From Hell With Love

by Haleux

Summary

Finally official since 12th grade, Stan and Craig turn their non-existent PDA up a notch when the heat of their romance reopens wounds and sparks outrage toward their childhood friends. A new app causes mishap around the college kids. Stan is a sex addict and a recovering alcoholic. Meanwhile, Craig is labeled a "cheater".

// Removed from series for tag moderation. Check out MINDFUCKER.
Blowjobs Are Cool

Chapter Summary

Stan likes being watched.

Chapter Notes

Author's Note: This fic is dedicated to my friends and all the interesting South Park fans I've met in this fandom. For the most part, most people have been kind! Thank you momijikaze for helping me push through with this idea for many months. I feel less guilty now. So, I dedicate a huge part of this fic to you and my friend Loli. And to every Staig shipper that's got me this far. Writing this has been really fun and therapeutic. Thank you, you guys are amazing!! xx

WARNING: These scenes, words and actions are used only for the literary purposes of this story. The author does not condone murder, racial language, violence, rape, or violence against animals and human beings. Any depictions of any of these in this story should not be construed as acceptance of the above. All characters minus the rapey OCs belong to Matt and Trey. Please don't sue me, I don't have any money. Enjoy the problematic/plotty porn. xx

Edit 2/27/2020: OK. So I noticed people will/have become inspired with my work as we move on from here... That's cool. I know I'm not the first person underneath the sky to come up with the things in this story. I ask politely to anyone who is looking for SP inspiration in my fic to PLEASE DON'T REMIX any of my scenes. And if it's absolutely imperative that you must, PLEASE GIVE ME CREDIT.

I worked very hard on this wip. (It's gonna be 2 years now?) The Staig tag has always been dry. I want my love for the rare ship to grow with others and when people who write for bigger ships remake the *exact* events but switch names around, that's fucking cruel. I'm all for people liking what I have here, but my patience is wearing thin. If I see this again, I will report you... and probably yell at you. I have no shame. Remixing my scenes is a fucking big deal. Don't be replacing names. Please don't do that. Thanks, you guys.
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https://twitter.com/kaolra (18+ ONLY)
Craig’s Adam’s apple bobbed lightly when he swallowed. A set of hands rest against the edge of a bathroom sink counter and he leaned backward.
Elbows pointed, eyes pressed shut. With his front teeth sinking into his bottom lip, the nineteen-year-old arched his neck back and lets out a content sigh. Holding a half-lidded gaze, he let his hands explore each side of a face before he tangled his fingers through his boyfriend's jet black hair. He watched perversely as the boy's darkened lips pool with saliva, dripped, and rolled down his chin.

This would probably be the third blow job he received this week. In the back of his throat, Stan Marsh took him and he felt him thicken. Craig's pink tongue swabbed over his lips deliciously as the person below him fastened his grip on him with his short nails digging into the bare skin of his ass. His leaking cock plunged deeper into his oral canal and he thought he would lose it.

Nose flushed up against his faint happy trail, the jock gagged softly as he palmed the shape of his own cock through his dark denim jeans. Feeling smug, during mid-suck Craig pulled his dick out, earning a glare from the athlete that is settled on his hands and knees now.

The guy glowered at him and made an annoyed sound and Craig tilts his hips forward, leaned in and inserts it back in. The receiver's tongue hangs over his bottom lip, as the olive-skinned teenager in his chullo hat reared back and repeats two more times. The head of his erection released from his pink lips in cute pop each time.

He didn't budge at the woop sound effect his phone made.

Though he probably should have kept it at silent, at the edge of the linoleum counter Craig felt his iPhone vibrate again and rolled his eyes at it. He had already hung up on Clyde when he was yammering about away his new girlfriend's ass and her giant tits. He's pretty sure those new text messages are from him. It flashed when his fingers grazed the screen after his hand moved an inch over it.

Over the buzzing noises, he lets his head fall back and lets out another breathy moan while greedy slurping sounds infiltrated the room. “Uhhng. Shit.” As Craig thrusts and embeds himself deeper, the most delightful hum registered from his lips while his cock slipped and nods behind his cheek.

“Keep going...” Craig urged, enjoying the sensation covering his manhood.

Along the lines, he uttered something about it feeling great, sliding his fingers through the boy's long fringe. Another sigh, his shoulders sagged and he licked his lips and then his eyes drift shut.

“Yeah, that's it. That's it, that's it... Suck me,” Craig instructed his jock boyfriend, while short fingernails are digging above his bare knees. “Mmm, if only you can see how much of a slut look you look like when I fuck your mouth. This is better than ice-cream and going to the movies. You've gotten really good at this.”

Slightly shock that he's been praised, but he didn't show it, Stan's mouth tightly circled around his engorged shaft. The male hummed pleasant vibrations around him and the heat of his saliva that ran heavily down his cock.

Around the eighth time the device rumbled, Craig swiped a finger over the lock screen. Clyde had just sent him another meme. He brought a keyboard down to send laughing emojis and one worded replies. The white reflection of the text app reflects brightly over his dull eyes.

In contrast to that, there was a series of tapping sounds that went on for a full minute while he held his boyfriend still with his other hand, texting back fast with his thumb. Offended, Stan whipped his head back and gave him the most hateful glare. His voice was hoarse at the beginning.
“Craig. What the fuck? I'm giving you a blowjob and you're on the phone again?”

So much emphasis on the F. His complaint is quickly greeted by an expressionless glance and then a middle finger raised at him. Craig shuddered when the cold air brushed against his exposed shaft and Stan's fist wrapping around it again while another bead of pre-cum formed at the tip. He chewed his lip and he couldn't help smirking now at irritation etched on Stan's face. Small smile spreading over his lips, Craig lets out a nasally chuckle between alternating the tabs and switching it to the camera while Stan laps it up.

Still easy to ruffle as always. When Stanley Marsh got all angry and pouty like that, Craig thought it was the fucking cutest thing ever. He'd never tell him that though, but during grade school Craig would devise different ways of coaxing that, just to get a rise. Any attention from Stan, even if it's negative, would make him so giddy. Those reactions had been so easy to get off to. Other times, he would roll his eyes at how sensitive the boy could be.

Regardless of the past, Craig always wanted to hang out with Stan alone, but his idiot friends would always be there to annoy him – and when they were together, they would do the dumbest shit ever. Even more disappointingly, Stan was either never around whenever Craig reluctantly accepted Cartman's invitations or he'd be too oblivious or obnoxious to notice him. Such an idiot. And as always, Craig never understood the fascination Kenny had with his tit magazines, Kyle was an angry tumor himself, and Eric Cartman... well, he's just a paragon of disappointment. The only good one was Stan.

As a kid, Craig always thought he was too cool for them. When he was by himself and wasn't being a total bitch, of course.

After laving over the head with his tongue and twisting his mouth over it, Stan parts for air again. The camera's lens on Craig's phone gleamed when it met with the light from their bedroom.

“Fucking dick,” The boy rasped below him, his throat a bit sore from his boyfriend's dick scraping against it. “You're really getting off to recording this, aren't you?”

Craig lowered his eyes. The neutral gaze on his face remains, and he panned the lens closer to him on all fours. “Duh, Stan.”

Being employed at a bank branch that his mother recommended had its perks, Craig had paid good money for his underwear. Designer boxers down to his knees, the chullo hat wearing young man smirked and gave his lips another lick before balancing the smartphone on his hand and panning it closer to Stan. It was the jock's turn to raise an appreciative middle finger this time at the filtered lens, giving Craig's inner thigh a playful bite and swabbing the pink mark with his tongue. “Yeah, lick me you stupid bitch!” sniggered, tilting his face up.

“Shut up, asshole. I may be on my knees, but you're the one being a docile little lamb right now.” Stan rubbed his hands soothingly over the warm legs in front of him. "Make sure you capture my cheeks, fuckhead. I want to see the drool from my lips, when I take you back into my mouth hard.”

Amused, Craig hitched a breath with his laugh, “Did you just compare me to livestock?”

His boyfriend Stan attached his mouth to his sac again, earning a hiss from him. Very carefully, Craig's fingers grazed by the feathery fringe by his ear. The young man who knelt tried not to get lost too, feeling him pet his head and his hair being dragged by his long fingers. Craig grinned at the cool tinted screen that is capturing Stan on video, before letting out another airy moan, “Fuck, nevermind.”
“Look pretty for the camera, babe,” Craig crooned.

Another suction and muffled sound from the boy.

Not even a bat of an eyelash or a curse from Stan. This wouldn't be the first time he'd done anything lewd in front of a phone or camera's lens. At first, he reacted furiously and made a huge deal about it, but now he's even more devoted and enthusiastic to put on a show more than his past self would imagine. The more unusual part is, Stan orchestrated more than half of these homemade videos, prior to their serious relationship, and he wasn't a stranger to sending dick pics and nude selfies either. Incredibly passionate by nature, Stanley always had a way of going all the way for the one he loves, even if some of it can be dangerous and questionable.

This wasn't anything like he had with Wendy, though. Or any of the nameless girlfriends he had after – or should he say, “beards”. Craig was so much different than them. Not because he was a guy or anything, and he had an improper crush on him in the eighth grade. Craig never forced Stan out of his comfort zone and made him do stuff that he didn't want to do. For the first time in Stan's life, he wasn't a puppet for any imagery or a product of peer pressure. It was since middle school, he even discovered he is bi. Frighteningly so, more gay. Kyle and Kenny had been so supportive of him when he came out to them. The other half of South Park declared they always knew it.

Provided that Stan kept it under wraps for a very long time, Craig Tucker had been a come and go crush for him. Craig would never know about Stan watching him change in the locker room, or that those stolen glances, that weren't all for nothing and later became very intentional. From childhood rivals to platonic allies. That had been the start of something, that blossomed into something much more. Until one fateful January, a kiss changed everything. Rather more shockingly, Craig was the one who initiated it. Or maybe he kissed first? Who knows? He forgot.

And right now, he is humming against his cock.

Stan's feelings were so strong for Craig. Yes, he would risk extreme humiliation to satisfy the guy. But that was a decision he had made on his own. And not to say, he's always been desperate in his romantic pursuits. That will never change. With Craig, everything just felt more real – so right – and it wasn't like he's a complete whore or anything to be videotaping himself. There wasn't really a groundbreaking reason why he does it. Maybe it was simply the fact that he loved him dearly. Plain and easy. Or, a part of that could be that arrogant “attention whore jock” mentality Craig became too accustomed of accusing Stan of having. Which was okay, and phased Stan less and less daily, because he knew Craig loved it when he showed off and gets nasty for him. Even if he gets fussy and doesn't admit it.

Over the years, getting off to Craig had been too easy. Specifically, he liked it so much, they have countless dirty folders of him masturbating or finger fucking himself. There was a magic to it – there had just been something about being watched, that is a major turn-on for Stan.

Craig is such a great director and Stan really didn't mind it at all. The camera loved him, and it'd be all for him too. If there were times Stan's flashed Craig, or sent videos of himself jerking off furiously to the memory of his presence, then he's glad it's him. It wasn't like he is full of himself or anything.

Maybe deep down, he just loved reminding him of what he has. didn't flinch at the sound of the catchy ringtone going off in Craig's hand at all. His free hand reached for it again, and of course, the asshole answered. With a gleam of defiance, the male's striking blues challenged his steel green ones after their eyes lock again. This time, Stan didn't tear away from him to complain, instead, he
engulfed his length completely and slurped him loudly.

Craig almost exposed himself with a sharp gasp and his sweaty palm slipped from the counter. Heart pounding, he nearly lost balance. Boxers slanted down to his calves, he casts a petrified glance at Stan, which of course morphed into a death glare when he sees him smile around his cock and he kept going.

“What's that?” Clyde called from the other receiver.

Craig blanched. He tried to ease Stan off a bit, but his hands slipped from his shirt.

It would be like moving a boulder. The jock didn't budge and his mouth stayed attached to him.

“Stan... he's... baking cookies or some shit,” Craig replied lamely.

Too close. Craig almost gave himself away, breathing too fucking hard.

Stan's hands skim over his knees and thighs once more, while he pulled his shaft even further in his mouth. The noiret fidgeted a bit. He wanted to put his phone down. Tentative fingers wrapped behind the base of his boyfriend's skull and he steadied him.

“Mmmh,” Another wet sound stuck out.

“Oh.” There was a brief pause.

Clyde's voice rose a bit. “Hey, is that a blowjob I hear?”

A quick learner throughout childhood, the brown-eyed brunet paused momentarily for his best friend to respond, leaning in and gazing out peculiarly from his window from the other side with his feet propped up on a maplewood desk.

Indifferent as ever, Craig approached the accusation with a, “Nope.”

“So Token got that one place rented,” his best friend breathed into the receiver, busying himself with other thoughts. It sounded like paper being flipped in the back, a flip of a magazine page. “It's gonna be spectacular. I know you and Stan are gonna crash early, but I'm telling ya man, it's so beautiful.”

Another breath hitched in Craig's throat and he wriggled in the guy's locked grip. Palm over the receiver, Craig grit his teeth. His mouth held open while he looked down, “Would you let me finish this for just a minute?” He glared and mumbled that to Stan.

A middle finger came up again and he increased the pace, slurping him loudly. Within seconds, Craig began twisting and gasping over him already. His hips shot up and he twitched before having another spasm.

“Oh my god.”

Clyde agreed, “I know right?”

This must have been more important because Craig ended up frantically thumbing the interface before hanging up on his best bro.

Giving his thigh a firm smack, Stan drew back and gasped for much-needed air.

Stan gagged after the grand, final slam of Craig's hips, feeling the head of his endowment brush against the back of his throat and leaped from his chin. He really felt the roots of his hair being
tugged at when his head had been roughly guided backward and he craned his neck upwards. He had the nerve to shoot Craig a cocky and devilish grin while the male over him whispered a warning before a hot jet of come oozed from the head of his cock. His breath trembled with the additional sigh he gave.

Eleven spurts. Not that Craig has been counting or anything. It'd be a new record he tallied in his mind. The opaque texture dripped from teen's chin, onto the floor. The lens panned over at him again in Craig's hand. Stan flashed his painted face and white tongue at the camera showing that he caught it all.

The footage caught the taller boy coaxing the last of his orgasm out, splashing his nose and cheek with slick and furious pumps. The wet noises only spurred him on more. Craig's eager companion swallowed every last bit that dribbled from his mouth. Prior to the slutty grin spreading on Stan's face, Craig raised his middle finger at him again for his phone to capture.

Ragged panting, and Craig sunk to the floor cabinets next to Stan, while he is seated back against the wall. The aftershock of what just happened, still taking its full effect when Craig shivered and dragged his clean hand through obsidian locks. He tugged his hat down and pulled his boxers on afterward and switched off the bathroom lights. The camera panned to a pile of clothes and he ended the video.

Each of them didn't mind that a stretch of silence encased them at all. Stan had to control his smile again. Never in a million years, he would imagine that he'd be giving oral to a guy. Let alone, Mother Fucker Craig Tucker.

The towel he used on his face was discarded to the straw woven hamper across from them. They turned around to face each other and poohced their lips cutely at each other before they connect to a brief kiss. Essentially, duck lips. That had been one of the things they had made fun of other people doing - but each had secretly remembered they are both complete hypocrites, and with any stupid fad a couple does, they think they can do it better. The duo backed away from each other slowly, eyes closed and mouths still puckered as if they were savoring the moment.

Settled in his spot after, a spent Craig grinned slightly even though his lips didn't move.

Facing Stan, he sighed. “Thanks, babe.”

“Yeah,” Stan plucked at his newly stained shirt. “You kind of owe me one now.”

“You can get one of my shirts from the closet,” the noiret suggested. He planted a kiss on his cheek. “I'll do your laundry tomorrow.”

This was answered with a soft, “Huh?” The blush deepens in the football player's face.

Stan raised his sapphire eyes timidly from the bulge in his pants and then back at him, totally oblivious to the sharp gaze the other male is giving him. blinked, gazing up at Craig expectantly, “No, I mean...” Handjob? Suck me off? At least be grateful I wore that stupid tie at that backyard party. He voiced all of that in his head.

His sentence was cut short when Craig seized him and their lips collided again. Almost so fast it'd been like a snake attacking a rabbit. The ring-shaped towel hanger vibrated with a thump when his back hit the wall. Stan had had his shirt twisted in his fists, being submerged into a deep, hot, open-mouthed kisses. He responded back scorchingly, surging forward kissing back heavily while Craig pulled the distracting article of clothing over his head and tossed it behind his back. He then attacked and pursued him again, crushing his lips to his.
A ghost of a sound is extracted young man's mouth in the form of a moan when Craig caught his bottom lip with his teeth and bit down hard. This elicits the cutest hiss from Stan and they collapsed on a pile of thrashing limbs. Slumped to the ground, Stan threw his head back and moaned. A showy grin and the sporty boy wagged his tongue suggestively at the gap between them, feeling his jeans and boxers scrunched in his hands and bunch over his thighs. His ego and cock inflated with each tug.

“Quit that,” Craig ordered.

He had the sense to suppress the upcoming flush on his face when Stan did those ridiculous tricks with his tongue. Stan was always the more lewd of the two. Though, what Craig said might have been a lost cause. He would be just as guilty at sending racy subliminals while their friends' backs were turned.

Argumentatively, Craig had never been with anyone like this before, but with Stan, it had been easier to fall into the trap of being a filthy boy. Because, well, that's what the fuck Stan is. A filthy, fervent, shameless, and desperate boy – that he'd fuck the shit out of if he didn't come so damn hard too soon.

Mute green irises heavy with lust, open and rake over the contour of his lover's body. Sometimes Stan didn't even have to do anything to make him hate him. The perfect way his biceps and triceps bunch effortlessly and how his flat stomach muscles rippled underneath his smooth skin. Shit like that. It wasn't fair. Craig absolutely detested how those cut abs clenched gently in front of him and made him tingle inside like how those retarded girls that salivated over their One Direction posters.

Their bodies were so different, Craig had to double-take and make a comparison. Stan was 5'8, presumably well-trained, sleek, and toned in the right places. And well, Craig. He had the body of a nineteen-year-old. Maybe slightly above average. 6'3, tall and lean physique. Even though he had an impressive abdominal region himself, his abs weren't nearly as defined as Stan's. Although he didn't really care about the details of that too much, he's still getting dick in the end.

And speaking of dicks. There appeared to be one right there, jutting right in front of Craig's chin. Thick, sinewy, and flowing with sweltering heat, the engorged instrument twitched alive from a thatch of black hair. The angry wet head leaped in clear view. Thick and virile. Another sizzling moan from the quarterback and he broke out of his daze.

Taking his time, Craig lets one hand wander down the tautness of his chest. He brought himself up to Stan and closed his mouth around a hard nipple, biting it and lavishing it with his tongue. With his other hand, he pinched and twists his other one.

Stan moaned, his lips peeled backward and he sighed. “Lower.”

In different patterns, Craig placed his mouth on his chest and stomach, sucked, and bit him brutally. Loud and supplementary moans rumbled from his captive's chest. Bony wrists pinned to the floor, Stan bucked his hips impatiently as the male in his boxers straddled him from above.

“Jesus Christ, dude,” he growled in agitation, tilting his pelvis up. “Will you quit playing around down there and suck me off already?”

Craig narrowed his eyes. “No.”

“Then get off then and let me fuck you.”

There was that unique rawness in Stan's vocals that made something flutter inside him. Even
though he had been one of the veteran gays amongst his group of friends, Craig couldn't help but
scowl inwardly at how much he actually enjoyed fagging out to Stan Marsh. Never in his life, he'd
ever picture himself letting the other male touch him, or tell him what to do. Yet, here he is, right
now.

Within his reach, after fully exposing himself, and ready to deliver. Very nonchalantly, the stoic
teenager halfway obliged, hooking his thumbs through the elastic material of his underwear and
slid them down his legs again. Craig kicked them behind him and walked forward.

“I'll do it... if you touch yourself,” Craig measured the end of the first sentence more than Stan
liked.

After another testy glance, Stan's gaze sharpened at him. He quickly decided he would accept this
challenge. If more than anything, he got off more to getting off in front of Craig, than doing it
alone. Craig watched intently while Stan started. With a hand grazing at his own cock, the fit teen
with his back pressed to the wall gave it a few experimental tugs, never taking his eyes off of
Craig. His thumb ran over the wet cockhead, smearing the result of his arousal down his thick
shaft.

“Mmm, hear that? You've got me nice and wet here again,” the jock murmured with a silky drawl.
“You like watching me get off? I bet you wish you were filming this, dude. You're so shitty at
hiding it.”

Gaze still locked with his, the horny athlete ran his tongue over his top lip and gave a soundly
inhale. With only their bedroom light spilling from the crack of the door, his eyes looked more pale
and seductive through that inky black curtain of his bangs. It was a great contrast to his skin.

“I didn't say you can speak while you're doing it,” a firm squeeze on his knee, the older raven
haired teen gave him a stern look.

“Stop me, then,” Stan panted.

Their mouths collided again where Craig moved into the tiny space, kissing Stan deeply, before he
pulled back and placed his hand over his. Eyes drifting shut, Stan accepts another sample of his lips
pressed to his. In no time, he felt Craig completely take over and pumped him in agonizing
upwards twists. His boyfriend's hand was already slippery from Stan wetting it.

With faces at a very close proximity, Stan moaned and bristled closer. They kissed again, and
again. The pair retracts again, locking eyes under a heated gaze – and then all in one go, Craig
Tucker swallowed his dick whole. Fingers curled on the ground, Stan lets out a cry. He gripped his
boyfriend's hair hard while he sloppily took him further in his mouth, bobbing his head up and
down his length. Spit sliding down his tongue, Craig moved up for oxygen and wiped his chin
clean with his wrist.

Stan chewed the inside of his lip when he had his cock grabbed and positioned it towards his hole.
He nearly tsked. All those complaints about the bathroom being too small and cramped for an easy
fuck. Craig had regarded it as beneath him so many times.

Stan didn't want to appear smug to turn him off, so he held his laugh in. Coincidentally, Craig must
have been thinking the same way too because he tossed him a dirty look before reminding Stan
curtly, “You're bottom next time, dumbass. Just so you know.” Stan's eyes became hooded, his lips
spread into a goofy grin, and he mouths 'I love you' to him.

Craig ignored his cheeks heating up.
“Shut up.”
Show Me Yours

Chapter Summary

Stan vs Everyone

In a dark bedroom, the break of daylight pierced through the cracks of a partly drawn curtain. Bathed gently in the ghostly pale glow that stretched over him, Stan snuggled into the gray duvet that was drawn closely around his body. While curled up on the mattress, he secured it tighter around him and the material caressed his chin. Rather oblivious to the extra weight that sank gracefully beside him, the young man rolled on his back and lets out a peaceful sigh, as a hand that belonged to someone else drifted over him and lay gently against his cheek. The sensation tickled Stan. Lashes pointed, his eyes fluttered halfway open. His boyfriend's lazy fingers grazed his face while he's seated next to him.

“Hey,” Craig called softly.

Blinking the tired out of his eyes, Stan rubbed an eye socket with the ball of his palm.

“Hey,” he rasped back, squinting at the light behind him. “Morning already?”

Completely comfortable in a black t-shirt and gray sweatpants, the other male finished caressing Stan's face and retracts his arm away from him. Craig had his thigh rested on the bedside and his barefoot touching the carpet. They stare for a moment. He'd part his lips to say something when Stan reached with his careful fingers to pull his wrist towards him.

Craig's cheeks flared a poppy red color when Stan grabbed and released his palm. He had just received a chaste kiss. The kiss-bruised lips touched his knuckles and part of that touched something deep inside. That shit fucking tingled. It made him blush even harder. The moment being a few seconds ago, Craig could actually still feel the lingering sensation of his damp lips crawling over his skin. Being hyperaware that his boyfriend had bedhead and he thought it was incredibly sexy. Stan had complimented Craig from time to time and he'd receive dirty looks for it too.

Craig just looked so different when it was unruly and wasn't in his usual 'neatly brushed sideways' look. The feathery flyaway strands pointed to the ceiling at an angle, almost resembling a fauxhawk. He just seemed more relaxed and not so much like a conformist when he isn't obsessively making a fuss of himself in front of the mirror. Though, Stan didn't really mind that. Sucking in his lips, he would save that to laugh at again for later. Raven would always be a huge part of him. He thought Craig was hot in just about any look or hairdo he had. In a lazy manner, he pushed himself up on his elbows and offered a weak smile.

“What time is it?” Stan asked groggily.

“Six thirty.”
Replying with a groan, the noiret flopped down, shoulders meeting with the plush surface of his pillow. His inky black hair spilled messily underneath the flaps of Craig's hat, he forgot he had been wearing it all along. The boy bellowed out a small sigh and furrowed his dark eyebrows.

With a limp forearm, Stan shields his face with it, blocking the blinding spillage of the sun's white rays that attacked his vision. He squints with a grimace etched on his complexion and turned away from the light, pouring from all the wrong directions. As that would happen, Craig got up from his side to open up the curtains.

“Rise and shine, douchebag,” with a grand tone, Craig circled around to the foot of the bed before yanking the blankets completely off of Stan.

“Ah, sonuvabitch.”

“I thought you'd like that.”

Stan propped himself up leaning sideways and pulled the pillow up to his chest. He craned his neck up, looking at the door of their bedroom that's been nudged wide open.

A set of paws padded from the hallway. There was the faint jingling of a tagged collar rustling along under a fabric of fluorescent pink. Tail swishing around gently, up and down. When Craig flicked the lights on in the bathroom, an ascot wearing canine appeared and nosed the curled ruffle of the sheets.

“Here boy,” Stan cooed.

He made a kissy noise at his family pet, Sparky, still a bit fascinated by the fact that he got to bring him along after he moved out of his parents' house. Though the apartment had really been a small place for his dog to roam free, Stan really liked having him around. It really added comfort and more to the feeling 'home'. Craig also brought his guinea pig along with them, Stripe #19 – which he'd been reluctant to have Stan get for him, because of failed relationships. Though, it didn't take much for him to resist for too long and warm up to the idea of that. When his and Tweek's Stripe died, it felt like it was his first one. Right around that time, it's been really stormy for him and Stan, and it was one of those 'I need to think' phases for Craig.

Now here they are... in the present, living with each other. Neither one had seen the day. Before moving, Craig and Stan had discussed having plenty of other pets. Only for that to be shut down quickly, because they feared the rent will go up. So, that was out of the door. While the opportunity still knocked, Craig would politely decline. Even with those disgusting puppy-dog eyes, he'd receive from Stan. The silly technique would work for a bit too. To Craig, it is just so much better surviving with what they have now. Just starting out as young adults, everything just seemed more expensive.

As for this moment, Craig would have Stan agree that they should admire other furry creatures in shops, animal shelters, and at parks. Maybe take a few more snapshots occasionally too to stick them on the refrigerator. Craig always has been eager to try out his new Canon. While scratching behind Sparky's ear, Stan imagined him adjusting the lens of that camera.

A soft 'ruff' woke him from the dizziness of his thoughts. Head swirling, his hand stopped rubbing the creature's back, when it dipped its head down and walked towards the corner of the room. Sparky loudly shook his fur while Stan threw his legs over the side of the bed, gravity daring to pull him back in. The tags beneath his dog's bandanna rustled and the young man yawned behind his hand.
At the whistle of the shower pipes behind the wall, Stan skirts around their messy mattress and walked inside the bathroom, closing the door behind him. After releasing the doorknob he navigates towards the toilet and flipped the seat up. Striped boxers below his waist, he began his morning ritual of emptying out his bladder. At the last trickle, Stan's eyes wandered to the ceiling half shut. Fingers curled over the top of Craig's yellow pom hat, he removed it from his shaggy hair and peeled himself from his vintage car shirt and blue boxers. The black strands on his head stood out from the webs of his fingers.

Craig bats his wet lashes in the shower. Behind the plastic curtain, the reserved gentleman continued his scrubbing motions. His short hair drenched and clinging to his brow. He focused on lathering his skin with his dark pouf, while many water droplets roll from the tip of his nose, chin, and ears. Craig continued working the frothy white lather over his chest, remaining silent when the naked male finished brushing his teeth and spitting mouthwash into the sink. Deep reflective thoughts of how he will go about the day clouded his mind, as he mechanically rinsed himself off of the soap suds.

His mood was calm, when he felt Stan lay his cheek against his back and encircled his arms securely around his torso. Warm chest flushed against Craig's back, Stan nuzzled his face into his fragrant skin some more, his hair feathering over him. Craig didn't move his head at all, but he'd seen him at the corner of his eye. It was enough to make him stop what he was doing. He closed his eyes and exhaled calmly while the moment basked and sets in between the two of them. Just a minute of not talking. Craig was always up for it. It'd be one of his favorite moments shared between them.

“So, I might be meeting up with Clyde after class,” Leaf green irises swung up, he placed his hand over Stan’s, curling his fingers inside his palm. “Token's got a Range Rover. They want me to check it out.”

Stan's blues tilt up from his boyfriend's shoulder. “A new car?” he asked, sounding a bit croaky. “Isn't his birthday this month?”

“It's another parting gift from his family,” Craig explained. “From the looks of it, they've been really spoiling him since he left South Park. Token doesn't like the attention much, but hey, Range Rover. I'll text you when we're done. It will probably take two hours or something. We're gonna grab pizza after that.”

“Oh, I see,” Stan gave a fatigued smile, nodding sleepily against him. “I'll probably be with Kenny.” He leaned his forehead to him, his eyes still closed. “Cartman's showing us his new dorm room today after Dairy Queen. We're probably gonna get baked there or something. Hope you have fun.”

“Thanks,” Craig hung his pouf back on the wired caddy. A set of hands moved up to his chest with arms pressed to him. Enjoying the embrace becoming tighter, leaning into it. “Ha, yeah. Don't think it'd be as great, though... Without you, that is.” His eyes drift from the cracked tiles to the suds floating over the drain.

Craig allowed himself to snort at the last response, “And seriously, Eric Cartman? Wasn't he too good to go to the same college as us? Why the fuck is he here in Denver? They didn't want his ass in Portland anymore?”

“I dunno. He just said he got really bored or something.”

An upturned palm raised at the shower head. Warmth slid along Stan's forearm under the water
jetting at him. After getting his face and hair soaked, Stan slicked some of the strands behind his ears after pushing them away from his eyes. It was one of those peaceful mornings when they weren't fighting over the shower head. Today, they cooperated and learned how to adjust in the cramped tub. Craig moved slightly, letting his partner reach forward to retrieve the body wash.

“Let me take care of that for you. I'll get your back, honey,” Craig offered, fingertips already wiping over his hand.

Palm dropping over his, the teal rag was handed to him. He wrung the water from the weighted cloth and started at his shoulders. After pouring another generous amount of soap on it, he wets it again rubbed foamy diagonal lines up and down his damp skin.

“Oh, feels great,” the noiret sighed. He caught his bottom lip between his teeth.

“Don't even think about it.”

“I'm not doing anything,” Stan chuckled softly as the rag was squeezed again. He pressed his eyes shut again and bowed his head.

The heat from the shower felt so relaxing. Craig noticed that the bite marks he gave him on his neck are slowly fading into lighter splotches. He resumed scrubbing lower, ignoring the lithe muscles that flexed on his back and the water running down the crack of his ass. He didn't want to have sex again. Well, of course he did, but not now. They had fifteen minutes to spare, but Craig would much rather take him later on than to spoil it now.

Placing the rag away, Craig lets his hand skim Stan's side after massaging him. His attention immediately anchored to a wild purple blemish that blossomed on his hip with red flecks. With the tips of his fingers, he touched it. Stan winced slightly. Pain pinched his eyebrow, causing the other man to frown.

“I don't remember giving you that,” Craig stated in a vexed tone. Though, he could have panicked.

“It's from our last drill,” Stan dismissed, cleaning his chest and underarms. “I play sports. You've seen me with worse, babe. I wouldn't worry too much about it.”

His head dipped while the running water splashed over his neck.

“Wow. All of that for a shiny teacup on sticks, huh?”

“Uh, yeah. You mean a trophy? Dude. You didn't complain when I wore those pants for you and got us to the championships last year. They don't even look like that.”

All heated up for some apparent reason, Stan would be sure to break into a fiery rant soon. The best method for shutting up his high-strung self would be the next move Craig does soon. He had Stan's chin directed to him by his hand and he kissed him. Just a brief connect. Nothing too sensuous.

He'd been meaning to give him a quick and firm peck, but the other nineteen-year old's tongue somehow slithered inside his mouth and did a slow twist. He wasn't going to complain about it either. Stan felt Craig melt into it and they made out for a full twenty seconds. Craig pulled back, dragging the shower curtain fully open. His whole body dripping, he stepped out of the bathtub onto the mat, securing a towel around his waist.

“Get ready for tonight, babe.”
Tiny stars twinkling in his eyes, Stan's cheesy smile broadens and he reached for the shampoo next.

Condensation and water drops. Chubby pillars attached to a clear plastic cup clung to it while the ice sloshed around in a caramel frappe. Two young men bicker at the foot of cement steps.

Thin lips separated from a drinking straw, “That doesn't count Kahl.”

“Yes it does, Cartman.”

“I'm tellin' ya. Skinny abs don't count. You gotta bulk up, brah. It's all about muscles and mass now and you'll never land any sweet bitches if you don't get off your ass, shovel down some protein bars, and do some serious ass crunches!”

“Right. Like you do, fatass?”

“Exactl–Ay! I'm not fat, I'm buff!”

“Yep, that's right. Keep explaining yourself, lardo.”

With a smug look, Kyle Broflovski pulled his pocket tee down and folded his arms before an orange arm stretched and looped around his and Cartman's shoulders. A sniff of derision is being heard across from him, which the green hat gentleman ignored.

Emerald eyes met tendrils of sandy blond. They would stew there for a moment and beam brightly at the two college kids who were going at it, was none other than Kenny McCormick. White sick mask down to his neck, there was a smattering of freckles going on at the bridge of his nose. Almost as dominant as Kyle’s, but his blended in a bit more. A dazzling expression on his tanned face while he hugged both of them close to him, receiving grimaces from each side. The corners of his elbows connected to their necks, Kenny gave a lopsided grin.

“Lovely weather we're having today,” the blond mused. “Pretty spectacular, isn't it?”

Cartman's lips slanted and he rolled his eyes, “Eh. Fuck off, Kenny.”

“Now, you see that was uncalled for, fatty. What were you gentlemen discussing again?”

“Abs,” Kyle clarified, trying not to sound miffed.

“Oh,” Kenny tapped his lips with his finger. “I see.”

Just for that, it had been one of the long silences that drifted more than it was necessary. While a pair of sky blue irises that skim over each of them, Eric scrunched up his nose uncomfortably and looked away with an annoyed sound.

The same neatly combed chestnut brown hair. His complexion still held on to the bits of pudginess he maintained as a child. Still corpulent, but he's now sculpted with visible muscle, surprisingly. Rather Kyle would want to admit it or not, he really bulked up in a less grotesque way. Not to mention he's the accredited defensive lineman at the university's varsity football team. Something Cartman would never dream of doing as a child, but his hefty build sure did have its advantages. The whole football thing. It'd be more of a status and power thing for him. On most days they
played, he would barely lift a finger or break a sweat. Stan would do all the work.

The sun broke out in the overcast sky and Cartman wiped his nose with his sleeve. He thought the piddling conversation was put to an end there, but then Kenny ran his mouth, “Oh yeah! I got those!”

Band-aid covered fingers wrung his hoodie up to his torso and Eric muttered 'unbelievable' in a bitter tone while stepping back and rubbing the invisible dirt off his arm.

There was light pitched tittering from a group of young women that walked past them and equally some looks of disgust from another herd of people that strode by. The glass door exits swung open and closed many steps behind them and the brunet shook his head in distaste at the washboard sleek stomach that is being displayed out in the open with a down-turned bellybutton.

Cartman gawked and pointed, “Those aren't abs, asshole!”

This earned the mama's boy a signature eyebrow waggle, revealing his teeth through a foxy grin.

“Really? Then what are they?” Kenny husked.

“Not fuckin' abs!” Cartman bellowed with his balled fists. “I'm callin' the campus cops. Get outta my school! –Help! Security! Trespasser!”

Kenny chortled. Meanwhile, Kyle blinked out of his pensive gaze and rolled his eyes. If he were more in the mood he'd shove Eric, call him a jerkoff, and tell him to go fuck himself. Even for this age now, he thought his exaggerations were insensitive and ridiculous. Kenny wasn't a stray dog, he was their friend. Of course he doesn't go to college, and of course, he followed them all the way to Denver to visit them from South Park. None of that should matter. This location is where primarily most of the graduates of their class have moved onto and if he wanted to tag along with them... then, that's fucking great.

It still rubbed Kyle the wrong way how Eric Cartman could be as high and mighty as he wants, then complains about the shit stains he gets in his underwear. Kenny's laughter bubbled through the air after he got a hold of Eric's gut and gave it a merry shake. Jogging footsteps rushed behind Kyle after the stocky boy swung at him and missed. The tittering blond gripped his shoulders.

“Goddamnit!”

Some of his frappe spilled on the asphalt. A little snort left the jew and he cachinnated, rolling his head back. At the sound of the high pitched howl, the brunet's cheeks switched from pink to magenta. He grinds his teeth at the guy. A huge part of him had been dead set on coming up with the cruelest comeback for the Kyle then and there when another familiar face emerged in the background.

Eyebrows furrowed, Cartman relinquished with a stare, mumbling curse words under his breath and sipping from his dark green straw. The male dug out his phone from his khakis. The fit of laughter in front of him almost ceased abruptly, when their dark-haired friend poked his head up between the crowd, climbing down the steps towards them.

“Stan!” Kyle hollered, instantly recognizing him.

Kenny yelled after, “Hey Stan!”

Stan waved lazily at his pals. To his right in an oversized Supreme shirt and a pair of baggy sweats, Clyde Donovan was giving him a play by play of the last game. He spoke animatedly to him,
mentioning the postseason playoffs. In eight more steps, the duo finally graced towards them and Stan would have to prepare himself.

With open arms, the first thing Kenny would not do is barrel into him for a huge hug. Well, that was a lie. Orange arms clutching him around his waist. He nuzzled Stan's zaffre Champion tee, sniffing the mountain spring fabric softener on it. After a stage of awkward blinking, Stan's eyes flit back and forth and he looked up at his friends, earning a head tilt from the portly one.

Stan's eyebrows winged under his split bangs and he twisted around, gripping his shoulders, “Did you just grab my ass?”

Chin again his stomach, Kenny's lips split into a gleeful smile.

“Wassup, fag?” Cartman greeted. Clyde leaned in towards Stan's ear and whispered something in it. The other footballer nodded idly and turned away from the other guys for a short while. Observing them from a sideways glance, the dents at the corners of Cartman's mouth deepen. The blond unlocked his limbs around Stan and the footballers faced the group again.

“Gonna catch up with Craig,” the brown-eyed jock waved off. “See ya later, bro.”

“Ay, ay, ay! I see you! Where do you think you're going?” The heavyset male screamed at the about-face and broad back that was turned to him. “Well fuck you too, Clyde! You better have my money!”

That screeching. It sounded like dragging nails on a chalkboard. Kyle dug a finger in his ear and tossed an irritated glance at Cartman with one eye shut. They each waved when Clyde walked off. A little while after that, Stan worked his jaw to ask about the money thing. The upcoming words had been intercepted by Kenny's liveliness. He finished buzzing around them like a happy bee and elbowed the athlete in the shoulder. Lashes fluttering upward, Stan faced him.

“So we were discussin' stuff,” Arms folded behind his head, Kenny spoke.

“Oh, what kinda stuff?” Tone gentle with a hint of curiosity, Stan answered.

“Well, Buttman was bein' a dick, sayin' our abs didn't count,” the blond jabbed at the wide figure across from them with his thumb. “Maybe we can shut him up. Show him some real ones.”

“Oh yeah?” The noiret's forehead wrinkled slightly, showing amusement when he raised his eyebrows.

Cartman lowered his voice, it droning into a dramatic sigh. “Oh my god, Kenny. Shut up. We've already seen Stan's abs a million times,”

"Stan's fuckin' ripped, dude,” yapped Kenny.

Feet on the move, the four already started towards the blond's beat up Chevy. With Kenny snickering in front, they stepped around the tall shrubbery of the bricked building. A girl in a cami top holding a spiral notebook grinned at Kenny while they gait past.

“Mean... yeah, it's cool,” Stan confessed. He scooped the red straps of his backpack, hooking them under his thumbs. “I don't think I wanna lift my shirt up anymore or anything. Especially, since it'd be too embarrassing for this dickhole over here.”

“Shut the fuck up, Stan,” Cartman's shrill shout sliced through the heavy bass of a passing vehicle. ‘Fuckin' mattress muncher!’”
Kyle glowered.

They stride past another crop of students and a few cars. Of course, Eric Cartman blasting his foghorn voice would be the norm now. From any walking distance, other students would ignore him or pretend he doesn't exist, and he would have the nerve to continue too. Kyle bit his tongue.

“At least my ass isn't sore from getting anally raped by Craig,” the double-chinned brunet waved. “Of all the gays, you settle with that bone jumper. Where is that vag, anyway? Aren't you late for your daily meat injection or something?”

“He's with Token and Clyde,” a grin unfurling after that. “Oh, and the meat injection one, classic. That was even funnier than the fiftieth time you said it,” Stan quipped. “Not that I wasn't getting piped down or anything since twelfth grade. Or maybe even before that, who knows?”

Nor shock or surprise, none of it played on his tongue. He and Craig made love several times. It wasn't a secret anymore. Still till this day, bringing that up would probably land Stan in hot water if Craig heard. At least he could say it while he's not around. Over the years Stan's gotten more lippy with it. He was always the sluttier and less discreet one.

Kenny's tropic blues danced, catching a part of what was just said. “Can't rape the willing, numbnuts.”

“You know that's right,” Kyle pointed. Though, to his knowledge, it was more than likely that he himself is half a virgin. He canceled out most of Cartman's words out with the thoughts of punching his hefty ass across the parking lot. The violent image is quickly put to ease when he noticed that his super best friend is distracted by something else. A shoulder distance away from Kyle, Stan stared ahead.

The unpleasant words simply phased through him like an invisible cloak, when he caught Craig climbing out of Clyde's car. Token and Clyde huddle along with him, backs against the trunk. From the looks of it, they were laughing at something on Craig's phone. Stan's pupils instantly dilated when his boyfriend looked his way, waved, and shot him a Mona Lisa smile. He had on one of those tight baseball t-shirts that showed off his lean shoulders and his chest, and wore loose jogger pants with them. They would have to be thirty feet away. Even from a distance, Stan felt a deeper urge to run his fingers through his hair right now. He already did that this morning and he misses it.

With hooded eyes Stan's attention shift back to Kyle's direction.

He noticed the change in his friend's face but did not sense the pair of hands that crept up from behind him to yank his shirt up. There was a high pitched, “Fwoop!”

“Kenny!” he gasped.

Craig was mouthing his vape pen while Clyde took notice and pointed at the Main Four's direction. The other noiret didn't lift his eyes, though. As for the not-so-serious case of 'who dunnit', Stan would be right. In a blur of orange, the sandy blond scampered beside Cartman and rests an elbow on his wide shoulder. Feeling a tad disrespected, Stan reached to pull his top down again. To his annoyance, they were all gaping at him. Their eyes bulged, practically glued to his figure.

At that moment, Stan never felt more vulnerable in the circle they stood. He didn't know what they were looking at, but he really wished they would stop. Outraged at the sight, Kyle actually leaned in so close, he could fall. Like a mother inspecting her crying injured toddler, he reached over and
grabbed Stan by the hem of his shirt and raked it up to his chin with his pale hand.

“Dude!” Kyle expressed, appalled. “What the fuck did Craig do to you?”

There was an assortment of marks on the athlete's stomach and chest, in places where it looked like teeth sunk into. The three gentlemen in front of Stan would actually see indents where the molars buried questionably deep into his flesh. The mottled eggplant colored flesh with reddish dots. Or, simply put – like bruises but bigger, just with teeth. He'd see some of it on his neck, but this was becoming too ridiculous to Kyle. The whole point was to look at his abs, not the live version of someone's sick kink blog on Tumblr.

All of that would be of lesser importance now because it looked as his friend Stan needed to be tested for rabies. The marks definitely stood out over his taut skin. Kyle thought it was offensive. Though, the idea is entirely a different story for Kenny. The sight was both captivating and arousing to him. He remarked that the bites were the size of Texas. The total opposite for Kyle and very shocked in the least, the male with the red curls removed his hand from the fabric and took a step back.

“Nothing I didn't want,” Stan stated loftily. Although, he wouldn't be half as offended if they weren't all giving him the fisheye. Exasperated by it all. “What? Jesus Christ, you act like you've never seen hickeys before. You should know about that stuff. You have a girlfriend, dude.”

“Rebecca is a very respectful woman and we're very happy with taking our time,” Kyle reminded, raising his voice.

Cartman coughed, “–Liar.”

“Look. We've been standing here for almost a minute and I'd really like to try out my game,” Stan tapped the toe of his sneaker against the tar. “Can we go now?”

“No,” Kyle replied tersely. “This issue has gone around long enough. We really need to get to the bottom of this. Today.”

Lips forming into a thin line, with furrowed brows Stan raised his head up, “What issue? What the fuck are you talking about?”

“This sex thing – you have with Craig,” half whisper, half shout.

“Oooh,” Eric whooped.

Kenny dug into his hoodie pocket and jingled his keys.

“Look. I'm really happy that we're in college too Stan, and that you guys finally worked things out, but I just think a lot of the stuff you and Craig do... is a bit excessive, and should be expressed privately,” his flame colored eyebrows creased in motion with concern.

Kyle cut off him when he opened his mouth, “I'm gonna be completely honest with you. I feel like whenever we're hanging out, you're always distracted by sex. I miss it when it when we were kids. We use to chase after ice-cream trucks and do normal shit. Remember that? Like today, I really want to show you this new game I got, and it'd be really nice if you'd be more discreet with Craig and tone it down a bit.”

“We do do it in private, dude,” Stan argued. “And since when did we have a normal childhood?”

“You really want me to go there?”
“Go where?”

“Breh, he's not gonna get it,” Cartman gibed. He sipped coffee again and shook his half-empty cup.
“Let me handle it, Kyle.”

Spinning gracefully to Stan's direction, the wide male cupped the footballer's shoulder with his chubby hand and steered him away in another direction. What's left of his refreshment is clutched in his right hand, and they finally make it towards the side of Kenny's Chevy. Not really paying attention, the blond made himself busy, adjusting the silver tape on his frayed seat belt.

“You gotta stop fagging out, man,” Cartman leaned in.

Stan's narrowed his eyes into diamond shaped slits, “What?”

“You gotta stop fagging out. It's not cool,” that earned Cartman a grunt from his childhood classmate after he shrugged his hand off him.

“Okay then, bye,” Stan turned around. No motivation to snark. It was that quick.

Cartman's mouth hung open, “Hey don't walk away, asshole. I'm not done with you yet.”

“Oh, I think you said enough. In fact, you're actually the last person that I need lecturing me with any type of thing, let alone my sex life. Let's just go to Dairy Queen and see that fucking dorm already. I'm getting hungry again and all I had was an apple for breakfast, buttwipe.”

“That's not even the issue,” Kyle called loudly from the window of the passenger's seat. “You always ditch us.”

Cartman nipped at his chewed up straw, “Yeah, it's true. You guys fuck a lot.”

“No we don't. We don't have sex all the time,” the noiret deflected, sounding stiff and perturbed.

“Well, that's kind of hard not to believe, since you guys keep putting it out there,” fleered the redhead, arm hanging from the rusty truck door. He glared over at Stan's reflection from the side view mirror and his super best friend glared back at him. “And yes you do.”

“Okay, then name another time where I ditched you guys to get off then.”

“I can name ten,” Kyle grouch.

Stan's forehead creased and he spared a glance over at Kenny. From the looks of it, he had been cozying up to his warm can of Double Dew and a nudie Penthouse magazine he retrieved from his glove department.

“Alright. That's good enough for me, then. I'll just smoke at home then, fuckers.”

Indignant sigh, he didn't want to hear his friend elaborate anymore. Stan moved to the right side window and motioned with his hand to retrieve his video games back. After Kenny adjusted his sick mask, he casts a look concern to Stan and then one of disdain at Eric. Halfway in the driver's seat, with the door open, he pulled his long legs inside the vehicle, and there was unzipping of a backpack beside him.

Stan drummed his fingers against the edge of the truck door. He held a look of impatience flashing in his pupils now, which made Kyle more irate.

“Chance Miller saw Craig pee on you,” he muttered suddenly. Low pitched, still holding onto the
disk with his fingers like crab pincers.

Stan nearly lost his breath. “What?”

“Last Saturday, when you said you had an injury from your last drill. You flaked out on laser tag with us, to have sex,” the scholar added. “Chance said he saw you.”

“Dude no. Stop,” Stan warned. An unpleasant rush of anger seared through him and he felt it burn through his cheeks, “Did you guys just not see that humongous black mark I got on my hip? Why the fuck would I be lying about that? All I did was sleep, lie around, and eat pizza rolls. Craig wasn't even home, he was at work.”

Kyle stuffed his hands under his underarms and glared through the window shield during the rant.

“Also, fuck that douchebag. I only have one class with him. We don't even know each other that way and he got fucking evicted. You're seriously gonna trust his word over mine?”

“Butters was there,” Kyle stated accordingly.

The noiret hesitated after placing his disc away. Kyle repeated it and added, “Butters saw it.”

“Oh my god,” An exaggerated sigh from Stan and his grip tightened on the strap of his backpack again.

Hearing what was shared Cartman guffawed, with a contemptuous draw of breath. Gripping his stomach and he crouched over, “Oh, ow! My tummy!”

The evil cackle increased next level in volume, which was pretty unnerving to the jock.

“Just get in the truck, Stan,” his exhausted friend suggested. “We'll talk civilly about it later.”

“No. You guys can go on ahead without me. I'm tired of being the one pushed around over here. You can go have your fun,” he Stan bit out scathingly. “I've got last minute homework to do, anyway.”

“What do you need help on?” Kyle answered, his voice a bit lighter this time.

Nothing.

Stan wanted to tell him that they murdered his mood and buried it. The strap over his palm now secured tighter in his grip. The jock had been meaning to shout a petty insult before storming off. He took a step backward and felt something solid flushed against him.

In a few seconds or less, Stan's eyes were quickly obscured by a pair of hands covering them. He wanted to react impulsively and wrench himself away from the intruder, but a warm wave of familiarity sets in, while the hold on him loosened.

Head tilting upward, Stan glanced between the gaps of long fingers removed from his face. He found Craig looking down at him, a faint smile tugging on his lips. Whatever Stan had been upset about now, had been completely diminished by his presence.

The ballplayer greeted absently. “Hey, baby. What are you doing here?”

Their lips joined and separated with a small smack. Stan didn't know what was going to happen next, but Craig's eyes had been fixated on the Tweek Bros. Coffeehouse insignia since he walked over there. The other noiret wormed his way from his boyfriend's hold, causing him to receive a
confused glance. His shadow increasingly becomes smaller over Cartman, when he approached him and casually knocked over his drink.

Half melted ice spilled over like an avalanche. The puddle darkened the ground. Steam practically blew out of Eric's ears when Craig had just done that. Before Cartman could tag him with a witty remark, the truck shook when he'd been violently grabbed and shoved against it.

Kenny cursed at the impact of the weight and got out of his seat. Feeling a bit touchy about his property, the philanderer of the group glowered at the ruckus that was unfolding. Kyle mumbled something and followed. He unhooked his seat belt, the door shutting behind him.

“I knew I smelled a rat,” the male in the yellow puffball hat disparaged.

“Craig, what the fuck?” Cartman coughed.

Befuddlement encroached Stan's features. His significant other just rushed Eric Cartman.

He wanted to stop it. Or, did he?

A deep reflection of the thought. There had been plenty of fights instigated by the heavy sociopath that struggled against Kenny's car door. The loose tassels of Craig's chullo hat rest over his strong shoulders when he brought his face near the culprit.

Stan would bring himself into a short minute pause and only focus himself on the sinewy muscles and the curve of the biceps stretching under Craig's sleeve. His body looked incredibly toned today, and Stan didn't mind his thoughts being flooded with the wild and vivid fantasy of being pinned against Craig's bedroom door once and being viciously taken, while his parents and sister were downstairs watching tv. How they ever got away with that, Stan didn't know. He was just a pity fuck at the time, and Craig's been very generous, despite being rough around the edges.

Strangely enough, Cartman being forced against the truck was being replaced by \textit{him} in his head right now. So, watching this... Stan thought it was kind of... hot?

“What the hell is going on now,” the redhead caved in.

Yeah, what's going on?” Kenny asked.

Eric's shirt is twisted Craig's grip. Craig would avoid that hungry and confused stare he received from his boyfriend at his other end. He only half chuckled and leaned in closer, “It's a funny story, really. You guys are gonna get a kick out of this.” The bridges of his eyes sharpened and he forcefully shoved Cartman again, making the not so sturdy brunet shout out.

“Ow! Ey, knock it the fuck off, Craig!” Shove! “Craig–” grunt. “Quit it!”

The commotion rattled him. Cartman had been expecting the righteous hero Stanley Marsh to interfere and say some majestic bullshit or 'something like that', but instead the football athlete idly stood by and shoved a stick of gum inside his mouth, while his boyfriend actively pummeled him around. Cartman would hold this against Stan for weeks, but he really needed that remastered Call of Duty and that Soul Calibur game from him. It'd be the whole reason why he ever invited him to his dorm.

“What'd he do this time?” the noiret queried.

Craig brought his torso up and finally looked over at Stan, not even worrying much that Cartman wore really bad sneakers, and is practically slipping and sliding in his vice grip, "It's a good one,
Stan walked closer with his hands in his pockets, “Day was kind of shitty,” he mumbled. “I could use one.”

“We can talk about it later,” Craig reassured. He turned back at Cartman and began neatening his shirt for him. “So, babe. You ever wonder why tubby over here walked around the school hallway with three whipped crème frappes per day?”

Sudden uncertainty poked at Stan, “I don't know, because he's fat?”

“This doesn't look good,” said a voice from a short distance.

While Token and Clyde were at a standby mode a few feet away, and both Kenny and Kyle trade looks at each other. There would soon be an increase in the number of people in the parking lot. This had been a scene straight out of grade school. A fight, perhaps. The other students would stop what they're doing, just to get a glimpse of it.

“How would you like it if I tell you that your little friend over her has been trading personal pictures of us for free lattes?”

“Not surprising,” Stan half commented to himself, giving himself a moment to gloss over that. “Wait a minute. What pictures, Craig?”
Burnt Cinnamon

Craig’s words practically tripped over his tongue, “I can't say.”

Dark eyebrows pulled upward again, “Why not?”

Stan slowed his chewing and sauntered towards the figures by the truck. Some of his untied shoelace from his converse dragged against the ground by his crinkled gum wrapper. He had forgotten to double-knot it again that time.

Over his face, a look of surprise and concern washed over it, the strong scent of spearmint fermented from his lips and burned through his nose. He couldn't fully decipher the stance and expression on Craig’s face, but there is a certain look that the other male gave that told him to 'stay put'. Of course, Stan would oblige for the moment being, but he still wondered what could it have been. While stepping to them, he eased his footing, noticing that they somehow have drawn a bigger crowd around them. Another group of students corralled around them from different angles. A sure indication that things weren't okay.

“All I heard was free coffee,” Stan said, confused. “I thought we're cool with Tweek.”

“We are,” his rival turned boyfriend admitted aloud, breaking eye contact. “At least... that's what I thought.”

“I don't get it, then,” the athlete added. “He said we're perfect for each other. So, what's the problem here?”

“There's a new app called Play'd where you can expose cheaters in it, and we're naked in it.” Craig informed, eyes roaming dangerously over Cartman, “And apparently this chromosome deficient shit sack has been exploiting us for free drinks for three years.”

Stan nearly swallowed his gum. His jaw went tight. “What?”

“Two,” corrected Cartman.

“Soothe your boobs, Stan,” the stocky male reasoned. “So, I had a frap with Wendy, she showed us a couple of nudes in the back and deleted them. The pics are old, they're gone. You should be grateful, at least you're not ugly.”

The fierceness in Craig's glare increased.

“That should be illegal,” Kyle exacted his bitterness under his breath, appalled by the mention of the app.

“Illegal or good pay, Kyel?” Cartman emphasized. Not really having to look at him this time. He knew those emerald eyes on that ridiculously spotted face are rolling at him right now and judging the shit out of him. “You know you and Craig could be making real money, right? All of that fucking you guys do.”

He glanced up at the quarterback's constricted pupils.

“He's not interested,” a voice of disapproval rang over Cartman's head.

“I didn't ask you, Craig.”
Again, the brunet insists.

“I’m just sayin’. Dude, have you even seen your own dick? There are plenty of loaded old guys that run that site who’d be willing to pay real cash for quality jizz like that,” Cartman explained to Stan, meeting his shocked gaze. “Wendy didn't even pull up the one of you tugging it in the bath, so it’s cool. Just jerk off a little, upload a few of that, and we can share a few grand. You're not even fully naked in there, it's just you in a lame Santa hat, sucking on a gay ass candy cane. She even used those big eggplants and flustered emojis to cover you up. It's not like the whole world hasn't seen your balls anyways.”

Craig's cheeks burned. “You just told Token that there are gifs!” he barked. “Nobody's selling attachments of my boyfriend, and getting away with it! If you guys got any dirt on me too, then let me find out, so I can bust your face in!”

“And get expelled from the campus,” Cartman's eyes crinkled as he squinted. He lowered his vocals with a derisive tone, craning his thick neck upward. “Sounds like a pretty smart move, Craig. We all know what happened since your last violation a year ago,” narrowing his eyes some more. “Or would you like to double the penalty this year?”

“He's bluffing,” shouted Clyde. Balled fists and voice raised.

The audience thickened and a swirl of voices emanate around them.

“So, my dick's all over the internet again, what else is new?” Stan said, suddenly depressed. “You guys, we've already went through this already. Why are we digging it up in Denver?”

“Because...”

Surely, Cartman should have known better, but that didn't stop his scheming copper irises from drifting further down the hem of Stan's shirt, resting above his groin. Interest and disgust automatically shadowed Cartman's features. He could barely make out bulge of his package, but there it is. Nice and hard, pushing and kneading against the center of his long cargo shorts. Remembering what got him there in the first place, Eric's grimace tightened.

“Tell ya what, Stan. Get your dildo off of me and maybe I'll let you in on a little deal.”

“Dude, fuck you!” thundered the noiret. “You just said you shared naked pictures of me with Wendy. How does that even happen? She hates you. You can seriously get bitten by a rattlesnake or die in a pit after this for all I care. If I get fired from work again because of this, you're dead to me.”

“Stan,” Cartman grumbled, the heat growing on his face from his neck again. “You're not listening.”

The muscular dystrophy thing, hardly a joke to the conservative attired brunet. Cartman still struggles with it until this day. He wasn't going to explain it to Stan anymore, or has his slimy friend forgotten? More so, his anger had been skyrocketing as well, since Craig is hurting him and Stan hasn't put a stop to it. It didn't matter if he got along with his boyfriend or not, he was being fucking attacked. And by that, it earned the sporty boy a vehement outcry of sorts.

“What the fuck?!” the brunet squawked, completely knocked out of his state of thinking. Still glaring at the ridge in the noiret’s pants before lifting his eyes up. “Are you actually getting off to this?”

Another jolt of anger spiked Craig. He really wanted to dunk Cartman after that. Not being as
nearly as territorial or possessive as his noisier other half, but the public indication of his boyfriend's hard-on had really ignited something in him. That made him furious. Whatever business that went on in Stan's pants, it was *all his.* Other people shouldn't know about it, he didn't want them looking at it. There had to be at least twenty people and counting in the crowd now.

