mine, the more the merrier, it’s going to be hard to get his taste out of my mouth.

“Elio?”

“Mmmhm?”

Oliver pulled away, lips red, messy hair and a somewhat sad look on his face.

“I love you. Do you know that?”

I swallowed my tears and nodded.

“Don’t nod, for the last time, don’t nod, use your words.”

“Why are you doing this?”

“I have to.”

“No, no you don’t, none of this…”

He sat on the edge of the bed, turning his back on me.

“Did you ever consider…staying, a bit longer?”

“I can’t, I have to go back, I have my life there…”

But you’re my life here, my whole world, how can you just leave after everything we’ve done, after everything we said? Does nobody care how I feel?

I kept those words within me, I hated them, if I were to speak out maybe something would’ve turned out differently. Out of sheer disappointment, somehow I pulled my naked body and attached myself to his back, tightly pressing him to my chest. Oliver intertwined our fingers.

“I have a lot of work to do when I get back. So many people to see, the semester is about to start…and you have to go to school…too much stuff Elio and not enough time.”

“You’re wrong. We have so much time, we have the entire August and your semester and my school doesn’t start until September.

“I know, I know…” He turned around to look at me…”but I have to go.”
Even then, that felt so off. Something was wrong. Did he not want me anymore? Was this it?
We’re going to end here and now? What am I to you, Oliver? Was this it, we’re ending because
you have so much to do? And why should we continue? How were we suppose to continue this, we
lived an ocean apart, we led two separated lives?

At that moment, his “I have to go” sounded more like “I want to go”. Please tell me I’m wrong. I
knew this had its breaking point but I didn’t want to believe it.

My breathing sped up and slowed down when he tried to kiss me but I moved my head. I couldn’t
kiss him then and there, I would fall in love with again, and that was an act of unspeakable.

“Elio…why won’t you let me kiss you?”

Silence. I avoided looking him in the eyes. How am I suppose to answer that? Because I don’t want
you to kiss me? A lie. I always wanted to kiss him, he knew that.

“Elio, you’re not the only one who feels sad about this, okay? It’s been tough on me too.”

“I know…I just thought…”

“What?”

“Nothing…it’s stupid.”

“You always say that. Talk to me. I don’t want you to keep it inside of you. Tell me.”

I sat back on the bed, still not looking at him. Oliver moved from his spot and picked my
vulnerable, tiny, cum-covered body into his. He placed me in his lap and settled my head on his
shoulders. One tear started the whole river that followed. But he allowed me to break down in his
embrace.

“It’s alright, Elio. You can cry now, I’m here. It’s my fault you’re like this and I’m sorry.”

“It’s not your fault, it’s mine. I’m the one who sought you out, everything happened because of
me…”

“You’re being ridiculous. Non of this would’ve worked if only one human felt the need to love the
other. It takes two to become one. You can cry now for as long as you want and then we’ll shower
and get ready. We’ll go see the Sunrise, we’ll walk until something opens up so that we could eat.
I’m not sending you empty-bellied back to Mafalda. The woman will have my head.”

The laugh I let out came from my throat but it was genuine and my tears got their new meaning.

“What are you going to wear?” He asked caressing my back.

“Billowy.”

I felt his gentle smile, it was his way of silently saying “I figured.”

“Oliver?”

“Yes, Elio?”

“I love you too.” I said and kissed the skin on his shoulder.

At that second he picked his body up, with me still holding onto his, and took us to the bathroom
and into the tub directly.

The shower we took was short and very pleasing. As I kept my eyes on Oliver washing my hair, he moved to the rest of my body and I watched as everything from my body got separated thanks to his power of scrubbing. Our mixed bodily fluids went down the drain and I began feeling that emptiness again. My insides and outsides were finally clean and Oliver-free. He washed his own hair and body, I just stood there, admiring him taking care of the both of us, mostly me and I slid underneath his huge arms only to begin another make-out session. The water helped a lot in reminding me of our recent kiss in the rain. Back then I was wearing Billowy.

After the shower we got dressed, I put on Billowy that was hung on the closet door, drying from the rain and began preparing the room and our stuff. Oliver wore the same outfit from the night before, he will have my smell on that green shirt for sure. I took a look around the room. Man, did we make a mess out of it.

“What are we going to do with these?” Oliver asked about the peaches in the bag.

“You have them. They have more of you than anybody else inside them.”

“But we never touched them.”

“Memories, Oliver. You have the peaches.”

He never spoke and put them in his backpack. I collected my tapes and papers and put them back in my backpack, along with all of my clothes that were scattered all over the floor. I untied the belts from the bed and put them back around the bathrobes which we never used. Wet towels were thrown over the bath tub, I figured the cleaning ladies are going to wash them by themselves. I threw away the empty bottle of the shower gel and threw the shampoo at Oliver to put it back in his suitcase. I kept the toothpaste that was Oliver’s.

We picked all the small things around the place and threw them In the trash but since we almost never used anything important there was nothing much to throw. I cleaned the ashtray and flushed what we smoked the previous night. Now the bed. It was dirty, messy and sticky with peach and our juices. I took that responsibility on myself while Oliver was running around checking if everything was in place, closing the balcony window, checking if there was anything we missed. He also checked if his wallet, ticket and passport were in place. Sadly, they were. I undid the bed and gathered it in one big ball, even the pillowcases and threw them in the bathroom. The bed was now naked, just like we were only the past three days and nights. Oliver and I went to the bathroom one last time and cleaned up after ourselves. Everything was done In total silence.

We put on our sunglasses and got out, locking the doors of our first and last trip together. That room had so much memories in it, just like my rooms in the villa and just like the peaches he was carrying back home in his backpack. We left the room at exactly 8 in the morning, left the keys with the woman at the reception and got out, letting the fresh air of a good morning hit us and a wavy, sad and emotional air behind us.

Oliver was my guide. I let him show me the way where he saw his Sunrise the other morning. As tired as I was, this was very exciting, but I was so hungry. It’s been less than 12 hours since I’ve ate a full course meal. We walked all over the place, we passed through so many parts of the city I never even noticed the first time I was here. The sunglasses helped with the headache but Oliver by my side was a much bigger help. I don’t know where I would be if it weren’t for him the night before. I have a dreaded fear of throwing up and him being by my side helped a little, but I was
glad I wasn’t alone.

“Stop here.”

I slammed into Oliver from behind, clearly not watching where I was going. He put his things down on the ground and extended his right arm.

“Okay, look from out there. It’s already risen a bit but look how the day changes so quickly.”

I looked where he pointed his finger. We actually climbed at the top of a hill that was leading to the shortcut to where the waterfalls were, I never noticed a stupid shortcut before. And he was right, it was beautiful and worth waking up early. The Sun was rising right in front us, it looked to be bigger and brighter, just like from out of school book when they presented the Sun to be the biggest thing ever. It was blinding me and waking up a new set of emotions inside. For the first time did I stop to think how I felt at that moment, ever since we got to Bergamo I’ve been so emotional and crying my eyes out in his hugs. I was happy, happy that Elio and Oliver even happened in the first place. This was way better than those feelings of anticipating him coming inside my room every night at the villa, this was better than those day dreams of mine, this was heavenly and I got the best part right next to, so excited seeing another Sunrise.

I realized we were actually standing so close to one of those abandoned places that almost never were visited by anybody. Translation: we were alone. I took my chance; I put a hand around his neck and brought him down to my lips. He never hesitated, only pulled me closer even leaning on me, letting his hands run my back, run over his Billowy as he deepened the kiss adding his tongue inside. We have a kiss in the rain and we have a kiss during a Sunrise.

On our way back, we stopped at the same bakery we were couple of days ago, carrying our stuff with us. Oliver seemed to be getting along just fine even with the people from Bergamo. The ladies remembered him and remembered what he ordered so they brought us the same thing and even told us that is on the house. Right at that second, my watch went off. 9 in the morning.

“Already? Time flies.”

“Fuck…” I whispered to my chin the disappointment I felt again when I realized that his train leaves in 2 hours. Two more hours.

We stayed at the bakery for maybe 45 minutes only because Oliver kept ordering more and more and after my second bagel I was starting to feel sick again. The more I ate the worse I felt. The ladies took their interest in Oliver but only for a minute, he implied nicely that he’s in a hurry and just wants to finish his meal in silence.

After we stuffed out mouths with food and coffee, we were off to take a slow walk to the taxi station to the area that was a part of Bergamo, called Clusone. A nice gentleman took us there within 20-25 minutes. We never spoke the entire car ride there. I saw that Oliver wanted to say something so many times, I did too but it was rude in front of the man, and the only we could talk about and not come off as lovers was politics, oh and philosophy. Pass.

Oliver paid the man and took his things out of the trunk of the car.
The station haunted me, I was not ready for this. I was afraid of throwing up again as soon as I saw the name and the time, 10:15. Only 45 minutes to go. There were people waiting, probably the same train. This was the only train station in Bergamo that will take him to the town of Milano where he’d board the plane on Linate airport and then off he goes to the States. Maybe I should jump on the train with him and take him back home, a real home. No one has to know.

Oliver and I sat next to each other on one of the benches there, In silence.

“God, I hate this trip. It’s going to tire me so bad.”

“You’ll finally be home in your own bed very soon.”

“It’s crazy how a person can get used to an old and creaking bed, like the ones in the villa.”

“The funny noises…” I smiled, he looked at me.

“That’s our fault.”

“Maybe, but they were old…and sometimes uncomfortable.”

“Sure, when you spent night after night wide awake on them.”

“There’s truth in that.”

We enjoyed the Sun for a while.

“Oh, I almost forgot!”

“What?”

I absentmindedly remembered I brought something for Oliver. I opened my backpack and gave him his present. “Here.”

“It’s Haydn, my Haydn, the one I was transcribing back home. I want you to have it.”

“No, Elio, it’s too much…”

“No. This is my present to you, something to remember me by.”

“Don’t be silly, I have so much to remember you by.” He gently pushed my shoulder with his, we both knew what that meant.

“Something you can have on your desk or wherever you want to put it…and not inside you.”

“Thank you so much, Elio.”

“You’re welcome Oliver.”

“I’d kiss you now if I could.”

“Me too…”

I was acting like a kid when he gave his parents the new drawing he did in preschool. He wanted to kiss me or hug me to express his emotions and gratitude. But instead he gently put his hand over my thigh. I smiled back at him.

I wanted him to have it. “Transcribing Haydn” was my code back home for “Topping Oliver” that
night. He’d always remind me of him, all of the composers actually, but only because they were with whom I was spending my time when Oliver wasn’t available.

“I left a present for you too.” He said after he put the papers in his backpack.

“I know, you gave me this shirt.”

“No, something else. But it’s not here. I left it at home and told Mafalda that she should wash them and leave them to you. I told her they got small on me and that they’d fit perfectly on you.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Want a hint?”

“Um, yeah…”

“They’re red.”

My eyes widened at that and I felt my cheeks getting warmer and redder.

“How I figured they were your favorite, out of all three.”

“They weren’t, I hated when you wore them. You acted like such a jerk when you were in them.”

“Seriously?”

“Yeah, but it doesn’t matter, anything from you I will cherish deeply. Thank you, Oliver.”

I leaned against him, he leaned his head on mine and at that point neither Oliver nor I cared who saw us. His red short shorts hanging inside my closet were now the only thing on my mind. Did he know? Did he know what I did with them? Is that why he gave them to me? Should I tell him? No, I’ll keep it to myself, I thought, just like the dream.

For the first time in a while I actually enjoyed the silence, I was more terrified of talking and hearing his voice.

At about 10:45 we both went to the bathroom together. On my way out, Oliver pulled me aside to say a proper goodbye the only way he knew how. He pushed me against the wall and pushed one leg between the two of mine and kissed me. I sensed his emotional wreck the second his lips touched mine. This was a totally different Oliver that was kissing me. A proper goodbye it was. We were kissing for some time and right then I never wanted for him to stop, never to stop like that. There was no passion, no desire, no lust, he wasn’t hard, his fingers didn’t go around my butt cheeks, his tongue stayed in my mouth. I felt sadness and happiness in his kiss, joy and wisdom, warmth and vulnerability, innocence and virginity. Home. I felt home. Because, wanted or not, he was my home, he felt like home. He was also my world and my life. I never knew you could fit all of it in one person, but it’s manageable. Oliver was my everything and now my everything was leaving me. How can you say “I love you” to someone and then leave? What kind of person does that? Oliver does that. And I will forgive him for that, because the truth was here, I was ready to do everything and anything for him and because of him. I will suffer but I will survive, somehow, with all of my will power, I will survive him leaving me and breaking my heart. And if Oliver and I never meet again, let this be my fairytale, how in the summer of 1983, a man, named Oliver, walked in my life and walked out leaving nothing the same as it was. But fairytales are suppose to have a happy ending. Then let this not be our ending, let this be a brief separation for until we
reconcile and reconnect. I will wait patiently. Will I wait forever? That was the question. It’s stupid how after so many days and nights everything ended with the most amazing kiss ever in the bathroom stall of the train station.

“Until we meet again.” I whispered and the only thing I got in return was a smile.

Minutes after we both got out of the bathroom, the train arrived letting the sound of notice for the passengers. I followed him as he was walking slowly to the moving vehicle. He gently put his stuff down.

“Did you get your passport?”

No answer, the train was making all sorts of noises.

“Did you get your passport?”

I asked when he turned around and just nodded and mouthed “Yeah”. Should’ve burnt the passport when I had the chance, or “accidentally” loose it.

This is my time to say something but nothing came out, nothing came out of his mouth either. I can’t say goodbye, I don’t want to say it, don’t even want to hear it from his mouth. Don’t say goodbye, say later. That’s how I imagined him saying his farewells to us. No, don’t say “Later”, don’t say anything that resembles a person leaving.

Oliver hugged me. In silence. A hug is all I get? Gently putting his hands around me and also hugging me together with my backpack on and his Billowy hanging from my body. I hugged him back, but it was like I didn’t at all, he was so fragile in my arms. Again, it all felt like not the same Oliver. Everything seemed so unreal, so when he tried to pull out of it, I didn’t move a muscle. He was staying here with me but unfortunately I wasn’t strong or capable enough to hold him down, to keep him forever with me. His arms only held me tighter again, just like mine did around his waist. His breathing has increased, heart was pounding harder which only caused mine to do the same. I tapped his back a couple of times as a sign of greeting a dear friend you haven’t seen in forever. Forever. Did I tap his back because I was not going to see him ever again?

He moved away after a while and we only exchanged a couple of glances and head nods. Don’t nod, use your words!

Eventually there was a smile but only from him, I was trying to hold my tears inside. I know he knew I was going to let them all out once he turns his back on me. I kept them inside so that the last image he has of me wasn’t of a crying and whimpering child.

No goodbyes, no laters, nothing.

He got back and picked up his thing, opened one of the doors on the train and walked in. I watched as my world was going inside, turning his green-shirt-covered back at me. He placed his things on the seat in front of him and sat on the other so that he could have a clear sight of me. Or at least I hope is because of me. A conductor came seconds later and closed that same door and that was it. Oliver gave me one last look throughout the window and that was it. This is it?

Okay, Oliver. This is the part where you pick your stuff up and you exit the vehicle. Okay? Do it now. Please?

The train began moving.

Now. Before it’s too late and if you jump out of it, you’ll hurt yourself. Now, Oliver. Stop the train
and get out. Now, please. Please, I need you. I can’t do this without you.

I was crazy to think that I could’ve had any power in his decision to stay, I was crazy when I thought he’d get out of the train, I was crazy to have made those few steps towards the moving train. What can a kid do in his life? Nothing.

And suddenly, that was it. The last image I have of him is through a window. The sadness and despair in his eyes caused my eyes to water. To let them water without a care in the world. Should’ve hurt him going in dry, should’ve never took his wet clothes off, he might still be here with me.

I watched as the train move so far away from me before I started to cry for real. Now is the right time to feel and cry.

He’s gone. He’s gone? How? Already? How can it be? We still have a lot of time together. So much time and so many things to do and share and see and experience and try and talk about. So much. Oliver? Are you next to me? Behind me? Are you going to get off on the next train stop? Are you going to come running back at me? Why should you? I’m just a kid.

But, but, but I love you and you love me, remember? Do you remember that Oliver? Do you remember when you told me that you loved me? Do you remember telling me that you loved me more than you even hoped you could? I remember, I will never forget that. Do you remember? Do you?

No answer.

He’s gone.

Later, Oliver!

Chapter End Notes

Okay, here’s the deal guys: tomorrow i’m going to Luxembourg to stay with my aunt and i won’t be back until the end of August. I’m not bringing my laptop with me but the thing is, i wrote the next two chapters and, of course, took the pictures of it so when i get there i will try to update as frequently as i can. I will have to retype everything or i’ll try sending it via mail. Anyway, just wanted to let you know that i won’t be posting for some time and i wish you all a great summer! The story is no where near end.
The wait

Chapter Summary

Elio and his thoughts after Oliver left.

Chapter Notes

This chapter and the ones that follow it were different to write than the ones i got used to. But everything adds up and now it's time to help Elio with his mourning. Let me know what you think and enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Once I realized that he wasn’t getting off, and that I was just imagining our bright future together, it felt as though a ghost ran through me and with that took what was left of me and my temporary happiness. The same ghost made my legs shiver when I started moving from the same spot where I have been standing and waiting for the train to stop, waiting for it to crash or for him to get out of it any way he knew how. My legs were numb from all the standing so I moved to sit my exhausted body on one of those benches where we sat right before a part of my life got on board and left me to rot in silence.

I sat there for maybe couple of minutes, half an hour, I’m not sure. My stomach began to ache. Was it because I was holding in a scream, or was it because now my body was haunted by the ghosts of an empty hole in my heart? Funny. The organ was still here but it feels like he pulled it out of me and took it on his way out of my life.

If the pain was real, then why didn't I feel it? Where’s the pain? I would rather be in a physical pain than an emotional one. I wish I could feel that type of pain down there I felt the first time we slept together, but no matter how the situation got turned…Oliver was the one hurting me. On purpose or…? But I was doomed with feeling absolutely nothing, feeling just a big empty hole in a place where a big red and bloody muscle that was suppose to pump the blood through my body.

What now?

I wanted to scream, I wanted to cry, I wanted to bite my lips off until I was covered in blood. I wanted to pull my hair, I wanted to fall and break something…anything just so I can feel the real pain for the first time. Feel the pain that I gave myself, to pay for it by putting myself through it. Not emotional one, I wasn’t ready to feel and to face it. Yes, my heart is broken, my mind is all messed up, my life is now empty.

Now what?

Fine. Leave, run off back across the ocean. Go far away from me. Leave me to suffer. Go, do your work, go back to your life before me, just know it, Oliver, you were my life and now I don’t know how or do I even know the way to go back to my life before you. What we had this summer is as precious to me as your life in the States is to you. It’s a done deal and that was the reality. Get over
it Elio, go home. Go home and cry and throw things and with all the forces in the world, get Oliver out of your head. Sleep, eat, write, read, swim, ride a bike...do whatever you want to just get him out of your life.

At that sad and lonely time I spent sitting on that bench, I hated him more for making me happy even for just the couple of weeks we had together, than for him leaving me and breaking my heart. On one hand I understood his obligation to go back home, and on the other hand...what about me? You can’t just walk in my life, disturb everything that seemed senseless and meaningless, disturb me and my little, peaceful and boring world and just leave.

When am I going to hear from you again? Will I ever have that opportunity? Are we going to talk ever again? If we ever talk over the phone or even through a letter, will we ever see each other again? Will I hold your hand, kiss your neck, sleep on your chest, again, any of it, ever? Will I ever see you laugh from the basis of your lungs? Will I ever feel you breathe so close to my face again?

Beyond that, will we ever share a meal, a cup of coffee, a walk down the street...ever again? We shared it all. I just wanted to know if you and I, Oliver...you and I...will we ever be...us again? Speak, hug and sleep together, again?

Let’s not get it in that quickly. Let’s not be Elio and Oliver we were this hot summer, I’m sure you’ll forget about me very soon, but...not as lovers, but as friends, will you and I ever meet again? Just as friends? That would be enough for me. Just to have Oliver in my life, I can settle for that. But if he were to come back to my life or if I were to be welcomed into his life...I doubt that we can stop at just being friends. We were both going for something more than just a friendly handshake and a chit-chat here and there. If we were to meet some time in the near future, I can’t imagine sitting next to Oliver and not touch him or not kiss him or even let him not penetrate me. We’ve crossed those boundaries a long time ago. We were so much more than friends, always were and always will be. Having him next to me would definitely be more than enough.

I can’t even begin to think how am I going to cope with the sight of an empty chair during all meals every day, an empty spot by the pool, an empty spot in the backyard where we used to meet so many times before. Nice one Oliver. You get to be the one who leaves and I am left to sit next to empty places around the villa. I can’t even begin thinking about an empty bed that was waiting for me, now that was more than I could bear. So soft and warm...

I need to think about something else, about Oliver but a bad side of him. Did he even have it? Sure he did. He was the cruelest man alive when he kept playing games with me even when he knew how I felt. Everything was just a big game to him but for me...oh, Oliver...

I didn’t want to admit it to myself, but on some level, I didn’t want to believe Oliver loved me as much as I loved him. I would never leave my lover like that, whether my lover was a man or a woman. But that’s just me. I have nothing waiting for me at home, I don’t have my own apartment, I don’t have a job, I don’t have any money saved or made on my own. That’s why it would be so easy for me to leave the villa and my parents, because I have nothing and no one waiting for me when I get back, no one to count on me, nothing that can’t work without my hand involved. But you do. You have it all. And I have you. I had you, that is.

Or, since I brought up the subject of my lover being a man or a woman...was Oliver ashamed of me? Ashamed of me being a man, having a penis, not having the warm and wet vagina for him...is that the base of his caution? No. I’m being silly.

Sitting on that bench on a sunny day, I pulled everything that was in my head. I was going insane. Insane.
We’re just so very different. A man and a child. A provider and a kid. What did I expect for us to become? About you not loving me, I’m crazy…I felt it, I still feel it, it will keep me warm when you’re not here. You loved me, what am I talking about, you still love me, do you?

Do you?

Do you Oliver?

Do you still love me?

Will you love me even after you get tucked in your big and comfortable bed at night, will you remember me the next time you see a piano, will you remember me every time you stack the books over the Haydn I transcribed for you?

I’m crazy.

What am I doing to myself? Oliver loved me, I don’t know will we ever have the chance to exchange the love once more but just know it…I loved you, I still love you and knowing myself, I will love you until I die. It’s all about me now, nobody can’t help me get over you but myself, because nobody knows about us. Let’s keep it that way. Oliver and I loved each other this summer.

Like Oliver knew himself about the amount of food he should be putting in his body, I knew myself what was awaiting me. There would be times where I would recall our time together and form a smile on my face just because of him and there would be times where I would hate his gut. I was now dumped, broken and sad. I need to suck it up, suck the tears away and forget the blonde American that completely changed my life in just six weeks of his presence in the summer of 1983.

Fuck you, Oliver.

Suddenly, I felt so tired, like a wave of so many sleepless nights came over me and all I wanted was a bed, nothing else. Who would’ve thought that this was the definition of our relationship: it was tiring me. But no, I never looked at as a something I must do, I loved consuming our time and relation together. So many sleepless or half-sleep nights I spent with him that were now turning away at me, looking at me, yelling my name to just go home and sleep.

Sleep.

Bed. I wonder in what room would I be sleeping now. Doesn’t matter, as long as it had a bed and a pillow I was fine with it.

Was Oliver the one who made me feel so tired or was this what an actual sadness, because of a heart break, feels like?

Suck it in. Scream and cry when you get back to your room. Now I have to get home. But how?

I dragged my body back to the station both and got pulled In by the phone in there. I took some cash out of my bag and put it in and started dialing the home number. Number after number I was closer to finally opening my mouth and letting the words out. I didn’t realize how long I have been silent or how long have I been keeping it all inside until a person answered, a woman, and I couldn’t recognize the voice. The blood was pumping in my head and all around me, the headache was coming at me like the wind and just a female voice, not recognizing whether it was my mother or Mafalda, only made it harder for me to get back to reality. After so many weeks, I was damned to talking to everyone else in the villa.

“Pronto?” A woman’s voice answered.
“Mafalda? Mother?”

“Elio? Is everything alright?”

”Yes, it’s me…everything is fine. I’m at the station…in Clusone. Listen, mom, can you…can you come get me, mom?”

“Of course, mon cheri, i’ll be there in a while. Wait for me outside.”

“Bye mom, see you soon.”

“Bye, Elio.”

I broke down somewhere in the middle of our short conversation and all of a sudden, home is all I craved. I needed to get home as soon as possible so I can be surrounded by the things I love and people that love me. My silent mourning can start the second I throw myself onto the bed where all of our memories were created and where it all started.

By the ending I was sobbing uncontrollably. Hearing her voice after three days of being away from them only triggered tears to slide down my face and also, triggered me not doing anything about it. There was a lady in there, cooling her self with a paper fan and she seemed not to give a damn about a grown boy crying after hearing his mother’s voice. What she doesn’t know is that mom’s voice and her kind words were helping that boy feel a little better after being left by the love of his life only minutes before.

I prayed for Annella Perlman to get here as fast as she could.

Staying by myself, alone with all of my thoughts was starting to be a real pain in the ass. It’s not okay to think so much like me or even overthink. What can I do pass the time? A quick nap on the bench? To transcribe, to read, to write the notes in the book? No, not in the mood. Waiting on the same bench where I have been changing my position for the last half hour was literally killing me. At that spot or at that moment I knew that I wanted nothing and no one. I didn’t want to do anything because I didn’t feel inspired, I didn’t want anyone by my side, not even Oliver. I wouldn’t be here if it wasn’t for him. Thank you, Oliver, thanks a lot. Really appreciate it.

Let’s play an *If only* game.

If Oliver went to Bergamo by himself, we would end everything back at the villa, we would end whatever we had on the night at his party and then later in the bedroom…stop. Go further. If only I never confessed him my feelings, took him to my secret spot and…no, no go back…If only I never slipped the note underneath his door. That slip was the source of everything that happened from that night on until now…well, until half an hour ago or so. I could have written the note and keep it to myself but to slip it under…if only I knew what was waiting for me…what am I talking about? Of course I knew what was awaiting me but I still went for it. I still met him on that balcony, I still entered the dark door with him, I still took my shirt of and let him inside me.

And why did I even write the stupid note in the first place? Because I was tired of him avoiding me and him showering me with nothing but silence. And why did I go out on the balcony, because I had to see him, I’d missed him. And why did I continue to sleep and sneak around with him? Because it felt good. Now there’s the problem. Because. It. Felt. Good. Do you feel good now Elio? No. Well, too bad. Should’ve known. But again, I knew that this was all waiting for me and I
couldn’t bring myself to stop it because it felt good. Of course. It felt good feeling Oliver’s lips on my neck, my chest, around my cock. It felt good to feel Oliver’s fingers in my hair, in my mouth all the way up to uvula, in my anus…that’s the best fucking feeling in the entire fucking world. It felt good to love Oliver. It felt good to love you, Oliver. It felt good to love only you in my own way, Oliver. Oliver?

Whatever happened, happened because we both wanted that to happen. Right? I don’t want to think that I forced him into starting this with me. I don’t want to think that he only did this because of me, because of a kid who couldn’t keep his hands to himself, because he wanted peace and this kid was stalking him and so he only did it to keep me happy…He could’ve just slip the note back with no answer, or with something like “No, thank you. Later!” but no, it was “Grow up, I’ll see you at midnight.” I can still hear his voice, I still hear Oliver reading the note in my ear, I still hear Oliver’s voice. That wound is still so fresh, the guy’s been out of my life for barely an hour.

Like I said, my mind is getting the best of me. Of course Oliver felt the same. I sensed his sadness when he kissed me in the station bathroom for the last time only minutes earlier…or was it an hour? I couldn’t bear the thought to look at my watch, his train left at exactly 11 in the morning…if I ever see that number again I’m going to lose it.

A deep breath in and out. But that stupid breathing technique only made tears run faster, down my freckles-covered face which he never even notices until our last night at the villa, they were dripping onto the sleeves on my…Billowy…fuck, Billowy. What does it matter? That shirt was of a good use to wipe our semen days ago after I’d come for the first time…because of you, Oliver. I still remember the look on your face as you kept watching me wipe what you threw at me…

Oh no, I can’t stop crying, sobbing all alone on that bench.

Mom, where are you? Get here soon, please! I’m losing my mind! I’m starting to think the craziest things!

I got up and started walking around faster and pushing my feet to the ground. Anything just to keep my thoughts away from me. The gravel I walked on made sounds underneath my feet so there’s that, something louder that my thoughts.

The road was empty, nobody in sight and no sounds around me. The fresh air hit me as soon as I walked out of the station and met with vast fields with corns and sunflowers. I smiled, finally, absentmindedly. A sunflower brought a little joy back into my life.

Life can’t be all bad without Oliver. I can do this, I have to do this. Suck the cry away and push him back as far as you can, he won’t come back.

Thank you, Oliver for an unforgettable summer and all the moments we shared.

I have to be tough, I have to get over you, I will try my best. The sadness and emptiness I feel now are no match for how you used to make me feel, but you’re not here so I have to do this on my own.

Wipe your tears away and put a smile on your face, mom’s coming, she can’t see her little boy sad.

Chapter End Notes
I'll post the next one as soon as I find the time. Thanks for the patience.
Home

Chapter Summary

Elio is back home.

Chapter Notes

Some heads-up: Because i wrote in some previous chapter that they went to a party celebrating the poet who wrote Se l’ amore, like in the book, i also changed here so that Marzia also read that book and not the collection of poems by Antonia Pozzi. I mixed the book and the movie. Hope you like it, enjoy!

Mom stopped the car in the middle of the road. The hot summer air in my hair felt nice, my eyes were dried finally. She smiled at me from the driver’s seat, she was holding a cigarette in her hand. Her face made me really happy again, not that I wasn’t happy at the moment, but I knew that once I get home I would be confronted by all sorts of emotions and things I wasn’t ready to come face to face with. Yet. Her face only made it easier for me knowing that I can, at any time of the day, go and hug my mother, and without a word, she would hug me back, without a single word. I smiled back and entered the car putting my backpack on the back-seat.

“Tesoro, hello.”

She reached out and gave me a hug. Mom smells nice, mom smells like home. I hugged her back tighter so if there was a chance to get back in her again like I did seventeen years ago I wouldn’t think about it twice. It’s where I was safe and well taken care of and nobody could hurt me ever again. Mom was home. Melt me into your arms mom. Take me home, take me to your warm and heavenly smell like home, take me into your loving arms. Your love is all I need right now.

She kissed my cheek and then ran her finger over the spot where I wished her lips would never leave.

“Hi…” My soft voice surprised me.

“Let’s go home. You look tired.”

“Okay.”

The rest of the ride home was quiet. She sensed I was “tired” and never said a word, I didn’t even want her to talk to me. Having her presence next to me was more than enough, just don’t leave me alone and as soon as we get home I’ll tumble onto my bed and sleep until some of the residents wake me up and say that it’s time to get back to Milano.

I prayed for her not to ask me about the trip or did we have fun. I’m tired and don’t want to talk
about it, let’s just leave it at that. But that would be a vicious lie. Of course I want to talk about it, but not with her, only with Oliver. I can’t just openly say what we did for the past three days, how, everything we did actually does resemble a couple of lovers and not a couple of friends.

The story about the waterfalls and my falling and hitting my head would be nice, but should I continue it and say that he comforted me by hugging my tiny body and kissing my wet hair? Or that later on when we reached the bedroom I had a minor seizure because…well Oliver is very talented with his mouth and tongue? What about all the tying up? Choking? Putting a shirt over my face, using the shower gel as a better liquid to just slid right in? Splashing his body with the peach juice? Every shower we took? Every tear I shed? All the fingers inside our bodies?

Okay…Oliver’s party, but how did we get there? By holding hands. What about when we both got drunk and when I threw up? Would any mother love to hear that her son was so wasted that he couldn’t control it and suck it up and let everything out in front of three people he’s never met before…and Oliver? And the fear the boy felt as he was vomiting, no mother wants to hear that her son was scared shitless as he was going through that process.

But no worries, mom, his lover was there to hold his head and to refresh him with water and with the fucking kiss of a life time.

What about everything we did in the bed, in the bath tub, on the streets of Bergamo, on our morning walk just hours ago? In the train station bathroom.

Besides those physical stuff, mom, I was in love this summer, like never before in my life, and now I’m suffering from the inside and can’t wait to meet my pillow to share the tears with it.

No, mom, don’t talk to me.

Thank you for giving me the opportunity to join him on this trip. I wonder, if I never came along…would it still hurt the same? Hurt, what was hurting me, there was no pain? Just an empty hole in my body. Mommy, fill it with your love and hugs, I beg of you. Will you mom? I’m in pain woman!

Like she was reading my mind, she reached and tugged my hair a bit. Her touch on my head was exactly what I needed. It felt as though mom’s touch had stopped my thinking and I was finally free to cry. Not holding back anymore, if she asks…I’m just so tired, mom. She never said a word. Thank you mom, I love you. I love you for loving me and being here with me during this terrible time I’m going through. And it’s about to get even worse but having you around makes it a bit better. It doesn’t make the whole thing back to normal, and I’m not fixed not just yet, but right now, it’s enough, it’s all I need and all I want. Thank you.

We stopped in the town so that mom can get the groceries or something else, I don’t know, she didn’t say. I sat there and continued staring at the steering wheel. The radio was on and the song that played only brought memories of our time when we went to a bar and I watched him play poker. And win. Those were the times when I was ignored like a crazy fuck. And I just went with it. This song will not remind me of Oliver, it will just remind me of a time when I was busting my ass of for him to notice me and I was lucky enough if I’d get a word out of that man. And now…a part of me regrets even dipping a toe into this whole mess with Oliver…

“Ciao…” I looked out the opened window through which I was resting my arm the entire ride home.
Marzia. My stomach flipped when I saw her. We haven’t talked since I broke her heart days ago. She looked beautiful, and sad, but not like me.

“How are you?”

“Good…” Lie.

I got out of the car, I figured it was rude for me to sit while she’s out and standing.

“I read the book you bought me.” She was speaking in French. It took me a second to recall what book was she talking about. I nodded. The same writer who wrote the book was the guest of honor, besides Oliver, in Bergamo. So…in conclusion: that book will too remind me of Oliver.

Looking at Marzia felt good, I missed her.

“Poems…they’re really beautiful…I loved reading all of them… Se l’ amore, such a wonderful book…”

She stopped. Why did she stop? I wasn’t responding to any of it, nothing to respond to. Marzia was ready to change the subject.

“I’m sorry, excuse me…that you’re sad. I’m saying that because I wanted to tell you…I’m not mad at you. Not at all.”

Did not expect that. She wasn’t mad at me? I deserved all the hatred in the world. But this was Marzia. The best human being in this world. I can only imagine what I looked like when she told me that but my mind was still in such a mess so I just nodded. What was I suppose to say? Should I even try to explain why I did what I did and how I acted like an asshole for not talking to her after spending the night and one afternoon with her? Marzia was my childhood friend, we grew up together, every summer we spent together, playing volleyball and going to the dance club. And then I decided to ruin it all because with a moment of sheer madness. I was angry that Oliver was avoiding me after we kissed, so I called her, bought her the book and slept with her on the grass near the river. The truth is, I wanted her to have that book, she is a book lover like me and it was the least I could do, I wanted her to have that book. Later on, when we walked, talked and shared a cigarette, little by little I began looking at her like someone who could be more than just a friend to me. I loved spending time with her, I loved kissing her, touching her, being inside of her. And now…I can’t even remember her lips on mine or what was it like to be connected to her. I loved her smell and the way she was thinking. The whole thing she said about the readers being hiders, I was silent then, but now I actually agree. I loved being with her but then Oliver showed up, Oliver showed up with a mind made up and I was totally submitted to him and his desires that, later on, we’ve come to love and both share. Marzia never deserved what I have done to her, I will, forever, hate myself for that…but she doesn’t, does that mean I’m of the hook? From hers and from mine?

“I love you Elio.” She said.

How am I suppose to answer that? Should I reciprocate? If I do, I would just be leading the poor girl along. Honestly, I don’t know how I felt about her confessing her love for me. I didn’t even know how I feel about myself anymore, everything was just so fucked up. So I said nothing.

“Stay friends?” She extended her arm.

“For life?”

“For life.”
I accepted that hand and brought her in for a hug. Believe it or not, that same hug felt just as good as the one my mom gave me in the cars some time ago. Marzia felt like home. We stayed friends. What a brave human being Marzia actually was. After everything I put her through she forgave me and decided to keep me in her life. There’s not a doubt in my mind that she was mourning about me at the same time I was enjoying my summer with Oliver. A true friend. I love you Marzia.

“Oliver left.” I said once we parted.

“I figured. I’m going to miss him.”

“Hmm…” If I say something, she will figure me out, so I just hummed.

“He was a lot of fun…”

“Yeah…he was…”

“Chiara told me that she arrived late when he left in the bus.”

“Yeah, he told me.”

“She really liked him.”

“Yeah, she did.”

“I should go.” She pointed in the back. “They’re waiting for me.”

“Okay…”

“Call me when you rest…”

“Deal.”

“Bye…”

I kissed her cheek and she went back to her group of friends. I watched them leave on their bikes and waved at them.

I returned back in the car and minutes later my mom walked in and we were off.

It was a sunny day, a beautiful day and it would be a shame to waste it. But I didn’t care. I knew the schedule of the day I would be having: crying, sleeping, crying, sleeping, sleeping, crying…if I cry everything out now there would be nothing left to cry when the real things come along. Happy or sad tears, life or death, good or bad…speak or die? Get out of my head.

Anchise was the first person I saw when we entered the front yard of the villa. He opened the gates and continued his job as we were getting the stuff out.

“Elio!” Mafalda rushed to hug and kiss me. Another hug, another home.

“Hi…”

“I missed you! Did you eat? You look thin. I’m going to make you something, we already ate…” I always looked thin…
“No, don’t…I ate, I’m just not hungry now.”

“Are you sure? Not even a bite of…”

“No, thanks. I’m tired.”

“Okay, go rest…we’ll talk later. And eat.”

_Later._ It was like a punch in the stomach.

“Okay…”

“We fixed the room up for you. Just the way it was.”

It stopped me in my tracks.

How dare she? Who gave her the right?

I smiled at yet another woman that felt like home to me, besides destroying our room, and went to the study where my father was. But we met half way and hugged me. Again. Home. I hugged my father back and he, like my mother, went straight to the hair, a gentle tug and I was home. Thank you, people. Thank you for being my real home.

“Elio, I’m glad you’re back!”

“Yeah…”

“You look exhausted. Why don’t you go straight to bed and we’ll wake you up at dinner time.”

“Okay…”

I appreciated that nobody wanted to know about our trip. My sadness actually indeed looked like tiredness. I concluded that when I looked myself in one of the mirrors in the car. Was I exhausted because I was sad or was I sad because - putting Oliver breaking my heart aside - sleep was now my only way of surviving the day? What will I do during the night? I was so used to being up all night and doing all sorts of things, moving my body and talking about everything and anything. I will sleep again, that’s what I will be doing during night. Sleep. It’s all I want and all I need. After I wake up, I’ll see where I will go from that point on. But I hope I never wake up.

Absentmindedly I missed the door to my old room with two beds and went directly towards the back-up bedroom. Fuck. This is not your room anymore, not until next summer when another student decides to move in. Go back to the old one. Go back to your room, yours and Oliver’s. I sighed in front of the door and made few steps back and found myself in front of the door where everything began.

I opened the door and found it exactly the way it was before him.

The beds were separated, there were no clothes hanging from the door, no clothes hanging from the chair, books on the table, bags all over the place. He really was a messy guy. The sheets were changed, washed, tucked in, everything was new. The pillow cases were also new. Good, something to cry on.

The bedroom was Oliver-free.
It looked even better than before he arrived, all the books I had all over the floor were settled on his...my desk. The floor was vacuumed, windows were opened and the air was fresh. It smelled like mint. The entire room was cleaned and I could no longer smell or picture Oliver in any of the places in my now current bedroom.

I sighed and swallowed what I felt was a river of tears flowing down my face. Close your eyes and breathe. Sleep.

The emptiness was palpable. As soon as I walked in the room I took the shoes off and closed the door behind me bare footed. The pants came off next and I saved the Billowy for last. The stupid shirt was killing me but at the same time it was still keeping me in the land of memories of Elio’s and Oliver’s summer.

Undoing one button was as close to as being suffocated, but in a bad way. Second button felt like my skin was being peeled off. Third button was numbing me. Fuck you, Oliver. The next few buttons I just ripped off, feeling the peeling, suffocating and numbness all over my body. You see what you’re doing to me Oliver? I’m ruining myself over a shirt, over a room, over a man! Shut up, quiet, breathe and close your eyes.

I wish you were here to take the shirt off of me and the rest of my clothes. I wish you were here looking at me as I undress me, then you. I wish you were here so I could take your clothes off next.

You’d take the shoes off and I’d do the rest. I’d unbutton whatever huge shirt you’d be wearing, then the belt, then the trousers. We’d both be standing in our underwear, in our bedroom, staring at each other, with windows still opened, our skins touching, with the hot summer air all around us… soon, we’d take off whatever was left of it and we’d finally lay together, naked, side by side, skin to skin. We got used to doing everything with two conjoined beds but now we’d have to settle for just one bed.

I’d let you kiss me wherever you wished to do it and you’d let me touch you the only way I know how. You’d smile and I’d bite my lips. Soon after, you’d get on top of me and I’d spread my legs so that you could be closer to me and so that you could enter me in the right angle. I don’t know what would we use so that our love making would start off pain-free but now I imagine this all without any pain. You’d get inside me and I’d moan. We’d move our bodies until you or myself would inform the other about how close we actually were. You’d grunt and I’d bite my lip. Oliver, you’d fill my insides and I’d spread my juice all over my stomach thanks to the movements of your palm.

I opened my eyes. A smile on my face was soon accompanied by the tears in my eyes. Minutes ago I was cursing Oliver and now I was imagining us making love. A wave of hate and love showered me when it came to remembering the tall American and what we would be doing at this time of the day.

The Billowy was hung at the bottom of the bed and the pants I took off ended on the floor next to my shoes. I stood there in my underwear and went to take a shirt to at least cover up my bony body.

When I opened the closet I was speechless. There they were, casually sticking out, because of the color from their fabric, from a hanger: red short shorts. They were, in fact, the most colorful part of clothing I ever owned.

Of course I smiled. Of course Oliver loved me, why did I ever doubt that? You don’t leave your clothes for just anyone. I would’ve given him some of mine but he was too big for it. I ran my
fingers across it, just to make sure they’re real and my mind is not playing with me. They were and, also, they smelled nice. No need to search for his scent because it was long gone, just like Oliver was.

I grabbed the white shirt and put it on, closed the windows and the blinds and collapsed onto the bed. The bed that was closer to the windows was the one on which we laid on when he told me to call him by my name, it had the most sentimental value and that’s the one I picked.

The last thing I thought about, before I closed my eyes, was Oliver’s face when he looked out the window of the train. I smiled and drifted off. It was 2 in the afternoon.
The enlightenment

Chapter Summary

Elio talks to his dad about Oliver.

Chapter Notes

This is the part of the movie where one speech melt down so many hearts and changed a lot of lives.

I woke up on my own somewhere around 8 in the evening. Not a sound, not a voice, not a light I sensed when I was sleeping. All on my own, I’ve slept for six hours or so. I woke up in the same position as I fell asleep in the first place: on my stomach with one hand underneath the pillow and my head turned to face the windows. The dreams I had were hardly coming back to me, everything felt so real and yet I couldn’t remember what I dreamed of.

Did I feel rested? A little bit. And I no longer felt the need to cry or to analyze my emotions and shared moments. I felt nothing. Did I get over him already? Nonsense, it’s only been few hours since we parted. I stayed in bed for some time after my sudden awakening. There was an empty side of the bed next to me and I couldn’t bear the thought of him not being here, or him being anywhere else around the villa and not here, or him being anywhere in the world, countries, cities, miles away and not here with me.

My eyes hurt, it hurts when I tried to look up or side to side. I miss the feeling of home and yet I had so many people around me that felt like one. The useless feeling of this body of mine was exactly that so I got up and opened the windows for a change.

Remember when you took me here Oliver? I was waiting for you the entire day and it turned out you were hiding and thinking in the back yard. Do you remember? I will. Forever.

As soon as I opened the blinds I was greeted and surprised by gray skies and no Sun in sight. Finally, the weather I need to balance my emotions. Or was I feeling even worse because of the crappy weather? The rain would start falling very soon and the last time it rained, I was totally unaware of it because my mind was elsewhere, was when it was my turn to be in charge and tie his wrists to the bed.

Funny how a window and the rain reminded me of him.

Staying in that room was harder on me than I expected. The tightness in my chest never seemed to go away. I wasn’t tired, I didn’t want to sleep or eat, I didn’t want anyone talking to me and I certainly didn’t want Oliver by my side. Who knows where he’s at now. He’s probably on his way back home, in the plane or even managed to get there before time but he told my parents days ago that his flight to New York leaves at 4 in the afternoon. I think it was a 10 hour flight so he’d be home in 6 hours, by my calculations, I had no idea what time it was in America right now.
I needed air. Why am I putting myself through this? It’s just a guy, he’s nothing to me anymore. He was once before, but not anymore. To all of us he was just another collage graduate student to whom I was forced to give up my bedroom. That’s it. That’s the story of who Oliver was to all of us. He was also a good friend and a kind person. Nothing more.

I figured I’d feel better if Oliver was a bad guy in my stories. To me, Oliver was an arrogant jerk who never learned to crack the top of a soft-boiled egg, who was messy as hell and someone who was hard to reach out to even for a second. A stuck-up, a poker addict, a show off. That’s it. It’s all I had to say about him.

I wonder how he would represent his summer to his friends and colleagues. *Summer was great, I wrote the book and broke some hearts. Nothing new. Later...*

What about me?

*Oh yeah...professor’s kid was so into me, a total stalker, a creep, he only communicated with me through a note, can you believe it? I finally have to give up and surrender my body to him just so he would stop chasing me around the house...*

No.

I’m so fucked up.

I’m a total mess.

I hate myself for thinking like that. Why am I doing this? Why am I thinking like this? I’m putting stuff in my head that were nowhere near the truth. Stop it, Elio.

Okay, here’s the truth about Oliver.

Oliver was, yet another, collage graduate student to whom I was forced to give my bedroom. He was tall and blonde, blue eyes and a lot of chest hair. He was adorable when he’d failed yet another battle with a soft-boiled egg. Besides my father, the most intelligent person I ever had the opportunity to meet and interact. Oliver lived the best life, he ate well, explored the philosophy of fruits, danced like there was no tomorrow and, when in case of need, said just the right thing.

That’s who Oliver was and I’m sticking to it.

Yes, he was just another student to everyone else but for me...I’m keeping that side of him to myself. I’m keeping quiet about his ability to touch me in all the right places, his ability to kiss me whenever he felt like it and the ability to love me with his entire being. Because him loving me, only made me love me even more. I never thought it was possible but then again, I never thought it was possible for a 17 year old boy to fall for a man who was as big of a treat as Oliver…and to even have that love returned. Yes, I’m sticking to that side. Oliver loved me and I loved Oliver. Oliver left and now I’m sad. Oliver will evaporate from my body and I will be just fine.

One minute he’s my world and the next one I wished him all the evil in the world. I really need to stop this love-hate mood swing I have towards the guy, especially because, not only 12 hours ago, we were still intertwined in every way possible. We were talking, crying and kissing naked on the bed, just like I got used to. How am I going to get used to a life with my clothes on all the time? I felt now, with my shirt and underwear, even more naked than when I was with him.

I took a deep breath and turned around to exit our room. Yes, it’s still our room.

All I know is that I couldn’t stay in this room any longer, I had to go to someone, anyone. Just to sit
next to someone and not talk. I’d sit with my mother as she would be smoking and reading some French novel, cuddle up next to her as she would be caressing my back with the hand that holds the cigarette and flipping the pages with the other. Mafalda is probably cleaning the dishes, Anchise had probably dosed off already by now. And my father is in his study room.

I walked down the stairs bare footed and realized that the house is barely much empty. No one in sight, I heard nobody and saw nobody. The skin of my feet on old wooden floor was the only sound I heard.

My father was sitting on his red sofa and was reading something. I walked in and stood near the door way, waiting for him to acknowledge my presence. I was so glad to see him. He has no idea how much I just needed his spirit so close to me and his silence.

He looked through his reading glasses and smiled at me. I smiled back. God, dad, your smile…the best cure right now! But, knowing my father, this is one of those times where no silence will ever play the role here.

“Missed you at dinner.” He said.

I did? I didn’t even hear the bell, that’s just how much I was tired. And beyond that, I wasn’t even hungry. The emptiness inside me was my meal for today. And even if I were, I wasn’t ready to face them. I wasn’t ready to sit with my parents at the dinner table and discuss anything at all. I figured that Oliver would soon pop up as a subject and one tear down my face would blew my cover completely.

He threw whatever he was reading onto the desk and took a cigarette as I was making my way to the sofa. I kept staring at the windows while he was lighting the cigarette. As much as I felt sad and empty at that moment, this weather was soothing me, it was keeping me alive in a way.

“So…” and he began, I turned to look at him. I missed his face. “Welcome home.”

“Thanks.” My gratitude wasn’t sincere although I was home in every way possible, just not the home I was used to.

“Oliver enjoyed the trip?” Oliver…

“Yeah…I think he did.” I nodded because that was the truth, I knew he enjoyed it to the max. We had so much fun together…you know dad, we almost never separated from each other. Fucking our brains out every night, making out in the bath tub every morning, sleeping in, not eating, kissing, pleasing one another…to the max, dad, to the max…

I kept the smile on while the pictures of our last three days together continued flashing in front of me. There was no way a smile could’ve been tamed here.

“You two had a nice friendship.” He smiled after me and took a drag from the cigarette. I looked his way, confused a little.

“Yeah…” Friendship, definitely, that came first.

And then the room silenced.

“You’re too smart not to know how rare, how special what you to had was.”

“Oliver was Oliver…” What could I say?
We shared a short and genuine laugh, probably thinking about the same person but with two different personalities. My father saw him in one light and I saw him in the other…and in dark also.

“Parce que c’était lui, parce que c’était moi.”

“Oliver may be very intelligent but…” he was stupid in so many ways, I was planning to say but I got cut off by my father’s noise.

“He was more than intelligent…” he took a deep breath, “What you two had…had everything and nothing to do with intelligence.” By that time I was trying to swallow and suck up my tears. The way he was describing Oliver with a slow and short breath…he can’t see the tears.

“He was good. You’re both lucky to have found each other, because you too are good…”

Suck it up, Elio, you can’t cry in front of your father.

“I think he was better than me…” Whatever I swallowed then it broke my voice so what I let out was a soft whisper.

“Oh…”

I bent down closer to him showing him how much that “bothered me” but in reality, I needed something on what I can subtly whimper so he would never know. He tugged my curls.

“I think he was better than me…” I breathed out and exhaled like if air was pressing my heart.

“I’m sure he’d say the same thing about you.”

What a load of shit. And I reacted like that.

“Yeah, he’d say the same thing…” I repeated with a sort of voice like “Don’t be silly, that’s not true at all.” And sat closer to him, again, feeling like his presence was all I needed…but this talk we were having, never seemed to have a point.

“It flatters you both.” He said.

I opened my mouth to say something ridiculous because the topic was now comparing Elio and Oliver on the basis of human mind.

“When you least expected, nature has cunning ways of finding our weakest spot. Just remember, I am here…” he took the glasses off and let them hang on the bust around his neck…

He shook the cigarette in the ashtray on his thigh.

“Right now you may not want to feel anything, maybe you never wanted to feel anything. And uh, maybe it’s not to me you’d want to speak about these things but uh, feel something you obviously did.”

What? I was dumbstruck. Did he…

“Look, you had a beautiful friendship, maybe more than a friendship and I envy you. In my place, most parents would hope the whole thing goes away. Pray their sons land on their feet, but I’m not such a parent.”

Where are you going with this?
“We rip out so much of ourselves to be cured of things faster, that we go bankrupt by the age of 30. And have less to offer each time we start with someone new. But to make yourself feel nothing, so as not to feel anything…what a waste.”

He stopped, I was still speechless, but it seems as though he wasn’t done.

“Have I spoken out of turn?”

I shook my head and he nodded.

“And I’ll say one more thing…” He reached for his whiskey that was in front of him “…it’ll clear the air. I may have come close, but I never had what you to have. Something always held me back, or stood in the way.”

What now dad? You know about us. You know that Oliver and I were…everything that comes to mind. It made everything feel so much easier and better knowing that another person, besides us two, was aware of the love that Oliver and I shared for each other.

“How you live your life is your business. Just remember, our hearts and our bodies are given to us only once. And before you know it, your heart’s worn out and as for your body…there comes a point when no one looks at it, much less wants to come near it.”

He kept his eyes on my heart and continue to speak.

“Right now, there’s sorrow, pain…don’t kill it…and with it the joy you felt.”

And right there and then I broke down completely. In front of my father. Not a word came from me just tears. It’s hard holding it all in, but he knew and I wondered for how long was he aware of Oliver and myself. Did he see us? Did he hear us? Probably, I wasn’t holding anything inside when it came to Oliver. But what did he mean when he said that he had come close? Did he also have someone who was what Oliver was to me? They’ve been married for almost 20 years now so I know he’s not talking about mom. That’s probably what he meant: one person can change your life completely and with the other one, with whom you have a life together and a child and you love very deeply, is…what? A second choice? Something you had to do? I’m sure he loved and still loves my mother very deeply but maybe because the love he feels towards my mother now was once a seed of the love he used to have towards the other person. Now, I don’t know whether that person was a man or a woman but it doesn’t matter because at some point of your life you stop looking at the person you’re with as a man or a woman, you just see it as a human being you’re sharing your body with.

“Does mom know?” I finally spoke with tears leaking from my eyes.

“I don’t think she does…” But his tone was telling me that if she knew, her opinion wouldn’t be any different than his.

He tugged my hair again and it felt as though a rock fell down my heart. Finally, for the first time that day, I was breathing.

“One more thing Elio…”

I looked at him.

“Just tell me this…was Oliver good to you?”

I smiled. A true smile for the first time that day.
“He was, dad… he really was.”

“Good. That’s all a parent wants to know.”

He really was, dad. He was gentle and kind, didn’t push me into explaining my tears or my crazy ideas, comforted me whenever he’d see me looking sad. And by his speech, yes, he was a good friend first and a lover second.

After my father’s speech I felt like I could finally relax and not hold back all my memories about Oliver, I was free to think about him and I was free to remember him just the way I liked it. Oliver was out of my life, but he wasn’t out of my heart or my head. With him I felt like myself, all the time and with me I hope he felt the same. What we had, was so true and pure to the bone. There was no way of faking that love.

I stayed in his study with him for some time after we ended our conversation. He was talking to me about the book he had come across. We stayed up late and talked about it. It was pass midnight and we were both sitting on the sofa but we changed positions so many times within those four hours spent together.

After couple of minutes he said he’d be going to sleep and said good night to me. On his way out, he kissed my forehead.

I stayed there even longer than I expected. Finally, I was in the mood of doing something. I’d be doing Oliver by now… or other way around. It felt so good not to keep it inside, I guess the barrier of my sadness was broken a little after my father’s supportive words.

This is it then.

I’d have to get used to having other stuff to do and grieve with time. I was broken and I deserved the time for myself to be sad and empty as long as I wanted to be, and as long as I stop feeling it, then I’ll know Oliver’s out of my heart too. As much as I craved him physically next to me, I wanted him to never leave my heart, let him live there and I’d be happy of knowing that Oliver may be miles away but he’s actually the closest he’ll ever be with me, by being within me.

And I’ll have to live with that.
“Elio!”

His voice shook my entire being in the middle of the night.

I opened my eyes as soon as I heard him calling my name. It sounded urgent but at the same time, it sounded mixed with something much more unalarming. He sounded in trouble but sort of stupid one because it wasn’t like he was worried, but more like he was embarrassed he got himself into some mess.

“Ugh, what!?” I yelled.

My voice was husky because it was three in the morning and began rubbing the bridge of my nose. I closed my eyes again hoping he’d answer me back because I was so tired. His answer never came, I never got his response so I just turned around thinking he’d tell me in the morning. But no.

“Elio!”

There it is again.

“What!?”

I answered almost immediately opening my eyes.

What was more annoying, a side for him waking me up in the deaf part of the night, was that his voice sounded like it was coming from a far distance. Not in the bedroom, not in the bathroom, definitely not in the hallway…outside maybe? What is he doing there?

“What do you want!?”

Still no response from him. What does he want?

I finally closed my eyes again and turned on my stomach to continue my sleep. The awful weather
that I was coping with almost the entire day finally showed some impact on me, I was now dead
tired to the cord and I could’ve slept for days. Well, could’ve…if it wasn’t for him calling me for
God knows why and where.

I figured he’d tell me the next day or even when he gets back to bed very soon because whatever he
got himself into can wait until both of us get some sleep like normal human beings. So, I patiently
waited for him to come back and lay behind me, sharing his messy situation that was causing me
to be wide awake now.

But the sleep never came and nor did he.

“What do you want? I’m tired!”

Minute after minute of not hearing anything else from him I was beginning to worry. Maybe he was
fixing whatever he broke or he found whatever he was looking for and everything was back to
normal. No sound of him, nothing. Not of a person, not of an object moving in the villa. The trees
were calm, the owls and crickets were the only living animals making noises, the villa wasn’t
cracking due to the weight of a human being pushing onto the old wooden floors. Nothing.

Should I go back to sleep or wait for him? Should I ask again or to go look for him? It was so early
in the morning, everyone was already fast asleep. Well, not everybody, and thanks to him, if he
doesn’t get his shit together, everyone will rise very soon and our covers will be blown off.

Hiding him, or him hiding me, because we slept in the same conjoined bed was getting harder and
harder for me. If he continues to scream my name only in the middle of the night and then someone
can just as easily walk in his room and find me lying there half naked or even fully naked
sometimes…and everything will be out in the open.

I can’t risk it, fuck the sleep.

I got up and put on my baggy sweater because I was already sleeping in my boxer shorts. The first
room I checked was my old room, with one bed in it and then moved to our shared bathroom.
Nothing, not a sign of him. I thought through in my head where should I look for him next and not
yell his name. There was no time for that so I continued to explore the rest of the villa.

Hallway was clear, the balconies were opened but there was nothing there. The stairs were empty.
The living room was opened and shined with the light of the Moon and empty as well. So were my
father’s study room, the kitchen, the dining room, another bathroom, another hallway and finally
the pantry. Nothing, not a sign of him.

Where the hell are you?

As much as I was tired and was more in the mood to listen to his story in the morning I was now
completely determined on finding him and brining the man back to bed.

The only places I haven’t checked were the ones outside, but what would he be doing outside in
this part of the night. There was nothing coming to my mind what could’ve he been up to so late,
everything seemed in place and in right shape, nothing looked broken or stolen.

I opened the door to the main entrance and was finally met with the cold morning summer air. It
wasn’t cold-cold but it was smart of me to wear the baggy sweater. I looked around moving
slowly. The back and the front yards were empty. Empty in the meaning of no sign of him. The
tables were there, the pool was there, my spot for all my books and music was the, the volleyball
court was empty, cars were empty, Anchise’s shed was closed and locked…nothing, still no sign of
My nose was starting to feel chilly so I pulled in whatever was planning to leak out of it. I managed to make the full circle around the Perlman villa and literally looked everywhere except for one spot.

Our special spot.

But he wasn’t there either. The concrete was cold which tells me that he’s never been here in the first place.

Where are you now?

By that point I was starting to feel worried, for real. I checked every room in the villa and every centimetre of the back and front yard and he was still no where to be found. Should I wake someone up to go look for him? Maybe my father, he knows why I am so worried.

The source of his voice was coming from a far distance, I got that, but here I was…I thought this was the place from which he was calling my name minutes ago. My heart was pumping faster and I began counting the rooms in which I checked to find him. I checked all of them, everyone that I was sure he’d be in. I can’t check my parent’s bedroom or Mafalda’s. Anchise slept outside above his tool shed.

I walked back inside still feeling the awful gut wrenching feel inside of me.

Where did you go?

“Elio?”

I looked towards the where the voice was coming from. It was my mother. She wore her short nightgown and a silky robe over it. Her hair still looked flawless but she was peaking through her eyes trying to stable her early morning vision. She was also yawning and clearing her throat.

“Mom…sorry to wake you up. Go back to bed.”

I began climbing the stairs hoping she’d do as I said.

Once I reached the top of the stairs I heard her move up also, she was following me.

“Darling, what’s wrong?” She wasn’t whispering and neither did i.

“Nothing, really. Go.”

“I hear you walking all over the place. Did you go outside?”

“Ye-yeah…” I began touching the skin behind my neck.

“Why?”

Shit, she’s got me.

“I was looking for Oliver. He called my name couple of times, it awoke me, I don’t know what his problem is…Have you seen him?”

She shook her head and the look on her face changed very quickly.
“Oh well. He’ll show up I guess. Good night.”

I kissed her cheek and went back to my old bedroom, the one with only one bed in it. She almost figured me out, if only I walked into his room, then I would know…I’m fucked.

“Elio…where are you going? This is your room now?” She pointed towards his room.

“No. That is Oliver’s room. I sleep in here whenever students kick me out of it, remember?”

“Elio, come here.”

I did as I was told.

“Darling, look…” she opened the door and revealed a room with two separated beds, only one of them was used, the one closer to the window…”this is your room now…it was Oliver’s but now that he’s gone…”

“What…mom, no…”

We walked together and sat side by side on that bed. I was staring at the pile of books underneath the window, she was staring at me.

“Wait. Gone? He’s not gone, I heard him calling me just now.”

“No, darling, that was your sadness playing with you…”

“Sadness? What are you saying?”

“You’re hurting my love. He’s gone, I never heard him calling you.”

“No, mom, you sound crazy right now…Oliver was asking for me and…”

“And did you find him?”

“No, I checked everywhere, he’s no where to be found. I think something happened.”

“Oh, my sweet baby boy…” She pulled me into a hug and began caressing my hair. I hugged her back trying to put her words into meaningful sentence.

“He’s gone sweetie.”

“You make it sound like he’s dead.”

“No baby, he left for America, two mornings ago and you were there to say goodbye to him and afterwards I picked you up. Remember?”

I did remember. I remembered everything.

“He’s gone?”

“He’s gone, my darling.”

“But I just heard his voice…”

“Oh, my baby boy, you’ll hear his voice a dozen of times during night until you’re ready to move on.”
“He’s really gone.”

Not a question anymore. This was reality. I looked at her.

“He’s gone Elio.”

What am I doing to myself? I imagined Oliver calling my name. Damn, I’m freaking out during the night, checking every room and every patch of grass to find him, when in reality…he’s gone all the way across the Atlantic ocean…and I’m here…what is happening? No more tears left to cry, I was starting to worry about myself and my mental health.

What was even more surprising is that she never acted surprised.

She knew.

Mom knew.

“Mom…”

“Yes, darling?”

“Did you know about…”

“Yes baby. I knew.”

“Oh God, for how long?”

“Since the first day. I’m a mom, I know these things even before they happen. I knew that you’d grow up into this wonderful man chasing adventures and passion and look where it got you…”

“Heartbroken and sad?”

“Wise and even more wonderful.”

“Who else knew?”

“Everyone.”

“Oh, God, I’m not going to be able to look Mafalda in the eyes ever again…”

“Oh, that’s nonsense. Everyone figured out by themselves. And honey…” She lifted my head and looked me into my eyes, “…the house is really old.”

Fuck. Everybody heard us doing it. Okay, now I can officially pray for the Earth to open up and swallow me whole.

“I’m sorry about that…”

Mom pulled me in for another hug and pulled both of our bodies to the pillows. We were now leaning against the headboard with me still in her arms.

“That’s ridiculous. You’re my whole world Elio, you are everything I have and hold dearly in my life…you are my life and I hate to see you suffer. That’s why I never wanted to push you into telling me about you guys. I was going to wait until you feel free and ready to confront me yourself.”
“Oliver was like that. He never pushed me into talking about something I wasn’t comfortable with.”

“Oh, yeah? Did you guys talk a lot?”

“We did.”

“So did we.”

“Huh?”

“Oliver and myself. We used to chat every morning over a fresh baked coffee.”

“What did you talk about?”

“Absolutely everything.”

“Did I come up?”

“Almost always.”

We chuckled.

“Mom…do you think he knew that you knew about us?”

“I’m certain. But I still couldn’t pick a better person for my son than Oliver.”

Again, humiliation, embarrassment, shame played their part here. I just got it over two days ago with my father and now I’m going through hell again. But I’m glad to hear that they used to talk so often. Why was all this like checking up on the future husband/wife your son was going to marry? Apparently, everyone knew and if Oliver knew they knew...he never tried to hide that. Meaning, he never said or did anything that could’ve let me to believe that they knew about us. Everything was going as per usual, we never hid our meetings at night, our hugs during the day and our loud and insatiable love making during every time of the day, every day. I’m sure they got used to hearing a 17year old boy, who grew up running around the villa, grew up improving his piano skills for years and reading every book that hit the shelves of his father’s study room, screaming his lungs out to come.

Mom pulled me closer to her hug as I watched our feet colliding.

“Elio?”

“Hm?”

“Darling, would like me to leave you to sleep? Or would you like for me to stay here with you and we can talk about Oliver all you want? I don’t want you to keep the pain to yourself. Share it with me, please. Don’t share all of it, I mean, if there’s something a mom shouldn’t hear then so be it. What do you want, my love?”

That’s the easiest question in the world.

“I want you to stay.”

“Of course.”

“I’m sad mom.”
“I know you are sweetheart but know this…it took nine months for me to form your heart, I am not going to let anyone destroy it within 15 seconds.”

“That’s true…but it’s broken anyway. And I don’t know what to do.”

“Okay, how about this. Now, you can tell me what you did in Bergamo and tomorrow…if you’re up for it, you can cry about the bad things you’re experiencing now. Just know, I’m here and I don’t want you to live with that pain your whole life. Okay?”

“Yeah…well, first day, we went to the waterfalls and afterwards we went to the hotel where we…I’m sorry, is this weird for you?”

“Is it for you?”

“A little bit.”

“Continue, Elio…”

“Then I woke him up to talk in the middle of the night. It was raining for couple of days but we were safe. Ugh, I don’t know…we walked all around the place, we ate and even saw this beautiful Sunrise which he discovered while he was taking a morning walk to the University, I was sleeping at that time…”

“Oh, he told me about the damn Sunrises. He grew up looking at one every single day of his life. His room was faced to the east, no curtains, no nothing to cover it up and that was his alarm, in a way…once he was here he was starting to miss the Sun so I can only imagine his reaction when you guys saw it.”

“He was so amazed and happy.”

“He was happy because he’d seen it with someone he actually loves. Sharing his love with his lover.”

“Maybe.”

“What about the party?”

“Yes, that. That was so good, I really had fun at the party. I talked to a lot of people. They’re so intelligent and well educated.”

“I bet.”

“I played the piano for the guests and after that we got out on the streets and we sang and danced and chased each other…we had so much fun.”

“What an amazing friendship.”

“Hm, it really was.”

I smiled after I finished. Those memories of Bergamo are played so deeply in my heart, those were the happiest three days of my life. She was caressing my hair the entire time I was snuggled into mom’s warm morning hug. Believe it or not, her arms around me that morning made me warmer than my baggy sweater ever did.

“Honey?”

“Yes?” I looked up and intertwined our fingers.
“Were you happy with Oliver?”

“Yes. So happy. And now…”

“Now what?”

I sat up and turned my back to her. My eyes welcomed the tears again.

“Now it feels like a part of me has been ripped off…and I don’t know where to find it…”

And the tears fell down.

“I know where.” Her soft voice made me turn to look at her.

“Where?”

“Here, baby.”

She pulled me back into another hug and pointed at my heart.

“Here you can find all the answers you’re looking for. Oliver was your happiness? Good, keep it like that, don’t let it ruin you. I can’t promise that everything will be fine any time soon but it does get better…because it doesn’t get any worse than this. Keep him there, let those weeks be the source of your happiness, don’t stop thinking about them or him. I know, this period is awful and scary but just know that no matter what, my sunshine, I love you more than words can wrap themselves around it. Don’t suppress that feeling, ever. Nothing good comes out when you’re convincing yourself that you guys never loved each other. Let it all out, you’re sad, he’s here, you can’t sleep, he’s next to you, you can’t breathe, he’s in your heart all the time. Carry those moments you shared with him, every step of the way but also, carry those sad moments as well, because if it wasn’t for them, you and I wouldn’t be having this conversation. If I were to assume this was just a summer fling for the both of you I wouldn’t be asking you any of this. But you were in love with him, and he too was in love with you, there’s not a doubt in my mind, remember, I’m a mom, I know these things. Every time I would look at you and you’d be shining brighter than his Sunrise because I knew that my baby boy was in good and trustworthy hands. And now, my baby is sad and crying, not eating, not sleeping, avoiding any types of conversations with everyone in the villa. Do that, okay? You keep doing that until you start to feel good just a little bit and you want to reward yourself with a breakfast for an example. Afterwards, reward yourself for getting out of bed with reading couple of pages of your favourite book, after that, some time on the piano, dinner, transcribing anything, helping around the house, anything you want. In the meantime, if you’re not ready for any of it, go swimming, in the pool. Just swim, without a thought in the world, or just sit at the edge of it. I know, everything will remind you of him because, how indeed curious he actually was, he wanted to try out every part of our property. I’m here to make you feel better. If talking about him or not talking at all, holding your mom by the hand helps you through it…then just do it. Mom is here all the time. It’s my job and the work hours are 24 hours a day, 7 days of the week, 365 days of the year.”

By the end of her beautiful speech I was sobbing and wiping tears with the sleeves of my baggy sweater. I turned and looked at her. She was tearing up a bit and I embraced her.

“Thank you, mom.”

“No need for a mom to hear that too.”

She lifted my head and wiped the tears with her fingers.
“Just let me know this…was he good to you? In every way?”

Dad asked me the same thing.

“Yes, he was…he was the perfect lover. He never hurt me, he never left me cry on my own, he never stopped in making me smile…he was perfect.”

“Then that’s all I needed to hear.”

She hugged me again.

“Mom?”

“Yes, boy?”

“You’re okay with your son being in love with a man?”

Mom lifted my head again.

“Elio, your happiness means the world to me and seeing you like this only tells me you made the right decision. You wouldn’t be falling apart like this for just anyone that hasn’t changed your world around. Yes, I am okay with my boy being in love with a man, only because I don’t look it like that. I see my son exploring, experimenting, discovering himself, finding his way in and out of this world and if this is the start of something different in your life, I’m with you every step of the way. You’re still very young, my love, you will understand this when you’re a little bit older. But this is your first heartbreak. You were just two human beings who found each other throughout the most passionate way a body was ever designed to go through. I just want you to be happy Elio.”

She kissed my forehead and got out of the bed.

“Will you be okay?”

“Now I am.” I nodded with a genuine smile.

“Good night, my darling, I love you so much.”

“Good night. I love you too.”

She kissed my cheek again and moved away from the bed.

“Hey, mom…”

“Yes?”

“I miss him.”

“Then think of him next to you as you fall asleep now.”

I did.

I imagined Oliver was just underneath me and I was sleeping silently on his chest. I smiled as I began drifting away again for the second time that night.
This chapter is so special to me, I really enjoyed writing it and of course I had to include the talk with mom. I find so much of myself in Elio, he's my male version of an awkward introvert with a lot of passion stalled in, and just like that I think Elio is a mama's boy just like I'm a mama's girl. I love my mom so much and now I miss her very much, it's ridiculous to say but my mom is my best friend despite all the fights and nasty words we shared, she's my rock and always knows how to comfort me. Moms know best, it's not just a phrase. But at the same time, I can't wait to get away from that woman, she was the one who taught me to only believe in myself and that I can do anything I set my crazy mind up to. A real support and a true friend.
A dull afternoon

Chapter Summary

Everything is getting back to normal.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Seven days after the talk I had with my mom, I felt as though I was finally getting back to normal. The pain was inevitable and was still haunting me and following me around wherever I went. But I got used to it, it was like a ghost, a friendly ghost, actually. I don’t think the emptiness was haunting me as much as all the good memories, Oliver and I created ourselves, were. I was being followed by all the words he once said to me, by all the places where we used to meet up and all the kisses we exchanged during his six weeks stay with us here.

The first couple of days whenever I’d go to our bedroom, the feeling was horrific, and it was sort of something I could only play inside my head. I open the door and there were all of our little night talks we used to have right before sleep, screaming at me, floating in the air, sitting on their spots where they were originally spoken out to, emphasizing his “I love you, Elio” every single time I’d look over at his cold and empty pillow. It was something out of a horror movie or is this how the people who are locked up in the mental hospital see and feel like?

After my father confronted me about knowing that Oliver and I were together during this summer I felt something between a relief and a walk on the egg shelves. Now, he knew about us but how safe that actually was? I can’t just sit down with my dad and say: “You know dad, I miss Oliver, I miss him holding me at night and whispering his name to my face…and his huge and beautiful cock…” I can’t just say that. We can’t talk about Oliver’s manhood. We can talk about how intelligent and kind he was, but that’s it, anything else is either making me hard or making me cry.

And my mom?

I have no words for that. The feeling was the same, I was so afraid of saying the wrong thing or showing Oliver in such an amazing light but then again…they know. Is it expected of me to talk about my summer romance?

Where’s the line? I had to draw it by myself, so I decided not to talk about it. I was fine with them knowing but if there was a slight chance they’d want to talk about him, not just to me but with anybody really, I’d just flee the scene.

And Mafalda?

It’s been days and I don’t think I looked her in the eyes more than once a day and that was only because whenever I would look at her I’d remember that the poor woman must have been deprived from sleep because of the beds moving and two people screaming right above her head. She noticed that and said nothing. Thank you for that, I am mortified now.

I took mom’s advice about coping with my sorrow and pain. Five days ago was the first time I awoke before noon and actually went down to join the breakfast table. I didn’t eat, just had a cup
of juice and went back to my room to make the bed. I figured, the best way of restraining myself of spending the day moping around in bed was to make it and so the covers were like electric wires across the piece of furniture. That was my forbidden entrance, because then I’d be too lazy to undo it again. Also, I kept the windows opened non-stop ever since I’d wake up in the morning until I’d go back to bed at night. The light would wake me up in the morning and noon and they were hard fuckers to close so, again, I’d be too lazy and weak to close them every time of the day.

The other bed was an amazing book shelf. Every book I had on the floor was now placed on that bed. I needed something to cover up the second part of our bed. And, again, it’d took my mind off him because whenever I’d pick a book to put it on there, I’d just sit on the other bed and go through some pages that had my notes on them, all of it with a smile. It was, indeed, a wonderful distraction. And, what was even more amazing, mom’s another advice of coping and rewarding myself.

Another thing I took really seriously was when she told me to help around the house and that was exactly what I did for the past four days and this morning.

Yesterday morning, when I woke up at 8 in the morning and surprised everyone in the house, I went to the town with my father. We got what we needed for last night’s dinner guests and actually had fun riding with him.

It’s been nine days since we parted and now was my time to get back into the normal boy I was before him. It will take some time to heal but this was the most active I’ve been even when he was staying with us. A lot of things I did around the house to help and I began feeling good again. Not as good as I was in his arms, but this was my spiritual healing process. I’d help in the kitchen, help Mafalda clean the dishes and stuff the fridge with food, still avoiding eye contact. I helped Anchise fix his lawn mower and I helped him pick fruit. Yes, peaches, in particular.

I’d spend hours in my father’s study room, helping him rearranging his manuscripts and afterwards, when the time was right, we’d sit and have a glass of wine. Mom included.

It’s been a busy five days of the summer, probably the hardest ones i ever had, doing stuff all around the place and helping everyone with their needs, not including Oliver’s needs which I took it very seriously.

Last night I played the piano for the dinner guests. It was the first time I played since Bergamo and I was so into it, I missed the old thing. After that we drank some wine and I’d go to bed somewhere around one or two in the morning, bringing a book with me and I’d fall asleep with it on my chest.

One morning, while still avoiding eye contact, Mafalda pulled me to the kitchen and taught me how to make bread by hand. It was a very surprising and good experience and I knew, deep down, that Mafalda also wanted for me to get better and to get over Oliver so if there was any way of participating and getting my mind off it, she was there. Bread that I made was awful but it was actually very funny looking at her reaction as she was tasting my work of art.

Everything seemed to be getting back to normal. It almost felt as though Oliver was never here, like we never happened, we never met and we never fell in love. Again, the emptiness was there I could actually feel it, but the last five days were nothing but work and rewarding myself and I was starting to feel good again. Happy, actually. I was going back to my old and boring days before him.

This afternoon, nothing special was on the menu. To sum everything up, it’s been nine days since he left, the first two days my parents were giving us their late blessings and advices for me to cope with the pain. Two days after that I was starting to get back to normal, waking up early, eating,
helping, reading, playing the piano…but those two days before these ones were brutal. Waking up at 4 in the afternoon and going back to bed at 9, not eating anything but a cookie and drinking nothing but water. Crying constantly, falling asleep with the image and the voice of Oliver in my head. Waking up in the middle of the night multiple times, looking around the room for him, realizing he’s no where near me and I would cry myself to sleep every time.

But after that, everything stopped.

I was falling asleep on my own, eating a full meal, drinking water, coffee, juice, wine, interacting with everyone in the villa. I guess what I needed was to work. Those two brutal days almost got the best of me, but I didn’t give in because two days felt like two years, every minute was a battle to survival. But I’m feeling alright now.

I woke up at 8 this morning and had a decent meal for the first time in days. Mafalda made an extra plate just for me and made a full decanter with apricot juice just for me. I looked at it once and nothing popped in my head.

After that, I was with my father in his study room and he indeed needed some help. He accidentally knocked over a pile with all his manuscripts mixed with the other pile of paper all over the floor. I rushed to help him and we cleaned the entire floor which was, no surprise there, filled with a collection of his books.

Some time after cleaning the study room I went up to my bedroom and took the shirt off. I was now in my swimming trunks and one look in the mirror gave me an idea. I needed to get some color here because the last couple of days whenever I’d go outside I would be wearing a shirt and my forearms and elbows would get some color on them but my chest, stomach, upper arms none of it.

Not knowing if I was going to be alone I met my mother there. She was also sunbathing in one of the deck chairs by the pool.

“Oh, Tesoro…come, join me.” She lifted her sunglasses and padded the chair next to her.

I smiled and sat there.

“How are you feeling?” She asked.

“Good, I feel really good. I’m pushing all the jobs around here on myself so I can get my mind off things.”

“Good, I’m glad to hear that.”

“I was thinking about going for a swim.”

“Here?”

“No. River.”

“Good, it will be good for you to ride a bike and enjoy water.”

But I continued sitting there with her. Mom’s company really suited me perfectly. The Sun was burning the cells all over me, I was on fire and just wanted to jump in the pool as soon as possible. But I wanted to go to the river. The last time I was there I was with Oliver and something happened underneath the water.

Maybe after half an hour of total silence from here and enough Sun on my skin I decided to go and
change and jump on the bike.

“I’ll be at the river, mom, don’t start the lunch without me. I’m so hungry.” I touched my stomach as I was getting myself up from the chair.

“Alright, darling. Ride safe.”

I kissed her forehead and smiled when she playfully tugged the skin that was, apparently, sticking out from all the food I have been putting inside my body.

Once I entered the room I took my trunks immediately after I closed the door. Now I was standing naked and walking around the place. The last time I was naked like this and freely walking around I did it because there was someone watching me, and I actually had someone who was waiting for my body to devour me.

But I know what I wanted to do.

I opened the closet door and grabbed the red short shorts. Ever since I got back from Bergamo, couple of underwear shorts and two white shirts were the only clothing I wore. Mafalda took the stuff from my backpack, washed them, ironed them and put them on the other bed for me to settled them in my closet which, of course, never happened. So those was my pajama and every day outfit. I couldn’t bear to open the damn door and meet the red memory face to face. I closed the door and began putting them on. What was he thinking wearing this? They were short even on me. I never wore them on my body except on my head but that belongs to a whole different time. As soon as I settled them around my waist I began feeling him again. My hands were caressing the fabric on my thighs and an image of Oliver walking around in them appeared in front of me. If I really wanted to try I would just as easily imagine his cock hitting the same spots my cock was hitting right now. But I didn’t want to, I just wanted to swim and then come back before lunch.

I put my sunglasses on, jumped on the bike and began paddling and never stopped until I reached the river. Actually, I stopped once because I ran into Marzia and Chiara on their bikes coming from the same path.

“Elio!”

Mariza waved so she could get my attention. The second I saw her I remembered her hug that day in town. I never called her to hang out after that and I felt bad but this time I was really busy and had a lot to work.

“Hi!”

They paddled closer to me and kissed me on the cheeks, both of them.

“Where are you going?” Chiara asked.

“I um…I’m going for a swim.”

“Oh, we just went there but there was nobody there. Do you want some company?” Marzia asked.

“Oh, no…um, thanks…I just want to take a quick dip and go back…I have a lot of work waiting for me.”

“Are you sure?” Marzia asked.

“Yeah…”
“Have you heard from Oliver?” Chiara spoke with coldness in her voice.

What a punch in the gut.

“N-n-no…”

“Hm, okay…see ya…” Chiara said and began riding on her own leaving me alone with Marzia.

“How’s she mad at me or something?”

“Not with you…she’s still mad at him…”

“She needs to get over him.”

“I guess. Call me anytime you want to hang out.”

“Okay…”

She kissed my cheek again and paddled off.

The river was my only goal of the day. Well, that and food. After boycotting food for so long I was so hungry I would’ve eaten a muse. It took me 20 minutes to get to the river.

I was beyond satisfied that it was empty, no one in sight, no sound around me. Just me and the water. A smile appeared on my face when I saw the river. I haven’t been here for more than two weeks and that was a strange thing for me. Earlier I would go to the river twice a day, every day. I tumbled the bike next to me and took my sunglasses off. Another smile.

I couldn’t wait to jump into the water, the Sun was burning my skin alive. As I was approaching I began feeling a bit nauseous. Maybe it was because I was so hungry or maybe it was because a memory struck me again. The last time I was here I was with Oliver. And we made love underneath the water and that felt so good. At the end of it he told me about Bergamo and spun me around in the water to show me the love and happiness he nurtured because of me and towards me.

I wondered if a river would activate his memory of us like it did to me.

One step, two steps, three steps and I was standing so close that I could actually feel the cold wave at my feet. The river was so deep and I was feeling so hot, so I just jumped straight in.

Once the cold water swallowed my whole body I couldn’t help but smile underneath it. When I got up I took a deep breath that required the full function of my lungs. Another smile.

I swam a bit to one side to the other, eventually failing the initial plan so I just swam at one spot. The shorts were getting wet, my hair was getting wet and I was feeling the happiest I have felt in the last nine days. It’s strange how it took nine days and a lot of tears to finally feel normal. Maybe I wasn’t in love as much as I thought, because then I’d be suffering much longer. And then again, I still felt the pain, the emptiness bubbling up inside me but at that moment, as I was floating on top of that river, that…that was the happiest I have ever felt. Ever.

Maybe half an hour passed, and as much as I wanted to stay forever there, I decided to head back to the villa so that we could start our lunch.

I had no idea what time it was all I knew it was time to go back, my stomach was singing inside the
entire swim. I got up quickly and shook my hair and finally made my way to where my bike was. The feeling was so good, I swam alone and in silence. The water really helped and I felt like a new person. It almost felt as though whatever I was feeling, before I jumped in the river, was now long gone and just like that, Oliver left my body. I left him at the river which is where I tried, but failed, leaving him after swimming in the morning after our first night together.

I put my sunglasses on and picked up my bike and went back. The air and the wet hair mixed beautifully and there was a consistent smile on my face.

“Elio!”

My mom’s voice came directly from the window of my father’s study room. As I was parking the bike I heard them both talking, didn’t really understand what or to whom but there was a lot of laughter included. My hair was still a bit wet but that really refreshed me. I shook my head as I was making my way inside and began dealing with whatever the fuss was about.

She stopped me at the bottom of the stairs, sticking out of the study room holding a cigarette in one hand. I heard my father’s laughter in the background.

“What?”

“Come here, darling!”

She waved for me to get down.

“Why? What’s wrong, I have to shower!”

“No, no, no darling, not now. I have a surprise for you.”

“What kind of surprise?”

“Pick up the phone in the hall.”

“I can’t now, I have to shower. Later.”

“But you’re going to want to hear this.”

“Why? Who is it?”

“It’s Oliver.”

Chapter End Notes

If you want to follow, my fan account on Instagram is @summer_of_1983.
My dear melancholy

Chapter Summary

Elio and Oliver talk over the phone.

Chapter Notes

A birthday special chapter! This chapter absolutely had to be posted today especially because it’s my 21st birthday and I really enjoyed writing this one, I couldn’t wait for it to see the light of the day. So I hope you like it and enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Oliver?"

"Yes, darling. He just called, ten minutes before you arrived. Pick up the phone. Your father and I are talking to him in the study room." She said taking a drag of her cigarette and walked back in.

Why would he be calling?
I felt nothing. Or was I feeling ecstatic that I let my body and nerve cells burn themselves because of him that, at the end, I felt nothing? I'm confused. Why is he calling us now?

He can't do this. Not now. Not to me.
I feel in love with him this summer and then watched him leave me. Up until now, I've been struggling with sorrow and sadness because of him and, all of a sudden, he calls our house. Why? What could he want? Me? I doubt it.

There wasn't a part of me that wasn't anxious about hearing his voice or laugh to whatever he had to say because my parents were laughing so hard while they were talking to him.

What if when i pick up the phone, he'll say something like "Oh, Elio! Right! I remember you!" or "I'm sorry...you are?" or even "Sorry, wrong number."
I destroyed all the thoughts I had on it and sat down, still wearing his wet short shorts, and picked up the phone. Was this some random sign of the universe that he would call us because he felt his shorts were being worn?

"...yeah, I just got used to the Sun and the first day back it's pouring rain." Oliver said, he sounded happy, he sounded like he was in a much better mood than me.

I missed his voice.

"Oh, man...it's been a complicated weather here too." My father said.

"Well, if you don't mind, I'd just have to pack up my booth brush, a towel and couple of pants and shirts and I'll be right outside your door..." He said and I could hear him smile.

Both of my parents started laughing and then my mom said at the end "You're always welcomed
"Oh man...it's been raining here the entire week, it's gonna pour very soon. I hate it."

I looked at my watch, it was 2 in the afternoon which meant that it was around 7 or 8 in New York city. What is he doing up this early?

"What do you miss the most, darling?" My mother asked and I could strangle her. Why bring that up mom?

All three of us were listening patiently to Oliver talking about his book and how he's missed the places where he used to write it. All the places he used as an inspiration to proceed his philosophy. I smiled at that. Then, how he missed our mornings full of Sun and food, the people around here, our dinners, the river... River? Could he sense i was still wet from it? Again, a random sign of the universe? Where are you going with this?

"And all the swimming and riding the bikes with Elio..."
He said my name?

Now what?

"Hey by the way, where is Elio?"

My heart was pounding so hard i could practically feel it in my ears. All the water that was dripping from my hair turned into sweat when Oliver said my name. Why am i being like this? It's Oliver. There was nothing I wasn't going to do with him and for him that hadn't already crossed my mind. He was there for me and he knew how to fulfil me and make my dreams come true.

Suck it up.

"I'm here..." I said in a soft voice just like before, just like when it was just the two of us and it was so foreign to me.

"Elio! Hey!"

Again, I could picture him smile at the phone.

He remembered me. Good.

"Hi..."

"I didn't know you were listening to us. Why didn't you say anything? How have you been? What's new?"

"Good, good. Not much, same old, same old. You?"

I brought the speaker closer to my lips hoping that I could only hear him and that he could only hear me, nobody else, just the two us. The Perlman's don't exist right now. And i was stopped by my mother again.

"Darling, come here to the study room. We'll go out and help Mafalda prepare lunch. You should have some privacy to talk to Oliver. Okay? And find me later if you want to talk."

"Okay, mom."
She got back inside the room and I heard her and my father saying goodbye to Oliver.

"Oliver, it's so good to hear from you. I'm sorry buddy, but we have to go. But Elio will talk with you if you don't mind."

"No, not at all. Bye mister P. Say hi to Mafalda and Anchise for me. We'll talk soon. Bye mrs P."

"Bye, darling. Talk to you soon."

They hung up and left the room.

My mom kissed me on the cheek on her way out as I was still holding the phone in my hand and Oliver's voice so close to my lips. They left the house and I picked up the phone and put it on my ear again.

"Oliver?" Soft voice.

"Elio..." He wanted to say something, but I had to interrupt him.

"I'm going to hang up now. I have to go to another room."

"Okay, I'll be here, Elio."

I walked in and closed the door behind me. Every step I took was carefully thought through, slowly walking, let him wait. I sat on the red sofa couch and brought the entire phone on my lap. Deep breath and I picked the phone in my hand.

"Oliver?"

"I'm here..."

Silence.

I had so much to tell him, but then decided not to say anything. Nothing I wanted to scream out to him was anywhere near my mouth. My tongue was numb, and my vocal cords lost their function. Again, that pain in my stomach from the inside kicked in.

"So...um...how are you feeling?" He started.

"Good, good. You?" I nodded even though he couldn't see me.

"Good..."

Why am I like this? Why is he like this? Why are we acting like we never met before? Like we never talked before, touched before, fucked before...

"Elio, stop...what are we doing?"

I sighed in relief.

"You tell me..."

"I can't, it's...it's weird being this awkward with you..."

"I know...same for me. What time is it there?"
“8 in the morning…couldn’t sleep, I…”

“Why did you call?”

Of course it was rude of me to interrupt him but there were no good reasons coming to my mind as
to why would he be calling us now. I thought that after he’d went back home that was it. He left
me to deal with whatever memory we made in the same room I sleep in now, that’s not fair.

“I wanted to hear from you guys. Why? Is there something wrong?”

“I don’t know…it’s just…it’s been so long…”

“I know…it’s been nine days and I was so busy, I can’t even start on that…”

“No, it’s just that…I thought I would never hear from you, that’s all.”

Silence.

There was just a sigh from Oliver, his attempt into saying anything that could change my mind was
now long gone.

“You’re not happy I called, are you?”

“It’s not that I’m not happy, I just…didn’t expect you to call at all.”

“I wanted to talk to your parents and you, especially. I wanted to let you know that I arrived and
rested and wanted to recall some memories with you guys.”

“You better not…”

“Elio, I’m not hanging up.”

“And I don’t want you to.”

“Good.”

“Tell me about the trip. I have time.”

“Hm…well when I got back home I think I slept for maybe 14 hours straight. After that I was
running all around the place with my family and the University, to go there and get that, go to this
place and pick up that shit…it’s been a real rollercoaster and I never found the time to actually sit
down and call you guys. This is the first morning without having anything to do so I just decided to
call you now. Because this has been the best summer in my life and I own a phone call to the
people who made it actually happen. And to you.”

I smiled.

“Did your family miss you?”

“Mom did.”

I knew the story behind his relationship with his father, so I never asked about him.

“It’s nice of you to call.”

“I’m so happy to hear from you.”
Another smile, I wished he could see me.

“So, how have you been?”

His deep yet soft voice made me break a barrier that has been building itself around my heart ever since I got out of my dark place inside the bed. Him asking me how I have been handling this sadness was all I needed to invite the tears back in my eyes again. Because there was nobody, not even my parents, who managed to get to me as much as Oliver would get me very quickly. So I just thought *fuck It* and broke down.

“Fuck…I’ve doing so well until now.”

“What do you mean?”

“Oliver…I miss you…and I don’t mean saying it only because I wish you were here, I mean I do wish you were here and I know there’s no way of having you ever again by my side but…I’m saying it because I have no one else to talk to about this and I miss you…all the time, I miss your face, I miss sleeping on your chest, I miss you touching me, I miss listening to you talk about whatever you would find funny…I haven’t had a good night sleep ever since you’ve been gone, I’ve been freaking out in the middle of the day and night, thinking I heard you call my name and even went outside to call you until I realized that you’re not here and that you’re there…I would wake up early in the morning and would run around the house just to keep you out of my head, all the time, and I would go to bed, exhausted and not even having the energy to imagine you next to me…I’m freaking out here. I miss you I just…I miss you so much…Oliver…”

By the end there was nothing but tears coming from my eyes and whimpering coming out of my mouth. I kept quiet about both of my parents knowing about us, because I wanted him to know that he is the only person to whom I can talk to about us.

“I’m sorry…this was way out of line…it’s just…I don’t know…”

“You miss me? Elio, is that it? You miss me?”

I was afraid where was he going with this. But I’m not crazy, we had a real connection and now he’s gone and I’m suffocating without him now. Isn’t it crazy how you can actually suffocate without someone? Yes, oxygen. And this means Oliver was my oxygen…

“Ye-yes…”

“Well I’ll tell you what, baby, I miss you too. Every single fucking day. I don’t know if this is at all normal but I’ve been feeling this pain my chest ever since I left you, I was beginning to fear for my life, I thought I was having a heart attack and now that we’re talking, I don’t feel it. You cured me, you saved me a trip to the doctor’s office, but in a way yeah…I miss you too, very much. I wish I could be there to hold you as you cry everything out and put you to bed, kiss your forehead and wish you a good night…”

“That’s unrealistic.”

“Why?”

“Because if you were here then I won’t be crying anymore.”

He sighed to the speaker.

“Fuck…I’ve been waking up almost every night and looking for you all around the room and I still
can’t get used to an empty side of the bed every time I would look in the morning. Not feeling you on me it’s like…it’s like I’m naked, all the time…”

“I hate waking up without you here, my stomach has been hurting me whenever I would turn around and see you’re not here. Like a part of me gone missing…”

I silenced for a while.

“I wish I could see you now…”

“I know baby, I wish I could see you too and hug you and kiss you and touch you and whisper my own name into your ear…but you have to smile now, Elio…for me at least. Keep your mind busy but just…don’t ever forget about me, please…because I’ll never forget you, you’re with me every step of the way…”

“Never…”

“I love you so much I hope you know that…”

“I know, I know, I love you too…it’s just…maybe I’m still not quite back home where I was before you, but all of this seems so unreal, I don’t know why…”

“Well…we both got used to each other, I think it’s normal that we freak out a little bit. I mean, there wasn’t a day or a time of the day when we weren’t together, it’s like getting used to a puppy…”

I laughed so loudly with tears in my eyes and he did the same once he heard me after some time. This really helped. Oliver referring to me as a puppy really brought back some joy he took.

“Are you still in bed?”

“Yeah…I can’t get up. It’s going to rain very soon, the clouds are grey…”

“Here the Sun is burning deep into my skin…”

“Oh, how I miss the Sun…”

I looked around the room and realized that his voice and my loud heart rate were the only noises filling this room. It was a complete silence.

“I’d kiss you if I could…” I whispered my desires to the speaker.

“You still can…Can I kiss you? Over the phone?” He asked and as much as I wanted to nod I had to use my words like he used to inform me.

“Yes, please…”

I brought the speaker closer to my lips.

“Ready?”

I nodded.

“Are you nodding?”

“Shit, sorry, yes I am…okay, ready…”
At the same time as I heard him take his breath I placed a soft but a very loud kiss that echoed all the way across the Atlantic into Oliver’s phone and to his lips. I heard him smile after that peck but that was more than enough. And call me crazy, but I felt his lips on mine. Or was I in such sadness that, not only have I imagined his voice and body next to me, now I can feel his lips on me?

I laid down still holding the phone with one hand and put the other one behind my head.

“Hey, Oliver…that joke you said about coming back here…”

“Yeah?”

“I wanted to say that you can bring just your toothbrush, you have your shorts and shirt here.”

“Oh, no, no, those I left for you. I wanted you to have them.”

I flashed my red thighs a look.

“I’m wearing them right now?”

“What, the shorts?”

“Yeah…”

“Why? Were you going somewhere?”

“No, I just got back. I went to the river for a short swim before lunch.”

“Ahh the river! Remember that?”

“Remember? It’s all I could think about as I was swimming.”

“God, I miss the river and us in it…”

“You know, I haven’t been down there since…well, since I’ve been with you the last time we went?”

“Seriously?”

“Yeah, I’m surprised too.”

“How are the shorts? Short enough?”

I smiled.

“They’re just right.”

“Good. I wish I was there to see you in them…”

“Can’t you just imagine it?”

“Already on it…”

We both shared a giggle and then the room got surprisingly quiet.

“Oliver…um…let’s say…If you were…here…or sort of speak, and you’d see me wearing them… What would you do to me?”
“Elio? What are you doing?”

“Nothing, it’s just…a question.”

“Where are you?”

“In my father’s study room.”

“Uhh, we’ve never done it in there.”

“We’ve never done it anywhere except the bedrooms.”

“That’s true, but when we did it in the bedroom…we used every centimetre of it.”

Was I blushing? Because then it was just this short video that played in my head capturing every place where I had felt him so deep inside of me.

“Answer me.”

He stopped and so did it. I was waiting, anticipating his answer. This was going somewhere and there was no way I was ending our call after talking about every place where we fucked.

But even before I heard his voice I got the hand from underneath my head and pushed it inside the shorts. My cock was dry but cold because of the fabric transferring the water onto it. I haven’t touched myself in nine days, no affection at all, nothing could get me into this mood and no one, actually. Nothing except his fingers and no one except for Oliver. I never moved my hand, just held the organ and waiting for him to start his imagination.

“Well, first…I would lock the door and windows also…and then I’d sit down on the couch…you’d get on top of me, straddling my lap from both sides…I would put my hands on your ass and help you rub against my hard, oh so hard cock. I would kiss you so deeply while pushing one finger inside your shorts, you never take them off…”

I swallowed and began moving my hand, began stroking my cock slowly and watching my hand move down there and listening to his deep and sexy voice next to me. I closed my eyes and licked my lips and continued touching myself as he took a pause before I cut in.

“Mhm…and then…?”

He stopped but I didn’t.

“And then I’d add another finger, and then another one in…you’re screaming now…you can’t take it, you’re grunting and panting at the same time…”

“Ye-e-es…”

“But then I pick you up and place you on your back next to me…you’re still wearing the shorts when I take mine off and just slide right in…and you’re still moaning so…”

“Stop, stop, stop…” I breathed out.

Oliver grunted after hearing my pled.

“Oh, God…why did you make me stop…?”

“Fuck, oh…fuck, I almost came…”
“Me too…”

There was silence again and I could hear him pant also.

“Would you like to? Would you like to come?”

“Now?”

“Yes, now…”

“I can’t without you…”

“T’m still here…we’re just going to make a few changes…”

“The biggest one is you not being here.”

“Don’t worry about that. I will make it feel like I was…”

“Okay then…what would you want me to do?”

“First, lock the door. And windows second.”

“Hold on.” I whispered and put the phone down.

I didn’t know how hard I actually was until I tried getting up and was completely blocked by the pain in my lower abdomen. This is the pain I can take, the type of pain I would rather have down there than the one that was nurturing itself around my heart. But I managed to get up, still feeling like there was a rock in his shorts and closed and locked the door. And the windows also. It was some time after noon and everybody was getting in and out of the villa because of the preparations for lunch. This would actually work, since everybody knew and now they would be hearing only one person scream instead of two. I sat down on the couch again.

“Okay, done.”

“Whatever you do…don’t take the shorts off, please…”

“Done…”

“Can you hold the phone with your shoulders?”

“Why? I have two hands…”

“You’re going to need them…”

“Both of them? Why, why…um…”

A sudden fear came rushing over at me. I was totally alone in the room but hearing Oliver so close to me only made it worse, I couldn’t see him and I was doomed to following his words only.

“I have to ask you something, Elio…”

“What?”

“Have you ever…put your fingers…inside you?”

“N-n-no…”
“Would you do it? For me?”

Again, another type of fear struck me. Of course, I would’ve felt more comfortable if he were actually in the room with me to guide me or to have him put his fingers inside me. But I haven’t felt this good in nine days, him asking me to finger myself was the highlight of my grieving.

“O-okay…tell me what to do please…”

“Of course…first, you need to find the position in which you can spread you legs and still reach the hole. Try on your back or on your knees with your elbows leaning onto something.”

I had no time to think so I just laid on my back again. I just wanted him to guide me as fast as possible so I can pretend to feel him. There’s not a part of that wasn’t excited about this but at the same time I was terrified.

“What if I hurt myself?”

“You won’t, I’ll guide you in slowly. Just listen to the sound of my voice.”

“O-okay…”

“Did you position yourself?”

“Yes, on my back…”

“Good…can you reach it from that position?”

It was just a minor practice to feel my hole, so I pushed a hand inside his shorts and managed to reach it from the front.

“Yes, yes I can…”

“Good, that’s good…I want you to feel good now, okay?”

“Okay…I miss this feeling…”

“What feeling?”

“This…waiting for you to destroy me…”

“Oh, if you continue talking like that…”

Was I blushing again, everything felt so warm around me?

“Now, okay…you tell me whenever you want to stop…okay?”

“Okay, okay…what should I do next?”

“Spit on your fingers, as much as you can. The more the saliva the better.”

I placed the phone next to me, still keeping the contact with him and pushed one finger inside my mouth. This was so uncomfortable for me, an unexplored territory. I was used to spitting on his knuckles, licking and sucking his fingers but now I was left to do it by myself and I was scared shitless.

The finger moved all the way around in my mouth, trying to grab all the saliva I had been keeping
it there just for this moment. I’d spit on it from time to time.

“Oh, Elio…you sound amazing like that…”

“Oh…I’m done, it’s wet…”

“Now, quickly…go back down there and touch your hole with it, but hurry up before it all dries off…”

I spat one more time and pushed my hand back into his shorts, keeping my eyes closed the entire time. And with that move, suddenly I wasn’t alone anymore…

I reached that spot and as soon as I touched my hole I moved away, I shuddered.

“I…I can’t, I can’t do this…”

“It’s alright…if you don’t want to…”

“I want to, I really do…it’s just that I wish you were here to do it for me…I’m scared…”

“Don’t be, I’m here. Elio, I’m here. It’s Oliver…listen to me…”

“I know, I know, I know…fuck, what’s wrong with me? Did you ever do this before? Finger yourself?”

“Yeah, I while ago.”

“Seriously?”

“Yeah…and now I got hard the second I heard your voice. I couldn’t take it. I stopped touching myself when you stopped me from telling you my imagination.”

“Shit, sorry…”

“It’s fine. Elio, I want us to do this together…”

“Okay, okay…I’ll do it.”

“And make sure you don’t have long nails, that’s a deal breaker in this process…”

“No, no, they’re short…”

“Good…I used to clip my nails daily so I won’t hurt you when we made love.”


After hearing that I couldn’t take it anymore. The force bigger than me came over my mind and I didn’t want to hold it in anymore. No time or place existed outside this room in which I was yet to finger myself for Oliver. I kept the promise of never taking the shorts off, I only lowered them so I could reach my hole with one hand and hold my cock with the other. He was right, holding the phone with the support of my shoulder does come in handy. Did he plan this?

“Okay…what’s next?”

“Get in baby…slowly…”

The baby part activated my brain and at the same time I spotted the first couple of drops of precum
on my stomach. I picked it up with my already wet fingers and went back down there.

