Undress Your Soul, Show Them Your Vigor

by Alcoholic_kangaroo

Summary

Mike Wheeler is just a mess of undefined relationships who has no idea what he wants because he sort of wants it all. Set around season 2.
Is There Anything That Makes Them Sound Sincere?

Tonight was a bust. Maybe in some corners of the world, France or Italy or Spain, some lucky young woman is being wined and dined by a romantic, dark-haired man with a fabulous accent.

But Nancy Wheeler is not in France or Italy or Spain and Steve Harrington has nothing more exotic than a mid-western accent.

Steve had assured her, before she had agreed to go over to his house, that his parents wouldn't be home until long after dark. His father was working a late shift, most of his shifts were late shifts, and his mother was visiting family in Chicago for another week and a half. The luxury of a well to do family: not being obligated to actually spend time with your family.

Nancy hadn't particularly wanted to spend her evening with Steve, she had SATs to study for, early admission applications to fill out, but she felt a sense of obligation. This is what couples did when being exclusive. They had dinners together. They spent time together. They had sex. The sex was...the sex was good. Amazing, actually. Not that she would know the difference exactly, Steve is her one and only partner to date, but he definitely knows how to do something right.

She hates to admit to herself that the prospect of sex might be the only thing that actually got her to agree to a mid-week date night.

“Come on, we'll have the house to ourselves,” the senior had coaxed, flashing his award winning smile at her. That smile that used to make her nauseous with nerves but now just with disgust, with guilt. “I'll cook you an amazing dinner. Best Italian you've eaten in your life! We'll drink some of my mom's wine, listen to some romantic music, and just...see where the evening takes us.”

The evening took them to an awkward three-person dinner with Steve's father, who had showed up mid-meal preparation. Despite Nancy's attempt to excuse herself almost immediately, Mr. Harrington insisted she stay for dinner, and Steve responded by staying quiet, head turned down, and adding more noodles to the pot. The music was dulled, Mr. Harrington complained he had a headache, and Steve had put away the wine after adding a splash to the sauce. “Mom's recipe,” he had excused the presence of the alcohol and the older man had nodded, because whatever Steve was cooking apparently did call for a splash of Pinot Noir.

Nancy could tell Steve's father was not happy about her presence. Despite his polite manner of speaking and his insistence that she join them for their evening meal, she knew he disapproved of Steve being alone with a girl in the house. After complimenting her boyfriend's cooking, she had thrown out some excuse about having a test to study for tomorrow, and nearly ran from the building, relieved to escape the awkward situation.

“Thanks for the notes,” had been her last words of the evening, spoken loudly and artificially so Mr. Harrington would catch them from the living room, “It was nice of you to copy them for me. I hate sick days, I always get behind.” Steve hadn't asked her to come up with some excuse for her presence, but he smiled gratefully, that timid smile he always has when he talks about something his father scolded him over.

Mr. Harrington didn't know any better, but she felt mildly disgusted with herself over the lie. As if they share any classes. Nancy is on the honor roll, Steve has been rejected from every university he has applied to. He isn't even sure if he'll graduate in June. He's low on credits and if he doesn't pass every single class this year he'll be stuck attending summer school after the rest of his class has already walked across the stage to accept their diplomas.
It's been a difficult year. For everybody. For her family, for Barb's family. For their relationship. As fond as she is of Steve as a person, and as grateful as she is for helping with the incident last fall, she's already growing tired of him. And lately he's been talking about skipping his first year of college just to be near to her. Saying he'll wait to see where she's going and apply somewhere nearby because she's the straight A student and should be able to make it into her top choice for higher education. He wants to make this work. He wants this to be more than a high school fling.

Nancy, meanwhile, just wants to get away. To have a new, fresh start. She wants to meet, to be incorporate, into a new group of people. She wants to go new places, to be exposed to new ideas. Steve...Steve wants to work for his father. He wants to stay in this small town and reach no higher goals than the ones his father before him has reached and just spit out some kids and eat pasta with Pinot Noir for dinner.

Steve is not a future. He is not a destination. Steve will just drag her down, pull her back into the nothingness of Hawkins. What works for him isn't necessarily what works for everybody. Some people want more than kids and Pinot Noir.

He is attractive though. And...talented, in less academic ways. When his father isn't cockblocking Nancy from just getting what she wants.

The hard part is the build up. Maybe Nancy is just weird, but in her experience arousal isn't something that just happens suddenly, on command, when needed. It isn't an on, off, on, off mechanism like a light switch. Knowing she was going to get laid today, the process had started last night.

Instead of a shower, she had taken a long bubble bath, letting her skin soften and her pores open. Then she had used her mother's expensive shaving cream on her legs, careful to use an extremely sharp blade to ensure her skin was excessively smooth, imaging how his hands would feel on her tender, recently shaved flesh. She had applied lotion afterwards, gardenia scented, so her skin would be silken and taut.

This morning, she had dabbed a small bit of perfume into the flatness of her pubic mound, wetting the meticulously trimmed hair with the lingering scent of jasmine. When she had chosen her panties and bra she had carefully picked out a matching set, one that Steve had only seen a couple times before. Black silk and lace. Not shocking but mildly surprising since he usually sees her in less provocative shades. And usually there's a little more silk and a little less lace. The ratio on this particular set wasn't the most supportive and she knows, from experience, they leak easily.

Every time she had adjusted herself in her seat throughout the day, during English class or math, Nancy had felt the lace tickling along her thighs or hips, and imagined Steve's hands brushing along her skin as he slid them down. When she had a moment in history class, after finishing her pop quiz, she had closed her eyes and allowed herself to fantasize for the remaining ten minutes of class. She could all but hear his voice in her head and his lips brushing against her vulva. He'd bury his face into the fragrant area between her legs and his lips would shine as he turns his eyes up to her to comment on the sweet floral scent.

Not that he ever willing went down on her. He just wasn't “into it.” But fantasies are just fantasies, they don't have to be super realistic. Her fantasy of him pushing her again the boy's bathroom stall and taking her from behind never happened either but it still had her wet on the thighs.

She fidgits in her seat on the drive home, cursing to herself. She knows she shouldn't really blame Steve, he can't control these situations, but she feels bitter anyway. They could have gone
somewhere. He could have offered to take her home, lied and told his father she had been dropped off. They could have continued their date elsewhere. But his father had mentioned something about working on the car together and he had submitted immediately to his father's commands. King of the School indeed. Her little brother had more guts facing their parents than her sad excuse for a boyfriend.

What teenage boy passes up the opportunity for sex? If Nancy had a penis she knows she would do whatever she felt like with it. But she doesn't have a penis, just a set of overly sensitive female genitalia that sometimes seem more complicated than need be. She feels swollen and wet, like an oversoaked sponge in a sink basin. It makes her feel dirty, like she needs a soaked and wrung out, and she's not sure if she likes that feeling. How wet is she? Has she secreted a quart of juices at this point? She wonders if anybody could smell it on her right now, would she smell filthy from anticipation?

Just to be safe, she bypasses her family entirely and heads straight up to her room. If she is quick she can do it herself. It's not as good as with Steve but she's quicker at it than him; she could do it quickly then get a quick shower in. If her parents ask why she's showering so early she'll just say she went for a run after school. They don't have any idea where she spent this afternoon.

She's already unbuttoning her slacks before she opens the door to her bedroom. The movement on the stairs had rubbed, stimulated, that area and she's positively throbbing with arousal. There are rumors that a few girls at school own real sex toys but she has a perfectly good hairbrush with a nice rounded handle. She's so wet she wouldn't even need to lube it up. She's ready to go. Ready to just get in bed, pull up her knees, and fuck herself on the sturdy piece of varnished wood. She's ready to bite her pillow, if need be, to keep quiet. She's ready for a little release, for something deeper, and bigger, and more persistant. She's ready to just-

Beat the living shit out of her little brother.

“What are you doing?” Nancy screams at him.

Finding Mike lurking around her bedroom isn't totally unexpected; he loves snooping out the revolving location of her diary, but this is too much. He's elbows deep in her underwear drawer, a pair of her more innocent pink cotton panties stretched out between his fingers. He's staring at them, as if he's never seen a pair of female underwear in his life. “You pervert! Get out of my underwear drawer!”

Mike finds what he's really searching for. He shakes the piggy bank triumphantly, listening for the jingle of change, then runs to her bed.

“Hey!” Nancy cries out, realizing where this is going before he even shakes the bank. “Stop it! I
didn't say you could- That's my money!"

Mike's already shaken several dollars worth of quarters onto her bedspread. He grabs two handfuls, pockets them. Angry, Nancy takes several long strides across the room, crossing it in seconds. Her room is not very large, nothing like the expanses of square feet that make up the Harrington household. Mike is already reaching for another handful of her money with his grubby little hands.

"Stop it!" she says again. She's already at his side but he turns away from her, blocking her with his back. He's not very broad though, he's just starting to reach that lanky stage of puberty, and she easily leans around him, knocking him onto his side on the bed. She grabs at his hands. He shouldn't her away, not letting go of the change.

"I'll pay you back," he promises, scrambling back to his feet. "You're not even doing anything with your quarters."

"They're still mine," Nancy insists. Mikes wiggles away from her, moving his arm so its slips from her grasp. She turns her body, covering his with her own now. Not from the side this time but head on, chest to back, her breasts pressed into his shoulder blades. He's getting tall, he'll be taller than her within a couple years, but not yet. She's still taller and heavier and stronger than him.

She forces him down onto the bed again, still grabbing for his two clenched fists. He kicks and and screams at her, slippery as the slimy eel he is.

"You're heavy!" he yells out, slipping away from her like silk sliding on silk. "Get your fat ass off me!"

"Give me my money!" Nancy demands. She catches the change in her own voice as it switches from annoyance to genuine anger.

"Screw you!" Mike moves back and attempts to escape her by sliding down onto the floor between her legs. She lodges her knee between his legs, digging it into the side of the bed for leverage, and he makes a pained noise as his testicles meet solid bone and muscle.

He's too distracted to do anything as she catches a flailing wrist and grabs it tightly. Then she twists it hard. Not enough to break anything, but Mike cries out in pain and finally drops the change onto her pastel floral bedspread.

"Ow ow ow! Let go!" Mike cries. She notices how different his voice is now, compared to just a year ago. Huskier, raspier. That half boy, half man voice of early adolescence. For some reason it causes that ache between her thighs to intensify.

"You're such a little shit," Nancy hisses. She doesn't release his hand, she wretches it further back, behind him, and presses up to send spikes of pain through his shoulder. Mike struggles against her but doesn't fight with his pinned arm. He dislocated his shoulder once, playing baseball in the first grade. Probably the action that got him off of sports entirely and guided him onto the path of nerdom. He knows the pain of a shoulder injury.

He slaps futilely at her with his free arm, trying to reach her, but he's too subdued to do much more than smack pathetically at her side near her hip. When that gets no result he digs his nails into her sweater.

"My sweater!" Nancy presses her knee up higher into his crotch, purposely harming her little brother where it hurts the most. "It costs more than your entire wardrobe!"

"Let me go!" Mike squeals, kicking. His feet keep hitting the floor. "I'll tell Mom!"
“Momma’s boy,” Nancy taunts back. “Oh, so tough. Do your nerdy little friends know you always run to you mommy when your sister is mean to you? Did Eleven?”

“Don't talk about her,” Mike growls, his voice suddenly low, much lower than that deceptive rasp that had come from him just a minute ago. “I'm sorry, okay. I should have asked.”

“You never ask, that's the problem,” Nancy presses his arm up further and he yelps with pain like a toy dog at the mailman. “If I had been as bratty as you at your age, Mom would've beaten my ass bloody. You only get away with the shit you do because your mommy's little boy.”

“I don't,” Mike protests, “I don't get away with anything. They took away my Atari!”

“You stole an essay and mouthed off at school,” Nancy points out. “I made a girl cry once when I was twelve because I didn't want to go to her birthday party and Dad used his belt on me. When's the last time you were even spanked?”

“Last year,” Mike responds. He kicks higher and his foot brushes Nancy's lower back, not enough to hurt. Barely enough to even feel it, phantom-like. “When I stole that money from Mom's purse.”

Nancy had totally forgotten about that incident. Their father had been livid when he found out about Mike pinching the two dollars from their mother's bag. A clear “No Kids Allowed” area in this household. Their father had gone off on Mike, yelling about how he was turning into some hoodlum buying Mary Jane on the streets. With two dollars.

“Dad barely got two smacks on your lily white ass before Mom begged him to stop,” Nancy reminds him. She twists his arm a fraction of an inch higher. A warbling whine escapes his throat and he ceases all movement, melting onto the bed as if surrendering. Beneath her, he lays flat, cheek pressed against the quilt, breathing unevenly. She can feel his heart from this position, beating hard from the struggle for dominance. He's warm beneath her, hot even. He smells vaguely like body heat and sweat. “She always stops him from hitting you. Must be nice to be so adored by our parents.”

“Let me up,” Mike groans, his voice pained. “Come on. I won't take your money.”

“No,” Nancy tightens her mouth. “You're an annoying pain in the ass. I should just hold you down like this until it's too late for you to go play with your little friends.”

“Nance, come on,” Mike whines. She knows he's trying to appeal to her sisterly side with the use of the nickname. What happened to fat ass? He pushes up with his good arm but she pushes him back down with all her weight, taking advantage of the strain on his arm to assert her control. “I'm going to be late, let me go.”

“Nope.” She's grinning now. The anger starting to fade, she's enjoying herself.

“This isn't funny, the guys are waiting on me.”

“You know what else isn't funny? Thievery.”

“Nancy-”

“No,” she responds in a sing-song voice. She's at a standstill here, she needs some sort of cue to let her know when it's okay to release him. Something that signals that he's truly repentant. Maybe an offer to be her slave for a week, those are always nice. But really anything just to show his true regret would be enough.