To be scrutinized for something that's completely natural to him, Stan gravitated towards them more with his fists in his loose pockets. With a light scoff, he gave an unapologetic glare and loosened his fingers.

No one had realized this, but the whole time they were fighting, Stan had gone through another unpleasant trip down memory lane. Pegged by the horrific images of Wendy, his girlfriend at the time, whom he trusted so much... whom he sent racy attachments and sext messages to. The ones that she swore up and down, that she said she deleted. As for all of the traumas, guessing from here, this would be his fifth Vietnam. He stopped keeping track of those a long time ago.

The anxiety written all over Stan's face jarred Craig out of his deep thinking. While the sight of the scene grew more problematic, this wouldn't be the first or last public confrontation for any South Parker has ever dealt with, either. A scene common amongst any catastrophe they've received, there would at least be a group of four or five bearing witnesses to their calamity - if it's not usually the whole town.

Only a few steps away now, the footballer's knuckles turned white when he dug his fingers into his palms. There would be that uneasy feeling again, but Stan's eyes equally glint with a heavy demand. The pictures are old news, but he wanted to be mad, and being a former victim of revenge porn, this was no laughing matter to him. Stan seized his rampant thoughts again, allowing himself to breathed and be forced to the present.

“That's actually not funny,” the young adult remarked darkly, facing Craig. Stan's lips formed into a watery line. “You told me it's going to be a good one. I'm not laughing.”

A major kick in the gut, Craig could sense a hint of pain in that angry voice.

Thoroughly dissatisfied that he hasn't knocked the lights out of Eric Cartman yet, he spun away from Stan's direction and faced him again. The brunet's simper quickly faded when he noticed that hostile green torch burning in Craig's eyes again. Staring back with murderous intent, Craig lunged towards Cartman and swings.

“Fuck him up, Craig!” Clyde screamed a distance ahead of them. “Kick him in the dick! *Drag him!*

“Fuck you, Clyde!”

The crowd went wild. Craig’s knuckles barely grazed his chin and then after that pools of Cartman's eyes widen when he had been hooked like a sandbag with before he collapsed to the ground. Weighing over 300 lbs, he thought he had a bit of an advantage – at least a little bit after grade school. Somehow, he calculated that all wrong.

“Not so great of a linebacker now, are you?” Craig insulted.

All the students that bared witness howled when the brunet was tossed, and of course, Kyle's whoop was the loudest. That happened a little bit after he uttered *holy shit.* Unable to celebrate for his friend completely, the wicked grin plastered on Clyde's vanished when he noticed the chatter of attractive girls behind him. Two blondes.
“These are the freshmen from South Park?” A blonde wearing a body-hugging pastel dress scoffed in disdain.

“Ew. What a bunch of neanderthals! You'd think they learned as seniors already not to pick fights in a public parking lot. What the fuck are they doing?” the other woman scoffed.

The first one crossed her arms, “What did you expect from people who lived in the middle of nowhere, Lexi? They say you can move a hick out of town, but…”

Ohh, Lexi, with glazed over eyes Clyde chimed in his mind, interested. However, she did not feel the same. Each girl gave Clyde a dirty scowl.

“Losing points here, bro,” Shaky breath, Clyde muttered that to his dark complexion friend just now, swallowing his next words. All at the same time, he's suddenly embarrassed and sweating bullets now. He really hoped that he could make up for being uncouth without resorting to a funny punchline or a wise quote he read off of his Facebook feed. From the looks of it, he doesn't have to. More than a few steps ahead of him, Token sprints towards the two figures and locked his arms around Craig's torso before he launched his fists at Cartman. Craig barely missed stepping on Cartman. To save face, Clyde rushed in and tackled his best friend.

Token spoke waveringly while Craig breathed hot air through his nose, “Dude, chill. You're not getting kicked out of school yet. There'll be plenty of times where we can handle that. Right now, this isn't the place to do it, man. Don't sink to his level. We need you.”

“He's not worth it,” Clyde reprimanded.

“Let me go,” Craig demanded with his friends' arms linked around his, “I know what you guys are doing. I just wanna talk to him.”

“Nope, no can do. The last time you said that you ended up in the back of a police car for breaking that Wilson kid's jaw. Don't even try to correct me on this one, you still need to last long enough to see my Range Rover today,” explained Token.

“Yeah, let's save the real violence for the party. If he shows up, that is,” with half-lidded eyes Clyde rose up to support Craig. Reaching up, he placed his hand on his shoulder, trying to calm him down some more. Kenny and Kyle each trade looks again and Stan pulled his eyes from the ground.

“Whoa, let's not get carried away now. I never said I invited him,” mumbled Token. “Craig, relax.”

“Welp, that got boring fast,” a fraternity member with a bowl cut stated. His hair is golden lemon shade and his voice sounded flighty, despite what just transpired seconds ago. Cartman's gaze broke away from staring at the crusted mud on Kenny’s tires. Instantly recognizing their former elementary school classmate, he flipped him off, tilting his body to the side.

“Shut up, Bradley! Your sister's a fat bitch!” Cartman dropped his hand and rested his wrists on his bent knees.

“Oh well,” Bradley glared, searching for something new to say. “At least I didn't bang her, thunder cunt!” the student pardoned himself with a small gesture before walking away. While beaming proudly at how swift his comeback is, Bradley Biggle swung his arms leisurely. Now taking a few strides, that morphed into a slight jog. Bradley broke into a dash and then bolted out into a distance.

“You're fat too, blubber guts!” Bradley screamed.
Hands in his pockets, Stan navigated past Cartman when he muttered 'dick' under his breath. He reached up and rested his cool palms over his boyfriend's cheeks, the joints of his fingers nestle underneath the flaps of his hat. The red tinge on Craig's face had reduced to a few shades and then a faint one. He bowed his head down slowly to Stan, so they could lock eyes better with him.

Cartman rubbed his ass, complaining. “What are you doing now?”

“Do you mind?” Craig glared.

“Just give us a moment,” Stan averted his focus away from him. They spoke at the same time, really after that, he didn't want to talk to Cartman at all. Both replied technically in unison. Almost. Craig's voice overlapped his a bit more, while he felt his cheeks being held. He closed his eyes, ignoring the loud truck horn being aggressively honked next to him. The last beep extends from a hand prolonged pressed against it.

“Let's go already! I'm hungry!” Kenny muffle-yelled through his mask. The yell ended in a grunt after his stomach growled for the sixth time. Granted, he's been waiting all morning too, to eat something. He didn't want the fight to stretch any longer, to miss out on his burger and ice-cream.

Craig leaned in and whispered something into Stan's ear.

“I swear to god, I'll be so happy when you fags are dead,” Cartman muttered with a venom dripping from him, picking his body up from the ground. Both of his dirtied palms wiped over his pants and tiny pebbles dropping from it, he smeared some blood from his wounded finger onto the creased fabric of his shirt.

Stan's eyebrow's pinched, feeling Craig’s warm damp lips press against his forehead.

“Good work, Cartman,” Kyle remarked. “Bet you won't try that again.”

“Eh.”

Craig, Token, and Clyde glared towards an injured Cartman who's holding his arm.

“Stan, you still comin’?” a certain blond had a hopeful look in his eyes. Beside the green-hatted boy, Kenny just asked that. There was a wave of decline from his sporty friend, that zapped some of the good energy out of him.

The back door of the 4x4 shuts loudly when the cranky brunet climbed in. He avoided the Jew's look from the passenger's seat entirely from the front view mirror. Digging his hand into his pocket, Cartman distracted himself with a game on his large phone. There would still be open-ended questions that are left unanswered, but for now, he just really wanted to get out of there.

With a bummed look, Stan hooked his pinkie beneath Craig's fingers and lead him further away from the guys to talk. They faced Token and Clyde. The two nod at the couple and they bid their farewells at them.

STAN

Today 11:56 am

{ gonna crash in today sorry }  

Today 11:58 am
Cursor blinking in his text box, Kyle waited for a response. Glancing at the blue bubble on his screen, his eyebrows furrowed again. He could really use something to bump his head against now. The same distraught expression tainted Kenny's complexion when he learned of his forwarded message. Crushed completely, he vented a small sigh.

“We're still goin' right?” Kyle asked Kenny, pocketing his phone.

The male in orange hoodie nodded hesitantly, “Yeah.”

“Talk about a great way to end a semester. Now I feel like shit.”

“I wouldn't think too much about it, Kahl,” Fake optimism brewing with an indifferent shrug. Joining that, was the sound of an air compressed bag being opened and an artificial cheesy smell floating over the air. The incorrigible one of the group began munching loudly on a snack in the back seat. “I'm sure Stan'll come around. Once he figures out how remarkable the porn biz is.”

“Will you just shut up?!”

Squeaky noises from a floor above.

Soft sapphire irises lift up at the cracked ceiling.

“You didn't have to walk me home, Craig,” Stan pressed his back against a warm torso.

Seated on the carpeted floor of their small living room, he sat between his boyfriend's legs beside the oval glass coffee table, with nothing but a few items on it. Cigarettes, lighter, phone, remote. Already calling it quits for the day, Stan put on a pair of red flannel pajama pants and a charcoal colored hoodie that was fresh from the dryer. The jock had intended to lay low for the rest of the day and the evening. Sulk a little and play video games. His whole mind entirely made up after the quick skirmish that happened previously.

Friendship activities brushed aside for now, Craig chose to join up with Stan willingly to help him feel better with things. A Linkin Park tribute broadcasts on television in front of them. The last commercial fades to the One Step Closer music video. The older boy slouched over Stan, circling his arms around his waist. Craig's chin burrowed in the hollow part of his neck.

“I'm your boyfriend. Of course I have to,” said Craig.

“Well, I know that. Just don't do it so much you'll get tired of it. That's all,” Stan answered, shifting gently in his spot. “Thanks for that, by the way. You were really protective of me out there and stuff. Thought that was pretty cool. I could've handled it myself, though.”

Craig necked him lazily while he pointed that out.

“Thank Token and Clyde for me. If they weren't for them, that tub of lard's picture would be in milk cartons by now.”
“No, don’t kill him. I wanted to kick his ass too,” Stan mumbled, turning down the volume on their TV. “It's not like you can just get rid of him, anyway. He's actually a pretty cool person to hang out with when he's not like that.”

Craig sucked more purple marks over the old ones on Stan's neck.

“Yeah. He won't change,” frowning against his skin.

Tactfully deciding to put things behind, Craig dissolved the hanging words with a new and lesser topic. “You taste really good today. Not brackish at all, from all that football shit.”


“It's not nice to insult your boyfriend,” chided the green-eyed noiret, sucking over his clavicle.

Just a moment to reorganize his thoughts with his s/o. Stan's heart isn't beating as rapidly anymore, but he is still furious about what happened. With that said, Stan is really enjoying it. He flexed his fingers gently, brushing his fingers underneath Craig's hat. Finally, some privacy again, after all that occurred. At least, this wouldn't be too bad. Getting home to Craig always took longer than Stan had wanted during the weekdays, and while missing him he would get incredibly pouty. A dour beginning for the day, but at least he had Craig to himself again.

“Mmm, that's the spot,” Stan approved with a croon.

“Oh yeah?”

Stan licked his lips, “Yeah.”

That was all he could say. At the same time, this whole Aha, I didn't forget about that parking lot boner thing they talked about during their walk to the apartment, is slowly catching up to them. But this time, Craig wasn't as upset with it. The way that Craig defended him that morning, there was something about it that Stan thought was very irresistible. It was nice that someone wanted to fight for him for once. Though many times Craig told him to get used to it. Some of the anger from that porn app mentioned from earlier dissolved when a pair of lips descended to his. Stan puts the remote down on the couch cushion behind them. Mind becoming foggy, he permits this.

Stan craned his neck for Craig, allowing more access for his lips to travel over his skin. He moaned under him, really enjoying being tasted and nibbled on. Stan swallowed a bit, and a small sigh left him. His boyfriend tugged his ear with his mouth. A hand smoothed over Stan's stomach, drifting lower to the drawstrings of his pants. Craig's eyes flew open when he sensed his wrist being pulled. Half-lidded gaze, Stan stopped him.

“Craig, let's head back,” Stan said, sultrily gazing at him with his darkened pupils.

More than right now, he really needed to feel something – other than sadness, hunger, and boredom.

From childhood, he battled early on with his depression and alcoholism. The habit of drinking he shunted aside, much later on. It was quickly replaced as he transitioned to his adolescence phase. A bigger appetite for food and higher libido did that. Stan would still save a drink or two for an emergency, but the joy of sex quickly overshadowed it.

While Stan would think of a way to convince Craig to make out with him, before he heads out with his friends again, the phlegmatic teenager already caught on to that.
The more reserved one of the two rocked sideways, knocking them both to the floor. Craig crashed his lips to Stan's again. His tongue plunged, roamed, and pried deep in his oral receptor while their tangled bodies hit the ground. Gaining some rhythm, Craig slowly ground his hips against Stan. Already panting, low moans register from him and he slid his fingers in between Stan's, raising his hands over his head.

A series of grinding segued between them. With their mouths connected again, Craig dragged himself against Stan with a bit more force. His hardness had been no match for the thin joggers. He whispered breathily over his head, “Feel that?”

Stan massaged the shape of his cock, digging his fingers over the deep outline, “Jesus, you're really hard.”

The other male nodded feverishly at him. He swept his tongue over to his lips, pulling him into another deep and long kiss. Once their mouths separated, the blue-eyed gentleman threw his head back and panted while a pattern of hot kisses scourged his skin with more hickeys. Mouth attached to him, Craig trailed more up his collarbone, to his black stud earring. Between his lips, he took his ear in and bit down gently. He lets go of his Stan's hands. It wasn't long after that Craig went back to business and attacked with more hungry open-mouthed kisses.

Stan dug his fingers into his clothed ass. Their bodies gyrated while being pressed tightly together. A whimper broke from Stan, while his thighs were being clutched after hands slide around him. While Craig kissed down his jaw, he thought there is no way they're going to do it on the couch again.

“Room,” Stan growled. “Now.”

The request laid stagnant in the air and took a bit for Craig to recuperate before he registered that. He finally got up to make the move. On that note, Stan was scooped up into his arms. Being deep enough in their relationship for roles not to bother him anymore, the sports player wrapped his legs securely around his boyfriend's waist as Craig walked towards their bedroom.

Lithe but muscular in all the right places underneath his baggy pajamas, Stan was still light enough for Craig to pull off the ground. His back nudged partially shut door open while Craig's dominant tongue worked its way deeper inside his mouth. There were traces of orange juice and the faint salt of his tears in Stan's mouth. The second part, he didn't like so much.

Stepping forward, Craig punted his running sneakers off. He regarded his flame with a scorching look. Stan eased himself on the floor again with his hand placed on the back of Craig's neck, pulling him down to him and opening his mouth. Their kiss grew heavier and messier while the back of his knees touches the bed. Clear spit dripped from the corners of their mouths, as their tongues slide against each other's.

His own tee riding up his flat stomach, Stan webbed his fingers through Craig's black hair, and they stumbled clumsily over the neatly stitched comforter with a light bounce. His breathing hitching when his former foe firmly gripped his hips and pulled his body to him. Several wet bites over his leg and thigh. At the drawstring of his bottoms becoming loose, Stan smiled weakly at Craig. Violent yanks as his boxers and pants are being removed, Stan lifted his hips for him to discard them on the floor. Both his feet settle to the ground while his legs hung over the queen-sized bed.

The stoic teenager knelt in between his thighs while he positioned his hands over Stan's knees, spreading them further apart. Without anything left to restrict it, Stan's cock leaped near Craig's face. Through a thatch of wiry black hair, it was even juicier and mouthwatering than he
remembered. Though Craig has seen it almost daily by now and every detail of it burned into his skull, he couldn't help be still get excited being up close and personal with it.

Something close to God, I love being gay manifested in his mind while he mitigated his troublesome half-smile before going down again.

Stan's entire focus on Craig went blurry when he felt his lips wrap around the head of his cock. As his finger's curled around the base it of it, and the other dug into his pants, he flattened his tongue underneath it while his lips pulled back and forth over it. The heady aroma of Stan's arousal nearly made him dizzy. Going down on him, Craig decided he was going to savor his unique taste. As if he had all the time in the world, he bobbed his head slowly against him and hummed. A hint of fresh linen and pre-cum intermingled with his taste buds while he moved his tongue.

“Mmm...” Trailing off breathlessly. “Such a great cocksucker...”

Joggers stretched to his thighs, Craig inched closer while his heavy phallus fell on his hand. He sank gracefully to his knees, leisurely stroking Stan's cock and his own, as he mouthed the juicy head. A beautiful sight to behold for him after he drew back for oxygen. More clear substance dripped from the slit of his Stan’s cockhead and Craig flicked it and spirals it with the tip of his tongue before sipping it.

“Dude, are you stealing my moves again?” Stan half-moaned.

Somehow, he remembered the insanely weird competitions that took place in between them. Dick sucking is one of them. He already lost the bet at who fucks better ages ago. Oddly enough, this became a constant theme.

Accompanying the flat green eyes lifting below his dark lashes, Craig lips pooched around the mushroom tip. Letting go of himself, he replied with the best 'Fuck You' he could give. A single middle finger raised for the usage of the word dude. Without delay, Craig ran his tongue over the vein beneath his prick before placing his mouth over it. Butterfly kisses from the base to the tip, Craig brought his face back up and multi-tasked with his hand again, pumping his long shaft. Their cocks being tugged in both his fists, Craig surged forward and spat on the thick organ in front of him, lubricating it more. Stan chewed the inside of his lip, relishing the palm moving against his swollen flesh – and that mouth.

“Holy fuck, babe... your throat is so tight.”

He moved his hips rhythmically against the jerking of Craig's hand. Stan's breathing becomes more rapid when his dick slid back and forth in his fist at an increased speed. More moans of approval from him. Thigh being pushed down, his thrusting was steadied. Craig's tight lips circled around his length again. The tempo gradually gaining while he bobbed his head up and down and his hat wrinkled underneath both Stan's palms. Nearly almost every inch of him is pushed to the back of Craig's throat. The older teen engulfed him voraciously with a burgeoning speed. Until globs of his saliva darken the bed sheets, Craig continues to deep throat him. He multi-tasked, slicking Stan's member back and forth in furious pumps with own fist.

Stan gripped the blankets above him and trembled, “Don't make me come yet.”

A victory smirk broke in his face when heard a suppressed a gag. Knelt on one knee, Craig shortly plotted his revenge while he roughly wiped his chin with the back of his arm. With a razor sharp glare, he jerked Stan's arm and flipped him over the bed before he's lashed with a witty remark.
Cheek digging into the comforter, Stan hissed loudly at the pain. Before he could jerk his head up, Craig grabbed a fistful of his hair and shoved him back down again.

“Stay still,” Craig ordered, glaring at the body that was naked from the waist down in front of him. Stan protested and wiggled against him, knowing that it drives him nuts when he did that.

Laughter against the folds of the blankets, the jock smirked impishly, “Nah, I think I like messin' with ya. Fuck you, babe.”

What he didn't expect was the tight grip on his arm being released so soon. The other hand is still pressed over his head.

“What's that? You don't want me to fuck you?”

“Huh?”

Horror sliced through Stan, thinking the male above him misheard his remark, “No. That's not what I said.”

“Oh, but that's exactly what you said,” Craig said.

“No it isn't,” He wasn't going to explain himself. To the point of frustration, Stan's eyebrows furrowed. He ripped his gaze from the blankets and grumbled. “Craig, shut up. I really need this right now.”

“You don't need it,” the other male differed. “I think you like jackin' it alone. That one guy who watched us with Butters, what's his name? He'll listen to me better. Maybe I should fuck him instead.”

This is all a part of Craig's game. Harmless and consensual. Sometimes the couple pretended they were still rutting and say abusive things to one another to get off. Of course, it’d be one-sided clearly on Stan’s behalf. Hearing dirty words coming out of Craig's mouth was the ultimate finisher for him. That, and he knew from this point in the present he wouldn't mean such horrible things. The main idea was to get off. The other fifty percent was goaded competition. Competition is what drove Stan to perform better. He wouldn't be American without it. It was his bread and butter for any course of work. Yes, even in bed. He didn't mind being talked down on in the bedroom he thrived on it.

Prodded by the choice of dialogue, Stan curled his fingers over the loose comforter that stuck out in front of him. Stan brought his vision away from the headboard and felt a light caress over his backside, restraining the urge to grab him and flip him over. The sensation sunk in deep enough to electroshock every cell in his body. Just the right tingle. Stan frowned instantly at the absence of the touch. It was such a serious time for him. He wasn't really in a mood for any more jokes.

“Okay. Time's up, you're boring me,” Craig said that over him. He gave Stan's head another hard shove against the mattress before getting up to pull up his pants. Stan grit his teeth with his bangs screening over his eyes. Craig knew he was handsome. When Stan felt him move more than an inch, he reached and clamped his hand over his wrist.

“No, don't leave yet,” voice ripe with a sudden pitch of despair, Stan gave his arm a squeeze.

With a dissatisfied glare, Craig looked down at it and at his boyfriend again, “What will you do for me if I stay?”

The fingers uncurl from him slowly.
“Anything,” the young man breathed.

Craig frowned, “Nope, that won't work.” Stan pouts beneath him. “Let me rephrase this for you, Stan.” Crouching lower. “What will you do for me if I stay?”

The young man below faltered, “I'll finger fuck myself and let you watch me...”

“I'll lick your come off the floor... and smear it all over my face... Whenever I'm hard... it's all for you, babe.”

“I'll let you suck my dick in a church again... I'll let you have me anywhere in public...”

All of those dirty whispers ingrained deliciously in Craig's thoughts, as quickly as Stan finished reciting them.

“Craig please...”

“Please what?” the other male asked, seeming far away from him.

“Fuck the shit out of me,” Stan whispered shamelessly.

“So that's it, you just want me to fuck you,” Craig supplied in monotone, weighty cock laid bare against the split of his ass. Small tremors rolled down Stan's spine and he had his wrist pinned behind his back again. Stan wouldn't be too terrified to admit that he really loved his head being shoved to mattress like that. Along with the heat of his breath against the blankets, he made a soft sound. Against the bedding, his cock ached and leaked against it.

“No,” quiver. “I want more... I want you to drive it inside me and destroy me.”

“You shouldn't say that.”

“I want it.”

“How badly do you want it?”

“Like, I'd die without it...”

The worst part of it all, he wasn't joking. It’s been an incredibly bad day for Stan. Much like he lost his dignity in school again. He's not going to be an emotional dump truck again for Craig. Not when they’re like this, being intimate. Stan was over confiding to him. He wanted to be manhandled, pushed around, and forced to do things. Head dipping, he submits with his shoulders sloped forward.

“Okay,” approved Craig, taking the time to go over that. “I'll let you have it.” Rising up slowly, he kept a steady grip on him, “I think I've dragged this on long enough.”

Craig slid back and would grant himself enough room to process what he was going to do next. Surprising Stan, he jabbed his thumb into his entrance. Experimentally pushing it in deep in him, Craig earned a frustrated gasp below him. Not even facing that glare, but he knew it was there. A white flash of hatred erupted from Stan. He did not lash out or curse this time. Or he'd be labeled disobedient. All the while, Craig kept his expression neutral, he never has he forgotten one of his favorite all-time highs... pissing off Mister Straight Football Jock, Stanley Marsh. When Craig finished sliding and teasing his hole with the large and swollen head of his cock, he finally eased it inside.
Every inch counts. Craig sank his teeth to his bottom lip. He pushed himself deeper into his warm and tight hole, earning a sigh of content from him. A knee grooved into the mattress next to younger boy's hip, he altered his position, sinking his length into him. No preparations necessary. Craig supplied enough of his own pre-cum to make a great base lubricant with it. Plus, they've already done it enough times already. Halfway inside, he paused a beat. Stan's head lifts with the strands being pulled by Craig's hand.

“Use me...” he moaned.

Their lips glide from the next sensuous kiss shared. A hand tightly gripping Stan's hip, little by little, Craig's self-control dwindled. Every inch of him hurt. Palm still mashed against his boyfriend's face, he stalked over him and began bucking his hips steadily against him. Faster, deeper. That trademark bored look on his face slowly disappears. Craig's sharp eyebrows contort when he desperately surged forward and drove into his boyfriend with maddening desperate thrusts. Skin slapping against skin. Craig quickened the pace. His breathing becomes more erratic through his clenched teeth. With another burst of speed, Stan's cries melted into sobs. His sharp moans and Craig's rhythmic grunts drifted further into to the living room and kitchen.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?”

“Mmh— hh!” Stan groaned.

“My big cock pillaging your tight hole,” Craig pulled his hair tightly.

Stan breathed an uh-huh.

“Who fucking owns you?”

“—You do! Ah!”

His boyfriend leaned into his thrusts, “You’re so gay, I always knew it...” Hot breath against his shoulder, Craig rucks up the hem up Stan's shirt to his chin to reveal more of his sculpted and sleek anatomy. Tassels from his blue hat dangle over Stan's shoulder and his fingers probed into the jock's mouth with the shirt. Anguish and bliss marred Stan's features from the repeated and rough movements. With converged eyebrows, he bit down on the shirt, drooling.

“I always knew it, Stan,” Craig repeated, biting his ear. “I always wanted to fuck you...”

That hit Stan hard, almost as if he were hearing those words for the first time. Like he did back in high school. They were really making a mess here. Like he did back in high school. They were really making a mess here. He’d be too into it to tell him he told him so. Deep carnal desire manifested all over the blue clad teenager until he’s at the point of no return. He grunted some more while he vigorously drove into him with full intent to reach the stars. Craig’s fingers dug into Stan’s sweaty thighs. Hands dragging against the sheets, they slid down on the carpet against the front of the mattress. Stan's moans become louder, more throaty.

They needed to be quiet. Stan knew he couldn't. Ruining the childhoods of their neighbor's offspring would be the last thing they're thinking about right now, even though each knew their area was made up of predominantly white college kids and middle-aged drunks.

Craig grabbed his neck, crushing his Adam's apple, and drowns him with another sloppy kiss. A thread of spit dripped from the tips of their tongues after they parted. He buried his face against the crook of Stan's neck. The other arm that isn't snaked around Stan's middle was draped the other possessively over his shoulders, pulling him close to his chest.

Face hidden in his boyfriend's pale neck and Craig muffled his grunts against it. His balls tightened
and he came hard and fast at the very last stroke. Thickness oozed down from his boyfriend's abused hole down to his sac. Thrusting at a slower pace, Craig sank his teeth over Stan's pulse. His other half writhed and convulsed with light spasms underneath him. Hushed with a palm clamping over his mouth, Stan cursed loudly during his hands-free climax. His cock jerked and twitched painfully before his seed spills on the floor.

In a sweaty and sticky heap, the couple collapsed on their knees against the edge of the bed.

“Yep. Quality anger management there;” Stan commented, breaking the silence. He cocked an eyebrow up at Craig and wiped his mouth and chin with his shirt. “Guess I have to clean this up now.”

The weight of another body above him being less of a distraction to him. Stan ran his fingers through his straight tousled strands, panting slowly.

“Whatever, you liked it,” Craig breathed.

Stan stuck his tongue out at him next, which he ignored. Determined to finish his boyfriend off, Craig slid his closed hand around his thick shaft. A purposeful moan over Craig’s neck when Stan breathed hotly against it. His come ran down his knuckles. Some time to relax and recover, the duo waited until the ceiling stops spinning before striking up a conversation again.

Craig was the first one to break the silenced, resting his chin atop Stan's head, “So, hey. Remember when I used to leave my curtains open all the time whenever you slept over at Butters’?”

Stan's eyes widened a bit. Eyebrows drawn together, his grip on Craig's shirt loosened.

“Back in the tenth grade you use to watch me masturbate in my room in front of my computer,” he monotoned. “I always pulled my boxers down far enough so your gay ass could see it.”

“What?” Stan's eyes flit up at him. “I didn't... Did you just... You know, you just admitted that you’re a pervert, right?”

No response from Craig. He moved some stray hairs from Stan’s face, staring at him thoughtfully while he rests his cheek on his own palm.

“So, you knew that I watched you masturbate this whole time and you just sat there not doing anything.”

“Yep. Sounds about right.”

“Dude, I've been doing that for two years,” Stan stammered softly. “Unbelievable.”

“I know.”

Gently bowing his head, Craig planted a chaste kiss over Stan's hair. After he scooted and rolled his pants over his hips, Stan finished climbing into the leg holes of his boxers. Satisfaction coursing inside each of them, they crawled into the bed and ducked under the covers of the mattress. Craig placed his palms over the sides of Stan's face and planted a kiss on his forehead when he nestled close to him.

“Please get better, babe,” Stan heard him whisper above.

A blink at the rare word usage. The melancholy one of the two nodded and settled in Craig’s arms, then smiled serenely at their fingers laced together.
“Oh my god, you are such a liar, Eric!” Wendy Testaburger surged forward, shoving her smartphone in the brunet’s face. Downcast eyes ignored the smear of her purple painted fingernails that dragged in the air. He wasn’t paying attention to her and she was almost on the verge of throwing the big and pink device at him.

“You wanna know what message I got from Stan this morning?”

“Nope,” the chubby male swiped at his phone apps in front of her. “Not really Wendy. Don't care.”

Chubby face rested on a palm, Cartman vented a sigh at the mini cast on his ring finger, before he swung his lazy gaze up to her. He sets his iPhone and car keys down in front of him on a small table, while they waited for their orders in the Tweek coffeehouse branch they chose. As she kept going, he stared at the light fixtures up in the vaulted ceiling. Her back-length hair is down to her shoulders. Wendy had been re-growing it again, transitioning out of her last Wendyl phase.

“He said that I posted nudes of him on the internet again and that you were the one that brought it up at your school this morning!” the noirette stormed. “He told me I was toxic! It was only one picture! One picture and he blocked me!”

“Yep. I can see that.”

Anger steamed from her pores. The young woman with bright pink beret slammed her palms on the table. The white sugar packets shook when the surface rattled, “Well, you're gonna have to do something to correct this because this clearly isn't my fault!”

Wendy pointed to her chest with her dainty hand. “On my behalf, I'll just say it was mostly your doing. I wouldn't be lying, either. This is a serious issue!”

“Soothe your boobs, Wendy,” Cartman replied with a wave of a hand, staring at his fingerprint covered phone screen. “So, Stan doesn't suck your dick anymore. Big deal. The uncensored version's on Play'd now. No worries, you'll get your share of the money soon. I never forget your end of the bargain. Me and Butters talked it out already.”

Wendy stared at him hard. Her mouth went dry and it hung open. “What?”

“What?” Cartman echoed.

“No,” Wendy's glossed lips ghosted over the vowel. “What did you say?”

“I said you don't have to worry, Wendy. It's on Play'd.” Fake cough. “One hundred hits is like a thousand dollars on there. Let's shoot for a million. If we get enough videos from Stan, we can use money as toilet paper like Token.”

Wendy's eyes dart back and forth self-consciously.

"Mmm, Stan’s videos making us money. I'm tellin' ya Wends, you came to the right guy. As soon as we get paid enough, you don't have to worry about those bitchy student loan calls anymore, you're gonna be set. I can just hear the cha-ching and smell the green from a distance. This is really
great! Porn business has it all! We're gonna be rich, bitch!"

Wendy smacked him across the face. The items on the table clatter before he reacts. A pink mark blossomed on his cheek. That had to be the second violent reaction to him for the day. Hand over the painful sting, Cartman narrowed his eyes at her with a deep scowl. The green fabric of his sweater stretched while she held onto the collar of his button-up top, her scrunched face leaning towards his.

Voice dropping a single octave, the brunet seethed, “You rotten pussy...”

Commotion overheard, a small number of people surrounding their table paused what they're doing.

A dustpan scraping against the ceramic tiles added gradience to the silence. Light jitters and a vexed look over a youthful face, a young man with unruly blond hair appeared next to them, wearing a headband. He brushed past their table with a broom and a dustpan. Jelly green irises meet with the floor while he's sweeping. The handle of the sweep held securely in his hands, the blond regarded his former classmates an annoyed glare and passed the broom to his boyfriend to say something. Quickly assuaged by a pale hand over his shoulder, a male with binary dyed hair emerged by his side in a calamine dress shirt. Before the buttons of Cartman’s undershirt popped, Wendy lets go.

“Can you dudes keep your freaking voices down?” the young man stepped up, requesting in an irksome tone. “You're sorta making my boyfriend feel funny. He really cares about his business here.”

“I'm sorry,” Wendy bowed her head, apologizing.

“Oh hell no! Wait a minute, aren't you one of those goth pussies from our old school?” Cartman recalled, rubbing the line of crimson from his busted lip.

“Um, yeah,” the powder-faced nihilist answered. Slightly offed by the profane word used to describe him and his friends.

“Since when do you boners think work is cool?”

“Since we're –ghn– smashing,” Tweek Tweak cut in shortly. Wendy's jaw slacked. That was the blond.

“Dude! Fuckin' sick! I don't care about you fags getting' it on,” groused Cartman.

“You're such a scab,” the goth complained.

“So... It's Peter, isn't it?” Wendy asked politely. She returned to her seat, hopeful for a pleasant exchange of conversation. “Oh, I remember you. You use to hang out with my ex-boyfriend Stanley.”

“Just Pete,” the button up blouse guy waved and nodded. He tossed his head, flipping his hair. “Wendy Testaburger or something, right?”

Tweek grabbed his hand.

“Yes,” Wendy confirmed with a nod. “So, what–”
A blur of blue caught her eye at the coffee shop's large window. Mascaraed lashes fanned up. Her eyes bugged out instantly. Pretending to be texting, Wendy balanced her phone on her hand while her My Melody charm linked to her car keys dangled in her grasp. She worried her bottom lip with her teeth.

Cartman seemed more relaxed now. Legs spread far apart while resting his forearm over the table, he smirked passively at his drink that was being handed over to him. Essentially, all things are good and they're going to work out for him as planned. If he played his cards right, maybe this could go on for a long time. Hopeful a few months. A few years?

Caramel drizzled whipped cream up to his lips, he really didn't care much about why Wendy Testaburger stopped mid-sentence. He tapped his fingers by the plastic lid and straw he set aside.

As Pete leaned in and whispered something to Tweek, the brunet peered at his phone to see if Leopold Butters Stotch sent him any new text messages.
“Lit,” Clyde reclined with a self-satisfied smirk.

Relaxed in the back seat of Token’s luxury SUV, he held a Styrofoam plate containing a hot slice of pizza with a brown napkin over of it. The crisp new car smell and the air conditioner running along with it invigorated his senses. He beamed brighter at his two friends revealing his brilliant white teeth on gold-plated front view mirror. The two in front of him each had their own plates. The Domino’s box laid slanted by his side on a leather surface.

“Kinda wish Jimmy and Tweek were here, though,” Token replied, taking a bite out of his greasy pie.

On the passenger’s seat next to him, Craig continued texting silently on his phone.

“Yeah, we’re missing a few guys. Jimmy’s off on another comedy tour I think, Kevin’s busy with Red, and Tweek’s in prison,” Clyde joked lastly, digging his phone out of his backpack. “And that would leave...”

“Us,” Craig finished.

“Oh, yeah. They’re all very busy,” Token agreed. “Hahaha, man, work. Tweek did text us this morning.”

“I know, right? Pretty lame, huh? I heard he doesn’t get off ‘til eleven. We should show up and surprise him,” the brunet suggested, wiping a stretch of cheese that hung from the corner of his lip. “What do you think, Craig? You in?”

BABE

Today 5:37 pm

{Headed near the plaza now. Do you want me to pick up anything for you, honey?}

Today 5:37 pm

{umm. how about some ice-cream?  }

Today 5:38 pm

{OK. What flavor?}
Mild disinterest favored Craig’s features when he’s cued in for a reply from his two friends about making a trip, that wasn’t to his destined stop. Blinking lazily, his focus shifted to the male to the left of him, who is holding onto the steering wheel. With half-lidded eyes, Craig parted his chapped lips to say something, before his phone vibrated again with a whoop sound effect.

Today 5:40 pm

{chocolate.}

Clyde’s lips slid into another small grin at a comment he received on his Instagram feed from the back.

With the bass of a mellow rap song blaring in the speakers, Token slowly pushed his foot on the gas pedal again when the green go sign flashed in front of him.

“Yep. We’ll stop at Tweek’s,” Craig said.

He slid his iPhone inside his hoodie pocket and removed the earbuds attached to his ears. Still having a hard time swallowing what happened, Craig was a bit disorientated about how the whole visiting his ex-boyfriend’s shop thing, after nearly killing a former classmate. He really wanted to talk to Tweek. Be enlightened, get his side of it. At the same time, he knew he’d be pointing fingers quickly. Still, Craig couldn’t imagine saying harsh words to him again. Maybe perhaps they can sit down and have a serious conversation about the incident with Eric Cartman. Something fishy is definitely going on. Craig really wanted to vent about the quarrel without resulting to being rash or dramatic.

The fighting and paranoia during their dating days still left a bad taste in Craig’s mouth. A current reminder to himself of how emotional Tweek could be. Rocky from the start, Craig and Tweek didn’t exactly end their relationship in good terms. Much to Stan’s knowledge and everybody else’s, they’re still very good friends. Which, is true. They still hang out, go on trips, and like each others’ pictures on Instagram. It being very common for Craig to imagine the worse. Being yelled at is already mentally exhausting for him. Bad thoughts completely purged away, Craig skimmed through the icons of his phone. It was best not to overthink it. He would reserve judgment for that time but until now…

“Haha, hey!” Clyde poked his head over Craig’s shoulder, after taking a glimpse at the live Instagram stream playing on his phone. The ceiling of the automobile is recorded, then brought down to them. Both males lean towards the camera and made silly faces at it.

“And…” Craig began, “it looks like we’re live. Hello stalkers, it’s me, Craig. Welcome back to the Craig and Friends Show. I think we all remember my idiot friend, Clyde.” He guided his phone towards his friend and grabbed his wrist gently, shaking it up and down in a waving motion. “He’s with me right now.”

“Nah-ah. Shut up, Craig!” cried the brunet. With a motion blur being captured, the phone is directed towards the driver’s seat.

“And you guys remember Token.”

A snicker from Craig reverberated beside the young man in his Gucci sweater waving at him.

“Ayy, what’s goin’ on?”

Craig stifled a chuckle while Clyde’s confused look was being panned closer towards the camera. “I don’t know. Why’s that, Craig?” Token answered. “’Cause they’re skanks and nobody likes them.” A bark of laughter resounded from each side of Craig. Clyde fell back and kicked his legs so high he nearly hooked his Nike shoes near his friend’s chin. The male in the hat ducked with a grin. Concerned about his girlfriend watching, Token closed his mouth and faked his composure when the lens directed itself at him again. “Watch this, honey.” Before gathering a cigarette from his ear, Craig brought his phone closer to him and smooched his lips at Stan who is watching at home. Rolling his eyes at his friend’s atypical flirty display, Clyde crept from behind and yanked Craig’s chullo hat off, fluffing his hair with his hand. The nicotine stick fell from Craig’s lips. Unable use his lighter appropriately, the teenager cursed underneath him, “Fuck you!” Token laughed. Another left turn with his SUV and he took a sip of his soda. They were only a few buildings down from their destination now, only things still seem a bit tense for the leader of their group. As Token’s vehicle slowed while it rolled down the narrow street of downtown, he glanced by his shoulder. “So, I texted Nichole to let her know things are okay now. Any thoughts on what you’re doing next?” the wealthy boy asked Craig. “Flowers first,” the noiret said, adjusting his hat. Craig tugged on the flaps, securing it over his head.

Stan blinked at his phone. His opinion of it still hasn’t gone up too much. He still loathes social media. Though, he has been really flexible with it lately. Besides not being a fan of it, Stan has used it for the simple things he cherished, and of course for Craig. The young athlete got a kick out of it. Somehow being under his arm has changed everything – that would only be because Craig actually enjoyed showing him off now and he didn’t hide his feelings for him anymore. Things have really changed between them.

He covered his smile at the smooch that was for him. After texting an emoji response to his boyfriend’s hat getting ripped away, the live stream ended.

To say, Stan was a bit overjoyed at hearing that nasally voice speak to him again. Some of that happiness dimmed when Craig’s face disappeared. Now at the present time, Stan stewed in his thoughts laying horizontal against the edge of the mattress on his stomach. The fabric nudged up against his bare skin and he wore only his pajama pants. With his face lazily pressed against his arm, Stan retracted his other hand that was near the digital alarm clock. The phone he is holding is gently placed over the nightstand. A big yawn is pushed from his chest and he dug his palm into his eye socket.
Well, that felt kinda better? he questioned in his mind about his sleep.

Stan flipped over on his back in his bedroom and his sight roamed up to the plastered ceiling. Along with the ambiance of neighbors talking outside and nature humming through the sliding door, Stan’s apartment was very quiet. Some warmth from the sun rays outside soak over the bed sheets and touched his hand. Legs folded in and seated up, Stan wiped at his eye again. He had a minor headache. A nice stroll to the kitchen for some aspirin and some water should reduce some of that.

Until then, the young man got up and stretched. He then ventured to the cupboards near the refrigerator. Though Stan usually kept them in the medicine cabinet, accessing them in the kitchen is convenient. It’s where he kept most of his sick pills. After swishing water in his mouth, Stan took another chug and swallowed a capsule.

“That’s what I tried to say,” a familiar voice muffled over the window by the kitchen sink.

“I’m telling ya man, we should’ve done something.”

After splashing his face with cool liquid from the running sink in front of him, Stan glanced back up at the vibrant grass and sun-bleached sidewalk through the glass. Four knocks on his front door. Polite not to bang on the wood too hard, Kyle Broflovski’s knuckles bounced against the surface. A blur of orange and suddenly Kenny is behind the kitchen window looking inside the apartment with his bright blue eyes. When glanced at, he offered his biggest grin and waved at the noiret before Stan moved to unlock the door. He slid the chain and pulled the doorknob towards him. Rudely greeted by the brightness of the outdoors, he squints at his two friends. A shadow veiled his face where his hand floats above his eyes.

“Dude,” Kyle stressed with an exaggerated draw of breath. “It was so lame.”

With a small gesture, the noiret motioned them to come in.

“What is? Eric’s dorm?” Stan asked, opening up a bag of dried chili peppers that he dug from a cabinet.

“YES, Cartman’s dorm. We almost got caught because fatboy didn’t know how to turn on the fan and open the windows. Kenny could’ve been caught.”

“Yeah, sucked big time. It was terrible,” Kenny agreed, shuffling before stuffing his hands in his hoodie pocket.

Face rested over his knuckles, Stan stared at his partially open door. Barely making out the silhouettes that danced over the white sunlight of his living room carpet, he pushed his glance up and sees a pair of young women by the welcome mat.

Kenny gestured them to come inside. His sister Karen had dyed her hair back its natural hazelnut color a few months ago, after experimenting with many shades, and a punky outfit. Beside her is her noticeably taller best friend, Tricia Tucker. She donned a mint green athletic jacket that was in contrast of her bright bob cut and neon hair pins.

“So, what else did I miss?” Stan mouthed the red vegetable after sliding on a shirt and pulling beanie over his head.

“Thankfully, nothing,” Kyle replied. Kenny shifted his blue irises from him, two nudges from his bony elbow. “Oh wait.”
Stan tilts his chin up, chewing.

“So, I was checking out that Play’d app, that Cartman was talking about. I was thinking we can go somewhere private and make accounts so we can determine if legal action should be taken or not. It kind of has a membership only access thing, which I think is kind of sketchy.”

“What’s Play’d?” Tricia interjected.

“Oh hey, Trish,” Stan greeted sheepishly, noticing the girl. “How’s mom?”

“Good,” Tricia blinked slowly. “I still have some recipes marked down if you and Psycho want them.”

Stan managed a smile. Time has really progressed when he and Craig made it official. Dating for two years, it really felt like they were practically married now. In fact, ‘married’ was Craig’s status on his Facebook. They’ve already spent a great deal getting to know each other’s families and within an exception of their dads, the idea of the title mom hasn’t really stuck to Stan, until Laura Tucker herself brought it during one autumn evening. Though Tricia and Craig barely talked and didn’t see eye to eye, she has always been respectful towards his sexuality.

“Now explain to me, McCormick,” Tricia crossed her arms. “What’s Play’d?”

Kenny and Karen raised their eyebrows at each other and Stan shrugged, turning on the tv, taking another bite out of chili pepper.

“You’ll know when you’re older,” Kenny cooed.

“That won’t work. I’m in the tenth grade, now,” Tricia said. “I’m not a little girl anymore. It’d be polite if I got some answers from you guys.”

The blond smiled with his eyes and ruffled his own hair and Karen propped herself on a La-Z-Boy recliner.

“Sister, if you may.”

Stan sighed.

“Play’d is a porn app where you can expose cheaters in your community by uploading racy videos of your exes doing just about anything,” informed the usually meek blonde. “That’s not limited to cam shows, screenshots, sext chat logs, voice audio, the works. It’s really popular in New York, where it was first discovered – but somehow, it’s receiving really huge hits all over the nation, and now here. When you make a profile on there, you’re given ten slots there. You can make mini-profiles of people who’ve done you wrong, or just jerks you know. I heard they have a pay system there and you can win gift cards. If your cheater is really popular, you’ll get a handsome check. Think of it as a burn book from that vintage movie Mean Girls, only with guys jackin’ off. I’d say it’s pretty brutal.”

“Okay,” Tricia faced the three young men, absorbing that. “So why do you guys wanna make accounts on there?”

“To investigate,” Kyle repeated.

“Is Craig in it?”
Stan’s jaw locked, he couldn’t bring himself to form any words right now. With his hands webbed together, feet planted and looking at the ground.

With a hand over his best friend’s shoulder, Kyle made a face at the strawberry blonde girl, “That’s if your brother is stupid enough to produce something so crass and vulgar that it needs to be put up there.”

“Kyle, dude,” Stan poked his head up.

“What?” The redhead’s face relaxed. Though, he kept a firm stance on his opinion. His pitch of voice showed concern. “Well, that’s not really something anybody should share. I told you that before.” Kyle held his breath. “You never listen, Stan.”

Tricia’s eyes fell over Stan, who is holding his head in his hands, “So, you’re in there too.”

“Kenny, I think someone told me you’re in it,” Karen said worriedly.

The older blond slants his lips. Turning away, Kenny grumbled, “Eh, it’s not too bad. Screw a couple of random bitches and they’ll have problems with you forever.” Hands tossed up and a shrug. “I don’t have anything to hide. Screw those douche canoes.”

“Yeah. Shit happens,” dejected sigh from Kyle. Tricia flipped him off. “Maybe it’s not as bad as we think?”

“Hope not,” Karen spoke softly.

“Can you not do that, please?” the Jew asked kindly.

Tricia raised her finger again.

Forearms drop to his thighs. Through his curled fingers, Stan gathered the material of his pants. “Guess we’ll just have to check it out, then. Just tell me when you guys are ready.”

The chime of a bell goes off at the sound of a glass door with fancy cursive writing slams. With his hoodie fully zipped up to his neck, Craig balanced a large bouquet containing a mixture of rich reds and burgundies. Almost broke, but worth it to him, he clenched the teal foil wrapper of the plants around his fingers. His two friends followed him back to Token’s car.

With his legs up, Clyde watched the flowers slide and bobbed while the SUV rolled a few more blocks down the street.

“You’re welcome,” he said smugly, with his lips pulling on his drinking straw. “Yep. I picked those.”

Craig pulled the bouquet back in his arms with his face tinged dark crimson.

“So, does that mean you’re gonna have more makeup sex when you get home?” Clyde waggled his eyebrows, imitating Craig’s smooch from earlier.

“Ha, maybe,” Token replied before Craig could open his mouth. “Wouldn’t be surprised. They do do it like nonstop. Like bunnies. Man, I remember when they used to fight over the merry-go-round
all the time. Now whenever I see them, it’s like watching something off The Discovery Channel.”

“Ah, yes. Nostalgia. With all that built up sexual tension at South Park,” arms folded behind his head again, the brunet looked up at the ceiling. “I guess it was bound to happen, I called it.” Clyde relaxed. “Stan’s a very lucky guy. Getting some of that action all the time. I bet he must feel like he’s on top of Mount Everest right now.”

His straw made loud noises when he slurped.

“Of course, he’s lucky. He’s with me,” said the male in blue. Craig fingered the cards that dangled from the edge of his flowers. “And actually Clyde, we don’t do that that much.” Closing his mouth, Craig fidgeted from the slight withdrawal of nicotine he had minutes ago.

With hooded eyes, Clyde and Token grin at each other.

“So, those BJ sounds I heard from last Friday… they weren’t real?” asked Clyde.

“No.”

“Oh, I know what giving head sounds like,” Token mumbled. “That was definitely head.”

“You weren’t even in the call.”

“It was a three-way! He was busy!” screeched the jock with tightly clenched fists.

Craig blanched.

“Oh no, Craig,” Some of the anger subsides and Clyde reached for him, “Hey, just listen for a sec, will ya?”

Craig jerked his shoulder. The brown-eyed jock moved. Saddened by the instant rejection of his touch.

“Fine! Sheesh, I didn’t know I’d be the one who’s hurting somebody’s feelings this time! You shouldn’t be mean to me, Craig!” Clyde pouted.

“Then don’t say I have sex a lot,” Craig said in a vexed ton. “I don’t.”

Hands on the top of his buddies seats, Clyde casts a doubtful glance to the other male at the steering wheel. Token gave him that don’t look at me shrug.

“Hey, I’m just goin’ off by what Clyde says,” the rational one of the group pulled back, looking ahead through the window shield. His 14k studs glitter from his earlobe when he turned his head.

The brunet pouted, “No way, Token. Ya just gonna leave me hangin’?” Clyde’s focus darts towards Craig. “Look, I understand why you’re kind of upset today, but Cr–”

“Kind of?” Craig raised his voice, sudden change from his relaxed mood. “You can fuck off.”

“Ay…” Token added. “You know, besides Cartman, I don’t see why you’re really that angry.”

“I wouldn’t be so angry if people didn’t treat me like that’s the only thing I think about!” Craig defended.

“Then stop raping our eyes with your statuses!” exclaimed Clyde, ready to kick something.
Much like water being dumped on flames at a campfire, the conversation halted suddenly with an abrupt silence, but the nervous tension still stuck like the smoke in the air.

“Stop raping your eyes with my statuses,” Craig repeated in a monotone. He lazily brought his bouquet closer to his chest. “Okay.” Complexion free of dents, Craig gazed listlessly at the moving cars by his window and plucked a stray petal from his lap. “I guess we’ll see what happens next, then, when I’m not going to the movies with you guys next Sunday.”

“You can’t be serious. Craig, come on,” Clyde’s mouth wiggled.


Clyde added, “Really, really… happy.”

“What’s your point?” Higher pitched voice, Craig asked bluntly.

“I mean, you do agree with us a little bit, don’t you? You’re always at work or with your boyfriend,” Token explained, “and with homework and everything… where does that leave us, dude? Two years ago, you said no more relationships. I know life’s changing now because we’re getting older, but I feel right now since we don't have curfews anymore, you could at least put a little effort into some of it. I’ve been in relationships as long as you have. I still make the time for us, what’s your excuse?”

“I’m with you guys right now, aren’t I?”

“What’s gonna happen on my birthday?” Token glared.

“I’m trying.”

“Sometimes trying isn’t good enough, bro.”

“Jerk!” the ballplayer squealed from the backseat.

Like a five-year-old forced to go to time out, Clyde plunked back on the leather seats with his arms folded. Craig paused, seeing his red-rimmed eyes at the front view mirror. His phone vibrated and he pocketed it from his hoodie.

**CLYDE**

**Yesterday 3:31 pm**

{:^P:}

Today 6:27 pm

{lsv u}

{ohoho}

{were stil bros rite? :o :o :o}
“How can you eat that stuff?” Kyle gagged at the clear bag of peppers beside his shoulder. “Dude, you’re gonna be shittin’ fire. Fireball shit.”

Made comfortable in a computer chair, he hunched over at the small work desk in Stan and Craig’s bedroom.

Though the room isn’t usually a pig sty when Craig is around, Stan always had a penchant for keeping things untidy. With a soft grimace, Kyle deeply disregarded the scattered paraphernalia and the hanging cable from the LCD tv on the wall that looked like is half-plugged, which also looked like a complete fire hazard.

“I don’ know, I just like it,” the beanie guy shrugged, plopping another pepper in his mouth.

Kenny ran into the room and catapulted the bed, arms and legs spread.

“Wouldn’t lay there, if I were you,” advised Stan.

“Man, I don’t give a fuck,” the blond smiled dizzily, muffled against the fluffy cloud that is his friend’s pillow.

“Okay,” Stan compulsively plucked another pepper and placed it between his lips. His vision swam over the disturbed blankets until he got a glimpse of the food Kenny’s holding. Commenting while swallowing a mouthful of the treat that pricked his taste buds. “Oh, you found something you like back there?”

Kenny uncapped a jar of Nutella. “Yeah.”

“Oh, neat. That’s actually new, I never opened it.”

“Hey, you guys. Get over here,” called Kyle.

A small dab of his finger in the container, the blond taste-tested the chocolate, swabbing his tongue over his digits. He made a sound of approval in a few licks and plunged his whole hand into the jar. Stan leaned in with his hand on Kyle’s shoulder, to get a better look at the computer screen.

“So, as you can see with what I got pulled up here, the app has a desktop site. I already got an account made up a few seconds ago, so let’s get to it.”

“Hm, kinda looks like Pornhub,” Kenny examined, bending back and squinting.

“Type in my name first,” Stan dared.

“Are you sure?”

“Yep. I really wanna get this over with. If there are numbers involved, I need to know right now.”

The redhead shrugged and clacked his friend’s name on the keyboard, emerald eyes vibrating back and forth while the results load. Kenny’s attention was glued to many of the raunchy thumbnails. Quickly displeased, he sees none of them had nudity. He glared at the cursor upset when it’s dragged off an oiled-up brunette in a small bikini. Near Kyle, his two friends hunched over his shoulders.

“Wow, your internet’s crap.”

“Sue me.”
The screen finally loads. Leaning back at the same time, their mouths hung open in awe. Now face to face with just one thumbnail, Kyle covered his mouth.

_Jock in Santa Hat Sucks a Candycane HARD! CLICK NOW AND SUBSCRIBE by KyleSucksHAIRYBalls_38_

Kenny licked the hazelnut spread that stuck at the corners of his lips and peeked down at Stan.

“I can’t believe it, Cartman’s right. It is just you in a Santa hat,” gasped Kyle, relieved.

“Hehe. Yeah, lookin’ good too,” Kenny complimented.

“Title’s a bit much, though.”

“Uh, thanks you guys,” Stan rubbed his neck. “I think.”

“It’s only twenty-three seconds long, should we click it?” pointed the Jew.

“Nah, I have the same video on my phone. I already know what happens in it.”

Some of the weight in Stan’s chest has been lifted. With that, a comfortable silence befell the three friends. Over Kyle’s hand, Kenny dragged the mouse and clicked the back arrow and then the hot pink hyperlink. His eyes twinkled at the page going white and being redirected to a woman dancing in the tiny white bikini.

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Fists shoved deep inside his pockets, a male with a dark blue hood over his head pushed past several pedestrians and blurred through the window of a café downtown.

Petrified look on her face, Wendy glanced at the figure inside of the building and then back at Cartman who was chuckling at old Tide Pods memes. She drooped her eyes at the image on his phone, revered it with a scoff, and lowered her own phone from her face.

To Wendy’s blatant observation, the glass door entrance swung open and the from outside man stepped inside. A sketchy fellow, at that. Wayfair sunglasses. He floated past the tables and nodded towards Tweek. The mysterious guy cocked his head and gestured Cartman to come near him.

Sighing dramatically. “Not now.”

Again, the stranger motioned again and waved his hands back and forth.

“Ay. Screw you, I said not yet.”

Pete blinked and lets his elbow slide near the cash register. He tossed his head and flipped his hair again while the scowl weakens on his face.

“Cartman,” came the intimidating baritone voice from the hoodie. Too close to Kenny’s impression of Batman, it was almost comedic. “We need you, now.”

“And who’s that supposed to be, Eric?” Wendy quirked a tweezed brow. “Is he one of your sketchy
little thug friends? He looks awfully suspicious to me. I don’t remember letting more fiendish people into our little circle.”

“Little circle,” reiterated the overweight brunet. He chuckled. “That’s cute, Wendy. So, you’re still in it, after all.”

“Absolutely not,” the young woman clucked.

“Okay,” Cartman lets out a breath. “Jig’s up Butters. Wendy says she don’t want to be a part of it anymore, you can let your hood down.”

“Awe, shucks. I th-thought it was a cool disguise too,” stammered the fair-haired blond, revealing a vibrant blue eye. His other iris had a milky white film over it. Marked from a ninja star accident, laid a waxy scar that stretched against his sandy brow and his upper cheek. It gave his babyface a more appealing look. In his opinion, that is. He’s grown to love it.

“Nobody’s wearing a disguise today, Butters. It’s just us and Wendy.”

Tweek leaned against his hands folded on the red plastic broomstick. He looked up at the clock on the wall and peeled off his apron.

“Finally,” he called out with a wink he couldn’t help.

The airy apparel is gently hung on the hook rack behind the drive-thru espresso machine. Tweek briskly emerged from the shadows of the back room and sat comfortably beside his boyfriend, Pete.

The blond grinned softly at the weight of his hand petting his head.

“You have bags under your eyes,” voice as smoky as his eyeshadow, the goth broke out.

From aging, Pete’s pitch has matured. It’s gotten more relaxed, deeper. The only thing that stuck with him would be his clumsy syllables from time to time.

“Well, it’s from all the work I have to do, you edgy fuck,” Tweek’s lighter greens flit at him, after glaring at his reflection at the toaster, that was gifted to him that morning. “And if you want to go on from the – ”

Pete smiled, “I think they look cool.”

Face dampened by sweat, the blond covered his beet red face with both of his hands, while he continued petting. Tweek pulled Pete’s wrist from his head and had them hold hands on the counter, and then very neatly, he pried the pulp-fiction magazine that Pete was holding in his other hand.

“Wha – ”

“Look at me.”

Slender fingers brushed the goth’s fringe up, gently sweeping extra strands away from his eyes. No one would be allowed to touch his face but him, but Tweak Tweak was certainly his only exception. Or maybe Henrietta, if she would help him apply on some makeup every now and blue moon. As a former kid and adolescence that was spotted with acne, Pete use to be really sensitive when it comes to his face. The pockmarks lessened significantly when he turned eighteen, and now he usually paints over the few with foundation.
“So, what’s the deal with that Cartman guy?” Pete leaned into his touch. “I heard you guys whispering about something about some app with naked dudes in it, I don’t get it.”

“Well, remember when Craig cheated on me?”

“Yeah.”

“I was thinking again, maybe, I let him off too easily.”

Mouth open with wonder, Pete gasped softly before Tweek leaned in and pressed his lips against his. Pulling back from the kiss, astonished. The male blinked.

“Oh, you’ve said that before. But didn’t we – doesn’t that already count for revenge? And… aren’t you guys friends?”

“Gah! No man, I mean, he needs to suffer,” Tweek frowned when Pete removed his hand from his face. “He didn’t enough last time! He’s still being a jackass on Facebook and Instagram. Craig’s so cocky, I’m sick of that shit! I’m gonna spear through his ass like we did in 11th grade and it’s gonna be fuckin’ fireworks. Like he thought I’d forget when he said he upgraded. I know damn well he’s not talkin’ about his phone, I hate it. I hate every fiber of that trash bag human being. I’ve already tried being p-patient with him. I’ve held it in for two years. Everything just feels like a personal – grh – attack to me, now. I’ve already made up my mind, and I’m gonna own him. There will be no stopping me so before you go judging me, rememb –”

“Stellar, babe.”