I had to keep Oliver in mind that he’s doing this also, that he’s doing it because of me. Because of us, he’s still trying to keep our bond very strong. And after not being touched for nine days, this finally did the trick.

A sob got out of me once I reached and began massaging my hole. I pushed my head back loosing the connection to him.

“Elio? You alright?”

I heard him say and didn’t answer until I stabilized my breathing and finally pushed through the hard barrier of muscles with the tip of my finger inside myself.

“Ah, ah…yeah…ugh, I’m in…a small part, but I’m in…”

“Good boy…”

And that was another deal breaker for me as I pushed the entire finger inside. This was making me uncomfortable, but I manged to lift my lower back for a better entrance. The feeling was, except for being an unknown territory, a pleasant feeling, a weird, almost zero pain involved. It’s hot and wet.

What did occur to me as I was getting in as to why am I feeling so overwhelmed yet so little or no pain at all was…Am I opened because of him and how he used to open me before or is my ass opening on its own the second I heard his voice?

Oliver used to add another finger in before getting his cock in. And so did I when it was me turning the tables.

Should I wait or just do it?

Just do it.

Another finger got in and now I was feeling a little bits of pain. Another grunt escaped my mouth and I had to lick and swallow the sweat that was appearing on my upper lip.

“Hey, baby…how are you doing?”

“I’m all in, two of them…”

“Oh, fuck…that’s so good to hear…are you moving them?”

“Can’t…”

“Okay, let me know so we can move together in sync…”

“O-okay…”

I didn’t want to wait, I figured if I’d wait it will only hurt even more. So I slowly pulled out, very slowly letting the fingers slide outside of my body.

“Okay…okay…I’m moving them…fuck…”

“Alright baby, I’m right behind you…”

Oh, God, I wanted to explode. He was what was missing, my tiny, bony fingers were nothing
compared to his big and hard cock. Oh how I miss it. To touch it, lick and stick it down my throat until I feel the need to vomit. Oliver was groaning from his throat, he was alone in the room so he had the place and the atmosphere to scream. But I, on the other hand, had to keep it low and quiet. I kept breathing into the phone, a wave of hot breaths was going between the object on my shoulder and me. I can only imagine what I looked like. Lying down, with red short shorts lowered to my upper thighs, holding a phone with my head tilted to the shoulder, one hand holding and stroking slowly my hard cock and the other one has its two fingers deep inside my asshole.

“Oh, fuck…Oliver…what…”

“Yes, baby…talk to me…”

By that point i was sliding in and out faster and faster.

“Are you…are you nak-naked…oh my…”

“Yes I am baby…imagine me there…on top of you…close your eyes…I’m here…”

He breathed out to the phone and again, just like the kiss, I could feel the heath.

And I did, I closed my eyes and let my mind take me to places with him in the same room as me. All of a sudden, Oliver appeared on top of me, my fingers became his cock instantly and my sliding in and out of my asshole was replaced with the movements of Oliver’s hips.

He looked like he did when he left me. Only now I can imagine him like I want him to look like: his hair is messy, his blue eyes are sparkling and staring at me, his smile, as I imagined him smile at me, is showing off his teeth and a grin with it. He’s glued to me again, he’s not going anywhere.

“Oh…Elio, oh…fuck…”

“Mmm…”

“This feels good…?”

“Yes, yes…yes…oh, fuck me…fuck me…please…ah…”

“I’m there, I’ there with you…oh, you sound amazing baby…”

“Oh my God…you…ah, ah…”

“Oh, fuck, that’s it…get them in, deeper and deeper, I’m here baby…fuck, you feel so good… baby…”

I had this vivid image of Oliver on top of me, pounding deeper and deeper like he never did before, his hips rolling into mine, my legs spread around his waist, his eyes are closed as he kept grunting my name over and over again. That was enough for me to know that I ,in fact, can do this without him.

Having him there with me only made me leak again, this time even more, I felt the liquid on my fingers as I was stroking myself faster and harder.

I left my imagination go wild. So, even before I could get back to him on top of me, I began imagining him on his bed in his room all the way in New York city: he’s lying on his back just like me, naked, big windows next to him, sky is grey, his sheets are white, legs in the air, one hand pulling the cock off of his body and the other one holding the only connection we had at that
moment.

Was this really happening? Was I ready to come at the same time as Oliver? What is happening? Am I really fucking my ass by myself? Is Oliver jerking off because of me?

I have no idea how long we have been doing this but I wanted for it to last as long as possible. I knew that after we’d come we will talk a bit and then we’ll hang up and that would be it.

“Oh…fuck…can you feel me?”

“Yes, yes…I’m so close…mhmm”

“I know…”

“Harder…please…agh…”

The pled was meant for the both of us but only I had the power over it. I pushed the fingers so deep that I was afraid of hurting myself and hurting my prostate. He was groaning and grunting simultaneously and I was fighting with the pain in my lower abdomen to keep the orgasm inside.

As right on time, I began biting my lip, feeling the blood between my teeth.

“Oh, God…Oliver, I’m so close…”

“Are you biting your lips…”?

“I am…”

“That’s all I need to know…ugh, ahh, uh, oh…oh fuck…”

I pulled the fingers out and cupped the cock with that hand and with the one that was stroking my cock I grabbed the phone to bring him closer to me. I put the legs down and started jerking myself until I felt my balls tighten themselves inside his shorts.

“Oh, I’m gonna come now…oh, Oliver…”

“Do it baby…I’ll be there in a sec, you look so fucking beautiful…”

“What, what, where…how…”

“In my head you idiot, you look so beautiful all sweaty and hard…oh, fuck…Elio…Elio…I’m coming, I’m…ugh…”

Yes, at the same time. Like I expected. Soon after him I felt the familiar warm liquid on my stomach splashing itself and reaching all the way to my neck. It has been so long since I was in the position and in the mood to ejaculate and now I’ve done it with him so far away from me and only with the power of Oliver’s voice. All it was missing was Oliver’s cum inside my asshole. I groaned with that, still sweaty and rolling and squirming my bony body all over my father’s sofa couch.

“Oh my God…Oliver…”

“Breathe, baby, breathe…”

“Oh, I never…I never came this hard…”

The room was spinning.
“Oh, Elio I wish I was there to touch you…”

“I wish I was there to lick your cock…”

“Oh, dirty naughty boy…rest now, I’ll be here…”

Some time had passed and all I heard from the other side was his breathing, changing every second up until the moment it was completely normal.

“Oliver?”

And I was breathing normally, eyes still closed and his shorts still on me.

“Yes, Elio?”

“Did we just have phone sex?”

“Yes, baby. We did. And it was fucking amazing.”

“Hm, it was, it really was. Oh God. Did we make noise?”

I was coming to senses, still breathing very deep and I was licking the sweat from my lips.

“Oh…well…I don’t know about me, but you…baby moaned so beautifully! Fuck I miss it, I miss you…”

I chuckled and then said:” I miss you too…so much…”

This was the part I hated.

We were done and there was nothing else to talk about over the phone. If he were here for real I would nuzzle up closer to him and fall asleep on his chest immediately. But we are going to hang up soon.

“A proper good morning.”

“A proper exercise before lunch.”

Oliver laughed.

“When will I hear from you again?” I asked.

“How about tomorrow?”

“Really?”

“It’s my birthday tomorrow and I would really like to hear from you.”

Oh shit, he was right, the 17th, I completely forgot.

“Oh, yes, yes, of course. When can I call you to wish you a happy birthday?”

“I’ll call you.”

“No, I mean, shouldn’t I call you? It is your birthday after all…”

“It’s fine, Elio, I’ll call you. Maybe around midnight or so? Can you take it?”
“Yes, but why so late?”

“Well, I have lunch with my family around 3 in the afternoon and I want to call you after I come back. Is that okay?”

“Yeah…but I won’t be the first…”

“No, you won’t, but you’re the only person I want to talk to tomorrow.”

“Okay, okay…”

“One more thing…”

“What?”

“Go to lunch like that.”

“Are you crazy? I can’t go out looking like this.”

“Put a shirt on. You did it once before. Come on…I won’t shower if you go out and survive an hour looking like that.”

“Fuck you.”

“I love you too.”

I got up, sat up actually and felt the liquid slide down my stomach. I gently squeezed my neck imagining Oliver that day In Bergamo when he was gently choking me. I spread my semen all over my body and got up to pull the shorts back on.

“Elio?”

“Yeah?”

“I have to go now. But we’ll talk tomorrow, okay?”

“No, don’t…don’t leave me…again…”

“Oh baby I don’t want to but I have to. It’s time to get up and you should go and eat.”

The tears. Again?

“Alright. I can’t wait to talk to you tomorrow.” I said.

“Me too baby. I love you, bye.”

“I love you too. Later.”

He laughed only once more and hung up. I kept the phone with me for some time after he disconnected us, hoping he’d call again, but that never happened.

“Later.” I whispered and hung up.

Chapter End Notes
The idea of this chapter popped into my head while I was on the bus riding over here. I never wrote something like this before or ever so bear with me and be gentle with criticism.
After I had come to my senses and letting the tears feet the ground, the first thing I had to do was to find something to clean the phone with, I didn’t want my skin cells from my cock on my father’s phone. I found a box of tissues and some water in the room and wiped the phone clean, feeling very guilty all along doing it. Also, I must have been blushing because then I remembered Oliver’s words about not cleaning myself from…well, myself.

I put the phone down and wiped my tears away, still not ready to confront what just happened. The time for lunch was near and I didn’t want to get out there looking sad and fucked, which I was both, but with a significant difference. I don’t know why I was sad, I just felt like crying again and not because Oliver left me but because he was still here and I was able to get 50% of him near me. And the fucked part…I fucked myself with his voice closer to me, there.

Once I was done with the phone and actually spread a bit more of my semen on my stomach, I went back to my room upstairs, tying the bust back on after pulling the shorts up again. There was no one in my way, I heard them talking outside and a lot of loud noises were coming from plates and dishes.

Even though he wasn’t here, I still felt his power overcome my body and still felt like he was watching me, and a part of me knew that was ridiculous but the other part knew that Oliver could sense I showered and let my cum get off my body. So I did as I was told. I put on the same shirt I wore before I went down by the river, and of course, I never took his shorts off. They were wet and sticky and so was my shirt, my hair had a mixture of my sweat and water in it and I was blushing again. I felt as though a patch of sunshine was following me all the way from my bedroom to the kitchen.

Right outside I heard my mother and father discuss about our move back to Milano.

“Elio! Lunch!” She yelled, her back was turned towards me.

“No need to yell mom, I’m here.”
“Oh, sorry, darling, I didn’t see you. Come, sit.”

I sat at the head of the table and my parents sat on both of my sides next to me.

Sitting down was a horrific nightmare. As soon as I felt the pinch in my asshole I shuddered and jumped out of my seat. I forgot the feeling, but this was way different. This was done by me and not him. The pain struck again and the wooden chair made it all worse. I settled back down slowly, contemplating whether or not to ear. But I had his voice in my head telling me not to shower, not to move from the table, to sit and eat and survive the next hour or so.

Suddenly this heat came rushing over me and I knew I was blushing from what just happened but I hoped nobody at the lunch table noticed me jump and turning blood red in the face.

The lunch started shortly after but the hotness never left my presence. Oh, God, I can only imagine what I looked like. I focused on the food in front of me, trying to keep my red face out of sight. Both mom and dad were pouring the wine and commenting the date of our return.

It never really accoutred to me that this also was coming to an end. I dreaded the thought of coming to the villa every summer but this was the first summer I dreaded going back home. I still wasn’t quite sure how I felt with him being here then leaving me, then calling, then leaving me again. Did he suck out everything out of me completely? His call never made any difference, just a bit of a tension left my body and now I was burning up.

They agreed on leaving in ten days or so, my school starts in September so I’d have enough time to unpack, rest and get ready for another semester.

“Honey, what did Oliver say?” Mom asked.

I kept my head on the plate.

The flashback of him encouraging me to stick my fingers inside me and yelling through the phone that he’s coming onto his chest appeared in my head. What am I supposed to say now?

“Oh, nothing…he, um…he talked about the school, weather…stuff like that.”

“Is he happy to be back?”

“I don’t know, I mean, I think but…I don’t know.”

A silence appeared among us as I continued fighting the meat on my plate. And when they sensed I wasn’t comfortable with talking about him, they stopped and continued talking about Milano. A lot of laughter and screams were coming from both parties, my dad talked about how are they going to talk later about some stuff that are not important, for them to stay here and my mom threw a tantrum about that. They seemed to be enjoying screaming at each other but I was still feeling very hot and uneasy.

“Elio, Tesoro, are you alright?” My mom asked and I lifted my head to face her.

“I’m fine, I’m fine…”

“Your face is…red…”

She reached out and placed her lips to my forehead.

“Oh, dear, you’re burning up.”
Fuck, now this.

“Oh, it’s nothing, I was in the Sun all morning…”

“No, go back to your bed, I’ll be there in two minutes.”

“Mom, it’s nothing, there’s no need…”

“Bed. Now.”

I didn’t even finish my meal and as angry as I was I found the peace inside me to go back inside the villa to give the plate to Mafalda.

I can handle a fever. What I can’t handle is if she goes all doctor on me and I miss the call from Oliver tomorrow night. As I was walking upstairs I couldn’t help but think how he is the reason I even got the fever. But that’s impossible, he didn’t do anything minutes ago that could’ve activated my system to go into overdrive. Walking upstairs was another nightmare, I was in so much pain that I practically rushed to my bedroom just so I wouldn’t deal with one step at a time.

I went back inside the room and closed the windows for the first time in seven days. Mom came in second after me with a thermometer, some tablets and a couple of wash cloths.

“Go lay down, I’ll go wash this.”

And she disappeared in the bathroom.

My pain, as I was trying to lay down, struck again and I was so glad she didn’t see that.

“I’m fine, you don’t have to go through this.”

“Oh, yes I do…”

She walked back in and sat next to me on the bed. First she took my temperature which showed her that I was, indeed, burning up. Then she gave me some antipyretic medicine and after I laid underneath the sheets she put the wet cloth on my forehead. God, that feels so good, I pushed the wet fabric on my skin.

“Let’s get this shirt off, I have to put the cloth on your chest.”

Fuck, the shirt. My skin underneath isn’t clean or dry. Think of something quickly, if she lifts the shirt up couple of drops of dried cum will appear in front of her and she will know what we did. I can’t scare the woman now.

“Um, no, no…I’ll go shower. It’s better, some cold water will help…”

“Alright, darling. I’ll be here. And don’t use soap, just let the water touch your skin for couple of seconds.”

She helped me get up and that’s when I felt the sharp pain in my back and legs. It reminded me of the time when I was growing up and all the bones were killing me, hens the high fever.

I locked the door and took the shirt off and his red short shorts. I felt so naked, I was naked but I felt like a part of me had been ripped off. Like Oliver said he feels naked whenever I’m not around in the same bed with him.
I looked myself in the mirror I saw my expression that, at that moment with a high fever, resembled a drunk person. My hair was a mess, my eyes were half-opened and my cheeks were blood red. I turned around and jumped in the shower.

The water touched my skin for couple of seconds and, of course, I used the soap to get the juices off of my body. The feeling was very strange, I felt so weird showering after sex, alone. I almost never do that. And if do, I’m not alone.

My lips started shivering the second I turned the water off and walked back in the bedroom with a towel around my waist. Mom was going through my stuff from the closet and picked out a white shirt and long pajama bottoms that I only wear during winter vacations here in the villa. Why do I even have them now in there?

“I will die in this woman!”

She jumped when I appeared behind her.

“We have to get the fever down.”

“I will die in this, why don’t you just set me on fire?”

“Hush now, here…”

She handed me the clothes and a pair of boxers and I got back inside to bathroom to dress.

When I got out, she already made a bed for me and was waiting with a wash cloth in one of her hands. I lied down under the covers again and she put the cloth back on my forehead and sat down next to my legs.

“Since we talked, darling…I think you got the fever because of him.”

“How is that even possible?”

“It’s possible. You haven’t been eating well, you’ve been sleeping a lot, working around the villa, sweating yourself and then you would go in and shower with cold water. You’ve been out in the Sun all day today and all of a sudden you’re swimming in that cold river and only God knows what’s in there. And maybe, hearing Oliver’s voice did the trick. You let everything go and now all those careless actions you’ve been nurturing finally popped and the organism is weak and fragile.”

She did make a lot of sense.

“Could be, I don’t know.”

“You’ve changed, a lot. You’ve changed in just couple of weeks and then you’ve been trying to change back in nine days but what you don’t know and you didn’t pay attention to is how your body responds to sorrow. It’s healing now but couple of days ago, It was starving and craving attention, and that’s why you have the fever in the first place.”

She changed the cloth with a colder one and placed in on my neck.

“He misses you.”

“I think he does.”

“Don’t think, know. He really does love you.”
“Then why did he leave?”

“That I don’t know. Or I know and I don’t want to tell you. But if I’m guessing, his life is out there, and yours is here, with us.”

“Do you think we’ll see him ever again?”

“I am sure of it.”

She smiled and I mirrored the move.

“I’m going to let you rest now. You call me if you need anything.”

“Alright mom.”

“And cover yourself completely, you need to sweat to get the temperature down.”

“I know, I know, I think it’s working, I’m shaking now.”

“Good. Good night baby.”

Baby…

“Good night mom.”

She kissed my wet forehead and left the room, closing both doors behind her.

But I couldn’t sleep. I was in pain in various different ways. The pain in my bones, in my eyes, in my legs, arms, hips, back, pain in my anus and, of course, the pain in my heart that was constantly lingering over me.

But this was worse, this is the part I had been dreading about, my body’s response to Oliver. Not only was the pain an illusion in my head and now my body was responding to the pain itself. I really let myself go and I was so embarrassed how I let one person destroy my health. What’s next? My mental health? God, I hope not.

I can go on and on how this is normal, that one person is allowed to go through such an emotional destruction that it’s basically showing off through its health. I hope this is the end, I hope the fever is the last and only thing I would get, not some big illness.

All I could do, at that moment, is sleep and hope it goes away when I wake up. What a day…

Chapter End Notes

I don't know if i will write anything else for the next couple of days. I'm leaving on Friday and i'll be home on Saturday. I am also fighting the fever myself so there's my inspiration for this chapter.
Somehow, I managed to sleep through the entire day. I didn’t even feel that tired when I went to bed in the first place. I woke up at 5 in the morning, I slept more than twelve hours, something must have been triggering me to sleep this much. I woke up feeling like a drunk, I looked like one so that was okay I guess. My bed was a mess with me in it, the covers were on the ground, I was sleeping positioned diagonally and I was sweating so much, like someone poured water onto me. That was the sign that the fever was gone, for now at least.

I dragged my body out of the bed and took the clothes off and threw them on the ground. The pain from my body was gone, so that was good, but I was still feeling a little bit nauseous and I was starving. Going on a 14 hour sleep really did the trick with my stomach. My mouth was dry so I went straight to the bathroom naked to drink some water. Later on, I took another shower and went back to my bedroom to pick something else I could wear.

The good thing was I wasn’t tired anymore, and absolutely didn’t want to get back to bed. The pain in my anus was gone and again I felt so empty. Not having anything of his inside or on my body only made me feel naked again and again. Days before we spoke over the phone, I could still feel the pain inside my body that was growing and growing the further we were apart. It all kind of stopped when we interacted, in a way, hours ago and then it was replaced with a physical pain in my anus and now that I slept it over, I was naked again, I needed something of his closer to me.

Of course, I opened the closet and pulled the Billowy out and put the shirt on me, and some swimming trunks too.

And something struck me again. Something i thought it would never appear near me ever again until we would decide to start packing for Milano.

Boredom.

It's funny, i always had something to do while Oliver was here, whether it was with or without him. I always thought that after he left i would spend my days crying and sleeping but now i was over it. The thought of crying, sleeping, not eating, avoiding any type of constant seemed so stupid at the moment. Was it all worth it? Was Oliver worth it? Ten days ago, he was but now that he was away
and, like mom said, got back to his life, it only seemed fair if i do the same. Wearing his Billowy only reminded me of him and all of our times together but it would be a total disappointment if i were to cry now while wearing it. This way i would always have a part of him with me, no matter how many times he told me it was just mine.

Some time had passed since i awoke and i was still starving and contemplating what to do to kill the time until midnight. Yes, i couldn't wait to hear from him but if he would try to imply anything that can lead to another phone sex, i am going to say no. It was beyond weird doing it alone, without him, although it did feel amazingly good and i was so happy to hear his voice but still no. I still preferred Oliver in person than just his voice. Maybe if we were to keep in touch regularly than i would just have to get used to getting off on his voice. Until we meet again.

I grabbed my notes, a pen, headphones and my walkman and went outside. The Sun will soon appear on one side of the back yard but until then i would have to use the porch light. It wasn't cold, i had a long sleeved shirt on me and my insides were hot because of the adrenaline due to transcribing again.

The walkman played Brahms again and i was in heaven. Silence, calmness, quietness...i haven't been this up early since Oliver and i went to the river, both times. I've never seen the villa look so quiet and peaceful in the morning, no Moon, no Sun, no one around, not a sound around me, not a person near me. Just me and the nature. Just me and the last couple of days of my summer in the morning.

The Brahms continued playing and so did my hand with the pen in it.

"Elio?"
I jumped when my father touched my shoulder, the headphones went off instantly.
"Oh, good morning..."
I looked up and was instantly blinded by the Sun. When did that happened?
My father stood above me, he was dressed in his regular pants and shirt and was holding a cup of coffee in one hand and his newspapers in the other one.
"Good morning to you too. You're up early. How are you feeling?"
He touched my forehead.
"I'm fine, i couldn't sleep anymore. I guess the fever was heath of the moment."
"It could be. How long have you been out here?"
"Maybe since 5:30."
"It's 7:45 now."
That means Anchise was up some time after me, his mornings were filled with going to town by car and picking up the newspaper and fresh coffee. I did not hear him what so ever. I guess i was so into my work.

Half an hour later my mother awoke and she too went straight for my forehead. After that, Mafalda served breakfast and made me a couple of tea.
"I don't want tea."
"You're sick." She said.
"I'm not."
"Yes you are, drink, it's good for you."
After deciding i didn't want to pick a fight i drank the whole cup in one go. I ate a full plate of two poached eggs, four bacon strips and one toast. I was so full i didn't have the space to put fruit that came afterwards.

After breakfast and after i finished Brahms completely, somewhere around noon i decided to interact again. So i called Marzia.
"Hello?"
"Marzia, hi."
"Elio? Is that really you?"
I chuckled.
"It's me. Are you busy now?"

"No, no, what's on your mind?"
"Let's meet up in half an hour, in town."
"Why don't we go to the river instead? I'm not in the mood for people."
"Oh, okay. Come over then."
"Okay, see you soon."
"Bye."

And half an hour later she showed up. I was still wearing his Billowy and was now on my way with a friend to our river. The river doesn't belong to me, i don't own it and this felt good. I had to get over him, but the river will always have the memory of us swimming apart, one morning, and swimming and interacting the closest two human beings can be the other morning. She kissed my cheek when she showed up wearing her yellow dress and her brown bag on one shoulder. Marzia looked so beautiful, her hair was shining and bouncing on her shoulders, her skin looked soft and ready to be touched, her smile stopped me dead in my tracks. What the hell was that? I smiled back at her and we were off.

It took us about 20 minutes to get there and once we let the bikes fall to the ground i started takin off the Billowy. But Marzia was already sitting on the ground next to me.
"Up for a swim now?" I asked.
"Um, no, i can't... I'm having those days of the month. It started this morning before you called."
"Oh, no worries. We'll just sit here and talk." "Sounds good."

I sat down next to her, closer than I ever did before, as friends do. I could actually smell her lotion. I'm so glad you called."
I smiled not saying anything.
The silence played its part and i could sense she tried to tell me something multiple times but never did.
"What are you thinking about?" I finally asked.
"You."
"Me? Why me?"
"Why not?"
"And what about me?"

She looked away for the first time that day. Up until then she was looking me straight in the eyes and smiled with every move i made. We were sitting on the ground, not to close or far from the river.
"Marzia? Tell me."
I was playing with fire here, I'll admit. I was afraid what she would say but at the same time, i was excited on hearing her answer.
"I don't know. You've changed. I'm trying to put us behind me but...i don't know. You closed up to me, before you were so opened to talking and hanging out and now i rarely ever see you. Did i do something wrong?"
"Of course not. You did nothing wrong, on the contrary, you did everything right. Even if i didn't deserve it. I know this is going to sound cheesy but it's not you, it's me. I'm the one who's fucked up."
"Because of Oliver."
"What? No."

I frowned but I failed at it.

"It's true. Ever since he got here you've been so secretive and after he left you just do not want anyone close to you."
"That is not true."
"Don't lie to me. Tell me, Elio. Did something happened between you guys?"
I started pulling the grass from the ground, stick by stick. This was beyond awkward and unnecessary. I was too embarrassed to look at her so i kept my eyes on the ground, Marzia was looking at me.
"Uh, um...yes. Something...might have... happened."
I mumbled my answer in parts.
"I knew it. And I'm hurt that you didn't want to tell me."
Really? This was hurting more than sleeping with her and not calling afterwards?
"I didn't want anyone to know but everybody kept figuring out for themselves."
"Chiara refuses to believe so."
"Well, Chiara...."
We giggled and i looked her in the eyes.

"You talked about us?"

"She’s still really angry with him. She told me what happened between them and all I can say, she’s exaggerating a bit."

"What do you mean?"

"Well...they kissed and she tried to get him to bed afterwards and he didn’t want her because she was waisted. I mean, Oliver doesn’t strike me as type of guy who would just get a drunk girl in his bed. Afterwards, once she got sober she went to your house, but you were busy and on so many occasions he said he was working and that it just isn't his day."

"He told me that."

"I figured."

"How did she know when he was leaving?"

"Your mother and my mother were talking and later on, I was there to hear that, and then I called and told Chiara about that."

I hummed and nodded in silence.

"I'm sorry i didn't tell you. I've been a mess ever since. Yesterday he called and later on i got a fever."

"Wow, you were really in love with him."
I nodded and felt the first tear on me.
"What did he say?"
"Oh, how he misses the Sun, Crema, fruits...the river." I pointed to it with my head.
"That's nice. He's was the best student so far."
We laughed and she hugged me with one hand over my shoulder.
"You're going to be fine Elio. And if talking about him helps, you can always call me. We've known each other since forever and i hate to see our friendship go to waste because you felt embarrassed about telling me that you fell in love with someone this summer. And that someone, isn't a woman."
"I didn't know how you would react, that's all."

"You’re being stupid right now. So what? I’m still here. I still love you so much and you need to get that through these thick curls of yours."
I chuckled as he tapped on my head.

“You’re my best friend, you know that?”

I looked at her briefly.

“I know, Elio.”

We smiled at each other.

We stayed like that in silence for a while. I leaned my head on her's and smelled her hair. Breathing her in helped a little. This is what I needed. This is who I needed. I thought about being with Marzia more times than I can count, even while Oliver was here. But I never thought myself as a pussy to just jump in and destroy a good relationship I had with my childhood friend. Yes, we slept together couple of times, but we were both trying to supress that or trying to look it as an experiment between two good friends. And the experiment had failed.

"I'm leaving in two days." She said to break the silence.

"Really? That soon?"

"Yeah. My mother is starting her new job on the 1st."

"That's great. We leave in 9 days."

"I'll miss you."

"I'll miss you too, so much."

"We'll see each other the next summer?"

"Definitely."

“I can’t wait for it.”

“This summer is still here.”

“I know, but I can’t wait to see what happens next.”

“You’re amazing.”

I giggled when she tried to tickle me but she only ended up being tickled. We shared a loud laugh that could’ve been heard all across the other side of the river.

“You want to join us for lunch?” I asked after we calmed down.

“Sure, why not?”

I smiled and kissed her hair.

"I love you, Elio."

"I love you too, Marzia. Thank you."

She kissed my cheek and we continued sitting there by the river, in total silence, hugging each other and sharing our summer time. Every other sentence started with “Do you remember when…” and it stretched our time by the river into hours and before I knew it, it was almost 3 in the afternoon. Lunch time.

We dusted our butts as we got up, picked up our bikes and were ready to go.
“That shirt is too big for you.” She said as I was parking next to her outside the villa.

“I know…it’s, um, it’s not mine…”

“Oh? Oh, got it. It’s nice of him to give it to you.”

“I asked for it, but he didn’t think twice before he gave it to me.”

“I already miss him…he was a lot of fun.”

I smiled politely but what she doesn’t know is how much I miss him. Literally getting burned inside and outside by his absence and I couldn’t wait to see what happens when we talk again. What will happen when I hear his voice again?

It’s 3 in the afternoon, which means it’s 9 in the morning in New York city, it’s his birthday already. I hope he’s having a good one. And many more to come.

After Marzia and I went back, the lunch had already started and everyone was so happy to see her.

“Marzia! Hello, darling, I haven’t seen you in a while. You’re glowing!”

My mother jumped to hug her and kiss her. I could sense she was a bit embarrassed but replied nicely.

“Thank you, mrs Perlman. You look amazing too.”

“Will you join us?”

“Yes, Elio invited me…only if it’s okay with you.”

“You are being ridiculous, you’re always welcomed here. Come, sit.”

“Thank you.” I sat next to my mother, and I sat on the head of the table. Marzia was between the two of us, in a way.

Then mom turned to Mafalda and told her to get the plates, tools and wine glass for Marzia.

We’ve known each other for years and years and this is the first time I’ve seen her blush around my family. She looked so adorable, all red and blemish and I couldn’t help but smile from ear to ear.

Chapter End Notes

The next update should be on Thursday before i leave. I managed to defeat the stupid fever and now i'm writing like crazy. And i don't know what happened with the text, why it's all stuck and no air between the lines but i hope you managed to read it lol.
Midnight

Chapter Summary

Elio and Oliver talk over the phone again, this time, only sweet words.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, enjoy this one because it's the last one before the weekend. It's a sweet one but i can't wait to write the good stuff. I will update every day or every other day, depends on if i can write and edit one chapter a day. As always, i hope you like it and enjoy this chapter! Lots of love!!❤

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Marzia left shortly after lunch had ended. We hugged and kissed on the cheeks and scheduled another hanging out the next day. I helped Mafalda clean up the table and went straight upstairs to grab my notes and couple of books. I had so much time to kill until midnight and I’ve planned to stay up late outside. My plan was to be as long as possible outside, to read or listen to music or transcribe, until the clock strikes midnight, then I’d move inside to wait for Oliver to call.

My parents went to town couple of hours later and I was left alone, again. Hours were counting down until midnight and suddenly it was 8 in the evening. That day was so close to an end and yet I didn’t feel like I’ve been up for almost 20 hours. The entire day went by in anticipation, transcribing and hanging out with Marzia. My stomach flipped every time I thought about how many hours was left until I would hear his voice again.

“Four hours until he calls.”

And then “Three hours until he calls.”

And finally, “An hour until he calls.”

An hour until I hear Oliver’s voice again.

I haven’t been this excited about midnight since, way back, I wasn’t counting hours and minutes until we would meet up and talk. Well, we did anything but talk. That euphoria was running through me again, again and again. I felt like that sleeping virgin, untouched, someone who hasn’t slept with a man before, someone who’s never been introduced to this type of energy and spiritual awakening of sharing his own body with someone who was, after so little touches, just a human being standing in front of another human being, waiting for it to open up and discover all sorts of new adventures. Someone who has never opened up this much to anybody, but Oliver.

The night came down very soon, sooner than I was expecting so I moved in to my father’s study room the second I felt a bit cold. I checked my watch, it was 11:38 in the evening.

“My love, why don’t to take a break? You’ve been writing all day.” My mom asked as she was
heading towards their bedroom. My father was already in it.

“Soon, mom.”

“Okay. Are you feeling well? You’re not hot?”

“No. I feel great.”

“Alright. Good night, Elio.”

“Good night, mom, sleep well.”

“You too, baby.”

My palms were sweating as I was writing down whatever Mussorgsky was playing in my ears. I put the pen down and grabbed a random book to flip through the pages. Sadly, my attention had a short life.

Another look at my watch, it was 11:52 in the evening. Man, time flies!

Why was I so nervous? What is wrong with me? It’s Oliver I am going to talk to, it’s not someone I never met before, it’s not someone I didn’t know nothing about. I did, very deeply.

And I still miss him. I still miss his face and sleeping on his chest, the way he would inhale so deeply that it actually felt like he breathed in all the air of the room and when he exhales then those breaths would turn into a huge wind and that would go straight to my hair and forehead. We’d sleep naked, him on his back and me on his chest, my entire body on top of his. Both of my hands placed around his neck or on his shoulders, touching his skin or his collarbones which he hated so much, it made him shiver but I loved that he hated that touch and I loved that he let me annoy him in that way. His arms around my naked body all night long. He’d joke about how tiny I was and that he couldn’t feel my weight on him and when he’d sense I was mad about that, he’d pull my chin up to face him and he’d kiss my nose and my eye lids. It was his way of apologizing. Our legs were entangled almost to the point where our testicles would be touching. Sometimes, he’d stroke my back or my hair until I would fall asleep. A kiss on the forehead or on my lips would be the last thing he does after he says that he loves me and calls me by his name.

Some nights I’d fall sleep facing him, breathing him in, touching his chest hair while my legs were thrown across his hips. It was summer and it was hot outside but being in another’s embrace was a normal temperature for me, not too cold and not too hot. Maybe that’s why I got the fever in the first place. Maybe sleeping in such hotness for so long and translocation from a hot to a cold field meant something to my organism. It wasn’t just my heart that was missing him, but my body too.

But the real mystery was me waking up on my stomach, every time. I could never remember when I’d move away from him or him getting me off of him, I recall nothing. A total blank.

Those memories brought only smiles to my face and I realized how much I have been struggling to sleep even when I was exhausted. With Oliver, I could sleep either way, rested or tired, I would fall asleep anywhere with him next to me.

A phone ringing awoke me and shook my entire being. I was back from my fantasy land and quickly checked the time. 00:00. I couldn’t believe it, he was right on time.

I shook the sweat away from my hands and picked up the phone.

“Hello?”
“Elio?”

It’s him. A sigh of relief left my body and butterflies replaced my nervousness. He sounded happy to be next to a phone, his deep voice took me back in time when we would whisper, even though we were the only two people in the room, lying so close to each other, touching the skin and smiling the bad days away.

“Hi, Oliver…”

“Hi, baby…”

I smiled shyly even though I knew he couldn’t see me.

“Elio?” I heard my mom from the hallway call my name.

“Oliver, hang on.”

“I’m here, baby.”

I put the speaker down and got out of the room. I should’ve locked the door, but it was no use, the one from the hallway would make the same noise.

“Elio who is that? Is everything okay?” She was whispering.

“Yeah, everything is fine, go back to bed.”

“Who is on the phone?”

“It’s Oliver. Go, now, please.”

I was blushing in front of my mom, tightening my teeth as I said Oliver. It was one of those moments, when in films, parents would embarrass their children in front of their crushes or boyfriends/girlfriends and they would react rationally like me.

“Why is he calling this late?”

“It’s his birthday. He wanted to talk to me.”

“Oh, alright then. Wish him a happy birthday from me too. He really has no idea what time it is, sometimes I wonder…”

She kept mumbling to herself as she was going back to their bedroom.

“Good night mom.”

I locked the door when I returned to the study room, sat on the sofa couch and picked up the phone.

“Sorry about that…”

“It’s fine…It’s late…” He chuckled.

“Well, happy birthday Oliver! I wish you all the best…”

“Thank you so much, baby.”

I could hear him smile through teeth.
“God, I wish was there or that you were here, so we can celebrate it together.”

“Me too… I’m sorry I’m not the first one to wish you well and that you had to call me…”

“Nonsense, after today, you’re the only person I wanted to talk to.”

“Why? What happened?”

“Oh, family…you will never get yourself into this mess.”

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“No, not at all. I just want to listen to you talk. Talk about anything, I’m listening. You’re the best stress relief there is Elio Perlman.”

“You don’t mean that…”

“I do…now talk, I beg of you…”

Silence. I actually didn’t know where to start. Should I tell him about the fever? Marzia? How nervous I was waiting for him to call?

But he broke the silence with a sigh.

“Okay, I’ll ask and you answer. What have you been up to today?”

“Nothing, just…nothing. I woke up so early and spent almost the entire day transcribing.”

“That’s good to hear.”

I remembered he owned the Haydn I worked on for him. That was his birthday present from me, in a way.

"How did the...um, how did the lunch with your family go? I mean, you don’t have to tell me everything…just...sum it up?"

I asked tugging my hair because I was still so nervous about talking to him. 
"Good... I guess. I'm used to the drama, so it wasn't new for me."
"Drama? That bad?"
"Yeah, well. You wouldn't understand."
"You think?"
"I know. And I don't want you to get all worked up over something as stupid as this. What did you do today? Besides writing?"

I sighed.
"It's not writing. It's transcribing. There's a big difference."

He giggled, I knew he was only teasing me to let the phone call last as long as possible.
"Sorry, sorry...that...that transcribing."
"Well, I hung out with Marzia for a while. We went to the river and then she joined us for lunch." 
"Good. She's so nice, I kind of miss her. I miss all of them, actually."
"And me?"
"Of course you idiot. I miss you the most. I can't sleep if you're not in my head before I doze off."
"Sweet…and cheesy. She misses you too."
"You talked about me?"

Oh, shit.
"We talked about Chiara and then you came along."
Lie.
"What about Chiara?"
"She's still mad at you."
"At me? Why?"
"Because you left, and you were ignoring her."
"I wasn't ignoring her, I told her I'm not interested. Many times. There's a big difference. "
That's new.

No one turns Chiara down.

Literally.

No one.
"I didn't know that."
He hummed in a way of saying "Of course you didn't know."
"Oliver?"
"What's up baby?"
"Oh nothing…I just wanted to hear your voice."
"I'm here. You can talk to me all the time, anything you want."
"I know, I'm just…I don't know. I don't know what I want to say and if I want to say anything at all."

"Elio, why are you so shaky about talking over the phone? This isn’t new. We talked before, many times."

"I know, I mean…if you were here with me, I wouldn’t shut my mouth at all…but now, I don’t know…”

"Hey, hey… relax, breathe…it’s me…okay? You can tell me anything you want…”

"I know, I know…fuck, what’s the matter with me? I’m nervous as hell.”

He sighed.

“Remember when we slept together for the first time?”

“Through a mist but go on…”

I teased him and he laughed, loudly.

“You little…remember how nervous you were then? I had no idea what to do to calm you down. You were convulsing right in front of me. Remember that?”

“Yeah…”

“Remember when you bit my shoulder, fell into my arms…remember?”

“Yes, yes…”

“Remember when you hung yourself on my neck and I pulled you in for a tight hug?”

“I do…”

“And when you pled for a kiss. When you winced at the door I accidentally shut so loudly?”

“Yes to all…I remember that night. Like it was only yesterday.”
“Good…you sound relaxed now…”

“I am…thanks to you…”

“Just like that night…”

Honestly, I hardly ever remember any of it, but he just reminded me of it. I was beyond nervous that night and didn’t actually care what I would do with my hands or mouth, as long as he stayed in the same room with me even after the silly door shut, then I knew he’ll be there with me until the end.

But he was right. Him reminding me of our first night together only did me good. Every memory I shared with and was sharing now through the phone…it was kind of like we were keeping them alive and well. As much as we were remembering what we did, that bond we created will be here all the time.

"Are you in pain? From yesterday?" He asked, like he did back then, when the morning after period washed over me and I ran to town to be with him.
"I was. But it's gone now."
"Good, good…I wish I was there to be take care of you."
"Hmm, that's nice."

“I love you so much for doing that. For me. It was too much to ask but I needed you so badly…I can’t help myself…”

“I know, I get that…I was refusing going down there alone…”

“I’m always going to be here, know that, please.”

I nodded and deep down I knew he knew I was nodding and not using words.
No need talking about the fever he caused me.
The room silenced for a while. No sounds came from my side and it was a deadly quietness over at his side.

“Oliver?”

“Elio?”
"Are you lying down?" I asked.
"I am. Why?"
"No reason. I'm trying to imagine you. Closer."
"Well, imagine me looking like a total mess. I haven't shaved since I got here."
"Oh, I can't imagine you with a beard! That sounds...well, hot, in a way."
"Maybe to you but I guess I'm just lazy."
I laughed.
"When does the semester start?"
"Soon. On the 5th."
"Are you nervous?"
"A little bit but I'll be fine. And so are you."
I frowned.
"What do you mean?"

I got up from the sofa couch and extended the cable of the phone to the window. I looked up and saw that the night was beautiful and breath-taking. I wish he was here in Italy, so that we could go to our spot and look at the Moon and the stars.
"I mean, you'll manage. You'll find your own way of coping without me there. You're strong, Elio. Not physically, although I have to disagree with myself..."

I know he was talking about the night in Bergamo when I literally ordered him to ride me and to shut up.

"But mentally you are. I have never met anyone who’s as strong as you Elio. And no matter what happens, I'm here. Just a phone call away. Okay, baby?"

I nodded and shed one tear. His “I’m just a phone call away” was something I couldn’t take. Yes, he’s just that away but what can he do about it? Would he come here if I asked him to? Would he pack up now, leave everything there and take the first flight over just to lay in the same bed as me because I need him?

He keeps repeating how much he wishes he was there and that he wishes he was here with me but…nothing else. It was better for him and for me to not say bullshit like that because no matter what happens in the future, he was the one who came and he was the one who left. He has his life there and suddenly he wants to be here. Then…why did you leave in the first place? Why, Oliver?

"Yeah, yeah...uh, oh God..."

I sniffled.

He chuckled.

"Are you crying?"
"Maybe..."
"Where are you?"
"In my father's study room."
"Uhh Elio are you playing with me again? I can't ruin a perfect suit..."
"I'm not playing, I was never playing...and you're in a suit?!"
"Yes I am baby. A black suit, with a tie. I'd tie you up with it if we were in the same room now. To a bed..."
"Oh...look who's playing now..."

But I never touched myself. My hands were no where near my genitals. And I kept quiet about wearing his Billowy.

"Stop, stop...I don't want to...I'm sorry, Oliver."
"You are being ridiculous, Elio. No need to apologize. I'm sorry if I screwed up yesterday with the phone call..."
"No, no... I'm just not in the mood for it. I'm tired. And I don't want to do it without you."
"I understand, baby."

“I only want to do it while you’re here. And with your help.”

“Of course. Deal.”

“Does that mean I’ll see you again?”

I bit my lip waiting for him to answer this. A very crucial question. I could hear him smile.

“We’ll see...maybe...but we’ll see.”

That was good enough for me. Seeing him again doesn’t mean he’ll sleep with me just as easily.

I checked my watch, it was almost 1 in the morning. I haven't realized how time passed us by with
just chit chatting and silence.

"Are you going somewhere? Is that why you're in the suit?"
"I am. I am going out with a couple of buddies from college. They called when I was having a nice lunch."
I smiled at that.
"Great, have fun, Oliver."
"Ugh, I'll try. I'm tired already."

I yawned and it was my time to turn in and to let him celebrate his birthday.

"Oliver...I'm going to bed now."
"Alright baby. Sweet dreams, I'm sorry I kept you up this late."
"It's fine, I couldn't wait to hear from you."
"Me too. Goodbye Elio..."
"Wait...kiss me over the phone again."
"Of course."

I positioned my lips on the speaker and heard him kiss the object on his side and I did the same. Maybe I blushed at the end because I could feel his lips on mine, again.

"Goodbye Oliver. I love you."
"Hm, I love you too, Elio. Good night."

And I hung up.

I hung up feeling hot again and went straight to the bedroom, leaving all the books and tapes in my father's room and turning the lights off on my way up.

I splashed some water on my face, neck and chest and took all the clothes, except my underwear, off of me. Later on I tumbled on my bed and maybe, just maybe, fall asleep even before my head hit the pillow. I dreamed of Oliver in his black suit, with a beard, looking as handsome as always.

Chapter End Notes

So this is it guys. The last chapter before I go home. The next chapter will be updated maybe on Saturday or Sunday depends on if I can gather my energy after the trip to write anything at all. Honestly, I just can't wait to go home and watch CMBYN again, it's been a month since I last seen it. A hole in my heart lol.
The end of summer of 1983

Chapter Summary

Elio and the memories of his summer.

Chapter Notes

Okay i know what i wrote about posting in three days but i wrote this chapter in less than one hour and on my phone and i'll try to post the next chapter very soon, maybe even tomorrow. I want to get these chapters out of the way but at the same time i love writing like this. Hope you like it and enjoy! ❤️

After that night, when Oliver and i talked over the phone, the summer went on very quickly. To me it felt like everything was done in two or three days. Days were passing us by and, all of a sudden, i was so excited about moving back to Milano. The thought of seeing the city after so many months, getting together with so many people was making me miss home so much. But i knew that in a week or two after we return, I will crave for our time to go back to the villa. It's true i hated the villa and our tradition with the students, especially because i never got along with any of my father's summer assistants. Well, until the summer of 1983. And after this summer, i was open to try it. Especially because i couldn't see it coming and yet I was stopped dead in my tracks when i met Oliver. I still don't know when it started or how it started but i was hooked and was determined to win him over. Strange, you need something to win him over with and i remember being so terrified of him not realizing i was talking about something more than a friendship between us. Especially because i was a guy, a kid actually, and Oliver struck me and everyone else as a very ladies man. Which was a horrible mistake to even start with. Maybe i won him with my honesty and being brutal in not giving him what he wanted when he wanted. Whatever it is, i got him, he's mine. He'll always be mine. Nobody else counts, at least in my book, i don't know about him.

We never spoke again over the phone, not a contact was made what so ever and maybe knowing that, that made the summer end like it started. I had zero care in the world about what will happen to me or to him and even what will happen to us but I was now over the fact that destroying myself over him was an exit to reality. It wasn't. And hearing from him twice after he left, it was good but it still felt so weird. It's not that i wasn't happy, i wasn't ecstatic all the time. There would be a moment or two or twenty or twenty thousand a day that i would start to feel empty all over again. And that emptiness struck me every time i would remember Oliver. I needed him so much. I wanted him next to me all the time. I miss him. The feelings i nurtured when he was around were nothing like i felt ever before in my entire life. It was a very unique feeling and a one of a kind experience and maybe that path of the unknown was exactly what it got me started. A distinguish emotion of arriving somewhere so dear, so warm, a place where it was just me and only me. And through me, him. Until all these things started to develop between us i had no idea that, when it happened, it awoke something in me or snapped me out of the imagination I've been living in my entire life. That when he kissed me and touched me for the first time, that was the moment i knew... I was home. I felt more as a human being while he was still inside me than before he even came into my life. It took one person to look at me an a very significant way, like Oliver did, and all the buildings would fall inside my head and I'd knew...this is where i belong. And he is to
whom I belong to.

It took us couple of days to pack, to gather all the stuff and to make room for when we would come back in couple of months for our winter vacation. I took all of my summer clothing, all the shirts, trunks, jeans, slippers and my sweater back to Milano and the closet felt so empty. When Oliver came to stay with us I only took out some of my stuff and moved them to the other room and now I emptied my closet completely.

I traveled back wearing his Billowy and his red short shorts were packed in my back pack which I carried with me whenever I would go.

Marzia and I met the day she left. We took a walk down the streets of Crema, shared an ice cream, a cigarette and a lot of memories of our summer time. She was leaving for Paris and they had a long trip ahead of them. Her family only comes to their villa in Italy when it's summer, not winter, so that meant that Marzia and I would meet again and share another cigarette in ten months. I hugged her tightly in front of her house. She shed a tear and I kissed the drop away.

We parted with Mafalda and Anchise days later, who were going in a totally different way, with a last lunch together. We shared all the memories with some wine and a dessert Mafalda made days ago, trying to ignore how my mother was on the edge of killing someone because she kept forgetting things to pack and more and more suitcases were taking up the space in the car. I listened to them talk and argue and thought how lucky I was. Lucky that I had a family like that one and how much they loved me even after they found out about Oliver and me. Maybe me opening up to them was the reason why they were all shining, they weren't hiding their curiosity from me. But I knew Oliver knew that they knew about us this whole time. I stayed quiet about that.

After lunch we got the dishes done and were on our way back. I was sitting at the back seat of our car with couple of bags next to me. I wore the Billowy and spent the entire ride home staring out the window. Staring into those trees on our way back and thinking about anything and nothing. But Oliver mostly.

Of course I was thinking about him.

Thank you Oliver for making the best summer and the best year of my life. I hope we'll see you again. I hope we'll have the chance to visit the places in Crema again, to go to my secret spot and lay on the grass again, and there we can recapture all the things we did there and back then. Maybe we'll get the chance to go to Bergamo again and visit the bookstore and see the Sunrise again. I hope there will be a time and a place where you stop saying "I wish I was there" and come back here to stay and never leave, never again. Also, maybe it was just in a heat of the moment and because he was sleepy and I woke him up to talk, he mentioned us meeting in the States when we were in Bergamo. If that were to happen... And I prayed for a moment in your life that you'll feel the opportunity and the inspiration to write again and to come here and be with us while visiting the translator daily and then your publisher. I prayed for that Oliver. I wonder, do you pray for it too? And do you pray at all, and if you do, what do you pray for?

I fell asleep thinking about him.

The day we left the Perlman villa I knew that the summer of 1983 has come to an end.

Four and a half hours later we were home.
School started in September and I certainly wasn't ready for it. So many things were required for it, books, notebooks, and the schedule of all my classes was a complete mess. It was a real survival in the morning and noon and afterwards I'd spend my days alone at home, listening to music or reading some good books. At night I'd go out with couple of friends from my class, we'd hang around the cafés in the center of the town or outside someone's house. After those night outs I'd fall asleep instantly exhausted from all the excitement of being back and meeting new people. If anything, this summer had taught me to always give new people in my life a chance to get to know me better and I should to the same in return. Some nights, if we were to include alcohol and cigarettes I would go home and cry until there was nothing left to cry out and fall asleep like a baby. The sadness and the emptiness would appear from time to time but I was having fun. Living a dolce vita.

When we got back from the villa I was depressed for couple days. I didn't actually know what I miss the most. The intensity was stronger than when my heart got broken in August, another part I wasn't ready to let go yet. What I found very unnerving and uncomfortable is that somehow I loved the darkness. I loved the dark days, the days without Sun, I enjoyed the pain I was in, it fed me, it made me feel alive and so good. That was bad, I know. But one person was the trigger and it wasn't Oliver. It was me. And only me. When the school started, everything evaporated from my body. I had episodes of remembering my summer and with it, there was a dose of nostalgia mixed with sense of dread about falling asleep on a pillow and not someone else's skin.

What was new and it even surprised me, were those five weeks when I had a girlfriend. Actually I thought she was my girl friend but a friend told me that we've been seen so often together that they thought we were in a relationship, and maybe we were, but it didn't feel like one. Her name is Isabelle. She had a long hazel hair and green eyes, like me. Her family was originally from Napoli and moved to Milano at the beginning of the 80s. We met when I accidentally tripped on the last step and grabbed her shoulders for support. Thank God she was there to hold me, I'd glue my face straight with the floor. I enjoyed my time with her and I think I was doing a good job with treating her like a lady, taking her out every weekend, paying for her drinks, taking her home after a night out, buying her flowers and all that happened even before we kissed. And when we did, after three weeks of dating, like she called it, I felt nothing. Numbness and...well, nothing. There was a spark missing between us from the very start and I couldn't find it. I believe that with some people you just click, instantly and with some you just don't, move on. I think she sensed it right away and I still don't know why we stretched it out into the next two weeks. We never had sex, I was the one who was hesitating, telling her I'm busy and that my house was full, which was true but the walls
of our home were thicker than the ones in the villa. Even if i were to jump into something new again, i knew I'd be safe with the screams coming from the room. But i just couldn't. I felt violated, i felt i was cheating, ruining someone else's trust and by not telling her the truth, I was holding onto her and wasting her time when she could've found someone else for her to be in a relationship with. A cheater, and coward, a bad person. I felt like that and it only got more intense when I'd mix my sorrow with alcohol. Then I'd break down in front of my house and just cry. I broke up with her saying that that's just not it, that i enjoy her company as a friend but nothing more. She agreed and we ended it. Thank God that went well.

The next few months i continued basically the same path. I went to school in the morning and got good grades, actually feeling very proud of myself for that, hanging out alone while my parents were at work, music, books, sometimes I'd cook with my mom. When the Sun goes down i would go out for a walk, walking until I'd find someone to share my time with. As the months went by i was going out rarely, the magic was gone and all of a sudden i was craving the backyard of the villa and nothing and nobody else. Just that spot underneath the tree where i spent all of my summers, reading and playing music. Transcribing never came to my mind. It was simply something i was saving for the villa and the summer. It was one of those activities that change the way you're thinking, now, transcribing will always remind me of this infamous summer od 1983 and a little part of my world was now in Haydn's hands.

I had dreams about him at least once a week. We were so happy in those dreams of mine. His hair was shorter and he had no beard, his face looked smooth like it always has been, blue eyes were still there, he looked younger in my dreans. That night in Bergamo he told me he couldn't believe i looked younger than 17, i still can't wrap my mind around it.

One time i had a wet dream about him. It was a weekend and I was home alone. I woke up soaking wet, panting and with a ruined pajama bottoms. The urge to clean myself jumped out of me and i was panicking as i took the sheets off and replaced them with a new one, I washed my pajama bottoms by myself and decided to tell my mother that they got spilled by accident and that they needed to be washed immediately. I showered and finished the job under the shower, masturbating slowly, and sobbing at the end, grasping the wall behind me. Everything seemed too much for me as I slid down the wall and crumbled up into a fetal position, crying and waiting for the water above me to change from hot to cold.

In my dream he was looking down at me, looking like a total mess, smiling from ear to ear when i could sense that he was sad, thrusting very intensively inside me. It was a sensual, slow, time consuming, love making that lasted for hours. I felt the pressure between my legs as i was rocking my hips alone in my sheets. In my dream i came after a long period of love making, in reality, that dream only lasted three seconds but I was hooked to having him like this and if this is the only way, then so be it. If i could have him like this in my dreams every night of my life, I'd stake my life on dreams and been done with the rest. There was no way of escaping and ignoring what was happening those nights when i felt so turned on and refused touching myself because he wasn't here with me. I could never just wake up and continue my day knowing what i had dreamed about, it was unavoidable and I was so desperately trying to get it away from me.

His face when he was slowly pounding inside me was haunting me every night before falling asleep. It's safe to say he was haunting me whenever i went. And yet i refused to relieve myself by myself. Nothing without Oliver.

Months had passed since we got back, i would catch myself forgetting the day and the only thing i was looking forward to was snow and winter. I couldn't wait to go back to the villa. Winter doesn't start until mid December but the snow and winter vibes were what I have been looking forward to. In those months in between our summer and winter vacation, nothing much happened except for me being in a "relationship" and my father spending some time in the hospital because his doctor was concerned about him bursting an appendix. Which he did eventually and needed to go under anesthesia and take the fucker out. My mom was petrified and didn't sleep at all while he was in the hospital. I slept in their bed with her, trying to comfort her, saying all the nice things that were
yet to happened. It's hard seeing both of your parents suffer but my father managed to survive it and we threw a lunch gathering in honor of him getting better. We invited my aunt and uncle and my mother's colleagues along with three houses in neighborhood. Zaro children involved. I drank wine with them that night and cried underneath the shower again. I dreamed of Marzia that night.

School ended in December and we were already on our way to the villa an hour after I turned in my essay on Van Gogh. The excitement ran through me as I was packing the night before. It was snowing outside and I had this perfect picture of our villa covered in white. My secret spot covered in tiny snow flakes and our special spot covered in ice. Because it was still early for him to lift and drive, my father sat in the back seat while my mom drove us to the villa and I was sitting next to her the entire car ride.

After almost four months we were back. Mafalda and Anchise came three days later and we celebrated the gathering with cups of hot chocolate around the fireplace in the living room. That's how I knew that the winter of 1983 had begun.
The call

Chapter Summary

The infamous call at the ending of the movie.

Chapter Notes

A chapter with a familiar scene from the movie. From here on out it’s only what I wished it could happen in the sequel, if we get one at all. Not including the book. I am sorry for dragging this story so much and for stretching it into meaningless chapters. I really hope you like this one, thank you all for the support. The next one should be tomorrow. Lots of love!

Up until the seventh night of Hanukkah nothing special was happening around the villa or with myself. I was enjoying the cold weather, warm food and drinks and a silence that, when I’d stop talking and stop breathing so heavily, I could hear her in the vast distance. It was quiet and the silence - which was caused by gentle white stuff falling from the sky - was casting long webs capturing the houses in the neighborhood and all the way down to the river. The river was frozen and millions and billions of tiny snow flakes were covering something that was my sanctuary during that summer and the summers yet to come. The road was covered in ice and snow, the villa seemed to be on a high dose of tranquility which it was, from both inside and outside. I loved it.

How far have I’d come from only months ago when I was surrounded by noise, yelling and screaming from all over the place. During the day, my parents were sharing their voice in so many languages with so many different people that were, by their choice, joining us during those tasteful lunches and unnerving dinners when the evening would finally strike. At nights, it seemed to me, that I was the only one making noises and I had a good reason not to hold it in. All it took was another naked body next to mine, sliding up and down my skin and watching the muscles contract and then release. Now that other body felt so foreign to me, because it existed in only one out of four seasons – summer, not winter, and it wasn’t even winter to begin with, although it surely felt like it, in reality it was still autumn. I was starting to fear I’d forget that feeling just because our love was defined by the act of summer itself. That summer had its own magic, it persuaded to take control over me and make me latch onto him only to claim my award. And now that the seasons had changed I feared that so will my emotions.

And now, nothing, total silence. Day and night. We’d wake up early, snuggle up with a hot chocolate and a good book, next to a fireplace, wearing the most comfortable sweater we could find. This was new, this felt good, not as good as the summer months ago, but I’d live with it. He made my summer the best summer of my life and I’d have to take the responsibility of making this the best autumn/winter of my life, or close at least.

It had been snowing for days non-stop and that only brought joy to my heart. Even though a
summer had its interesting story to tell and to share, to expand, to develop, I was still a sucker for autumn/winter times. Perhaps it was because I was born during winter and maybe perhaps when I’d feel like it, I’d stare outside the window for hours. I was very young when I first started that and my mother, being a young and new mom on the block, was afraid for her two year old son and his staring out in the snow. If I were older and if I were to make a sad face looking at it, my mother would definitely consider the situation as a cry for help. Now that I was older I was still feeling very grateful, warm and fuzzy inside. No cry for help here.

The date was December the 6th and in just a couple of weeks, an official winter would settle itself down in northern Italy. It was so quiet that I could almost hear my heart beating as I was coming home from a house in which Mafalda’s friend lived some time away by foot from our villa. My feet were making those noises when the rubber makes on the frozen ground, all along listening to the summer hit that was playing when I started school in September on my walkman. She asked me to bring her some food she prepared because she was spending the holiday by herself and Mafalda, being the kind soul she was, she made the food for the poor and lonely woman. Surprisingly, the woman only took one look at the basket I was brining and snapped it right out of my hand. I wished her a happy holiday and got out into the white air.

I walked back in and shook the snow off of me and off my boots. I had an unnerving feeling in my stomach, like I was predicting something bad would happen, my mother would always say. No, I wasn’t hungry, no I wasn’t full, I was feeling normal except for that sense in my gut.

I took my hat and my coat the second I walked in. It was expected from me to forget the time but it was way past noon, I was sure of it. But when the weather had been like this and the same for days you couldn’t possibly guess the time. Mornings looked like noon and the other way around.

“Have you been to Gaverine?” Mafalda asked when she heard me walk in.

“Yes.” I answered with a smile even though she couldn’t see me, she was in the kitchen all morning.

The smell coming from the kitchen was mesmerizing and was inviting me in to snatch a snack before dinner. My eyes were glued to the food Mafalda had been busting ass around for.

“Oh, latkas…” My eyes were hungry.

I walked over and grabbed a few right in front Mafalda asking if I may have some. She was stirring a sos or a soup when I appeared in the kitchen.

“Happy Hanukkah.” She said.

“You too.” I hugged her tightly and kissed her on my way out.

We’ve worked out our “issues” Mafalda and me, although there were no issues to begin with, it was I who was beyond embarrassed to face the poor woman after what happened during the summer. I’m glad she knew, I’m glad everyone knew.

I had some free time to kill before the supper and I was more looking forward to let the summer hit finish in my head. Dancing and spinning around the hallway all the way listening to the singer rhyme her emotions with a bass playing in the background. The villa was quiet and the noises were coming from the fireplace in the living room that had been turned to a diner only for this holiday so that we could all gather around and eat.

The noses coming from my father’s study room were made by him himself and my mother. I lifted
one head phone to hear them speak or to discern whether the noises were coming from upstairs or downstairs. They were in the process of choosing a new student who would be staying with us within six months, right there that hurt a bit, especially because they made it look like he’s so easily replaceable but in God’s honest truth, he was the best student that had ever walked a step foot in this villa. And, the best person I knew in my life.

I tumbled my body onto one of the chairs as I was waiting for dinner. It was hard not to think how I, barely a year ago or to this very minute, was the one who picked him. His face, his forms and his recommendations were what drew me into it, it was me who gave the final approval. Now, I was out of the business, let them choose from now on. Honestly, it was only that time that I had decided to participate into choosing the fools I’d be giving my room up to. Only for him. Only to him. Only because of him.

My head went backwards from the chair as I was looking at my parents and listening to the song on my walkman, I kept repeating it forever. They decided to take a woman in this year, for the first time. They gathered all of the applications and, as always, mom was very picky because of all choosing a woman. I guess what she was looking for was a female version of him, someone to talk to, someone to have the fresh baked coffee with every morning.

And then the phone rang.

“I’ll get it!”

I raised my voice as I got up, letting everyone in the house to know not to stop what they are doing, that the call will be taken care of by the baby of the family. Walking into the hallway, I was expecting to hear a familiar voice, maybe a cousin or an aunt could be calling to wish us a happy Hanukkah.

“Pronto?”

“Elio? You there?”

But no. It wasn’t them. It sure was a familiar voice, but this one came all across the ocean, six hours a part by time zone, thousands and thousand miles away. The last person I expected to hear from. After the two ones we had while the summer was still active no phone calls were ever made again. From both parties.

“Hi…”

I was beyond happy to hear from him. It took me a while to realize it was him, thank God for the chair near by. I could’ve sworn I lost the function of my legs at that moment. It was like his voice did so much more than his hands or lips ever did, his voice at that second had a greater power than anything we shared before.

“Hey.” He said, he too sounded happy.

“How are you?”

“I’m good, I’m good. How are you? How are your parents?”

“I’m good. They’re fine.” I said as I was taking the head phones off.

“Good…”

I felt my heart jumping inside my chest. He wouldn’t believe me if I were to tell him how glad and
happy I was that he called. It was so nice of him to call and wish us a happy holiday.

“I miss you.” I uttered through breath and basically hugged myself with one hand while the other one was holding the only connection between him and I.

It was safe to talk about how much he meant to me. Everybody knew.

“I miss you too. Very much.” He sounded very quiet and at peace.

A silence appeared between us but I didn’t care, I had him in my hand and was destined to keep him there for all eternity. He words were dancing on my tongue, waiting for me to push them out but nothing came. We had our summer, now it was autumn but autumn felt like winter…so yeah, we had the winter too. I can’t wait for spring, I can’t wait to see what will happen then.

“I have some news.” He spoke sounding very excited.

“N-news?”

Oh?


It was the first thing it popped in my head and it was the last I could expect to hear from him. Soon, he’d make a joke out of it and say something like “No, you idiot…I’m coming back to Italy.” But that never came.

He silenced after a while and then spoke.

“I might be getting married next spring, yeah…”

Oh, so that’s what you’ll be doing in the spring. He sounded very uneasy.

“You never said anything.”

Shock.

“We’ve been off and on, for two years.”

Yeah, it might have been a good thing to mention a girlfriend. Especially if you were seeing her before you met me. But what was I to you? A summer fling?

“That’s wonderful news!”

What was there else to say? Those were wonderful news, just not for me. Or maybe I was in shock and didn’t know how to react. What? He’s getting married. That doesn’t sound right.

Who is this person on the phone?

I think he got the wrong number.

My Oliver is not getting married, he doesn’t have a girlfriend, he never did.

“Do you mind?”

What a question? I had no answer to it or I did but didn’t know should I give it to him.

“Oliver! Oliver!”
My parents intervened and all I could do is thank the God. They knew who was on the phone, probably because I told the person on the phone that I miss him. I put the phone on my chest and just listened to whatever they were talking to him.

“Hey, hey, hey!”

“Oh, darling when are you coming back?” My mother asked. Hopefully soon, and alone.

“You caught us in the process of choosing the new you for next summer.” My father said.

“And guess what, he’s a she.” They both laughed and I believe so did Oliver.

“Ahh, wonderful! Mazel tov!”

“Congratulations, congratulations Oliver! Listen, we…we’ll let you speak to Elio.”

They were really happy for him. A true blissful happiness, it’s hard not to share it.

“Happy Hanukkah, happy Hanukkah!” My father yelled.

“Bye sweetheart.”

All of their sweet words were crumbled into a ball full of bull shit. They were left with a child that’s hurting, and for the second time around. Really, thank you Oliver.

And like months ago, we were left alone to speak. What to speak? What to tell? He asked if I minded him getting married. Of course I minded. Who wouldn’t mind? What is happening?

The big thing was him marrying a woman. Is he for real? He can’t get married let along marry a woman. A woman. Does he know in which hole should his cock penetrate? I hope he doesn’t. Should I remember him? Is there a chance I can change his mind? Absolutely not. If I had any chance in changing his mind what so ever about anything, he should have stayed way back in August. But no, he left and he’s now getting married.

I put the phone on my lap, I was now destined to end it with him. End the call or end it all? Why should I be the one ending, he’s the one running away from his true self.

“They know about us.” I said to maybe remind him of what’s he good for.

“I figured.” I knew that.

“How?”

“Well from the way your dad spoke to me. He made me feel like I was a part of the family. Almost like a son in law.”

Figures. He knew and even treated him like his father in law. Tears were gathering but none of it came down. That’s strange.

“You’re so lucky. My father would’ve carted me off to a correctional facility.”

Stop, stop, stop.

Nothing he said had a response in my head. Listening to him talk about my father and how nice he’s been toward him, and about his father that he would react like a monster if he’d find out his son had been fucking another man during the summer, was more than I could let my heart, now
totally shattered, absorb.

Who does this? Who walks in, fucks one’s life to the cord and walks away saying he’s getting married? I could never do this, but that’s just me. Even when I had a chance to start a relationship I felt nothing. Or I felt something and that was what I was supposed to feel, and when I was with Oliver, the feeling was different because it was a real feeling, a real thing, how a human is supposed to feel. Maybe this is how a person should feel when they’re in love. What if, maybe, he felt nothing towards me like I did towards Isabelle and felt everything with her like I felt with him? Was his “I love you, Elio” a lie? Did he mean it? Of course not, you’re being stupid now.

What we had meant everything to me, it was basically my life and every touch, kiss and word of his were the most important thing of my world. For him…was it all a fling? Just a cheap, summer fling.

I needed him to stop talking.

Let’s try something else.

“Elio?” I whispered into the speaker. I wasn’t going to let him forget me that easily.

“Elio, Elio, Elio, Elio, Elio, Elio, Elio.” The hot air came right at my face, I wish he could sense it, feel it, like I did when he kissed me over the phone.

I whispered my name as it was his. Like I did that night when I let him enter me. Now I regret it all.

He inhaled deeply, and said…

“Oliver…”

A whisper came out over the phone.

“I remember everything.”

Was all he said.

He sounded like he was turned on, like he was hard, like he was pushing his hand down his trousers. If I triggered something at that moment…I still had some power left inside to overcome him.

It grabbed a smile from me, he didn’t deserve it but that made me feel good. Will I be able to live with that? Everything ended with him saying that he remembered everything. Now what? He will marry, he will make babies with her, they’re all grow old together and I’ll live with his words, die with his words. Should I and will I ever meet someone like him?

I. Remember. Everything.

My gut hurt again. So this is what was causing the pain.

Hearing his voice after his news…he sounded like a different person, like someone I have never met before. Maybe when he put the ring on his finger it changed him completely. Or being with a woman finally closed him up, and being with me, he was opening more and more each day.

Does she know you hate when someone touches your collar bones? Does she know you still can’t crack the top of the soft boiled egg? What about sex? Does she know your favorite position? And
mine? And that you smoke after having sex with me? Or that you like tying up young people to a bed? Should I show her the way you like your cock to be sucked? Really? Can she make you happy?

Yes, in a way, yes. A way of getting a spouse and a child. In a way of moving in to suburbia and building a pool with her. Those ways, yes. What about spiritually? Sexually? Emotionally?

“When is the wedding?”

Yes, do that. Torture myself with this. I was dying slowly again. Fuck, I thought I was done with this.

“Elio…” He whispered.

“What?”

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Why not?”

I breathed.

“I don’t…you are…I just don’t want to if it’s hard for you.”

He indeed sounded uncomfortable about it.

“It’s not hard, I’m just surprised, that’s all.”

“I know…”

Silence. He deserved nothing out of it.

“Oliver?”

“Elio?”

I could sense the optimism in his voice.

“I have to go.”

“Oh, I thought we could talk.”

“I can’t now, I’m sorry.”

He got quiet all of a sudden. He must have been appealing to the sensitive side of me when he suggested we should talk. No power here.

“It’s okay, go.”

“We’re talking now…” I said.

“Not about this.”

“What about then?”

“Us.” His voice was firm, something he was determined to deal with.
“What’s there to talk about?”

“There’s a lot to talk about here…”

His fiancée was not here, no where near him, that’s how he felt the freedom of talking about us. What was there to say? It’s over. I can’t believe I was that dumb to think I could actually have a future with him. No way a couple of men could survive in this world.

And what was always missing was finally growing to surface. He was embarrassed of me. He was embarrassed of us. He couldn’t possibly be happy and out holding hands with his male love, a child actually. What will people think? He cared about that. He cared about that more than he cared about me, protecting, being and loving me. Correction : loving a man.

I guess that’s what I was good for, to him. Like he said, I was the best stress relief there is. That’s why my body went through such pain during our, not love making, but fucking. It takes two to make love, two to love, but only one to fuck the other when it’s feelings only from the other person but not two. He was releasing all of his stress through his cock and inside me. Never should I have trusted him. Was this hate I was feeling?

“Sorry, I just…I can’t right now, okay? Sorry.”

“I don’t want to leave it at this.”

“I don’t want either but you already did that.”

Done deal.

“Elio, you don’t know the whole story.”

“And I don’t want to.”

“Okay, okay…I’m sorry for…everything.”

“It’s okay. I should go. Congratulations by the way, I wish you and her all the good in the world.”


“Thanks, you too. Goodbye.”

“What, no later?”

He chuckled. Again, he was appealing to the side of me when I’d always say “Later!” before one of us would hang up. It was my way of making fun of him how he used to say goodbye to all of us back in the summer of this year. Now, it had no power.

I was officially dead inside. Again.

This time, for real.

“No, no later.”

“Bye then…”

And I hung up.
A familiar feeling

Chapter Summary

The fireplace scene.

Chapter Notes

Another heart breaking chapter for sure, we're getting closer to the end of bad days. I am tired of writing these sad stuff all the time. Lots of love, you're the best!!❤️

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

I rubbed my eyes, collecting the tears and squeezing the corners of my eyes and the bridge of my nose, still sitting in the same chair minutes after I put the phone down. Control your breathing, you’ll suffocate. After I wiped my wet fingers on my black and white shirt I stood up and went back into the living room. Everything was served for dinner. But I wasn’t hungry. The headphones went back on my ears, I raised the volume so I couldn’t hear my thoughts. I’d die if I were to face them. The overwhelming feeling came over me and yet I started to feel awful again. The familiar feeling came back, the one from when I survived this in August, and yet, like nothing had changed, not at all. I was hurting again. And for the same person but for a different reason.

Mafalda did an amazing job in serving, she decorated the entire table and chairs, all it was missing were the plates and glasses. The villa got quiet again, it was quieter after the call, probably because now my parents were whispering and mumbling about the news we just received. I knew what they were talking about.

I spotted a large coin on the table and picked it up immediately. Every plate had one and, without even asking where, this was my place, Mafalda said. I tossed the coin in the air, racing the words in my head. We will be together, we will not be together, we will be together, we will not be together. The stupid thing hit the table and then ended up on the floor. And I was too lazy to pick it up and see what the faith said about him and I. It couldn’t have been good news for sure. Why end on the floor next to a dirt if you weren’t destined to fail?

I remember everything. You’re leaving me with that? All I get are three words of the entire summer spent together and she gets you. How is that fair? I remember everything? What’s that everything, what?

I took my headphones off and the walkman out of my pocket. The fire popping inside the fireplace was calling my name, calling me to join it. Maybe it’s hell where I belong, or maybe fire could help me burn these feelings. I squatted in front of it and let the burning apparition burn my skin alive.

That’s when I realized that this fire actually made me think about all the bad things in my life. It was like racing with it. What is worse? The fire burning my face off or all the things happening to me?
I, not in the thousand years, could’ve predicted the source of his call. The last time we talked, it was on his birthday in August and before that, he just wanted to get off. Like I said, that’s all I’m good for.

Watching the fire sing around the wood, it was like watching all our memories burn into thin air. And the fuel were his words playing over and over in my head “I might be getting married next spring, yeah…”.

Should’ve known. The real question was, should I have gotten into the relationship with him at all? If I had known there was a potential girlfriend or better yet a wife, would I jump into the shit show with him? Probably. Because, what I felt then couldn’t be a match how I feel now. Who would’ve thought that the same person can make you feel that good and bad at the same time?

Would I do it over again, not counting the fiancée? In a second. But this had nothing to do with getting him back to me, this, all of this now was a done deal. He’s not coming back. He’s not leaving his future wife to spend some time with a boy.

Was I really that stupid when I thought I actually had any kind of future of him? I guess I was. Really, Elio? What did you expect? That, magically, he’ll appear on your doorstep and take you with him to ask you to spend the rest of his life with him. Yes, something like that. You’re stupid. I know.

And, yes, how could I have been so naïve? He came here to write a stupid book and you guys feel in love, well…one did…and then he left. That’s it.

But this was way worse, because now I know…he’s never coming back. I am never going to see him. He’ll marry and I’ll die young because of so much sadness, emptiness and sorrow in my 17 years of age. I wonder, has anyone ever died from a broken heart? If not, then I’ll be the first case in the history of medicine.

Hotness blew in my face as I was starting to feel drops of tears sliding down my skin. By now I was used to my tears so when one slid to my lips, I licked it, it was full of memories I had created with him. Actually, fire mixed with tears only made my face itch and I had to scratch it. No point in holding everything in, this is the real, a good reason for a kid to cry and make scenes around the house. Like I said, I was hurting, my chest was hurting and my face was melting.

Why call now? Why call on a holiday? Why call on a day when we’re all suppose to gather around and say the prayers and eat? Why, Oliver, why? Happy Hanukkah, I don’t think so. A sad Hanukkah, a sad day, a sad year. Everything ends now. Why call to announce your engagement and then proceed to talk on the subject of “Us”, there’s no more “Us”, we finished the second you left Italy and left your window of opportunities closed. We, Elio and Oliver, do not exist anymore. Do I regret ever starting it? Now I do. Back then, you were the reason I woke up every morning, hoping to find you reading or going over your manuscript and, if God was on my side that day, you’d talk to me. About anything and nothing.

You see, Oliver, it’s very simple, for me. I’m just a kid who feel hopelessly in love with you, because you let me. And you touched my shoulder, you asked me to play you your Bach, you kissed me, you kissed my foot, you agreed on meeting me at midnight and that…well, we all know what happened after that. But you let me. Why? Did you grow tired of a child stalking you and watching every move you made? And if you did, that only meant you gave me yourself only to be done with me. What about those moments when you uttered that you love me? I am now certain you didn’t mean any of it. I mean, how can you say someone you love them, then leave and then four months later, you’re all of a sudden engaged to a person I never knew ever played any role in your life. Where was she when you were spending your nights inside me? Did she wait for you?
Did she force you to put a ring on her finger?

What was my role in your life? What was I to you? A summer fling? Just a person you used as a stress relief? Could she smell me on you, like I did when I, even after so many showers, could feel myself onto you? What will happen is she were to find out you slept with a boy, not once, oh no, no, every night, every day?

It’s just me again. Only me, I have to survive again, but I’m so tired. I’m tired of fighting with myself. Now, I have to find a way to get you out of my life. Should I burn his stupid shirt and those hideous short shorts.

If I burn the stuff, how do I burn the memories? How do I erase everything I did to my body because of you, because you asked me to. I trusted you with my life, I trusted you when you said you’ll guide myself inside myself over the phone. Who does that? Oh my God, what have I done?

It’s not anger screaming from inside my head. This was shame and regret, this is sadness and pain. I can’t, I can’t, I can’t, I don’t want to. What have you done to me? You dragged me along, Oliver. You broke my heart, you destroyed me, I need something stronger that house work to erase you from my head, from my life.

Under no circumstances should I ever try to remember our time together. I’m a sad boy now, thanks to you. This was supposed to be a happy holiday and now…happiness? What is that?

I was happy in the summer of 1983 and now…I don’t even know where I stand, who am I, what am I going to do?

“Elio?”

A fade sound came behind me.

“Elio…”

Mommy’s voice.

I wiped the tears on my shirt and turned around to look at her. She and Mafalda were placing the plates and glasses on the table.

“Honey, go wash your hands, we’ll eat soon.”

I’d rather burn myself in this fireplace. Believe or not, wanted or not, I’d rather have my face melted down than eat now with my parents. They will talk, about anything and I know Oliver’s phone call would eventually pop up.

I nodded and went to the bathroom to do what my mom told me. The cold water shook me up a bit but I still couldn’t force a smile, those muscles were weak or dead. Should’ve walked in the fireplace and be done with the rest.

The fire never bothered me anyway.

Minutes later we all sat down and dinner had started. I barely ate any of it. Wow, thank you Oliver. Mafalda busted her ass into making all this delicious food and now I can’t imagine putting any of it in my mouth. I just sat there in total silence, trying to remember why am I here and not somewhere else moping around.
“You’re awfully quiet.” My father spoke, it made me lift my head of the full plate in front of me.

“Just…I’m not hungry.”

He hummed and continued eating.

All eyes were on me. I knew what they were thinking and even them thinking or them talking was way too loud for me. I need them to be quiet. Or I needed them gone. Or I needed them very close to me.

Wow, what a shit show.

After an hour of sheer torture with their looks and words flying around me, we finished the dinner and I ran upstairs immediately. Because it was cold outside and at night, I now slept in long sleeved pajama shirt and bottoms. Funny, the bed wasn’t the thing I was looking forward to, but my pajama. A knock on the door.

“Come in.”

It’s mom.

“Elio, are you alright?”

My back was turned to her as I was buttoning the pajama shirt. I nodded, trying to avoid looking at her because if that were to happen, I would break down completely. And on top of it, I didn’t want my mom to deal with my bullshit problems I had with Oliver. I think she was sick of me and sick of my crying.

“Elio, I don’t know how you feel. I can’t even imagine, but…”

“I’m fine, really mom, I’m just tired and I want to sleep.”

“It’s 7 in the evening.”

“Yeah, well…”

I turned around to face her. The second I looked I her I read her face. She was feeling sorry for me, her eyes were full of tears. My breathing sped up as I was walking towards her to hug her, she looked like she needed one more than I did.

I kept breathing very quickly.

“Mom, he’s…um….he’s…”

I couldn’t fix the sentence, the floor felt so weird to stand on. Her hands around my waist felt like they never were there. I was numb.

“Yes, Elio…”

“He’s getting…”

Faster breathing.

“He’s getting…um…married, mom, he’s getting…”
“Elio…”

“What’s happening…”

“Honey, I think you’re having a panic attack. Look at me, look me in the eyes…”

“I can’t…”

“Look… focus on me and breathe when I tell you to, alright?”

I nodded quickly. Her eyes stood in front me and all I had to do was listen to her voice.

“Breathe in now, deeply and hold it in.”

I did just that.

“And now exhale and breathe in again, deeply… keep looking me in the eyes.”

I continued to follow mom’s voice as she was guiding me through this hell.

“Baby, do you want me to give you a pill to calm down and sleep?”

“Only if I don’t dream…”

“Oh, I’ll be right back.”

She came back minutes later with a quarter of a pill and gave me a glass of water.

“Thank you.”

“No, baby, you never say thank you when someone gives you the medicine. I just want to help you.”

“I’m a lost cause, mom.”

I swallowed the pill and then the full glass of water. She tucked me in, kissed my forehead and left the room. It was still early to go to bed but there was a complete darkness around me. Just what I needed. Just how I feel. Maybe this is what I am destined to feel until I die, soon.

A fever in the summer and then a panic attack now. What’s next? Will I get a heart attack? What heart, nothing was left out of my heart, he broke it. Because I let him. I gave him my heart and all he did was rip it, stab it, step on it, spit on it, tear it apart.

And I deserved that. All I ever did was love him and this is how he repays me. It’s true when people say that when you’re a better person to the other one, that one would stab you in the back within seconds. And without a second thought.

Was this hatred I was feeling?

No, hatred means that I still feel something for the guy, opposite of love isn’t hatred, it’s indifference.

And maybe I still do feel something, but I’m so tired now that I can’t think straight or analyze how I feel. Maybe tomorrow I will, so sleep now and we’ll try thing again later. No, no later now. Okay, bye.
Okay, the next chapter is a surprise and it should be out tomorrow and the one after that is when I skip straight to the summer of 1984. After that, I assure you, it's all rainbows and sunshine. I promise this story has a happy ending and I'm getting to it, just wanted to make this last as long as possible because I love writing this story and just can't get enough of these two. The reason why are there so many sad and depressed chapters is because I'm only appealing to that sensitive part of us and how we felt as we were watching and living this movie/book. So be gentle with me lol.
What have I done? (Oliver's POV)

Chapter Summary

Oliver's thoughts before and after the call.

Chapter Notes

A surprise chapter, I love writing from Oliver's point of view so much. After this one it's a big time jump and I'm so excited about writing good stuff again. Hope you like it and enjoy, lots of love!!❤️

I dreaded this phone call all day, all week to be honest. But I was determined to do it, it’s a done deal and, because everybody else knew, I made a decision to put all the weight on myself and my soul do be the one to tell them. It never seemed like a right time to call and announce something this big. I remember when, on my first day with the Perlmans, Elio had told me that they only stay at the villa during big holidays, after I teased him about what were they doing during the winter. So I knew they were home, it’s the only number I had. The only way I can get through them.

It hasn’t been raining for a few weeks now and just this morning, they announced that the snow should start very soon, today, tomorrow, it was just the matter of time. The snow would feel good, I needed something opposite the Sun, and the rain was making me feel very nostalgic and, at times, sad.

The semester began in September and it was my first as a teacher. On my first day I showed up an hour earlier to get mentally prepared. A large amount of students were about to burst into my classroom and I’d have to get used to the big room and lots and lots of chairs and desks. I was afraid of messing something up, not bringing the right equipment and failing to influence someone. I was nervous as hell.

It turned out alright, I was happy for those three months of teaching and there were a lot of students who had a bunch of questions after every class and that always melted my heart. Maybe because I was just five or six years older than them that they saw a young rebel inside me, which I was, five or six years earlier, maybe they considered me as a friend and someone who is that close to their age, instead of a bossy and boring University professor.

In those four months, between Italy and the States, a lot of shit had occurred and I wasn’t ready for any of it. I wasn’t ready for commitment with someone I thought I was done with. I brought this on myself, all I did was say yes and I was done for it.

I wasn’t kidding when I said I’d jump on the first plane back, and it was good to know that they’d take me back in a second. I’d do it all over again, no matter the season. Just to get away from this hell hole I was living in and surviving days and days of total regret and sorrow. I’d go back, just sit in those big chairs I loved when I was going through my manuscript every evening, only this time I’d add a cup of hot chocolate and Elio in my arms, snuggled up to my neck, napping as I would be reading whatever he asked me to. We’d be wearing baggy sweaters and our bodies would be
covered in a blanket, sitting in front of a fireplace I notices a lot while I was there, and just…
breathe. Just live and breathe and love. That “vision” only warmed my being and brought a smile
on my face, I missed smiling and laughing all the time.

And now this.

The news I was about to share were a good type of news. It seems everybody, except for me, was
waiting patiently and were more excited once it finally happened. They were good for my family
and for the other family, my friends, our friends. But something was bursting inside me and just a
thought of tying a knot soon…it didn’t feel right. It should feel good when it’s the right one? Why
didn’t I feel that? Or was this how are you suppose to feel when you know it’s a wrong thing. This
is not what I want and yet, I can’t back down now. I’m too deep into it, ears deep. I don’t see a way
out.

The truth was, there was never a good time to announce this type of news to someone you spent
your summer with. It’s not friendly and it’s not just as a one-night stand. I took Elio to bed every
night, sometimes even during the day. And he always looked different, no matter the time of the
day. He’d be smiling and excited by day and shy and vulnerable by night. It was bound to grow
into something bigger, better and deeper than just a casual feeling of sleeping with someone. And
when we weren’t sleeping together for real, we slept holding each other. After the nights we spent
sweating and laughing, afterwards, he’d fall asleep on my chest and it was like holding the most
fragile piece of art in the world. I was being very careful with his skin on mine, not to pull it
harder, squeeze it more than he asked me to, not to be violent with it. But that’s on the outside.
What about what’s on the inside? How to fix something I already broke months ago? You break a
plate and then glue it back again, it’s not the same, it doesn’t have the same function as it did when
it was first made. And then you knock over the same thing and those tiny pieces are now scattered
all around the room into even more tinier pieces. Who does that?

Whenever I was spending my nights alone I’d close my eyes and I’m back in the Italy again. As
easily as that. Happiness, kindness, love, home and laughter…I was surrounded by all of this and it
is, besides the original, my type of heaven when I can just feel this good and not just lay in the Sun,
that I can touch, this I can feel. Heaven.

My head would turn either left or right and I’d see him. In his swimming trunks, hands behind his
head and his face inviting the Sun to give him some color, he really needed that. I’d call him and
he’d smile without opening his eyes, I smile back. Other times I’d touch my foot with the other
one, imagining it’s his, caress my hand like he used to do it and tug on my hair and style it like he
loved it. I let him to all those things to me, like I never let anyone else, and now I’m so far from
him I can’t help but crave his body so close to mine. His hands, his fingers, his eyes…whatever I
could think of him, I’d smile almost immediately. It’s that easy for me, it should be. I felt so good
imagining him next to me even though I was about to break his heart yet again.

Without any shame or regret what so ever, I masturbated every night since I got back. When I was
alone, I’d do it in bed and scream my lungs out when I’d finish. But whenever I would have to
share my bed, I’d sneak in the bathroom for a quick relief. Nobody else comes to mind except for
him. My body accepts only his body and the image of him before me. Nobody else.

Fuck, how good it felt when we talked over the phone and actually did it, I was so overwhelmed.
One thing let to another and, all of a sudden, I was guiding the poor baby alone to join me in this
exciting situation. I’d give everything for a life without obligations, commitment, stereotypes and
prejudges, then I’d be the happiest person alive. And with him by my side all the time.

I was counting the hours until I can break the news. Here, in New York it was 9 in the morning,
that means that in Italy it was 3 in the afternoon. Wait another hour or two…or never, I thought. My family had invited us to go to their house to celebrate Hanukkah and all I could is pray that the time will stop and by the time I’d be on my way there or eating already, he’d be crying because of a different time zone. The dinner was set to start at 5 o’clock in the afternoon and in Italy, it’ll be 11 o’clock at night.

What I feared the most is actually hearing his voice when I’d announce it. So all I could do is to pray to God that he doesn’t answer it. Let it Mafalda answer, I’ll tell her and then she’ll spread the word. Just, please, don’t let Elio answer it, please.

My head was killing me as I was on my way to sit at my desk and look around to find their home number. I kept the number and his Haydn that is, like he said, now my Haydn, in the left drawer of my desk. It was under a lock and key. Opening that only made me open up even more. I am not ready for this. I am not ready to tell him the news and I am not ready to commit.

I picked the phone and dialed the number. It’s ringing.

First ring, nothing. Good, maybe they’re not home.

Second ring, nothing. I should hang up.

But I was too quick to judge and realized that God hadn’t silenced my prayers, or maybe I didn’t pray enough. Maybe, if he picks up, I’d forget all about it and start talking about him, his school, his vacation, his life.

“Pronto?”

It’s him. Fuck.

We proceeded to talk, asking how is he, asking how is his family.


It’s not that I missed him, it was more than that. I can’t breathe without him, that damn pain in my chest had returned. It was killing me.

He sounded genuine happy that I called and to hear from me. I wondered what he looked like. What was he wearing, did his hair grow, how is he handling the cold weather, all of it. I wanted to know. Listening to him talk about whatever book he stumbled up on or another composer he was dedicating his time to was all I wanted at that moment. For time to stop and listen him splash me with his knowledge.

“I have some news.”

“N-news? Oh, you’re getting married, I suppose…”

It sounded like a harsh joke, I wanted to deny that but he hit it. I closed my eyes shut.

“I might be getting married next spring, yeah…”

“You never said anything.”

“We’ve been off and on for two years…”

“That’s wonderful news!”
But now for you, right?

“Do you mind?”

Silence. Come on, Elio, this is where you say that you do mind. Come on, baby, change my mind. Tell me anything. But before I could say anything or wait for him to make up his mind in answering my question, his parents picked up the phone and began talking with me. It felt so good to hear from them, I really did miss both of them, I miss it all. I’d do everything again in a single heart beat. They congratulated me and wished me a happy holiday.

I was now left to deal with Elio.

Elio, Elio, oh, Elio.

“They know about us.”

I know baby.

I was happy that he mentioned that, he’s still, like me, very deep into our relationship, it’s basically all I needed to hear. Remind me about us, tell me how you feel.

But now.

He did more than that.

Elio pulled out the big guns.

Whispering, almost moaning his own name like it were my own.

“Elio?”

He was calling me. I’m too far apart baby.

“Elio, Elio, Elio, Elio, Elio, Elio, Elio.”

Oh, you gave me something to get off to tonight, with or without her in bed next to me. I’ll make sure it’s you I see. This is exactly what i wanted him to do, remind me, come on. And he did. For this is our secret naming. Him calling me by his name and me calling him by mine. It’s something i thought in a second and once i said it out loud it sounded ridiculous but Elio picked up on it quickly, he’s too smart for his own good. I call him by mine and automatically i’m him and he’s me. Just two men, just two human beings.

“Oliver…”

Breathe out now.

“I remember everything.”

It’s not fair ending with these words but this is, like the part where I miss him, the God’s honest truth. I will remember everything, I will remember you and I will remember us until my last breath. That’s bigger and stronger than myself and myself alone. You will forever be here, with me, in my mind, from that first day and our first night together and to all the days and nights to come. The force of your non-existing presence is making me weak and is killing me to the core, so yes, I will remember everything. Every part of your body, every freckle on your nose, every mole on your torso, every scar of your hands. Because, like I said before, I knew every part of you Elio Perlman and I can for sure write a book about you, just looking, tasting, listening and touching you my
baby.

Silence broke out again and now he was the one with a question I wasn’t ready to give him the answer to. He asked about when is the wedding. It’s too much. I don’t want to talk about that, I want to hear about you. I want us to talk about...us. But he said there’s no more us and that it was my fault, which it was. It was all my fault.

His voice change and so did his attitude. He got cold really fast and almost sounded emotionless. Figures, all I did was hurt him but before that I loved him, I loved him for real, I loved him like I never loved anyone in my life before. I still love him, despite everything. Despite him refusing to talk, despite him trying to erase me from his life, despite him, soon, hating me.

He says he has to go but I wanted to talk still, I could talk to him all day, all night. I’d wake up in the middle of the night to share his dreams and thoughts, I’d spend an entire day just trying to please him, just to do whatever he asked me to. Even when he’s not feeling well, like couple of times it happened, I’d spend my time next to him just talking or not talking about the problem, whatever he wanted I was there to make sure he got it. He deserves the world, all the love and wealth in the world.

There was something inside me that tried to reach out to the Elio I knew before I broke him so many times. Elio had a habit of saying “Later” before he’d hung up. So this time, when he said “Goodbye” I reached out the joke and chuckled “What, no later?”. I waited for him to return the chuckle and say it, but no, as cold as he sounded from the moment when he heard the news, until now, he said “No, no later”, he didn’t even say goodbye again, just hung up.

I stayed like that with a speaker so close to my lips for some time, realizing what I just done. It’s finally over. I told him, he took it pretty hard, and that was it. Now what? His coldness only made my heart and chest ache even more, like that was even possible. But it seems that this is it.

I hoped that if we ever get the chance to meet again, he’d forgive me. But I did not deserve his forgiveness, I did not deserve him.

It was dinner time, she said coming in my study room.

“I’m coming.”

I locked myself in the bathroom and took a cold, ice cold shower. His words were not leaving me alone. They were flying around me like a mosquito did back then in summer.

“No, no later.”

“That’s wonderful news!”

“I miss you.”

“They know about us.”

“Elio?”

“Elio, Elio, Elio, Elio, Elio, Elio, Elio.”

Fuck.

What have I done?
This year’s summer resident is arriving in exactly 15 days. Which means that the room was mine for the next two weeks. This time I wasn’t forcing anything like I did last year and years before. Just said Okay, I’ll move when the student gets here. Last year I threw a tantrum, moping about why should I give up my room when the room next to it has a perfectly new bed to sleep on. No, it has to be the one with the beds, the room is bigger, said my mother. Oh, like anyone would spend their time inside the room when it’s summer. The argument kept going and going until I was the one who gave up. Little did I know that the last two weeks of last year’s summer resident I’d be spending every night in that room. With him.

It was ending of June and I had just finished my junior year in high school barely a week ago. My grades were excellent and I got all sorts of compliments from a lot of professors. I was proud of my work, despite all the shit I went through for the past couple of months. I never let anything held me down or stop me, when it came to studying or reading, I was the right guy for the job.

The student was, on my surprise, a woman this time. All I knew was that her name was Jessica, she’s 23 years old and that her specialty was sociology and politics. Odd combination but when we talked on the phone with her she seemed alright. Her picture had shown me the ideal woman’s look, or perhaps what are men after, I’m just a kid, what do I know: long blonde hair, blue eyes, full lips and a smile that can kill a man in miles to come. My father was very pleased with having a woman join our little family. She emphasized her love for art and philosophy so there’s something we could find in common and maybe be friends this summer. Just friends.

The first thing I did when we got back was to stuff my closet with all of my clothes, old and new. Also, I decorated my floor and all the shelves with new books. The bed next the one I have been sleeping on was empty, the books were taken back to Milano when we left last summer. And I were to start piling them now, It’ll take me forever to move them with me. So I left the other part of our bed untouched. I counted the number of the books I read between January and June, it was 22 books. I was feeling very good, perhaps, Sun is all I needed.

My parents were sorting out all the furniture and Mafalda was on her dusting duty. Anchise walked around to inspect the fruit trees, some needed to be picked and some needed time to grow. The house hadn’t been in touched in six months. All of a sudden, the house felt so warm and
welcoming, maybe, like me, all it needed was Sun.

What happened in December almost got the best of me, for the second time around. It was a hard month, too much nightmares, panic attacks, tears and questions about myself and what the hell am I doing to put my body and soul into and through this kind of mess. I even thought about making an appointment about talking to someone but never did. I never talked at home about it, with neither of my parents. It didn’t seem right to bother them but they were there, even though I never asked them, and comforted me so many many many times. First of all, I’d be talking to a stranger about my male lover and him leaving me and marrying a woman. Second of all, I wasn’t ready to expose myself that easily or that soon. And final, who knows how will he or she react when a child talks about his summer romance with a grown ass man.

In January, Oliver called again. Ever since the last phone call I’ve been avoiding to answer to anyone, no matter who called, Elio never answers the phone. The only times I would answer is when nobody was at home, and I’d pick up the phone and let for the other person to speak first, besides that I’d always let somebody else answer it. I was still dreading of picking up the speaker and hearing his voice announcing that the wedding went well, or that his wife is pregnant. In all honest truth, I’d jump up and down awaiting his call if I were to found out that his marriage fell apart. But that would be lowest of the lows ever, an insolence, low self-esteem, hatred towards myself, who does that? Who would jump right into something like this? What? His marriage falls apart and then he’ll run over here back to me, is that it? Is that even normal? Who says that he’s coming back to me, at all? And who says I’d take him back? Maybe, when and if his marriage does fall apart one day, he’ll go anywhere but here. Maybe he’d sense a sheer indiffereance when we talked back in December and think that this is it, that I don’t want to hear anymore from him. It’s true, I don’t want to hear from him. I don’t want that Oliver. I want the one who was here from July do August of 1983, I want that summer, those days, those emotions, I want that Oliver. Not this one. Not the year of 1984, not this 25-year-old divorcee, not this heart-breaker. Not this Oliver. No. I’d settle for that summer anytime, whenever with a sense of numbness about what time is it and what year is it. I’d take that Oliver back in a heart-beat. That young, 24-year-old soon to become a philosophy professor, who’s still researching for his book, whose seeding his short shorts all over his room and our shared bathroom, that man with soft blonde hair, deep blue eyes, soft skin, sneaky feet, bright smile, mind like his that can vow millions and millions of women around him if they only knew what he was talking about and weren’t just there waiting for him to bone them. That guy! That Oliver I would welcome inside my bed, inside me and inside my life and world, again and again, over and over again.

On January the 10th he called, only this time, he called our house in Milano. I was even avoiding that phone too because I had a feeling that he’d be onto it. After that call in December, my father called him a few times. It was him who did all the talking, he called to see what’s new and Oliver informed him that the wedding should be held in April and that he misses us, me the most and feels bad that things are now cold between us. All my father did was hum and nod and then add something like I need time and that everything was going to be alright. I wasn’t there to hear him say all that but I believe that that was the day my father gave him our number in Milano.

My mother picked up the phone, it was 9 in the morning which means that it was 3 in the morning in the States. She talked to him for about 20 minutes and then, even though she was hesitant, eventually gave up and gave me the speaker.

“Hello?”

“Elio, hi…”

She sounded glad to hear me but with a hint of coldness, like he was drawing a line between us and
was watching not to cross it.

“Hey.”

“Hey, I’m sorry, I don’t know how are you going to look at this but I called to wish you a happy birthday, so…happy birthday, Elio.”

I wanted to scream on the phone and tell him that it was a good and happy one before he called. And to add fuel to the fire, it was morning which meant that day was yet to start. Did he really had to call that early and ruin my day and my 18th birthday? I guess he did. He ruined Hanukkah for me, why not my birthday. Instead I did nothing out of it. No matter the anger and the sadness bubbling up inside me, I still had my manners, something he couldn’t take away from even if he tried.

“Hm, thank you, Oliver. Thank you so much.”

“I wish you have a great day.”

“We’ll see…”

“So, what’s new?”

“Nothing, still…everything is the same…”

There was an awkward silence between us. I wasn’t used to it, we always had something to day. And even when we didn’t, back in December, I’d sense his emotions around me. That was the moment I knew that not even an awkward silence could damage us, it’s good when you’re silent with someone. That was when I could still feel his love. And now, nothing. It’s over.

“Am I forgiven?”

“Why do you ask that?”

“No reason. Just answer.”

“Does it really matter now?”

“I guess not…”

Another awkward silence.

“I have to go but thank you for calling…”

“Elio, stop.”

“Why?”

“I feel bad…I don’t know what to say or what to do to convince you that I…”

He stopped he swallowed whatever was next on his mind.

“Why did you stop?”

“I don’t know. I know you must hate me know so much and…”

“Hate you? I could never hate you, Oliver. All I did was love you with all I had, I don’t know
about you or how do you feel that way.”

“You don’t know? Did you seriously just say that to me?”

“Let’s say I did.”

“What do you want me to do? You won’t let me tell you the whole story.”

“And I still don’t want to hear it.”

“Elio, please…”

He took a long pause.

“You know what, never mind. I don’t want to pick a fight now or today. Happy birthday again, Elio. I hope there’s going to be a time and place when we meet again and we can at least keep our friendship like it was.”

And then it hit me. Because it was my birthday and because he was troubling himself with calling so late in the night or so early in the morning just to hear me and wish me a happy day, at least I could do is let him off the hook, just a bit. I’d strangle him if he were closer to me.

“You’re right, I’m sorry, I wasn’t head it that way. Thank you again.”

Why was I the one apologizing?

“It’s so early, why aren’t you sleeping?” I asked.

“I can’t. Restless, I guess.”

“You remembered it’s my birthday.”

“I told you already, I’m like you, I remember everything.”

I smiled. Did I want him to know I was smiling or did he know me too well and enough to know that I was already smiling, or smiling ever since I heard his voice?

We proceeded to talk about my school and his school. I got the friendly vibe from him, perhaps because we weren’t no where near each other to distract or touch. It felt good. Not as good as it was month before but the pain I was feeling was going down bit by bit.

Did I want him back? Like I said, not this Oliver. But Oliver from months and months before. That’s it.

February, March and April had passed by so quickly. All of a sudden it was May and I found myself recalling those three months. I was sleeping a lot, going to school, reading, studying, nothing special.

February would always be remembered when I had a girlfriend for two months and this time I didn’t hold back. Her name was Lily and I was completely, over heels smitten with her. But that was just that, I was smitten and I was still looking for those burning feelings and desire I had when I was with him, because that felt so good and so right. The second I find someone who could awake those feelings inside me, except for him, I’ll stop looking for the rest. Those emotions were the source of my life last summer, I refuse to live without it.
It felt good to have a human being next to me as we were spending almost every single night together. Some nights we had sex and on the others we were just staying in, watching movies and talking. I kept my mouth shut about Oliver. He was, like I was to him, only a summer story both of us will tell our children one day with a bit of a plot twist: In the summer of 1983, one student whose name is Oliver, stayed with us, wrote his book and had the best time of his life. I should know, it was because of my credits.

She had short brown hair and blue eyes, she’d always wear skirts, dresses with sneakers. I liked her style and the way she was referring to her American culture. We slept for the first time after a month of dating and ended the relationship after another month because she wasn’t feeling good when it came to me. She even went to the therapist and they prescribed her some medication, for her depression. I wanted to be with her, next to her, to help her get through this but she kept pushing me away, calling me names, physically assaulting me. I pulled back on my own but stayed close in case she needed me. It broke my heart to see her go through this and I was powerless. We remained friends but didn’t see each other that often.

April was a disaster. Maybe because I lived with the thought of his marriage being in April that I lived through hell each day fearing and thinking that this is the day he’s waiting for her down the altar, this is the day they say their vows to each other and commit to spending the rest of their lives together, this is the day their best men and bride’s maids would stand and read their speeches about how happy the bride and the groom are. My father knew the exact date of their wedding but I never asked, and he never told me. Those 30 days were a living hell, for sure.