“You're such a bitch!” Okay, that was not what she was looking for.
“Did you just call me a bitch?” She demands. She can't twist his arm any further, it's so far out of its natural position any more pressure would risk popping it or spraining something. She shakes the leg pressed between his legs instead, giving him a good smash between his legs. He grunts but doesn't back down.

“You deaf?” he breathes through his pain. “You're a bitch. An uptight goody two shoes bitch! With a flat chest!”

Nancy brings her palm down hard on her little brother's wiggling posterior. She feels him jump in surprise beneath her, his body lunging forward several inches. She hadn't planned to do this, but once she feels the friction on her palm she isn't sure why she waited so long.

“Hey!”

She smacks him again. His black corduroys lay thick beneath her palm. Softer than denim, they cushion the blow. Why can't he just wear jeans like a normal teenage boy? It's always corduroys or slacks or sweatpants. The fabric doesn't give her a nice satisfying slap like a bare ass, but he still protests the treatment.

“Don't! You're a dick!” he throws back at her.

“And you're an asshole,” she grins, enjoying the banter. “Guess who wins in that situation?”

She smacks him again. He squirms beneath her, legs kicking free from their previous position. The tides turn as one of his legs lodges itself between her own. But she doesn't have a vulnerable scrotum to worry about. Still, she's already feeling sensitive in that area, already swollen, engorged. His knee presses against her, rubbing, reminding Nancy of how damp her panties still are. She swings her hand down again. “Mom and Dad didn't give you the spanking you should've gotten as a kid so I'll have to do it instead.”

“Go ahead,” he eggs her on, wiggling his pathetic excuse for a posterior at her. “You hit like a girl!”

Another slap down. It makes a thudding noise like beating a dusty old rug with a broom.

“Your hand getting tired yet?” he demands to know. His voice comes out muffled against her blankets, condescending. He's making fun of her. He's the one being punished and he's teasing her.

“Fucking brat,” she curses. She knows this isn't working. His winter clothes are too warm, too protective against environmental forces. Their stupid, overprotective mother, always making sure her little boy is safe. When she was his age their mother would send her to school in fucking February in frilly dresses just because “little girls should be delicate and pretty.”

She tugs at the cloth on his hip. They're too tight and the angle of his twisted body is making the waist cut into his skin. It'd be easier to put a pair of slacks on a rhino right now than pull these ones down.

Standing up, Nancy takes a step back, releasing Mike. He's laughing, his ears pink with amusement. Already he's turning to her. She shoves his front half back down with a hand between his shoulder blades, Mike giggling too much to put up much of a resistance. She reaches around to the front of his pants.

“What are you—”

She's good at freeing teenage boys from their pants, she's had plenty of practice with Steve now. He likes to take it easy and let her do all the work. And she really means all the work. Undressing. Oral.
Readying herself. Riding him. You think he’d put in a little fucking effort for once. Maybe try being on top, for once? Or returning the favor after she gives him head?

Nancy grabs at her brother's corduroys, snagging his boxers in the process, and jerks both pieces of clothing down mid-thigh. A glimpse of scarce, curly black hair is visible from between his thighs, reminiscent of her own. Steve's is a deep brown, not this familial shade of midnight black. Mike's caught by surprise when her palm resounds off his puny backside and he attempts to stumble to his feet with his sagging pants. He makes it part of the way up but she shoves him back down, his arms flail as he falls. He lands further up onto the bed now, only the area from the knees below hanging off. His ass is as white as newly fallen snow. It looks tense and firm and vulnerable and just ready for what it deserve.

On him immediately, Nancy pins him down with a knee in his lower back. When she strikes him again there is no soft thump. The impact is like nails on a chalkboard, except reversed. Ultimately satisfying.

He grunts and spasms beneath her, but he doesn't yell this time. Just squirms and tries to avoid the lay of her hand on his backside. She hits him again and he whines. The third time the whine goes up in pitch. The fourth time he squeaks like a little mouse.

Her palm begins to tingle. She's not exactly sure when he starts to cry. She suspects he was quiet about it at first, not wanting to admit that he's soaking her blanket with his tears. His ass has gone from white, to rosy, to pink, to red, and he jumps every time her hand falls. His groans come out muffled, which only makes sense when she looks up at one point and catches the sight of him biting onto one of her pillows.

The sight is mildly arousing for reasons she cannot determine. She presses her own hips against his leg, applying pressure to her still engorged clit hidden beneath her layers of clothing. It feels like she's leaking again, her panties going from damp to soaked through. Every time her hand comes down Mike jerks, the movement shuddering through his whole body, down through his legs, and up through Nancy's nether regions. She purposely adjusts her own position, he's no longer fighting her so the knee in his back is useless. She straddles his leg instead, a leg on each side so she feels herself spreading open, as best she can beneath the confinement of her clothes.

She could be fucking herself with her hair brush right now, she desperately needs release. But this...listening to the slap of skin on skin, seeing her little asshole of a brother subdued, hearing his pained noises. There's something appealing about this too.

His face is wet with tears, and bright red. Redder than his asscheeks even.

At first, she felt disappointed he stopped begging for her to stop. For awhile she got off on that feeling of power that went along with the idea. But as he stops moving completely beneath her, no longer jumping anywhere beneath her hand, she starts to feel guilty. She doesn't want to break him. Her brother is like a wild horse she's caught. She wants to claim she caught him, but not that she tamed him. Has he really given up? Does he have so little faith in his own sister's love for him he just assumes she'd go out of her way to cause him serious harm? That if he was honestly crying for release that she wouldn't let him go?

She's at 28 strikes by now. She give him two last smacks, one light and one hard, to finish it out. Then she releases him and sits up, the friction making her throb between her legs, and takes a step back. There's a gush of movement as the wetness in her panties adjusts. Jesus, how aroused is she?

Mike doesn't move immediately. He's crying, silently, into her pillow and his body stays in the exact same position she had held him, as if an invisible force is still pressing him deep into the comforter.
“You deserved that,” she says, not necessarily because she feels he needs to know that but because she's trying to justify her own actions before the guilt grows deeper. “You can't just break into my room whenever you feel like it.”

He nods, the back of his neck pale against the redness of his face. She watches him move, slowly adjusting his position, straightening his back and standing as if in pain. He's sniffling. It sounds wet. The sort of sniffling that accompanies tears, not just a stuffy nose.

“Sorry,” he apologizes, voice soft. The raspy quality of it is even thicker now.

His movement is still slow, like an old, decrepit man trying to get dressed on a rainy day. She watches him reach down for his pants and sees how his curved back shudders as he tries to pull them over his behind. The waist touches his swollen cheeks, scraping. The redness reminds Nancy of last time she had a sunburn, of how painful it had been to put on her bra afterwards. Different but similar. He gives up trying to pull on his pants halfway, obviously in too much pain. The burning will go away soon, she knows that from her own childhood beatings. He just doesn't know how to deal with a proper spanking.

Nancy waits for him to turn around and leave, maybe holding his pants up by the belt loops until he's in the privacy of his own room where he can just lay naked on his bed. She imagines him trying to sleep that night, lying naked on top of his blankets maybe, because even the weight of those on his bruised ass would be too much. But he doesn't move. Doesn't turn around. Doesn't speak. He stands there, frozen, only the movement of his chest and stomach from his ragged breath showing any sign of life. As she looks close she notices his hands are shaking.

Jesus, did she mess him up that bad?

“Mike,” she says softly, touching his back. He flinches beneath her touch, shoulders seeming to grow smaller, his entire body seeming to grow smaller, as he curls into himself. “It won't hurt too long, okay? You just pissed me off.”

She doesn't say sorry. To say sorry would be to admit she was wrong. She doesn't want to do that. He'll hold it over her head forever. And besides, she wasn't wrong. He deserved to be punished. But she's not his mother, it probably wasn't her place to choose what punishment, and maybe that's why she went just a bit overboard.

“It's, it's not that bad,” he gets out, his voice ragged.

“Just go to bed, okay? Put some lotion on it before you sleep and you'll be fine.”

He doesn't respond. He just stand there, still as a statue, only his breathing giving away the fact he's a living individual. Nancy glances towards the window and waits for a pigeon to fly in and take a shit on him. Between his paleness and this frozen state, a bird probably couldn't tell the difference.

“Mike, seriously,” her voice turns stern again. “I have to study for a test. Go to your room.”

He doesn't respond. He's still statue-like, just slightly hunched over, holding his pants halfway up his ass by the waist. Maybe he's just being a dick. If he was in that much pain he could tell her, surely he knows that

“He,” she says with half-hearted annoyance, grabbing him by his bicep and yanking him around, “Come on, get out of my room. I just told you that you can't.”

She stops mid-sentence because she has just been exposed to the reason that Mike is not talking to her or leaving.
He's hard. Not one of those weird rubbery hard-ons he got when he was a kid and she had to get him in the bathtub while Mom was doing the dishes. But erect like a man, his penis standing up and at attention, the head dark red and the rest of his shaft still a much darker hue than the rest of his body. It's nestled in that glimpse of curly black hair she had caught sight of earlier.

“Shit,” she says before she's thinking, “That's disgusting.”

“You're disgusting,” he barks back, already combative. His face is still wet with tears. “It's just a reaction to the stupid beating but you don't have to stare at it. Stop looking at me, you pervert.”

“Like I wanted to see your tiny little dick,” she scoffs. “And you're the pervert who got a woody getting a spanking. What the fuck, Mike?”

“It wasn't on purpose!” he insists, voice going shrill. He tries to cover his erection with his hands but as small as his dick is, his hands are even smaller. “And my dick isn't tiny!”

“It's like, four inches!”

“Four and a half,” he huffs, indigantly.

“You measured?” she asks, slepetically. She doesn't think it's four and a half inches.

“Well, yeah, of course I fucking measured it. Who doesn't?”

Huh. So four and a half inches? Is that normal for a thirteen-year-old? Steve is about seven inches, will Mike grow an inch a year until he's Steve's age? Or do they stop growing at like fifteen, like Nancy's shoe size? Or is her brother just unfortunate in this department? Will his future wife be stuck with this tiny excuse for a cock?

Why is she even thinking about this?

Nancy knows she shouldn't still be looking at her brother's dick, but it's the first one she's seen that isn't Steve, and she can't help but compare the two. It's smaller, of course, but the angle is different. And the color. And something about the top of it looks...weird. Foreskin. Right? Their mother didn't have Mike circumcised when he was born. Is that what foreskin looks like? There's no scar near the head, it's like a pristine, untouched meadow. Steve's scar reminds her of the smallpox vaccine on her own arm, an ugly ruin on the landscape. They had stopped giving kids the shot by the time Mike was born. His arms are as perfect and untouched as his penis.

“Could you like, maybe go away for a bit?” he asks, voice softening once more. “I need to wait for it to go down so I can go to my room.”

“This is my room,” she protests.

“I'm not waddling to my bedroom with my pants below my ass and a hard on,” he insists. “Come on Nance, just give me like, thirty minutes. Go eat dinner or something.”

She already ate dinner. At the most awkward meal of all time. Sandwiched right in the middle of the long wooden table with her sorry excuse for a boyfriend on one end and her hopefully not future father-in-law at the other end. It had been so hard to choke down that serving of pasta, pasta which she had to admit Steve had expertly prepared, her stomach in knots. She might as well have had just eaten an entire buffet before that meal, as hungry as she had been for food. All she had been hungry for had been her boyfriend's cock.

Which, now from the look of it, might be pretty weird looking. It has that weird bend to the left and kind of off putting veins. They bulge unattractively, something that probably help it feel better inside her, but removes any aesthetic in the act. Her brother's dick seems much more symmetrical and
smooth looking. Much prettier. Like the kind you'd see on some old Roman statue. They always have small cocks on those too. She moves her own legs closer together, her arousal is starting to become uncomfortable again.

“I won't steal your money,” Mike promises, pleadingly. “Just, go eat and I'll be gone by the time you come back.”

“I'm not hungry,” she replies, matter-of-fact. She can't go downstairs. Mike might not know what an aroused woman smells like but their parents most certainly do. She's afraid of walking by her seated father and knowing he can smell his own daughter's leaking pussy. “This is my room and I'm going to stay right here and wait for you to leave.”

“Nance,” he whines, spreading his fingers out in an attempt to cover her view. “Come on.”

“Mike,” she whines back, dragging out his name, but she's mostly running on instinct, remembering past taunts. Her mind is...other places.

“It hurts,” he confesses, letting out a sigh with the confession. “Okay? It's really painful. You're not a boy so you wouldn't get it. Just, I'll be quick, okay?”

Quick? Oh! She thought he was just going to wait for it to go down. A mental cold shower, if you will. But that? In her room? Would he do it on her bed? Or just stand off to the side and beat at it as quickly and harshly as he could?

She's not as disgusted by the idea as she probably should be.

Her brother is growing up into a pretty good looking teenage boy. A year ago he had been smaller, rounder, with sort of a weird looking face. Frog face, that's what the bullies at school called him, right? He's always had oddly exaggerated features, especially his cheekbones, but as he's grown they've transformed from a weird mish mash of parts into into almost super-model-like profile. His arms and chest are also starting to show off lean muscle as the baby fat melts off him. In no way muscular but lanky and defined. She shouldn't admit it to anybody, but the idea of him touching himself isn't that most repulsive image in the world.

“Does it always hurt?”

“What?” he asks, surprised by her question.

“When you need to jerk off? Is it always painful beforehand?”

“I, I-yeah?” he stutters, tripping over his words. “Sometimes? It depends?”

The image of Mike in her head, lying on his bed and crying for release as he hurriedly unbuttons his slacks, jolts through her cunt.