Duped. Tweek’s lashes flutter at his response. “What?”

“You’re finally standing up to that cuntrag conformist. I’m proud of you, I think it’s cool.”

“I’m gonna murder someone’s life – nh – and you’re okay with that?” Tweek asked, confused.

“I know. Doesn’t that sound kinda hot, though? Hey, if you let me in, we can have sex on their ashes. We’d be like that couple on fucking Heathers,” Pete breathed, mesmerized. One of the few movies he enjoyed with conformists in it. Maybe sounding a bit superficial to himself as well too, but he was in a whatever mood and there was something about Tweek that made his perception more liberal.

“Kiss me again,” Tweek demanded.

“Ah dude, sick!” Cartman called three tables down.

Their lips separated. Palm caressing the side of his boyfriend’s face, the blond wasn’t really quite sure of how he felt with this new Pete. Something along the lines of, That’s fucked up and Dude, you just don’t do that to your friends, sounded more plausible than ‘stellar’.

Only a handful of times, Pete has given Tweek anti-speeches on revenge, that actually worked. Over the years he tried to help him channel his anger elsewhere. A majority of it has been done through art and music. Pete squeezed Tweek’s hand, hoping that would relieve some of that suppressed torment. Rubbing small comforting circles with his thumb, he craned his neck up with a half-smile.

“Does that mean I get to set stuff on fire again?”
Kyle heaves a hefty sigh, and slid from the wheeled computer chair, letting Kenny take control from his seat. Mission accomplished for the three. It felt like a level-complete on a really tough video game for Stan. For, Stan strategized many hours ago about how he is going to get rid of some videos. The Christmas one in particular, he can accept. Yes, Stan could deal with one video of him half naked spreading all over cyberspace. Just as long as he isn’t masturbating and his groin is just covered in those big emojis like Cartman said earlier that day.

Though Wendy has shared naked pictures of Stan when she was bragging to Bebe, and the other time when she was mad and showed his equipment to the whole cheerleading squad. Still wrong, but mostly done in person. Wendy still respected Stan enough not to upload them online. Unfortunately, during one of their huge fallouts, the whole entire eleventh grade has seen ‘it’. Stan wouldn’t have minded if he was fully naked in it, but it had been the sheer fact that he was playing with himself in clear view, and his face was showing in it.

Dark eyebrows knit at the memory. The water bottle crumpled soundly in his hand when Stan took another big sip from it to wash down the unique spiciness in his throat. After browsing many videos and galleries of girls on the website, Kenny shot up.

“What is it, Kenny?” Kyle asked.

“I found the settings,” the blond spoke.

Stan removed his hands from his waist.

Kyle dropped his arms to his sides, “And?”

“We’ve been on SFW this entire time, dude,” he spoke behind his sick mask. “The NSFW filter is off.”

“What?” Stan opened his mouth. “You mean to tell me, there could be more videos of me floating around in that creepy site?”

“Well… I was beginning to wonder why there weren’t any naked people in it, when it’s called a ‘revenge porn site’,” Kyle scratched his ear under the flap of his hat. “I mean, really? Would any of this answer the big question now?”

“Well, I hope that video is the only one. Whoever put our stuff up is so full of crap,” Stan remarked.

Kenny slid the cursor and unchecked the box by the NSFW sign. Stan paced back and forth behind them. The page reloaded again and it becomes littered with many ads and women flashing their assets. Kenny’s eyes twinkled for a moment at the girls lasciviously splayed bodies in various positions before Kyle nudged him to get off the chair. Kenny narrowed his eyes and glared.


Stan’s vision zeroed in on the thumbnail that contains a male in a dark room wearing an oversized gray NASA sweatshirt with star-shaped neon lights floating over his figure. He was naked from the waist down and had his boxers slanted past his knees.

“Dude!” exclaimed Kyle, scrolling down. “There’s some more.”
“Holy shit!” Kenny cursed.

Stan went red. His eyes bugged, vision burning. He gently tapped his friend’s arm before being granted access to slide into the seat. Arms crossed while standing up, Kyle watched as his crony click the uploader’s username and skim anxiously through Craig’s section with an undeniable prickly rage that’s ready to explode any moment. On the sub-section of the user’s profile there was a stolen photo of Craig with his tongue peeking between his lips.

Same green eyes, same blue hat. His entire face is showing in this picture. Legs splayed with partially unbutton jeans, Craig was seated on the floor with his hand cupping his balls through the denim. The wet head of his cock peeked through his boxers and the teeth of the zipper over his shaven pubic hairs. Stan’s eyes narrowed. It looked like someone else took that picture. There was a shadow on the wall behind him. The caption under the picture says, “Liar, Liar. Pants practically off.”

“Are you okay?” Kyle asked urgently.

Frantically skimming through the page, Stan disregarded being directly spoken to, until he finally mustered an answer.

“Get my phone,” he said.

Kenny jets towards the living room and dug through Stan’s backpack. Unconcerned about the stickiness of the blond’s fingers, Stan brought his thumb over the top of his call directory and waits for his boyfriend to pick up from the other side. Kyle nearly choked at the images before the down arrow is pushed far enough for him not to see them anymore.

“Pick up the phone. Pick it up,” the noiret sighed, bouncing his foot under the table. Stan got up again and paced in front of his bed. Kyle returned to the front of the computer.

“Hi babe,” chirped Craig. “You’re still up. Didn’t want to take that second nap?”

“I’m seriously gonna kill someone right now,” Stan breathed, the first words out of his mouth.

“Why?”

At the sound of car doors shutting, Token and Clyde accompanied Craig, who climbed out of vehicle first. He had his phone to his ear, speaking to his boyfriend again. The wind picked up around them and rustled their clothes.

“Oh, nothing,” Stan laughed from the receiver. “Just kinda found out what that app was about today.”

Craig squeezed his phone tighter. “What app?”

Clyde’s forehead wrinkled when he looked at Token, and the young man shook his head in response at him.

“Umm, the same one from this morning. You’re naked in it, dude, and that’s not all you’re doing.”

“What the fuck does that mean?” the noiret raged, earning glares and glances from pedestrians.

Stan panicked, “I don’t know! Me, Kyle, and Kenny were visiting the website today. It says some really dirty things in it.”
“Oh, like what?” Craig raised his voice, switching his call settings to speaker.

“There’s kind of a lot,” Stan groaned. “Do you still want me to...”

“Read all of it. I wanna know exactly what this bitch thinks of me. I have it on speaker phone right now!”

Stan held his smartphone up to Kyle’s mouth.

“Craig Tucker. Born, January 25th. One of the most horrible gays you’ll ever meet. Grade-A bully. Laughs at his own jokes, makes babies cry, and is a compulsive liar. Don’t be fooled by the quiet nature this motherfucker pulls. This self-important sack of fecal matter is a closeted sexual deviant, pretends to listen to your problems so he can fuck you, prides on his average looks, and acts like he’s the best thing since sliced bread. Gets off to fucked up stuff like loud cursing and crying.”

Kenny pulled his blues away from Stan. Kyle continued reading.

"Brag too much about his empty life on Instagram, Snapchat, and other garbage sites. Will buy you ‘presents’ to fix problems, because running away from them is the best he can do. Really horrible kisser. Also, abusive as fuck. Likes to belittle his friends and masturbates behind your back. Claims he hates jocks secretly but watches them get gangbanged ‘hard’ in porn while you’re sleeping. He also likes it ruff. Really selfish in bed. WILL eye fuck any guy within a 3-foot radius (so disrespectful) when you're under his arm. Says he’s gay but cheated on really nice guy with a girl once. Caution! May have aids! Stay away from this nasty dude! DO NOT DATE HIM. – err sorry for the loudness, that was actually in capslock.”

“Whooaa!” Clyde and Token covered their mouths with their balled hands.

Craig ended the call.

“Guess that means we won’t be headed to Tweek’s, then,” Clyde commented, noticing Craig’s angry strides.

“Well, how do we even know if it’s Tweek?” Token asked skeptically.

Craig slammed his fist against the jaw of an alligator statue. A loud POP! noise pierced their eardrums and the duo winced behind Craig. Face contorted with anger, the boy in the blue chullo hat unhooked his arm and his knuckles swelled when he drew back. One leg over the plastic figure and then another, Craig stepped over the mascot that was laid to rest by the arcade.

Spotting the teenager’s hostility, the people crowding around the entrance of the arcade building gasped at the mascot’s disfigured face, and surrounded it to take pictures. Clyde smiled nervously at the women and children, then waved his hand apologetically to them while Token shook his head for the third or fourth utmost time. He stopped recording his Snapchat story.

“Hey, how about we text him and we can talk about it,” suggested Clyde, his hands in his pockets.

“Craig?”

Token had his mouth hung open. His eyebrows rose so far up that they almost meet each other, now finding himself running because Craig took off sprinting. Around the same time Token and Clyde caught up with Craig, he bolted. Video audio captures of Clyde panting. The sidewalk distorts and his phone lens pans to his feet.

“Oh shit! Wait up you guys!”
These dumb kids. Comments maybe? Oof.
“And then I said, you’re wearing a freaking wig from Party City, slime plats, and a sweater with an inverted cross on it, and you’re telling me that I’m the poseur? What the fuck is pastel goth, anyway? Isn’t it like the 2020’s? I thought that silly fad was over.”

Gray ashes vanish in the wind when an index finger tapped on a cigarette lightly. The stick glowed a bright ember at the tip when a male with a curly pompadour took a long drag out of it and exhale a thick cloud of smoke above his face.

Dressed in a neat button-down and a modern-day frock coat, a gothic male with painted black fingernails pressed his back against a brick wall with his foot propped against it. Deeply charcoaled eyes stare past his polished shoes at the dirtied and flattened gum on the cracked pavement. A shoulder away from him, a somber friend in equally dark attire occupied himself with him at the corner of Tweek’s coffee shop, holding a cigarette. They stood next to speakers with an Android phone attached to it.

“They keep multiplying like flies. It’s become more than a plague, Firkle,” the curly haired gentleman resumed. “these conformists keep coming up with weaker and weaker comebacks.”

Another flick of ash on the ground. The song *Lie to Me* by Depeche Mode slowly merged into another hit by them, *Behind the Wheel*. Weird looks and grimaces from pedestrians. A gentleman in crocks directed his glare and twisted his face in disgust at the pair. Michael flipped him off as he stepped into a nearby shop.

“Conformists can suck Hugh Hephner’s withered balls,” commented his pasty friend.

Michael grinned in approval. “Good one, friendo,” he said, patting Firkle’s shoulder.

He mouthed the cigarette butt again and gazed emptily at the cars passing by in the streets. Relieved that the garish light of day has dimmed down some, Michael rocked forward and dropped his hands to the side. He tossed his cigarette butt to the ground and crushed it with his polished oxford shoe. Firkle followed by tossing his in the gutter.

A ghost of an enthusiastic smile still lingered at the corners of Michael's lips. The young man in the frock coat fished out his pocket watch and cupped it in his palm. Motioning the trinket sideways where the setting sun’s not focused on it, he took a single glance at the plastic face with Roman numerals in it. A disappointed look morphed his jovial expression. Sudden dismay tinged his sharp cheekbones.

“What’s wrong?” his friend asked solemnly.
Michael lets out a dejected sigh, “Freaking noon is turning into dawn. You know what that means.”

Pitch-black irises tilt at him.

“That means it’s back to the asylum for me,” the tall goth exhaled, tucking in his watch. “Come on, I’ll drive you home.”

Gathering his cane, Michael surged forward and made his way around the building corner with Firkle. Both talked about the dread of Summer encroaching soon. Each still despised the sun’s deathly rays. A ‘Life is a Grave and I Dig It’ and a Lacrimosa band button reflects under the natural light above the clouds while it’s pinned to his black backpack. Firkle holstered it up behind him after collecting the speakers while Michael mentioned something about sunscreen.

Faint footfalls cause a sudden interruption in Michael’s speech. He cocked his head up sharply. Sudden dislike, Firkle scowled in front of him. They halted their footsteps when the end of the street is suddenly blocked by a panting boy in Adidas.

Darkly rimmed eyes scroll the figure up and down. Repugnance and aggravation stemmed automatic. From minor inconveniences of the past, the friends harbor a strong loathing enmity toward the fellow that stood in front of them, Craig Tucker.

It wouldn’t be solely that they are polar opposites when it comes to the social food pyramid. Craig was a bully amongst their friend Pete and a certain classmate that he’s dating. Almost at the top of the chain. Michael focused on the individual, while the younger goth gave a warning glance at the guy in the yellow puffball hat.

“Oh no, not you again.”

“Where’s Tweek?” Craig’s voice caved in.

“Working,” the pompadour goth replied.

Drawing in a breath. “Kay, thanks.”

Craig’s ragged breathing calmed some and he marched toward Michael’s direction with the ends of his unzipped hoodie flying behind him. His tall reflection distorts by the nearby shop mirrors, as the gap closes more between him and the gothic gentlemen. With an unamused gaze, Michael sets aside his walking stick and dug into the velvet pocket inside his frock coat.

A flick! sound and Craig paused mid-step.

Michael turned his head and looked over his shoulder. His eyes bulged slightly.

“That’s as far as you’ll go,” Firkle advised quietly, planting a foot forward. “Just turn around and walk away...”

He was the smallest and the least conformist of them all. But it appears that the pint-sized boy has shot up five-feet like a hybrid tree overnight. Almost as tall as his eldest friend at just fourteen, his head was near his shoulder, the former midget poised bellicosely with a switchblade wielded in his right hand. His dagger gleamed in Michael’s copper-toned pupils, which prompted the older boy to step forward and draw out his own knife. Gazing forward in a straight fencing pose, Michael pointed it at the direction of the male in joggers.

Craig slowed his strides and his arms dropped to his hips. After stretching the hamstrings of his neck by cocking his head to one side, he regarded the pair with a cold stare. Instinct kicking in, he
brought his hand inside the pocket of his hoodie and drew out his father’s hunting knife. The silvery blade reflected white when he tossed it in the air before Craig gripped the handle tightly. He was secretly proud of that. The skill came with months of trying to be cool, and extra practice.

Hardly impressed, the pair exchanged dull looks before taking a glance forward again.

“You’re not the only ones that like to play dirty,” sneered the noiret. “Take a closer look. My knife is bigger than yours.”

“God, he’s such a fag,” Firkle exhaled, fighting the urge to roll his eyes.

“Welp, you heard him. Looks like the conformist chose us over natural selection,” Michael announced. “Not really much we can do about it. Let’s just get this over with. I’ve got more horror flicks I need to catch up on.”

Crickets chirped in evergreens that surround the back windows beside apartment 2-B, along with the diluted caws of magpies underneath the swirling sky. As the cornflower hue of blue shifted into a light indigo beneath the pink clouds, a group of three stayed huddled around an Apple computer indoors.

“I guess our double-date is canceled tonight,” began a certain poor blond. A pity to him, he was actually looking forward to more food and catching up with his friends that night.

“Sorry about that, Kenny. I’m sure Butters will understand. Maybe we’ll go next week.”

“It’s alright. Do you still wanna know if you’re in there?” he asked Stan with his arms behind his back. Referring to the website. He quirked a sandy blond brow with an inquisitive stare.

Much of the day has been a disaster. Stan just wanted to leave all bad things behind him and just move on, but he’d be happier now, that he wouldn’t face these trials alone. Not for selfish reasons or anything. Stan always knew Craig kept his nude pictures private and exclusive to him. There’s to say, the content uploaded of him online must have vastly been produced many months before he and Stan ever considered each other romantically. It was still a shocker for Stan to see his boyfriend in full display with his guard completely down, giving himself away completely to the camera. He was angry that other people have access to watching it, but he kind of wanted to click on it and see the show.

“Hello, Stan?” Kyle broke him out of his thoughts.

“Huh? Um, yeah. I’m just gonna wait until Craig gets home,” Stan said, after weighing in the different options.

Both cheerily and smugly, Kenny teased him. “That’s my boy. Be patient like the obedient wife you are.”

“What?! Dude, shut up! – I’m not the bitch!”

“Stan, you’re so the bitch,” Kyle added sternly, ignoring his super best friend’s girlish pout. “Just
give up, already. You’ve been losing this battle since the dinosaurs. You’re the girl. It’s time you accept your bottom bitch trophy. Accept your defeat, and move on, dude.”

A single finger was raised and then a hefty sigh left the noiret. Stan knew his friends would obliterate him personally when it comes to dealing with this topic. Though it was a really sensitive and heated subject during grade school, the young ballplayer has come to terms with himself. They’re right. He is the bottom. Stan didn’t mind being the ‘girl’ to Craig. Just as long as they kept it under wraps and in private. In fact, they were still discussing his bedroom roles before he ventured off with his friends.

While that was still on the table, the only time Craig would bottom is if he’s doing Stan a favor, and he would be a power bottom. No exceptions. Even now, however, it wasn’t very frequent that he would take such a role. They’ve wrestled virtually on every flat surface they could just about find and in the sheets. Though Stan played sports, his boyfriend was taller and more physically imposing than him. Craig would always come out on top, and always did, quite literally.

Stan gulped down his mineral water and glanced to the side. “Man, you’re right. But don’t tell anyone?”

“It’s not really a secret,” the Jew shrugged, turning the computer off. “Just try to get some sleep tonight, okay?”

The living room lamp was switched on and the light poured over the grayed kitchen. Kenny and Kyle collected their belongings and began walking toward the front door. Stan waved at them gently while they stepped out to the long balcony.

“We’ll get to the bottom of this tomorrow,” Kyle vowed, scraping his white converse against the welcome mat.

Eyes narrowed, Kenny dipped his chin and nodded in agreement.

“Thanks, you guys,” Stan sighed, hanging his head low. His hair was ruffled by a hand covered in colorful band-aids before he closed the door.

After the breeze from outside hits his face, Stan blew upward at the messy strands before examining some, pulling them taut between his forefinger and thumb. His dog Sparky padded around his ankles over the taupe carpet and laid next to the coffee table. Stan tugged his shirt off again and tossed it behind his back. The pants he wore is equally stripped from him. Without much given thought, he scooped his hat off and climbed out of his boxers.

While climbing onto his bed casually, Stan remembered that he became a bit of a nudist – and an exhibitionist. At first, he just slept in his room in just his shirt and boxers. Then, that manifested into just shorts, and then that eased into completely nothing. Moving out from his parents’, that hasn’t stopped Stan from taking his shirt off at meaningless events, mooning his rival team in sports, and taking a piss behind public buildings. Along with Kenny, he is the most comfortable amongst their friends when it comes to being au naturel with his body.

There’d still be something offensive about being shared online to random strangers, that Stan didn’t get, but he would gladly jump into a pool with a couple of pals in his birthday suit – if given the right location and chance. He’s had Craig take him in public and has done things even before he has dated him. Stan rolled on his side, glancing through the partly drawn curtains across from him in the dark bedroom.

Cheek resting on his palm with his eyes hooded, he wondered what took Craig so long to return to
him. A small frown over his lips when he pulled his phone up to send him a worried text. Stan lowered the device and rolled on his shoulders. He didn’t want to do that. In fact, Stan was pretty sure Craig didn’t like him begging unless they were undressed together. He didn’t ask, but he knew it. Over a minute of sulking and debating if he should press send or not, and he deleted his message.

The phone was placed below the pillow next to him and his other hand drifted below his navel. Stan touched the fresh hickey over his neck, imagining Craig’s mouth pulling over the sensitive skin, while he tilted his hips up slightly upwards, looking past his chest. He ran his tongue over his bottom lip. The pads of his fingers drifting slowly until the heat of his skin touched the heel of his palm. Stan coiled his fingers around his cock and jerked it slowly in his hand at a steady pace. Multitasking with the other, Stan pulled a small bottle of lube out from the side drawer and squeezed a fair amount over him.

Sapphire eyes fluttered shut. He pushed his head back against the pillows and gasped, slicking his fingers quick and furious pumps. The tight muscles on his stomach clenched and loosened, while he desperately clung to the pillow with one hand.

Big Brother :)

Today 8:20 pm

[@ the mini-mart?]

Today 8:20 pm

[No? We’re still @ the balcony. Where r u?]

Karen hit send, sitting at a folding chair next to Tricia.

“I can’t believe they forgot us,” the strawberry blonde said dryly, looking at her phone.

After a testy glance, she kept silent after that and brought herself up to the glass doors that led to the darkened bedroom. While firmly gripping the handle with her hand, mascaraed green eyes bulged out slightly. The teen froze.

Traces of emotion fading from her face, though her cheeks hummed a different legacy. Completely dark red and contradicting with her self-contained nature, Tricia Tucker is rattled. Entirely immobilized, torpid. She asked herself if she should look away – what else does she know about Stan Marsh?

He played sports, yes. Tricia knew this. Talk of the town, his twitching muscles are living proof. Many years of practice showed on his body. In fact, only one word came to mind whenever she sees him since she’s seen him shirtless. Abs. Superficial was her game to an extent. The false facets of entering early adolescence, these things Tricia would try to ignore. Yet…

“What’s the matter?” the girl called softly to her best friend.

Stan pinched his sac and rolled them between his fingers, his toned body counteracting with thrusting against his hand. Chewing his lip inside his mouth, his whimpers dissolved into low moans. He chanted his boyfriend’s name over and over again, while his fingers plunged in and out of his ass. Her brother’s name. She couldn’t hear it from the window, but she could read it from his lips. Entranced, oddly captivated from it.

He murmured, fuck me, before he shamelessly wagged his tongue out. The fantasy of catching
Craig’s hot semen that drizzled him all over his face quickly brought him over the edge. Another violent twitch from his hips and his ejaculate spilled over his stomach, splashing his shoulder and chest. A mixture of lust and satiation over Stan’s glowing complexion. The nineteen-year-old draped his forearm over his head, breathing chopply. His stomach is glazed with a sheen of sweat and he fell back again.

“Tricia.”
“Fuck.”

Heart racing a hundred miles an hour, the girl in the mint green coat noticed Stan is no longer lying on top of his bed, and he retreated in the bathroom.

“Coast is clear,” she spoke quickly, avoiding Karen’s peculiar glance. Being Kenny’s sister, she probably has already figured it out.

“All right.”

Tricia slid the glass door open. “C’mon.”

Token and Clyde wheezed, dropping their shoulders, as a hand or two would rest on their knees. It’s been a couple of blocks that they ran. For not being in any sports teams currently, Craig was undeniably a quick sprinter. They finally caught up with him again, well almost. Token pats Clyde’s back as he leaned over and coughed out more phlegm. Their throats dry and lungs set aflame while they slowed toward the green street sign. Wiping the drool from his lip, Clyde lifted his head up to see that Token wordless and in shock.

“We went through this before. I thought we were pretty clear about it, that we won’t fight anymore,” Craig’s voice bled through the air. “I have a message to send, and you guys are blocking the way.” He flipped his knife in his hand again. “So, tell me who’s it gonna be. Who wants to try out my new knife?”

The boys behind his shoulders straightened their postures.

“Will it be you,” Craig threatened, pointing the blade, “or your painfully unattractive friend over there?!”

“Shit,” applauded the twenty-year-old in the dark coat. “Straight out of the horse’s ass. I bet you thought about that three seconds ago, you mean-spirited poltroon.”

Firkle made indirect eye-contact toward his front left.

“Um, Craig. Just so you know, I’m not punching the kid,” Token said.

“Please let us through. We’re friends with Tweek,” Clyde urged, clasping his hands to his chin. “We don’t want any trouble.”
He brought a shoe forward and Craig blocked him with his arm.
“We already know who you guys are,” Michael said. “We’re from the same fucking town.”

“So, what’s your issue with Craig?” the preppy jock asked, glancing upright.

“This Craig ‘douchebag’ has caused our friend a lot of pain…” Firkle said coldly. His haunted black eyes glitter like shiny black beetles, flicking up from his blade.

“Not the good kind of pain, either,” said the other goth.

Token makes light of it. “Oh, Craig does that to everyone.”

“Yeah, he does,” Clyde said with a wobbly grin, showing his dimples. “Who’s your friend? Er… the one we caused pain to.”

“Pete,” Michael revealed, sliding his thumb up the handle of his knife. “and that’s more than enough for you guys to know. Matter of fact, let’s just skip the faggy dramatics and end this. The sooner we stab this guy, the sooner we get to visit that haunted house next weekend.”

“I’ll make it as dirty as I can possible,” Firkle mumbled coolly. “We’ll decorate the sidewalk with your lacerated and mutilated corpse, and use your bloody intestines as puppet strings. Pretty soon there will be nothing left but the sounds of you be choking in your own plasma when I slice your jugular vein and slash your eyes. There will be nothing left but your torn remains and the malodorous odor of your flesh decaying in the town’s air. As people will ignore your tormented cries for help, I’ll slowly cut your dick–”


“All right! Let’s do this!”

“Craig, no!” Token and Clyde screamed in unison.

The hunting knife slashed through the air. Arms reached and hooked beneath Craig’s underarms. Clyde closed his eyes tightly. He whimpered, eyes screwed shut. Then, he said a prayer aloud, deeply afraid Craig's blade would slice his face off, and that he will never be pretty again.

A trash bag dropped in front of two feet. “Gah! Jesus Christ!”

“Craig’s back,” Michael turned around, facing Tweek Tweak who just now stepped toward the street.

“I know, I can see that,” the blond shared. “A good friend of mine texted me.”

Token glanced over at one side and Clyde looked down, embarrassed. “Sorry, Craig. I got worried.”

“Since when the fuck did you guys turn into henchmen?” spoke the barista to the eccentric pair. “I can handle – ngh – him myself. Come on in, we’ll discuss it.”
“Oh shit, it’s Craig!” Butters yelled from the front of the café building. “Craig’s here! – Eric!”

Overwrought with disarray and panic, the bumbling flaxen shifted back and forth nervously on his feet. The two people he spoke to earlier seemed to vanish. Mouth dry, Butters’ lips were instantly concealed and muffled by a large arm. A strong grip from a male and a set of smaller hands pulled him out the front door.

“Here’s good enough,” Tweek said, waving goodbye to another employee who was finished washing dishes. He twitched slightly.

Craig, Token, and Clyde had followed him to the backroom of his coffee shop.

“We need to talk,” the teen in front of the two other boys said.

The young coffee shop owner grunted. “If that’s not completely obvious.”

“We gotta go,” Michael signaled, arm rested on Firkle’s shoulder.

“See you guys,” Tweek waved as they stepped past the doorframe.

“So, there’s this app going around all over the place, where people can upload videos of their old boyfriends and girlfriends doing things with their uhm, privates…” Token explained.

“Craig’s in it and he’s kinda mad,” Clyde looked down. “He thinks it’s you.”

“And he needed you guys to explain it, for – grh – me?” the blond blinked, irritated. “You couldn’t just say so yourself?” Turning around, a bit snappish. “Typical, Craig. Typical.”

A brick wall, a stick in the mud, a robot. Craig didn’t communicate well and it showed. Fake, his gentle side was all fake. Craig was never a nice guy. Rutting in the sack and cruel excitement hardly counted to Tweek Tweak either.

While dating him, there’d been many times where Tweek judged and tested his empathy. It was like one of those phases he had in the 11th or 12th grade, but in this case, it would be a lot worse, because he couldn’t remember why he ever became friends with him. Why were they ever friends? The whole dating thing really scrambled his mind. That insouciance and inconsiderate act he pulled. All those years Tweek thought he could adjust to it. That, they could get to know each other.

It wasn’t about Craig not being a dick to him, it was about Craig a dick to everyone else. That never seemed to change. He’ll never change. He’ll never change.

“You’re the only person I gave those to,” the noiret said, expressionless. The pictures. The pictures, they didn’t matter to Tweek. Craig’s disinterested gaze. His green eyes looked like they belonged to a dead man. He was going to act up anytime. He was still cold-blooded as ever. “I didn’t give them to anyone else.”

“You see?! That’s the kind of shit I’m talking about! He doesn’t feel anything, man!” Tweek blurted.

“So… Are we gonna take the videos down, or…” Clyde trailed off.

“I have a better question,” Craig rose up from the stool he pulled aside and sat on. His arms unfolded under his broad shoulders. “Did you upload those videos of me in that app, Tweek? Or, was it someone else?”
“And what if he did?” Pete challenged from the store’s front counter.

“Then that’s kinda… effed up?” the only brunet in the room added.

Craig was playing with a butter knife now. “So, did you do it?”

“No,” his ex-boyfriend replied firmly. “I just got rid of them.”

“Well, that solves it,” Clyde expressed succinctly, slapping his hands against his knees, stepping down from his stool. “Let’s go, Craig. Maybe if we’re fast enough, we can interrogate Cartman. I think I saw him around the corner with Butters.”

“I gave them away to somebody we all know,” Tweek admitted. With that, he said promptly, matter-of-factly. “I wasn’t the one who uploaded them.” Clyde closed his mouth and the blond continued. “I’ve seen that you’re still a little insensitive shit on your feed. Today’s the last straw. You need to be taught a – *rrh* – lesson, Craig. ‘Cause when you go through life, there’s a little thing called consequence… and when you don’t learn from these consequences…”

“So, it was you! You’re the one that said I cheated on there!”

“Because you *fucking did!*” the barista shrieked.

Tweek squeezed his hands so tight, he almost broke skin and drew blood. All of his tremblings went straight to his balled fists. Forcing himself to intervene, Pete stepped forward and placed his hand over Tweek’s shoulder. He sincerely wanted to calm his freckled and flushed face down. Remembering that his boyfriend really cared about his business a lot, he didn’t want to see him drive away his customers, being upset.

*Boy, how times have changed,* he reminded himself. Stepping forward, if there is ever a moment where Pete felt really out of place – like a sore thumb, and he didn’t belong, it would be right now. He already missed his goth friends, terribly. On the other hand, Tweek was well-worth going through some disasters too. He had a bright outer appearance, but underneath it all, he was all Hell. Very appealing to Pete. Pete would do anything for him.

The red goth motioned his hand to the open door that led to the back.

“Okay, that’s enough for today. I think you guys should go.”

Token sighed, patting Tweek’s other shoulder. “Sorry, dude.”

Craig stuffed his hands in his pants pockets. “All right, I’ll leave.” He flicked his hand forward, knocking over utensils. They rattled and clanged against the ceramic tiles. “I’ll find a way to get rid of them myself.”

By the door panel, he preened. “You can *suck my dick*.”

“Your dick is trash,” Tweek breathed out, scowling at his direction. His ears burned and his lungs constricted in his chest, feeling Craig’s face harden when he turned around. If he didn’t walk any faster, he was going to hurl something at him.

Token was the first to step out. Clyde threw his arm over Craig’s back, oblivious that his best friend raised his middle finger, as they made their way past the stacked boxes toward the exit. This time it wouldn’t be his hidden sign language of amour. Tweek stabbed a lump of dough with a cold fork and grated his teeth.
The trio walked around the corner and a brown paper bag blew around their feet. Craig slanted his lips, hunching his shoulders up with his hands pressed inside his pockets in his joggers. He pulled his iPhone out from the front of his hoodie and scrolled through his contacts. Token sighed.

“So, that went well,” Clyde chuckled nervously. He jogged, catching up to his best friend. Damn those long legs.

“What are you talking about, Clyde? It went exactly the way I thought it did.”

Craig switched from cocky to easygoing again.

“Can you drive me to my car, Token? I gotta make a call first.”

“Sure Craig.”

Clean water droplets rolled from the strands of Stan’s hair. Towel around his neck, he flipped through the Seventeen magazine one of the girls left behind while the inky strands on his head blew underneath the cool setting of a hair dryer. The Nutella residue is completely gone. A minor nuisance, though he didn’t mind shampooing and conditioning the twice within a twelve-hour span. Stan gazed through most of the articles behind the cover, uninterested. An annoyance worth pestering about when he felt like his stomach growled for the infinite time that day. Stan sorely wished there were something edible in the refrigerator. He frowned at the time on his phone in dismay and hung his head back.

Nope, don’t call him, he said in his brain. I can manage here on my own, by myself. Maybe I’ll just –

The phone rumbled. “Babe?”

Goddamnit.

Alert, Stan had the phone pressed to his ear, bringing his body up. Answering swiftly, he hardly recalled swiping his right thumb. This would be just like that antsy feeling he had, anticipating who’d call first when they lived in separate houses. Only, more than half the time it killed him, and he would almost fail everytime.

“Hey, babe,” Stan leaned back in his seat, trying to sound casual. “What’s up?”

“So, I may have had a minor discrepancy with Tweek today,” Craig said from the other line.

“Serious?”
“Yeah.”

“You guys didn’t break anything, did you?” sighed the blue-eyed teen, flipping through another page.

“No.”

“What time you comin’ home?”

“Soon.”

That could be another hour. Stan remembered how Craig liked to take his time with things and frowned at the one-worded response. He could hear the cars passing by behind his boyfriend and the wind blowing through the smartphone.

“Well, I guess you already know we checked the app and stuff, judging from what happened. You can lay it all on me, once you get here – when we look at it together, that is.”

“’Kay,” exhaled Craig. A small moment to gather his thoughts while he conjures up a new plan in his head. Small talk was still never his thing, though, he would insist here at this instant. “What are you doing now?”

“Same ol’ same ol’. I’m just alone watching a zombie movie,” Flipping another page. “I kinda wanna blow you.”

The corners of Craig’s lips twitched into a smile. “Just kinda?”

“I want you to skull fuck me.”

“Ah, that’s better. I just might take you up on that.” Holding that smile, Craig picked up a brick he found on the sidewalk and analyzed it, before weighing it in his palm. Still, he cradled his phone to his face with his other hand, flirting. “Your gag reflex is shit, though. What should I do about it?”

“Pinch my nose until I can’t breathe.”

The older boy licked his lips. He truly loved how unabashed and evil Stan gets at times.

“Craig, get in.” Token’s voice came through. While turning down the music, he rolled down the windows in his SUV. He took notice of the molded block of clay in his hand, ultimately knowing what’s going to happen if they stick around too long. In spite of the fact that he’s wrecked about the whole thing, Clyde was sitting patiently in passenger’s seat with a glum look on his face. An upbeat Travis Scott song was playing through the speakers while Token rolled the vehicle near the broken newspaper dispenser that Craig stood next to.

“…what? An Aquarius, really?” Pete said incredulously, holding Tweek’s head to his chest. “He’s more of a Capricorn to me, I’ll have to ask Henrietta.”

“Argh! No, his birthday’s in late January,” the blond corrected. Fingers fidgeting next to his apron
pocket, Tweek pulled out a bag of pop rocks and began throwing it on the concrete floor after he slid down from his boyfriend’s arms and stepped underneath the doorframe of his back room.

The other gentleman walked further outside. A single lighter with was picked from the pocket of Pete’s slacks. Silver, embossed with a demon gargoyle on it, sitting with its wings were partially spread. Pete flicked the top lid open with a cigarette butt between his dry lips and raised it to the small flame. An ember hue of the fire coruscated over the gloss over his irises and his pale face. He took a long and slow drag, eyes cemented to the ground. The goth inched forward to take another puff and a stealthy hand reached over to him, snatching his cigarette away from him.

Pete’s mouth parted. It’d be equivalent to having his eyeliner wiped off. No sound emitted from him when he gasped. “Easy there, angel. You could’ve asked.”

Tweek brought the stick up to his mouth and took two swift puffs. He exhaled and stared at the dirtied planks leaning against a fence that covered the cinderblock wall by a group of trash cans. Inhaling big, the blond took another drag, which flustered his boyfriend’s pale cheeks in concern. Pete cared deeply enough to give him a pet name, he would surely let his guard down for him and offer more when he’s in a stressed situation. Conformist or not, he really cared about him. He’s gotten more lenient with his image over the years.

“Babe, babe, slow down.”

This would never be in the cards, Pete didn’t want to see him this way. The vision of Tweek Tweak smoking in front of him was entirely upsetting. It wrenched at his heart. In fact, he and his group of friends have always been turned down, whenever they offered Tweek a smoke. The image before him is extremely stressful and unordinary. The smaller boy was clearly vexed. Tweek raised the cigarette his pink lips again.

A skull-splitting scream followed by a piercing shattering noise from inside the coffeehouse ripped Tweek out of his thoughts. Dropping the cigarette on the ground, Tweek jolted up from the steps while Pete puts the stick out.

Tweek dropped his arms to his waist and his face dulled at the sight of crystal fragments dripping down in front of his shop. Some spread at the sides of the store’s window scattered to the floor. He brought himself forward and heard glass crunch under his feet. The only other employee he hasn’t dismissed froze there, staring in utter shock.

“Crazy thugs,” commented the worker.

“Those guys, I bet it was them,” Pete accused.

Nose wrinkled in utter disgust, Tweek twisted and moved in a blur of motion to the back of the room again, avoiding looks from customers that stood by. Pete swiftly stalked after him and put his hand over his. “Don’t call the cops yet. I’ll rally my allies – we can deal with it.”

“That’s not what I’m doing.”

Through the rummaging of paper in a small drawer beside disorganized cabinets, Tweek yanked out a .44 Magnum rifle and loaded his tiny bullets into the cylinder.

A click after the twist. An arm’s length away, Tweek pressed the muzzle between his boyfriend’s eyebrows and aimed quietly, looking at him square in the face. Eyes like a foggy forest in Oregon, Pete’s deeper pigmented greens lift up at Tweek’s.

“Wow dude, you’re crazy,” whispered the goth, unshaken.
Tweek retracts the gun.

“And I always thought you were a good kid,” Pete said huskily. Well, that’s a half lie. Considering how quirky and full of shit they were together in the beginning. Although, this still surprised him. Mannerisms and all. “I’m so turned on right now.”

“That can wait. Follow me.” Another tic, Tweek jerked slightly. “We’re closin’ early.”

Pete stood casually with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, one hand in his pocket.

*Pop!*

*Pop – Pop!*

The air of the tires on a Hatchback Prius deflate slowly between a Ford Explorer and a poorly painted 1970’s Dodge Caravan in a public parking building. Pete tilted his face up at his partner, who fired the rounds from his small pistol with both arms raised. Tweek clenched his teeth when he missed and made the license plate go slanted. *Pew!* He trembled and his eyes flit when the bullet bounced off the numbers on it.

“A fucking Prius? Seriously, can this guy get any douchier?” Pete cried in disbelief.

“He always had it. He drove it at our old school.”

“Oh.”

Tweek looked down.

“Man, it’s too bad he’s such a downer. He’s actually kinda hot,” Pete said, flipping his hair.

“What the fuck, man?”

“I mean… for a conf-”


“Right. Oh my god,” Pete regretted that instantly. Minor nausea, gloomily looking at a smashed cigarette butt by his foot. “Don’t mention that to anyone, ever.”

“Don’t think I will. Grh – that cuntwaffle doesn’t need any more asspats and verbal handjobs.”

The urge to converse some more was cut short abruptly. Against the support beams in a parkade, the couple noticed a pair of headlights spreading over a wall and then shrinking.

“Crap! Let’s go!” Tweek replied.

Though it took him some time to budge because of his bad nerves, Pete grabbed his hand and they raced out of the building.
“Get that damn screwdriver out of my head!”

Stan rolled his eyes. Cheek planted on his palm, he was watching a vintage film playing on a LED flatscreen. Only a couple of minutes and he’ll be home. At least, that’s what Craig said. That was from the recent text. Hunched forward with a pillow tucked under his chin, Stan’s eyes glazed over a bit when another commercial from Taco Bell aired. All the lights in the entire house are turned off. It’d just be him and the ghostly filter from the television projecting in front of him. The electric light flickered against the wall. Balancing the remote in his hand, he ponders what channel to flip it to next, before settling with the movie again.

Though, he has sat through worse. The lineup that week wasn’t completely bad. It’s either that, MTV, or ESPN. Watching television wasn’t really a great pastime to the teen. Terrance and Phillip, purely being the only thing he ever looked forward to before he hit adolescence. A fantasy like Game of Thrones, the Syfy channel, HBO and Cinemax – in small dosages – thanks to Butters. They actually had to cancel that plan. It’s just basic cable now.

Stan inwardly groaned at the lack of food in the icebox and the cupboards. He glanced at his phone again.

love of my life

Today 9:01 pm
{bring food}

Today 9:07 pm
{What kind?}

Today 9:07 pm
{idc whatever.}
{anything but hamburger helper.}
{i’m not eating that again.}

Today 9:07 pm
{:**}

Always late with texts, with anything. It wasn’t that Stan didn’t mind that much from Craig, except he kind of did. Craig didn’t have to be perfect, but he’ll have to make it up to him somehow. He must have had a hell of a day. All Stan remembered was that they parted that afternoon and then the sky’s suddenly black. Part of it to blame, because of his nap.

He fluttered his lashes, hearing a set of knuckles bump against his door. Stan propped himself on his elbow on the arm of the couch before walking up to twist the doorknob. He peeked through the blinds by the kitchen sink and noticed his blue Prius wasn’t parked at the floor level parking lot.

In addition to that, the will to smile has lowered down significantly for Stan, when he noticed a man in a Ninja Turtles shirt that didn’t quite fit right, green flip-flops, and a fedora hat giving him
the stink-eye.

“Is this your dog’s leash?” pronounced the guy in an orotund.

Stan gawked at the accusatory frown, answering with a shrug. “I mean, I guess.”

His eyes lined up with the angry face as he curled the item that’s been forcefully shoved to his chest in his palm. Thinking he hit a red flag, Stan had totally forgotten that he answered the door without a shirt on. Not that it really mattered or anything. A half-lidded side glance at the item he clutched.

“Do you remember me?” the gentleman bounded forward, the powerful scent of Gold Bond powder rising from him.

“Um, yeah sir, not really.” Stan narrowed his eyes, uninterested, getting ready to close his door. Even if the guy is roughly ten or fifteen years older than him, he did address him as such. Sir. Now, secretly wishing he’d take it back.

The man in the ponytail and glasses pointed behind his shoulder with his thumb. “I’m Jedd Pierce from the blue house on 16th. You know, the one by the park?”

“Kay?”

“You walk your dog by my parents’ place every other Sunday. Your dog is the one in the pink little handkerchief, the gay one.”

“Umm, I guess.” Eyebrows raised, Stan wondered why bringing up his dog’s sexuality was important – and then it hit him. Of course. “Oh- uh! He gets excited sometimes. If he violated some of your pets, I’m really sorry about that.”

“No, not that!”

Stan’s forehead wrinkled in confusion.

“Our front lawn is filthy with so much of his – feces! I’m warning you right now, if you don’t clean it up, it’s not gonna end well for you. One week, bucko! You’ve got one week to pick it all up, or I’ll tie your balls in a knot, and punch you in the face with my foot.”

Half-open eyelids droop lower. Apathetic with no pleasure in arguing back, Stan’s mouth pressed into a small line and he drifted off into a daydream. Because he sees him.

Craig was strolling toward the door, holding a huge bouquet and two grocery bags in his other arm. The random 1980’s melody Head Over Heels by Tears for Fears suddenly overlapped the haranguing misfit that blasted his voice at him. Stan’s lips turned upward into a slight smile. It was like that frigid anger he held in for minutes late have melted from his head off his shoulders, just by looking at him. Setting the groceries down, the taller noiret waved at his friends from a four-door vehicle down at the parking space below.

Apart for wanting to question why Craig’s car isn’t anywhere in sight, Stan thought his boyfriend looked very irresistible, the total opposite way he felt at South Park. There was no need to constantly remind himself – they’ve already been over the enemies bit ages ago. They fucked it out. Albeit the contrasting personalities, nostalgia has still been a very wonderful and enticing element for them. Foggy daydream put to a brief pause, a spray of saliva hit Stan’s soap-cleansed chest.
“Dude!”

“Hi, cookie. Look what I got for you,” Craig interrupted, elbowing himself rudely between the angry townsman to get to Stan. The guy nearly lost balance. Dipping downward, Craig pooched his lips at the younger teen. Stan pressed his mouth to his to seal the kiss. Which, quickly evolved into them slowly making out. Coiling his fingers, Stan tugged on the t-shirt in front of him. Craig’s navel showed beneath the lifted hem.

“Hey! Hey, faggot!”

They each held their middle fingers up to the human being in front of them while their lips were still connected.

Stan removed his hands from each side of Craig’s face and licked his own lips.

“What’s this?” he asked dumbly, looking down at the silky curled ribbon.

“Your present. Read the card.”

“Um, hey,” the stranger crossed his arms. “We’re you listening or not? I didn’t waste gas driving all the way down here so I can be ignored! Are you fucking done?”

“Who the hell are you?” Craig turned, asking brashly.

“Just some dude that’s mad at me. Sparky pooped in his lawn or something. It’s no biggie,” Stan shrugged, taking the card in his hands. “I’ll clean it up on my way to drills. Sorry, it won’t happen again.”

“Oh-All right, then. That’s more like it,” the man uttered with an air of superiority, stepping back. “My house, tomorrow morning.”

“Yeah, whatever man.”

Finally, the man backed off and walked himself down the second level of the complex. Craig shot the agitated visitor a dirty look before swinging the light bags of groceries inside the apartment home. With Sparky’s leash dangling from the corner of his elbow, Stan skims the cursive printing in gold letters that had “To” and “From” encrypted on it. He unfolds the paper.

“Your deep blue eyes are like the milky way.
I can get lost in those pools for days.

To many more months to come.

Darling babe, you are the one.”

Love, Craig xo

Right about now, Stan would be floating high on a big and pink glittery cloud. That’d be the second gayest thing he thought about day. The corners of his eyes well up in tears and his hard felt like it was heavy with lead.
“Hey, I got the ice-cream you wanted,” announced the teen, pulling out groceries on the small table of the kitchen. “I bought vanilla too. Hope you don’t mind chicken, they were kind of on sale… Well, they always are.”

A set of arms coiled around Craig’s waist and he felt Stan lay his face against him. The organ in his chest plummeted, hearing a small sniffle. Stan’s youthful cheek and his tousled raven hair nuzzled against his spine.

“Babe?”

“Mm?”

“Are you crying?” Craig asked softly.

“No, you’re just really corny, dude. That’s all.”

Craig’s eyebrow twitched. “Dude?”

“Mon chatte,” Stan mimicked in a French accent teasingly, kissing the clothes literally on Craig’s back, his tears dampening it. Translation: My pussy. After snidely slipping out the syllables, he hugged his arms around his partner’s torso.

Craig turned pink from the neck up, pinching his lips flatly together. “Fuck off.”

Stan exhaled a laugh and sniffed him. There was a mixture of fruity vape and a faint smell of marijuana coming from the hoodie.

“Awe. I made somebody cwanky.” Voice returning to normal. “Y’know my dad would blow a gasket if he could smell you right now.”

“Oh,” the older teen said shortly, scrubbing his hands with lemon dishwashing soap and water in the sink. “A gasket, huh? I guess that’s not the only thing your dad blows.”

“Dude, dick jokes aren’t funny,” Stan remarked, not even offended. Also, forgetful about the French thing. The thing is way over his head, now. He snorted. “Dick.”

“Bitch.”

With both arms crossed over his bare chest, Stan looked away. Craig reached for the bargain brand paper towels and dropped his hands to his hips. Mute, just like that.

Silence enveloped them. Then, secret smiles sprout over their faces. Both wouldn’t back down for defeat. It was just one of their special moments, where everything is perfect and left unsaid. Turning around first, Craig hooked his fingers underneath Stan’s chin, and turned him gently to look at him. Eyes pressed shut, he tilted his head sideways, deliberately brushing his lips over Stan’s.

Their mouths connect again. This kiss is less rushed than the other one, Craig still pushed toward the other boy insistently. Stan opened his mouth slowly to receive a sweeping of his tongue. His arms came up and gripped the back of Craig’s shoulders. Clutching the back of his light jacket at first, and then twisting the fabric in his hands. Stan stifled a pained sound when the bruise on his hip bumped against the counter. Craig’s hand came over it and caressed it.

He could feel him through his pants. Craig’s cock rose hard and thick, pressed against Stan’s stomach and through the elastic of his pants. At any cost, the double-layer of clothing he chose was
completely at null yet again. Boxers, drawstring pants. It was almost summer. He dressed airier.

On lazy days, any person could say that Craig’s wardrobe can be one dimensional. Dressed to the nines occasionally for a broke college kid, Craig could still pull off wearing just a cotton shirt and sweats.

Inwardly thanking himself for ceremoniously washing up before he left the apartment. Ass-to-mouth to them was more of a heads or tails thing, it didn't really matter.

“Babe, you’re killin’ my boner,” Stan said, suddenly on the floor. “Are you gonna keep standing there or are you gonna throat fuck me?”

Craig dipped his chin, his pensiveness morphed into a glower. Fire shot straight to his groin as he ripped his boxers down and his cock sprang out of them. There’d be pent-up anger from seeing his ex. Empty threats, overall, from each of them. Hearing Stan’s voice again made Craig hard again. Twisting his fingers through his black hair, he held his cock in his hand.

“What do you think?”

3:33 on the digital clock. The electric blue letters glowed on the silver plastic-molded device over a nightstand. On the walls, ceilings, and headboard, glow in the dark stars and planets glowed in diluted yellow-green hues. Bedroom almost pitch black, the stickers stuck out just like dim fireflies. Just like Craig’s old bedroom.

In the interim of laying over his boyfriend’s sleeping form, Stan pulled out his own iPhone to view the app that Eric Cartman reveled in the previous morning. Vividly remembering the thumbnail of Craig with his pants down to his calves on the website, Stan decided to download the application on his phone. Though he and his boyfriend made a pact to look at it together, sex may have gotten in the way again. Stan was still itching to see if his anxiety is just a hoax.

“What are you doing?”

Small wince. “Jesus Christ. Can’t a guy watch Pornhub without being harassed?”

“You’re horny again?”

Even better question. Why was Stan watching porn without him?

Craig’s frown deepened and he raised a glare that screamed his everlasting I’m everything you’ll ever need, bitch thoughts. Rather angry and ashamed that he didn’t know telepathy, Craig’s face seethed apple-red for the eighteenth time. He really hated when Stan did that, make him fucking blush.

“N –” Stan grabbed himself under the blanket and widened his child-like eyes. “Whoa. Oh shit, I really am.”

“Go back to sleep. I’m pretty sure you have drills in a couple of hours.”
The boy pulled Craig’s arm off of him and slid away to the opposite end of the mattress. Stan fluffed his pillow. His eyelids soon became heavy.

“Baby?”

“Yeah?”

With closed eyes, Stan found his nose with his hand. “I miss my septum ring… do you think I should get another one?”

Chapter End Notes

**Revised Again?:** Yup, that's right. I changed the ass-to-mouth rules with them. Craig is dirty in canon, so it wasn't right for me to vent my own concern in this story. This kid would eat ass when he's older and probably kiss you when he's done. 😂 So, with that being said... there will be plenty more lewd stuff later on. Please continue. xx ~
Chapter Summary

**Songs**

*Voodoo - Get Scared*
*Stuck - Stacie Orrico*

*Early November, 3 years ago...*

“21, 54, 32! Hut hut! Hike!”

Kyle Broflovski sat at the third row in the metal bleachers with a platinum netbook resting on his lap. A length away, Eric Cartman snickered and sneered with his phone up to his ear above him. The grass on the football field still maintained some of its life, despite it being a plain and dour afternoon in South Park, Colorado.

Slipping out a spiral notebook behind Kyle, Eric began jotting down the notes he saw in the poorly positioned monitor. It looked dim from his view. Disregarding the other student looming over him, Kyle raised his steel tumbler up to his lips and sipped slowly at the hot cocoa that spilled over the rim. Many years of being used to it, he’d be far less concerned with the brunet copying off of his homework. Things that current year turned out nicely for him so far.

In a neon drop sleeve tank-top, Clyde leaped up in the air. Flashing a toothy grin toward the girls in the bottom row bleachers, Clyde caught the football and dashed to the other side of the yard pretending to be The Flash. His clothes ruffled from the strong current of wind that whipped against his face and chestnut hair, while his strong legs carried his body through the field. The land interrupted by a smear of red and white. Like a wildcat on the prowl, Stan appeared unexpectantly and sprung forward, colliding against Clyde’s hipbone. The brunet barely had time to react when the other teen toppled over him.

Some awareness regained, Clyde gasped when the faux leather nearly slipped from his grip. He hurled the ball just in time toward his teammate, Douglas, who caught it. Arms still locked around Clyde, Stan’s brows furrowed when the boy in the gray beanie began sprinting toward the goal.

“Gay!”

Kyle glared at Cartman’s outburst and went back to skimming through the PowerPoint Presentation he edited for a class project.

“God, that looks so easy,” Cartman mumbled, dusting cat hair away from his light jacket.

“Then why don’t you play then, fatass?” Kyle said in annoyance.

“Nah. Don’t wanna end up with itchy balls or somethin’. Those cups those guys wear would give me a rash, forget it.”

The redhead frowned, rolling his eyes.
Cartman noticed. “What?”

“Well, there’s still a great opportunity for you to join now. Your ass is bigger than half the field. You’d be a great linebacker someday, blocking with that ginormous body.”

Brown eyes shimmered. “Really Kahl, you think so?”

“Nope.”

That quickly gauged a negative reaction. The grumbles and the offensive slurs from the heavyset student were barely audible to a small pack of students that strolled over the maroon colored track field. Along with a small entourage following behind him, Craig Tucker toggled the lens of his Canon 7D camera, lifting it in his two hands. He had it attached to a strap hanging securely around the back of his neck. Tweek Tweak grabbed a hold of his hand again as his boyfriend lifted his head up, scoping out the field.

“Okay, everybody. Spread out,” Craig instructed with a wave of a wrist, holding a clipboard.

The two students next to them part their ways. One left to the stadium’s parking lot, the other walked toward the small group of cheerleaders that were stretching at the bottom row of the bleachers. Their white sneakers clashed brightly with the sunlight.

“It’s hard work, I bet,” commented a girl by Craig’s shoulder. “You’re on the school paper, the yearbook team, have an impressive GPA, and this week you’re scheduled to take pictures of next week’s game. How do you manage it all?”

The noiret stated dryly, pulling his face away from a drink Tweek offered. “Lots of water and a good night’s rest.”

The young woman nodded taking note of that with a slight smile, bringing down her ballpoint pen. Craig moved away from her, scoping out more of the field. After selecting the filter he wanted on his Canon, he aimed his camera at the football field. He took air and ground snapshots of his friend Clyde reaching for the ball. Craig lowered the expensive device and aimed it elsewhere after the brunet tripped on the neon green lace of his own shoe. Tweek winced at their friend’s fall and his boyfriend gave his hand a light and reassuring squeeze.

“I was open,” cried Stan. “Why didn’t you guys pass it to me?”

“Gotta quit hoggin’ the ball,” Token grinned, walking past him.

A wronged glare was shot at the group of teammates by the sensitive quarterback. Though Stan’s asthma has cleared up significantly during his adolescence, with intense activities such as these, his breathing still came out in fits and starts.

Lifting his body upward, Stan stretched the hem of his white top and brought it up his brow. More weight on one foot as he stood, he dabbed his forehead with the cloth. His bare chest and the dents of his abs glisten with a layer of sweat that he gained from running. As his stomach flexed while he breathed. Many heads turned to gaze at the star athlete’s lean and sturdy physique. While Stan caught his breath slowly, he'd be in his own shell, as comments were being exchanged about him.

A half a yard away, a girl with short curly hair leveled her light blue pupils at him.

“Mmm mmm mmm, that’s one boy I’ll eat up,” Annie Knitts said aloud, lustily, “with whipped cream and a spoon.”
“Don’t be trashy, he’ll hear,” her friend shushed her.

Stan pulled his shirt off from his back and tossed it to the grass. Wetting his lips with his tongue, he carded his hand through his pitch-black hair and squinted at the sun with his striking blue eyes. Taking that as a green light, Clyde grinned and pulled his own shirt over his head and applied on some more Axe body spray over his bronze skin. He was muscular as well. Brawny, in the least. Many hours of playing sports and sweating in the gym have paid off to him. Not a single barbell and protein shake went to waste. Revealing teeth, the boy gave a movie star smile to the girls by the bleachers, who were on their smartphones and filing their nails.

“Wow, he’s kinda hot, what’s his name?” a girl in uniform smiled back at Clyde.

“He’s looking at me again, Millie,” another cheerleader whispered in disgust.

“Isn’t that your ex?” Red replied, scrunching her nose. “Just look away and ignore him, maybe he’ll disappear.”

“That’ll be the day,” Annie said.

“Ay, quit showin’ off over there!” Cartman screamed from the bleachers.

The double-chinned boy crossed his arms and huffed. What seemed like a heated conversation from above, Kyle ended the conversation on his cellphone abruptly with a swipe of his thumb. Grumbling in front of the shouting male, the Jew collected his things and slipped the strap of his laptop bag over his shoulder. He stepped down from the bleachers away from Cartman and walked off toward the football field.

As the redhead in the green hat breezed past Tweek, the blond busied himself with the Drama Club kids, making small talk by a wired fence. Craig wandered further down the grassy area of the football stadium. He switched his camera to the video setting, all the while remembering to avoid a certain classmate that was on the team.

Stan Marsh scooped his shirt up from the ground and sauntered toward the cheerleaders. At that moment, time took an instant dive for Craig. Not being able to help his staring, his brain forced itself in slow-motion while the other teenager waltzed up to greet his girlfriend, Wendy Testaburger.

Surrounded by six other girls, their humble classroom president, and valedictorian twirled the stick of her candy in her hand with her boyfriend’s oversized varsity jacket over her slim shoulders. Cheeks pinkened, remembering there was a time that she was once taller than him. The girl in the beret noticed Stan coming her way.

Wendy batted her lashes kittenishly at him while the other cheerleaders traded smiles and smirks around her. With puckered lips, she touched her boyfriend’s bicep. Stan dipped in smiling, pressing his mouth against hers. Gentle touch sliding over his neck, she pulled him closer to her. Wendy was the first to break the kiss.

“Hello, Stanley,” she approached in a honeyed voice, mini-skirt rolled up peculiarly high.

The boy licked his lips. “Hey, Wends. That a Blow Pop? What flavor is it?”

Small grin. “Cherry.”

There would be no denying, if a stranger prompted a student about Stan and Wendy up front, they would tell them that they were the star couple of their high school. Pristine, deeply in love.
frolic epitome of a ‘perfect image’. Their classmate Craig compares. Thought their tenderness was no match to what he had with Tweek. Stan and Wendy were the opposite of them.

Ideal, all American, conservative. Future homecoming king and the girl next door. Quarterback and head cheerleader. Straight. They were practically celebrities in their school, role models. For any kid that was new in town, seeing the two paired, they would easily get the jist of it. Together they were a brand. Perfect. A panned capture of Craig’s camera’s lens blurred when he brought it down from his face. Frowning, he deleted the recording of the pair.

Craig moved further away. While the girls tittered and shared gossip, Stan leaned in more closely to listen to Wendy. His sapphires looked like ‘gay ass’ topaz in the daylight. As poetic as that sounded. That’s what Craig thought. Stan shot his gaze at his classmate’s direction and the taller teen sharply averted his own eyes. That mysterious hate filled him up again. Like a toxic inferno liquid churning inside a canteen. His throat. A sudden disgustingness crawled inside his esophagus, an invisible one. To ease some of his unsteady discomfort, Craig went through the 8-bit menu options on his Canon.

Clyde suddenly appeared with his hands in the pockets of his silver basketball shorts.

“What a bumpy ride, huh?” the brown-eyed footballer whispered to his best friend. “They’ve been on and off for seven years. I heard they’re pretty inseparable now.”

Clyde blinked excessively, peeking over one shoulder and then the other.

“Craig?”

_Yikes. Ghosted again_, he frowned. A harsh male’s voice broke through his relaxed thoughts.

“Donovan! Get on the field, right now! Move! Move! Move!”