Oh, and there was this tiny moment of weakness when I slept with another man. Right now, it seemed to be light years away. He was a guy from my school and we met at a party celebrating another friend’s birthday. One thing led to another, and the next thing I knew I was standing drunk in his bedroom. His name is not important just that he was my age and what brought us together was a “Beatles” song that was on. We drank and drank and, in the middle of the birthday party, I stopped to think that this is the most fun I have had in months. He never struck me as someone who would jump in the bed with another guy but here we were. Drunk and reckless. He kissed me in front of that friend’s house, I didn’t hesitate so I deepened the kiss. We stumbled back to his place because he said he wanted to be with me that night, because he said that his parents were not at home and it was way too early to go home now. He undressed me and all of a sudden I was shaking in front of a complete stranger, I jumped into something with zero feelings. It was a complete disaster. He didn’t need to open me, I was already there and ready for him, but after five or six thrusts I was crying my eyes out. He stopped immediately and pulled out. Like I stranger I never knew I needed in my life and a true friend that night, he dressed us both as I was crying and apologizing asking him to forget all of it and to never speak to me again because I was a total disgrace. He denied all of it and held me tightly on his bed until I was out of tears. It reminded me of that evening up in the attic when Oliver found my peach and ate it. It was a type of affection I didn’t know I needed, but I was craving it anyway. I was more worried of him spreading the word of Elio Perlman being a total pussy in bed and yet I thought about it again and thought that this guy will not tell anyone that he had sex with another guy. It effected the both of us. No feelings, no thoughts, no caution, I went with him home because I was drunk and vulnerable. But he was no where near Oliver. Eventually I explained to the poor guy why I was balling. At the ending of the night he knew all about Oliver and myself and our time together, him leaving me and him calling to announce his marriage. He drove me home that night and promised to keep it just between the two of us. I was more worried about that secret with Oliver than I was about him telling his buddies and eventually laughing at me and my poor skills in bed. That night I cried in the shower for two hours straight. That one awful night did the job by itself on ruining the whole month for me. I was too embarrassed to face him but I had to anyway, he seemed to be okay with everything and at the end of the month, so had I.
May came and gone, I was more focused on studying and not going out as I had a habit of doing the entire month. I needed good grades to get into a good college. At the ending of May we celebrated my parents’ 20 years anniversary. We held the party in our backyard, invited the family from all over of place and actually had a decent time. It was fun, seeing them so happy and in love like the first day. That night I got into thinking about what my father said to me months and months ago, about him coming close to having something similar like Oliver and I had. Funny, that seemed to be so long ago and yet so much had happened in between and I was still following his voice whenever I would feel trapped. Mom’s too.

Then June rolled around I was excited about coming back to the villa. That place was a totally different thing now that it has been six months since we were staying in it. The villa changed like the seasons did. During those months in autumn and winter it was quiet and at peace but during summer it was shining, vibrant colors surrounding me, fruits growing and showing their blushed bodies as a sign to be picked and eaten, Sun was welcomed so easily, the music I played was so loud and matching the vibes all around the place, mom was reading and leaving her books all around the place and, on not her intention, leaving them for me to find it, dad was sorting out his paperwork for this year’s resident. We were all very excited to welcome her into our little family. This was the first year when I was actually excited and nervous about meeting the student. That never happens. I’m always trying to vacate the place as soon as possible and just let them be. But no, this time I was looking forward to meeting her, I just hope she’ll be into hanging out with a child.

This felt good, it felt right, it was like I was finally letting myself go and opening up to new adventures and opportunities. After him, all I did was learn that people are temporary and no matter the effect they had and carried on with them, it’s risky falling for something or someone during summer. Because the summer isn’t going to last forever even though that was what I was trying to do exactly one year and two weeks ago, it was useless. Like people, time is also temporary, it’s just the matter of question to whom are you willing to give all your time. Last year that happened to be Oliver and this year, it was Lily and maybe Jessica. Nothing has to come out of it. I just wished I had one friend I wasn’t destined to lose. That’s why it felt good meeting and getting to know this year’s summer resident but at the same time I was terrified of what might happen. Who knows? No one does. We’ll see. I never could’ve predicted what I had with Oliver. But that was the line I wasn’t ready to cross. I just wanted a friend I could talk to. Just a friend I wasn’t destined to lose.

After I had finished my school work, mom was done with her work in the boutique and dad had graded the final exams of his students, we started packing for our summer vacation. Maybe it was because of the colors around me, or maybe it was because I was finally ready to put last summer behind me, but everything felt so good. A different good than when we were coming back in the autumn/winter period. It felt good and it felt right. The best thing I could do I take one day at a time and if that was a lot or hard for me, I’d take one hour at a time and if even that was too much, I’d take one minute at a time. Minute by minute. Take one step in and not think about the next two. It should be easy, I thought as I was stuffing my bag with my swimming trunks. The pool was waiting for me and so was the river. One day at a time. Minute by minute.

The day we arrived to the villa, that was the day summer of 1984 began.
One morning I awoke to the sound of Anchise mowing the lawn. The noise was killing me, my head was pounding and the smell of fresh mowed grass made me sneeze so early in the morning. I got up to blow my nose into a tissue and realized there was no point going back to bed, I was awake. I made my bed and opened the closet door to pick something out for today. It was a very sunny day, even in bed I began sweating how hot it was. The day was made for just lying in the Sun and doing nothing. So that’s what I decided to do. I put on my swimming trunks and sunglasses and I was off.

Ever since we’ve arrived here I began waking up very early every morning and by 1 or 2 after midnight I’d be in bed again. Didn’t feel tired at all. I guess all I needed was time to get used to a different weather and finally being in the nature a year later.

It was 8 in the morning and, on my surprise, I was the only one up. No one in the living room, no one in the study room and no one outside. Except for Anchise, the devil behind my early awakening. Him and the Sun. I waved at him from the kitchen and proceeded in finding something to eat. I opened the fridge to look for something to put in my stomach.

Mafalda soon appeared behind me and pushed me aside.

“Hey!” I raised my voice and hands. She’s a strong little woman.

“I have to start breakfast.” She said as she kept looking through the fridge.

“No you need help?”

“Here.” She handed me ten eggs. “Take that pot and put water in it.” She pointed her head towards the dish as I was gathering all the eggs in my arms.

“Then what?”

“What do you think? Put it on the stove and turn it on.”

And so I did. And that wasn’t it. She made me make coffee, tea as she was making apricot juice. She called me her little kitchen maid and made a joke about waking up tomorrow morning this early too to help her again. I hesitated but then told her I’ll try. Why not? There’s nothing else to
do around here until this summer’s resident shows up. And even I was rushing with that too, who says we’ll become friends at all. She was my only hope. And I couldn’t wait for Marzia to get here but that’ll be until the beginning of July.

The breakfast was served very soon and everybody sat down. We enjoyed the 50% of food I helped Mafalda prepare and laughed all along the way through eating. She proudly called me her little helper and even my mother was impressed. I couldn’t believe how everything felt so good and so real. If I was to wake up early every morning and help Mafalda with breakfast or be around to help her at all with any type of preparation, I’d be the happiest kid alive.

After breakfast we parted. I stayed to collect the plates and hand them over to Mafalda. But that wasn’t the end. She dragged me in and made me wash the dishes as she was cleaning the table.

“Don’t you want to eat?”

I asked as I was soaping the sponge, she kept stacking the dishes on one another. It’s weird, I don’t remember ever seeing her take a bite out of any of the food she was preparing. She was so used to running all over the place to make all the food for us that I was so blinded by it and never notice the poor woman eat, but she didn’t seem thin and she was always so full of energy.

“I already ate.” She replied walking in and out of the villa.

“When?”

“Before you.”

“When did you wake up?”

“I slept in this morning. I woke up at 7.”

“What about dinner? Don’t you ever eat?”

“You don’t worry about me, Elio. I eat, I eat after you and sometimes before you.”

Mafalda has been with us for 15 years now. She’s been there the longest and was actually the one person I remember, not including my parents, who has been here through it all. She saw all sides of me, she has been there for so many birthdays, anniversaries, dinners, lunches, breakfasts, heartaches, sickness’, pain, happiness, good and bad times. Even though we weren’t related, she was a true family member. I knew she had three children and all three of them were all grown ups and moved way from Italy to go and live their lives, two of them went to France and one went to Germany. In summer and winter she’s with us and the other months she would be spending in either of those two countries. I don’t know the deal with her husband, I never asked and she never felt the freedom to talk about it, or didn’t want to. But in over all, I love her so much and I’m grateful to have such a wonderful teacher throughout my life about really anything.

“This is done. Do you need anything else?”

I asked as I was washing my hands with cold water.

“If you’re not doing anything…”

“No, no…tell me how can I help?”

“Open the fridge and take those cucumbers and tomatoes out. I have to start lunch.”
“It’s still early, it’s 10 in the morning.”

“I know but there’s so much to do and it’s better if I start now.”

I did as I was told and decided not to question anything again. I did even more than she asked, I peeled the cucumbers and washed then along with tomatoes and took the pit out with a knife. By that point I realized I could’ve done it with my fingers like I did to that poor peach almost a year ago.

“Do you need anything else?”

“No, no, this is too much. Thank you for helping me, Elio.”

“Anytime.”

I hugged her and kissed her cheek. It’s weird, I felt such a connection to this woman. Or was this me finally realizing the meaning of family?

Right after breakfast, dad ran off to his study room to enjoy his usual smoke and got through a book or two and mom was outside waiting for her friends to come over for coffee or tea and usual gossip. It’s been four days since we arrived and this is the first day she invited them to come over. Usually she doesn’t know how to or refuses to wait and calls them the same day we get here, so when she’s sipping coffee, we’re cleaning the house. This time she waited until we’re all done then invite her little spiders for refreshments.

I wasn’t bored. I had a lot to do and I didn’t know where was the beginning and where was the end to it. I could read another book, start transcribing again, go sunbathe, go for a swim, run to town on my bike to see if anyone’s at piazza to hang out with, be with my father in his study room, go outside and play guitar, help Mafalda with preparations for lunch and guests…so much and yet I couldn’t bring myself to start any of it. Even thinking about it made the times ran pass and through me.

Me helping Mafalda only made me feel even better than I was at that moment. So I decided on finally going for a swim. Pool or river? Pool, I wanted to be close by and the water was cleaner than that swamp, like my mother said. There was no one in the backyard and Anchise already mowed here so he wouldn’t be appearing any time soon. I took my shirt off and sat down on the edge of the pool. This was the first time I would swim ever since we got here. First, I dipped my toes into the pool to test the water. The water was cold but it was exactly what I needed on that sunny morning. Later on, I just I jumped right in and began swimming back and forth so many times. After that I’d be just sitting in the corner of the pool with my hands on both sides of my body, leaning of my elbows with head turned to the Sun. Again, I welcomed the Sun to easily. It awoke in me such warmth and pulled out a smile on my face. Breathe in, breathe out, again and again, over and over again.

It hasn’t dawned on me to check the time and when I did I realized it was almost noon. I have been around the water for two hours now. It’s time to get out.

When I went inside, with my wet hair and wet foot steps the phone rang. My heart skipped a beat. It usually did that whenever the damn thing would make noise. I feared the most, I wasn’t mentally ready to go through that again.

“Phone!”

Nobody was answering.
“The phone is ringing! Anyone!?"

Still nobody.

“You know I’m not answering it!”

And I went straight upstairs. Before I could totally leave the downstairs behind me and heard my father rushing from the outside, apparently he was with my mother and her friends. They knew my rule about that damn phone and never said anything, only rushed to answer even if I was standing next to it.

“Hello…oh, hey, how are you…good…good, really…that’s wonderful…of course, you know our policy…of course it is…I’m so happy to hear this! I’ll go spread the word.”

He sounded genuinely happy to hear from that person and who ever was on the phone he’d soon spread the word. It was probably his colleague call to tell that he or she would be going somewhere for their vacation. Or maybe someone of our relatives called to ask if they could stay with us for some time, but then they’d be using the guest house and not my room. My room was reserved for his students only.

I went straight to the bathroom and took my trunks off, jumped in the tub and ran another dose of water on my body. Soon I’d dry myself and dress into another pair of swimming trunks. Breathe in, breathe out, I kept thinking as I tumbled on my bed ad grabbed the first book next to my head I could find.

A knock on my door.

“Elio?” It was my father.

This is the moment when he’d say that our guest house would soon be occupied with people I have never met before but as soon as they’d show up, they’d jump onto me and say “Elio, just look at ow much you’ve grown, don’t you remember me? I remember you when you were a baby”. I’d just shake my head with an awkward smile and politely hug them.

“Come in…” I said and put the book down on my chest.

“Hey um…I have something to tell you.”

He walked in and closed the door behind him.

“What? What’s wrong?”

“Oh nothing serious, it’s just um…on the phone, that was um…It was Oliver. Oliver called.”

Oliver who? He seemed light years away. Why would he be calling now? To tell us that his wife is pregnant, to tell us that they’re moving to suburbia, to tell us that his marriage fell apart? My father sounded happy over the phone so I don’t think it was the last part.

“What did he want?”

“He’s uh, coming over.”

I stopped.

What?
What?
Wait…what?

“Wha-what, wh-why, when…um…what?”

I stuttered.

“In a few days…”

“What do you mean he’s coming over?”

“He’ll be staying with us. He’s meeting his Italian publisher in five days.”

“When will he be getting here?”

“He just called to see if his room is still free. He’ll be here in two days, he’s leaving tomorrow from New York city.”

“I’m sorry, his room? Why doesn’t he move to the guest house?”

“It’s not cleaned yet.”

“I’ll go clean it now…”

“No, you don’t have to. I know this is all so sudden and weird but um, could you move out tomorrow?”

“Yeah, sure, no problem.”

“Good, good. Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, dad.”

“Okay, just wanted to let you know. I’ll go tell the others.”

“Okay…”

And he walked out.

Okay, let’s go through this again. Oliver, the one and only, the heart-breaker, dream crusher, incapable of so few things, devious piece of shit would be coming over…in two days. Wait, that doesn’t seem too real. He’ll be staying in this room, this room where I’m lying right now, where we used to lay just the two of us, naked, no clothes, just us…he’s coming over? Business trip as I recall. My head started pounding as I was getting up and on the way realizing that the room was spinning. This can’t be real, this can’t be happening. Why is this happening? All over again, again and again… what is he doing, what am I doing? Wait, what am I doing? Why am I getting so worked up over this? Because I’ll be seeing him again? But he’s married, his wife is home, maybe pregnant, maybe not and he’s still writing, that was good to hear especially because he told me he’s not inspired to write ever again. Wait, wait, off the track here. Oliver is coming over to stay with us for what…three days…and then he’ll meet with his publisher and then he’ll be off again. Okay, so we have three days together, of course, if he’s up for it. Three days to relive what we did last summer…yeah…

I turned around and took a good look at the beds.
I should push them together. There’s no way two bodies could fit in one, I mean, we can try but it will be hard. We managed to do it in the other room, two bodies and one bed. But now there’s no need to move out, I’ll wait for him naked, under the covers, or maybe on top of it, he likes it when I’m waiting for him with nothing on it. Okay, I have an entire day to figure out how am I going to welcome him here.

Oh my goodness Oliver is coming over. I could just jump up and down with happiness.

What I need is a slap across my stupid ass face.

Hello! He’s coming over to stay for three days, meet his publisher and then he’s off to his wife. What am I doing? What is happening now? Like I said before, if I ever see him that doesn’t mean we’ll get back together…right away…no, not at all. I’m suppose to hate him. No…indifference is better than hatred.

What is going to happen when I see him? Would those feelings come back? I hope when those good feeling come back, I could see what happened in August and December. Those were the breaking point.

Stop, stop, stop, my head is going to explode. Did I really just plan to sleep with a married man? Oh God I need to lay down.

And I did.

Wait, okay... breathe...i'll see him again. After almost a year. Okay, breathe, please...

Okay, calm down. Oliver is coming here in two days. Okay. I wonder what he looks like. If he’s still handsome. I hope his hair would fall off. Is his skin as soft as it was a year ago? I hope his teeth are rotten now. I bet he’s still smiling even brighter than ever. I hope he’s stupid now. Stupid and old and ugly. I feel like the worst person who ever lived for wishing those things to him, and if i had to pick i’d choose that he’s become really, really dumb.

It’s a good thing I never answered the phone. That stupid, now good, rule of mine just saved me from another roller coaster ride with his decisions and my emotions. Fuck you, Oliver, I’ve doing so good until you called.

Fuck. Calm down. You have two days to get your shit together.

Oliver.

Oliver.

Oliver.

Oh God, I can’t do this.

Chapter End Notes

What a roller coaster with Elio’s thoughts. I hope i did him justice.
Welcome back

Chapter Summary

Someone's back at the Perlman's villa.

Chapter Notes

Ugh, i am so excited for you guys to read this. I have planned this for so long and now i’m super happy that this story is finally out of my head and here for you to read. Hope you like it and enjoy! Lots and lots of love!!❤

Two days, okay. What to do, what to do? So many things had to be done. So many things I have to think through. I’ve closed up emotionally ever since what happened back in December, it’s still too much for me. But, like I said, seeing him isn’t going to make me go back to him immediately. Us, like he said us, meeting can go down in only two possible ways, and both seemed a bit unreal. Either it’s going to be like this when we meet again: he’ll drop his things, run off to me, hug me tightly and kiss me in front of my parents, Mafalda and Achise. Or: we’ll shake hands like when we did the very first time and both of will go our separate ways. One or two? This or that? Good or bad Oliver? Oliver, Oliver…fuck…

There was this big question that has been lingering around my head ever since I received the news couple of hours ago – I spent my entire time lying on the bed and thinking through my next move – the big thought was: Will we start as friends? Will he be friendly even though I was hurt, destroyed, broken? Or will he be all awkward, watching his every move, keeping his mouth shut about his wife and unborn child, still, I imagine her lying on their big king size bed looking over at Central Park, rubbing her belly and whispering to the fetus that his or hers daddy will be back in a week.

Friends or not?

It’s been a year since we met, almost a year that is. It started very casual with just me feeling the need to be around him and his big mouth all the time. Once I realized that I wanted us to be more than friends, I confronted him. Something came out but he wanted to be good and cautious. Pussy. Later, we’ve kissed on the berm, my secret spot, played footsies right under my parents’ eyes and then we grew cold. He was out somewhere every night while I was waiting for him to finish the job and I was with Marzia one night. Then the note, then our first night and everything that followed, we’d made love in the morning, in the afternoon, while everybody was in the villa, when the villa was empty, in the attic, underneath the river. Three days in Bergamo and even that is a story for itself, after he left we’ve talked couple of times, the first time we had an accidental phone sex and that was, still, for me so weird and I couldn’t bring myself to do it again, nothing without him. Then he ruined me again in December with his stupid marriage, then he called in January to wish me a happy birthday and that’s when I started to feel bad for the guy. He deserved all the hatred in the world but I couldn’t bring myself to hate him as much as I wanted to and felt like it. And now he’s coming over to stay with us, to sleep in our bed, to get over his manuscript in the
backyard, to sunbathe in his heaven…and me? Fuck, this is too much for me. I’m not sure I was ready to go over it again. One time was enough.

Unless he’s up for it.

It’s his decision, he’s the one who moved on. I did too, in a way, but I only dipped my toe with Lily, Isabelle and that guy but he went all in, his entire body was already fast forward to the future I was afraid of never having it with him. He was already living the life I wanted with him. And his wife, oh how I wish she knew…oh how I wish she knew about him and I. Oh how I wish everybody knew so that they could stay away from him and then he’ll be left all alone in the world and I believe that I was the only person who would want him in all the ways he could possibly come. Because I was the other ending of that freak show, sickness or whatever people would call us. Keeping it as a secret is one thing but showing off to the world is a completely different story. And the thing that kills me the most…it’s not him leaving, or his wife or his picture perfect marriage with her…it’s that I was willing to go to and beyond those lines of showing off in public with him, not minding who says what. I was the one who was ready to dance in the street nights of Bergamo that day after the party, but he ran off with a girl. I too was afraid of what might happen, but he was the older guy, the more experienced one, I wish he could make me a promise to always protect me, keep me safe and shelter me from everybody who had their minds set to destroy me. That was the worst part. He couldn’t even be there when I needed him the most. But, come to think of it, if he were here when I needed him the most…that makes no sense…I needed him the most when I was crying my eyes out, day after day, crying myself to sleep because he left me, and if he were there to comfort me…again, it makes no sense. He was the reason I was crying at night and he were here to keep me safe then I wouldn’t be crying. He’s the only person who made me cry and made me feel safe at the same time. One doesn’t work without the other. I needed and I wanted him to stop me from crying because of him, himself.

It doesn’t make sense.

Okay, so much stuff to do, enough thinking. First I need to move out, but dad said I can do that tomorrow. But I couldn’t wait until tomorrow, I was super excited that he’s coming but at the same time I’m shitting my pants. Take this shirt, this one, these trunks, this shirt, this sweater…

Then the books, one book here, one book there, three up here, two down there. A boy who lived inside a book. It was tempting for me whenever I’d see a book I didn’t even know I had and to just lay on my bed and read it cover to cover. But I had no time for that.

I prayed to God for Mafalda not to change the sheets. I want him to smell me when he gets here in two days.

That day went by so quickly with only thoughts about Oliver. About him packing his stuff, saying goodbye to his wife, driving to the airport, flying to Milano, from Milano to Clusone in the train and from there to here…I guess Anchise would be the one to pick him up, and my cleaning. That night I fell asleep after hours and hours of turning around and waking up to go to the bathroom, drinking water, checking my watch, looking outside. He wasn’t even here and I felt like I was walking on egg shelves. Two days, relax.

Then tomorrow came and it started like it did normally. I woke up early, helped Mafalda in the kitchen with preparations for breakfast again, had breakfast, went for a swim in the pool, went back in to help Mafalda prepare lunch. I gave those green and red stuff to prepare the salad like I did the day before, put water in the pot and eventually washed those dishes.
The lunch was served shortly after and I took pleasure in watching them eat those tomatoes and cucumbers knowing that I handed them to Mafalda. After lunch, I took out my scorebook, tapes and my walkman and took my usual seat at in the back yard where I transcribed almost all of my stuff. I transcribed when we were in Bergamo together.

“Elio?” My mother showed up after some time, carrying a book in one hand a pack of cigarettes in the other.

I took my headphones off.

“Tesoro, Oliver called again.”

I hate that phrase.

“Now what?”

“He’s arriving tonight, not tomorrow morning, like he said. He just called from the train station.”

“What, he’s already here…that soon?”

“Yeah, instead of sleeping the entire next day, like he said, he’ll be here tonight and have a good night sleep and he’ll be off to work by tomorrow.”

“No filter.”

“Exactly. Just wanted to let you know. He’ll be here in couple of hours.”

“Okay mom, thanks.”

He’s here. He’s walking the same ground I am resting my feet on now. He’s retracing his steps like he did a year ago. Is he carrying the same luggage? That beige backpack and leather bag. I wonder if there is any other new shirt I can steal from him again. What about those short shorts? Red is mine but there’s also yellow and green. Maybe a new color: white, the color of innocence, angelic color that describes me before him and black, the color of his soul after he left me and tore my heart apart. Black and white? Angel and devil. We make a perfect couple.

To do him or not to do him? Do him or not? Yes or no? I mean, if he’s up for it, sure. That’s what I have been circling around my head after she left. To fuck him or not? To let him fuck me or not? Oh who am I kidding. Of course, of course we’re going to fuck when we see each other. I mean, how can we not? I can’t compose myself around him, let’s see what will happen after restraining my sexual tension for six months.

I watched Anchise get into his green car and driving off. Should’ve asked to go with him. He’ll be here soon. I went inside the house to do what I was feeling so weird doing: pushing the beds together. I’ll give my life on that point that we’re going to spend a night or two on them, I wanted for him to see them already glued together when he throws me on top of them and makes love to me again. And again…and again. I’d submit to it in a heart beat. Yes, I am that desperate. I am that needy.

The beds are done and I believe I even blushed at the end. I looked around the room and it looked pretty clean. I emptied the closet for him, made the beds for us, removed all of my books from the
desk so that he can place his stuff there or, as we did back then, place me on it and enter me again.

Shower. I took a long shower to wash away the pool and washed my hair, keeping the watch in sight and count the minutes when he gets here. Or better yet, soon I’ll hear Achise’s car park in front of the villa and I’ll check the watch to have it with me: Today, he arrived at 19:01, 20:26, 21:43, 22:04, 23:17… I’ll carry those numbers with me whenever I would go.

Later on, I looked at the mirror and realized I looked super exhausted because of a restless night and that I need a make-over. So I picked up my razor and the smallest amount of shaving cream and removed those baby boy mustaches I’ve been growing since May. I failed at growing them so I removed them in one hand slide. I dried and combed my hair even though my curls grew and were in the same length as my ears, I tried to style them but failed so I’ll greed Oliver with a messy curly hair like I use to mess up his. Brushed my teeth, cleaned my ears and went back to my bedroom to put some clothes on. Like I originally planned, ever since I received the news on his arrival since yesterday afternoon, I dressed myself in his Billowy and my swimming trunks, a combination of him and I and soon, or maybe tomorrow morning, it will be you and in like in one, one body, one soul, one person, same name.

I was ready and as I was about to enter the bathroom again to wash my face I heard Anchise’s car outside. My heart skipped a beat as I stayed in once place. Don’t go to the window, he’ll come to you. I checked my watch, 19:11. Okay, 19, 11. Carry those numbers with you.

The front door opens. The house is really, really old so I decided to listen to them greet our last year’s summer resident from where I was standing in the bathroom we used to share.

“Oliver! Oh my goodness! Welcome, welcome, welcome!” My father sounded ecstatic.

“Hello! Thank you, thank you, God, it’s good to be back!” He said. Has his voice grew deeper? Or was he yelling at his students all the time that he’s lost all control over it?

“Oliver, Oliver, my darling! Welcome back! You know you can’t just keep changing the time for us, we’ve got other stuff to do and people to welcome in…” My mother said.

“Well, I’ll try again later then…”

They laughed. Profoundly.

“Come, come, are you tired?” I heard my father ask.


“He’s upstairs, but he’ll be down in a minute.”

“Good…” Oliver said.

“Let me take your things.” My father said.

“Sure.”

“Signor Ulliva!”

“Ah, Mafalda!”

He was more happy to see her than he was coming back. Wait, did you come back just because of her? I know, her cooking rules but come on…
And then I heard this drama and laughter tie down completely as I was drying my face in a towel.

“Good evening.” Another voice said.

Wait, what?

A female voice?

Not my mom, definitely not Mafalda, she only spoke Italian to Oliver.

“Oh, by the way this is Lisa.” I heard Oliver say.

She sounds young. Not a familiar name. Not his mother, no. He has only one brother so it’s not his sister. The name sounds…American?

“Nice to meet you.” She said enthusiastically.

Am I that slow? This is not happening.

No fucking way.

No. Fucking. Way.

Now what?

What?

What?
Elio is facing someone from his past.

I am so overwhelmed by your responses to the previous chapter. Thank you so much! Here’s the continuation you all have been asking for. Hope you like it and lots of love!!

Who is that? His wife? I can’t believe he brought his wife with him, who else could possible be that? Well I guess the deal is off. Unless she wants to join us. Or watch maybe if she takes pleasure in it. Or I could watch them, or Oliver can watch us. Anything really. Who ever is down stairs with them, I’m sure it’s no one I have to be threatened by. Unless it’s the wife. Wife. Oliver wife. Oh, I’m going to be sick.

I heard them talking downstairs, laughing as I was glued to the floor, eyes widened at the towel in front of me. A shocking revelation for sure.

“Lisa, it’s so wonderful to finally meet you.”

“Thank you, mrs Perlman, you too. Oliver talks about you all the time.”

“I bet he does. Please, call me Annella and this is my husband Samuel.”

“Please, come in. We are more than glad to have you stay with us.” My father said. He sounded enchanted by her.

“Thank you so much.”

They are moving from the door to our living room. Can I just be here and avoid them for three days straight?

“Come, sit, sit. Do you want something to drink?”

“Oh, no thank you.”

“Oliver, you?”

“No, I’m good.”

Then I proceeded to listen to the three of them talk. My parents and…Lisa…Where’s Oliver in all
of this? Bathroom maybe? Maybe he followed Mafalda to the kitchen. Or maybe he’s sitting next to her, holding her knee with a hand where his wedding ring is and her hand over his also where her wedding ring is? She’s talking, he’s listening and letting her take the lead. Pussy.

Are those footsteps I hear? Footsteps? Upstairs. Is he coming here? I don’t know who is it, but someone is coming. I rushed from the bathroom to my bedroom and went straight to bed, covering myself up even though it was a warm summer evening.

A knock on the door. I’m not answering that either. Pretend you’re asleep, turn around, he can’t see you. But who ever it was, and I knew it was him, they just walked in.

What the hell is happening?

“Elio?” He whispered my name. My name is in his mouth again. Is this really happening?

How was a man that big of a posture capable to whisper and successfully do it? Not to mention his deep voice has totally disappeared once there were only darkness and myself in the bedroom.

“I know you’re not sleeping.”

He said out loud, sounding somewhat serious. I turned around to look at him.

I couldn’t believe he’s standing here. I couldn’t believe he was real. The one and only Oliver is back. So unreal.

He stood exactly where I wished he would stand a year ago as he would be taking his clothes off and joining me in the bed, eventually taking my clothes off as well. He hasn’t changed a bit. His ear length blonde hair still looked silky after so many hours of travelling. His deep ocean blue eyes were shining thanks to the lighting outside, it was still early for the Moon to show up and help him shine ever more. He wore his brown trousers and a tight black shirt which I wasn’t use to seeing, only baggy shirts but I guess that’s what married life does to you. Black looks good on him. His muscles were visible on his arms and veins were shown sliding down from his biceps to the palms of his hands. When I turned around, a second later, he smiled, his teeth were still there, all of them and he was smiling from ear to ear lifting those muscles around his eyes up to his eyebrows. Oliver didn’t change at all. No beard, no mustache, no bad teeth, no bald spots. His face looked so pure and innocent, but I know he wasn’t. Well I can only hope that he’s gotten stupid.

“How did you know?”

“You’re not sleeping on your stomach.”

So that gave me away. The only position he was used to seeing me in while I’d be sleeping next to him. I turned on other side and smiled back. Oliver closed the door behind him and made his way towards my bed. Our bed, we used to share all the beds in the villa.

“And it’s too early.” He said with a grin.

I chuckled looking up at this man who seemed like a ghost from the land of unknown. One year. Oliver? I can’t believe this is you.

“Hi…” I whispered.

“Hey…”

He sat next to my feet. His smell was mesmerizing but if I were to take a lucky guess, it’s his own
musk, his own sweat that I used to fall sleep and wake up next to every morning. This is weird, I was used to hugging him or kissing him whenever we would see each other. And now, nothing. It has gotten that cold between us.

“Oliver? Are you real?”

“You know I am.”

“I can’t believe you’re here.”

“Why? Am I that unpredictable?” He joked.

“No, I just thought I’d never see you again. Ever.”

“Well, I’m here now. What’s up?”

“All sorts of things.” I replied.

“Like?”

I shook my head as a response that there’s nothing good happening and that I don’t want to talk about that now. I sat in my bed with covers still hanging by my thighs. By that move I revealed his Billowy.

“You kept that.” He pointed with his blue eyes on my chest.

“Of course I did.” I never took my eyes off of him.

“Even after everything?”

“Even after everything.” I smiled.

There was a silence among us, he looked around the room and I was now staring at this man who, by physical appearance hadn’t change a bit, but mentally…

“So, where’s the wife?”

“She um…she’s not my wife. I mean, she’s downstairs but we’re not married.”

“Why not?”

“We never had the wedding. It should’ve been held in April but we never went through with it.”

“What happened?”

“My father died.”

That took me aback. I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. I know that they weren’t in best relations but I could sympathize about the death of a parent. I had no idea what it was like but I wanted him to know that I’m here for him. A terrible loss, I could cry for him but he seemed okay with it. Was this his get-away card?

“Oh my God, when?”

“Ending of March…and it really didn’t seem right to get married then.”

“Oliver, I am so sorry.”
“Yeah, thank you, Elio.”

I got up on my knees to hug him. He needs a friend right now and that’s all I can be to him, only if he’ll let me near him. That hug was friendly, a friend comforting another friend over a tragedy. I sat back and looked at him. Tears were forming in my eyes.

“Elio…don’t, please.” He said when he looked in my eyes.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry…I know you didn’t…you two.”

I said as I was wiping my tears away. I wish he would do that for me.

“Will you ever? Get married?”

“Maybe, eventually, yes, but not now.”

It didn’t really matter at that moment. We were talking, we were finally facing each other in person. I thought I’ll never see him ever again.

“Why did he die?”

“Stroke. It’s funny, you see…he’s a doctor and yet he only knew how to bull shit everybody else about a healthy life we should be living. Everyone except for him…”

“Was he old?”

“55 years old, he looked older.”

“Again, I’m sorry.”

“I know, I know.”

And then, he took my hand in his and brought it up to his lips to kiss it, keeping eye contact all the way. He kissed all my fingers, one by one and eventually the palm of my hand.

“I didn’t know she’ll be coming with you.”

“I didn’t either. She just latched on in the last minute. When I called and your father answered I told him it’s just me and when I called from the station and you mom answered I kept quiet about that.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know, maybe because of you.”

“I think it’s a little to late for that. Six months late, actually.”

He just looked at me. There was a hint in his eyes that he wanted to apologize and beg for my forgiveness. Instead he said nothing. Pussy.

“Will you be getting in?”

I motioned with my head to lay next to me.

“Sure, but I don’t want to do anything.”

He took his shoes off, lifted the covers and I made room for his big body to join in next to mine. Oliver laid down and like I did a year ago I latched onto his body, hugging his entire being to my
own and pushing my head up to the crook of his neck. I sighed when I felt him so close to me again. I couldn’t believe this was happening. Even though his future wife is sitting downstairs with my parents, and he was here with me, I was so happy at that moment.

Without even a word he lifted my face by my chin and kissed me. I could’ve peed myself of all the excitement. Is he really kissing me? After almost a year ago, we were kissing again, not counting the kisses we exchanged through phone. His lips were dancing magically on mine as I kept pushing my body deeper and deeper in his embrace. I moan in his mouth and didn’t even care at all. Now I am for sure certain that those feelings don’t go away on their own. I was still in love with him, but I didn’t want him to know that. Tongue was involved and he pulled me closer to him. I could’ve suffocated how close I actually was but I’d let him do it to me anyway. When we parted I smiled and he kissed my forehead. Did not expect that.

We laid there in total silence, listening to each other’s bodies respond to one another. I kept my eyes closed.

This felt so risky, but good. It was so unreal, like I said, I thought I’d never see him ever again. Let’s see what happens next.

“You said you didn’t want to do anything.”

“This doesn’t count.”

I giggled in his chest.

“So…If you’re interested at all hearing about my grades…”

“Oh I know all of them, I’m proud of you.”

“How could you have known?”

“Your father told me. We spoke a lot, actually. He’d call me and I’d call you when you weren’t around. I figured you didn’t want anything to do with me…”

“That’s true.”

He chuckled.

“Elio?”

“Hmm?”

I looked up at him.

“I really did miss you. I just wish there was a way I could show it to you but I’m in deep shit now. I can’t see where it’s beginning and where’s the ending of it.”

“I missed you too. Maybe I don’t believe you right now but give me a moment.”

He smiled and pulled me in for another kiss. This one lasted longer.

“Why so many kisses?” I asked when I was allowed to get some air in my lungs back.

“Does it bother you?” He asked.

“Not at all, it’s just your…”
“Then stop complaining about it.”

Another kiss and we stopped talking, just enjoyed the silence and each other’s scent. I have showered for him and he still smelled better than I did. Sweat versus shower gel, and he won.

“Oh, I missed this…” I breathed out.

He just hummed.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” I asked confused.

“What?”

“You’re not saying anything.”

“What do you want me to say?”

“Um, the truth…that you miss this too…don’t worry, I won’t run off and tell your wife that you still love lying down and kissing me.”

“She’s not my wife.” He said with a raised voice.

“Whatever. She will be very soon.” I was provoking him.

“You don’t know that.”

“Maybe I do…”

“What are you saying?”

“I’m not saying anything, I just thought you’d be married by now.”

“And If I was?”

“And if you were, would you still stay with me here, tonight, like this?”

“I don’t know.”

“Yes, Oliver, you do know. It’s alright, you can tell me, I won’t stalk you or follow you around the villa these three days. I won’t fall in love with you again.”

“And when did you fall out of love with me?”

Silence, I looked at him and he knew exactly what I was talking about.

“Okay, I have to go now.” He let go of me and was on his way out of the bed.

“Why? Because I’m right?” I opened my eyes to look at him.

He sat next to my feet again and began putting his shoes on.

“No, because this would be terribly wrong.”

“Would?” I asked.

“Yes, I’m not going to pretend like this hasn’t crossed my mind.”
“Oliver, there’s no “would” between us, we already went through this, it’s not new. I don’t understand what are you so scared of.”

“I’m not, I’m not scared. I’m going downstairs, are you coming?”

“No.” I replied immediately, trying to sound angry.

“You don’t want to meet her?”

“I want to but no, not now.”

“This is a new low, even for you.”

What the hell Oliver? A new low? How can you even say that to me?

“Why is this low, because I don’t want to meet your future wife? I can’t… I can’t go through this again. I’ll avoid the lady for the next three days.”

“You’re being ridiculous.”

“Maybe, but I’m fighting for myself here.”

“What’s there to fight for?”

“My broken heart.”

He stopped to look at me. There it is! The sadness and sorrow I wanted to see on his face, this is what I have been fighting with for the past year.

“Okay, you’re right we’ll talk tomorrow. I owe you that much.”

Oh no, you owe me so much more than a ridiculous conversation about how you met in college and kept breaking up because she was traveling, you were traveling, both of you had a lot to study, and how you never stopped thinking about her, even when we were together and all that nonsense. Instead I said none of it.

“Talk about what?”

“Us, and you’re finally going to sit down, shut up and listen what I’ve been trying to tell you for the past six months. Deal?”

I smiled with teeth.

“Deal.”

He smiled too, chuckled at least.

“I’ll come down and meet your fiancée in a few minutes.”

“Thank you. And please don’t call her that. It’s Lisa.”

“Fine, I’ll go and meet Lisa.”

He came back to kiss me again. His huge hands grabbed my face and pulled me closer, I melted when I felt his skin on mine. His scent left me dizzy.

And he walked out.
I stayed in my bed for a while after he left. I was dumbfounded. He’s not married. He’s not married. His father died. He lost a parent. And he doesn’t like it when I refer to her as his wife or his fiancée. Only Lisa. Putting aside my feelings, is everything alright? What is happening?

He doesn’t look happy.

I got up after maybe 10 minutes of moping around in bed. They were still talking loudly and laughing and I just wanted to get it over with.

Let’s meet Lisa.

I came down the stairs to find the four of them drinking wine and sharing their experiences of the traffic. Oliver and Lisa were sitting facing the wall and my parents were facing them. Oliver turned around at the sound of my footsteps.

“Elio!” My mother was the first one to notice me and make a sound.

“Hello everyone…”

Lisa stood up. She was wearing a long black dress with white high heels. Her hair was short and hazel with highlights, she curled them up for this special occasion, or was this her natural hair? Hazel eyes and a shy smile. No make-up, as I would guess. She looked good, nice and happy. Unlike Oliver who always looked good but not happy.

She went around the sofa and extended her right arm, the left one was busy holding a cup of wine. Really? Wine after that much travelling, then again…why not?

“Elio, hi, I’m Lisa.”

“Nice to meet you.” I said with a smile.

I shook her hand. I shook the hand of his possible future wife. I shook the hand with this person and already knew we had a lot in common: Oliver.

“Tesoro, want some?” My mother offered a cup.

“No, thank you.”

“You see, Elio, Lisa is a painter. And also plays the piano.” My father turned to me.

“No way, I play piano too!” I said enthusiastically.

“I told her.” Oliver said.

I glanced to him next to me and continue the conversation with my ex lover’s future wife. That sounds sick.

“Lately, I’ve been just transcribing my music…” I said.

“That’s amazing. I used to do it when I was younger.” She said.

“Elio barely lifts his head up from the scorebook…” My mother jumped in.

“I did too. My mother couldn’t bring me inside the house. We lived in the suburbs before we moved to the city. All I needed was Sun and silence, the music did the job for itself. Happiness.”
“Exactly.” I smiled at her.

She smiled at me.

I like this girl.

Especially because she reminded me of, well…me. My female version. Oliver, what are you doing?

Afterwards I went into a kitchen to get a glass of water. My father followed me.

“She’s nice.” He said.

“Yeah…very…did you know she was coming?”

“Not a clue. If I did then I’d let you clean the guest house.”

I chuckled.

“No need, I’ll be fine.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah, now let’s go.”

I drank the water and went back in, only just then realizing that I was wearing his Billowy for the public, I only wore it for Oliver. And if she were a cautious girlfriend, fiancée, future wife like I could’ve been but in a different tone, she’d recognize this shirt. He told me he bought it three years ago. I’m guessing they were still together back then. But she never said a word and I don’t believe she knew his clothing like I did. I knew my father knew I was laying. Of course I won’t be fine but I’ll manage.

“Oliver, I wish you could stay here and meet your successor.” My mother finally spoke to him.

“Oh, my heir. Who is he now?”

“It’s a woman actually. Jessica.” I replied.

“Sociology and politics.” My father proudly spoke.

We all shared some anecdotes on those two subjects and soon after, we all parted and went to sleep. It was something past 11 at night but these two were traveling all day and my parents were drunk. Should I sneak in and cuddle up next to him or between them? Wouldn’t they like that? I know I would.

I was the last one to head upstairs. This time I took the Billowy off and laid only in my trunks. I could sense them in the other room behind me, the walls are too thin I hoped to not hear what I dreaded hearing for so long.

So I came face to face with Oliver’s future wife. Seeing him was a bigger shock. Even though it has been a year and even though he hadn’t changed at all, I still felt like it was the summer of 1983 and I was yet to jump into something wonderful with this American. Everything seemed so new to me. I was excited. I was even more excited and nervous at the same time about what are Oliver and I going to talk about the next day. I’m so tired, I’m off to sleep.
Our spot

Chapter Summary

Finally, a different side of Elio.

Chapter Notes

Again, i am super overwhelmed by your comments and responses to the last two chapters. I know they're tough to deal with but i am using your ideas for what can happen next because i’m writing one day ahead. So enjoy this one and lots of love!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

But my sleep never came to me.

Who would’ve thought that after an entire day of travelling they’d have the energy to jump around drunk in the bedroom. I heard them laughing, moving their stuff around commenting on the house, my parents, myself. She has a big tongue on her, the question is does she know how to use it properly? Why were they talking about us?

“He’s so young…” She said. “How old is he?”

“18. He turned 18 in January.”

“He looks younger…where is his girlfriend?”

“I don’t think he has one.”

“Really? I thought you talk to them all the time. How is it possible that you don’t know if the kid is in a relationship?”

“He’s not a kid.”

“Right, an adult, whatever. He’s young, he should be with someone.”

“Okay, I don’t know about that. Change the subject please.”

Why was he the one changing, I wanted to hear the rest.

“Fine. Come here.” She said with a laughter that followed.

The bitch clearly has no idea that hearing her laugh is as closest I could think to a hyena. It was so loud and so close. Later, I heard them both laugh and the beds started moving. Oh, fuck. If it wasn’t for my thoughts that moment, I’d stick a hand down my trunks and I’d jerk myself off while listening to Oliver fuck another woman behind me. She started panting and moaning and asking for more, asking for him to go faster and deeper…fuck…this is too much.
Oliver has zero filters. Not only did he break my heart a year ago and then announced he was getting married, but he had the nerves to show up here with here and have sex with her right in front of me. I heard laughter and bed movements before I heard the loudest moan in the universe. Where did you find this woman!? They were fucking right in front of me. Right in front on me! Oliver! You’re the meanest person alive! This was way too much for me. That does it. This is what I needed to sort everything out. I’m not playing anymore. I’m not interested in hearing whatever he had to say. His speech, which we promised to stay for tomorrow has been officially canceled.

Go fuck your wife and leave me out of it.

I got up, put the Billowy back on and rushed outside into a chilly summer night. This is now my Billowy, not his, he gave it to me and now it’s mine, it has more of me than him. Where to go and hear them fuck? Where to go far, far away from them? I know where, of course I know where.

I craved a cigarette. My father kept his box always on his desk in his study room, next to a book collection of his colleagues that he read, reviewed and loved. Standing from that study room I was no longer available to hear those two upstairs. I took two cigarettes and a lighter and went outside.

It all seemed like nothing had changed. If I feel sad I’d hug Oliver, if I was feeling happy I’d run to Oliver, if I want to be around people who respect my wish of not talking, I’d sit in silence with Oliver. And now, when I’m restless, when I’m suffering, crying, trying to escape the horrible noises…there’s no Oliver. Because Oliver is the reason behind all of them: suffer, tears, noises. Then I’d turn around and go to our special spot. Our spot. The old stoned gate in the backyard has been waiting for someone to warm it with their body.

The Moon was finally out when I looked up. I sat and started at the trees in front of me, thinking how it could be nice to help Anchise pick fruit tomorrow and help Mafalda wash the dishes. I lit the cigarette and took a long drag in and after I exhaled it into the summer air at night. Didn’t even bother to look around and see if the villa was alive or dead at night. The guest house was empty but dirty and I wouldn’t mind spending three nights there. The attic was available but I was so cold up there and the doors were squeaking every time I’d open them. To sleep in the living room? Anchise wakes up at 6 every morning and he’ll wake me up and then I’d resented the poor old soul. No. I don’t want to sleep. Too restless. Too many thoughts.

This is it. I am not going through this again and I don’t care for his try in appealing to my sensitive side. What kind of person does this? Who lets the same bastard back in their life again? Lisa apparently. On-off, on-off…

I took another drag of the cigarette in my hand.

I was, like Lisa said, still a kid, 18 years old, not a miner anymore but what does that actually mean? If I’m still a kid I don’t get to be upset or sad or in pain because of a broken heart? That a cup of ice cream and a ticket to the movie would make me feel better? That I need a day off to collect all my shit and be back on track the first day tomorrow? Those are just bull shitting advices I was used to receive when I, indeed, was a child. But I’m not anymore. Last year I had my first summer romance, I slept with a man, suffered and still suffering from a heart break. I get to feel whatever I want to feel. And hearing him and her fuck, now…I can’t let myself deal with that. I wanted to write him off, that easily but I can’t now because he’s always going to be around, he’s always going to say something nice about me and defend me to his future someone…that’s good, you still have some humanity left in you Oliver. Good for you.

One cigarette down. I lit the other one.

But this is not about you. It’s about me. I’m the one whose been to hell and back. It’s me, not you.
I should be the one who decides what happens next. But I’ll never the chance to do that if I keep greeting him and his future wife, the mother of his children, so nicely. Like a good little boy mommy and daddy had raised me to be. Even with strangers, although, they told me not to speak to strangers at all but I was already involved with one. And by the ending of it, Oliver, you never looked like a stranger in the first place but now, a year later, I don’t even know you and I’m not sure I really want to know you.

“I knew I’d find you here.”

I awoke and realized I’d been sitting alone and processing him. Him who now stood behind me. Didn’t even need to turn around, I knew it was Oliver.

“What is this now? Are you stalking me?” I said making a joke.

“Of course not. Where else would you be?”

“Hm, where else would I be…” I repeated in a whisper.

“May I join you?” He asked.

“If you insist.” I replied not looking at him, I was more focused on smoking.

He sat facing me, I kept the knees up to my chin and my eyes to the Moon.

“Do you have another one on you?” He asked eying the cigarette in my hand.

“No, sorry, just this one.”

He nodded.

“Want a drag?”

“Sure.”

I gave him a whole cigarette and I don’t know if he expected for me to give him the drag from my hand, to touch his chin and done with the rest.

“You know I only smoke when I’m with you.” He said after exhaling the smoke.

“I remember.”

He smiled after that and all I gave was a polite smile.

“Does she know you smoke?”

“Nope, she thinks I’m clean as a tear.”

“But in reality…”

He smiled at me.

But in reality you’re the dirties and meanest man alive. And I used to worship you.

“Why are you here?” He asked.

“Why are you here?”
"I don’t know, I think I’m still not used to the time difference. It’s morning in the States now."

"I know. I followed the clock."

"I knew you would. Can I get a kiss now?"

He leaned forward to me, expecting I’d give him everything.

"I’d rather not."

He looked confused but didn’t think about it for a second longer.

"Remember when we used to spend nights here? And you thought I was out there doing everyone…"

He chuckled looking at me. Couldn’t he sense the restraining vibe from me?

"I remember and it’s not funny now." I took another drag and put the cigarette out on the stone of the old gate where we were sitting.

"Remember when we used to go…"

"What is this Oliver, a point where the take a trip down memory lane?"

"No, I’m just trying to cheer you up. You seem upset, that’s all"

I seem upset? I seem? Upset? Me? Are you the world’s stupidest person that has ever lived?!

"And you think recalling what happened a year ago would help?"

"It helps me. Every time."

"It’s easy for you because you don’t live here and you’re not surrounded by memories and emotions."

"I’m sorry, you’re right. It’s just that you seemed happy and pleased a few hours ago. I don’t know what happened."

"You moved on too quickly."

"Maybe."

I took a good look at this man in front of me. How is he so dumb?

"You seemed fine when you came down, and you met her so what’s the big deal?"

"The big deal, Oliver…are you that blind? Are you stupid or just toying with me?"

"Elio, stop, I was hoping we could talk now. I heard you walk out of your room and I couldn’t resist."

"Okay, we’ll talk now…"

"Alright, finally. I wanted to…"

"But I’ll talk and you’ll listen. Then, when I’m done, you tell me if you still want to talk. Deal?"
“Elio, there’s so much to tell and…”

“Deal?” I repeated.

“Deal.” He hesitated and then answered.

I adjusted my positing so my legs would be hanging by sides.

“I have been going over and over what we talked this night and last year. I went over every moment almost to the detail where we were, who we met, what we did and still, I feel like I’m living in 1983. Except that I’m not. It’s 1984 and it’s summer again. I kept thinking I’ll go better, that after we parted we’d meet again and we can start all over again but the chances for that were lower than zero. And still are. I went through every kind word you mouthed to me last year and what we did hours ago, how you kissed me so freely while your future wife was downstairs…”

“I told you not to…”

“Please. I’m talking now.”

“Sorry, please, continue.”

“Like I said, I went through it all and I don’t think that I am abled to do it again. In my 18 years of life I have never been so hurt or heart broken by anyone, except for you. It hurts me to say this to your face but it’s the truth. You hurt me, you destroyed me, you brought me to the edge of thinking the worst thing about my life and my will to live. I never tried anything but I started questioning everything I ever did in my life. What we had last summer was real, at least for me, I was in love with you. I’m not so sure about you now. You said it to me so many times, you love me, you miss me, you’re yourself when you’re with me but I don’t think I believed you. Maybe I did, back then, I was so blinded by the attention I was receiving and the large amount of sex we’ve been having. What I do know is that I loved you, and I don’t know about know, probably I still do but it’s killing me, Oliver, you’re killing me. And if you really loved me, why did you do all of this to me? Why did you leave me? Why did you propose to her? The second I find what you and I had last summer with a different person I’ll stop looking. Because I believe that, that was given to us once only and, for me at least, I had that with you and I can’t imagine I’ll ever have the same with anybody else. But I’ll try brining my search close to it. And to think what I let you do to me. In bed, that is. I don’t think any normal person, who hasn’t fallen head over heels in love with the other person, would let anyone do what I let you did to me. I let you choke me, tie me up, fuck me in so many different places, in so many different ways, my God, Oliver I let you come inside me every single time! Do you know how that looks now? We did that and now you’re getting married. And for the love of God I put my fingers inside me for you, for you! I would never have done it for anyone else! I trusted you with my life, with my heart, I gave you everything, you had my permission to do whatever you wished with my body. And now this…”

Tears started siding down my face.

“And I’ve been going through back and forth our little conversation in my bedroom from hours ago and the only thing that is tightening around my heart are your words “This is a new low, even for you.” What low? Because I didn’t want to meet your pretty little wife? I think I’m speaking now for every person alive whose heart got broken. But I met her and she seems nice. But what you said to me, a new low. When did I have the first low at all? I thought I was perfect to you? What’s that new low you have stored in your head for me? I thought, in your eyes, I was perfect and I agree with that. All I ever did was love you and show you how much I love you. But now, my low led me to think about your low. You’ve disappointed me and made me mad in so many different ways because of a lot of stuff.”
I took a pause and began tightening my teeth. I was beyond furious and words were just leaping out of my mouth. Finally, I was giving him what he deserved.

“And the newest low is when you brought your wife in this house, in this place where I live, with my parents who, by the way, adore the shit out you and pretend like it’s okay. That was the biggest slap in the face I never saw coming. Maybe, my reaction from tonight wasn’t genuine and probably because I was still in shock and I absolutely needed to be nice to the woman you’re marrying. But this is my initial reaction, to you now, I didn’t want to make the scene out there in front of my parents. I hate that you did that, I hate you for doing this to me, I don’t think I’ll ever get over this anger you awoke inside me. But there it is. You shouldn’t have done that, Oliver. Now, this, this is the new low for you. So you don’t get to talk about highs and lows especially when you just dropped from such a high point of my life to the deepest grounds on Earth. And the worst thing is, is that I’m willing to go back for more. I’m willing to let you destroy me just a little bit more. Because listening to you fucking her right in front of me…well, you earned yourself a golden medal for what the fuck are you doing? And I’m not sure what sick game are you playing, but leave me out of it. Please, I beg of you. You are tagging two persons along and I want out. I can’t get involved with you knowing that when you get back you’ll marry her like you planned. I’ll be left heart broken for the third time, because of you. Do you think I deserve that? After everything we went through? So, I’ll ask you this and if you can make it for me I’ll never bother you again. Leave me out of your little sick game you’ve been playing. I don’t want any part of it. So just, don’t talk to me, don’t look at my way, if you see me don’t wave or smile at me, just pretend I don’t exist. If you do that, then I’ll never bother you again. Your little game just had a quitter, me, and the winner, Lisa. So I wish you guys a happy life with lots and lots of babies.”

By that point I was crying my eyes out, Oliver was listening me with a sad face. Good.

“And I can see that you’re not happy. Because I believe you made a wrong choice when you left me. And when you proposed to her. I feel like you’re not satisfied with the decisions you made because they’re probably not your decisions. You told me you’re in deep shit because of all that has happened. But why tell me? And if I can guess, I’d say that your father was the one who set the whole thing up, God rest his soul. But he did, didn’t he?”

He nodded looking away.

“Exactly. And I’m not here making you choose between Lisa or myself, I’m seeing myself out. But just know, when you’re still married to her, five or ten years later, just remember that you married her because you had to, not because you wanted to. I have zero chances against a woman, I know. But I was really hoping that you had come back for me or, when you showed up with her, you’d stick with just her. Not kissing me, lying in bed next to me, following me now asking for more kisses. No. If it’s the wife then it’s the wife. I’m willing to forgive you the day you find peace with that decision and the day you stand up and fight for yourself.”

I wiped my eyes when I was done and looked at him. The tears were sliding down his face I used to worship so much. He got the message, I’m out.

“I’m going to bed now. At least it’s quiet in my room now.” I said as I was putting my legs together.

I turned around.

“Actually I am.”

He looked at me.
“I am making you choose. I am making you choose for your own good because I believe you know I’m right, you can not be nowhere near as happy with her as when you were with me. So, I’m making you choose between her and myself. Maybe I’m actually making you choose between the fake life you’ve been living this whole time and lying about how much you love women, and your real life, where you’re you and I’m me, where you are Elio and I am Oliver. That life. The life where you don’t ever have to lie about yourself. Either way it’s all on you. And I believe that, when you told me that she latched on in the last second, you’re not glad she’s here, maybe you thought you’d start up on our summer again. I thought about that too, but not behind her back, you’re the only person I get off to in my life. Her or me. I told you what I had to say. I have to be the stupidest kid alive to give you another chance, if you ever decide to follow my path. But I love you, and I’m changing my mind quickly and impulsively, but that’s just who and what I am. It’s on you to decide. To hide or not to hide. I’m off.”

He grabbed my hand.

“No, don’t go…please, Elio. Stay here, stay with me tonight, let me hold you. I’m sorry, I am so fucking sorry…You’re right, about everything. You are so right, I knew you’d pick up on it, you’re so intelligent. I’ve been eating myself inside this whole time. I know, it’s a shitty apology but I had an obligation to my father and I’m not sure If I’ll ever get over the fact that I ruined you because I was too scared to face him. But don’t you for a second think that I never loved you. Because I did and I still do, I love you Elio. I never stopped loving you. I don’t see a way out, please, I love you.”

“What do I have from your “I love you” when you’re sleeping and tying the knot with her?”

“You have my heart.”

“No. I don’t want that, I don’t want your love, I want all of you. I want us to be together, forever, actually, if I’m willing to fight. I want us to never look back and think that I, a kid, broke the marriage because you were too incapable of fighting. No. All of you or nothing. Until you make your solid decision, don’t talk to me.”

I turned around but them turned back again to face this sad man with tears in his eyes. I took his hand in mine and kissed it with tears dripping on his skin.

“And I’m begging you not to hold this against me. I’m just so exhausted from all the battles inside my head. I hope you’re going to forgive me for saying these mean things to you, one day, not now. But you have a lot to think right now. I’m ending your game, so stop playing with the two of us and man up, choose one who you think can make you happy. Other way around, not a word.”

I turned around for good and left him to sit there in silence.

The second I entered my room I rushed to the bathroom and sat in the bath tub, ran the water and cried until I could sense that the water from the faucet were my tears indeed. It’s for the best, it’s for the best, if he’s even as smart as I think he is, he’s going to make a right decision, I thought as I was balling all dressed up.

Chapter End Notes

Don’t hate me for this. I know it’s a different side of Elio but he is right and he has all the right in the world to be this angry. The goal here is to get these two back together and they will, in a next couple of chapters for sure. The next one is from Oliver’s point
of view and he'll finally man up. We all know that the decision he made now is a bad one and he just needs to get through to Elio.
That one thing (Oliver's POV)

Chapter Summary

Oliver finally wakes up.

Chapter Notes

Let's see what happened to Oliver after Elio's speech. The next chapter is due tomorrow. Again, super excited to read your comments on this chapter and the ones to come. Enjoy and lots of love!!

Elio left me in shock and he furiously walked away from me.

I couldn’t believe Elio said those things to me. I mean, I wasn’t surprised that he did but he put it in his words that will stick with me forever. Forever. He wants to be with me forever. Is he for real? He’s still so young and he’s already talking about spending his life with me? Why am I here to complain? I’m 25 and still don’t know what I am doing here. Now what? I should have never come here. I should have gotten a hotel room then I’d avoid all of this. But I had to see him, I had to talk to him. Was his biggest problem me or her? No, it’s me who brought her. I could cry. Probably because I deserved it. I don’t deserve him, but he’ll give me another chance? I don’t know what to do now. I have to talk to someone, I need pointers. How do I make this right? How do I get out of this shit? How do I explain to Elio my situation? He said it all, I was so happy that he finally spoke and I just sat there doing and saying nothing. Elio deserved the world, not me. I’m nothing. I hurt people, because…why? This time I hurt Elio because I was too big of a pussy to stand up for myself. Elio doesn’t deserve a man like me, he deserves someone much better, someone who won’t run when the reality kicks in. He’s so young to be dealing with this, but it happened.

I never, in my entire life, felt anything like that with no one, except for Elio. The thrill of sneaking around, kissing with caution of being caught, feeling him while everybody was sleeping a few feet from us. And Bergamo, the happiest three days of my life. Elio surprised me how much he had changed, how much he emerged into this wonderful man, his hair is longer, he grew taller but that spark in his eyes…it’s gone and it’s all my fault.

And then it hit me. I’m sitting here, trying to choose between Elio and Lisa and yet, all this time, Elio is the one whose face and words I’ve been seeing and listening to in my head. On our spot I only saw Elio. This makes sense, this is what logic means. I’m soon to be married and he’s the only one I can think about. Who does that? The answer: someone who has been pushed into marriage. I don’t want that, I want him!

I left our spot five minutes after him. The shower ran next door and I could hear him cry. Fuck, I just want to slide down the door and cry with my face in my hands. I’d go and hold him until he feels better, but he told me not to speak to him until I make up my mind. If I go and hold him, it will only send mixed signals. I don’t want Elio to suffer but I already made him that. I hate myself so much.
Lisa never awoke or didn’t care that I wasn’t next to her. I’m guessing like Elio, I never closed my eyes for the rest of that night, not for a whole minute. And to top it all, Elio heard Lisa and me having sex. There was no way out of it, I couldn’t respond to Elio on that matter and tell him that it happened because she was the one top topped me, just like I can’t explain why I let her come along here. Elio doesn’t deserve a man who can’t stand up or face a real problem. I wish I wasn’t such a coward. I wish I had it in me to say no to Lisa when she wanted to have sex, to say no to her when she just put her already packed bag into the cab, I wish I had it in me to stop the train, get off and run back to Elio. I wish, I wish, I wish…

His crying face was haunting me and I deserved every part of his talk. He got it right, to the point. But there was still time to save the situation, maybe. Elio or Lisa? Love or obligation? A man or a woman? That’s what the least important here. Elio, Elio, Elio…the big thing was that I never wanted to have, what I had with him, with just anybody. Only him. Only Elio. But how do I get out of this?

I got up when it was dawn. She never made a sound so I just dressed myself up, picked up my stuff and went outside. The place looks so different from what it looked like a few hours ago. The skies are grey because there’s no Sun and it took me aback when Elio and I slept together for the first time. The sky looked exactly the same like that morning when we rode to the river. To get over my manuscript or to make a decision? What I don’t know, and what I am certain that it has happened, is that I already made my choice, and not a good one. Wrong path, Oliver. What was I thinking approving her coming along? My head is killing me. But Elio has a point and I have never seen him that angry. As much as I wanted to be proud of him for stepping out and fighting for himself, I can’t think that I was the reason that little boy is so angry right now. Sadness, anger, hatred. That’s what he is because of me and I don’t want that, I just don’t. He’s right, it’s up to me, I can’t do this anymore. I just can’t.

Couple of hours had passed since I went downstairs. It feels a lot longer because I have been sitting with the papers in my lap and Elio’s face in my head, staring into the backyard all this time. Thinking, contemplating.

Anchise was the first one to appear, wishing me good morning in Italian and told me that he’s on his way to town and asked if I needed anything. Then Mafalda showed up with her apron, wished me too a good morning and asked if I wanted coffee, I said yes and she asked about my new book.

“I’m changing the perspective now.” I said, she looked like she knew I was talking about.

Then Elio came down. I wasn’t surprised that he gave a cold shoulder, I deserved a hundred of his cold shoulders. He didn’t even make an eye contact, just popped out and went back in to the kitchen. It’s strange how hours ago he was pulling his heart out in front of me and now nothing. This felt more awkward than it was last year after we slept together the first time. Oh how I would give my life to go back there and start everything again, and afterwards not leave Italy and then not find myself in this mess I am now.

His father came down soon after him.

“Ah, Oliver! Good morning, sleep well?”

“Good morning, pro. Not really, I think I’m still on New York time.”

“Morning.” Annella jumped up behind him.

“Good morning, good morning.” They shared a peck and sat down. I was sitting at the head of the table.
“What you are about to eat, Elio made like 70% of that food.” His mother said as she was adjusting her hair.

“Really? Elio makes breakfasts now?” I was shocked and smitten.

“Every morning ever since we got here.”

I couldn’t help but smile. This felt good, just us talking, Elio in the kitchen, good…

“Good morning.” A female voice came behind us.


Well that just makes it easier for me.

“Good morning.” We all wished her and she came down to kiss my cheek.

Breakfast was served shortly after and we all sat there and ate. Elio was sitting on a completely other side of the table. I knew what he was doing and he was doing it so wisely. He’s avoiding me to not send mixed signals so that I can have a clear mind for thinking. Good boy. But I missed him so much, I missed sitting next to him, I missed our feet touching.

They were talking to Lisa while I was preparing for one of the worst battles ever. To crack the top of the soft-boiled egg. Not going to lie, ever since I got back to the States and whenever I was alone in the morning, I’d always make this type of egg as a practice. I tapped the top off gently and then dived in just a bit from the top. It went perfectly well.

“You did it.” Elio said with a shy smile and the talk around the breakfast table finally quieted down. I looked at him, he spoke to me.

“Uh, I guess I did…” I said with a smile from ear to ear. Not only did I break the egg, which as I heard he prepared, but I also got a smile and a surprised look from Elio.

No one continued the subject on Oliver finally winning the battle of the eggs, they just continued their own thing. Elio never spoke to me again.

After breakfast we all emptied the backyard. Lisa went back inside to take a nap, like she does after every meal, and I was inside with the professor in his study room. Elio was outside transcribing.

“What happened last night?” He asked as I was listing my pages.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean… I heard you and Elio fight. Are you alright?”

“Yeah… no, I don’t know. It’s pretty bad.”

“As it should be. Don’t get me wrong, I love the girl but we didn’t actually need to meet her now… or at all. For Elio’s sake.”

“I know, I know. He was pretty pissed at me, I deserved it.”

“I don’t know if you deserved it, I just know my son. He can’t stay mad at you forever. Or hate you. One time, when he was younger, I accidentally threw away one of his toys in the washing machine, he gave me his honored word that he won’t speak to me ever again. Ten minutes later he
was running to hug me.”

I smiled imagining a baby Elio. That just warms my heart.

“That’s sweet, but he’s a grown up now, he’s changed.” I said.

“He’s going to become such a wonderful person one day.”

“I think so too.”

Silence.

“Now, back to work.”

I stayed in his study room for a while, hours had passed and I was starting to feel very unnerving when I heard Lisa come downstairs. The thought of her jumping around me with the professor in the same room as us was eating my brain cells, one by one. But she didn’t. She went outside and joined Elio. I went outside too, little after she already sat down next to him.

They already clicked when they first met, the subject of music was upon me and I left it all in their hands. By that point I wasn’t giving a rat’s ass about if she found out or if Elio says something about what we did last night.

“Oliver!”

Ah, just the right person.

“Good afternoon mrs P.”

“Oh, I told you many times to call me Annella.”

“I know, but you’re okay with mrs P?”

“It makes me sound old.”

“You are being ridiculous, you look amazing for your age.”

“And what would that age be?”

“35?”

“Nice try, Oliver. I gave birth to Elio when I was 17? You flatter. I’m 42.”

“Even better!”

We laughed.

“They seemed to be getting along just fine.” She noticed pointing at Lisa and Elio.

“Yeah, I didn’t think they would…”

“I know, me too.”

“Can I ask you for an advice?”

“Of course, tesoro, what’s bothering you?”
“Well…them.” I nodded my head towards Lisa and Elio who had turned their backs to us, they were probably talking about music.

“Ah, I see. Oliver can I be frank with you?”

“Always.”

“You know you are my personal favorite student ever? Despite what’s happened with my son and you. There were students whose name I didn’t care to remember or I’d mistake them for last year’s, some didn’t know my name and if anyone was so unappealing from the first day, I’d tell them to call me mrs Perlman.”

“Wow…”

“Yeah. There was a student, four years ago, who never left his room. He only came down for breakfast, lunch and dinner. We never actually met him, not like you, no. He never swam in the pool, sunbathed outside, never came down when we were watching movies like a real family. Elio was still a child back then but he desperately needed a friend. But now, Oliver, over the last year I’ve come to think of you as my son, putting aside what happened between my son and you. So, can I give you a little advice which any mother, whose been watching their son struggle, give you? And I really do wish you won’t hold it against me, because I really do love you. And afterwards, I’ll ask you if you want a cup of coffee or what are you writing about now. We will just move on. So, bear with me, darling.”

“Let’s hear it.”

“Chose. It’s that simple. It may sound ridiculous, playing with their feelings but I’ll deal with my son if you decide to go the other way around. It sounds difficult, but here it’s all about you, not Elio or Lisa. She seems like a sweet girl but seriously, that laughter…And I can’t remain cold when it comes to my baby boy. He was really sad when you left. I don’t…I don’t think he’s happy, like he was a year ago. I mean, I gave birth to him so I know what a sunshine looks like and it’s not my son. I’m sorry but it’s the truth, he’s not been himself lately.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, he’s been excellent in school but his social life…he’s not quite there yet. Going out and crying every night, just bubbles up inside like he said. Did you know that he had a girlfriend?”

“Seriously? Elio?”

“Yeah. Sweet little thing, they were together for a while until she pushed him away because of her depression. He was so broken and powerless, my poor baby boy. But now I’m telling you this. And you will understand one day what I’m talking about. When you have children with either Elio or Lisa, you’ll understand what I’m trying to tell you.”

“No, I get that…”

“Elio told me you talked last night. He was so angry this morning, when I asked him what was the result he just said that you’re not speaking anymore. What happened?”

“Just that. We’re not speaking until I decide whether or not I want to spend my life with either him or her. He was very strict about it and I don’t blame him. I love him.”

“I know you do. But you love her too?”
“Maybe. It’s different. I feel so good when I’m with Elio. I want to protect him at all cost but she…”

“What?”

“She’s tough.”

“I know. I noticed. She’s not actually your type of person, isn’t she? The one that can spend the entire day lying in the Sun with one leg dipped in water. Elio is. But I’m saying that because he’s my son and I want only what’s best for him. So don’t hold it against me.”

“I won’t, don’t worry.”

“If it’s my son you’re going to end up with then he needs to know that, until he shuts down completely.”

“I know, I know.”

“I’ve seen him. I don’t want him going through that again. It’s bad enough for the two times you put him through.”

“Oh, I know, I know…”

“I know you know. And, for the record Oliver, bringing your future wife here…not a very wise move, darling.”

“She latched on to me in the last minute.”

“My point exactly. You’re not happy she’s here, are you?”

“No, I’m not. I haven’t been happy in…ten months.”

“Again, my point exactly.”

“It’s different, I can’t…I love him, I love Elio so much…”

“I understand that and I don’t think there’s any way of you comparing the both of them, but if you did, there’s always that one little thing that separates you from where and you standing now to a whole different life. What is it?”

“The thing that separates them?”

“Yes, darling. That one little thing that makes Elio, a right person to spend your time with, a better fit than Lisa. You can make a decision now but just for the record, use that one thing to always have it with you when it comes to remembering your summer love. Elio never told me the whole story between you too, I believe he was a bit embarrassed talking to him mother about it. But he told me you had an amazing time in Bergamo.”

“Hm, that was the happiest I have ever been.”

“And I’m going away from that subject, but think about it. Did something happened that made you think “Wow, he’s worth all the pain in this world.”?”

“Couple of things, yes.”

“Okay, but you only need that one. Did he say something to you that you never heard before, did
something for you, look differently that made you feel so good at that moment. Like Elio is worth it.”

And then I got thinking about Bergamo. Everything we did flashed in a second in front of me and knew one thing that he did for me, no questions asked.

“One thing stands out.”

“Oh, darling, go from there.”

“He’ll hate me if I open up again.”

“No he won’t. I know him far better than you. It’s the feeling all mothers get. He’s not easy or needy like the rest of the crowd. He’s lost and you were his light, and he’ll do anything to have that light back. But first, you have to think, Lisa or Elio. If it’s Lisa then I suggest you stay far away from my son. But if it’s Elio, I suggest you go stop him before he makes the biggest mistake of his life. Loosing you. We’re supporting you, darling, even after everything you put him through. I know, I’m a terrible mother for encouraging you while I should be ignoring you and killing you in my head, over and over again, but I care for my son’s happiness first. If his happiness is you, if you feel that one thing with him and him only, then you know…it’s time to stop looking. Because he’s already there.”

“I understand and I am so grateful for your support. You are the best mom that has ever lived. My family would never approve of this.”

“So I’m guessing they approve of Lisa.”

“They did. Only because she was my ex girlfriend and It was my time to settle down. I still feel so ashamed I let her in so easily.”

“Do you need time to think about it? If you don’t, then you already made a right decision. The person that comes to your mind when there’s a subject of your love. Now, who is it?”

I smiled. This was way too much.

“I have to go change.”

I got up and kissed her forehead and walked back in to change for lunch. But I was stopped with her hand around my wrist.

“Oliver. Choose. Now.” She said looking me in the eyes.

“Mrs P, I can’t choose that easily. It’s hearts I will be breaking.”

“No, Oliver, choose how you’re going to tell Elio that he’s the one.”

I sat back down.

“How did you…”

“I’ve seen that look you have now, it was shining on me every day of your stay here the last year. You’re in love with my son and I don’t think you’d be breaking Lisa’s heart. Elio told me what happened between the families of the two of you. Trust me, she’s not going to settle just to settle.”

I nodded.
“You’re right.”

“Now go.”

It was then that I realized what just happened. The feeling could have been compared with a stone that weighted dozen of tons falling off a needle. This meant the world to me. Not only did I decide but now I have their full support. Now all I do is tell Elio before he closes completely. I’ll deal with Lisa later.

Later that night, after an exhausting dinner, while Lisa was downstairs chatting with his father about something, I was upstairs leaving my papers on the desk. A familiar feeling struck me and I turned around to look at that room, our room, Elio’s and mine. He had fewer books on the ground, windows were still opened like they were last summer, the beds were still pushed together, I wonder if he ever split them up after I left. Those beds awoke memories inside me, I remembered looking down at him while the nights were warm and quiet like now, the window had a memory of watching us every single time and even being used as a prop one time, the closet…I opened it, couple of shirts hanging but my, his, red short shorts were no where in sight. Did he throw them away? Burn them? I remembered the phone call we had, he said he wore them and then we…stop. This is helping but it’s making me hard.

I went inside his other room and by his bed I noticed something familiar. It was sitting on top of the big pile of books next to his head. It caught my attention right away. On top of it I recognized the covers. My covers, my book. I remembered promising him he’ll get the first copy and he did. I sent the book to his father, two copies and one was for him, and him only. I took it and opened it, it was full of notes written by him. It looked like a complete a mess, probably because he read it so many times. There was an inscription on the first page:

For O,

If not later, then when?

-Love, E

Love. Love? Love!

On the bottom of the page was written:

Italy, 1983

That’s it. This is it. My decision is final.
Tease

Chapter Summary

Elio and Oliver are speaking again.

Chapter Notes

Heyy guys, this is the continuation of the previous chapter now back from Elio's point of view. Can't wait to read what you have to say about this one. Hope you like it, lots and lots of love!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I was so exhausted as I made my way upstairs. The image of my pillow was smiling right in front of me, waiting for me to grab it never leave it. My eyes never closed the entire last night and finally the exhaustion caught up with me.

After I cried out in the bath tub the previous night, I dragged my wet body to change into something better. Another pair of trunks and another shirt that was mine from the very start. Billowy was hanging from the chair, drying by itself. My hair was wet again and I thought I'd be smart to sit by the window and let it dry by itself. Again, I was craving another cigarette, just to inhaled or to use any type yoga method including the breathing did slip my mind as I was too exhausted to care or do it and just needed to fight it.

I couldn’t get his face out of my mind. And his words. And their screams, laughs, moans...too much, too soon. If only that were me. Another sleepless night because of him, I thought. Last year that was a good thing, to not sleep because of him, to not sleep because we were spending nights making love, kissing, touching and talking. Hearing them wasn’t the worst part of the night, it was listening to him being such a coward about every decision he made in his life ever since he got back home. Someone else is writing your life for you Oliver. Not a very good move.

Couple of hours later, after my hair dried by itself too, I heard movements and footsteps in the other room. I knew it was him, he couldn’t sleep either. Good. I heard him walking downstairs and outside.

Okay, I have to avoid him. That’s why, after I heard Anchise get outside, then Mafalda I knew it was my turn to do it. I walked out and walked back in to help Mafalda prepare breakfast. As per usual, I helped Mafalda boil eggs and make coffee. She was the one getting all the food out, I didn’t want him looking at me. I hate that he’s going to eat something I put my time and energy into it. My parents and...Lisa came afterwards and we all sat down to have breakfast. I sat on the other side of the table, as far away from him. He was sitting at the head of the table on one side and I was sitting on the other head of the table. Didn’t want his glances, words or feet near me.

I nearly lost it when he finally, after a complete year full of fails, succeeded in managing the top of the God damn egg. I think he was genuinely surprised by his own and my actions. The smile on
my face happened absentmindedly.

After breakfast I helped Mafalda clean the dishes as usual and then went upstairs to take a nap. Of course I was still unable to do it so I grabbed my stuff and went downstairs into the back yard. No sign of Oliver anywhere. But I heard him in my father’s study room when I was coming down. My spot was empty and I opened the scorebook and played the music. But after a couple of minutes of writing, Lisa jumped over to me.

Not going to lie, I didn’t hate the woman, she was quite amusing, except for a few things that made me angry and wanted to strangle her with my bare hands. Few things such as her breathing and her existence. No, she was okay.

His family picked a good girl for him.

During lunch I kept my distance again. Oliver talked with my father and Lisa never joined us, good. Then dinner came and with it new-old guests who were charmed by this douche bag and stayed until almost midnight. They didn’t leave until two bottles of wine were emptied and we all sounded drunk.

After dinner, Lisa and my father were discussing about my music in his study room and I just couldn’t bring myself to listen to it so I went upstairs to get ready for bed. I said good night to everyone and left.

I was surprised to find someone lurking in my bedroom in the dark when I opened the door.

Oliver?

“What are you doing here?”

As always, he looked so beautiful in his blue baggy shirt. His hair was a mess and I could sense, even from that distance, that he was a little bit drunk.

“Oh, Elio. Hi, I didn’t mean to pride, it’s just…”

With a smile he picked up a book. Not any book. His book. I kept it next to my head. I read it seven or eight times, trying to capture his words and live within the pages that he so proudly presented his publisher back in Bergamo.

“I know, it’s yours.”

“I know you know.” He put the book down and I closed the door behind me. It was dark in the room, only this time there was Moonlight with us the bedroom.

“Can we talk?” He asked.

“I’d rather not. I’m tired, I couldn’t wait for them to leave.”

“Hm, me too, they swallow wine like air, but we have to work this out.”

This? What is this, Oliver?

“Please? I swear this has nothing to with that downstairs, it’s just us, okay?” he motioned his hands towards the floor.

“Funny how you refer to your wife as “that downstairs”.”
He chuckled but I could see that he was tired from people calling her his wife, future wife or whatever. He sat on the bed, his back turned to me.

“Will you sit with me?”

I stood there still frozen.

“I won’t touch you or try to kiss you, if that’s what you’re afraid of.” He turned around to say.

I sat next to him. What was I afraid of? It’s Oliver, not the same one but he wouldn’t hurt me… wrong, he would, but not to my face.

“How are you today?” He asked.

I kept my eyes towards the window and saw with my peripheral vision that he was looking only at me.

“Good, good.”

“You always say that, I know you’re lying to me. I know you.”

“You know me?” I turned away to face him. We sat dangerously close.

“I do.”

“Okay. Then how am I feeling? What am I thinking about?”

“Elio, I’m not here to pick a fight with you.” He closed his eyes from exhaustion.

“I’m not either, just answer.”

“You’re sad, lonely, in pain… because of me. And you’re thinking about me, all the time and how to kill me, strangle me, shoot me, set me on fire, run me over.”

You got that right.

“Well, that’s a bit unrealistic.”

“What is?”

“I don’t own a gun, so…”

He chuckled and then I did.

“I’m just lost, Oliver. And I still don’t understand your game…” I sighed.

“It’s not a game. It’s a poorly portrayed life of a college professor.”

“You’re not that bad. I just wish that, that Oliver, from a year ago could still show up and solve everything. I liked him better than you, now.”

“He’s still here. Somewhere, and last night you jumped him out. He was scared shitless, he couldn’t believe that Elio said those things. Elio? Seriously? Little Elio?”

“Little? Come on.”

“I’m just kidding.”
He pushed my shoulder with his.

“Is this okay for you? Us talking, us chatting?”

“I guess.”

“You tell me to leave whenever you want. I know you’re tired but I really love…chatting with you.”

I nodded. And he was right. We were just chatting. There were no bombs of emotions, I didn’t feel obligated to stay here with him but I did. He seemed determined about whatever was he about to say. It was just us, like we were last year. In this very bedroom, in the dark, just us. And to hell I’ll go if I wasn’t going to fight to get him back. If we can chat after everything and still feel good during, then I’m sure as hell going to fight her to get Oliver back in my bed and in my life. He was the only reason I was suffering in the first place, but now…

“So, what are you writing about now?” I asked.

He smiled towards me and then began talking.

“I’ve dived in deeper into the philosophy of Plato. Weird guy, though.” He frowned with a smile.

“Of course he was. I love his theory about the cave.” I said.

“The shadows?”

“Yeah.”

“Me too. And his ideal country.” He motioned with his hands like he was throwing magic on the floor.

“And the land for the souls.” I said, remembering every Plato’s philosophy my father ever taught me. I was so happy to hear that he’s the one whose words of wisdom I would be reading in the future, at least I hoped so.

“Lost souls, like I always say.” He joked.

“I think I belong there now.” I said with a low voice.

“Me too.”

“Will you send us a copy when you’re done?”

“I’ll send five, and a special one just for you.”

“Why? Will it contain another sensitive inscription?”

“Maybe. We’ll see. I’m at the ending, so it should be done very soon.”

Then silence broke loose. Oliver and I sat in silence for, what it felt like minutes but were actually seconds. I wanted to latch onto him, like she did, and kiss him. Only because I felt like his heart was at the right place, with me and his body too, but whatever his family owed to hers, it couldn’t have been good. How do you force someone to a marriage?

“Oliver, I…” I sighed once I realize that I had no idea how am I going to put my plead to words.
“Talk to me.”

“What happened? How did we get here?”

It even surprised me when I was the one who broke the rule of not touching, and took his hand in mine, intertwining the fingers.

“Beats me.” He whispered.

This position we were in reminded me our first night we spent together. We were sitting in the other room, watching our feet touch and letting out soft voices that resembled whisperers. Like now. Only we were in the other room, our hands were touching and we were both so very lost.

“So, Lisa?”

“I don’t want to talk about her now.”

“Why not? What’s the future like for the two of you?”

“I don’t think there’s any.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean…she seems nice now and all but at home…we barely even speak. I actually wrote seventeen pages on our way here because we never talked. We don’t even live together. So, I don’t think there’s any future for us. Because I don’t want it to be, and I’ll make sure of that. And what you heard last night, that was our second time since December. And I truly do apologize for that. I can’t even begin to imagine how you must have felt, I am beyond embarrassed, Elio, I am so sorry. I know an apology can’t fix everything I did to you but one thing is fore sure and that is that I love you, I do. I didn’t even last five minutes with her last night.”

“Because you don’t love vaginas?” I teased him.

“No, because I was thinking about you.”

He said it so quietly, almost like a whisper who didn’t want to be heard, but I did.

“Suddenly it was her and not you and I just lost it.”

How true was this? But in his voice I sensed such pain and sorrow and complete unhappiness. At least that’s what it sounded to me. There was a big difference in his voice now and comparing this one and the one from last summer…it doesn’t sound like a happy person. He did when we talked about Plato and killing him. But once Lisa was the subject…

“Then what are we doing?” I asked.

“My question exactly.”

I turned to face him only to find him already staring deep in my eyes.

“Does that mean you made up your mind?”

“What do you think smart ass?” He asked.

Then I felt his hand on my lower back which triggered me to lean in closer. So close I could actually feel his hot breath on my skin.
“I think you did.”

“They’re thinking right. I wouldn’t be here with you if I hadn’t, and just…”

“Kiss me, please.”

Not a word and we leaned and caressed our noses together. I felt so warm inside, my lips were shivering. This is it. I am not letting him slip away now. I have to show him that I still trust him, to show him that I still love him, so much. If he’s serious about giving us a chance, minus Lisa, then I have to go with him. She has got to go. This felt beyond right, like he never left, he never called, like he never showed up with her. I knew his lips belonged to me and me only. Nobody else.

As we leaned out heads in to kiss, someone called my name.

“Elio!”

Mother. I moved away from him.

“What!”?

“Tesoro, come here.”

“What is it?”

I walked out of the room, then the bathroom and walked to the top of the stairs.

“What?”

“I am so sorry for interrupting you but have you seen my Heptameron?”

“No I haven’t!”

“I swear I left it in the living room…” She mumbled as she was walking away.

I went back in to find him in the same position and closed the door behind me again. My cheeks were blushing as I was walking back towards him.

“Good God woman you wouldn’t know where your head was if it wasn’t attached to your body.”

“Don’t say that. Your mom is the best person alive right now.”

He said turning around to look at me.

“Come back here.”

He nodded his head to my spot next to him.

“No, Oliver… this can not happen. It’s a mistake.”

I stood in front of him.

“What’s a mistake? I want you, not her. It’s a done deal, Elio.”

“I know, I know and you’re all talk, no business…”

“You want me to talk to her? Right now? Because I will. I will tell her.”
What is he shitting about? I grabbed my hair.

“What? Are you insane? You can’t just…”

“Elio, what you said last night made me realize that I have been living a parallel life this whole time. I want you. Only you, how do you not understand that?”

“I understand. But she’s still in your life.”

“You want me to get rid of her? Fine, I’ll go now and tell Lisa I don’t want to…”

“No! Stop it! You’re not telling anyone anything.” I put my hand over his mouth.

“You want me to end it with her but you don’t want me to tell her I’m ending it?”

“Just, I don’t know what I want, please…you have to think this through.”

I sat next to him again.

“I already did, Elio…” He said caressing my back.

“Are you sure about that?”

“About what?” He asked.

“You idiot.”

I wanted to walk away and end his stupid game but again, I was stopped with his hand around my wrist.

“No, talk to me. Am I sure about breaking up with her or being with you? Because I can end with her and move on from you, but I won’t. What is your biggest concern?”

“That you are not quite sure about being with me.”

He closed his eyes and then stood up, he was on his way to the other bedroom.

“Okay, you’re exhausted, I am exhausted. I’m going to bed now and you should too. I promise you, you won’t hear her.”

“Wait.”

I got up and looked at him.

“What?”

“Nothing.” I turned my head away.

“You wanted to ask for a good night kiss, is that it?”

I nodded, feeling myself blush.

“Then no. Good night Elio, we’ll talk tomorrow.”

What a tease!

“Jerk!”
“I love you too, good night.”

He said at the door frame.

“Good night.”

But he didn’t close the door and that was the only line between him and I. Like that first morning when he told me take my trunks off then got on his knees and began sucking my cock, I jumped over to that spot, stood there again with a smile.

“Oliver?”

He took a few steps back letting out a sigh.

“Yes, Elio?” He turned around with a smile.

Then he took couple of steps towards me. We were almost the same height but he’s always going to be the older one, the taller one, the real Oliver.

“I do.” I said.

“What?”

“I do mind.”

“I don’t…”

“You asked me in December “Do you mind?” and now there’s my answer, six months too late, but I do. I do mind you getting married. I do.”

He licked his lips and then smiled at me, with his eyes closed he said:

“Then that’s all I needed to hear. Good night, Elio.”

“Good night. Oliver…”

I turned around and went for the bathroom.

Oliver closed the door between us. What does that mean? How is this going to work? I want us to work but I need her out of the way. Wow, two times in six months, that makes us even.

That night I slept very well. He kept his promise and I never heard them behind me. In the morning I realized I over-slept and it was almost noon when I woke up. Mafalda must have been pissed that I wasn’t there to help her. So, once I got downstairs I went straight in the kitchen to help Mafalda prepare lunch. On my way downstairs I saw Oliver and my father in his study room, I smiled at him and he winked back at me. He never did that before. Lisa and my mother were outside playing cards with mom’s friends. Lunch came and went and I was still keeping a distance within us, meaning, I was still sitting on the other side of the table but this time we were all chatting. All of us, and it was good.

Dinner came and went. After that, Lisa went upstairs to freshen up and my parents were changing their clothes in their bedroom. Oliver sat alone in my father’s study room, counting the pages. This was my chance. I had to see him, I had to tell him that I have been thinking about what we talked the previous night, I had to tell him that I want him. The God of sneaking around finally awoke
inside me.

“How’s it going?” I asked when I got inside the room.

“Uh, I think I have couple of pages more. I might have to cut something out.”

I sat on the same couch where I had a life-changing talk with my father and also had phone sex with this man here. He never looked up from his manuscript. He kept making mistakes and went to the beginning so many times. Was I distracting him?

Let’s play a little. Let’s see how I can get his attention. Ready? One, two, three…

I gathered both of my legs on the couch then pushed one bare foot between his legs and nudged where I wanted. Oh, this felt so familiar, and good. I never worked him out with my foot, only my hand…and my foot on his.

“Elio…what are you doing…”

He squeezed his thighs together but my foot was stronger.

“Nothing.”

He tried to move my foot away but I never moved, not even an inch. I just let my toes touch his cock which was, already, hardening on its own. Fuck, see, this is what happens when you don’t have sex often. One touch down there and you're ready to explode.

“Elio…”

“What…I am not doing anything. Can’t say the same for my foot.”

I lifted one foot up to his lips.

“Remember this one? You kissed it when I had a nosebleed. Because of you.”

“Want me to kiss it again?”

“No, just trying to see if you remember.”

There was a grin on his face. Of course he does, that right foot was his favorite.

“Put it back.” He said.

And I did just that. He spread his legs a bit farther this time, laid back and I pushed my foot between them. Fuck, he was hard, but I knew he can do it better. My fingers were caressing his trousers and pushing deeper and deeper between Oliver’s legs. Oliver closed his eyes and let his head fall back with all the papers in his hands. He moaned once I went deeper, this is heaven, this is what I wanted. This is how I wanted him.

The sound of someone walking in made me stop and I sat normally next to him. He put the papers over his crotch and tried to come back to reality. There. My hand touched his cock, then my foot touched his foot and now my foot touched his cock. Good. Excellent.

My father walked in, followed by Lisa and my mother.

“So, how about we go out, huh?” He asked, sounding excited.
“That sounds good. Where should we all go?” Lisa asked.

“How about we go to the movies?” He replied.

“Yes! Yes! I’ve always wanted to go to the movies here.”

She was over the moon ecstatic.

“You’ll love it. We’ll see what’s on the repertoire when we get there. We haven’t been in a while now.” My mother said.

“So, who’s up for it?” My father asked.

“I am!” Lisa said.

“Oliver?”

“Oh, no, thank you for inviting me but I’ll stay here to do some work on my book. Finishing touches.”

Good boy, I thought. I knew he couldn’t get up with a boner. Finally we understand each other. He can’t just get up with a hard on and walk out pretending like it’s alright to do that. Or he could just as easily say “No, I can’t, Elio rubbed my cock with his foot and now I’m stuck. But you go, have fun and I’ll take care of that.” But no, he stays here, he stays put, like I thought he would. Good.

“Suit yourself. Elio?”

“No, thank you, I’ll go to the piazza to see if there’s someone to hang out with.”

Oliver looked at me, feeling uneasy. Now I gave him something to think about and deal with in his spare time. He must’ve thought how big of a tease I actually am. To rub him and then leave. Which is exactly what I did.

“Okay, I’m going out now. Have fun you three.” I said as I was putting my shoes back on.

“What? Wait, don’t you want us to give you a lift? We’re headed there anyway.” My mother asked.

“Thank you but no, I’ll ride alone. It’s a beautiful night.”

“Alright, darling, ride safe. See you tonight. Don’t be long.”

“Oh, I won’t.”

And I walked out with only a back pack on me. I took my bike and went to the backyard where I’ll be waiting for them to leave. I was hiding. Few minutes later, my parents and her left driving the blue vehicle. They never saw me hiding.

Finally, they left. We have the whole place to ourselves, I thought. I rushed back in, he’s sitting right where I left him, doing exactly what he did when I left him. On my way upstairs I did what I wanted to do all day. Let’s play, again.

“Oliver?”

He lifted his head to look at me. He seemed confused why I came back early or did he question my going out at all.
“My bedroom. Now.”

Chapter End Notes

If anyone's interested, you can check out Plato's philosophy about these three theories. I wrote my paper on him and fell in love with the way he's thinking. I don't know if I got the correct translation from Serbian to English but either way it's Plato so these are his life works.
Mine

Chapter Summary

Oliver and Elio in his bedroom.

Chapter Notes

Here’s something i haven't wrote in a while. The story is moving faster because soon Oliver will be leaving to meet his publisher and up until that day, Elio needs to fight for him. Hope you like it, enjoy and wish you all the love in the world!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

My heart was racing when I climbed back upstairs. Millions and millions of thoughts were going in and out of my head, especially because I didn’t hear him come after me like I hoped he would. Probably he’s putting away his papers, or is still sitting downstairs In shock…or just isn’t going to show up. The unnerving feeling of waiting Oliver to meet at night came back at me. This is waking up some emotions from a year ago, when I was waiting for Oliver to appear at midnight. Those thoughts were back now. The fear of him not showing, or, better yet, the bigger fear of him showing up. What to do?

Just like a year ago, when I pushed that note underneath his door, I did not think through my next move. I just hope he’s going to show up and the words would be falling out of my mouth. My “Oliver? My bedroom. Now.” Was similar to his “Grow up, I’ll see you at midnight.” But this time it was so different. We’ve been through this once before. We had risen from days of being ignored to days where we just simply couldn’t keep our hands or our feet away from each other. And now…it hurts me to think that he’s in the same house as me but not with me, like we were a year ago. I could cry now.

The fact that I told him to come upstairs didn’t actually mean that he would. What if he wants to stay devoted to his future, but without a future, wife? What if he just laughs at me to what am I about to say? What if he takes it the wrong way? I don’t know what else to do to show him that I, like him, am serious about us, if he still wants that, if he still wants me, us, a life with another human being, a life with another man. It’s a tough world out there, it’s similar to falling to a tank full of sharks, all tasting, smelling the blood on you. This is not fun and games for me, I thought It would be, in the beginning but that just made it easier for me. Because a year ago, I thought it was just going to be a one time thing, that I’d get a taste of a big American, and then I’d go and live the rest of my days with him in the same house, pretending like nothing happened but I’d be happy because he would be finally out of my system, and now…look where we are. No matter the sorrow and the pain he caused me, I was still going to forgive him once I was convinced that she’s out and I’m back in and that he’s the one telling her that in person, without chickening out. I am the one who belongs with him, sharing his passion, wisdom and love for life, not her, I don’t know what her deal was. She is not important now. She is out there having fun with my parents, watching movie, eating popcorn, drinking and laughing. He’s here with me. So much for devotion to a soon unreliable marriage.
The house was empty. Mafalda and Anchise were already resting this day away and he was still downstairs. It’s just him and I, like last year. Only times have changed but I sure hoped to God he stayed the same, as gentle as always.

I took my back pack and threw it outside the conjoined bathroom door, my shoes too. Inside the bathroom I undid my belt and took my jeans off, threw it aside hitting the bath tub in which I cried the whole night, two nights ago for a man who was coming upstairs now, hopefully. I took my shirt off when I got into the bedroom. My palms were sweating, my lips were shivering, I was cold all of a sudden, I was ready, I wasn’t ready, I was ready, not, am too, not, too…

Few seconds after I turned around to think what to say once he gets here, I heard his footsteps. It’s him, he’s coming over, he’s coming upstairs. This thrilled me like the first time we kissed…this is happening, it’s real, I have him here, this is happening. Similar thought, same person. Once he was out in the hallway I took my underwear off and threw them aside then turned to look at the window. I was hard.

Oliver walked in and closed the door behind him. It was about nine in the evening and the Moon was out already. I turned around to look at him with this body presentation I have been contemplating all day in my head. He needs so see me. He needs to know I trust him and that I’m ready to give myself to him again. Ever since he got here I’ve been fighting the urge to walk in, wherever he’d be sitting, climb his lap, straddle it and let him take on the spot. In those images, earlier that day, Lisa was a gone history, it was like she never existed. The fact that he showed up even after mentioning my bedroom, told me all of it. And also, he closed the door behind him when he looked at my naked body.

He was shining. There was a mixture of confusion, sadness and happiness on his face. I couldn’t read him, was he happy he was here and saw me standing naked before him? Did he wanted do flee the scene? Maybe he doesn’t know why am I standing there. But he knew. I know he knew. I was ecstatic that he showed up in the first place, I’d froze if he were to just sit there and count the pages. I’d die if he were to run away as soon as he sees something familiar. And then it hit me. It was familiar to him, seeing me naked, naked as I came into this world.

The thought of him closing the door popped in my head again, it was a good sign.

“Elio, what are you doing?” He said and then put aside something on my bed, I couldn’t move my head to see what it was. I just stood there, naked before him, cock erected like never before, the thrill of waiting for him was the reason I was hard in the first place. Still feeling frozen and waiting for him to make the first move. Which he did.

“Right now, my name is not Elio. It’s Oliver. The name you gave me when I was lying looking exactly like this in that room over there with you.” I pointed to the room he was now sharing with her. He kept his eyes on me, didn’t look anywhere else, not the room or my naked, exhausted, pale body.

“That was our bed, on which we made love so many, many times. It was our sanctuary, our safe place, our home. And you were on it and just like that, you became my home, my safe place, my sanctuary. I was naked, like I am now, few things did change but my body’s desire for you never piped down, not even for a day. We were facing the windows that entire night. Remember the window? Because I do. Remember this desk? Because I do, and the my-your Haydn with you does too. The attic? The river? This bed right here? I remember it all, and whenever I touch it, it feels like I’m reliving our summer. I can’t remember the last time I felt this nervous before you, it’s weird though, right? You’ve seen all sides of me, the good sides and the bad sides. And you never left. It was you, Elio, to whom I devoted my time and my heart. And I would do it again. Because,
here I am, asking you to do the same.”

I took a deep breath, trying to fight the tears that were already, without my knowledge, sliding down my face.

“One night. I am asking you for one night, one night only. Give me your body for one night, tonight and I will stay out of your way, I give you my word. I am asking for you to make love to me, only tonight. Let us take one day out of our last year’s summer. For one night, I am asking you to live in the summer of 1983 with me again. Just tonight. And when we’re done, I’ll go back to my room, clean myself and then I’ll fall asleep. This time, with a closure. And you can continue your life with her.”

“I don’t want anything with her, I just want you.”

I moved closer to him. He was carefully absorbing every word of mine.

“Don’t look at this as cheating, it’s not cheating, you wouldn’t be sleeping with another woman, you’ll be sleeping with a very lost and vulnerable boy who has been in love with you an entire summer long. Because I never stopped loving you, not even for a second, there wasn’t a day I haven’t thought about you. I’d forget to breathe but I have never forgotten you, and you know that. But you do not know how much it hurts. I spent my night thinking about you and crying because you weren’t here next to me. Make love to me tonight and I promise you, I’ll never bother you again. For the rest of your stay I will be away from the two of you, I won’t speak with you, I won’t stalk or follow you anywhere around the house. Because I love you and I will give you your freedom.”

“Elio…”

“I told you, my name is not Elio.”

I was dangerously close, so close that my thigh brushed over his already stone hard cock. We were both speaking in a soft voice. Funny how, once I took my clothes off he looked at me as a completely different person.

“I am not leaving this room until you make love to me. And I know this looks like I’m making you do it, I am making you fuck me, making you to give me your body. Almost like a rapist. And I know I sound like a slut right now or a whore, giving you one promise for one night as an exchange. And I’m sorry for being so easy, I just have to have you before you leave and break my heart for the fourth time. Only you.”

He never said anything, he was waiting for me to finish my speech, yet again. What I did do is I touched his boner and was surprised how big it got. My hand squeezed tightly around his cock and I managed to feel him rising underneath my touch, twitching inside those pants he’d been wearing all day long, so warm from lust and ready to penetrate. Good. Since the whole foot thing downstairs only minutes ago did such a good job, the rest was up to me. Oh, and the foot, never backed down. Good boy.

I took his hand, lifted his right hand and two fingers with it.

“Your nails are long…”

“I forgot to clip them, sorry.”

“Oh, you forgot? Does that mean you knew this night was coming?”
I looked him in the eyes.

“Maybe. It will hurt.”

“Good, I want it to hurt. This was I can feel you physically hurting me.”

I spat on them and took them in my mouth, sucked them with all I had while never looking any other way than his eyes. His blue eyes were diving deeper and deeper into me, I was in pain, I was anticipating for him to stop me or say no or do something. But he didn’t. I guess I’m the one in charge now. I sucked on them until I reached his palm. Up and down I worked like they were his organ in his pants, like I knew he liked it and always liked it. He just loved my dirty little mouth around his cock, I could tell. Soon.

With or without his approval I took that hand I guided him where it belongs, where it has been spending the nights, every night, last summer. I did them well but I knew the pain was unavoidable. How did we get here? Beats me. The pushing in, he did the job. When his hand reached behind me I spread my legs and lifted my body onto the tips of my toes, that only brought me closer to him. Eye contact never broke. Once I felt one finger in, I gasped and clanged onto his biceps in front of me. I had to close my eyes, I haven’t been experiencing this type of pain since April, but then again, different person, different pain.

“Ah…” I breathed.

“You okay?”

“Mmhm…I’m fine…”

Another finger got in and I squeezed his arm even tighter. Fucking nails. I breathed in and then out, opened my eyes to find his full of tears.

“They will be back soon.” He said.

“We have about two hours, two and half hours…”

“Three hours then.” He whispered.

“I don’t care if you come within five minutes, I just want to feel you. Only tonight. Like a proper closure.”

Tears. From both parties. I didn’t even realize how much was this overwhelming for me. He was a wrecking mess in front of me.

“Will you do it? For me?”

He nodded.

“Are you nodding Elio?”

He chuckled.

“I am.” He whispered.

“Will you do it? For me, for us?”

“Yes, anything…Oliver…” He whispered to my ear.
“Elio…take me to bed.” I moaned.

With one hand still inside me with the other one he brought my face closer to his and kissed me. I could taste the tears and desire for getting a chance to destroy me. Oliver lifted my body while still kissing me, I spread my legs around his waist still feeling the pain in my lower parts of the body. When we were closer to the bed he took his fingers out of me and deepened the kiss. Or was it me? Once I felt that he was out of me I hissed and afterwards I opened my mouth wider for him to push his tongue in. He placed me on the bed and topped me, kneeled on my body as I arched my back into his touch. His hands traveled from my face to my belly bottom, with eyes still closed I could sense that he was looking and planning how to wreck me. Oh how good it felt to feel him again after so many months being separated. I got goosebumps all over my body once he passed my chest. It certainly did feel like the first time, only this time I was more practiced, I knew where and how to touch him, I sensed the sexual tension rise between us ever since he walked in my room days ago. There was this magically, fire causing sparks between his fingers and my skin. He sensed how flushed I was, my erect cock was waiting for him to empty it, I wanted it for him to see that I still wanted him as much as I did last time we slept together, that those emotions and the desire between us never went away. Everything was speeding very quickly, two nights ago I told him to stay away from me and now I was waiting for him to get inside me so I can lock him with my legs and never leave my bed or my life again. I simply couldn’t keep it to myself. Oliver was leaving very soon and the last thing I wanted was another final night, like the one in Bergamo.

“Fuck, you’re so beautiful.” He mouthed and then went down to kiss me again. I threw my arms around his neck, pulling him down towards me. “You have changed…agh, fuck I want you so badly…” He breathed in to our kiss, making me harder and harder by the word. Oliver was, one again, with all of his weight, on top of me, squishing me underneath him, and I loved it.

“Take it off…” I whispered while my hands were clanging and pulling, but failing at the same time, onto his baggy shirt. It had buttons on it but I didn’t have time to wait for him to do one by one. Pull it over your head like you did the first time, like when you couldn’t wait to touch me, just pull it.