“How long have you been touching yourself for?”

“Don't ask me shit like that,” Mike grunts. “How long have you been fucking yourself with a dildo, huh? How do you like being asked that stuff?”

“Christmas break 1980,” she says smoothly, making his eyes widen with surprise that she actually answered his question. She licks her lips. Her heart is beating so hard she can hear the blood rushing through her ears. “But I didn't start with penetrative masturbation. How about you? Ever try sticking anything up your ass?”

He glares at her. Then his chest heaves and he sighs deeply once more. Hiking up his pants as far as
they can go without actually touching his burning posterior, he starts to shuffle past Nancy towards the door.

Nancy grabs him by the wrist. His wrists are so small and delicate. She's able to encircle it totally between her thumb and index finger.

“You don't have to leave,” she breathes. He tries to tug himself out of her grasp. “You'll get grounded if Dad catches you walking around the hallway like this.”

“Then leave,” he hisses angrily, “It's your fault I'm stuck right now.”

“I, I know,” she admits, the closest he's going to get to an apology from her. “That's why I'm going to fix it.”

He freezes totally when she curls her fingers around his cock. Not even breathing, his last breath caught in his throat. His eyes go wide a moment later. She tightens her grip on him and moves her hand, giving him a few quick tugs. She feels him twitch in her grip, hardening even further.

“Nancy-” he starts.

She shuts him up by kissing him. He's always had large, full lips, so it doesn't feel like kissing a thirteen-year-old. Or at least, not until her tongue is inside his mouth and she's noticing how much smaller it feels than Steve's. Also, how much more still it is than Steve's, because his tongue lays on the bottom of Mike's mouth, as if cowering from her own.

God, she's a horrible person. She's molesting her own little brother. But, but this is something that can still be stepped away from. Something that they can both brush aside and maybe laugh about in the future. Or at least something they can both agree to say never happened.

She breaks the kiss and looks down at Mike. His eyes are closed, lips still parted. It's...well, it's honestly pretty cute. She laughs. He's so innocent.

“Get out of my room,” she says, still laughing as she releases his cock.

His eyes flutter open, as if dazed, he blinks at her in confusion.

“No,” his voice comes out hoarse, but not pleading. He's telling her, not asking her. When he moves forward to try to kiss her he does so on his tippy toes. She could stand up taller and taunt him, laugh scornfully as she looks down upon him, but she bends forward to meet him. Her arms go around his waist as his go around her neck. He's still not certain how this work but his tongue is in her mouth and what he lacks in practice he makes up for in enthusiasm. His lips feel so soft against her own, and he tastes like home. They fight for dominance, their tongues moving from one mouth to the other.

She goes to push him onto the bed but he fights her, grabbing onto her arms for support as he attempts to steady himself with one leg in the air.

“No,” he begs, “My ass-”

Right. He's still in pain. She turns them around and sits on the bed instead, bringing him between her legs. Now he's standing above her, taller than her, and that feels more familiar. More like what she is used to when kissing a boy. She slings her arms around his neck and pulls him down. Her little brother melts against her, boneless, like putty in her arms. She reaches between his legs again and strokes his cock with an awkward underhand grip. He must not mind the awkward angle because he moans into her mouth and presses his hips up into her fist.
This is fun. Mike is much more sensitive than Steve, or maybe he's just more responsive. He shivers in her arms.

Still stroking his hardness, Nancy tries to free him of his pants. The corduroys fall easily, but his boxers are twisted and catch around his knees. He breaks their kiss, with some relucatance, and straightens up to undress. The change in his pockets jingles as he removes his jacket. After he pulls his blue shirt off over his head he's standing before her completely nude, all pale skin and angular lines. He doesn't have any armpit hair or chest hair so his torso is as smooth and perfect as a Barbie doll's. She presses her palm against his stomach, soft still with boyishness, and feels his erratic breathing..

“You, uh, you too,” he says, but this one is more of a request than a command. He's biting at his lip, nervously, with his arms folded over his chest as if his tiny boy tits are more embarassing to be seen than his raging erection. “I want to see you.”

“Alright,” Nancy agrees. “You can't laugh though.”

“Why would I laugh?” Mike asks, all earnestness in his voice. His eyes look dark and his gaze is focused as she stands up and pulls her sweater off over her head. His mouth opens just a bit as she undoes the bra.

“Where'd you get that bra?” he asks as she begins to unbutton her pants. “There's no way Mom bought you that.”

“I saved up for it,” she replies. She steps out of her slacks. Before she can remove her panties though, Mike already has his hands on her hips. His thumbs brush against the black lace. His hands feel so small and light on her skin, like a pair of pale white butterflies. Or moths, most likely.

“For Steve?” he asks. “Steve likes this sort of thing?”

“All guys like this sort of thing,” she laughs off his question. “What's wrong, you don't like my choice in underwear?”

“No!” he protests quickly, shaking his head. His hair falls over his eyes. It's getting long. Their mother keeps telling him to cut it but he's been rebellious lately. “They're, uh, they look good on you. Really good.”

“Hm,” she hums appreciateively. His hands feel good against the scratchyness of the lace. She watches him, looking down once more from above him. His eyes lashes are dark against his cheek with his eyes lowered. He licks his lips again as he tucks his thumbs into the lace waistline and tugs down. Not far, just exposing the top of her pubic mound, a bit of her hair. She hears his breath hitch.

“Have you ever looked at porn?”

“No!” he protests quickly, shaking his head. His hair falls over his eyes. It's getting long. Their mother keeps telling him to cut it but he's been rebellious lately. “They're, uh, they look good on you. Really good.”

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“Have you ever looked at porn?”

“Some,” he confesses. “But I mean, you know.”

Yeah, she knows. This is probably his first hands on experience with a woman's genitalia since he came out of their mother's. She doesn't rush him. She just stands patiently and watches as he takes his time. He removes her panties slowly, exposing just a half an inch or so at a time, his fingers brushing against the hair there. He reaches between his own legs at one point to adjust himself; it must be even more painful than before.
Mike bends all the way to the floor and holds the garments in place, waiting for her to step out of them, before he tosses them onto the bed. Only once they're lying on the quilt does he take the exploration deeper. His fingers feel cool as he slips the index and middle fingers of his right hand between her lips. He presses forward, making her wince as the sensitive skin there pushes into her pubic bone.

“Not there,” she says, grabbing onto his shoulder. “Lower.”

“Weird,” he says, brow furrowing. She keeps her hand on his shoulder, the extra support welcome as he finds the place and slides up and in. “It's really slimy.”

“It's supposed to be,” she assures him.

“It's always like this? Like, do you need diapers?”

She laughs at the suggestion. Imagine all women in the world needing to wear diapers because they're so fucking horny all the time.

“It's because I'm aroused,” she chuckles. “It's not always this wet. But my body is expecting a penis to be shoved inside me soon so it got me ready.”

“Oh. Uh, cool,” he wiggles his fingers and presses them deeper, as if trying to find the end of her vaginal canal. It's a small sense of relief, to finally be penetrated by something, to have the opening of her vagina stimulated, but his fingers are short and thin and he's not pressing the right parts.

“You're that horny?”

“Mm hmm.”

“From, um, from seeing me?”

She shakes her head and smiles sheepishly.

“I was already turned on when I got home. From being with Steve.”

Somehow, Mike's face pales more than he already is and his fingers still. “You and Steve, before you came home?”

“No,” she assures him, sensing he's uncomfortable with the idea of his fingers being where Steve may have just been. He doesn't know what a freshly fucked cunt looks and smells like, of course he can't tell. “His father came home early and the pussy wimped out on me.”

“Oh,” he says. His fingers squelch inside her as he goes back to thrusting his fingers in and out of her pussy. She watches him, entranced by the view of her own juices coating her little brother's fingers.

“What an idiot. Who leaves somebody hanging like that?”

“Steve Harrington,” she deadpans. She attempts to squeeze around Mike's fingers but they're not large enough for it to be of any use. This isn't satiating her, it's just teasing her.

“Fuck him. I would never leave a girl hanging like that. Does this feel good? Like, I'm not hurting you right?”

“It doesn't hurt but you're missing my G-spot.”

“Your what?”
Right, he's a thirteen-year-old boy. All sexual education is at that age is heresay and dirty magazines. And like, a few shitty classes that only tell you about eggs and fallopian tubes. None of the good stuff. None of the fun stuff. They never even taught her class about the clitoris. Her own is throbbing, she wonders if he even notices it.

“Don't worry about it,” she says, not wanting to give him a sex ed class at this particular moment. This is becoming too much, this teasing. She grabs him by the wrist and pulls him away from her. He looks disappointed as he stares at his wet fingers. Nancy sits back on the edge of her bed and pulls him close to her once more. He stumbles over his feet, catching himself. “You're too young to worry about that right now.”

“But—”

“Shush,” she interrupts him immediately. She digs her fingers into the soft skin of his hips, being careful to not touch his red behind. “You have plenty of time to learn that stuff. Just relax.”

Maybe asking a thirteen-year-old to relax in this situation is a bit far fetched. But he isn't up for speaking much anyway, once she ducks down to take his cock in her mouth. His fingers grab at her hair, scrambling for a hold, for some sense of control. It's not a painful grip though, he isn't yanking at her. He slumps over her, in essence hugging her head, as he breathes out in little gasps.

Giving head was something Nancy used to enjoy doing. A certain sense of power comes from pleasuring a man, having ultimate control of that pleasure, but it's been a long time since she has enjoyed herself with the act. Steve started taking it for granted over a half year ago, that she would always be up for oral, and he never reacts very encouragingly. Usually he lies there perfectly still, arms behind his head, and just watches her. She can never tell if he likes what she's doing.

But Mike... Mike is vocal. Very vocal. When she swirls her tongue around his cockhead he makes a high pitched whimpering noise and when she pulls off him to lick the top of his shaft, along the groove that his urethra forms, he makes a strangled cry. His small size makes it easy to swallow his entire length, though she still gags as the cockhead bumps against the back of her throat. Her eyes water and she's sniffling when she pulls off of him. She swallows him again and reaches between his legs to fondle his balls. They have hair but maybe half the amount of Steve's, and it feels softer. When she finally pulls back for a final time his cock is dripping with saliva and her own face is wet. She wipes at her mouth and chin with the back of her arm.

“Come on,” she instructs, scooting back up on the bed. She spreads her legs as she leans back against the mound of her pillows. “Up here, with me.”

He climbs onto the bed, the mattress dipping beneath the pressure of his knees. His cock, glistening in the overhead light of her bedroom, bobs in the air.

“You, um, you want me to return the favor? With my mouth?”

“No,” she shakes her head. As enticing as an idea as that may be, to look down and see Mike's face buried between her thighs, it's too much work to teach a teenage boy about the clitoris right now. Besides, she feels so empty, like there's a void inside of her that needs to be filled immediately. “I want you to fuck me.”

“I, I can do that,” he agrees quickly. He scoots closer to her, over her, one of his legs between hers and the other on her other side. But Mike's a smart kid and realizes that's not right because he moves the other leg into the gap before he kneels over her. His hands press into the pillows on each side of his head and he looks down between them, trying to figure out how this works. She wiggles down flatter on the bed and wraps her arms around his neck. She can practically see him analyzing the
angle of her body against his, calculating the ability to fit slot A into slot B.

If she wasn’t so turned on right now she might just let him figure it out on his own. But she needs to get laid, badly, so she makes it easier on him. He feels small against her as she wraps her legs up around his hips and presses up, grinding her pussy against his hardness. It bumps pleasantly against her clit and she purposely rubs into the bulge of his shaft. His pubic hair is coarse on the softer parts of her body.

He still seems confused on how this is supposed to work as he reaches down to grip the shaft of his penis and tries to guide it to the right spot. He's too high once more, but then suddenly he's got it and she's experiencing the satisfying friction of her brother's cock entering her. She tightens her legs around him, trapping him, and pulls his head down onto her chest. He's trembling. He can't come yet. Not yet. Not this early, she needs more. His skinny chest is expanding and deflating in rapid succession as he fights the need to cum.

“Not yet,” she whispers into his ear, “I need you to give me a good hard pounding, okay? Be a good little brother?”

He nods, his forehead wet with sweat as it rubs against her chest. It seems like a long time before he finally moves and she periodically uses her pelvic muscles to squeeze around the hard dick inside her. It's not enough, by far, but she needs something.

When he's finally able to continue he pushes himself up onto his knees, using his arms for leverage, and takes just a couple slow, shallow thrusts. He's not large but his shape is perfect, the curve of her brother's cock apparently built for her cunt, because it drags across the ridges of her G-spot deliciously. She tries to hold back a moan, in case her parents are nearby, but fails. Mike must take her reaction as positive reinforcement because he repeats the same motion several times. She grips his shoulders, not even concerned with how small and light he is on top of her. If anything enjoying that difference.

“Harder,” she whispers to him.

He licks his lips and nods, face serious with concentration. As if he's afraid he'll fuck this up, like doing his big sister is a math test. Her legs loosen around his hips as he increase the force of his thrusts, the muscles of her thighs and calves going weak from pleasure. When he realizes how much she can take, and how the harder he pounds into her the more noises she makes, he does it as forcefully as he can. Despite his smallness, he's pressing her up repeatedly with the action, pushing her up into her head bangs against the wall. His body is wet with sweat.

Mike is beautiful from this angle. How has she failed to notice that change in him? Looming over her, shoulders tight, face solemn, he's beautiful. The angles of his face, the way the shadows fall over them, make him appear somehow both angelic and demonic at the same time.