“You heard the guy. C’mon, tight end, let’s go,” Stan called after their coach addressed the teen. Now, jogging his way. “We’ve got one more play to do.”

Barely offended that his friend walked away, Clyde decided with a shrug that Craig Tucker has and always will be in a planet of his own when he’s paired with any other human being besides his ‘fur baby’ and boyfriend Tweek Tweak. With a slight smirk, he pulled his shirt on again and he joined Stan again for practiced and kneeled on the dry grassy field in front of him.

Token gave his water bottle back to his girlfriend before meeting up with the other players to punt the ball. He slowed his jogging, noticing Craig making an uncomfortable face at a school staff member before he ascended, walking toward the edge of the field. Tweek joined up by his side, in equal slow strides.

“Hey,” Token said, catching up with the boy in the chullo. “What’d he say? You looked stressed over there.”

Craig parted his lips to talk.

Hands on his hips, the football coach in his Hanes two-piece sweats set rolled his eyes at Kyle Broflovski, who just whispered something in his ear. Two nods at the boy, and blew on his silver whistle hard, forming a T with his arms.

“Time out!”

“Cool, start without me,” Token mumbled in annoyance. “That’s okay. I didn’t mind at all.”
He got a glimpse of a running figure. Kyle rushed to the field, then proceeded next to prod Stan’s shoulder. With a hand behind the dusting of freckles on his bright face, he whispered something in Stan’s ear just like he did to the football coach. From the immediate interruption, the other students on the bleachers who appeared to be texting and chatting suddenly had their eyes on them. Stan bared his teeth and shifted backward, running a hand through his dark hair.

“What?! I can’t believe this. Did he really?!”

That was answered with a shrug. Shirt draped over his shoulder, Stan picked up the football on the grass and marched angrily to the side of the field. Kyle grabbed his wrist and tried to reason with him.

“Look, it’s probably not even that bad. All I’m saying is, you should probably head home.”

Token turned his head. From the track field, Wendy frowned automatically. Yawning, Bebe Stevens lowered her pompom from her face, as the boys paced back and forth with one another. It looked like Kyle tried to get his friend to listen or something. Already assuming Stan would blow up in a matter of seconds, Craig began walking away from the field. The same melodrama, showboating, and attention seeking theatrics. Craig decided that he was going to be done with it all, and take Tweek with him. His stolid green eyes seek out the paint on the parking lot and his feet moved on its own.

“No, I’m not missing out on this because he went to prison again. I can’t believe this.”

“Well, believe it. That’s your dad, Stan, but what can you do?” Kyle responded to the fuming noiret. He stopped at that. Kyle resisted the urge to add another comment that would rub salt on the wound. More of, it’d be another blow that he’d have to endure.

Stan ripped off the t-shirt off that was resting on his shoulder and whipped it to the ground. Seeing red, only hot air came out of his nose. With barely controlled breathing, he hurled the football he was holding with all his might at a random direction instead of letting out a roar. He spun around quickly walking back to the field.

“I don’t need that kind of distraction. This is my distraction.

“Starting positions everybody.”

“Come on! New game, let’s go!” Stan clapped at the four teammates behind him, earning glares. His voice had the barest hints of roughness in it.

One of the boys chuckled, showing his teeth. “With what ball?”

“Hell no. You suck ass when you’re like this. I don’t wanna play when you’re on the rag,” Trevor Moore from Sacramento sneered with a scoff. “ Fucking queer.”

“Wait a minute. What did you just call me?”

“You’re a fucking queer. You don’t call the shots here when we’re playing like this. Get bent, Marsh. Fuck a baseball bat. You’re useless.”

A burst of rage ignited like a wall of flames and Stan threw his arms up, screaming at the other male. The teenagers scolded at one another and Kyle took a deep breath and watched as they went at it. A string of words traded from the two quickly manifested to offensive vocabulary of sorts with profanity. Chests were being jabbed at by index fingers, insults were thrown, shoulders were pushed. Gaping at the footballers screaming at each others’ faces as Clyde captured it all on his
phone.

“Such much testosterone. It reeks out here,” another girl complained.

“Yeah, let’s go.”

The two friends walked away from the field, into the parking lot. Other cheerleaders rolled their eyes at the boys fighting. A few stayed there, still enamored.

Clyde continued recording.

Token appeared with a glare behind him. “Nice goin’ you guys.”

The boy with his phone cocked his head to the side. “What. What’s up, Token?”

“Look.”

The dark-skinned boy stepped aside. His muscly jock friend ogled the two other bodies behind the sweeping arm, and the corner of his lip quirked. Gaiting slowly over to the duo, the blond Tweek Tweak had his hand over Craig’s hunched back. His boyfriend looked annoyed and pained.

A vivid scarlet liquid dripped over the taller boy’s skin and darkened the sleeves, staining his white sweatshirt. Heavy resentment emanated dangerously from Craig. Hot tears prickling the corners of Craig’s eyes, he scowled over at the direction at self-righteous bickering Stan Marsh.

“Oh shit, whoever did that better run,” commented a student, scurrying over to Kenny holding the head of his Beaver mascot costume.

Butters, in a male cheerleader outfit, looked alarmed.

As the focus went to Craig and his bloody nose, football clutched in his hand. Stan and his equally hot-tempered teammate ceased butting heads to turn around at him.

Clyde’s focus dipped down to the inflated oval, remembering Stan’s mighty throw. A mixture of anger and shock had caused his cheeks to flood red with color, and he growled. He was going to tear the quarterback limb from limb – or, at least try to dislocate his shoulder. With violent intent, Clyde surged forward to tackle Stan, but the other boy caught his arms. A low resounding smack when his skin echoed from the catch.

He couldn’t see the bleeding figure behind him, Stan shot a bewildered look. “Clyde, what’s wrong?”

“Ask him! Look what you did to Craig!”

Kyle fumed silently, watching them go. He had it up to the chin up. Best friends being attacked is entirely off limits to him. No matter who did it first, no one was going to hurt Stan. That was established long ago. Fingernails biting into his flesh, he shot up from his spot. His knuckles popped when he balled his fists tightly. Like bird claws sinking into his skin, he could feel Token’s gaze from the side of his neck, digging into him. It would only be a matter of time until the separate childhood cliques break out into their classic feud with fists flying in broad daylight.

“Get off of him, Clyde, I’ll deal with him myself,” Craig bossed hastily while the boys tangled their upper limbs, contempt in his face.

More than willing to indulge in watching the new bloodbath, the footballer Trevor smirked at
Craig.

“Go for it.”

Clyde got in a good push. “Asshole!”

Gasping, Stan rocked backward and balanced himself on his feet. Behind Craig, Tweek narrowed his eyes at the quarterback. Silent murmurs from the nearby students surround them.

Hyperfocused on the rivals that locked eyes at one another, Kenny and Kyle monitored the opposing teens in case they broke into combat. Mirroring them, Token and Clyde stood behind Craig.

More blood droplets splashed into the track field and dirtied the shoelace of Craig’s laced Vans. Stan’s mouth trembled before Craig roughly drove the football back in the jock’s arms with a hard jerk of his wrist. Stan’s vision skimmed.

In Tweek’s hands, was Craig’s camera and a compartment that broke off. Now embarrassed and mortified for that last throw. At least Stan could get some time to explain before he goes home.

Fuck, he cursed in his mind.

“Craig, look—”

“You broke my camera,” the noiret in the chullo raised his voice at him. More blood ran profusely down Craig’s nostrils, his lips, and dripped down his chin. The natural lighting from the clouds made Craig’s skin looked brighter. Like red paint sliding down a blank white canvas. For such an unordinary circumstance, it was almost attractive. Unfortunately, they didn’t like each other, and he was bleeding.

“Now’s not the time,” Stan said. “I’ll pay you back.”

“Oho, you better,” Token added.

Kyle glared at him.

“No, you’re fixing this today!” Craig scolded.

“Fuck off!” Stan fired back. He pressed his hand to his chest. “I’m really sorry about your nose, but I have shit to do. Just have Tweek nurse it up and text me what model of that thing is if it doesn’t have a warranty to it.”

Unphased by his Bull in the China Shop act routine, Craig waited until Stan was finished.

Stating blithely, “Congratulations, you owe me a hundred dollars, and now you owe me a new camera.”

Kyle placed his hand on Stan’s back in hopes to quell some of his anger.

“Whoa, how hard did you throw it?” Butters asked in awe from a distance, an otherworldly gaze in his big blue eyes.

“Jesus, it’s just one thing after another—”

The quarterback ran his hand down his face after his fingers slipped through his hair.
“Calm down, Stan,” said the Jew, sensing his stress, “it’s not even that bad. Maybe you guys can negotiate.”

One of the cheerleaders, Jenny, walked to the group with a First Aid kit. Stan scowled at the box before taking it in his hand.

The angry boys walked to a secluded bench in silence after Tweek hesitantly excused himself to join up with the other Drama Club kids.

Things were out of focus from there. Rather with it all, Tweek would fight to the death for Craig to this point. He would adamantly refuse to let his boyfriend he alone with the jock for an undisclosed and disputed reason that’s only kept between them. The timing clashed with him as well. Tweek couldn’t afford to be late to another meeting. The boy halfheartedly retreated while Stan approached Craig.

“I can’t stop bleeding,” Craig said bitterly. “This is all your fault. I hate you.”

Knee against the platinum bench, Stan ignored that statement and he leaned in a bit too close.

“Yeah, I know. You hate my guts and my friends,” the boy giggled in spite of himself, disregarding getting bloodstains on his fingers. “Bend your neck for me, asshole. You gotta tilt your head up.”

“No.”

“Craig, come on.”

“You ruined my face, my favorite shirt, and a nine-hundred-dollar camera. It took me years to save up money for it. You suck at throwing,” Pausing, lips flattening to a thin line, “and I hope you rot in hell.”

Stan’s brow furrowed. “Really, Craig?”

“You’re a jerk.”

The noiret above him dampened a cloth with his water bottle.

“You know, this would be a lot easier if we worked together.”

The rage subsided significantly for Craig. Of course, the ‘attention whore’ had his shirt off. The close contact, very apparent, and indescribably uncomfortable to him. Thankfully, his thoughts were in order, so he could form coherent sentences.

“I know,” he replied indifferently. Craig looked up from his lashes, pausing briefly. “I didn’t mean this kind of help… when I was asking to fix it.”

Stan’s fingertips grazed his chin and lifted it, enough to evoke a shiver from his rival. Craig suppressed it with a glare and tried not to look at him.

“Oh, shut up, you’ll be fine. I’ve endured plenty of injuries like this when I played hockey.”
Awhile from having his face blotted with another tissue, Craig lowered his head while Stan held another under his nose. Another human being is invading his space again. If it isn’t his own parents, it’d be a random from their school hallway. Craig barely got used to his own boyfriend’s hands on him, let alone Clyde.

Before that, Craig already knew Stan was going to go after him after he grabbed the First Aid box. He didn’t want Stan screaming at him chasing him around at the parking lot. Now fully regretting acting high-and-mighty to impress Tweek, Craig would be stuck with him. The school’s loudest hypocrite.

What felt like the longest few seconds of his life, had been littered with awkward stolen glances and fidgeting from above. There had been genuine uniqueness to the jock’s face that didn’t measure up to the quarterback image he tried to convey. Stan had an androgynous look to him, a bit off to the feminine side. Green irises rove over his tight body. When Stan noticed, Craig turned pink.

With less rancor this time, he supplied aloofly, “This is only half of it. You still owe me.”

Stan shrugged.

A humorless gaze at the other teenager, Craig swallowed thickly, taking in a glimpse of the summer tan fading from sixteen-year-old’s bare skin. Apparently, his not so charming classmate was a bigger danger to him than he thought. Eyes betraying him, Craig’s focus magnetized to the v-line above the waistband of Stan’s boxer briefs. The human anatomy was definitely a sight to behold.

The muscles over Stan’s abdomen bend and twitched deliciously underneath his flesh. His abs clenching being more than a mere distraction to Craig and he inhaled through his mouth uncomfortably. A little after that, Craig’s vision skimmed over the prominent vein on Stan’s forearm and toned bicep. Up close, his chest was toned and blemish free with hardened nipples. His skin looked almost flawless, minus the scar he had on his arm. Almost looked, inviting.

Craig was in a trance. An accidental focus roamed over his skin and panned over to the sizable tent pressed underneath the shiny nylon of Stan’s Nike shorts. Craig gulped. Stan was packing. Fingers laced together, he remains self-composed, reserved. The male averted his gaze, making lazy eye-contact with the track field in front of him. Both of his wrists rested over his knees.

“Done.”

As the teen backed off from him, Craig walked away.

Just like that, he said nothing.

No insult, no snide remark. Craig had his face cleaned, he would deal with his childhood rival the next morning.

Eventually, they all went home after that.
The photo session was a seasonal and an epidemic failure to the teen photographer. After hanging with friends and returning to his own home, Craig Tucker retreated to his dark bedroom and locked the door.

On his side, Craig shifted on his twin-sized mattress and he dug his cheek into his pillow as he applied more friction in his right hand.

Face lowered, his elbow jerked and he tilted his hips into his closed fist. Black denim down to his waist, Craig savagely worked himself harder with furious pumps. Slicking, sliding, and adding moisture over his palm. Hot precum drooled and accumulated from the reddish tip of his cock. The lewd noises float around in the small room where he is masturbating. Pressed against his pillow, he muffled his pained sounds.

Drawing in a deep breath through his teeth, Craig leaned forward and gasped while air whispered in his lungs. Forbidden and diluted thoughts of mounting a certain classmate invaded his head.

"Stan... fuck..."

A pleasant cold rushed down Craig's spine. The sheets on the mattress disturbed, the teen convulsing over it. A thick glob of come pearled over his swollen prick, splashing dark stains onto his bedsheets. Another gasp elicited from Craig. Turning his head, he squeezed his eyes shut, and concentrated on his climax. Small and shameful grunts from him vibrated against his pillowcase. With flap of his hat caught between his teeth, Craig bit down on the material tighter as more uncontrolled wetness bubbled and dribbled down the slit of his cockhead. He shook out the last of his climax until he was empty and spent. Feeling his dick go limp in his hand, he loosened his grip.

Ragged breathing.

Craig flipped on his back with a forearm over his head. Bottom half of him bare, and pants down half his waist. The shameful essence of his arousal cooled and seeped over the blue stretched linen. Right back to it again, he battles the recent action with counteractive thoughts. The guilt of it all quickly sets in when he thought of his boyfriend Tweek Tweak.

Real people. Having dirty thoughts of them. That's not a crime. Unless he actually acted on it. Those urges were pretty easy to avoid for Craig. Seeing the other student in the school hall, he would tell himself things.

Stan is a moron with a pretty face…

Stan gets into unreasonable fights.

_Stan is an alcoholic._

It wasn’t rocket science or basic math to know where Stan would end up someday after his football glory days. He will get fat and work at a dirty Home Depot.

Fortunately for him, they still lived in the present. Mutual respect on came when they hated things
together. Jacking it to Stan, however, still made no sense to him. This is a secret he’ll take to the grave. Fornicating to the dickhole jock. In fact, liking Stan Marsh is so embarrassing, Craig would triple the threats of his pre-planned suicide if he got over three-hundred likes on his imaginary Facebook post. That’s how much of a big deal this was to him and how much he disliked himself at his very moment. A thing like this, getting out. He didn’t ever want it to be revealed. There would be so much to lose. Initially, Craig would never be dramatic enough to consider suicide, but he would try it. People shouldn’t test him.

The second option, being more tame. In Craig's defense, if Token and Clyde ever caught wind of it, he would just tell them that it was no different than looking at an image on the computer or a picture in a magazine. Things would still not bode well for Craig when he's alone, or in public even. Every time he had the sense to ignore Stan, he’d be there. Naked, in his thoughts. Considering Craig has only seen his friends naked in the boy's locker room a few times, he couldn't get the image of Stan's body out of his head. He had a dick… and it was there. Craig has never seen it hard, but Stan in a towel will always flash worthy masturbatory thoughts for Craig. Something along the lines of 'mind rape'. Even more unfortunate for him, Stan would just about invade his thoughts when he’s eating or taking a shit. Pessimistic about it all, Craig has been running out of options to block it.

He remembered when they were opposing team leaders at dodgeball in the 8th grade. “I don’t like you.”

“That’s okay, you don’t have to, asshole,” Stan retaliated with a smug grin, walking his way. “I’ll still kick your ass at this game.”

Craig snapped out his daydream.

Tongue lashings were a come-and-go theme for them and purely perceived as normal to half the kids in their town. Everybody knew that Craig disliked Stan. He was never afraid to show it. They’ve always clashed even before then. And for a period of time, after the fifth grade, they left each other alone. As they got older, it’s gotten even worse and intense for Craig. Going as far back to when Craig was twelve years old, he knew something was wrong, when he wanted to kiss Stan after a fist fight.

Always feeling like a disgrace when he turned down hanging out with his friends. Craig always had an excuse for wanting to go home early and he would feel really sorry for Tweek. Stan wasn’t anything special to him. He really hated that someone like that got him off. Nothing can compare to what he had with Stripe and Tweek. Nothing about this was genuine like them. This was ‘pure lust’ bullshit.

Legitimate enemies. That’s what they are. Acquaintances, hollow interactions. Friendship hardly worked for Stan and Craig. They tried it. Half the time, more than now recently now, it always ended badly. Stan’s negativity clashed and counteracted with Craig’s own. It was silly for their friends to make them join and try to work together at anything, besides coming together to fight a mutual hate. It’d be like fixing magnets up together that repel each other. Craig loathed Stan’s self-indulgent attitude and pride. Called it smoke and mirrors, it was all fake to him.

Craig didn’t know what to call it before. As kids, Craig got a high from making Stan feel bad. It boosted his endorphins and self-esteem. That settled down when he got serious with Tweek. Now, as an older adolescence, Craig couldn’t seem to get his hands out of his pants when he’s thinking about Stan alone. A real pain. It licked small flames around Craig’s body and engulfed his loins. What was even more pathetic, is that Craig would touch himself every night when Tweek’s not
around.

In too deep. Not even professional therapy and seeking help as anon on Reddit could ease the guilt and get Craig out of this one. That annoying raspy voice bitching at him made his privates stir in his pants. There’d be many arguments to come, he's sure of it, and it’s not going to stop very soon. There'd be nothing any of his friends would do about it, either, because they did not know. This would be one of the many things that would be suppressed.

In conclusion, Craig found Stan attractive over the years, and fighting with him made him horny. Stan was horrible. He was just as bad as he was back then, as he is now.

Upset with it all, Craig did the best to maintain his image. By being his lukewarm, pessimistic self – and biting back if Stan were to cause strife with him. Only, that would come with a backlash. The random erections that sprung up when they mock and ridicule one another. Realizing that could possibly ruin a beautiful thing that he has with Tweek, Craig has taken measures into his own hands to avoid it. To avoid Stan. He has picked clubs and hobbies that didn’t include the other boy. Unfortunately, he is a very active member in the community.

Brought back to reality again, Craig finished staring apathetically at the star stickers on his ceiling. The noiret rolled on the dry side of his bed and grabbed the Kleenex box from his nightstand. If there were a mirror in the room, he wouldn’t be able to look at himself. His dick betrayed him. Again. That was the fourth time he concealed his erection this week from his boyfriend, Tweek. That was only Tuesday. Stomach clenching from his disgusted mood, Craig would never be able to forgive himself again. Only, he would. And it would happen again.

A harmless private act. That’s whatever the fuck this is. On the bright side, there were no what if scenes of getting serious with Stan in Craig's head. All dirty scenes in his brain were just imaginary. A regular romantic encounter, that would never happen for them. Not in this lifetime and it wasn’t realistic either. Because Stan Marsh is straight. And because he’s an idiot. Even if Craig’s gaydar screamed otherwise, it was none of his business. Flipped on his side, he was going to leave it at that.

Brain rewiring itself to what's more important, Craig focused on Tweek. He really needed him right now. His honey. As if their energy were in sync for a moment, his iPhone buzzed over his end table.

Speak of the devil.

The contact name HONEY flashed on it.

“Circlejerk? You actually did that with the team?”

“The bus got stuck in the middle of nowhere, so hey, why not go and try it?” Stan shrugged at his friend Kyle while he flipped channels on Kenny’s tv. They were at the McCormick’s residence. The home still being hardly attractive, askew, and still falling apart after years or wear and tear. Half of the main four retreated on a ratty couch, ignoring the mold on the wall and new stains on the carpet. The house reeked with marijuana and a faint smell of cat piss. All of the above, the group didn’t seem to mind.
The blond chuckled overhearing.

“You’re so gonna end up in porn,” Kyle sniffed in derision.


Cartman had his hands inside the pockets of his jacket and he faced Stan.

“Ya know, up to this point, you’re not even trying to hide it anymore. Why don’t you tell everybody you’re a fag now?”

“Cause, I know that’s not true, queermo,” countered the jock, pulling his phone down from his face. “I’ve been dating Wendy for a long time now, I think it’s totally safe, and there’s nothin’ remotely gay about jackin’ it with another guy to straight porn. You can ask Kenny and Clyde.”

The light of the tv flashed shadow patterns on the wall. Kyle casts a doubtful glance of concern at the blond and brunet.

Grinning back, Kenny gestured an ‘oh well’. He raised his hands and shoulders, then dropped them. Only the noise of Jersey Shore filled their silence. Cartman skimmed through his phone and chuckled at a status update on Facebook by Token.

Mouth still open, Kyle kept his look glued at the blond and the noiret before shifting back in his seat, crossing his arms.

Stan spoke up once more. “Hey Kenny, where’s the remote?”
Chapter Summary

*Feelings go nuclear. Stan is bi.*

Clyde skipped in place like a hopping marsupial, shaking his hands before aligning his elbows against his ribcage. Bright determined eyes behind his red boxing gloves, he swiftly alternated between arms for every hit he launched. Using slow footwork in front of his friend, Craig held up the punching mitts to absorb the blows. The brunet fired hard jabs as Token continued to coach him from behind. Sweat sliding down his face, Clyde breathed in through his mouth as the wealthy boy instructed him to up the pace of his strikes.

“Chin down,” Token said.

Craig raised his hands up higher. “Don’t roll your punches.”

Teeth clenched tightly, Clyde hurled another barrage of attacks. Token looked at the timer on his phone, as the brunet charged at the mitts in front of him.

“Ten seconds,” advised Craig after Token motioned the phone screen at him.

More furious blows absorbed by the mitts. Craig and his gang continued their boxing practice at the town’s mega fitness center. They were at the bottom level of the building. The week before had been its grand opening. It’d be one of the recreational places them to go when they wanted to avoid their female classmates. Of course, that wouldn’t stop the girls from flirting with them, and pretending to like yoga class.

Although recently, the group had found an actual need to stick around there more. It had something to do with Clyde friend gaining a bad reputation from another school. When the alarm went off in Token’s phone, Clyde’s arms dropped to his sides. Velcro straps undone, Clyde pulled off his boxing gloves and tossed them to the ground. The noiret beside him handed him his water bottle.

Token pulled his phone away from his gaze. “All right Craig, it’s your turn.”

Sneakers planted in position, the teen in the blue chullo approached a hanging punching bag. Craig’s two friends fold their arms behind him as he finished his quick warmup. Clyde walked around with his beverage in his hand while Token spoke up.

“One one two. One one two.” The level-headed one of the group repeated, circling the punching bag. “Double jab cross.”

With his eyes glazed over Clyde took another sip of his water. Bursting through the doors, the fitness room is quickly bombarded with a group of more teenagers. Their voices boomed loudly and overlapped each other, repeating the same chant over and over in the same grating note. The laughter of a flock of seagulls could not compare to the level of distasteful disharmony the trio presented in the exercise room.
"Gang-gang-gang-gang! Gang-gang-gang!"

Three man stampede, the boys stormed through the lobby doors breezing past the empty front desk and the floating flat TVs. Rambunctious and high-pitched screams amplified as the energetic bunch danced, trilled, howled like wolves, and skipped like ninjas, dragging their hands over the equipment and benches.


Eyebrows lowered in aggravation, Token cursed underneath his breath, feeling a small migraine growing around the base of his skull.

Clyde’s content expression faded when he lowered his water bottle down from his face from the cacophony that reached his ears.

He recognized the slouch beanie from anywhere that the blond boy walking up to them wore. Football jock Vince McCoy from a rival team sped to Clyde and his gang right away. Garbed in a royal purple and black varsity jacket, paired with similarly dressed minions, the head quarterback of the North Park football team appeared with smooth strides. An Asian boy with red hair and a Hispanic boy holding a bag of hot Cheetos sneered behind him, tagging along behind his shoulders.

Taking great pleasure in Token and Clyde sizing him up, the quarterback snapped his fingers for his goons to stop their howls. He was every embodiment of douchbag melded together. Muscular, handsome, homophobic. Vince McCoy was the hyper-definition of your stereotypical movie football jock. Only becoming famous and to getting laid mattered to him. Ever since running into him in football camp, life's been more miserable for Clyde.

“Aw! What the hell do you guys want?! You’re not done harassing me, yet?” exclaimed the bothered brunet.

All but a broader grin on the blond’s face, when he took a glimpse at Clyde.

Weights in his hands, the brunet boy in the red tank top scowled at Vince coming over to him.

Token glowered.

“Oh, nothing. Just thought I'd check on ya,” the North Parker addressed Clyde, his blues swimming up at the boy in his rival team. Snort. "Hey, where's Marsh?"

"Not here, I can tell you that right now," Token replied.

Beaming at Clyde, he dropped the question. Crows feet engraved by Vince’s eyes, they crinkled when he held that reptilian smile a bit longer.

“Yeah, whatever then,” the young man said loftily. "Surprised you’re still here. I thought you wussed out to live with your grandpa or something.”

A nervous chuckle from Clyde, he blew his lips. “What, me? No way. Who said I was gonna miss that?”

“My ex-girlfriend did,” snarled the footballer in front of him with a curled upper lip. “You know, the one you fucked?”

Token grimaced at the mention but kept his cool. “Okay, now.”
“I didn’t fuck Mercedes,” Clyde lied, voice laced with anxiety.

“Whatever. Anyways, you’re goin’ down. Eight more days, Donovan,” Vince reminded. “Eight more days, and you fucking die.”

“Yeah, eight,” snickered the Hispanic at his right, laughter hiccupping in his throat.

The Asian boy joined in, bumping his elbow and slapping the other kid’s arm.

“Don’t forget. The park on eighty-seventh by Baker Lane, next Sunday.” Vince pointed a hard jab of a finger at the brunet’s pec, earning an ‘ow’ from Clyde. “Three ‘o clock on the dot, or you’re fried. Don’t be late, pussy.”

“He won’t,” Craig commented, still concentrating on his punching bag.

“He’ll be there,” Token uttered.

“So, hey… question,” Clyde said, making them stop in their tracks. “If we’re South Pussy, wouldn’t that make you guys North Pussy?”

“H’yeah, he’s got a point,” Craig agreed, smiling.

“Shove it, fudge packer,” Vince cursed directly at the boxing noiret. “Just tell the whole town to be there and bring all of your friends – and none of that jumping shit either, Tucker. Let this douchebag learn on his own… take a beating like a real man.”

Clyde puffed out his chest. “I’ll beat your ass, Vince!”

The teen to Vince’s right cackled, “Yeah, whatever.”

“Better not cry, Donovan,” the Asian boy mocked behind the blond’s shoulder, twisting his balled hands below his eyes.

“Yeah! Better not cry!” echoed the Hispanic kid.

As they depart, the arrogant blond smooched his lips at the group.

Token held in his sigh.

This had been an ongoing routine for a few years, ever since the seventh grade. A town tradition, it was. There’d be no point for him to complain. When meddling the jocks disappeared, Clyde punched the air several times in aggravation and grabbed his head. His rich friend beside him placed his earbuds on and sifted through the song titles on his phone.

Impartial to what was verbally thrown at him, Craig landed more carefree jabs in front of him. The noiret huffed as more sweat collected underneath his shirt. Full attention on his target, he imagined busting the lip of a faceless authority figure as he kept pounding fists against the bag.

Crap, I’m done for. They’re gonna pulverize me. Heart slamming against his chest, Clyde clutched his shirt.

Shakily, he mouthed to his best friends in a small voice. “Welp, it’s been a great sixteen years…” Clyde swallowed thickly. “It’s nice knowin’ ya Token, Craig… When my dad finds my body, tell him I didn’t back down.”

“Don’t worry about it, Clyde, concentrate on your stamina first,” commented Craig.
“Easy for you to say, you’re not gettin’ yeeted next Sunday!”

Token pulled out one of his earbuds. “Calm down, calm down. I’m sure it’s not even that bad. Just practice your punches some more. We always figure out a way to handle it.”

Clyde looked down.

“It’s the same bullshit they pull every year. It will get better for you.”

Careful consideration was taken of the teen’s words. Clyde nodded. They kept quiet after a while.

The sky remains a rich black color behind the glass doors at the front lobby as a set of four plus Butters entered the fitness center. From the other side of the building, Stan and his friends emerged from the locker room of the building. Following along begrudgingly, Eric Cartman had his arms crossed while Butters had his hand over his back. The overweight brunet was wearing a tri-colored Puma tracksuit and a pair of shoes of the same brand.

Walking alongside Kyle, Stan in a bright orange beanie from a sponsor uncapped his Gatorade cap and drank from it. Kyle had his own cold beverage in his hand. The group commenced to the treadmills and step machines by the wall mirrors.

Arms bent over a weight machine with his chin propped over it, Clyde watched as Stan pats Cartman’s back, getting him started with one of the leg machines. A dark gray t-shirt and a pair of sweatpants is what the noiret in the beanie wore. Kyle had a sweatband on over his neutral colored ushanka. The auburn-haired boy wore a blue graphic tank top and striped gym socks.

Butters’ outfit was simple. Sweatbands, wristbands. T-shirt, shorts. Any person would say he looked like he was going to tennis practice.

Still sulking next to his friends, Clyde’s brown eyes swept up to the group in front of him. The Main Four, in all likelihood, were engaging in aimless conversation about the week’s events. Butters circled around them, grinning at Kenny who was donned in short-sleeved hoodie and sweats.

“Hey Craig, don’t look, but Cartman’s here,” Token revealed.

Eyes trained in front of him, Craig kept boxing. “Oh, boy.”

That was a complaint he thought his friend is well off keeping to himself. Of course, he didn’t want or need to be reminded about Cartman at all. Not all the time. Though, it’s stark clear to everyone that Craig wanted nothing to do with any of the Main Four individually and their shenanigans unless it involved one thing – money.

None of the sleepovers Cartman hosted were memorable enough for Craig to have a good opinion of them besides the average. The unhealthy magnetism he had for Stan wouldn’t count either. They’d just be there. He kept himself focused long enough not to pay attention to the squandering and loud bickering noise that carried on in the workout room. Grotesque use of language, Eric whined loudly. The shout of profanity incredibly audible enough to pierce the warm air where the Craig and Token stood.

After accumulating more sweat to the point that it bothered him, Craig peeled his shirt off and raised a fluffy towel to his face after Token handed one to him.

Cartman’s voice blared obnoxiously. “Goddammit, motherfucker! Shit, piss! Pussy asshole!”
A few of the gym members stopped what they were doing to take a glimpse of the heavy brunet gritting his teeth and struggling with the cast iron barbell over his chest, his large arms quaked when he gripped the bar. Sighing inwardly, Token frowned and managed a face that said, *Yep, that’s the norm* at the group of strangers that walked by. Many glares surround the boy, and now Craig’s, as he lifted his head up over at Cartman’s direction from a distance. Stan and Kenny came to the aid their shouting friend, lifting the heavy instrument off of his body and putting it back on the rack.

“Hey, I’m gonna try out the bench press machine. You comin’, Craig?” Token asked.

“No, no, jackass! I ain’t gettin’ on the treadmills,” the scream bounced off the mirrors. “I have angina!”

“Shut the fuck up, Cartman! You do not!” hollered Kyle.

Eyes shifting from the source of sound, Craig followed. The two young men sauntered to the side of the room where the mirrors were. A few exercise machines away from them, Stan stood next to a dumbbell rack, casually striking up a conversation with Kyle. As his friend would talk, Stan’s vision skimmed over to Token and Craig, busying themselves with the nearby equipment.

Craig felt the pull of Stan’s gaze a few steps away. A helpless stare from the jock across the weight rack, Stan ogled him. His eyes locked on the taller noiret when Kyle continued his disappointed ranting of the Planet of the Apes movie sequel that they saw the weekend before. Finding the other boy glancing over at him, Craig peered back at Stan, tightening up the bandages around his fist. He was sitting two bench press machines away. Bedroom eyes. If Stan weren't fully committed to being straight, he’d call them that. Nevertheless, he could appreciate that from the same sex. No harm in it. There was definitely something sinister that stuck out from Craig's disinterested facade more than he would ever know. Regardless of how long Craig held that stare, Stan found it oddly captivating.

“That character is just really offensive, you know? I can’t believe they actually put him there,” Kyle went on. “I don’t find anything wrong with it, but it’s kinda dickish. It just looked out of place and made me cringe. The rest of the cast was just fine, though, I just think they should’ve handled it better.”

Token nudged Craig’s shoulder and the noiret followed him to the weight benches.

“Stan?”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah, it sucked,” the jock replied, perking up slightly. *Craig looks different today.*

A quick mental shrug after the thought.

Kyle rolled his eyes at Stan’s inattentiveness. “Yeah, well anyways, it’s garbage. I’ll probably end up buying the Blu-ray or something. The storyline’s fucked, but it’s seriously the only thing salvageable on there.” A moment of silence between his words.

Fiery lashes swept up, Kyle blinked.

The Jew reached up to Stan, grabbing him under his chin. “Dude! Is that mascara?”

“Um, hey,” a voice crept in. “Can you guys move?”

Stan caught his friend’s contagious blink and faced Clyde who stepped closer near them.
“Oh, sure,” he said, as the boy made it toward the dumbbell rack to return the two he was already holding.

“Actually, um, I need to talk to you Stan,” whispered Clyde. “Alone.”

Both walked to the back of the gym.

A shaky sip from his water bottle. Clyde was still a nervous wreck. He explained the situation with Vince and the other North Park jocks to Stan. Hands in the pockets of his zip-up gray hoodie, he sat on the bench in the trendy locker room, while Stan crossed his arms in front of him, slanting his lips.

Clyde grabbed his head in his hands and sank his fingers through his hair. With slumping shoulders, he dug his elbows into his knees while avoiding the disapproving frown he knew he received from Stan.

“Long story short… I fucked Mercedes, and they’re gonna yeet me,” the brown-eyed boy stressed.

A complexion that said he’s unsurprised by it all, Stan took a step back. He knew it. Half of Clyde’s problem was self-imposed. Dark eyebrows drawn together in frustration and confusion at his classmate’s confession, he paused in deep thought. Stan wanted to feel bad and it wasn’t unusual for him and his teammates to receive death threats at this part of the year. Especially, with the football season being over and all. When it comes to sports in their town, the fanatics have always been violent and extreme.

The way the North Park jocks taunted him and his friends near the vending machines, Stan knew it would be more specific than just their school rivalry. Of course, any person could look at Clyde and know that his reputation of sleeping around would have a huge impact on a dilemma like this. This was something Stan didn’t want to have a part of.

“What else can I tell you?” Stan spoke up. “I’d come, but it’s kinda your fault…” Looking down at his phone. “…and I kinda wanna stay out of it this year.”

“No, please! You said you’d help me!” Clyde begged, his dimpled face struck with fear.

Stan was already walking toward the exit after checking his phone.

“You guys can just talk,” repeated the tight-ender urgently, promptly, “ya know, quarterback to quarterback… so this whole drama thing would fizzle out again.” Shifting in his spot, Clyde’s voice hitched in desperation, he repeated the word. “Please. I’ll never ask you for anything again!”

Stan scratched his beanie looking down. “What about Token and the guys?”

“Token says he’ll come, but his bitch won’t let him!” Clyde complained. “I can’t just put Jimmy on the spot like that, Tweek doesn’t get into these kinds of messes, and Craig… he’ll be busy too!”

Stan found that hard to believe. “With what?”

Clyde sucked in his bottom lip and chewed on it.
Three lockers away, the teen in the chullo interrupted, spinning his combination, and pulling out a bottle of cologne from it. Craig pulled out his iPhone next from the pea green vault and proceeded next to the two after ignoring the fifty notifications stacked up on a red square over an envelope icon. Earbuds on, he glanced up at the two nonchalantly with hooded eyes while he opened the Pandora app on his phone.

“It’s not like I just can, anyway. Things are really complicated with me right now, I’m sorry,” Stan said gently.

Clyde got up from the bench. “Well, reach me when you change your mind. If I’m even still alive.”

Entire mood deflated, the distraught jock left the room after patting his teammate on the shoulder and his best friend’s. Stan offered Clyde a weak smile before he made it past the exit sign.

An upbeat tune flowed from Craig’s earbuds and the noiret beside him pushed his hands in the pockets of his sweats. They’ve gotten over the awkward times of being together alone, but Craig would still feel a slight unease with his attraction to the other boy. He stood there while Stan surveyed him. His dark pupils roam freely over the outline of Craig’s body as he texted his boyfriend in his spot.

Stan tried to ignore it. The sweat that pooled over the line of Craig’s back earlier, the way his muscles contort easily underneath the taut flesh over his spine. Sports didn’t interest the male in the chullo as much, but he wasn’t by any means weak. Their height differences were definitely apparent. Craig’s frame easily towered over Stan, by a foot. As Craig sent more text replies, Stan’s inadvertently trained his eyes over to the big phallic shape pressed against his childhood rival’s thigh. Sweats were definitely not his friend. A unique scent filled Stan’s nostrils. The mixture of sweat and something fresh. The combined elements, stimulating, and scarily arousing at the same time.

Though Craig could be a stiff robot sometimes, he has shown to be human just like everyone else. Chubbies, hardons. Being passive and in his own zone wouldn't shield Craig from that. Stan was more intrigued that he had a bit of a size going for him. Craig had to be sexting. That’s got to be the only explanation for it, for that. Biology can be a cruel fate sometimes. Inward nod. Stan gets it. Sprouting a random erection in general, wouldn’t be anything he’d tease his classmate about. Although Stan has seen Craig hard a few times before, it was even weirder up close. It was a simple body function. That's nature.

Craig pressed send after typing in a kiss emoji. Nowhere near oblivious to Stan’s stare, he continued to message Tweek. Another instance where he could be crossing into dangerous territory, Craig knows that he’s not really doing anything, so he couldn’t get in trouble for it. Though, he could be himself. Scream at the boy and to tell him to cut it out, but there was that small, hidden part of Craig, that wanted Stan to look. The attention Craig received, he found it to be both unusual and flattering as well. Thought crimes are not real. As long as he kept them to himself, he'd be okay.

After all, there is always a logical explanation for everything. They literally measured each others’ dicks in the fourth grade. Maybe Stan wanted to compare his again because he’s an asshole. Craig began to walk away. His long legs carried him to the end of the room.

Blinking with feigned innocence, Stan’s tongue dart from his lips, and he dug into his pants pocket. “Oh. Craig, wait.”
Between his fingers, Stan picked a crumpled twenty-dollar bill from his pocket. And then, there was that touching again. Craig didn’t like it. When the other teen grabbed his wrist and placed the money on his palm, he nearly shivered.

“I know it’s not much this week, but I didn’t forget. That’s what counts, right?”

Craig flushed but kept a straight face. “Yep. Don’t even worry about it.”

"Thanks, Craig.” Stan rocked forward on his feet, hands in his pockets. “Oh, and dead puppies.”

“What?”

“Think about dead puppies, it helps. You have a boner.”

Craig’s pink cheeks sizzled to a dark red. He lifted his middle finger to Stan and walked out of the room.

With the room completely cleared, Stan whipped his phone out again and glanced at his own notifications. Hugging his elbow, his sight rested on square display pic of his Facebook page. In it, it was him smiling with his girlfriend. Wendy's plump lips pressed to his cheek with her hand cupping his face. They were happy. They spent nights together, went on dates on a regular basis. Stan would support Wendy with her extracurricular activities, she would support him with his song covers and sports. Everything was perfect. Not a single regret since middle school, or a single fight. **Soulmates.** They were **soulmates.**

What worried Stan was, it’s been a few weeks since his girlfriend sent him a message or texted him. They were supposed to go apple picking the upcoming Thursday. Rather troublesome that she did not pick up when she called. He would either guess that she's sick or that she needed some space. It was pure torture to Stan. The absences would just be that, overkill. No sign from her either at school. Usually very opinionated and communicative, it was strange that Wendy Testaburger suddenly vanished off the face of the planet. Nothing new in her status updates. No pokes, no anything. Stan didn’t want to be hopeless mope around his friends. Negativity was a huge pet peeve of his. He didn’t want to be that friend.

However, Stan did notice before, how the sudden shift in Wendy’s personality took a nosedive after Christmas and New Year’s. Stan was really emotional that time dealing with his family. Usually, she’d be there to support her. The sudden strain, it didn't seem right to Stan. There must be an explanation for this. Hacked. Maybe that’s what happened to her. Neck bending up, a small quick frown settled on Stan’s face when he noticed the noirette had changed her profile picture. It was now pitch black and her page banner is an inspirational quote with sophisticated white text on it.

“I’m slowly giving up.”

Stan pulled up his keyboard, upset that his other messages were unanswered. In the room alone, he decided to give another message another go for Wendy.
girl of my dreams

Today 7:31 am
{wendy it’s me.}

Today 7:31 am
{did something happen?}

Today 7:31 am
{your facebook looks different. :(){

Today 7:31 am
{wendy?}

2 secs ago

{WHAT DO YOU WANT?!!}

Rattled by the capslock, Stan typed.

{are you mad at me?}

Stan was an asthma attack away from his chest bursting into flames. He felt like a former smoker breathing through a straw. Only, he didn’t smoke, and there’d be vomit involved anytime soon if things continued to go the way they were.

The phone buzzed again. Stan was near frantic when he looked down at his text. As soon as the message window enlarged on his phone and his mouth dropped. The first time he read it, he just skimmed it, but now, her response is slowly being absorbed by his brain.

{Stanley,

I’m sorry I ghosted you, I was afraid. I’ve had a lot of time, and I’ve been thinking… Things aren’t going to work out for us, after all. You’re TOO CLINGY. I need to breathe!!! Please don’t be upset when I say this, but I think you should see a shrink first before you make a FULL commitment with me. I know in time our hearts will heal. You have given me some of the best memories and moments of my life, but I feel that I should spread my wings. You should too. You’re more than just a boy to me, you are special, loving and sincere. In a few months, you’ll understand. I’m doing this for our own good! Let’s stay friends. I’ll always hold you dear in my heart, always.

Love, Wendy}

Stan’s blood went cold. His blues roam over the same line over and over again.

Things aren’t going to work out for us, after all. You’re TOO CLINGY. I need to breathe!!!

Mouth gaping at the message, the disquieted shiver Stan had earlier morphed from distress into a stunned terror when he noticed her profile has been set to private the minute he refreshed her page.
Stan didn’t want to panic. Only, he began to, he did. They are still teenagers, he still has the time. He’ll just call Bebe and she’ll tell him it’s a joke. He’ll corner her with questions. Demand her to explain everything to him and to tell him that everything’s okay. She’s Wendy’s best friend. She could do something. The first five attempts to reach Bebe Stevens and Stan figured he’d already be blocked. Other than reaching out to Wendy’s best friend, Stan estimated if he and Wendy are truly over, then he needed to hear it from Wendy himself. Not from some ‘shitty text message’.

That was the door that slammed in his face. Wendy blocked Stan’s last text reply. She blocked Stan on Instagram as well. She was the only reason why he had social media in the first place. It was all for her, his childhood love. Kyle would chide him, tell him that this breakup is no different than the other ones, that he was right all along. There would be no reason for him to live now. Stan thought that, darkly. They had everything planned. It was supposed to be perfect. That was the love of his life. That was his future wife.

Thoughts of saving up for her a wedding ring were suddenly taken over by the images of him driving a knife up his throat and hanging himself. Stomach already hurting, Stan could already hear the bark of Eric’s laughter an earshot away.

He called her phone. “Wendy, it’s me… please pick up…”

His hands were visibly shaking. Stan scrolled over his contacts list, selecting Wendy's phone number and holding the device up to his ear. It rang once.

Twice, dial-tone.

“We’re sorry, this number you’re trying to reach has been connected.”

That’s okay. She disconnected, no problem. Stan paced again and pressed on the contact number a third time.

"We’re sorry, this number you’re trying to reach – "

Hefty sigh, pace, again.

"We’re sorry – "

Stan turned away and banged his forehead against a locker.

“No,” voice strained, the teen breathed aloud. Bang! “NO!”

Closed fists slammed against the metal vaults over and over again. Stan grated his teeth and pounded his fists and head on a locker repetitively. As if his palms had any effect, Stan dug them over his eyes to prevent his woes from spilling.

The phone rumbled twice.

{We’re done forever! PLEASE stop calling me!!}

{Good luck!}

An elevator was Stan's stomach and the cables snapped. Newer suicidal thoughts are quickly flooded in. Scissors, pills, Stan would weigh in with his options later - and then he remembered that he was 'too pussy' to take his own life. This separation was going to tear him to shreds for weeks. His whole world imploded inside. Jaw shaking, he slowly sagged to the ground as his cheeks dampened. Painful lump in his throat growing more sore, with his back pressed against the jagged
surface of the lockers, the boy slipped further down to the ground positioned like a rag doll. Barely any noise coming from his mouth, an agonized whine the builds within as he drew in a long breath.

Stan broke down and sobbed violently with upturned palms. A sobbing wet mess, his shoulders wracked uncontrollably with every teardrop forced from his eyes.

Fingers shaking, he dug into his pocket and flung his class ring across the floor.

Life became unbearable after that… and so did the odor of Stan's room.

“Dude, you stink!” the Jew fumed, shirt over his nose, scrubbing red marks on his friend with a rag.

Stan raised his arm down after Kyle complained, washing his chest and armpit. The freckled teen dipped the washcloth back in the soapy water in a plastic bucket and wrung it briskly once more. Large water droplets splashed underneath his bony fingers. Seeing his friend miserable, drunk, and bedridden. Something's got to give. Kenny and Kyle had enough, they could bear to see. Stan's fragile ego would have to weather more hardships. Today was the day he gets out of bed. Sheets soiled with vomit and food crumbs be damned. The hardened candle wax against over his side table didn’t add much appeal to the atmosphere either. Kyle had to ignore that huge spider that crawled over a Bic lighter.

“Do you think she’ll ever come back?” Stan asked weakly, staring at the empty bottles of booze on the floor.

“Well, that depends…” Kyle said.

“On what?” pouted the noiret with puffy wet eyes. “She said the F-word, 'forever'. Do you think I’ll ever have a chance?” Hot globs of tears slid down Stan’s chin. He swallowed thickly, lips quivering. The ceiling blurred in his vision.

Kenny sighed with his back turned to them.

“Wendy wouldn't just leave me like that, I can't believe it. When she sent me those texts, I felt like dying… She said she loved me…” Stan murmured. “It was like she took a sledgehammer to my heart and shattered it to a million trillion pieces, and then set them on fire.”

"Man..." Kenny trailed off.

“It’s even worse than fourth grade,” sniffled the noiret. “My whole life’s ambition was to be with her, Ky… if we don’t get back together what’s the point?”

Stan choked on air. His nose was pink and he sniffled again.

"My heart hurts, everything hurts… We’re not getting back together again, are we?"

Kyle ignored his soft voice and kept scrubbing.

“Kyle?” Stan turned his head.
Kenny could feel the noiret’s eyes on him, he knew he would be next to answer such a question. Stan looked up at the blond expectantly. Stan really wanted a response. Their opinions were so important to him. It was very highly unlikely.

Kenny wanted to say it, but he wasn’t going to ruin Stan’s already broken mood. Beside Stan’s dresser, he had his hands in his pockets and stood by the ‘Keep Out’ sign plastered on his bedroom door. Supporting him through the hard times was all he could do. Kenny shook his head. A free hand running through his light shaggy locks and he shrugged. The guitar melody gets to the redhead above Stan. Noticing the same tune, Kyle’s nose crinkled in dislike. It was that wretched Simple Plan meme playing on loop.

“Okay, hold on. I’m sorry, but I’m done. I can’t do this. Hand it over,” the redhead remarked looking at Stan’s Spotify in disgust.

Stan lent his tearstained phone to Kyle and he sets it aside after muting.

“I swear to god if I hear that song one more time, I’ll cut your dick off and puke on you.”

Hand over Stan’s knee, Kyle slapped the soggy washcloth over his best friend's chest. With one eye open, Stan winced. He cocked his head up with his own fingertips grazing over the rag. A medium pink splotchy mark blossomed over Stan's skin. Kyle slipped off the bed.

“Wash your own balls.”

The blinding white snow reflected harshly against the natural sun rays of the morning sky. With dark circles around his eyes, Stan sat next to his sister Shelly in his father’s car.

“Can you believe this, Sharon?” Randy Marsh said, waving a red and black pamphlet in his hand while the other hand was on the steering wheel. “A damn Satanist church, in our own town! This goes against the opposite of our values. Just who the hell do those freaks think they are?! Don’t they know that this is a family safe environment!?”

“Calm down, Randy, we’ll get right to the bottom of it with the city council tomorrow.”

“Cheah, well, it’s still fucked up,” expressed the father of two in a dopey tone. Randy kept his foot light on the pedal as a line of automobiles moved in front of him. “They’re a couple of blocks away from the bar. You think they really sacrifice babies in there?”

Stan rolled his eyes in the back seat.

Though they were completely bloodshot, they still functioned correctly. There had been a widespread of Satanic missionaries lately. Many of the new church attendees scattered the snowy streets to spread the word. A tall Caucasian man with long dark hair walked toward Randy’s car. The stranger tapped on the glass beside Stan, startling him.

In her flowy babydoll dress, Shelly looked like a frightened sheep after her sibling flinched. Her oval-shaped face clear of the retainer she used to wear. The young woman clutched her purse tighter in her lap, now in annoyance, as her brother rolled down his window.

“Hello, my name is Philbert,” the stranger slithered. Eerie gray eyes peer at Stan. Gray trench
coat layered over a shirt with the anarchy emblem over it. The man looked like he lived in his mother's basement all his life, but for the most part, he looked like a ‘normal dude’. “Mayhaps, I can interest you with the Dark Lord, per se?”

"Would you look at that. They. Just. Won't listen." Randy ground out. The man's seatbelt clicked noisily when he removed the strap from around the hump of his belly. “Jesus Christ! What part of go the fuck away don’t you guys understand?!"

The geologist slapped the pamphlet away from Philbert’s wrist before hurling his weight at him and launching his fists at the man.

“Randy!” Sharon shrieked.

Things were pretty normal the rest of the morning when the family stationed themselves on the church’s pew after the other parents greet one another kindly.

Head throbbing from the vicious cycle of crying, in front of a dirty mirror in the church’s restroom, Stan finished splashing cold water on his face and adjusted his tie. His family had forced him to come with them to their usual Sunday ceremony.

The church was packed up front and has grown significantly with more members over the years. The building is bigger.

Sharon raised her hand and pats Stan's shoulder after he stepped out of the restroom. Stan wedged himself beside his sister and her boyfriend, the son of a family friend, Kevin McCormick. His whole family sat at the benches behind them. The church donation hat, passed down on Stan’s lap. Randy had snuck a hundred-dollar bill from it and stuffed it in his jacket pocket. There were bloodstains and red spatters on his dress shirt from beating up the man from earlier. Glaring at his father, Stan pulled out all the money he had in his wallet and placed the spare change into the hat.

For a few long and boring hours, Stan tried not to fall asleep during the speeches and testimonials. Stan stood with the rest of the church again, when Father Maxi instructed them to rise once more. Sitting there was agonizing. Existence itself was agonizing to Stan. He wanted it to be over.

“All right everyone, Craig here will guide us through our closing prayer,” said Father Maxi.

Kenny rolled his eyes goofily before clasping his hands to pray behind Stan. In the back row, Craig’s mother Laura Tucker held her video camera, proudly recording him. Tricia Tucker smiled at her brother standing at the front of the church.

As everyone bowed their heads. In a white dress shirt and tie, Craig appeared and made a reach for the microphone before a smarmy grin appeared on his face.

“O, heavenly father, bless us as we leave here today…”

Stan stayed behind as other people removed themselves from their benches. Kenny and Cartman walked toward the building’s exit. Eyes shut, Stan extended his prayer a bit longer before he rose from his knees.

“Hey, wait.” He interrupted the gait of one of thedeacons with his extended hand. “Can I have a word with you?”

A door shuts behind him firmly after Stan was guided to the confession booth.

Reunited with Token and Clyde once more, Craig stood a short distance away. After receiving
shoulder pats by a few of the adults, he pulled his phone from the pocket of his blazer and began texting with his thumbs. Pretending to be distracted with a game app on his phone, Craig wandered away from the heap of people. He had not planned to follow his classmate, but he became suspicious and wondered why Stan had been missing from class for a few days. Standing beside the door Stan shut, Craig leaned his back against a nearby wall.

Behind the left door of the confessional booth, Father Maxi signed the cross over his chest.

“Good afternoon,” Maxi said. “May God who has enlightened our hearts help you know your sins and to trust in mercy.”

“Amen. Bless me, Father, for I have sinned.” Stan knotted his fingers together, looking at the shoelaces of his chucks. Leaning forward, the boy carefully chose what he would say before he started off. “You ever felt like you’re someone you’re not when you wake up in the morning?”

“That is a good question…”

HONEY

Today 11:41 am

{Craig! Are you done with church yet?}

Today 11:43 am

{Yep.}

Today 11:43 am

{What was that one thing you wanted to go to?}

Today 11:43 am

{PlanetCon.}

Stan’s voice came through the door, reverting Craig’s attention back to his surroundings and the current physical state he is in.

The church was cleared, by only just a few floating heads. A small number of people stuck around to spread love and praise, and possibly gossip around the community. Craig’s friends were still waiting outside to join him to eat at Denny’s again, one of their staple hangout spots. For right now, Craig would concentrate on his subtle eavesdropping. Green eyes shot an impatient glare at the doors. The bridges of Craig’s eyes sharpen when he craned his neck up slightly, one hand on the wall.

“How can I put it this way…” Stan paused, clearing his voice. “I’m not what all the kids in this town think.”

Wow, no shit, Craig echoed in his mind. He stared forward, heavy-lidded eyes, unimpressed.

“I’m not a virgin and I’m bi. Last night, I did some things,” confessed the noiret in the beanie, his words fumbled along with his hands.

Craig glared.
“Pardon?” Maxi spoke forward again.

“I’m bi-curious… sorta,” Stan mumbled discreetly. The athlete stared at the door in front of him. “I think it all started in the fourth grade – well – I don’t remember when… I just know that it’s really screwin’ up my life and my chances with Wendy. She just broke up with me yesterday, I think she freaked out about it. Anyway, I guess me having sex is kinda old news.”

Mouth going dry as he listened in, Craig worried his bottom lip with his teeth.

_What did he just say?_

“I’m bi. Okay, no. I think I might be more gay. Naked dudes, I just can’t get them out of my head. At the same time, I wanna hold hands, cuddle, and do relationship stuff. I’m kinda scared. I’m starting to think I could fall in love with a guy, if I actually tried... Well, there was one guy.”

Craig’s lashes flew up.

His face flattened. Stan has feelings for someone. Kyle Broflovski, if Stan mentions him, he’s finished–

“Don’t worry, I never looked at my friend Kyle like that. Attractive dudes, I just enjoy lookin’ at 'em,” confessed the noiret in the beanie. "I have this classmate who stares at me. He's hot. He's taller than me and he sorta has a boyfriend... Sometimes I want a boyfriend, but I love Wendy. She's my life. I don't think I can settle down and have kids with another guy... and my mom... what would she say? Would she feel sorry? I shouldn't feel this way... I'm guessing it might help if I pray harder?"

It would be completely insane for Craig to burst through the doors to interrogate his classmate. Ask him if he was stupid. His foot was itching right about now, being brought up. Unless there was another kid that looked at Stan the same way. Altogether, he should probably stop looking at him for more than five seconds. Craig wondered who this hot guy is and had the sudden urge to ruin Stan's reputation for being a hypocrite again. Being the only tall gay in their entire grade, Stan had to be talking about him. So that must mean...

_Holy crap, Stan thinks I'm hot._

“Young son, have you ever thought that you could still be saved and converted?” Maxi replied, noticing Stan’s hesitation.

Craig chuckled more in his head. _Stan thinks I'm hot, ha-hah._

“Don’t know, can I?” murmured the jock.

“Let Jesus take your hand when you’re walking alone in the dark. Don’t fret, youth, at the end of the day, you have total control of yourself. You cannot let yourself become weak by the sins of the flesh unless you let yourself. The only way to beat homosexuality is to know that it is a sin and a choice.”

“I was crying the other night and I frenched Kenny,” Stan added. “We were both in another friend’s backyard. He didn’t really stop me.”

Craig glared instantly from the other side of the doors. “What. _The. Fuck?_”

A man rolling a vacuum cleaner nearby frowned at Craig.
Inside Craig yelled, eyebrows low and drawn together. *Kenny? Kenny McCormick?*! A visible huff. Up to this point now, it didn’t matter if Stan was gay or thought he was hot, Craig was livid. A flash of anger and a sense of entitlement suddenly had a gravity pull over him and it wouldn’t let go. *Kenny’s not even gay!*

“You still want to get married and have children, don’t you?” Maxi asked.

Stan took a momentary pause again. “Uh, yeah...” Voice breaking, his tears splashing on his lap, “of course I do.”

Craig’s throat felt dry and his mouth was an even tighter line, anger rising like water over a pot.

*I never did have a chance, did I?* Sour mood, Craig’s child self threw a tantrum in his mind.

All of those times Craig had tried to foil Stan’s fun, just so they can have what little interaction they had together, so he could be near him. Not that elementary school mattered too much that very day, but Craig was pretty sure that he and Tweek were the only gay kids the school had ever known.

“All of those times Craig had tried to foil Stan’s fun, just so they can have what little interaction they had together, so he could be near him. Not that elementary school mattered too much that very day, but Craig was pretty sure that he and Tweek were the only gay kids the school had ever known.”

“Okay. Well, remember again, it’s certainly not too late for you to change. Let us pray,” Maxi replied, flipping a page through the holy bible.

As sound and sentimental advice took off before the bible verse is recited. Miffed, Craig decided to take off as well. He has heard all he needed. Partially saddened that Stan wept and felt bad for his orientation, and all at once offended that Kenny had a kiss.

Craig and walked through the double doors to join his friends on the steps.

“But from the beginning of creation, God made them male and female. Therefore, a man shall leave his father and mother and hold fast to his wife, and the two shall become one flesh. So, they are no longer two but one flesh. What therefore God has joined together, let not man separate.”

With every bit of concentration poured into his prayer, Stan pressed his forehead to his cupped hands.

The middle-aged man removed his glasses.

“Mark, chapter ten, verses six through nine.”

Nocturnal emissions.

Those were more frequent for Craig now that he knows Stan’s secret. Deep in his mental process, Craig would still feel dirty about it, but at least he wasn’t jacking it to a straight person anymore. Why the jock was so ashamed of his sexuality, Craig didn’t know. The whole town always forgave Stan when he bickered, complained, and whined. Stan always talked about sex positivity and gay acceptance whenever he had the gloating chance. So, when Stan says it’s okay for everyone else to be gay, Craig wondered why the boy would fight so hard to conceal that part of himself.

Tweek wasn’t around to be Craig’s alarm clock that morning, which gave him more time to clean up after himself. Though Tweek does know a little of Craig’s sexual attraction to Stan, he knows in his heart that he’ll never do anything about it. During middle school, they had a huge fight about it.
They sifted through the weeds. Both are mature enough to know that good relationship stay strong with communication, and that’s what they do. They communicate.