He did it a second later and revealed his naked torso, hairy chest in front of me, fuck how I loved pulled those when I was the one on top of him. No David’s star necklace? But then again, I wasn’t wearing one either.

He kneeled again, probably sensed I was having difficulties breathing. I sat up only to kiss him again, latching onto his neck and jaw in the process. He let out a single pant once I reached his collar bone. I knew he doesn’t like it when I touch it, let along kiss it or bite it like I was doing it now, but he always let me do that to him. My tongue was drooling all over him that once I got back to his lips, they’d already been covered in my saliva. Then that is what made this sloppy kiss even hotter than it the entire night planned ahead.

Oliver unattached his lips from mine and pushed me to lay back on the pillow. He got up and, with our eyes still locked together, undid his belt and took his underwear and pants together. He resembled a fucking Greek God. Nothing has changed on him, he stayed the same, same lean legs, hairy chest, pale arms due to the lack of Sun and his big and red throbbing cock, already hard as rock, stiffened and ready for me. And I was just lying there and waiting for him, maybe with mouth opened and tongue sticking out but there was no point in hiding. By now, we’ve seen it all.

“Tell me what you want.” He said getting back between my legs, still kneeling on the bed.

“I want you.”

“To do what?”
“To take me.”

“How?”

“Only you know how, you always knew…”

Oliver grabbed my thigh and pulled me closer to him, making me giggle in the process. He laid between my legs, still holding my thighs in the air as he was making his way down to my, now, very, very hard cock. The bed was small and there was a green board at the end of it but somehow he managed to sit and get what he wanted. First he kissed my cock, then licked it all the way from the top to the bottom and finally took it in his mouth. The sensation ran through my body and I just submitted to it. I arched my back and pushed my head back as he was working his way down. Took it all in and then out, slowly and sensually.

“Ah…mmmhm…oh fuck…”

I couldn’t believe how much I actually missed this, I haven’t been touched like this in 10 months. I tugged his hair as he was going up and down on my crotch. My cheeks were blushing and I wanted to squirm but he held my thighs so there was no way of an escape. Good. I held the board behind me with the other hand as I was repeating his name, my name then his again, then mine.

Once he thought I had enough, he popped my cock out of his mouth and went back to kiss me again. I tasted him and myself in his mouth which, by all the logics of calling each other by their names, was my mouth and there was no difference what and who did I taste. The need to do the same for him was overpowering but it never came to life.

“No…not tonight…” he removed my hand from his cock which I grabbed once I sat up again. Not tonight? Does that mean this will happen again? I really hope so.

“We’ll save it for later.” I whispered in his mouth then kissed him again and this time I pulled him down with me.

Oliver smiled in the kiss.

This felt amazing, just our naked bodies sliding again one another. Skin to skin, man to man, Elio to Oliver, Oliver to Elio.

Oliver got up once more and pulled my hands around his waist again, I spread them as wide as I could for him. Only for him. He lifted the lower part of my back and inserted two fingers at a time. I groaned to the feeling but never complained. Before, two fingers were just in my body, this time he moved them in and out, hitting all sort of stuff inside me. Whatever he hit in the process, it made me scream out the loudest moan of my life. My ears were buzzing afterwards.

“Mmm, feel good?”

“Yeh, yes…ah, yeah…mmm…”

I couldn’t hold my moans. And why should I?

“You missed this?”

What a tease.

“Agh! So fucking much!”
“Ah, I’ll do anything you want baby, anything…”

“Mmmm, Oliver…”

“Yes, baby?”

“Fuck me, please, just fuck me…ahhh…I’m ready, mmm…”

“Oh, anything for you baby…”

The massive amount of sweat was sliding down my torso while Oliver kept eyeing everything I was breathing out.

He pulled the fingers out and I black out. The next thing I remember is him pushing inside me. Oh, fuck! Is it possible he got bigger!? He never stopped, just pushed inside all the way.

“Oh my…agh…Oliver!”

“Ah, fuck, oh God…fuck you feel so good…”

Was he rushing because he was afraid of getting caught or was he rushing for us to last as long as possible and maybe try various of different poses? Whatever it was, it was different than the last time but still felt so good. Oliver went down again and attached his teeth and tongue on my neck. He kept biting and pulling the skin, almost to the point to make me bleed. I could die like this! Oh, fuck, what is he doing to me!?

Oliver moved in and out of my body so easily, I was opened for him, I managed to make it better for him to enter.

“Oh, fuck me, fuck me, come on, fuck me…”

I couldn’t stop moaning for him to fuck me, pleading for him to kill me now on the bed, to kill me and to bury me with the images of him on top of me. Once my neck got its part, he moved to my jaw and cheeks. His wet tongue drooled it all over my skin until I finally found the breath to catch it and kiss him as he was pounding inside me, all the way.

The bed was moving, the noises were horrendous but I had Oliver inside of me again after ten months, I couldn’t care less what the villa had in response.

A butt spasm would have been an amazing move if I only knew how to make it come to life. I’d lock his cock inside of my anus and never let him go, never let him go back to her and to his home in the States. I’ll deal with it when he’s gone, if he decides to act like a pussy again, that is.

“Oh, fuck…come here, come here…”

He pulled out and I could feel my tears slide down my face, didn’t even feel them gathering in my eyes. Oliver laid next to me but took my legs with him and placed me on top of him. He knew I always like this position. I slid down his cock again and the heaven number two can begin. Oliver was leaning his entire body on his elbows as I was doing my work in circling my hips on his cock. Fuck I was burning! At the same time as I gridding onto him, he was pushing inside me so violently that made me throw my head back and expose my neck along with an open mouth and tongue sticking out.

“Look at me, Elio…look…”
“Ahh, God, fuck me…mmm…”

“Baby, look at me…”

And I did.

His blue eyes shined together with a beautiful smile on his face, his gorgeous blonde hair was sweaty like the rest of him, sticking to his forehead. Again, it didn’t have to last long, he just had to knew what I like and what I need. By then, he grabbed my neck and squeeazed it gently. Just like he did in back Bergamo. I could die, again and again. There was something majestic about him choking me and me letting him do it, but all of it was done in a complete silence, no words. I smiled at that and his smile was even bigger than the last one.

“Ah, Oliver…I…”

“I know, baby, I know how you like it…”

I was holding his chest and, like always, plucking the hair off it as he kept squeeazing my neck tighter and tighter. This was my chance. Catch him when he’s in this state of bliss. Shining with his sex appeal and what I hoped his love for me and his determination to being just mine. Nobody else’s.

I could die for you, Oliver. Never leave me again. Stay here with me. We can work this out. Just stay with me and send her back, please. I can’t, I promised myself I’ll stop but I couldn’t. Forgive me everything I said the other night, I love you, just be mine!

“Oliver, say you love me!”

He let go of my neck and sat up with me in his lap. We were still fucking each other very loudly and very sloppy. He kissed me with tongue which lead both us to moan due to the saliva caressing each other’s lips.

“I love you, Elio Perlman! You’re the one. You’re the one for…me, fuck…the one, Elio…”

He moaned through the sloppy kiss.

“You’re mine!”

He said it again and then grabbed my cock. By that point I was flushed, crying, panting and sweating like never before. My eyes were closed once he started jerking me off. I could die like this! This sensation was like never before in my life. Few strokes later I came all over his chest. The drops of cum splashed all the way to his chin and shoulders.

“Mmmm, ahh…yours!”

Seconds after, I was flooded by the massive amount of cum her released inside my body. Oliver sobbed at the end.

“Yours…” I whispered before we shared another kiss that contained tongue, teeth, sweat and saliva, and maybe the bits of my cum on his face. After that kiss I collapsed on top of him and let Oliver embrace me while we were both fighting the urge to stabilize our breathing and also to get back to reality.

Chapter End Notes
I don't know when i'll post the next chapter, i didn't even start writing it except in my head, but it's coming soon so bear with me. I'm dealing with a lot of stuff at home and i just need to be with my family. There's nothing more important than the family. Even this chapter was written in total shock and tears and i'm not particularly proud of it, giving my inspiration level was down to zero today. I hope you understand.
No questions asked

Chapter Summary

Elio and Oliver talk after they made love after so long.

Chapter Notes

Hello, hello! First, I want to thank each and every one of you for the support and the kind words I've been receiving. We're all doing a lot better now, we're hanging on but it's still very tough. Writing is the only thing that keeps my mind off things and this chapter literally wrote by itself. As always, I hope you like it and enjoy! All the love in the world!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I thought you didn’t smoke.” I said looking at him next to me.

“Are we really going to play this game every single time?” He said at the same time exhaling the smoke in the dark room above us.

“Come on, just say it.” I smiled at him.

“Oh, God…you know I only smoke when I’m with you? There.” He said with a smirk. I was annoying him but he loved it.

“Ah, love it!” I kissed him out of sheer happiness at the moment.

We were lying on the bed where we just had the most intensive love making of all time. He was lying on his back and I was lying on my stomach next to him, supporting my head with my hands. The ashtray laid on his stomach as he kept filling it with leftovers from the cigarette. We were still recovering from what just happened. Oliver laid covered in dried sweat and cum closer to the door, he had the most satisfied look on his face I have ever seen, he was so breathtakingly beautiful. One of his hands held the cigarette and I was caressing the other one, up and down.

The thing he put on my bed when he walked after me and seeing me naked, it was a pack of cigarettes along with an ashtray. He knew this night was coming.

“Where did you find the cigarettes?” I asked curiously.

“I asked Anchise to get them for me.”

“When?”

“Um, this morning.”

“So you knew this was coming? Am I that predictable? Or am I just easy for you?”
“I knew that the first night was awful, because we fought outside, last night was okay, I guess, we were talking so I was happy and it kind of clicked to me that we’re going from bad to good, or maybe bad – good -bad, so either this night was going to be filled with…well, what we just did or another awful night. I was prepared because I needed a cigarette anyway. And, for the record, Elio Perlman, you’re never that easy for me. I just knew I couldn’t help myself with being alone in the house and touching you all night. So I guess, that makes me the easy one.”

I kissed him again. It was all I needed to hear.

He liked my lip at the end and I took the cigarette from his hand and took a drag of my own. The smoke went in the air a second later.

“Remember when you told me that you freaked out one night after I left? When you thought I was calling for you?”

I nodded.

Oliver began caressing my back from the shoulder blades to my hips, so gently, with the tips of his finger. I shivered at the touch.

“So, hear this. The first night, I’m back in New York, it was almost midnight when I got home that day, and I wake up in the middle of the night, reach out, I ran my hand over the pillow like I’m looking for something and then just doze off again.

I took another inhale listening to him.

“The next night, same. And the next three after that. And finally I wake up and whisper “Elio, stop…”, thinking you’d just be blowing in my hair. I got up, looked all around the place for you. Thinking that something must have happened since you’re not next to me. When I returned to the bedroom, a view of the skyscraper killed me, it was then that I knew I was home and…you’re not with me.”

“You have the view of the skyscraper!??”

He hummed with a smile and leaned over to me and kissed me on the nose. It was a very gentle kiss, I could sense some type of sorrow in his lips, maybe remembering those days back home, when he was alone and freaking out like I was, were more intense than he thought. It clearly took a large tole on him.

“Why are you telling me this?” I asked.

“Because I thought you should know.”

He took the cigarette out from between my lips and blew it off in the ashtray on his chest. Then he removed the object on the floor underneath us and turned himself towards me, lying on his hip while I was still lying on my chest. I could stay like this forever, just lying naked with him after a state of bliss we just shared, talking, kissing, caressing each other’s skin. The Moonlight was shining behind me and I can only imagine what I must look in his eyes. I just wish that whatever happens next, he thinks it through and is satisfied with the decision.

“When are you leaving tomorrow?”

“Uh, he told me to call him tomorrow morning, to arrange the meeting, so hopefully I’ll get a good night sleep. Thanks to you.” He smiled.
“Where are you meeting at all?”

“Crema. He came over last night because of some book party at the local bookstore. He’s in town anyway.”

“I’m so happy you’re writing again.”

“I’m happy you’re happy.”

I smiled at that.

It was chilly that night but my body was still getting over the heat we just shared 15 minutes ago.

“I thought I’d never find my inspiration again. But I just dived in and took the poor Plato apart. I grabbed all of his books and kept writing the notes all over the place and in the books too, like you. It was easier for me to start and to finish, I couldn’t wait to get up in the morning and write.”

“That’s good to hear. Whenever I write like that, I actually analyze the characters and the story, other than that…I could never start my own book that easily.”

“You must think like that now, but you’ll see when you’re older, and wiser. You’ll make something out of yourself I give you my word.”

“Just like that?”

“Just like that.”

My hands were getting tired from supporting my head so I laid down on the same pillow next to him, so close. We were staring at each other’s eyes, it’s been a while since we did just that, in silence. We used to do that all night long last summer. He’d be the last thing I’d see before I’d drift off and his lips anywhere on me were the last thing I’d feel.

“I missed this.” I said.

“What exactly?”

“All of this. Us like this, talking to you, being with you, you basically.”

“I can’t remember the last time I felt this alive. I guess…you made it all better, and I don’t want to give that up. Not yet and certainly not at all.”

I frowned.

“What do you mean?”

“I’m going to tell her.”

Come again?

“What?”

“I am going to tell her.”

“Tell her what?”

“About you.”
“No, you’re not.” I said, trying to sound determined like he was.

“I am. I’ll tell her. I’ll tell her what’s going on and we’ll end it.”

“No.”

I got out of the bed. My underwear shorts were lying beneath the window and I grabbed them and began putting them on. The rest of my clothes were scattered around the bedroom and the bathroom. Shit. I have to get out, he’s insane.

“Why not?”

“I am not letting you tell her. You can not just tell her about us.” I said.

“Again, why not? What’s wrong with that?”

“Are you kidding me. No.”

“Elio, come one, don’t be like this. I decided I’m going to tell her.”

This was irritating. Ugh, he’s so insensitive sometimes.

“Okay, you can tell her. But I’ll decide what you’ll wear when you do.”

He frowned out of confusion.

I climbed back on the bed and sat on top of him, settled my dressed ass on his naked cock. Then I leaned to the floor and took a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. Took one cigarette out, light it up and inhaled the first smoke and then exhaled it in the air. He was holding my thighs, probably enjoying the sight.

“You’ll go out tonight, looking like this. Covered in me, you will not shower or put parfum or anything. You’ll smell like me and our fuck tonight. Tell her you fucked the human out of me and that you liked it. You get out naked and also, this…”

I let the cigarette burn an inch away from his right nipple.

“Elio, what are you doing?”

“You want for her to know about me? Let her see how nasty you and I get sometimes. These cigarette burns will show her how sick I really am.”

I let the cigarette even closer to his nipple. The burning sensation awoke him and he took my wrist, squeezed it somewhat violently, like he did when I tried to take the peach out of his hand once before.

“Stop it!”

I wanted to fight him. Didn’t want to let him overpower me.

“Elio! Stop it! Stop!”

He yelled at me.

“You can not do this to me. I’m sorry, I know you want her to know…”
“I don’t want her to know!” I yelled in his face.

Oliver let go of my wrist and I blew the cigarette off in the ashtray beside the bed and got off of him.

I wanted to punch him. Punch all his teeth out to just shut the hell up.

“You ask me what is wrong!? Everything is wrong! You can not just walk up to her and say what we did now and what we did last summer.”

“I don’t see the…”

He was making me angry. I could climb him again, there were more than one cigarette in the pack.

“I asked you for one night, Oliver. One night. And then we’re through. The chances of us being together are slim, how do you not get that?”

I stood closer to the window. This is not like before, he’s not hurting me, he’s just being a heartless jerk. He’s going to break her heart that easily.

“Yes, one night. And it was so fucking brutal, so good, probably the best laid of my life. And now, I don’t want only one night with you, I want hundreds of them, thousands, millions! And don’t call it a fuck, Elio, didn’t you feel what I just felt? We made love, a love only you and I created and only you and I get to share. There was nothing sick or nasty about it, we love each other, you know it’s more than a fuck, it never was just a fuck. If I have to repeat myself, over and over again, every minute of every day. I want you. Elio, I want you, everything that goes with you, all your flaws and virtues. All of your bad days and good days. Remember last year here? You were so sad and depressed and I just laid next to you, all dressed up, spent the entire night comforting you with my presence. See? That’s what I want. Not this, not her. Not a marriage with a person who doesn’t talk to me, not with the person that criticize everything I do, the one who doesn’t accept a no for an answer, someone who tore up the first pages of my manuscript because, like she said, she felt like it. Someone who latches on whenever she wants, not someone who doesn’t respect me or my wishes, and God forbid, If I can open my mouth to ask her about anything. I am dying next to her, I’m suffocating! When we’re at her parents’ house we must pretend like we’re happy and in love. They don’t suspect a thing. I can’t believe we were ever in a relationship. She was the reason I wanted to break up every single time.”

“Then why did you agreed to marry her now!?”

I yelled, because it started off so sweet and then he finally snapped. That was what I have been waiting for. Finally, the truth is out. Thank you.

“Please come back here. I have to show you something.”

He sighed and sat at the edge of the bed. I remained where I was.

“Remember this?”

He raised his right hand and just like that, thanks to the Moonlight shining in my bedroom, the scar became visible. He told me about the scar a year ago when we were, like now, resting after our intense love making. He told me that it was a long story and that his father was responsible for it, never asked why or how but I guess there is a story behind it.

“Of course I do.” I said.
“I know you do. You, like myself, know every part of my body, every curve, every mole, every birthmark. Since you know the intro about who she is, I guess all I have to tell you is the rest. This scar was made in December of 1982. It was Hanukkah. And right before I went over to my parents’ house for dinner, I got a call from your father and he told me that you guys would be happy to accept me as your summer resident. You couldn’t believe the amount of happiness I felt in that moment. I was smiling for hours. But once I got there and announced the news, my father backfired immediately. He told me to run off and have my time in Italy and that a wife would be waiting for me when I get back. I refused constantly, we were fighting for 20 minutes just repeating You will and I won’t. Until I snapped and slammed the glass cup against the wall and just walked out. I ruined the dinner but my mother was in between lands. She didn’t know what to say or do to calm the situation down. My father was still very pissed off even when I left, he even called that night to apologize for his behavior and to say that he’ll arrange the whole thing. He said it was my time to settle down, it was my time to marry, have babies, live a humbled life like he did.”

“He’s an asshole. I mean, I’m sorry about that and that he’s dead but…”

I said crossing my arms on my chest.

“No, I agree with you. I cursed the shit out of him that night and every night ever since he pushed us together.”

“Oliver, I don’t…”

He stood up.

“Okay, how about I go to Crema tomorrow alone? Not with you and not with her. I’ll have the time and the space to think this through.”

“To think what through?”

“To find a way and end this with her, once and for all.”

“Okay, okay…that sounds good…”

I nodded.

“How about I don’t mention you? I can just say I’m not ready to get married. Which is true and especially not to her.”

“I still…”

“What are you so afraid of?”

He’s right, but so was I. I looked at him and spoke out the truth.

“I’m just afraid of getting hurt again. Because of you. We can’t predict what might happen, how might she react. I can’t anymore…”

“You won’t, I promise you that. I don’t want to let you down again, I know that’s all I did in the past.”

“It’s not all you did. I just don’t think I can handle another heart break. I’m not worth you screwing your life over. You’d be letting go of so many things in your life only to make this, what we have, work.”
“You are worth it. You’re worth it all! I’d give my entire life, that I have right now go to waste, if that means starting and creating a new one with you, then so be it.”

“This doesn’t sound like you.”

“I know it doesn’t. But here I am…”

“You’ve changed.”

“I did. In the last few days, Elio, you are the only one I thought about, I swear to you. I want nothing more or nothing less than to spend my time with you. Only you.”

“How are we going to make it?”

“We’ll manage, I promise you. Let’s see what happens after I talk to her.”

He got closer to me. I felt violated, I felt like he was showering me with false hopes. I’m so scared to let go again.

“Look at me.”

I did. Our eyes met and that’s when I fell under his spell.

“Do you know when I knew you were worth it? All of it?”

“No, when?” I was confused.

“When you went out in the pouring rain, in Bergamo, for me.”

I was stunned, I had to look at him to believe those words just came out of his mouth.

“What, what does…”

“What does that have to do with anything now? It has everything, Elio. I asked you to come down in the pouring rain, so I can kiss you. And you did. Just like that. And you never complained about it. You never said a single bad word about it. It didn’t bother you that it was cold, that it was raining, that we might catch a terrible cold. You, Elio, just came down and I kissed you. While it was raining. You did that, no questions asked.”

“I can’t believe you remembered that. And you were carrying a bag of peaches.”

“How many?”

“Four.”

He smiled. I could tell that he was completely in love with me. I couldn’t believe it.

“Exactly. See, I never forget those things. I also never forgot the melody you played for me, the color of your swimming trunks when we were down by the river while the things were bad between us, the way you looked when I told you that I loved you, for the first time. Those are tiny things, I know but that’s how my brain works.”

“I can’t believe this is the same Oliver from two days talking to me.”

“Believe it, baby, because it’s the truth and I’m ready to give up the life I could have had with her and just be with you.”
He kneeled in front of me and began kissing my tummy. Over and over, his hands were holding and caressing my thighs while his lips were decorating my skin. One kiss there, the other one here. I loved when he’d kiss my tummy.

“I love you so much. Now I beg of you to forgive me everything I put you through. I beg of you to forgive me leaving you, breaking your heart so many times, bringing her here, not being honest, not being the man you deserve in your life, not being the support you needed. I’m so sorry, I don’t know what else to do to make you believe me when I tell you that I’ll end with her and start with you, all over again. And to make you trust me again.”

He was literally on his knees begging me to forgive him, begging me to believe him, begging me to let him in and to be with me.

“Get up.”

He did.

“Promise me one thing.” I said.

“Anything.” He looked me in the eyes.

“Promise me you’ll never leave me. Again.”

“Done.” He never hesitated.

“Oliver…” I sighed.

“I’m serious. Try and stop me.”

“Stop it…”

I punched his chest gently.

“You’ll see. I’m going to love the crap out of you.”

I blushed and smiled at that.

“Just shut up and kiss me.”

And we kissed. He was naked and I was still wearing my underwear shorts, but I never felt that naked or exposed, and it felt good. All of my wishes and secrets were out, Oliver was the one pulling them to surface. There was this unnerving feeling bubbling up inside me and all I could do I rely on him, again and beg for whatever connection we had not to leave me, not to break my heart and not to kill me again. That’s all. We can make this work.

“Elio?”

“Yeah?”

“Can I have you again? Once more before they come back?”

“Do we have the time?”

“I don’t care about the time. I just want to hold you.”

I nodded and looked down to take my shorts off.
“Please, allow me.”

He kneeled again and took my underwear shorts off and kissed both my thighs, my tummy and took my cock in his mouth again. Did not expect that, but then again, that’s Oliver. He’s full of surprises. I tugged his hair yet again and let out a giggle, I was surprised as hell. He looked me in the eyes, then popped my cock out again. Only a couple of licks, but I could make myself hard again if I tried, I mean, if he tried.

“Come here…” He whispered and took my hand in his.

We laid together like we did minutes ago. Yes, it was smart not starting another round, this was as equally beautiful as the other outcome.

We laid on the bed, facing each other. His hand was on my back pushing me towards him every single time I felt like running away from my body and jumping into his. Elio being Oliver being Elio being Oliver.

“Elio, why are you crying?” He asked looking at me.

I didn’t even realize I was.

“I’m just so happy right now.”

He kept wiping my tears with his fingers, and some he kissed away. Maybe the first time in a while I cried because I was happy, and not sad. I cried all the time and only because of him, but there we were. Back where we belonged.

“I still can’t believe you remembered that kiss in Bergamo. Even I was blanked of it because of what it followed.” I whispered at him.

“Well, don’t take this the wrong way but…I talked to your mother.”

“Why her?”

“She appeared at the right time.”

“What did she say to you?”

“Oh, basically what you did, about choosing. And she told me to think of one thing that separated you and her. I knew then, that’s the thing you did, no questions asked. It made it easier for me to tell you. I will spend the rest of my life loving you and making you trust me and believe in me.”

“That’s a start.”

“Are you tired?”

“A little.”

“I’d let you sleep all night like this.”

“I know, I know. And it’s my bed so you’re the one who’s going to get out soon.”

We laughed and then we kissed.

“I hate that.” Oliver said once I touched his collar bone but he never pulled away.
“I know you do.”
I kept touching it and thinking about what he said.

“Are you really going to break her heart?”

“I’m more worried about breaking yours.”

“Just answer.”

“She has no heart. There.”

“Oliver…” I sighed.

“Fine, I don’t think there’s any love left. I don’t want her to waste her love on me, especially because I don’t fee anything what so ever.”

“How are we going to make this work?” I asked.

“Well, I’ve been thinking for a while now. Maybe I can stay here, until my semester starts and after that, who knows. You’ll be in school so we must maintain a long distance, but we’ll see, anything is possible. I’ll tell her soon, the day when we leave. I’ll probably send her on her own…”

I put my hand over his mouth. That’s enough for today.

“Shut up and kiss me before they come back.”

And he did just that.

Chapter End Notes

I have been writing at night because i can't sleep and last night i was so excited about the red carpet pictures. Both Timmy and Armie looked incredible. My jaw dropped when i saw Timmy, his hair was amazing, his suit was perfect, overall he was gorgeous. Anyway, the next chapter should be up very soon. Love you all!
The pheromones

Chapter Summary

Their night continues once again.

Chapter Notes

Another roller coaster with emotions and some scenes i took out of my head left me emotionally raw, i couldn't believe it. Hope you like this one, enjoy and wish you all the love in the world!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Oliver moved his lips from my own to my nose, my cheek and my forehead. I kept my eyes closed the entire time while he’s been showering my face with wet kisses. Or was my face wet because of all the tears and his lips were soft and dry? Didn’t know, didn’t care, didn’t matter. We were one, even when our bodies weren’t physically connected. One organ inside a human’s body, as usual, that is the definition of two bodies becoming one, but now his lips were on my skin, and again, we were one, skin to skin, that definition exists in our little own universe.

The touch of his lips anywhere on my skin made me shiver that easily. I couldn’t believe how good I felt at those moments. His lips were making my being come to life, finally giving me a reason to live. It almost felt as though time has stopped and it was just him and I on that little bed of ours. Nobody else counts. Nobody else matters. Just him and I.

I could have drifted off any moment with him next to me, touching me and kissing me like that. A majestic state of bliss, I never felt like this with him. And I thought I had it all, I thought I had him every way possible, I thought that there was nothing more he could do to me to make me feel even better. But, again, that’s Oliver for you, full of surprises.

Or was this how my body was responding to his? After being closed up for so long to practically everybody, not counting the ones who came between last summer and this one, was this my awakening? Was Oliver pulling me back from the dead even if he was the one who kept burying me alive over and over again? Yes, he was doing just that. By kissing me so beautifully, it felt as though every skin cell of his on the skin of mine was like another drop of the magic position which he was, now, spreading across my face. Every bit of him on me, I was letting my body absorb it and finally with those kisses, I was feeling good again. I was finally feeling his words and his actions, his promises and wishes for our future, his trust, his respect, his love. I felt it all again.

It was more than just being in love with him, which I was, very deeply. His words made me fall back into that life I had with him, the life we share now and the life, like he promised, we can and will have in the future. As my love grew so did my trust. Nobody does this. Nobody spends a night with someone, promises the other person the whole world and then just backs out. I hope nobody does. I hope Oliver won’t do this. Not again, he never made any promises the first time around, to be honest.
I’ll let myself go, I’ll fall back into him again, I’ll let him take my body and my soul, once again. I respect him, trust him and I love him. And if he’s not playing, he respects, trusts and loves me too.

If he screws up again, I will kill him.

“What time is it?” He asked after some time. When his lips left my skin I felt completely naked.

I opened my eyes to check the watch.

“It’s almost 11. We should get up.” I said.

I sat up and looked around the room. It really did feel like a different place for us, a different world, a different universe. It felt as though everything had changed, if I were to look back at what we did and what we said almost two hours ago, I’d say that, right now, those people from a while back are complete strangers to me. Who is that boy who stood naked next to the window? Who is that man standing at the closed door and listening to that naked boy? Who are those people who were connected with just two fingers? Who? I don’t know them. They are so irrelevant now. I wish them a good night and a happy life.

“No, you’re not, come here…” He said and tackled me down next to him again.

I laughed at that move while he settled himself behind me, letting my tiny body lay on his left arm, pulling me closer to him as he was trying to pull me inside his body. I’d gladly accept that entrance.

“Let us enjoy this a little bit longer…” He breathed against the back of my head, I felt the goosebumps rising all throughout my skin.

“I wish we could but they’re coming back soon. And you should sleep now…” I said caressing his hand over my waist.

“Are you crazy? I can’t sleep now, after that…”

Oliver kissed my shoulder and then settled closer to me from behind. So close he almost pushed inside me again. I was still very opened and not tired at all. So, I thought what the hell, let’s do it again. My only wish was to feel him again, and now I was going to make my wish come true, again.

I pushed my pelvis against his cock and began rocking the hips back and forth, and sliding him against my skin until I was certain he was hard enough to get in. Oliver never said a word, only moaned through closed mouth against the back of my head. This was turning me on, the friction felt so good I couldn’t stop moving. The movements back and forth were making me hard because he was, like me, moving up and down my spine with his cock rising and caressing my rim. I pushed my spine against his torso once again and arched my back for him to have a better entrance.

We were both very dry, my anus dried off after a while since our last time and he wasn’t leaking like I thought he would. Probably this wasn’t turning him on like I hoped it would. But we both have the same goal, and I was the one who decided to reach out and make things easier for us.

I licked my entire right palm, from the wrist to the tips of my fingers over and over again and went behind my lower back to cup his erected cock. Something wet was required and I knew that saliva was not the best idea because it dries off very quickly, but this was the first thing I could think off. I stroke him with my saliva covered palm and Oliver moaned once again. I was hard because he was hard. With his right hand he spread my legs and transferred one of my legs over his waist for a better entrance, there was no need, I was opened. I’ve been opened ever since he got into my room.
the first night. He then pushed aside my, now, dried palm and replaced it with his own. Oliver guided his cock inside me all the way. I couldn’t help but moan like he did as he kept pushing deeper and deeper inside me. Once he was in, balls deep, his grabbed my neck again, to squeeze it gently like he usually did and to pull me, once again, closer to him.

None of us said a single word.

Soon, the dark and silent room was replaced with soft moans coming from the two human beings on a tiny bed and the night was blessed again. There was no space or time for anything other that a natural love making, natural in a way of him getting inside me that easily and me accepting him even more lightly. My vocal cords were vibrating in his palm as he was moving inside me unbelievably slow with a lot of pauses in between thrusts. My head fell naturally against his and that made it easier for him to turn my neck around and kiss me. I sighed and moaned at the same time whenever I found air in between the actions of his tongue on mine. I felt like crying again. I felt so vulnerable, exposed, naked, raw, no skin, no muscles, no bones, just my human being, being filled with the content of another human being. We kept the slow rhythm all the was as he was pushing inside me with everything he had. There wasn’t much space to run off to, once he was all in, he’d get out just a little bit and then slam inside me again, every single time exposing me even more than I hoped he’d be able to do.

Later on, he let go of my neck and cupped my cock instead. I grunted at that move and was now ready to be exposed once again, for the second time that night. Oliver continued stroking my cock up and down, while still kissing me with a lot of tongue and even more saliva. His tongue was my tongue, my saliva was his saliva, my tears were now his tears, his air was now my air. It was not just our bodies that were connecting but our souls also, I could feel what he felt, I could say what he wanted to say, I could hear whatever he was listening to. Oliver was Elio was Oliver was Elio.

Seconds later he came inside me, filled me with oh so many juices and I came all over his hand. He pulled out after that and, once again, we were catching our breaths again and fighting for it to stay alive as long as possible.

He hugged me from behind and I closed my eyes only for a moment to absorb what happened just now.

The first time of the night, he was violent, brutal, unnerving, zero boundaries. And now, the second time around, he was sweet, slow, determined, full of emotions, like nothing before. We slept together like this once before in Bergamo, but still, it felt so weird going in like this again.

“Elio? You alright?” He asked after couple of minutes with a steady voice.

“Hm? Yeah, I’m fine, I’m fine.”

“Hope this wasn’t too much, too quickly.”

“No, no, no, of course not. I loved it, I really did.”

I turned around to look at his face after another love making. His face was sweaty again, I’d die of that image and that scent around me.

“You’d tell me if I cross the line?” He asked.

“We’ll see.”

He kissed me again.
“Elio, I don’t mean this in a bad way but I’m pretty exhausted right now. I think I’ll head out to take a shower then go to bed. Is that okay with you?”

“Of course it is, you don’t have to ask for my permission.”

He sat up and I mirrored his move.

“One thing though.” I said looking at him.

“What?”

“Could you do me a favor?”

“Anything.”

“Don’t shower.” I said.

There was silence between us and suddenly there was a smile appearing on his face very slowly. It reminded me when he asked me not to shower and just casually sit at dinner with the guests and pretend like I wasn’t sticking my ass to the chair.

“I won’t if you won’t.” He said.

“I promise.”

“Then it’s a deal.” He grinned at me.

He offered me his left hand and I shook it like those gentlemen do when they sign a business contract. At the end, he pulled me towards him and kissed me again.

“You can shower in the morning, just not tonight.” I said.

“You got it. Then I’ll just go brush my teeth and my hand.”

He raised his right hand, the same one with the scar that led him to me this very night. It was covered in my cum. He’ll erase the taste of my cock in his mouth and the leftovers of me on the palm of his hand.

“Okay.”

He got out of the bed and went straight to the bathroom. I never realized his toothbrush was there, I guess he took his stuff out when I wasn’t paying attention or was outside. After a few minutes he came back and picked the stuff of the floor.

“Here.”

I looked up to see Oliver standing there naked holding his clothes in one hand and handing me a black baggy shirt in the other, which he wore that night.

“What?” I asked.

“I thought you might want to keep it.”

“No, I have one already.”

We both looked at Billowy hanging from my chair.
“It’s not the same. That one has sentimental values.” I smiled.

“God, I love you.” He sighed.

“Hm I love you too. Too much.”

Once again, he leaned in, lifted my chin up and kissed me, the kiss lasted for quite some time. So much kisses.

“Good night, Elio.”

“Good night.”

And he went back into his bedroom and closed the door. I didn’t know what to do now. I wasn’t in the mood for sleeping or reading, or being with him. Is that wrong? I hope not, I was overwhelmed by the outcome of the night, did not expect to go this well. I got up, put my pajama bottoms and a shirt and went outside. First I had to park my bike back where it belongs, I hid it in the backyard before I went upstairs and did all of this with Oliver. Now, he was sound asleep and I was so nervous. Not sure about what, just didn’t want to sleep, just wanted to cry, cry all night. Please let these be emotions I’ve been carrying around with me for so long, please let them get out of my body through my tears. What is wrong with me? What is happening?

Once I parked my bike I came back again and sat on my spot, where I have been spending so much of my time reading, transcribing, crying, thinking, playing music.

The Moon was shining above me and I could actually feel the change inside. The point is, I had no idea if this was a good change or a bad change. Something I can easily adapt to or wait a long period of time before it finally clicks inside me? I wonder what will happen in the morning. How will he act? How will I act? Will she smell me on him? Will she question his smell at all? Will she notice him acting and smelling different? Those pheromones were so strong even after he left the room. They were stronger when he walked and caught me naked. It’s all about the pheromones, the tiny bits of our smell that our body creates unconscious and unintentionally, there’s nothing we can do to stop them. I prayed for him to put a shirt on so that she wouldn’t find out. I didn’t want for her to make a scene this early. I certainly didn’t want for her to make a scene at all. Lifts his shirt up, sees the bits of male cum on his chest and torso and then what…all hell will break loose. I really hoped that he’s asleep now and sleeping on his stomach. In the morning the shirt will be stuck to his chest due to the dried juices and it will, for sure, pull some of his chest hair and he’ll make a sound. For sure. And me? I couldn’t spread my legs completely if I wanted to take a big step, it was itching me and making me unnerving, like sitting on a plastic goo made out of Oliver’s cum that he filled me up with twice. I’ll probably have difficulties with taking my underwear shorts out of my butt, just hope I don’t get stuck to the chair again. Fuck, this was dangerous. Or is it though?

Fifteen, twenty minutes later I heard my parents’ car pull up to the front yard where I have been sitting and thinking. All three of them got out of the car laughing and hanging onto each other for dear lives. Lisa looked the most drunk.

“Elio, hi!” My mother yelled when she saw me, and then she laughed afterwards, like there was something funny looking on me. It made me smile to see her like this, all relaxed and happy.

“Hey, how was the movie?” I asked, coming closer to them. My mother parted from the two of them, who went inside immediately, and did not acknowledge my presence what so ever.

“We never went to the movies. We wanted to but we went out for a drink instead. There were so
many cafes that were opened so we checked a couple.”

“Good, good. I’m glad you had fun.”

“When did you get here?” She asked, now a bit more serious.

“About half an hour ago. Didn’t actually find anyone.”

“And Oliver?” Was her drunk laughter just a mask?

“Oliver what?”

“Where is he now?”

“Asleep.”

“How would you know that?”

“Because he’s not in the study room.” I said.

“So you just deducted that he’s asleep.”

“I guess. Why are you questioning me?”

She crossed her hands over her chest. She even lifted an eyebrow after my question.

“What?” I asked confused.

“Nothing.”

“Good, good…”

I turned around and began walking back to the house.

“Did something happen?”

I turned back to look at her.

“What do you mean?”

“With you and Oliver?”

“I just got here and he was already asleep.”

“Elio…”

“What, mom…”

“Don’t lie to me. I never saw you at the piazza.”

“I was just hanging around, nothing serious.”

“Elio, you can tell me…”

“There’s nothing to tell! God!”

“You smell different.” She finally said.
And that’s how I knew this was, in fact, dangerous as fuck. If she could sense him inside me, then I can only imagine what might happen if Lisa were to sense me on Oliver’s chest. The jig is up. Once again, mama knew, somehow she knew, there was no point lying to her now.

“And you look different, you look better, younger…like you did a year ago.” She added.

“Okay, I never went out…”

“Good. And you stayed here? With him? All night?”

I nodded and turned to look at the ground where we were standing.

“Something did happen?”

I nodded again. I was beyond ashamed. I can’t imagine what she might be thinking about now. Her son lied to her so he could stay and fuck his male ex lover who was, now, an engaged man to a woman they just went out with.

“Elio, why?” She sighed.

“I couldn’t resist. There.”

“He didn’t object to anything?”

“Of course he didn’t. It just happened. I wasn’t planning on it to happen, but it did.”

Lie. Lie. Lie.

I’ve been thinking about my plan for days, everything played out nicely. Did not expect for her to notice that by the change in my body’s lotion.

“Elio, I hope you know what you’re doing.”

“Right now, mom, I’m not sure. But he told me that…”

“Oh I can imagine what he must have told you. I was the one who told him to go after you. But first, he needs to finish with her and then go back to you. If he still wants that. It’s not okay playing with two people at the same time. It’s not okay to play with the one either. Look, tesoro, he’s as lost as you are. And I know you can’t erase what happened tonight but please, be careful.”

“Why would I want to erase it? It was good. Why should I be the one being careful? He’s the one who’s engaged to a woman and sleeping with a man. He promised he’ll sort everything out. So I guess you’re right, he’s the lost one.”

“Do you believe him?”

There. That’s what I have been scared of. I knew that, until he’s done with her, I’ll never believe him again. First do what you promised and then we can talk.

“I do.”

I finally said after carefully thinking about my answer. But she was right. She’s always right. At that point I’m not sure if I believed him, I wasn’t sure what might the future bring, I was doubting myself too. Everything was happening so fast and I was jumping in with a big step. Not good, not good at all. I think that the future was the scary part for me.
How will this work? How will we maintain the relationship? What will I do? How is he going to keep his job there and me here? Where is he going to live? Where am I going to live? Where are we going to live? How many years has got to past before everything stabilizes? What will happen tomorrow? What will happen when they leave? What will she say to him? How is he going to end it? When is that happening? How is this even possible?

What?

How?

Why?

When?

Who?

Where?

So many questions, it wasn’t human.

“Elio, darling, I hate to break this to you but this, right now, it’s out of your hand. If he wants to be with you, for real, then we’ll just have to make some changes and, if needed, adopt to them as well. But if he wants to be with her, then there’s nothing you can do. You already did your best, baby. You told him and showed him so many times how much you love and care for him. He’s seen it all and it’s up to him to make a decision. Again.”

“I think he already made.”

“Elio, I know that but here’s this too: When he tells her that it’s over, we don’t know how will she react. What if she reacts the wrong way? It can damage both you and him. What if she refuses to go along and threatens to expose you guys? What if she says something that can hurt Oliver’s career as a professor and your father’s as well? What if, if she freaks, she says something and spreads a bad word about Oliver and you that students would refuse to stay with us during summer? I know I told Oliver to go after you and he did just that, but he should’ve talked to her first and explain everything. She seems like a harsh person and I don’t think she’d be able to handle that humiliation.”

“Stop it, you’re scaring me.”

“I know I am, and I am doing it for your own good. You need to wake up, darling, instead of just living in this endless dream with Oliver.”

“He said that he’ll tell her that he’s not ready to get married.”

“That’s a start, I don’t believe she’d waste her life being married to someone just to settle down. What if she asks for a reason?”

“Does it have to be one? He told me how’s she treating him, he’s not happy with her.”

She sighed, I was making some solid points, but her questions were like knives sticking inside my abdomen and with every question out of her mouth was like another blade in my body.

“I just don’t want you to get your hopes up. At least not for the next two days. He’ll be gone tomorrow all day and the day after, they’re leaving for the States.”
“That soon?”

“Yeah, she told us.”

“Oliver told me, he’ll tell her that day. So all I can do is wait.”

“Wait for what?”

“For the phone to ring, mom. To wait and hear him say that it’s over or that he’s going back with her.”

“Elio, if it’s the other one…”

“God I hope it isn’t. He can handle this. I think he’s wise enough to sit down and talk openly about how he feels. He’ll tell her that the marriage is off and that it’s better for the both of them to move on.”

“He told you that, didn’t he?”

“He did, we talked about it. He can deal with her.”

“I hope so too baby. I love you so much, you know that? I’d do anything for you just to protect that little red pumping muscle in your body and keep you safe.”

“I know, I know. I love you too.”

“Well then, If you’ll excuse me, I have to get your father to bed. Good night, Elio.”

“Good night mom.”

She kissed my cheek, hugged me tightly and then went back inside.

I stood there for a while just looking at the Moon above me. There was something so appealing to the stares I’ve been exchanging with our natural satellite. Almost as if though I have been asking for it to give me power, strength and emotional stability throughout the entire night. My mom was right. It’s up to him and up until that day, all I can do Is pray that he’ll make a right decision, that’s all. And stop living In the future which I wasn’t sure I’d be getting it for sure.

First, I have to survive tomorrow, then the day after tomorrow. But now, all I can do, Is sleep. And that’s exactly what I did a few moments later. I walked back in the villa, brushed my teeth, took my clothes off and fell asleep instantly with those images of Oliver inside me. It’s up to him. It was too much jumping two days into the future, it was even too much jumping an hour ahead. Because, we might not wake up the next day, something can happen and we can only rely on ourselves about what’s coming.

Right now, I have to leave it all to faith, say fuck it and see what might happen tomorrow. If tomorrow ever comes.

Chapter End Notes

i start my semester at the University tomorrow and the next chapter should be up in a couple of days.
### Morning torture

**Chapter Summary**

One morning at the Perlman villa.

**Chapter Notes**

Hey guys! Sorry for a late update. The schedule at the University isn't that bad, I have classes in the morning and I'm free for the rest of the day. I'm just so tired and uninspired all the time but I wrote this chapter in less than two days. The next one should be out on the weekend. So I hope you like it and enjoy. Lots and lots of love for you!!

Tomorrow did, in fact, came.

I opened my eyes to the sound of shower running next to my head. The first ray of Sunshine hit straight through my eyes and up to my brain. My head was killing me. I closed my eyes again, contemplating whether to either turn on the other side and continue sleeping or get up and start the day.

The shower ran and ran for minutes, the water would flow then stop and the flow again. I turned around to avoid the Sun light but there was no way I’d be getting back to sleep any time soon. Who ever it was in the shower, and I knew it was him, that person took forever. The smell I inhaled almost threw me off the bed. His scent on my sheets was so strong even after so many hours had passed. I managed to find a strength and tortured my body with checking the time, it was 7 in the morning. Why would he be showering that early? Did he wake up when he wanted to? Did he sleep at all? Did the dried cum on his chest finally began unbelievably itchy that it kept him up? Or made him wake up early? He told me that he’d phone his publisher early in the morning, just didn’t know how early. My parents were probably still asleep, Mafalda and Anchise were up for sure. And Lisa? She was pretty wasted the previous night, no way is she getting up early, if she does, she’ll have the most awful hangover ever.

So it was just us again?

Good, because I needed a shower too.

I imagined him scrubbing his chest until muscles would appear underneath it, I’d like to see that. What I was about to do was stronger than me and it was dangerous as hell. But I did it anyway. I took my shirt and my pajama bottoms off. Walked in with just my underwear shorts. The water ran as I pushed the handle open, it was just him and his back turned to me. His naked wet body shined brighter than that morning Sun. And his back muscles kept moving all around the place. All sorts of things kept popping in my head as I made my way in with nothing but a smile and a piece of clothing separating our bodies. Oliver turned around once he heard me closing the door. He combed his wet blonde hair backwards and blinked a couple of times to see the clear image of me standing in front of him.
“You woke me up.” I said.

“Sorry, I tried to keep it low.” He said.

He was cleaned by now, there was soap in his hair and on the palms of his hands.

Oliver never looked away as I pushed my fingers inside the shorts and took them off. He was stunned, his face never changed, I was amused.

“What are you doing here?”

He whispered once I was closer to the tub. I sensed he was a bit agitated and nervous, probably because we both knew he couldn’t hold it together once I was naked in front of him.

“I have to shower.”

“Now? Can it wait, ten more minutes?”

“I need it now. I’m so dirty.”

We were whispering this entire time. I walked inside the tub and faced him, the shower was still running as I bent down and got my hair wet.

“Elio, this is dangerous.”

“I know.”

“This is not what…”

“I know, this is not what we talked about. I shower if you shower. And you owe me a proper good morning kiss.”

He chuckled and brought me closer to him by holding onto my hips. We were both very wet and there wasn’t a part of our bodies that hadn’t been touching. The proper good morning kiss it was, it lasted many seconds, minutes, the eternity. We were kissing while his ex future wife was sleeping in the other room. We parted and he kissed my crooked nose as he said I had one.

I turned around and bent down to pick up the shampoo. Poured a normal amount of liquid on my palm and began scrubbing my hair with it.

“Elio…what are you doing?”

“I’m taking a shower.”

“Why?”

I turned around to look at him.

“I had a nasty night with my lover. All sorts of things happened.”

“Oh, do tell.”

Oliver put his hands back on my hips and pulled me closer to him. His hands were soon in my hair and began caressing the locks of my hair all long smiling at me. Because I felt like it in that moment, I put my hand on his chest. His heart was contracting very quickly below my touch.
“Your heart is racing really fast.”

“Guess whose fault is that.”

He started at my eyes and I blushed.

The other hand went downstairs and I grabbed his half-hard cock. He gasped at that move but continued to rub my hair and enjoy the action over all. Oliver kissed me and I began stroking him, up and down, twisting it while the water never stopped running. The soap from my hair ran down my spine and into the drain.

“I think my hair is clean now…” I whispered.

“Oh?”

“I am dirty somewhere else.”

“And where is that?”

What a tease.

I removed my hand from his chest and guided him behind me again.

“There…” I whispered again.

“Oh, well then, I better clean you up then.”

I smiled biting my lip.

“Turn around.” He whispered and I did as I was told, letting his solid hard cock out of my hand.

On my even bigger surprise, Oliver kneeled in front of my butt, violently grasped my thighs to pull me closer and stuck his tongue in my hole.

“Ah!”

I moaned at the movement and immediately covered my mouth with my hands to keep, whatever else was coming outside, inside.

“Quiet.” He said and went back inside.

We were playing with fire, none of us thought about getting out and locking the door, but then we’d have to explain why we had to lock it. My hands held the edges of the bathtub and, to hold the moans inside and to be as quiet as possible, I bit the skin of my upper arm. There was no use. His tongue was twirling and circling around the tight muscle of my entrance, sucking the mixture of cum and water in his mouth. I sensed the emptiness, I could tell Oliver’s juices had finally came out after hours and hours of settling cozy inside me. Oliver then slapped my butt cheek and I winced at the action. He pulled me even closer and the feeling was the same as once his cock was inside me. Long legs, long fingers, long cock and now tongue, that’s Oliver for you. He slapped me again and ran his fingers through my entrance, then lifted himself and grabbed my neck from behind to push his pelvis against my butt again. I was seeing stars.

“You’re cleaned now.”

He whispered to my ear, still holding my neck from behind, this time a bit tighter. I could feel him so close inside me again, if I were to spread my legs a bit further, he’d be able to get in. Right now
he was just rocking his hips against my body. I turned around to face him.

“Oh, thank you, um…”

We kissed again.

We were both cleaned, soap free and ready to get out.

“Go dress up, we’ll meet downstairs.” He said.

I nodded.

“Um, Oliver? We have a little problem here.”

“What?”

I pointed to his boner becoming redder second after second.

“Oh, I’ll take care of that.”

I scoffed.

“Please. Allow me.”

I said and kneeled in front of him, took his cock in my hand and kept the eye contact alive.

“Elio, what are you doing? This is fucking dangerous.”

“I know…”

I grinned at him and took him all in my mouth. I wanted to show him just how much I enjoyed him doing this exact same thing to me, wanted him to know that I loved what we did the previous night, to show him that I trust him, believe him, love him. To show him that I’m letting him trust me and love again, giving him my body and my soul so easily, with such a hard bond between us. He was so scared, looking towards the door of their bedroom if trouble would show up, but soon he relaxed in my mouth and I took that into my hand.

“Eli…mmm, oh…fuck…”

He couldn’t even finish my name which was a good thing, I was doing this the right way. He pulled my wet hair closer to his cock which made me almost gag once his head hit the deepest part of my mouth. I’d pop him out of my mouth, lick him from his ball to the head, then put it back in my mouth where it belongs. I kept my hands on his thighs, caressing the blonde hair of his skin up and down. I was going in slowly and coming back faster, twisting my tongue around his cock, avoided using teeth, concentrated on breathing through my nose. This was my time pleasuring him. He kept the moans inside him really hard, he only let out soft pants from time to time but he was more focused on me instead of him. Oliver kept tugging my hair with one hand and my chin the other, so gently yet it was even harder for him to keep it all in. I popped him again and kissed his shaft while looking up at him. He was a total mess, his hair and skin were wet but I could tell he was sweating over it. I swallowed him again, deep throating him until I’d reach my gag reflex, and continued sucking Oliver off in 7:30 in the morning, in the shower while everyone was asleep around us. He was right, It was dangerous, but I love being dangerous for him and falling into trouble because of him. No one was worth it, no one except for Oliver.

“Ah, Elio…stop…I’m gonna come soon…”
I never back down, no way was I letting him ejaculate in the water, there was only one place for it. Oliver tried to remove me from him, grasping onto my shoulders but kept failing at it all along while I was moving my mouth up and down his cock. I felt him contracting underneath my touch, his balls tightened and I could feel the path of his juiced under my tongue.

“Oh, fuck…Elio, I’m…”

I popped him out and continued stroking him.

“Do it.”

Second later he began shooting his cum in my mouth. I stuck the tongue out, continued looking up at him, as his cock kept ejaculating white, sticky, salty liquid on it. His eyes were closed shut and Oliver had this tortured look on his face while still holding the cock in his hands and letting it explode with bits of cum. He was so beautiful.

I swallowed whatever was inside my mouth, the hot gluey substance and what was leaking from his cock. He winced at my action.

“Stop, stop…oh, fuck…Elio.”

I stood up and he pulled me in, not for a kiss, but for a hug. I was extremely confused but didn’t say anything, just hugged him back. The water ran cold now.

“Well…good morning to you…”

I mumbled through his tight hug. This was so different, he never hugged me like this before, not even when we parted in Clusone. I could sense his sadness back then but now…this was much stronger and a complete opposite.

“Thank you.” He whispered.

“I love you, Oliver.” I said.

We never parted only moved our heads aside to establish eye contact, blue to green, older to younger, lover to lover, Elio to Elio, Oliver to Oliver.

“I love you too, Elio.” He said and kissed me deeply.

We separated but still remained looking at each other.

“Did we make noise?” I asked looking outside the window.

“I can’t remember…” He joked then turned the water off.

Both Oliver and I walked out of the bath tub, grabbed a pair of towels and began drying ourselves. Soon after we were both dried, we tied the towels around our waists and then we spoke.

“When is the new student coming here?”

“I don’t know, soon. At the beginning of July.

“You excited?”

“A little, yeah.” I smiled at him.
We stood in front of the mirror and picked each his own toothbrush. It took me aback to the time when we stood in front of the mirror and commented on how good we look together. Oliver took the toothpaste and squeezed some for me and then for him. The water ran again and we brushed our teeth in silence, each clearing their mouths from each other. We could say we already had breakfast, each other. Funny.

Oliver washed his mouth and face and turned towards me.

“I’ll go put some clothes on and phone my publisher.”

“Isn’t a bit too early?” I was still brushing my own.

“I’ll call him until he picks up. See you downstairs.”

He said and went back inside his bedroom.

“Okay.” I said and then washed my mouth with water.

I bent down to pick my underwear off the floor and I went back in mine.

I sighed once I closed the doors behind me. Hi footsteps were screaming all around the place on the other side of the wall, no sounds from her. She really did just sleep through what we did. I believe if she heard anything she’d be torturing Oliver about it. Minutes later he went downstairs and I was left to dress up on my own.

The feelings were colliding inside me and I was left feeling everything and nothing. I felt full but empty, happy but anxious, in love but nervous. It seemed like with every good there was a little black dot inside my head that made me question everything around me. See, this is what happens when I’m left alone, I overthink. Stop it!

I put on a pair of another shorts, a shirt and went downstairs. Oliver was in my father’s study room, going over his manuscript once again. He looked really into it, biting his nail, didn’t even notice me come in.

“Don’t do that?”

“Do what?” His eyes were still glued to the papers in his hands.

“Don’t bite your nails. It’s gross.”

“I’m not biting my nails, I’m biting my thumb. See…”

He lifted his left hand to show me the teeth marks on it. I smiled at him.

“That’s even worse…”

“Maybe, I need something to bite on. I’m so nervous.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know. A lot of things are about to happen and I feel like I’m going to lose it.”

“You’re not. I thought you couldn’t get nervous. Can’t even believe you are, who are you, I don’t know you…Maybe if nervousness was a human being then it’ll get…Oliver, wait no…”

He stopped and laughed at that, I’d die to make him laugh like that every day.
“Okay, that is the stupidest thing I ever heard coming out of your mouth and now I’m totally over it. Thank you, Elio. Again.”

“Well, if you want dumb things around you all the time, you know where to find me.”

“Good things too…” His eyes went back to his papers. He really did look relaxed, I just wanted to set the mood for him. Second time that morning.

“Is anyone else awake?”

“No, just you and me. And Anchise.”

“Not even Mafalda?”

“No, I don’t think so.”

“I’m gonna go…”

My eyes went straight to the piano in the living room. It’s been a while since I played it that early in the morning. A year ago, when I couldn’t sleep and kept imagining where and with whom Oliver was, I’d run downstairs and transfer my sorrow and worry into sad notes. This time, there was nothing to be sad about, we’ve come a long way since last summer. Moving on.

I sat down and just let my fingers tangle the keys, no notes, closed eyes and my imagination was running wild and free. I hoped I wasn’t disturbing anyone, it was 8 in the morning and this is what I needed. I’ll apologize later if anyone would find this inconvenient.

This felt so good. Nothing was eating inside, I felt lighter, better, more confident, finally felt like there was a good reason to be happy and not just temporary. My emotions could’ve been translated through my melody, it was nice, sweet, cheery, appealing to ears and heart.

“That sounds beautiful.”

I turned around to find my father standing behind me, holding his usual morning papers in one hand and his glasses in the other hand. He looked really good, not like someone who has been drinking the previous night.

“Thanks, I just came up with it.” I said.

“Please, continue.”

And so I did. He sat in the chair behind me, opened the papers and started reading while I was playing the keys in front of him. There was a smile appearing from time to time on my face as I kept stalling this melody. My inspiration was sitting in the other room, going over his work.

Couple of minutes later I heard Oliver walking across the hallway, stopping to the living room to hear me play. I looked at him and smiled, my father was still reading.

“Good morning…” He said.

“Ah, Oliver, good morning. You went early to bed last night?” My father said.

Oh snap. I was still playing the piano.

“Yeah, I woke up early to finish this and now I’m going to phone my publisher.” Oliver said.
“Good, good. Come outside to eat when you’re done.”

“Will do.”

He went to the hallway, sat on the chair and dialed the number. Six months ago I was sitting at the exact same spot and eating myself inside after he announced his stupid marriage.

“Is there any food?” I stopped playing to ask my father.

“Of course there is. Go outside, Mafalda already set everything up.”

“Really? I didn’t hear her in the kitchen.”

“You were asleep.”

Well, dad, not exactly. I was busy. In the shower. With Oliver.

“Let’s go eat.” He said and I stood up from the chair.

I walked outside and took my place next to my mother who was, by my surprise, already eating her crapes. None of them looked hungover.

“Good morning, darling.”

I smiled at her and bent down to kiss her cheek.

“Good morning!” Soon, Lisa screamed from behind me. Fuck. There was no way in having a quiet breakfast with her hanging around.

We wished her a good morning and she proceeded to talk about how good she slept, that she had a very strange dream and just how much she was actually hungry. Again, none of them looked hungover.

Oliver walked out and sat across me, Lisa was already sitting in the chair next to him.

“We’re meeting at noon.” He said with a satisfying smile and then took his napkin and a first sip of his morning espresso.

“I’m coming with you.” She said enthusiastically.

Bitch. No. What the hell? No questions, just saying casually I’m going with you. What a drag. Who does that? You can’t just latch on like that. He was right.

“Um, no. I’ll just run to town and be done with it in 20 minutes.”

“Okay, but I want to come too.”

“Why?” He asked looking at her.

“I don’t know. Just want to.”

“Well, you can’t.”

“Why not?”

“Please, excuse us.”

“Please, excuse us.”
He said removing the napkin from his lap and stood up. Oliver was on his way inside.

“Come here.” He told her and she followed him inside.

It was a very unpleasant moment and they really should handle these things in private.

I heard them fighting for couple of minutes. My mother made a face at me that probably couldn’t have been anything good. I couldn’t hear them once they were deep inside the villa. Let’s see if he’ll succeed, he promised me he’ll be going alone, not me and not her. Just him and his thoughts, to think over the decision but I think this minor fight just gave an answer for itself.

Couple of minutes later, Lisa walked out furious and dived in her morning tea.

“I’m going by myself.” He said and then looked at me, I smiled back at him.

Good job, Oliver.
Oliver and Anchise left around 11:20 in the morning.

After breakfast the atmosphere was very awkward throughout the entire villa, because of the little fight those two had over breakfast. She left upstairs without a single word, didn’t know where she went or why and quite frankly, I didn’t care. My mom went after her and they talked for a bit, I guess she sorted the whole thing out and then they went outside to drink coffee while the rest of us had parted. Oliver invited me into his bedroom to help him pack. Of course, I wasn’t much help and even he said that there was no need for an extra hand, he just said that he needed me by his side.

He stuffed his bag with some of his personal things and a big brown envelope that contained his manuscript which he’d be carrying with him in his hands. I was in the bedroom with him while he was packing for the trip. Lisa went outside to play cards with my mother and her friends, she was still very angry with him, and I loved it.

“Still nervous, huh?” I asked.

“No. You said alone, and you’re going alone.”

“Me too.”

He looked up and smiled at me.

“I wish I could bring you with me instead.” He sighed.

“No. You said alone, and you’re going alone.”

“I know, but still…”

“Can’t have me around messing up your decision making process.”

“Oh, you won’t be. I already made my decision. Just need to find a way of letting her go.”
I was sitting on the chair and he was running around the place trying to collect as many things as he thought were needed. There was this force around the beds that I simply couldn’t fight, nor did I try fighting it and eventually sitting on them. No, I’ll tell Mafalda to strip the sheets down and burn them. No, I’ll burn them. No, we’ll burn them, together, like a family.

Oliver wore his green shirt which he wore the last time he was meeting his publisher in Bergamo a year ago, and which, at least to me, had sentimental values. It’s funny how a piece of clothing could hold so much good and bad memories, emotions, adventures, trying some things for the first time, the sad memories and basically held Oliver’s life in it. And by that logic, it held mine too. It’s the same as Billowy, only not even close. And with his red short shorts.

I watched him strip down his shirt which he wore that morning and put the green one on. My eyes were traveling from his neck to his belly button, like there was something new to discover, like there was a part I haven’t touched or kissed before, like I haven’t worshiped it to the core and eventually dreamed I could get inside his skin. He kept the trousers on and wore his sneakers, sitting on one of the beds closer to the window and to me.

“What are you going to do?” He asked tying his shoes.

“I don’t know, I’ll find something to kill the time.”

“I just want to get this over with.” He stood up and walked around the bedroom to pick his back pack.

“What?”

“This, the book, her, you.”

“Me?” I was confused.

“Yeah. Just want to speed through tomorrow night and be done with her so I can hold you again, without the fear of being caught. Or heard.” He stood in front of me, dangerously close.

I looked up at his big blue eyes, Oliver’s thumb caressed my chin and eventually went up to caress my lips. I closed my eyes at his action.

“I promise you. Tomorrow night…you and I are sleeping in those beds.”

I opened my eyes to find him still looking down at me.

“How do you know if I’m going to take you back?” I teased him with a wry smile on my face.

He chuckled.

“Good thing is that now you have the whole day to think about your decision.” He said.

“So do you.” I smiled at him.

“I do, don’t I?”

He turned around with his back pack already on his shoulders and a brown envelope in one hand.

“Oliver, wait.”

“What?”
He turned back to look at me, I stood up from the chair and went closer to him.

“Kiss me goodbye.”

He laughed.

“Elio, I’ll be back in like two hours.”

“I know, I know, but either way…kiss me.”

“Ugh, I still can’t believe how I survived without you for ten months.”

We closed the distance and connected our lips again. I threw my arms around his neck and Oliver’s went around my tiny waist as I stood on the tips of my bare toes, one arm was enough to embrace my whole body. It wasn’t a subtle and gentle kiss, no, this was a lot more like there was no air between us so we kept grinding our wet lips together.

He put me down once we parted and kissed my nose again.

“You’re growing a beard.”

I said when I felt tiny hairs sticking out around his lips, on his chin and underneath his nose. It was tickling me this entire time but I could only imagine what he must look like with a beard.

“Oh, yeah, not my intention. I’ll shave it when I get back.” He said running his hand across his facial skin.

“No, no, no, I want to see you with it.”

“You won’t like it, trust me. The moment you get sick of me, I’ll shave it. Or I’ll let you do it.”

“Would you trust me with a razor, after everything?”

We laughed together.

“I have to. I have to trust somebody, don’t I?”

Anchise blew the horn from his green car which was the sign for him to leave.

“So, later.” He said.

“Good luck!”

“Thank you, baby. See you soon.”

He said and walked out of the room leaving me smiling from ear to ear.

He’ll be back soon, very soon. I was crazy to worry about what will go down tomorrow night. I still didn’t know his plan but I was going backwards now. First, he had to choose, Lisa or me. The little fight over breakfast told me an even bigger story about her and their relationship than he did the previous night when we slept together. It was almost as if I couldn’t believe such person could exist, the one that doesn’t ask to come, she just does, the one that has no shame in picking the fight over breakfast and in front of total strangers, she just did that. There was no reason why she wanted to come, she just wanted to do that.

I didn’t hear her saying goodbye to him just now or wishing him good luck like me, but that’s just
me. And he should know not to compare us because Lisa and myself were two different people, a
man and a woman, a child and an adult. But it was only one of him, and I had to respect whatever
he chooses. If it’s me, then that’s alright, but if it’s her, then he’s a dead man. He’s so determined
about choosing me, that he began planning the rest of our summer together already, he’s acting like
we’re already in the future, like Lisa doesn’t exist or is in a past. But she’s not. She’s here, she’s
outside, talking and enjoying her time here with my mother. Who would’ve thought I’d be
competing with a woman? And for him, because of him.

It should be the easiest thing in the world. And I think it was, for him, to just decide who you’re
taking back, or is taking him back. He should know that once a subject of his love, happiness, life
comes to a question…there is no questions, no questions asked, you think and answer the name of
the person who makes you the happiest. It should be that simple, it is for me. But who am I to say?
I’m not the one already moving on with such great steps, taking in a wife, a marriage certificate,
babies in the future…

It’s either Lisa or me. It’s either a materially fulfilled life with a spouse, children and a big house.
Or it’s me. And I don’t have any of it to give to him. What I can promise him is a lifetime of
happiness, love, joy, adventures and lifetime of commitment. The second I find whatever Oliver
and I had over the last summer, or come as remotely close to it, I’ll stop looking, because that kind
of passion and love, you don’t get twice in a lifetime. But here we were, we were so close to
getting a chance to do it all over again, to start from scratch, to start fresh and new, to start off as
virgins, to start from the beginning and work all through the end.

The future wasn’t my concern because I had no idea what tomorrow might bring let alone next
year. So I decided to just enjoy these couple of hours until he comes back with a solid decision, but
I know he already made it, it was concluded before he stepped in Anchise’s car. The only thing he
need to work on is how to tell Lisa and not start World War Three.

So, Oliver? Choose and choose wisely.

It’s either her or me.

Would you rather be good?

Or happy?

And I know you, because you know yourself and just like that you know me.

I went back to my bedroom to undress everything off of me and change into something more
comfortable to go outside in. The shirt and the trunks went off and I was walking naked around in
my room. If Oliver were here I knew what I’d do, but he wasn’t, he was away and not that far. I
could drive up to Crema to surprise him and spend some with him there. But no, we made a deal.
He’s going alone. I looked around my room and had a flashback from the previous night and of
couple of hours ago. We were playing a very dangerous game with each other and with the rest of
the residents in the villa. I managed to not get hard this morning because his pleasure and
satisfaction were the only goal on my mind. It was all about him, pleasure him, satisfy him, he had
done that to me the previous night and every single night last summer. Priorities and respect.

I smiled when I looked over to the bed where we laid exposed and emotional. Oliver was the best
person I had known and met in my entire life, I have chosen him wisely. Let’s hope he’ll do
the same for me.
The nature was calling me and I decided to respond to its call. Since I moved out of my bedroom, I took some stuff with me and hung them all around the room, there was no closet, just a turned over bed and a couple of hangers. On one of them I spotted a red memory again. I took the red short shorts off and put them on. While he’s in Crema discussing Plato with his publisher, I’ll take him with me to the pool and swim for a while. Again, a piece of clothing that held our entire last summer in it. They still fit me perfectly, only this time I couldn’t feel Oliver inside it. It was almost as if I was wearing him, wearing his skin, looking through his eyes, looking into his soul, looking from the point of his heart and just like that I felt the connection grow stronger between us, even if he was far away from me.

I put my sunglasses on, took one towel from my bedroom and went outside for a swim.

My mother, Lisa and two or her friends were still sitting there, playing cards and talking about Italy’s economic and, as I managed to state out, about that one friend that had failed to join them. I went to say hello to all of them and they both embraced me separately, kissed my cheeks and tugged my hair. Also, they added how much I have grown and that my facial features finally resembled an adult and a very masculine human being in the near future. I blushed but thanked them.

“I’m going for a swim.” I told my mother.

“River?” She asked and then removed her sunglasses off to examine my pale body. Of course she noticed what I was wearing.

“No, pool.”

“Okay darling, have fun.”

I kissed her forehead and walked off.

The water was still a bit cold but I was sweating a lot so I didn’t mind, and I thought it’ll heat up pretty quickly. I swam from the base to the faucet and did that maybe five or six times without looking or hearing the nature around me. It was just water and me, I was deep underneath it when I felt myself relax, even more than I was the previous night. The water felt so good, it swallowed me whole in the tiny pool we owned. Just thinking about last summer, this pool was filled with our swims and somewhat chitchatting all throughout the day. Talking about what and who were we thinking of, what were we doing, him reading his piece to me, me reading my music when, actually, he was the one I’d rather read, from cover to cover. And all of that was before we found the common tongue, literally. After we found it, the pool was the least visited place in the villa. Our bedroom was like a touristic monument which we kept visiting over and over again, morning, noon, evening, night and the deaf part of the night.

I stood in the pool and combed my hair back with my eyes still closed. My fingers massaged my eyes and I finally opened them. I opened them to find someone else standing next to the cemented pool, watching me, or better yet, staring at me swim or just enjoy water for who knows how long.

“May I join you?”

Oh, you can ask me but not him.

“Um…sure.” I replied to Lisa.

She took her shoes off and sat on the edge of the pool, dipped her toes inside and started looking around the place. I was put in a very awkward situation here. What was I suppose to do? She was
dressed for a night out, not for a swim. Should I continue swimming? Did she want to talk to me about something? What to say? What to do? Should I just sneak off inside?

“So, is this all you do?” She began, I was still standing leaned against the edge of the pool not even close to her.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Swim, play music? Is that all?”

I tried to mouth anything else but I was interrupted.

“No friends? Is that it?” She continued annoying me.

“Um, it’s not like I don’t have any, I just enjoy this time by myself.”

“Where are they? Your friends?”

“I don’t know.”

“Oliver told me you had a couple, last summer, a girl, he mentioned.” Marzia. Why would he be talking to her about Marzia?

“Yeah, Marzia. And Chiara. They’re not here. They’re coming soon.”

“Don’t you get bored?”

“Sometimes…but I love it here.”

Lie, I hate when he’s not here with me but I’d let us both die here at the same time so that we could haunt the villa together forever.

“I think I’d rather shoot myself than spend the whole summer here.”

“Depends on what you like.”

“Excuse me?” She sounded offensive.

“I mean…you’re a girl from the city, that’s why you find this country side boring. But I’m not. I am from Milano, and we have a house in suburbia, that’s why I love it here. Days past right through me but I feel relaxed here.”

“Maybe.”

She paused.

“I’m so mad at him.” She broke the silence with her hatred.

“Why?”

“Are you blind!? Did you see how he acted this morning? He was so inappropriate.” She was practically screaming at me.

“Hey, no need to raise your voice or start insulting. I was there, yes. I saw you guys fighting. And for your information, you were the one who was inappropriate.”
“How come?” She raised an eyebrow at me.

“Look, it’s none of my business what happened between the two of you but the way you just…”

“You’re right, it’s none of your business.” She cut me off in the middle. I was about to tell her that she came across as a bitch.

“Okay, sorry…” I put my hands in the air like I was defending myself from her, why the hell was I apologizing. Oh, right, manners. Something she never heard of before, apparently.

“Just don’t understand why he didn’t want for me to come along with him.”

I shrugged my shoulders but kept my lips shut.

“I’m gonna go now.” She said, took her feet out of the water and went inside the villa again.

I stayed silent. Well, that went well. Good luck to anyone who marries this douche bag.

It was almost noon when I looked at my watch, he should be meeting him any minute now. He was so nervous and I was beyond excited for him. If what he said about being done very quickly, then those were the first 20 minutes where I left for him to deal with his publisher. Once the clock strikes 12:21 pm I can start panicking because that means he’s going to start his decision making process. It should be the easiest thing in the world, Oliver, come on. It’s easy.

I got out of the pool and went straight to the shower, didn’t see anyone on my way up. The red short shorts came off me and I jumped in the bath tub where, hours ago, I helped Oliver relieve himself in my mouth and he also cleaned me with his tongue. It’s weird how that seemed so long ago, it’s beyond strange how last night seemed light years away and how I was getting numb because of the over excitement when we kissed for the first time back on the berm a year ago.

The water ran down my body for the second time that morning and I was now doomed with thinking about Oliver and his way of thinking.

Why was I getting so worked up over this? He said and, he not only said it, but he promised he’d break up with her and stay here with me. I was so scared that whatever decision he made the previous night was because, after all, Oliver was a very impulsive person. What if now that he has the time to think, he’ll re-think his decision and I’ll be leaving hanging?

I’ll know what he decided when I see him. He’ll either play it cool with me and would keep doing that for the rest of their stay here, or embrace me the second we find ourselves some alone time. It was still very dangerous. But if he embraces me now, how will he let her know that it’s over between them?

Come on, Oliver. It should be easiest thing in the world. Because you know how you’ll let me know that I’m the one, you should also know how to let her go too, it should be that easy. Come on, Oliver.

After the shower I dressed up, grabbed my guitar and went outside to tangle the wires while imagining him running away from me or him running towards me to hug me or kiss me or strap me down naked right there and then.

Around 1:15 in the afternoon I was done panicking because I heard Anchise’s car pull over and I watched Oliver getting out of the car. I put my guitar down and saw that he had the brightest smile on his face, I have never seen him like this. Just in case, I turned around to see if maybe Lisa was standing behind me and she’d be the reason behind his smile, but she was nowhere to be found,
none of the residents, except for me. So, he’s smiling because of me, towards me and I was smiling with him, I couldn’t help it.

Again, good job, Oliver.

Chapter End Notes

I am @summer_of_1983 on instagram, i post daily cmbyn pictures and scene analysis.
I stayed still when Oliver kept walking towards to me, saying his gratitude to Anchise, for driving him all the way to Crema and for waiting him until he finished with his publisher, on his way to me. Anchise raised a hand and a smile in a way of saying that It was no problem, and went back to park the car. His face was still glowing because of that smile, I had to know what that was for. But I already knew.

“How did it go?” I asked once he stood in front of me, the distance between us was friendly, if someone were to ask.

“Oh, great, great. He seemed impressed and says that It’s going to be a very optimistic sale and a successful life as a writer for me. His words, not mine. So, I’m happy we closed the deal.” He said.

“That’s great, I’m so happy for you.” I smiled widely at him.

I wanted to hug him and kiss him to express my happiness towards him, but I couldn’t. My back was turned to the villa and the front yard where everybody else could see us. I had nothing against my parents seeing us snuggle together, especially because it would only be a hug and a peck on the cheeks and lips, like I imagined, but Lisa on the other hand…

We started walking towards the villa and I grabbed my guitar on the way back with me.

“And um…about the other thing. The other reason I left alone…” He came down and I lifted my head to hear what he had to say.

“Yeah?” I couldn’t look at him so I kept my eyes straight ahead.

“Just wanted to let you know that we’ll talk later about it, I can’t right now.”

“Oh, um…o-okay…” I mouthed barely. Well this got me very fucked up.

“Don’t worry, it’s nothing serious, I’m just tired and hungry.”

Okay, a sense of relief maybe. But were there going to be indications showing me what decision did he make.
“Oh, well go right ahead, Mafalda is about to serve lunch.” I said feeling, all of a sudden, nervous.

“Elio?”

He stopped and I kept walking, didn’t realize he did until he called my name behind me.

“Yeah?” I turned around.

“Will you meet me tonight?”

Okay, one indication.

“What time?” I asked suddenly feeling a tone of relief inside my chest.

“When everybody falls asleep…two, three in the morning.”

“I’m there.”

Oliver chuckled never backing away from looking straight into my eyes.

“God, I love you…” He breathed. “You’d do that for me? Just show up like that? No questions asked?”

“Is there something I should know? I’ve got the time…” I said with a grin on my face and raised a hand to check my watch. “I’ll see you in twelve hours.”

“I’d kiss you if I could.”

He breathed out and I could sense his patience was about to expire if those twelve hours don’t pass within 10 seconds. I smiled at that, it’s been a year since I heard him say those exact words.

“We’ll save that for later.” I said.

And I turned around again and continued walking towards the villa.

I went in the kitchen to try and help Mafalda out. She must’ve been pissed that I’ve been absent for the last couple of days. And come to think of it, I wasn’t that much of a help, except for handing her stuff that she requested and washing the dishes afterwards. This time I came in at perfect timing. Mafalda was checking in on the chicken in the oven and all I had to do is handle the salad and then after that to serve all the dishes outside.

I heard my parents greed Oliver when I was going in and out of the villa with plates, forks and knives in my hands. They were so glad to hear that everything went well and I couldn’t help but smile, I also didn’t want to hold my smile in, it would have been a great waste.

Oliver came back in the villa passing through a kitchen, of course, and winked at me. I blushed. I couldn’t wait for us to meet tonight. Again, this took me back a year ago when I was counting the minutes and seconds until midnight to see him. It wasn’t just about what was yet to happen that night that kept me going, it was just the thought of seeing him, talking to him, being in the same room as him. We never had any of it up until that night. Sure, we chitchatted a bit here and there, kissed once on the berm and we’ve been in the same room multiple times but I always felt like he wanted to be any other place but there, maybe or maybe not, because of me. Just like the previous night, those people, from a year ago, were total strangers to me now.
Lisa was nowhere to be found or heard. She was probably upstairs, napping, changing, burning Oliver’s clothes. Man, she had such a short temper and absolutely no shame in just latching on and starting a conversation just like that, and not to mention that she loved picking fights with almost everyone around here. She’d start all nice and funny but when the topic is not her or, when I said that she was the inappropriate one, she snapped and didn’t want to continue. Lisa can’t take criticism. Or the truth. I was beginning to feel a lot nervous about what will happen when Oliver breaks up with her the next day.

Lunch came and went. Oliver sat opposite me and Lisa was sitting next to him. They never talked to each other only with other people around the table. I asked Oliver again about how did the meeting with his publisher go and he answered the same thing for the second time that day and to me. My father was with us for only 10 minutes, after that he went inside to rest, he said his head was aching so he took some analgesic and went to bed. My mother and Lisa shared some funny things from their mingling that afternoon. After lunch, Lisa went upstairs to take a nap and Oliver went outside to sunbathe at the edge of the pool. I stuffed my “busy” schedule with adding to wash the dishes. The thought of swimming with him did sound appealing but I wouldn’t last until tonight, I needed to rest if we were about to be active in the deaf part of the night.

After I finished in the kitchen I went outside to see him.

Oliver was wearing his green short shorts, which I didn’t even notice him going upstairs, changing and then come back downstairs, they fit him perfectly. He was lying with his entire length on a towel, one leg was dipped in the water, he had his sunglasses on and his hands underneath his head. With a short distance between us I could tell that he was smiling and read on his face, once I came closer, that he was enjoying this like nothing before in his life.

“You missed this, didn’t you?” I asked once I jumped up on the cemented pool.

He twitched and suddenly awoke. I laughed at his jiggle.

“Oh…you…yeah, my heaven…” He said with a smile.

I mirrored his facial move.

“What are you doing now?” Oliver asked.

“I was thinking about taking a nap. I’ll need my energy for tonight. For…being awake that late…” I replied a bit shyly.

“Good, good…I might sleep too, just don’t know where…”

“There’s always room in my bed.” I grinned at him.

“Oh, Is there? You little tease…” He chuckled and then gave me a big smile to feast on.

“I tried.” I said proudly.

Oliver took his sunglasses off to take a good look at me.

“What happened with the two of you?” I asked.

“I’ll tell you later, she doesn’t want to talk to me right now. That’s fine with me, honestly.”

“Still…how can you avoid her until tomorrow?”
“Oh, I can. You’ll see…”

He was serious and to be quite honest, I wasn’t sure if I liked this side of Oliver. Maybe if it weren’t for me, he wouldn’t have been this brutally honest. He’s acting like she’s a devil in human form. I wonder if he was always this short temper. And not just with getting mad with people, about everything actually. He’s impulsive, there’s that and once he writes you off, that’s it, you’re done. There’s no place for you in his life. I don’t know. Maybe it’s just me.

“Well, I’m off to bed now.” I said and jumped back on to the grass.

“Gotcha. See you later.” He said and then went back to his heaven.

“Yeah…later…”

Whatever was running through my mind the entire morning had no effect on my sleep. I dosed off the second my head hit the pillow. I was afraid of over-thinking what happened last night, this morning, this afternoon and minutes prior my nap. But no, nothing came to mind, that was a big surprise for me. It was like my body had already closed the deal with whatever were to happen within twelve hours. My body sensed the future around the corner and finally gave my brain some peace and the ability to rest for real, after so many days of having falling asleep with him on my mind. And now, not even Oliver could keep me awake, just didn’t realize I was this much tired. And I was totally okay with that.

I woke up four hours later on my own.

There was no Sun in sight, because my room was facing South, but the day was still clear. It was a lovely summer evening. You could see everything and everyone without the Sunlight, the sky was turning from light blue to dirty dark shade of blue with pink and orange lines across it and it also had those “footsteps” the planes would leave like they were writing on the sky. Hands down, my favorite part of the day. It’s when people are most often getting ready for a night out, owls and night cicadas could be heard all around you and it was just before Mafalda would serve dinner. Love it, especially because I woke up with this nausea and a dry mouth.

It was a very promising evening that, without a doubt, would stretch into an even more promising night, it looked and smelled wonderful, but I felt like shit. My back was aching me and my eyes felt like they were on fire. I knew what this was, it’s back again and I thought that maybe I should take this as a sign. I was running a fever. And a low one I’d say, those low fevers break my bones much better than the high ones. Was this a sign? A sign not to meet him at the scheduled time? I slept well but I was a total mess when I woke up. It hurt to even move inside the bed let along to get up and walk downstairs. Fuck. Is this a sign? I was so scared what will happen. If I were to get worse tomorrow, I’d be okay with that, I just needed to survive the night with him. He can cure me, for sure. No way am I not going! It’s a matter of life and death!

It’s not.

But it’s Oliver. And he wants to be with me in the middle of the night. I want to hear what he had to say about his book and about what he decided and how are things going to go down tomorrow night.

Last summer, we spent almost every night being awake until the Sun would rise, sometimes even beat it and fall asleep through it. Last year I had a good reason for being so tired and exhausted, having been up and about all night long, I’d sleep through breakfast and, when things would get
steamy in the afternoon, I’d miss either lunch or dinner, or both. But I never complained.

I swallowed my pain and got up, put my shoes on and went downstairs to find some medicine to drink and pray that they’d last until two or three in the morning. And, to have a look out for anyone who could see me and tell my mother so she’d go all doctor on me all over again.

There was a cabinet in the downstairs’ bathroom so I rushed in it clanging my teeth and grinding my lips together. This type of pain I used to prefer more than an emotional one. Now, I miss the emotional one so much! I opened the cabinet and searched for anything that can relieve the pain or, better yet, an antipyretic for my fever. Luckily, I found both of them looking me straight in the eyes. My father took one of them couple of hours ago. I swallowed one analgesic, gulped a glass of water down and went outside.

I was surprised to find them all sitting outside and drinking. That’s when I realized I missed dinner and the wine is all that was left of it. My father drank his evening tea but the rest of them were swallowing wine like it was air.

They were all laughing and I could smell their drunk asses all around me. Lisa was sitting next to my mother, their backs turned to the kitchen, my father was sitting at the head of the table and Oliver sat facing the door so he was the first person to see me coming.

“Elio! Baby!”

My mother laughed when I appeared at the door frame.

“Did you rest, my darling?” She continued.

“Yeah, you could say that…”

“Want some?”

Oliver lifted a glass offering me a cup of wine. I shook my head no and he put it down.

“Come, sit here, next to me.” Oliver said and pated the chair next to him, pulling it out just for me.

Okay, this was weird and dangerous. Oh, God, he was waisted, what if he tries something illegal in front of everybody. Again, I had nothing against my parents seeing us but Lisa…

Maybe he did that so that there were no questions raising in the air around us. It had to look like we were good buddies and not just two people who couldn’t stand each other during the day and fucking our brains out during the night.

I sat next to him. Relentlessly, but I managed to do it swallowing the pain once I leaned against the chair.

They continued to talk about…honestly, I couldn’t mark out the subjects because as soon as I sat my painful ass down, my mind went blank when Oliver’s foot brushed against my shoe. I stood still and waited for him to stop, but no, he kept “brushing” accidentally over and over again, like he was waiting for something. And he was. He was waiting for me to return the move. Are we really playing this now? Right now? It’s so dangerous, the table cloth wasn’t long enough to cover everything but I figured this was the closest affection I’d get now until we meet at night. I took my shoes off quickly and with my right foot I found his left. Oliver arched his back when he felt my foot on top of his and took another sip of his wine. I looked his way and he seemed to me really into whatever my father was talking about only there was more business underneath the table. He caressed my fingers with his own while I just kept my foot still, did not make a single move, let
him get all the feelings he wanted and needed. A big guy like Oliver had the softest touch of the feet ever. I always figured he’s violent like he was with his hands and his tongue, but his feet were the gentlest part of his giant body. I was so grateful for that.

This went on for quite some time and eventually I decided I shouldn’t just sit and stare at them talking. So, I began moving my foot on top of his. On Oliver’s face there was another gentle move caused by my actions, his smile looked so humbled and friendly…no, more than friendly, this is how lovers smile at each other.

Eventually I joined the people talking about all sorts of things around the table. It felt good and I could sense I was no longer running a fever. Maybe that was just a short moment of heat due to the long nap I took, my organism was burning because of the massive sleep I endured. Or maybe the medicine helped. Or maybe even Oliver. Who knows?

We sat there for hours, Oliver and I never separated our feet, only one time when he went to the bathroom and the other time when I went inside to change into something more comfortable because it was getting cold. But other than that, we’ve been connected for hours and I was feeling more alive than ever. I loved the physical connection with him, even like this.

Somewhere around midnight and maybe even after that, we all parted and my parents went straight to bed and Lisa and Oliver stayed outside to talk for a while. Whatever they were talking, I couldn’t hear from the kitchen, I knew Oliver would fill me in on the later notice. That is, if that still stands. I was afraid of him talking to her and her working some magic up to his brain which would lead him to change his mind about everything, about me, about our meeting, about his plan…all of it.

Lisa went upstairs somewhere around one in the morning. She passed through the kitchen, wished me a good night and I returned the wish. Oliver followed her 10-15 minutes later. I was still in the kitchen, preparing something to eat when Oliver stopped and started at my brilliant sandwich making technique.

“Want some?” I asked with my back turned to him.

“Sure.”

He said and moved closer behind me. I was still slicing the cheese when I felt his hands on my hips pulling me closer to his pelvis. My lips shiver at the feel and I needed to swallow a moan. Even through clothes he was insatiable.

I offered him a piece still not looking behind me.

“Oh, you meant the sandwich…no thank you.”

We giggled. What a tease…and a jerk.

“I had something else on my mind.” He said.

“I know you did.”

I turned around to finally face this man whose feet I have been touching all night long and whose hands had the ability to make my body tremble even through clothes.

Oliver smiled down at me and, on my biggest surprise ever, he lifted me up on the counter. That spot was empty because it was he spot where Mafalda and myself would prepare breakfast, lunch and dinner. And now I was on it, and there was no place or the time to argue with him. Oliver
stood between my legs.

“What are you doing…you’re crazy, someone could see us…” I whispered looking him straight in the eyes.

“I don’t care…”

He said and then cupped my entire face with his big hands and kissed me. He kissed the God out of me. His tongue battled with mine, I could taste wine and Oliver’s scent. My hands went down underneath his armpits as I started sucking on his tongue. Fuck, he was so drunk and turned on, I could feel it when his hands moved to my butt cheeks and pulled me closer to him.

We parted to breathe and to inhale the scent of our animalistic making out in the kitchen.

“Are we still on for…later?” I asked and then blushed.

“Of course we are. I can’t wait to see you.” He said and kissed my nose.

“I’m right here.” I smiled.

“Hmm, not the same.” He said and then pulled me down.

“Why can’t we go now?”

“Because…it’s better when it’s in 3 in the morning.”

He said, turned around and went upstairs.
3 am meeting

Chapter Summary

Elio and Oliver meet after midnight.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, i couldn't wait to post this one, it's a short chapter but i promise i will do my best to update tomorrow if i find the time and the energy to write it. So, enjoy this one, hope you like it and lots and lots love for you!!

So, we’re meeting at 3 in the morning. Good, that gives me time to do...absolutely nothing, not even panic. I still had two hours to kill before we meet again. I got off the counter feeling myself blush and continued to make my dinner / midnight snack. The knife was slipping out of my hand but I managed to control it. I heard him walk upstairs, walk across the hallway and straight to our bathroom. He was in there for some time and I didn’t dare to make a move downstairs. Later, he went to his bedroom and there was nothing but silence, upstairs and downstairs. The house was empty with so many bodies sleeping and resting their tired souls. Everyone except for the two of us.

How is it possible that he still makes me feel like this after so much time and so many touches and kisses? How? I was feeling like a virgin touched for the very first time whenever he’d come close to me, not to mention put his hands anywhere on my body, with or without my clothes on and every single time his lips would meet mine. Why does this keep happening to me? Is it possible that he feels the same way? I figured, because he’s the older one, more experienced with both sexes that he should be immune to this shit I have been feeling ever since we shook hands for the first time last year.

I ate quickly, washed the plate and the knife and went upstairs. The only entrance I got was through the bathroom, I went inside and looked around, thinking that maybe Oliver left something for me to find. Maybe a clue or a note where and when exactly were we suppose to meet. But there was nothing there, so I just did my business, brushed my teeth and went inside the bedroom.

My bedroom was shining. The Moonlight was blasting away in the dark room of mine, shining upon every object I ever owned and casting shadows much larger than me. The Moon should lead the way throughout the entire night. We have to go somewhere else, I don’t want us to stay here in the villa nor did I want us to meet behind the villa on our spot.

Should I wait him in my room? In the hallway? On the balcony, like the first time? Outside? Where? Ugh, it’s like the first time all over again, the rules hadn’t changed not even for a bit. He never said a single word about where to meet, just stated 3 am and that was it. Then again, I can’t blame him. This is the first time that we arranged a meeting instead of just bumping into each other outside or appear in each other’s bedrooms. By then, it felt so natural being in the same room with him that the rest of the world seemed light years away. Like there was a barrier outside the door...
and this invisible force was keeping everyone outside it and us warm and cozy inside.

Knowing Oliver, he’s up right now. He doesn’t want to sleep, he wants to wait for the clock to strike 3 and sneak off to meet his next door neighbor. I laid on my bed and waited, looking at the dark ceiling. I heard absolutely nothing and no one behind my bed, guess she’s asleep and he’s… what?

1:38 am.

There was nothing else I could except stare and wait. And I did just that. I’d wait until my body was ready to accept that nervousness and anticipating. At the moment, I was fine, didn’t actually feel like I was about to meet him and sneak off to spend the night with another man. I couldn’t believe I was getting myself ready for that hard dose of reality and nervousness about meeting him. Oliver was not a stranger to me, I already gave myself up to him, he’s the best man I knew in my entire life. Then why was I preparing for sweaty palms, trembling lips and my stuttering?

1:56 am.

Come on.

Why 3 am though? What’s so special about it? Like midnight. What’s so special about midnight too? The lying was killing me and so I got up and walked around the room to find some entertainment. When I couldn’t locate that I took my clothes off to change into something more comfortable. Billowy was my initial thought and so I put it on and put another pair of swimming trunks on me. They were the most comfortable pieces of clothing I ever owned and worn, following them were the red short shorts, no doubt there.

2:02 am.

It took me six minutes to change?

58 more minutes.

And I was officially bored, I thought once I hoped back on the bed. So bored that I felt the need to either walk into his room now or turn around and fall asleep. Just a couple of more minutes and I’m going to start feeling nervous, hesitant and I’ll begin contemplating whether or not I should stay in the room or get outside. Follow the sound of his footsteps, his voice, his being, it should be that easy.

2:25 am.

Every single time I’d check the wrist watch I’d realize that I had no idea where those 20 minutes went. It was a miracle that I managed to kill time with over - thinking. Actually, not exactly, it’s never good to over think and here I was enjoying it because It did the job for me. Sometimes those thoughts can swallow a whole person but in my case, they were, when he wasn’t here, they’d eat away inside me and now, that he’s here and literally sleeping in the palm of my hand, I kept over - thinking about him and just like that, I’d be eating away myself all on my own.

2:43 am.

Wow, 17 more minutes. I’m so good at this shit. I should just shut up and shut my mind up and wait, wait and stare into the dark room, wait, stare and wait and stare and wait and stare outside my window. Where are we going? I never asked. Will we go outside? It’s a shame to stay inside because of the Moon and its help of guiding us with its light.
There was a silence for a long period of time. Oliver has to know that it’s not good when he leaves me alone with my thoughts, especially this late at night. And suddenly I heard movements on the other side of the wall. The bed made its noise and the floor soon after was cracking, the sound of someone trying to put his shoes on filled the silence behind my head. I checked my watch as fast as I could.

3 am.

Not a minute later, not a minute early.

And there it was. I welcomed that familiar feeling almost too well. I could sense my sweaty palms activating on their own and my heart skipping a beat. Right on time.

I got up and start putting my shoes on. Good thing was it wasn’t even that cold outside like it seemed. But I still dressed lightly, knowing that wherever we go and do, Oliver will keep me warm.

Oliver was outside on the balcony and suddenly I had this vivid image of what might happen… because it happened once before, a year ago. And Oliver wore the same green shirt. Did he wear it because of me? Because he remembered wearing it like the first time? Did he remember wearing it in Bergamo, when we went to that party in the book store, then later, when we danced around the night streets drunk? There was not a doubt in my mind that he remembered wearing it when he left me? Or maybe he wore it because it was the first clean piece of clothing that was close enough for him to reach and not make the floor crack any louder?

His back was turned to me and suddenly a rush of adrenaline went through my body and I just wanted to run to him, jump on his back and make him take me anywhere he wanted. Take step by step, watch out for those wooden boards that squeak the loudest. He was so close yet so far.

I knocked on the glass panel but got no response from him, he shifted his position for a bit but never turned around to look at me.

“Hey…” I whispered when I appeared behind him.

Oliver never turned, he never reacted. I walked out on the balcony and stood closer to him, one elbow leaning on the railing and was eyeing his profile.

“Hey…” He whispered.

An awkward silence danced in the air. But was it awkward, though? Maybe it’s the kind I loved, the kind of silence that, whenever I was with Oliver, was never awkward, just very appealing to a heart.

“What did you do?” He asked after a short silence.

“Nothing, nothing. Just laid there, waited, started at the ceiling…”

“Hm, me too.” He chuckled.

“Time went by quickly.”

“It really did. It was a stupid thing to meet this late.”
Stupid? Do you regret it? Should I go back and sleep? I can do that. It’s no problem at all. Maybe the smartest thing ever. You should sleep. We should just turn around and go back to sleep.

“Oh, do you not want to?” I asked, not trying to cover the tiny bits of sorrow I felt after his statement.

He looked at me.

“No, no, no…I want to, I really do, don’t get me wrong there, it’s just…we should’ve met sooner.”

“I want this too, but I am here now.”

Oliver nodded with his eyes glued themselves to anywhere else but me.

Oliver kept looking at the sky and I couldn’t stop staring at his profile, he was so God damn perfect, he’s going to kill me if he continues to not even try to look like this.

“Aren’t you gonna kiss me?” I asked, that made him turn to look at me again. Another skipped heart beat.

“I wanted to save it for when we’re alone…”

“We’re alone now.”

“I meant…when we’re out of this place.”

“And where would we go?”

He thought for a second and then came back looking at me.

“Let’s create our own little paradise.”

He said and I giggled.

“You’re so full of bullshit. Just kiss me already, I’ve missed you.”

I pushed my body in between his and the balcony railings he’d been leaning on since he got out of the bedroom.

“What’s with you today? You can’t stand being two hours away from me.” He asked with a teasingly look on his face. He raised an eyebrow waiting for my answer.

“Twice, so that’s four.” I said.

“And you slept for another four.”

“Okay, eight hours.”

Were we really playing this game? Is he that blind? Can’t he see how much I love him and that I refuse to be apart from him? Oh God! What did she do to him? I have to know.

“Fine, you can’t stand being eight hours away from me.”

“I can’t, so what’s your point?”

He sighed and pushed himself off the railings only to put his hand around my shoulders and bring me closer to him. I raised my body on the tips of my toes. His eyes were cutting my soul like
“God, are you even real?”

He whispered so close to my nose. I could smell wine on him, still, but he wasn’t drunk. At least I hoped he wasn’t.

“Kiss me and you’ll find out.”

I said closing my eyes inside his strong embrace. Yes, take me like this, I have never felt more alive than I did in that moment. He was holding me so tightly, almost suffocating me but I knew that, soon, the air between us would be filled with a warm summer wine I could taste in his breath.

Soon I felt a pair of familiar lips on mine. Should I try and do anything or even squirm? No, there was nothing I could do in that moment. Oliver held my body and he wasn’t letting me go. I knew that if Lisa were to show up, he wouldn’t stop kissing me nor would he let go of me. He held me with both of his hands and my hands were just lingering and casually touching his hips. There was no escape, he’s got me and, on my surprise, he managed to pull my even closer to him by swallowing my entire face. No air to inhale, no place to move, no time to check. It was just him and I, kissing on the balcony that looked over the front yard where, once, a year ago, we met and started our love nurturing. I couldn’t breathe, I couldn’t move, there was no room to protest and no will no complain. He was opening my mouth with everything he had. I was reluctant to do so but his instincts showed him that it’ll happen when it was supposed to happen. But this is Oliver. He knows me, he knows my body and he knows my limits, just like I knew his.

The second his lips left mine I took a big inhale, filling my organism with air. I could actually feel my organs coming back to life once there was enough oxygen to keep them working.

“You okay?” He asked with a cute smile on his face.

“Yeah, yeah…”

My mouth was in pain but I asked for it. Did he stretch them so widely I could bleed soon? Didn’t know, didn’t care.

He wasn’t looking anything better either. The area around his lips was read and his cheeks were warm. I touched one of them and he closed his eyes as to submitting to my cold touch. One hand went over mine and we stayed like that, transferring my coolness to his hotness, skin to skin, human to human.

“Let’s go.” I said and took that same hand in mine.

“Lead the way, baby.”

We walked downstairs holding hands and I was, indeed, leading the way. We needed to keep our footsteps as silent as possible and that was hard because the house was really old and I wasn’t in a mood to save on time or my adrenaline. The need to run away and rush through the wooden floors, while everyone was sound asleep a few feet away from us, was raising inside me with every step I took to get the both of out of the house. Once we were at the bottom of the stairs we went outside immediately.

Oliver went around the corner, didn’t even wait for me, probably he was expecting for me to follow him or something.
“No, let’s go somewhere else.” I whispered at him.

He turned around and walked towards where I stood, looking utterly confused.

“Where?”

“I have an idea.”

“Lead the way.”

I smiled and rushed towards the garage, Oliver was running behind me.

“It’s okay, Elio. We have all the time in the world. There’s no need to rush.” He said once we were there.

“I know, but, um…I was actually thinking, maybe we should go to the river.”

“The river?”

I felt so stupid for recommending the river as soon as he questioned me.

“Yeah. We haven’t been there in a year, and I didn’t go much often…I don’t know, it’s stupid. I just want to be with you far away from here and this house.”

He hummed with a smile and stood close to me.

“It’s not stupid. It’s romantic. The river it is.” He said.

“Really?”

“Really. You’re right, we haven’t been there for so long and I missed it. You too. Inside it, with me.”

I smiled from ear to ear, there was no better way of expressing my silent happiness at that moment.

“And don’t worry, the bikes have the night light so we’ll manage.”

“Then let’s go.”

I stood on the tips of my toes and pecked his warm cheek. We took the bikes out, turned the back lights on and hoped on them. Opened the gate and we were on our way.

The dark and silent villa behind us looked so haunted and scary. Usually the houses that are scary are actually haunted by the presence of another spirit or two. In this case, it was haunted because two souls had just evacuated the place.

The road trip should last for about 20 minutes and there was literally no one in sight and no sound around us. The Moon was shining so bright and actually acted like our leader, it was like riding a car with head lights turned on. I looked to my side and saw Oliver paddling the bike with a huge smile on his face, and so I mirrored the smile and continued riding my own bike. The summer night breeze kept following us until we reached our wanted destination.
The river was so silent and calm when I laid my eyes on it, for the first time in a while, still on my bike from a far distance. The reflection of the Moon had been bathing on the top of the water and it made the place shine the brightest than I have ever seen it shine. Night crickets and owls were our only company, but they were hiding in the trees and in the grass, so again, it was just him and I.

I arrived first and let the bike fall onto the ground as I kept waiting for him to peddle next to me. He’s had a long day, I should’ve taken that in consideration, and exactly one night ago, we were both active and on high doses of adrenaline. I walked slowly, getting closer to the river actually made me feel like the water had called my name. Oliver’s bike fell on top of mine and he jumped down to join me.

“It looks so different.” I said with my back turned to him.

“Um, yeah…because it’s dark.” Oliver said trying to come off smart.

I scoffed.

“I know that. I mean…the feeling is so unusual. Ever get that feeling like you’re being watched?”

“Sometimes, yeah.” He replied.

“Now I feel like there’s absolutely no one anywhere around us. Literally no one, it’s so silent and the air is different. This is weird.”

“It’s late.”

“It’s early, depends on how you look at it.” I said watching the image of the Moon on top of the water.

“That’s true. You think it’s late at night or early in the morning?”

“None.”
“Nothing?”

“Yeah, none. It’s literally the numbest hour ever. The “demon hour” as they call it.”

“Seriously?” He sounded so surprised, and interested.

“Yeah. It’s when the demons are awaking. Number three like the Christians cross their fingers and make a Cross on their body. Forehead, belly button and shoulders. Actually meaning: The Father, The Son and The Holy Spirit. Number three, three knocks, three o’clock.”

“Three knocks?”

“When there’s a demon in the room with you, it’ll show its presence by knocking on door three times, on the wall, on the table, wherever.”

“How do you know all that?”

I turned my head to smile at him, he must’ve suspected my answer, then turned it right back towards the water.

“I read a book about it a while back. It wasn’t smart of me reading it at three in the morning.”

“I knew you were gonna say that.” He said with a grin.

“I couldn’t sleep that night at all.”

He came up behind and hugged me, crossing his arms on my chest.

“And now, it’s three in the morning also.” He whispered in my ear.

“Yeah, but now I have you to protect me.”

“What if I get possessed?”

“You won’t. If I were a demon, you’d be the last person I want to touch.”

“And why is that?” He asked all worked up, ready to hear my answer.

“I could never hurt you.” I said it, softly.

He stopped and walked over in front of me to stare in my eyes.

“Elio, do you realize you just changed the entire mood from scary to romantic?”

“I did, didn’t I?”

He chuckled and went back behind me. My eyes were still fixated on the river that I remember hearing a thump behind me.

“Come, sit with me.”

He said once I turned around. There was a spot in between his legs for my body to perfectly fit in. I never hesitated and just sat there, between his legs, my back pressed against his chest. His hand held my neck and pushed me in front of him even closer. If there was any distance between our position up until that moment, there weren’t any now, my body melted into his.

Oliver breathed in the back of my head, caressing my curls with his nose. I took a long inhale and
let my head completely fall onto his shoulders. There was a force bigger than me, bigger than us that kept waving around my head, telling me, showing me how good this felt, how good all of this was. It was 3 in the morning, we snuck out and drove down by the river only to be alone. We could’ve snuck out to be alone in the backyard or anywhere else around the villa, but no, the river was the first thing that popped into my head when our run-away came to a question.

“‘You got taller.’ Oliver breathed out in my hair after a while.