She doesn't have to give him any guidance on other ways to touch her. His hands find her breasts on their own as he drops down onto his elbows. He grips one in each hand, harshly at first, and straight on so that her nipples squeeze out between the fingers. But then he changes the grip, moving his hands so they encircle them, the nipples ringed by the outline of thumb and index finger. And Jesus, Steve has played with her breasts before, but never has he just latched onto them like a fucking vacuum cleaner before. Her nails dig into his back, leaving scrapes of raw skin as she claws down his back. There's a direct connection between the teeth on her nipples and her clit because every time he bites harder or licks at the sore buds she feels her clit spasm. Nancy arches up against him, trying to get his sharp pelvic bone at the right angle to stimulate her clit. It's not a perfect meet up, but every few thrusts she feels the pleasurable friction of her clit being rubbed.
She sits up just an inch or two, just so she can crane her head to watch him better, and maybe she is just that fucking perverted, but she's never seen anything hotter in her life. Her brother has lips made for sex, she absolutely needs to set them stretched around her cunt some day, and it's positively obscene how the redness of them contrasts the pale swell of her left breast. Flashes of his teeth are visible as he releases the suction just for a second, just long enough to pull back and reposition his lips.

“How, how are you so fucking good at this?”

Mike's eyes tilt up to her, glowing mischievously as he smirks around her breast. He pulls off with a wet pop and turns to the other one. The abandoned nipple is red and shiny and engorged with blood. It reminds her of how his cock had looked, and how similar they are in skin tone. Of how stimulated flesh looks on both of them. Swallowing, she looks down between them to get a glance at his cock. It's wet and red as it slides in and out of her dripping pussy, like her nipple.

She's close. And honestly, the fact Mike has lasted this long is astounding. He can't last much longer. But his pelvic bone isn't enough to stimulate her fully so she slips a hand between their bodies and finds her clit. She's so wet that there's no fear of chafing tonight. Her fingers slide easily on the sensitive flesh, moving in a counter-clockwise movement.

Mike pulls off her other nipple, this one more bitten and sore than the first. He sits up, stilling for a moment, to watch her rubbing at her own clit. She's quick about it, needing to cum, he probably can't even see what she's doing. Probably just a blur from his angle.

“What are you doing?”

“Getting myself off.”

“What can I do it?”

Can, can he do it? That part? Nobody has ever asked her that. She just assumed that was her responsibility. And Mike, her own brother, wants to do that? She pulls her hand back, exposing her engorged clitoris to his gaze, but gives him no confirmation or denial. Her brother's fingers move to the same area hers had just been and attempt a clumsy duplication of the movement. He's rubbing directly on the head of her clit, not the right spot, it needs to be more around it. She pushes his hand away and slips her own in, returning to her ministrations. He isn't discouraged though. His fingers cover her own, mimicking the movement for several cycles, then he grabs her wrist and pulls her back. It's still not perfect, but there's something to be said about somebody else putting that much effort into giving you pleasure. She sighs and lays back against her pillows, closing her eyes.

Once he has the rhythm down, Mike lays back down on top of her, covering her, and begins thrusting back up into her with slower, deeper thrusts than earlier. Her head bangs repeatedly against the wall and if she wasn't fucking overcome with pleasure she might stop to think that might not be a great thing from their parent's point of view. But he's in sync with the movement of his hand and the two areas seem to be melting into one, as if her G-spot and clit are just one big erogenous zone, which they might be, they never covered that in science class.

His free hand goes back to her breast, squeezing and massaging it, but he doesn't use his mouth on her again. Not on her breast, anyway. He puts his mouth over hers and kisses her, slowly, his tongue small in her mouth. Her entire body is trembling. She keeps trying to press her hips up, to meet his thrusts, but she feels boneless beneath him. She moans into his mouth, happy to have his to swallow the sound. Her lips tingle. He pulls away for a second and she takes the opportunity to whisper to him.
"I love you," she says, all gooey with emotion, "And I love your cock. You feel so good inside me."

"Love you to," he replies, voice tight. "And your pussy is awesome."

When he finally comes, his entire body freezes up and he groans into her open mouth. She still hasn't come and he hurries to try to rectify that, thrusting into her hard and fast as his erection is already starting to deflate. She's already been close for a long time though, it doesn't take much more than taking over the stimulation of her clit, allowed Mike to go back to manhandling her breasts, before she's orgasming, her insides convulsing around her brother's cock.

When he pulls out, there's a hot gush of liquid that leaves her feeling disgustingly debauched. MIke's up on his knees and when she looks up he looks horrified. She reaches down and wipes at her pussy, then holds the fingers up to look at the whiteness of his cum. Crap, condoms. Right. Steve is the one who supplies the condoms in their relationship, where do you even buy condoms? A pharmacy? She just had her period last week, she's sure she can't get pregnant right now. Mostly sure.

"You, uh, you can probably still catch your friends at the arcade," she says, breathing heavily. Her breasts are tender as she sits up. "Go ahead and take a couple more dollars from my bank. Just make sure to pay me back."

"Um, yeah," he says, voice weak. "Yeah, let me, um, I might need to change into some sweatpants. Can I borrow a pair of yours? Your ass is bigger."

Will knows something is different about him. Mike doesn't know how he can tell but he knows. Probably not exactly what happened but that something happened.

Mike's can still taste his sister's pussy on his lips. From where he had sucked her juices off his fingers after having sex with her. Does his breath smell like that? What about his hands? He had washed them twice with disinfectant soap but he swears he can still smell them. But again, that might be his lips.

Would Will even know what that smelled like? Neither Lucas nor Dustin are looking at him strangely. But Will...Will is acting strange.

He seems needy. He comes up to Mike and takes his hand, a strange action, and keeps near his side as they play games. His shoulder presses against Mike's bicep; he's too small to stand shoulder to shoulder to him. He gives Mike a hesitant smile, there's something sweet about the action. As if he's being shy around Mike for some reason, all of a sudden.

The others are upset about this MADMAX person. Mike knows he should be too, high scores are a privilege, a result of countless hours worth of practice. But when you just lost your virginity an hour ago, such a juvenile thing as a high score on an arcade machine seems trivial. It's not like any of them had the world score or anything that extreme. This was just some rinky dink arcade in Hawkins, Indiana. Run by one of the most pathetic people Mike has ever known.

Still, Mike goes along with the outrage, less the others suspect something's up.

"I need something in return."

It takes Mike a moment to realize what he means. Like he would ever let this sorry excuse for a
human being touch Nancy. His sister. His...whatever this is. He doesn't know what they did, if it was a one time thing, but the idea of anybody doing with her what they just did seems filthy. His throat bobs as he thinks about how her breasts felt against his lips, about how good she felt squeezing around his cock. He thinks about how her lips felt against his, how her tongue felt in his mouth.

“Mike, come on, just get him the date.”

That's what Steve did with her though, right? Maybe more. Maybe he used his mouth on her like she wouldn't let Mike do. He wanted to do that, still wants to do it. She had smelled flowery and clean down there, sweet. Like the perfume she uses on her wrists. He wonders what it would be like to be surrounded by her wetness. How her thighs would feel around his head.

“I'm not prostituting my sister!”

Will squeezes his hand, the one hidden between them where nobody can see it. His chest is pressed against Mike's back now; it's comforting to have Will there backing him up, if silently. He squeezes Will's hand back then winces as he feels something brushing against his sore ass. Something that feels a lot like what he's gripping with his right hand.

The pressure of Will's chest on his shoulder vanishes. The other two continue to bicker and Will lets go of his hand.
Are You Worried That Your Thoughts Are Not Quite Clear?

Chapter Summary

Mike doesn't take the news of Will's crush on him well.

Chapter Notes

So this in no way needed a second chapter and I didn't plan on writing one but you get one anyway.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“I lost my virginity.”

The words come out of nowhere. There was no lead up, no proclamations in regard to a looming confession. No request for them to stop what they were doing to face each other. Nothing. They had just been sitting in Will's living room floor a few feet from the television with the Atari between them, playing Frogs and Flies. Jonathan had brought them peanut butter and jelly sandwiches (grape jelly because that's the cheapest) before disappearing into his own room. The plate was half empty, the top of Will's mouth still sticky with peanut butter. Mike's lips are stained blue with Kool-Aid. Will had been catching quick glimpses of them in between games, wondering if they would taste sugary and sweet. There was no warning of those words about to past those blue-red lips.

“You lost your- What? What are you talking about?” Will squeaks, embarrassed the moment his voice comes out sounding like a stepped-on mouse. He knows he must have heard wrong because Mike is thirteen, like him, there is no way he could be talking about what he thought he heard. What could he have possibly said that Will's fucked up mind changed to “virginity?” Vicinity? To what? Divinity? Is he confessing he's half-God, because Will already knew that. He'd gladly worship at Mike's feet. Or at least get onto his knees before him, if Mike would just let him.

“Exactly what it sounds like,” Mike shrugs, nonchalantly. His shoulder touches Will's. It's an attempt at playfulness, a relic of their younger days when their touches weren't always laced with some deeper, scarier emotion. “I got laid.”

“You mean like, like you made out with someone?” Will asks, grasping for straws because if he's saying what Will thinks he's saying, if he did what Will thinks he did... His heart feels like it's squeezing itself into a tiny little ball in Will's chest. He'd always heard this feeling as being described as having your heart yanked from your chest but this was more like an implosion.

“No,” Mike corrects him, and Will has to give him some props for not sounding smug about it. If it had been Lucas or Dustin speaking these words they would most definitely sound smug. Lucas sounds smug when he talks about just kissing Max. “I mean exactly what I said. I had sex with a girl. Like, you know, my dick was inside of her.”

“When?” Will demands to know, surprised by the venom in his own voice, which is pathetic. Mike is with El. They went to the Snow Ball together. What is so surprising about them having sex?
Besides the fact El seems pretty naive, like maybe she shouldn't be touching Mike's penis, because Will's pretty sure she has no experience with them. Not like Will, Will has had plenty of practice handling a hard cock. Not just his own, but Jonathan's a couple times, when he came home drunk and depressed and was willing to let Will touch him in ways he normally wouldn't. Those times had left Will feeling disgusted with himself but, well, he's a gay boy in a small town and sometimes, when your mouth is starting to water over the idea of having a nice hard cock in it, any man's will do.

But that was different than this. Will is still a virgin. Nobody has ever touched him down there. There's a difference between two brothers experimenting and actually fucking a girl.

“Um, right before Halloween,” Mike says, his voice sounding distracted. It really doesn't need to be. Will's hands have gone slack on his joystick and Mike is grabbing all the flies on the screen, Will's frog sitting still on its lily pad. “I didn't want to say anything back then, because, well, you know, a lot was going on. And it's not like I can tell El. But, Jesus, I've wanted to tell somebody for so long. You, I wanted to tell you.”

Why him? So he can rub it in Will's face? Surely Mike wouldn't purposely be so cruel. Is he that vacant? None of them have ever brought up Will's crush on Mike, but it's not like it's a secret. It's not like Dustin doesn't grin sometimes, when he catches Will staring too hard at Mike's profile, and elbow Lucas in the side so they can laugh silently over the matter. It's not like Mike has never pulled away from Will's touch when he can't stop himself from taking Mike's hand or standing a little too close to him in public. It's not a secret, it's a well-know, never discussed, fact.

And also, before Halloween? And El can't know. Which means, which means this mystery girl is not Mike's girlfriend. The so called “love of his life.”

“Who was it?” Will asks, trying to keep his voice level. He realizes he's starting to sound like one of the papers their fifth grade teacher would have assigned him. Who, what, where, why, when? Why would be a great one. The why would be easy to understand if the Who had been El, but this? This is even more painful. This means Mike was out boning some random chick for the fun of it while Will was, who knows, probably home throwing up slugs? It wasn't even a special moment between his best friend and his lover. Now Will has to imagine Mike being with yet another person who isn't him.

“It doesn't matter,” Mike tells him. He reaches between them to turn off the Atari, evidently catching onto the fact that Will is no longer playing. “It was just some high school girl, older than us. It was a spur of the moment kind of thing. But, but,” Mike stops mid-sentence, sighing in a way that sounds frustrated. He runs his hands through his hair and pulls at it, leaving it standing up in all directions. It's cute and adorable and Will's fingers twitch as he resists the urge to pat the locks back down into place. “I've kept it a secret for like, three months now, and I really needed to tell somebody. It's been eating at me, I swear.”

“How was it?” Will asks, not even trying to hide the bitterness in his voice. He's spent so many nights lying alone in his bed, thinking about what Mike and El might be up to at that exact moment. Wondering if they were kissing, or making out, or taking things a little further. He's spent so many nights fighting the evil of the green eyed monster and this whole time it was already too late.

“Well, uh, great,” Mike confesses, and he has the decency to go pink, not that it takes much. Mike's skin could be made of white construction paper, the amount of pigment in it so low the slightest flow of blood to the surface showing like red wine on a white tablecloth. “You, um, you don't want to hear about it though, right? I mean, you don't like girls...”

Will can't help but wince as Mike trails off awkwardly. Great, he made this situation weird now with
his blatant homosexuality. Not that Mike implied anything about him liking boys, but he might as well have, and, well, they haven't actually discussed this yet. Will isn't “out,” as the magazines his brother buys him sometimes call it.

He never asked Jonathan to buy those magazines for them but he appreciates them nonetheless. However, he doesn't know what he would do if their mother ever found the stack of Advocates he keeps under the old, crappy comic books in his closet. Not with the good ones on his dresser. Never there, because the other boys might see them when they look through his collection. He would die of shame if they saw how dog-eared the pages were with the ads for certain adult products. One in particular, a large but smooth looking toy with a realistic cockhead and ghostly pale faux-flesh, is broken near the spine from being held open by only one hand for long stretches of time.