Of course, some of the less healthy parts would be ignored, stay hidden. Craig would choose to hide them. Borderline obsessed with the new facts in front of him, the noiret in the yellow puffball hat checked Wendy Testaburger’s name on his phone four times every hour. Both her Facebook profile and her Instagram. Even her Twitter.

Walking with four other apps open, Craig did the same thing, searching through Stan’s social media profiles before he decides to go rogue and delete them. Behind his friends’ colorful backpacks Craig continued to browse through his iPhone as Tweek stepped forward and engaged in a conversation with Jimmy and Token about the new Satanist church in town.

Normally Craig wouldn’t care much, but after hearing Stan’s own words that he could possibly be into guys. While that was out of the bag, he could delude himself. It may be that Stan finds him attractive too. The idea of it being delusional, vapid, and shallow. None of it meshed well with reality. Craig knows that that could never be true — but Stan’s gay now. For a bizarre reason, that is really important to Craig now.

As much as Stan would deserve to be outed for the fake image he’s trying to sell, nobody deserved to be forced out of the closet. Knowing first hand, how that felt and all. Just about now, Craig would be at odds with himself. A huge part of him wanted to be nice to Stan and to guide him when he’s ready to come out, the other half wanted to expose him.

Well, that may not be all the way true anymore. All of this time feeling half guilty because Stan was this model heterosexual student this whole time. Craig wouldn’t do a thing about it, but at least now, he could still look at him and there’d be a tinier chance that the other noiret wouldn’t be as creeped out.

Textbooks collected in his left hand, Craig walked into his first-period class. He gave Tweek a hug with one arm.

“Another day in this class. I’ll see you later on, okay honey?”

“Nrr. Just try to get through it. You’ll be fine, it’s just another day,” assured the blond.

After chatting with Kevin Stoley about a sci-fi convention he took Tweek with him to, Craig sauntered to the second back row to his seat and sat in his desk. Paper balls were thrown all around his head and he opened his binder, doodling a picture of a rocket next to a decently drawn astronaut on a slanted sheet of paper. Handwritten quotes were etched on the page along with the constellations he inked with a felt-tip marker.

Emerging from the door panel, Kenny McCormick appeared, his friend Stan trailing behind him. The flaxen-haired teen in an oversized hoodie gave his friend a high-five. Holding the edge of his binder, Craig’s attention dragged up the boys up front. He sat unblinkingly, observing the young men, rows ahead.

“Dude, there’s writing on your desk!” Kenny exclaimed underneath his sick mask.

Something obscene, more than likely, a drawing of a dick or some ‘mega-offensive’ graffiti.

“Eh,” Kenny squinted. “What the hell is a Fuck Boy?”

Stan’s reaction was loud. Craig’s eyes hooded as his focus returned to his notebook. He couldn’t believe those two kissed. A part of Craig would hate if they would become a couple after the
Wendy ordeal. There was that unexplainable surge of jealousy building inside of him again like a clogged pipe. Craig thought that Stan liked boys before, he never thought Stan would waste his first boy kiss on Kenny.

As experimental and out there Kenny was, any sane person would know not to swap spit with that guy, unless they wanted permanent cold sores. Now plainly deciding that they were both disgusting, Craig would try to organize rationalize his thoughts again. If Stan and Kenny get together, then it is probably meant to be. They will both be disgusting to him, but at least he knows Stan is gay now.

After the ring of the tardy bell, Craig passed his homework forward like the other students did and he grabbed the stapler in front of him.

Things have seemed to be running amuck for the school’s quarterback and it showed. Searching through his backpack, Stan gathered as many missing assignments as he could in a messy stack and walked up to the teacher at the front desk. Many students giggled around when more slanted worksheets spilled out of Stan’s folder and his pencils and all his sundry flew on the floor.

Butters stuttered when he read a paragraph right aloud, page seven from the new book the whole class was reading, *Lord of the Flies*. Bebe Stevens smacked her gum loudly behind Craig.

Impressed sounding, Stan approached the taller noiret’s desk out of nowhere.

Hands on each side of the small table. “Ah, wow. I didn't know you draw. That’s so awesome, did you do that?”

Craig raised his glance up at the jock from his book before shielding his paper from him with his arms. The school’s lovely hypocrite, *Art’s for Gaywads* Stan.

“What do you want, Stan?”

“You have the stapler. Let me borrow it.”

No, fuck him. He kissed Kenny.

Stan’s expression dulled while he waited.

*Dude, you have a boyfriend, shut the fuck up.*

“Don’t touch me,” Craig blurted.

Word vomit, he didn’t mean to say that.

“Wasn’t goin' to, but okay…” Stan slanted his lips. "So, erm, you gonna hand it over, or…”

Like a robot, Craig’s extended his arm. Intending to drop it on the floor, but he did not. Stan took the item from the other boy’s outstretched hand. The noiret in the NASA shirt blinked before looking down disappointed with his action. Remembering that Stan could make a scene, even for something so small, cooperation would be best for them, anyway.

Craig remembered the compliment on his art, gripping his mechanical pencil again. “Thanks.”

“For what?”

“My drawing, you said it was awesome, stupid!” Craig yelled at the other boy as if he were deaf.
Taken aback, the teen in the beanie gave him a crossed look and scoffed as their female classmates whispered behind them. Craig would rarely be the first between them at calling names, and then it hit him, something crawled up his ass again. Only Clyde would be able to appreciate that kind of ‘bullshit’ to Stan, but then, he’s his best friend.

“Jesus, just take the fucking compliment next time.”

Stan walked back to his desk in the front row, swinging the stapler in his clenched fist.

With a testy glance, Craig held his mechanical pencil and slouched in his chair. Fortunately for them, their teacher was making more copies of their chapter worksheets when they traded negative dialogue and glances at each other. Stan was a complete dolt.

As things couldn't possibly rub Craig the wrong way even more, and then a woman with long and flowy blonde hair walked into the room. From the math hall, Mrs. Hutchinson, the twenty-two-year-old lively bombshell that Clyde and Kenny have been bragging about at the commons and during every lunchtime appeared beside Stan. Instant resentment coursed through Craig’s veins when he sees the woman trail a polished fingernail over the jock’s forearm. Flirting. It was fortunate that Stan was too depressed to care.

“You should see me after class,” the woman warbled, gently.

“Sure,” Stan replied vacantly.

Mrs. Hutchinson cupped his chin with her hand and lifted his face for him to face her. Though, as much as that, Stan did not protest and ignored the craters on her face.

Inappropriate, everything about that screamed unprofessional. Many of the classmates didn't care enough to react. Still caping for Wendy, Bebe Stevens recorded them on her phone. They were communicating about Stan’s missing assignments from his fourth period class. Kenny, on the other hand, didn't mind watching. The flirty blond grinned dreamily, a mischievous sparkle in his bright pupils.

Craig’s cold temper would be put to the test when the lady caressed Stan’s cheek. No trace of emotion in his face. Being used to it, Craig has idly stood by many times when the same and opposite sex made passes at Stan. This moment would be no different than the others. Craig was still angered. He could just imagine now. The graphic image of the woman spontaneously combusting filled his head, along with Stan looking at her pig-like scattered remains in horror. Just for breathing near Stan, Craig wanted her to get vaporized. The word 'eradicate' and 'hag' playing over and over again like a broken mixtape in his daydream. She was a whore. The whole school needed to find that out somehow. In perfect penmanship, Craig found himself writing at the upper corner of his desk in small letters.

Mrs. Hutchinson is an ugly bitch.

Craig erased it.

The woman carded her fingers through Stan’s bangs.

Mrs. H is a cradle-robbing guzzler of syphilitic slime.

Erase.
The words screamed ‘too much’. Craig simplified it.

Mrs. H is a pedo.

– C.T

Complexion empty of lines and feeling, Craig looked forward again as if he were staring into a void. Rotating an eraser in his hand with glazed over eyes, Craig's focus skates up to the arm clock that was hung on the wall next to a Macbeth poster.

After giving an inappropriate hug to Stan, the young blonde swished gracefully out of the room before their balding teacher returned in his ugly brown sweater vest with a plain coffee mug. Craig kept his focus on the other teen after he finished half of his chapter review. The second period rang loudly and Craig collected his things before walking to the front desk. Kenny was waiting for Stan out in the hall. Kyle and Cartman were a few steps behind disagreeing with something again. Holding the door panel, Clyde popped his head in the room and waved at Craig.

“‘Yes, you’ve fallen behind,’” said Mr. Wood, “‘but lucky for you, you won’t fail mid-terms if you tackle this quickly.’”

"Yeah, you said can get me a tutor?" Stan asked, eyes roaming up.

Over the graded papers of his desk, his English class teacher gestured his hand to the boy standing behind him. Dark eyebrows dropped in disappointment.

"Aw, come on, really!?” griped the jock aloud.

Craig grinned at Stan's exaggeration. "Don't worry Mr. Wood, I'll take real good care of him."
The morning sunrays soaked over the curtains of Stan’s and Craig’s apartment in present day. Nineteen-year-old Stan stirred awake after his boyfriend nudged his shoulder gently. His equally naked boyfriend Craig pulled himself from the sheets and walked to the bathroom.

After a moment of regaining full awareness after daydreaming, Stan wiped his eyes with his hands and followed to pee and brush his teeth. Silence turned into ridiculous smiles when he joined Craig in the shower and they engaged in a silly swordfight with their erect penises.

“Dude, keep that thing away from me,” Craig snickered.

“Oh, dude. I thought that word was banned,” bantered Stan from behind the curtain.

Their activity slowed when Craig paused. “Only I can say it.”

Mock-glare from Stan, he slapped him on the chest.

“Ow,” monotoned Craig, “fuck you.”

At the reaction, Stan pulled back with a lazy grin that agreed with his retort. Sliding a hand behind Craig’s neck, he kissed him long and leisurely. Eyes shut, Stan gave Craig’s lower lip a hungry nibble. Liking where things were going, Craig dipped his face down and smirked against Stan’s mouth. Shutting his eyes as well, Craig accepted a curl of his tongue.

Within that moment, their sensual affection for one another manifested into soapy hand jobs.

Wrist crosses over each other, the pair slicked their hands back and forth in an attempt to get each other off in the small bathroom.

“Mmm, babe… that feels so good,” Stan crooned gently.

“Want me to keep going?”

“Yeah… keep doing it.”

"Feel mine too."
Their moans spread just as the fog float in the shower. Looking down through water drenched eyelashes, Stan was the first come in Craig’s hand. His hard stomach muscles clenched and tightened as he ejected ropes of come onto the tub’s floor. Craig followed shortly with his eyes shut, grunting as many jets of his seed spurts below them.

They found time to recover and said nothing more for a few minutes after that. They finished washing and rinsing in the shower and getting proceeded to gather their outfits. Craig finished buttoning his dress shirt up to the collar. Still in his birthday suit, Stan scrubbed a towel over his hair, walking to over to their dresser.

“That’s a nice tie on you, darling. You look handsome.”

“Thanks, pumpkin. Hurry up and get dressed.”

They mirrored each others’ grins again. Among their social circle, pet names shared with them took some time to get used to. For the most part, Craig enjoyed them, they didn’t sound alien to him. After checking the battery on his phone, Stan proceeded and plucked a stale cup of water that sat at the nightstand to rinse and refill. Black boxers pulled over his waist, Stan grabbed the clothes that were hanging from his duffle bag at the side of the bed, and slipped on a shirt and a pair of shorts.

“Hey, babe. I know it’s a little early, but we should probably look at that app right now,” Stan pointed, grabbing his phone once more after tying his shoes.

The taller gentleman turned, facing him. After that’s been said, Craig pulled the charger plug away from his iPhone and sat next to Stan on the bed.

Stan looked over his boyfriend’s shoulder plainly as he selected the icon of the app that he downloaded the night before. On a throwaway account, Craig logged into Play’d and typed in his real name and all aliases he could think of on the search bar of the app. A heavy anticipation would weigh with just Stan as the next page would load.

0 results

Craig smiled.

“Whoa, what?” Stan said.

“It’s gone.”

“How?”

“They took care of it. Want me to look you up too?”

The younger teen gulped before nodding. “Yeah, sure, go ahead.”

Craig interlaced his fingers with Stan’s while he browsed through the phone screen with his free hand. With his thumb, Craig slid it up and down the app before the buffer ring appeared on the black screen. They observed the icons and the lettering on the page loading.

Zero results of him on the screen as well. It was just like he said. Nothing. Or any other classmates they grew up with. Besides the grainy footage of Kenny getting his whistle blown at a rainy McDonald’s parking lot. They could tell that is was captured by a security camera. For him, that is nothing out of the ordinary. A big relief, from there things were oddly shaping up… a little too fast for Stan’s liking.
For the first few seconds, relief washed over Stan and he felt at ease. No new revenge porn, he can finally breathe again. The fact that he can sleep at night again, made him felt reassured. With the vast collection he had, he thought he and Craig would be in for a lot more.

“So, all of it, huh?” said Stan. “You know how the internet is. Did you check Pornhub? We could be anywhere on the net right now.”

“Yep,” Craig replied, putting his phone away. “I checked, all gone. That’s it.”

“Interesting…”

“Yeah. Apparently, they had a huge crackdown last night so half the site is deleted. We were minors at the time in our videos, so… they’re gone now.” Craig closed his mouth for a few seconds. “And… that’s that.”

“But, it’s still there.” Stan narrowed his eyes. “It still exists. It needs to disappear. Our videos, what if people reuploaded them someplace else?”

“One obstacle at a time, sweetie.”

“No, we have to do something. We could be lucky this time. Think about it. Who else is gonna be next if that thing doesn’t go away?”

“I don’t know,” Craig said.

“Well, we can’t sit here and relax while there are more people getting their privacy taken away from them. We have to do something, we have to let everyone else know somehow. We have to –”

“I swear to god if you do one of your lame awareness things, I’ll gladly sleep on the couch for the rest of this summer.”

“What? Babe, I’m serious… and it’s not lame.”

“I know.” Craig took it back. “If there’s more, we’ll take care of it later. I just don’t want this to take over our lives.”

“It won’t, babe, but we can’t just sit back and relax while other people have your… our… I mean… really, that’s it?”

“Tweek said he got rid of them.” Craig rubbed Stan's shoulder. “We’re still fighting, but I trust in his word. We can still make porn, baby, our porn is safe.” He kissed his boyfriend's temple. “Now, we need to hurry. Let’s go before I’m late for work and you miss whatever that thing is.”

“Drills,” Stan corrected, still pouty. “And my awareness stuff is not stupid.”

“Okay,” said Craig, exhaling purposefully. “I’m sorry.”

“Nope, you gotta mean it. Make it up to me.”

Stan pushed his lips up playfully and Craig grabbed him by the hips and leaned forward to plant a big kiss on his lips before Stan moved his head. Craig’s mouth landed on his face instead. They were at a close proximity still, so Craig bit him. His teeth gently sank over his boyfriend’s cheek. Squinting in disapproval now, Stan made a face that said *That’s not fair.* He pushed his palms against Craig’s face and squished it.

“You’re still an ass,” Stan said as Craig moved up.
“Ass.” His boyfriend snorted, laughing. “You offering?”

“Yeah, all the time.” Stan fared a grin. “I sucked and fucked every toy I had when I thought about you yesterday. If I’ve known your cock was that big, I’dve blown you a lot sooner.”

“You’re nasty.”

“You like it.”

His face moved closer to Stan’s. “Shit, I do.”

They made out evenly over the new quilt on the mattress. Noses barely touching after Craig. Feeling his hands gently wrapped around his throat, Stan’s smile grew, knowing what that entails later. Still at the exploring stage of their kinks. Both boys were rough, but it was clearly consensual.

The living room was left untidy. Sparky followed behind a lovestruck Stan as they each grabbed a light jacket after checking the weather on Craig’s phone. It took some time to distract his pet before making it outside, but he did.

Avoiding the gust of wind behind him, Craig locked the door to complex. He walked hand-in-hand with his boyfriend to meet up with their friends to be carpooled at their destined locations. Frowning, Stan looked at the empty space where Craig’s Prius use to be. His eyebrows knit together in concern. Knowing partially that there is probably more to it with Craig fighting with Tweek. Now questioning if he himself could be the cause. Something definitely happened.

Stan lets out an irritated sigh. “Do I really need to ask?”

“No.”

By his truck, Kenny took a large bite of his Honey Bun over the clear wrapper and waved at Stan with a tooth-rotting mouthful as Craig walked his boyfriend to him. Clyde’s red Honda parked three spaces away.

“Okay, I’ll see you after work.”

“I love you,” Stan said after their lips separated from another kiss.

“Love you too, babe,” Craig said.

“So enchanting.” The blond sauntered to them. “I almost forget you guys don’t like pussy.”

Craig instinctively flipped him the bird. “Fuck off, Kenny.”

Danish in hand, Kenny curled an arm over Stan’s shoulder and they gait over to his Chevy, waving goodbye to his friend’s boyfriend. His bright eyes stretched at that and then fell back to Stan, who did one of his infamous shrugs as Craig walked away.

Clyde’s car door shuts loudly over his music after Craig climbed into the seat right next to him. His best friend was yapping on the phone to the new girlfriend he mentioned earlier that week, dressed in the same shirt and shorts set as Stan.
When the jock ended the call, Craig’s view sets itself on the half ripped opened box of Magnum condoms over the front cupholder with foil packets scattered on the floor. The blank appearance on Craig’s complexion didn’t disturb much.

“Eh.” Clyde’s cheeks warmed and he chuckled. “Don’t worry about it.”

Craig finished putting on his seatbelt and reached for his iPhone, nonchalantly scrolling through his Twitter.

**AstroCraig**

@AstroCraig

Only God can judge me.

**TwwkTwk** What God? You’re literally a walking paradox. You and your boyfriend don’t even believe in Him.

6 hours ago

**AstroCraig**

@AstroCraig

It only takes .005 seconds for me not to fuck with you.

5 hours ago

**AstroCraig**

@AstroCraig

Unfollow me. @TwwkTwk

**TwwkTwk** Unfollow me FIRST you FCKN BINT!!! @AstroCraig

3 hours ago

The notification buzzed again.

Craig’s face paled.

“Oh, shit. Still beefing, I see,” Clyde said. His voice got airy as he held himself together with a false smile. “Any idea how long it’ll last this time? ’Cause, I’d really like it if we all stayed friends, thanks.”

Craig pushed a spearmint stick in his mouth. “I have no idea, to be honest.”

“Great.” Clyde declared with faux enthusiasm. "That's pretty cool to know. I just hope ya don't ask me to take sides. I won't be able to do it, man."

The car pulled out into the street and Craig placed his attention on the next reply.

As they made it to the stoplight, he made a face, seeing the number of followers he had dropping drastically each time he refreshed his page. More than willing to distract himself at this specific moment, Craig decided to fix his hair with his camera enabled. He kept his head down as Clyde
“So…” said the brunet, hands drumming the steering wheel, “what happened with you guys, anyway? I mean, I was there when everything turned into a clusterfuck... but I don’t think you ever told me the full story. Or wait. Was I there?”

“It's nothing out of the ordinary, Clyde,” Craig replied. “Tweek’s just being Tweek.”

Clyde’s eyes glazed over. “Ah, sounds about right.”

“Yep.”

Craig glanced through his reflection in the window. As the car went further down the road and the sun was obscured by more clouds. A mute flash of lightning appeared over the skyscrapers they rolled by from a far distance. The colorless sky slowly gained dark clouds overhead with the promise of rain.

While his friend moaned and vocalized his complaint, Craig’s observation bored at the bright screen on his palm as he would bring himself to make an ultimate decision. To his case, it wasn’t really ‘ultimate’, it has been done before.

Do you want to delete the contact?

CANCEL | DELETE

The cheating rumors. To tell the full story to Clyde, Craig didn’t know if it would ever be appropriate for him to confide to him about his forbidden tryst with Stan. Especially since Clyde has requested to hear the non-gay version. That would be remotely impossible.

As Craig thought to himself about what has angered Tweek, when he shouted that he didn’t ‘feel anything’. Though, Stan comparably has said that Craig has gotten better with his emotions, the constant reminders about his lack of empathy from an ex was rather vexing to Craig.

After all the bad times he endured with Tweek, they were even worse friends now than how they were before. Grudge holding was beneath him. So, Craig thought. Whatever has spurred the fight that they have now, it seemed like things were falling again, and careful distance should be planned. For Craig to say in the least, if he would do it all over again, it would be a mixed bag.

If it weren’t for his first gay relationship, he probably would have stayed in the closet longer. The only bright side in that would be that the people in town would have minded their own business. Stan was one of the few good things that came along with it and even he wasn't sure back then.

How they got together would be too difficult to explain to Clyde. Especially with the circumstance they have now. Craig didn't know the exact date. All he remembered was that social media was still thriving back then. With a neutral expression on his face, he watched as the trees and buildings go by in the window. It'd be easier to tell Clyde to figure it out himself to get him off his back.

Besides from what was there, there'd be no explaining. Even to a small degree, his boyfriend Stan was just as private as him. What happened when they were kids, that was old news. Craig thought that Tweek bringing it up the past was poor timing on his behalf, due to the heavy fact that he is very sensitive.
On the contrary, if it is true that Craig has 'smashed' his former rival at a young age, it shouldn't be anyone's concern. A few years had passed. It wasn't any of their business anymore. Other than what he and Stan would let on, they're here today. They would simply not understand.

February, 3 years ago...

It was another wintry jejune day in Craig’s eleventh grade life.

The vapor mist of the frosty Colorado air floated from his mouth as he walked ahead in an icy Wall-Mart parking lot, returning a shopping cart through a narrow rack.

Tricia Tucker’s headphone’s vibrated loudly as she walked past her brother, handing him the last shopping bag to put in the car.

Gathering his keys, Thomas Tucker walked toward the driver’s seat of his van after his son closed the car trunk.

Hand digging into his pocket, Craig switched his iPhone’s lens to reverse as he raised the device to the darkened sky above him, sticking his tongue out. After taking a few selfie worthy snapshots, he slid into the backseat of his father’s vehicle beside his younger sister Tricia. A reachable solace and their family’s aloofness took a toll over her pinkish complexion.

Each hardly speaking to one another, the Craig and Tricia texted side by side on their own phones during the car ride home. With their family’s trademark gaze, the sixth grader occupied herself with texting a female friend from middle school.

For the most part, the ride was fairly silent. Facebook backdrop illuminating his face, Craig scrolled through a particular person’s profile on a spare account in his browser after checking Clyde’s and his boyfriend’s pages and then Stan's.

Surprised to see that the page hasn’t been deleted yet, he skimmed through the jock's comment feed and reread his relationship status for the fourth time that day. Complicated. Craig instantly frowned. That could mean anything. At this point, Stan could be complicated with Wendy, or complicated with Kenny. Or, any other guy, because he's also part gay. Craig cursed in his head. Asked himself why would he care again.

None of what he felt would exist beyond his thoughts. The throwaway account and incognito mode was definitely a good coverup. It would save Craig from any accidental likes. Middle school has taught him that.

Stan’s display picture was of him pulling his eyelids down, revealing his sclera. As opposed to Kenny’s lewd tongue-in-between his index and middle finger. Those were the kind of pictures the McCormick kid has been taking since he discovered a Polaroid.

On the other hand, Stan had grown to become quite the specimen over the past few years to Craig. By that, Craig inwardly meant a freak. He still didn’t know why he liked him. Apart from still
being a kid athlete, Stan began dressing darker and he’s gotten whinier.

Inside, Craig thought of words that were befitting of him as he scrolled down his Facebook. Part jock, part walking dumpster, part Hot Topic slogan – and now, bi. Alias; Attention Whore. Mr. Try-hard. Though, inexplicably, Stan was way worse than Clyde with that. At least Clyde didn’t try to be edgy.

**Stan Marsh**

February 1 at 3:36 PM

my heart is a ghost town

1 Comments 8 Shares

**Kenny McCormick** awww cheer up ( o Y o )

2 days ago

Craig kept his face neutral at the first sentence on the wall. What he was doing there, he questioned that and automatically wondering if Stan typed in lowercase letters on purpose to dumb himself down. Kenny did it too as well, it seemed like a trend. Craig checked his Facebook page too. The pattern was certainly meaningless to him and did knock off attraction points.

**Stan Marsh**

February 3 at 6:23 PM

so this account is pretty pointless now should i delete it?

4 Comments 10 Shares

**Kyle Broflovski** That would be a very good idea.

1 day ago

**Eric Cartman** Dude, fuck Wendy and her boobs. Get a cougar like that Bryce kid.

1 day ago

**Stan Marsh 😊**

1 day ago

**Kyle Broflovski** He doesn’t need a cougar, Cartman. Stan, just come over. I’ll tell you what to do.

1 day ago

**Eric Cartman** Fuck you, Kyle.

8 secs ago
Craig felt the rustle of a fleece throw wedged by his arm and glared at his sister.

"What’s that?” Tricia asked, curiously tilting her head.

“New message from Tweek?” Laura asked from the passenger’s seat.

“No,” Craig said, typing onscreen fast, switching tabs with his thumbs. “We’re on a break.”

Thomas stopped the car. “Break?”

Craig and Tricia flew forward in their seatbelts. Laura covered her mouth.

“Not those breaks,” the noiret said.

“Should we be concerned?” Thomas panicked. “We’ll meet at Sizzler. I can talk to Richard. He can – “

“No. It’s fine.”

“Son, are you sure?”

"Yep, I’m pretty sure."

They were already home. Through Craig’s nasally voice, what he just said was still rather disconcerting for his family to hear.

Laura looked back at Thomas as their son began toting the bags to their snowy front doorstep. Along the way, Craig didn’t forget. Each family member raised their middle fingers at one another, and Tricia followed, sliding her seatbelt off her body.

Craig reached for his phone in his pocket again after helping his sister pack away the food in the fridge, cupboards, and pantries.

Maybe his parents were right to worry. Tweek would rarely be the one to call breaks in their relationship. While it was okay to be separated once in a while, Craig’s overanalytical brain found it peculiar that the blond would want to put things on hold.

To Craig’s nonsurprise, it could be the major argument that they had in the eighth grade that could have spurred their current events. The things Craig said that summer night, Tweek was still not over it.

Two years, three months, and six days later, Craig would still be paying for and apologizing for what he said on that particular summer night in the eighth grade. It was probably the worst he has ever made Tweek cry. Craig didn’t want to think about it. For no specific reason, Tweek had the date marked on his phone calendar to remind Craig.

After scraping the leftover food from his dinner plate, Craig finished his group chat on his computer after his shower and laid in his bed after watching Jaws on his laptop.

Body loosely curled up in a resting position, Craig blinked sleepily with his back toward the door. Watching his father’s shadowy figure distort over his Desktop and computer chair he didn’t push
Craig’s eyes become heavy while he scrolled through his phone. Both words and the blue text bubble he stared at becomes fuzzy.

Vision recovering like a blurred camera’s lens, the bubbles on Craig’s phone appeared again. He had bandages wrapped around his hand like that day in the gym.

With an unenthused focus sliding upward, he looked at the room blankly, remembering where he was now.

It was either *dejavu*, or the planet has stopped spinning.

*Planet Fucking Fitness.* Eyelids shield half his pupils. *Fucking A.*

Stan Marsh was standing at the end of a room now. Those galaxy pools Craig tried to ward off so many times, shifted up to him.

Craig had to move away.

Already, it became too much. He walked to the end of the room to return to the top floor with his friends. Craig focused at the red Exit sign.

“Oh. Craig, wait.”

*Fuck. Stay away! Do you know what it means to fuck all the way off?!!*

Between his fingers, Stan picked a crumpled twenty-dollar bill from his pocket, and then there was that touching again. Craig didn’t like it. He remembered this day now, it was Saturday. When the other teen grabbed his wrist and placed the money on his palm, he nearly shivered.

A small frown settled in Craig’s face. It was in a tone worthy of having a tongue snipped off.

Getting ready to leave, Craig flipped him off and then, something different happened this time.

“That’s cool,” said Stan. Hidden in his shirt collar, was his own hand. “I have one too.”

Once Stan’s hand appeared again, his middle finger stood he had a wide grin on his face. Before another cheeky vowel drew from Stan's lips, Craig spun and slammed him against the lockers.

The combinations rattled around them.

Neither one of them made haste to comment yet, and they were now suddenly panting. What has possessed Craig to do such a thing, it had gotten him more in the pants than it anything else ever did in his entire life. Stan's shirt was twisted tightly in his fist and now, craning his head up, he grilled Craig with a hard stare.

“Fuck you.”

“Your fucking *shit-for-brains ass* wishes.” Craig retorted.

“Actually, *you wish.* I’m not the fag around here, remember?”
Now would be a perfect opportunity to punch him in the face. One slam with a fist would end it all. Craig couldn’t. Something is stopping him. Stan’s shirt was still twisted in his fingers. Craig was going to let go, but he felt the other teen’s careful finger pads grazing over the fabric shielding his upper thigh.

“What the hell are you doing?”

With his teeth gently gnashed, Craig’s breathing became more irregular and he felt his dick playing tricks on him again. The hot organ throbbed painfully inside his sweats as his childhood rival ran his hand over the shape of it before giving it a firm squeeze, dragging his thumb over it.

Gaze sweeping up and leveling up to Craig’s, Stan licked his lips, applying more pressure in his touch.

“Christ…” Craig breathed out, green eyes pleading. "Don't..."

The boy continued kneading Craig’s heavy junk with his fingers. “What’s that? You don’t wanna come?”

“You’re a bitch.”

“And you’re a cheater… you like this. Get some help, dude.”

“You’re wrong, I Love my boyfriend.”

“What’s his name, then?” Back slumped at the lockers, Stan’s voice was ridiculously sexy to Craig.

“What’s that got to do with anything, shit–”

Stan’s thumb grazed ever so gently over the tip… Eyes squeezed shut, Craig was reduced to a horny, stiff mess. He was going to punch a hole through his classmate with his dick if he kept that up. At the question, a realization hits Craig hard and he miserably profited brain lag from it. With a frustrated noise leaving him, his emotions went haywire.

Craig exploded. “You, shut the hell up! Don’t you dare talk about Tweek like that – our love is pure! You have no idea!”

“Bullshit.”

The movie lines were poorly executed by him. Poisonous gravity drawing him in, Craig lets out a long and low moan when Stan added more pressure to his rubs. Craig knew he sounded pathetic, playing the hero was never his specialty. One hand, and then the other, he reached up and squeezed Stan’s neck. He wasn’t coughing and it looked like he’s enjoying it.

“Stay away from me and my boyfriend, dick.”

Stan was pretty humorous in this situation. Which was wrong. The world flipped again when Craig noticed his bare cock was now sitting in Stan’s palm. He glanced down, mortified, as he grew more in his grip.

“No more talking. Just admit it already. You’ve been wanting this since seventh grade, Craig. If you wanted me completely off your back, you would've done something about it arleady. I’m horny, just fuck me.”
“Bitch.”

“Gaylord.”

“Pussy.”

“Cocksucker,” Stan snarled against his lips.

Craig smashed his mouth against his with a loud thrash behind them. Gasps and sighs from each end. Clawing Craig’s back with one hand, Stan jerked Craig’s sweats down more as they made out sloppily against the lockers.

The leftover effort to defeat him with words has vanished into thin air and has been overtaken with his own tongue driving in Stan’s mouth. Craig gave his bottom lip a tug between his teeth. It took a moment for him to control himself when he lets go for Stan so he could take his shirt. In three swift jerks, he shoved his pants and boxers down to his thighs. Stan gasped when a series of heavy kisses were poured over his exposed collarbone.

Over his chest, his muscles… scourged in between the two as the wicked teen panted heavily thrusting his hips at the older teen. His short fingernails scraped deliciously over Craig’s side. In return, his arm was snatched and he was spun toward the lockers.

Stan inhaled as his classmate's hips slammed harshly against him. “Fuck!”

Craig pounded the jock nonstop against the cold metal surface in front of them. Body crumpled lightly against the steel, Stan’s throaty moans carried on across the room. His ridiculous sleazy grin faded as he shuts his eyes. Low murmurs and gasps slipped from his lips. The locker doors clashed some more from the wild movements.

The schoolmates changed positions, fucking on the bench, and on the floor. With a shudder, Craig came and collapsed on top of him.

A period of darkness overtook him. Things got stranger from there. Craig kept his eyes closed. His body was heavy and stiff, he couldn’t move his limbs. The only thing he could see were the back of his eyelids.

Now as his lashes fluttered up, Craig’s gaze ping-ponged back and forth, then down at the pile of blankets that was over him. Holding his face, Craig rose on what looked like a king-sized and a naked back of a male facing him.

Craig was able to move his arms again. A dull panic has taken over him when he gawped at the gentlemen after lifting the blanket under his chin, anxiety rushing him. He was naked too.

“Hey, quit hogging the blankets!” the person beside him complained noisily.

There was a headful of brown hair that Craig recognized instantly. The jock turned around to face him. “Clyde?!”

His green eyes swoop to the bare ass in front of him, now wishing he hadn’t seen that at all or remembered that from gym. Craig suppressed a grimace before tan skin switched to pale in front of him. Another nude boy replaced Clyde’s presence next to him.

Stupid dream.

This had to be one. Another goddamn stupid dream.
“No! Wakeup!” Craig banged his balled fists on the mattress. “Wake the fuck up! Why can’t I wake up already?!”

He tensed when a hand floated and touched his face. The noiret reached to pull it away before his vision had been met with the same arrogant classmate he’s thought about rutting for the past few years.

Craig’s eyes glazed over at the presence of Stan.

“And… of course,” he said flatly.

“You were great last night, I love you.”

“I love you too.” He nuzzled his face in the boy’s hair. “Wait.” Craig’s grip on the blankets tightened.

Pitch black enveloped him. Familiarity in the atmosphere sets in for Craig as he been roused from his slumber. For his sake, Craig hoped it was for real this time. The sun hasn’t risen yet and it wasn’t spilling from his blinds. Star and planet shaped stickers glowed over his head. Beside his glass of water, his phone blinking with its charger plugged to it.

Craig could hear the howl of the wind and the tree branches brush next to his window outside.

This was reality. It felt like it. Another erotic dream, that’s what it seemed to be. Without his shirt on, Craig was in his bed again, leaking… profusely through his boxers.

A wet, warm, sticky mess. The three elements would hardly bring joy to any teenager. Thankful that it didn’t happen in public, surging forward with a small frown, Craig pulled the blanket up to his chin and glanced down at the wet spot in the middle of his mattress, at the dark spot in the center of his pants.

“No Fap Week was clearly ineffectual. Head finally cleared, Craig brought himself up to move. After sneaking across the hall for a quick cleanup, he pulled on a pair of dry boxers and dragged the soaked sheets out of his bed to the basement to wash them.

“Jesus, fucking save me,” the obsidian haired teen said aloud. Perhaps, a bit histrionically for his taste. A mental sweeping away of any residue of his dirty thoughts. It would just be Craig and the washing machine now.

The perks of being a teenager with raging hormones and jacking off to a classmate who he doesn’t give two shits about while being in a happy and healthy relationship.

Yep. That’s completely normal.

It was Tuesday again and things were already coming apart again. Craig’s whole family was still slumbering upstairs.

Heavy sleepers, his parents were. Within the exception of Tricia, who would pretend to be resting, she would actually be just as horrible as her older brother with her phone.
Water began running in the smart washer machine when Craig punched in the default settings. Moving back a little, he was to gather his school clothes from a basket he left down there to get ready for the morning. There was hardly energy left for him to shudder any more. A spiritual cleanse would be nice.

“Ahh!”

Craig jolted. Gain laundry detergent spilled over his hand. There was that familiar head of wild blond hair, freckles, and a small pixie nose. Wiping his hand on a shirt, Craig recognized his boyfriend instantly.

Their break was supposed to end after school that day, but this was something Craig figured as much. Practically Siamese twins when they started dating, their breaks from each other were constant and often lifted early. ‘Craig Time’, as Craig would call it, there would be no more of it.

“Oh, hey Tweek.”

The wet stains on the bedsheets. They were poorly shielded by another pile of clothes concealing them. Craig closed the lid on the washer before they could stare at it any longer. In the event to that, a heavy cloud of suspicion grew over his boyfriend again.

“It happened again,” Tweek shrilled. Terror in the boy’s wide-eyes, the young barista glared and jabbed an accusing index finger, “you dreamt about him.”

“No. I dreamt about you, babe.”

“You’re a bad liar,” grunted Tweek, jerking his shoulder away from Craig’s hand. “You’re lying. I know you’re lying! You said you’d get better for me, you said you’d quit it!”

Exhaustion written on his face despite waking up, Craig padded to the kitchen pulling out the frying pan from the bottom cabinet and grabbing a carton of eggs from the refrigerator and a package of bacon.

After washing the leftover soap from his hand, Craig rinsed a frying pan and placed it over the hot stove, he began cooking his meal.

Eyebrows creased, Craig hated it when Tweek talked that way. He found a way to multitask and waited by the coffee maker for his drink.

“You’ll cheat on me,” sputtered the jittery blond, following his footsteps, “you’re in love with him!”

Craig finished adding sugar and cream to his coffee sipped the rim of his cup to taste it before offering it to Tweek.

“Here babe, this will make you feel better.”

“I don’t want that,” Tweek said.

The cup was set at the coffee table when Craig sat on the sofa.

“Can we please not talk about this when my parents are here?” alluded the gentleman in the chullo.

“It’s not going to go away, it’s in my mind... I can’t control it, you know this, babe.”

“Nnr! Shit, you’re so full of shit!”
“Stop it, Tweek, it isn’t real life! I wouldn’t fuck him even if his face were covered.”

“D-Don’t say that! Don’t say you’ll fuck him!”

“I’m not. Let’s change the topic now. I need to finish this and take a shower.”

Tweek grumbled. “Yeah. To wash away that giant splooge you made just now, you fucking asshole.”

“Stop it. This conversation is over.” Craig dismissed with a stab at his eggs. “I’m willing to give therapy a shot again if it makes you shut up.”

“You shut up.”

The silverware continued clicking while the teen in the chullo dug at his food once more.

Right away, Tweek wondered what it could be, what the dream was this time, and then other things. Like, why Craig would avoid him most of the time to go to the bathroom. Like, why their dates were shorter as they got older. Like, why did Craig lie?

Tweek’s fingers gathered in his palms until his knuckles turned white as he decided against pulling his hair. As they sat, the worried boy calmly asked Craig about the dream again. From the noiret’s end, no response.

Craig knew it. It wouldn't be walking on eggshells anymore from there, he would be stepping into a minefield. The morbid curiosity had taken a toll on the other teen’s health. A torrent of hatred spiraled around Tweek’s heart when there was hesitation in a reply. When Craig acted like he didn’t care, it confirmed it.

Tweek could only guess that Craig had it really bad for Stan. At the start, things were different. His boyfriend was disgusted and scared. Tweek really wanted to help him. There was that fear of not as perfect as the school’s hot quarterback. Tweek’s already won Craig, he didn’t want to think of competing. Heavy and hot tears flood from the rims of his eyes, threatening to spill, his mood completely soured.

“So, what was it then, Craig? What was he doing to you this time?”

Nothing, Craig continued digging in his dish.

You insensitive prick. Say something.

All red flags were being raised again. Now angry that he didn’t know how to stop it, Tweek figured as much that Craig liked it.

Along with the dry silence that hung like a bad smell in the air, a breakdown would be coming any second. Soon.

Knowing his boyfriend too well, Craig still didn’t know how to approach him, his feelings. Craig was still unphased by his concern and that he showed no doubt. From what Tweek observed, there was no emotion. Nothing there. Only emptiness. Craig was hollow, wordless, and it could only get worse from there. Their break did nothing for them, it was supposed to help them. Tweek’s mind was racing now. Pain spreading across his chest. It was getting worse.

“Why are you like this?”
There was only the clinking of Craig’s eating utensil as he continued biting into his food.

Voice cracking, Tweek insisted. “Why are you like this?”

Craig reached for the saltshaker he brought with him. “Like what?”

“Arr! See? You’re doing it again!”

“I don’t…” In that instance, it became difficult for Craig to process any new words. “I’m sorry.”

“Stop lying!” Tweek slapped his boyfriend with a pillow, last syllables through gritted teeth. “You always… lie to me!”

Craig gaped after he took heed. An arm raised and shielding his head protectively. Since the first blow had gotten a throb out of it. The hits weren’t as soft as Tweek’s balled fists on his chest.

He punctuated between every new blow. “You didn’t.” Craig narrowed his eyes. “Give. A. Shit.”

“You didn’t.” Craig narrowed his eyes. “Give. A. Shit.”

Craig’s arm jerked when he spiked the pillow on the carpet.

“That’s enough!” scolded the noiret. “Can you please… Keep it down? I’m not gonna cheat on you with fucking Stan! We just need to get more intimate. This wouldn’t even be happening if you’d let me have porn on my phone.”

Hatred seared within him. The teen in his oversized sweater twisted the top button of his undershirt at the name mentioned. Misery broke through Tweek’s fragile control, color bleaching from his complexion.

Not a single blink and a lump that wouldn’t quite go down in his throat, Tweek stared forward. Right now, more than anything, he really wanted to tear Craig’s face off. How it was that hard to him, he didn’t get it.

Stan Marsh. Of all the classmates in school, Craig could at least pick someone he could measure up to, but no, he had to choose the most popular boy in the whole school. The unraveled insecurities were blooming in his beating heart again.

Outside of his relationship with his boyfriend, Tweek could not simply jab a finger at Stan. Although, irritable and sad most of the time, their classmate always meant the best. In the playground when they were young, Stan stood up for Tweek. Before Craig, he was there rooting for him when he was the underdog. Along with that, he has been firmly saying for years that he liked girls.

Along with the rest of the school, Stan has even defended him when Craig denied his feelings and their relationship in the beginning.

Tweek inhaled bitterly through quivering tear dampened lips. Now, he wondered what kind of boyfriend he had. As he had promised to hold his end of the bargain with his devotion, the urge to wreak vengeance on his own love partner would be rather tempting to him at the very moment.

All he had to do was tap Stan’s shoulder. Pull Stan aside in the cafeteria and let him know what kind of creepy and twisted fantasies Craig’s been having of him for the past few years. Tell him everything. It would be another test for their love. Tweek knows that they’ll never break up. Stan would say ‘sick’, he would laugh – everyone including him would hate Craig, and he would
deserve it.

“Tweek, look at me.” Craig seized his slim shoulders. “He’s not gay.”

Conked out as an explanation is handed to him, the blond was in a daydream coma.

More tears streamed down his now pinkened cheeks.

*Shut up,* Tweek squeaked in his mind.

“He will never be my type, and believe me… When I say I hate him… I mean, *I really hate him…*”

Hatred burned more through his glassy eyes as he explained it. *Shut up.*

“See, you’re crying. You’re letting your emotions take over again…”

*Shut up!*

Not a blink or a single shift of his shoulders, Tweek lets the deceitful young man wipe his tears. As cruel as a snake lying on the grass, Craig could be as foul when he wasn’t honest. Slimy and filthy. Coldblooded and one-and-the-same, he was no different.

Forehead pressed against his bare shoulder Tweek leaned into a hug as Craig shushed him and began stroking comforting circles over his back.

“It’s okay, honey. Deep breaths,” he spoke soothingly. “We’ll get through this together…”

“Promise y-you’ll get better for me… I love you, Craig.”

“I love you too, honey.”

Light hands skimmed over his bare and warm chest.

Under fair lashes, he glanced over his side, hand moving on its own. His slim fingers curled around the edge of a fork. As it was kept to himself while he wept.

"**AHHGH!**"

The tines broke the flesh. It was a hard plunge underneath Craig’s collarbone. The noiret grabbed his wrist before Tweak went in for another nightmarish lunge with the fork, screaming. After wrestling the utensil from his hand, Craig threw the fork to the ground. A dull numbness and then an excruciating pain shot through him like a thunderbolt.

Fear filled Tweek’s eyes when he was met with his boyfriend’s betrayed stare. Chin dripping with tear-drenched remorse, he brought his view down. It was all over Craig’s hand. Pale olive skin dripped with vermillion. Liquid droplets gouged onto the couch’s cushion, spotted it with small and medium splatters, then spreading into a thin coating over his chest. Now he was breathing fast. Tweek retreated back, exhaling, trembling, and robbed of his vocal cords.

“You, ungrateful bitch.”

Sharp yelp. Struck by a reflexive backhand, Tweek’s ear rang as he clumsily fell over the coffee table. Elbows pointed when he gripped the wooden surface, he lets out a sorrowful moan as he lowered his head.
Craig pushed himself up on his hand, his own eyes softened when he realized what he had done, what Tweek had did when he hid his face in his arm. He could die. This could be fatal. Too much blood, there was… too much of it.

A pair of small feet with painted toes was by the furniture Tweek propped himself against. In front of the entertainment center in the living room, Tricia saw them. Her pupils were frantic, before meeting the equally green gaze of her older brother.

Low agonized sounds spilled from Tweek that moment. As his croak began to morph, he could no longer hold back tears. Body shaking, he sobbed loudly against the table. Craig’s countenance went ghostly at the sight of the blond on the floor and now his sister, Tricia. The girl’s face flashed in anger. She swiftly turned around to inform their parents. To let them know what Craig did when she caught a glimpse of the lines of crimson pouring over his fingers.

“Tricia!” Craig called.

The lights flicked on at the top level of the home, spilling illuminance down the stairs, stretching over the walls. Fingers digging into her palm, the girl stood back after she pulled her sight away from the facedown plate and crimson fork.

“Tricia,” In a voice that matched his pain, Craig cried, “I didn’t mean it. Please don’t – ”

Shaking her head, the girl took off and sprinted to their parent’s bedroom.

That wasn’t the time to sit and idle. Getting up abruptly, Craig walked swiftly to the kitchen sink without bothering to turn on the light in the room. Nearly tripping, Tweek seized forward and followed after wiping the blood from his lip.

“I’m… I’m so sorry, I-I didn’t mean to!” Cheeks wet, the blond stammered hoarsely as Craig snatched a dishrag and placed it under the faucet. “I’m so sorry, Craig.”

“It’s okay.”

Thomas yelled from the living room. “Son?!"

The noiret hurried, cursing under his breath as more red soaked through the damp washcloth.

The whir of a still ambulance truck pierced through the frosty morning air by the Tuckers’ detached garage.

With the constant flashing over the hood from the rotating beacons, its warning flashes burned brightly and merged through the dark street, which resembled glowing rocket popsicles.

As two male paramedics walked toward the front doorstep of the house, a skinny blond boy rolled down the street in a teal bike with his foot planted on the pedal.

“A-whoah,” A shocked Butters Stotch whispered quietly to himself after doing a doubletake at the scenery.

Slouched forward holding the handlebars of his two-wheeler, his mouth hung open at the image of Mrs. Tucker wiping her eyes before she agreed to let the men step inside. Right behind them were
police officers there to investigate the scene.

“Uh-huh! I saw it with my own eyes, you guys! I’m tellin’ ya. Tweek took a knife and he stabbed Craig like fifty-eight times. It was fucking epic, dudes.”

At their usual breakfast table, Cartman talked through the green straw in his mouth, lifting his ice-coffee frappe.

“Save it, Cartman,” Kyle glared. “I think, we’d all know if Craig were dead.” Spreading cream cheese over his food with a plastic knife. “He literally tweeted a picture of his hand a minute ago. You could’ve said it was all Butters. Nice try, though, doughboy.”

“Nyah. Fuck you, filthy Jew.”

Kenny bit into his Pop-tart. “Knives hurt, man.”

“Is he okay?” Stan asked, removing his mouth from the rim of his water bottle.

The redhead and brunet of the table gave each other looks and shrugs before Cartman went first.

“Dude.” The husky boy grabbed Stan’s blueberry muffin from his tray. “He’s fucking Craig. Who gives a fuck?”

Stan frowned at that. The statement was harsh, but Cartman wasn’t completely wrong. Craig has become a bigger bully of sorts over the years. Going by that, it was something Stan didn’t want to figure out. He instantly shook off the thoughts of anything concerning him and his relationship. It was his and Tweeks’ business and he didn’t care. The only next thing that came to mind was them putting each other in the hospital. Now that Stan is older, it wouldn’t be as funny to him or their mutual friends.

“Yeah, I agree dude,” Kyle remarked. “Everybody knows that Craig is like the biggest douche in the school. He probably deserved it.” Taking a bite of his bagel, concerned for Tweek. “I hope he didn’t hurt him…”

“Yeah, I hope not either,” said Stan, pushing away his thoughts.

The four emerged from their seats, dumping their leftover food and wrappers in the trash bin.

An assortment of early Valentine’s Day posters and ornaments filled the school’s crowded hall. Metallic streamers of silver and fuchsia dangle and danced from the ceiling to the floor. Laced paper hearts and pink sticky notes bedazzled the whole floor. A combination of body mists wafted through the air. It smelt of scents from the girl’s locker room. To Kenny McCormick, it was stimulating in the least, he took another big whiff.

Stan deftly spun the numbers on his locker combination as his friends stood by him with their own books. Finger underneath the metal hook, the boy in the beanie was to open it to put his backpack
inside. A pile of cards and envelopes slipped from the edge and fell to his feet. He vented a sigh.

“Ninth graders again?” Kenny asked Stan with no sudden reply. Cheeky grin. “I don’t mind. Send them my way.”

Kyle and Cartman directed their attention ahead to the recognizable couple that emerged near them, wearing matching oversized sweaters, and holding hands.

Tweek had a large bouquet of roses and carnations in one arm. Craig took a gander at the bulletin boards next to a glass trophy display. As what Kyle had stated, things looked normal. Oddly enough for Craig, he wasn’t on his phone this time. Tweek was tugging his sleeve with his other hand and pointing at the glass case.

“See, I told you. They look fine.” Kyle crossed his arms.

Cartman raised his drink to his face. “Nah, I heard they beat the shit out of each other this morning.”

“So, first you were there, and now you said you heard about it?” Kyle said aloud. "Now, I'm confused. Either you were there or not, which one was it lard ass?!"

As another argument inflates, Stan lowered his eyes. Kenny whispered something in his ear and chuckled, gaining a small smile from him. Stan shoved his chest.

“Quit it, dude.”

While they were blended in with a small crowd to look at a few paintings from the art kids, Craig slowly peered over at the direction at Stan and glared at Kenny who had his head down. A mixture of confusing signals went off in Stan’s head as he evaluated his classmate from a distance.

Something new was certainly conjuring in his thoughts, he couldn’t quite pinpoint yet. It certainly wasn’t negative at all. Craig’s eyes were soft and predatory at the same time. They weren’t creepy. It turned Stan on and now he wondered where he could get another guy to look at him like that. Not because he would be gay or anything, he was still figuring it out.

Ah, that’s it. I know what he wants. He probably wants to say sorry for how he was last Monday. I can live with that.

With a shred of hope, thinking his friends were wrong, Craig stuck his tongue out at Stan before turning around again.

Nope, still a dick.

“Bro.” Cartman jammed a hand in his hoodie. “Why the fuck is Craig starin’ at me like that?”

“Like what?” Kyle asked.

“Like I’m some fuckin’ four-course meal from Red Lobster.”

Pretending he’s texting, Stan shrugged. The noiret in the chullo turned his head at the bulletin board again after staring a second time.

“Yeah. I know, right? Rude.” Kenny muffle-cackled sarcastically, elbowing Stan to laugh with him. “You’re a woman, not a piece of steak.”

“I’m juicy as fuck, bitch.” Cartman shook the ice in his frappe.
“More like a dried-up and used tampon.” Grabbing his sides, Kenny chuckled. “That’s been sittin’ out by a window all day.”

Scratching his cheek with the ball of his index finger, Stan’s eyes flit back and forth before he reached for his locker combination again when insults were hurled. Ignoring the shout he received and the finger from Cartman, Kenny all but smiled.

“I heard Heidi’s a lesbian now,” Kyle brought up, now with Stan resting his forehead against the locker door.

“Sweet.” Kenny beamed.

“Kay… that’s cool, I guess?” the noiret glowered. “Can you guys take that business someplace else? I’m really not in the mood to hear that today. My life keeps spiraling downwards and I’d kind of like to die in peace.”

“No, absolutely not,” said an infuriated Kyle. “That’s too bad, Stan, you’re going to hear this. Suck it up. We’re fucking teenagers, that’s what we do. We talk shit about the other kids and laugh at them. We fuck up, and they do the same thing to us. What’s so unusual about that?”

“I don’ know, everything,” Stan replied crankily. “Other peoples’ fuckin’ business. Why the hell is it so important to know who’s dating and who’s screwing who, let alone anything else?”

“God, you’re such a killjoy right now. For once, can you not be that?! We don’t need a reason, Stan. It’s just fun!”

“And?”

Kenny dug into Stan’s backpack, unwrapping a Kit-Kat bar and biting into it.

“Okay, so? Heidi’s dating whoever, Tweek and Craig are fighting, and Wendy dumped me. What’s there to know? All of it is shitty. Just, useless shitty information. Like, I don’t care.” The noiret said with a scornful laugh. “I really don’t care.”

“Well, you’re gonna,” the Jew differed, “once you find out who the hell Heidi’s been seein’.”

Butters butted in. “Fellas!”

“Aye Butters, where the hell you been?” Cartman called, sucking from his straw.

“Uh-hey, Eric. Art room,” Butters answered. “Didja guys hear what happened this morning?”

Stan’s lips formed into a tighter line. “We already heard about the stabbing thing, Butters.”

“Yeah, but didja hear about that other thing?”

The group disassembled when the morning bell rang. After Craig walked Tweek to his Social Studies class, he met up with Stan. They stood by a row of lockers at the front of their homeroom, nodding and agreeing on the next place and time for Stan’s tutoring.
First period started and Mr. Wood leaned against his desk holding a paperback of *Lord of the Flies* in his hand.

“It was clear to the bottom and bright with the efflorescence of tropical weed and coral. A school of tiny, glittering fish flicked hither and thither. Ralph spoke to himself, sounding the bass strings of delight.” Butters read from the book. “Whizzoh!”

Bending down to show off the right amount of cleavage, the teacher from the math hall Mrs. Hutchinson was seated atop a desk in front of Stan in his first period classroom again.

Gag faces were made behind Craig by a buxom curly haired blonde. Bebe flicked her paper in her desk, twisting her finger in her hair with another hand and appearing to be just as annoyed as the blasé classmate of hers that wielded a blue pen in his hand. She looked stunned when shadows approach the door of the room.

Two sheriffs in black uniforms walked into the room from the door entry. One of them gripped his belt with a hardy wide foot stance and mirror lensed sunglasses. Bebe smacked her gum loudly and pulled her phone up. As if she knew what was to come, she sifted through the onscreen menu for the recording icon in it.

“Marie Ann Hutchinson?” the first officer called out.

“Yes, that’s… me.” The woman slid from the desk and neatened her pencil skirt. “Is everything alright, sir? What can I help you with?”

“You’re under arrest.”

“What?” she cried.

Stan’s face was drained of its color. Kenny raised his head from resting on his knuckles. Bebe rose up, her red lips in the shape of an ‘o’.

Genuine shock etched in the teacher’s face, her eyes bulged slightly when her wrists were pulled back.

There was a younger cop who leaned against the doorpost on his muscled shoulder. With a gaze averting to him, Stan swallowed thickly, vision swimming over the lines of the man’s toned arm and his bulging biceps. He stopped and cursed at himself immediately.

While holding his phone, capturing the footage, Craig noticed Stan, but kept his face neutral.

She sounded distraught now, the older blonde. “On what account?”

“Twenty-one counts of statutory rape and smuggling heroin.”

Bebe’s jaw dropped, mid-smiling. “Damn, girl!”

“Wait a minute… that isn’t something I would do. I would never do that.” She backed, from the desk, standing on her feet. “I would never do that.”

“Look, ma’am. We don’t make the rules. You commit a crime and we take your ass to jail. It’s the law,” said the cop.

“Get her out of here, officer!” howled Red from the back.

“That’s ridiculous!” Now crying, the young teacher’s face flushed with tears. “I’d never hurt
anyone. I’d never hurt these students!”

“Come with us, miss.”

“No, stop!”

Mrs. Hutchinson was jerked toward the door, she stumbled.

The girls in the class didn’t seem to mind. Kevin Stoley cringed at the sound and when the petite woman was hauled out of the classroom. Kenny hunched forward, discontent etched in his face from the way the woman was handled. Sighing in the midst, now saddened that he’ll never be able to ‘cop a feel’. Mrs. Hutchinson’s hair was a fuss when they stood at the door side.

The younger officer by the door tipped his hat. “Stay safe kids.”

“God bless you, sir,” Craig said vaingloriously, voice alight with cheerful disdain.

“Nooo!” Butters screamed suddenly.

“God bless you, son.” The older officer appeared by the door again. “God bless America.”

The frosty air nipped against Stan’s skin as he rushed out of the school building, once the last bell rang and he collected his things. Weaving through the white fog outside, he squinted at what looked like a group of boys pelting his friend Kenny in the crotch with snowballs.

Holding his books in one arm, Stan’s soles crunched over the ice as he bolted there to put an end to it.

Cartman and Butters collected money as the blond grinned, spread eagle, stiffening his stance again.

“Dude, knock it off – stop! What the hell is wrong with you?!” Stan growled, snatching the collar of a male in a green jacket.

His fist crunched when it collided against nameless’ cheek.

“What the f – get the fuck off’a me! Ya fuckin’ doofus!”

Stan’s shirt rode up halfway as their bodies slipped and tangled in the snow with their clothes covered in dusted frost. A group of sophomore girls a few steps away commented and niggled at them.

In annoyance breathing through his nostrils, Kyle bent down to pull his best friend off of the other boy. The books the Stan cradled in one arm were scattered to the ground. College-ruled paper ruffled loudly in the wind. The entire group that was hurling snowballs earlier had astonished faces before they disassembled, leaving their friend behind.

“Dude, would you relax? It’s just a game,” informed the redhead. “Every snowball that hits Kenny’s balls, equals a dollar. He made like fifty yesterday.”

“You’re open,” green jacket snarled, snatching one of the snowballs from a plastic pail, and spiking
his throw.

A tightly squeezed snowball pelted hard against the center of Stan’s groin and he cried out falling to the ground. Whatever was in it… felt like an icicle. Slim body twisting in agony, Stan turned his face to the ground and cupped his balls with both of his hands with an audible gasp. A hiss and he lets out another silent cry from the pain.

Carman hooted and hollered, resting his hands on his knees.

“**Hahaha!** Your fuckin’ face, dude! This is fucking great! Hahaha-haha! Look at Butters!”

“**Eh-hehe!** Aw, man.” Equal belly laughter from the blond. “That is kinda funny.”

Kyle scowled. “Jesus Christ.”

A line of yellow school buses hissed at the curb where the boys stood. Kenny walked over and lent a hand to Stan. Wetness pricking the corners of his eyes the teen under him took it, watching his step. Pouting, Stan rested an arm over the fur of his orange jacket.

“So, you and Craig…” Kyle brought up, pulling the hem of Stan’s shirt down for him. “You’re really letting him tutor you for English class.”

Stan adjusted his beanie over his dark hair, finally able to respond. “Yep.”

“Wow... I’m really surprised he even gives a fuck. It’s been a week now and you’re really okay with this?”

“Eh.” Restraint in bothering to rub the ache between his legs. “No harm done in it, Ky. You always said you could use a break, anyways.”

“No harm done?”

“Yeah. We talked about it before first period today. Last week was the library, he said we can go to his place today.”

Ten-dollar bill in his palm, Kenny flicked the center with his finger before stepping in the between Stan and Kyle, hugging them close to him. The male in the green jacket walked away after handing Kenny his money.