“I did. I didn’t even notice it, everyone kept telling me that but I just don’t see it.”

This was so different. We whispered and then we’d change our voices back to their normal tones. I’d shift in his embrace and he’d just hold me tighter. There was no time to beat and no place to run off to. We could just as easily stay here until the Sun would come up, that should be in about two hours. Good thing was, we were facing East.

“I didn’t see it either. I just figured because your head is already past my shoulders now. Last year, you could barely reach it.”

I couldn’t believe it, he knew my height just by the way I was sitting against him. My cheeks were hot.

“You dressed well for tonight.” He said.

“It is for a special occasion.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Mhm…” I hummed.

“What is it?”

“I’m meeting my lover tonight, we’re running away while everyone’s asleep.”

“And how does he feel?”

He asked and started caressing my right ear with his lips, adding tongue here and there. My lips were shivering but I had to suck up and talk to him. I can’t fall apart whenever he touches me.

“You don’t know him, he’s so weird, and I could never understand him, he’s so intelligent but there are things he’s so stupid about, he can’t even match clothes or socks, it’s better if you two never meet…”

He laughed in my ear and after tickling my stomach playfully, I let out a loud laugh knowing that there was absolutely no one around to hear me. This could have been the only place and the only time where I could scream and laugh at the top of my lungs without the fear of being heard or getting caught. Even in Bergamo I had to gold it in, the fear would overcome me sometimes when I’d still have the control over my body. Once the control has submitted to Oliver’s touch, that was it, no turning back and no will of turning back. Oliver giggled with me and then placed one of his hands straight underneath my Billowy and onto my stomach. I squirmed at his hand. Oliver touched my warm skin as I kept submitting to his touch over and over again.

But this was too much. Like I said, we had two hours at best and maybe another four before Anchise or Mafalda would wake up and start their daily routines. I knew what he wanted to do, I wanted it too, so badly, but we have the time and now I wanted nothing more than to talk.
I took his hand out from underneath my shirt and held it in mine, intertwining the fingers.

“No, we can snuggle later, tell me what happened today. Between you and…her.” I said.

“Hm, a lot actually. I’m not holding back anything from now on. It’s been a long day, so I’ll sum it up…”

I interrupted him.

“Don’t. We have the time. We’ve got all the time in the world. Don’t tell me the short version, tell me everything.”

“If you insist.”

He breathed out and then adjusted his positing.

“Well, that little argument over breakfast…I managed to talk her out of going with me. I told her I don’t have time to tag her along, that knowing her she’ll just follow me around, interrupt my meeting, and even stay longer in town than I had intended. She’d go from store to store to shop or just look around, knowing that she won’t buy anything. Then she began screaming at me, getting all worked up in my face that I have no right to talk to her like that and that I’m the one to talk, because, like she said, I knew zero things about her. She was so annoying that I just stopped and told her that I’m going alone and that’s it, and if she were to make a scene in front of everybody, I gave her my word I can make an even bigger scene that will put her in her spot.”

The weird part was that the breakfast scenery was only almost 24 hours ago. So much has happened that their little argument seemed to be so long ago. In the past, and it looks like that’s where Oliver had put it.

“Wow…harsh.” I mumbled sounding shock.

“It’s the only way she’ll understand.”

Maybe, but he knows her better than me. Oh, yeah, we talked…

“When you were gone, she talked to me.”

“You guys talked? About what?”

“Um, she was really awkward, asking me about Marzia and why am I alone all the time. Then she switched to your fight, told me she was still angry with you, almost making me choose her side and said that you were being really inappropriate. I backfired and told her that she was the one acting like that and she got pissed at me, raised her voice and said that it’s none of my business, because it wasn’t. But still…”

I stopped.

“I’m sorry you witnessed the real side of her.” He said.

“It’s fine. I’m just wondering what happened to her that she became so…so obnoxious?”

“Nothing. She was like this ever since I first met her. So defensive, ready to argue and make scenes, pretending that we’re a picture-perfect couple.”

Well this was so dumb. No one is this naïve, not even her.
“She can sense a break up, can she? Come on, she’s not that stupid.”

“I don’t know, she’s acting like we’re all good, in front of everyone. Maybe she believes that our acting can fool people.”

“I didn’t fool me.”

“That’s because you know the truth.”

“No, I mean…ever since you came here with her. You didn’t seem happy, she was hard to read but maybe that’s because she was hiding underneath that perfect future wife material.”

“And look at us now.”

I could sense his smile and then after he kissed my neck.

“And…what happened just before you went off to bed?”

“I was the one talking. I asked her if she’s going to keep acting like this forever, she never said anything, just kept staring away from me. That was good enough for me. But then when I stood up to walk inside she stopped me and told me that I really embarrassed her this morning and that we should have a serious talk once we go back home. I couldn’t deal with that and explained her the time and the trip when are we leaving.”

Wait. What?

“Leaving?” I asked confused.

“Yeah, and don’t take this the wrong way but I am leaving with her.”

“No, you said…”

I frowned. No, no, no, why? Why are you leaving? I stood away from him and turned to look at Oliver. He seemed very determined.

“I’ll take her to the station and break up there. Then I’ll call you to let you know. I’m doing this for us, please understand. And a part of me wants to do it for her, so I’ll drive there with her and finish it.”

“But…are you coming back?”

I was so afraid to ask a question like this one and even more, I dreaded of the answer.

“Of course I’m coming back. I’ll just call you to let you know when.”

Oliver held my arms and laid me back down against him.

“Fuck, you scared me… I thought you’d be leaving back to the States with her…fuck you, don’t ever…” I sighed.

“No, no, I’m sorry. I told you, I will end it tomorrow night and I promised you that we’ll be sleeping together in those beds once I get back.”

“Good, I’ll burn the sheets.” I said, now, sounding very determined.

“Get us the ones we used a year ago.” He said.
“I don’t remember…”

“Blue and yellow.”

I turned as fast as I could to look at him, still very confused. What just happened?

“How do you…why do you know that…”

“Sentimental values, I guess.”

Once again, he pushed my back against his chest again and held onto me even tighter. This time I could actually feel the vibrations of his heart on my shoulder. I caressed his big and strong arms, still trying to absorb his plan. It’s a plan, just don’t know if it’s a good one or what. We’ll see.

“I just feel like that’s something I should do, that I should go and walk her off, I don’t know…it should be easier for me to look her in the eyes and say goodbye then just send her off on her own, I don’t know…”

“What if she refuses?” I asked.

“She can try but I honestly don’t care what’d going to happen anymore. I’m tired to living in this land of not knowing what’s around the corner. I hate that. So, now I don’t want to know anymore, let the things flow their own way, I’ll manage, I’ll adapt to it, I should be fine. I got myself into this shit, and I’m getting out tomorrow. I got you buried deep inside it too. I don’t want to pretend anymore, I don’t want to hide, it’s exhausting. I just want this to end.”

This just made me sad all over again. I was so worried about me, and about us that I never stopped to think if he’s doing all right with the whole pretending shit she got him into. He sounded so broken and used, I wish I could just strip him down naked and hold onto his naked and exposed body, I wanted to chase everything that has passed through his head in the last six months and just be with him. Just to hold him and touch his chest, trying to find that one spot where, once my hand was on top of it, I could feel his heart beat in sync with my heart. I’d touch his collar bones and then I’d kiss them to make the awful feeling go away, I’d try to find his artery like he showed me where it is, that one afternoon in Bergamo, and touch it, feel his heart beating because of me. I wanted to make him feel good and I wanted to help him and show him just how unbelievably and madly I am in love with him.

“You thought about this a lot?” I asked.

“Yeah, hours ago, in the bedroom, it was the only thing I was thinking about. Us driving to the station, me pulling her aside and then sending her off. If she asks where would I sleep, I’ll tell her that there are hotels near the station and I’ll go back home in a few days or on the next train.”

He really did think everything through.

“You think she’ll buy that?”

“I don’t know and I don’t care. She can scream at me, fight with me, make a scene, attack me, I don’t care. I’m letting go of her.”

“For whom?”

His heart jumped when I asked that.

“For me…and for us.”
“Us…” I repeated in a soft whisper.

“Yes, us. You and me, Elio.” Oliver whispered.

“Just us?”

“Just us.”

“Then you should do that.” I said finally.

“You’re not upset?”

This was so sweet, he was actually asking for my permission. In a way.

“Why would I be upset? That’s one of the reasons I love you so much. You know what to do to make everyone feel safe around you. She’ll be heart broken, maybe, but she’ll respect you even more for sending her off and not staying in the villa like a coward.”

“All I care about is you. That’s why I’m sneaking off to meet you here tonight. If she wasn’t such a part of the whole trip, I’d gladly sneak into your bedroom and sleep with you like we used to do it last summer. And, this time, I won’t leave out of fear of getting caught.”

“Did you guys ever talk about me?”

“Hm, not much, she wanted to know a few things about you. I talked about you last year, before we were all set up, but she didn’t look like she was paying any attention.”

“She does that often, doesn’t she?” I asked with a smile.

“Pretend. Of course. All the time. Back home, whenever we’d go to either her or my family’s house for dinner, and on the way back we have to go to either my or hers place, so it would look like we were perfect together.”

Stupid again.

“Couldn’t you just drop her off and go home alone?”

“No use, she lives about 45 minutes away from me, by car.”

Torture.

“I never saw exit out of it, to be honest. And since December I have been reading about Plato, going deeper and deeper into his mind and eventually, that is, one day I just started writing bit by bit until one day I realized I got like 100 pages and good pages, that is. That’s when it hit me I can actually make something out of this and that’s when I called my publisher to set up the meeting. The fact that I could actually see you again and make any contact at all, just kept me going. You were my inspiration and my motivation for this book, Elio. I was beyond excited about starting all of it again…I just couldn’t predict how were you going to react on just me arriving.”

My inspiration and my motivation.

“I pushed the beds together.” I said.

“I saw that. I knew you did that for us, for you and me.”

I stayed quiet because I couldn’t think of anything else to discuss. Oliver was resting his big head
on my tiny one.

“Oliver?”

He hummed.

“I want you to know that…um…I still have some trust issues, towards you. I hope that doesn’t make you mad.”

“Of course it doesn’t make me mad. I understand you, having you here in my arms is the greatest gift I could’ve ever received knowing that you’d be able to give me another chance. But I’ll try to make you trust me like once upon a time…”

“When I see you empty handed tomorrow night, I’ll know. And you’ll know…”

“Deal.”

I moved my head aside to look into his eyes. Oliver was already staring at me. His blue eyes were shining and were filled with the reflection of the Moon bathing on top of the river. His skin looked so soft and his hair was, I bet, still silky, even though it looked beyond messy, just how I liked it.

“I promise you, I give you my word, Elio. I love you. More than I have ever loved anyone else in my life. In a way that is scary and unexplored and I love it, I love the fact that I don’t know what can happen tomorrow night, all I need to know now is for you to be aware how much I love you and that I’m going to fight anyone who wants to meddle in between us. Nobody else matters but you, I guess nobody ever did. I told you, you are worth it, all of it.”

I have never seen his face reacting to his own words, never before. He looked like he was about to start crying and all I wanted was for him to know that I know that he’s aware of how much I love him. How much I love this man, how much I adore the crap out of this human being.

There was nothing to say that hasn’t been already said before.

I turned around completely and sat on his lap, straddling his hips all along holding onto his shoulders.

“I trust you. I believe you. I love you Oliver. I am here and I’m not going anywhere.”

“That’s all I wanted to hear from you.”

His hands held my waist as I caressed his face with one of mine. My fingers ran down his soft skin and his eyes never left mine. This connection scared me and made me feel safe all at the same time and by the hands of the same person.

“Elio?”

His deep voice called out my name in a form of a whisper and then pushed our foreheads together.

“Will you let me worship you now?”

“No need to ask. I’m already there.”

I answered it gently and softly. Moments later, after inhaling each other’s warm breaths, our lips connected once again and his worshiping, for my body and my heart, finally began, by the river at possibly 4 in the morning.
Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is coming soon. I’m already on it!
Burn

Chapter Summary

The continuation of their night by the river.

Chapter Notes

I promised that the chapter was coming soon, so here it is. I worked really hard on it, I spent the entire day editing it and adding more and more stuff so I think it looks good. I'm not sure when's the next chapter coming but it will be very soon. So enjoy this one and wish you a happy day! Love you all!!

Oliver never hesitated when time came to a question. The second I opened my mouth to let him in and give him permission to transfer his saliva into mine, his hands went underneath my shirt. We continued to kiss and droll all over each other, letting the hot summer night be filled with lip smacking sounds and a giggle here and there.

Oliver started caressing my skin, which was by this point on fire, up and down, from my chest to my hips, tugging and pulling the skin on his way around my waist. I felt like hell. It hurt. It usually doesn't but this time it did. Actually, his hands on my skin overall hurt, just his touch hurt and he wasn't going in that rough as he can be sometimes. Some violent force overcame him, he took the charge and I bet he couldn't control himself or the dose of adrenaline spiking through his blood stream and just by that action, I was in pain, but only where his hands were connected with my skin.

I still sat there on top of him, straddling him, pushing myself down as roughly as I could to arouse him. One of my hands moved up from his face to his hair and the other one went down between us, as I tried to find his cock through his trousers. He was hard. I didn't notice him get hard as I was lying pressed against his chest, or maybe he managed to get hard within these couple of minutes with me on top of him.

I palmed him through the thick fabric and he let out a moan into my mouth. Soon after, the big shirt came off my body so naturally, no buttons were undone and there was no need to tear clothes off of me. It was big for a reason. He threw it behind him and attached his lips to my neck.

“Ooh, yeah…” My moans were so loud and I was beyond glad that we were alone.

“Ah, Elio… I want to mark you…” His hot breath against my wet skin made the shivers run down my spine.

“Do it the-en, ah…” I was stuttering finally.

“I can’t…”

And he bit the skin so softly, there was nothing to pull, my skin was so thin just like the rest of me.
He couldn’t mark me because it will raise questions back home, the spot he was kissing was high and a purple mark would be visible even with my shirt on. I’d let him mark me once we were alone. I’d let Oliver mark me anywhere, on my neck, my chest, my hips, my thighs. I’d let him do everything to me.

“Aah…mmm…”

He continued moaning thanks to my hand’s persistence to make him scream while still touching his unraveled cock. I was fighting with the urge to scream and the urge to scream at him to get it out and give it to me.

“Hang on…”

Oliver whispered against my neck and violently grabbed my thighs. He lifted me up as he stood upwards, with his lips still attached to my neck, then let me down. I stood in front of him and watched him take the green shirt off. It took me back hours ago when I watched him put the same shirt on for his meeting in Crema. I trembled looking up at him as he started unbuttoning it slowly, button by button and his blue eyes were staring down at me. Once the buttons were done I opened the shirt and took it off of him with his help.

“Wait, we’ll need it…”

He said and took it from my hands. He then turned around and spread it across the grass. Oh, I liked this. Smart.

“Lay down.”

All of sudden I was as nervous as long as I can remember. Oliver telling me to lay down was a sign that took me back to reality. He sounded very determined yet his voice was so soft, he was the one in charge and I couldn’t let his demand go undone. I felt like my body was on fire and thought “Are we really going to make love on the grass, by the river?”

Didn’t see why not. This was the same spot where I used to stand all by myself that morning when I tried to be as far away as possible from him. And here I was, ready to give it all to him.

I laid on top of his shirt and tilted my head to my left to look at this man above me. This probably meant that we’ll either wipe the cum off of each other with Billowy again or jump into the river. What seemed more promising?

Oliver barely kept his posture straight because of his erection throbbing in his trousers, ready to penetrate something with that large hammer of his.

My chest was heaving as he just stood there above me. What was he thinking about? I was shaking because not having him close to me made me cold and yet I was sweating, which was very weird. Don’t do this. Come down. I need you. Let’s celebrate today and pray that tomorrow never comes and we can just lay here by the river and inhale each other’s scent.

“What are you doing?” I asked him with a tightness in my chest from all the staring, this is how you should feel when you’re alone and someone’s watching you.

“Admiring you.”

“Why? There’s nothing to admire.”

“Oh, baby, you’re so mistaken.” He shook his head slowly, treating me like I was that precious and
that my words were damaging me.

“Come down, please.” I raised my arm and he took it.

“As you wish.” He kissed my hand.

And down he went. Oliver kneeled above me as he undid my swimming trunks, took them off, took my underwear off and on the way pulling them down, he took my shoes off and threw them behind him. I giggled at how proud he looked when he did that. I was now lying naked before him.

“Take those off…now” I requested, not waiting a second longer without him inside me.

And he no longer hesitated at all. He stood up again and undid the belt, the buttons and let them slide down so naturally, so beautifully, the eye contact was still very much alive. Having him naked, looking this gorgeous, by the river, underneath the Moonlight made me harder within seconds. He was so beautiful. Oliver was actually something I loved and had to admire.

Oliver went back down and our naked bodies touched. Did he gain weight since the previous night? He was suddenly so heavy on me and it hurts. It never hurts. He took it seriously the fact that we had all the time in the world. His lips travelled from my neck, to my nipples, my belly button, leaving wet kisses on his way down. He kissed both of my thighs and came back on top to kiss me, deeply, with tongue and added two fingers inside my mouth. So, there we were, Oliver and myself and his two fingers, kissing, battling with our tongues, spitting into each other’s mouth, smiling once we did that.

Oliver never broke the kiss when those two fingers went between my legs and inside me in one go.

“Ah!”

I moved my head aside to react with a voice, fuck it hurts.

“You okay?”

“Ye-yeah…just…just surprised…”

“Hold on…”

He took the fingers out and then back in, slowly this time, twirled them around, twisted them aside, left to right, right to left, his upper top phalanges grasped my insides and I squeezed my teeth together. Where was this amount of pain coming from?

Oliver took them out and it felt like I regained my ability to breathe. He kissed me once again and kneeled to position himself at my entrance. I held my hair and closed my eyes, preparing for worse but still praying that the pain will pass. Oliver spread my legs around his waist so gently and lifted the lower part of my back into his hands. Once he realized that all he had to do was push in, he came back down to face me. Sadly, my eyes were still closed.

“You okay?”

“Fine, fine…ah…”

I opened my eyes and held his upper arms. Here it goes, Oliver looked down in between us to see the situation and when he thought it was a good time to thrust, he did.

“Agh!’
I couldn’t help it. It hurt so badly, it hurt more than it did the first time and it has been a year since we first slept together. What is happening? Why am I in so much pain?

“Agh! Stop…”

I have to tell him, he has to stop, I can’t…it felt like knives digging into my skin.

“What, what…are you okay?”

My eyes were still closed but I could only imagine, just by the sound of his voice, that he was terrified.

“It hurts, ah, it’s hurts so much…” I screamed.

“Seriously? I’m not even in all the way…”

The head of his cock was barely fully placed inside me, I could feel that, I knew the anatomy of his entire being.

“I know, I know. Oh God…”

I swallowed the gut-wrenching pain.

“Do you want me to stop?”

“No, no…keep going…”

I shook my head violently.

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah, yeah…it’ll pass soon.”

But it never did. He continued to thrust inside me and the pain was excruciating, I was on fire. How do I make this stop? He prepared me well, he didn’t do anything differently than he did the previous night or any other night before. The thing was, I was in pain the second he touched me, minutes ago.

“Agh! Fuck!”

By that point I couldn’t hold my screams nor my tears, they all just ran naturally down my face. And these tears weren’t like the ones I used to cry out because it felt good and I was about to come. No, these were like the ones I used to cry out on my pillow because of him. Because of Oliver, who was now pushing slowly inside me, giving his best to stop me from hurting and I couldn’t help but scream my lungs out how much it actually ached.

“Elio, I’m stopping.”

He breathed out.

“No, don’t…”

“Are you crazy!? You’re crying. My arms hurt.”

He was right. I was digging my nails deep into his skin, pulling the skin from his upper arms absentmindedly, I was hurting him because I was in pain. But I don’t think he was the one hurting
“Sorry, sorry. Go all…ugh, go all the way in, it’ll pass.”

“What if it doesn’t?”

He was so concerned about me, who wouldn’t be? We use to have normal love making sessions without any pain for so long. We did have a pause of ten months but still…he slept together the previous night, twice and it felt good, there was the smallest amount of pain present but it felt so good once he was all in.

“It will! Now go!”

“Fuck…Elio…”

He wanted to stop and pull out but on the other hand can’t think that the next thrust would be any more painless. I thought the same thing.

“Go!”

Oliver obeyed and began thrusting deeper. No use, I screamed and cried out the first moment I felt him move inside me.

“Okay, that’s it! I’m pulling out…”

“No, you’re not going anywhere!”

I opened my watery eyes and looked him straight in his deep blue eyes, which were now hard to acknowledge. I locked my ankles down on the lower part of his back. He surely wasn’t going anywhere. I wasn’t stupid, I knew what can happen if we fight like this while he’s still not so deep inside me. But there was an impulsive side of that was stupid, because when I locked him in, I actually pushed Oliver inside me even deeper, if not, until the very end, and I only screamed out louder and a new batch of tears started forming in my eyes and down my cheeks.

“Elio, don’t be ridiculous. Unlock me.”

I could sense fear in his voice.

“No, shut up…just fuck me.”

I breathed out, I sounded like I was being chocked and not in a good way, didn’t recognize my own voice.

“I won’t, you’re in pain, you’re crying…”

He said it softly, thinking that that will make me any less stubborn than I was at that moment.

“It’s fine, I’m fine.”

“You’re not fine, now unlock me before we hurt each other very seriously…”

“Okay, okay…”

He had a point but I still wasn’t giving up. I untied my legs and let him pull out. Before Oliver got the chance to get out completely and gently, I spoke again.
“What if we try a different position?”

“This position is the safest one for you. What do you want?”

He asked, looking down at me.

“Um…I want to be on top…” I replied, not sounding so sure now that I was ready to try it again.

“That will not change a thing.”

“It might.”

“No, it won’t. You sliding down is more dangerous than me sliding inside of you. I want this to stop.”

Oliver’s eyes widened and I could actually see my reflection in his blue eyes. His pupils were so small, he was scared, it was terrifying, even for him.

“No, please…let’s give it a shot. If I start to ache, you can stop.”

“Fine. Get up.”

He thought for a second before he answered. I could tell he was being tortured with the answer he gave me, eyes closed and stiffed lips.

I did as I was told and watched as Oliver and I switched places. He sat down and raised his hand for me to take it and help me guide myself down onto him. I kneeled between his hips, only my butt cheeks were touching his hard cock. I was scared, this was terrifying for me too, the pain was like nothing I have ever felt before. Even standing up and kneeling hurt every bone in my body, every muscle movement and every word I had to scream out.

“Ah, ah, hold onto my shoulders, I’ll slide you down.”

He said while placing his hands on my hips to take me down. I moved my head aside to watch him slide inside me. Bad move. Bad idea. Bad position. And here comes the pain.

“Ah!”

The head of his cock wasn’t even in and just stretching me was aching my entire body, now he was all in but I didn’t dare to move. This was a stupid idea, not a bad one, but a stupid one. We can make something out of this.

“Okay, I’m stopping.”

“Please, don’t…” I cried out.

“You said if you…”

“Don’t stop, I don’t know why am I in pain.” I breathed out, fighting for air, Oliver was suffocating me even without restraining air for me.

My hands went straight to his head for support, his cheek attached itself to my chest. Even that hurt. Everything hurt. Why is this happening?

“I know why! You’re burning up!”
Burning up?

“What?”

“You’re having a fever.”

Am I…am I…a fever…again? Oops. What the hell? I was running a fever again!? No! Why!? Should’ve taken it as I sign when I wok up. So…a fever…now? Seriously? Oops.

“I know…” I sighed.

“You know? What?”

Shit. Oh, well…

“I had it when I woke up from my nap.”

“That’s why you’re in pain. Come on, get up, get off of me…”

“No, stop. Oliver, please, don’t move.”

I said holding tightly onto his shoulders.

“Elio, you’re in pain, we have to go back home. You have to take some medicine and lay down so that the temperature would go back down.”

Yeah, yeah, yeah…like I said, we can make something out of this.

“I’ve been in pain since we started. I guess it’s because of this.”

I said it finally, now I was beyond afraid of his answer, more than pain.

“And you never cared to mention that? I was afraid It was me who was hurting you for real.”

“I know, I’m sorry. But don’t move please.”

“Why?”

I could sense he was done with me, I could sense how mad he actually was. This is not how far I wanted this to come or wanted our night to take this turn.

“Please, look around. We’re all alone, Oliver, we’re connected like this, let us…um, let us absorb the nature around us. Like this. We’ve never been like this and we have all the time in the world.”

“You’re insane…” He smiled after listening to my bullshit.

“I know. But look around us, there’s nobody here, nobody to interrupt us or to catch us. It’s just you and me, like never before. Okay? Forget about my fever, forget about all this pain, forget about tomorrow, forget about two days ahead, two years…just…focus on now. I’ll never have this with anyone else other than you and I don’t want to. I’ve never been this intimate in my life with anyone, ever. Only with you. Oliver, you make me push boundaries so far ahead that I can’t see what our lives are going to look like in the next minute. I love you that much. Stay connected with me, like this, we’ll never have this moment to ourselves. Thinking back, you’ll never forget how many times you tried to get inside me and failed because I have a fever, and that we decided to just sit like one body and one soul, in the nature, naked and feeling this raw and hot.”
He formed a gentle smile of a person in love at the end.

“God, I don’t think I have ever been this much in love with you.” He breathed out and touched my cheek.

“I feel the same way. I love you, Oliver, so much…that it hurts…”

We giggled. It’s what we needed.

“Kiss me.” He whispered.

And so I did. I bent down and kissed Oliver while still sitting there attached to him. Finally, two bodies became one and I have never felt like this. Especially because our kiss was wet and not because of our sloppy lips and saliva spreading around.

Oliver was crying.

“Why are you crying now?” I asked.

“I’m overwhelmed right now.”

He replied and chuckled afterwards. The adrenaline was getting the best of him, dopamine finally mixed with it…this was the real Oliver, the kind of who I wanted to take with me to bed every night and wake up with him next to me.

“It will be okay, I promise you.”

“I’m hurting you.”

He looked so sad and I just wanted for him to jump into my skin to know that, sitting like that, I was in zero pain.

“You’re not, you’re not. Nobody’s hurting anyone. Look at me.”

He did.

“I’m fine, I’m not in pain like this. Just shut up and stay quiet and take in the surroundings.”

He chuckled and hugged me so tightly towards him. This was the closest I have ever been with him, and not just by being attached to him with his genitals inside me but emotionally as well. I took a deep breath in and then exhaled. This felt so good. There was pressure between my legs but I wouldn’t change it for anything in this world. It was 4 and something in the morning, he never pulled out and we stayed there breathing in the nature that was surrounding us. His head rested on my chest and my head found its support on top of his. It was hot between us, but I’ve been feeling hot all day, some of it was the fault of my stupid fever and some of it was the work of two human beings being connected in a way that makes us and our souls melt into one. No, I would never trade this with anybody or trade any other experience in my life, I’d never trade Oliver, I’d keep him as damaged as he comes and as sick as he thinks he is. Yes, I was still very young to experience this stuff and with an older man and, like Oliver said, I don’t come in pairs so that’s why I’m letting the one and only, the original, a one of a kind Elio Perlman share this moment with just his chosen one, Oliver.

“Elio?”

He broke the silence.
“You know I love you and I want you so badly, but I think it would be good if we part. I don’t want to think about you clanging onto me and causing a spasm and the chaos that could follow…”

“Okay, okay, you’re right…” I said and got up.

I felt so empty, it was awful.

He stood up in front of me. I didn’t notice it, but the sky wasn’t that dark anymore, I could see the dark blue changing into its lighter shade right in front of us.

“But you were right, this was beautiful, staying connected.”

“Yeah?”

“You’re a smart kid.”

“I’m not a kid.”

“No, you’re not. You’re my baby…”

He said and pulled me in for another hug.

“Not even th…”

I couldn’t even finish my sentence. And why bother? I hugged him back and felt how my body heat was being transferred onto his skin. He was now warm too.

We parted and I looked down at his cock. This got me all shaken up.

“Oliver, you’re…you’re not hard, anymore.”

“That’s because I’m not thinking about sleeping with you. You’re in pain, that’s all I can think about, let me take care of you.”

He said so sharply and turned around.

“Sorry…”

I whispered so softly, almost didn’t hear myself say it. My eyes were watering again.

“Let’s get you dressed.” He didn’t hear me, good.

“I’m sorry…”

I was crying my eyes out now and there was nothing he could do or say to stop me. He lost his hard on because of me, I could die. I couldn’t believe this was happening.

“Hey, hey, hey…Elio…”

He appeared in front of me, whispered my name while holding onto our shirts.

“I’m sorry, I ruined everything…”

“No, you didn’t…” He chuckled trying to comfort me, the only way he knew how.

“I ruined everything…” I cried out.
“Elio, please…come here…”

He pulled me to his naked body again.

“You didn’t ruin anything. You’re not well…”

“I wanted this to be special…”

He lifted my chin to look me in the eyes. He also removed a curl that fell on over my face. He kissed my wet eyelids.

“Why? It’s not over just yet, we can make it special even without sleeping together…”

“How?”

“How? You’re crazy, I swear to God.”

I offended him.

“I’m sorry.”

I said it again, still crying hysterically.

“There’s no need to apologize.”

I didn’t want to. All I wanted was him, and I have him, he’s here in front of me but I wanted to cry even more.

“Are you in pain now?” He asked once we parted.

I nodded. I couldn’t tell him that the biggest amount of pain was around my heart.

“Okay, let’s get you all warmed up.”

He put his underwear on him and then bent down to reach for mine, I held his shoulders as he put them on me and after that, my swimming trunks were perfectly seated on my hips. He took Billowy and dressed me with it, buttoned it all the way to my throat and rolled down the sleeves. He then proceeded in dressing up himself and finally, which I hadn’t expected, Oliver put his green shirt over Billowy. It was tight but I wasn’t that cold anymore, especially because I couldn’t shake the thought of him giving another one of his shirts to me. He buttoned it also and rolled down the sleeves.

“Thanks…” I said is slowly when he finished dressing me up.

“Stop it.”

“Wouldn’t you get cold?”

“Don’t worry about me.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Stop, stop. Baby oh…”

He hugged me again.

“You’re so beautiful when you cry…”
He said and kissed both of my cheeks.

“I can’t wait to nurture you back to health.”

Oliver kissed my forehead.

“Come on, let’s sit here again.”

We sat like we did hours ago only this time, Oliver held me like a baby and was caressing my calves and my arms to keep me warm. His hot skin was the source of a real heat around me.

“Are you cold?”

“A little bit.”

He kissed my forehead again and continued caressing my weak and limp body. It was so weird, minutes ago, I was butt naked and now I was trapped in two shirts up to my chin. This is the man I wanted with me for the rest of my life. It made me smile.

“You know what?”

“Mm?”

“We’re looking towards East.”

“Really? We’ll see the sunrise soon.” I heard him smile.

I nodded.

“I never told you this…but my mother knows we slept together last night.”

“How?” He didn’t hesitate with his answer.

“She smelled you on me.”

“Seriously?”

“Well, no…she asked if anything happened and I kept denying it until she said that I smelled differently. I couldn’t lie anymore, so I came cleaned.”

“Oh…”

“Are you mad?”

“You’re being ridiculous. They know, so what’ the big deal.”

“That’s true.”

“Her attitude towards me didn’t change.”

“That’s good I guess.”

“Yeah…”

The first spikes of Sun were showing through the beautiful trees we’ve been staring at. I was sweating in his embrace but that was good, it meant that the fever was going away. The entire night didn’t go as planned but this just showed me a completely new side of Oliver, and I couldn’t
wait to explore it with him.

New day was announced 20 minutes later once the Sun had risen consisted with the a large part of its structure and Oliver and I welcomed it with a good morning kiss that lasted until it was completely out on the open.
The warmth

Chapter Summary

Elio and Oliver talk a bit by the river and then go back home.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for a late update, I've been tired all week long and it's so cold all of sudden, it hurts to even hold the phone lol. Anyway, i hope you enjoy this one and i wish you an amazing day! Love you all!!

“Elio.”

“Elio…”

“Elio?”

I jerked my eyes so fast. Suddenly I was dizzy, those tiny black spots kept appearing in front of me and followed wherever my eyes went. It took me time to absorb my surroundings, the green, the blue, the shiny colors, the dark colors, my body’s condition, warm and somewhere cold, burning, freezing. Oh, God, I hate this. Where am I? Whose voice is this?

“Hey…”

I looked up and among those black dots I saw Oliver. He was smiling down at me. Oh, right…Oh shit. I remember everything.

“How long was I out?” I asked with a yawn.

“20 minutes maybe.” He replied.

Okay, this is weird, everything was spinning around me, my body ached, the Sun was melting my corneas, I couldn’t believe I actually managed to sleep at all. I can only imagine his torture of holding my body for 20 minutes and longer. He didn’t move, never made a sound, I never felt him move a muscle. Oliver was like the warmest and the softest bed ever.

“Good morning.” My soft bed spoke into my hair.

“Hm…morning, agh…”

“You okay?”

I nodded and tried to cover my eyes from all the brightness around us.

“The…Sun…”
I rubbed my eye lids to finally get some senses back to my mind. It was morning, the Sun was shining, the river was so calm like it was hours and hours ago, only this time the white brightness was replaced by the mixture of yellow and orange sparks. Everything was coming back at me in a flashback that felt like it happened weeks, months ago actually.

Oliver never let go of my warm body, but truth be told, he was the one who was the source of heat around here. Not the Sun and definitely not me and my fever. Fever? Oh, right, that was the deal breaker. I wasn’t cold anymore, but I was sweating in abnormal amount. That’s a good sign. Bad for our shirts, that were taking in all the fluids, but I was feeling better and fresh.

The last thing I remember is him kissing me and touching my forehead to check if I was still hot, he said I was and that’s when I drifted off. Before I dozed off, my body was shivering in his embrace and Oliver’s arms clanged me even tighter so I could tremble and convulse into his warm topless chest. That was only 20 minutes ago? It was barely dawn when I fall asleep and now it’s a whole new day. Their last day. Oh, shit. We talked about what will happen tonight, the deal was closed, let’s see if that will work out, everything depends on her reaction. But then again, it doesn’t. Everything depends on Oliver. I can’t think like this, I feel so bad for the guy and the way she treats him…that’s so way of treating another human being. I trust he’ll bring it like a man, he has to, I’ll be waiting for him tonight. I’ll worry about that later. We have to go home before the others wake up and notice our absence.

When I repositioned myself into a sitting position, still very much holding on Oliver, I felt a bit of pain in my anus. I couldn’t shake the thought out of my head how embarrassed I actually felt about what happened hours ago. The pain was the last thing on my mind before we started and during our love making. No way would I ever connect the pain to my fever, but the pain began overpowering my body the second I felt his hands on me. Oliver was never violent or eager to get it on, it was my body responding to his soft and gentle touches. Still, I knew deep down there was literally no way of succeeding in intercourse in my condition but I still wanted to please him, to give him all of me, give him everything.

But he gave me something even more important than just another night of love making. The way we sat in silence, connected, so close, so hot and surrounded by nothing but nature including the plants and the water. The Earth we sat on, the heat we shared, the river that was quiet the whole time and a somewhat cold summer breeze that was brushing against my hair. It was just us and the four basic elements of humanity. We were united with nature.

As I was sitting and looking around, I felt his eyes on me, soon his fingers in my hair, brushing locks of curls behind my ear. He put his hand on the back of my neck and then kissed the same spot. I melted when I felt his palm on my neck, he brought me back to life after I buried myself with shame and embarrassment from a few hours ago.

“How are you feeling?” he breathed on my skin.

The warmth spread across my body, throughout every muscle, every bone, every tissue, every cell.

“How are you feeling?” he breathed on my skin.

“Good. We should get you home and into a bed.”

Oliver said and kissed my forehead.
“Why? I don’t have a fever now.”

“Yeah…now, what if it comes back very soon?”

“That’s for the future to worry about.”

I said and touched his chin, my fingers were being tickled by the tiny facial hairs on his skin.

“Elio, come on, get up…”

Like a child, he pushed me off of him and laughed as he picked me back up.

“I’m sorry.” I said behind his back.

“For what?”

“For ruining our night.”

“You didn’t ruin anything.” He chuckled.

“I did and I’m sorry. This is probably going to be the last time we’d be able to sneak out and…”

I looked down at the ground, better than to look at his eyes.

“It’s not the last time and you know it.”

“How can you be so sure?”

“I just am.”

Oliver came closer to me, his body heat was making me warm all over again. He spoke.

“Look, we didn’t sneak out last night because of…her…I could just as easily walk in to your room and spend the entire night lying with you and talking. Pain or no pain. Fever or no fever. But I wanted for us to get out, go out into the nature. I didn’t ask you to meet me at night just so she doesn’t find out, I asked you to meet me because of us. And it worked.”

“It didn’t…I screwed up, I’m sorry.”

“Screw up what? We tried and we failed, it’s not the end of the world, Elio, and you know that. I know you were hoping to do something because we were finally alone and I did too, but I enjoyed our emotional connection here than the constant failing of a physical one. I don’t regret a thing, I loved being out here with you…like that. Now, I want to get you home, get you into bed and I want for you to get better. You’ll need it.”

I nodded and nodded, trying to keep my tears still. Can’t cry now. Oh God, he was right, I can’t process this now, I just want to be with him.

“You’re right, you’re right…but I’m still sorry…”

“Oh God, you’re so annoying.”

He shook his head like he was so done with me, and bent down to put his shoes on.

“Why?”

“If you say I’m sorry one more time, I’m going to throw you into the river.”
Oh, this now? Oh, I like it.

“You wouldn’t dare. The fever might return.” I said with a grin. He stood up.

“I know. Wanna test me?”

“Fine.”

I walked towards him.

“I’m sorry.”

“That’s it.”

Shit, he wasn’t kidding.

No use in fighting, he grabbed me with only one hand and I positioned so casually inside his arms. Oliver carried me like a bride, my hands around his neck and I can only imagine that I felt light as a feather when he started walking slowly towards the river. Our spot wasn’t that far away from the river but he walked step by step holding me like grooms hold their brides on their first wedding night.

“No, no, no…Oliver…let me go!”

“No!”

I was kicking my feet at him, kicking his back with my hands clanged into fists. There was no use in fighting his strength, height and muscle structure.

“Oliver! I’m not well now…”

“You were five seconds ago and apparently you’re more than well since you’re in the mood to provoke me.”

“Please, I’ll run a fever again…let me down.”

This was so amusing for him but all I could see is spiking numbers on my thermometer.

“Please, okay, okay…I won’t apologize anymore! Just let me down.”

“I don’t believe you.”

He took three steps inside the water.

“Oh, fuck, it’s cold…”

He laughed.

“I swear, you won’t hear another apology coming from my mouth ever again.”

“Promise?”

“Yes, I promise!”

“Do you?”

“I do. Now put me down!”
I screamed at his face. This wasn’t funny and the bad thing is that he’s a much larger and stronger person than I was, I could never fight him whenever we were physically arguing. Oliver turned around and let me loose on the ground, he stood in the river, water up to his knees. The advantage of this particular side of the river was that the water already cups a part of your legs, there’s no beach, just straight up deep water. So if he were to drop me down a bit further I’d fall into a waist-deep water and really be fucked.

“I’d never throw you, you know that? You’ll only get worse. Come one, let’s go ho-o…”

But I wasn’t going to have it, curiosity got the best of me and I thought this was the best time to do something I’d never do with anybody else ever, not in these conditions, that is. He already stood in the somewhat deep part of the river and I was curious of what might happen.

So I tackled him down and he fell in the river on his back and I jumped right ahead after him. I was soaking wet but his hair was untouched, I guess because he was a big guy and the water had no power over him. The two shirts I wore were now glued to my body as I stood up to walk or swim towards him, all long smiling at Oliver who has, by this point, changed so many facial expressions. He was mad and confused, then I read fury on his face and when he saw me walk over from a shallow part of the river to him where he had been kneeling, he laughed at me. His eyes were sparkling, the Sun behind him made his wet skin shine and Oliver looked like a Saint a to me.

“I can’t believe you just did that.”

I grabbed his shoulders and sat on his lap again. I never thought that tackling a big guy could have bad sides to it, he could’ve gotten hurt and then we both could be in a lot of trouble. No pain what so ever, but I felt like my body was slowly burning up within couple of seconds. None of that mattered now or anymore.

His body heat, my body heat, cold water, hot Sun, the most imperfect way of perfection.

I didn’t want him talking to me, telling me how crazy I am for doing this, telling me that my condition will only go worse, that I am impulsive, like him, unbelievable, unpredictable. None of it. Don’t talk. I owe us this much.

“You’re crazy, you know that?” He said looking up at me.

I ran my fingers across his wet lips and finally summoned a genuine smile on my face that said that I was well aware of my craziness and, more important, it didn’t matter.

“You’re only gonna get sicker.”

“I don’t care…”

Truth be told, I was still sweating through my wet clothes, I was cold because the water was cold too and I began feeling the fever evaporating my body. I smashed our lips together. He hesitated at first but then gave in, embracing my entire body with his huge arms, actually pushing our bodies as close as the water would let us.

“Let’s go home.”

I said after we parted.

After 20 minutes of dancing on the spots, where the Sun was burning the ground, we were on our
way back. I was feeling like shit again, it even hurt to ride the bike. Maybe that was because of my spiking fever or... Oliver. After we kissed all soaking wet and tired, we took a few laps around each other in the river. I never took my clothes off and neither did he, the entire swim lasted for only few minutes but that was good enough for me. I had a chance to watch him hold his body on top of the water, like those swimming coaches do with their students. My hair was dripping and leaving the trails on our way back to the villa.

It was around 6 or so when we arrived in front of the gate of the villa. I couldn’t believe what we managed to do in just three hours. To meet, to ride to the river, to talk, to try and make love, to sleep, to talk, to yell, to swim, to ride back. What a morning, huh?

Once we were outside I took off his shirt and gave it back to him. The cold and wet fabrics were making me tremble again and I could just as easily welcome another round of lying in bed, swallowing pills and sleeping. But I wanted none of that. I wanted to spend the few hours we had before everyone wakes up with Oliver.

“I’ll go hang the shirts to dry in the back yard. You go to your room, I’ll be there in a few minutes.”

“Okay.”

I said and took Billowy off to. Oliver took it from my hand and rode his bike in the back and I parked mine out front and rushed inside as soon as possible. Oliver hanging the laundry? I had to see this, but there was not a window that looked straight to that part of the back yard. I’m sure he’ll think of a good reason to tell Mafalda what happened to the shirts.

The pain was stabbing my body again. That was the hardest thing I had to do this morning, to walk upstairs. Once I did, I went straight to the bathroom, turned the water on to hot and stuffed the drain. I took my swimming trunks off as I looked around to see that the hot steam started spreading all around the bathroom, capturing the window glasses and the mirror. I jumped in and hissed how boiling hot this water was. From a cold one to a hot water in less than 30 minutes, I must be crazy for sure. No wonder my body can’t take it. Where the hell is Oliver?

I was shivering, trembling, convulsing and no water had the power here. I dived in as much as I could and let the hot water cup my hair but not my face.

Few seconds later, there was a knock on my door. I knew it wasn’t Oliver, he never knocks. Not my parents for sure, they have their own bathroom downstairs, definitely wasn’t Mafalda nor Anchise.

That only leaves us with...

“Ye-yeah…?”

“Elio, where is Oliver?”

Lisa. Fuck, fuck, fucking fuck. Fuck. FUCK...

“Um, maybe he... he’s outside.”

I stuttered how cold I was in that hot water.

“Did he go somewhere?”

“I don’t know, I just woke up.”
“Is everything okay?” She asked.

“Yeah, yeah…I’m running a fever, I have um…have to warm up.”

“Oh, no! You poor thing. Water doesn’t help, get out of there and I’ll go look for some warm blankets to help you get better.”

Okay, either the fever is causing damages to my brain or Lisa I actually being nice to me. Nice, nice…that’s not a right word to describe her. She was super carrying and kind. It warms my heart…and breaks it a bit.

“Elio?”

She knocked again.

“I found two blankets in our bedroom, I put them on your bed.”

“Okay, okay…thank you…”

I couldn’t believe it.

Soon later I heard Lisa and Oliver talking. No, not talking, the fact that I could hear them was because they were yelling at each other. I heard the words like couldn’t sleep, worried, doing the laundry, dirty shirts, back off…

Couple of minutes later, while still floating in the hot heaven Oliver walked in the bathroom. See? No knocking.

“What happened?” I asked.

“Hm? Oh, with her, nothing, just…she asked where I was, I told her I couldn’t sleep and that I went to swim in the pool. Your father came in just the right moment so she’s sitting with him now. She also asked about the shirts, I told her I was just checking if they’re dry before I pack them for tonight and that I asked Mafalda to wash them for me. She won’t say a word if Lisa asks her.”

“How can you be so sure?”

“She’s on our side baby. A year ago, she never asked me what is this sticky white stuff on my blue shirt when I handed it to her. She knew it back then so I’m hoping she’s still on our side.”

“Isn’t it weird that she had to wash that for us?”

“Definitely but she never complained.”

“You think she had a choice? She couldn’t say no.”

“Not true. She could say no and rat us out to your parents but she didn’t. None of it. She kept her lips sealed.”

“I guess. She’s our real supporter.”

“I agree. And I don’t think a dirty shirt could tell her our story what we did that night. The beds sang while we were dancing on them…”

He kneeled down closer to me with a cunning smirk on his face.
“…all night long…”

Oliver whispered and then kissed me, deeply.

“I still want you…”

“I know baby, but we’ll have to keep a low profile…just until tonight.”

“You really think she’ll take it that easy?”

“I don’t how she’ll take it, I’m just eager to get it over with. And you need to get out and go to sleep. I’ll need you these days.”

Was it the water, or was it Oliver? Whoever it was, I was blushing, profoundly.

“Come on, let’s get you to bed.”

Oliver helped me get out, helped me dry myself, tugged my hair into a towel and helped me move from one room to the other.

“Pick whatever you want, I don’t really care.”

I replied to his question which underwear I’d want to wear. He then also asked what should I wear that’s just warm enough to get the fever down. Again, I replied with the same answer.

Oliver dressed me up in some underwear, put a long sleeved pajama shirt and a long and comfy pajama bottoms on me. I held his hair as he was dressing me that early in the morning, I couldn’t wait to get warm and sleep. The Sun was burning outside and yet I could compare with the heat our bodies had been producing that morning. He kissed my tummy when my underwear was finally on. I smiled at him.

He removed the covers and then tucked me in underneath the sheets.

A knock on the door. Oliver stood up from the bottom of the bed to look as though he’d been just browsing. Anybody, except for Lisa, could see us like this and never question us.

But this was worse than Lisa. It was mom.

“Are you insane!?”

She slammed the doors behind her, I jumped from where I had been lying.

“What, why?” I asked.

“You’re sick and you’re running around showering!? And your hair is wet!”

Mama was mad. Lisa told.

“I had to, I’m cold, we were…”

Oops. Well, this is nice.

“You were what? Tell me.”

“We went to the river this morning.” Oliver spoke.
“With or without the fever?”

“With…”

Oliver squeezed the words out of his mouth with an enormous amount of fear in his voice. I got scared too. She turned towards him, took a few steps and I got actually see bloody hands of hers holding Oliver’s head.

“Oliver, I swear to God…you are the older one, wiser, more responsible one. How could you take him like this down there and swim? Who knows what else is in those waters.”

“Mom, stop it, move away from him. It’s not his fault.”

She looked back at me.

“Oh, yeah?”

“It was mine. He wanted to go home and I didn’t let him, I pushed him in the river.”

“How could you push a man this size?”

It sounded stupid to her, because it was.

“It’s not important. It’s not his fault, don’t scream at him.”

She relaxed a bit.

“Fine…Oliver, go to the bathroom. There’s a hair dryer on that tiny stool.”

Oliver went in and returned with the object in his hands, plugged it in next to my bed and gave it to my mother who repositioned herself.

“Thank you…you…” she turned towards me,”…come here now.”

I got up only a bit because the cable couldn’t reach all the way to the pillow.

She turned the thing on and I was in heaven again, so much hotness and warmth around me. I really enjoyed this, Oliver stood close by and watched as my mother was drying my hair.

Couple of minutes later, she turned the hair dryer off and gave it to Oliver to take it back to the bathroom. I laid back down again and she came up closer to me.

“You shouldn’t have done that. Go, sneak off, do your business but I expect you to look after your health, please, I beg of you. Don’t make me worry.”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry.” I whispered.

Where’s Oliver to throw me now?

I caressed her arm and spoke.

“Please, don’t be mad at him. I was fine when we left. I got it when we were already down there. And it jumped at a very inappropriate moment.”

I whispered to her face before Oliver walked back in. She understood what that moment meant.

“Alright. You rest now, darling.”
Mama kissed my forehead.

“You’re hot.”

She said, then got up and went for the door.

“Oliver, breakfast will be served shortly. Don’t be long.”

He nodded and she closed the doors behind her.

“I’m sorry about that.” I said once we were finally alone again.

“What did you promise me?”

“I know, I know. She had no right to assume it was you...”

“It’s fine, I can handle this and she’s right.”

He too kneeled near the bed and came face to face with my warm head.

“I’m gonna go eat now. If you need anything, please call.”

“I need you.”

I whispered and he chuckled.

“I’ll be back soon. You should really rest now. Don’t worry about anything. We have a whole summer ahead of us.”

He kissed my forehead and pecked my lips quickly before he headed for the door between my and his bedroom. Of course, he had to change too. His shorts were wet and it was about time he put a shirt on.

I couldn’t believe that just couple of hours ago, I was lying where I laid now, staring at the darkness waiting for him to respond to the silence as I sign...wow, so much to process, but they were right, I need to rest first.

The one thing he didn’t know, or maybe he did, but this was just me, is that the summer of 1984 could never ever ever ever compare to what we had in the summer of 1983.
Live up to your words

Chapter Summary

Elio is battling with his fever and Oliver is packing for his trip.

Chapter Notes

Hello, you amazing people! Here's the new chapter, i’m starting the next one right now so hopefully i’ll finish writing and editing it by tomorrow. Wish you all a great weekend! Love you!!

I woke up briefly four times, in total of 15 minutes.

The first time I woke up around 8, still shaking and sweating when my mom walked in to take my temperature. My eyes were on fire as she put the thermometer underneath my armpit, and it was no use when she put two blankets over me, I couldn’t warm up. When she took the thermometer from me, there was a sad look on her face which I only caught a glimpse of and went back to sleep. She awoke me again only few seconds later to give me some medicine and a glass of water.

“I, I ca-can’t get up…” I breathed out stuttering.

“Come on, darling, you have to swallow this tiny pill.”

It hurt when I took my arm out to reach for it, but she met me half way.

The second time I was awoken by my father when he came in to check up on me. I hummed and realized that my throat was so dry and my breath was as hot as fire. He said what time it was but that information got into one ear and went out through the other one. He also closed the blinds. There was finally darkness in my room, I thanked him softly and he left me to sleep.

Third time I was shaken suddenly when I heard voices screaming from behind my head. I lifted my face and realized I’ve been drooling all along and that I was still feeling like shit, shaking and humming in pain. No idea what hour it was nor the time. These two were fighting again and at some point, I heard the word “wedding”, I felt my stomach ache and just turned around and continued my sleep. I can’t deal with them now, I can’t deal with Oliver and his stupid plan, I couldn’t deal with myself, even my body wasn’t listening to me.

The last time I woke up was when I felt Oliver’s cold hand on my hot cheek. I jerked my body in such sudden action.

“Sorry…” He whispered with a smile.

There was darkness in my room and some light managed to come in between the wooden blinds and their cracks. Again, I had no idea what time it was, but when I saw Oliver, I couldn’t help but jump in pain out of fear that they’re leaving.
“What time is it?”

I breathed out slowly clinging onto his shoulders. Outside it was so cold, the room temperature felt like a snowy day in January.

“Hey, hey, lay back down…it’s only 11 in the morning.”

He said. I knew the difference between day and night when the blinds were closed and so were my eyes. It felt like everything was alive around me, everyone’s moving, doing their business, and I was just lying in one position, grilling my body on…well, my body.

“Oh, fuck…I thought it was later and that you…”

“Are you crazy? I’d never leave without saying goodbye to you.”

He put the all the blankets over me and touched my forehead. His cold limbs were always welcomed on my body, fever or no fever.

“Besides, the train leaves at 9 tonight, we’ll leave at 8.”

“That early?” I asked, closing my eyes again.

“Well, I have a thing before I send her off…”

He brushed my hair from my face and continued to stare down at me, even with my eyes closed, I knew when Oliver’s were on me. I was on fire, it’s been three hours, why isn’t that stupid pill working?

“It’s such a stupid plan.” I whispered.

“Why?”

“I don’t know, it just is.”

“I have to end it at some point. Want me to go downstairs now and tell her, because I will…”

I opened my eyes to find him still looking down at me.

“No, no, no…I feel bad for her. She’ll leave heart broken…”

“She’s not stupid, she knows this isn’t working for us. I don’t see the point why would each of us agree to spending the rest of our lives with people we can’t stand.”

I nodded in silence. Oliver touched my forehead again and, without a fear of being heard or laughed at, I moaned.

“You like this?”

“Mhm…”

He smiled.

“How are you feeling?” He asked eventually, still running his cold hands across my face, turning both sides of his palm.

“The same, like shit…”
“It’ll pass, you’ll survive this.”

He said and I hummed again.

“I’ll let you rest now some more, okay?”

“Not okay.” I shook my head.

“What do you want?”

“You.”

I whispered, he saw it coming.

“Want me to jump in there with you?”

I nodded.

It was still morning but I could hear everyone else outside, chatting and laughing, that sense was still with me. Oliver didn’t seem concerned to do as I asked, so why would I be? Let him be the one to worry.

Oliver took his shoes off and lifted the covers to get in. I was surprised by the cold wind that ran towards me but soon after he settled in, I was hot again. He was wearing short trousers and a shirt, and I can only imagine what he felt once he stepped into my little desert weather inside. Oliver turned to face me and settled his arm underneath my head for me to lay there. I didn’t even wait for him to embrace me properly before I shoved my face on his neck. He chuckled and began caressing my back.

The hot air I’ve been producing in my mouth was only increasing the body heat between us, I could feel him sweat already.

“You’re so warm…”

Oliver whispered in my ear and kissed it afterwards.

“What if you get sick too?”

“I won’t.”

“But what if you do?”

“Then, I’ll…I guess, I’ll get sick too.”

He kissed my ear once again.

“Don’t worry about me. Even if I do, I couldn’t care less, I can take it. Just want for you to feel better.”

“I will, soon, I guess.”

We laid in silence for a while, I was fighting with an urge to close my eyes but next to Oliver, that just wasn’t the same. The only sounds that could’ve been heard were my deep breathing and laughter from the outside.

“You’re sweating. That’s good.” He said.
“Not for you.”

“Stop it. It’s not like I haven’t feel you sweat on me before.”

“I know, but this is different.”

My body pushed closer to him and I felt such fear of pain to throw my hand over his waist so I kept it between our bodies, touching the end of his trousers.

Oliver scoffed.

“How is it different? It’s sweat. You’re not well, this is a good sign, the fever is going down.”

“I know that, it’s just…it’s one thing to sweat when you’re actually working hard on something. This is just my body reacting to the pill.”

I breathed out, suffocating but without a care in the world of what might follow.

“Exactly. And you too are working hard here. To get better, so keep your head in the game. Sweat as much as you want to, I don’t mind.”

I nodded against his neck and kissed it.

It was around 3 in the afternoon when I checked my wrist watch. I was completely alone and surprisingly, I felt good. Oliver was the last person I saw before I drifted off so suddenly, we talked a bit, that’s how much I remembered, but that was 4 hours ago. Now, I wasn’t shaking nor was I sweating and could finally get my arms from underneath the warm blankets. I kicked them all off of me and got up to change. The road from my bed to my stuff hanging all around the room wasn’t as painful as I had hoped it’ll be, but I was so rigid from sleeping for almost 7 hours. I wanted to shower badly, but didn’t want to risk getting another fever so soon and listening to my mom’s lectures about it that would eventually turned into screaming sessions.

My pajamas went off and I dressed into my swimming trunks and my baggy sweater. I was so wet I needed to change my underwear.

There was silence in the room next to mine. But I was beyond curious to find Oliver and see what were they fighting about. I could guess the subject of their conflict, I heard it. The wedding…

What surprised me even more was that I didn’t hear anybody from the outside. Hours ago, I was lying with Oliver in a semi-dark room and the rest of the residents were having fun outside. Is it lunch? Did I miss lunch? I certainly wasn’t hungry and didn’t want to think about putting anything in my mouth.

Okay, in five hours they’re leaving for the train station. At around 9 or so I should receive a phone call from Oliver who’d be announcing the special words I’d wanted to hear them coming out of his mouth for the last six months.

I went downstairs and actually felt the breeze coming over me, and with that, it refreshed me. No sign of my parents. Mafalda wasn’t in the kitchen. The study room was empty, so was the living room. Outside, I caught a glimpse of Lisa. She’d been sunbathing by the pool, both of her legs dipped in the water reading a book with her sunglasses on and Oliver was swimming in it. Just as I feared.
“Elio, hey!”

She put her book down and turned to smile at me.

“How are you feeling?” She asked enthusiastically.

“Better, thank you. I think the fever is gone.”

Oliver jumped from under the water.

“What are you guys doing?” I asked after Oliver combed his wet hair back behind his ears.

“Oh, just enjoying our final hours here.” She said.

I could feel Oliver’s eyes on me, I nodded and smiled.

Your last hours here, I wanted to say.

“Where is everybody else?” I looked around so it’ll seem like I was searching in the bushes and behind trees.

“Oh, Mafalda is taking a nap and your parents went to the house near by for lunch. We ate lightly and helped Mafalda with everything else after they left.”

Lisa was on her best behavior, I could tell. But she and Oliver were doing stuff together. Now I am officially scared.

“Oh, good.”

“Sleep well?” Oliver asked. Of course he did, it would be suspicious if he didn’t.

“Yeah, you could say that. I woke up about three or four times, briefly.” I replied.

“I went to check up on you around eleven. You were sound asleep.”

Oliver said with a wry smile on his face and then winked at me. Thank God, Lisa’s back was turned to him.

“So did I. You didn’t move.” She cut in.

“Really? I didn’t hear any of you.” I said, feeling a bit overwhelmed with the fact that she also came in to check up on me.

“It really broke you. The fever.” She stated.

“It happens.” Oliver jumped in.

This was a very awkward position I was put in right now. Should I go over the fact that Oliver not only checked up on me but that he also laid in the same bed as me and let me sweat all over him? Is that the reason why he’s swimming? To get me off of him? Because of her? Could she smell me on him?

“Oliver, I am going to shower and then I’ll start packing. If you don’t have a place in your bag, you can put it in mine. And you should really give me a hand with it.”

Lisa said and got her feet out of the water, closed the book and picked up her things that were lying
beside her. Packing, they’re leaving. Oh, God…

“Yeah, whatever…”

He said and dived back underneath the water. I felt bad for her at that moment because she seemed like she’s trying her best to get through to him and he was giving her nothing. Was this the bitter side of Oliver I never liked or never had seen it before? I wonder what could I do to piss him off this much. Lisa nodded with a disappointed look on her face and walked away.

We were left alone again.

“Be good to her.” I said the second he got out.

“Excuse me?” He raised an eyebrow.

“She’s trying, Oliver and you’re being a real jerk.”

“Why should I be good if I’m going to end it in a few?”

“It doesn’t matter. Be nice to her, help her if she needs the help. Answer her politely. I know you want to break the engagement off but do you really want to break the friendship off?”

“What friendship? We were never really friends, just went back to each other when it seemed useless to start over again with someone new.” He chuckled.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Oh, God, Elio, this has nothing to do with you, I told…”

“It has everything to do with me!”

I raised my voice but turned away immediately to see if we were being spied on.

“No, it doesn’t. Before you and I even met, the last time I heard of her was 4 months before and that was only because she called me to ask when she can come over and pick her stuff up. We were very much over by then. And then you happened, I had no control over it, and why should I bother? It felt good, it still feels good. No matter her actions I will not change my mind, I am ending this tonight.”

He got out and sat at the edge of the pool, still looking at me.

“You’re worried, I don’t know why you’re worried.” He said.

“I’m scared. What if…what if you break up and then you regret…”

I fiddled with my fingers inside my long sleeved sweater.

“I won’t regret breaking up with Lisa.”

“Let me finish…I meant, what if you regret choosing me? One doesn’t simply go without the other.”

This is what has been scaring me all along. What if he breaks up because of me and then something bad happens and then he regrets doing that?

Oliver got up and stood at a reasonable distance from me.
“Um, yes it does. That’s where you’re wrong. I can end it with her and move on, even from you. But I won’t, and I don’t want that to happen ever. I am ending because I want out and because I want to be with you. As much as I love sneaking around with you, I really want for us to be like we were last summer.”

He calmed me the fuck down, he had a point. Oliver is a grown ass man, he should know what he wants and doesn’t want. He already made a decision, it’s me. And now all I had to do is wait for the stupid phone call. I’ve been dreading the sound of it and refused answering it for the last six months.

“We were sneaking around even back then.” I said and smiled.

“Yeah, but it was different. We were being extra careful back then, now…not so much.”

We chuckled and agreed to that.

I bit my lip and looked at him again.

“I just wanted to tell you to back off a little, be nice to her. I don’t want to imagine her reaction if she’s furious. So, go now, help her pack. It’ll be fine. You’d be helping her and the two of us, all together.”

Oliver walked around the pool and picked up his towel, wrapped himself with it and bent down to pick up his sunglasses.

“Are you fine with this?” He asked.

“I have to be. I’ll keep a low profile until tonight. Only if you promise you’ll come back to me.”

Without any hesitation, Oliver rushed in to speak.

“I promise.”

And he left.

About two hours later my parents had returned. Both of them were so happy to see me out of bed, they hugged and kissed me and rushed inside to change. I was outside, killing time with a book when they arrived. After they got inside, I moved to my father’s study room. I heard footsteps above my head and knew that they were either still collecting all the things from the bathroom and the other side of the bedroom, or fighting.

Mafalda walked by and stopped to speak to me in Italian.

“Elio, can I strip your sheets down? Are you going to sleep some more?”

The sheets, right.

“Yes, you can. I hope I won’t crash again.”

“How are you feeling?” She asked, sounding worried.

“Great…”

“Good. And I’ll change the ones in the other room too.”
“Okay, thank you.”

Wait, Oliver had a request.

“Mafalda!”

She walked back in the room.

“Si?”

“Could you please change the sheets and put the yellow and blue ones?”

She frowned.

“The ones that were before these ones.”

“Ah, alright. I’ll have to look for them.”

Her face seemed promising.

“Thank you.”

The dinner was served at 7 and before it even started, Lisa and Oliver went upstairs to get their stuff ready for their trip. They put the bags in the trunk of the car and Anchise took a long nap in the afternoon so he could drive them to the station. My stomach ached at the thought of him leaving again and not coming back. And, there was even a phone call involved. Everything I hate is happening again. Him leaving and him calling.

We sat next to each other at dinner. He was dressed well and had his sneakers on, which meant that tonight we won’t be playing the game with our feet touching. Good, if he’s serious, then that means he’s saving it for later.

After dinner, I ran upstairs and changed into my other long pajamas, suddenly I was so cold but my fever never came back. What I just ate, and I ate very few of the food that was set on the table, now it was spinning around in my stomach and I could vomit to make myself feel easy. God, I hoped it was because of my cold and not because I had a bad feeling with him leaving me again. The last time I had this awful feeling in my gut, he called to say that he’s getting married. And look where we are now.

At 19:55 they put their hand bags over their shoulders and went outside. Lisa took some time to put and tie her high heels on. Oliver waited patiently, rehearsing his speech in his head, I could tell. They both hugged my parents and said that they should come back very, very soon, after the wedding, my father added. What a stab in the stomach, dad, thank you.

Mafalda rushed downstairs.

“Sorry, Oliver, I was putting the laundry away.” She said and hugged him, he bent down with a big smile on his face and thanked her. She was confused with those words but soon she’ll find out why was he thanking her. That is, if he comes back again.

She hugged Lisa too and they were on their way into the car, I followed them.

“Goodbye Elio, it has been such a pleasure of meeting you.”
“You too, Lisa, have a safe trip.”

I hugged her tightly, more than I have ever hugged another living soul at the goodbye position. Oh, right…Oliver’s and my hug at station in Clusone from almost a year ago…that was the tightest hug I ever gave someone. Was I hugging her because I was going miss her? Or maybe because I was thanking her for leaving her almost future husband with me? Or even maybe because I was trying to be that good person of the day that Oliver never tried to be? If they end it, I wanted her to know that there was one person who really enjoyed her effort. In a way.

“You should get inside, it’s cold.” She said while still hugging me.

“I will.”

We parted and she walked in the back seat.

Oliver was next.

I hated hugging him in a time like this.

Oliver’s body crashed into mine and the hug lasted for about three seconds. Fuck, my body was going into overdrive again. No, no, no, fuck off fever! Or maybe it wasn’t the fever again. Maybe this was just my body naturally reacting when it came to Oliver’s body on mine. I felt nothing as he hugged me, because I was still very much afraid of a phone call that I’d soon receive. Maybe my body and mind were saving all the emotions and the adrenaline for when I would see him again. If that’s the case, then we were heading into a right direction. We shared a friendly hug and before he unattached myself from his body, he whispered a very low “See you later” in my ear.

“Later.” I said into thin air and he was inside the car before I could even blink twice.

Twenty minutes after they were gone I rushed into the bathroom and took my temperature. Fuck, it’s happening again.

If Oliver lives up to his words then I had to be close by to answer the damn phone. So I went upstairs and took one of those blankets off the bed, covered myself with it, went back downstairs and waited patiently in my father’s study room.

My parents were outside, smoking and drinking their evening tea. They had no idea about his plan or the fact that I had a fever. Again.

This was the longest hour of my life. I was fighting with a high body temperature on one hand and Oliver on the other. Can he pull it off? I wasn’t ready to say goodbye just yet and again, for that matter. He said that he’ll see me later. Can he make that happen? Please, oh please. I wonder what could her worst reaction look like. Was there something that she misread in their relationship and end up destroyed emotionally? Was this normal to her?

God, I hope not.

I wasn’t ready to separate from him just yet. It’s only been fours day and so much bad has happened. We only slept together two times, he’s been inside me three times, we had a little show in the shower, in my father’s study room and so many, many times in that single bed upstairs. I wasn’t ready to stop there. It’ll be very cruel.

Fifteen minutes later I was panicking, despite feeling the numbers going up in my body. I was
picturing Oliver’s words in the air and Lisa’s reaction in front of him.

Later, at 20:44 Anchise pulled over. He said that Oliver and Lisa were left to wait for their train and that everything went well on the road.

Come on, come on, come on. I couldn’t care less about the actions around me, I just needed for my wrist watch to shine with numbers 21:00 on them and for the stupid phone to make noises.

This was bad for my health, who knows how much damage I caused myself by swimming in the cold water and then later on showering with a hot water. I pulled the blanketed tighter around my body and felt my cheeks going hotter and hotter. My lip has been eaten away just by my anticipation.

Come on, Oliver. You said later, you’ll see me soon, just do something right for a change. Do something right when it comes to standing up like a man. And she should have seen it coming. What they had wasn’t a healthy relationship, she’s not stupid.

Live up to those promises Oliver. You promised you’d love the crap out of me, now do that. Just call, please…

At 21:03 the phone rang.
Side effects

Chapter Summary

Elio receives a waited phone call.

Chapter Notes

I took the name for the chapter from the new song by The Chainsmokers. Let's see what happens after Elio answers the phone. Hope you like this one! I'll do a chapter from Oliver's point of view soon and you'll have a clear insight in what happened at the train station. Enjoy and lots and lots of love for you!!

“Elio?”

This was the first time I picked up the phone in six months. I was the only one inside the villa and didn’t want to rush outside to tell them the phone is ringing, like I usually did. I knew who it was. I’ve been going through this scenario all day long in my head. How to react when the news is good and how to react when it’s a bad one too. What I didn’t rehearse was what to do and say when it actually rings. I picked up the phone after only one ring, swallowed what I had in my dried ass mouth and put it close to my lips. My sweaty palm was holding onto that speaker phone for dear life. Didn’t say anything when I picked it up, didn’t say anything after I heard Oliver’s voice call my name, total silence. Never rehearsed this.

“Elio, I know you’re there.”

He sounded nervous, disappointed, stressed. This can’t be good. I was expecting for him to be excited and full of joy, but that was only because I prayed for this scenario to go on with a good start. This didn’t, he didn’t sound happy, he sounded pissed.

I felt my fever causing hot breath to go between the speaker phone and my lips. Wanted to say something but nothing came out, not a single word. There was so much to say but I couldn’t bring myself to face the reality. This is the realist as it can be. It’s now or never. What did you do Oliver?

“Well, since you won’t talk, I’ll just talk with myself then.”

I couldn’t dare move, talk or breathe. A long pause played its part, silence and then I heard him inhale a large amount of oxygen.

“Well…it’s over.”

Oliver breathed out. I felt my fever rise, my heart jumping, my pupils downsizing. Silence. Over? With whom? You and I are over, or Lisa and you, Oliver? It’s over, he said, it can be interpreted as over between us and he’s heading back home with her. Is that what this is?
“I broke it off.”

More silence. Okay, you…broke it off…

“The train left a minute ago. I stayed right here. Elio, she’s gone. Lisa is gone. Lisa and I are not together anymore.”

A sigh of relief left my body. But this wasn’t what I expected. He sounded sad and tortured, like he’d been fighting in a war. He sounded like he regrets what he did. Regret leaving her and calling me. Was this it? Did you call to tell me you’re single again? Maybe, did you call to ask me for a chance, once again? Or did you call to tell me you don’t want me back? His voice was throwing me off, I couldn’t tell what he wanted or why did he call and sounded so sad. We were perfectly fine an hour ago. You said you’ll see me later. You laid in the same bed as me while I was on fire and actually gave me permission to sweat all over you. This can’t be it. Why are you sad?

I opened my mouth to talk.

“Wha-at…” I coughed the words out, “what did you tell her?”

“Oh, you’re alive…” He sighed.

“Barely.”

“I told her I don’t want to get married and that the best thing for us it would be if we break up. That’s just a small part of it.”

He sounded very uncomfortable talking about this. Oliver probably wanted to lock himself somewhere and now talk to anyone for days.

“What did she say?” I asked, closing my eyes and biting my lips, preparing for the worst.

“She couldn’t believe it, she was complaining about going back home alone and telling our families the bad news, I don’t know…”

“Did she ask you for a reason?”

“Yeah, yeah, she did, I um…I told her that I don’t want to get married now and that this was only set up by my father who was alive at that point, so now that he’s gone…”

I nodded. It made sense, but her biggest problem was coming clean to the family, that’s sad. Did she ever love Oliver? I don’t think anybody in the world ever loved him like I did. Or ever in his life. Suddenly I was so nervous, to the point when I couldn’t care less what he says next nor what happens next and I just wanted him by my side, all fucked up and twisted. I wanted that Oliver next to me. Let’s see how are we going to go from here on out.

“And um…I told her about you.” He said.

I stopped. Breathing, blinking, thinking. My mind froze. This is not what we talked about! He wanted to use me as his reason for their break up but I stopped him before he had a chance to make a stupid mistake. And now he did it. He didn’t listen to me. This can’t be good, oh God.

“You…what? Wha-a-what did you say?”

I stuttered nervously.

“I’ll talk to you later about that.” He breathed out, sounding like he’s also going to regret telling
her about me.

“No, tell me now…what did she say?”

I heard him breathe in and out deeply, he didn’t want to talk about that too, but I simply didn’t care, he owed me that much. My nervousness turned into anger very quickly.

“Um, she said that we are sick and made no promises to keep her mouth shut in front of my family.”

This can’t be good. What have you done, Oliver? What have we done? This is bad. His family was very conservative and hearing from his ex almost future wife that he slept with another man…a boy…my stomach ached on a thought of her telling them this. I can’t…

“And, ugh…I’ll tell you about it later, I’m tired.” He said, his voice broke in the middle of the sentence.

My cheeks were flushed and there was no way of calming myself now. The anger has passed so suddenly, I want to be there for him, despite everything.

“I’m sorry…”

I whispered feeling my lips getting wet because of a tear that slid down my face. When did this happen?

“Why are you sorry?”

“I just…I feel responsible for this.”

My eyes closed as I waited for him to say something. It’s the truth, this is how I feel. He’s so fucked up now and it’s all my fault. We should’ve never slept together while they were here. It’s how it all began. I should’ve kept my distance, shut my mouth and avoided them both. But then, he’d go back home and marry a person he can’t stand. All of this was my fault. I suffered too, months and months ago but because of him, now he’s suffering…if that’s why he sounds like that at all. Was this done on purpose by me? Did I want him to give a taste of his own medicine? To let him hurt like he hurt me? No, I hope not, that would’ve been the cruelest intention anyone could think of in the world. And I’m not that kind of person. And neither is Oliver.

“Don’t be, we’ll talk soon. Is there a chance you could ask your parents to come and pick me up? If it’s no trouble, I’d like to stay here for another three or four days before I figure what I’m about to do next. If it is, then I’ll find a hotel somewhere around here.”

“Um, sure…I’ll go ask them. Call us in about 5 minutes, okay?”

“Mhm…”

And he hung up. He didn’t even say goodbye or anything else, just hummed a yes and that was it.

I took the blanket off of me and went outside. My parents were still smoking, laughing and talking with each other. I sat down on one of the chairs that had been put there.

“Tesoro, who was that?” My mother asked and then took a drag of her cigarette.

“Um…Oliver…” I kept my eyes fixated to the ground.

“Oh?”
She raised an eyebrow, I could see that but then my eyes went back down again.

“They broke up. She left alone and he’s now…umm…”

“Hm, I saw that coming.” She said.

“I feel awful.” I breathed out.

“Why, darling? Are you running a fever?”

“Probably, but I’m talking about…this whole situation. He doesn’t sound happy.”

“I’m sure he’s just exhausted, this is too much for him.”

“God, I hope so. He asked if you could go and pick him up, he’s still at the station. If it’s trouble, I’ll tell him to find a hotel near by…”

“Nonsense, he’s not staying there. I’ll go change and I’ll be on my way.” My father said, turned his cigarette off and got up.

“Great, he’ll call in a minute and I’ll tell him you’ll be waiting for him.”

He nodded, passed by me and messed up my hair a bit.

“Hey, dad?” I turned to look at him.

“Yeah?”

“Can I come with you?”

“Um, are you sure, you’re not looking too well…” He looked worried, I wasn’t.

“Elio, I don’t think this is a good idea. You need to rest, darling.” Mom jumped in.

“I’ll be fine, don’t worry about that.”

They looked at each other and then my father nodded, that was enough for him. My mother never said a word which was an approval from her.

“Okay, go change into something more comfortable.”

He left and my mother and me were left in a total silence. Her eyes were on me and I couldn’t bare to look at her.

“Finally.” She said.

“I’m sorry?” I looked up.

“He finally did a right thing.”

My mother looked proud and happy, I was nervous and on verge of crying for real.

“I’m not so sure about that.”

“Stop that, he can do as he wants. He broke it off, for you.”

“I don’t think so…”
“Shut up, will you? He’s a grown man. He could’ve gotten home and end it there and continue his
single life, but he didn’t. He broke it off and now he’s coming back to be with you. I’m proud. This
is good, Elio, you should be happy.”

She turned off her cigarette too.

“I’m nervous, I don’t know how he’s going to react when he sees me.”

“I think I…”

The phone rang again. Fuck, the trauma! I rushed inside and picked up the line.

“Oliver?”

“Hey, so…” His troubled voice stayed the same.

“My father’s coming to get you, he’ll be there in 20 minutes or so.”

“Thank you.”

And he hung up again, leaving me dumbfounded and terrified. I never mentioned that I was
coming along, I couldn’t predict how he’ll react. I believe Oliver is furious at me right now.

No time to think, I have to go upstairs and change my clothes. The room with two beds looked and
smelled different. Both windows were opened, the beds were pushed together, still, and on top…
blue and yellow covers. I smiled absentmindedly.

I opened my closet and realized that my clothes were still in the other room so I rushed in there and
changed into jeans and a different shirt. I wore sneakers.

When I got downstairs my father was already on his way out. We both entered the car and were on
our way to bring Oliver back.

A million thoughts ran through my head as we were driving to the station. It was mostly silent,
perhaps because I was still on fire and nervous as hell and maybe because my father didn’t know
what to say to me. When he spoke, it was only about cold weather and a chilly July.

That’s right. It’s July. The new student should be here very soon. By that point, Oliver has to move
to either my room next door or the guest house. Or maybe even…he’ll move back to New York. I
couldn’t absorb that thought, out of all of those that kept running through my head, that one was
the most unrealistic and I didn’t want to face it.

It was dark outside, the light of the Moon guided our way to Clusone. No traffic, no people in
sight, I liked this. A hot summer night didn’t turn out to be one actually, it was cold, I dressed well.

Twenty minutes later we were there. My father parked outside the station and we could see that out
in the parking lot there were only two other cars. The gate to the platform was opened and I
sharpened my eyes looking for Oliver. That was the hardest thing ever because they were on fire
and I started coughing after I ran for like five steps.

The place took me back awhile. It certainly had bad memories imprinted but there were couple of
good ones. We arrived by taxi and spent the wait for his train in silence, leaned against each other’s
shoulders. Then I gave him my Haydn as a gift and he informed that his red short shorts were
waiting for me in the closet, hanging, waiting for someone to wear them. After that, we went to the station bathroom where we kissed for the last time. It was by far the saddest kiss we ever shared, even though there were no tears I felt his sorrow as he was pushing me against the tiles on the wall of the bathroom stall. It was then that I whispered to him “Until we meet again”, and look where we are now, look how far we’ve come from just that moment.

My father waited by the car but he could see me searching around for him.

And then I spotted him.

Oliver was sitting on one of those benches where he left me almost a year ago. His head was thrown back and staring at the sky. He was smoking. There was no one around so I took my chance in actually waiting for him to notice me.

Until he did, and I felt chills ran down my spine. He stood up and stepped on the cigarette, grabbed his stuff and started walking towards me.

He looked troubled, he looked like he’d been crying, I could tell that even in darkness, I knew his features, in and out, I knew the way he was thinking, planning, speaking. But I couldn’t predict what was going to happen once we were only few feet apart.

From a far distance and even in darkness I could see Oliver form a little smile on his face. I guess he was relieved to see me or to see anyone familiar, this has been a very stressful night for him. Oliver then dropped his suitcase and his backpack and started making big steps towards me. I ran to him, as much as I could, considering my condition. I was literally falling apart but couldn’t care less about that. My body was craving his, I wanted to hold him, touch him, whisper to his ear on the pillow that everything is going to be fine.

Once we were a few feet apart I jumped in his embrace. Oliver lifted me off the ground only a bit and then put me down but continued to snuggle me so close to him. I threw my arms around his neck and embraced his entire being inside mine. Like if there was any way of being closer to him...in public, that is. Once he held me in his arms he breathed out a large amount of oxygen, he sighed ridiculously hard and tightened his arms around my waist. At some point, it had occurred to me that we’ve been hugging in public for more than half a minute, and I couldn’t care less, to be honest. It was just him and I. Just us two. Everybody could see us, judge us, lay some comments out, but there was nobody around us except for my father and couple of people I heard chatting while they were getting off the platform that got here with the 21:30 train.

Can we stay like this forever? I wouldn’t want to ask for nothing else, keep us like this, warm and close. He’s back. I have him back. Oliver came back to me, for me, because of me. My enteral love full of grateful events has just begun.

“Oh, I missed you…” Oliver breathed against my neck, it felt so good to hear his voice in person and not over the phone. He looked and sounded tired, I just knew he wanted to get back and sleep for eternity.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry…” I whispered back at his cold cheek.

He moved away from me and took my face with both his hands. He’d been crying, I could see the shining watery path down his cheeks, and his lips were swollen.

“Don’t be please, please. I told you what I’ll do to you if you apologize one more time.”

“There’s no river here.” I said.
“True, but I can drop you here on the ground.”

I laughed at that and then I got a kiss on my forehead, with eyes closed. He smiled looking behind me and actually lying his eyes on my father. Oliver bent down and picked up his things and we were off.

“You’re still warm.” He said as we were walking towards the car.

“Oh, yeah…it’ll pass.”

“It better. I’m here now to take care of you.”

My father rushed to help him with his suitcase and shook his hand again, like he did almost two hours ago.

“Oliver, good to have you back buddy.”

“I’m sorry mr P if I’m being a bother, I’ll be…”

“Nonsense. You can stay with us for as long as you want, it’s not a problem at all. Come, you must be freezing.”

He was right, it was cold, a very unusual weather for July.

We sat in the backseat while my father was at his steering wheel. Oliver and my father did all the talking, I was sitting in silence next to him, staring at his hand on my knee. My father never said a single word about our hug or how close we’ve sitting during the whole drive back.

My heart was now full. There was not a cell in my body that hasn’t been activated by all the excitement and happiness around me. Little did I know, a whole kingdom of happiness sat next to me and its prince was holding my knee the entire ride back home.

My mother waited for us outside and hugged Oliver again, like she did almost two hours ago. She asked if he was hungry or just wanted to go straight to bed. He replied that he’s exhausted and that it’s time to end this day. I couldn’t agree more. I knew what this meant, it’s time to end it with me, like we used to end all days every single night last summer.

Both of my parents parted into two separated rooms and Oliver and I went upstairs, him carrying his suitcase and me carrying his backpack. Oliver never took a second look of the room, the changed sheets and closed window, he dropped his things after I gently placed his backpack on the chair, and took me in for a deep kiss. It took me by surprise, it really did.

He then took my shirt off, my jeans all together with my underwear and I kicked the sneakers off of me. While he was unbuttoning first few buttons of his shirt and eventually the whole piece of clothing left his body, I undid the belt, the zipper and the buttons on his trousers, pulled them down and he took his sneakers off by himself as well.

I was expecting for us to talk but there was no use in interrupting whatever this was and I was fine with that.

We crashed onto our pushed beds, heads facing the windows and simply held each other’s naked bodies as tightly our beings would let us.
Another way around

Chapter Summary

Elio and Oliver are finally back together for real, a special night lays ahead of them.

Chapter Notes

Hello, hello, sorry for taking this long to update, these days my motivation is down to a zero. The next chapter should be up soon and it's an Oliver POV. Hope you like this one, i just finished it five minutes ago. Peace and love!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Right…here.”

Oliver whispered against my neck and kissed a lower part of my right shoulder. I sighed at the touch of his lips on my skin. I missed him so much, I missed being this free with him.

“This was the first part of your body I touched.” He whispered on my wet skin.

“We shook hands before that. When we met…”

“That doesn’t count, that was common curtesy.”

Oliver got back and looked me straight in the eyes, caressed my cheek, brushing his finger over my lower lip. This brought memories, I wanted it so badly to last, for us to never move from this bed. Despite having the two of them sleeping on it for the past couple of days, I only saw it as our beds, our sanctuary, our home. Our legs were entangled, his other hand had settled underneath my head and mine were just gathered in between our chest. His skin was grinding against mine the entire time we’ve been lying there in silence.

It has been maybe an hour since we arrived from the train station. Nothing happened after he undressed me and crush with me on top of these beds. Just silence. It may have affected my fever because I couldn’t feel it anymore. I was hot enough with Oliver by my side. He kept his eyes closed and let his hands explore my body parts and his tongue touching my skin…that was a good idea to jump an urge to take a trip down memory lane.

He then moved from my shoulder to my face, brushed his nose against mine many times, I giggled at that sensation. Oliver looked exhausted and all I wanted was for this night to last as long as possible, but at the same time, I wanted him to get a rest he reserved. He did good. I was proud of him. His lips were tracing his steps from my chin, across my lips and over my forehead. All I did was lay there by his side, getting ready to submit to whatever fantasy we hadn’t still explored.

“Remember when you bumped your bike against mine, my first morning here and I held this part of your shoulder? And after that, when we were playing volleyball…the same spot.”
“Seriously?”

“Mhm…” Oliver hummed on my forehead.

“How do you…why do you remember this?”

He chuckled lightly.

“I just do. I’m surprised you don’t.” He whispered. His hot breath made my heart ache.

Oh, so now you want to play that game? To see who remembers more? No, not a game, I’d win for sure but I wanted to show him how exclusive and how deep I was ready to go for him and because of him. He’d be surprised just how much I actually have in stored in this head of mine. I care about him, deeply, that will never change and adding the fuel to the fire…with every tiny detail I had on my mind I was, without him having him talk to me, having him around my side, or even touch me, I was and still am, falling in love with him deeper and deeper with each passing second.

I smiled against his skin as memories started flashing in front of my eyes.

“I remember what color your socks were when you crashed onto this very bed. I remember the first time you touched my face, it was when you cupped my mouth to light up the cigarette. I also remember the exact brand of cigarettes which we smoked. I remember…touching you for the first time, while you were devouring my toes, and feeling the warmth just at the tips of my fingers, thinking how I wanted more and that you’d kill me if you stop, but you pussied out…”

He opened his eyes to look at mine. Yes, I win, but this was no competition, this was just showing each other how much we actually remembered the last summer.

“I didn’t…”

He started, trying to sound like someone who’s about to try, but fail, in changing the other’s mind.

“Shh. You did, that afternoon and that night.”

I shushed him with my fingers over his lips.

“Why did you do it?” I asked after he shut up and then lightly kissed my fingers.

“What?”

“Why did you back off? You distanced yourself from me.”

I removed the hand and looked him straight into his blue eyes, which were, by night, the darkest two circles I’ve ever seen. Oliver’s pupils were dangerously dilated.

“Honestly, I was afraid of putting myself in a situation where I wouldn’t be able to move. I was also afraid I couldn’t resist you, and fortunately, I didn’t. I let myself fall for you, because you let me, because you were already deep into it. Your presence around me…I could feel your hormones bubbling up inside just by the way I’d look at you. I have no idea what it was that led me to this, where are we right now, was it the Sun, the smell of countryside, the exotic location or just…you.”

He stopped, but I didn’t say anything, just waited for him to continue. And he did.

“We’ve been to hell and back, Elio. But we’re here. Still.”

There was a genuine smile on both of our faces. And I couldn’t help but feel the saddest I’ve ever
felt in my life. Him saying this had no comparison to him leaving me at the train station, him announcing his marriage, the look on his face while he’d been hurting me while trying to penetrate me by the river almost 24 hours ago. I wanted to cry, to shove his head on my chest, cup his body into mine, even though that was impossible…why was I on the verge of screaming? I should be happy. We’re back. Elio and Oliver are back.

“Were you ever afraid of becoming something…you couldn’t define?”

I asked after Oliver closed his eyes again. His hands never left my face.

“At first, yes. But that was because I was thinking about our physical connection. There were not enough feelings to go deeper. And the second I stopped defining what we are, I just knew…I have fallen in love with you. And that was the greatest feeling in my life. I’d go back to last summer just to relive that moment when I realized I wasn’t going to get over you that easy.”

“When was that?” I asked.

“Right before you called me by your name. I let go the moment you did too. I was so scared what might happen next but looking you straight in your eyes, listening to you repeat my name as if it were yours…I’d go back to that moment just look at your face one more time.”

I smiled at him, even though he couldn’t see me, he knew I smiled, what else could I have done? So, it started that far behind? And there I was thinking that this was all just a sex fling for Oliver and nothing more.

“When was it for you?” He opened his eyes and asked me.

“When did I realize I was in love with you?”

“Mhm…”

“When we were visiting lake Garda. Even before we reconciled, I didn’t want to keep it in me anymore.”

Oliver chuckled and pulled me in for another deep kiss. I moaned in his lips and let my hand rise from between us up to his neck, gently tightened the touch as I kept pushing my body onto his.

“Wow, you still think we waisted so many days? Last summer?” He asked after we had parted.

“Sometimes, yes. But other times, I’m just glad it happened in the first place.”

Silence.

“I could have you like this forever.” I whispered to his nose and brushed it with mine.

“Forever is a long time.” Oliver said it back.

“Yeah. Forever is a long time, but I don’t mind spending it with you.”

Oliver’s eyes flew open and his expression changed. He didn’t look tired, didn’t sound tired anymore and just by that look, I knew what was to follow.

“Elio…I want you now.”

His words sent shivers down my spine. I was scared again but also, I was getting hard as I kept repeating his words in my head. This was a sudden change of a mood and this night was going to a
whole different path. Honestly, I didn’t see us making love tonight, I thought he was too tired to do that. Guess I was wrong.

“Oh…” I breathed out when I felt his cold hand move down to my inner thighs.

“How are you feeling?”

He asked while stroking my skin up and down.

“I um…I feel good.”

“Better than the last time?”

“Yeah, for sure. Never mind me, how are you feeling? Are you tired?”

“Don’t worry about it. You did good. I want to do something nice for you…”

“Oh, I have you back, I don’t need anything else.”

“No, no, baby, you handled my bullshit like it’s nothing, you stood by my side when I needed you the most, you never pick fights, never let me do anything stupid, you’re not afraid of calling me a jerk and pulling me back to real life. And I love you for all of this, I love you now more than I ever loved you before. I really want to sleep with you tonight, just to give it a shot, if you’re up for it. If not, I have nothing against us sleeping just like this.”

“I-I’m fine…what is it that you wanted to do for me tonight?”

“I want to feel you…inside me.” Oliver whispered, but his deep voice only made harder.

Oh, God, I haven’t been inside of him since Bergamo and that was a good show I pulled back then, thought he’d never recover from it. But Oliver wants me to make love to him, maybe it’s his way of thanking me for standing by his side these past few days and for never bailing on him.

“Oh, you want me to…” I said.

“I do.”

Time had stopped, I froze, Oliver never blinked. Terror overcame.

“Aren’t you scared?”

I asked knowing that I’ve only been a few times inside him. Could he handle the pressure? I could feel the fever anymore, now this was something new I had to worry about.

“Are you?”

“Terrified.”

“Me too. But I trust you and I believe in you.”

Oliver whispered on my lips and then kissed them.

“Oh…”

“Come here.”

Oliver pulled my arm to him and I repositioned myself on top of him. There was an urge, a force
higher and stronger than the desire itself, among us, among me the most, I didn’t want to stop but also, I didn’t know how to start. I was straddling his hips and kept waiting for him to do something, to guide me, tell me what I touch and what was off limits.

He saw how nervous I was so he raised one of his hands to my face and caressed a cheek. I smiled at him and felt his fingers shake on my skin. I bent down to kiss him, holding both of my hands around his neck, his arms cupped my tiny body as I started rolling my hips around his.

I could feel him raising, getting hard and hitting the rim of my spine, which was good because I was already rock hard from just sitting like that and well…his words. It hurt to sit like that, I needed to speed up a bit.

My lips moved from his to his cheeks, his chin and his jaw. I took my time once I reached the neck. Kissed the skin there, bit it, suck on it, devoured it as the simplest explanation. Oliver tugged my hair and moaned once I was deep enough.

“Mark me, ah…” He breathed out barely.

“You sure?”

“Mhm…”

It made sense. No need to hide anymore, the mark will pass in three or four days. So I dived in freely. His hot skin was dancing all around me, I was getting harder and harder as I kept going deeper and wetter on him. I lifted my head and noticed he had a tiny faded purple mark on the right side of his neck, I ran my fingers across it and got a deep grunt from Oliver.

“Is it visible mmm?” He moaned so beautifully.

“Barely.” I replied.

“Do it again.”

No need to tell me twice. By this time, I couldn’t care less if both sides of his neck were purple and blood red. He’ll get what he asked for, for sure. So I went back in again with sharper teeth this time. Licked the skin, kissed it with opened mouth and sucked the skin with my teeth until I could taste blood. Even when I did, I didn’t stop. He’d probably have the mark for at least a week, I made sure of it.

I moved again and this time I was satisfied. A wave of purple and blood red had been colliding on his neck the size of a golf ball. I smirked once I decided It was good enough for him, I could go again, deeper and actually suck the blood out.

Oliver opened his legs for me, while I’ve been traveling with my lips from one nipple to the other one, leaving a wet trail behind me, and I settled there just fine. I sensed he was scared a bit once I reached the lowest part of his lower abdomen, just an inch away from his boner. I gave Oliver a look before I dived in and took him in my mouth.

“Oh!”

A sigh of relief left his body, one of his hands rested on my head as I dived in deeper. So deep I almost vomited. I was almost ready to back off but didn’t move a muscle. His pubic hair was tickling my nose but I didn’t stay there long. I popped him out of my mouth and moved even lower to start his preparation.
Oliver sat up so quickly, looking and sounding like in a panic.

“No, wait, agh…” He breathed.

“Wha-what, are you o-okay?” I felt myself blush, I was afraid of hurting him, doing something wrong that can kill another night for us.

“Yeah, yeah fantastic. Just wanted to change something…come here, lay down.”

Oliver held my elbows and repositioned me to lay down on the bed and now he was the one on top. I couldn’t predict how will this night turn out. I thought we’d be going another way around.

“I remembered how you liked me…”

Oliver said with a huge smile on his face and moved all the way down to my cock. His cheeks were flushed red, I could see his hair getting greasier and a tiny bits of sweat on his forehead. I watched him take me all into his mouth as I lifted my body onto my elbows and absentmindedly opened my mouth due to the sensation. Fuck, I missed him tongue around my cock so much, so soon, couldn’t basically live without it.

“Agh…ah…”

I laid down again but kept my hands on his shoulder and his hair. I kept arching the back to make it better for the both of us, for him not to bend down that much and it was easy for me because I was completely numb and turned on to even process what was going on. Oliver’s tongue never left my cock, I never felt any air hit the wet skin of mine. He spat couple of times on it and spread it around with his tongue. That was a weak spot for me, more saliva, more warmth, more sensation. Once he stopped and popped me out I needed time to process what just happened, I kept my eyes closed and Oliver’s hand never left the surroundings of my organ.

Oh, he’s going to try to just slide down, but he’s not prepared, he’ll hurt, I can’t let him to this.

“Oh, Oliver…this is….ah…it’s dangerous…” My chest was heaving as I struggled to collect the right words to stop him.

“Quiet.”

No use.

He was hanging in air when he tried and succeeded in transferring some saliva from the head of my cock to his hole by sliding the wet parts against one another. An enormous amount of sensation ran through my body as he grinded our skins together. He knew there was no time for preparation and that in this position, with me on my back and him basically squatting above me, it was useless to start doing so.

Oliver guided himself slowly down on my cock in one go. I held his thighs once he was down there and kept watching his facial expressions change. He was in pain, I could tell, but a second later he exhaled a big amount of air, then it was discomfort, then he bit his lips and threw his head back. No way am I moving him, he’s going to be the one doing all the moves around here. He was so tight, it almost made me suffocate on my own air. Looking at his face gave me such fear of breathing, knowing that even a tiny movement could make him ache even more than the pain he was dealing with at the moment. I let him take time, didn’t say anything, let him be the one who decides when we can both move. My cock wasn’t that big, comparing to his, not in hell, but still, I understood the pain he was feeling more than anybody. No matter the size, it’ll always hurt down
“Uh…yeah, okay…you can move, mmm…”

He was barely making any sense, every word he breathed out. I took both of his hands from my sides and put them on my chest. He wanted to move them but I held them there tightly. I knew he was afraid he’d hurt me with the weight of his hands on mine.

“You sure? You can tell me to stop whe-…”

“Shut up and just fuck me…”

He groaned. Now, I’m pretty sure everyone heard this. But, what the hell…

“I haven’t been fucked in a year, now please…” He continued after not giving a damn if anyone were to walk in now.

“Let me fix it then…” I said.

“Please.”

He said with eyes closed and a smile.

Oliver started twisting his hips with a tortured look on his face, his tightness around my cock didn’t bother me at all, I just wanted him to feel good, just wanted to speed through this pain and for him to feel pleasure. That was our goal. He kept his eyes closed and his hands on my chest when he started sliding down quicker and more comfortable. This was a good sign, he was relaxing and opening himself up. All I could do is stare at him, admire him, thinking about how much I love him now. How breathtakingly amazing he looked while riding me, how the Moonlight touching his sweaty skin with a neck decorated in, now, purple bruise done by me was the most beautiful thing in this room. We were one again, let’s stay one forever.

After couple of minutes, he finally opened his eyes and looked straight at me, swallowed a big amount of pain in his mouth and bent down to crush his forehead against mine. We sped up and my hands were now holding his butt cheeks.

“Hi…” I breathed out with a smile.

“Mmm, fuck, baby…oh…”

“You feel so good…oh, Oliver…”

I pulled his head towards mine and kissed him, kissed him deeply, sloppy, messy, saliva everywhere. Then I caressed his swollen lips and started touching and caressing his nipples.

“Oh, yeah baby…mmm…”

“Ah, ah…Oli-ver…”

Soon after he was completely relaxed and even I jumped in to move along side him. Tiny movements upwards into his pelvis and he closed his eyes once again and started terrorizing his beautiful lips again. I kissed his forearms, his collarbones, which I knew he hated, but never complained, this time he only flinched a bit but never told me to stop. Fuck, I could kiss his body all night long. Every curve, every ankle, every bruise, every mole, every ripple of muscle, every finger, every toe, every hole, every hair…all of it.
Oliver was mine.

This went on for a while because of a slow start but he was now on fire and couldn’t stop. Even began moving faster and faster and I didn’t think he’d be able to handle it. Again, no complaining came from his mouth. Our foreheads attached again and our eyes met, maybe for the first time that night longer than couple of seconds. We moaned in sync at each other’s faces.

Oliver bounced on my pelvis harder and faster letting our groans that made me almost leak inside of him. He moved away from my face and started stroking his cock, I caressed his chest watching him going through the delight of being fucked and even joined him in moving more violently inside him than ever.

“Oh…I’m gonna come…ah…”

He groaned a few seconds before he soaked me with his juices. It usually doesn’t get pass the middle of my abdomen, but this time it went further, leaving drops of his juices all over my stomach pass the chest and up to my left cheek. I smiled once I felt the gooey stuff all of my body and that was the moment when he smiled too and I felt him breathe lightly.

Yes, this felt good, but Oliver needs more practice, and that was coming from me. I endured a lot of pain but I’m physically opened now so whenever we make love I feel the slightest amount of pain, it’s mostly pressure but pleasure jumps in pretty quickly.

He was calming himself down, emptying all of it on my chest but never asked me to pull out or tried getting off. Oliver came back down and kissed me while moving on top of me. He was done, now was my turn. Once our lips attached again I felt salt in between our saliva, he must’ve reached to my mouth when he ejaculated. I bit his lip then mine when his moves on my cock were brutally slow. He knew what this meant.

I felt him tight around me once my cock started pulsing inside of him, suddenly I was dizzy and my mouth was dry, eyes were rolling on the back of my head when he spoke against my neck softly.

“Ah, Elio…come, come inside me baby…”

He kissed the neck and stopped moving.

“Oliver…agh!”

The warm liquid filled an even warmer Oliver’s insides. I frowned as I kept ejaculating profusely. Eventually I screamed his name out without a fear of being heard or caught, like he said.

We kissed once again and he got off of me and settled himself next to me. I laid there exhausted, with his cum on my face, going through everything in my mind. No pain, which means no fever, good. We were both tired and maybe now was the perfect time to end the day.

Oliver turned to side to look at me, my eyes were fixated to the ceiling.

“Thank you, Elio.”

“What for?”

I moved my head towards him, eyes closing with each passing second.

“For being there for me.”
“I’ll always be there for you.”

“God, I love you…”

He moved to kiss me and I said that I loved him too in between his soft kisses.

“You okay?” I asked.

“Perfect, tired, but perfect…”

He certainly didn’t look tired. Nor sounded.

“Mmm…tired.” I hummed.

“Come here.”

I think I was already asleep when he moved my tiny body onto the pillows. It was a perfect time to end the day.

Chapter End Notes

My fellow readers, if there is anything you want to ask me or get to know me, go to my fan account on Instagram, i am @summer_of_1983, i just put the Questions on my IG story, you can ask me there and if some of you don’t own an Instagram app, you can ask me here anything you like. Love you!
The truth (Oliver's POV)

Chapter Summary

Oliver is recalling what happened at the train station a few hours ago.

Chapter Notes

A little heads up. The first part is the continuation of the previous chapter and the second part is what happened before they made love, basically the entire chapter is about what happened down there, from Oliver's point of view. I hope i'm going to update soon, i need to think about how am i going to fill the gap between this chapter and the rest that i had planned in my head. Hope you like this one, enjoy and lots and lots of love!!

I pulled Elio back onto the pillows but he was already asleep even before his head touched the ground. Funny how he was the one who was exhausted here and I was just getting started. Wasn’t tired or ready to sleep. But his quiet snores coming from his nose only brought back the warmth in my stomach I missed so much. I settled him on my chest and he awoke for a second or two to snuggle closer against my neck and to hug me as tightly as he could, given the position and the level of tiredness his body was going through. He also ran his lips over my neck, trying to initiate a kiss but he was already out before the kiss even made its break. I combed his curls back and kissed his forehead before crashing my cheek onto it.

My night was just starting. Yes, I wanted to sleep with him on my chest so badly but simply couldn’t make myself do it. A lot of things were troubling me even though I had everything I have ever wanted in my arms right now. I don’t even remember when was the last time, or for that matter, ever, I’ve seen Elio not sleep on his stomach. Whether it was the bed, a patch of grass or my chest, he’d somehow find his way to always end up sleeping on his tummy.

I craved a cigarette so badly. I remembered I had a pack in the left pocket of my trousers but there was no chance in hell would I ever remove him like this from me just to get a smoke. Besides, he’s the only one I smoke with. If I were to do it by myself It would only upset me even more, the smell would awake him and I didn’t like being alone and stuffing my lungs with smoke.

He did wake up eventually, only for couple of minutes, it shook me because it was so sudden and he looked to be out of his place.

“Cold…I’m so cold…” He stuttered.

“Oh, hold on…”

I jumped out of the bed and reached for his underwear and a shirt that were, thankfully, next to the bed on the floor.

“Come here…let’s get you dressed…”
“Sorry for…waking you up.” He murmured turning on his back, shivering, eyes still closed, waiting for me to dress him up.

“Don’t worry about it.”

I said pulling the underwear back onto his body, he lifted his hips to make it easy for the fabric to slide up beautifully.

“I wasn’t asleep.”

“Why? Something wrong?” I could see he was barely putting the words together, every word came out with his lungs full of sleepy air.

“What? No, don’t worry about it. I’ll get on it after you’re taken care of. Give me your hands.”

Elio raised both of his arms and I took them to lift him up in a sitting position to put a shirt onto him. He kept his eyes closed the entire time I’ve been pushing both of his arms and a head through the holes of the shirt. He still had a bit of white substance on his right cheek but it had dried off by that point, so no use wiping it off, he’ll shower soon. Elio looked beyond cute now, tired, sleepy, messy, cold.

After he was dressed I kissed his forehead once again and then I bent down and grabbed a pair of my own underwear shorts and put them on me.

“I’ll go close the windows.” I said.

“No…don’t, it will be warm in the morning.”

“We’ll worry about that in the morning.”

I got out of the bed and pulled the windows towards me. They made an awful sound and I was now for sure everybody heard this.