“No, I don't want the details,” Will affirms, but he sort of does. Not because he'll find this information enticing in any way, but because he wants the pain associated with such information. It's like a car wreck, he needs to horrify himself with the mental picture of Mike drilling some big titted cheerleader into her mother's bed.

Okay, so Mike probably didn't snag some cheerleader. He's a middle school AV club nerd. How the hell did he nail a high school girl anyway? Was it one of Nancy's friends? One of those weird, chubby girls that hang out at the arcade after school?

“So you want to play Combat?” Mike asks. He must sense Will's discomfort as he tries to move the topic along.

“It's getting late,” Will replies. It isn't, it's only five. “I need to start on my homework. We have that history test coming up.”

“That's not until Friday,” Mike replies, surprised by Will's answer. And why does his stupid surprised face have to be so damn cute with his stupid plump lips and his stupid adorable freckles. “You have like three days to study for it.”

“I have other homework too,” Will replies, annoyance creeping into his voice at the thought of some girl sticking her tits against Mike's freckled nose. “And I'm not good with history. Jonathan promised to help me study after he finishes his own homework, he'll be done soon.”

“Well, okay,” Mike says, already getting to his feet. Will glances up at him. He looks so tall from this angle, all long legs and and lean torso. He's wearing one of Will's favorite blue sweaters, it goes so well with the darkness of his hair and the paleness of his skin. He's beautiful and lanky and intelligent and confident and all the things Will wishes he could be and have at the same time. “I'll see you tomorrow then.

“Yeah, see you tomorrow,” Will agrees, but he avoids Mike's eyes and doesn't stand to watch him leave the house. Only when the front door is shut and there has been ample time for Mike to mount his bike and head back towards his own house does Will pull himself up onto his feet and stumble over to the couch. There's a blanket and pillow to one side, his mother's probably been napping on it again, and he hugs the pillow and wraps himself up in the quilt. It smells like his mother's perfume, a comforting scent, but when he starts crying into the cushion he wishes she was here for real to hold him.

Jonathan must hear him because he emerges from the bedroom a short time later and joins Will on the couch. He doesn't say anything, just sits beside him and envelopes Will, pillow and all, into his arms. The magazines are nice, but why can't Jonathan just bring him a pretty boyfriend instead?
“I think Will's avoiding me,” Mike tells Dustin despondently. “He always says he's busy when I ask him to hang out.”

“He's not the one who abandoned you for a chick,” Dustin says, waving a fry at Mike's face. “You don't get how it is to be us. You and Lucas are always gone now, off wooing your babes. If anybody is avoiding anybody it's your two.”

“I have not abandoned any of you,” Mike protests. He's not that kind of guy. Yes, he invites El along with them to most things but, well, she's El. She's one of the party. She's cool, not annoying like Max. And look at this pathetic situation right now anyway. It's a Saturday afternoon and Mike and Dustin are sitting alone at McDonald's because nobody else could be bothered to show up. “El and I barely ever do anything on our own.”

“And when you are around,” Dustin ignores Mike's protest and that fry surely must be going cold in his hand as he plays Conductor with it an inch from his nose. “You're always gushing about her. 'Oh El is so cool,' and 'Guys, did I tell you what El said?' or 'El smelled like cinnamon rolls this morning.' No wonder he's avoiding you. I'm sure that hurts him. He's a sensitive kid.”

“Why would that hurt him?” Mike asks, confused. He slaps at Dustin's hand, sick of the fry waving around near his nose. It flies out onto the floor behind the other boy and Dustin turns to look behind himself. “Will's good at plenty of stuff too. Have you seen El's drawings?”

Dustin seems like he might be contemplating going after the fry, but he turns around to face Mike instead. Dustin is still wearing his winter hat, even though they're inside, and his curls spill out from beneath it making him sort of look like a very young hobo.

“Because it hurts to have somebody you're in love with gushing about somebody they're in love with in front of you,” Dustin rolls his eyes and sticks another fry in his mouth. He talks through the mushed potatoes between his teeth. “It's cruel, to be honest.”

“What are you talking about?” Mike asks, trying to decipher Dustin's mixed up verbiage. Who's in love with who again? “Are you saying Will's in love with El? You know why that's stupid right?”

“Duh. Because Will's in love with you.”

“What?” Mike cries out, then glances around the restaurant nervously as a few heads turn to look at them. He ducks his own head and speaks lowly. “That's stupid, no he's not.”

“Are you stupid or just purposely ignorant?” Dustin is ignoring Mike's hands waving in a downward motion as he attempts to get Dustin to lower his voice. And he's calling him ignorant.

“You're the stupid one,” Mike hisses, upset at the accusation. But not exactly sure what about the idea is so upsetting. He feels like he needs to protect Will's honor, considering he's not here to deny the accusation himself, but he's not sure why. It's not because he wants to deny that Will likes boys, because it's just the truth and there's nothing wrong with that. But liking Mike? Something about that idea is extremely upsetting. “Will doesn't like me like that.”

“Stupid then,” Dustin sighs dramatically. His fries are finished and he eyes Mike's barely touched little cardboard holder of them. Mike pulls them closer to himself protectively. “He's been in love with you since like, fourth grade.”

“I'd know if Will was in love with me,” Mike replies, not really able to come up with a better
argument over the absurdity of the situation than that. And knowing what they're talking about there's something obscene now about watching Dustin lick the salt off his fingers. He sticks his thumb into his mouth and it makes a popping noise when he pulls it back out. Mike averts his eyes from the spit-covered digit.

“He holds hands with you,” Dustin points out, “Like, all the time.”

“He's gone through a lot the last couple years,” Mike points out, preferring not to think about it. He doesn't like to remember what happened to Will and how painful it was for his best friend. Though the experience a few months ago had brought them closer together as he stuck with him through the most recent ordeal. “He just needs a little comforting sometimes.”

“He only holds hands with you,” Dustin informs him. He's gathering the empty burger wrappers and shoving them into the fry holder. They're streaked with ketchup it smears on Dustin's fingers, making it look like he cut himself. Mike is grateful when he uses a napkin rather than just licking the sticky stuff off his hands.

“No he doesn't,” he protests.

“Yeah, he does,” Dustin insists. He tucks the ketchup-lined napkins in with the burger wrappers.

“I'm still hungry. Do you want another burger?”

How can he be thinking with his stomach? He just had a two cheeseburger meal with a milkshake. Mike ignores his question.

“Maybe he just trusts me more when he's scared,” he reaches for an answer, speaking the first guess out loud while struggling to come up with other reasons inside his head.

“You?” Dustin scoffs, “You're like a twig. I can lift like two of you over my head.”

That's true. Dustin is a lot stronger than Mike, despite being quite a bit shorter. But Dustin is broader and more muscular while Mike is lanky. He's shot up the last year, the last few months especially, and he's as lanky and scrawny as a sapling. His mother keeps shoveling extra helpings to him at dinner but he still hasn't caught up with his growth spurt. Even these extra fastfood meals aren't doing much to help him fill out.

Will, on the other hand, has barely grown at all in the last year. Maybe a side effect of the stress. Or maybe he's just a late bloomer. Or maybe it's because he refuses to show up for Saturday afternoon McDonald's.

“I'm straight,” Mike says finally, because there's not much he can refute about the hand holding thing. He had just assumed Will did the same thing with Dustin and Lucas but thinking back on it, no particular instance came to mind. Will also tended to stand or sit closer to him than the other two given the opportunity. And, come to think of it, Mike catches him looking at him often, in situations that don't really call for it. Like in the middle of playing video games or watching movies.

“Your preferences have nothing to do with Will's feelings for you,” Dustin brushes aside the comment. “He can't stop liking you anymore than I can stop liking Max. Besides, how many gay kids are there in this town?”

“I don't know, how many?” Mike counters. Are they able to sniff each other out? He'd flipped through a magazine he'd found in Will's closet once while his friend was in the bathroom and seen the use of the word “gaydar” to describe such a phenomena. Is that something they're born with?
“None, as far as I know,” Dustin answers. “But how many of them are going to admit it anyway? We’ve been friends with Will for how long and he still hasn't told us.”

Sadly true. He's never come out and told them he was gay. Or even done it in a more subtle way, like mentioning a boy at school he found cute or showing up for D&D in assless chaps. From what Mike had picked up in the five minutes alone with that magazine, most gay men seemed to favor assless chaps as their preferred choice of clothing.

“He sort of confirmed it with me,” Mike hesitates, because it feels wrong to gossip about Will when he isn't here. They all know Will is gay but it isn't something that usually comes up. Mike isn't even sure if he's ever discussed the issue at all with Lucas. Dustin a few times but it's never come up with Lucas, as far as he recalls.

“He did?” Dustin responds, clearly surprised. He picks up his milkshake, makes a delighted face when he realizes it still has some weight to it, and sucks forcefully at the straw to get a small taste of the strawberry flavor in his mouth. Mike watches his cheeks hollow with the effort.

“Well, sort of,” he says. “The other day we were talking and I just sort of let slip that I knew he didn't like girls. He didn't deny it.”

Dustin stops sucking and takes a breath. Mike picks up his own half-full chocolate shake and takes a sip from it. It's starting to melt now. He likes when they're melted. They're easier to drink. He eats a fry immediately after, enjoying the contrasting saltiness and sweetness.

“But did he say he likes boys?” Distracted, Mike isn't quick enough when Dustin reaches out and grabs a few of his fries. But he doesn't really care anyway. He's not hungry. The topic is making him queasy. Even that one fry sits heavy in his mouth, forcing him to slowly chew it once he realizes it was a mistake to try.

“Well, no.”

“Then it's not the same,” Dustin replies. He's removing the top to the milkshake now, tilting it to look down to see if there's anything left. He lifts the cup to his lips and tilts it back to slide whatever is left down into his mouth.

“But we know he's gay.”

“Of course he's gay,” Dustin rolls his eyes, “The point is we want him to tell us he is. Maybe we should have an intervention.”

“An inter-what?” Mike slides the rest of his fries towards Dustin. His eyes light up in joy as he snatches a handful of them and immediately sticks one in his mouth.

“An intervention,” Dustin mumbles around the mouthful. “Like they do with drug addicts.”

“He's not addicted to anything,” Mike protests. Unless a boy can be addicted to cock? “If we make him do that he'll probably just think we're trying to change him. There's nothing wrong with being gay.”

“You don't think there is?” Mike grabs the rest of the fries back, leaving Dustin looking crestfallen.

“Do you?” he demands to know, because he's protective of Will and will stand up to anybody who insults him, even their own friends.
"I don't know," the shorter boy shrugs his shoulders. He doesn't look angry or disgusted but there's something mournful about his eyes.

"You don't think Will should like boys?" Mike asks, speaking slowly now, because this topic is starting to make him uncomfortable. Will's supposed sexuality has never been a problem before. They've never treated him differently than each other over it but as pre-teens it was an abstract, unimportant concept. But they're starting to date. Mike and El, Lucas and Max. Sexuality is starting to become a reality in their lives and maybe, maybe some of them are more uncomfortable with that fact than Mike.

But Mike has had sex with his own sister. He's still sleeping with her, irregularly, knowing the whole time their relationship is a complete mess and the weird shit needs to stop but being unable to make himself do so. Maybe he's just naturally a deviant.

"I'm not saying he's bad for it or anything," Dustin defends himself. "I'm just saying...it's not natural you know? I know he can't help it. Maybe it's a sickness in the brain. Like schizophrenia. Like, maybe the doctors can fix him? Maybe there's some medicine they can give him to make him normal."

"There's nothing wrong with Will," Mike replies. He's starting to become annoyed with Dustin's argument, even though he has to admit he may be right. He doesn't know much about homosexuality but it does seem counterproductive to nature. But the idea of "fixing" Will seems absurd. Will is who he is and if he were “fixed” it might change that. Will is perfect as he is, he doesn't need to be changed.

Except for maybe the whole having a crush on Mike thing. That is something that needs to be changed, sooner than later.

"Hey," Dustin replies, holding up his hands, palms out, in surrender. "I'm not saying there is. I'm just saying that he doesn't have much of a dating pool here and him having a crush on you isn't that surprising, given the circumstance. It'd just be easier if he liked girls."

"It'd be easier if you didn't like Max."

"Touche. I'm going to get another burger. Want to split a fry?"

Will is in the bathtub when Mike shows up at the house. His toes are already starting to prune as he lays back in the cooling water, flipping through one of his mother's romance novels about a Viking and an Egyptian priestess. He recognizes Mike's voice immediately and sits up quickly, sloshing water over the edge onto the floor and rug beside the tub.

It's weird for Mike to show up unannounced at all, they don't live that close to each other, but this late at night? The only reason Jonathan even lets him into the house at eight at night is because it's a Saturday and he feels bad for sending away the kid after he biked the whole way.

Will hears Jonathan telling him that he's taking a bath, and he hears Mike responding that he'll wait. His big brother comes into the bathroom and lets him know Mike is here. Will's hair is soaped up, standing in all directions, and Jonathan cocks an eyebrow at the romance novel in his little brother's hands. He shakes his head before inquiring on Mike's presence.
“Were you two supposed to be having a sleepover?” the older teen asks skeptically, because he knows Will and knows Will is usually responsible enough to ask permission ahead of time for this sort of stuff.

“Of course not,” Will protests. Mike never sleeps over. Their house isn't as nice as the Wheeler's and he'd feel embarrassed to have him sleep over. Only Dustin ever sleeps over at the Byers, and even that hasn't happened in a few years.

“Well, he's waiting in your room.”

Will is in only a towel when he walks into his bedroom a few minutes later, his hair dripping. He would have gotten dressed but all his clothes are in his dresser, which is obviously in his bedroom.

Mike looks upset. His hair is messier and curlier looking, like he's been pulling at it or running his fingers through it repeatedly. His eyes look wide and red and sort of panicked. As soon as Will enters the room he rushes past him to shut the door behind him. But when Will turns to look at him he doesn't say anything. Doesn't offer up any explanation for his late visit.