“You’re going to his place?” Kyle enunciated to Stan, cutting him off before he could speak. “Dude, are you fucking nuts? After the fight?”

Butters gave Cartman his share of the money and pocketed more for Kenny to grab later.

“Yeah, I’ve been there already. What’s wrong?”

“I mean, obviously everything. Are you fucking serious?” Kyle probed further. “Did you see the size of the bruise Tweek had on his cheek?”

“No. How big was it?”

“Oh, Craig. I crashed at his crib once.” Kenny wiped his nose. “He ain’t that bad.”

“Really?” Kyle’s face smarted.

“Yeah, our sisters hang out all the time.”
Finding that bizarre, Kyle drifted further into his train of thought, keeping his opinion in an invisible Ziplock bag just in case he needed it again. Their usual group became smaller. Butters followed Cartman to his newly bought SUV. Stan finished zipping up his backpack where he placed his books.

“I’m just sayin’.” In his periphery, Kyle caught Tweek and Craig a yard away. Behind his gloved hand, he whispered. “You ever notice how weird Craig’s been acting this year?”

Arms folded behind his head, Kenny was next to leave and began his search for Kyle’s car.

Stan laughed. “Craig’s weird all the time. He’s a fuckin’ nerd, nerds are weird. You’re weird.”

Kyle glared at that. “Just sayin’. I mean, just around you, specifically.”

“Around me?”

“At PE yesterday, Craig threw a basketball at your head, and right in the middle of advisory class, he told everybody your Reddit username. It’s ScrubLord180. How the hell would he know that?”

Stan’s eyebrows climbed up his forehead. “Ah, I remember the basketball thing. To be fair, he did ask me to move… Other than that, he’s just simply bein’ Craig. A boring immature dildo that gets off to the failure of others trying to do good. What else is there to know?”

“I’m just sayin’, Stan. You’ll be at his house, for the most part. You guys disagree on the tiniest things already… Let’s not add fuel to the fire when you visit him. There might be a chance you’ll piss him off and he fucking kills y—”

“Perfect. Maybe he can help a guy out, then.” Stan offered a fake smile. “I wanna die anyway.”

“Oh, shut up.”

“What?” Stan secured his own straps over his shoulders. “I know it sucks, but every relationship has its ups and downs. You’ve known Craig just as long as the rest of us. The worst he’ll do is talk shit about us all day and he does that already. Besides, Tweek can totally kick his ass.”

“Yeah, okay, but still. Whatever the hell is going on, it’s distracting and I don’t like it.”

As Kyle ranted some more, Stan watched as Tweek and Craig stepped closer to them, fingers clasped and laced together. They looked like the usual, ordinary, lovey-dovey couple. As opposed to how they were six years ago, occasional disagreements, so on.

Halting his footsteps, Tweek whispered something in Craig’s ear before kissing him on the lips and waving goodbye. After Craig nodded, he walked toward Stan and Kyle’s direction, backpack slung in one arm.

Snow flushed cheeks darkened at the image of the couple that just kissed. Stan wondered what it would feel like with another boy, if he’d ever get the chance to do that again. That’s if, he chose to live for the rest of the year. The experience with Kenny was overall pleasant, but it was quickly something he could get enough of. Being all too clear with himself, Stan would know that that kissing other boys wouldn’t magically make his feelings for Wendy go away. Not anytime soon. He’s already succeeded with two other guys after. No spark. Which, was a good thing. He wouldn’t want it any other way.

“It’s 2:30. We can go now.” Without looking Craig strode past him and Kyle, his voice floated in the air by them.
“All right,” Stan said, catching up, slightly caught off-guard by his presence. “Let’s go.”

“Send my regards to Tweek too, fucktard.” Kyle brushed the snow off the roof of his car. “By now, I really hope you’ll have your shit together.”

Craig looked flummoxed. As it would be unusual for Kyle Broflovski, as a person that usually pulled someone aside for a conversation. This was mildly inappropriate for him. Utterly speechless, Craig’s green irises raked over his dark-haired schoolmate who looked just as baffled at Kyle’s remark. Stan grabbed his elbow and they finally gained some distance from the Jew. They walked over to his parked Prius.

“So, I sorta set my car on fire yesterday... You’re takin’ me, right?”

“What? How the fuck did you do that?”

“It’s not important. Just hurry it up already. I think the freshman girls are oglin’ us. Just get us out of here. I’ll get you a Big Mac or something.”

The noiret in the chullo stalled for a few seconds. “Make that a Quarter Pounder and we have a deal.”

Stan hid his face from the girls with the side of his hand. “Deal.”

After that, he started toward the passenger’s seat.

Avoiding looks from Stan, Craig opened the car door. “Fucking A, there better be onion rings in that combo.”

Stan balked at that. “Who says it’s gonna be a combo?”

Chapter End Notes

Oh boy. Twas a hefty update. Sorry for being late. I hope everybody enjoyed that better than I did writing it. Just in case there are any wtf sentences in there, I'll have you guys know that this copy of the chapter is 100% organic and beta-free, and I rewrote 2 scenes like 5 times.

But yeah! Big shout out and thanks to everyone that reviewed in the last chapter. This is my gift to you all. Thanks, you guys. Also, I'm really sorry that past Stan/Craig didn't interact much here. It has a plot now, so the sex parts with them are gonna build slower... or not? Thanks again for the support! xx
February, 3 years ago

Sunday afternoon, forest near Stark’s Pond…

Kenny pulled a lemon printed Bic lighter from his jacket. He wiggled the thumb that got caught in the hole of his pocket before fully fishing it out. The lighter switched on under his chin. As he balanced a cigarette to his pink chapped lips, it burned a warm and bright hue as he sucked from the tip. Kenny passed the Bic next to Cartman.

Cigarette between his own lips, the portly brunet leaned forward to light it, taking a few puffs and blowing a plume cloud at the wind. A shoulder-length beside Kenny, Cartman pulled out another cigarette and offered it to Kyle. Nodding no, the teen in the ushanka politely declined with a small hand gesture. Kyle’s business casual look has been replaced by a turquoise flannel shirt and powder blue ripped jeans. The boys beside him were equally fashionable.

The group stood at an open space in the woods over rotten and wet leaves squashed under their rubber soles. Pale-gray was the color of the sky above their heads. Butters who was usually laughing occupied himself with smoking. He took a puff from a cigarette Kenny offered. He heaved and coughed up phlegm, as the other blond patted his back.

“Take it easy,” Kenny said, gently repositioning Butters’ bony hand. “Take smaller puffs, yeah, you got it.”

“Jesus fucking Christ, what’s taking this dude so long?” Cartman muttered under his breath. “I’m tired. That asshole said he’d be here ten minutes ago.”

Kyle talked on his phone. “Where are you?”

“I’m almost there.” Stan’s voice leaked from the case. “Look ahead. You should see the headlights from where you are.”

The phone was pulled down from Kyle’s face. After his hand drifted to his side holding it, very soon, well enough like Stan said, he could see the silver of his Toyota Camry glinting through the limbs of evergreens and cottonwoods stripped of foliage. The vehicle cruised slowly through the orange dusted trail, over the dead grass.

“Hey, who’s that?” Lifting an index finger, Kenny pointed to the guy at the passenger’s seat. Butters continued practicing smoking, he coughed a little in the background.
Dirt and of rocks crushed underneath the tires as Stan pulled over near them with the sound. After killing the engine, the teen pulled himself out of the car with his varsity jacket on. The car door slammed behind Stan. He walked to his usual set of friends, with but a few items and pocketing his keys. In the same jacket he wore, Clyde Donovan revealed himself, emerging from the car, pushing his fingers through his windswept hair.

Cartman looked over Butters’ shoulder. Joining up with the four, Stan plucked a cigarette from Kenny’s hand and placed it between his lips. An orange light appeared behind his cupped hands when he brought the lighter to it. The heavier brunet sipped his beer, slurping at the edge, and was the first to toss a peculiar glance at Clyde with the can up to his mouth before fully turning around.

“Hey Clyde,” Cartman started after taking another sip, “what the hell y’doing here?”

The jocks in the red and white jackets exchanged glances before one of them approached to say something.

“I just read the text,” Kenny spoke, sweat at his amber brow. “I’m sorry I couldn’t make it.”

“It’s okay.” Stan blew smoke through his nose. “You’re fine, Ken.”

“Wait a minute, what happened again?” Kyle turned his head to Stan.

“We got into it with the kids at North Park again.” Clyde took the Four Loko that Cartman offered. “This guy saved me. If it wasn’t for him, I’d be fucking dead right now.”

“Yeah, there’s not a single scratch on you, I’ve noticed. What did you guys do?” questioned the redhead.

“What else? We told them to suck our dicks and ran.” Clyde threw an arm up. “There was way too many of them. There’s a college party at Denver soon. I’m not trying to get a broken nose before the big day. We ditched them, we zipped and got the hell out of there.”

Cigarette sliding to the corner of his mouth, there was an irritated look Stan shot Clyde before his best-friend faced him. Disbelief was etched on Kyle’s features and he directed his glance at Stan, which morphed into a judgmental glare. The Jew’s face said it all: I’m judging you. ‘This isn’t like you.’ His tongue tingled to say those ways, he could taste them. The noiret shifted his focus at the rocks by his feet as Clyde stepped more into their circle.

“What?” Stan made a face back at Kyle. “We’ll get ‘em next time.”

Kenny shrugged and slurped the cold beer from the roof of his mouth.

“Yeah, we’re pussies,” Clyde said with a dumb smile, before nudging Stan with his wrist.

The noiret flicked the plastic lighter switch on and off again.

“So, any word from Wendy? Just lookin’ out for a bro.”

“And you care when?” Kyle frowned. “And why?”

Taking another swig of his drink, Clyde looked at the notification on his phone before opening the message.

“Oh, nevermind. Looks like Token’s here. See ya guys around.”

“Peace, dude.” Cartman lifted his can.
The jock in the red chucks thanked his classmates for his drink with a raise of the can before ascending to the forest. Stan held his beer can up at Clyde and balanced his cigarette in his mouth. Kyle eyed him back, standing near him once again.

When Clyde wasn’t in clear view anymore, Stan cocked his head up. “Gas?”

The bright container of benzine was sitting next to Kenny’s foot. Stooping downward, the blond lifted the plastic tank, handing it over to Stan. Silence awkwardly caressed Kyle as he watched what the other boy was doing. As the cap had been pulled off from the jug of gasoline, and the containers of lighter fluid. Stan made his way around his car with casual strides. Like water, the flammable liquid splashed against the windows and the roof, drenching it in streamlets, running over the windows and windshield.

Watching from a fair distance, Cartman gave a lopsided sneer, taking another sip from his can and then stubbing his cigarette over it and pushing it inside the hole.

Butters’ mouth was in the shape of an ‘o’. “What’s he doing, Eric?”

“You’ll see,” Kyle answered for Cartman.

“He’s getting rid of that bitch,” said the brunet, lowering down an octave, “that’s what he’s doing.”

Apart from the curious blond that had just asked the question, the four gathered closer to Stan. Picking up a cardboard box from the ground, Kyle was the first to approach Stan, holding a plastic sealed case, containing two movie discs. Kyle passed it over.

Cartman began. “Season six DVD of Buffy the Vampire Slayer.”

Walking over, Kenny was next.

“Cotton candy misted T-shirt from The Walking Dead festival at Denver.” Cartman opened a bag of Cheesy Poofs as the top was draped over Stan’s arm.

The stocky boy glanced down at a glossy picture, picked up from the box.

“Ah, the photo of Stan and Wendy on their first real date ever,” he hummed to Stan, waving it with a catlike smirk. “Pretty precious. I was wondering when you were going to let this one go. I would say, it’s the most revolting of them all. Hopefully, after this, you’ll have better taste in chicks.”

“Just pass it over, Cartman,” Kyle said from behind.

“Pastel pink handkerchief with a kiss mark on it, an issue of Archie Comics with a bent front cover, DVD cover of The Titanic, dried-up flower from the botanical gardens…”

Butters blinked as Kenny relaxed rested an arm over his shoulder. Scattered paraphernalia decorated the hood of the car along with additional pictures clipped against the windshield wipers. Along with more photos and knickknacks, the friends collect more boxes of items to place on top of the vehicle. Stuffed animals, ‘Get Well Soon’ cards, even a pair of floral-printed panties that Wendy purposely left behind when she slept over. Kenny flipped the box in his hand upside down to show that it was empty.

All of them, Stan had chosen to douse his precious possessions and with more gasoline. A few long steps away, the four others idled in their spots. Stan emptied the tank and grabbed another that Kenny sat on the ground before he moved away.
Another important leap of his lifetime, that’s what this would be… if Stan is successful with this.

Time began shifting at different speeds ahead of him. The image of his friends blurred his eyes. Stan stepped forward, mechanically. He picked up the 5-gallon container on the ground. Alone in his thoughts, he contemplated his next move.

As his friends wait for him, he splashed the liquid over his clothes and shoes.

Lifeless gaze in his face, Stan drew the match from his coat pocket and struck the drum against the coarse paper.

The golden flicker floats seductively in his eyes before he dropped the match. With a loud swoosh! bright flames circled around Stan’s shoes. The ember climbed up his damp pants legs and grew by the second.

Stan loved the smell of gasoline. When he inhaled, the sharp, pungent, and heavy smell invaded his senses. Pacifying and delectable. It was strong, delightful, invigorating. An uncharacteristic sadistic smile grew Stan’s face as the flames grew and rose up to his knees, flaring uncontrollably over his arms, chest, and legs. No tears in the beginning as he would accept this. Stan stayed stiff in his spot. Bright ember crawled up his body. His cigarette hung from his mouth.

Kenny and Kyle turned around and Cartman brought his head up.

"Useless fuck. An unfamiliar whispery tone invaded his thoughts. Everyone hates you. You’re worthless…"

Stan closed his eyes and the chants began to overlap. Some, in the voices of people he already knew. Stupid. Coward… Worthless. Failure…

“Stan?” he could barely make out Kenny’s voice.

“Stan!” Kyle screamed.

The lithe quarterback was rigid in his spot. Heart beating rapidly in his chest, the memories of Wendy came swarming in his mind as he stood there motionless.

What am I doing here? Stan asked inwardly. Why am I still alive? What’s the point of living? What’s the point…?

His eyes were open now, glassy, orange light flecks over them. Translucent beads dripped from his chin and the flames devoured him.

Get used to it. She’s gone.

Everything rewinds. No heat. A numb coldness surrounded him. Stan was no longer on fire, but instead, he was gripping the matchbox and stick in his hands again.

Unharmed. Stan’s clothes were dry and intact, and he wasn’t submerged in the flame.

Eyebrows squished together, Kenny and Butters raised their faces up in concern.

Cartman put his hands up by each side of his face. “Boo! Boo, Stan. You’re supposed to drop the match. How hard can that get for you? My god, boo!”

The sniffling jock’s shoulders trembled and he roughly wiped his face with the back of his arm.
“Thanks for coming here, you guys,” Stan managed, looking down. “I just…”

He broke down into more tears. Finally, he could cry.

“Fuckin’ Christ, man. I don’t know why you’re complainin’ when you could bang practically any chick in town.” Cartman rolled his eyes, Stan continued weeping.

“It’s time for a reality check. Move on. Your relationship with Wendy is dead. It’s easy. I’ll even help ya out, just lend me the match,” the rounded brunet continued. “It’s just a lame hunk of metal you fucked her in a zillion times. When I pushed my old car into the pond, I just told the cops one of those North Park assholes did it.”

The empty stare was back at his shoelaces and they blurred in front of Stan again. More hot tears rolled and fell from his chin.

“Get rid of the feels, dude,” advised Cartman. “Don’t worry about the car. You can have your dad get you a better one just like my mom.”

Kenny gritted his teeth at him. “Just be quiet.”

The woeful voice was choppy in the wind. “I just keep screwing up…”

“There there now, Stan. You still got us, buddy.” Butters had rushed over there to place his hand on the noiret’s back. “Everything will get better.”

“It’s okay, dude. We can do this some other time,” Kyle said nearby, comfortably. “Or… matter of fact, an even better idea, let’s not do this at all.”

Cartman grumbled before shifting in his spot, now squinting, seeing the other boy didn’t budge.

“You guys are pussies! We’re just standing around here doing nothing! Burn it!” he yelled. “Eh, fuck it. I guess if anybody wants the job done around here…”

Stan pulled a lighter out of his pocket and held a twig up to it. “No.”

Over the trail of gasoline that was spilled on the ground, Stan dropped the stick away that was set on fire. The grass ignites. Autumn blazed and crackled as it grew into a brighter orange toward the car. After wiping his face, Stan pulled his varsity jacket off, winded it up, and chucked it at the car. Smoke and ashes rose to the air as he, Kyle, and Butters walked to Kenny and Cartman.

“She doesn’t control me anymore. I'll do it.”

Inferno ballooned and spilled over and the glass of the rolled down windows.

“Woo! It’s about damn time! I’d say, you made the right decision.”

“I’m done. From now on, you won’t make any more decisions for me anymore. Nobody will,” Stan announced. Now as the other boys stepped up, he brushed near the corpulent brunet, whispering threateningly. “You got by lucky. Call me a pussy again, we’ll see what happens.”

“Whoa, Stan.” Airy and condescending, Cartman whispered with his voice present. “Calm down, you’re out of control.”

“You guys, what about the animals?” Butters asked.

Some self-consciousness restored in him, Stan’s lips peeled backward with him in need for him to
reply. Idiot, he has been warned. He wanted to say that he hasn’t thought that far. Early that morning, Kyle has talked about that specifically to him, what interference his actions could do with nature. Partially ashamed, Stan averted his blue eyes.

Granted, he has thought it through, he didn’t mean to hurt anyone or anything. It was meant to be symbolic. Kenny glanced worriedly over his shoulder at Stan.

“What about them?” Cartman said, stepping ahead. “C’mon you guys, let’s go, my feet are fuckin’ killing me.”

“So, just like that, huh?” Craig asked breezily, pulling away from fast food building in his car. “So, the little forest fire, that was you guys.”

Stan was still radical and irresponsible as ever. Daylight stretched through Craig’s misty car window, and with that, Stan had explained what happened the weekend before.

In the passenger’s seat beside Craig, he had his chin rested on his palm while he gazed out at the street after sharing his story with his classmate. Straw in his mouth, Craig pulled his bag of food from the McDonald’s drive-thru window and handed Stan his order and his drink.

The fire was on the news. Stan left out the depression parts of it. “You gonna tell?”

“No. I just think it’s stupid, like all the things you and your retarded friends do.”

Previous statement aside, the boy spoke to Craig. “Yeah, it was pretty rough…”

Stan dug in his paper bag and brought a french-fry to his mouth. He thought about his friends again, staring at the front view mirror. As he would welcome the heat over his tongue and the salty savoring over his taste buds, his eyes dimmed quickly at a reversed Raiders sticker at Craig’s back window. Stan looked down and squinted, pushing another fry in his mouth.

“What?” – are you looking at? The sentence is incomplete in his mind.

“Your car’s nicer than mine,” Stan said sullenly, looking up. “Well, I don’t really have one anymore.”

Green eyes skid to the side. Today they were more or less of an acid green in the glittering sunlight. Sometimes they were leafy, sometimes basil. Kyle’s eyes were more of a peppy shamrock color. Stan noticed them before he sat down in Craig’s car.

They looked forward at the road while Craig still had one hand on the steering wheel. It was tough. Coming up with something to say. Neither one of them usually communicated unless they were working toward a similar goal. Stan’s pupils shift to the window left of him again.

He was expecting for Craig to say something judgmental about him burning down his possessions. Instead, he chose to stay quiet. Which would be fitting, if Stan would think about it. Craig usually kept to himself, unless he had a strong opinion. At this point, silence would be more welcomed than being called stupid.

“So, what’s goin’ on with you and Tweek?” asked the jock.
Facebook was put on hold, he peered up.

“I’m not trying to get in you guys’ faces about it or anything, but hear me out,” Stan brought his drink to his lap and the subject more firmly to his attention. “The whole school’s been talking about it. I think it’s stupid what everyone says, but it doesn’t look right either.”

Craig made no sound after that. The silence he retreated into stretched even further. His image was hardly a thing that he was concerned about. At least, from the outside, he has shown that. Stan said that it didn’t look right. Now, leaving the boy in the yellow puffball hat to stew in his thoughts. He knew why, he asked anyway.

“What doesn’t look right?”

The car door closed behind Stan when he climbed out of it.

“All of it,” he answered. “Well, most…”

After twisting his key and the interior stopped glowing, Craig looked down. To shout and act defensive about it, would make him look worse. Even if Craig had a reputation of not caring what other people said, he still felt compelled to tell someone his side of the story. It shouldn’t be Stan, he wasn’t going to tell him. There’d be nothing he could do about it.

The pair gathered their stuff and unloaded in the living room. The house was empty with just the two of them, which didn’t bother Stan at all. Both sat in the living room at separate chairs while Stan did his homework. Craig was seated at an armchair and Stan was at the far end of a couch. Out of respect, Stan didn’t ask.

Besides the current assignment, both haven’t mentioned another word about that morning since then, and for good measure, Craig remains collected as he scrolled through his phone after he highlighted the essentials of the assignment. He walked Stan to his door, once they were done.

“Thanks, dude,” the noiret in the beanie said. “I know we don’t really talk much, but this really helps a lot.”

Craig gripped his front door, expressionless. “Sure.”

A friendly wave and Stan turned around to meet Kyle, who was parked by the mailbox.

As the other boy backed down on one step, Craig parted his lips. For, what he was about to admit, he struggled for a bit.

“He stabbed me with a fork,” Craig conceded. He found himself saying that, suppressing agitation. “I reacted and I hit him. I lost control of my emotions and I freaked out.”

It almost felt like Craig was remorseful for what he just said. The taller boy glanced to one side, expected to be insulted or at least a grimace from Stan. When his classmate turned around, surprisingly, he didn’t have much of a look of shock on his face.

The righteous anger didn’t come to nip Craig in the ass, or to bite off his head as he would predict. Instead, Stan was sanguine, contemplative. No lashing out for now. So badly, Craig needed
someone to vent this to. Clyde had been nowhere in sight recently and he had been keeping it in all day.

“I won’t judge you,” Stan said quietly, after taking some time to respond. “That’s Jesus’ job, and maybe Chuck Norris’...”

“Thanks.”

“But.” Stan regarded him with a serious stare. “You guys shouldn’t be stabbing and hitting each other. What started the fight, anyway?”

The noiret in the blue hat worked his jaw to say something and then froze again. Communication was still bad for him. Kyle was waiting for Stan in his car and he beeped his horn, which caught both of the males’ attention. Having Stan over was just a bad idea. Though, he’s discussed it with Tweek and his boyfriend said it was okay, Craig has told himself that he could potentially be digging himself into a deeper hole just by doing whatever he was doing. When their English teacher brought up that it would be Stan that he’d be tutoring, he reacted faster than he wanted. Maybe there was some attraction there. It was becoming even harder for him to hide it.

“You know what?” the other spoke again. “Don’t worry about it. You can be angry and sad, that’s completely part of being a human being.”

In his innermost irritated thoughts, Craig wanted to say duh. Though, he would let that sink in for a bit. Life was beginning to lose some of its charm for him to be snarky. Craig would save the energy for later.

Kyle cleared his voice. “Stan.”

His front car door was partially open and the vehicle was running behind him. Now standing by the front lawn with his arms crossed, the Jew shot a dirty look at Craig, still not completely over the rumors. The chullo wearing teen waited for a response from Stan and he began walking to his best friend.

“He’s got a little brother to take care of. We’ll talk later about this tomorrow if you’re comfortable with it.”

There would be no talking. The other noiret walked away again to his friend’s car. The last sentence was strangely comforting to Craig. If the school is angry like Stan said, then he would be much too tired to clear his name. Blinking away pensive thoughts, Craig closed the door behind him and walked to grab his shoes.

Stan fell on his mattress when he returned home. Eyes pressed shut and arms pushed up to his head, he hardly bothered to switch on the lamp near his bedside as he entered another cycle of daydreaming. For a short while, he kept himself preoccupied with the images of what a perfect life would be like, floating in his head. How things would be if people didn’t know him. A new name, starting somewhere brand new. Instead of wanting to die.

Depending on that, being reborn in any time era wouldn’t make a difference to him. Stan sat up on his legs and folded them inward, fingers lightly grazing through his fringe. With a phone in his other hand, he waited for Kyle and Kenny’s reply. If, they were to meet up sometime later that day.
It seemed like they were incredibly busy with their younger siblings.

Stan Marsh
February 4 at 4:14 PM
new pic. what do you guys think?

There would be many compliments on Stan’s Facebook feed that he read when he opened the particular app. Subtle dismay on his face when he scrolled down to read more of his compliments from different classmates and a few people that he’s met only once.

Stan was raising his shirt in front of his bathroom mirror with his teeth. Just a little tease, nothing more exceeding that. Of course, he’s complained more than a few times that he would never stoop so low to be one of those ‘douchebags’ that showed off their assets; but Wendy, the breakup, he had to show her a little bit what she was missing. Even if she barely logged on. Since she wasn’t talking to him, on a social media platform, it’s completely fine. It wouldn’t be admitted aloud, but Stan has also been craving more than ever. His smug smile fell when he enlarged the next picture of himself that had many compliments, now squinting at a comment his childhood rival said.

Craig Tucker That’s a filter.

1 min ago

A certain comment from his classmate caught his eye. So many years knowing him, the guy rarely had anything nice to say.

Stan Marsh you know it’s pretty ridiculous how jealous you’re being right now.

3 secs ago

An angry-filled rant was executed after that sentence. Those words ought to set him straight. So, he thought. Apart from giving Craig a piece of his mind and then forgetting later on, Stan’s attention and energy would be geared elsewhere. Dark clouds floating over his head again, he obstinately thought about his ex-girlfriend Wendy Testaburger. Her kind smile, and what she was doing at the moment.

All the photos of Wendy have been entirely wiped out from Stan’s device since the last Sunday. Not seeing her face anymore on his lock screen somewhat made Stan feel at ease, liberated. That, he could be sure with himself again. She didn’t have any power over him anymore.

He threw his legs at the edge of the bed, back facing the door of his room. Unfortunately for him, boredom has given his hand a mind of its own. Skimming through the apps on his phone, Stan
opted for a porn app. Craning his neck up, he glared at himself. Playing with himself had been a nasty habit to kick.

*What the fuck are you doing? You said no more after this,* he admonished in his skull. *Turn it off.*

The inner voices that rebuke it. Yet… his fingers ignored him and drifted further down, his thumb brought itself to a thumbnail of a girl being choked. Stan pulled his cock out of the hole of his boxers.

It was the most degrading clip that he’s ever seen. Very careful to leave it in a low volume, Stan worked himself in his palm, pumping in a moderate speed. The woman rendered helpless gave him mixed feelings. As the video continued, Stan found himself concentrating more on the attractive male pulling her hair.

No girl with him would ever. Wendy had been rough, but Stan knew it would be much different with another male. His cock pulsed his clenched hand. A line of precum leaked from it when he's filled with more forbidden thoughts of himself lying face down with a male figure destroying him. To meet someone as powerful as the guy in the video and get away with it in real life, Stan would say that his chances would be very slim, or never. The man was barbaric, merciless; virile. He had all the animalistic traits that he loved.

Stan leaned forward and gasped softly. As a cold tremor ran down his spine, he finished in his hand. There was a disappointed look on his face after he wiped himself with a pair of boxers from the floor and hid it in the laundry hamper.

The door of his room slammed open. In a metallic pair of speedos, Randy made his presence be known with his hand gripping the doorknob and a big smile that took over his entire feature. The dark hair on his chest and legs clung to his wet skin.

In a Slayer shirt and flannel pants after showering, Stan glared, pulling his comic book down from his face.

“Son!” his father called out to him. “Ooh ooh, son! You gotta check this out!”

“What, dad?” Stan flipped a page, not facing him.

The hairy middle-aged man floundered ridiculously by the door. “Come on! You gotta check this out! You gotta right now!”

“Do I have a choice?”

“No, you don’t! Come on! Hurry up, Stanley! Your sister’s waiting for you!”

Revealing his bright and shiny white teeth, Randy grinned with an open mouth, starting the jets on the Jacuzzi behind the kitchen’s sliding glass door. The mustached man had a bright towel over his shoulders and stepped out of his custom initial stitched spa slippers, ready to sink in. His wife Sharon crossed her arms beside their daughter and son. Stan kept his face blank while Shelly placed her hands on her hips.
“You got us a hot tub again.” Sharon covered her mouth with both hands. “Randy, how can we afford this?”

“That’s not important, honey. Come check out the features with me. It’s got a whirlpool jet with sixteen different settings, self-cleaning technology, and changing LED lights. Oh! And you know what else?”

Stan and Shelly exchanged looks. The female made an equal dismayed frown at her younger brother and then glared back at the wood-paneled tub. Their dad explained more of the gaudy components to it.

“I guess nobody else is gonna say anything about the weather?” Stan questioned, Jack Skellington mug in hand. “Screw it. I’m gonna head to bed, goodnight.”

"You guys… took a perfectly good nap away from me,” seethed Shelly, shivering in her fuzzy pink slippers. “I was dreaming about my Kevin! This sucks!”

Just like her brother, the brunette turned around and is obscured by the darkness of the kitchen. Instead of climbing upstairs to her room, she gaits toward the couch to watch a new episode of a reality show she recorded.

“Ow. Hot, hot, hot.” With a neck pillow on, Randy sank further into the tub and sighed. Sighing. “Ah... Wanna take a dip, babe?”

“Oh, Randy.” Sharon cupped her hands together, giggling.

A hand with slender fingers reached out to straighten the sheet of music that was resting on an upright piano.

Downcast and dreamy gaze, Tweek pulled his chair up to the instrument. Tilting a dainty chin up, he began. Nocturne in E-flat major, by Frederic Chopin. Slow precision and at an incredibly careful pace, he breathed out playing the keys slowly.

5:25 am. Tuesday barely began. All halls in the school were gray, except for a few lights spilled from some rooms. A majority of the students haven’t entered yet and the building would be locked, within an exception for a few obedient ones that had access to it.

Two chances were already executed from a clumsy finger sliding to the D key. Subtle frown on his soft face, Tweek began the song again. He nodded his head gently to get a feel of it, as the notes hung invisibly around him. His Band-Aid covered fingers slipped again and he cursed at his mistake once more.

“Shit.”

Why am I always messing everything up?

Craig would still be home sleeping. Practice and origami were the only things that relaxed him recently. For this moment, it had been slightly irritating. The young boy sighed softly again. Another slip.
“Yikes.” A male’s voice came above the shadow figure that stretched over the floor of the room. The light in the art hall has been turned on. “That’s one mood I don’t want to mess with. I’ll come back later if you’d like.”

Looking up from his arms with his hands clasped, Tweek stared at the hair-flip boy Pete, who stood by the light switch. Suddenly self-conscious, Tweek flushed, grabbing his coffee from the top of the piano. Shifting in his spot, he neatened the invisible wrinkles of his shirt and gulped, fidgeting at the sharp end of his shirt collar. He chided in his head to stop shaking.

“Tweek, you in there?” called another male voice.

Pete gasped. “Dude, what happened to your face?”

“Oh… my gawd,” a girl’s voice intruded.

Henrietta Biggle was the next to appear by the doorway of the room. She had her hands on her face, painted eyebrows creased. Her eyes grew large underneath her heavily mascaraed lashes. Graceful for her heavy appearance, she looked like she floating over the ground in the long and dark dress she wore.

Gently nudging Michael and Pete aside, she walked toward Tweek for a closer examination. Brokenhearted, she clenched her teeth, backing away after holding his face in her pale hands. At that moment, Tweek wouldn’t lift his head.

“She’s so freakin’ dead! That piece of shit! If he does one thing as lay another finger on you like that, I’ll tear his balls off!”

Pete flipped his hair.

Michael stepped forward to speak. “Some people want to get hit and tossed around when they get fucked. From what I heard, that mark wasn’t from your consent. There’s no fucking way I’m believing you’re into this shit. This isn’t the way to go, there’s nothing romantic or kinky about this shit.”

“I’ll—” Pete snapped, unable to control his anger. “Since, when is hitting ever okay? Look at you, look at your face… Look what he did to you.”

“I stabbed him with a fork first.” The addled blond looked down.

“Good, fuck him.” Michael stepped inside the room more. “He’ll keep pushing you around if you stay. I’m glad you stood up for yourself. It’s about fucking time.”

“Dude, that’s such bullshit,” Pete snapped, unable to control his anger. “Since, when is hitting ever okay? Look at you, look at your face… Look what he did to you.”

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“I stabbed him with a fork first.”

The goths gaped at the boy’s reaction.

Tweek softened his pitch, eyes swollen, and voice tired. He swallowed around the lump in his throat.
“We — we just need more time to think…that’s all.”

“How much time?”

“Sorry, I just thought… well, we did…” Pete took a step back as his friends head out to the hall. “…okay, then.”

“Not you,” the boy sniffed before the red goth could make it to the door, “you can stay.”

“And then I was like no way, it’s not really Catsup it’s Ketchup, and she was like, Porsche, it’s totally Catsup. And I was like, shut up! Can you really believe that there are different ways of spelling that? Can you believe it? I think Ketchup is spelled K-e-c…”

In a pink fur-lined jacket, a raven-haired girl was talking to Stan while he was leaning against a chain linked fence.

This would be day nine of his breakup with Wendy. In the very beginning, Stan’s heart felt heavy for that particular time. What perplexed him even more, was that the pain that the dull ache in his heart had been reduced to a sick numbness and then borderline acceptance of his loss at a short time period of time. There would only be one way to find out if he runs into Wendy again; if Stan’s truly over her. He still didn’t want to let her go.

Yet, elsewhere in Stan’s mind, his innermost secret thoughts were manifesting again. For the sake of him, at the schoolyard, of all places; while a nice girl was standing right in front of him, he was lost in orbit with his perverted thoughts.

*Man, she must’ve sucked a lot of cocks,* Stan pondered. His focus panned over to Porsche’s lips while she meandered about her day at work. *Ah, you’ve seen it before. It doesn’t look that hard. I just wanna suck cock. Big cocks. Medium cocks... I just really want a huge cock.*

The sentences that float in his head were not shy. Stan had fancied the male anatomy for quite some time. Oftentimes, feeling guilty later, and usually really soon he’d tried to repent for it in prayer.

“‘You know, you’re really cute when you act like you don’t care sometimes. Omigod! I love beanie boys and your muscles,” Porsche rambled on. “You know what I really think is hot? Tattoos! Do you have any tattoos yet? I was thinking about getting a butterfly somewhere. I wanna do small ones by my ankle or maybe get one on my lower back.”

Craig was walking over to him and he had just as much of a look of regret on his face when he brought himself near Porsche. Textbooks gathered in one arm, he gave a look to Stan, whose fingers were curled in the metal by him. The boy shifted uncomfortably.

“Uhm… I’m gonna have to cut this short.” Stan rubbed his neck, his focus veered up at the taller boy. “Guy stuff.”

Saved, he didn’t have to be there anymore. Porsche didn’t mind at all. She leaped up and gave Stan a hug. “All right! Well, it’s been fun, Stan! See you later, cutie! It’s nice talking to you again! Mwuah!”
“See ya.” Stan waved.

“You smell now.” Craig said flatly as she left.

Stan narrowed his eyes at the choice of words that flew from his mouth. Although the sneer was very typical and very Craig. Stan thought, ‘poor guy’. Craig still had an abhorrence around the opposite sex. The girl was wearing a blood-orange vanilla body spray. It rubbed off on Stan, which, he thought was okay. Porsche mentioned her scent earlier when he asked.

“Yeah, good,” joked the jock. “So, what’s the lesson plan his time? ’Cause, if you’re gonna screw me over I’d rather know right away, so I can still save my grades.”

The other noiret glared as they turned away from the fence, Stan pulled his hand away from it.

“Plus, PSAT’s comin’ soon,” he looked up at Craig’s shoulder. “My everything is kinda on the line right now and I’m putting my stuff in your hands. You don’t have to be a dick every time you see me in public.”

“Insinuating that I have a crush on you, I’d say your IQ just shot down by a negative one-hundred,” the teen beside him bit back as they walked to his car.

The boy in the beanie stuck his tongue out immaturely and made faces when the other teenager would attempt to bring him down a peg from his nonsense.

“Just because I’m gay, doesn’t mean I like everything with a dick, Stan,” Craig gibed. “I have standards. This has got nothing to do with how I treat you in ‘public’.”

“I don’t know. I’d say you’re half-lying and you actually find me pretty attractive.”

Craig didn’t dignify that with a quick response. With regret, he watched the mouth in front of him quirk into a small grin.

There was a chilling substance to Stan’s smirk that he couldn’t identify. The uncomfortable silence was unnerving and his point of view was more than one-dimensional. Both teenagers had horrible tendencies to read into things too much, but in this case, Craig knew Stan’s secret. Genuine flirting was detected. Even if the flirting would be nothing, he is more suspicious towards it now.

“Just shut up and let me take control of it,” Craig remarked, forcing himself not to blush. “Besides knowing your basic ABC’s and not spacing out like an idiot, I’d your chances of flunking with me is pretty fucking slim.”

Craig felt around his jacket and unzipped his backpack. Blunt realization hits him, he noticed that he left his phone in the yearbook room. His eyelids drooped at the thought of walking back there.

“Gee, you think so?” Stan deadpanned, still focused on the topic at hand.

“Yeah…” The noiret in the blue hat mustered a reply. “Prick.”

“Hey, don’t call me a prick, you fucking douchebag!”

Craig’s smile was as brief as him undoing the locks with the turn of a key.

“Shit, I’ll be right back. Don’t steal anything.”

“Actually, you’re the one that steals from me. Remember last—”
The door closed again and Craig stuffed his hands in his coat pockets before taking them out and jogging over to the school building. Stan pulled his phone from his back pocket and began texting Kyle, placing an earbud on. He breathed out vapor and glared at the lack of response from his best friend, setting the phone in his lap.

“Goddammit.”

Stan gnawed on the end of his student ID card, letting it hang it his mouth, preoccupied with the memories of last autumn. The plastic rectangle attached to his lanyard dropped on his chest while he was slumped on the seat, head tilted boredly at the ceiling.

After the song ended on his playlist, the somber one rolled his gaze up to the window, seeing Craig marching toward the vehicle. He climbed in next to Stan and slammed the door. Not choosing to wear a coat that day was a mistake. The frosty air made Stan feel nippy and uncomfortable.

“Hey, I was beginning to think you died over there.” Stan pulled his earbuds off. “What happened? You’ve been in there for almost a half an hour.”

He chewed his lip averted before letting go with his teeth and discovering a trail of blood dripping from Craig’s knuckles.

Stan sat up. “Oh, what the hell? Did you get into a fight just now?”

A migraine was already growing in his head from envisioning what it could do to his reputation if he were less depressed and cared about it.

“No.”

Unbelievable, he complained inwardly. “Craig.”

Hands visibly shaking, Craig pulled the belt over his chest and tried to concentrate while the other boy pulled his clean wrist away from the steering wheel. There had been some leftover will to live. Stan wasn’t going to jeopardize his life yet. Craig would be the last person he’d want to see before he ended himself.

Meanwhile, Craig’s pulse quickened from the simple touch. Unnerving electrical shocks tingled through him. Because that was the last thing that he needs, more unwanted physical contact. It seemed like whenever there was something that involved Stan, he was the one getting hurt. Their eyes met again after he lowered his wrist to his lap, fingers loosely gripping the keys.

“Relax for a bit. I can drive for you,” said Stan. “I’ll get you home and I’ll call Kyle so he can come and get me. We can do this some other time, okay?”

Like approaching a cat in the tree, Stan didn’t want to be met with claws. The stoical noiret had just as much of a tendency to be noisily cruel just like any stray animal Stan could come up with his head. Only they were cuddly, and Craig was… not so much. In a sense, it’d be weird to think of him that way.

A noise brought Stan out of his daydream haze when Craig was pounding the steering wheel with his fist.
“Dude, don’t fuck your stuff up.” He lifted a hand cautiously after pulling his lanyard over his head and letting it hang from his back pocket.

Stan was expecting Craig to move so he could take control, but instead, he had his face hidden with his arms curled around his head. Shortness of breath was apparent while Craig slumped forward from in his seat. Stan blocked the door respectively so their classmates wouldn’t see him cry.

“Do you need to be alone?”

Craig shook his head no, which was a reaction Stan didn’t expect. Right there, Stan meditated and estimated what he should do next in his spot. This wasn’t a ball that whacked Craig dead on the head, something in that building has truly disturbed him. Seatbelt disconnected in his hand, Craig got up and lets Stan climb toward the steering wheel. They reached a wordless agreement on things and adjusted in their spots.

“How is everything now?” Stan asked.

The drive to the Tucker’s household was a short and quiet one. Craig had his arms folded over his chest when he watched the other cars go by with a mixture of the rain and snowdrops blotting the window. The climate was almost as morose as he felt. It drizzled on their way there. A trickle here or there and the wind was heavy. Nothing strange of the sorts. It was Colorado, after all. Sometimes it snowed until March.

When the car rolled to the detached garage, Stan was out of it as quickly as he parked. The two didn’t bother to divide when Craig got out of the car. Gesturing with one hand, he told Stan to bring his things and follow him over to his front door. The text for Kyle could wait for a bit, that’s what the noiret in the beanie decided.

“I can still help you with your homework,” Craig said, pressed against the door.

“You sure? You should put on a game and play real quick, or lay down or something. I’ll still be around tomorrow.”

“It’s just English class.” The key was already inside the doorknob and he twisted it. “Tweek gets grumpy when I’m not with the usual gang. He could use a lesson.”

Stan’s eyes fell from the sky and he wiped snow from his damp shoulders. He looked up from his layered fringe when he stepped indoors, feeling the tickle of the heat surround him. Craig was holding his books in his arms and halted when he reached the living room. His sister Tricia was sitting on the couch with a girl her age. Her Siamese kitten mewed and nuzzled the other kid’s hand with its head, while an adult cat rested by Tricia’s stockinged foot.

“Sounds real mature,” Stan said dryly.

Craig faced him from a few steps away. “Let’s go upstairs.”
The awkward glances never faded away. In fact, it’s gotten weirder since middle school. Each noticed. Neither one could pinpoint how it turned into that over the years. Craig finished washing the blood from his hand on the bathroom while Stan stood by the entrance. It was his favorite coat. A NASA bomber with an American patch at the right shoulder side. From a closet in the hallway, Craig pulled out a stain remover spray bottle from it.

“Well, it looks like you’re takin’ your sweet time over there. I should get moving.” Stan popped an unwrapped candy in his mouth.

In a facade that might as well be a shrug, Craig replied, looking straight at Stan.

“It’s a three-hundred-dollar jacket. I only brought you here to see all the stuff I have that you don’t. I need to take my sister to a book signing in an hour. You’re free to go anytime if you want.”

Ignoring that statement would be the best Stan could do. He rolled his eyes and then glared at his phone.

On Wendy’s profile she had changed her relationship status to ‘In a Relationship’ on Facebook, and just as Kyle warned, Stan would be in for a surprise to see who Heidi was dating: his long-time girlfriend, now permanent ex, Wendy Testaburger.

Touching his bangs lightly, Stan lets a laugh slip from his lips. An ironic one. Craig finished washing his jacket sleeve in the sink and looked over at him.

“You know, it’s really funny. When you think you’re destined to be with this person all your life… and they turn out to be wrong for you all along.” Stan sounded jaded.

Craig put his pilot coat in a hanger at a door and had the other noiret follow him to his bedroom. He wanted to give advice but kept it to himself. In his bedroom with Stan following behind, he switched on the lights to reveal the green wallpaper and purple floor, then sat at the edge of the bed.

“Whoa, don’t think I’ve been in here since we chased that bunny.” Stan looked around. “What grade were we in? Was it seventh, eighth?”

A binder was pulled out from Craig’s desk and he pulled out a pen. “Eighth.”

“So,” The bed shook slightly when Stan sat down with his backpack, “you gonna tell me what the hell happened back there?”

Flipping through the ringed binder. “I saw Tweek making out with that pizza-faced kid from the art building. It’s not a big deal. I just thought I’d be less hurt about it.”

“Wait a minute.” Stan placed his phone down. After an hour of being lost, to his relief, the other boy finally opened up to him. “That is a big deal, Craig. What happened after that?”

“We scuffled and I dog-walked him by the auditorium. I almost made him eat the cement, but Tweek kept reminding me how much of a piece of shit I am, so I left. Wasn’t a good look for me.”

Eyes lowered at picturing a mental image. Around the time Craig paused, Stan picked at the loose string at his ripped jeans. He hardly found himself as big of a risk-taker in fashion, but he now distracted himself for a bit, looking down at the black tights beneath it.

“Did you get suspended, detention?”
“There weren’t any teachers around. I got away with it.”

Stan licked his lips. “You should probably not do that again.”

“…yeah.”

The energy between them took a different change. Craig left his response open-ended. Sitting up, Stan’s focus lingered to his mouth. Chewing the corner of his lip had become a bad habit for himself. He’d done just that, his blue irises swaying up to Craig’s green ones.

Now, he found him inching closer to him. “I mean, if you think about it, it’s just kissing…”

Alone together again, just like the day in the fitness center. If any third-party were to bust in, the person would say that they looked like two idiots. Logic continued evaporating into thin air over them. Equally in a trance, Craig lowered his eyes. His sense of awareness diminished. Their breaths mingled. Just a few centimeters apart. The contact was scary, it intrigued him.

An unstoppable crimson bled through his cheeks when he found that their hands were touching. Which, would collectively lead to conflict if they were younger. The little touches. He tried not to breathe from his mouth when Stan was close. His pupils were dark when he glanced down.

“We should get back to our assignment…” Stan spoke against his lips.

“Then move your stupid face, then.”

“Move yours first.”

Calm. Craig’s expression was calm, but the voices were loud between his ears. The desire to be rational has left him the minute they locked eyes like utter morons again. This time, up close, and they angled their faces. It wasn’t about what’s wrong or was right anymore. Craig knew what he wanted then and there and he would be willing to be there for the taking.

The dreaded palpitations were strong, and they got worse in Craig’s chest. The knot in his throat tightened.

Ba-dump. Do it.

Ba-dump. Kiss me, you pussy.

Put your mouth on mines. Let me have you, you jerk!

Time was too damn slow. Snail’s pace was hardly Stan’s style, Craig knew this, and now he hated that he was taking so long. The offer was right there. A revenge kiss for Tweek. If he isn’t to do anything about it, he is going to shove him away. But a few seconds happened and Craig had already lost interest. He reared back, he really tried to. Before the next inhale, Stan swooped in and mashed his lips to his.

An electric surge crawled up Craig’s veins. The boy in the chullo parted his lips as the other teen possessed his mouth with his. He kissed back just as intensely. It was urgent. Deliberate, passionate, and warm. There were teeth. They clicked, but neither one seemed to care. Stan was starving and his mouth was on Craig’s, ravishing him the most. Their tongues sought and rolled against one another’s while their hands groped different spots. It was enough for Craig to detect the Jolly Rancher the other boy had been sucking on earlier.

Some time was taken for them to collect air. Craig brought his face up with intent to think about
his action, which backfired when the other boy pulled him in. The next kiss was deeper and Stan sucked on his tongue. While his hands skim over Craig’s back, he fisted his shirt, he could taste the faintness of peppermint Chapstick from his lips.

Craig was rougher and he took over, circling his arms around his waist. Fingers curled over Craig’s biceps, Stan raised his knee while one foot was propped on the bed, the other on the floor. His hands return to the sides of his classmate’s face. Each a complete wreck, they began another round of kissing. Around the time they lost count, Stan pushed Craig back slightly. His hand was gently placed on his shoulder.

“No – no, no. Wait,” Stan murmured in light-headed confusion. “This is wrong.”

They were panting into each others’ mouths now. “What’s is?”

Predictable bastard. Craig knew it was coming. He almost picked at his ear with his finger like a child. Sure, he could play stupid for a bit. Tweek had done him dirty. Two could play at that game. Stan brought his books and shoved the rest of his things in his backpack. He zipped it up loudly and pulled the straps over his shoulders.

“All of this.” Stan’s gestured the air with his hands. “I’m not gay.”

“And so, you’re leaving now, because you feel awkward after kissing me. First.” Craig concluded instead of asking Stan why he did it. With an extended arm, he handed Stan the phone he was searching for. “If I’m not mistaken… I’d say you were really into it.”

The jock in the beanie covered his mouth.

“Your tongue was doing all sorts of stuff in my mouth,” Craig added. “I’d say that’s pretty gay.”

“So? You’re the first one, sue me,” Stan lied. “Let’s forget this ever happened. I didn’t kiss you, I was never at your house, we never did anything. I’m callin’ Kyle, session’s off. I’m callin’ it off.”

More steps toward the door from Stan. Craig blurted before he grabbed the knob.

“You’re bi-curious.”

Stan’s eyes enlarged. Now, spinning revealing a hate-filled glare at what Craig just summarized. All too familiar sounding, he could just hit him.

“What – where did you hear that? Who the fuck told you that?”

“You did. While we were at church. You told Father you’re bi-curious, shitstain.”

“When I was alone at the booth? Oh my god, you were listening in on me?” A dim flame flickered in Stan’s pupils. “You were spying on me.”

Things were happening a bit too fast again. Denial coursed hotly through Stan’s veins. After just shooting from zero to one-hundred with the heavy tension that floated in between them. He knew now that his classmate couldn’t be trusted. In that instant, Stan was sorry that he ever co-existed with Craig at all. Craig Tucker was still as big of a jerk as ever. There was nothing redeemable about his qualities, Stan chided that inside. Craig was just...

“Ah, great. So not only are you an asshole, but you’re a stalker too.”

Craig’s eyes went hooded at the dramatic pace back and forth.
“Oh my god,” Stan repeated. “Kyle was right. He was fucking right. The only reason you brought me here was so you can make me more miserable. You really do get off on it. You’re fucking sick.”

“And I’m perfectly fine with that,” stated the other noiret, closing his binder. “At least, I didn’t kiss Kenny.”

“Ken’s got nothin’ to do with this. Don’t you dare drag him into this.”

“It’s my house. I can bring in whoever the fuck I want!” Craig argued, raising his voice. “At least, I don’t make out with losers for the fun of it. At least, I know who the fuck I am.”

“A guy named Dick?”

“No, I’m Craig.”

Stan’s face fell in his hand.

“I’m not a straight passing sack of shit that cares about what a bunch of guys from high school thinks. Not like the bitchass airhead that’s standing in front of me.”

The last words drawn from Craig’s mouth cemented Stan’s change of heart. He could just tackle him right there. The hot-headed teen gnashed his teeth before turning to raise his middle finger at his classmate, the motion was received in return.

“Fuck you.”

“When?”

Scarlet bled through Stan’s winter pale cheeks. “Dude, did you just — “

His ears burned. Muddled and disorientated again, that wasn’t the reply he was expected to get back. Not from Craig, or any guy in town for any reason. The monosyllabic comeback baffled him, it caught him off-guard. Never had he ever considered him an option, they had to stop.

“Look.” Stan narrowed his eyes dangerously. “I don’t have to figure this out now, or ever in this town, and I sure as hell that I don’t owe you a damn explanation for it. I think I need to stay the hell away from you for a while and you do the same for me. Knowing how you operate, I’d say you’d use this against me later.”

“Maybe.” Craig began shuffling his baseball cards, undeterred. “I just might.”

“Go to hell!!”

Stan slammed the door. Before it closed, Craig picked up his pencil holder in his other hand and threw it at the boy. He missed. The assorted writing utensils scattered to the ground after it noisily clashed against the wood. Feeling somewhat accomplished after Stan’s disappearance, Craig exhaled slowly. He fell back on his mattress again with a recollection of Stan’s ‘Fuck You’. His simper died slowly, upon realizing what he said back to him.

When?

“Oh God no!”

Tricia cleared her throat by the door panel. Behind her, Karen McCormick had her light blue backpack on. She was floral wearing rain boots, despite the heavy coldness outside. Craig walked
to his closet and pulled on another jacket.

Chapter End Notes

Hm. I actually enjoyed writing this one. Thanks for your patience. xx

**Edit:** Nvm. It was McDonald's. If anyone caught that horrible edit. 😦
Registrations for newer classes would be put on hold for Stan and Craig. College sports was something to get used to, but Stan adapted to the new rules quickly. Now that springtime was almost over, he and his friends had more time to hang out and rebuild their stamina from the grueling semesters. That meant parties, being cozy with significant others if they had one, and getting drunk; if that was even allowed for Stan, which was not, because he wanted to stay sober and his boyfriend wanted him to be his best as well.

The Play'd app, already becoming a thing of the past within minutes of its content being purged, was already a large step up for them. For the most part, all things were going pretty well, even though, it had only been one day. They would have time to readjust and go on dates again, eat out when they had money, and hang out with friends. The weather, however, wasn't all the way on their side.

Warmth and dampness all around, heavy rainfall poured violently from soot-colored clouds in the wide tolopea sky. The wind moaned, bending the trees that were downtown crooked. Birds were nowhere near in sight. Near the road Craig and Clyde were in, water overflowed business rooftops and oversaturated leaves that clung to their branches. After his failed attempt to remember what happened with Tweek in the past, Craig gave up and decided that he needed to put that behind to focus on the rest of his day. Things went by normally well. Nothing special or tragic happened since the chain of events that happened at the restaurant. In fact, everything was simple for Craig. He clocked in at work, he ate his lunch and then clocked out.

Traffic was slow but busy in the downtown area. A man ran through the crosswalk when the green arrow flashed. People crowd in booths near a bus stop. Like a camera flashing, a bright light appeared overhead with a low rumble. Another dramatic thunderbolt ripped through the air behind a silhouette of skyscrapers and phone lines.

Standing outdoors accompanying Craig, Clyde took a picture of nature’s ruckus from his phone as his friend talked to a mechanic inside of a Jiffy Lube. The air surrounding the brunet was humid and made the fair hairs on his arm stand up. With a hoodie on that he pulled from his trunk, Clyde stood by the public building’s open garage.
Craig pushed his credit card inside of his leather wallet and strode over to Clyde. Hand inside one pocket, he lifted his eyes up to the sky as well, standing next to his friend. He opened up his Instagram Live and panned the camera’s lens to the downpour in front of him.

“Looks pretty bad over here too.” Stan’s voice came in softly from the phone Craig held. Hand compulsively running over his black bangs. The blue-eyed boy traced his fingertips over his mouth. “I was thinking about our first kiss again.”

A code red Mountain Dew Clyde’s hand, he uncapped it after giving Stan a wave. Some soda spilled in his mouth when he took a long swig. Now with his own phone next to his ear, Clyde moved away, speaking to a female companion he met at a sports event. Clyde grinned at his reflection in the rainy window. By there, he would begin his magic while some footsteps were gained away from his best friend Craig. Clyde chuckled as he resumed his flirty conversation with the girl.

“God, it was awful. There was so much teeth,” Stan recalled, laughing, “you were such a jerk.”

“I guess that makes the two of us then, because I think you made my lip bleed,” said Craig.

“We didn’t speak for a while after that. Well, we did, but there wasn't much of a choice. I think you blocked me on all your apps. Or, was it me. Did I block you?”

“I blocked you.”

“Ugh, dick.”

No reaction toward Stan’s raspberry. “You suck big ones, yes, you do.”

“Just yours.”

Kenny smirked at Stan. Seated on the floor by his feet, he revealed a freckled grin that said ‘look at my creation’. Stan’s shameless behavior was is an achievement well-taught. The quarterback didn’t hide it anymore, but it could be that he always had that quality deep inside him. It was a big turnaround. Kenny climbed beside Stan and perched his chin over his shoulder to get a clearer view of what he was doing, then waved at Craig through the screen. Craig waved back.

“It’s getting dark soon. When you gonna come and get me?”

“In about twenty minutes.” Craig estimated, moving his eyes away from digital numbers on his screen.

“Cool.” The focus from the other camera lens shifted away from the complexion of the blue-eyed boy. “I’m still at Cartman’s, we’re just playing CoD.”

“Multiplayer?”

“Of course.”

Craig looked behind his boyfriend’s shoulder. There was an assortment of posters and thumbtacks behind Stan’s shoulder. Papers and photographs littered on a bulletin board behind Stan in Cartman’s dorm room.

From the look of things, that hasn’t really changed much with the dorm room owner. The room itself looked like it had been submerged in a blue filter with the flashing tint from the television and light spilling from a nearby lamp. Kenny slipped away from Stan busied himself with the game
console in front of him.

Stan gave up his seat for Kyle. The ceiling moved along with his walking.

“I’m gonna take a leak. You alone?”

Craig kept his face blank. Of course, he wasn’t. By that point, it wasn’t really ridiculous. At a younger age, Stan hid his bad side pretty well. In general, words conflict with his actions. With Kenny and Craig, he agreed that he sucked at playing innocent.

All much to a big relief for Craig, Clyde wasn’t by his shoulder anymore. They can’t simply ‘get it on’ like that in a public building. Any other location of them to be lewd in front of the camera would have been fine for Craig. Preferably, in a worn-down warehouse when their other friends were three doors down or behind a large oak tree with the volume turned down really low.

Body had a mind of its own. That was always Stan’s excuse. He began sliding his shorts down to his waist revealing the v-line below his navel. He pushed the scroll bar on the screen of his phone for a closeup. His dick hung from the elastic of his boxers and he gripped himself there.

“I call this *Fontaine de Forniquer,*” Stan said in a hushed tone. “I hope nobody’s around. I want you to see everything.”

“Wait, babe. Dial it back a little.”

“What?” Stan tucked himself back in his boxers. “You want me to hold it?”

“Yeah. Call you back.”

The noiret on the other side gave a pout before hanging up on the chat. Behind Craig, he lets a man approach him. The guy had a ruddy face with a mustache, was built like an ox. The assumingly older and larger male stereotypically wiped the grease off a wrench with a rag. It had been his slender clean-cut partner in a similar polo that did most of the work, but it’d be too insignificant for Craig to address. The smaller guy gave him back his Visa and his keys. Craig’s eyes swooped up from the black oil stains on the ground when he joined his friend.

“So, you’re good to go?” Clyde asked.

“Yeah, it’s fixed.” Hand on the wheel, Craig climbed in his car and turned the key.

The engine rumbled before a bright blue glow took over the dashboard and the radio began to play. The gas meter was still full, he could still get to Stan in one trip. Sticking out his tongue, Clyde clapped his hand against Craig’s before revealing his teeth in a big grin. They bumped fists and Clyde backed from the door.

“All right, then. Nice to know! See ya around, Craig.”

“You too. Thanks for sticking around,” Craig spoke, adjusting his front view mirror, “’preciate it.”

Dirty rainwater splashed in the highway between Craig’s new tires as his car zoomed past the
green sign above a bridge that pointed to Denver. It was almost night. The wheels and headlights were symmetrical over the 3-inch puddles. It stopped raining before Craig reached the parking lot of the college campus. Slightly paranoid at leaving his newly possessed car parked again, Craig sets the alarm before locking it.

With an arm in his, he emerged with Stan from the lettered building after the boy bid his farewell to his usual friends. Stan cupped both sides of Craig’s cheeks and pressed his lips to his before putting his duffel bag away and sliding into the passenger’s seat. All at once, the locks activated with a loud click. Craig slid his thumb through the screen of his phone, having Stan look over his shoulder. A slight frown etched Stan’s face when he took a glimpse at Tweek’s last tweet.

“What’s a bint?”

“Don’t ask.” Craig pulled his phone back. “Well, actually, I can explain. Your friend said some really fucked up shit back then.”

“Oh.” Stan gave an inquisitive stare. “Which one?”