“Sorry…” I murmured

Elio giggled, eyes now half opened with a genuine smile on his face.

“I’ll open them in the morning, okay?”

“Oh-okay…” He yawned.

I went back onto the bed and Elio laid back down onto his pillow again, this time on his back. It was only a matter of time when I’ll lay down myself and he’ll hung himself over at me.

“Want me to pull the covers?”

The need to protect him and make him feel warm was overpowering, it was mesmerizing how beautiful he looked so vulnerable, in trouble, like a baby boy he was.

“Yes, please…”

So, I did just that. I took the covers from only one bed and covered the both us with it. I pulled them up to his neck, after a while he had stopped shivering.

“Are you running a fever?” I asked him.
“I don’t think so, don’t feel like it.”

“Let me check your forehead.”

Nope, there was barely a hint of hotness anywhere around his face.

“No, you feel fine.”

Elio settled back into the same position he was in about two minutes ago. His head found its way back in the crook of my neck and his left arm flew across my chest.

This was the safest place in the whole world.

He was right, it was cold, freezing actually, but somehow I didn’t feel it. Guess he was my source of warmth. My fingers caressed his back as I let my eyes go straight to the dark night beyond his closed windows.

I finally got the time to process what had happened a couple of hours ago.

********

At the train station.

Anchise, Lisa and I arrived about 45 minutes before the train was suppose to leave. I’ve been feeling sick the entire day. Just the thought of saying out loud what I’ve been practicing for the last couple of days made me feel terribly ill. I’d stop, change the subject and continue to live in my fantasy land. That was basically every time I’d see Elio. As much as he had been pulling me with him into our land, at the same time, he was the only one pulling me back to reality. I wanted to mix the two worlds so badly. End it clean and have Elio back. But that was the stupidest wish ever. One of those two things were about to happen.

Before we got into a car I gave Elio a friendly hug and whispered that I’d see him later. That was my only goal for the night. To see him again, to get him back, to be with him, to fall asleep with him by my side. It simply didn’t matter what might happen with Lisa. It literally didn’t matter to me. I’d end it with her and rush back home to be with him.

I miss him already.

All three of us got out of the car. I turned to thank Anchise fot doing this for us, gave a man a hug and went to take the stuff out of the trunk. Lisa did the same, minus the hug. She shook his hand. He wished us a good trip, got back in his car and drove off. Suddenly, I felt like he was my only transportation back home, and now he was leaving. Leaving me to deal with my own problems and leaving me in total.

Lisa suggested we should sit and wait but I didn’t feel like sitting. I figured, walking around and breathing in a cold night breeze would shake me and finally awake the sort of courage I had been hiding deep inside me. She sat down and crossed her legs.

The train couldn’t get here fast enough. Even if it were to appear in a minute, I’d still compose myself and tell her that I want to call the wedding off, that I’m staying here and wish her a save trip and a good life. There were six people waiting for the same train, I managed to overhear some of them talking on Italian, mentioning Milano. Lisa will be riding with you guys, I thought as I glanced over to the other side of the platform. Two more women. So that’s eight and Lisa, nine
then.

The night was dark but I could see perfectly. Everything was as clear as day. She was sitting down on the same bench where Elio and I used to cuddle up a year ago waiting for the steel machine to take me away from him. I am not letting this happen again.

Can’t remember the last time I was this nervous. This was not normal for me, usually I would just open my mouth and be done with it.

My thoughts ran straight to Elio. What is he doing now? How is he feeling? Is his fever spiking? I hope he’s not crying and fearing I’m not coming back. I am, just…just need to find a way to start this nonsense. Fuck, I want to be by his side so badly, constantly, non-stop. Just to sit next to him, feel his foot against mine, look at his beautiful boyish face, touch his ear-length curls, taste his astonishing lips, hear him talk, stare at him while he’s listening to something or someone else, watch him play the piano, watch him transcribe his music, read some book, swim in the pool, ride a bike…anything.

I walked around, up and down the platform, inhaling the smoke those people were sharing, listening to those women laugh and sensing nothing, absolutely nothing from Lisa. When am I going to man up for once? Come on, tell her. But how do I start this? It’s just words and she’ll be off, very soon.

“You’re awfully quiet.”

She finally pulled me out of my head. Okay, she’s the one who started it.

“Hm?”

“What are you thinking about?”

I wanted to say. Elio, Elio, goodbye Lisa, Elio, Elio, Elio, see ya…

“You’re not gonna tell me?” She asked and formed a weird smile on her face, like she was mad at me for not telling her what was I thinking about.

“It’s private.”

“Well, I just know I can’t wait to have a good night sleep for once. Then we have to start planning for the big day.”

I almost didn’t register her last words.

“I was thinking about Margot and Anna.” She continued.

“What about them?”

“For my brides maids.”

Oh shit. Now she’s going to talk about this.

“Oh…”

“I think we should put them at the same table as your friends. And I have to get on the phone with the florist as soon as possible. Those things need to be booked months and months ahead. And the cake, God. I was thinking we could get it from that bakery on the…”
Tables, friends, bridesmaids, flowers…what the hell? This has to stop. She’s planning her wedding right here and right now, she has no idea that her “groom” is about to screw the whole thing up.

I closed my eyes and spoke finally.

“Stop, just…stop.”

“Why?” She asked.

“I don’t feel like talking about that.” I replied.

“About our wedding? You never want to talk about that. Why?”

“I just don’t.”

“Is there something wrong?”

She changed her position, now her shoulders were a bit tensed.

“What are you not telling me?” She continued.

This, now, speak. Speak, you asshole.

But she shook her head aside and continued to plan the wedding.

“Maybe we should wait and book the Synagogue for the fall wedding. I think you’ll like it then. Maybe October, November?”

“Look…”

Now.

Now.

It’s now or never. The train is about to arrive. Do it now. Now.

“I don’t think we should…I don’t think we should get married…”

Okay, the words were out. I was still standing in front of her and she went back to her original position with legs crossed. Okay, now she knows.

“Right now?” She asked.

“Ever.” I said, cold.

She uncrossed her legs again and raised an eyebrow.

“Excuse me?”

“Look, I just…I just don’t want to get married, now.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I don’t want to get married.” I repeated, trying to sound pissed.

“Why?”
“I just don’t.”

“Okay, you’re having cold feet, that’s normal.”

“No, it’s not that…”

“Then what is it? You want some time…”

“No, no time. I don’t want to get married now.”

What the fuck? Why is she doing this? How does she not get it? What part of “I don’t want to get married” don’t you understand? I am not having cold feet.

“Okay, you sound ridiculous now. Let’s go home, have a good night sleep and then we can talk about it like normal people. Not here and not now.” Her voice was calm.

“No, no talking. I’ve made up my mind.”

“Since when?”

“I’ve been thinking about this for days.”

“Days? And you think it takes 48 hours to make a decision for the both of us? Without me saying anything?”

“I’ve told you already. I don’t want to get married.”

She started at me like she’s been looking at the brightest star in the Universe.

“And for that matter. I think it’s best if we…break up.” I finally mouthed the words I’ve been rehearsing all day in my head.

She stood up.

“Excuse me!?”

She was tightening her teeth.

“Lisa, we both know why we’re together in the first place.”

“Um, yeah, because we love each other and want to spend the rest of our lives together.”

Come on now…

“Um, no. And you know why, don’t play dumb.”

She was quiet for a second, thought about it and then opened her mouth to speak.

“You think because your father is gone that that changes everything?”

“Yes, I think it does. He was the one who wanted me to settle down to begin with.”

“And now?”

“Now, I don’t want to settle. At least not right now. And not with you.”

“Me? You say it like there’s something wrong with me.”
“There’s nothing wrong with you. It’s us that doesn’t work. You’re always screaming and picking fights and I…I’m miserable.”

The look on her face almost threw me to the ground. I could see that, by saying that I’ve been miserable this whole time, I was actually waking up sides of her that she fought so bravely to hide them. Lisa was miserable as well.

“I’m not happy.” I said looking into her eyes.

“Sorry you feel like that.” Her voice was low but genuine.

“It’s the truth. And I think you aren’t either.”

“I…”

“And I don’t think it’s fair for us to spend the best our lives with each other, hating the fact that we were made to do this. There’s always gonna be something we can’t stand between us. It’s just not alright. You deserve to find love in this world, to find a man who’s going to love you every waking moment.”

I stopped and looked at the ground.

“And I think I do to.”

Pause.

“What are we going to tell the others?” She asked.

“I’ll handle them when I go back.”

“Wait, what?”

Get ready for the third surprise of the night.

“Yeah, I’m not going home with you now.”

“Why not?”

“It doesn’t matter. I’ll be here for three more days and then I’ll head back. I’ll find a hotel. I can move the ticket.”

“So, you’re sending me alone? You’re sending me back to your family alone? What am I supposed to tell them?”

So, she’s more worried about that?

“Just…tell them that the weddings off and that I’ll fill in when I go back.”

“That won’t do.” She said.

“Well, that’s the truth…you’ll manage to find your way home.”

By this point, she looked dangerously calm. Not a tear in sight. She was, like me, very realistic. Giving the thought that this entire engagement was a set up, now all she worried was coming clean to the families.
“What’s the real reason?”

“I’m sorry?” I asked.

“What’s the real reason you’re breaking up with me?”

“I told you, I don’t…”

“Yeah, yeah, you don’t want to get married. But why? Why all of a sudden? You were perfectly fine talking about it and landing a hand before we got here. Suddenly, you’re in the mood to fight and not listen to me.”

She made an excellent point. The problem was, besides the reason of not wanting to settle down, there was another one…at home, waiting for me, with a fever.

“What’s the real reason?” She asked again.

“There’s not a real reason. I just don’t want to settle down now.”

“Yeah, but why? There’s got to be a good reason you want us to break up, what is it?”

“No, there’s not…”

“You can tell me. Is it because of the money? Because of your book, your father, your classes? Whatever it is, you can tell me and we can try and sort things out.”

She approached me and took my hand in hers. She really wanted this to work but at the same time, she didn’t.

“Your train should be here soon…” I said looking behind her.

“Don’t even try and change the subject. We’re on this now. Now tell me what’s going on, I can see it in your eyes.”

“Please, stop.” I whispered.

She threw my hand back at me.

“Is it because of another girl? Is that it? I know you fucked some other girl last summer here. Did you meet here again behind my back?”

What girl? I haven’t touched other people besides Elio.

“No, what the hell, how could you even think like that?” I frowned.

She was making no sense right now. Acting all paranoid.

“So it is because of somebody else.” She crossed her arms again.

No, I promised I won’t tell.

“No, stop it, please…” I said.

“It was never about the money. You met somebody else. Didn’t you?”

“Lisa, I swear if you don’t stop now…” I relaxed my jaw before I said something I know I was going to regret.
Then a long pause took its place. None of us looked at each other.

“Is it because of Elio?”

Her words froze me in place. How could she even…did she…how does she…why him? Out of all the people…

“What?” I replied trying to sound offended.

“It is, isn’t it? I should’ve known.” She nodded her head with tiny movements.

“No, it’s not him, it’s nobody, just drop it.” I turned around not to look at her.

How did she even put that together? Weren’t we careful? Not really, shouldn’t be surprised now… fuck, I promised I won’t tell.

“It is. I thought so. I heard you sneak off this morning. I got up to check if Elio knew where you went and saw that he was gone too. I put two and two together, I’m not stupid.”

I turned around to face her. That’s what a man is supposed to do.

“Oliver, I am not an idiot. I see the way you look at him.”

Now that our cover is blown, might as well try to make the best out of it. Let’s try and see what she thinks we are.

“He’s just a friend.” I said quietly.

“A very good friend. And you’re an even better one for sneaking off in the middle of the night to go some place else. For checking up on him multiple times earlier today. For covering his ass.”

“He…”

“That night, when I was with his parents in the city…did something happen that night? I could feel you smelled different the second I laid next to you.”

How is this even possible? How could we have the sex smell on us? Is that even normal? I think she’s just testing the water to see where I’ll drown. But…for those things where we thought we were discreet…we weren’t. Apparently.

“Lisa…stop.”

“No! You stop. Stop lying to me and tell me the God damn truth! Did something happen between the two of you that day?”

That day? She was screaming now. I couldn’t look at her anymore. I didn’t want her to know. Fuck it.

“Fuck…yes, that day and the next morning and the next day and the entire last summer while I was staying here with them.”

That’s it. That’s the whole truth. The fourth surprise of the night. There, now she knows too.

“Oh God…” She moved to face the ground. Yup, I hit the right spot.
“But he’s not the reason I am ending this now. I don’t want to be married.”

“Right, right, you’re keeping your options opened. What the fuck were you thinking? He’s just a kid! He’s a minor!”

She yelled at me and pushed me with opened palms. Violence. Good.

“He’s 18, that makes him an adult.”

“Last summer he was a minor…that’s illegal. Are his parents aware of this sick game you’ve been playing?”

“Yes, they are.” I replied.

“You’re both sick, I hope you know that.”

Yes, I know. We know. Everybody does.

“Well, what are you gonna do about it?” I shrugged my shoulders.

“This is not happening! Oh God!”

She breathed out and went back to sit down.

“Okay, you need to keep quiet…”

“Are you insane!? I just found out my fiancé has been fucking a kid for two whole years! You want me to be quiet after finding this out? You are sick! In the head! Both of you.”

I looked around to find nobody staring at us. They didn’t even understand us. Good.

“I would rather shoot myself in the head now than to be in your shoes, standing in front of your mother, telling her that her son is a homosexual.” She said. Cruel.

“I am not a homosexual, I don’t know what I am, but I know that I love him…”

“Oh, you love him! Congratulations! You know what she’s going to say? Three words on top of your three words : burn in hell.”

Okay, that is it. She can’t talk about my mother like that. This was way out of line.

“Hey! Don’t take my mother on your tongue!”

“She’s going to be so disappointed.”

“You wanted a reason, there you have it. Not satisfied with it? Too bad, that’s the whole truth.”

“The fact that you’re sleeping with children upsets me more than you canceling the wedding on me right now.” She looked up.

“He’s not a child. And I’ve never slept with any other man.”

“Man, sure…if that comforts you.”

I tightened my teeth this time. I wanted to hit something so badly.

“I think you said what you wanted to say.” I said.
“Have you no shame?”

“Why is that any of your concern?”

“You’re never going to make it in this world with him by your side. Two men, holding hands on the street, kissing…oh I’m feeling ill.”

She grabbed her stomach like she was ready to hurl because of an image of two men together.

“Good, good, now off you go.”

Ah! The train! Couldn’t you get here like 5 minutes ago?

“Don’t be mad, I’m just surprised.” She calmed down.

“Oh, I’ve past mad Lisa…”

I said and moved away from her. She bent down and picked her stuff up, took the ticket out of her purse and waited for the train to get here.

“Is that why you were so sad at Hanukkah?”

I looked at her, ready to cry, don’t bring that up now.

“You told him you were getting married.”

I nodded.

“I left him a year ago. Right here.”

“Look, I hope you two work out, I really do.” She turned to stare at me but I refused to stare back.

“No, you don’t.” I said.

“I do, but you’re never going to survive out there.”

What a comforting speech. I really hope you work out but you’ll burn in hell.

“Then I guess I’ll stay here with him forever.” I mouthed.

“I hope you’re finally happy.”

I lifted my head.

“Yeah, I am.”

“Goodbye, Oliver. Maybe we’ll see each other again.”

She said and hugged me. I hugged her back. Although, I was numb at that point so I couldn’t actually feel her on me.

“Maybe. Goodbye, Lisa.” I whispered in her hair.

She got in and the conductor closed the door behind her a few seconds after she was completely gone out of my sight.

Now what?
I guess it’s over. Did not expect to end like this. Why did she have to bring Elio up? More stupidly, how is it that I couldn’t deny any of it when it came to him? I don’t want to believe that it’s over until the train moves, then I’ll be sure she’s finally gone. This is too much for me. My body and my mind aren’t ready to process this now. I have to go call someone to take me in, I have to have a drink, I need a cigarette.

The train began moving a minute later after all the passengers got in. I was left alone. What a familiar feeling.

I never saw her again, she must’ve settled somewhere in the back so she could process in silence what just happened. Lisa wasn’t planning on going home alone nor empty handed, meaning…no wedding.

Not now, I can’t do this now.

I have to call Elio.
Lost

Chapter Summary

Elio is looking for Oliver.

Chapter Notes

Hello, hello, here's this chapter and the next one should be out tomorrow. I'm doing my best in balancing the writing and my personal life and i can't believe it has been six days since i last updated. Hope you like this one, enjoy, sending you all the love in the world!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What time is it?”

I asked after I jumped from my place on his chest in the bed, waking Oliver in the process. There was a faded darkness all around me but i couldn’t see the time clearly on my wrist watch. We were lying under a warm cover which Oliver threw onto us…minutes, hours ago?

“Hm…” Oliver hummed at my sudden awakening.

“What time is it?” I repeated.

“I don’t know, you have the watch.” He barely breathed out.

“I can’t see. You closed the windows.”

I remember waking up who knows how many hours ago, shivering and feeling the chills breaking every bone in my body. I also remember Oliver getting up, dressing us both, closing the windows and tucking me in under a warm cover. I fell asleep seconds after I felt all the warmth in the world around me.

“Ugh, is it that important?”

“Yeah, go open them.” I said.

“No, go back to sleep.” I felt him move from one position to another, adjusting the pillow underneath his head.

“No, please, go open them.”

“Elio, I want to sleep.” Oliver mouthed in the pillow, which means he turned to sleep on his stomach.

“Just…open them.”
“You go.” He said clearly, his face was no longer glued to the pillow.

“I can see shit.”

“You think I do? You know this room better than I do, you go open your stupid windows to see the time. Leave me out of it.”

It wasn’t completely dark, I could stand out couple of things in my room, like the desk, the closet and the white sheets we were lying on. And of course, Oliver. I managed to discern his facial lines before he laid back down again, facing the pillow. He looked beyond exhausted, eyes were barely opened, hair was a mess and his nipples were hard.

“Oh, good, you’re awake.”

“What?”

“You managed to combine two sentences together, now go and open them.”

“Why does it matter?” Oliver breathed out.

“I just want to know the time.”

“Well I don’t, forget about it and go back to sleep.” Harsh.

“You turned your back to me.”

I wanted to sound small and sad, because I still wasn’t used to sleeping with his back facing my body. It was like going to bed angry and upset, I didn’t want that, not between us.

“So? Hug me from behind then.”

I jumped like a kid to hug him and feel the skin of his back pressed to my face. I also threw one leg over his hip and got a smile from him, that much I could make out from his breathing. I was wearing a shirt and my underwear shorts and somehow managed to cover the both of us with one hand movement. Oliver grabbed my left hand and intertwined our fingers.

“Don’t shave.” I whispered against his back after I let that same hand travel north, and touched his hairy chin. I wanted to see him grow facial hair.

“You won’t like it.” He said.

“Let me decide that.”

Oliver smiled through his soft hums.

“Are you alright?” I eventually asked because I had to. He was giving me some cold vibes and I simply had to make sure that he was feeling okay, everywhere. Maybe he’s just tired.

“Fine. Why?”

“No, I mean, are you…um…”

“I know what you mean.” He didn’t even let me finish it before cutting in.

“And the neck?”
“Don’t worry about it. Go back to sleep, we’ll talk in the morning.”

Oliver intertwined our fingers once again, brought that hand to his lips and kissed it, deeply. Then he put it against his bare chest where I could feel my hand being tickled by the tiny chest hair. I kissed the skin of his back and snuggled closer to him. And that’s how we fell asleep again, for the third time that night.

The next morning, I woke up alone. Where did you go Oliver? There was not a sound around me that would lead me to believe he was anywhere close. His suitcase and backpack were sitting on the floor which meant he’s still in the villa, and more importantly, I didn’t hallucinate him breaking up with her and coming back to me. The sheets were cold which meant he was gone a long time ago. I hoped that he knew that there was no need to hide anymore, if someone were to walk in, they’d already be more than aware that we were together and that we are sharing a bed. There was no need to sneak out anymore, it was out in the open, we were both exposed and everybody else already knew that. Couldn’t think of a single reason why would he leave me. Was there a need to be alone somewhere inside him? His book was done so I could check off him working in the backyard. Maybe he’s at the pool.

Not only was I surprised by his absence, but also…the windows were closed. He promised he’d open them, no way he forgot. I checked my wrist watch, it was 10:30 in the morning. I was still covered with a warm cover, still wearing my shirt and my underwear shorts, just…no sign of Oliver. He’s probably outside, having breakfast with my parents. I heard them talking outside.

There was a dim light coming from outside through the closed blinds. I loved the atmosphere, it was morning but there was no way in saying that. It wasn’t too hot or too cold, it was perfect, just like the time of the day during which the Sun goes down. If he were here, I’d make him never to leave our bed. We wouldn’t have to do it all the time, just lying, talking and laughing would do the trick. I’d love to spend the rest of his days here.

Oh shit.

Maybe he’s downstairs confirming the ticket. Or maybe he’s on the phone with his mother and brother, Lisa had already delivered the sad news about their son/brother sleeping with a child. I’m being paranoid. I’m sure wherever Oliver went, he was probably seen by the other residents of the villa. This is stupid, I’m being silly, let’s go find him.

I pulled my lazy ass out of the bed and went straight downstairs. The clothes I was wearing were a normal outfit for me so it didn’t actually matter. No, he wasn’t by the phone, nor was he in my father’s study room. Basically, the house was empty, even Mafalda was no where to be found. She’s usually in the kitchen, making something, washing the dishes, cleaning the table, but no, nothing. Where is everybody?

My parents were sitting at the table outside. Dad was reading his morning news papers and mom was reading a book. No food in front of them, just two cups of morning espresso.

“Good morning.” I said quietly, trying not to interrupt them.

“Good morning, my love. Sleep okay?” My mom took her eyes off the book to look at me.

“Yeah, yeah, it was okay.”

“No fever? Come here.”
She raised a hand, I bent down and she touched my forehead.

“No, you’re good.” She said with a smile and then turned her attention back to the book.

I stood in silence for a while, like I was waiting for an invitation to the table or even to have someone ask me what’s wrong. I can’t find Oliver, oh I saw him this morning, he was there and did that, he said something to me and I replied with a laughter…and so on. That would’ve been a good answer.

“Have you seen Oliver?” I eventually asked. When did I get this hooked?

“Hmm, no, I haven’t seen him. He’s not inside?” My father raised his head from the papers.

“No, he’s not. Did he go somewhere?”

“Sorry, Elly, I have no clue.” He replied.

“Do you want to eat something? Drink?” My mother asked, probably noticing I wasn’t at peace with the fact that no one has seen him.

“No, no, I’m good, thanks.”

I looked around but there was nothing I could find that could give me any signs to see where he went. He’s not inside, he’s not by the pool, I bet he’s not even on our spot, it was sunny, we only meet at night. Where did you go? And why can’t I find you? Something must be bothering him. Oh, I hope I wasn’t too violent the previous night, maybe it was too soon too quick for him. Maybe he wasn’t turned on enough to actually join in or to accompany me, he just got out of an engagement, which, by the way, he planned to do for so long and now that he’s finally free…I can’t think of anything else bothering him.

My parents continued their reading when I turned around and walked back inside the villa. Still, no sign of him. Kitchen, empty, living room, empty, study room, empty, hallways, empty, empty, empty. I felt like a needy person when I couldn’t find him. I needed him like a junkie needed its fix. The voice inside my head simply didn’t bother giving me some peace so I went back upstairs like a crazy person to look for him. Still. Nothing. The hallway was empty, balconies were empty, bathroom, my old room, our room, empty, empty, empty, like me. That’s how I feel when he wasn’t by my side. This is dangerous, I thought as I headed downstairs again.

At the right time I got smart and went outside, through the main entrance and up to the front yard to check if he’s bike was there. It wasn’t. Inside the shed, there was only my bike and Anchise’s car in which he drove Oliver and Lisa to the train station the previous night, and then my father and myself had driven him back from the same place. He went somewhere out. Maybe he went to town. But why?

And how early could he have gone when not even my father had seen him and gets up at 7 every morning? More importantly, if he went to town, where the fuck would he go with that bruise on his neck? He’s not crazy to drive among people looking like that. Is he? And if he was, and if anybody were to ask, he’d say it’s from a girl with whom he slept with the other night. And not a boy.

This was getting annoying. I was being beyond silly and paranoid to think like that, to contemplate every single situation where he went. And what was even more crazy, was the fact that I was actually thinking about going into town just to be with him. If town is where he actually went. Why was I being like this? The thought of my bike leaned against the wall of the wooden shed all by itself almost brought tears to my eyes.
I felt alone again, lonely, sad and pathetic. I felt like it was last year all over again. After he left for America. The emptiness around my heart, the amount of pain my soul has endured a year ago, the way my stomach ached with every thought and mention of Oliver. Oliver. Oliver.

Something was bothering him for sure. Why would he get up so early, not say a word to anyone, grab the bike and run off somewhere?

I didn’t even want to admit to myself that, when I woke up the second time during the night, I got some different and cold vibes from him. Like I was annoying him, bothering him, standing in his way. When he turned his back to me. When he didn’t want to open the windows for me to check the time. When he refused to talk to me about his intimate parts, because I knew he was in pain, a lot of pain, actually. I sorted everything in the box labeled “He’s tired” and left it at that. But how tired was he when he got up before 7 in the morning?

Fuck. I chased him away. I chased him with my needy habits and constant cravings for attention. Of course, that was the problem. I am the problem. He didn’t sign up for this, he didn’t sign up to take care of a child, when, every once in a while, even acted like a real baby.

Am I the reason he ran away? I never thought I’d be in the position to do so but I guess I did.

Fuck.

Why am I being so paranoid? We had a wonderful night last night, he took care of me when I needed him the most, he dressed me up, he tucked me in, he hugged me, kissed me. When did it all went wrong? Maybe when he said that he couldn’t sleep and afterwards refused to say why when I asked him. Was that the root of the problem and the coolness? Maybe not.

Where else could he have gone off to if not the town? The river? Sound reasonable, but why? This resembled of the time when we shared our first kiss back on the berm, and when he promised he’d stick around, and I waited for him only to fall asleep at my desk and hear him sneak back inside his room, thinking that the coast is clear and that he could finally have some rest, because the kid next door won’t bother him for more than just a kiss.

And now, we were pass that. At least I thought we were. I thought that, when a problem occurs, he’d man up and talk to me about it, instead of running off someplace else. I’m not an unreasonable person, I’d try and understand whatever is that he’s been torturing himself with. If I can’t help and fix it, I’d stand by his side and show him my full support.

But there’s also a situation when the source of the problem is the person with whom he’s sharing his bed. If I’m the problem, we’ll talk, we’ll try and sort things out, not run away, to pussy out, not stay silent. Before anything major happens, we need to talk. Period.

I was sorting everything to him running off because he was troubled by something he obviously had no control over. It’s been more than three hours since he was up, no one has that much business anywhere else except inside his head. He ran off because of his inner problems. And, unfortunately, that includes me.

I turned around and went back to the table. My father was gone, only mama was still sitting there, now, with her head in the morning newspapers. The usual deal: she reads something else until he’s done with them, the second he leaves, they’re all hers. I sat there, already thought through what am I going to say when and if he shows up any time soon.

“Still nothing?” Her face was glued to the section about economy in Italy when she asked me that.
“Hm?”

“Oliver?”

“Oh, yeah, still…nothing…his bike is gone.” I replied looking at my feet.

“Sorry, my love, I can’t help you with that. Maybe he went to town.”

“Yeah, maybe. Just don’t know why.”

“Is everything okay with you two?” She asked, finally.

“Um, yeah, I guess. I just can’t find him. Don’t know where he ran off to.”

She real truth was: I don’t know.

“I’m sure wherever he went, he’ll be back soon. Don’t worry about it.”

Her comfort was genuine but useless. You can’t tell someone not to worry and that everything will be alright, that’s the lamest thing you could use to try and comfort someone. It’s like when your kid goes to a party and doesn’t come back even past midnight, so you just sit there and wait for him to come back. And you can’t sleep because you keep checking the time, and try to think of all the bad things that could happen to your precious baby boy. And when he doesn’t come back in the next 5 minutes, 10 minutes, half an hour, you start to panic, you’re worried, your body is going through scenarios you only saw in the movies or read in books. She knows that, she’s a mom, she’s been through this with me, many times. And when the kid finally shows up, he’s trying to think of an excuse to comfort his waiting, sleep deprived mother and say some shit like “Oh, I forgot what time it was”, or, “The party was so good, I had to stay a little bit longer”, and even, “I was so drunk I couldn’t find the door.” On the last one I got slapped. Hard. I deserved it. What it followed was a big fight, a lot of angry words came out of my mouth and mom finally painted my face with her palm. Like I said, I deserved it. I never did anything like that ever again, nor did I spoke to her the way I did that night, in that drunken state and with dirty mouth like those were that awful night when I was still fighting with the fact that I slept with another man that wasn’t Oliver.

I am worried, I wanted to say, I am worried shitless. I am worried if something might have happened to him, maybe he got lost, maybe he met somebody else…oh God, don’t even get me started on that.

Lunch came and went, still no sign of him. Empty spot next to mine was only raising question I didn’t know answers to. Mafalda was mad because she had to adjust to him all the time. One minute he’s here, the next one he’s gone, then he’s back, then he’s not at breakfast, lunch or dinner. This is not a motel, I hope he knows that. She was pissed.

Dinner also. Empty seat and even more questions came from the dinner guests who came only to see and mingle with Oliver again. Sorry, don’t know where he went. My appetite was gone and so were my hopes of seeing him anytime soon.

After dinner, I went straight to my pillow and cried out all my worries.

Where are you? What are you doing? Who are you with? What’s bothering you? Why won’t you talk to me? Why are you avoiding me? What did I do? Do you regret coming back to me? Are you in pain? Are you hurt? Are you sad? Why won’t you let me near you? I want to be there for you. Every step of the way. You are my life, Oliver, I love you and you promised me you’d love the crap out of me. Remember that? Remember when you said it? Remember when you kissed my tummy afterwards?
Around 9 at night I saw him park his bike from upstairs bathroom window.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, don't worry, nothing happened, everything will fall into place very soon. Don't hate on me for making Oliver like this, you'll see very soon where he went and why he needed an entire day to sort stuff out.
“Where the fuck have you been?”

I didn’t even get him a chance to walk in the room properly. The attack happened as soon as I glanced a part of him enter through the door. After I saw him tangle his bike outside, I rushed back to the room to give him the welcome he deserved. Not a sound was made between the rambling of his bike and the click of the door, nobody was there to ask him where the hell he went, that’s probably what he wanted, well played.

It was dark in the room, the Moon has already risen itself after being cramped up all day. I never turned the lights on, figured that the light from the outside should do the trick.

He walked in looking like a total mess, I’ve never seen him like this. Oliver was surprised at me snapping for sure, especially because I sounded like a worried mother waiting for her child to come home after he had been out the entire night. He looked tortured, he managed to beat his appearance from the previous night. I guess whatever he was dealing with now was more troubling for him than breaking up an engagement. His light blue shirt was wrinkled, three buttons were undone showing off the David’s star necklace which I’d forget to remember that we had the same one, from time to time, one part of the shirt looked like it had been tucked inside his trousers but failed at it, shaky hands I presumed. His hair was greasy, wet or even poured with something, thrown to the front and not as silky as I remembered. Hi face was what changed my mind on going all crazy on his ass. Was he drunk? Didn’t look like it, and I’ve seen that look on his face when he’s waisted, but never this one. Oliver looked like he had been crying for hours, his big blue eyes were filled with bloody and probably exploded vessels inside, big dark circles underneath his eyes, lips swollen, trembling mouth and greasy skin overall. Swollen lips? Why? Did you make out with somebody? No, I’ve seen him what he looks like after we fight with our tongues for more than ten seconds. The purple bruise was still there, visible to me and to the rest of the world, so wherever he went everybody saw what I did to him. And, if he were to make out with somebody, that person would see my mark on him and back off, and if he were to forget to whom he belongs to, maybe that was the moment he decided to flee the scene and come back home to me. I will not tolerate that. That was all I could see within first 5 seconds after he walked in and that bruise on his neck emphasized all the other scratches, moles and blemishes he had on his skin. This was my property, he was mine and if I wasn’t clear the first thousand times about that, now I will show him once and for all.
I have never seen him look more beautiful than he was standing like that showered with Moonlight, all vulnerable, exposed, ashamed, sad, tortured and guilty in front of me.

And I can’t remember the last time I felt my hard on grow faster in my shorts than at this moment when he walked in startled, all panicked, with knowledge that he’s been caught and had some explaining to do.

“Oh, fuck…” He breathed out when he saw me, he knew that the trouble was on its way.

“Close the door.” I said from where I stood closer to the desk.

He leaned against them with his back towards the door, closing his eyes in the process, not wanting to look me in the eyes and face the truth.

“So? Where have you been?” I repeated my question, trying not to let tears fall from my eyes. He looked awful but that was no excuse for what he did today.

“Out.” He threw that word at the center on the room and moved straight to the bathroom.

I frowned. Fuck this shit. He can’t just run off again.

“Out? Excuse me? Where do you think you’re going?”

I followed him in.

“Look, I’m tired, I can’t do this now…” He said after splashing his face couple of times with cold water, he also combed his hair backwards and rubbed his eyes.

“Oh, well, lucky you because I can. I can do this now!”

“Keep your voice down.” He looked at me.

“No, no, no. No more “I’m tired”, you’re obviously not satisfied with something. What led you go out for 15 hours and not come back?”

“What’s your problem?”

I snapped. I don’t care who you are and how you make me feel, this is not right, I am not letting you that easy.

“Okay, you know what? Fuck you.”

Why is he playing dumb or playing at all? I ran out of the bathroom and walked into my old room. He followed me in and when I saw him to that, I speed up and made a little chase around the walls of our room.

“Elio, stop playing, you’re not a child.”

I stopped and turned around to look at his wet face.

“Exactly! I am not a child, and as it turns out, you’re not an adult around here either. I am the one holding responsibilities for your absence, I am the one acting like a decent human being, an adult, Oliver! You should try it sometimes!”

I threw that at him and continued going around in circles in the room with him following me.
“Elio, stop running away.”

“Why? You did it, why can’t I?”

He stopped and pulled me towards him. I started fighting him to free myself from his arms. I didn’t want them anywhere near me at that moment.

“Hey, hey, hey, come here, Elio, stop this…” He whispered in my hair once he got me in his embrace. I almost melted at his touch but had to remember what he did and fight this off. Tears were forming in my eyes.

“No, let go of me.”

He held me tighter. I didn’t even realize that we were back in our room again. My fists were useless against his back.

“I can’t. Talk to me.”

Well, I guess now I can put everything out.

“I knew the second I woke up that something was wrong. Even when you were by my side. First, you turned your back to me and I know that sounds stupid but…you never turn your back to me! And then you didn’t want to open the windows for me and told me to keep you out of it. When I woke up, the windows were still closed and you were gone. And I know these are ridiculous things that I took to my heart harder than anything else but you don’t know that you being the guy you are, you always managed to emphasize those details which made me love you even more. I thought that we can finally get pass everything and fucking finally start something new. Why am I the only one yelling at you around here and you just stand there and take it like a child. I’m sorry but I can’t do this anymore.”

He let go of me, my eyes were fixated to the ground, my hands, his feet, anywhere else but his eyes. I moved away and headed to my old room.

“Where are you going?” He asked, breaking his voice in the process.

“To bed.”

“That’s not where we sleep.”

“I know.”

“You’re not going anywhere.”

It took him three big steps to appear in front of me again, already putting his hands on my waist.

“Move.”

He pulled me closer.

“I can’t.”

I could smell summer all over him. How was this possible?

“Oliver.”

I refused looking him in the eyes.
“Elio…”

The way this big guy managed to whisper my name with such a deep tone of voice brought shivers down my spine.

“Move…let me go.”

“You know I can’t.”

“Let go of me or I’ll scream.”

“You wouldn’t dare.”


“Are you fucking kidding me right now? You are actually smiling at this. You think this is funny? I am being serious.”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, you’re right…”

“That’s the easiest thing you could’ve come up with, I’m not buying it anymore.”

Why was I so weak when it came to him? Oliver hugged me and pulled me to his bare chest, buttons were undone and it gave me a chance to glue my face to his sweaty and greasy skin. I could still smell summer all over him, he’s been out all day, he absorbed all of it. My hands were hanging by my side, I didn’t want to touch him let along hug him back.

“I fucking hate you right now.” I breathed out onto his chest.

“I know you do, I deserve that. But I still love you.”

“Let go of me. Please.”

I felt him shake his head above me.

Ugh, I wanted to hit him, to slap him, to shoot him, burn him, anything. I wanted him not to be alive in front of me. So, that’s when I accidentally, as I was trying to entangle myself from him, ripped the buttons of his shirt. Two of them just flew across the room but he never stopped staring at me. His shirt opened and I took a good look at his beautiful, masculine body. No, I’m not falling for that now.

“I love you enough to let you hate me right now. I’ll be here when you stop doing so, until then… you’re right, we have to sort this out and put an end to this bullshit of a day. Talk to me.”

“Talk to you, Oliver? Are you an idiot? I can’t do this anymore! I didn’t sign up for this!”

I pushed away from him and moved as far away as I could in one big step backwards. The desk awaited for my return.

“I’ve just waited 15 hours for you to come back, I even thought about riding to town to look for you, but I didn’t, I didn’t want to bother you. And before that, I was waiting for you to make up your fucking mind for six weeks last year, after that I waited for you to fucking choose between me and her, and I waited for you to come back to me. It seems all I do is wait for you! I didn’t fucking sign up for this! Why are you…why…why are you doing this to me, all the time?”

I couldn’t hold it anymore. I was just a kid and he was putting me through hell. My tears just slid
naturally down my face as I cried out the last few words.

“I’m sorry, Elio, just listen…”

“No, I can’t listen to your apologies all the time and it’s not alright for me to bat an eye at everything you do. I was worried like hell!”

“I know, I know, I can’t keep…”

I wasn’t letting him give me some stupid excuse about where he had been gone for so long and with whom he was the entire day.

“What happened? You looked so happy when you saw me last night and I thought yeah, this is it, this is finally happening, we’re finally together, there’s no one in our way. And we had a good night, you…you took care of me, these days and last night.”

“Nothing happened, I swear…”

He took one step towards me. It was clear to me that he was eating himself away inside, his eyes still looked horrific and were letting out tiny bits of tears stream down the beautiful skin of his face which I worshiped all day and all night.

“No, something happened. I’ve been going crazy all day thinking what I did wrong. Are you in pain? Are you sore? Did I hurt you? Is that it?”

I had to turn this to physical. I’d rather deal with physical pain than an emotional one. And I remember that I year ago I wished to go the same way. The physical one I can handle, I’d cure that one easily.

“No, no…of course not, don’t think like that, it was amazing…let me talk.”

“Okay, here’s your chance.”

But he said nothing and I couldn’t keep fighting myself with all of this.

“Oliver, are you satisfied with the decision you made?” I pulled out the big question, the one I have been dreading of thinking let alone asking about it.

Oliver stopped for a second, frowned at me and continued speaking. He genuinely looked like he had no idea what I was talking about.

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t think you’re happy with choosing me.”

His eyes widened.

“You couldn’t be more wrong.”

“Bullshit.”

“I’m not lying.”

“You’re not showing it.”

“Yeah, I know. I was more excited and happy when I told you my plan and what I was going to do
it that, I guess…I broke up with her that day in my head and now that it finally happened…it was normal for me, I don’t know. But I regret nothing.” He said with a calming voice.

Finally, his figure changed a little bit, his eyes were empty and I could actually read his face.

“Then what’s the problem?”

“I just needed to be by myself for a while.” He breathed out, leaning against the closet door.

“15 hours by yourself?”

“Sorry…”

The situation finally calmed down a bit. I wasn’t panicking or screaming anymore, he stopped crying and apologizing, we were finally talking like two normal human beings.

“Where were you?” I asked, just out of curiosity.

“Everywhere. Crema, river, the berm…”

“The berm, why?”

I felt myself frown at that. It’s been a year since we went back there.

“I felt like it. But I got lost two times so that took time to get back.” Oliver said and slid down on the floor. I did the same, on the other side of the room.

He managed to get a short smile on my face, just an image of him getting lost and trying to remember the right way got me all warm inside.

“Alone?” I asked.

“Of course I was alone. Who else is there?”

I shrugged.

“No! Never think that, please. I could never do that.”

“You did it to Lisa.”

“Yeah, but there’s a big difference, I love you and actually plan on being with you for a very long time. But I could never do that to you. Never. I swear to you.”

Long time, huh? Was he trying to kill me for real? What is this?

“What were you doing all this time?”

“Thinking.” He leaned his head back and hit the closed door in the process.

“About what?”

“Everything.”

“About me?”

He nodded.
“Her?”
Nod again.

“About what you did?”

“Yeah…”

“Did she say something to you?”

He looked away.

“She did, didn’t she?”

Still not looking at me.

“She said something about me? About us? Is that why you’ve been cold towards me?”

“No, please…I wasn’t trying to be cold, not towards you…I was just…thinking about what she said.”

“I told you not to tell her about me. I knew this would happen.”

This was the worst possible scenario I had played in my head. Him telling her about us, she saying something disgusting about me and he actually put on his thinking cap and didn’t take it off for the next 15 hours.

“I knew she’d try and change your mind.”

“No, that’s the thing. She never said anything to try and change it, she just…ugh…she gave a close up to the reality we were facing. I don’t know, it sounded horrifying but I’ve been out trying to deal with it. Trying to find a way to make this work. I hate this.”

He hit the door again.

“Come here.” I said to him, looking his way.

Oliver didn’t say a word, just crawled, sat down next to me and took my shoulders in his so I’d lean with my back facing his chest. He buried his nose in my hair and began breathing deeply.

“I know, I hate this too, especially because this was what I was afraid of happening. You don’t think I know what we are doing? That people are going to judge us every step of the way? I know it all.”

I looked up at him. There was still so much sadness in his eyes.

“Unlike you, I don’t care what the society says.” I said.

“I don’t care either…”

“Yes, you do. And I hate that we’re even talking about this but the thing that pisses me the most is you actually responding to that. To her.”

Silence.

“You’re right.” He spoke finally.
“About what?”

“All of it. I shouldn’t have let her stop me. I knew it was going to be hard, I am aware of that. But I’m still in that phase where you and I live inside this bubble, and the outside world just doesn’t exist. I guess, when I told her, I told her because I wanted her to know and wanted to show her how much I love you and that there was nothing I wouldn’t do for you. Even if that means getting some nasty outing from her part. Now I hate that she knows about us and she took all the chances in the world to shit all over it. I love you, Elio, I know you know that. And that will never change, I give you my word. I didn’t go out thinking about if what we are doing is bad, or over thinking it. No, I was alone to figure out how are we going to work. We work now but still.”

Sweet.

“I have to know I can trust you when a problem comes along, you come to me and not the river. If you’re bothered by literally anything, turn to me, please, I’ll try and understand.”

“Okay, okay, you’re right. I promise, I will never run off like that ever again, and if I do, you can…ugh, what…hit me the hardest you can.”

“I already hit you.”

“Yeah, but that was weak.”

“Fuck you.”

He giggled.

“I love you too. I am serious about us. You know that?”

“Now I do.”

“Look at me.” He let out a soft moan.

I did as I was told and got cut off in the middle with a pair of soft lips on mine. It felt like forever since the last time we kissed. His hand ran all over my face, caressing and touching the skin after so many hours apart.

“Please, don’t leave me ever again. Or leave without saying a word. Please…”

I breathed out in between kisses.

“I promise you. You can throw my clothes out the window if you ever wake up and not find me next to you, you have my permission to throw it all out.”

“Noooo, I love your clothes.”

“Okay, then you can throw eggs at me. With Mafalda.”

This just got a totally different turn of events.

“Deal.”

I laughed with him. Oliver kissed my forehead and pulled me closer to him.

“I am not going anywhere. This was stupid, such a stupid thing of me to do but you were on my mind the entire day and I’m sorry, I am so sorry for putting you through this. I know that’s not
enough and I knew you’d panic and worry like always...please, forgive me. For everything. For last year, for leaving you, for breaking your heart so many times, for running away. I sound like a coward. You need a real man by your side. And I promise I’ll be the one you need by your side, every second of every day.”

I nodded, not knowing what to say to him that he hasn’t already heard.

“Why were you crying?”

My fingers touched his cheek.

“Should I even answer that?”

“Tell me.”

“I guess…it all bubbled up inside and I knew what was coming when I walked in here. I deserved it all.”

Silence.

“Oliver? Are you having doubts about us?”

This was something I was dreading even more than asking if he regrets anything about us. But, Oliver answered without any hesitation.

“No. I wasn’t out there thinking about how to ruin what we have, and now that sounds stupid because I knew we were going to fight. I was actually thinking about you all day long and how to make this work.”

“It works now, doesn’t it?”

“Of course, of course, I was going further in the future. I’ll leave soon and…”

I put a hand over his mouth.

“What did I say about that?” He looked at me as I whispered this to him.

“You’re not gonna let me finish it? I have an idea.”

“I’m not. Tell me tomorrow about it.”

“Deal.”

We kissed again and adjusted our sitting on the floor.

“Do you promise?” I asked again.

“I promise. Never again. And if I do so, I’ll go and line the eggs up for you to throw at me.”

“Deal.”

I giggled with an image of Mafalda and me throwing eggs at Oliver.

“I’m tired. Can we just shower together and hit the pillows?” He asked, closing his eyes and the smell let me know he needed a shower, as soon as possible.

This actually made my heart skip a beat, us under water again.
“Sure.”
Chapter Summary

Elio and Oliver enjoying their time together.

Chapter Notes

Okay, wow, ten days, i don't remember if I've been on a longer drought. I had an exam today and was focused on it the last couple of days, especially because i haven't touched a book about medicine since July. Anyway, here's today's chapter and i want to thank you all for sticking with me throughout all of this and for all your support and kind words, they mean everything to me. Enjoy and know that i love you all so so much!!

We stayed on the floor for the next couple of minutes. Total silence. No words what so ever. It looks like we both needed that. Him not talking, me not talking and yet, I couldn’t help but think how I wasn’t capable of being silent like that with just anybody. If it were someone else on that floor next to me, I’d get bored very soon or even worse, I wouldn’t know how to react to an awkward silence. We were already pass that stage now where not a word spoken out loud was more calming than a sound peeked through the air. I knew I could do anything in front of him, act in a way in which he would understand me and follow up on it. I also knew that there were no boundaries between us, they were gone a long time ago, I never noticed that. And yet, I just melted into this little atmosphere we created knowing that it won’t last long but kept feeding the time with silence. Or was It the other way around?

This was like a calm after a storm, because that’s exactly what it was minutes and minutes ago. An ocean of silence. No sounds around us, not from the outside and not a crack of the villa or a noise telling me that somebody was downstairs or on the same floor as us, that would indicate that they were all up and about. But no, nothing. Probably went to bed, all of them. But somewhere, not so deep down or far away, I was still awake in every way possible. I had an urge to keep all my inner gates opened, just in case he wanted to talk or do something else. My body was slowly giving up on me I could feel that. Who’d have thought that waiting and worrying all day long could make a person this emotionally drained, this exhausted, to this level of wanting and needing the most silent action in the world? But like I said, I kept my inner self awake just in case, only for him and because of him. If he needed me, I’d be there. To talk, to give him my support, to help him with something, to just be there for him.

Why was silence so appealing to me? After everything we screamed at each other, the silence felt good, even though I had a lot on my mind and couldn’t wait to get it all out, and yet…silence, and with a man I was ready to share my anger and rage with. That didn’t seem right. The person you wanted to kill badly is the same person you’re mostly at peace with. A weird version of a Stockholm syndrome? No, that would be a case if he were to capture me, hold me down and do things to me that, originally, I’d say no to but then he’d find a way, not intentionally, to make
myself fall in love with him. It didn’t make sense.

But I guess this is how you’re suppose to feel when you love someone. At the same time, that person is on your death list and it’s also the one who approves of the action to let him devour your body night after night.

I smiled at that, never stopped caressing his arms.

“Okay…time to get up, my ass is killing me.” Oliver finally spoke against the back of my neck. Just the words I was looking forward to hearing.

I laughed as I got up and turned around to help him by offering both of my hands as a support. Oliver took them and it actually made it harder for me to help him and lift him up because he wasn’t cooperating and he was exhausted. See what over thinking can do to you?

The lights never went on and it was close to ten, ten thirty at night, dark and no need for brightness. I had all the light in front of me now. I opened Oliver’s shirt, took it off of him and threw it on the desk.

“Sorry I tore your shirt off.” I whispered.

“It’s fine, it’s just buttons. They can be repaired.” His tone sounded friendly, like I was being ridiculous for feeling that way.

“Ask Mafalda to do it.”

“Will do.”

He smiled at me and I couldn’t help but look away.

“Okay, arms up.”

I did that and he took my shirt off, I avoided looking at him knowing that his eyes were fixated on me, that was good enough for my body to respond in a shiver. He then kneeled to take my underwear shorts off. He seemed surprised to see I wasn’t wearing anything underneath it. I might have even blushed a little, like I haven’t been naked before him. It’s an underwear shorts, what did you expect? Oliver placed two soft kisses on both of my hips. It was sweet and gentle, and they were lower than his lips but he decided to make me tremble anyway. The affection. The softness. The sensation.

He got up and hugged me. Skin to skin. Flesh to flesh. Him to me.

My hands went downstairs and began undoing his belt, buttons and his zipper. Oliver only clenched onto my body even tighter as I let the pants slide down his thighs. My breathing was unstable and there was this state of bliss where I loved the fact that he knew that he still makes me feel this way. Like I haven’t been touched before, the way I squirm a bit every time I feel his skin on mine, the way I couldn’t control my moans and breathing whenever he’d appear in front of me, the way I lose myself when he looks at me and he’s well aware of that, that’s why he keeps staring at me while I’d rather stare at the floor than lose the function of my legs straight into his arms. What a tease.

I hated him. That morning, that day, that awful fight we just had…I hated him so much. But the worrying part only showed me just how much actually. I was still feeling something towards him. Hatred is a feeling too. Just like love. At some point I couldn’t tell the difference anymore.
My hands were stopped by a pair of his own when I tried, and got interrupted, in taking his underwear off. He replaced my fingers with his and took them off by himself. Still no eye contact.

“Let’s go.” He said.

We walked in the bathroom holding hands, I felt so ridiculous doing so, moving few feet away from the place where not so long ago we were screaming at each other vigorously.

Oliver and I hopped in the bathtub. I was waiting for him to turn the shower on.

“Don’t do that.” He said looking at me while, at the same time, was trying to adjust the perfect temperature.

“Do what?” I looked at him, feeling a bit confused.

“That.”

He pointed to my arms crossed over my chest. I do this?

“I didn’t even know I do this.”

I uncrossed my arms and settled them behind my back.

“It’s not the first time.” He said.

“Seriously?”

He nodded.

“Are you…embarrassed…in front of me?”

I could sense it was a weird question too, especially because he has seen me naked more times than with clothes on.

“No, no, no, of course not. Maybe just a force of habit, it has nothing to do with you. I feel comfortable in front of you Oliver.”

The urge to assure him was stronger than anything I let my body come across with.

“Good, I need to know that. I don’t want you to hide from me.”

“No, no hiding…”

I shook my head.

“Good. Now, come here.”

I stepped closer to him and closed my eyes as soon as felt water slide down my head. I kept listening to him telling me to turn around, raise one hand and then the other one, to lift my head for him to water all parts of my body. He then moved the water towards him and covered his entire body with it. I kept looking at him as he was absorbing water, taking a sip here and there and wondering what I did to deserve him. What did I do to deserve you Oliver?

Was I getting hard just by looking at you wet yourself? Yes.

And no, I didn’t want to continue.
Oliver combed his hair backwards and opened his eyes to find a blushing Elio stare at him. He let out a chuckle and pulled me in closer to him with one hand, and with the other he closed the tab.

He kissed me all soaking wet, taking all of his masculine smell and stank from that day away from him. Those 15 hours…everything went down the drain, wherever he went, whatever he touched, whoever saw him, whatever came across his mind…everything was gone and now he was as naked and vulnerable as me.

The only thing he wore was my mark on his neck. It’s all he should ever wear, as a piece of clothing and as a potential reminder to whom he belongs to. It was purple and blood red around the bruise.

And suddenly, silence, again. Our wet lips began sliding up and down, left and right of each other. His hands moving from my hips up to the back of my neck, never leaving my skin, touching every single cell on his way up. My hands got stuck around his waist but I deepened the hug when I pulled him closer to me.

Never let this end. Never let him leave. Never let him go. Not again. None of it, I won’t go through that again.

“Get the shampoo.”

He broke the kiss to ask for it. I turned around, grabbed the bottle and handed it to him. Oliver looked pretty concentrated in squeezing a good amount before he spread the liquid across my head. I remembered when he washed my hair in Bergamo, how innocent I felt back then and from that trip up until now, I felt as though I was been to hell and back. Thanks to him. And I’d do it all over again.

He smiled at me and then handed me the bottle to wash his hair. I did that and even raised a bit to cup his entire head.

I was on my way of grabbing the shower handle to wash the soap off of us, when Oliver spoke.

“I lied.”

I stopped all of a sudden.

“I wasn’t alone today.”

He said looking at me. The concern started bubbling up inside again.

“I um…I ran into Chiara. We talked. For about 20 minutes. She finally got over me.”

Chiara? Oh wow, I didn’t even know she was here. My isolation finally showed some improvements.

“What did she say?” I asked.

“She saw me by the river and we talked for a bit. She told me she was waiting for her boyfriend and we killed time together.”

Chiara has a boyfriend? Nice. If this was two years ago, I’d be so jealous.

“That’s nice. What did you talk…”

“I told her about you.”
He cut me off. Seriously? What is this? Now she knows too. Is there anyone who doesn’t know about us?

“Okay, what’s with you and spreading the word about us?”

I asked and he chuckled at that.

“She saw this…” he pointed to the bruise on his neck. “…and she put two and two together.”

“How did she react?”

“Almost disappointed. But, I figured she’s dating someone, so…”

“I thought you weren’t gonna tell…not anybody else.”

“Yeah, but this is different. I can’t explain, it just feels like that. I don’t feel bad or guilty by telling her. She’ll always remind me of summer and everything I did prior to you. And summer will always and forever remind me of you. Simple as that.”

We smiled at each other.

I kissed him again and began washing the soap off of us. Then we used a shower gel and washed our bodies, he washed mine and I washed his. This felt good. This felt safe. This felt right.

“Come on, I’m so exhausted.” Oliver stated when I turned the water off. He went straight for the towels and covered me in one and began drying my body and my hair. I laughed the entire time, especially because I was annoying him when I started shaking my head and let all the water drop onto him, like a dog does after it gets out wet from a river or a lake.

“Stop that.” He repeated multiple times but I didn’t listen. He was laughing with me so I continued with that. Eventually he wrapped me in a towel just to stop me and carried me from the bathroom to our bed, where he threw me on top.

Oliver got his things out from his suitcase and dressed with clean underwear and a long legged pajama bottom. He then opened my closet, got out fresh and clean clothes for me and threw them at me while I was still wrapped in a towel and giggling with every move he made. He didn’t seem upset but I knew that these childish and stubborn games had to stop. I can’t act like a baby around him.

I dressed myself with a pair of underwear and a pajama bottom as well, also, a shirt on top. Which is something I didn’t quite understand why because nights here are hot.

“Windows are staying close tonight.” He said while checking the bars on them.

“Why?”

“Your hair is wet. I don’t want to think about you spiking a fever again. Shirt stays on for the entire night.” He said and walked back in the bathroom.

“I won’t.”

“You don’t know that. Here, put the towel underneath your head.” Oliver said and threw a dry towel at me.

“It’s useless, I’m gonna end up on your chest anyway.”
"I know."

We both got under a cover on a messy bed which hasn’t been made since I woke up alone in it this morning. As to bring my statement to life, as soon as Oliver settled on his back, I rushed to hug him and make myself at home on his chest.

His hair was wet as well but he didn’t seem to care.

Oliver caressed my hair and then lifted my face up to his by holding onto my forehead.

“I’m sorry.” He whispered against my nose. His hot breath brought shivers down my spine.

“It’s fine.” I said.

“It’s not fine. I love you and I hurt you. I shouldn’t have done that.”

“Yeah, true. But what’s done is done. You’re here now, and that’s all that matters.”

“How are you even real?” He looked at me.

My body was cleaned, fresh and worry-free and yet, I was hot. Not the fever, the windows were closed and I was sleeping with a shirt on under a cover. The heat.

“Hm, good night. I love you.” I whispered against his chest and then placed a kiss where I laid.

“I love you too. Good night.” He kissed my forehead.

And that was it for that day.

The next morning I woke up before him. It was 9 am and there was practically no Sun coming through the blinds in our room. Only lines that showered both mine and his body. Oliver seemed to have never changed a position. I found him sleeping just like as I left him. Yes, I guess he was really that much exhausted.

Should I wait for him to wake up? I don’t think he’ll be up any time soon. So I just got out of the bed and headed downstairs. I dreaded the thought of him coming downstairs too with that bruise exposed to the rest of the world. On my way outside, I popped into my father’s study room where he was already on his first morning cigarette and was also talking on the phone. What did I do with that phone almost a year ago? I don’t want to remember. I waved at him and he waved back.

My mother was sitting outside, enjoying her usual spot and a cup of tea. The weather was coming on kinda strange. There was no Sun, the clouds were gathering but it was still hot. I just knew that in couple of hours, this entire villa will be covered in rain drops.

She welcomed me at the table, wished me a good morning and I did the same in exchange. I was starving. Yesterday, I barely touched my meals and now I was as hungry as a wolf. Mafalda kept going in and out of the kitchen, bringing out the delicious food and I couldn’t help but feel bad that I wasn’t her kitchen assistant anymore. Now that Oliver is back, I completely devoted my time to him, hence the sleeping in.

My mother asked about Oliver. I told her what he told me, minus the part where Lisa was trying to destroy whatever he had in his head. He’s crazy, she said and I agreed. She also asked if we were alright, the two of us. Yeah, never better, I replied and dived in my morning omlet.
My father walked out a few minutes later, looking very happy and pleased after that phone call. There was a wedding in two days outside of Crema, and tomorrow night was the day when the last dinner was being held before the bride and the groom tie a knot forever. Which only meant that they’ll need to check in to a hotel, spend the night there and come back a few days later, two or three days to be exact. Yes, I was happy for them, especially because it was one of his best friend’s getting married and that dinner was for his close friends and colleagues only. We got that invitation months ago, now all they had to do is book a hotel, which he did. I don’t want to go, I said and my father’s response to that was “We don’t expect you to come either” and those words were a blessing. They’ll be out of town for a while, they’ll have fun, eat well, drink fine wine and all I had in my head were sick and twisted ideas I was planning on sharing with Oliver. All night long.

Speak of the devil, Oliver showed up minutes later and sat down across the table from me. His neck was shining with mixed red and purple colors, I was blushing when my mother took a good look at his face, analyzed his eyes and examined the bruise. She said nothing and I thanked the God on the inside. Oliver was soon notified of the wedding and he too sounded happy and enthusiastic. Probably thinking about the same things as me.

There was no need to hide, everyone knew, literally everyone. But the thrill of being alone for couple of days only brought joy and warmth inside me and made the adrenaline course through my body faster and stronger.

Breakfast came and went. And the same thing happened over lunch and dinner. After that, my parents went upstairs to pack and Oliver and I stayed downstairs and helped Mafalda clean the table. Her eyes were glued to his neck. Every time he walked in, her eyes were there. Every time he walked out, she followed him to take a better look at it.

At around 8 pm my parents packed the stuff in the car, hugged us, kissed us both and they were off. We wished them a safe trip and a good time and they told me to be good, behave well and not to bother Oliver. Again with this? Who am I the one to bother? He’s the one who gets the chance to bother me.

We stood outside and watched them leave with a smile on their faces.

“I guess it’s just us now.” I said.

He looked my way, my eyes stayed fixated to the far distance as I stared at my parents leaving.

“Let’s go upstairs.” He said.

Chapter End Notes

I’ll try and update in a day or two, i have big ideas for the next chapter. See yaaa
Helpless

Chapter Summary

Elio and Oliver are left alone for two days. They make a good use out of the first night.

Chapter Notes

Hello, hello you amazing people! I love you all so much and thank you for the amazing support, it means beyond the world to me, so thank you again. Here's this chapter and some stuff we all love to read and i adore writing this. Enjoy this one and i wish you all have a great day!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

We were finally alone again. I knew what was coming, these two nights couldn’t be any different than when we used to do it even while everyone was only few feet away from us, sound asleep. But the thrill of being alone and not sneaking around anymore, and with Oliver on top…who could say no to that? I did feel a bit unnerving because I knew this wasn’t going to be a simple love making. It was early, we had all the time in the world, no one to stop us, interrupt us, nothing in our way, no fears, no secrets, completely exposed, raw and vulnerable. That’s what was coming my way very soon.

Not a regular in and out, I knew he had some plans, I managed to read his face during lunch while our feet were touching underneath a table once again, he seemed to be very deep in his thoughts. My eyes were fixated on him, trying to figure out what was going on in his head, and Mafalda’s were still searching around his neck. It was way worse when he went to give her the shirt, to sow the buttons back on. I offered myself to do it, figured she won’t make faces or ask questions, but he refused. I still don’t know how that conversation went down, he doesn’t want to tell me and I didn’t want to talk about it if really is that bad, or just embarrassing. But he was carrying a ripped shirt with a bruise on his neck, can’t she just picture it? Oh, no, she better not.

She knew a long time ago and just like the rest of them, she kept her mouth sealed. I was beyond grateful for that, but now that I know that she knows, it’s killing me, it’s way too embarrassing for me and I still don’t know why. It’s been a year.

“Let’s go upstairs.” He said and a sense of dread ran through my body like a ghost. There it is, that type of fear, because I knew it was coming, I knew what lays ahead of us all night, I knew how it all will play out very soon. It was just me and him, a little boy and his protector, two lost souls, helping each other find its way, guiding each other’s mind through darkness.

Of course I was scared. Not scared of the pain, no. Something more, something bigger. I wanted to be enough for him, I knew I was because his body responding to mine couldn’t possibly be a false hope, but when you’re left alone for two days…our bodies won’t leave those beds I guarantee it. It was well known.
It was like in Bergamo, I wanted to be good enough for him like when I was all three days, every
day, every night, with every word, every kiss, every touch, I wanted for him to see how ready I
was for him, that I’d do whatever he asked me to do. Just ask, and you’ll be surprised by the
answer. Or don’t ask, better yet, don’t ask. Don’t ask me with words, ask with your eyes, your lips,
your hands, and you’d still be very surprised. I wanted to try everything with him, whatever that
thing involved, I wanted to do it, with him, for him and because of him. I wanted to make his
dreams come true, to fulfil every sexual fantasy he’s ever had, to be a good partner that he needs so
badly. That’s how much I loved him.

I wanted Oliver to not look at me like a baby, even though that’s how I act sometimes, I wanted
him to see how mature I actually was, to show him that I was ready for whatever he had planned in
his head. I’d submit my body to you, Oliver, let along my life. I trust you, I respect you, I love you.
We have two nights together and two whole days, if we close the blinds, we won’t know the
difference between a night and a day. Let’s do it all, whatever you want, however you want me,
just say the word and I’m there.

No boundaries. I guess, when I think about it, they never even existed. Never. You never asked for
anything, you just did it and I submitted to that action of yours. You never asked to kiss me the
first time, you never checked if I was okay with your foot caressing mine, you never asked if I was
ready, you just did that and I let you, because, not so long ago, I was the one chasing you and
begging you every night in my dreams to never stop and if you stop, you’d kill me. You’ll kill me
if you stop. You’ll kill me if you stop with your impulsive mind and being. Don’t ask, just do it.

Ugh, my body was aching after so many thoughts running through my head. If there was a way I
could switch my brain off and left it all for my body to do mechanically, oh, how I wish…I’d do it
in a heart beat. I’d do anything in a heart beat for you Oliver. Ask me with your lips and see what I
am talking about.

Oliver turned around and went inside first, I just stood there, eying his leg movement, watching
him put his hands in pockets before combing his hair backwards. His ripped body moved so easily,
so freely, without a care in the world. Should I be worried?

The feeling was the same like I haven’t been touched before, not by another man, at least. I was
scared and nervous and he was showing me his dominance by the way his body turned away from
mine. He seemed relaxed, a little drunk, we were the only one drinking that night over dinner
because my parents were driving, so they just got stuck with water. Or was he as nervous as me?
Why? You’ve seen it all, I’ve seen it all? Why the nervousness? That was the question for the both
of us. No answer. Good. Don’t think about it.

I followed him in, closed and locked the main entrance, went inside my father’s study room to
switch the lights off and did the same in the living room. Oliver went upstairs. I had to get the
house ready for its sleep. Closed all the windows, turned off all the light and headed upstairs,
shaking my hands from all the sweat and wiping them against my shirt the entire way upstairs.

Oliver stood by the opened window in the darkness when I walked into the room. The first thing I
noticed, besides him, were a couple of towels on the bed, a pack of cigarettes and an ashtray.
Whatever he had on his mind it was finally coming to reality. I closed the door and that steered him
to turn around. Oliver smiled at me.

“What are, um…what are the towels for?” I asked.

“Hm? Oh, for the…to soundproof the room.”

“Why bother? It’s old. And there’s nobody outside that can hear us.” I whispered at him in an
empty and dark room.

Oliver moved from the window and made a few steps closer to me.

“I know, I want to do it anyway. I wanted to make the atmosphere as intensive as possible.” He smirked at me. Oh God, what is on his mind? Is there gonna be blood?

He then grabbed one towel, folded it and pushed it against the door in our bedroom, then did the same with the other towel in the bathroom. On his way out, he closed all the doors and left the windows opened. Okay, so it’s alright to soundproof the part of the villa where there’s literally no one out there, but leave the other side, where two people were sleeping, completely untouched? What is wrong with this picture?

Oliver closed the doors between our bedroom and the bathroom and also, our bedroom and my old one, he came back in the room and we both leaned against the board at the bottom of one of the beds. Silence. I was afraid to look at him. His eyes were analyzing my face, I could tell.

“You nervous?”

I nodded and covered my face with both my hands, feeling silly as I did so.

“Why, baby?”

Ah, countless reasons, I wanted to say but my tongue was paralyzed.

“Don’t hide from me.”

“I’m not hiding.”

He repositioned himself between my opened legs and grabbed both of my wrists and removed them from my face. My eyes were closed the entire time he did so. Okay, this is where you stop Elio, you’re not a baby, you’re not a child, you’re a grown man, an adult, most likely, you’ve changed ever since you met him, it’s time to fucking grow up.

“Look at me.”

I did. The artery on his neck kept pulsing and with that, the wave of mixed red and purple kept shining brightly, thanks to the Moonlight. I wanted to rip it out of his body. His blue eyes were looking at me, cutting through me like knives.

“Why are you so nervous?” He whispered.

I shook my head, meaning I don’t know the answer to that.

“I want to be…good…for you.” I replied, finally, with a soft moan at the end.

“Why do you say stuff like that?”

I shrugged my shoulders.

“Do you know how ridiculous you sound right now?”

I wanted to cry, to scream, to beg him to just hold me, to not move, to not do anything to me, to not speak to me, just…hold me…but I wanted more, I was hooked on this innocence and my virgin act, over and over again.
Oliver cupped my face and pulled himself closer to me, I kept my hands on the board of the bed but later on moved one hand to grab his wrist as an encouragement to let him know to keep touching me like this. So sensitive, so gentle yet so violent in a way. The way he grabbed my face and pushed our foreheads together. He looked like he was holding himself together, like he was swallowing the rage and fury he had towards my body in that moment. But in a good way. He was composing himself not to latch onto me, rip the clothes off of my body and violently, brutally yet kindly enter me on the floor of our bedroom. I could sense him getting hard against my inner thigh, the pulsing flesh against my skin, that act only awoke the urge to let myself go into his arms. Let him feel me, let him feel how hard I was as well.

“Do you trust me?”

He breathed out against my cheek. What a question! This is so stupid. But I understood where it was coming from. I was still nervous before him and he still couldn’t relax well enough to do anything he wanted to me.

“Yes!”

It was louder than I originally planned but I sensed him smile against my cheek as well and then placed a peck there.

“Hm, good, that’s all I need to know.”

He kissed my cheek once again and began pulling backwards. Thankfully, I was more turned on than I thought I was when I grabbed that same wrist, that was just a few moments settling itself perfectly on my face, and pulled him back at me.

“Take me.” I whispered as soon as his face met mine once again.

Oliver stumbled backwards but came back to me, pushing his entire body weight on my tiny body structure and with that, my butt hit the wooden board violently. It hurt like hell but I never showed him that, the adrenaline was my best friend now. If he were to see me react, the night would go to waste, no doubt.

He spread his arms only to grasp the bed board and I made myself at home in between them, throwing my arms around his neck, running fingers across his beautiful mark. His eyes traveled everywhere on my face, a gentle smile appeared on it and I knew he was pleased because now he had that spoken out permission to make me feel all the things a person can feel.

“How baby?” He asked while placing a hot, wet kiss on my neck.

“Only you know how.”

Oliver smirked at me but I was more than ever focused on that bruise. It looked so well lived like it was made a minute ago.

“You like that?” He asked with a wry smile.

“Mhm…you look so beautiful with it.”

He chuckled.

“What?”

“Nothing…I can’t remember the last time you called me that, or…ever.” He replied.
I look into his eyes.

“Oh, no I don’t mean you’re not…” I rushed to correct myself.

“I know, I know baby, don’t worry. I was aiming to that level of honesty. Or how freely you spoke about it.”

Honesty. Good. I can do that. But it’s the truth. When did I ever call him beautiful right to his face? Never? Could be. He used to call me all the time…still does.

We were soon back to the silence which, thankfully, only built up the sexual tension between us.

“Can I take your clothes off?” Oliver whispered against my cheek, eyes closed.

“Yes, please.” I replied.

This is it. Here we go. I am ready.

His lips attached themselves on my neck which may or may not led me to leak through my boxer shorts so early on, as his cold hands gently went underneath my shirt. He kept kissing my neck and breathing into my wet skin while his hands kept going up and up until he reached my nipples. I shivered the whole time, letting out soft grunts and panting when, all of a sudden, I realized that there was nothing covering my chest anymore. The shirt went down by my feet and Oliver moved back a foot to take a look at me like that. Flushed, red and horny. Come on, take your shot. His eyes went from my feet up until my lips, only to realize that we hadn’t kissed yet. He kissed my neck and my cheeks but lips…no.

I let him unzip and unbutton my jeans, loving the action of him undressing me and revealing parts of my body, one by one. After jeans, there were my boxer shorts. And yes, there was a stain. I felt it once the air in the room hit my wet skin down there.

Oliver kneeled to take them off when he noticed the white substance on the inside of the fabric. And on top of it, I was painfully hard.

“Oh, Elio…” He breathed against my tummy then began placing kisses around my belly button. I tugged his hair and turned my head aside. I was beyond embarrassed and all I needed was for him to look at my red face one more time and I was done for the night.

Should I apologize or not? He should be flattered.

Breathe, breathe, red cheeks are on fire but breathe, please. Oliver popped back up and put both of my hands on his chest. Yes, take his shirt off now. I knew he sensed how incredibly nervous I actually was, up to that point where he had to remind me to undress him and show me how to work with my hands. To try and relax me, he kissed me. For the first time that night. He kissed me deeply while my hands started undoing one button at a time.

“Careful. I don’t want to go back to Mafalda again.”

“Shit…sorry…”

We giggled through the kiss.

The shirt came off a few seconds ago and that’s where we stopped. I was confused. It’s time to undo the pants, right? You wanna stop here? Don’t you want to continue? Don’t you want me anymore?
He thought for a moment and then proceeded in taking off his pants. The belt came off rather brutally, soon, he held the belt in his hands, with loosened up pants around his hips.

“Give me your hands.”

I looked at him. Confused. Scared. Terrified. I lifted my hands for him. Oliver didn’t look at me at any point, I could see that he was struggling because of the leather. He turned them on the inside, crossed the joints and circled the belt around them, up and down, left and right, I lost track of time and the path of it, also, everything happened too quickly for me to process it. Is he really gonna tie my hands with his belt? Yeah, I guess he is. And I fucking loved it. Eventually I smiled.

“Are you okay with this?” We exchanged looks. Of course I was okay, I love it when we’d switch to nasty, sick and twisted. I knew this night wasn’t gonna be like the rest.

I nodded.

“I couldn’t find anything better.” He said tying around my hands.

“Um, a belt from a bathrobe.” I smiled after I replied.

“There wasn’t any in the bathroom.”

“It’s in my closet.”

“Shit, I didn’t know. Hold on…” Oliver sighed and loosened up a bit, ready to untie it but I wasn’t having it.

“No, leave it.”

“What, you want the belt?”

I nodded.

“It’ll leave marks.”

“Don’t care. Tighter.”

He smirked at me and I kept my eyes on my tied up wrists. We were both loving this. I couldn’t wait to see what was yet to come.

Oliver eyes traveled across my naked body.

“One more thing…if you’re up for it.” He added.

“Of course, anything…”

And then he pulled out of his pocket a black sleeping cover for the eyes. Oh, I knew where this was going. I blushed and smiled once I put two and two together.

“I bought this a few months ago, never helped me with anything. So, we might as well use it in this purpose.”

Oliver was the last thing I saw before he blinded me for the night. Thank God that the blind fold was elastic so it won’t fall off of my face. Oliver carefully put it across my eyes and settled it back to lose the rest in my hair. I was blind and helpless. Now, I knew I had no power anywhere. Just take me for fuck’s sake. I’m useless. I couldn’t see shit, all black but I felt his warmth in front of
me, his breathing close to my forehead and his presence in total. Once a man loses one of his sense, the others suddenly improve, and just by his smell and sound I could tell he was more nervous than me, he was breathing heavily, heavier than me and just by the way the floor was cracking I could sense him change his mind multiple times thanks to his big and heavy body moving across the floor.

My hands were crossed across my chest the entire time he was taking my sight away from me.

“Oliver…” I called for him with a soft moan.

“Yes, baby, what do you need?”

“Are you okay?” I asked.

“Fine, fine, don’t wo-…”

“I am worried. Don’t be scared please. I trust you, completely. I trust you to do whatever you want with me.”

Silence. God, I wish I could see him or feel what he felt in that moment.

“I love you.” I added.

“I love you too, baby.”

He kissed me. It caught me off guard, right before I decided to take a deep breath, there I was cut with a pair of soft lips on mine. His hands went to the back and he gently caressed my butt.

“Baby…” Oliver breathed out.

“How many senses does one human being have?”

What is he doing? Just go along with it.

“Um, five.”

“Name them for me, will you baby?”

“How many senses does one human being have?”

Silence. The floor was cracking non stop.

“Smell…um, touch…sight…taste and hearing…” I replied.

He was moving around me, that much I could figure out. His voice was floating around me in the air and the floor was cracking non stop.

“And if I take one of them for you, how many will you have left?” He asked and the room was filled with a single sound of a zipper being undone.

“Four.”

“And one more?”

“Three…”

Silence.

“Can you survive tonight with three senses?”
I nodded, following his voice around me.

“Good boy. Eyes are one thing but me tying your hands has nothing to do with losing a sense of touch, correct?”

“Correct.”

“Because you can still feel when I do this…”

With only tips of his fingers he touched the flesh on my inner thighs.

“Ah!” I grunted due to the sensation.

I threw my head back and met with his torso. He stood behind me as his hands traveled around the inner sides of both of my thighs. It made me shiver and squirm, it made me loosen up completely and I melted into him.

“And the way your body responds to my touch, it’s actually touching my body as well.”

“Mhm…”

My breathing increased, he sounded extraordinary relaxed and calm.

“Okay, let’s get you to bed.”

Chapter End Notes

Yup, a cliffhanger, i did that. I had to divide the first night because if i’d kept going, i’d have almost 30 pages. The next chapter is coming tomorrow! I hope you enjoyed this one!
Long lost desire

Chapter Summary

Elio and Oliver continue to enjoy their night.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone, i promised a new chapter this soon so here it is. Keep it in mind that i really struggled with this one and that it was a good idea that i divided the story. I really hope you'll like this one, all i can say is enjoy and i wish you all a great day and a happy 1st November! Love you all!!

There was no say in where will this night take us. All I knew was that I had Oliver by my side and that was more than enough for me. My body was his and he had all the permission in this world to do as he pleased with it. I no longer cared. Because I knew he’d be gentle, I knew he’d stop if I ask him to, he’d calm me down if I start to panic and he’d listen to me if I wanted to change anything. Just one word, one sound, that was enough for me to know that this man had my full support, respect, trust and love in whatever he wanted to put me through. Still, fear and nervousness never left my body, I was bound to that feeling, just get over it.

I can’t see him, I can’t touch him, I just have to embrace my imagination.

He walked me over to the edge of the bed, stumbling multiple times on our way there. Oliver laid me down so my head was just at the base of the pillow and threw my legs off the ground on top of our messy bed that has been like this for the past few days.

Oliver sat or kneeled in between my legs, I felt his hands on my knees so I knew how close he actually was.

“Okay…hands up…” He said.

I struggled with uncrossing them from my chest but managed to do so and they were above my head, touching the wooden board of one of the beds.

“Good boy. Don’t come unless I say so, okay?”

Oh, fuck…I was already leaking, how will I survive this? This only meant that he had big plans for us.

“Elio?”

“Yeah, yeah…” I exhaled the conformation.

“Try to hold it in, for me. I want to make you feel good.”

“Okay, okay, okay…”
This was gonna be tough. Blind, helpless and now… I lost full control of my body. What is this man doing to me? He really thinks I can hold it in? Just breathe, relax and enjoy. This can’t be a bad thing, right? Where’s the pleasure in the trip if you want to reach your destination this fast?

I heard the floor crack again and for a moment there I thought it was Mafalda or worse, Anchise, coming upstairs to check up on us and see if we needed anything. But my brain was working extremely slow at that moment because all the blood went downstairs to try and hold it in, I had to remember that it was night and not so late but they went to bed early, like they do every night and wake up early in the morning. Okay, so it’s not them. It’s Oliver. And by the sound that followed, I’d say it was him taking the rest of his clothes off. I should’ve known, the bed lost its form and regain it once Oliver climbed back on top of me. I felt his hot breath on my face.

“Elio… follow the sound of my voice.”

I turned my face where those words were coming from.

“How are you feeling?” He whispered.

“Um… good, I guess… the suspense is killing me.” I arched my head back on the pillow. Let him see how I love it when he’s torturing me.

“I know baby, we’ll start soon. God, if only you could see yourself like this.”

“I wish I could see you now.”

“You’d see a face of a man who’s in love with a tiny human being underneath him.”

I smiled at that.

“Oliver…” I moaned his name so freely.

“Yes, baby, talk to me…”

“Oliver…” Moaned again.

“Elio?” He was no longer whispering.

“Oliver…”

I moaned once again and then stopped to see if he’ll mouth anything, but nothing came out.

“I just love repeating your name like this. It sounds so exotic, right?” I said with a smile, with teeth this time.

“You little…”

He giggled, maybe feeling relieved that it was just me playing games and nothing serious.

“Are you even real?”

He breathed out. Silence is what followed and I kept smiling in the mid air.

“What am I going to do with you?” Oliver came down so close to my face, close to my lips and whispered these sweet words to me. Once a blind kid Is experiencing something like this, I had to jump start my imagination and make a picture of Oliver in my head, kneeling, leaning on the palms of his hands, all swollen and hard, watching himself as to not brush his rock hard cock on my skin.
as to not scare the shit out of me, so so close to my lips, trying to find the right words before we start the night.

“Anything you want.” I replied slowly.

“I just want to stare at you all night long, like this.” Another whisper so close to my lips. Is he gonna kiss me or what?

“You better not. Make me come and you can stare as much as you want to.” I rushed to speak.

My lips were dry already from all the breathing through them. The sensation was beyond overwhelming that I couldn’t focus on breathing through my nose. Was I afraid of actually smelling Oliver and coming in a second? Yes, maybe, yes, yes…imagine that disaster.

“Why the rush?”

After that my mind went numb. Oliver licked my chin and didn’t stop after he went across my lips, teeth and nose. I thanked him inside my head for providing some saliva for me to make me feel alive. Then he kissed me, not so gently and not so sweet but I loved it. His lips were eating my face, literally, sucking my chin, biting and pulling my lower lip, licking mt pointy and crooked nose. I hissed once that was done and the next one on the list was my neck being under attack. Same thing, biting and pulling the skin, probably leaving marks, I hoped to God he was. I’d wear them with pride. I arched my head to make the job easy for him to devour me, moving my tied up hands, squirming in one place and Oliver, who never left my neck, had to intervein and actually hold my hands above my head.

No gentle kisses or kisses at all. The game is on.

My nipples seemed to have gone through the worse possible treatment. Bite and suck, then ran his finger across it only to make me throw my head left and right on the pillow multiple times.

“Ah!”

He wasn’t having it. Once he was done with one nipple, he moved to the other one and did the same thing all over again. I screamed when I was beaten down. We were only at the beginning and already I couldn’t take none of this.

Then he changed his attitude when he was on my tummy. Gentle kisses all around the belly button, like he did it minutes ago. I guess this is the part he loved, since he decided to be so kind to it. But still, I couldn’t take it and I was pretty sure Oliver didn’t want for me to hold it in. So I let myself go and moaned with every movement of his lips on my skin.

I kept twisting my hips to either show him how much I enjoy this or to rub my cock against his, he was already so close and so hard. Fuck, I wish I could see him or at least have my hands free to touch his cock and finally get out a moan out of this guy. But no, I stayed put and let him devour my skin while the darkness in the room had only my moans and his wet kisses on my skin as sounds that fulfilled the night air.

This was torturing me. I couldn’t see, I couldn’t move, of course I was scared and ready to scream for help. Oliver took my eyes, my hands and the ability to function normally, my body was his now, I had no control here and no say in what will happen. If I didn’t have my mouth, it would be like a normal time for masturbation for Oliver.

He seemed to love it when I’d tone it down, then he’d bite into my skin all of a sudden, and there I’d be screaming again, over and over. He’d kiss my tummy and I’d moan, then he’d continue
kissing and I’d go quiet and then finally, he’d bite into the skin, most surely leaving a mark and I’d scream at the top of my lungs. I’d also feel his breath on my wet skin which only meant that he was laughing in silence.

His lips moved from my tummy to my hips, which Is why I kept twisting and squirming all around the bed. Eventually, he held my hips down and dived in to caress my cock with his nose.

“A-ah…ah, Oliver…”

“You’re so sensitive…”

He breathed out against my cock and I could’ve died. Why is he playing with me? I can’t take it.

But I was beyond thankful when he finally put my cock into his mouth. A sigh of relief filled the room and I relaxed only a bit. He swallowed the entire organ up till his nose hit my tiny pubic hair and then he let out a sound of someone choking. I arched my back into his mouth and just an image of him choking on my cock made me even harder. I’d die choking on his as well.

It didn’t last long. I can only hope that he felt I was pulsing uncontrollably in his mouth and finally took some mercy upon it and decided to stop. Or so I hoped it was like that.

Oliver took it all in with both of his hands roaming my chest up and down, could he be more of a tease? Was there anything wrong with it? Of course not, I loved every moment of it, I just had to contain myself for his pleasure, and mine also but that was beside the point here. He wanted to make me feel good and by doing so, he was making himself feel good as well, I was grateful for that even though it didn’t look like it. I showed him how much I loved him sucking me off while I was squirming underneath his touch by not breathing regularly, biting and injuring my dried mouth, begging, or least trying to beg through short breaths, to tell him to never stop. I loved his strategy, his pretty mouth around my burning and pulsing flesh going up and down the skin, never letting a cold night air hit my wet cock, all warmed up inside his mouth, every part of it, every cell settled itself peacefully inside his mouth, surrounded by his playful tongue. Don’t stop. I’ll scream. Let me hiss and beg and choke on the air, just don’t stop. I’ll bite my skin off instead.

After he had popped the organ out of his mouth I couldn’t help but feel empty, and the feeling wasn’t like being blind or tied up, I genuinely felt like a part of my body, which is by all logics of the universe a part of his body, missing and now I was left to choke on air. I had no clue what was his plan or what he looked like so by then I’d at least try to figure out what was on his mind. No. Still nothing. Still dark.

“You okay?”

I couldn’t look past the fact that he kept checking up on me, waiting for a positive feedback, trying to assure himself that this wasn’t too much for me. Who am I to say? It was scary at first but like I said, I had him by my side so that meant the world to me. Now it’s just keeping me on edge and I couldn’t wait for the moment when he enters me. I missed him so much. It’s cold without him.

“Yeah, ah, yeah…”

I had no idea what he looked like or where his hands were once they left my body. I was alone again. Where did you ran off to?

I got my answer when his hands violently grabbed my hips and turned me over on my tummy.

“Oh…”
I giggled after I settled on my elbows. His hands lifted the lower part of my back so I’d be out of good use for him. Seconds later, he dived in between my butt cheeks with his tongue.

“Ah, ah…oh…mmm…”

I wanted to grab and pull his hair, instead all I could do was to grasp onto the pillows and hope I wouldn’t hurt him from all the restless feet around his arms. His hands spread me as wide as it could go and he dived in his tongue inside my tight hole as deep as he could. Fuck, his tongue was almost the same size as the half of his cock. I didn’t need him in, this was enough.

Shivers ran down my spine as I bit into the pillowcase underneath me, I kept clenching fists and relaxing whenever he’d stop to either spit inside my hole or ran his tongue through the entire ring of muscles. Oliver would insert a finger once in a while which only led me to squirm far away from his face but he was a big guy, he could take me down with one hand, so I stayed put and let him prepare me with his tongue.

Oliver eventually ran a hand from the bottom of my spine up until the back of my neck, up and down he went until I didn’t stop arching uncontrollably like a horny teenager that I was.

I let him fuck me with his tongue.

When he pulled his tongue out I was surprised at how much I actually, like his mouth around my cock, needed it. Empty again, but soon, I knew, he’d enter me for real and that bond was a tough one to break.

He positioned himself behind me and ran the head of his cock across my red, wet and dripping hole. I hissed at that sensation and felt my own saliva on the pillowcase underneath my head.

“Ah, you ready baby?”

“Mhmm…”

By that point I didn’t know at all was I really ready. All I knew was that soon I’m going to be connected with him and it will last longer than his mouth or tongue around another part of my body.

When it happened, when he entered me, I felt something I have never felt before ever in my entire life and with that, with him inside me. Relief. Where’s the pain? Pressure? Discomfort? Nothing. Once he pushed inside me, all of him, I felt like a long lost part of my life had finally returned back home. Which it was exactly that. He was gone for a few hours and now I have him back, this was the first time he was inside me ever since he got back from the train station. He’s home, he’s where he belongs, this is where he needs to be.

Oliver never waited for me to adjust to him, he just started moving on his own. I had to imagine him behind me, all red, sweaty, with messy hair, grunting and slamming against my hole. I was still leaning onto my elbows with my head in between tied up arms, I’d hurt myself if I wanted to rise on my palms but this was much better. He had complete access to wherever his heart desired to go.

“Oh, Elio…fuck…”

I kept panting and moaning against the pillow and just by doing that I was making it all wet and I could actually feel the sweat slide down my face as he sped up his thrusts inside me faster and faster. He knew, by now, how much I can take it so he never hesitated with it, he gave it all to me. And why waste time? Give it to me now, I’ll live, I’ll survive and talk about it later.
Oliver’s hands were still roaming my body, now my spine, grasping onto my hips for a better access from time to time, squeezing the back of my neck too. I wish he had me from the front so he’d choke me as well.

Oh, how I wished I could touch him and feel his muscles clench and rip as he was doing his best in making me feel good. I knew that my response was my own body accepting his and that was what was making him feel safe that I was feeling good, thanks to him.

Oliver slowed down after some time, now only making circles around the inside my hole.

“Oh, Oli-Oliver…ah…”

“You like that baby?” He sounded exhausted and beaten down.

I nodded and bit the pillowcase even harder, then he pulled out and I hissed at the emptiness one more time.

“Come here baby…” He whispered against my back and kissed the skin there.

I stopped arching my body when I felt him lay beside me. He then grabbed my left hip with one hand and held my head with the other. I laid with my back glued to his torso and his hand holding my forehead tightly as he entered me one more time. I threw my neck back, exposing the skin for him to do as he pleased as he thrusted inside me brutally slow. So slow I was actually feeling like I was gonna pass out very soon. Fuck, the sensation!

My neck was now his property and his to do with it as he wished, and so he did. He started kissing it gently, slowly opening his lips, taking his tongue out a bit, sucking and pulling the skin so violently yet so tenderly. But then I realized I wanted to match with him.

“Mark me…” I breathed out.

“Already on it…”

And he dived back in and did everything all over again, only this time a little more brutally than I got used to, while still thrusting slowly inside me. A gentle man down there, a beast up there. What was even more setting me over the edge was the fact that I didn’t feel him bite and suck into my skin on only one spot, no, there were multiple, four, five or maybe even six, I lost count. I’ll see them in the morning and we’ll match.

Imagine being fucked in the darkness, you see nothing, you can’t touch anything but you feel everything around you. Every touch, every bite, every thrust. No control what so ever. My body was his.

While still fucking inside me and devouring my innocent and pale skin, Oliver lifted one of my legs and threw it over his hip for a better entrance.

All I could do is lay there and take it all.

“Fuck, you’re gonna look so beautiful tomorrow…” He breathed against my neck. I moaned as an approval.

By this point, having him inside me felt so natural and normal, but I couldn’t live without it for a second. Like a stray dog who found its new owner and it kept coming to it and doing everything that the owner says, that’s how I was with Oliver. He found me, he dug me up, he rescued me, released me from my inner self, he saved me and now I was his to own. I am going to do whatever
he asks me to do, I know nothing about boundaries, I know nothing about not giving in and letting your loved one take you.

My moans collided with grunts, on the verge of screaming I had to bite my lips to keep that from happening. Once Oliver saw what I was doing, he grabbed my mouth with one hand and pushed a finger from the other one deep inside. Now I was doing it all, all of my holes were filled, I kept sucking his finger and drooling over the sheets while his cock continued to slam so deeply inside of me.

He pulled out again and turned me back into the original position, kissed my shoulder quickly and lifted me to kneel in front of him with my hands crossed across my chest once again. One of his hands stayed put on my hips and he used the other one to enter me again, for the third time that night. After he secured his entrance, that hand went across my chest over my already crossed hands there. He started moving inside me and I started panting loudly, he was still kissing my neck and began biting my ear lobe.

Three times, all three times he took me from behind, blind and helpless, I knew nothing about what was yet to come, all I knew was that I was beyond exhausted. I could barely kneel and with him moving from behind…I was ready to collapse. And the thought of coming with him taking me from behind was overpowering. I needed to come. Fuck, I needed my hands free to touch myself.

“Oh, fuck, Elio…you feel so fucking good, baby…mmmmm…” He moaned against my neck and bit my ear.

“Oliver…” I moaned softly, hoping he’d hear and speed up.

“Oh God…”

“Oliver…ah, fuck me…fuck me…” I kept repeating with my head thrown back at him. He was sweating profoundly, the way our skins slide up and down each other’s bodies, I could tell I was as wet as him.

“Oliver…I’m gonna…help me come…make me come, make me…ah…”

This was the most helpless and useless I have ever felt with him near me yet I was ready to go for more, I was ready to give all of myself to him. What’s next Oliver? When are you gonna help me come?

“You wanna come baby?” He breathed against my skin.

“Ye-ah…”

“Oh…fuck…you got it…you’ve been so good…”

Oliver grabbed my cock and started jerking me off. Slowly and gently and then sped up to the point of being brutal and actually awaking fears inside me that he’s going to rip my cock off.

“You’ve been such a good boy…you have no idea…”

My body was already giving in, melting into every touch he was putting me through. This is it, I was close, too close, I didn’t think I’d survive for so long. Once I felt like I was gonna explode I began eating away at my lip and that’s when it began shooting out of me.

“Ah! Ah! Oh my God! Oliver!” I screamed when I climaxed.
The tears just slid down my face naturally as I sobbed into his warm breaths on my neck. He was still jerking me off, trying to get everything out.

“Ah, ah…mmm…”

“Good boy…”

He kissed my neck.

“Let’s get this off. You don’t need it anymore.”

While still very much attached to me, and no where near his orgasm, Oliver untied my hands and took of my blind fold. I opened my eyes to a couple of white pillows ruined by my cum shots. My hands were hurting me, I was sweaty, my tummy was in scratches and red blemishes, and I was ready to just fall over and sleep for the next three days.

But he wasn’t done.

Oliver pulled out once again and, on his way to sit against the bed board, he knocked the pillows onto the ground and pulled me in to sit on his lap. Of course, that was the fourth time he penetrated me and I couldn’t wait for the whole thing to just end. I came, he didn’t. Now, that was my job to do for him.

I slid down onto his cock so beautifully and actually awoke a little. My hands grabbed the board of the bed as he began fucking inside me from a sitting position. I was so glad I could touch things again but my eyes were closed the entire time. Oliver’s hands held my waist and helped me move up and down his big cock. The beds were moving, the board was hitting the wall over and over again, the floor was cracking, the mattress was singing while we kept fucking each other on top of it.

“You like this baby…” He breathed against my neck.

“Ah…ye-s, yes…” I sobbed at the end.

“You love me?”

“Oh, God…yes…” I grunted.

“Say yes to this…” He bit the skin on my neck.

“Ah, ah, ah….to what…”

“Come to New York with me…”

“Ah, fuck yeah!”

Without any hesitation I gave him the answer we both needed, because then I felt him swell up inside me and I knew he was ready to come. Oliver grabbed my body and placed me on my back again and went back down to kiss me. Deeply, messy, with teeth, tongue and lots and lots of saliva. Oliver pulled out of me for the last time that night and started jerking both of us at the same time, occupying his hands. I began arching my back again and I started coming for the second time that night, all along, biting my lips and actually letting blood flow. Never would I ever assume I had it in me to come so quickly and so much twice in a row. I came all over my chest and Oliver’s cum only covered mine, his came in such a thicker and bigger load. My chest was covered in our juices as the remaining product of our fucking, love making, whatever this was?
He kept my cock in his hand as he started licking my tummy and chest, picking up all of our cum in his mouth until he got to my neck.

“Ah, fuck you’re sick, kiss me now…” I breathed out and pulled him by his hair closer to my lips and kissed him deeply.

What I didn’t even dream off was that, our kiss filled with our cum, saliva, tongue, teeth, my blood, our sweat, our warm breaths would be a set off for me to come again. For the third time that night.

“Oh, fuck, baby…if you could see what I see right now…”

“Shut up…”

We giggled at the same time before he collapsed next to me, breathing heavily.

It may have been 20 minutes later, half an hour, an hour…we were still lying in silence next to one another, I was covered in everything we produced couple of minutes ago, he only had our sweat combined and God knows what else. I’ll go over how this was the best…ever…best fucking…of all time…in the history…in the universe…ugh…fuck…whatever…later. I needed to go over the moment when he asked me to come to New York with him. Was he serious? Was he only joking? Does he really want me to come? Or was it just in a moment? What? I’m too tired…I can’t go over this now.

“I know what you’re thinking. And no, it wasn’t in the heat of the passion.” He said.

He turned to look at me. And I looked back at him.

“So? Would you like to come with me to New York?”

“I would love to.” I replied with a smile.
Chapter Summary

The continuation of Elio and Oliver's night together. Elio is dealing with a ghost from his past.

Chapter Notes

Okaaay, hello everyone! This is a short one but I had to include someone from Elio's past, I hope you remembered a certain guy from a few months ago, if you don't, then I'll just remind you that Elio slept with a guy, no name, and couldn't continue the night so it was over as soon as it started. But after that it's super soft and sensitive. Enjoy this chapter, have a great day and once again, thank you for all the support about the previous chapter, that one was exhausting but totally worth it, and of course, thank you for all the support about the entire story! Love you all!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I jerked to the feeling of someone touching my face. My eyes flew opened and I saw Oliver in front of me. His index finger slid down my nose and across my lips. It actually tickled me so I rushed to scratch my nose, he smiled at my movement, still lying next to me.

I had to come to my senses to realize where the fuck I was and what just happened. Oliver looked calmed and peaceful, like time never touched him. His ocean blue eyes were staring at me, his skin looked and felt so soft and well taken care off, the hair was a mess which Is something I loved every time we’d dance on our beds, greasy and oily, filled with sweat and so much more of…I lost track of what we exchanged in the last hour or so. His baby facial hair still looked like it had been through hell and back and was trying so hard to just pop out on his face. I couldn’t move my head to analyze his body but I guess I can only imagine what it must look like, it certainly didn’t look like mine. I was a mess.

Oliver was staring at me, with a genuine smile across his beautiful and well sculptured face. We laid side by side and I felt his sweat which was now my sweat on his body which was actually my body, colliding with what appeared to be something dried and sticky on both of our bodies, it was either his cum or mine or it was saliva mixed with cum, I don’t even know anymore. There were too many bodily fluids to tell what is what and which is whose. Whatever it was, it was on me and it came from us. I could tell that semen was thicker and more white and saliva was basically invisible but my neck hurt so much to move and look down and actually sort the stuff out. I could feel the weight of the fluids all over my naked and ruined body. This will hurt in the morning, I thought as I kept looking into Oliver’s eyes. Why was he staring at me? Did I do something wrong? Did I say something I shouldn’t have? Was he joking about New York? No. Please no.

“What?” I asked, feeling myself blushing and actually opening my mouth to speak instead of moaning for the past few hours.
“Nothing.” He whispered and then took my hand, which was already leaning onto his stomach, in his. It actually hurt a little.

“What time is it?” I murmured as I asked.

“No idea, where’s your watch?”

“Oh, I took it off when I was showering yesterday.” I said.

That was a good idea. If I were to have that and the belt over it, I’d die.

“Hm, speak of the devil. Let’s get you cleaned up and ready for bed.”

Oliver let go of my hand and sat straight on the bed, I was still very much lying down and waiting for time to heal me so I’d pick up my tired ass up and go clean it.

“You’re not gonna shower?” I asked.

“Nah, but you definitely need one. And you’re tired, so…” He said while getting off the bed, I followed him but only stayed down leaning on my elbows.

I had no idea what time it was, was it late, was it early, who is awake and who is asleep. I just knew that I needed that much wanted shower and that I was gonna hurt very soon, in the morning, once the Sun comes up. Maybe that’s now, maybe it’s dawn and the Sun was just about to rise. I was beyond exhausted and yet I was in the mood to swim, to eat and to make love to Oliver again. Wait. That wasn’t love making, that was straight up fucking senseless, up to the point where my brain is now deep fried and I had no desire of ever getting out of the bed and letting Oliver move away from my side.

“No, I’m not.” I said.

“You just fell asleep two minutes ago, yes you are. And you deserve it.”

He was right, I did fell asleep and I woke up so suddenly because I had a dream, an awful dream. More like a night mare. I dreamed of…him…not Oliver…but, the guy…I slept with, months ago. What? Why? Why did I dream of him? Why now? It’s been months…what am I suppose to think now?

“Give me your hands.” Oliver said with a smile on his face. His words brought me back to reality.

I was so scared to actually reach out for him to touch me, but thankfully, even he knew how painful it must have been because he never touched my wrists, only the palms of my hands. The floor of our room was as messy as our beds. There were pillows scattered around the place, his leather belt, which was out of good use to tame me, was near my desk and the blind fold was on the other side of the room. I don’t even remember when and how did he take those off of me, all I knew it was that they were off and I was beyond grateful.

Oliver opened the door, turned the light on and closed the window of the bathroom.

“Hey…” He called and I turned around to look at him.

“Hm?”

“It’s only 1 in the morning.” He said as he lifted my wrist watch that was sitting above the sink and in front of the mirror.
“Seriously? I couldn’t guess if it was 10 at night or 10 in the morning.”

“Well, baby, I’m gonna show you a little magic trick.”

“Which one?” I asked confused.

Oliver appeared behind me and gently turned my body towards the window by holding onto my shoulders.

“When you look outside the windows and see that it’s dark, you’ll at least know that it’s not morning…”

He was teasing me. I playfully kicked him with my elbow and smiled because he giggled. We stopped and there was nothing but silence around us. No sound what so ever. It was so calm outside and even calmer in the inside because if I had really tried, I could’ve heard his heart beating inside his body. It was that quiet. I turned my head aside only for a little bit, watching not to injure my already devoured neck, and met with his lips. We kissed. Gently and slowly. Afterwards he kissed my forehead and grabbed onto the faucet to start the shower.

Oliver filled the bath tub almost to my knees, put some shower gel in and settled himself next to the bath tub while I positioned myself to sit inside the ceramic hole. One of his hands was inside the water, mixing up the substance, making bubbles appear all around me. Then he took some water from around me and gently pressed his palm over my chest and hair multiple times. I was still in pain to actually see him do that so I just kept my head straight up and onto the ceiling. It was quiet. We never spoke a single word, Oliver’s only task inside his head was for me to get cleaned up and go to sleep. And honestly, I couldn’t wait to hit the pillow. Ah, the pillows, they’re dirty…I’ll just sleep on his sweaty chest, who needs a pillow when you’ve got Oliver?

But then, sleeping…dreaming…his face appeared in front of me. Why is he haunting me? It’s been months since I last saw or heard from him, ever since that party, ever since we…slept together. Why is he just now showing up in my dreams when everything is perfect with Oliver? Is this a sign? Isn’t it perfect? We’re going to New York together, are we? Why is my brain bringing him up just now when for the last three months I’ve never had a single dream about him? I even moved pass that very quickly, it was a mistake, we tried and I broke down crying, he was sweet and I acted like a total jerk in front of my mother once i got home later that night. In two days, everything came back to normal. Why now? What does my brain still have in stored? I don’t wanna know, I’m scared who’ll show up next. Please, let it be no one.

“Baby, where did you run off to?” He asked softly.

“Hm, nowhere…I’m just tired.”

A lie and then a truth, then a truth inside a lie, or was it the other way around?

“Wait, don't doze off on me, I have to wash your hair…”

I nodded and sat up with my face pressed to my knees. Some would think he was washing a rape victim and not a child.

Good, that’ll give me the time to think some more and I definitely wanted him out of my head. I wanted to come up with a rational explanation to why I had that dream and just close it, lock it and leave it there. He was smiling at me, he was happy and he wasn’t naked, that’s how I remembered him.

Oliver wet my hair and applied shampoo on top of my head. My neck hurt so badly, so every time
his huge hands would touch my head I felt as though he was gonna break it.

How do you get here? You spend hours fucking non-stop with a man that you love more than anything in this world, you take a two-minute nap and you dream of someone from your past, a guy you slept with because you were too sad, too vulnerable and too drunk? How? Just...how? My feelings had not changed towards Oliver, I’m just...so confused...

Dreams mean something, right? They’re there because our subconsciousness is playing with us and are, scientifically proved, related to the truth from the real world? Okay, what truth? What truth? I forgot about that guy ever since that night, why bring is up now, why while Oliver is here, this must mean something...

“Okay, you’re done.” He said and got up to help me get out of the tub.

Done? I don’t remember him washing my hair twice and running the water down my spine. I held onto Oliver to step outside and he wrapped me in a towel as soon as he let go of me. We laughed together as he kept messing up and tugging my hair.