“Is something wrong?” he asks, his mind jumping automatically to the worst possible explanation. The Mind Flayer. Demodogs. The Gate re-opening.

“You're gay,” Mike says simply.

Will swallows. Mike looks like he's panicking because he found out Will was gay. That's not encouraging.

“Y, yeah,” he admits, “I thought you knew that.”

“I did,” Mike replies. Then he sighs, his shoulders loosening for a second. Then they tighten up again and he grabs at his hair and makes an annoyed noise. “But fuck, Will. Why didn't you tell me?”

“Tell you that I was gay?” Will asks. He steps away from Mike, feeling vulnerable in only his towel. He goes to the bed and climbs under the covers, despite the fact this means they'll be damp and uncomfortable to sleep in later. It's the only barrier he can put in between them right now without removing the towel and putting on clothes. He doesn't want to expose himself to Mike. “I just, I didn't think it needed to be said. You all know.”

“No.” Right, that. Will shrinks beneath the blanket. His lips draw closed. He doesn't know what to say about that.

“Not that you're fucking gay,” Mike hisses out angrily. He looks at Will then turns away from his, begins pacing his room in front of the door. He stops and turns back to him. “You're in love with me. Why didn't you tell me?”

“Tell you that I was gay?” Will asks. He steps away from Mike, feeling vulnerable in only his towel. He goes to the bed and climbs under the covers, despite the fact this means they'll be damp and uncomfortable to sleep in later. It's the only barrier he can put in between them right now without removing the towel and putting on clothes. He doesn't want to expose himself to Mike. “I just, I didn't think it needed to be said. You all know.”

“Not that you're fucking gay,” Mike hisses out angrily. He looks at Will then turns away from his, begins pacing his room in front of the door. He stops and turns back to him. “You're in love with me. Why didn't you tell me you were in fucking love with me?”

“Oh.” Right, that. Will shrinks beneath the blanket. His lips draw closed. He doesn't know what to say about that.

“Oh? Is that all I get? An oh?”

“I'm sorry,” Will says softly. He pulls the blanket higher, covering his chest and throat, he presses it up under his chin, pinning it there with the meaty parts of his palms. “I didn't mean to.”

“You didn't mean to?” Mike demands to know. He sits on the bed next to Will, surprising him. He jumps beneath the covers. “That's the explanation I get? Why me, huh? I'm not gay! Why me?”

“You're my best friend,” Will breathes, feeling tears starting to prickle at the corner of his eyes. He hates himself for it. He doesn't want to be some gay stereotype, falling in love with straight men and
turning into an emotional mess when they don't return the feelings. What's happening here? He just wanted to take a bath and then read some before going to sleep. He wasn't ready for a confrontation this late on a Saturday.

“So is Dustin,” Mike counters, “So is Lucas.”

“No,” Will denies, shaking his head. They always say that, all four of them, they're all supposed to be best friends. And he'd never tell the other two that isn't true, it would be cruel. But he's never felt like that. Dustin and Lucas never came up to him in kindergarten and asked to be his friend. They weren't there for the Mind Flayer. They didn't hold him through his visions. “Just you. You're my best friend.”

“Jesus,” Mike breathes out. He leans down, resting his elbows on his knees and his forehead in his hands. “Jesus Christ.”

“I'm sorry,” Will repeats. “I, I can't help it. I try. You don't have to be around me, if you don't want. If it makes you uncomfortable.”

“Of course it makes me uncomfortable,” Mike bites out. “I'm not a fucking fag.”

Will winces and draws back. Mike never uses that word, not just in regards to him but at all. It isn't part of his dictionary. He might as well have used the N word to describe Lucas, it's so out of place for him. He's scared that Mike is about to do something rash, maybe something violent.

He sees Mike's reaction and his face softens for a second. Then he's punching himself on the thigh, angrily, as he curses again.

“I didn't mean that,” he tells Will. “I didn't. I just, I don't know.”

He's scared. Will can sense that. The fear is palpable in the air, rolling off his body like hot steam on a snowy day. But Will is more scared. Scared of losing his best friend but also of Mike turning again him. Maybe outing him in school. Of being attacked. Of being killed.

“Don't look so frightened,” Mike pleads, turning and placing one hand on Will's arm beneath the blanket. “You know I won't hurt you. Please, you look terrified.”

Will licks his lips and shakes his head because that's about all he can do right now. He can't speak.

Mike leans down and his lips are soft and warm against Will's own. And this is Will's first kiss with a boy and it's with his crush and best friend. But he can't enjoy it, his eyes stay open, wide, staring in shock at the freckles right in front of his eyes.

A second later, Mike is up and across the room, his back to Will's door, and those big, panicked eyes are back, his chest heaving. Will's lips part and he reaches an arm out, unsteadily. But Mike has already opened the door and he rushes out before Will can utter a single word.

Nancy awakens in the middle of the night to the movement of her bed. A year ago, six months ago, this would have worried her. A stranger climbing into her bed in the middle of the night? Especially when the stranger immediately slides a pair of clammy hands up under her nightgown, pawing at the crotch of her panties.
But this isn't a new occurrence. This isn't the first or second or third time this has happened.

She's on her stomach. She always sleeps on her stomach, her pillow under her chest. But she parts her legs when she feels the hand cupping her ass. She feels probing fingers slip into her panties, pushing them aside, parting her lips. They tease her, finding her clit and rubbing at it. She's feigning sleep but they both know this is an act.

Her little brother's mouth is wet and hot on her pussy as he laps at her clit with his tongue. It's not long before she's pushing back against him, feeling his nose pressing into her as his fingers slide inside her. She's already wet, her body reacts so quickly to his touches, and it's a smooth, deliberate action. Her G-spot is already engorged and sensitive and she breathes in short little huffs as he rubs the area with the pads of his fingers.

“In me,” she whispers, pleadingly. “Stick it in.”

He covers her body with his own when he enters her. His body is small but not as small as it was the first time this happened, only a few months ago. His arms cover her arm more fully as he laps them with his own, covering her hands and entwining their fingers as he fucks her. It's hard and forceful and deep at this angle and just so, so good. She buries her face into her pillow to hide her moans as she's fucked into ecstasy. She sees spots of color in her eyes and images of ancient Roman architecture.

Afterwards, he cries. She holds him close, still covered in his sweat, his cum leaking from her used cunt. They both smell like sex. He sucks at her breast and she feels more maternal than sexual with this action because it's more like a little boy sucking a thumb than anything truly erotic. He falls back asleep sniffing like a little boy in his mother's arms.

In the morning, Mike panics when he finds himself still in her bed, with the sunlight streaming through the windows. It's winter and that means it's late. It's a Saturday so they haven't missed school but there are bigger problems than missing first period.

“They left early to go jogging,” Nancy reminds him. New Year's Resolution of their father's, one that he surprisingly has held up so far. Every Saturday and Sunday their parents get up at the crack of dawn, load Holly into her stroller, and disappear to one of the nearby parks.

Mike lets out a relieved sigh and sinks back into the blanket, his cheek resting on the comforter rather than her pillow. He's lying on his stomach beside her, maybe it's a Wheeler thing, and her arm is heavy on his back. She kisses his temple reassuringly. Their parents always reward their dedication with a breakfast at some diner by the park. A place that covers everything on the menu in so much lard and bacon that the exercise seems pointless in comparison. But it means they won't be home for awhile.

The room smells like sex and Nancy still feels wet between her legs. When she gets up to open the window Mike's seed runs down her thighs, hot and slick from inside her. The air outside is cold and refreshing but biting. Goosebumps dance across her skin.

When she turns back Mike he's sitting up, one of her fleece throw blankets draped partly across his lap, but not enough to hide his morning wood. She presses him onto his back and slips down onto him. Not as good as being taken from behind, something about his smallness and shape works better that way, but she enjoys watching his face as she rides him. He's needy and reaches for her, tugging at her hair until she leans down to kiss him.

“Why were you crying last night?” she asks twenty minutes later as they lay next to each other, not doing much more than breathing and watching the sweat cool from their bodies. “Did something
happen between you and El?”

Mike shakes his head. “No, nothing like that. We're, we're good. I guess.”

“You guess?”

“Well, this,” he waves a hand over the general location of their nude bodies. His arms are so slim and pretty compared to the others she's been with. She feels like biting them for a reason she cannot comprehend. Maybe next time. The action would seem weird in a non-sexual setting. “I'm cheating on her, you know? You're cheating on Jonathan.”

“We could stop,” Nancy suggests, knowing that they really should anyway, significant others or not, because a seventeen-year-old girl should not be fucking her thirteen-year-old little brother. Even if he is growing up pretty damn hot. “I'm not going to hate you or anything if you want to, you'll always be my brother.”

“But I don't want to,” Mike replies, his voice going a bit whiny on the last couple words, reminding her of just how young he is. He might be able to fuck like a man but he isn't one, not yet.

“We'll have to eventually.”

“Maybe when El and I, you know,” he replies. She kicks him in the shin, because that's vaguely insulting, to imply he's only fucking her because he can't get any from his girlfriend. She's his big sister, not some bimbo from his class.

“Then why were you crying?” she says, returning to the topic.

“Will kissed me,” he admits. He turns his head away from her, towards the ceiling where there's nothing to look at but an overhead light and white paint. “No. That's a lie. I kissed him..”

“Oh,” she says, confused by why such a thing would make her brother cry. “So, you, uh, you like Will?”

“No!” he protests, much too vehemently for this to be a light matter. He sits up, pulling away from her. The cold air from outside has already made the bedroom chilly. Nancy gathers her blankets closer. “I'm not gay, okay? Didn't I just prove that?”

Great, if she's not Mike's substitute for El she's just there to prove his masculinity. To prove to himself, to the world, that Mike Wheeler is not gay. Which, duh, of course he's not gay. He loves burying his face between her thighs far too much to be gay. But that doesn't mean he wouldn't enjoy a dick in his mouth just as much. But seriously, she's the older sister here, why is she letting him use her?

Besides the fact she orgasms twice as hard with him than with Jonathan or Steve.

“You're afraid of liking a boy, huh?” she asks, then giggles.

“It's not funny.”

“You're sleeping with your biological sister but you're afraid of being into dick,” she points out, giggling harder now. “That's super funny. It's fucking hilarious. Do you really not see the issue here?”
“I see it,” he gripes, “I just don't think it's as funny as you do, obviously. Don't you know how gay men are? They’re all effeminate and weird acting.”

“Is Will all effeminate and weird acting?” she prods, kicking at his leg again. He moves further away from her. There are already goosebumps along his arms and shoulders.

“Well, no,” he admits, “But he might be someday.”

“Stop being such a brat and just admit it if you like Will. You don't need to leave El for him or suddenly start dressing in drag, but denying your attractions for such a stupid reason is pathetic. I know you are smarter than that, Mike.”

He sighs, his skinny chest looking so flat and smooth. Hairless. Nancy wants to lick up the middle of it, up to his throat, then maybe bite him.

“Why is my love life so complicated?” Mike complains. "I swear, I live in one of Mom's soap operas.” But he doesn't push Nancy away as she moves in for another round.

Chapter End Notes

I didn't actually plan on writing anymore for this fandom at all but after being depressed for a few days I figured, whatever, I'll be hated in whatever fandom I'm in so who cares?

Should there be a third chapter with real Byeler?
Tightly Hold Your Hand, Take a Deep Breath, Given Them the Finger

Chapter Notes

I don't know why I'm still writing this! Like, there didn't need to be anything after chapter one, and this has no real plot, and I have two stories with real plots I want to work on. But whatever.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Can I get up?”

“No. And I told you not to say anything.”

Well, yes, Mike told him not to say anything. But there had been no other explanation besides that. Just the boy showing up in his bedroom, unannounced, with the orders to strip down to his underwear, lay on the bed, and not move. If it had been anybody else in the world telling him to do these things, Will would have run to the phone and called the police. It sounded like an invitation to be raped, or at least robbed.

But no, this isn't anyone else. It's Mike, so Will did as he said. Because as far back as Will remembers he has never wanted to do anything more than please his best friend. Always and in any way possible. Even if that was laughing at jokes that weren't funny in first grade or helping him bury his dead goldfish in fourth. And that goldfish had stank to high heaven, considering how many days it must have sat untouched in its bowl to deteriorate that much. Who knows how long it had been since Mike had fed the poor thing. When Mike had claimed he was too upset to deal with Dorado, Will had been the only one willing to scoop it out of the water. The smell had made him vomit in his mouth.

So yes, Will has always done anything Mike has asked, no questions, no complains.

This is weird though.

Mike is pacing back and forth at the foot of Will's bed, only glancing sporadically at him. What is he doing? Is he waiting for something to happen? Does he think he if waits long enough Will will spring a boner and he'll have the opportunity to apply some sort of aversion therapy? Well, it's not going to happen. Mike can barely even look at him. Will is so uncomfortable just lying here almost nude, his legs slightly spread, his arms flat at his sides. He's wearing only his white briefs and despite the smallness of them, the little that they hide, he's most concerned about the condition of them. They were white, once, but he's worn them for so long the elastic is loose around the legs and they've become a discolored shade of cream from frequent washings. He feels less like he's in a sexy underwear ad and more like one of those child poverty pamphlets.