It wouldn’t be a trick question. In fact, Stan already knew the answer to that. The car began moving again after he placed his seatbelt on. Craig looked ahead at the road gripping the steering wheel lightly, while offered his other hand to him.

“Cartman.” Craig took it and held it. “Around eighth-grade he said I was switched at birth. It really screwed with me, so Tweek thought it would be nice if we both get DNA tests behind our parents’ backs.”

“Oh, that sucks. How did that go?”

“We got small jobs at an amusement park and chipped in some of our allowances,” Craig clicked his tongue, “We’ve miscommunicated with our family on several occasions and had our differences, but this particular issue took the cake. It really freaked us out. It was some us against the world BS. I have a long story for that too, but you asked me where that word originated for me. I’ll just say anxiety and bullshit aside, it turns out my parents were mine all along, and surprise surprise, your friend’s just a dick.”

Stan pushed the lollipop stick in a spare grocery bag. “Sounds spectacular.”

“Oh yeah, it was.” Craig’s voice was equally dry. “Tweek was concerned because his parents both have brown hair and he was born a blond. The results didn’t say his parents weren't his, but we did find out he was part British.”

”And that's where bint happened.”

“Yep, you can just imagine what went on after that.”

A foggy daydream proceeds in front of the stoplight. The crisp and colorful memory of Tweek began materializing before Craig.

Tweek snickered in his vision. “Bint!”

Right next to him, Token glared, putting down a green plastic pail, gaining some distance from the blond. Tweek repeated the new word again. Craig snickered beside him. Token was waxing his SUV that day. Craig could remember the smell. Clyde threw his crushed Dixie cup at the basketball hoop and missed.
"Bint!"

Token’s eyebrows drew together. “Dude.”

The three guffawed, all but the wealthy boy of the group.

“That was f-fucking h-hh-hilarious,” chortled Jimmy, joining in. “Token, you really sh-shouldn’t be such a buhb-b-buh…biin… buhb-b-buh-buh…”

“Goddammit, take your own asses to White Castle.”

Jimmy finished. “Bint.”

Grabbing his knees, Clyde shook in laughter before pulling himself up, curving his arm around Craig’s shoulder. Middle-finger up in the air, Token closed the front door to his house after climbing up the two brick steps.

The images blurred from Craig’s mind and his vehicle rolled past the back of the Denver city sign.

Stan did a double-take, looking through the window as Craig released his hand from his and rested over his thigh. He narrowed his eyes once more after looking behind his seat. The green Denver sign grew smaller behind them.

“Babe, you drove past our place and the entire city. Where are you taking me?”

“Dry cleaners.” Craig rubbed Stan’s leg. “I gotta pick up a few things.”

Denver had a number of them. Along with the fact of that, it chafed Stan’s feelings somewhat. His bladder was full. Craig wanted to play a game and he didn’t feel up for it.

“Oh, you mean the one that’s really far away from the main road?” A nod in reply next to him from Craig. “The one that’s by Todd’s Diner...?”

“Yup.”

“In the middle of nowhere... the one next to Dollar General, that one?”

Failing horribly at keeping his face straight, Craig didn’t respond.

Extra sulky almost immediately, Stan brought himself up and punched the other teen’s arm. Leftover buildings they’ve gone past fade away from them on the road and very few cars were by them now. Craig stuck his tongue out at Stan before facing the wide load pickup truck in front of him. Stan's fingers slipped away from Craig’s. There was some rustling going on beside him. Stan wrestled his seatbelt off and pulled his duffle bag from the car’s floor, zipper loudly being undone.

“What are you doing?” Craig asked.

“You’ll see.”

Stan was indomitably even-tempered while he was rummaging through the split of the bag. Craig brought both hands on the steering wheel. After Stan found what he was looking for, he pulled himself back to his seat. A little diversion for himself would be made right there. With his fingers coiled around a toy cock, Stan met eyes with Craig’s in the front view mirror, before the other young man shifted his green ones.
“Oh no, not here.”

“Why not? You said I could practice anywhere.” Stan pulled the toy up to his chin. “I know work’s been stressing you out lately and with everything... I’m pretty stressed out too.” He pressed his lips against the silicone tip of the cock, kissed it, and flicked his tongue against it. “And besides... we both could use a little entertainment. You don’t have to touch, you can just watch.”

“Can’t really do that while I’m the driving, hon.”

“Okay, you can just listen, then.”

Stan pulled from the window, speaking moments later. “Babe.”

“Yeah.”

“You didn’t really need to go to the dry cleaners, did you.”

The question mark didn’t exist in that sentence. Stan bit the corner of his lip. Stan knew how red and vexed Craig could be sometimes. As the tar road turned into a dirt one, Stan took advantage of it. He pulled his mouth over the fake cock, tilts his head back while he leisurely licked it. His tongue doing crazy flicks before the tip spiraled around the head. Stan pushed it inside his oral cavern again, breathing through his nose. Stan hummed while his mouth moved back and forth over it. Equable, but the total opposite in the inside, Craig’s heart nearly froze when he realized that he is being neglected for a worthless toy. As much as Craig liked picking them for Stan, the inanimate object sure could stir some feelings. Of course, there'd be no competition, Craig was the real thing. For, there is one thing that Craig Tucker has grown to dislike over the years of being physically intimate with Stan, and that would be his own boyfriend worshipping anything that’s not attached to his body.

“Hold on. Stop what you’re doing,” said Craig.

While grinning, Stan whacked the flexible dildo against his cheek several times. The evil gleeful stare turned into a brief and mocking display of silliness. At another slap, and the handsome boy went crossed-eyed. His big blue eyes bounced with mischief at Craig.

“Oh, why?”

“I’m getting the camera.” Craig looked at his phone, then back at the road. “Keep doing that.”

When the car slowed at the edge of the dirt road, Craig readily brought his phone up to record Stan. Spit dripped from the corners of Stan’s mouth while he concentrated and twisted his head, the toy slipping further to the back of his throat. The suction side of the cock was attached to the window while he ran his hand over it, up and down, sucking it slowly. Craig panned the camera closer to the boy, his own cock strained hard against his zipper.

Clear spit at the sides of his mouth, Stan inhaled when he brought himself up.

“Well, well. You’re lookin’ pretty hungry over there,” said Craig, when Stan had the toy in his hand again, his tongue pressed against it.

“You think?” challenged the noiret in the passenger’s side.

“Yeah. Let me grab you some Papa John’s. You’ve earned it.”

“Oh, good one.” Stan gripped his seat, swaying to Craig’s side with a wide grin. “What about that
poker game you lost at Clyde’s? I thought we’re broke.”

“I’ve still got some loose change to throw around…”

Close one. Craig had almost forgotten about the little white lie he told Stan to cover up what had happened with his tires. Deciding to busy himself again, he directed his iPhone at Stan.

“You sure?”

With nonchalance, Craig tore his eyes away from the dildo.

“I get paid next Friday.” He changed the subject. Stan nearly laughed at how impatient Craig began to sound. ”Now, come closer, I’ve got something that tastes better than that fake piece of shit.”

“It’s rubber. It doesn’t really taste like anything.” Stan confessed, accepting a kiss from Craig after he shimmied out of his own seatbelt. “But… Now that you have my full attention, I’m interested.”

“Yeah, I bet you are,” Craig agreed. “Get down, babe, it’s time for you to give me some head.”

Not a single argument from there. Stan ran his hand over his boyfriend’s thigh and leaned forward. Craig was a man of action, that was indefinite. But it was nice seeing what Stan could do once in a while, it was nice to see him try. They were both assertive in their own way. The phone remains in place in his palm while Stan flattened his tongue over the outline of his dick and mouthed his cockhead. Careful not to ruin Craig’s pants any spit stains, his tongue pressed again and dragged a slow line over it.

The zipper of Craig’s slacks become undone. Craig reached over to pet Stan’s head. Stan’s palmed Craig’s weighty cock out from the hole of his boxers. Noted, a real cock, not his ‘ridiculous toy’. Craig was already hot and firm in his grip. His cock flushed, grew and pulsed in Stan's hand. Pre-come pooled over the rosy head when Stan pulled the foreskin back. The former schoolyard bully above bit his lip while Stan coaxed more of his dripping with slow, practiced strokes. Reclined in his seat, Craig pressed his eyes shut while Stan wrapped his lips around the tip of his cock. Delicious wetness engulfed all around Craig and at a slow pace. Stan took several inches of him in the back of his mouth. The lewd noises were faint and only for their ears while the music from the radio spread in the compact car. Stan bobbed and twisted his head over Craig’s shaft, drawing a soft and shallow gasp from him.

Spit collected at the sides of Stan’s mouth, he rubbed his tongue against the underside and tongued the vein. Completely thankful that he wasn't wearing his beanie, Stan allowed his hair to be gripped. The other male panted above him with his fingers curled, pushing his head further down. No worries there for his gag reflex. That was a grade school thing and it was exclusive to the rarest cases of puppy love. Craig still makes Stan's stomach do somersaults, but by now, Stan is immune to it. The barfing. After teasing and measuring Craig's dick to his face, Stan pumped Craig’s shaft in his closed fist just like his toy, and then his mouth pulled to the tip, over and over again. A flick with his tongue again and it spiraled around his cockhead. Craig spreads his legs wider.

Lashes fanned over his cheeks, Stan attached his mouth to his sac, smoothly letting out a hum. The tip of his tongue traced up to the head again. Back inside his mouth, Craig’s cock disappeared in the wet cavern and Stan took his time, sucking him slowly.

"Mmm... Use your tongue, stroke it...” whispered Craig.

Sheriffs usually drove around that path during the night. It would be sure to give Stan a new high
again, his lips continued sliding over Craig's cock.

"My cum-addicted whore."

Stan smiled around his length.

Craig spoke to the camera. Spit bubbled and ran down his wet shaft. “Look at this dumbshit. He can’t get enough of it, he needs it everyday.”

More lewd sounds from the corners of Stan’s mouth. Tongue pressed against Craig’s cock again, Stan had an open-mouthed grin, partially revealing his white teeth.

Craig lets out an ‘mmm’ when Stan mouthed the side of his cock.

"Like it when I take my time?” Stan licked. "Gonna bruise my throat... make it fuckin' sore. You're so big."

"Mmm... Stay like that, I think I'm gonna milk this a little," breathed Craig. Stan's palm slicked up and down Craig's length, they made eye contact again.

“He'll do anything. He loves being on his knees, he loves to submit.” Craig's phone caught more of their audio. "Are you my stupid slut?"

“Yeah, the stupidest. I’m your stupid fucking cumdump.”

“Are you my bitch?”

A big ‘YES’ for Stan. Fury for those types of questions diminished years ago. “Fuck yeah.”

Stan swooped in and sucked on Craig’s index finger. The other male's middle digit slid in and Stan's tongue curled around it, his mouth slipping down Craig's joints. Bottom lip pulled down. The way his soft lips were pressed against him and his teeth scraped against Craig's skin, would provoke tremors if Craig had less control. They made out roughly after Craig pulled on the other boy’s shirt, and then he shoved Stan down by his shoulder.

“Get back in your position, cuntface. I’m still dripping, keep sucking.”

No snippy comeback from Stan. Not there. Very compliant with his motives, he did what Craig said. Mouth stretched open, he feasted on his shaft again, letting the sizable organ slide to the back of his throat with no problem. Dark eyebrows knit and the bank teller breathed lowly over his seat. “Fuck…” Craig’s hand came down again and he gripped Stan’s hair tightly. “Fuck, babe, that’s so good.”

Stan’s head bobbed again.

“Keep going. Suck my dick... suck me hard.”

At that point, he would put his satisfaction in front of everything first, before worrying too much if his phone captured it.

“Mmm, suck it… Shit, babe… I'm so close... I'm so close, gonna... " Over the raspy breathing, Stan accepted the several ropes of come that splashed over his face from the twitching cockhead. The boy eagerly caught as much as he could and hungrily lapped up as much of Craig’s semen he can, much like a starving orphan that was licking the bottom of an empty bowl. He bowed and caught more spurts in his mouth. Craig recorded that as well. Not a single lick was spared or went to
waste. Stan sucked the rest of Craig and drained his balls while he shuddered in the chair below him. Bare wicked grin etched on his own face, Craig slapped his boyfriend against his cheek with his semi-hard cock. Stan smarted at that.

“Gotta get some better aim, baby. You almost got it in my eye.” The mushroom print fades when Stan suggested that and pats Craig’s leg before he blew at the strands of his fringe. The dark hair floated and fell on his forehead again.

“Honey, you’re not the one here that needs to worry about looking presentable. I still need to get to the fucking dry cleaners.”

“Well…” Stan pulled his seatbelt over his chest. “Whose fault is that in the first place? We can’t turn back now. Since you’ve already made the decision for us to coddiwomple here, what else do you want us to do?”

Craig cursed. “Fuck.”

Lips tugging into a small frown, sometimes Craig hated it when Stan was right. Once he finished tucking himself in his slacks. Craig adjusted his bangs after zipping up his fly and started the ignition again.

"Coddiwomple." He began driving. "Seriously?"

Stan shrugged.

The rest of the ride to the dry cleaners turned out to be shorter than each predicted. An oil spill on a tar parking space reflected a murky rainbow next to where Craig’s Prius sat. The air was muggy and warm for the most part, as the weather would be tolerable and spring was slowly transitioning to summer again. Stan appreciated warm climates more. It was a significant step-up from than the freezing temperatures they were so used to enduring. Not too warm, but it seemed just right.

They talked about the charity game Stan was going to play the next night and Token’s upcoming birthday party. The dry-cleaned suits were fetched from the small building, then shoved to the backseat. Craig met up with Stan again and left the front door of his vehicle open after bringing his legs in.

Craig noticed Stan scrolling through the pictures of their pets in his Instagram and wriggled impatiently once he turned around to face him. With a cigarette sitting on his mouth, Craig met Stan’s soft glare. He pulled a lighter up to his mouth and the white stick burned brightly in front of them. Taking a few slow puffs and then blowing some white smoke out, he watched as Stan undid the lock of the door at his side.

“I can’t hold it any longer.” Stan got up from his chair after getting out of the car. “I’m gonna go behind that building over there.” His next words nudged at Craig. “You comin’? It’d be nice if someone blocked for me.”

A ‘you don’t have to tell me twice’ smile engraved Craig’s usual blank features. It wouldn’t be for the thrill, or anything. Keys in his pocket, Craig followed Stan to the back of the building that was
surrounded by wired fences. Their car was the only one parked up front beside an old Bentley SUV. There were a few houses around, but they looked empty. After grabbing a handful of his boyfriend’s supple ass and Stan playfully swatting it away, Craig continued smoking. Right behind the Dollar General beside the cleaners, Stan rucked his shorts and boxers down.

The camera activated in Craig’s phone again, he held it up to his Stan and made it focus on his junk swaying like a pendulum. No argument for being filmed there. Stan was simply the star of the show. That means he must put on one.

With the corner of his eye, Craig’s vision swept behind him and all around while he balanced his iPhone in his hand. He offered his boyfriend a smoke from his cigarette and watched as the swirls of smoke rise from Stan’s sexpot lips. The ones that just sucked him off.

Pee trickled from Stan’s cockhead, then began pouring like a broken fountain. Sweet, wonderful release. He balanced Craig’s cigarette in another hand while the puddle grew below him. He kept at a safe distance, so it wouldn’t get on his dress shoes.

“Jesus, you piss like a racehorse.”

Shirt hiked up in the other grip, Stan stuck his tongue out and he flexed the muscles on his stomach. “It’s from all the soda. I did say I had to go.”

“Fuck that. That must’ve been a lot of fucking soda.”

“And it’s still going.” A smirk was tossed Craig’s way. “Should I sing a song, moan your name?”

“Get on the ground.” Craig had his phone in both hands. “Say my name, moan it.”

“Okay… you’re the boss.” Stan raised his shirt in between his teeth and squats against the back of the building, knees parted, and wrists resting over his knees. “Ah… Feels so good… I love being watched.”

“Slower.” Commanded the voice behind the phone. “Say my name.”

“Mmm… My Craig…” Stan indulged him. "Craig Tucker, the Fucker…”

Huskiness played in his taunt, he ran his hand over his dick. Craig raised his finger at him. The right angle would be captured in the camera’s lens. His eyelids droop more while the sound of windchime from a nearby house kept him grounded. An American flag hung from the side, the wind barely ruffling it. The first alarm in Craig’s head went off when he sees the lights being turned on through the window. A screen door with metal bars opened and there were blurry shadows behind it. The people emerging from the front steps of the residence pried Craig’s attention away from the other boy.

“Hey, what’s going on over there?!” hollered a man. “Oh my god.”

An old woman who had to be in here fifties gaped at Stan and Craig. Joining the lady, was an older man. Green pupils flitting, Craig stopped recording and turned around to see what his boyfriend was looking at.

“Oh my god!” shouted the woman. The fear in her voice was just as ferocious as her scream. She was wearing a floral dress and holding a tan chihuahua. The dog barked sharply over her yelling. “Nasty! Put your freaking clothes on! There are children in here! I’m calling the cops! Alan! Alan, where’s the phone?! ALAN!”
Stan hiked up his shorts.

“Oh shit! Hurry up before we get in trouble!” Craig grabbed his wrist and they ran.

Wild adrenaline pumped through Stan’s veins. It was another close call, euphoric to him. While sharing a water bottle with Craig, he had a nice laugh with him during their car ride home.

“Yeah, we got caught big time. I think I saw some eyes peeking through the blinds,” mentioned Craig.

“Shit, it must’ve been the kids. I didn’t know they were there,” Stan said. “I feel sorry for them now.”

Craig studied the traffic in front of him. “Don’t be. Feel sorrier for that ugly old lady, your white ass was the last thing she saw.”

They made it back to Denver just in time. Craig parked in his usual space as they entered the apartments. Unexpectantly to him, Tricia was seated at the bottom steps of the building chatting up with her friend Karen. Craig knew she was visiting and Stan had mentioned it before. Still, he Craig would rather not see familiar faces from their old mountain town.

After the car door slammed behind him, Stan brought himself up and followed. The girls looked up at Stan and Craig as the pair walked up to them with their pinkies linked. Frown sliding at the corners of his lips Craig had his eyes glued to his phone again, watching the numbers on his social media decline. As they got closer, the girls could hear their conversation.

“I just lost fourteen more followers.” Craig pushed the phone in his pocket.

“Don’t worry about it, you’ll get them back.” Stan rubbed his arm. “Who cares anyway? It’s just numbers. “

“I care. They’re our numbers.”

Tricia had blank posters in between her legs. Glancing down, Craig regarded his sister with silence before he raised his finger at her. She returned the family gesture before following him up the stairs of the complex. Tricia signaled her shorter friend Karen to walk behind her.

Stan was the one to speak first to them.

“Hey, Trish, Karen.”

Almost in unison, their voices overlapped. "Hey, Stan." "Um, where’s Kenny?" he pointed, turning around at the shorter girl.

“He had to go to culinary school for orientations,” replied Karen.

“Whoa, Kenny got in?”

“Yeah.”
“Oh my god,” chuckled Stan, “that’s so awesome.”

Karen’s cheeks pinkened, she couldn’t agree more.

“Welp, that’s a step up from whatever the hell I thought he’d be,” Craig added. “I always thought he’d study to be a gynecologist or something.”

“He’d still be a helluva one.” Stan beamed before turning his head. “Karen, that’s really great.”

Karen nodded, the other girl didn’t smile.

“Okay, now it’s your turn.” Craig’s eyes fell to Tricia when he keyed his door open. “I’m seeing you’re here more often, what’s the deal?”

Ignoring the starkness, Tricia crossed her arms. “Nothing, I’m just visiting.”

“For what? South Park’s grown pretty decent now. There’s plenty of recreational stuff there you can do there instead of coming here.”

“Ah, hold on. Not everything needs to be overanalyzed,” whispered Stan behind his hand, while they stepped past the welcome mat. “Maybe she just wants to spend more time with you.”

The girl overheard him. “I don’t.”

Karen frowned at Tricia’s frosty tone.

“Oh,” said Craig.

“Don’t you ‘oh’ me.” Huffed the fifteen-year-old girl. “You missed my cheerleading tryouts, but I guess that’s expected of you, anyway.”

Craig narrowed his eyes. “All right, I see where this is going –”

“Yeah.” Tricia skirted around a chair, standing over a kitchen table. “It’s always one-sided, isn’t it? I support you. You never support me in any of the things I do.”

Stan’s eyes widen at her green contemptuous glare. Getting to know the girl over the years, he never remembered the girl being so forward. Tricia pulled a few fallen strands away from her face and turned her head.

Arms crossed protectively over her chest, she watched and waited when her brother stood there with his predictable lack of response. She knew Stan was looking at her, but shifted her eyes and walked over to the sofa with Karen. Holding a plastic container of markers, Karen brought herself to the floor and began drawing large letters on the blank poster canvas with the colleges’ school colors.

“Mom and dad are fighting again. The rest isn’t any of your business. We’re just here for Stan and Kenny, that’s it. Right, Karen?”

Craig walked away. Karen picked up a green marker and began shading in the poster. She couldn’t reply vocally, just a meek nod. It wasn’t forced, she understood her friend.

Things were silent after a while. Stan strode over to Craig who emerged from their bedroom after kicking his shoes off there.

“You’re just gonna go and avoid her like that?” Stan said softly.
“Yup.”

“Why? She’s family. You can’t just bottle it up and leave it inside. Think about all the good moments you guys could share later on.”

Stan followed while Craig sauntered toward the stove.

“I know we’re technically adults and stuff now and we’re free to cut out whoever we want from our lives, but right now Tricia could need you more than ever. Can you at least consider it? I just don’t want us to be alone and she’s one of the few people we’re gonna have, there’s not really a choice there.”

“Okay then, pumpkin. Remind me of that when we bump into Shelly,” Craig said in a bittersweet tone.

Stan’s wiped his face down with his hand. “That’s not fair, dude. I really think you ought to fix things with her.”

“Life’s not fair, Stan. Tricia is a smart girl. She’ll grow up and forget about it eventually.” Craig casts a soft glare at Stan, re-reading his doubtful glance. “Go wash up before dinner. I’ve made my decision. Don’t you dude me.”

Pots and pans were pulled from the cupboards where Craig stood. He grabbed oregano from the spice rack while he began gathering the simple ingredients for spaghetti.

A change in the room’s atmosphere. There would be some positivity left to linger in it. The girls giggled as they continued their work on the posters. Stan apologized and kissed Craig’s cheek before turning to them with the magazine they left there the night before. After cleaning up in the bathroom, he overheard Karen speaking to Tricia.

“I think I wanna be a cheerleader too,” Karen said. “Would it be too conformist if I tried out? I mean… if it’s not too late.”

“You can still be on teams and not be a conformist,” Stan said. "Life’s too short to miss out on any fun. You only get one. Do whatever the hell you want.”

“You have to know how to twerk,” Tricia said flatly, gluing cutout stars onto the poster. She finally met eyes with Stan. “Can you twerk, Stan?”

Karen stifled a small giggle.

“You don’t wanna see me twerk,” Stan said.

Several minutes after Kenny came to pick up Tricia and Karen, Craig significantly felt at ease, not having to deal with his younger sister. After pushing the metal latch of his front door and locking it, he vanquished the thought of texting her and puts his apology on hold. He had just enough time to prepare food for her before the lights had gone out.

Severe winds from the next thunderstorm ripped the powerlines outside. A pile of dirty dishes was
stacked in the sink and the heavy stench of Yankee candles marauded the thin air. It invaded his brain and his senses. At the center of the kitchen table, a few smaller and regular candles in glass jars were lit there.

The past week had been too stressful, too long for Craig, who usually liked to take his time with things. App scandal, ex-boyfriend, and now his sister Tricia. Hectic, bothersome, frustrating. The past needed to be the past. Craig wanted to move on and leave it all behind.

In front of one of the mirrors in the living room, Craig began undoing his tie and it slipped from his neck. 65%, was the amount of battery life he still had left in his phone.

Stan sent him a message with a few emojis: {hurry over. i drew you a bath.}

Craig grinned at the blue bubble. Thoughtful. That would be the best term for that. He took his time walking over to the bathroom and saw Stan sitting over the edge of the tub with a match stick he blew out just seconds ago. The scent of lavender, jasmine, and amber was much less assaulting to Craig’s nose than the Yankee candles that were melting in the kitchen. There was a clean rag resting in the middle of the rim. Red rose petals were scattered over it and small candles at each corner of the tub. The large bouquet Craig got Stan the night before was resting over the sink. Deep reds pop out over the white bubbles that float in the tub. Stan blushed faintly.

“Kinda used your gift for me on this one. I hope you don’t mind.”

“No.” Craig’s jaw dropped. “I love it.”

If more than anything, Craig was a bit shocked. But being with Stan for a good amount of time, Craig knew that he was a romantic at heart, but never guessed that Stan would do small favors like that before they got serious. With some battery still left on his phone, Craig smiled and did a quick Snapchat story before leaning down and brushing his lips to Stan’s. The peck was light, a chaste one.

“I love you,” Stan said resting a hand flat on the other male's chest.

Craig bowed his head and kissed him once more. “’Mn, love you too, cherry. You know what this means, right?”

“Three consecutive blowjobs every Friday night from now on?”

Looking over his shoulder, Craig grinned.

His clothes were a puddle underneath him and he stepped out of them. Over the noise of his belt clinking against the ground, Stan sat on the toilet and bit into a rose, attempting to take a quick selfie while Craig sank in the tub and craned his neck up at him. The petals fell from Stan’s mouth.

"No," Craig sagged his shoulders in the tub, "it means I’ll spoil the hell out of you, once I get this new job.”

Fingers running over the surface of the water getting bubbles on his hand, Stan had an arm folded over the edge of the tub with his chin propped over it. He gave Craig a pout.

“Spoil me. Don’t you do that all the time already?”

“I’m your boyfriend, I’ll never stop spoiling you.”

“Oh. Thanks, Daddy.” Stan preened in a low disapproving, pitch. “You’re my boyfriend, you
don’t need to keep reminding me again and again.

There was a small smirk engraved on Craig’s face and completely satisfied and resting while Stan was dabbing his chest with a warm rag. Adoring how he was treated so princely. Pitch white from the phone screen ghosting over Craig’s face and torso, the teen in the bathtub glanced up from it and he stopped scrolling.

Craig’s hooded eyes became rounded. “Wait a minute. What did you just say?”

“I said ‘Oh. Thanks, Daddy. You’re my boyfriend, you don’t need to keep reminding me again and again.’” Word-For-Word, Stan repeated the phrase in a deadpan. Now settling both arms at the edge of the tub again. “I appreciate everything you've given me. You don't have to continue showering me with gifts to show that you appreciate me. I told you before, I'll still love you, even if we ate mud and lived in a cardboard box. Now, relax will you? Enjoy your bath, darlin'. I'm gonna get ready for bed. Call me if you need me.”

Assorted flower bouquet in his arms, Stan walked out of the bathroom, leaving the other fellow in the tub to muse. He gave the roses in front of him another whiff with it pressed to his nose. Facing the front tiles in front of him, the water dripped from the faucet in front of Craig and his phone laid at the side of the tub. His eyes were pressed shut.

Stan popped his head in the doorway. “It was the tone, wasn’t it? Too sarcastic?”

“Nope,” Craig shifted his eyes, “not at all.”

Chapter End Notes

Hello again all. So, if any of you guys have my Twitter, you guys will know that this chapter has been divided into two. Not exactly two parts, per se, but I was afraid that my writing would be too lengthy again. For all that have sent reviews in the past and present, thank you. I'm really glad I can write Staig and this fandom's been pretty awesome.

So, while that's out there... regardless if I get reviews for this filler-ish chapter or not, I will still supply this site with what I love. More Staig. But, even just a reaction gif or an emote, those are pretty cool beans. High school flashbacks of Stan and Craig are still far from over. (Not a spoiler; it's in the tags.) As well as all deleted tags... they are still relevant. Thanks for reading. xx
Stan arranged his leftover flowers in the few empty bottles of booze that he’s collected over a span of two years. For all the good moments that he kept score, staying sober had been much or less of a challenge, now that he has a bit of a support system, including his boyfriend. Stan’s road to recovery had been bleak and staunch. As for the empty vodka and liquor glasses, they aid to him as a big reminder to not go down a certain road again. They would be there as a physical indication of his past struggle when he needed them.

With a hand dragging over the kitchen table, Stan leaned forward and blew the candles out. There was one left that glowed in a glass jaw. Stan walked back to his bedroom in the apartment and watched the phone on the nightstand light up before he brought himself over to it. The picture that flashed on the screen was his dad Randy with his eight-month-year-old niece Ella being spoon-fed in a high chair. Randy’s hairline has receded and he was graying around his mustache again, which called for more bottled dye. Stan wiped the screen and answered the call.

“Hello?” responded Stan, pulling the phone up to his ear.

“Oh, hey, son. I heard you were on Play’d?”

Stan blinked at that. “Uh, yeah, but not anymore. Me and Craig checked it out. They got rid of our stuff this morning.”

Revenge porn. A big ‘go figure’ for Stan. Not the least surprised, one of his parents would turn up and go check on him, deeming that the last incident with it in high school didn’t go quite well for him.

“I heard you’re speaking French too? Now, what the hell is that all about?” The grate in Randy’s tone made Stan perk up slightly. Far from sleepy, but the statement woke him up. “French, Stan. French?!?”

“Yeah, not fluent yet. It’s just for fun.” Eyes wide, Stan’s voice nearly cracked.

“Stanley.” His father calmed down some, mincing his words. “Please be considerate of your grandpa that’s watching you in Heaven. Just because he’s gone now, doesn’t mean he’s not guiding you from beyond.”

“I know, Dad.”

“So, no more French for now on, right? No more eating croissants and using faggy variations of everyday words you can just say in English? No more wielding around your little pussy sticks?”
Stan exhaled when Randy delivered more questions. Vape, of course, would be brought up. “What?”

“No more wielding around your pussy sticks. You wanna be queer, not a flaming homo, right son?” Randy continued.

“I really don’t see what’s the difference.” Stan’s voice was flat, hating how his father talked to him as if he were a toddler.

“Yeah, I think you’re gettin’ the hang of it now. Just practice that.”

Stan pinched the bridge of his nose.

Craig kept his neck pressed against a u-shape pillow as he submerged himself in the suds that floats around him in the bath. As his fingers dipped in the water, steam rose in the tub.

“Stan did all of that?” Token asked intrigued in the group call of his phone. Some emotion rouse from him, but it was more of sheer curiosity than blatant cheerfulness.

The lens of Craig’s phone was panned just to his collarbone. “Yeah.”

“Pretty cool.”

Lazy blinking, Craig kept still when his friend didn’t elaborate. Clyde was in a wifebeater shirt next to an ironing board in the split screen.

“So, any idea what you’re gonna do about the followers you lost?” the brunet jock asked sincerely.

The water surrounding Craig splashed when he moved up. Clyde’s mouth became the shape of an ‘o’ when the noiret instantly glared at that. Token slanted his mouth and buried his face in his arm, he was lying on a couch with the desk lamp on in his room.

“I’m gonna keep moving forward,” Craig said plainly, rising up slowly. “That’s all I can say. What is there to do?”

The camera pointed at the shower curtain for a moment.

“Well, I agree with Craig. We definitely can’t move forward if we keep up with that,” stated Token.” I’ll talk to Tweek after this. Some things definitely should stay in the past.”

“Yeah, well I hope everything gets back to normal again,” Clyde said that over the gurgle of water being drained in the tub after Craig pulled the rubber plug.

“It will. I gotta go now.”

Token nodded a little and Clyde gave a peace sign.

"We'll chat later," the footballer said.

“All right, talk to you later, dude,” said Token.
Craig finished scrubbing and rinsing the bubbles off his body while standing underneath the showerhead.

While the pipes made sounds behind the wall, in the bedroom jointed to the bathroom, Kyle’s voice came from the speakers of his Macbook. Navigating his avatar on World of Warcraft, Stan lets out a small chuckle, sliding his finger over the touchpad. The computer still had some battery life left.

The best-friends conversated about nostalgia for the game. Stan placed his hand inside a tumbler and drew out an ice-cube, nipped it, and pushed it in his mouth. He was lying on his stomach stark nude, legs sprawled over the blanket. As Craig could see when he walked in the room, every bit of Stan was shown in clear view. The muscle curve of his ass, the dimples on his lower back, his balls pressed against the linen bedsheets.

Craig closed the bathroom door behind him.

“Your oral fixation is kicking in again.” He regarded the ice, pulling his towel off.

Craig combed his hair with is fingers. Attention hooked, Stan turned his head and studied the anatomy that hung between his boyfriend’s thighs.

“Dude, is that Craig?” Kyle asked, voice thin through the speakers.

“No, it’s Clyde, who else do I sleep with?”

Years ago, Stan remembered when Cartman said Craig and Clyde sounded alike. Which, was something Craig disliked. Stan fished another ice-cube and slipped it between his lips.


Stan rose up and cocked a brow. “Bebe?”

Craig imitated Kenny’s gesture and stuck his tongue between V-shaped fingers before the muscles on his face settle again.

“You’re so silly.” Stan arched his lips at him.

“Rebecca.” The uncomfortable silence strangled Kyle before he corrected himself. “That’s what I said. See ya tomorrow, dude.”

“Yeah, dude. See ya tomorrow.”

When the laptop finished shutting down, Stan closed it and placed it on the nightstand.

Slumped on his elbow, Stan slid further to his messy side of the bed before he rolled over, facing Craig. By then, the other boy is fully aware of his staring. Craig’s body was indeed a work of art to Stan. He was toned and his muscles flexed in all the right places. Underneath the mature layers of boredom and apathy, lies a svelte young man who still reveled on how destructive he has been since boyhood.

Stan’s cold mouth slides against Craig’s warm one. Craig cupped the other boy’s rear, nipping the
corner of his jaw, his chin, and his throat. Stan tilted his head, accepting them. He himself turn into a puddle again when he was eased on the mattress. The glide of their lips connecting again, those calloused hands skating down on his hips again. After their faces separated another time, Craig kissed Stan more fiercely, then gave his lip a nip in return from that morning.

“What was that for?”

“Just a taste of what you’ll be getting soon.”

Stan motioned back with a coy grin.

“It’s gonna be our anniversary next month.” Craig dragged his thumb over the other boy’s swollen lip. “I love how sharing and spontaneous you are. You gave me something tonight, let me give something to you.”

Goosepimples rise from Stan’s pale skin. Every line and angle; every intricate detail on Stan, it would be his for the taking again. Craig kept calm while he teased a melted ice-cube over his chest, with it held in his mouth. Dark lashes fluttered closed. Stan couldn’t help but giggle softly at the sensations.

“Sorry, this is a little different than candle wax.” Stan covered his face with his right arm. “It just tickles…” Another involuntary niggle spilled from his lips when Craig circled an ice-cube around his nipple. A tongue flattened and lapped up the water that slid down Stan’s breast bone.

Stan circled his arms around Craig’s neck and gasped when he trailed heavy kisses down his stomach. A hiss of appreciation followed when Craig ran his tongue over his skin, nuzzled his face over him and applied more starving kisses above his bellybutton.

“They both tickle you.” He kissed lower.

The cold mouth pulled another moan from Stan. “Not that spot, you’re making me horny again.”

“Good.” Craig rolled another wet ice-cube over Stan’s inner thigh. “That’s sorta the idea.”

After sucking more pink marks to the area that connected to Stan’s groin, Craig sank his teeth into his boyfriend’s hip. Stan pushed his pelvis into the other teen’s touch. Craig cupped his balls in his hand, giving them gently pinch and an experimental rub. Stan’s vision becomes hazy when Craig slicked his dick in his closed fist, twisting his wrist. Like a few of their classmates, both were well-endowed. Hearing how wet he was only made Stan more aroused. Stan melted underneath Craig and then he finally went down on him.

More spit spluttered around Craig’s mouth while he sucked Stan’s shaft. Biting down on the fingers of Craig’s empty hand, Stan moaned over the noises of Craig’s relentless slurping and rolling his balls in his hand. Drool seeped down his chin. Stan lowered his irises as Craig’s pulled his mouth over his sac. Face between his legs, Craig spreads his ass cheeks with one hand. Leaning downward, he teased, dotted, and licked a line up to his hole. A pleasant coldness rolling off of Stan, he gasped before Craig plunged two fingers inside him after they circled his sphincter.

“Open. Spread it for me.”

Doing what was said, Stan spreads his legs more. Craig vigorously thrusts his fingers in and out of
him and their faces align. Another searing kiss when Craig mashed his mouth against his, his hand kept moving.

“Feels good...” he panted. “I like it... I like it so much... Craig...”

His lover’s name droned into a delicate whisper, breathing and screwed his eyes shut while the other teen gripped his throat and continuing ravaging his hole.

Stan cried out sharply. The headboard thumped against the galaxy blanket nailed to the wall when Stan writhed and arched his back. Craig gave the underside his ass a smack with his other hand and flipped him over roughly. Stan’s fingers gripped and slid through the sheets while Craig defiled him some more, warm chest pressed against his back.

When Craig ripped his hand away, Stan whined at the particular sensation of being left him cold and aching for a few short seconds. A violent tremor was induced when Craig lashed Stan’s ass with another flaming handprint. Breathing choppy in his lungs, Stan shuddered. Another delicious tremor when his ass was hit again, coaxing a yelp from him. Ravished and left in a puddle of his own drool, Stan twisted, panting against the pillow. Already in another daze and wet with wanton desire, he stayed in his spot, awaiting the next gift from his boyfriend.

Arm grabbed and body tossed to the end of the bed, Stan reached out for Craig before their mouths collide again. Another deserved rain of hickeys was sucked and teethed over the jock’s neck. Slipping his fingers through Craig’s dark hair, he gasped while his body became littered with more bitemarks and kisses. Stan panted evenly against Craig’s chin when he reared over him again. It was one of those things Stan loved. When Craig grabbed his hair to made him look up at him. Craig did just that.

“My baby likes it rough, huh?”

Stan ran his tongue over his. No single complaint from him, he was ready to be Craig’s for the taking again. Top or bottom, it didn’t matter how he got it anymore. Past is past. Stan was ready to be claimed. This was him when the doors were closed. Stan wanted to be abused and objectified, and it wouldn’t have a single impact on how he handled himself in the outside world. His inner masochist was pouring out. It leaked and it showed. For, the most carnal of their sexual endeavors was yet to come again. Stan felt his head swim as he melts into a slow kiss. Dizzy, completely light-headed again.

“Spit in my mouth,” requested Stan, too unabashed to turn himself down at the moment. Like a liquid-based bullet, saliva hits his chin and his tongue. Stan would catch as much as he can. Craig spat on him again, slipping his digits in Stan’s mouth, his drool sliding down his fingers. A grunt was let out from Stan when he was flipped on his stomach. Stan could feel the tuffs of his hair being pulled by the root. His chuckle was muffled by the quilt when his face dug into the mattress. Stan wiggled his ass. Craig smacked his rear again, removing his thumb from his mouth.

“Control yourself.”

Stan waited as his boyfriend uncapped a pink bottle of lube, before graciously letting himself be spread in Craig’s fingers. At the generous pressure and weight pressed over him, Stan beamed before Craig speared half his length inside him. Pretty soon, Craig began moving. When their fingers intertwine on the surface of the bed, Stan’s dark eyebrows creased. The animal-loving couple mimicked each other’s moans and low grunts.
Cold kisses were poured over Stan’s back while more pink hickeys were sucked over his skin. Craig’s thrusts were low and frantic. His toned ass bounced with each shift of his pelvis. In full surrender, Stan sank more in his spot.

“Oh God, oh God...! Babe, babe, yes...!” Another cry slipped from Stan’s parted lips. The headboard tilts at each crash of Craig’s hips. “Oh fuck, Craig! I love it...” His breathing became shaky at the intenseness and intrusiveness of Craig’s thrusts. “Oh my God!”

“That’s right, I am God.” Craig gave his ass a crack with his hand.

Another exquisite cry from Stan. “Uhh!”

A pink print blossomed over his pale skin. The tender area was slapped again and again. The scent of the bubble bath radiated from Craig’s skin. After Stan’s arms scrambled with poor attempts to clutch onto something, he dug his fingers into his palms; he cried out again. There wasn’t a single beat missed when his former rival fucked him flushed against the mattress.

“Get up my little whore, bounce that ass for me.” The music track changed on Craig’s iPhone. “Bounce it.”

The extra exercise would be no problem for Stan. If Craig had a whistle, it would be more comedic. Such a request polarized with Stan being told to control himself. He suppressed a chuckle.

Craig’s hand skimmed over his rear. Divine and in full control. Laughing while panting. “Bounce it.”

When Craig pulled out, Stan sat up breathing as if he ran ten laps. Crouching down beside Craig’s hip, Stan took the opportunity to suck him right there with just as much gusto he had in the car. With his skull grabbed and his pliant mouth bruised and fucked, Stan surged forward again for another kiss. Their mouths part and Craig’s grip moved to the root of his cock. He instructed the other teen to sit on it.

Their lovemaking was clearly an athletic event. Craig’s breathing quavered and Stan sucked on his ear while he bucked his hips into him. With his hands cupping Stan’s rear, Craig then grew restless of the rocking above him and took over. At the change of pace, Stan’s laughter was reduced to another groan. The headboard thumped the wall again and Stan was the first to come. His dick twitched and his hot seed splashed on their stomachs.

Craig thrusted deeper and rougher and then he was still. The muscles below clenched around him, milking his cock for everything it had. Craig was a silent moaner, however, he wasn't unexpressive as well. As from past research, heterosexual men were the most robotic in porn; noted from Craig. A tasteful spasm wracked tiny sparks of bliss through his nerves. His cock jerked and jets forth his white liquid through the slipperiness of the lube, filling and gushing over Stan. He was breathing hard when he finished. Arrogant, haughty. In the past, full of disregard for his primal urges being fully unlocked; but now he embraced it.

Their naked bodies were a complete sweaty and sticky heap after Craig painted the other teen’s walls with his hot fluid. The result of the deed dribbled down Stan's thigh. Panting hard, they marinated in the disaster they’ve created. Wetness pooled over the dents of their chest and muscles. Weak kisses were shared before the couple rolled on their backs.

“Haha. Take that. I just cooked us dinner and conquered Uranus before nine.” Craig declared with a complacent grin.
“I gotta admit that was pretty amazing.” Stan pulled a pillow over his face. “Wish my phone didn’t
die, your music sucks.”

“Touché dickweed.” The blankets distort when Craig got up from it. “They’ll be plenty more where
that comes from. Let’s get some rags and wipe ourselves off. I’ll get us some water.”

Blue irises skid toward the window behind the curtain, to the bits of laundry that was littered on
the floor, then back at his Craig’s hand; which, was handling his dying iPhone.

With his eyes peacefully pressed shut, Stan lets Craig toy with a stand of his hair while he had his
cheek was pressed to his bare chest. Aside from Craig pulling on a pair of gray sweats, Stan
cleaned up as well and threw on a pair of briefs.

“I really hope the soreness dies before the big game tomorrow,” Stan rasped against Craig’s skin.
“I’m so glad you’re home… I know I say this a lot, but I never thought I’d get used to this…”

“Yep,” Craig vocalized, planning his day on the screen. “Preparation does wonders.”

“No, not that,” Stan sighed. “I meant us… being real boyfriends. No more sneaking around into
each other’s rooms or empty portables or quick feel-ups in a dirty shed. We’re actually here and it’s
real this time.” In Craig’s empty palm, Stan was idly tracing circles in it with his index finger.

“I thought you liked that stuff.” Craig chuckled. It halted when Stan glared. “You were always my
real boyfriend, you just didn’t know it yet.”

Stan harrumphed at that. “That’s cute.”

“You think I’m lying?”

“No, I know you mean it. It’s just that, it kinda took you a while.” The blankets rumpled partially
when Stan settled his arm over the fold and craned his neck.

“It took you a while too,” Craig countered, surprisingly wounded by that. “I wasn’t the only one
that was indecisive with it.”

“I don’t think either of us really knew what we wanted.” Stan drew over the M in Craig’s palm.
“You told me you didn’t love me. It really stung.”

“I love you now, why does it matter?”

“It’s interesting. I just wanna know what came over you, that’s all.” Stan released his hand.

“It’s stupid kid shit.” Partially combative, but not meaning anything hurtful, there were some things
in childhood that Craig didn't want to take credit for. "I didn’t move to this city to be pelted with
more reminders of how bad I was. I’m gonna go to my interview during break tomorrow, did you
quit yet?”

That pertained to Stan’s job. Next, came a soft whoop of annoyance from himself.

“No,” he squinted at Craig, “and another thing. We need to talk about this me not working thing
tomorrow. You’re not gonna be the only breadwinner here. I didn’t move all the way down here
with you to play house. I pay rent and go to college for a reason. Now scoot over, I’m tired. You
can stay up if you want, but I’m goin’ to sleep early.”

“Okay, well, think about it.”

“I’m not gonna, because I already made up my mind when we moved here. ” Stan glared.
“Goodnight, hon.”

Frowning, Craig leaned over at the nightstand and blew the candle out.

The storm continued beating against the roof and the clock of time rolled back rapidly.

Golden sunset, wired fences. Suddenly, Stan was twelve again.

He sat with his back pressed against the wall in his gym clothes. The bell to go home rang and most of the kids cleared the elementary school building. He kept his arms curled around his head and his legs tucked in. Cheeks streaked with fresh tears, he kept his face hidden while he sat beside an empty bench that led to the fire exit. Palm pressed against his eye, he rubbed most of the wetness away.

His girlfriend at the time Wendy sauntered over to him, backpack strap held in one hand.

She patted the top of his head. “Come on, Stanley. Get dressed, if you need to catch up with Eric and the guys, you’ll need to get ready faster than that.”

“They’re already gone.”

The girl plopped down at the bench above him. “How so.”

“Wendy, what’s wrong with me?” Out of the blue, he nailed her with the new subject. A sniffle escaped him. He didn’t it want to. His eyes were red-rimmed, the snot kept flowing.

“Oh, Stan, that question is absurd. There’s nothing wrong with you. Your friends were probably just being their usual selves. You guys are always laughing at that stupid fart show.”

“No, Wendy, it isn’t absurd.” Stan disagreed, he slipped his fingers down his face. “I freaked out. I think I really screwed up this time.”

Stan’s bottom lip quivered. Chatter from other students behind them. Wendy knelt down on one knee and touched her boyfriend’s shoulders.

“Say no more. We’ll discuss this someplace safe, okay?”

No call for his parents and Stan already missed the bus that day. Wendy’s father was polite and dropped them off at her home. Stan didn’t want to go to his house, not when he was expected to be there on that day.

Stan held hands with Wendy when they stepped up to the stairwell to her room. He was in his normal clothes like she suggested. In front of the pink door of her bedroom, he glanced around before walking over to Wendy’s vanity set. He glanced at his reflection in the mirror and ruffled the melted snow from his bangs lightly with his red gloves on.
“Are you okay now? Do you still want to talk about it?” the girl asked after she sets her backpack down over her floral mattress spread.

“Yeah, I’m ready. Just give me a moment.”

“By all means, please, whenever you’re ready.”

Stan struggled for a bit. He cleared the mucus from his throat with his fingers curling underneath the table behind him.

“So. We should just kinda delete what we saw over there.” The words were scratchy in his throat.

Right there, Wendy was tempted to give Stan another hug. She could wait. Wendy held it off as he went on, to see if her speculations from the past week would be clear.

Stan began again, voice somewhat shy. “And as you know, today is my birthday. I’ve got a party set up. It was gonna be cool. Not that today would be any special than the others. But, like, our parents aren’t chaperoning this time. So, in this case, it is kind of a big deal this time… only…”

Slim legs crossed seated on her bed, the girl in the beret remains attentive as Stan brought up his friends. He told her how they slowly started to avoid him. How things were changing between him and Kyle. They didn’t invite him to go to the movies with them. With an exception of Kenny, he’s been sick. Stan said it would just be him alone. He voiced that he ate his lunch in bathroom stalls to avoid being seen alone and interacting with the other outcasts. After absorbing what he said, Wendy tilted her chin up and pushed her hair behind her ear.

She wanted to know more but waited until he finished.

“Did you confront them?” Wendy asked.

“Today I did.”

“What about Butters?”

“He had just as much to do with it as everyone else did.” Stan clenched his fists inside his pockets, mouth pinched in a thin line. “Kyle pulled me over after school today and admitted something. You wanna know what he said?”

“No. Please go on.”

“He said I’m an emotional vampire. Apparently, that’s what I do. I suck. Just suck the hell out of everyone’s energy and life.”

Mouth covered with her hand, Wendy straightened her spine. She’s never heard him sound so spiteful before.

“Oh no, I’m so sorry.”

“Don’t feel sorry for me. I would’ve figured it out, anyway.” Stan absentmindedly pressed his body against the table behind him. A rose-gold tube of lipstick fell on the floor after he brushed against the vanity. Apologizing to his girlfriend, Stan picked it up.

Wendy watched as he pulled the cap off of it and winded it up. Entirely fixated at the item, Stan didn’t realize the careful footsteps that were padding behind him.

“Do you like this color on me, Stan?” her voice came in.
A few inches away from his face, Wendy was close. At first, it was the smell of her shampoo that snapped him out of his distracted daydream. His eyes held a dreamy fogginess weighed with a dark sadness. They were the same height now in the sixth grade. She used to be a head and an inch taller than him.

“You can put it on me if you’d like.” Wendy shrugged her hair behind her back.

They’ve grown so much with each other. Being physically close to Wendy took some time for Stan. The severe shyness diminished. No longer throwing up as often, and then not at all. Over the past few years, he’s gotten use to her little touches. The progress to contain himself was gradual. The lipstick slipped in Stan’s hand and a red streak slid down Wendy’s face. Stan couldn’t help but laugh when her face pulled tight for a millisecond after he dotted her nose with it.

“Stan,” she giggled.

Her laughter was one of the most precious things in the world to him. Wendy is a good person. He could be himself around her. Stan’s heart tugged when he thought about the guys; his best-friends. How they would react to seeing him like this. They would scrunch their faces up if they saw him anywhere near makeup. Stan flinched back, a natural reaction when Wendy streaked him back with another lipstick stain.

“Come on. Let me do yours.” She squished his chin gently with her small hand.

The suggestion made Stan turn red. “Wendy, you’re not gonna put lipstick on me. That stuff’s for girls.”

“I saw the way you were looking at it. Do you like this color?”

“It’s a nice color, babe. I’m not putting it on.”

Stan kept to himself while Wendy placed a reassuring hand on his knee. Astonishingly enough, that wasn’t his last and final stance. After a moment, the green light was given a go and Wendy started out small, painting Stan’s lips rouge. After letting her apply a subtle amount of powders and mascara on him and sharing commentary with her looking at his reflection in her hand mirror, Stan washed his mouth out and discarded the tissue before he went home.

It was their private thing. For several weeks and months, they tried it. They never spoke about what led to it. The practice increased gradually. Stan would let Wendy put makeup on his face every other Saturday. Or, when he couldn’t, he’d let Wendy paint his face while the others were away.

Months turned into years. Around age fourteen, things were slowly progressing to an end that Stan didn’t quite like.

Seated on the floor of his girlfriend’s room, Stan lets the young lady apply liquid primer to his knee. The hues that surround him weren’t as harsh. Just different. Things were more tame. Sophisticated and pastel colored.

“Wendy?” he called out to her.

“Yes, Stan?”


“You know I love you.” His fingers fumbled with the sleeve of his red varsity jacket. “And you know that I’m attracted to guys and girls... It took me some time to figure it out and I still am. I’m glad you’re okay with it.”

Wendy pushed his hair back. “I know, Stan, of course.”

A different year in summer camp had put him to discovery. That, maybe things were not right; and there scarily being a huge possibility that he liked boys more. He thanked the man in the sky that Wendy was such an open-minded girl. His sexual attraction had nothing to do with what they’ve got. Stan would still be faithful. Wendy cherished that part of him. No concerns for him cheating there.

“I think I’m gonna come out this Friday,” the noiret said.

“That’s great.” Wendy uncapped a bottle mascara. “Do you know what you’re gonna say? What about your friends?”

“Kyle saw me watching Ru today.” Stan kept his eyes low. “I don’t think I have much of a choice.”

Wendy took a deep breath before dabbing Stan’s bottom lip with a lip-gloss wand. She delicately raised his face, preventing him from giving her a downcast look.

Stan’s limbs froze at the jiggle of the doorknob. Neither of them could process what would go on when Bebe arose with a red purse clutched in her hand.

Matching red pea coat, stockinged legs, and a pair of Ugg boots. Amber lashes fluttered from the view of the couple.

“Wendy, I texted you this before you left why the hell did you—” Bebe plodded toward them. Her judgmental goggles instantly activating.

The nightstand shook when Stan bumped against it.

Hand cupping Stan's shoulder, Wendy looked as petrified as Stan toward the blonde. The words did not form.

“Oh… my… god. Is that Stan?” Bebe's eyes bulged in fascination.

A Kleenex was furiously ripped from its box at the nightstand from a troubled Wendy.

She worked her dainty jaw to say something, severely hoping that her boyfriend didn’t think it was a setup. Stan’s blues flit to her. They said ‘help’. Stan grabbed the tissue, avoiding Bebe’s perplexed look.

The chesty girl twisted her lips at Stan.

“What’s with the face?” Bebe scowled, seeing eyes were on her again. “You look like you got your hand caught in the cookie jar.”

*It's only a bet. It's just a stupid bet. The dudes at the team— no, no, Cartman.*

The pictures in his head were wild and rampant, cultivated with his mixed feelings. It appeared that Wendy had more than a few words to say to her best friend. Her concerns were loud and she didn’t hold back scathe in defending her boyfriend Stan.
The sound of Bebe’s camera going off in her phone jerked Stan out of his frightful daydream. Wendy snatched the phone away from her.

High-pitched laughter rang from the curly-tressed girl. One that would put an evil Shirley Temple’s grin to shame.

“What? He looks cute! Don’t have a bitch attack, Wends, I deleted it.”

“Stan, I didn’t know she’d come,” Wendy whispered.

“Which, is kind of fucked up, because we’re girlfriends, but I’ll let that one slide.” Bebe was casual and she glanced at Stan again. “But seriously, Stan, hypocrite much?”

“No, Bebe –“ Wendy was cut off.

“Now I know why you made fun of the volleyball team so much when we were little. You were just jealous.”

The words were sharp. At her presence, Stan felt ill. Even for such an insignificant role Bebe had in his life, the sentence incapacitated him. His face grew hot, but not much so out of rage. To the blonde’s discovery, Stan was a silent crier. Her smile began to fade when she noticed the wet and angry tears splashing on his coat. From there, there couldn’t and wouldn’t be an explanation for it anymore. Stan was powerless. No immediate puns or any verbal attacks to cover it up. Physically and mentally, he wanted out. Just doing half of that, he nearly tripped over Wendy’s rug when he bolted out the door.

No rush to contact Wendy since then. She understood. The weeks that passed after that have been psychologically damaging for Stan. As it turned out, Bebe didn’t delete the pictures as she had said; like Stan predicted. Many months would go by with him having lipstick flicked at his tray during lunch time and cosmetics spilling to his feet when he opened his locker.

Ahead of time, as Stan learned, being surrounded by protective peers that verbally warded off his enemies could only do so much. Stan had shut himself out again, not wanting to burden himself and be harassed with more questions. When the news broke into the town, the men in his family could barely handle it.

Until one day after gym, Stan was in a quivering sobbing mess with his hair scrunched up in his hands. The dilapidated building with high windows supplied an abundance of sunrays pouring onto the locker room bench from where he sat. Specs of whit lent floats in the air.

At the slam of a locker door being shut, Stan nearly jumped, eyes flooded with hot tears, then flitting over disdainfully at a familiar boy wearing a chullo.

“Oh, it’s you. What do you want, Craig?” Stan was irate.

Hardly in the mood to see his arch nemesis from the playground, Stan became entrenched with a dark attitude. Indeed, they have gotten better at communicating. It would be Stan that constantly had his guard up, even if Craig had stopped antagonizing him physically years ago.

“You come to tell me how much of a fag I am?” The longtime quarterback glowered, as the other boy pulled his water bottle out and slipped it in his backpack. “Gonna rub it in my face? Well, here I am.”
Craig glanced at his phone in his palm, ignoring the other boy’s mating call; or poor display of dominance.

“Yeah, I like makeup, so the fuck what? It’s the fuckin’ twenty-first century, I can do whatever the fuck I want.”

Craig kept still after he rose from the bench-corner next to Stan.

“It’s not like the whole school doesn’t think I’m one anyway. So yeah, go ahead. Take your best shot, douchebag! Unless you’d rather do it in public, go ahead! You wanna take it to the hall and make fun of me, Craig? Go right on ahead!”

The non-vicious eyeroll from Craig nearly gave Stan chills when the collective boy pulled his backpack straps over his shoulders.

“I’m not here to laugh at you,” said Craig.

Heart beating rapidly, Stan’s fake smile deflated, tears streaming down to his chin.

“Jesus Christ, Stan. Show some dignity. You don’t have to be gay to like those things. You said so yourself.”

The crying noiret was completely immobilized.

"Here." A travel-sized pack of Kleenex was placed in Stan’s hand and the other boy left the room. The further Craig walked, the more objects disappeared.

Cheeks still damp, Stan’s pupils shrunk when several hands and arms emerged from the darkness. They clawed and curling around his arms, stomach, and legs. Snakes were not pleasant to him. Relatively, this is what those limbs had remind Stan of. They had the grip of a boa constrictor; an animated firehose. Anxiety and fear paralyzed him. He suffocated.

In a different reality, an older Stan was lying on his back. Bathed in cold sweat over his complexion, he remains deep in slumber as the only light source in the room would be Craig’s phone.

The power came on again and the device was hooked to the charger.

Thick water droplets splattered in a small plastic bucket near Stan’s end. It didn’t disturb him much. Of course, for each plop, Craig felt significantly more irritated and annoyed. He’d coolly ignore it. Clyde was still awake in his dorm texting him about the long-distance girlfriend he had. Token left their group chat earlier to sneak his girlfriend Nichole into his dorm room.

When Craig’s attention drifted from his friend’s prattle, he decided it was time to say goodbye, and placed his phone on the table beside the bed.

“I’m still the same…” he overheard Stan saying.

Craig brought himself up to the source of the sound. He blinked lazily and moved closer to him, folding an arm over another, listening in. The blankets pooled around his bare back and he rested
his cheek on his palm under the flap of his chullo.

“Leave me alone…” continued the delicate voice in front of him. “…just go away. Please… go away…”

A pair of lips descended and pressed over Stan’s cheek.

“Get off… get the fuck off! Get off! GET OFF!”

He was crying. Hot tears soaked Craig’s hand from when he cradled Stan’s face in his palm. A violent jerk from Stan and kicked his legs.

“Don’t touch me! Leave me alone… please!”

Startled, but not enough to make him scurry back, Craig shook his shoulder gingerly but briskly enough to make him stir awake.

The blackness from behind Stan’s eyelids were quickly blurred by tears. His eyes were wrenched shut again, now conscious and weeping loudly. Noticing the dripping from himself, Stan moved up and placed his palms over his eyes.

“Hey baby, get up for a moment,” said Craig gently. “You were having a nightmare again.”

Stan looked down. More dampness blotted the blanket and Craig brought the other boy’s face up, cupping it with his two hands.

“Deep breaths… It’s okay, I’m here.” Craig pulled Stan to his chest as his cries began to build again. “Let it all out. I’m here, sweetheart.”

Stan broke down with a sharp sob. Letting the other boy’s form hunch to him, Craig brushed more soothing strokes over his back and lets him curl up against him, clinging to his waist. Soaking his chest, Stan blubbered and whined.

“Darlin’, I can hear them all laugh at me. It’s gonna happen again! Everyone’s sick of me, I’m gonna die alone!” Stan wept through his tear-clotted voice.