“You okay baby?”

“Hm? Yeah, just...a lot of things on my mind...” I replied softly, hoping that he’s gonna stop it right here, we’d go to bed, fall asleep, wake up in the morning and pretend like this never happened.

“Care to share some of them with me? It might help.” He said with a smile on his face, I assumed because I wasn’t looking at him.

“No, I’m...just...I’m fine, it’s okay...” I closed my eyes, trying to change the subject or at least my expression for him to see that I was fine, even though, deep down, he knew I wasn’t fine and I knew he wasn’t gonna let me go to bed feeling like shit.

“Elio, you can tell me whatever is that it’s bothering you.”

He stopped with the towel and settled it back on my shoulders.

“Is it me? Was I too harsh back in the bedroom? I felt you...”

“No, no, it’s not you, God, no, it’s not you Oliver...”

I rushed to correct him. And I couldn’t let him take the blame for it, especially giving the fact how I felt months and months ago when we did it, I was sad, lonely and depressed and Oliver has never left my mind nor my heart.

“It’s okay if you don’t wanna tell me. I can give you some time, but, I’m sure that...whatever it is, we can sort it out. Okay?”

I nodded, ready to burst into tears.

“Oliver...”

“Talk to me.” His hand cupped the back of my neck and began caressing it. I felt his eyes follow me.

So what if he knows? I’d rather live with the fact that he knows about him than to live with this pain in my chest. The past is the past, right? Will he love me the same, or still, after he finds out
“What did I do?”

“I um…I, ugh…I slept with someone else…”

Silence. And then he sighed.

“Oh, okay, if that’s what has been bothering you. I can even the guilt, I slept with someone else as well…”

“Oh, no, I mean I did sleep with a girl, many times but… I actually, slept with a um… a guy.” I said it, eyes still closed.

“Oh? When was this?”

“Months ago…”

“And why bring it up now?” His voice was a mixture of confusing and seriousness.

“I had a dream about him, just now. And I don’t know why, I haven’t thought about him ever since that night and never saw him after that and…” I lifted my head to look at him, he was still very much staring at me. I also rushed to explain, to give him all the facts, to show him that my mind was occupied with only one person and that person was just now standing in front of me.

“How was it?”

“Awful. I cried in the middle and we stopped.” I turned my eyes back onto the ground.

He let out a chuckle, but it was consistent of comfort, sympathy, empathy, love, he sounded like he was looking at the cute puppy and actually felt the warmth around his heart.

Oliver pulled me in for a hug and sheltered my entire body with his. I hugged him back, feeling slightly better, or actually, a lot better knowing that this was his reaction.

“Oh, baby… is that why you’ve been off the last couple of minutes? Because of him?”

I nodded against his bare chest.

“You still wanna take me back with you?” I asked.

“It depends. Are you still gonna mistake night for a day?”

He removed his hands from my body and lifted my face to stare at him.

“I just might.”

He chuckled once again and kissed my forehead.

“Of course you’re coming with me. If you want to. But this…the dream, him… should I worry?”

He sat at the edge of the bath tub.

“Should I? I mean…I don’t know why now, why dream of him now…”

“No, baby, I mean… should I worry about you? You look upset.”

“I’m just… confused… why now?” I shrugged my shoulders.
“Well, maybe because now…that everything is okay, in your life, in our lives, maybe he’s just there to, I don’t know, give us his blessing, I don’t know, I really don’t… I have a whole brain filled all sorts of shit but the dreams…I don’t understand them.”

“Neither do I.”

He took my hand in his and pulled me closer to him.

“But it’s not something you should worry about, okay? What was he doing in your dream?” He asked.

“Nothing, just…I just saw his face and he was smiling…”

“Maybe that’s a good thing, maybe that’s just your past finally clearing up and it’s telling you to enjoy now.”

I nodded. He was right. He was right. He was so right.

“If you want, you can tell me how that night went and maybe we can sort the dream out.”

“Maybe tomorrow, I’m tired right now.”

I lifted my head to look at him.

“Okay…if things from past start to bother you again, just send them my way.”

He got up and hugged me again.

By that point, it was the most naked I have ever felt in my entire life. Not only were we naked physically but now, I was naked in every way possible, I had nothing to hide from him, he knew everything there was to know about me, every secret, every dream, every night mare, whatever it was, it’s gone and at the same time, while feeling naked, I also felt like the safest person in this world. This was my protector, this was my person, this was the love of my life, this was my Oliver, and by that, this was my Elio.

Things are looking up for us. We are good. We haven’t done anything to be ashamed off. And that’s a good thing. I could finally breathe and know that no matter what happens, or whatever the situation, I can always turn to this person with whom I had shared more than just a body. He’ll find his own way of calming me down, rationalizing whatever was bubbling inside my head and my heart. We were good.

After we parted, we left the bathroom and went to our bedroom. Once again, I let him pick out the clothes for me. My hair was still very wet so I knew I was gonna spend another night on a towel over a pillow. Or, on his chest. He’ll soak whatever was left of the water inside my curls. He dressed up as well, he didn’t shower, he just put on his underwear shorts while I kept waiting for him to come to bed, only to realize we had no where to put our heads on.

“We have to change them.” I said as I was picking one of the dirty pillows off the ground. It was covered in my semen.

“Just take the pillow out of the case.”

I did as he told me and threw both of the pillow cases towards him. Oliver went into the bathroom
and I heard the shower run again. After about five minutes he was back and brought a dry towel with him.

A smile never left my face, I knew what he was doing.

“I washed them with a shower gel, they should be dried by tomorrow morning and then we’ll give them to Mafalda to do some real washing.” He said, sounding beyond proud of himself.

I face palmed myself.

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“What?”

“Nothing, just come back to bed.”

I was on the edge of bursting into laughter. I don’t know why I felt the need to laugh out his action but that was a fucking genius move. I knew we couldn’t just give the cum covered pillow cases to Mafalda, the woman would move out this instant. A genius. One of the reasons I felt so lucky and in love at that moment.

And suddenly, a clear image of him doing his own laundry with a shower gel inside a bath tub in his bathroom in New York, appeared in front of me and I knew what was yet to be expected.

Oliver laid beside me and on cue I jumped his bare chest and snuggled closer to his warm neck, he pulled me even closer by wrapping his huge arm around me. The dry towel stayed dried the entire night at the foot of our beds. I kissed the skin of his neck and ran a finger across the bruise on the other side. I can only imagine what I must look like, we’ll see In the morning, I know it's gonna be painful but I’ll manage, as long as I don’t have another dream like the one I had during my two minute nap.

We said our good nights, kissed each other once more and before I let my body fly towards the land of the good dreams, I let out a huge sigh of relief and was off.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not sure when i'll post the next one, because i am working on a group project on an assignment that is due Friday, the subject is psychology and i’m super excited to start writing about it, the theme is Depression, Mania and Bipolar disorder. I hope you enjoyed this one. I'll try to finish it as soon as possible so i can come back to this story. They still have one full day together and it's gonna get even more nasty than this night. And of course, if you want to talk to me or have any questions at all, you can do that on Instagram, my fan account name is @summer_of_1983
A sense of security

Chapter Summary

Elio and Oliver spend a normal day together.

Chapter Notes

Heyy everyone, i know, i took too long, the days are just passing by me, i can't believe it. I really need to start posting more often, this is killing me as much as it's killing you. The next chapter is coming either tomorrow or in two days, and it's the kind everyone loves. Enjoy this chapter, i hope all of you had a good Monday because we all know that's a hard sob. Anyways, i hope you like this slow and soft chapter, love you all so much!!

I had a dream about a river. No idea why. The river changed its color to dark red, almost like blood. But I’d settle for another nightmare where he’s following me and haunting me than to wake up with what I had just experienced. I was right. I woke up with such an excruciating pain that ran throughout my entire body, from the tips of my toes to the top of my head. It was nothing like I have ever felt before. With or without his hand involved. The night before I was convinced that just a minor neck pain was it. But no. Fuck, I was wrong. I was dead wrong. It hurt to move my arms and my legs, it hurt when I tried to twist my neck to look if there was somebody lying next to me, my mouth was dry, even my eyes hurt, almost like a burning sensation.

It hurts, it hurts, it hurts, I kept repeating in my head when I tried to look at the person next to me. I was aware that this was just a morning phase, and that these muscle spasms will pass very soon, I was stiff as a board but the pain was there. Luckily, Oliver was still sound asleep on my right side. The naked pillow underneath my head was a little wet due to my hair which was now dry. He was sleeping on his back, one hand underneath the pillow and the other one stretched all the way underneath my neck. This could also mean that his arm, which I used as my morning pillow, was also another source of the pain. I raised my right hand up to his face and touched his tiny facial hairs and his jaw line. He was so handsome in the morning, in that state of bliss, so quiet, calm, relaxed, silent, at peace. His mixed purple and red bruise was still covering a patch of his skin on the right side on his neck, beautiful. Oliver’s skin was shining naturally. His torso was showered with sunny stripes thanks to the light of the Sun that was desperately trying to get through the blinds inside our room. I smiled at his sleeping, mesmerizing beauty. I also wondered if he looks at me the same way when I’m asleep? If I were to ask him that, he’d get offended, no doubt there. Of course he does. How many times, in that brief moment just before I’d open my eyes for real, do I feel someone’s eyes on me? Every single time, when I wake up after him, that is.

I closed my eyes and swallowed the tears when I strongly decided to get up and get out of the bed. The bed made its usual sound but Oliver never moved, I assumed it was that because I couldn’t turn around to look at him. A thought popped in my mind that I need to start stretching every morning, I could go along with that, sure, why not? I could try the arms and the legs but my neck…it had to wait.
When I walked into the bathroom, I was instantly blinded by the Sun. The pillows cases were spread across the bathtub. I finished my business in the bathroom and then got stunned by the cold dose of reality while I was washing my hands. My wrists…they were…ruined. They didn’t hurt as much as I was expecting them to, but they had bruises all over them, light purple and two cuts, on both sides, because of the leather belt. I touched them, one hand at a time, it seemed so unreal, so violent and brutal and yet, it felt good the entire time I had them taken away from me. It never occurred to me to look myself in the mirror the night before, but this morning…and when I did, I was taken aback by what I saw when I stretched the color of my shirt. Dark purple marks falling down like water drops from behind my left ear, across my neck, filling all the holes I had there, down to my collar bone, small and big, visible and dark, not painful. He really did me good. This will take days to get back to normal, maybe even more than a week. How am I gonna go downstairs and eat with my neck looking like this? And I took my chance and breathed in nervously before I lifted my shirt to find out what was waiting for me. Bruises and red blemishes across my belly, around my belly button I remembered him biting into my skin, up my nipples there were light purple marks from him sucking all around them. My neck hurt from all those sudden movements, throwing me around the bed, changing positions, clenching at every deep thrust while trying to balance my weight on two fists. This was like never before. Never. The pain, the marks, the bruises…Overall, I was wrecked, destroyed, a total mess and fuck it if I wasn’t ready to go back for more.

The way that my body ached, I was convinced it ached because I didn’t get it hard enough but I could never tell him that. He really surprised me last night, he really drew the line at what he thought I could take. Fuck it. I grinned at myself in the mirror. I couldn’t wait for the night to come at us fast enough, I anticipated to see what was on his mind for tonight. Since it’s the last night we’ll probably gonna get all to ourselves, I wanted to see him top the previous night. Let’s see what you’ve got.

When I got out of the bathroom, I watched my steps and tried not to wake him up, even though I was burning inside to just jump on top of him and get him to make out with me. And why is that wrong? Do I have anything else better to do? To eat. Not hungry. And I had no idea what time it was, we showered…well, I showered, he sat next to the bath tub around 1 in the morning so it couldn’t have been more than 8 or 9 because the Sun was so strong and it usually happens around that time of the day, when it just burns into the skin. Should I let him sleep? Or should I wake him up the only way I know how? Now that’s a tough one. He was probably counting on sleeping in the morning rather than fighting at night.

Nah, I should let him have his rest. He’s gonna need it. And I need to eat to save my energy for tonight. With every gentle step I took, I never took my eyes off of him, kept staring at his chest move up and down, the way his lips were parted just a little bit so some air would come in and then some would come out, almost like a silent snore. That made me smile once again but I turned away and went for the door.

I keep forgetting how quiet the house actually was without my parents. It’s so nice, soothing but still, I can’t imagine waking up and not finding them at their usual spots. My father would probably dive in a pile of books he has yet to review in his study room, and my mother would be sitting at her usual spot, wearing her sunglasses, sipping morning tea and reading today’s newspapers. It’s not their voices or sounds that makes the villa busy every morning, it’s about their presence and the way atmosphere changes whenever they’re in the same place as me. I can just feel them. But now, not at all. I can’t believe it’s only been12 hours since they left. The wedding is tomorrow and that dinner party is tonight. They’ll probably dive into the wine at same time I’d go to bed with Oliver.

It was 9 in the morning, I was right, once again. By passing through kitchen I noticed that the table has been set up in the backyard, two plates, two forks, two knives, two small spoons for the soft
boiled eggs and two cups for coffee or tea. I smiled once again and went through the other door in the kitchen and found Mafalda handling a pile of laundry. I wished her a good morning and she returned the gesture, hugging me and kissing my cheeks. Eyes on the marks. She told me to go and eat, that the food has been out 10 minutes ago and also, she told me she’d be leaving very shortly to go to the neighbor’s house for a cup of coffee. Anchise was fixing the car.

I sat down, back turned to the entrance and poured myself a cup of espresso and grabbed one crape and a jar of apricot jam. Spread the substance across it and began stuffing my hungry ass full. It felt good to eat alone, or to eat at all. Finally absorbing the nature around me, the Sun, the sky, no clouds. After my second crape I moved on to the strawberries. Didn’t hear nothing, didn’t want anybody around me to interrupt me and my fruit. I was caught off guard when I felt someone’s lips on the top of my head.

“Good morning….” Oliver said after kissing my hair.

I hummed underneath him, mouth still very much full. He moved to sit next to me, because that’s where the other plate was set. Next to me.

“When did you wake up?” He asked before sitting next to me, stretching his arms over his head.

“I don’t know. Maybe 20 minutes ago.” I replied after I swallowed.

“Why didn’t you wake me up?”

“I wanted to. But I let you rest instead, you looked like you needed it.”

“Nah, screw that. I’ll sleep when I’m dead.” Oliver smiled.

“Hm, very poetic.” I said.

He smiled again and that’s when I took a good look at him, barely. He was a mess as well, but he looked more sloppier than I did, with ruined skin and marked neck. I was a mess underneath my shirt, but his was out in the open. Unshaved face, sleepy baggy eyes, his hair grew a bit over night and was falling over his forehead, wrinkled white shirt which he wore…never, bruised neck and swollen lips. Still mesmerizing.

“You sleep okay?” He asked after yawning.

“Hm? Oh, yeah, I…my neck hurts, a lot.” I touched the back of my neck and made a face.

“Wow, I messed you up good…” He looked worried but it wasn’t the first time we’d go through the process of having morning after left-overs.

“Yeah you did, but the neck…could’ve been the draft, not sleeping soundly…who knows, it will pass.”

“And…the dream?” I saw that he was struggling with asking that question, no idea why.

“No, nothing.” I replied.

“Good. I don’t want you to worry about that at all. It’s no big deal.”

“I guess.”

He nodded and I returned back to my fruit.
“And…this…” He ran his fingers down the trail of his bite marks on my neck. I squirmed a bit and shrugged my shoulders because it tickled when he touched me there. He giggled at my action.

“I really hope it heals before we go to New York.”

“I hope it doesn’t.” He said so calmed and relaxed. Yes, he too was proud of it, so proud to let the whole world know that I’m his and he’s mine.

Out of nowhere, Oliver touched my forearm and leaned closer to me.

“Hi…” He whispered.

“Hey…” I looked at him, feeling a little bit overwhelmed by a sudden change in his energy.

With one hand on mine and with the other one, he pulled me by my neck slowly and gently and connected our lips. I melted at the taste of his very own honey smell and strawberry scent from my mouth.

“Eat. Mafalda’s gonna be gone in a while, she’ll be gone for hours. I was thinking we should go for a swim?” I said.

“Sure. River?”

“No, here.”

We continued eating our breakfast, alone and in silence. Of course, he commented something about a distant memory when he took a bite of the peach and I’d blush in the matter of seconds. He’d laugh about that reaction and I’d avoid the eyes contact for the rest of the meal, it was either because I was still embarrassed by it or it was because I couldn’t turn my head to look at him properly.

Oliver took a bite of the peach and then he turned to me and connected our lips once again. We devoured that one bite through our conjoined lips. I couldn’t tell in whose mouth was it at any point of our sweet kiss. That peach continues to haunt me even this summer all along.

After breakfast we cleaned the table and ran upstairs to change into our swimming trunks. I wore his red short shorts and he wore his green ones, the ones I loved on him the entire last summer. Because in them, he was a totally different person, he was good to me, eager to talk and eager to know about his surroundings. Oliver took off the sheets of our beds, grabbed the pillow cases from the bathroom, stacked them on a pile and put them outside our bedroom so when Mafalda comes back, she’ll take them, wash them and put out new and freshly cleaned sheets so we’d have something to roll around at night.

Oliver was the only one who actually swam in the pool while I, on the other hand, just stood inside the pool at the edge of it. Staring at the movements of his shoulders, watching every rip of the muscle, following his every wave, almost like I did last summer only this time, I had to stop and remind myself to not look away whenever he’d rise from the water, because we were way passed that stage now. Way pass it.

He’d jump out of the water only to invite me in to either race with him or to at least let him hold my body on the surface.

“Later.” I said.

Then he’d kiss me, passionately and make me forget where I was and who I was before him. We’d
part every time a noise was made from a far distance, making sure that Anchise doesn’t catch us, even though he also, like Mafalda, knew or at least suspected something was bubbling up between us the entire previous summer.

“Okay, you can hold me now.”

I said after some time. Oliver was resting his head next to me and simply absorbing the Sun. There was a smile on his face when he heard me finally give in.


“The water will help. And I’m not letting you go.”

Don’t let me go. Don’t let me go.

I hung myself around his neck and let him carry me bridal style until we reached the center of the pool. This was beyond amusing to him, hence the large amount of laughter he was letting out every time I’d squirm in his arms. Oliver then let go of me carefully until I was sure I was floating but at the same time, feeling his hands underneath my back and calves.

“Don’t breathe.” He said.

I sucked in all the air, closed my eyes and let go completely. Few moments later, he let go of me as well. I was floating with him by my side.

We were in the pool for hours now and even told Mafalda, as soon as she stepped back into the back yard, that we weren’t hungry so there was no need to fix us anything for lunch, unless she wanted to eat all by herself, then we’d stay with her and be her company.

“I already ate.” She said before adding that she’s gonna go and take a nap.

After the pool, we ran upstairs once again to change and came back downstairs to kill the time before the night. The night can’t get here quick enough, I thought as I combed my wet hair behind my ear. We spent some time in my father’s study room, organizing the books, going through a pile of manuscripts. After that, we spent some time in the living room, watching TV, listening to some 80s disco music, commenting their dance moves and clothes, all cuddled up in his arms. After that, I let him massage my neck and actually felt like I was reborn after what he did to me. He knew exactly which dots to touch and take away the control of my body. Mafalda awoke after two hours and walked in to let us know that she’s going to start preparing dinner.

I was bored and Oliver saw that, and then asked me to play something on the piano. He sat next to me as I struggled with a painful neck and the keys.

“You should teach me.” He said after I finished composing one short melody.

“What?”

“To play the piano.”

“You’re too old to learn.” I joked.

“You can still teach an old dog new tricks.”

I looked at him, twice, before I answered.

“Later. In the future.” I smiled.
“Deal. You’ll teach me when we’re in New York.”

“You have a piano there?” I asked, confused.

“No, but I can find one.”

He kissed my shoulder and held me by the waist the entire time we’ve been sitting side by side on a stool for two. I was beyond grateful when my parents got a regular piano stool rather than an ottoman.

I thought for a moment and then started tangling the keys, playing Beethoven’s Für Elise. Eyes closed and kept waving forward and back again and again while the melody kept swaying in and taking me with it. His hand never left my body. It felt so warm to be like that, playing this breathtakingly love melody and with a man I adored, by my side, holding me, supporting me, marking me night after night. At one point, I looked over at Oliver, his eyes were closed as well and he was following every tune that my fingers were helping and brining the melody to life.

“That was beautiful.” He said an opened his eyes after I had finished.

“I’m glad you liked it.”

He smiled at me, wide mouth and teeth.

“Take your shirt off.” He said.

“What?”

“Take your shirt off.” Oliver repeated.

“Now?”

“Now.”

I frowned at him.

“Now?”

“Now.”

His eyes never left mine and I realized he could go on like this forever.

“Wait…now?”

“Now.”

“Why?”

“I want to see your body.” He replied.

“Now?”

“Now.”

I looked over his shoulder, still, my hands no where near the edge of the shirt to take it off.

“Mafalda is preparing dinner and Anchise never goes into the house. So, take your shirt off.” He said.
“Now...?”

“Now, Elio.”

I took the shirt off, watching not to pull it hard over my head and just like that, exposed my body to him. It wasn’t cold at all, my body responded naturally with goosebumps and shivers ran down my spine. He leaned backwards to observe what he has done to me the night before and what I have been trying to hide underneath a piece of clothing.

“Beautiful.” He breathed out.

Oliver then turned around on the stool, so his back was facing the piano, took both of my hands in his and helped me to get up and out of the tiny crowded space.

“Oh, your wrists…” He hissed once he saw the change of color in them. How come he never noticed them sooner?

He pulled me towards him and settled me onto his lap, legs spread and facing him. I felt that oh so familiar warmth when I climbed him, felt the sense of security just by sitting over him, felt him evaporate with infinitive love throughout his entire body. Oliver lifted my head with two fingers on my chin. Eye contact established. I felt like crying, I felt like bawling myself in a pile of tears just because of that look. His eyes...they saw something in me, something so beautiful that I couldn’t even begin to put into words, he looks at me like I’m the most perfect human being that has ever walked the green Earth. Why does his look at me like that? I should be the one staring into him and actually giving myself to him, like I haven’t done that already. Oliver just smiled at me, softly and then began kissing my neck, that one side that had all those marks made by him.

I love you, I love you, I love you, I kept repeating in my head. I love you, I can’t wait to show you just how much, I can’t wait to feel your hands all over my body once again, I can’t wait to feel you inside me forever, even if our forever was for two nights in a row, I couldn’t wait to explore and relive that with you. Nobody else, just you. Forever.

His lips moved from one side of the neck to the other, my collarbones, my chest, while his hands were holding me dead onto his lap, I wasn’t going anywhere, this was the lock, I was locked, he has the key and his lips were the code. I threw my head backwards, exposing the much wanted skin he had all the permission in this world to ruin it, this was his and nobody else’s. My hands held onto his, still from the pool, wet hair, mine was wet as well.

“Oh, Elio…I love your scent…”

“Hmm…” I hummed with his nose buried in the crook of my neck.

“So warm, and sensitive…I could die like this…” He breathed out.

“Don’t…” I moaned.

“You’re gonna be the death of me…”

I started panting over and over again, I was getting hard, I felt him getting hard as well. No, this is too early, it’s not even dinner time.

I loved this moment. This moment right here. When it was just him and I and our natural habitat. Him doing whatever he wanted with me and me responding to his every touch, I could die like this too, Oliver. It never occurred to me to develop a sense of time, because when I did, or when I looked over his head, the clock marked 7 in the afternoon. Where did all the time go?
“Go, put your shirt back on. Eat lightly now, you’re gonna need it all for tonight.”

He said before getting himself from underneath me. He stayed and watched me put my shirt back on and we were off to go and sit around the dinner table, served for two.
Mirror

Chapter Summary

Elio and Oliver try something really different for the first time in their bedroom.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! I know i promised this chapter for yesterday but my schedule has shifted completely, since i’m in my final year there were a lot of things i had to do as a start for planning my future outside my country, and the first thing i had to do is sign and start learning the language. Anyway, you should know that i wrote this chapter in a few hours now and i couldn't stop, i am super exhausted now and i really really hope that it is worth it. I have never wrote anything like this so i had to do my research first. Oh and btw thank you for all the support about my group project, it went brilliantly, we got all the points and i’m so proud of us. Anyway, hope you like this one, it's one of my personal favorites and have a great day! You know i love you all!!

for @thecosmicfragments

It was just the two of us at dinner. And even though we were pass that sneaking around part, we kept a little piece of heaven to ourselves. Our feet couldn’t keep their tension to themselves so we let them battle underneath the table. We took our shoes off and let them create magic on their own. Oliver and I sat side by side, both of us having our eyes totally focused on the plate full of food in front of us, we’d exchange a look once in a while, that is, I tried doing so more often but my neck pain kept pulling me back. I was more nervous about what’s yet to come in a…few minutes? An hour? When everybody goes to sleep?

He seemed quiet the entire night and that is never good. Whenever Oliver is dead silent, something is playing inside his head. The quieter he is, the more harassed my body gets, I also get morning bruises and an even bigger desire to let him ruin me all over again.

At that very moment, while we were having our meal, my parents were having theirs, probably already drunk and singing Italian ballades. I did eat lightly, like Oliver said, he did too. Wonder what’s his plan for tonight? Why such a short meal, even Mafalda questioned him when he said no to what he usually stuffs his face into. We both drank water.

“Oliver?” Mafalda showed up behind us, my foot remained on top of his.

“Hm?”

I can only imagine what we must look like with those bruises on different sides of our necks.

“Phone call…”
“Oh, I’ll be right back.” He said while wiping his mouth with a napkin and getting up.

“Thank you, Mafalda.”

She nodded and made room for him to go inside.

“I changed your sheets.” She said.

Oh shit. Oh God. Where are you now when I need you, Oliver? I was blushing. I was red as the pot from which we just had our meal.

“Okay, thanks…”

“I’ll leave you two for tonight. Leave the dishes in the sink, I’ll clean them in the morning.”

“Got it.” I nodded.

“Good night, Elio.” She said and kissed my temple.

“Good night.”

I stayed in silence for couple of minutes, didn’t hear a sound from the inside. It was almost 10 at night which meant that, if somebody was calling him from New York, it was 4 in the afternoon there.

Oliver showed up 5 minutes later, sat back down and continued eating what was left on his plate.

“Who was that?” I turned and asked him.

“Um, my mother…” He replied.


“Nothing, nothing, she just wanted to see when I’m coming back, that’s all. I gave her the number before we left, so…”

“And what did you say?”

“Soon.” He smiled at me.

“Is that it?”

“What are you impl-…”

“Did she tell her?”

“Lisa? No. And knowing my mother, she is either not gonna believe her or won’t start and argument over the phone. Either way, we’ll talk when I get back.”

I looked away. Probably to squeeze my eyes shut and prevent the tears from streaming down my face. I hated that we were even discussing that right now, I thought we were past that.

He saw that and with his right arm extended, he touched my right shoulder and brought me closer to him, as much as I was available to. With his left hand, he turned my neck slowly to face him.

“Hey…don’t you worry about this one bit. This is my fault, my shit, I caused this. Everything will be fine. You believe me, don’t you?”
“Yeah, I just…I feel…guilty for…making you…” I shifted my eyes towards the ground.

“Guilty for what? You did nothing wrong, neither one of us. If Lisa told her, I’ll explain and we’ll talk it through. If she didn’t, then I’ll tell her when I bring you with me to meet her.”

I looked up. My eyes widened. No more tears. There was a smile on his face which my face took in as a mirror and started forming my very own smile. Is he serious?

“You want me to meet your mother?” I asked finally.

“Is there a problem?” There was a well known smug on his face.

“No, not a single one.”

I smiled, he let go of my neck and continued eating small bits of my dinner.

“How are you feeling? The neck and…the wrists…overall?” He asked after a while.

“Fine, my neck is still being an asshole but I should be fine.”

He nodded.

“You finish up. I have to run upstairs for a second, meet you there.”

I nodded. And he kissed my forehead just as he was on his way inside, taking his plate, his glass, utensils and some other plates that were scattered on the table.

Where did he ran off to? I felt so alone at that table, knowing that everyone around me has already gone to sleep, and Oliver was alone upstairs. The whole world was asleep or was this just me feeling lonely again? I hate this feeling. I’m being ridiculous, it’s silly and it’s stupid. Was I scared of what’s yet to come? Or was I truly feeling like that? It was so different when nobody knew about us, then all the sneaking around were giving me a hard on, an unimaginative boner that he knew how to settle it down. Breathe, Elio, breathe, he’s not gonna kill you. You don’t know that. His energy is strong, he can try and cut me in half and I still wouldn’t mind.

After I drank my water, I took that glass and all of my stuff back into the kitchen. Closed all the doors and windows, turned off all the lights and was on my way upstairs. Where is he waiting for me? In the bedroom? The bathroom? The hallway? I always get nervous before sleeping with him. Every time it feels like it’s the first time, minus that awkwardness and the pain. I mark every time we shared each other’s bodies in my head, just to keep that memory to myself. Also, I knew exactly, the date, the time and the place every single time we made love. And this is just going to be one of them, right? There are some that stand out, let’s see what he’s got, can he top the previous night?

On my surprise he was waiting for me on the balcony, the one over-looking the back yard, the one where we met the first time almost a year ago. He was holding the railings and staring into the vast darkness spread across the sky. As I approached the balcony, I saw that he was also smoking. This was so appealing to me, I couldn’t be more attracted to this person, this is what I want, he is what I want, he is what I need, he is who I love, he is who I will die from. My cause of death, Oliver.

“Hey…” I said once I reached the balcony and stood beside him. The memory took me aback a little bit when couple of days ago, this is where we agreed to meet and go down by the river at 3 in the morning, when I spiked a fever, when we failed at making love and in the morning, we rolled around in the river. The trouble caught up with us when we entered the villa.
He raised an arm towards me and grabbed my shoulder, I gave into his embrace and hugged him completely from the front. Oliver put out the cigarette in the ashtray and embraced me tighter once again. I grew a bit since last summer, my lips were still in the same lining as his neck, I could still smell him. He smelled fuckable. Or was that me?

How can a person smell so damn ready and prepared? Oliver’s honey scent, combined with what he just ate, also, his sweat and now cigarettes. I got hard just from that smell, just from his pheromones evaporating from his beautiful body. What was unusual for him is that he wore a normal T-shirt, not those shirts with buttons that I always had trouble undoing one by one and just leave that job to him. No, he wore a somewhat loosened up black shirt that, with that bruise on his neck, looked so fucking delicious. But that smell was so intoxicating, and was calling for me to either wear his shirt over my head, like I did once upon a time with another piece of his clothing, or to just strip it off and absorb his warm skin. So, I simply led my urges take me to places where I needed to be. I lifted his shirt and stuffed my head underneath it. Oliver chuckled when he saw me like that and when he felt my face that close to his skin.

It was beyond warm underneath it, so much skin, the smell was all around me, I rubbed my face against his chest hair, kissed both of his nipples while my hands were still holding onto his back, until I pushed them under the shirt as well, from the back side, caressing that large proportion of his skin.

“Hey, you lost something there?” He chuckled when he asked me that.

“Control.” I whispered.

“I can see that.”

“You smell so good.” I breathed out.

“How about I just take it off?”

“No!”

I yelled underneath his shirt.

“Don’t, I’ll be cold if you do.”

He chuckled once again and them embraced me towards him. I hugged him back, hands still very much touching his warm and toxic skin.

I had an even bigger urge to share his body, with our bodies still fully dressed. Slowly but violently, I undid his belt and pulled it towards me. That’s when I let that urge overcome my body once again and shoved my hand down his trousers. My fingers brushed against his semi-hard cock and I started rubbing it slowly.

“Elio, what are you doing…this is…”

His chest began moving my head in waves. He too was sensitive, but only on the first touch.

“Mm, this is dangerous.” He groaned loudly.

The best part about his black loosened up shirt was the fact that the collar was big enough for me to push my head through and actually come face to face with him, with my hand still down his trousers, rubbing his big cock.
“Why? Nobody’s around…”

I moaned out against his bruised neck and kissed that patch of skin. I stopped rubbing my fingers against his cock and began palming him harder, he had to be at least as painfully hard as me.

“Fuck, I love you like this, so…mmm…much…” He breathed out.

Now, colliding with his original intoxicating smell, now I just added the sense of being this horny. If that was even possible.

“Take me.”

I moaned and licked his spikey chin. It’s not my fault I lost control, his body was evaporating with a sense of come-and-fuck-me smell.

“Ah, Oliver, take me to bed…”

He nodded quickly and then grabbed my tiny body around the waist, carried me inside the hallway. I spread my legs around his waist, with still a part of my body suffocating underneath his shirt. We giggled the whole way in.

Once we were inside, I got myself from underneath it and suddenly, it was so cold and chilly in the room, I could’ve actually frozen to death. Oliver took the shirt off and threw it across the room. I love that we never turn the light on in our bedroom. This way, it’s more intense and it’s turning both of us on. The only source of light we had was coming from the outside and through the tiny window next to our beds.

I was ready like never before. I gave him a tiny warm-up for the whole world to hear and frankly, I couldn’t have been more proud of myself. Whatever he had planned for tonight, he should take it in the consideration what I just did outside on the balcony.

He rushed towards me, picked up my body once again and held me so my back was turned towards the light. Almost as in looking at a Saint. Nothing else mattered at that moment, not my neck, nor my bruises, not his phone call and definitely not the fact that this was probably going to be our last night together while we were completely alone. There’s going to be more, more nights, more alone time and more fucking. I was hoping to get it as hard as last night, something so strong that can take me down mentally.

Oliver kept exploring my face and those marks he left of the left side of my neck, he was proud too. My arms hang perfectly around his neck, I loved looking at him looking at me. Wonder if he found what he was looking for. I was patiently waiting for our night to start, for him to kiss me, put me down on the bed, take my clothes of and touch me in a way that I can forget my own name. But I also could’ve settled just for this, him holding me until his hands go numb, his eyes traveling across my face, counting the seconds before we can exchange a word or a moan. Either way, this was off to a good start.

“Hey, I never noticed before…” He broke the silence, eyes glued to something behind me.

“What?”

“You used to have a table there, a small one…all of your books were piled up there.”

I moved my head to see at what his eyes were pointing at.

“Yeah…” and then back at him, “I moved them in the other room, and gave that table to Mafalda
for a TV in her bedroom.”

“Well…this just gets better and better.”

“What is?” I frowned at him.

“We can forget about the bed for tonight, that’s for sure.”

No bed? Window? Is he for real? We only had sex once before up against the window. But this was just getting better and better, like Oliver said.

He carried me all the way and lifted me onto the window. If I were to go an inch backwards, surely I’d fall into a quick death. Okay, not death, paralysis maybe. Oliver looked determined and nervous at the same time. How do you get two of that in one person?

“I wanna try something really different tonight. Okay? But you need to be patient and calm, can you do that for me?” He asked.

“Um, I’ll try, okay…”

This was officially freaking me out. I couldn’t read his mind to even assume what was coming for me. We were not on the bed, I was sitting here and he was standing in between my legs, I can’t imagine what is that he wanted to try so badly that required not-bed-manners.

Oliver began undressing himself, he undid the rest of the belt, which I started undoing while we were on the balcony, and took off his shoes along with his trousers and underwear. He stood naked before me but I was still very much dressed. As soon as he took it all off, it was like he let all the animals out of the cage. The smell, the warmth, the pheromones…they were floating around me and calling me to come and dive with them. He was half way hard but it should take him only a few touches to get that rock hard on. Oliver extended his hands towards me, I took them and he pulled me down onto the ground. The smell couldn’t have been more alluring than in that moment.

“Hands up.”

He whispered and I did as I was told. My shirt came off seconds later, exposing my beaten up, bruised and marked body. My swimming trunks came off a second later and I kicked the shoes all across the other side of the room. He chuckled at that. I didn’t have underwear underneath them, the trunks were usable in two ways.

We were finally naked in front of each other, looking at each other’s bodies and running hands along the way, it was like looking at the mirror. I didn’t see my body in his nor his in mine but it was almost as if I could feel whatever he was feeling, and feel everything he had put his hands on. At that point, who was Elio, who was Oliver? I lost track.

To return the favor, possibly, he kneeled in front of me and began kissing my thighs and my tummy. I held his hair in both of my hands and threw my head back once I felt him take me all in his mouth. It hurt to just twist my neck like that but I couldn’t care less. Oliver swallowed my hard cock so beautifully and moved it inside his mouth brutally slow. I knew this wasn’t gonna last long but we needed something to start the night with.

“Turn around.”

He whispered softly on my lips when he popped in front of me after pulling my organ out of his mouth and then kissed me with tongue.
I turned around on my own despite having his hands on my hips guiding me.

“This shouldn’t take long.”

“Oliver, I’m…” I stuttered.

“I’m right here, I’m not letting you go. You got it?”

I nodded quickly.

“This is a two-hand job so just grab onto whatever you can find there.” He said that behind my back.

“Will It hurt?”

I never heard an answer to that.

“Hold up.” He said and moved away from behind me, I could just tell when he’s not around, that type of energy simply disappears.

Oliver came back quickly enough with a bottle of our shower gel from the bathroom.

“Oh, that…” I breathed out.

“We’re gonna need it. A lot.”

Everything seemed to be moving a bit faster because even before I could process the last time we used this stuff, he kneeled behind me once again, spread my legs and my butt cheeks and started licking my hole on his own.

“Ah!”

My response was immediate and genuine, the reaction was the same every single time. His tongue kept twirling around my entrance and he’d slap my butt every once in a while, which he knew it excites me so he kept repeating that. Eating away at me and then slapping. Eventually when he was trying to focus on his breathing, he’d stretch me by pushing one finger inside. I’d close my eyes, tighten my lips and let all the feelings out, in a shape of a moan, leave my body.

Once he was satisfied with the preparation, he bounced back behind me and began kissing my shoulders and my back, while still massaging my hole with two of his fingers.

“You okay?”

“Mmm, mmhm…”

I breathed out against his body when my head fell onto his shoulder from behind. Our bodies were glued to each other’s, my shoulders against his chest, his fingers against my hole, his bruised neck against my bruised neck.

“You ready?” Oliver breathed out against my ear and bit the lobe at the end.

“For what?”

He unglued himself from me, opened the bottle of the shower gel and squeezed a large amount of it on his fingers of the right hand.
Oliver spread my legs a little bit wider and began touching that part between the anus and my testicles, the perineum. It was more of a massage with light pressures but it felt heavenly. So sensitive, so intense, so hard to keep it to myself.

“Ah, ahh…ah…”

Oliver changed the way of his fingers moving, instead of going into circled, he began moving them back and forth, never leaving the skin, the gel did an excellent job of being a type of lubrication because that’s what we desperately needed and we knew that saliva wasn’t enough nor safe.

This went on for a while and it was definitely something we never tried before nor have I felt anything like this. He continued massaging my perineum with his wet hands and I kept losing myself to his touch. The way his fingers were stuck and worked together just to please me… he was stimulating and awaking all sorts of pleasurable spots inside me, I simply couldn’t stop with grasping onto the wooden object in front of me nor could I keep the strangest groans inside my throat, everything was now out in the open.

“Hold on, baby…”

“Mmm, hurry…” I moaned at the top of my lungs.

Oliver only backed off to get some more gel, some of it landed on the floor underneath us. We’ll clean that later. Where are those fingers?

When he got back, he grabbed my testicles in one hand and began touching my hole with the other hand. Once my hole has had enough massage, he slowly pushed a thumb inside, it was the widest and the smallest finger he owned, all along, touching my perineum with the rest of his finger, and at the same time began tubbing my testicles in circulating motion with the other hand. Oh, this felt…like nothing I have ever felt before. I began breathing strangely, deep and slow and then fast and short. I kept my eyes closed the entire time he was walking me through this sensation, working me with only his hands, touching me places I was sure I had been touched before and experienced the feeling, but no, this was nothing like we’ve ever done it, the feeling was out of this world. It felt so good and at the same time, I couldn’t see the ending, I couldn’t come from just this and yet I felt as though I had orgasmed five or six times by now.

Even with his thumb not so deep inside I felt all sorts of glands contracting inside my body, starting from those In my brain and going down through out the entire body. Even my hole was contracting, sucking in his finger, all on its own. Oliver’s magical fingers were still working my perineum and my testicles, still warm and still wet. Were they wet because of me? Was I producing something? Was that even possible?

“Ah! Oh my God! Oliver! What are you…ah!”

“Feels good doesn’t it?”

“Fucking amazing! Keep going! Ah!”

I can’t remember when I unattached from him an actually threw my hands outside the window but that’s how I caught myself screaming his name once I opened his eyes.

“Okay, baby, you ready? I’m going to enter you right now. And you should do that on your own…”

“What do you…ah, mean…” I was panting, groaning and trying to keep myself the human as possible while still holding onto the window.
“You should just…suck me in, on your own, okay? I’m removing the finger now, I’m stopping this stimulation.”

“Mmmhm, okay, okay…fuck…I hate…I don’t want you to stop…mmm, agh…”

“I know, I know, this is going to feel even better, trust me.”

I nodded quickly again and actually felt tears stream down my face when he let go of my testicles and the perineum and when he pulled the thumb out. I knew his fingers could do magic with me, but this…what is this? What is he doing?

Oliver moved away once again to coat his hard cock with another batch of gel and positioned himself behind me. And, like he said, the second I felt his head at my entrance, I began arching and twisting my back to that unique sensation and so easily and perfect sucked his cock inside of me. He did absolutely nothing but stimulate me until three seconds ago.

“Ah! Ah! Fuck! Ah!”

“Oh! Oh my God! Elio! Fuck! Elio!”

No more moaning, now we’re screaming with everything we’ve got. He moved inside me brutally slow, I couldn’t believe how little it took for me to lose my mind and feel my body physically shutting down.

“Oliver…”

Suddenly, I felt dizzy.

“Oliver…”

“My legs were shutting down.”

“Oliver…”

Fast breathing.

“Oliver, oh…Oliver…”

“Oh, Elio…you feel amazing…”

“Oliver…”

He stopped.

“Oliver…”

It was all I knew at that moment. His name. Only his name. Only Oliver. It felt good but it felt tiring and exhausting, it felt amazingly but I had no control of my body.

“Oliver…”

“Talk to me…”

“Oliver…what is…what is happening?”

This surely felt like a panic attack. I lost all control and threw my head backwards, hitting his
shoulder violently with a limp body was at those moments. The pain…where is it?

“I don’t know…what is happening with me…”

“It’s okay, Elio. I’m right here, I’m not letting you go. Okay?”

He grabbed me by the waist.

“Oliver…”

“I’m here baby, I’m inside of you, I will not let you go, I promise you…”

“Oliver…”

“I’m here, you can let go now…breathe, just breathe, come one, breathe with me.”

It didn’t work. He had the energy to inhale and exhale, I had the energy to just fall down onto the ground immediately.

He grabbed me by the neck with his left hand and moved one of the glasses of the window towards us so it created a mirror. Look, Elio, look.

“Okay, look, look! Elio! Look!”

Two people were standing in front of me, both young, both men, both naked and both showered with moonlight.

“Look, see…this is us right now. Elio and Oliver, nobody else. What you are feeling is completely normal. You’re orgasming, you already orgasmed four times, I counted them but not through your cock, okay? This is a different type of orgasm, through your prostate. I had to stimulate it at first but you beat me up to it, now you’re doing it again. You’re not having a panic attack. You’re having an orgasm. This feels good. You’re loosing your body because it feels good, okay?”

I nodded at him, barely.

“You’re so beautiful, you have no fucking idea. I love you so much, I can’t…I can’t even begin to explain how much.” He sounded tortured and I felt him twitch inside of me. The sensation.

“I can’t feel my legs…”

“Okay, I’ve got you.”

He said and began moving backwards towards the bed, still holding me by my waist. Oliver laid down on his back and, still connected with me, laid me down onto his chest, my back glued to his torso. My hands were lazily lying on my stomach.

“Legs up.”

He spread my legs and settled them on his knees. There was not a part of me that was touching anything other than him. I started crying when I felt his lips touching my neck.

“You can move now…” I breathed out.

“You sure?”

I nodded against his face. Our cheeks were touching, both of us sweaty and eventually I threw my
head back but his lips never left my skin. After seven or eight thrusts going upwards, he came inside me with a loud grunt.

Oliver pulled out, grabbed my cock and began jerking me slowly, feeling how sensitive I have become after the whole thing. My hand grabbed his neck from the side, kissed him deeply and bit his lip in the process and the other one cupped his hand over my cock. I came all over my stomach few minutes later.

After stabilizing my breathing, in silence, still lying on top of Oliver and even after I cried out what was left of me and let him lick away the tears, I dozed off.

Chapter End Notes

A friend of mine has asked me to check if anyone knows what's going on with that fic "The Scene", any news on it, she would really appreciate it.
The afterglow (Oliver's POV)

Chapter Summary

Another slow day for Elio and Oliver.

Chapter Notes

Hello to everyone! I am so sorry for dragging along with these chapters and for not updating regularly. My schedule has been crazy this week, i even had an exam, which i passed, and started going to that language course and that will last another year, year and a half, so it's a big deal. If i find my inspiration, i'll try and update tomorrow or even on Monday. I just discovered how much i love writing from Oliver's point of view, it's good to have both characters involved in everything but still, this one especially made me happy with how many ideas kept popping in my head once i started writing it. Hope you like it and as always, i'm beyond grateful for all the support and encouragement, love you all!!

There was no use in trying to talk to him or even delay this afterglow, he fell asleep on top of me the second I emptied myself inside of him. His head and the rest of the body relaxed on my chest within two seconds, it was unbelievable, his legs got weak and fell hanging from my thighs. Elio’s chest was moving very slow and, just for a second, I could’ve sworn I heard him snore. I, on the other hand, was trying to get back to normal on my own. The adrenaline was kicking my body into overdrive and I wasn’t tired one bit. Our bodies were glued to one another, there were sweat and cum between our skins. Elio, being a tiny guy that he is, was as light as the feather on top of me, I barely felt his weight, except for those hanging legs.

He did good. He was amazing, the boy deserves to rest.

Suddenly, the room got strangely quiet. The night was dark, I had no idea what time it was, if I were to assume, it was somewhere around midnight. The crickets were playing their tune for the night, owls could’ve been heard here and thee but mostly, the sounds were coming from our beds. I was breathing normally even with Elio sleeping with his entire weight on top of me. Just to think that, maybe 20 minutes ago, he was losing control over his body and letting out sounds I never heard come from his mouth before. My task was completed, I did it, he did it, we did it. We both deserved to rest.

But I refused to move. I knew that there was a shit tone of things I had to do around the room before the Sun comes up, yet I think I’d lose the ability to breathe if I move him from me and, even worse, if I wake him up in the process. Ungluing him from me would surely feel like peeling my skin off. We were that close, physically, emotionally and mentally. Elio is the only person in my life next to whom I can breathe properly. Before all that love and happiness came along, it was almost as if I was suffocating, being on my own, being constantly alone, looking after myself, being a grown up, an adult, no one to take care of me, no one to tell me what to do, no one to show me the right way. And now…there’s still no one around telling me what to do, but with Elio by my
side, I was more than ever ready to grow up and move on, hoping that I’d hold his hand in the process.

Carefully, I pushed a hand underneath his head and sat up with him in my lap. He didn’t move at all, just continued his snoring. I stood up, carried him bridal style, kissed him warm and sweaty forehead in the process and gently placed him onto one of the pillows closer to the window. And just like that, my body welcomed the familiar coolness. Zero movements from him, at least I knew he was alive by snoring, other way around and I would be worried. He can’t be this tired, can he? In my right mind I forbade him to go sleep naked and ordered myself to clean us both and put the boy to bed the right way. He wasn’t going to remember any of it.

I moved from the bed and put on my underwear which I found on the floor, for just a little bit while I clean around the room and clean Elio. Went to the bathroom and found a cloth and soaked it in war water. As always, my pupils were dilated, skin was glowing from all the sweat, my purple-red tattooed neck stayed pretty much the same, and there was a part of me that wished my neck would stay this ruined even after we go back to New York.

I came back to the room and fund him in the same position as I left him, I simply couldn’t fight a smile. It made me wonder how much he trusts me and how far was he ready to go to the distance because of me. I wanted to make him feel good tonight, and with him reacting to me, it made me feel good as well. He never asked what was I planning, although I knew that he was thinking about it a lot, he never stopped to show me his fears and I knew he was more than just scared, terrified, so was I. So was I. Terrified I would hurt him, or go the wrong way, or scare him with blank touches without any insight of my goal. Thank God, the night went as planned, even better, he was satisfied, I was happy. And what about the night before? When I tied his hands up and blinded him? He never opposed to any of it. Why? Because he wants to pleasure me? Because he knows how much I love when we spice things up a bit? Because he loves me, trusts me, breathes for me? I’m just a human being.

I sat on the bed began gently dabbing the cum stains off of his body, one by one, they already dried off but I couldn’t let him go to bed dirty. They were everywhere, from his tummy, across his chest, his nipples, his neck and some on his chin and in his hair. We’ll wash it tomorrow, I thought while never moving my eyes from his face, I made sure to go gentle and unnoticed so he doesn’t wake up. After his torso, I had to find a way and turn him over and clean his hole, it was full of that shower gel and me. He’s probably going to be delirious if he wakes up suddenly and if I wake him up, I’ll put him back to sleep. So I carefully and slowly turned him around on his side but, on my surprise, he cooperated and turned to sleep on his tummy and even spread his legs a bit. Elio and his sleeping on his tummy. Thank God for that, I thought while gently running across his soft skin with couple of cloth movements before cleaning most of it, not all of it, we’ll shower together, or I’ll wash him and clean his entire body. Elio twitched couple of times but it could’ve just as easily be because I tickled him, so his head never left the pillow. How is it possible he never felt that? Or did and was just teasing me, being too lazy to drag his body to the bathroom…yeah, that sounds like Elio.

It’s crazy how I know what does and what doesn’t sound like Elio Perlman.

Then, I returned to the bathroom, washed the substance off the cloth and let it dry by spreading it on the bath tub. I opened his closet when I walked back into the room, got out one pair of underwear and a shirt. He didn’t move to the sound of the closet door opening or me waling across the old floors. I turned him around once again and started dressing him up, underwear first, I even lifted his hips on my own but somewhere at the ending, he woke up for a brief moment.

“Lift your butt, come on…” I whispered against his cheek.
He nodded with his head rolling around on the pillow.

“Baby, I have to dress you up, come on, sit up just for a second, okay?”

He nodded once again, eyes closed, his face was screaming with the afterglow and “I just got fucked really hard” look on it.

I pushed his head through one hole and then with the hands he helped a bit.

“It’s okay, you can go back to sleep.” I said once I sat back down.

Elio nodded again and turned back onto his tummy and that was it.

I covered him up with a blanket, kissed his temple and began cleaning around the room. Picking and throwing the clothes away, closing the windows filled with memories, took the shower gel back to the bathroom, settled our shoes somewhere visible and at the end, I used the same wash cloth and began wiping the floor just underneath the windows from all the substances. There was no telling for sure what was on that floor but whatever it was and the amount, it took me back to the bathroom four times to wash it off and then run back to clean the rest of the stuff on the floor.

After I was done there, I went to the bathroom once more, jumped in the tub and just let water slide down my hair and body. It felt really good but I knew what was missing, and what was missing was that comatose person in the other room. I walked back, he was still asleep, I dressed up and just as I was ready to go to bed, he woke up.

“Oliver?” he murmured in the pillow. Oh, sure, this wakes you up.

I couldn’t help but smile how my name was the first thing that he mouthed once he woke up. It’s not the first time. And I got sick of hearing my own name especially after Elio was constantly repeating it when he was orgasming. He was scared and there was nothing I could do to calm him down. I got you, baby, I am never letting go of you, not after tonight, we’re bounded for life now. That type of connection doesn’t exist anywhere else in the world or with any other person.

“Hey…”

“What time is it?” He asked rubbing his eyes.

“I don’t know, maybe midnight, one, two…”

“How long was I out?” He sat up.

“Maybe an hour.” I said and laid down opposite him, my feet were where the pillow was.

“Oh, wow.”

“You sleep okay?” I couldn’t keep my eyes off of him. Elio was glowing, his voice during one of the orgasms kept haunting my brain non stop.

He nodded, yawning.

“Wait…did you dress me up?”

He asked after maybe a minute of full silence. Elio looked down and probably remembered that he dozed off fully naked.

“Of course I did, who else is here to do that, you idiot?”
“I remember you…a bit…” Elio squeezed his eyes shut and open, really trying to fight with his memory.

“And I cleaned you too.” I added and rested my head on the palm of my hand.

He was dumbfounded.

“What, how, when?” Panicking.

“With a wash cloth. You don’t remember that?”

He shook his head.

“Oliver, this is dangerous, someone can get raped like this and not remember at all…”

“Oh, shut up, I was careful.” I chuckled.

We stayed quiet for a while. I could see him traveling with his eyes across the room, trying to recall what happened and once he reached the window he stopped, blinked, raised his eyebrows and form a huge grin on his baby face.

“Oh my God, Oliver…what was that? What did you do to me, I ugh…” He turned to look my way, not my eyes.

Elio covered his face with his hands, still fighting with an idea of what just happened, a hint of embarrassment. This was not the same person I destroyed an hour ago. The way his body moved and voice cracked…this is not the same person. Fuck, I love him. I love him that he’s so willing to trust me with just anything. Especially when it comes to his body, and I always make sure to treat it as gentle as possible, because that’s what he deserves.

I laughed out loud and reached for one of his hands. He took it when his face got revealed again.

“You liked it didn’t you?” I asked, knowing the answer in advance.

“Of course, I fucking loved it, I just…ah…how…I never felt anything like that, ever, in my life, it was like reaching a stage closer to nirvana…where did you learn to do that?”

I decided to keep it to myself how I discovered the prostate orgasm by myself, on a very dull evening, when I got back from Italy a year ago and Elio was the only person on my mind. Restless head, long fingers and a hard boner.

“I read about it somewhere a while back, so I decided to give it a try. I had to take careful steps and because your body is still going through puberty, it’s changing, adapting, forming new cells every time, every second now as we speak. You did good, kid.”

“Will you teach me?” He asked.

I was confused. Was he really asking me to teach me how to get me to that lever of sensitivity? I didn’t want that. I wanted him, so childish and inexperienced, so goofy and blood-red-cheeked when he asked me that ridiculous question. It made me smile, only because I couldn’t wait to get my hands on him and be completely alone. Even though we were alone at this very moment, I wanted more, I wanted more than just short talks before our exhausted heads would hit the pillows.

“I know, stupid…but I would really like to return the favor.” Elio said, never looking me in the eyes.
“No need baby, you’re coming to New York with me, I don’t want anything else now.”

He smiled, I smiled. I mirrored his move and just by looking at him glow after sex, I laid my head down and closed my eyes for a brief second while Elio was still covered and sitting leaned against the wooden board.

“I’m tired.” He said after some time, but I didn’t believe him.

“Me too.”

“Come back here.” He said.

“Can’t… you get down here.”

He never hesitated, only jumped from his spot down next to my head. I wanted to change things a little bit so I nuzzled my face in the crook of his neck instead. I loved the way he smelled after sex. He was intoxicating. It was strong.

“What are we going to do tomorrow?” He whispered against my forehead.

“Let’s worry about that tomorrow.”

I felt him nod and kissed his neck almost at the exact same time when he kissed my forehead.

“When were you planning on us leaving?” He asked. Elio was now fully awake and ready to go on now like this the entire night. I, on the other hand, was losing the ability to keep my eyes opened and tongue function.

“Whenever your parents give us their permission.” I breathed out on his skin.

“I think we should wait a day or two, that’s how long they’ll need to sober up.”

We both chuckled, loudly and it lasted for some time. They were having their fun and we were having ours.

I could die like this, just as easily as I can take my next breath. He was so warm and comfortable, his bony shoulder only made my chin itch. It was just him and I. Lying, side by side, him on his back and me on my side with my face stuffed into his neck. Elio’s heart was beating like crazy, I felt an artery on the side of his pulsing stronger and more intense whenever I’d push my body closer to his. Is this how he reacts every time around me? He’s a mess. I love him.

“Do you realize that this is going to be the longest we’ll ever be together.” I said.

“What do you mean?”

“How many days were we together the last summer? Ten days, two weeks? And now? A week? You combine it and it’s not even a full month, not even thirty days ever since we started this whole thing. Now, we’ll be two months together.”

He thought for a while before he replied.

“Fuck, you’re right.”

Silence.

“But we had six weeks last year…”
“And the first four we were playing around with each other, the last two…well, we’re here now.”

I thought about that while I was doing my best in helping him remember to breathe. The days we spent together, however the few in reality, we would be completely alone for two months in my apartment in New York and I could have him like this all the time, for sixty days, just him and I. Forever, if it comes to that. Simple as that.

“Go to sleep, we’ll talk tomorrow.” I said and tilted his chin toward me to kiss him, deeply.

This was the first time we fell asleep with me tucked in gently on his body. Elio’s warmth put me to sleep faster than I could finish the kiss.

The next morning, I woke up alone. Elio was no where to be found in the room, no sounds from the bathroom. Two mornings in a row he wakes up before me and lets me sleep. I loved the fact that I had no idea what time it was. We’d go to bed whenever we felt like it, wake up in the middle of the night to talk or to shower, we’d eat whenever we were hungry and spend the rest of the day together until we’d feel ready to make love at night and let time do its thing.

I got up, dressed properly and head towards the back yard to find him. I knew he’d be there, eating, playing his guitar or swimming. There weren’t many places around the villa where Elio could go and I knew his path like I knew my own. And I was right. He was in the kitchen, alone.

“Good morning you.” He said when he saw me with a huge smile on his face.

He was placing some food on the plate and I simply couldn’t resist not to touch him. I refused to just sit back and watch him.

I stood behind him, gently put both of my hands on his waist, from which he twitched, and kissed his neck.

“Hm, good morning…” I breathed out onto his skin.

“Someone can see us, she can walk in any second now…” He spoke softly.

“And did we ever get caught?”

“No, but it’s still early. Go.”

Elio moved away from me and walked outside to take that plate out, then came back in.

“Ugh, I can’t wait to be alone with you. I can’t wait to have you all to myself. I can’t even get a proper morning kiss anymore…”

Oops, I triggered something inside of him. Because when he turned around, Elio latched onto me, pushed me up against a wall and kissed me. Harder than any kiss we ever shared before and, at the same time, it was probably the hottest one that came from his action. He lifted his tiny body on the tips of his toes and I embraced him to the fullest.

“Happy now?” He breathed out after we parted our lips but remained connected.

“You know I am.” I sighed.

My fingers ran across his forehead, removed a lock of his hair and fell directly to that bruised neck of his, done by me. Elio’s hands found its way underneath my shirt and I could tell that he was also
looking at my neck as well. “You’re so beautiful like this…” I said and he got a bit embarrassed so he shoved his forehead in my shoulder, like he always does.

I sighed once we parted because we heard someone walk in and we both went outside to eat.

It was a slow day. We ate with our feet touching as per usual, then went back upstairs to change and went outside to swim. We swam for hours, Mafalda even brought us some refreshments, we smoked together, shared a cigarette, held each other’s bodies above the water, we even kissed underneath it, almost at the bottom of the pool. After that, we’d pause and sunbathe on the grass or on the cemented part of the pool. Then lunch came, and it was just the two of us once again. Then we got back to the pool. I did, that is, he stayed on the grass and tried, but failed, to read a book. I kept splashing drops of water onto his pages so he had to move away from me maybe five or six times, never tried to move too far away in case he misses me. We sunbathed some more, smoked a lot, laughed our asses off over some distant memories from a few days ago, last summer, five years ago. We made out behind a tree because he simply couldn’t live with the fact that somebody might see us, despite everyone knowing about us, but I respected his wishes and did whatever he wanted just to make him more comfortable and happy.

Somewhere around 7 or 8 at night we skipped dinner and, after we showered together, changed into something dry, we went outside to the backyard at our usual spot which was nowadays less usable because we had no where else to hide and, quite frankly, no need to hide anymore. Elio mentioned that his parents should be home in a couple of hours so he’ll have to calculate their moods and figure out how is he going to state to them that we’ll be leaving together very soon. Let’s worry about that in a few hours, or even tomorrow, I said. We stayed there, together, alone and began making a two-month plan of our activities after we go back to New York together. I found my happy place. This person. And nobody else.
“Two months…”

I breathed out once we were done planning what were we going to do for those two months, which places to visit, which restaurants have the best and the worst food, we talked about the museums, art galleries, jazz cafes and of course, at what time during a day is the best to go outside and see the Sunset. I couldn’t wait for us to duck out. It all sounded so surreal for me. Us. Oliver and me. In New York. For two whole months. Am I dreaming?

“Two months.” He repeated.

Oliver was sitting, back facing the cemented gate and I was, although it was a hard and torturing path to get to it, lying on his chest, my back to his chest. In silence, hands holding, fingers intertwining, his legs spread and hanging on the sides to make room for my body and mine were crunched closer to me.

“Is that enough?” I asked.

“If it was up to me, I’d keep you there forever. But you need to go to school and finish the last year so you’d be able to move in with me for good.”

“Wha-what?” I moved my head just for a little bit to look at him. Was this something I missed? When did he come up with such a plan? Did he talk to me last night when I passed out but he didn’t know I did?

“Well, did you talk to your parents what’s gonna happen after you finish high school?” He looked dead serious, I was still dumbfounded.

“Well, yeah, but…nothing…nothing has been certain. We only talked about going over ocean to continue the studies...” I stuttered.

“We’d have to be only one year apart and then we’ll be back together. Isn’t that the plan?” He was still continuing this dead-serious look on his face. Like he really meant it.

“What plan? With whom are you composing a freaking plan?”
“With you, you idiot. We go now and then only you come back, you go to your school, I’ll go to mine, if both of our schedules are not crowded, we could be together for winter breaks again. And once you finish the final year, take the final exam, I’ll be waiting for you in New York and our apartment.”

“Our?”

“For now, it’s mine, but once you move in, it’ll be ours. I’ll find a piano for you.”

“Oliver, are you serious?” I turned around to take a better look at him, squeezing his thighs in the process because I needed support. Oliver looked so relaxed and calm, peaceful and happy. There was a look on his face which kept telling me that he went through this inside his head and that he was satisfied with the outcome. I probably sounded shocked because I was, and I felt that I couldn’t move, from him or move at all. He was throwing all of these words and plans at me, caught me off guard, actually dived deep in what was yet to happen.

“Do I look like I’m kidding?” He smiled.

Wait. Wait. Wait. What is he talking about? Where is all of this coming from? Winter breaks…our apartment…a piano for me to play on. I thought… I thought the worst. We’d go for New York and I’d come back and that was it. I was so scared of thinking that far in the future. But now Oliver was…he already planned the future. He already made everything happened in his head and I know that once Oliver sets up a task, he’s not gonna breathe normally until it’s done properly and by his terms.

“No, I’m just… are you serious, for real? For us to… live together, for… for how long?”

“As long as my heart doesn’t give out. It shouldn’t be any time soon, I do a lot of cardio exercise and eat healthy…” He smiled, widely, which only summoned a tear in my eye and a huge smile on my face.

A year ago, I would’ve never seen this coming. Seeing him again. Reconnecting. Kissing, touching, sleeping together, spending every day together, and then, like a bomb, he asked me to go back to New York with him, for two whole months, and after that, we’d be three or fours months apart, then we’d see each other when the winter comes, after that, after I finish my final exam, I am moving to New York to attend a University and live with him. Live with Oliver. Until his heart gives out.

“I was so scared of asking what the future holds for us…” I began.

“Yeah?”

“And now you answered all of my questions.”

“And?”

“You destroyed all of my fears.”

“We’ll manage.” He said and caressed a tear streaming down my cheek.

“Will we?”

“We have to. I don’t want to lose you ever again, don’t want to spend a day without you, I simply can’t picture that. And I know that in two months we-…”
I covered his mouth with my hand.

“Stop talking.”

He nodded with my hand across his mouth.

“I love you.” I said and came closer to his face.

“I love you too.”

He breathed out once I removed my hand. Oliver pulled me in for a kiss, to seal the deal.

We stayed in silence for a while, me lying on his chest, my head just an inch away from his heart. I could actually feel it race from time to time. One of Oliver’s hands stayed still on my chest and the other one got stuck in my hair. He breathing slowly, keeping it calm because of my head on his torso. The sky was dark, splattered with stars all across it, the Moon was hiding somewhere in the trees but its light kept shining our way as our tour guide. I’d give anything to keep this feeling and this sense of security like this forever. I’d refuse to move from him, to talk to him, to let him kiss me, to let him touch me, enter me, I’d refuse to let him take me away from our spot right here. Let’s keep it like this as long as possible, us in silence, lying against each other, breathing deeply with our eyes closed and simply absorb the nature around us. Oliver had no idea how happy I really was, despite coming across a little cold with my walls still up so high. Having him with me literally did the trick with everything. My neck pain was gone, it seemed so long ago when I was twitching and squirming whenever my attention required to turn around or to move the other way. But now it was gone. Oliver made that happen, he made me overlook it and simply made me focus on other things. The fact that we spent the entire day by the water…it couldn’t have felt more like summer to me than us swimming inside the pool, sunbathing or even him annoying me while I was trying to read and he kept wetting my pages. I was mad, or at least I tried to be but as always, he saw right through me and stopped once I moved a bit too far. I knew he couldn’t be that far away from me, like I couldn’t as well. I’d miss him too much, too fast.

After what it felt like eternity, our silence got interrupted by the sound of a car approaching.

“Oh, here they are…”

Oliver spoke and, for the first time ever, I was so shaken after hearing his voice. It sounded so strange and foreign to me.

“Let’s go and say hi.” He said.

“No…I don’t want to.” I pouted.

“We’ll come back here after that.”

I unglued myself from him, unwillingly, and he stood next to the cemented gate.

“I’m tired…” I breathed out, still sitting on the gate. “I don’t want to come back.”

“Is that a code for…” I looked at Oliver, he smirked at me, even raised his eyebrows, I knew what he meant by that. But I simply wasn’t in the mood for it tonight.

“No, I really am tired.” I said.

“Oh, okay, maybe it’s good to pause for one night.” He said. “Give me your hands, let’s go and say hi to your parents.”
I came down and he embraced me with one hand over my shoulder, and I grabbed his waist. We were off inside. The slowest walk in the Universe, that’s what it was. We took the long round.

“You don’t mind if we don’t make love tonight?” I asked, eyes fixated to the ground, feeling myself getting a little embarrassed.

“You are being ridiculous. Of course I don’t mind. I wouldn’t mind if you were to withhold your body from me for the next two months, I just want to be with you.” He said.

“I’d sooner die than not let you touch me for two whole months.”

He chuckled. I was serious.

“I figured.”

Step by step, we walked still embraced, but he had no idea how much I hated what was yet to come, the part where we had to let go of each other and walk inside the villa.

“What are we gonna tell them if they ask what we’ve been doing these days without them?” I asked once we reached the porch.

“I don’t know, what do you think?”

“The truth?”

“Oh, sure, that’s smart. Let’s tell them how we patiently waited for the night to come so I could tie their son up and put a blind fold on, because he likes it…”

I cut him in and added…

“Don’t forget to mention what we did last night.”

“Oh, you little…”

We laughed before walking inside the villa.

My father was in his study room and my mother was in the hallway already dialing a number.

“Elio, honey, I’ll be right there, just have to let them know we got home.”

“How was it?” I asked kissing her cheek.

“Wonderful, I’ll talk to you…hello!”

And I left her to continue her talk and headed for the study room. Oliver already made himself comfortable by latching onto the red sofa and my father was standing and talking to him.

“Hey…” I said walking in the room.

“Elio!” My father coughed my name out and then gave me a hug.

“I see it went pretty well.” I hugged back.

“Yeah, yeah, it was good, amazing actually…”
“And the dinner party?”

“Yeah, yeah, that too. Although, we had a bit of an incident on that dinner…” He added.

“What happened?”

“Bride’s ex boyfriend came in and started singing and proclaiming his love towards her, which I found very poetic but the groom didn’t want to hear another word of it, so he had to be removed as soon as possible.” He said with a laugh.

“Oh, wow. And how did the bride react?”

“She was mortified. Your mother spent hours in the bathroom with her, trying to calm her down. But the wedding went beautifully, no interruptions or accidents.” My father finished with a smile.

“Glad to hear that you all had fun, mostly… you needed a couple of days off.” Oliver cut in.

“Yeah, I suppose I did. Although, I can barely stand how tired I really am.” He breathed out.

“This is his way of kicking us out of the room.” I turned to Oliver said. I was joking, I saw that he was tired and needed to rest.

“No, wait, no…” My father turned defensive very quickly.

“Oh, professor Perlman, tsk, tsk. You could’ve just said so.” Oliver got up and we were on our way out of the room.

“It’s not true.”

“I’m kidding, dad. Go, sleep, we’ll talk tomorrow.” I said outside his study room.

“Oh, yeah, sure… good night, tell your mother I’m off, she’ll be on that phone forever.”

We walked back into the hallway, Oliver kissed my mother’s cheek on his way upstairs and I motioned her that dad was getting ready to go to sleep and that Oliver and I were on our way too. She mouthed a good night and I went upstairs after Oliver.

“They seem happy, don’t they?” I asked as soon as we walked in the bedroom, Oliver started taking off his shoes and his shirt.

“They haven’t got a clue that I’m about to tear their son away from them for two months.” He joked and I smiled.

“I’ll talk to them tomorrow.”

He walked pass me and went into the bathroom, I stayed there, leaned against the board of the bottom of the bed.

I caught myself thinking for a while. We just walked into this room that had another bedroom and a bathroom, we talked about a few things, he lightly passed by me and went to get ready for bed and I was feeling, all of a sudden, overwhelmed and happy. We had our little world upstairs, which we created on our own, which we kept consuming and building. Everything began in this very
room, when, a year ago, I took his things up to his room, now our room, before that it was my room, and even removed my stuff for him to crash on top of it. I mean…there weren’t any other rooms that could’ve used as a start, this one was just perfect. It’s where he threw one of his very first “Later!”’s at me. It’s where I discovered my sexual desires towards him when I wore his, now my, red short shorts over my head and even to this day, I was still haunted by the image of him walking in and finding me like that. It’s where I lost my virginity to him. A different kind but still a virginity. And so did he, only few days after me and, of course, by my hand. A lot of memories were imprinted in this room, the walls had seen and heard it all, there was not a part of bed that didn’t hold our skin cells, there was not a corner in which we didn’t share a kiss…I am leaving all of this behind in a couple of days. I really do hope the new summer resident will be nice towards our little world, our sanctuary, my home. If New York is anything like this…

“Your turn.” He said as he was referring to use to bathroom. That snapped me back to reality.

“Oh, yeah…thanks…”

“Elio, are you okay?”

“Hm?”

“You’re crying…” He said looking at me.

I was? I touched my cheeks and they were wet. Didn’t even notice it started.

“Oh, shit…I didn’t even…sorry…”

“It’s okay, no need to apologize. Why are you crying?”

“Oh, nothing, it’s silly, I guess I didn’t even notice that.”

“What where you thinking about? Talk to me.” He came closer to me, I felt his body releasing his intoxicating smell, better to stay away from him.

“It’s silly, I’ve just been…looking around the room, thinking about…how are we gonna leave it all behind so soon…” I said.

“What? You don’t wanna go?”

“No, no, no…of course I do, I just…I kept thinking about us, you and me, and this room. I lot of shit went down…” Oliver didn’t even let me finish, he just embraced me to him and I could’ve died in his arms, suffocating from his smell. I also had to remember what I did to his neck, days ago, it was still there, popping out to say hello every time he’d reveal his body to me.

“Sure it did…”

“Don’t get me wrong, I can’t wait to leave, I’m just…I don’t know what’s wrong with me…”

“I know, I know…if you were anyway different, who knows if I would’ve ever fallen in love with you in the first place.” He responded in my hair.

“I know you’d stay the same…”

We both giggled at that.

“So, when are we leaving?”
“I’ll have to check. Maybe in 3 or 4 days.”

“Wow, that soon, huh? I can’t wait.” I said.

“it’s gonna be a long trip, just to prepare you for that.” He responded, with a smile, I could just tell.

“I don’t care.” I breathed out against his skin with a smile.

Slowly and trying to go off unnoticed, I began kissing his chest and his neck. His arms relaxed around my waist and my back, this was turning him on, I could tell, it was turning me on as well. Oliver was warm and a little sweaty which only caused problems in my pants because I was already getting hard. I was screaming to get touched and to get fucked, even harder than the previous two nights, but this…I could barely stand next to him without being taken by his masculine smell. My hands were moving from around his waist, gently and slowly caressing the skin, feeling him twitch at my touch, never would I have ever believed I could have that kind of effect on him. My fingers were coursing towards the zipper of his pants.

“Elio…we should pause…only for tonight…” He breathed out against my ear.

“I know…but, fuck, you smell so good…I can’t help…”

“Then get away from me. Go, go.” Oliver pushed me off of him and it was like gasping for air. Not fair.

“Ugh, fine!”

He stayed and continued laughing and I ran to the bathroom to finish my business before coming out and going to bed.

Oliver was waiting for me. I changed into my pajama bottoms and the same shirt I’ve used to sleep in for days. That sneaky motherfucker didn’t put anything on to cover his chest.

“If you get attacked tonight, it's your fault.” I said before climbing the bed.

Oliver chuckled.

“Hm, I’ll take that risk. Come here.”

I settled myself facing the window, with him behind me and holding his hand to my chest. Oliver turned my head and kissed me on the lips. No way was I ready to let go of him and his lips that easily, so I latched onto him and deepened the kiss, kept wanting to last longer, kept wanting never for it to end. Oliver kissed my neck one more time before completely dozing off.

The next morning, I woke up before him. Somehow, I managed to survive one night of not making love with him and I also survived not to suffocate myself from his contagious smell. The Sun kicked in very quickly and, all of a sudden, I was blinded in front of the whole world. I was so used to us being alone for the past three days that I was, honestly, startled by the sounds coming from outside. My parents were talking with Mafalda and I could specifically hear them mention the incident at the wedding.

I changed into my swimming trunks and a different shirt, all along staring at him, walking carefully and trying not to wake him up, and went downstairs. They all wished me a good morning and offered me a cup of coffee to start the day off. Breakfast will be served as soon as Oliver
wakes up. They asked if he was going to be long, I don’t know, I replied and began sipping my coffee. I totally forgot to watch out for the eyes on the purple marks on my neck, they were a tiny bit fading away but the color wasn’t important as much as it was the number of those marks. Above my color, there were five or six of them visible. I’d avoid their eye-contact but we’d still talk normally.

My father walked back into his study room and I followed him in after couple of minutes. He’d be the best person to confront about the trip. I will involve my mother later. After all, she was the one who suggested that Oliver and I should go to Bergamo together.

“Hey, dad?”

“Elio, hi.” He smiled once I walked in.

“Can we talk?”

“Sure. What’s on your mind?”

And just at the perfect time, my mother walked in. My heart was racing and all I could see is me cupping the bed because Oliver is going to leave without me and that would be the ending of us. All thanks to Annella saying no. And dad’s word has nothing over hers.

“Hey, darling, have you seen my pack of cigarettes?” She asked.

“Actually, mom…could you come in for a second, I have to talk to you guys about something?”

There was an expression full of dread splattered across her face.

“Ye-yeah…what’s wrong?” She asked as soon as she sat down next to my father, he didn’t look concern at all.

“I…um…I have to ask you something, and it would really mean the world to me if you say yes.”

“O-okay, what’s up?” She put a palm over her chest. Wow, she was really scared but I couldn’t stop thinking about her saying no, over and over again.

So, I just stopped panicking and decided to throw it like a bomb at them.

“Um…Oliver asked me to come to New York with him…for two months.” I finally spoke.

“Oh my God!” My mother grunted quickly, letting out a big sigh of relief in the process.

“What?” I was scared.

“Don’t do that!”

“Do what?”

“Scare me like that. I thought it was something serious.” She said and my father smiled at her reaction.

“Yes, yes, you can go to New York. You just took 15 years off my life, kid.” She said and my father added that I should absolutely go.

“Seriously?”
“Yeah. You can go!” My father approved.

“Oh! Thank you, thank you, thank you!”

I rushed to hug him and gave both of them a big bear hug, thankfully they were sitting next to each other.

“Okay, okay, okay…Elio, Elio! But I would like a word with Oliver first.” My mom spoke through a laugh.

“Yeah, sure anything! Thank you, thank you! I love you guys so much!”

I kissed both of their cheeks and ran out of the room and sped up momentarily upstairs to wake Oliver up and give him the good news. And something else.
Elio and Oliver celebrate their trip to New York.

Hello everyone! Wow, it's been days since I posted and I've been writing this one for hours now. It's 1:15 am right now and I should be getting up in 5 hours for my classes. I wanted to add so much to this chapter but I'm so tired right now and I'd probably have to add another 3000 words so I'll save that for the next one. I should start writing that one really soon, I've been busy with my language course, it's going great but there's always homework which is something I didn't have since high school blah blah. Anyway, I hope you'll like this one, we're slowly moving towards the end in Italy, it should be another 2 or 3 chapters and then it's all about New York. Thank you all for the support, enjoy this one and lots of love!!

Oliver was still very much sound asleep when I walked back into the room. The plan was to give him the news and to find a way to celebrate it, the only way we knew how. I closed all the doors when I walked into the room, closed the windows so that the Sunlight would be a little dimmed and would give a good atmosphere inside a place for what was yet to come. Outside, I didn't hear anybody, even through closed windows, which was a good sign, they were all inside the house but, no doubt, they're going to move from the outside to the inside of the villa. It was so silly how I knew the exact movements of all the residents and just like that I knew at what time to jump his bones or just sit quietly next to him.

He was sleeping on his stomach, face drowning into the new pillowcases Mafalda specially pulled out for us, silky honey colored hair was all over his face, covering most of his forehead and his sleepy eyes, one arm spread across the other side of the bed and the other one laid underneath the pillow, under him. The smell was still there, the one that almost killed me the previous night, and on top of that, it was hot as we were sleeping so add his sweat as a bonus and I was hard in no time in the middle of the night. He changed his position, I didn’t leave him like this and that arm spread all the way to my side of the bed only tells me that he did, in fact, awoke for a brief amount of time, threw his arm to find me and gave up on it and went back to sleep once he realized I was nowhere to be found. Now, the windows were closed but it was hot in the room, or was that me? I smiled. I also took my shirt off and went straight to him.

The fact that I grew in height since last summer, didn’t change a thing about him being this huge and wonderful person with whom I’ve sharing my bed night after night. I knew I was as light as a feather on top of him, which is why I did that instead of simply waking him up.

I climbed on top of the bed and positioned myself on top of Oliver. Skin to skin, just how I like it. He was breathing slowly and deeply and I’m pretty sure he could’ve felt my heart beating abnormally fast on his left side of the back. I breathed out against the back of his neck and kissed
it, that should be a start. I grabbed his hand with mine and simply enjoyed this moment: us lying like this, dimmed light inside a room, skin on skin, the love that was evolving around us was floating inside a room, him breathing slowly and deeply and just like that, he was lifting me with him. A person would think it took me this much to be happy…wrong…my happiness walked into my life the second Oliver stepped out of Anchise’s green car last summer almost to the exact same day.

Oliver hummed against the pillow after some time and only changed the position of his legs. I kissed him again and quietly whispered his name on his ears. The warm breath made him squirm a bit and he hummed once more.

“Oliver…”

I whispered his name again.

“Wake up…I have something to tell you.”

I smiled as I ran my lower lip across his ear lobe.

“Hmm…Elio…I had a dream…”

“What dream?”

“About you.” His voice was husky and soft, warm and it send shivers down my spine and adrenaline in my cock.

“I have to tell you something.”

“What?” He breathed out finally.

“I talked to my parents…about New York.”

He opened his eyes and kept the sight towards the window. So, he was afraid of their answer as well? That was good to know.

“And?”

This is it.

“And…they said no. I’m sorry, I can’t come with you to New York.”

“What? Why not?”

“I don’t know, they screamed at me the second I mentioned it to them. They kept arguing how young I was and how they don’t believe I could survive the plane ride back, that they only trust me with you while we’re in the same house as them…I…I’m sorry…they don’t want to hear another word about it. The idea is absurd.”

Those were the arguments that were actually my biggest concern, but, if my parents were okay with that, so was I. I just wanted to have some fun with him.

“Wait.”

He said getting up into a sitting positing and just like that, I slid off of him and sat kneeled behind him. God, I felt so naked.
“I’ll talk to them, I have to. I’ll tell them that they can trust me to get you across the ocean, that I’ll…” He turned around to look at me.

“No, no…they won’t hear it…” I shook my head.

“I’ll explain the trip to them, where and when would we be getting off and I’ll tell them which places are safe…and…and…and I’ll even bring up Bergamo, if I have to. You went there with me and everything turned out fine.”

Minus the broken heart, but yeah.

“No, sorry…they won’t budge. I even asked them to talk to you and they just dismissed the idea…”

I couldn’t hold it, I began smiling at the end, mostly because his reaction showed me how much he really cares if we go or not. It was never my intention to test his love and trust towards me, I was just glad that, if this problem had occurred and it really could’ve, I’d have his support and I’d have him sticking up for me and our relationship.

“Wait…you little shit!”

I began laughing so hard when he realized I was teasing him.

“I’m sorry! I had to!”

“You little shit! Fuck you!” Oliver grabbed his pillow and threw it at me, all along smiling like an idiot.

“I wanted to see how you’d react…”

“Oh my God! And the truth is…”

“Yes, I can go, of course I can go! They can’t wait to get me out of the house!” I raised my voice due to the excitement.

Oliver crawled towards me and embraced my face in his hands.

“Oh, you little shit, fuck, I love you…” He whispered at me and combed my curls behind my ears.

“I love you too…” I said.

We closed the distance between us with a perfect morning kiss. Both of us were smiling during the entire time our lips were playing with each other. Our bodies were glued once again, skin to skin as we continued to kiss.

“We’re going to New York?” I asked once we parted.

“We’re going to New York!” He replied.

“You had me there for a moment.” He said after we came back to the original position with me attached to his back, kissing his neck and breathing against his ear lobe.

“Hm, good to know.”
“Probably because I wasn’t awake totally…but I’m happy we’re going together.” He said and I kissed his neck once more.

“Me too. We should celebrate.” I said.

“Okay, how?”

I scoffed.

“How do you think? Stay like this…” Oliver turned around lifted on his elbows to look at me. He knew exactly what was on my mind.

“Oh? Oh, okay…do your magic sir. Wake me up properly before breakfast.” He said with a teasing tone.

“Well, good morning to you and bon appetite.”

Time for talking had stopped the second I began kissing down his spine, and moving myself away from him down until I reached his hips. Oliver laid perfectly still. The other plan was to make him come before breakfast. Of course, I was scared, I would always feel terrified once I’d be one who decided to take the lead. I trusted him completely to take me whenever he felt like it, I trusted that he knew what he’d be doing with me, I wouldn’t mind one bit. But now…I felt beyond cocky and desperately, completely and utterly wanted to express my feelings towards him. The fear was there, it never goes away, the fear of hurting him, the fear of hurting myself, the fear of making a fool out of me in front of him, I knew he wouldn’t mind but still…Just like I trusted him, I had to trust him to trust me to do the exact same thing with him. We hadn’t had sex in one full day, not since that extraordinary feeling of multiple prostate orgasms he put me through. I knew, and I felt it, that he was beyond terrified that night, Oliver even said so himself, but he trusted me to trust him to do with me whatever he wished to do.

I grabbed his underwear shorts and took them off of his hips, threw them behind me and then took mine in the same process. I was hard in no time. Oliver’s skin was shining even with the dimmed Sunlight in our room. During the course of his stay last summer, I’d find myself staring at his body when I thought he was either asleep or simply wasn’t paying attention to me, so my sightings of his skin were short lived. By now, I knew, touched and kissed every part of his body, every curve, every ankle, every finger, every patch of skin hair, every scar, every birth mark, and he had a beautiful birth mark on his shoulder, left shoulder, that I loved touching now and staring at it last summer once I thought his mind was elsewhere. Just like last summer, now I wanted to dive in and drown in his body, wear his skin, breathe in and breathe out his mesmerizing, intoxicating body smell, simply be Oliver, because that’s what I was…it by all the logics of the Universe I was Oliver, then he was Elio, and the love of the image of us calling each other’s by our own names only grew each time I’d see him and every time I’d feel his love growing towards me with each passing day.

I came back onto the bed, feeling myself nervous and sweating. Oliver lifted a part of his body onto his elbows and started at me behind him, caressing his skin and smiling at this man that I adored. The pain is what I dreaded the most, I didn’t want him to hurt.

“Should I get the um…the gel?” I blushed at that ridiculous question.

“Don’t…don’t worry about it, I’ll be fine.”

Oliver replied with a soothing tone and it actually made me feel less worried than I originally was. He laid back down and I climbed on top of him once more, I sat on his butt while contemplating
my start. I just wanted to be inside of him badly but I knew I couldn’t rush that.

I came back down and kissed him, with tongue, it caught him off guard for sure but I actually needed a large amount of saliva on both of our lips just so I could prepare him for me. I put two fingers inside his mouth and he sucked them in on his own, the eye contact never broke while he was coating my fingers with his spit and saliva. It was like looking at him giving me a blow job from above with his big blue eyes staring at me, it made me hard and I knew he felt it, my cock was twitching on his back. Oliver would spit on two of my fingers and then he would take them back into his mouth and suck on them.

We were both ready for me to just slide right in, no foreplay, I’d have to take some extra time instead of just finishing him off, but I could tell he was loving it even like this. Giving the fact that he just woke up, got a mini heart attack and was finally cooling down until I decided to jump his bones.

Once he thought there was enough saliva for me to prepare him, he stopped sucking and took me by my hair and kissed me. I kept my lips on his and went down between his legs with my saliva-coated fingers. Oliver bit me on his lip once he felt my fingers touch the ring of muscles down there. He’s so sensitive, but only on the first touch. The last thing I wanted was for him to bite my lips off because I rushed into the whole thing.

There was a force bigger, higher and stronger than me that kept waving around my head to take care of him. And even though we’d stopped kissing, and even though he was almost a 25-year-old man, I had to take care of him and show him my affection the only way I knew how, because his entire being had changed once I started massaging his hole and then when I pushed the tip of my finger inside of him. I knew he was in pain, and yet, I couldn’t help but express my love towards him, so I began kissing his temple, his ear, his cheek, as much as I could from that position. Oliver was moaning softly to every peck I left on his skin. The further my finger went, the more pain he was in, the more in love I have felt. Simple as that. The more in love I felt, the more kisses his face received from me. He was tight, mostly because he hadn’t fully relaxed in my hand.

“Hold my hand…”

I whispered in the warm and silent atmosphere in our room. Oliver quickly grabbed my left hand in his and squeezed it tightly.

Once an entire finger was pushed in, I felt him relax finally after some time, breathing together and simply coexisting with each other. Then I added another finger once Oliver nodded at me. I kissed him again and began pushing the other finger inside of him. His grip was so strong I could actually feel my left hand going numb with every passing second.

“Oh fuck…”

Oliver breathed out in the pillow and bit the pillowcase in the end. It will pass, I know it hurts, I know, but it will feel good soon, I kept thinking and I wanted to comfort him so badly, yet I said nothing just kept my fingers inside of him. This could go really bad because of him not relaxing to the fullest.

“Fuck…you can move them…”

“A-are you sure?” I stuttered.

He nodded and I began moving my fingers. I twisted them and that’s when he moaned for the first time that day, that was a good sign. Then I twisted again and again, and then just began pushing
them inside and outside of him. Somewhere towards the end his tight, hot and red hole started working with me and finally loosened up completely. I let out a big sigh of relief, and then I smiled.

My lips attached themselves on his back as way of support, as a way of saying that he did good, but we were only half way through.

I couldn’t wait any longer and neither could he, so I removed my fingers and he hissed at the emptiness, the faster I get inside after the fingers, the better. I moved my body all the way down behind him and, thankfully he spread his legs even wider for me, and lined up for his wet hole. I spat once more on my hand then coated my cock and gently pressed the tip at the entrance.

“You okay?” I asked before going any further.

“Mhm…”

Oliver lifted himself on his elbows and kept his eyes behind himself to see what was going on. I knew he trusted me, yet I felt as though he needed to see it to be even more aware of the pain. I kept looking at him, looking at me, looking at what I have in front of me. It took one more look of his beautiful face and I began pushing in, I couldn’t hold it together any longer, I had to see the look on that beautiful face when he comes.

“Ah…” He breathed out and turned his head around.

I spread my arms next to his head and just stood there like that. Oliver grabbed both of my hands and, once again, he squeezed them tightly. Should I wait for him to give me a sign to move or should I just go for it? By that point, the looked tortured, he was sweating, cheeks blushed, warm skin, biting his lip. Not only few days ago, he was the one on the bottom as well, maybe this morning he was caught off guard and certainly didn’t prepare for it. I bet the poor guy thought he’d just wake up, drink some coffee, have a simple breakfast and spend the rest of the day by the pool.

“Elio…” He moaned my name.

“Yeah?”

“You can…oh fuck…you can move now, baby…I’m fine.”

The fact that he was the big guy underneath me only made me even more nervous. His voice sounded calm and steady, that was another good sign.

I began moving inside of him, letting him adjust to my size which, quite frankly can’t be compared to his, but also, at the same time, the size of our shoulders can’t be compared as well, it’s all in the body structure. I moved brutally slow. At time I speed up a little bit and then came back to the original slow speed. Fuck, he felt so good, so tight and warm, I could die like this, for sure. I started twisting my pelvis and earned a loud moan from him. Then I began arching my back towards his butt and that’s when we finally picked up the speed and the intensity of me thrusting inside of him.

“Oh…oh!” He began moaning from his throat which was beyond amazing to listen and to know that it’s because of me.

I continued arching my back towards him and sometimes, I’d twist it and go deep, balls deep just let everything out.

“Ah…Oliver…”
There was something so magical about the entire atmosphere. Dimmed light, morning, summer, two naked bodies moving on top of one of the beds, mattress’ singing, floors making noises, beds moving, both of us moaning, sweating, panting, squeezing each other’s hands…it felt more than magical, it was the feeling I couldn’t wrap my mind around. It felt…right, it felt as though this is it, this type of freedom, of simply rolling around from the bed and jumping onto each other. It felt as though boundaries have left the building a long time ago, it felt like there was nothing I couldn’t do or say in front of him, if I wanted to make him feel good, then that’s what I’ll do for him.

We were moaning in sync with each passing minute. It was getting hotter and more intense and the way his body kept opening for mine, kept receiving my skin cells…it felt so good and so right.

Minutes had passed since we started, half an hour, 45 minutes? I could never tell. But, towards the end, and I really wanted to finish, I pulled out and helped him turn on his back. Oliver kept swallowing the air, his skin was shining from all the sweat, hair already greasy, mouth swollen, pupils dilated.

I smiled at him and he smiled back. He was calling me to take care of him. I went back down and kissed him, all along pushing inside of him once again. This time, he didn’t move at all, he never bit my lips, he never squirmed away from me, Oliver stayed still when I was inside of him all the way and even stayed still when I began moving. I lifted his legs and spread them around my waist, he wasn’t that heavy, especially because I was on a high dose of adrenaline. His hands were on my face and I couldn’t help but run my hand all over his chest and stomach, then back around his neck which I, after we stopped kissing, squeezed gently. A big smile with teeth appeared on his face, he was loving this, he knew how much I loved when he’d choke me gently, something even harder and I wouldn’t mind at all.

Oliver removed his hands from my face and held onto my thighs as I was pounding him harder and faster.

“Ah…Elio…fuck me, oh my God! Fuck…baby!”

“Mmm….oh God…”

I gave it my all when it came to him reaching his edge. His cock was twitching constantly, eyes were closed, lips still swollen, I couldn’t wait to see him come. Then I stopped and slowed down completely, every thrust lasted for so long and I knew that the friction was something that was turning both of us on.

“Oh fuck!” The loudest moan and scream, all in one.

I grunted at that and after I decided not to torture the poor guy anymore, I speed up and with that speed, I grabbed his cock and came back down to kiss him while jerking his organ in my hands. After going as fastest as I could, Oliver started panting on my lips, tearing my skin apart and finally letting out a large drops of white, hot spunk on his stomach.

“Oh!”

I followed my own orgasm inside of him. We continued kissing sloppy and messy, saliva everywhere, even during and after both of us reached our climax. I grunted once everything came out of me, shivers ran down my spine and I started trembling to the point where I couldn’t even kneel anymore. I filled his tight and red hole with my hot semen and collapsed on top of him, hitting his torso with my head and letting all the air out of his lungs.

Both Oliver and I started battling for some fresh air in a dimmed and hot summer bedroom. A great
way to start a day, a thought with my head still very much attached to his chest where I could, without even trying, hear blood rush through his body. And it was all thanks to me.
Careless

Chapter Summary

Elio and Oliver spend a day in town.

Chapter Notes

Okaaay, hello you wonderful people! Here's the next chapter. I'm sorry i took so long, I've been writing this one for days, i kept editing it over and over again and I'm happy how this one turned out. My exams start on Monday so I'm really, really busy and everything just keeps piling on me and I'm doing my best in trying to balance all of this. I truly hope you like this chapter and thank you all for being so supportive and patient with me. Love you all so much!! ❤

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I wish we could have sex forever.”

I mouthed against his sweaty and cum covered chest. It has been a few minutes after we’ve finished our morning round, Oliver seemed to have gone back to his nap because his chest was raising and lowering themselves down extremely slowly and I spent that time, while he was napping, staring at the closed blinds and what was left of the morning Sunlight that kept bursting throughout and into our bedroom. The last thing I wanted to do is to go back to sleep, but I surprised him well so I kind of understood the poor guy underneath me. I was just expressing my joy and happiness, this could be our last time having sex in this bedroom before we leave for New York. As much as I was ecstatic about the trip, on one hand and on the other, I was terrified because, first, I was going to be completely alone, no parents, no nagging, no nothing and second, I wasn’t going alone, I was going with Oliver and the absolute last thing I wanted to do is ruin our time together in any way possible.

He breathed in before he spoke, I guess he’s awake now.

“We’re doing just that.” He hummed.

“No, I mean every day…”

“Again, we’re doing just that.” He chuckled.

“We didn’t have sex last night.”

“It’s not a bad thing to pause once in a while.”

“Why?”

I lifted my head from his chest to look at him.

“Are you sick of me?” I asked him, staring straight into his big blue eyes.
He instantly frowned at me, he looked beyond disturbed by that question.

“You sound ridiculous.” He replied and began caressing my shoulder, while smiling at me. Oliver looked happy and satisfied, blessed and at peace, and that made me smile.

“Maybe.”

I put my head back down on his chest.

“I wish we could have sex every single day, the entire day long, from morning to night, we’d pause only if we need to take a short nap, we’d pause for bathroom breaks, maybe one of us would go and fetch us something to eat but nothing heavy…” I began.

“We wouldn’t be able to walk for days.”

“Like anyone is going to see us, we’d be stuck inside a room, fucking each other’s brains out.”

We both laughed at that.

“Sounds like a plan.”

Oliver said, just like that, that easily, that sure of himself.

“I’ll make sure we have a few days like those in New York.”

I looked up at him, again.

“Seriously?”

“It’s not impossible. The apartment will fit us perfectly, there’s bathroom inside a bedroom like here and we’d stuff the fridge with some food to help us get through the day.”

I love how he said “The apartment” and not “My apartment”. He was serious, I was just…kidding? He sounded like we were preparing ourselves for the apocalypse.

“Oh, deal.” I said.

He nodded from that position and offered me his left hand I took it and shook it. Then I put my head back where it belongs and began caressing his stomach, while he moved to touch and twist my curls. This felt so good, and not mention that I stopped worrying about someone walking in on us looking like this a long, long, long time ago. They knew what we were up to and what were we doing every hour of the day so they simply let us come to them. It felt as though it was just him and me, just us two, we owned the villa and there was absolutely nobody anywhere around us, it sure as hell looked like that, not to mention that we’ve been through this last year and, back then, I couldn’t afford cuddling with him or even taking a shower because I just knew that Mafalda is going to burst inside my room and ask if I want eggs for breakfast.

“I can’t wait to leave with you.” I said as to completely completing my fantasy of us being all alone.

“Hm, same baby. Can’t wait to have you all to myself.”

I smirked at that. And all of a sudden, Oliver’s stomach began growling, asking for food, screaming and vibrating underneath a touch of my palm.

“Wow, someone is angry.” I said, jokingly.
“Yeah…”

“Go.” I said getting up into a sitting position. Removing myself from him after a while.

“And you?”

“I’ll take a quick shower and then I’ll come downstairs and join you guys.”

“Oh, okay…”

He got out of the bed, I looked around the room before being completely interrupted by Oliver jumping back on the bed and embracing me to himself all along tackling me down and laughing while connecting our lips. This was the first time in two days that I felt his body weight on top of mine, and I fucking missed it, the pressure, the not breathing part, the skin. All of it. I wanted him again but I wasn’t sure if he was totally awake and okay with us going again. We kissed for a while before he stopped to shower my chin, my lips and my nose with short pecks.

“Oliver…” He said softly and rubbed his nose against mine, there was a huge smile on his face that kept fighting with the overpowering happiness that was evaporating from his body. And I could feel it.

“Elio, Elio, Elio, Elio…” I whispered against his lips a few times pulling a chuckle out of him.

“We’ll continue this later.”

Oliver said and then finally went to the bathroom, I heard the water coming down and I knew he was just wiping all that cum off of his body and from between his legs. I loved when the water never touches his body, he’d go around the entire day just smelling of himself, myself, his sweat, my sweat, and pheromones, I could die. And now, on top of that, he had cum drips of mine all over his chest hair.

“Oliver?” I called for him, still lying down, head facing the window.

“Yeah?”

I jumped off the bed and followed him to the bathroom, watched him wiping my semen off of him.

“My mother wants to speak to you…about the trip.”

“W-why?” He stopped, he got nervous for sure.

“I don’t know, she told me to tell you. Nothing bad is going to happen. Just go, talk to her and get it over with.”

Oliver nodded and continued wiping. Once he moved his head to the left, finally, a faded red-purple mark popped up. I almost forgot about that and then looked over in the mirror to see mine, fading as well. I ran my fingers across them, only to remember it has been few days since he put them there.

“The bathroom’s all yours.” He said and threw the cloth on the stool next to the sink.

“Gracie.”

“See you downstairs?”

I nodded and before I could even start my shower, Oliver pulled me in yet for another kiss.
“What’s with all the kisses?” I asked jokingly against his chin.

“You don’t like it?”

“No, I like it…very much…”

“Then stop complaining.”

He kissed me once again, hands ran down my body, happy that he was there to catch me if I fall after I melt because of him and his lips. Oliver stopped, cupped my face and looked me straight in the eyes.

“Thank you, for…being here, with me. I couldn’t ask for anything better.”

Why did he look sad though? I wish, oh how I wish, I could read his mind. Maybe this wasn’t him being sad, I simply wouldn’t think he will be after this morning. But there was something deeper inside of him that I just…I couldn’t solve. What was that? I don’t know.

“You okay?”

“Yeah, yeah…”

“You seem sad.” I spoke softly.

“I’m not, fuck, oh, I’m not sad…that’s the last thing you should have on your mind now, got it?”

I nodded.

“I’m happy, tired a little bit but happy. And satisfied. If you had ever, even for a second, doubted in your waking up in the morning abilities…”

I shook my head, childishly, smiling after hearing that he’s happy because of me. We kissed once more.

“Mm, Elio you have a mustache.” He said once we broke our lips apart.

“What?”

“Your baby mustache…” He said and chuckled after I ran my fingers across my upper lip.

“Oh, shit…I should shave them.” I turned to the mirror. Fuck, they’re really there, I didn’t even notice them.

“Na-ah. Don’t you touch them. If I don’t shave, you don’t shave too.” Oliver said behind me, bent down and kissed my shoulder.

“But, but…they don’t look good…”

“Hm, didn’t I say the same thing?”

We giggled together.

“We’ll shave together before we leave for New York.”

I nodded and Oliver’s stomach joined us and made noise in the bathroom.

“Okay, okay, okay…okay, go, go… Go, eat.”
And he left. I closed the door behind him and started the water. I heard him walk around the room, dressing up, putting his shoes on and finally leaving our bedroom. My eyes closed for a couple of seconds while I let the water flow and simply absorbed the atmosphere around me. Is this what bliss feels like? When everything is fine, everything is amazing, everything and everyone are beautiful? When closing your eyes to feel it and you feel you are blessed and grateful, you feel the love around you, you know how much and how many people love you? It takes little to be happy, and my happiness was covered in a tall hunky American that was taking me home with him In a few days. For the first time in days I felt free to breathe, to just relax completely and not give in what will happen in the future. Before this special moment, I’d be scared to imagine our summer in New York or to even think about what would happen if I were to relax and let the feelings guide me. Now, nothing. Not a single care in the world. Breathe, relax, feel.

I took a long shower. First, I let the water slide down my body for almost 20 minutes, then I took the soap and the shampoo and did the rest. It felt good, it relaxed me, all my worries disappeared at the same time all of our dirt left my body and went down in the drain. It was good until the water suddenly changed from boiling hot to ice cold and that was what kicked me out of the bathtub. I wrapped myself in a towel and, grateful that I had a good view, flashed my eyes to the backyard and started at my mother and Oliver walking towards the glass table and wooden chairs. They were both carrying a cup of Mafalda’s refreshing lemonade as they made their way towards their destination. This is when their talk will start, he should be calmed, not panicked, it was already a done deal, she just wanted to make sure what was the plan for how and when are we going to get there and what were we going to do once we’re in New York. I leaned on my elbows and watched Oliver as he was trying to sit down, but suddenly got stung by something, and then he needed to squirm away. I know what stung him. It was me. It was my impulsive hormonal behavior from this morning. It took me back almost a year ago when I could barely sit, let alone ride my bike which was painful as hell but I did it anyway just to be with him in town.

They began their talk so I moved away from the window, wiped myself with the towel and put on some new pair of clothing. My hair was still wet and dripping all over the wooden floors when I started snooping around his stuff, looking for something or nothing. I found a pack of cigarettes, grabbed the ashtray that was sitting on my nightstand and lit one up. Then I threw myself on the bed, head facing the window and just laid there and smoked in silence. Now, this felt equally as good as the shower itself. I was alone with nothing on my mind, nothing but thoughts about twelve cigarettes he had left and I wanted to smoke them all.

Maybe 20 minutes later, while I was on cigarette number three, Oliver walked back into the room. My position never changed but I moved my head to look at him. He smiled, exposing his beautiful white teeth at me. Downstairs, a phone rang. My father answered it.

“Don’t move.” He said and made his own way to the other side of the bed, laid down, legs facing the windows.

“Want one?” I offered a pack.

“Where did you find them?” He took one out and a lighter.

“In your pocket.”

Oliver inhaled and exhaled the smoke, and then came back down to face me the opposite way, upside down.

“Hope you don’t mind I snooped around a little bit.”

“M-m…not at all, feel free to do so anytime.” He shook his head while taking a drag.
The ashtray laid on my stomach as we kept exposing the leftovers while lying down, facing opposite directions but still facing each other, in silence, in a quiet afternoon during summer.

“Hey…” He whispered and I turned to look at him. He was even more beautiful upside down.

“Hi…” I smiled at him.