After what must be another five minutes of Mike's pacing, his feet almost silent across the floor, Will feels his nose start to itch. His fingers twitch at his side as he resists the urge to reach up and scratch it. It worsens. An itchy nose in this situation always worsens. Like when they're at the dentist or trying to present in class. He scrunches his nose up, looking for some relief, but it does nothing for the discomfort. Tears of torment begin to sting his eyes. He reaches up quickly to scratch for a quarter of a second, then slams his hands back down at his side. The mattress thuds beneath the force of his fist.
Mike stops pacing. Will grimaces as he walks closer to him, around the side of the bed. He disobeyed his best friend's orders. Is Mike going to punish him like Lonnie used to punish him when he disobeyed? Lonnie was the only person who ever gave him direct orders, besides maybe the teachers at school but he never felt threatened by them. Not in the way he had felt by Lonnie or Mike at this moment. Lonnie used to spank him when he was younger but when he was about seven he stopped that, preferring to give Will a hard slap across the face than putting the effort into laying him across his knee. If Mike slaps Will across the face his very soul might crumble inside his chest.

But Mike doesn't seem upset. He climbs up onto the bed beside Will and sits down cross-legged next to him. His foot nudges against Will's leg. He's wearing socks but no shoes and his nails must be in need of a clipping because Will can feel the nail of his big toe prodding at his skin. Will's mother doesn't allow anybody to wear shoes into the house, it tracks in mud and snow and wears out the carpet faster. Mrs. Wheeler doesn't care about that stuff. She washes all the rugs on the first floor every Tuesday, whether they need it or not.

"Stay still," Mike orders once more, as if he had given Will permission to do anything but that. Still, Will disobeys once more and turns his head just a fraction to the side, so he can watch whatever the other boy is doing. It's hard enough lying here, it would be harder if he couldn't at least try to figure out what is going on. He could see him at the foot of the bed but now he's off to one side.

Mike reaches out a hand and lays it on Will's stomach. Instantly, goosebumps spring up along Will's arms. He stares at the hand, studying how Mike's palm looks on the concaveness of his own stomach as he breathes in and out. The hand rises and falls, delicate, long fingers pale against his own darker flesh. They look so bony again the gentle curve of his own belly. But a lot of Mike is bony these days. It's like somebody took Mike and put him on the rack, stretching him out so his arms are now excessively long and his legs loosely jointed and his ribs stick out. Nothing like Will who is much more compact and soft in comparison.

Will shifts his eyes up and sees that Mike is also staring at the contrast of white bones and tan belly. Is he thinking something similar about himself? Maybe that Will is too baby-like still? Jonathan didn't lose his baby fat until he was nearly fifteen.

Then Mike is looking at him. Not just his body but at him, head tilted to meet Will's eyes. His eyes look dark and shiny in the artificial lighting of the bedroom lamp. They glisten like stars, twinkling. He can tell Mike is about to speak. He doesn't know how he knows except he's hung on every word from that boy's lips since the first time he heard him speak.

"You're really damn cute."

Um.

"Like, ridiculously cute," Mike continues, speaking as if to himself. He lays his other hand now on Will's chest. They're splayed out, covering large expanses of his skin because his hands are so large and Will's body so small. His own skin is visible between his fingers in triangular patches. "You're just staring at me with these stupidly trusting wide eyes and I tell you to do something and you just do it. I don't even know what I want to do with you. Do I want to pet you like a puppy or fuck you?"

Will would be fine with either option, to be honest. His eyes shine with adoration and Mike's fast softens into a dopey smile. It's a weird look for him. It's not that Mike doesn't smile often but he's more of an open-mouth smiling type. Closed, his lips ridiculously long on his face, like somebody grabbed him my his cheeks and stretched out his lips for a funny picture. Will still thinks he looks beautiful. His smile is stupidly beautiful.

It disappears quickly, replaced with a look of trepidation.
“Do you really want to know who I’ve been fucking?”

Been fucking? As in more than one occasion? As in currently? Mike had made it sound like a one time thing, not something that has been happening continually. Will feels mildly disgusted at the thought that Mike has been cheating on El. She's his friend too, and friends aren't supposed to tell lies. But he would never betray Mike's trust by telling her about it. Or any of this. Mike is still his oldest and best friend.

Still, Will can't hold back the hot surge of jealous rolling in his belly. The idea of Mike having sex with this older woman is hurtful. He doesn't want his best friend to hold and be intimate with anybody but himself, despite how selfish a thought that may be. Mike notices the trembling in Will's fingers. He begins kneading his stomach with his left hand, gently but firmly like he's a loaf of uncooked bread.

“If you really want to,” Will says finally, his voice barely more than a whisper. He squirms beneath the hand but Mike hasn't given her permission to move yet so he wills himself to stay still.

“I want to,” Mike replies. He slides his right hand up and runs his thumb over the small bump that is Will's Adam's apple. It feels oddly intimate for reasons Will is unsure of. It's just his throat. “If, if we do anything, I want you to know who I've been with.”

If they do anything? Will feels his face go hot at the words. Not that he can deny that's exactly where he was hoping this was going, but to hear Mike say it unleashes an entire swarm of butterflies in his stomach. “Okay,” he says, voice cracking with nerves.

Mike's hands still but don't leave his body. Will watches his face. Mike licks his lips nervously, clearly afraid to spill this information to Will. Will stares at his lips, wishing they would kiss him again. In the days since their last kiss he has closed his eyes and relived the moment over and over again, going so far as to use the back of his hand as a pair of makeshift lips. But the back of his hand isn't as soft and plump as Mike's lips.

He wants another kiss, but what if that broke this moment? Last time Mike had kissed him he had run from the room and ignored any of Will's attempts to radio him.

No, don't think about that. That doesn't matter. It doesn't matter if Mike wasn't there for Will, Will will be here for Mike and Mike wants to tell him the truth. As far as Will knows, he'll be the first person Mike has told about this.

“It was, it was Nancy.”

Nancy? Will's mind blanks out as he tries to think of a Nancy. He doesn't know that many high schools girls admittedly, only the ones through his brother and Mike's sister. Wait.

“As in your sister, Nancy?” he asks slowly.

Mike's quiet for a long moment, then just gives one short nod. His hands still lay unmoving on Will's flesh.

“How in God's name did you get into a sexual relationship with your sister?”

“It's, it's complicated,” Mike replies. His hands start to tremble with nerves. Will can feel them tickling his flesh, like a swarm of ants crawling on his skin. He remembers his own nerves, when Mike had found out about his crush on him, and is flushed with empathy for his best friend who is trusting him with the truth. He sits up and reaches out to hug him.
“Did she force you?” Will asks, fearing for the worse. Nancy doesn’t seem like the type to do that but, well, Mike doesn’t seem like the type to carry on a sexual affair with a relative for the matter either.

“No,” he shakes his head. His nose brushes against Will's ear. Mike is so much bigger than Will, taller, heavier, lankier, bigger in every way. But he collapses into Will's arms as if he were a small child. Will is good at hugs. Maybe a trait he picked up from his mother and Jonathan, they're a whole family of huggers. Mike's arms go around Will in return, wrapping around his entire body, hands overlapping on his back. “I know, I'm disgusting. I'm sorry.”

“You're not disgusting,” Will soothes. “You're...unique.”

Mike's body shakes with laughter. Startled, Will's breath catches, then he chuckles as well. This situation feels surreal. Are they on an episode of *As The World Turns*? Talk about a love triangle. Love quadrangle, if you include El. Except Jonathan is dating Nancy so love pentagon?

This is ridiculous. Also, Will's crush and big brother have been having sex with the same person. That's sort of horrifying. Surely this isn't the sort of stuff more fourteen-year-olds have to worry about.

“You know,” he starts, his voice coming out halting. “I don't feel quite so weird about being gay now.”

“Shut up,” Mike laughs, pulling back so he can slap at Will's knee. “I know it's weird, okay.”

“Are you like, in love with Nancy then?”

“Ew, no,” Mike replies, wrinkling his nose in disgust. “She's my sister. I wouldn't be in love with my own sister.”

“But you'd have sex with her?”

“That's different,” he insists. Will watches him reach up to brush some hair out of his eyes. It's nice being this close to Mike, his freckles are more visible from this view, and Will has always loved his freckles. He never had many freckles, just big, ugly moles spotting his throat and shoulders and arms and back. Self-consciously, he reaches up to touch the one he hates the most. The one on his face right above his lip. His mom says it suits him, that it “grounds” his face, whatever that means, but she's a mom. “Like, I know sex can be about more than getting off but not with Nancy. It just, it just feels good, that's all.”

“But you're cheating on El,” Will points out. But his mouth is covered with his hand now and his voice sounds muffled so he lowers it. It's not like Mike has never seen the spot on his face anyway.

“I know,” Mike grimaces. “It's a shitty thing to do. I love El.”

Will lowers his eyes, his lashes brushing his cheeks. That stings. Of course Mike loves El, he's heard him say it many times, but he was foolishly starting to get his hopes up after what Mike had said about being with him. Stupid, really. Mike probably just sees him like he sees Nancy, somebody he's close to that he can fool around with for fun but not have to put any real effort towards. Will isn't sure if he wants that. But he isn't sure if he could turn down the opportunity to touch Mike's penis either, if the offer is put on the table.

Mike notices Will's down-turned eyes and the lowered shoulders. He reaches out to touch Will's knee, rubbing the dry skin there with his thumb, then he slides his hand along skin to rest it further up on his thigh.
“I don't know how to be a good boyfriend,” he confesses to Will. “If I'm not cheating sexually, I'm cheating mentally. Or, emotionally, I guess.”

“Emotionally?”

“I don't know, I, I guess,” Mike starts. He stops to lick his lips, gathering his thoughts. “I can't say what it is I feel for you. I mean, you're my best friend, my best best friend. And I love being around you and doing stuff with you. And maybe, maybe sometimes I think it would be nice to kiss you and hug you.”

“Okay,” Will replies, but it comes out more like a question. He waits for Mike to continue.

“But it's not like with El,” Mike says, then hurries to spit out more words before Will can feel hurt. “I don't mean it's less! Just...different. With El, it's all this newness and excitement and butterflies in the stomach. You're comfortable. I don't have to be nervous around you because you've always been there. She's like a tuxedo and you're like a comfy old sweater. I don't need to impress you or woo you.”

“A little wooing would be nice,” Will says softly. But Mike is right, he doesn't need to impress him. He's been impressed with him since the first day he met him and showed him his metal Jaws lunchbox. He used it to store his crayons and pencils and stuff, not food, but it was so cool that a five-year-old was allowed to have a Jaws lunchbox. Will's own pencil box had been plain and made out of cheap plastic in comparison. When it had broken, Will had been stuck with a Ziplock bag to carry his supplies for the remaining two months of the school year. A generic Ziplock bag.

“I'll woo you, if you want,” Mike nods. “I'd like that, actually. It'll be fun. But I just mean I don't have to feel scared of doing something wrong with you.”

“But what about El?” Will presses. He wants a solid answer but he's vaguely frightened of receiving one. There really is no good answer in this situation. As much as he wants to hear that Mike is willing to leave her for him, Will cares for El and doesn't want to see her hurt.

“I don't know,” Mike admits.

“You don't know?”

“I love you both. I want you both.”

“That's not how it works,” Will bites out. He moves, unfolding his legs beneath himself, and climbs off of the bed. Mike watches him with sad eyes. Will wants him to reach for him but he doesn't.

“This isn't a yes or no matter, you're coming with me,” Nancy hisses. She's in bossy big sister mode which automatically switches Mike into bratty little brother mode.

“Why?” Mike whines from the floor. He's busy. The coffee table is strewn with pencils and sheets of paper. This paper on the Scarlet Letter is due tomorrow and he's barely even finished reading the book, he doesn't have time to be dragged out on a shopping spree with his sister. “Why do you have to take the bus anyway? You can drive now.”

Nancy glances towards their father, he's asleep in his chair which is his usual Sunday hobby, but
who knows how deeply asleep he actually is. She nods upstairs, indicating they need to go to her room to talk. He bites at his lip at the request, feeling a heaviness in his chest at the request. Nancy is insistent. He trudges up the stairs after her, legs feeling like they weight a thousand pounds. She locks the door after him.

“I told you, we can't do this anymore,” Mike begins, though he's already starting to stiffen in his sweatpants. It's the smell of her room. Some girly, floral scent he is unable to identify. Perfume or candles or something. The same smell that had always surrounded him as they fucked on her bed.

“I'm pregnant,” she interrupts, straight to the point. She certainly didn't sugar coat it.

Her little brother's face goes green. He looks like a Looney Tunes character. She wasn't even aware he could turn that color.

“What?” Mike's voice comes out as a squeak.

“I'm pregnant,” she repeats. Mike watches her as she walks over to her bed and pulls the a small piece of white plastic out from her side table drawer, hidden beneath several papers and magazines. She turns back to her brother and holds it out for him to take. He wrinkles his nose but takes it from her.

“I don't know how to read these,” he says after a moment, still holding the pregnancy test gingerly with just two fingers. “It's just a blue line.”

“I'm not really going to the mall. I'm going to the clinic to get it aborted,” she ignores his reply. Mike supposes his inability to read a pregnancy test isn't really that important of a skill for him to possess anyway. “I just want you to come with me. They said I need somebody to help me get home after and it's not like I can take Jonathan there.”

“Why not?” Mike asks, his forehead wrinkling with confusion. “It's probably his. He should be there for you for something like this, not me. I'm, I'm just your brother.”

“It's not his,” she insists, turning back to her table. She tosses the white plastic back on top of the magazines and slaps the door closed. The lamp on top of the table shakes. She's in a mood today.

“It's yours.”

“No,” he shakes his head quickly, already in denial. There's so many reasons it cannot be his. He's just a kid himself, for God's sake. “I'm your brother. I can't get your pregnant.”

“It's yours,” she insists once more. Nancy crosses her arms across her stomach and there's something almost protective about the guesture. Or maybe she's feeling self conscious. It's not like Mike is staring at her looking for a bump or anything. Is he?

“No,” he denies again. “I'm sure there's something biological that stops brothers and sisters from having babies. It's Jonathan's.”

“And you're supposed to be the science geek in the family,” she mutters, her arms tightening. It accentuates the swell of her breasts and Mike remembers his hard on. For Christ's sake, how the hell do you get rid of these things? “Listen, Mike. I always used protection with Steve and Jonathan. You're the only guy who's ever been allowed to come inside me. Yes, there's a very slight chance that maybe Jonathan and I had an issue with a condom, but honestly, that's not very probable. Last time we had sex you came inside of me three times within ten hours. You can't be this stupid.”

“No,” Mike shakes his head frantically. He's starting to shake. “No, no. This is just, no.”
He walks towards her bed and sits down, his breathing starting to become erratic. It's coming out in short puffs, his chest moving too rapidly beneath his shirt. Jesus, is he having a panic attack? What if he passes out? What if he hits his head? How can they explain that to their parents?

“I'm not ready to be a father,” he gasps between those uncomfortable-sounding breaths. “I'm not even in high school yet! Nancy, what am I going to do?”

“You're going to take the bus down to the clinic with me,” she says, keeping her voice even, eluding a sense of maturity and stability. As if she hadn't had a similar panic attack just last night when holding the pregnancy test in her hand. “You're not going to be a father, I'm going to get rid of it.”

“But it's a baby,” Mike protests, his eyes wet. “You can't just kill a baby!”

Nancy's eyes soften and she uncrosses her arms, letting them hang at her side. She joins Mike on the bed, sliding her arm around his shoulders. His shrinks beneath her, as if frightened that his very touch will put a second embryo inside her belly.

“It's probably less than two months along,” she tells him softly, soothingly. Because as upset as she is with this situation, it's not his fault. Not really. He's just a kid, he never considered how this could go. “It's not even a fetus at this point. You're just letting Mom's anti-abortion rants get to you.”

“But I made it,” he breathes out, voice wet and thick. “I made another human being.”

“Mike, I'm not keeping it. If you think I want to raise my own brother's child you're insane.”

Her words seem to snap him out of whatever daze he in. Mike nods quickly and gets to his feet. The motion is quick and he staggers, dizzy from his uneven breathing. There are tears running down his face now but he rubs at them and tries to make himself look presentable.


“Why would I need a suitcase?” Nancy asks, confused by the weird offer.

“They always bring a suitcase along to the hospital on television,” he shrugs. “I don't know what's it there. I assume woman stuff like tampons or those mini diapers.”

This is why you don't sleep with thirteen-year-olds.

Mike has been sitting on the edge of Will's bed for a long time. The silence between them wasn't awkward, it seemed necessarily. Mike still needed to digest this information as much as Will did. More, probably, despite knowing about it longer, because this situation affected him more directly than it ever could Will. But the shaking of Mike's shoulders has finally ceased and his breathing sounds more even. He's still sniffling but Will senses he is at least capable of talking now.

“Are you okay?” Will asks his best friend, his touch light on Mike's lower back.

“Yeah, I'm okay,” Mike smiles weakly at Will. His lips twitch with withheld emotion.
It's not that they haven't talked over the last few weeks. But their conversations have been stunted, awkward, as they tried to remain friends without mentioning the tension between them. But who else could Mike go to about this? Nobody else knew about him and Nancy. Will was his only option. Not that Mike really wanted to speak to anybody but Will about this.

“Did you like, see it? Did it have fingers?”

“I didn't get to see it,” he replies, shaking his head, forlorn. “I wasn't in the room when they did it. But they said it was only like half an inch long anyway. I don't know if it would have fingers yet but they probably would be too small to see.”

“It'd too bad they didn't let you in,” Will muses. Secretly, he thinks it would be kind of cool to see a human fetus right in front of you, but he knows this isn't what Mike needs to hear. “I bet Nancy would have felt better with you next to her.”

“I couldn't say I was the father, could I?” Mike mutters, sounding utterly miserable now. “I was just her supportive little brother. They told me I was darling for escorting my big sister and they gave me a Fruit Roll-Up. As if I wasn't the reason she had to be in the damn place in the first place. I felt like such a sham.”

“Did you eat the Fruit Roll-Up?” Will asks. He has no idea why he asks that and instantly feels like an idiot for doing so. And he's supposed to be the empathetic one of their group.

“Yeah,” Mike shrugs one of his defeated looking shoulders. They're sitting so close on Will's bed their arms touch. “I mean, I had nothing better to do.” At least he doesn't seem put off by Will's question.

“How's Nancy feeling? Like, does she have to be in bed for a week or something?”

“No, she complained some about cramping but she went to school today,” Mike tells him, and Will picks up that sense of awe in his voice. He gets it, that does seem impressive after such a procedure. Nancy has always seemed strong. “I, I don't know how she's feeling like, emotionally. She's sort of pushing me away.”

“'What about you though?’” Will presses him. “How are you feeling, emotionally? You barely said anything at school today.”

“Yeah,” Mike agrees. He lets out a long, tired-sounding sigh and leans his head against Will's shoulder. It's shorter than his own and puts his head at an awkward angle. “I couldn't sleep last night. I keep thinking, like, I was a father. For a few weeks, anyway. I created a human life. It's, it's terrifying. It shouldn't be that easy to make a person, you know? It's harder to make a grilled cheese sandwich than to make a person.”

“Not for a woman,” Will reminds him. He slides his arm up around Mike's shoulder and pulls him tighter against him. “It's only that easy for that man.” No morning sickness. No giant stomach. No labor. Only fathers thought making a baby was easy.

“I know but, I mean, Will, think about it. I made a human being! Like you, like myself. I mean, yeah, it's a no duh situation. We've all had fifth grade health class. But do you ever really think what that means? How amazing that is? How terrifying that is? And like that it was put out of existence, like it never existed.”

“You, you didn't want a baby, did you?” Will asks, trying to wrap his head around Mike's words. Admittedly, the smell of Mike's hair and the feeling of it tickling his nose is distracting. He's fourteen,
and it was his own sister. Neither situation is great for bringing a child into this world. “It could have come out with no brain or only four fingers. You know that right?”

“I didn't want it,” Mike shakes his head, his cheek rubbing on Will's shoulder. “It's not that. I guess it's just, I don't know. Worrying? How easy life comes and goes? If that makes sense? One little action can affect a life so easily. There had been so many paths at that moment my life could have taken. I'm grateful for Nancy, for her taking control and doing that. I don't know if I would have been able to ask her to, if she had asked for my advice. I'm, I'm glad she didn't.”

“Nancy's a smart girl,” Will says.

“It's not just that,” Mike continues. “It just made me realize, I mean, life is short. Really short. My childhood could have ended there. What if it had El instead of Nancy? What if El had kept it?”

“Are you worried El might be pregnant?” Will asks. The question leaves a bitter taste in his mouth.

“No, God no,” Mike protests, his voice cracking. “We've never, we've only kissed.”

A sense of relief floods Will's chest. Thank goodness for small miracles.

“Just be more careful in the future,” Will advises him. “Consider the consequences more often. Take the fact you got your own sister pregnant as a wake up call and think before you act, for once in your damn life.”

“You don't get it,” Mike says. He's pulling away from Will not, sitting up straight. He feels him turn as Mike adjusts so he's facing Will now, legs crossed beneath him. Will turns to face him in the same posture. Their knees press together. “I've always thought before I act. Well, mostly. But I overthink. Whether it be what to wear in the morning or in what order I'm going to eat my lunch. I overthink. My sexuality. I was so scared of being shoved out of the heterosexual category I pushed you away and that's stupid. Yes, it's important to make sure you don't fuck up your entire life, but it's also important to live it. We only get once chance to do that.”

“Okay,” Will replies. He places both of his hands on his own knees and licks his lips. “How are you going to live it?”

“I'm going to kiss you,” the dark-haired boy replies very matter-of-fact. “And I'm going to take you on a date tomorrow.”

“You are?” Will asks. His lips quiver as he tries to keep a straight face. “I didn't agree to go on a date with you.”

“You will,” Mike informs him. And of course Will does, after he kisses him. It's a quick kiss, their bony boy knees separating them as they lean forward to meet in the middle of their bodies. But Mike grabs Will by the back of his neck and holds him in place as he deepens it, giving Will his first open-mouth kiss. It leaves Will breathless and Mike's lips so red and swollen that Will jerks off to the idea of them around his dick almost immediately after his best friend leaves.

They go to the movies, because Mike is pretty unoriginal when it comes to date ideas, then to the Chinese place three storefronts down, because it's close and cheap. They split an order of sesame chicken, lo mein, and Mongolian beef. Their lips are greasy and their mouths taste like sticky sauce and MSG when they retire to Mike's basement to make out.

The entire time, the question burns in the back of Will's head. What about El? Mike didn't say he was breaking up with her. He showed no signs of wanting to do so.
As Mike is unbuttoning Will's jeans he knows he should bring it up. It's unfair to El, and it's unfair to Will.

But he can't talk with Mike's tongue in his throat and Mike's fingers are hot and long as they shove themselves into Will's new, pristine white briefs. He can do little more than writhe on the couch beneath Mike's body and fingers, gasping as Mike strokes him to full hardness.

“You're so responsive,” Mike observes with a wry grin. “I'm barely even touching you.”

“Dickhead,” Will pants out the insult halfheartedly.

“Yeah, that's what I've got in my hand,” Mike muses. He runs his thumb over the mentioned body part and Will thrusts up into his grip.

Will wanted to give Mike head that evening. The idea of taking Mike's beautiful, perfect cock into his mouth, tasting him and smelling him, is about as enticing as anything Will has ever experienced. But he's afraid to ask for anything directly and just lets Mike take control of the entire situation. Their shirts stay on but they press their bodies together, hard cocks rubbing together, and Mike is able to get his hand almost entire around both of them.

The sight is stunning to Will, who is maybe a little too attracted to just the idea of penises. His own erection is smaller and darker than Mike's, but Mike's is such an angry shade of red and Will's never seen foreskin before. Jonathan, like Will, is circumcised, and that's the only one besides his own Will has ever had any firsthand experience with.

He feels like he could cum just at the sight of the two cocks rubbing together. Mike's cock is so beautiful. And so hard. For him. Mike's cock is hard for him.

Mike is able to rub both of them at once, but his hand isn't that large so the friction is minimal. His second approach, after realizing this won't work, is to release them entirely and lay down on top of Will. Will doesn't realize what he's doing immediately. Mike is kissing him and kissing is good so he assumes that was the main purpose for this shift in positions. Until Mike presses his hips flush against Will's and begins to grind into him. Their hard ons rub against each other and against their bellies where their shirts have pushed up. Will moans into Mike's mouth.

“Is this okay?” Mike asks, breaking the kiss. “Doing it like this?”

“This is perfect,” Will assures him, going in for another kiss. And he thinks that's true, nothing could be more perfect than this, until Mike sits up for just a second. Will whines pathetically, grabbing for him, but only catching shifting air between his fingers. He already misses the heat and hardness of his body against his own.

“I, uh, I jerk off down here, sometimes,” Mike admits, showing Will the bottle of lotion he had apparently stashed behind one of the couch cushions. “This, um, this makes it better. If you want?”

Will just nods. He uses lotion sometimes too. It does make it better.

Mike is generous with the lotion, it drips on Will's stomach and smears through thin pubic hair. But when Mike returns to grinding against him the slippery friction is amazing and Will presses back up against him, seeking more friction. There's a wet, meaty sound that somehow just screams sex to Will, though he has no idea what sex is supposed to sound like. But this is definitely the sound of sex. Wet slurping, skin slapping, heavy breathing, whining, the creaking of the old couch beneath them.

Something about Mike's body reminds Will of a dancer, like a ballerina. Maybe it's the fluidity of it.
His hips move like water, flowing smoothly as he dry fucks Will on the couch. The lotion lubricates the movement, their bellies and thighs sliding against each other like a well-oiled machine. It seems like the action should be jerky and awkward but it's almost artistic in its movement. Maybe it has something to do with Mike's lankiness, his loose-limbed way of walking. His dick is the only solid part of the movement, heavy and hard between them, persistently probing and jabbing in a way that should be annoying but just sends trickles of pre-cum running down Will's own cock.

Mike has a pathetic ass, tiny on his lean frame, but it's enough for Will to grab and knead and use for leverage to pull Mike close to him. He feels the muscles flexing beneath his palms as Mike thrusts against him. It shouldn't feel this good, they're not really having sex, not even oral, but it does. His cock is so hard he feels like it might be too big for the skin, like it will split open down the middle, and he's so sensitive the slightest movement can making him twitch. Will can't help the keening noise escaping his mouth. At first Mike tries to keep him quiet by kissing him, then he whispers at him to try to be quiet, but that doesn't work so in the end he just slaps his hand over Will's mouth and just stares intensely into his eyes as he presses him harder down into the couch cushions. Will can do nothing but stare back. He watches Mike's eyes dart around, left, right, up, down. He's examining Will's face but Will doesn't know why. His face isn't that interesting.

Will comes first. It's messy and gets all over the bottom of both their shirts. Mike makes a surprised noise, evidently not expecting it. Will had given him no indication that he was close. He pulls back abruptly, grabbing at the bottom of his shirt.

Will follows him in this action. He sits up as well, but he doesn't grab for his shirt, he grabs for Mike's still hard cock. He's sleek with lotion and now Will's cum and Will grips him tightly as he jerks him quickly to completion. Mike cums with his eyes closed, breathing heavily from his nose. He kisses Will afterwards, their breaths rapid pants into each others mouths. He tells Will he loves him.

They plan their next date for Saturday.

Chapter End Notes

Is this the end? I have no idea. I don't know what I want to do about El! So maybe I'll just leave it here and do nothing.

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