Oliver moved his head a bit higher and ran his lips over mine couple of times until finally he initiated a slow and lustful kiss. We’ve never kissed like this before.

“Hungry?” He asked afterwards.

“Not really. Why?”

“Me too. I was thinking we should go into town for a little bit.”

“Why?” I frowned and put the cigarette out.

“So I could book us the plane tickets. We’ll take the car.” He said.

“Why can’t you do it from here?”

“We need to get out of the house more.”

We both chuckled and Oliver put his own cigarette out.

“Okay, okay, when?” I asked.

“Whenever you’re ready.”

I jumped out of the bed, quickly changed out of my underwear to my swimming trunks.

“Are you sure we should go like this?” I asked touching my bruises on the side of my neck.

“Of course, like anyone is going to care what goes on your skin. Besides, it’s summer in Italy, like those people never had their necks decorated.” He said while collecting stuff from his desk and putting them into his backpack, and changing into a different shirt with buttons on his way around.

On our way down, Oliver popped into my father’s room and grabbed the car keys.

“Oliver?” My father called for him from the kitchen.

“Yes?”

“May I have a word with you?”

“Sure.” He nodded. “Elio…catch.” He threw the keys at me and I caught them. “Meet you at the car.”

I nodded and went outside.

The Sun was barely making any appearance. The clouds kept stacking one after another, taking away the clear blue sky and giving us their grey depressed vibe. I knew it was going to rain soon. I noticed my mother and Mafalda bringing the chairs and the tables inside, then they moved to the laundry. It was still warm but I felt that in a few hours, it was going to start pouring. It was 2 in the afternoon. Where did the time go? Oh, wait…I know…
Oliver showed up 5 minutes later. We sat inside, he started the car and we were on our way to town.

“What did my dad want?”

“Well…get this…the new student, you know, this year’s summer resident, just called to inform us that she’d be here in two days.”

I completely forgot about her. Jessica? Yes. Fuck. I’ve been so busy with Oliver and our trip that it totally slipped my mind.

“Oh, fuck, I forgot about that.” I breathed out.

“It’s fine. I’ll check to see when is the earliest flight for The States. He wanted to tell me that when she arrives, we’d have to vacate the bedroom, now it’s hers.” He said.

I wanted nothing more than to cry.

“We’ll just sleep in the other one.” Oliver added after glancing at me.

“It’s too small for us.”

“We’ll manage, we always do.”

I nodded and moved my attention to the road ahead. In two days, another person is going to steal our room from us, she better treat it with respect, like we did. It felt so unreal that someone else is soon going to sleep in our beds, our beds…on which we just had couple of cigarettes, not 15 minutes ago. And not to mention what we did on them this morning, and every night for the past couple of days. It was like letting someone steal your home, home that you held so dearly close to your heart. We had the other room, but this one…it had sentimental values. Everything started in that room, from the moment when Oliver collapsed on the bed a year ago up until our smoking and talking. That room was my home, our home.

“Fuck…” I sighed.

“What?”

“I can’t believe it’s already been a year.” I said.

“Since I…?”

“Yeah, since you came here.”

“Were you excited?” He smiled after that question.

“I was counting the minutes before I’d look at you for the first time in person, and not just from the photo on the application.” I turned to look at him.

“Did you stare at it?” He joked.

“Every night. I’d sneak before bed and put your file on a big pile, just to have it there as a reminder.”

I stopped to think and to be sure for real that what I feel for him now, what I’ve always felt for him for about a year and half now, what I am sure I’ll be feeling for the rest of my life, started that day on Hanukkah while we were picking out the next year’s students. The first glance of his picture
and I was hooked. I was fucking hooked. Addicted. I was his even before I had my chance to say my name to him.

“I was the one who picked you.” I said.

Oliver smiled to himself, kept his eyes on the road, took my left hand in his and kissed it. He kept it there on his bare chest, he still kept unbuttoning the first threw buttons of his shirt. Like he did a year ago. I smiled as well, probably blushed but I couldn’t help but touch his warm and dirty skin.

“We have to find a good place to have sex for the last time in the villa.” I said, Oliver choked on his own air and was indeed surprised.

“O-okay, easy there. We’ll find…”

“That bed is too small for us, and she’s gonna live next to us, so…”

Oliver laughed, loudly, turned to look at me and took my hand once again in his.

We arrived very soon and the first thing we did, we went to a post office for him to book our tickets. My mother gave him my passport and he took his out of the backpack. I stayed outside and kept looking around the piazza to find someone familiar. Sadly and luckily, there was no one there, the grey clouds probably chased them away. He was in there for about 20 minutes, talking on the phone, dictating some numbers, he was alone inside. Nobody at the piazza, nobody in the post office. Where is everybody? I loved the empty surroundings. He came out after a while.

“And?” I asked as soon as he stepped out.

“We’re leaving in 5 days. From Linate. There’s a flight at noon and we should be there around 10 at night, which is around 4 here in Italy.”

I smiled widely at him. I waited for him to put the passports back in his backpack which I was carrying, and then I hung onto him. I was beyond happy now. He embraced me even tighter, lifted me off the ground and spinned me around for a while, letting out nothing but loud laughter from both of our mouths.

“Now…I can’t wait.” I said in his arms.

“Me too baby, me too.”

He put me down and kissed me. In the piazza. With no one around. Maybe someone passed but we couldn’t care less if we were seen.

Hearing the news about our trip only excited me even more, it was beyond my power to keep all that happiness inside of me. Suddenly, nothing mattered anymore. Nothing and no one. I wanted to cry over a room…I was being ridiculous, emotional but stupid, I’ll get over that.

We stayed in town for hours, walking and talking, smoking and talking some more. I almost lost my shit when Oliver took me by hand. I had to look twice before realizing that he is, indeed, for real holding me by my hand. In public. In broad day light. I even blushed a bit but he only smiled at that, said nothing and we continued to walk around the piazza holding hands, with bruised necks and swallowed lips, at least from my side, from a little make-out session we had in the near alleyway. Hours had passed and we stopped to grab something to eat and drink. It was like a perfect first date, only we were pass that stage now and this was the first time we’ve been out since
we got back together weeks ago. It seemed longer.

We also stopped at the local bookstore, because he said he wanted to, because he knew I’ve been distracted a lot lately and that I was struggling with keeping my concentration up when he was around, so he thought that a new and refreshed book would bring back some of my inspiration.

“I think I read every single book here.” I said once we walked in, wished a bookstore owner a good day and continued to search for something new.

Oliver and I walked out after 5 minutes of just glancing at the books. The clouds were getting greyer every passing minute.

“We should go. It’s gonna start raining soon.” He said and we were on our way back to the car.

I looked at my wrist watch, which I remembered to put on this morning after I showered, it was almost seven in the evening. Time flies, I thought before I picked up my speed and got into the car fast. It was a wonderful day, truly an amazing one. Once Oliver started the car, the first thunder made its sound somewhere behind us.

Somewhere half way, the rain started pouring. We didn’t have anything on us to use as an umbrella, only his backpack but it was too small for the two of us. No cars in sight, only drops of rain in front of us, a thunder here and there but basically it was just the two of us on the road. We talked about those days it rained while we were in Bergamo. It only brought back memories.

Oliver parked the car in front of the shed because there was no place for it to park inside because of Anchise’s car already being in there.

I undid my safety belt and, before Oliver even reached for the door handle to get out, I moved all the way to him and sat on his lap. The second he turned the car off, there was nothing but dark around us. The rain collided with darkness, my body collided with his and I was hungry yet again.

“Elio, what are…”

But I didn’t let him finish. I pressed my whole body against his crotch, threw my hands around his neck and began kissing him deeply. I felt the need to express my gratitude, although, Oliver didn’t need to know this because it was my hundredth time saying thank you for taking me back with you and my millionth time saying thank you for loving me. He kissed me back and embraced me tighter towards him, pushing my pelvis down on his. It was raining outside, loud sounds of thunder were getting louder and louder while we sat in a warm atmosphere and simply enjoyed each other’s bodies. Yes, I wanted for him to make love to me in this car. His hands moved to my butt cheeks as I began biting into the skin of his neck. That move made me start grinding against his cock, raising another erection, for the second time that day. Our breathing increased and from all the warmth around us, I began sweating profoundly.

“Oh, fuck…” He breathed out against my neck and bit the same spot where I already had his mark. I whined at that move. The rain came down louder.

I began unbuttoning his shirt, his fingers slid inside my swimming trunks already running over my hole which made me squirm and push down on him even harder.

“Wait, wait…”

He stopped me from unbuttoning his shirt all the way through.

“I want the same thing, but I just…I don’t feel comfortable here.” He said looking me in the eyes. I
was already on fire and hard.

“Oh, who cares? No one will know that we did it in here...”

“No, I know that but I... I can’t here... with everyone only few feet away from us, they... they could see us.”

“Oh, please...” I moaned against his cheek and started grinding onto him once again. He was rising underneath me, just keep it like that. It’s dark, there’s nobody around us, everyone is inside, the car will move, sure, but who will know, who will care, the rain and the darkness...please.

“No, baby, I want the same thing, you know I do. I promise you, I’ll take you anywhere you want in New York by car and I’ll do you anywhere you want and anytime you feel like it.”

I blushed ridiculously fast, moved my eyes from his and smiled at that.

“Now, let’s get inside so you can ride me there like it counts.”

Oliver said and that extracted a big smile on both of our faces.

Chapter End Notes

The next one is going to be a short one for sure, after that I'm thinking about just piling on some chapters when they go to New York and I'll separate some chapters that are going to be a key of the story.
Eyes

Chapter Summary

Elio and Oliver continue what they started in the car.

Chapter Notes

Okaaay, long time no see! I promised myself not to hit a full month of not posting. To be honest, I’ve been writing this chapter for maybe three weeks now, I was out of my element and had a lot going on but now I’m coming back to normal. I had a pretty busy week, exams every single day, waking up at 6 am to study and going to bed at 2 or 3 am, i don't remember anymore. I am so thankful for all of you and for sticking up with me and this story while I've been battling my busy schedule for weeks now. Here's a type of chapter all of you love, i really hope you like it and enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Oliver and I ran inside the house like our lives depended on that. Only few steps were separating us from what we started in the car. If someone were to stop us the sight wouldn’t be good. Both of us were carrying a hard, painful boner each and both needed to release. It hurts to walk. I never felt that type of pain before. It was a good pain, only because I knew what was coming. We never started something like that and then had to stop only to find a soothing place for continuation. It really hurts, I was barely standing, let alone running. Luckily, we ran into no one and just sped through the hallways and up to the stairs. In my mind, my penis thanked all the residents for not spoiling the fun. I burst into the bedroom and Oliver followed me, closing the door behind him.

The room was as cold as any particular snowy day in December. Plus, I was wet from the rain and the cold wind hit me and I felt frozen and glued to the freaking wooden floor. The windows.

“Oh, fuck it’s cold in here...” I shuttered once I closed the windows shut. When I turned around, there was nothing but darkness around us, I could barely see Oliver. And where is he? Why is he still standing by the door? Why isn’t he moving? Is he the one who got frozen and stuck to the floor as well?

“Don’t worry, we’ll warm up soon.”

I turned around to find him somehow, with the glimpse of light, with nature’s last atom of Moonlight in our bedroom staring at me. I could tell his hair was wet and sticking to his forehead, his skin was shining, his nipples were starting to appear through his shirt, still standing, leaning against the wooden door, eyes still fixated on me, never would I have ever thought that he’d be the type to drift away while staring at me, and that idea finally came true.

“Come here.” He finally spoke.

I ran my fingers through my curls on my way up to him. There was a smile on my face the entire time we’ve been dry humping in the car and now. Those things are hard to fake whenever you’re
with someone you love, or take your eyes off of that person. Oliver leaned me against himself by pulling me by my wet shirt. Our faces met once again and the corners of my mouth just widened all by themselves. This is my happy place. He is my happy place. Every part of the room was my happy place, because he was there.

Oliver leaned my body against his and that was basically it. We didn’t talk, we didn’t kiss, it was just our soaked up bodies rubbing against each other while the rain increased its action outside.

By height I was up to his nose, his wet chin was eyeing me and I raised my head to look at him. I don’t know if it was from what I did to him that morning, or because we’ve just come home after almost a whole day spent in the town, but he looked sort of…tired…or relaxed. It’s silly how I couldn’t wrap my mind around it after spending weeks and weeks with him, counting the previous summer and this one. Oliver didn’t seem tired In the car, on the contrary, he was very much up for another round. Because I was as well. We were both young and full of hormones, at least I was, and I was the one who didn’t know and still don’t know how to control them, making me the dumb horny teenager who couldn’t sit still for 15 minutes. I was always up for it. And if I was always up for it, so was Oliver.

“What?”

I asked with a whisper after finally realizing that he’s been staring down at me for quite a while now.

“Nothing.” He shook his head and kissed my forehead.

“What are you thinking about?”

“All sorts of things…”

“Good? Bad?”

“You.”

Oliver’s hands slid down my hips, grabbed my butt cheeks over wet shorts and pulled me even closer.

“Am I a good thing or a bad one?”

“You know.”

My thighs were rubbing against his hard cock, the one I made rise in the car. Oh, how I wished we could’ve continued that there, but his moral and him being too big of a pussy and facing my parents afterwards and thinking about what he did to their son in their car, stopped us. He’d had to remember that once it came to wherever we were going to fuck, it always came with consequences. Let’s not forget when we had phone sex and I was a flushed, moaning mess on my father’s red sofa in his study room, while wearing Oliver’s red short shorts the entire time, because he asked me to.

“I think I’m little bit of both.” I said with a smile.

He chuckled.

“That’s true, but not what I’m thinking about right now.”

“Well what then?”
“How about I just show you?”

That’s when the first thunder could’ve been heard so close to our room and also, that’s when the time for talking was done and his hands moved from my butt cheeks, made their way back to my face and pulled me in for a hard kiss. Our faces were wet and our lips were sliding down one another so beautifully, like when he called me down just so he could kiss me in the pouring rain back in Bergamo, almost a year ago. That moment was also known as the moment when Oliver knew I was worth everything in this world. I began losing my balance so I slammed my hands against the wooden doors behind him.

Once I felt his tongue licking my lips with his tip, that’s when I lost it completely and started melting into his touch. How could a simple muscle, such as tongue, make a person feel this way? Was it because it was Oliver and because I would always melt whenever he’d put basically any part of him on me? Yeah, could be. I needed him badly.

The rain covering our faces made the kiss last long, until it dried off, and even more passionate because as long as we had something wet between us, we could’ve gone like this forever.

I took my arms from behind him and began taking his black shirt off with my fingers carefully making their way upwards until I could sense his skin. The shirt was sticking to his skin due to the rain bit it made him smile into the kiss once he realized I was struggling with it. The shirt went somewhere behind me and now his chest was exposed. I took one look at them, melted once again and then came back into satisfying this man with my lips and tongue. My hands moved to his hips, reaching behind it just to feel the belt what was, not so many nights ago, wrapped around my joints. His hands were wrapped around the back of my neck and waist as we continued to suck each other’s wet skin cells.

Oliver grabbed my elbows and removed me from him. One hand held me by the shoulder and the other one caressed my cheek. Eye contact established. He was a mess, deep breathing and barely holding his cock together in his trousers.

I knew what this meant.

I kneeled in front of him and began undoing the belt. His head was slammed against the doors but I kept looking up so that If he could look back down, he’d meet with my eyes and watch as my mouth starts to swallow his cock. Oliver never looked down, just held his hand on my hair. I undid the belt and zipper without looking at them, slid his underwear down and, still staring upwards, I grabbed his erected cock in my hand. Oliver groaned at the first touch and only tugged my curls. There was no use, he’s not looking at me. Better destroy him for not giving me the pleasure of meeting his ocean blue eyes with mine in the darkness.

So I began with licking the entire organ, from the base to the head, eventually pushing the entire thing down my throat in one go.

“Ah! Fuck! Oh my God! Elio!”

Eye contact – check. His knees were already getting weak just from the first swallowing. Now he’s looking at me and watching this boy that adores him suck his cock, stuffing his boner all the way down to his uvula and, of course, making the gagging noise. And, when I felt like he needed a bit of a rest, I’d just focus on the head of his cock, making tiny and short sucks just so he could feel the sensation.

His fingers only tugged my hair tightly. Oliver was never the type who’d push my head down his
cock, or even pound his cock into my mouth. No, he was the type who stayed still and let the other one do his work.

It went on for a while, he was shaking profoundly every time I’d swallow him whole, cursing in the cold air, calling out my name, tugging down my hair or even pulling his own. What is wrong with him, I’m just trying to please him? Every time he tried to move back, I’d squeeze his thighs to stay put, either way, my hands were caressing his skin the entire time.

“Oh, God! Mmmm…”

Oliver kept repeating this almost the entire time. One time, he even buckled his knees once I stuffed my entire face into his crotch. I can only imagine the sensation because then he bent down and began roaming my back with his big hands. I was thankful for the loud thunders that day. If it went the other way around, someone could hear him and interrupt us.

It only made me even harder to listen to him like this.

I wanted to make him feel good, like he always does for me, he’s always full of surprises so I wanted to give my best to make him feel the way I feel when he’s the one who’s giving the pleasure. No one should just feel like this. It was a unique feeling between the two people who loved each other dearly. I loved to watch him fall apart in front of my eyes, especially because we’ve only just begun.

Minutes later, Oliver held onto my shoulders, which made me stop what I was doing, and lifted me up so I could face him.

“Fuck…baby…that was…” He breathed out.

I rushed to grab his face, kiss him and make him stop talking. He sucked everything from my lips, everything I just took away from him, I just gave it back.

Before I knew what was happening, Oliver’s hands went under my shirt and he began pulling it upwards over my head.

“Off and off and off and off…” He whispered while taking it off.

Soon, his hand settled beautifully down my cock, which made me shiver and twitch at the same time. I breathed out into the kiss when Oliver’s hand went inside my shorts and simply held my cock. After that, he stripped me down fully naked, picked me up like I was weightless and threw me onto the bed. We laughed the entire time.

“You made me a promise…in the car” I whispered into his face once he climbed on the bed and rose above me.

“I remember…”

Oliver’s fingers caressed my cheek and chin, stuffed his thumb in my mouth and I took it in like I did with his cock just a few seconds ago. He hissed at that and I smiled.

“Come here.” He said and went up to sit against the bed board. Oliver’s long legs took almost the entire space the bed had made for only one person. Did he grow? Is that even possible now, at his age?

I followed his movements and climbed onto his lap. I needed him inside me, I’ll just play pretend and imagine we’re inside the car. The rain kept on pouring, loudly and hitting all the metal parts of
the villa. A sound of a thunder approaching our room made me speed up a little bit.

Oliver held my hips while licking and sucking my nipples, all along while I kept my hands in his hair and from time to time would throw my head back, or even crash it onto his. The need and the plead for him to quickly stop with stimulating whatever he thought my body needed, screamed from inside my head louder than anything else, even out doing the thunder.

I need him inside of me, fast and hard.

He was still playing with his tongue on my skin, when I began arching my pelvis onto his crotch, repeatedly, creating friction and letting him know how much I need him without a single spoken word.

“Oh, fuck…baby…”

I speed up and felt him pulsing underneath me.

“Fuck, oh God…Elio…ah…”

“Just get on with it already!” I breathed against his cheek.

“Fuck…you really need it, huh?”

“Umm, yeah…argh…” I moaned and actually felt warm breath turn into mist against his skin.

“Hold on. I’m gonna give it to you like you need it…”

I smiled immediately and spat onto my fingers and covered his entire cock with my saliva, once again. Once I began pressing the head against my hole, he stopped me by holding both of my hands.

“Wait, wait, wait I have to prepare you…” He said, almost panicking.

“No time. Just fuck me already…”

It took him a moment but eventually he pulled my neck down to kiss my lips while our hands together worked onto pushing him inside me. It was dangerous going in without any preparation and barely anything that could serve us as am easy slide in, especially with him being that huge and me being so tight, apparently, but I couldn’t wait. I need him.

I stopped breathing and moved away from him until he was fully settled inside of me. His eyes never left mine but I was more focused on swallowing the pain and holding onto the bed board really helped, I’d tear his skin if I were in a position where he is the only thing I can hold on to. My eyes swung shut half way through but I knew Oliver was still watching me, looking at me, exploring my face, watching all my reactions, thinking that he’d rather pull out now than suffer to see me like this for another ten seconds. Whenever I was the one who was entering him, Oliver would always look so fascinating beautiful that I’d fall in love with him each time he’d close his eyes and batter his swollen lips at me.

“You okay?” Oliver asked once he was in. I took a deep breath and opened my eyes.

Suddenly, all that adrenaline and rush, sort of disappeared from his eyes. Kind a like this moment, just by pushing in, was a deal breaker and he was no longer in the mood for doing me hard like he promised he would.
“Yeah, yeah, I’m fine…” I lied, I was tearing apart down there. Deep breathing.

“You sure?” He asked.

“I will be, gimme a second.”

“Anything you need.” He said and began kissing my chest to show me that we’re in this together, that he’ll wait until I stabilize my breathing and feel ready to continue.

Oliver’s hands started caressing my thighs, arms and my tummy, massaging to the point where I had to concentrate only on my breathing, he was trying to relax me, to loosen up just a little bit, to open up for him.

“Okay, I’m good. I think I can move now.” I said and removed my hands from the bed board and grabbed onto his big and masculine shoulders.

“You sure?”

“I am…I really am…”

We smiled at each other. That was a clear sign that I was indeed ready to feel him fill me up.

Oliver gently grabbed the back of my neck and pulled me down towards his lips to kiss me. It took me by surprise because then I seemed to have relaxed to the fullest, it felt as though all of my limbs went loose and I sunk in even more onto him. It reminded me of that night when I had a fever, when we went down by the river and decided not to make love because I was in pain, but to just stay connected. This felt almost the same, minus the nature and my organism’s body to fight.

He kissed me so gently and slowly, oh how he knew when to be this gentle with me. In the middle of our kissing, he adjusted himself underneath me and that made me open my mouth wider than I intended to. Okay, it’s time to move.

And so I did just that. I broke the kiss, held onto his shoulders, his hands were holding my hips and I began moving back and forth.

I missed this feeling. Pressure and pain in the beginning, and once I’d set the pace it felt ecstatic and overwhelming. Oliver’s eyes were set on mine the entire time, I was more concentrated on anything else but him, but eventually I had to give up and stare down at him because his sight was pulling me like a magnet. The sensation ran through my entire body once I felt opening more and more, he was pleasing me the only way he knew how, anything else was out of the question.

It was more about the connection and love that we shared, rather than to just finish each other off and dozing off. It was never just about sex, it was more of knowing my own body, knowing my own self through him and just like that, knowing him through myself yet again. Every single time.

The image of us doing just this in the car turned me on even more. He was the only thing I saw underneath me, he was the only thing I was touching, nothing else, he was the only one who knew exactly when and how to touch me to make me feel this way. We slept many times before but I still felt as though it was our first time, I was still acting a little bit shy and limited, and he was trying to do his best to transfer some trust from him to me just to open up for him a bit more. That feeling is always gonna be with me, at all hours of every day, until my last breath. That feeling of drawing a blank on the last year or so.

The rain didn’t stop the entire time I was on top of him, not while his shoulders were still there to be my support, my hips were still there for him to hold onto me, not while his facial expressions
kept changing each second I’d go down and up again, not while we were one, not even for a second. If anything, it increased and the sound of nature letting rain wet it was the only thing I could picture in my head at that moment.

The sound of rain hitting the metal parts of the villa, the sounds of my constant moaning and whimpering, the sounds of him panting and grunting, the sounds of our bodies hitting one another, the sounds of mattress crying, the sounds of floor cracking were the only noise inside our room that night. Everything collided perfectly. It was raining and I had Oliver inside me. I couldn’t ask for anything better.

I sped up once he pulled me down for yet another kiss, when he bit my lip that’s when I stopped. He was already sweating, he smelled catastrophically intoxicating, mesmerizing. He felt even better. He felt like home, like my body was his to stay and never to leave. I’d always known that if he or I were to go on and sleep with other people, it would feel like intruding, like home invasion, because we belonged to each other, because my body was his home and his body was mine. Others are just there as guests but you always come back to your own home.

Maybe I had felt that when I slept with other people before and after Oliver, I couldn’t remember quite frankly. When I slept with Marzia, It didn’t feel right on so many levels, and when I slept with other people after Oliver, I felt like shit, betraying a man who wasn’t even mine at the time. But this, now, him…I knew that I was home, safe and sound.

I stopped moving on top of him once I felt my emotions were getting the best of me. Don’t cry now, don’t cry now, you’ll fuck this entire night up, don’t cry.

I was more focused on my breathing. Oliver sat up straight, still holding me tightly and began kissing my neck, he knew I was weak there, I relaxed as soon as I felt his lips brush the skin and closed my eyes to let the heath between us rise even more.

“Hold on…” He breathed out in the crook of my neck after we stopped and kissed the skin.

Oliver then grabbed my waist, I was holding onto him around his neck and changed our position with him now being above me. We kissed the entire time he was positioning himself between my legs.

“You’re so beautiful.” He said looking down at me.

I squeezed my eyes shut and covered my face with arms. I didn’t want him to look at me like this, to be honest, he’s seen worse but right now, everything was mixing, colliding, falling down and falling apart inside me that his words made me even more emotional and ready to burst.

“Hey…stop that…”

He whispered. I felt the tip of his cock near my entrance, but he never pushed in.

“Elio, come on…don’t hide yourself from me.”

I shook my head, trying to prevent tears sliding down my sweaty face.

“Look at me.”

I shook my head once again.

“You’re not gonna look at me?”
I shook it again.

“Fine. Have it your way.”

He said and before I knew or could place my mind on what was happening, Oliver pushed inside me quickly and hard and, on the biggest surprise of the night, he grabbed both of my wrists away from my face and held them down next to my head. I opened my eyes to look at this man above me, who was by all the forces in the world trying to please me and make me happier than I ever was.

Oliver began moving inside of me, going in and out, twisting his hips, slapping skin on skin and all I could do is arch my entire spine and let out sounds I knew were turning him on.

“Oh my God…ah!”

I moaned when I felt something I’ve never felt before.

“Oh my God you’re so deep! Ah!”

How was it possible that he has never been this deep inside of me before? It’s been almost a year, we’ve slept multiple times, all positions imaginable, almost every night for the past couple of weeks, every single night last year and now I feel him going this deep inside my body.

“Fuck, you’re so deep, Oliver…ah!”

I was restarted from touching him which made me arch some more.

What is he doing to me? Why is he like this? Giving me everything and then not giving me a chance to express it. On one push I turned my eyes at the back of my head.

“Ah!”

My wrists were still caged and I was moaning in sync with both him and the rain.

Eventually, Oliver pulled out and got off the bed. I continued lying there, thinking that he’s gonna come back with something else or he just wanted to stop. Real soon, I felt his hands around my ankles and he turned me around to face him so my legs would hang from the bed.

Oliver bent down once again and kissed me, deeply, I hugged him around his neck. He pushed inside me once more and I moaned into his lips. The feeling was there but he was still not as close as I wanted him to be. He pushed his hands underneath the lower part of my back and pushed even deeper inside me, but not as deep as he was minutes ago.

“Hold on, baby…nice and tightly.” He said and then lifted me up into his arms while standing tall in the middle of our bedroom.

“Ah…Oliver…Oh, God…” I moaned into his neck.

“Hold on. Hug me tighter, it’s okay, I’m here…” Oliver whispered in my ear.

Two sweaty bodies, younger and older, taller and less taller, two men, two Jews, one standing and one holding onto the other one in the middle of the room, connected by a single organ and a majestic love between them while rain never stopped falling by its entire force and bringing some thunders with it.

This was new, even for us.
Fuck, I wanted to stay like this forever, but at the same time I felt like this was a side of Oliver I
never knew existed and I loved it, I fell in love with this impulsive side a long, long time ago.

“Just hold onto me, it’s okay, I’m not letting you go.”

Oliver said this against my ear and so I latched onto him even stronger. I believed him, I knew he’d
never let go of me in more than one way, he will not hurt me ever again, emotionally nor
physically, he will not let me fall all by myself, and if I fall, I trusted him he’d be there to catch me.
I squeezed his neck even tighter, jumping a bit so he could hold me completely. He let out a
chuckle, kissed my shoulder and began moving from that standing position. He was throwing me
away from him into the air but still had something to come back to, we were still very much
connected.

“Oh my God!” I screamed not caring if someone would hear me.

“Oh, yeah, baby…fuck, this is good, right?”

“It’s fucking amazing, oh dear God!”

He was enjoying me moaning against his sweaty face, grasping against his messed up blonde and
silky hair. Like I said, it was new for the both of us. Oliver was hitting spots and regions inside me
I never knew he missed the last fifty times we made love. I was so afraid of letting go of his neck, I
trusted him he’d catch me because he never let me fall before, I was afraid that the magic would
stop if I were any less closer to him like this.

“Oh…ah…I love you, Oliver…I love…ah…you…” I blurred out not thinking straight or thinking
about the time and the place of where and how my words would come out of my mouth.

“Fuck…Elio, I love you too, so much…” He said and began pounding inside me faster and
stronger as much as he could from that position.

“Oh!” I screamed again and the familiar feeling overcame my body, he hit my prostate from that
position. I was in heaven.

After that, and after he smirked next to my face, Oliver came around the bed still holding me in his
arms and still with his cock buried deep inside me. We kissed the entire time.

Oliver pushed me off of him and climbed back to lay on the pillows on his side, I followed him
and lied next to him, on my side as well, my back pressed against his torso. He lifted my leg and
threw it over his hip and entered me for the fourth time that night. I was lying on his spread right
arm and his left hand kept pressing the lower part of my tummy. There was no stopping now. It
was instant entrance and immediate fucking against my hole.

“Ah, ah, ah…O-Oliver, ah…”

He held my forehead with his right hands and opened the space to suck the skin there, creating new
marks just as the old ones were fading away with each passing day.

“Ah…fuck…!”

I closed my eyes, stuck my tongue out, kept hissing with every thrust and every mark placed on my
body.

I slid from a side to my back but Oliver, who was still lying on his side, found that position a lot
more comfortable for getting inside of me. Our faces were so close, he was breathing against my
lips, I was still in heaven and trying to hold on to the last atom of my strength.

What caught me by another surprise was when Oliver pushed his middle finger inside of me, next to his cock.

“Ah, hah…Oliver, I-i…”

“You like this, baby?”

“Mmm…mmhm…fuck, oh…”

It was the type of sensation I needed at that moment, to make me stiffen my abdomen muscles, to touch the small and unreachable part at the beginning of my hole. He pulled his finger out and continued to push that hand over my tummy.

Soon after, I started touching myself, feeling the need to come, feeling the need to tell him that I was close and that I needed to relieve myself with him pounding inside me harder.

“Look at me…”

He breathed out.

“Look at me, Elio…”

Oliver moaned against my ear and then bit it.

“Look at me, you beautiful creature, come on!”

One eye meeting, one millisecond of catching his blue eyes with mine and I began shooting my juices all over my stomach and chest, covering his left hand with my semen.

“Oh, shit, ah…fuck…I’m sorry, ah…”

I cried out, squeezing my wet eyes shut, feeling a tremendous amount of guilt of coming all over his hands without letting him know.

“Stop it, stop…you’re so beautiful, Elio…come on baby, keep looking at me.”

I swallowed whatever was eating me at that moment and turned to look at Oliver who was still twisting his pelvis inside of me. He raised his cum-covered left hand and licked whatever was left of my cum on it. That stirred something inside of his brain because not only seconds later I felt his testicles squeezing around my hole and his cock pulsing deep inside of me. He was dangerously close. Oliver’s eyes never left mine. His red and sweaty face continued looking at me, traveling from my forehead to my chin and the other way around, mouth opened and swollen, watery eyes, his intoxicating smell all around me…I’d come again if I didn’t just shot a big amount of load on his fucking hand.

“Oh fuck, I’m gonna…ah, I’m gonna co-…ah, fuck I’m gonna come…”

Oliver pulled out and positioned himself between my legs once again and began jerking his cock above me, making tortures and wonderful facial expressions when his cum began splashing from his cock. I bathed in both of our semen all over my body and I loved every moment of it.

The last thing I remember before dozing off for good was Oliver collapsing next to me and commenting how the rain had finally stopped falling.
I will do my best and try to start writing the next chapter tonight, after I finish studying and before I doze off. I have a big idea for the next one and really want to get it out before I start their adventures in New York.
Calm after the storm

Chapter Summary

Elio and Oliver have a little moment in the middle of the night. Continuing with their normal day.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! Good news, i'm finally done with my exams, i left the hardest one at the ending: pshyhiatry and it was brutal, i must say, lol. Anyway, i'll try and be more active, so here's today's chapter. Enjoy it and i hope you like it! Love you all!

The smell of a cigarette woke me up. It made my eyes water as soon as I opened them. There was a nasty taste in my throat, probably from sleeping with my mouth opened. When I came to my senses, I realized that it was still dark outside, it was still late at night or early in the morning, darkness all around me, except from a bright but dimmed light that was coming from behind me.

As per usual, I was sleeping on my stomach naked, this time closer to the door. When I turned to find another person in the bed next to me and behind me, I was surprised he wasn’t there. If it were bright and early in the morning, I wouldn’t be surprised but now I was. Where are you? I also realized I was sleeping covered up with a sheet and a blanket. It was warm but I was missing someone else.

I got up and looked around on the floor to find my underwear and put them on. I also found his shirt underneath my bookshelf and put it on as well, not caring if it was dusty or had anything else on it. My body was covered with leftovers of our intense session hours ago, I assume. It had dried off already so there was no way his shirt would be sticking to my skin.

Walking around the bed I had a clear image of what happened there earlier this night. We started at the door, then we moved to the bed, then he stood up with me in his arms right where I found my underwear and finally we finished on the bed once again. His shirt was hanging from my bony body all the way up to my thighs, and it had a wide neck opener so the marks, I assume, he put on my neck would be seen yet again.

I walked into the other room and found Oliver in his underwear, smoking at an opened window. Back turned to me and I all could think about was his ripped shoulder and back muscles moving in sync with his every thrust deep inside of me.

“Hey…” I whispered coming closer to him.

“Hm, good morning.” He turned and said and smiled once I approached him.

“Morning.”
I checked my watch on the way there and saw it was 3 in the morning.

“I didn’t want to wake you up, so I moved in this room.” Oliver said and showed me his cigarette, meaning he didn’t want to wake me up while smoking in the same room I was sleeping.

“It’s okay.”

I said and hugged him from behind, pressing his shirt to his back and crossing my arms on his stomach. Oliver’s leaned body was warm and soft, I could feel every single muscle on front and every single chest hair. He put his hand over mine and brought it up to his lips and kissed it. I felt warmth inside immediately.

“How long was I out?”

“I have no idea. I fell asleep right after you. Woke up maybe 5 minutes ago.” He said.

That was the weirdest thing I’ve ever heard come out of his mouth. Usually, I was the one going dead to the world before him and he’d be the one staying up and waiting for me to wake up again. But no, we fell asleep together.

“Want one?”

He asked showing a pack of cigarettes.

“Sure.”

“Only one left.”

“We’re gonna split that one.”

I said and took my arms off of him so I could face him and grab my cigarette. He lit it up for me and then tapped his own outside the window.

“Thanks.”

He smiled at me. I didn’t look at him but I knew his eyes were there…those eyes…

“ Weird…” I said taking the first drag looking outside the window.

“What?”

“It’s not cold.”

He smiled and put one arm around my shoulder to bring me closer to him.

“You’re still warm.” He whispered in my ear.

I was warm because of him, because I was standing so close to him, because I was wearing his shirt, because I just woke up from an intense love making, because his words and his actions were literally making my insides burn to the core. I’d always be warm whenever Oliver was involved.

What was surprising is that it rained for hours, it caught us on our way back, it was pretty intense when we were in the car and it hadn’t stopped the entire time we were making love. It stopped when we finished. But it wasn’t cold, it was the middle of the night, Oliver was standing there half naked and he still too wasn’t feeling it.
“You okay?” He asked, taking another drag of his cigarette.

“Hm?”

I looked at him but I could sense he was already eyeing me.

“Oh, yeah, yeah, don’t worry about me.”

“I do worry sometimes.”

“No need, I’m fine.”

“Can you blame me?” He looked worried as hell, that got me worried what was going on in his head.

“I’d tell you if I’m not, I’d tell you if you crossed the line or to stop. Okay?”

“Okay.” He nodded.

I looked at him and bit his shoulder. Oliver chuckled.

“You really surprised me this morning.”

He said moving his fingers in my hair.

“And in the car. And when we started…” He added.

“Is that good or bad?”

“Well, what do you think smart ass?”

“I don’t know. I can’t tell.” There was a big smile on my face.

“You’re unbelievable.”

Oliver moved his hand out of my hair and put it around my waist. With the other one he was tapping the tip of the cigarette out of the window.

“I still can’t believe you freaked out in the car…” I began, taking a drag of my cigarette.

“Don’t even…I’d be scarfed for life.” He removed his hand from my body and put it out of the window. This topic was making him uncomfortable, I sensed that.

“Oh, like I wouldn’t?”

I smiled at him, he mirrored the move.

“I was turning red every time I passed my father’s study room.”

“Why is that?” He asked.

“Because it’s where we had that…sex, over the phone.” I said, recalling the feeling I owned back then.

“Oh, yeah…that was good.” He breathed out.

“Maybe. I was scared shitless.” I said and inhaled the smoke. Refusing to look at him now.
“Really?”
I nodded.

“Why?”

“I don’t know. I was alone and…suffering. It didn’t help as much as it did make me feel good but I was…terrified. Crying afterwards. Even spiked a fever.” I said.

“Why did you do it?”

I did it to please you. I did it because you told me you’ve done it and that I was majestic. It was. But what I felt after that wasn’t. The pain and the shame.

“It doesn’t matter now…”

“It does. Why didn’t you say anything about it?” Oliver kept pushing.

“I thought that…If I did it, even just as an imagination gap, I’d feel better knowing that you were there on the other side of the phone. But no, it made me feel worse. Because I was alone the entire time.”

Silence.

“Would you do it again?”

I looked up.

“Now that I’m here.”

I shrugged my shoulders.

“Maybe…now that you’re here.”

Maybe turned into definitely in my head so quickly after the look on his face. It’s been almost a year since we’ve done it but I’d still do it for him, in his arms now that he’s here. I would do anything for him. Literally anything.

“You’ve grown.”

Oliver said and took a look at me entire body from his position, mostly eying my crotch.

“All of you.” He added.

I don’t remember feeling the heat on my cheeks pop up faster than I did at that moment. Fuck, did he really just point out that my cock got…bigger, longer, better, stronger?

I never took my eyes off of him while I felt my blood red cheeks bursting out even stronger. Oliver chuckled and then put his hand around my waist, pulling me closer to his naked torso. I was still feeling a bit nervous after his statement but forgot all about it when he broke the silence between us and smashed our lips together. My eyes swung shut immediately as I let him guide me. One of my hands was holding his hips and the other one, still holding a cigarette, somehow found its way on his chest. It was almost silly how fast his heart was actually beating, I didn’t know the reason… was the reason me? After all this time, is it possible that Oliver’s heart was still kicking like crazy while kissing me? I was always a mess whenever I was around him, there was a mess in my head, mess in my heart and mess in my pants. But him…he had zero tolerance for Elio Perlman I
suppose. Maybe at some point I did smile into the kiss but only because his body’s response to mine was amusing me and quite frankly, turning me on.

We stopped kissing and he took his other hand and stretched the already widened the neck opener on his shirt that I was wearing. The cigarette burns on my skin…maybe I wouldn’t mind them but not tonight. It fell almost to my shoulder, but my neck was exposed enough for him to dig his teeth in.

“Ah! Ah…oh…”

I yelped loudly then softly, as when his teeth had just touched my skin for the very first time and then I got used to it. I closed my eyes and submitted to Oliver’s neck love bites.

“This is not normal…”

He breathed out against my wet and marked skin.

“I want you again. I want you all the time…”

I want you too, I want you all the time as well. I want you never to stop doing the minimum that you do so that I can feel like this. The minimum means his existence, that’s it, that’s enough for me. Just be here. Just want me. Just never leave my side.

It would be too much for the both of us if we were to go on again. I wouldn’t mind but I’d rather smoke near an opened window with him, and then go to sleep than lay down again.

“Save that for tomorrow. Let’s go to bed.” I said and managed to unglue him off of my body.

We put the cigarettes out on a wooden frame of the window and moved to our bedroom.

“Don’t take it off.” He said. “The shirt. Sleep in it.”

“Oh? And you?”

“Don’t worry about me. It’ll smell like you in the morning and you’d be warming me all night.” Oliver said with a smirk and climbed on top of the bed, while lifting up the covers for the both of us to get in.

Once I was in, I rushed to latch onto his half naked body and stuff my face in the crook of his neck. Smelling him so close to me, I felt the warmth I needed and lazily fell asleep once again feeling Oliver’s lips on my forehead before I dozed off for the second time that night.

The next time I opened my eyes I found myself In a room with dimmed light and lines all around the place that were made by the Sun. It was morning and once again I was alone in our bed. I spread myself as much as I could over the cold sheets surrounding my body. His shirt was still on me, there was Sun peaking through the blinds, probably drying the ground after what rain did to it outside. Oh, how I loved that moment we had in the middle of the night, smoking and kissing against the opened window. It really made me fall even more in love with him if that was possible. Wishing that we could stay like that forever, to always share a moment like that one.

I got up and put my trunks on, I left the shirt on my body. It was around 10 in the morning. Maybe if I leave now, I can still manage to get something to eat. I was starving.
Downstairs, I wished both of my parents, who were in the living room drinking coffee, watching television and smoking, a good morning. This was odd. Usually they’d be outside the entire day long, but now...the rain must’ve chased them away.

Nobody in the kitchen. The table was still set up outside, and there were plenty of food on it. Two plates remaining. Oh, how was it that didn’t join the family for breakfast? Mafalda was nowhere to be seen.

The day was actually a good one, the Sun was shining and the ground had that beautiful earthy smell after the rain. But it wasn’t the condition that would make you run inside the house, I don’t know what were my parents thinking.

I sat down, back facing the door of the kitchen and dived into the food. There were crapes, bread, lots of fruit, marmalade, Nutella, eggs, some bacon, the sight of the clothed table made my stomach growl.

“Good morning.” I heard someone say behind me, from the inside.

I turned to look at who that was with my mouth full of Nutella stuffed crape. Of course it was him. The turning around was completely necessary.

I gestured him a good morning as well with my eyes because my mouth was full.

Oliver placed a kiss on my head, sat next to me and began putting food on the plate and pouring espresso in his cup. He didn’t eat? How long was he awake? He looked good, not exhausted. The bruises on his neck were barely visible but I could still see them, or was that my brain wanting to see whatever I wanted to see. Oliver didn’t shower, I could smell his sweat.

“Where were you?” I asked after I swallowed the crape.

“Oh, I got up pretty early, jumped into the car and drove off to town to pick some files for your father.” He said opening the soft-boiled egg.

Then he turned to look at me.

And he started giggling.

“What?”

“Oh, baby, you have something...here...” Oliver gestured with his finger over his lip where I made a mess of myself.

But before I could even reach and clean myself up, he decided to do it for me.

So, he bent down and kissed that part of my lip where I had Nutella on. Kissed it so softly and gently, with little vibrating kisses around my lips. It melts me when he’s being this soft, a man of his size. I didn’t move at all, didn’t initiate a kiss, just waited for him to finish cleaning me up. After that, he kissed my cheek.

“You okay?” He breathed out against my skin.

Oliver always asks me this whenever we’d be making love the day before. But we already covered that question in the middle of the night by the window. I couldn’t tell to what he was referring to this time.
“Yeah, yeah, good…”

“You’re such a messy person, come here.”

He said and took my middle finger and an index finger and began licking the cream off of them.

“Thanks…” I spoke softly.

I could tell he was eyeing the shirt on me the entire time.

And we continued to eat in silence, of course, only our feet were showing any kind of action underneath the table. Mine on top of his.

“Where are we going to sleep? When the new student arrives…” I asked after we finished our breakfast and were stacking plates on top of one another.

“We’ll manage.”

“Yeah, but how? And where…”

“We can either not sleep at all or move into the other room but we can’t have sex.”

It was a stupid suggestion, of course I blurted out the first reasonable thing that came to my mind.

“I’d go for not sleeping for 72 hours.”

Oliver laughed at that and went inside to take the dishes.

“Is that your only concern right now? About sleeping?”

“Well…yeah…why?”

“No reason.”

I looked at him while handing the cups.

“There’s always the attic.” He added after he came back inside.

Oh, the attic.

The attic is always going to be a very special place for us, in my heart. I remember going up there, after he left me last summer, falling onto the mattress, crying and trying to inhale his and mine scent that had been colliding days before. If I were really to try, I’d smell him and it would take me back to that evening when I was sore, in pain, vulnerable and masturbating with a peach, also, it will take me back to when he actually found me and I never asked how or why was he even looking for me after everything I did and not said a single word. Was he like me? Addicted to it? To me? Like I was addicted to him. It’s been a year…look where we are now. But that attic will also take me back to the moment when we made love for the second time and I felt more alive than ever.

Oliver stepped out, put one arm over my shoulder and said: “Let’s get you into the shower.”

I smiled at him and got on tips of my toes and kissed his temple.
The day went on pretty slow. Before lunch, we showered together, kissing underneath the hot water more than actually cleaning both of our semen from my tummy and chest. Oliver’s lips were making me fell the warmth inside the way hot shower couldn’t. After that, I gave Oliver his shirt back and he smiled once he put it on and smelled me. I changed completely.

At lunch, there were some father’s colleagues and old friends. We sat opposite each other, not touching with feet, barely giving each other a glance. All of us, around the table, were more focused on what today’s guests had to say. The economy, politics, voters, weather, wine and so on.

They left after 3 hours and my parents rushed back inside to take a nap, Mafalda got lost somewhere around the house and Anchise was in the shed, fixing the car. Oliver and I went back upstairs and changed into something more comfortable so that we could hang around by the pool.

It was weird that the rain almost didn’t touch the ground and anything else around the villa. The water was cold, it had leaves inside it, so we spent the rest of the afternoon sunbathing in those deck chairs, eventually having both us falling asleep and being awaken just in time for dinner. I guess that time we spent together in the middle of the night awaken made us more tired than we had hoped.

At dinner, there was another round of both mother’s and father’s friends and mother’s sister, my aunt. This was more than I could bear, too much people and too much time, all at once. I sat with them for a while and then bailed the crowd and went inside, saying that I wasn’t feeling too well. Oliver never followed me. Good.

While they were all laughing, eating, drinking and smoking downstairs, I spent hours just lying on our bed, legs facing the windows, in total darkness, with my headphones in and Bach on replay. It relaxed me more than I ever expected.

Somewhere around 11pm, maybe 3 hours after they all arrived, Oliver came back to our bedroom. I turned around on my elbows to look at him. He looked a bit drunk but he was fine, figure was being showered from the Moonlight, and I couldn’t help but think how perfectly we managed in a dark room with only light of the Moon being our only guide. He also stumbled on his way next to me, leaning against the door where almost 24 hours I ago we started yet another round of rough love making and, of course, hitting the board of the bed and eventually falling down next to me. Oliver fell on his stomach just a few inches away from my face and that beautiful apparition made me pause Bach and take the headphones off.

Oliver’s cheeks were light pink, his forehead sweaty and glistening, messy locks of his hair fell over his eyes, beard showing off finally and his breath was hot and tasted of mixture of wine and chocolate dessert. I turned to my side to get closer to him.

“They’re leaving soon…”

He whispered when I removed the hair from his eyes.

“You okay?” He asked softly.

“Yeah…”
“I know you were fine hours ago, but…”

“I hate the crowd. Too much people, too much eyes, too much mouth filled with gossip.” I replied.

“Your mother lives for gossip.”

“Yeah, that’s for sure.”

We both laughed at that and all of a sudden, the room got quiet and the time for speaking was done. My tongue got numb in the middle of setting another sentence for me to spit out. He pulled himself closer to me and connected our lips. I got lost in his scent and the smell of the wine was doing its trick for me. From his mouth to mine. His eyes were closed the entire time we’ve been lip smacking, and even after that.

I loved looking at him like this.

Oliver would take a short nap, lasting from 5 to 10 minutes, constantly being interrupted by all the sounds around him. I couldn’t sleep. I was watching over him.

Somewhere around 11:30 pm I heard one car going away. Okay, one down, two more to go. And as if someone was listening to my thoughts, 2 minutes later, another car could’ve been heard leaving. Oliver didn’t move at all.

At exactly midnight, the last car drove off and Oliver finally awoke.

Chapter End Notes

I had to split this chapter and the next one because there was a lot going on and it would be too tiring to drag it out. This chapter alone has 4900 words. The next chapter is coming either tomorrow or on Sunday.

Also, i’m @summer_of_1983, come and hang :D
A majestic feeling

Chapter Summary

Elio and Oliver explore new things in their bedroom.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone!! Here's the next chapter, sorry i'm a day late. I've had this idea in my head for weeks now, possible even before New Year, and i have been writing this one for days now. I am beyond excited that it has finally come to life. Hope you will like it, enjoy and have a great day!!

At exactly midnight, the last car drove off and Oliver finally awoke.

We just spent an hour lying next to each other, him sleeping and me watching over him. It was the first time I had this force inside me, a need beyond my power to protect him. I had to protect my protector, he’s done his job for so long and he’s done it so good, he deserved to rest. It’s okay Oliver, sleep, I’m here, I’m gonna watch over you. That didn’t last long. His eyes swung open and the first thing he saw was me, staring at him.

Oliver jerked out of the bed, rubbing his eyes and got up to go to the bathroom. I heard water running and after couple of minutes he came out, rubbing his face to completely wake up. Whatever he thought would make him wake up was long gone, and so was his plan on getting sober. I couldn’t care less about his state, I just needed him conscious.

“They’re gone.” He said travelling his eyes around the place to listen.

I got off the bed and met him half way in the middle of our room.

Finally, they were gone. My parents are soon gonna doze off and it’s gonna be just us pretty soon. And the best part was, they were drunk so it’s gonna be even easier for us to move along without a care in the world. It’s like they don’t exist. Oliver was drunk as well, I couldn’t wait to taste him. The deaf hour had begun. The time of the night which I adore, and couldn’t wait for it to start. This was heaven.

“Come here…” Oliver whispered.

I jumped into his arms, climbing onto his tall body, spreading my legs around his waist, throwing my arms around his neck, his hands holding my butt tightly and closer to him. It’s the same position we were for couple of minutes during the last night’s trial.

We began kissing, constantly pushing each other’s bodies even closer. The taste of wine on his tongue made me tingle and I felt myself getting hard. The fact that I’m gonna feel him again inside me soon turned me on, just the image of it. His hot and alcohol breath kept coming at me like waves of pleasure from one man to another. I broke the kiss when I heard a noise outside the
bedroom.

“Wha-why did you stop?” Oliver breathed out.

“Shh, shh…” I put a finger over his wet lips.

And that’s when someone knocked on the door.

Oliver rushed to put me down but I repeated against his forehead not to do that.

“Yes?”

“Elio, are you alright?” It was my mom.

“Fine, fine.” I swallowed before answering.

“Are you sure, love? You didn’t look so good at dinner.” She said.

“I’m better now. I’m already in bed. Good night mom.” I said, trying not to crack from laughter.

“Oh, okay. Good night, darling. Good night, Oliver.” She said and went away.

“Good night.” Oliver said and we began laughing and turning red from this situation.

After we stopped laughing, the room got quiet and so we began kissing once again. Oliver put me down slowly after some time and began taking my clothes off, and then his. Oh, the look he was giving me while he was getting undressed and I stood bare skinned in front of him… Soon, we were both naked, skins touching, lips smacking, I was shivering and trembling, nothing new, I was always nervous right before I’d open up to him and let him enter me. I loved him, I wanted to give everything I had to him, it’s what he deserved. He was so hard. I was getting there.

“Fuck, you’re so beautiful.” Oliver grunted.

While still very much embraced, we stumbled back onto the bed, kneeling on top of it, still locking lips.

“Elio?”

“Hm?”

We stopped.

“Um…That thing…we talked about…this morning?”

I stopped to think for a second.

“Which one?”

“Now that I’m here, maybe we could…” He began, eyes locked on mine.

I knew exactly what he meant. Something inside me clicked and I knew he was talking about us doing ourselves in front of each other, now eyes fully functioning, back then in August, our ears and the power of holding the phone.

“What, like…heavy petting?” I felt my cheeks boiling.

“Something like that, yeah.”
Silence, he was still eying me and I was reliving that day last summer when we talked on the phone and had the additional fun.

“Would you be willing to…try…again?”

I could hear in his voice that he wasn’t comfortable with asking me this, maybe because I told him how terrified I was, that I was scared shitless, that I did it to relief my pain, loneliness and suffering. But mostly, I did it because I loved him, and I still do. Back then I wanted to give everything to him, to do anything he asked me to, and now…that love in my body went times hundred, thousand, million…infinity, beyond infinity.

“It’s okay if you don’t want to. But it could be amazing, without fear and having to listen to my voice over the phone. I’ll be there with you.”

Exactly. He’ll be here, not all the way across the ocean, he’ll be next to me, watching me, holding my hand throughout this. And he’s right, this could be good, something we could use every once in a while. No fear, please.

“Umm…yeah…we-we could try…” I looked at him.

“Really? You’d do that for me?”

“Of course I would. You sound surprised.” I took his hand in mine.

“I am. Don’t get me wrong, I love you and all but you doing this for me, for us…it means the world to me.”

He pulled me in for another kiss.

“It’s not just about sex. It’s about us opening up to each other, alone, by hand, about trusting each other with this.”

I smiled at him, feeling a bit nervous.

“Okay, how do we…”

“Hold on.”

Oliver said and pecking my lips before jumping off the bed and running into the bathroom.

“We’re gonna need this.” He came back with a shower gel.

“Oh, yeah…” I smiled.

“Okay, maybe if I open you up first and then you can continue.”

“On my own?”

“On your own.”

“O-okay…and you?”

“I’m here, holding you and watching you.”

“The second you feel like you don’t wanna do this, you tell me and we’ll stop. Okay?”
I nodded at him.

“Kiss me.” Oliver whispered.

I grabbed his face and kissed him brutally, gasping and hissing in the middle once I felt him roam my back, touching my butt cheeks and thighs. Fuck, I love those hands so fucking much!

Oliver pulled away and began kissing my neck, my jawline, then moved to my nipples. Everything was moving too fast.

“Ah…” I breathed out against his hair and tugged it.

I could feel him smile against my wet skin after I reacted the way I reacted. Oliver’s hands never left my skin.

Once a very majestic feeling, always a very majestic feeling.

“Okay…”

He stopped and I instantly got scared. I knew what was coming, I was scared again, terrified, nervous, I felt myself shiver in the kneeling position.

“We’ll go very slow, okay?”

I nodded at him.

He then opened up the bottle and poured a large amount of gel in his right hand, slicking the fingers up as well.

“I’ll open you up.”

I nodded.

“Elio, you need to talk. Talk to me. How are you feeling?”

“I’m scared…” I blurred out.

“I’m here.”

Oliver used his left hand and with his index finger he lifted my chin to look at me.

“You still wanna do this?”

“Yes.” I answered, more determined than ever.

“Are you sure?”

“I…I don’t know…I don’t know what to do…I…”

“I’m here, look at me. I’m gonna go very gently, I’m gonna open you up and then you’ll do the rest.”

“Okay, okay…”

“I’m here, I’m not going anywhere, not ever. I’m gonna be here with you every step of the way. It’s the way of us destroying any kind of boundaries between us.” He was right. We covered almost everything in bed, this could be good if done right and this could mean one less exposure from the
other person.

Oliver held my hip with his left hand. I spread my knees wider, hugging his neck with both my arms so tightly, so close, his lips were where my forehead was. Oliver’s right hand went behind me and began massaging my hole. Nothing new, I was used to this. But still, a heavenly feeling, I should open up naturally for him now. Him touching my red and pulsing hole made my eyes roll.

Soon, Oliver pushed one finger in and stopped to give us both time to adjust. He went all the way in and began showering my forehead with tiny kisses only to distract me or to keep me occupied or to even relax and make me even more sure that he’s still with me.

I remember there was once a time where I dreaded his touches, when I was so in awe of this person the entire previous summer, watching him be so free and opened, thinking that he’s like this back home, when in reality…he was as shy as I was. The time when I dreaded his touches, his eyes on me, his lips anywhere near mine, was the time I’d gladly not live through again. When he showed up with one extra person this summer, when he crawled in the bed with me, then with her, then followed me out where I poured my heart and soul into his hands, forbidding him to touch me, telling him not to follow me anywhere around the villa, ordering him not to speak to me. I hated those days, I felt like crying, because looking back then and only few weeks later…who were those two fighting outside in the middle of the night weeks ago? They look like us but they don’t sound like Oliver and myself, must’ve been a draft.

I kept my eyes closed the entire time his finger was settling inside me, pushing in all the way until it would hit the final joint. Then he added another finger, joining the first one. I yelped at that and his other hand, the one on my hip, moved up to my face and guided my lips to his by a single hand move. My breathing increased, but it also relaxed in his mouth at the same time. Why was I getting so nervous and anxious? It’s just fingers, nothing I haven’t felt before. Maybe because I knew I was one finger away from doing it by myself, and that was scaring the shit out of me.

Oliver then added a third finger in. That’s when I squeezed my eyes shut and rushed to bit his lower lip, tightening my arms around his neck. He let out a sound almost like a chocking noise so I loosened up a little bit.

Sensation ran through my body, down my spine and ended somewhere where we were now connected. I felt a sharp pain closer to the lower part of my back when he started moving those fingers inside me.

I broke the kiss to breathe.

“Fuck…” I moaned against his cheek, opened my eyes and released his neck completely.

What I was more interested was actually giving the favor back. Oliver was fingering me deeply, and I, while keeping one hand on his chest, began touching his hard cock. Kept moving my hand up and down, twisting the skin, crossing over the hole with my thumb, while never breaking eye contact with him. We were looking at each other while pleasuring each other.

“Fuck, baby…ah…yeah, that’s it…”

Me jerking him and actually touching him or even having my hands involved on his private parts, made his cheeks turn, surprisingly, red. He also smiled at me and kissed me briefly while still more concentrated on opening me up in the back and keeping it cool in the front. This was turning him on so badly, because I could actually feel his cock twitch in my hand and getting hotter every time I’d speed up my hand movements. This is good, I thought, I can work with this.
“God you feel amazing!”

We never done anything like this, never at the same time. He was right, this can be amazing, it already felt amazing, let’s see what was coming.

“Oh, fuck, Elio…mmm…don’t stop…”

Oliver pulled me even closer and deepened the fingers and I groaned in mid air. His three fingers were nothing compared to his cock in my hand, still twisting the skin on it, I was used to getting stuffed with real and big stuff. This was a warmup, and it’s called a warmup for a reason, we were both getting something out of this.

“You okay?” He breathed out on my forehead, his cock already twitching in my hand for the God knows how many times now.

“Mhm…never better…” I smirked at him. “And you?”

“Never fucking better!” He replied and moaned softly against my cheek.

A majestic feeling indeed. I had to focus on keeping him like this in my hand and receiving his fingers deep inside of me.

“I think you’re opened enough.”

Oh shit, here we go.

“Ready?” I sensed he was more excited by this than I was, but, I promised to him, to myself, to anyone who ever crossed our paths that I was gonna do anything and everything for him.

I nodded instead, then replied positively, knowing that he’s gonna tell me to talk and not to nod.

After finally calming down and kneeling with his fingers deep inside me, I could taste sweat on Oliver’s skin, pupils dilated once we finally established eye contact, lips trembling but he was determined to do this right and to destroy yet another boundary between us.

Soon, I felt one of the three fingers leave my hole. I felt empty. Then another one, slowly and gently pulling out.

“Okay…give me your hand.” He said while still keeping his index finger inside me.

Even with one hand busy, he managed to open up the bottle of shower gel and pour an amount on my left hand. The right one was busy still touching him.

“Okay…go…”

I stopped touching his cock.

I don’t know what he saw in my eyes, but I have never felt this scared before. Why was I so scared? Of hurting myself? Yeah, but I’d just have to remember the last time I fingered myself, on only saliva and all by myself, alone. And, I had to remember how I felt when we slept together for the first time last year. This can’t be worse than those two times.

Scared of not giving him what he wants? I want this too, I really do. Scared of losing him? Would he leave me if I stop now? Scared of actually trying out something new? Could be. It could’ve been I was scared for all of this and still wanted him.
I removed my eyes from his and kept them on his chest hair.

“I don’t want…”

“You don’t want to do it?” He asked.

“No, I do…I just…don’t want you…”

“You wanna stop?”

“No, I don’t want you looking at me when I…” I was blushing and feeling sick, all at the same time.

“You don’t need to be embarrassed in front of me, Elio. I love you. I love you so much. You’re so beautiful right now, you have no idea how much. If you don’t want me to look at you, then…kiss me.”

I looked up.

“Kiss me until you feel like you’re ready to look at me again. Okay?”

“Yeah, yeah…” I replied nodding.

And so I began kissing him, locking lips at first but then I deepened once I moved my left hand behind me. Once I felt his hand next to mine behind my back I knew I was close. He really did open me up, he removed all two of his fingers so I could insert one of mine. Oliver and I never stopped kissing, not even when I pushed my own finger inside of me, next to his. I felt nauseous and emotional once I was in yet again. It didn’t feel like the first time at all, his presence and his hand got involved and I was feeling rather okay. It didn’t sting me as much as it could. My knees were hurting.

Then Oliver removed his one finger that got left and, without noticing what got over me, I inserted another one of mine. That’s when I pulled away from him.

This is it. I kneeled on the bed that held so many memories, with two fingers inside my hole, slicked up and turned on, I kept eyeing Oliver in front of me. He was sweating, mouth opened, almost drooling, swollen lips, breathing heavily, still I could taste wine on his tongue, hair already sweaty and greasy, but still handsome, blue eyes with black pupils bigger than his iris, neck with fading marks on them, muscles contracting when he began touching himself right now. The sight surely turned him on. It turned me on definitely.

I needed him to be so close to me right now. I threw my right arm around his neck, squeezed the skin and brought him closer like that. Oliver’s left hand cupped my entire waist as he was speeding up his hand movements, enjoying the sight of this person fingerling itself for him.

My body was in full control, it was my word, my saying. My fingers were getting numb but I wasn’t in pain, his hand really helped at the beginning.

This was the closest we’ve ever been to each other.

“Fuck…”

“Oh, fuck…mmm…hmm…ah…”

I squeezed the skin around his neck when I began moving the fingers inside me, slowly and then I
sped up. Oliver kept his eyes on me only less than an inch away from my face, our hot breaths were colliding between us. I was beyond overwhelmed doing this for him, for us. Hitting something inside me which I never reached last year, it made me grunt against his lips, transferring sweat from my skin to his, from his to mine, what does it matter now? Whatever I felt made me shiver and convulse so early on, but it also brought tears to my eyes, strolling down my cheeks, sobbing with every thrust I made with my fingers.

At this point, it didn’t feel like he was jerking to the sight of me fingering myself. No, I could only see and register this beautiful man in front of me, sweating and breathing heavily, letting out hot breath that smelled of wine he had over at dinner only few hours ago.

With eyes still shut and letting out tears, I began arching my back opening my mouth uncontrollably. Yes, I was crying and I couldn’t stop myself. And I also couldn’t bring myself to stop thrusting with my fingers deep inside my body. There was no way of doing anything about it, I couldn’t stop, it felt that good.

“Elio…stop…” He hissed.

I opened my eyes. Oliver was crying as well. Why the hell was he crying? Tears just sliding down his sweaty face…

“Stop, Elio…you can…ah…stop…”

No way was I stopping. I couldn’t. My hole was swallowing the fingers on its own.

I began whimpering, loudly and twisting my fingers which made me yelp in pain. Ah, there it is. But it felt good, it felt beyond good. It stung just now, it hurt, my fingers were not numb anymore, my body was still shivering and convulsing but I couldn’t arch my back anymore nor twist mt pelvis. Once I twisted the fingers inside me, it felt like my body, bellow the waist, was burning an being stabbed.

“Elio, stop…please…I’m gonna come…”

“Oliver…” I moaned, head thrown into the air.

“Stop it, you’ll hurt yourself.”

Too late.

I pulled the fingers out and rushed to hug him with both of my arms thrown around his neck. He hugged me back.

Our sweaty bodies reunited.

I couldn’t stop crying, whimpering and sobbing against his neck. Oliver’s arms held me so tightly like never before.

“I’m sorry…I’m sorry, I never should’ve…” Oliver began, repeating his apology against my temple.

“Fuck me Elio.” I cried out against his ear.

It didn’t take Oliver a second to pass, he didn’t even look at me. Oliver threw me on the bed, head hitting the pillow and entered me so quickly.
I was in pain.

“Ah!”

Oliver bent down and buried his face in my neck, letting his entire body weight fall onto this boy underneath him, while pounding inside me, my legs were spread around his waist.

We were both crying.

I couldn’t even begin to picture how I must’ve looked in his eyes when he finally got off of me and began jerking me. Back arching of the mattress, head throwing left and right on the pillow, pulling his skin off, digging my nails into his biceps. Suddenly, I was cold, trembling from this rush of adrenaline. I looked at him, I missed him, I love him, I love him so much, that’s where he has no idea just how much, I can’t live without you Oliver, I refuse to give up this feeling, never, please, never leave me, stay with me, stay inside me forever.

Feeling the rush of both adrenaline and these emotions, I pulled Oliver down back on top of me. I needed to feel the weight of his body on me. Crush me, suffocate me, choke me, kill me, love me.

He was still jerking my cock and, while being this close and this connected, he came inside me with a very loud groan, at the same time I began shooting drops of sperm between his body and mine, all along biting onto his shoulder the entire time he was emptying the both of us. I have never come this hard in my entire life. Never with him, never by him, never because of him.

Oliver collapsed on top of me. I was sobbing once again, I was in pain, my entire body ached, but it felt good.

He was kissing my face to get me to stop crying.

After a while, I calmed myself down and kissed him back. He wiped the tears from my skin and then kissed my eyelids. We were both breathing normally and afterwards, I embraced this man on my chest, he looked happy, and if he was happy, so was I.

“Do you hate me now?”

Oliver asked after couple of minutes. He repositioned himself from on top of me to next to me. My eyes were closed but I wasn’t sleeping, his were on my face the entire time. Everything hurt.

I smiled at his question.

“Do you still want to come to New York with me?”

I smiled again.

“Why would I hate you, Oliver? And why wouldn’t I want to come? I am invited, am I?” I asked him, turning around on my side to face him. My hips hurt. My head hurts. My eyes hurt and all the trail down my face.

“Of course you are invited. I just thought that…maybe this was a bit too much for you. And I kept pushing you, I feel awful.”

“Don’t.”
I said now turning on my stomach closer to him. He began caressing my forearm.

“You were right, it was good. I felt good, I couldn’t stop and I can’t…”

I got interrupted.

“Oh, shit…your…” He began and then got up from the bed, he helped me sit up. As soon as he stopped talking I could feel he was looking at me kinda strange.

It was still dark in the room but he managed to notice that my nose was bleeding before me. That’s why my head was pounding. In panic, I grabbed the sheet and pushed it against my bloody nose.

Oliver jumped off the bed, grabbed a pair of his underwear on the ground, put them on and rushed to the bathroom. The water ran as I sat stupidly with a bloody sheet pressed to my nose.

When he came back, he picked up my underwear off the ground, handed me a wash cloth that was soaked in ice cold water and began dressing me while I was more focused on stopping the blood.

Oliver sat on the bed, facing me. He moved my hair away, off my face and kissed my forehead. I couldn’t look at him properly, I threw my head back and prayed inside that the bleeding would stop soon.

“Grab onto me.” Oliver said after getting off the bed.

“What?” I mumbled threw the cloth.

“I wanna pick you up like I did before.”

No fighting back, I loved being carried like a child. And by him.

I threw my arm around his neck and he lifted me by grabbing onto my waist first, then held onto my butt. Oliver stood with me in his arms once again.

He smiled at me but I couldn’t return the gesture, I moved my head away from him and giggled against his neck.

It almost felt as thought we were dancing in the middle of the room.

“You’re so beautiful.”

He said and I looked at him, only to remind him that my nose was a bloody faucet.

“Even with the bloody cloth. You’re so beautiful.”

“Stop, stop…” I whispered against his face.

“What?”

“I’m not…beautiful…I’m not a girl, girls are supposed to be beautiful…”

“I know you’re not a girl, I checked that.”

I chuckled at that.

“Elio, we’re equals. There’s not a man and a woman in this relationship. We’re both men, a young man and…well, me. And I don’t agree with you. Of course you can be beautiful, and be a man at
the same time.”

Maybe it didn’t make any sense but his words calmed me down.

“I’d eat you up if I could.” He added with a beautiful smile.

I laughed so hard at that. He was glad I was smiling too.

“How’s the nose?” He asked.

I removed the cloth, only few drops of blood left.

“Oh, you feel better?”

I nodded.

“Let’s get you into the shower.”

We showered for maybe half an hour. I had to make sure to stop bleeding first before getting in touch with water. It was almost 4 in the morning when we got out of the bathroom. Oliver noticed I walked a little strange, and also sensed I was squirming away from him when he tried to soap anything below my waist. Before putting our underwear on, Oliver stripped the bloody sheets off and stacked it in a pile he was gonna give to Mafalda in a few hours. The bed was cleaned and so were we.

Oliver then proceeded to collect the clothes from the floor and put them on the chair. Then moved to my closet and got out a new pair of underwear for me, and then dug out some from his suitcase, all along taking a shirt out of it as well.

“Lay down.” He said.

I did as I was told.

Then he caught me off by surprise and rolled me over on my stomach. On another big surprise of the night, he kneeled between my legs and spread my butt cheeks.

“What are you…wha-what are…Oliver?” I buried my red face into the mattress.

“Just checking to see if everything is alright down there.”

“Oh, God…” I grunted against the mattress, this was so unnecessary, but how do I tell him? How do I tell him I hurt myself while fingering my hole in front of him?

“Are you seriously embarrassed of me? Come on, Elio, I’ve been down there more times than I can count.”

I stopped listening. Yes, I was embarrassed.

“You’re a little bit sore. And red. Hold on.”

He disappeared into the bathroom and came out few seconds later.

“It’s gonna feel a little cold.”
“What is that?”

“Something to make you feel better.”

Oliver poured some type of cream on his fingers and then went between my cheeks, transferring the substance from his skin to my hole. I squirmed a little bit, trying to get away because I was in pain after twisting fingers on my own, and I tried to get away because it was tickling me. And it was so cold.

“There…” He said and kissed both of my butt cheeks.

Oliver then helped me put the underwear on and the shirt, I knew it was for me. After that, he dressed himself up and made the bed for us to finally catch up on some sleep.

He kissed me good night one more time after I settled in my usual position with my head on his chest, moving towards his neck. I smiled at that, said I loved him and closed my eyes, never feeling this fulfilled and happy next to him.
A new day

Chapter Summary

A quick summery of the next couple of days.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone, it's been a while, i apologize for that. I needed to take some time off from everything, even my fan account, i've been off for almost two months now. The story is way too long so i'll spare you with everything and tell you it's all good and that my inspiration for this fanfic is a bit higher than a 0. This chapter is super short and i needed to just cut to the most important stuff. And i must let you know that because i have tons of things coming at me in May and June, i won't be extending the story in New York. I'll just write maybe 2 or 3 more chapters in NY and that is it. I hate ending this story but i also hate dragging it along. Maybe if i find some time during this summer i'll come back or write some one shots as soon as i get my inspiration get back on track. Please don't hate me, i really enjoyed every second with you guys here, you have no idea how much your support means to me and how much it helped me get through bad days. I don't know when's the next chapter coming, hopefully before May the 15th because i’m travelling again and i won't be home for the next 2 weeks. I really hope you all understand me, and i apologize for taking this long to update and just so you know i love all of you so much. Enjoy this chapter!❤️❤️❤️

The next morning I woke up to the movements next to my body. Oliver removed himself from me and turned around to face the door, he continued sleeping only expanded his limbs all the way to the other bed where I, completely awake, was struggling to keep my spot. We never argued or even discussed the bed sides or anything that comes with it but this particular morning, there was no place for me to continue my sleep.

And why would I? It was 2 in the afternoon. Holy shit. He’s gonna oversleep me…that’s so weird, I thought to myself with a smile. I was still lying on my side with his huge, masculine back right in front of me. There was no force that could stop me from staring at his skin, his moles and a beautiful birthmark on his shoulder. Oliver, a big guy, had a deep voice and with that, his sleepy voice and his sleepy breath were loud and the music to my ears when it came to just watching him sleep. His body moved slowly, rhythmically with every breathe-in he took and every breathe-out. I was afraid of touching him, of waking him up, I wanted for him to get the rest he needed, the rest he deserved. So I decided to get up, get dressed and go eat something. We missed breakfast and lunch would be serving soon, maybe there were some left-overs between two meals that I can sneak out of the kitchen and stuff my mouth with.

I rolled on my back, rubbed my eyes, my nose, my lips, my entire face with my fingers to kinda get to my senses faster but when I sat up and felt the sharp pain beneath my waist I was fully, completely, totally, no-going-back-to-sleep awake. It stung me like nothing before in my life, it made me jump in place and rise my pelvis. Then it all came back to me, everything we’ve done the
previous night, everything we said, everything we touched. The feeling was neutral. It felt good but I was in pain, it felt very satisfying but I wouldn’t do it again, I enjoyed it, he enjoyed it but even though we crossed the limits I wouldn’t do it again, not like this, not with my own hand. At the end, my nose bled and I wiped it with the white sheet that is now sitting somewhere in this room or even the bathroom and when Mafalda finds it, she’s gonna ask questions.

But I had to get up, screw the pain, it’s gonna sting every time I try sitting somewhere today. I walked slowly around the place, gathering my clothes and rushing into the bathroom do to my business which was painful as hell but I survived with only bits of sweat on my forehead. Washed my face, got dressed and went out through the bathroom door. It didn’t hurt to walk, no problems there.

Downstairs, my father was in his study room, I wished him a good morning and stayed there for couple of minutes to talk about the arrival of the new student. My mother and Mafalda were in the kitchen, making something and talking. They both cheerfully greeted me and Mafalda even showed me a plate containing some food that were left from the breakfast table for Oliver and me to eat. He’s still asleep, I said when my mother asked me if anyone has seen him. And yes, they were all in shock. Mafalda even though he might be getting sick, that that’s the reason why he’s sleeping this much. I kept quiet on that subject, especially because there was nothing innocent in what we did the previous night and, on top of it all, it wouldn’t be just a regular story of two people sleeping together.

I grabbed a cup of coffee and a Nutella filled crape and went outside to eat. Without thinking, I sat down and got up as soon as I felt that sting again. Fuck it, I thought and continued my breakfast standing up and walking around the back yard.

After that, around 3 or so in the afternoon, while Oliver was still asleep, I went back upstairs, changed into my swimming trunks, grabbed a towel and book, and went back outside to sit by the pool. I actually lied the entire time on my stomach and read more than 50 pages.

Lunch was served shortly after but I said no, because I wasn’t hungry, because I recently ate, because I really wanted to finish the book, and most importantly, because I couldn’t sit down thanks to the pain in my asshole.

Some time after, Oliver finally went downstairs and joined everyone for lunch, I continued reading by the pool. They all jumped over him why was he sleeping this late. He said he didn’t know why. I knew, that was more than enough for me.

I kept looking at them having lunch and exchanging all sorts of conversations. Fuck, we’ve come along a lot for a year now, I couldn’t have been more proud of the both of us, or happier.

“I heard you come in a while ago.” Oliver said when he showed up beside me and sat on cemented side of the pool.

I looked up from my book.

Oliver looked so good, but tired. Almost as If he were forcing a smile when every facial muscle would rather go down.

“Why didn’t you get up?” I asked.

“I couldn’t. I was so tired. Still am.”

“Wonder why is that.”
I smirked to myself and let my head fall onto the pages once again.

“Us and…what we did were only a partial reason…”

I looked up again.

“…but I couldn’t sleep until maybe 7 or 8 in the morning. I was looking after you the entire time, until you fell asleep and even hours after that, I refused falling asleep. I was dreading another nosebleed, and…because I went too far with you, making you do things for me but…damaging you in the process. Every time you shifted you made a face, I knew you were in pain. I’m guessing you still are.”

I nodded.

“Oh God…I didn’t know. You didn’t have to do that. It happens all the time…it’s nothing…the nosebleed I mean. And if It were to come again, I’d grab the cloth and stop it. It’s nothing. I promise you.”

I knelted in front of him, cupping his knee caps.

“It’s nothing, really.” I repeated.

He caressed my curls and removed the locks of hair I had on my forehead.

“I’ll be fine.”

Oliver cupped my face and kissed me, just like that, in broad day light. And I kissed him back, deeply, not carrying if someone was watching.

That night, Oliver let me top him in the bathtub. The original plan was to make a bubble bath for me to relax with hope that the warm water would help me get rid of my pain. But one thing led to another and I ended up between his legs, having myself there for the first time underneath the water. I cried at the end, just like a did the night before, repeating how much I loved him and that I’d die if he were to not hold me in his arms for the rest of the night.

And that’s what happened. Oliver held me so tightly throughout the entire night that I actually felt myself having difficulties with breathing and also at the same time, I couldn’t care less.

The next morning we decided to draw another bubble bath. Oliver awoke me at 8 in the morning to help me relax and well…our original plan was to relax In the tub, then change into our bathing suits and head out for a swim where he could hold me under water. Once before, that helped, when my neck was in pain, but this was different. And it was better than it was a day before.

Once again, one thing led to another and I ended up on my knees in the bath tub, sucking Oliver off so early in the morning that eventually I refused to let him just jerk off into the water so I held his thighs tightly, until my nails were leaving white marks on his skin, and begged for him to come all over my face. I didn’t care at all. Semen went in my hair, on my eye-lids, my chest but most of it went straight into my mouth.

We showered together and after that, before heading out, the positioned me on my stomach on our beds and put the same creamy stuff between my legs he did for the past two nights.

The student for the summer, Jessica, arrived the next day. We greeted her like we did with our last
summer guest. She seemed lovely. A tall brunette with green eyes and a beautiful white smile. My parents and Jessica hit it off right away. While she was getting introduced to the house, to Mafalda and Anchise, which took days, Oliver and I were busy getting ready for New York. Just before she arrived, we moved all of our stuff from our room to the room next door. There was nothing left inside, it was cleared and clean, just like it was a year ago. The issue was where were we going to sleep. That was easy, we had one bed in the room where our stuff was. But I was more concerned where were we going to make love so that nobody could hear us. At the end, we spent three nights in the attic.

At day we were out and about, somewhere where I could walk and not ride my bike, ride in the car, swim and sunbathe. The first two nights I was the one topping Oliver. At one point I was scared someone would come upstairs and ask us if we were alright...he was so loud, my heart ached for the guy especially because we had a place of our own but we had to limit our screams. We’d go upstairs some time after dinner and just lie around, cuddle, make out, talk, grope each other over our clothes but once the clock would strike midnight, we’d get naked and onto our business.

The third night I was feeling much better, and Oliver was still putting the cream in between my legs and caressing my butt until I’d fall asleep even though he was the one getting through a battle field for the previous two nights. The last night before we went to New York, we switched. I took him the first time because it made me feel very good once he started pleading for it to be taken, the next two times he rode me vigourously and hard, almost coming up to the point of tearing my cock off...and at the very end, just as the Sun was rising at us, I let him take me with our bodies facing the window. It was good. It was very, very good. He went deeper than I knew it was possible yet I cried at the end.

“Are you okay? Was it too much? Too soon?”

Oliver breathed out on my sweaty back once we collapsed on a messy, dirty, cum-covered sheet. He was panting, grunting, pulsing, twitching.

“No...ah...it was okay...I’m fine...”

It was more than okay, I wanted to jump over him and scream at his face, but I was just too damn tired.

“Are you sure? You’d tell me, right?”

“I would, Oliver. I’m fine. It was amazing...I’m just...a little emotional, that’s it, and tired.”

“Oh, fuck...” He breathed out. “I love you, Elio...”

“I love you too, Oliver...”

I got up on my elbows and turned to look at him from behind. The first ray of another day was shining towards this man I adored, and who adored me. Once I realized what was coming I didn’t want to leave. I already planned it in my head: I’d finish my school here, I’d get a good job in some big city, he could move here with us and work, and we’d move in into the attic. This was our spot. It had our skin cells, our sweat, our DNA all over it.

“Don’t pull out.” I whispered once he stopped panting and was ready to get out of me.

“If you say so...but only for a while. It’s dangerous.” He said getting even deeper through his cum coming from my hole. Then we collapsed again, skin on skin, his spiky beard was ruining my sensitive skin as we just lied there, two bodies melting into one. That made me smile.
“I know. Now shut up and enjoy the Sunrise.”
We arrived at Oliver’s apartment around noon, it was a hot summer day but much more bearable than in Italy. I already missed home and my parents but I was the happiest and the luckiest kid alive because I had Oliver by my side, and had that opportunity in life to travel with someone I loved so much. First thing we did, we ordered in take-out food. It’s been days since he’s been home and the fridge was empty. We ordered fast food, greasy fries, unhealthy, no vegetables, no fruits, nothing I have gotten used to eat back home. Both Mafalda and my mother would’ve crossed their arms at us, but I didn’t really care, it was yummy. While waiting for the food to arrive we unpacked, he gave me the tour of his big and beautiful apartment. It looked like one of those apartments I dreamed of having; wooden desks, book shelves filled with books on poetry, novels, philosophy, dictionaries etc, a big bed with white sheets, big bathroom with a tub, small kitchen which he seldom used, like he said, and a beautiful view of the skyscraper and a balcony just on the right side of his bed. Our bed, our room, our bathroom, he kept correcting me.

We were on a 10-hour flight. Different time zones, different continents, different states, different cities, everything was so different than Italy and Europe, but I loved it. Here I was on my own, with him, in his world to which he was yet to introduce me to. I slept most of the flight leaning against his shoulder, with his head on top of mine. I was still in a bit of pain when we took off but once we landed, I was feeling much, much better. It was no secret what were people doing in airplane bathrooms, I wanted for us to do it as well but never managed to bring myself to ask him or even initiate the first move to just go there and wait for him. It would’ve been too obvious and this is not the friendly time for two men to be caught doing it in the bathroom. So I decided to wait until we get to our very own private room and do whatever we wanted.

I wanted to take a shower when we arrived but he wouldn’t let me. Oliver said it will feel better if we eat first, take a shower and wash 10 hours of flight off of us, and then sleep for the rest of the day. And that is exactly what we did. We ate, I stuffed myself with everything there was up until I needed to unbutton my jeans to breathe. Oliver couldn’t stop laughing at me and my tummy popping out.

“It’s adorable.” He said and put a hand over it. Of course, I couldn’t resist and not put a thought in my head what it would be like if he was actually picturing touching a baby in my belly. It was impossible for us to have one in a natural way, but there were other options. Oliver’s hand on my
skin made me think what kind of a father would he be. We were far from that. Or maybe not? I’m 18, I still haven’t finished my school… I was jumping way ahead in the future. I’ll enjoy this now with him.

After we threw away the bags and papers from our lunch, since there was nothing left, we stripped our clothes down and jumped into the shower together. It’s been a long flight, I was tired, exhausted, all I wanted was to crash and sleep until infinity. Never have I ever felt this tired. The shower was nice, I could feel the dirt, sweat and whatever else, leave my body. He insisted on washing completely, from toes to hair, no excuses.

We were kissing slowly, gently, with passion while he was holding the water fixed to hot on my back. In a moment like that one, I felt like I had it all; I had beautiful place to live, I was finishing a good school, I had a bright future in front of me, and I had him.

All in all, I had him, that automatically meant that I had everything.

After that, we showed up in front of the mirror and shaved each other’s faces. We made a deal, I don’t shave if he doesn’t shave, but it was getting a little too much so it had to go.

After the shower, after we had dried ourselves and put clean clothes on, Oliver went to our room to make the bed, add an extra pillow, while I was in the kitchen on the phone, talking to my parents, informing them that we had arrived safe and sound, we ate, we cleaned up and now we were about to hit the bed. Mom wished us a good night, and father told me to be good. I promised I would be the perfect son.

It was a warm afternoon. I slept only in my pajama bottoms, and he slept in his boxer briefs. Oliver covered the big window with curtains and dimed the light in the room, jumped in the bed with me, embraced me from behind and, either he fell asleep first or I did, but I was too tired to see who won that race.

We woke up in the middle of the night. I was the one who rushed to the bathroom and awoke him in the process.

“It’s 2:30.” I said when I walked out. We slept for almost 12 hours, that’s half a day. I guess it takes time getting used to new time zone. It would be 8:30 in Italy now.

“Fuck, I’m so tired.” Oliver murmured into the pillow.

“Me too.”

I went back into the bed and pushed him away so he’d turn his back towards me.

“Five more minutes.” I whispered into his skin and kissed it.

“Mhm.”

But five minutes turned into 8 more hours of sleep.

And that’s how it was every single night, we’d sleep for 10 plus hours. I had no regret sleeping that much. Besides, I had no better things to do, no school work, no homework, it was summer, I was traveling, enjoying myself, spending all my time with him, not a minute apart. I was beginning to worry he’d get sick and tired of me and ask for some alone-time.
After three days of ordering food, I finally managed to take him out of the apartment and go grocery shopping. And that was, in fact, the first time both of us stepped outside in the Sun since we got here. All we did for the first three days is sleep, eat, shower together and make love, and that was exactly how I pictured our summer, exactly like this.

It was a new territory for me, for sure. But having him by my side every minute of every day, not separating at all meant so much to me than he’ll ever know. Even if I did bug him too much sometimes, he wouldn’t say a single word about it but I’d step back on my own.

The bed was so much different than the ones back in Italy. With this one, I’d sink down whenever he’d top me. And he did that all three days. We were both low on energy and motivation, but there was something about seeing him naked with a hard on, it made all the functions inside my body to speed up, it increased my energy, happiness, hormones, blood flow, everything. I’d smile after taking his clothes off and revealing his skin, which I’ve been dying to touch, smell and dive right in. He’d take my clothes off, throw me on the big bed, I’d sink in it, and he’d appear above me and take me.

Getting out of the apartment was the hardest task ever. We’ve gotten used to the lazy life we’ve been living, doing nothing but each other, eating junk food, not caring about cleaning around us. I’d play with him; I make him go out for a walk and then, as a task was completed, I’d give him whatever he asked me to in the shower. After the days of whining had passed, we’ve gotten used to waking up earlier and earlier, one day at 12, the next one at 10, the other one after that at 9, then 8, then 10 again. The earlier we’d wake up the faster we’d start our day. We’d eat breakfast, go out for a walk, or to get coffee and lunch, return to just relax at home, make bubble baths, read or just nap. Most of the time we didn’t do anything special, spending time with him doing whatever was more than enough for me. And him.

“I wouldn’t want to do anything else other than this. All day long,” He said as we were lying in the bath tub, my back pressed to his torso, he was massaging my head, leaned against my ear and told me this. Shivers ran down my spine and all I did was snuggle even further into his embrace. That night, when he told me this, I tied him to the bed, put a blind fold on and set myself to ride him until one of us passes out. Sadly, it didn’t happen, but he did scream and threw his body around the bed, I’ve never seen him like this. Once we were finished, there was the brightest smile on his beautiful face. I also left bruises and hickey all over his body while having him tied down. The next morning, he woke up colorful and I loved it.

Whoever wakes up first always rushed to wake up the other one any way possible. We’d attack each other with morning kisses, or softly whispering into each other’s skin, or even, what I loved doing to him but I knew he hated it, I’d touch his collar bones. He would wake up immediately only to stop me and pull me in for a morning kiss. One time, when it was almost noon and he refused to get up, I took his pajama bottoms off and left him in his briefs, sat on his crotch and began grinding our genitals together until he was up, and awake. Of course, it did not end well, for me. He grabbed me and threw me at the end of the bed, stripped me down naked and entered me so brutally, and so beautifully at the same time.

Some nights, when we were too lazy to cook, or ran out of ideas what to make, and even got a little sick and tired of the take-out food, we’d go out to restaurants and had dinner like normal people do. There were few occasions when the place required a suit and fancy shoes. We never showed any affection in public, such as hugging, holding hands, kissing like we wanted to be seen, not because we were ashamed of who we were or didn’t want the dirty eyes and tongues at us, but because we kept our relationship private, behind closed doors and away from public’s eyes, as every real relationship should be.
One night, and one night only, we went to Oliver’s mother’s apartment. He wanted for us to meet. We didn’t expect for his brother to be there. That night didn’t end well. His mom, Patty, was indeed confused about who I was, and what I was to her son, even though Oliver explained to her couple of times over the phone that I’m his partner, his boyfriend, something like that. It’s not like she didn’t greet me with open arms or a smile on her face, but she was so confused, didn’t know what to talk to me about, she was reserved and only kept asking questions I could answer with yes or no. This entire evening was the most embarrassing evening for me, I wanted to flee the scene and cry in the bathroom alone. The last place I wanted to be was at his mother’s house where she refused to look me into my eyes and insisted on asked me stupid questions. That was okay until his brother, Sean, came along. All in all, they were fighting, over me, over their mother, over Oliver’s sexuality and how he loves to be center of attention. It did not end well. I thought it will pass until Sean brought up their father and threw an insulting name at me, I’ve never seen him this angry. Then Oliver began pushing into Sean’s face and Sean punched him in the end. He scratched his nose and let some blood flow but that was it. I pulled him out of her apartment, pushed him into his car and made him drive. He was pissed, and angry, furious, wanted to punch the window or step on the gas and kill us both. After he calmed down a bit and was only cursing, we stopped at the stop sign and I took his hand in mine. He turned to look at me. I was crying, and I bit my lower lip until blood flew. Oliver didn’t take another second when he pulled me towards him and kissed me, licking all the blood that was on my lips. Why not? We shared everything else.

“We should go to the hospital.” I said once we arrived back. I was still feeling dizzy, trying to process what in the hell did just happen. My chest hurt, I felt guilty and responsible for this. Of course, anyone would feel the same way, because it’s true.

“What for?”

“Your nose.”

“It’s nothing, it’s not deep. I’ll just clean it up and put some cream on. I’m gonna be fine.” I love him. And I love it when he’s trying to be all tough man in front of me, acting like a soldier, a leader.

“I’ll do it.”

I cleaned his nose with alcohol and covered it with some ointment cream he had there.

“This is all my fault.”

“It’s not, Elio.”

“It is. If I hadn’t come then…”

“Then what? I don’t even want to imagine the alternative situation. I love you. And I wanted you to come here, you’re the most important person in my life, how do you not get that?” I was already weeping when he grabbed my face with both of his hands. Trying to soothe me down by showering me with praise and love.

“But…he’s your brother, that’s family…”

“You’re right, he is family. I also know that we’re gonna be fine one day. They need the time to process all of this. In the end, I don’t care if they never make their peace with it, I’m fine with that and I’m fine with who I am and whose bed I share at night. I will not follow the script of life if it doesn’t make me happy. Months ago, I almost got married, fuck Elio, I almost fucking got married! And now I’m here. With you. And I wouldn’t have it any other way. Settling down in a
beautiful Italian country side with Sun above me, water just at the reach of my hand, book on my chest and you my by side…that’s the life I want to have. And of course, a good paying job as a professor of philosophy anywhere, but mostly what I counted before.”

I was calmer, but still crying.

“If my family doesn’t support me and wants to freeze me out, okay then, I don’t want to stand in their way. I’ve been on my own for most of my life, this is just another bump in the road. It’s like when they pressured me into going to medical school, following my father’s step and I wanted to do history, art and philosophy, you should know that in the end everything worked out, but before it did, they didn’t speak to me for 9 weeks. It’s like that around here, they’ll come around, if they do, great, if they don’t, I’ll respect that.”

I opened my eyes to see him already tearing up a bit. I know he’ll be sad if they don’t support him, and us, but beyond that, he seemed completely okay. Oliver kissed me and licked my tears away. He still looked handsome even with the bruised nose.

That night, after he showered alone, because I told him to, he went outside on the balcony and lit the cigarette. It was a hot night, he was in his briefs only. I could sense his mind was elsewhere, and I wanted to make him feel better.

“Oliver?”

He turned around. I stood as naked as I was the day I came to this world.

“I know you’re upset and I understand. If you don’t want to talk about it, I understand too. But I don’t like seeing you like this. You’re angry and sad, I assume. And I want to make you feel better. So, tonight…use me. In any way possible, in any way you like, you know I’d let you, because I love you, and you are the most important thing in my life. Just, get that anger out, put it in work, and work on me. Seriously, any way you want me, I’m here.”

Oliver stepped on the cigarette and walked back in. Closed the doors, closed the curtains, turned the light off, and took off his briefs in the process. Now it was just darkness with a dimmed light from everywhere, and our naked bodies. So much skin, beautiful, beautiful skin, his hairy chest and long arms and legs, his silky blonde hair. He stood in front of me, lifted my head with a finger underneath the chin, his eyes are like daggers, I can read every single expression on his face but I did not see this one coming.

“One day, when the time comes and the law shifts to our side, I’m going to marry you Elio Perlman.”

“And I’m gonna say yes.”

I managed to stay completely calm when, in fact, all of my organs were screaming from the inside. He must’ve known what I was thinking when he put that hand on my belly the first day we were here. Was he serious, or was this in the heat of the moment? I’ll check.

That night we made love for hours. Even when the Sun appeared, we still didn’t stop. This was the most intense and the most sensual love making we ever brought to life. We were kissing, using tongue and teeth, caressing every part of one another’s body, slowly and with care. Then I rode his back and massaged the muscles, he massaged my feet and cracked my toes again, and once again, I yelped at his power. Once we were done with that, we moved to our genitals. He was in my mouth, then I was in his, then he was in my mouth again and at the same time I was in his. We were mutual, and knew exactly where to touch each other, the rhythm of a particular pace our beloved
I closed my eyes and didn’t wake up until 7 in the evening the next day.

Weeks passed and we were doing much better. Oliver’s nose had healed, we’d go out every other day for lunch or for dinner, we’d even gone to tiny field trips around the city, we went to the movies, to the museums, the Central park, I think we did it all in those three months I had stayed with him.

I even met his friends. There was an engagement party hosted by his colleague from the University, he was getting married. I was so nervous going there, I was scared for dear life that Oliver was going to make a scene about us. But, surprisingly, it went perfectly. He introduced me as his partner and didn’t take time to hold me around my waist. There were few eyes glaring at the way held me but none said anything, out of good manner, or they seemed not to care and were just happy Oliver’s happy, because he did shine that night. After that, he told me he was proud of me while pushing me into the men’s room and locking the doors behind us. We went into one of the stalls and locked those doors as well.

“You have no idea how much you being here means to me.”

He said as he was getting down on his knees.

“Those are my friends, and they adore me, and they love you now too.” He undid my belt and the zipper.

“Oliver…ah…”

“You’ve made such a good first impression. You were so good baby. I need to do this for you.”

And he swallowed my cock all the way. I began panting and pulling his hair at that sensation. Fuck, his mouth does magic to me.

“Oh my Go-…Oliver…”
It may have lasted 3 or 4 minutes, but my God did I came so hard into his mouth and took it all in, swallowed it with pride and happiness, he was still shining. Even more so after this scenario.

After the party ended, we went back to our apartment. He was still beaming with joy and pride towards me, that, when we reached the bedroom, he didn’t even think twice when he slammed me against the window and fucked me brutally from behind then and there. I loved the feeling.

“Look at the window.” He whispered as he was pounding inside me.

“The wind-…”

“It’s like a mirror. Look at how perfect we are Elio.” He whispered in my ear.

“Perfect…”

“I love you so much.”

I turned to look at him as he was beginning to swell inside me.

“I love you too, Oliver.” And I never removed my eyes from his as he began emptying himself inside me, and at the same time, I was letting go in his hand that held my cock in the front. Both of my hands were spread against the glass.

Somewhere in the middle was Oliver’s birthday. I seriously had no idea what to get him, so I went with the cheesiest gift ever, I cooked for him, breakfast and lunch, went out and bought a cake since I can’t bake, and managed to sneak in few old books from my father’s study room. They were a tiny collection of one of his favorite philosophers. Of course, he was stunned, and happy and grateful. I knew I chose the right gift but still seeing him happy because I handed him books…my job here is done. We went out for dinner with three of his friends and it was by far the most exciting night ever involving a company I didn’t know. I could see they were exactly like Oliver, intelligent, well educated, not as handsome, but they were good and nice, and never bailed to include me in a conversation. After the dinner, he requested the gift I was always in the mood giving in to him; myself. And he took me with my eyes blacked out, my hands tied and my skin bruised by his belt. I couldn’t care less about the pain, it turned me on so much. I hated that I couldn’t see him dominate over me but it made me almost burst because it was so sensual and it made him drool over my reaction.

About four days before it was my time to leave, I began feeling so sad and depressed, and I couldn’t get out of the bed. I didn’t want to leave, I didn’t want to be separated from him. The last I wanted right now was to be away from him. The last three months I’ve gotten used to just having him by my side, he didn’t have to do anything, or talk at all, I’d turn around and find him there and that was more than enough for me. It passed.

The next day we hoped into the car and drove all over New York. We grabbed something to eat and drink, and we continued our journey. He drove us to this hill, hours away from anything pointing to the city, and, because it was getting dark, we got out of the car, sat on the hood and started at the stars. Oliver carried a blanket which meant he knew exactly where we were going, even though he said he had no idea when I asked him that morning. This has been the happiest summer of my life. I’ve never been this happy weeks in a row, and it was all thanks to this guy by my side.
After we were done with the stars, I reminded him that back in Italy, he made me a promise about the car.

“Say no more.” Was all he said as he pulled me in the car to make love to me like he promised.

The next few days were brutal for me. I was mixing sadness and happiness every day from waking up to snuggling in his embrace. We made a deal; I go home now, go to school, finish what I started and when December comes along, he’d pop in to say hello and stay until the semester starts again. In the meantime, we’d talk, call each other, send letters, whatever. He was as eager to keep the connection as I was.

When that brutal Monday came along, a week before my school started, he drove us to the airport and we waited for my flight to take off. I informed my parents that I was gonna be there in 12 hours. They said they were getting ready for me. The plane goes to Linate where I’ll be taking the train to Clusone and that’s where someone was gonna be waiting for me to take me home.

I stayed quiet almost the entire time we were there waiting. He sensed how sad I was, and I couldn’t bat an eye at how he felt. The night before, while we were making love for the last time in months, he couldn’t stop repeating how much he loves me and wants me to stay with him forever. I second those emotions as I crumbled completely underneath his touch. I went to the bathroom before taking off and was indeed surprised when Oliver popped in, pushed me against the wall and kissed me so freely but with such sadness.

“I want to give you something.”

He said and took out a silky bag and in it was a silver ring, no diamonds, no nothing. It was beautiful.

“It goes here.” He pointed to my left thumb.

“Why there?”

“Every finger has its meaning, I chose this one because until it gets to here…” he pointed to my wedding finger…it just means you’re taken but not by law. Yet.”

He looked at me and smiles, took the ring from my hand and put it on my left thumb. He was shaking.

I started crying, he hugged me and began tearing up himself. I am never taking this ring off. I’m taken, I’m his, I belong to him, every single part of my body belongs to him.

After we parted it was my time to go. He asked if I had my passport ready and I nodded because I was too sad to talk. Oliver hugged me again, much stronger this time than ever. Yes, I’d stay here with you, Oliver, and you know it. Without a care in the world I rose myself on my toes and pecked his cheek. And I was off. I couldn’t bear to turn around and look at him.

As I was getting ready to take off, I contemplated whether to sleep or go over every single day in my journal. I chose to sleep because then I’d be crying and I wanted to save my tears for my pillow. This is it. This is the end of this summer. It’s time to go back to reality. It’s time to be an adult. On my own.
12 hours had passed, and I was in Italy again. There was Italian speaking all around me, it was a late August hot afternoon, I could smell fruits from miles away even though I was still at the airport. I was home. This was my home. I smiled widely as I was walking around to just absorb everything.

“Elio!”

I turned around and saw my parents waiting for me by the car. I ran towards them and jumped in to hug them. I was never this happy to see them.

My mother was examining my face, touching my hair, feeling if I had gotten any weight on, while my father was putting my stuff in the car.

“What are you guys doing here, I told you where to wait for me…” I asked her jokingly, with a smile, trying not at all to sound serious.

“You really think I’d let my baby boy drive all by himself? I wanted to be here when you landed.”

“Come on, buddy, let’s go home. Tell us about everything.” My father tapped me on my back as we were on our way home.

I was no longer sad, but just nostalgic. I’ve spent three months with someone else, in a different city all across the Atlantic, I got used to a certain lifestyle.

Once I was inside the villa, Mafalda ran towards me and gave a hug filled with warmth and love. She said she missed me, I missed her too, very much. While in the car, they told me that Jessica, the student, already left and that it was joy having her with us. Anchise walked in at some point and I hugged him as well.

Before I could even settle in like a normal person, I called Oliver to let him know everything went well and I was finally home. It was around 10 in the morning in New York, no way he’s sleeping. He picked up after two rings.

“Elio?” He asked, I felt there was a smile on his face.

“How did you know?”

“I’ve been waiting all morning for you to call. Are you home?”

“Yup, my parents were waiting for me at the airport.”

“Yeah, I know, I told them. I didn’t want you to be alone when you go back to Italy.”

So, he’s the master mind behind all of this. Should’ve known. We proceeded to talk, we were gathering our time together in New York and laughing. By the third time someone walked in to warn me and told me to hang up because it’s expensive, I was dead tired. I had to break two hearts and hang up with a kiss exchanged at the speaker. I promised Oliver I’ll call when I wake up.

I sat down and had lunch with my parents, then hoped in the shower, changed into something clean and collapsed onto the bed and didn’t wake up until the morning the following day. I’d sort our time and however I was feeling tomorrow, right now I was happy where I was and even though he was so far away from, I knew to whom he belongs to and vice versa.

I had the ring to prove it after all.
The End.

Chapter End Notes

I know a simple "sorry" doesn't stand for how long I have been dragging with this chapter. I started writing it in September and stopped after 10 minutes because i didn't know how to continue it and because i was lazy and tired. But then last night, i just clicked on Word and began writing and i didn't know how to stop. The battery on my laptop died twice last night so i continued this morning, all in all, i wrote this in chapter in a few hours, even cried a little, even disgusted myself a bit on how deep i can write. This is where i part with "Naked as we came", it's been a hell of a journey, and wanted to thank each and every one of you for sticking with me until the end, i know a lot of my readers banned me and i don't blame them. I don't know what happened to me, after February i blocked, i lost my inspiration and motivation and writing was the last thing i wanted to do. But from all of my heart, thank you to all of you who stayed and supported me throughout the entire journey. I'm not making any promises but maybe i'll write again in the future, maybe a one-shot or like i wrote "When the night has a story of its own", but we'll see. I kept re-reading what i wrote last year and how i abused the first few chapter with my poor writing skills and language; only to see how much i had evolved and made a great progress despite English not being my first language and despite not having any experience with writing before. That's it for me today guys. Once again i'm sorry for dragging this so long, i thank you for sticking with me and supporting me and know that i love you all so, so much. Later!

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