“Shh, shh, shh… It’s okay. No you’re not, honey. You’re not gonna die alone, come here.”

Craig’s disposition was quiet and poised. It was an ordinary reaction for himself when things were spiraling down slowly for him again. Not wanting to compare his boyfriend to his ex again, but not being able to resist. Craig noticed both Stan and Tweek had shared vast similarities. Most of which had to do with their vulnerability and weaknesses.

“Don’t cry, baby… baby, don’t cry,” Craig said softly. “I’ll take you to feed the ducks next weekend, would you like that?”

Bare shoulders wracked below him. Fingers were threaded through Stan’s hair.

“We’ll have one of those vegan picnics. Is mayo vegan? We’ll have your favorite. Will that make you feel better?”

Through the tears running, Stan blanked at the silly 3 am questions. Still shocked that humor could comfort him, he nodded.

Of course, mayonnaise wasn’t vegan, Stan wasn’t going to tell Craig. Neither is honey or half of the confections or silly nicknames he had for him. As for the golden and syrupy treat, that had
been one disastrous blowjob they wanted to put behind themselves. Craig felt him stir, hearing another snuffle.

“Thanks again,” Stan said. “I think I remember why I love you even more.”

He closed his eyes as he received a kiss pressed to his lips.

“Thanks for the sugar.” Craig brought his face up. “We should probably…”

“Yeah…”

“Honey?”

“Hm?”

Positioned differently with is head on his boyfriend’s lap, Stan rubbed Craig’s wrist with his thumb and gazed up at him.

“Did you take your meds?”

Rumination put on pause, Stan ceased the subtle movements. His thumb stopped moving. Everything went by in a flash again, he had forgotten to take his pills.

Stan brought himself up to the side of the bed and pulled an orange bottle out from the top drawer of the nightstand. The capsules rattled in the cylinder container as Stan poured it over his open palm. Stan grabbed the glass of water beside him and popped them in his mouth.

“Mn, there we go. Just in time too, thanks for reminding me.”

Craig grabbed Stan’s face, fingers digging into his cheeks. “Open.”

Forced to look his way, Stan opened his mouth, letting him check underneath his tongue, and everywhere in between. Of course, he met Craig with a glare. Sometimes, he couldn’t help but feel smaller when he’s around his presence.

On the contrary, Stan didn’t remember when he had ever felt that way. He must have given something up a long time ago.

“Okay, we’re clear.” Craig closed his jaw for him. “Don’t forget next time.”

“I won’t. Jesus, babe. I’m gonna splash some water on my face, I’ll be right back.”

The water plopping in the pail from their bedroom was still audible. Toilet lid pushed up in the small bathroom, Stan sank to his knees in front of it. Rose petals that were drying lie crumpled around his knees and quartz rocks were still lined over the edge of the tub. With a single index finger, he slid it to the back of his throat.

Careful not to provoke any sounds from his throat, Stan kept his tongue relaxed, heaving quietly. After seven attempts, his stomach muscles contract. A hand tightly gripping the seat, he lurched forward.

The corners of his eyes were once again, reclaimed by tears. A liquid that consisted of mostly
water cascaded over the corner of the toilet bowl where Stan strategically pointed his mouth. Surrounded by bubbles that had a mixture of mucus, were the pills that he digested moments ago. He wiped his wet eyes and brought his body to full height.

The lid was flipped down. Stan brushed his teeth, rinsed his mouth, and cleaned the rest of himself up. There’d be another opportunity for him to hate his reflection later. For, he wanted to cuddle a bit before Craig fell asleep. However, he did glance at the new hickeys that were forming over his stomach, neck, and chest. There’d be some pride in it, which he would learn to wear them as a badge of honor someday, just not at work; or sports, or formal events. When Stan returned to their room, he noticed his boyfriend’s eyes were closed when he crawled into the blankets and wrapped his arms and leg around him.

“My little spider monkey,” doted Craig.

Stan’s eyelids felt leaden again and he shuts them. He could already hear him snore.

More pink scratch marks appeared on Craig’s back while he rolled and ground his hips underneath the linen sheets. Leaning down, he panted near Stan’s ear, while more pink marks burned and faded on his chest. Their faces were close and Stan caught Craig’s shoulders. As the teen on top sped his thrusts, the helpless cries from Stan fizzled out with a soft moan as Craig would dip down and steal another slow kiss from him. Encased by his own sticky warmth and bleary-eyed, he spasmed and rode out the rest of his climax, raining lazy kisses over Stan’s neck and face.

“You’re so cute when you cling,” Craig said, inhaling sweat and fruity shampoo from him.

“What time is it?” panted Stan.

“Seven-fifteen.”

The jock snapped out of the bed like a fish out of water. Craig pulled the blankets to his legs.

“Drills, oh my god, I totally forgot!”

“You’ll be okay.” Craig’s hand flattened over the bedhead on his scalp.

“No, this is really important I gotta get there now!”

“Don’t rush. It starts at eight today. You’ll still have plenty of time.”

Stan balled up his clothes and ran to the bathroom.

Texting Kyle after that was a breeze. During their facetime interaction, the redhead grimaced at the rustling sound above Stan.

“Yeah, I really recommend it, dude,” Kyle said. “The graphics are insane. You don’t need a membership for it or anything. You just log on as guest and —”

Stan’s cheeks inflated while he concealed a blush and smile. “Sounds sweet.”

More rustling from above. An additional giggle slipped from Stan.
“He’s humping you, isn’t he?” Kyle’s eyelids sagged.

Knees digging into the bed, Craig brought himself up, balancing his guinea pig on one hand and then two. Looking over his shoulder, Stan kissed Stripe’s twitching nose when the chubby animal was offered to his face. He spat out a tiny piece of lettuce and gave Craig a crossed look. A low cackle from his boyfriend and he dusted his hand near the logo of his joggers.

“I thought you had an interview today. What’s with the casual look?” pointed Stan.

“Oh shit,” Craig cursed. “You’re right.”

Once finished with changing into different clothes, Craig waltzed into the kitchen where Stan migrated to during his call. The taller noiret pulled his blazer over his tight turtleneck after stepping into his shoes.

Craig could see him. Stan was wearing track pants and a sweatshirt. The football star stood over a round table stirring a large spoon inside a pitcher.

“What about Friday?” Craig overheard Stan.

“Hey, that works. What movie are we seeing?” Kyle answered.

“I heard John Wick’s comin’ out with another sequel real soon. Let’s watch that. I think it’s the last one. I heard his wife gets reanimated in it, it’s gonna be super badass.”

“Yeah!” Kenny’s voice cheered in the chat.

“Dude! John Wick again?” Traces of anguish was evident in Kyle’s tone.

Stan dumped more sugar in red water while he welcomed the upcoming complaint. Craig’s focus dipped to the white avalanche that filled the plastic pitcher. Stan wasn’t looking and he carelessly lets the sugar build to the bottom of it.

“It’s not like we’re really missing out on anything else if we see this one little movie.” Stan gave a light-hearted laugh. “I mean, what else is there? Godzilla?”

“Yes,” Kyle said firmly. “Godzilla, Revenge of the Nerds, anything but that John Wick crap and those other horrible remakes.”

“They’re all remakes, dude.”

“I know, I meant those.”

Craig stopped Stan, gently pulling his wrist back.

“Cartman?” The Jew’s voice weighed in on the portly brunet that wasn’t speaking up.

“Yeah, John Wick’s cool.” The plotting brunet said to Kyle in return. Only, he wasn’t so plotty.

As for the other three, they were not aware that Cartman locked eyes dangerously with Craig after his ‘coverup’ remark.

After sipping the Kool-Aid that Stan poured into his cup, Craig snagged his car keys that was sitting by the arrangement of flower stems and glass bottles on the table.

“So, it’s settled then, we’ll all meet at the mall this Friday.”
“Sounds good to me,” said Kenny to Kyle.

“Whatever.” Cartman left the call first.

“What do you think?” Stan asked Craig, cold cup in his hand.

“It’s great.” Craig leaned forward to give him a smooch.

The kiss was put on pause when he felt fingers and Stan narrowing his eyes gently at him.

“We’re still not through yet with that other discussion,” quipped Stan. “It’s okay if you don’t like it. You can be nice without lying.”

Before the other male could respond, Stan entered the living room to pet his dog.

Clearly, that would be something not to let be built and ignored. Something felt off-key after that to Craig. For certain, it wasn’t the drink. It was something more than that, something that lies many layers underneath the surface. Craig ripped the note that was taped to the front door read it, then immediately crumpled it in his hand. That, being another exorcism joke from their next door neighbor, jabbing them for how loud their sex was. Letting the situation not affect him, Craig looked back at Stan.

He waited until Stan finished slipping on his Nikes.

“I heard the cafeteria's open at the campus today. Maybe we can share a bagel or something,” said Craig.

“I'd like that. Let's go.” Stan grabbed his hand.

The humidity contrasted again. There were still puddles on the ground from the day before. Downtown would be the busiest around noon. It was getting there. That was where most of the college students work to provide for themselves.

“He’ll do anything. He loves being on his knees, he loves to submit...” Audio of Craig in a video. "Are you my stupid slut?"

“Yeah, the stupidest. I’m your stupid fucking cumdump.”

“Are you my bitch?”

“Fuck yeah.”

“He’s sober.” Butters blinked surprised, reviewing the explicit footage on an iPad.

Ironically, the friendly blond and Cartman were employees at the same bank Craig was hired in. Just alone with him after getting frappucinos, he was sitting at the passenger seat, reviewing the new money-making plan that the heavyset teen had set up. Since the app had deleted all things made by minors, things have carried on catastrophic on their end and ended with a disarray of confusion for each of them.

“The hell you mean by that?” answered Cartman with a sneer. “You think Stan only gets like that when he’s drunk out of his mind? Where the hell were you in high school?”
“Hrm, um, I don’t know. Doing my homework like the rest of the cool kids,” muttered Butters with a tinge of bitterness.

“Then you really missed out.” Cartman licked his lips. “Man, I tell you, Craig really brings the slut outta him. We’ve got enough to start charging people for membership too. Two aggressive and attractive homos goin’ at it. You haven’t seen nothin’ yet.”

Butters backpedaled, nearly yelping at that. “I don’t think I wanna.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Cartman smirked before reiterating a previous line on Play’d. “Liar, liar. Pants practically off?”

“Oh, that. Eh, don’t give me that look, I thought it was clever at the time,” gruffed the blond.

“Um, hey Butters?”

“Huh?”

“We almost got caught.”

The exaggerated baritone wasn’t appreciated by the thinner boy. “Oh yeah? Well, I thought I did a pretty good job. If you don’t like what kinda job I did, you can just kiss… my cornhole.”

Headache, that wouldn’t be the correct all the way for a zonked out Cartman. In floral-colored dress shirts and dark ties, the duo stepped out of the car beside a parking meter. Gritting his teeth, Cartman froze in his spot when his sights latched onto Craig who was climbing down the concrete steps of a large Chase building.

Somewhere not so far away, the tall goth Michael was taking a smoking break from his miserable call-center job. With his walking stick he navigated toward the barista that Cartman and Butters had walked out of minutes ago. Yellow tape surrounded the front of the building. On the sidewalk, engraved with chalk were doodles that were etched there by the police. Other pedestrians avoid walking too close there. The street was busy, business was still in order. The black ‘closed’ sign hung crooked on the glass door. It was still accessible. Michael pushed it open, jingling the bell when he stepped inside the coffee shop.

“Ah, hey, dude.” Pete stopped flipping through Tweek’s magazine. “How’s Disneyland?”

The end of Michael’s eyebrow twitched. “Terrific. Shouldn’t I be the one asking you?”

“Oh, yeah, right. The whole love and conforming thing.” The red goth blushed. Pete pulled himself away from the front counter of the shop. “Are you on break again?”

“Yes.”

“How’s Henrietta?”

“Not so good.”

“Why?”

“What else? Firkle told her about Craig and she wants to kill him. What else is new? We’ll tie him up and get him later—”

“I’m sick of fighting,” blurted Pete. “Honestly, a lot of this stuff wouldn’t have happened if he wasn’t such a piece of trash human being.”
“We should retreat. I think he learned his lesson.” Tweek came in, pouring black coffee into a mint-colored mug.

“You know freaking well that’s not true,” Michael glowered. “Craig is an asshole. We see him go past here all the time, so it’s not like we can avoid him on shitty social media.”

“Dude, stop! He fucked up the shop, I think that’s enough,” Pete glared back at him. “We’re not kids anymore… we’re not fighters! It’s time to let things go.”

“Did you forget what he did to your face in senior year?” The tall goth took the mug from Tweek.

“You’re not gonna use that against me. We’re supposed to be friends, please don’t do this to me, Michael.”

“Nh, that’s just how Craig is. It’s crazy for us to ever want to change him back then, it’d be crazy for us to try now. We can’t force him to change.”

“No no no, that’s bullcrap,” Michael fumed, facing the blond that spoke. “You just don’t know the right people and how to handle it. Correct me if I’m wrong, but wasn’t it Craig that contributed to one of your worst traumas?”

“Yes. I have several of them,” Tweek bit back a soft scowl.

“He won’t stop. That’s why we have to kill him.”

“No!” Pete argued back. “We hate him, that doesn’t mean we want him to die.”

“Okay, then let me strike up a formal one with some crooks. If we do this right, maybe we can get him raped.” Michael sat at a nearby stool. The long coat he wore was stored away in the locker at the call-center building he worked in, slipping into his seat was easy.

“Jesus Christ!” Tweek looked stunned.

“That’s too far,” Pete objected.

“Is it?” Michael had no glow in his deep brown pupils. “It’d knock him off his high horse, that’s for sure. Wouldn’t you guys like that? You said he’s always talking about ‘fucking’ all the time in his shitty news feeds. Maybe somebody should put him in his place, maybe he should get fucked for a change.”

“Stan…” gasped the red goth, he just remembered. “I don’t think we’ve talked to him in a while. Oh god, he’s still dating that monster.”

“Fuck. My. Life.”

Pete and Tweek glanced up at Michael after he swore. The gentleman brought himself up from the counter.

“Gotta head back.” Michael brought his mug down from his face. “We’ll finish this later, okay? Text me, Pete.”

Tweek placed his hand over his boyfriend’s arm, pressing his forehead to him.

The coffee decanter behind them nearly spilled. Pete pushed it back. “Yeah, talk to ya later.”
Stan kicked an empty box in the storage room of a Verizon Wireless store. The square ricocheted against a wall panel and landed clumsily on the ground. It had been an hour after football practice and he was at work and he was on a break. Kyle was wearing a short-sleeved button-up during facetime on Stan’s phone again.

“So, you like it there?” questioned Kyle.

“It’s across the street from where Craig is.” The warm and fuzzy feelings were there again. Stan couldn’t help the dizzy lovelorn smile growing on his face again.

“Oh, Chase. I thought he was quitting.”

“Yeah, there’s an insurance company that wants to hire him two doors down. We’ll still be close.”

“That’s pretty sweet.”

“Mhm.”

“So, what are ya gonna do when he finds out you’re making more money than him?”

Stan sat at a folding chair balancing a tape roller in another hand. “It’s not a competition, Kyle.”

“Yeah, but tell that to Craig.”

“My salary is as good as the commissions I earn from it. And money’s kinda tight right now. That’s not even the issue… I’m lying to him and I think he knows.”

“So, your meds make you a little queasy and sleepy. Why don’t you go to your doctor and change prescriptions?”

“It’s not that, Kyle. Craig’s really been really supportive of me all the time and all I’ve been doing is—”

Police sirens were an earshot away from him, being borderline barricaded and surrounded by a bunch of objects. Stan raised his head and dropped the tape roll. A formation of a mob grew like bacteria across the street at the front window he took a glance at. He rushed to the front of the store, weaving through other employees and two customers, earning a glare when he bumped arms with one.

“Stan?” Kyle called.

“Er, hold on a bit.”

Stan opened the notification from Clyde.

**Today 12:03pm**

**{STAN! IT’S CRAIG!}**

**{U GOTTA STOP WHAT UR DOING! GET DOWN HERE! RITE NOW!!}**

“I gotta go, dude. I think something happened.” Stan hastily left the call and pocketed his phone. Fear knotted inside his chest at the mention of Craig.
“Hey, where are you going? You need to clock in again!” One of the managers sprinted to him.

“That can wait! I’ll be right back real quick, I promise!”

Clyde was already tense when Stan made it through the crowd. A bright flash from an expensive camera made him partially disorientated. He was to ask the brunet what he begged him to come down there for until two men in badges and uniforms were shown walking Craig down the steps of his workplace. Craig had his hands up. He caught a glimpse of Stan in the audience but kept his lukewarm appearance.

“Stan!” Clyde called him over.

Dismissing the chatter and the voices that interrupted his thoughts, Stan propelled forward and wedged in between a herd of other students that went to his school.

He stepped past the yellow tape. “Craig?!”

“Stop right there!” shouted one of the officers.

“It’s okay, we know each other,” Stan said with hands raised slightly.

They didn’t budge.

“The bible kind,” Stan said flatly.

The cop that screamed at him gave him a stern look before twisting Craig. The two men told him to put his hands at the hood of the car while they searched him.

“Darlin’, what's this about?”

“We’re gonna have to ask you to move back, sir,” said the other cop.

“No! I need to know what’s going on! Why are you putting handcuffs on him?”

Stan’s stomach lurched. He took cautious steps and then stopped.

“You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can be used against you in court,” recited the stern cop. “You have the right to talk to a lawyer for advice before we ask you any questions.”

“Craig, what did you do?”

Flipping the page roughly of his book, the man continued louder. “You have the right to have a lawyer with you during questioning. If you cannot afford a lawyer, one will be appointed for you before any questioning if you wish.”

Usually obedient toward authority figures, Craig chuckled at the last sentence. “Can’t afford, okay.”

“If you decide to answer questions now without a lawyer present, you have the right to stop answering at any time — do you find this funny, Tucker?”
“No, I was just laughing because I’ve been planning this date with my boyfriend all week and a job interview… and now I’m gonna miss his game and my sister hates me.” The male in the chullo lets out another snicker.

The cop kneed Craig in the stomach and he doubled over, grunting.

“What the fuck?!” Stan cursed.

“Stay back, kid.” The second cop’s taser glowed with a low zap in his hand. “I said don’t move! You’ll make things worse!”

“I screwed up,” Craig coughed.

“Babe, why?! You said you’d never fuck with the law again — what the hell is this?!”

“What the hell does it look like?! I busted a window at Tweek’s shop and now they’re arresting me.” Bright red oozed over his bottom lip, Craig turned his head and spat, tilting his irises. “It looks like you’re gonna be alone for a few days. I’m really sorry I can’t make it to your game.”

Stan felt his intestines jerk inside him right there. Distress filled him. “No no, don’t say that! You could’ve handled it differently, you shouldn’t have done that!”

The car door slammed after Craig was shoved inside from the officer pushing his head.

“Craig!” screamed Clyde.

“Tell Clyde not to worry about me.” Craig knew all too well that Cartman would be one amongst the others in the crowd that is recording his arrest and cackling in the back. Mouth bleeding, Craig was facing the opposite way of the window that was rolled down halfway. As the vehicle began rolling away slowly, he hung his head. “I love you.”

The other boy stopped walking. “I love you too, babe.”

“Remember to go to bed on time. Don’t forget to take your meds.”

Chapter End Notes

Hi guys. Thanks for being completely patient with my typos and the changes in this fic. I won’t say off the bat that I don’t try really hard when I dump my chapters here, because I really do. Hope you all enjoyed the plot and the lemon. As for the next update, I’m not quite too sure if that one will come really soon again. But estimating how frequent I updated the earlier chapters, they use to come in twice a month. But yes. Staig, isn’t it great? Thank you all for reading. New comments are greatly appreciated. xx
Craig leaned away from the window inside the police car. The temptation to scratch the tip of his nose was somewhat irritating. He kept silent while the men at the front of the vehicle chatted toward a speaker. His reflection looked back at him through the front view mirror with just as much passivity. Dull ennui in his hapless façade.

Cuffed wrists sitting over his knees, Craig finally mustered a few words to the men that were sitting in front of him. Particularly of sorts, pointing out a certain code that was recited to him in front of his boyfriend.

“You guys used the Miranda Warning,” pointed Craig.

The cop at the passenger’s side scrunched his nose. “Look at this guy. Sittin’ here all smug. Just what the hell do you know about the law?”

“I know that I didn’t commit anything heinous enough to warrant it.”

The policeman’s gray-black eyes met with his partner’s brown. Both sneered and guffawed.

“Oh, please,” said the man at the steering wheel. “Don’t give us that crap. You know what you did.”

Craig pressed his lips together before replying. “I’m being completely honest, sir.”

“Honest?!” screamed the man. “You wanna talk about honesty? Were you being fuckin’ honest with yourself when you threw that brick at that poor kid’s coffee shop?!”

A momentary pause from the male in the chullo. “Yes. Yes, I was.”

The men glared.

“You annoying little shit.” The other cop said. He turned to the window again. “All right, I’m done. Don’t try to reason with him, Joe, he’s gone. Just like the rest of the trash. Let’s just get back to our job. Cleaning out scum like him from our streets.”

“Yeah,” remarked the first cop with a scowl. “Scum.”

The sun has set. Sunlight gleamed over metal. The weight of Craig’s car key dangled in Stan’s hand. Clyde had given them to him previously that day. They had agreed to meet up with each other once they were done with their separate shifts.

With his cheek resting on his palm, Stan waited until it was time for him to clock out after politely dealing with his last customer.

Due to it being an emergency for himself, his manager had been lenient that day. Firm, but not at
all too strict. It was a real, as he could say, a ‘nut twister’ when he had to deal with him face-to-face again, but it wouldn’t be anything compared to what he dealt with in the past.

Finally able to clock out, Stan waved goodbye and stuffed his hands in his pockets after he left through the glass door. His eyes glazed over at the thought of his friends. It would usually be all four of them, every day, just about. How busy the street looked at the plaza and being by himself had just reminded him of how alone he truly felt at that moment. Granted, they all made such a big move to Denver, ironically. They would still see each other all the time, but adulthood was slowly climbing up to them.

Stan watched as a goldfinch leaps into a tree while enjoying the green Spring leaves that rustled freely in the wind. Most of the rainwater evaporated from the other night. Clyde was sitting at a green bench wearing khaki pants and a dress shirt. The mattress store that he worked at was a few buildings down. A bit of uneasiness graced his youthful face, but he wasn’t overall as tense as he was earlier. When Stan approached, Clyde tilted his head up with a constipated smile.

“We need to talk.” Stan sat beside him. “Tell me what happened.”

The wobbly grin maintained didn’t excuse itself. He had been trying to keep himself together all day.

“The first part, or all of it?” Clyde asked.

“Well, all of it would be nice. What parts do you remember?”

“Uh, I remember that I was about to slide into Stacy’s DM’s. And then Craig texted me about the cops.”

“Before that.” Stan scooted forward on the bench. “What did Craig do? What did he say?”

Clyde thought about his best friend again. As Stan waited, Clyde would try to put it piece by piece, as carefully as he could.

“Okay. I might get to the bad parts soon. Kinda helps if we hold hands. No homo.”

“What? Dude!”

“Okay, okay!” Clyde sighed loudly.

As a few seagulls fly and landed near them. Clyde poured the whole truth to Stan with mentions of the app and what lead to the fight with the goths. Including every minute passing that he breathed next to his best friend and Token during the day they got the bouquet.

As all events were verbally strung together, not a single moment was censored. The confrontation, the argument, the fork in the dough. Stan looked down.

When Clyde went into detail with the knives again and how there could have been a street brawl, Stan felt himself grow angrier. Craig had mentioned there had been a fight, but he hadn’t mentioned that he had almost gotten physical with the goths.

“All right, all right.” Stan shook his head. “That’s enough. I don’t wanna hear anymore.”

“Well, it’s too late now, you asked.” Clyde folded his arms over his chest. “Oh great. Now Craig’s gonna be mad at me. I wasn’t supposed to mention the knife part. We were supposed to wait until everything blows over!”
“Funny of you to assume that waiting’s my ‘style’.” Stan glowered.

“You see? That’s the problem with you. You just dive right on in.”

“Yeah? So what? What’s—”

“Goddammit!” The seagulls flew away. “I already said I didn’t want anything to do with it!”

“Dude, chill out, I get it.”

“No, Stan, you don’t understand. You guys really have no idea how much this pains me. This whole damn messin’ around thing.”

“But, you don’t have anything to do with it.”

“Craig told me to keep quiet for too long!” snapped Clyde. “I knew it’d bite us in the ass in the end. Now, look where I am. Even Tweek is afraid of talking to me. I carry their burdens and I get shafted in return. I guess that’s what I get for being a good friend, huh?”

Clyde jerked up when he sees that Stan began walking.

“Ugh, wait! What the hell are you doing?” The brunet rushed out of his seat in the bench.

“I’m headin’ to Tweek’s.”

“To buy some coffee?” Clyde asked feebly.

“Yeah, to get a dozen cupcakes,” Stan said sarcastically while trying to pinpoint where Craig parked. “Pft, no, I’m gonna kick his ass.”

“Bro, no! You insane? Ya can’t do that!”

“Sure I can. He’s the reason why Craig’s in jail right now.”

The jock from behind briskly followed the quarterback.

“Stan… I really advise you not kick anybody’s ass right now… Actually, I really advise everybody not to kick anybody’s ass right now.”

It was nerve-racking. The locks were undone in Craig’s Prius, making Clyde jump and go into a frenzied panic-mode.

“Will you just listen!?” Clyde yelled. “Craig wouldn’t like it if you handled it alone! Just wait until he gets back!”

“What good would that do?” Stan adjusted the front mirror over a pineapple ornament.

“Just trust me, you really don’t wanna do that.”

“Okay? And… if I don’t, then what?” The wheel was gripped impatiently by Stan when he muttered that. “Let Tweek and them say whatever they want?”

No reply from Clyde.

The dashboard lights up when Stan keyed the ignition. Clyde balled his fists. “Jesus, don’t!”

“Calm down, Clyde. You can grab a seat here if it’s bothering you so much.”
Swallowing thickly while he walked, the second car door slammed and Clyde steadied his nerves before he reluctantly tugged the silver seatbelt over his chest.

“It’s not gonna escalate like last time.” Clyde crossed his arms. “I already made a promise to myself.”

Stan was already pulling out of the parallel parking space and Clyde brought his phone to his lap. Mixed feelings began to stir inside Clyde once more. Things felt difficult. He was at wits with himself. Doubt devouring him and consuming him whole. The closer Stan got to the café, his breathing was clogged and his heart clenched in his chest.

Doing the best he could, Clyde smothered the anxiety within when they rolled near the green Tweak Bros. sign. To his relief, the switchblade duo Firkle and Michael weren’t standing in front of the Barnes and Noble.

Clyde really hated books. That bookstore was one of those places Craig would go and bring him to tag along during their free time. Even as kids, Clyde felt himself go blank when he was surrounded by works of literature unless they were littered with pictures of naked girls in it. Token would be second to pull him in there. The goths favored the outlet just as much as the Craig did. The presence of the dark clique didn’t always make Clyde nervous, but it was just one of those things that came along with Craig’s fallout with his ex; since Tweek became close friends with them.

Energy already drained from his job at the mattress store, Clyde already wanted to call it a day after the scheduled chitchat at the bench. He wore his varsity jacket over his button up.

Already out of the car as soon as he parked, Stan pocketed the keys in his khakis. At the coffee shop, the glass was all cleaned up and the sidewalk had neon paint sprayed over it. Orange and green.

Clyde had his hands in his pockets while Stan banged on the glass.

“Hey, open up!”

By the entrance, Stan glared at the closed sign at the door, standing before it.

“Open up, it’s Stan!” He pounded the door again. “Hey!”

After giving the handle another rattle, Stan backed off. Dismayed that it was locked. He shook the handle again before looking through the glass behind his hand.

“Okay. He’s not here, let’s head back,” Clyde said, relieved

“No, you can head back,” countered Stan. “I’m just gonna tell him to lay off. It’ll only take, like, ten seconds. If that doesn’t work, I’ll deck him in the face.”

“Man, you guys really won’t let this cheating thing go.”

“Dude, no, he started it.”

A silhouette of a person appeared behind the shadows, only but his feet shown by the sunlight over the tiles. Clyde stilled, removing his hand from Stan’s shoulder after the dark-haired teen removed his grip from the door handle. The bell above his head shook and made a sound when he opened the door.

“Um, oh, it’s you guys,” Pete said, a little less enthused by their presence.
Stan stepped in front of Clyde, his face softened a bit and the red goth cocked his brow at him.

“Hey, Raven.”

Pete didn’t speak for a while. After that, it was a mutual silence.

“It’s been a while,” The red goth flipped his hair, “right this way.”

Pete hasn’t bothered to switch on the lights when they stepped in. It’d just be the natural aura of the sun projecting from the windows, spilling onto the tables. Stan kept his face straight while Clyde looked around.

The red goth sighed softly. “So, before we go any further… let’s be clear.”

Stan stuffed his hands in his pockets.

“If any fights break out between you guys, I have every right to jump in and beat your ass.” Pete led them past the empty tables. “Please be cordial. We deal with enough drama from lousy customers.”

“Whatever, I’ll risk it.” Stan cocked his head to one side.

“Please don’t fight. I beg of you,” Clyde whispered.

They went further into the shop. The cake displays and cupcake racks were empty. Pete circled around the front counter.

“So, you probably heard about everything,” Stan spoke.

“What’s done is done,” shrugged the goth. “We’ll hash things out now. The sooner, the better. Just don’t be a freaking idiot about it.”

“So… wait a minute,” Clyde straightened his posture, glancing over at Pete, “why do you hate Craig?”

“Is that even a real question?” Pete pulled a band of cash from his apron and placed it inside the cash register. “Why does everyone else hate Craig?”

The jocks began walking again when he gestured them to follow.

“I mean, if he’s not bragging about some paycheck his preppy dad gave him, or that scholarship from some subpar essay he claimed he wrote in five minutes, then what else is there?” Pete turned the lock of the door in front of them. “Oh yeah, that’s right, he ruined my life, slaughtered my boyfriend’s self-esteem, and he’s a giant douche.”

“You guys really can’t be serious. That was two years ago.” Stan narrowed his eyes at Pete. “Dude, I know you. I thought you were cool. You’re not even trying to give him a chance.”

“It’s okay, man, sorry I asked,” Clyde said with a small voice. He spoke behind his hand to Stan. “Can you believe this guy?”
The brown-eyed brunet gaped when the back door swung open. Tweek was in his apron. He had a cigarette between his lips, teeth grazing the butt. Pete folded his arms, making way for Stan to step through. Clyde stood at the opposite side of the door. A dirty newspaper that was stuck to the ground from the rain was sitting by Stan’s feet. Neither of the young men who have dated Craig were in a hurry to exchange greetings. Tweek raised his head with a glum look that etched his delicate features.

“They took him away,” the blond began.

“Oh, that’s great. You must know why, then,” Stan replied scathingly.

“It’s because he’s a jerk, what else?”

Stan shook his head. “Look, Tweek. I know we’ve had our fair share of bad things happening to us, but this whole thing is giving me a headache. It’s time for you to grow up. We really need to ignore it and find some middle ground here, or else.”

“Or else, what?” said Tweek, oddly more defiant than he’s ever been.

“Or else I’ll kick your ass.”

“Of course, because violence solves everything.” Pete rolled his eyes.

Tweek’s voice blended in shortly. “So, how was he last night? Is he still selfish in bed?”

“That’s none of your damn business anymore.” Stan took another step forward, narrowing the gap between them.

“Nng. It’s fine. If I were treated like any lesser than a human being, or like an object, I’d be bitter too.”

“It’s sex. Everything’s free-game there. I actually don’t care.”

“Sure, you don’t. Look at how you treat yourself. You don’t have any self-respect.”

“Oooh.” Clyde turned an awful pale color at the detail of Craig’s intimacy between spilled between his two childhood friends.

Tweek wasn’t finished with his statement. Stan could tell. He wanted to hear what he had to say. He needed a reason to hit him.

“If you did, we wouldn’t’ be standing here right now. You sucked Craig off at a church, so you’re no better than he is.” Tweek said. The cigarette butt was flicked away in his hand.

“I. Hate. Liars. All I wanted him to do was just admit it. He’ll always be stubborn, he never talks. It’s just like squeezing blood out of stone.”

The voice before Stan was that of the blond; gentle with a fiery trace of hostility that could burn down a whole wall. They were both flawed and brittle with their emotions. There were a lot of things that could easily be said. Anything too specific would be a low blow. Stan would rather fight with his fists than use words. He was going to add a witty one-liner before he went in for an attack, that is until Clyde caught them off-guard with a question.

“So, how is Craig in the sack, anyway?” Curiosity poked at Clyde. “Not that it’s gay or anything to
ask… but I always imagined he’d be a bit of a stiff board or something, but then he caresses your arm tenderly before you guys blissfully drift off to rest. Does he ever moan?"

“Yeah, he makes sounds,” Stan replied.

Tweek agreed, shrugging.

“Oh, okay. Just checking,” said the brunet. “Carry on.”

A shout from Stan. “Dick!”

The wind was knocked away the barista’s lungs. Tweek caught himself on his feet after he received a violent shove from the quarterback. Tweek hooked his fist, landing a sharp jab across Stan’s cheek. A fair number of blows were traded back and forth at each other.

Pete’s eyes enlarged as he ran to them.

“Dude, what did I just say?!?” he complained.

“Yes sir, you should be real close.” A stranger not so far away from the group said, pointing directions to another man. “It’s right behind that building surrounded by those trees over there. Right next to where that emo kid is, that jock, and those twinks fighting to death over there.”

Clyde scooped the two boys apart from each other before Pete arrived there. An elbow was jammed into his eye socket and he yelled ‘ow’ loudly. On the ground, Tweek was resting on his haunches staring up at the peacekeeper. Slumped and still standing, Stan panted, clutching his rib after it’d been struck.

“Can’t you guys see?! This is tearing us apart!” Clyde exclaimed dramatically.

“Sorry.” Pete’s fist landed across Stan’s face. Blood spattered to the ground.

There wasn’t any will for him to clean that up at the moment. In a blind rage, Stan surged forward for revenge, ready to strike Pete back, and take both of the boys on. A set of hands grabbed his biceps.

“No no no no! Don’t do it, man! Don’t do it!” Clyde pulled Stan to the doorway of the café.

Tweek wiped the spit from his chin with his sleeve before he grabbed his boyfriend’s hand. His fair lashes fluttered when Clyde charged toward Pete and punched him across the jaw.

A nosy woman was behind a wired fence near them. She had a phone with her and was dialing what looked like a few numbers. 9-1-1.

Clyde stared over his shoulder at her. “We should probably get out of here.”

Back pressed against the door panel, Stan turned and spat. “Fine.”
Stan had a sour look on his face after they evaded the scene. Another bloodied tissue was thrown in
the garbage canister in his home after he stepped on the peddle, opening the lid. He looked at his
digital reflection of his phone, checking if any red would drip from his split lip.

Tricia and Karen were behind him in the living room. Entering through the door, Kenny returned to
the apartment with blue grocery bags in his hands and sets them on the table.

“Well, that turned out the way I thought it would.” Clyde’s voice came from the table, he had
recently joined up with Stan after finding his own car. He glared at his hands with a depressed sigh.

A slight frown tugged at the corners of Stan’s lips and his fingers brushed over the painful and
throbbing sensation over his cheek. Kenny seized his chin in his hand to get a better inspection of
the ring-print design embossed on his face.

“What the hell, man? Why the hell were you guys fighting?”

Stan rubbed his cheek when Kenny released him. “You can’t be serious right now. Tweek literally
said I have no self-respect. I wasn’t gonna let him have that.”

“So?” Kenny walked to the table and began unraveling the bags. “Tough tits, people say that about
me all the time.”

“Yeah, Ken, but you’re…” Stan stopped in his tracks, “special…”

Karen laughed in the background. Her brother’s face became friendly again despite himself. A
plastic cutting board was grabbed by Kenny and he rolled his sleeves up before washing his hands
and rinsing the colorful vegetables he picked up.

“Bacon?” Stan looked at the meat packaged being unwrapped. “I can’t eat that. Nope, can’t eat
that.”

“Aw, why not?” asked Kenny.

“Dude, I’m fucking vegan.”

“Dude, since when? I just watched you scarf down a meat sandwich yesterday. I think it was a
BLT. When did you decide that again?”

“Last night.”

“Man… This sucks!” Clyde whined loudly, stretching his arms over the table. “I just want
everything to be normal again!”

“Sucks? How do you think I feel, Clyde? We only got lucky that it wasn’t in front of a bunch of
people this time,” fussed Stan. “God, I miss Craig already. Everyone’s been up our asses so much
lately. I just want them to stop.”

“Well, it’d all go away if you guys just admit to it already,” Clyde pouted and sipped soda from a
cup that was handed to him. “Like… a lot of it is your fault.”

Stan’s eyelids winced. “My fault.”

“Just admit it.” Clyde didn’t hide the irritation in his voice that time, bringing himself out of his
“Admit what?”

“Just admit that you and Craig have been fucking for two years so we can have some goddamned peace again!” blurted the more sensitive jock. “And don’t tell me you guys didn’t, because I have seen some things!”

Tricia walked with Karen through the front door while Stan leaned on his palms against a counter.

Stan suddenly felt bad. “I thought you didn’t remember.”

“Stan, look. Craig and I are really close. Trust me, I know everything... even about stuff I said I didn’t know about.”

“Look, dude, I really think you’re making a big deal out of something that’s not even important anymor—”

“Stan, please!” the brunet spoke urgently, resting his index finger over the other boy’s lips.

“Really, all we did was kiss.”

Clyde closed his eyes, shushing him. “…Please.”

February, 3 years ago

Token’s Birthday Party

Large water droplets splashed when Stan shook his head and wiped his face. The inky black tendrils cling to his skin when he swam at the edge of Token’s pool.

Soaking wet with their swim shorts clinging to them, Kenny and Kyle were second to last to walk back inside the mansion to join up to get drinks with the rest of the party. The light of the kitchen spreads and shined brightly over the decorative stucco that lead to the pool. Music from the Top 50 chart blared and vibrated against the thick wall of the large home.

With his feet dipped in the pool, Stan sat at the edge, contemplating what he wasn’t going to say next to his ex-girlfriend Wendy, if he had a chance to see her again.

The sound of crickets chirped loudly as he further immersed himself in different scenarios in hopes that he would come up with a perfect solution with the girl. There’d still be time to have that wedding over a vine-covered pagoda on a grassy hill. His cheeks tainted pink thinking about it before his chest felt heavy again and images flooding his head with denial-filled thoughts.

The sound of splashing in the pool lifted Stan away from the false scenes.

Stan peered downward. There was an image of a person swimming fluidly under the water. Air bubbles appeared over dark hair floating in the body of water. Stan blinked as soon as he realized who it was.
Craig brought himself for air to Stan’s other side. Paddling closer, Craig rested himself on his arms and glanced up at the other noiret.

The lights changed colors again and the song changed behind the glass doors. The crickets were still noticeable.

“I thought you’d be inside getting drunk and high like everyone else. What are you doing out here?”

The stars were bright that night. Stan had forgotten that it was normal for Craig to strike up a conversation with him without stepping on his heels.

“I could ask you the same thing,” Stan said softly. His gaze slid at the beachball and other floaties that were sitting in scattered directions. “Maybe I just wanna be left alone for a bit.”

The other noiret ran his hand over his bangs. “Can I give you a little bit of advice?”

Stan gave a noncommittal shrug.

“You should honestly stop giving a fuck. You’d feel a lot better.”

“You told me that already in elementary school.”

Craig narrowed his eyes. “Fuck you. It’s still a lot better than what you would’ve come up with.”

“Well, I think I’m getting it now, at least… a little bit.” There was weight at the crook of Stan’s neck, he craned his head absentmindedly. “I don’t know anymore...”

He stopped there, sliding his eyes shut. Craig’s lips were warm. Thoughts reshaping quickly, Stan was suddenly aware again. The main fact being, his classmate shouldn’t be necking him and he shouldn’t be enjoying it. There were still people behind them. No. Even in an empty room, this was not okay. Stan was sure of it.

“Wait, hold on. What the hell are you doing, Craig?”

The other teen backed away. An even weirder occurrence for Stan. Craig had his hand rested over Stan’s inner thigh, his lips hovering dangerously above his.

Craig seized Stan’s chin, canting his face. “You’ve got something on your lip there. Kinda helps if you turn your head like this...”

Somehow, they ended up making out.

The more reserved one curved his lips over Stan’s in a single smooth slide. Craig’s hands drift down at the sides of Stan’s neck, his thumbs deliciously brushed behind his ears while his mouth worked his. Stan’s hands did its own thing, skimming over Craig’s chest.

Behind them, the scene distorts and the colors melt from the sky. A loud directionless voice boomed unexpectantly.

“Annnd! That was Adele with Hello!”
Stan lunged forward in his bed, gripping his blankets. “AHH!”

“Big Harry and Mike in the Morning talkin’ about the greatest new movie coming to theaters! And this time it’s starring, Nicolas Cage!”

His heart raced and hammered loudly in his ears. Drenched in his own sweat, Stan lets the beating organ in him settle before flopping back down on his twin-sized bed.

“That’s right, Harry. Nick’s really going all out this year, and you won’t believe who’s co-starring with him.”

To his relief when he lifted up the comforter, the center of his pajama pants, still dry. The dream would easily be forgotten through the progress of the day. Though, it wouldn’t be wet anyway, because Stan would hardly stave off his nightly ritual.

After putting the clock on snooze, Stan pulled the blankets around his shoulders again. He wasn’t going to let his Saturday be ruined. Curled up on his side, he lets sleep take him again.

A showerhead sprayed at a wide range with water shooting down Stan’s shoulders and back. In his hands, he worked up the lather of soap in his rag and scrubbed it over his arms and chest. The frothy white bubbles mix and float over his skin. While holding a bar of soap, he sang along to a rock melody that came from the speakers attached to his phone. He stepped out of the shower after finishing washing up, soaking the rug with his feet as he wrapped a towel around his waist.

Over the fog floating in the room, the volume of the next song went down 50%. The cellular device buzzed with another notification from Cartman. Toothbrush in his mouth, Stan picked up the phone while foam seeped from the right corner of his lips. After wiping the steam away from the mirror and checking his reflection, Stan answered. The phone was put on speaker.

“Dude, dude! Guess what’s coming to town next Friday? Or, better yet, guess who…” Cartman trailed off as if he were patiently waiting for his own answer.

“Is it Mel Gibson again?” Stan pulled more dental floss from its small container.

“No, fag! Guess!”

The digital battery bar went empty and Stan opened his mouth. “Wait. You can tell me later. I forgot to charge last night, fell asleep.”

“Aw, dude, that’s super lame.”

“Text me or something, ‘kay?” Stan allowed the phone to die and spat mouthwash in the sink.

After Stan climbed into a pair of briefs and another pair of ripped jeans for the day, he threw a red flannel shirt over his dark hoodie and stepped down the stairs. In front of a decorative mirror in the dining room he adjusted the beanie over his head.
A water bottle was pulled out of the fridge and a half-eaten protein bar from the kitchen drawer. Stan balanced both with an apple in another hand. His phone sat in the living room’s end table, plugged in.

Stan munched loudly on his apple while he turned on the TV. It would be nothing but noise from him and a repeat episode of Terrence and Phillip on the flat screen. Sharon and Randy were away at a Cancun resort. Shelly was at Zumba classes again. And inside the house, that only left him.

From the charger, Stan finally picked up his phone after laughing at one of the jokes before a Taco Bell commercial appeared. He was to open a message that was from Kyle and then the doorbell rang.

The Fed-Ex guy had a device and pen in his hand, he held it up to Stan when he answered the door.

“Here’s your package,” said the delivery man, “if you can just sign here…”

Stan’s signature looked like a long and squiggly line. The wind picked up before Stan closed the door. Box tucked underneath his arm, he hurried straight to his bedroom after turning off the television and grabbing his phone from the charger. It was a good thing that Shelly was away.

He could just open it later, but the thrill of excitement has fully made the decision for him. The cardboard and tape were ripped in his hands. There was nothing discreet in the box resting bare over his lap while Stan sat at the center edge of his bed.

The original package was tossed playfully in his hands and he caught it. The blue box contained a blue-faded dragon dildo standing visible inside. Six inches in length, a bit over an inch in girth. The dildo was slightly bigger than the strap-on Wendy pegged him with a few months ago. Stan checked inside his dresser for lube in case he wanted to try out his toy. It still had some leftover, but it wasn’t empty either.

On his bed, Stan’s phone buzzed over and over again, catching his attention. Behind many plastic hangers, Stan shoved his clothes out of the way in the closet and stuffed the box at the very top end before draping a coat over it.

That will be its hiding place for now. Stan closed his closet door, revealing the manly posters of action movies he’s been a huge fan of for countless years; at least, in his early life.

Stan’s phone vibrated against his blankets again. He reached down to pick it up. Cartman and Kyle had sent him several new notifications. He opened to newest one: *(Dude! Turn it to channel 300, you gotta see this!)*

To every kid in South Park, the weekend was a huge deal. Every minute mattered and shouldn't be wasted to them.

A few streets elsewhere, things were slowly healing again for the Tucker family All issues aside, it was the beginning of another normal Saturday for Craig. In hopes of putting the bad things behind them, Tuckers and the Tweaks joined together for breakfast at a local eatery. Tweek and Craig wore suits of matching colors inverted. Awhile after that, they retreated back to Craig’s home.

The couple walked hand-in-hand when they climbed up the stairwell that led up to Craig’s bedroom. As Tweek had told Craig about kissing the goth kid Pete, Tweek strongly admitted that
opening up to him was a mistake and he will fix it on his own. A rightful apology for leading the other boy on will be put in order, as Tweek promised to Craig.

Craig used his family’s distraction to the television as an advantage to get cozy with the blond again. As they kissed on his bed, things began to get heated. Their clothes were quickly removed and scattered to the floor. With their limbs tangled and naked bodies pressed together, Craig steadied himself and sank his hips to Tweek underneath the covers.

Tears formed at the corners of the blond’s eyes and Craig would sooth them with tender kisses. Short fingernails bite into the skin of his back. As Craig rocked back and forth, he was compelled to quicken the motion in his hips but froze in thoughts of Tweek’s safety underneath him.

“Are you okay, Tweek?” Craig asked, breathing.

The answer was but a small nod.

“I’m gonna move faster now. Sorta helps if you relax.”

“Jesus!” Tweek thrashed against the sheets and slapped Craig’s arm. Now realizing that it wasn’t pleasure in his boyfriend’s face, but absolute pain pulling in his features. Craig scrambled up on his palms.

“Arr! Take it out! T-take it out!” the whiny yet gruff shout emitted from Tweek.

Struck with panic, Craig slipped out of his boyfriend as he said. “This isn’t our first time, I don’t know why you’re acting like this.”

“It’s not an act. It’s just too much, Craig. I didn’t think you’d get any… bigger.”

“I’m sorry, honey, maybe it helps if you turn to one side.”

“No. We can’t just keep changing positions when this happens.”

“Okay.”

Shaking, Tweek pulled his shirt closed in his hand and slid off the bed. A cold rush of guilt ran a sharp chill through Craig’s body as he handed the blond the earbuds for his phone.

“You wanna know what I think? I think it’s a sign,” Tweek slipped his other foot in a shoe. “Craig, I think we’ve been doing this wrong this whole time. Maybe… you should let me top.”

“You wanna top?” Still undressed, Craig was already on his phone. “That’s funny, Tweek.”

“No, it’s not,” Tweek grunted. “This isn’t a joke. You’re always making fun of me. You never take me seriously.”

“I meant that it’s cute.”

“See? You’re doing it again! You’re so selfish, Craig!”

Craig kept his expression plain when the other male threw his arms up. “We’ll use more lube next time.”

The door slammed and the whiteboard connected to it fell and clacked against the ground. Steam practically rising from his head, Tweek was already climbing down the stairs to catch a ride with his father to the coffee shop.
Craig pulled the blankets from his legs and gathered another outfit to wear for the day. Now realizing that he wasn’t going to reach his zenith without his boyfriend there, Craig stalked toward the bathroom to finish off in the shower.

Token and Clyde waited outside Craig’s front door after Laura Tucker greeted them. After stepping out to the welcome mat to meet up with usual friends, Craig began his aimless journey around the block with them by foot.

The temperature in the air for that afternoon was perfect enough for Craig to wear his jacket zipped down. Though Craig had preferred not to wear one at all, his mother insisted. Much of the snow has cleared. There’s still be white patches in the front lawns they strolled by, but the street was walkable.

“So how are things with Tweek? You guys good again?” Token tossed a baseball, Craig caught it with Clyde’s pitcher’s mitt.

“Great, it just keeps getting better and better,” Craig said preemptively, throwing the ball back.

“Ah, nice,” said Clyde, revealing a small smile.

The group continued walking in the middle of the empty street. They each spread out to different spots. Clyde held his hands up at Token and the ball was tossed to him.

Clyde blinked. “Man, it’s so boring out here. We should totally go see if anybody wants to play ball with us.”

“No Cartman,” Token said.

“What?” Clyde raised his head grinning. “He’s okay sometimes.”

“No, dude, he’s really not.”

Craig caught the ball again. Token and Clyde exchanged opinions about their loudmouth portly classmate and Craig’s mellow thoughts began drifting again. Much further than the extent, he still couldn’t believe that Stan Marsh made a move on him. Well, that would be a lie. Craig has always thought that he was an attractive guy, basic uncertainties put aside.

For years, Craig has patted Tweek’s shoulder and wanted to bring him out of his shell. There had been many things he had put on hold because of it. While the attempts were both straining and rewarding at the same time, Craig didn’t want to put pressure on his boyfriend. He was lewer, more disgusting, and more straight-forward than Tweek. Their first kiss, Craig did that. Most physical advances, it had been him.

Quite lately, being intimate with Tweek had equated to being thirsty in the Sahara Desert with no food and water. It had been a curse for Craig, not having his physical needs met. Partially to blame, it could be that they started too early and bad timing between them. When one of them was horny, the other one wasn’t. Two different libidos and their views grandly opposite. Yet, they worked through it. They chose to persevere over everything; teamwork.

It seemed like everything had crashed and burned after they gave their virginity to each other. The
big decision was supposed to make things better. As with them, it has done quite the opposite. Tweek was the first and only boy Craig has dated. Their love came out of organically, it’s authentic. Tweek would always try his best not to blame Craig for the wet dreams he had for Stan. Until eighth grade, Craig found himself actually lusting after him and Tweek found out.

The images pull back to Stan again. As expected in real life, the kiss turned out to be a clumsy spit-filled disaster. Moreover, Craig couldn’t take his mind off of it and his taste. Craig was scaring himself with the dirty thoughts materializing in his head again. It wouldn’t even be the fact either that Stan, just like Tweek, was the next best thing to a girl, without actually being a girl. But finding out that he could be gay was unlike any news Craig had heard in this realm.

A week ago. They kissed. They actually kissed and it was for real. It wasn’t like any practical joke, like how two middle-aged straight men parodied themselves in a B-list movie. Or, an accidental fall like any cliché anime Craig has ever seen. Their mouths touched and he was okay with it. Stan was okay with it too.

What made it even worse was despite the teeth knocking and all the spit… Craig really liked it. Someone took charge for once. As bold as Tweek could be, Tweek would still battle with his insecurities and could be a bit of a shrinking violet. It was both a universal and well-known fact that shyness took more kindness, patience, and empathy. Much like watering a plant, Tweek needed a lot of attention and nurturing. That was how intimacy developed for them.

Yet, with Stan, he was so pushy and assertive. So forceful, just like Craig dreamt he’d be. Not too strong, but it was the right kind where he could still overpower him. If Tweek had that kind of control Craig would be a lot more satisfied with what they have. While what Stan pulled the other day wasn't flawless, Craig found it amusing that they were at the same wavelength for once. Like they were linked by some force out there. It was daunting. Touching Stan felt natural. From being creeped out by it and repulsed about it for many years, this has been a bittersweet and enlightening revelation for Craig. Never will he ever voice that It was ultimately impressed by Stan being so reckless that day.

A little part of Craig wanted to see how far his classmate would go on his gay escapades. To overpower him. For research purposes, of course. The idea of Stan experimenting with him suddenly sounded hot to him. But then, for Craig’s sake, he needed to keep one foot on the ground. Craig knew for sure that his feelings for the other eleventh grader were just happy chemicals released in the center of his head, and no sloppy kisses were ever going to tear him apart from his loving boyfriend. The last time Craig has checked, Stan was angry with him when he had seen him. This whole closeted thing would be Stan's own battle. He was glad it ended there.

A scattered group of birds flew over the telephone line. Clyde maneuvered to the far end of the street holding the baseball. His red chucks sunk to the half-melted snow of a stranger's lawn.

“Catch!” shouted Clyde.

The baseball shot many meters up in the air above Craig’s head. Clyde groaned and sagged his shoulders when Craig stayed still and the ball rolled far behind him, landing on the Marsh’s property.

“Hey. Nice throw,” jested Token, “better go get that.”

“Nah, I’m not getting it. You get it.”

“No, you get it.”
The boys walked ahead of Craig.

Rolling his eyes before he turned to one side, the leader of the group ascended forward to Stan’s front yard. Craig’s long fingers poked through the blades of grass at the edge of the home after the ball rolled far from the driveway. When he raised himself again, something had caught his eye. With one hand placed on the glass window, Craig pulled his phone out of his coat pocket. Craig finished recording his video and made it back to the duo slowly.

Clyde smiled before Craig bumped into his back.

“Did’ja get the ball, Craig?” he asked.

Craig pulled his phone down from his view and placed the baseball in his friend’s mitt. After doing so, and an about-face, his own home would be his destination again. The other boys centered him with a confused look.

“Um, hey Craig, where ya goin’?”

“Back.” Craig closed his fists with his phone in hand.

“But we just…” Clyde’s mouth wiggled.

Token placed his hand on his shoulder. “Let him go, man.”

At his walk back to the house, Craig pulled his phone down and replayed the video he captured from Stan’s house. The chill of the wind entered his home. He wiped the snow off his feet on the welcome mat and raised his finger to his mother who was on the phone.

Through the low murmurs of HSN playing in the background, Laura raised her middle-finger affectionately back at Craig when he closed the front door and hung his coat on the hook.

The daily chores were easily put aside after his nap. Craig walked to the desk in his room and brought a journal out from the drawer. He flipped through the ink-worn handwritten pages of the book until he reached the end.

Shoving the book to the very far end of the drawer, Craig ripped out the vacuum-sealed plastic of a newer book where he could jot down his thoughts.

Right after he finished going through the blank pages of the book, he cleared the desk of the keyboard and its clutter. A black pen was grabbed from the pencil holder. Craig clicked the top, gripped it, and began neatly at the first page:

*My name is Craig Tucker.*

The first spin cycle of the washing machine began in front of Craig after he finished pouring in the laundry soap. Beneath the gentle swish of the water, the vibrant color of his star-speckled bedspread was beginning to fade. It will be time again soon for Craig to buy a new bed-set, as
those were his favorite sheets, and the quality of the ones there have begun to deteriorate with each wash.

Balancing his phone in hand, Craig pressed the folder thumbnail on the screen. The silent movie played on the screen. A poorly recorded four-second video of his classmate gripping his junk through his jeans.

Through the graininess, there was a bit of an outline of Stan’s dick. Though, it would never replace the time Craig captured Stan dressing through the reflection of a mirror in the hockey stadium’s locker room when he visited Clyde.

As there’d be naked jocks surrounding them all the time, being active South Park, Colorado, Stan would be the only naked boy worth glancing at twice. Clyde had a beautiful body too. He was well-built. Copper tanned. Had dimples and an amazing ass. But he didn’t quite attract Craig the way his kid rival did. Stan was more of a proscribed delicacy. Maybe it was the fact that Stan being ‘straight’ and unattainable and that’s what made him more attractive. As time had developed, Craig had noticed that there had been a devious side to his gayness, but then that could just be hot air. Still, he would entertain the thought longer of turning the other boy out. Craig needed to rebuke them. It should and would remain just that, a fantasy.

Erasing the shape of Stan’s dick from his head would be a good start. As for the video he’s recorded, it’s done its job. Craig closed the washer lid and deleted it.

The ride to school was all but a lonely one.

On that same day, Craig caught up with Token and Clyde at school. They ate breakfast and migrated to his locker after they hung out with more classmates at the gymnasium. Only five minutes until the first bell would ring. That, being unfortunate for him and hardly grabbing his interest, now the town’s rumors were spreading all over the math hall.

“I heard Jason’s a Satanist now,” Clyde said.

“Nah-ah. No way. That’s so hardcore, dude.” Cartman butted in, holding the strap of his backpack and his phone in his other hand.

Token kept his peace before replying while Craig placed his own phone in his pocket.

“I heard he sacrificed his cousin in there too,” the wealthy boy added, “at the church.”

Cartman guffawed. “Nah-ah! Shut up, Token!”

Fully facing the other direction with his back still turned, Craig twisted the lock combination. Finally hooking the door open, he gathered all he needed for English class and placed his book and binder in one arm. His locker had been taped with mostly pictures of Tweek, holographic stickers, and their pet Stripe. Craig pulled out a camera and placed it around his neck. It wasn’t his Canon, but it would do nicely for him. He adjusted the lens with his head down.

“Okay, what are you guys going on about?” Kyle came in, slightly bugged by the commotion of his peers. Butters dragged himself along, walking in second.

“Guess what, dudes…” Cartman announced.
While he spoke, Craig took a long glance at him while the group that huddled around him. It grew bigger. Through a blur of people passing by, he could easily make out Stan across the hall. The dark-haired boy leaned down to drink the chilled liquid from the water fountain next to the vending machines.

When Stan was finished sipping, he wiped his mouth with his sleeve. His worked his jaw and he parted his lips when his piercing blues captured Craig’s flinty greens. With an awkward fidget in his stance, Stan turned his head sharply and quickly stormed off. Face bright red, he bumped into one of the faculty members in a suit and then took the wrong turn toward a trashcan.

The ninth-grade girls giggled at the football captain as he dusted himself off and rounded toward the corner of the hall. Joining his clumsy friend, Kenny waggled his eyebrows throwing his arm around his neck. Craig narrowed his eyes while Clyde shook his shoulder.

An entire nervous wreck, Stan’s not-so-innocent glances would cast toward Craig during English class, gym, chemistry. Even at lunchtime his focus was completely unyielding, stretched out to Craig. To say individually in the least, Craig wasn’t uncomfortable in the slightest. That was just Stan. An ‘over the top, whiny douchebag that didn’t know how to get along with everyone’. Craig wondered how long this gay secret thing could go around for Stan. He looked like a kid at the end of the baseball bench that wanted to take his swing at the ball with a bat. Only, it’d be anxiety that Stan was compressing. The leg bounces from when he sat didn’t help either.

Craig knew Stan couldn’t get it out of his mind either. The kiss they shared. Rather with Stan, Craig would rather leave things alone, act as if nothing happened at all. Life will be in the right order soon and restored to its rightful order. As long as they know how kept their mouths shut, everything will be just fine.

*Don’t make eye contact this time. Just don’t say anything. Don’t even look at him,* Craig said in his head during gym class.

He ducked his head and hid behind a crowd of other guys in the locker room.

At the sound of the final bell, Craig was ready to call it a day. Still no sign of Tweek. The wild-haired blond must have been giving him the silent treatment again.

Craig wasn’t all too sure or in too much of a hurry to blow up his boyfriend’s phone. His paycheck for tutoring lessons was slid under the hole in the glass window at the student finance building. Craig folded the paper and stuff it in his jacket pocket.

It was only Monday. Now, to survive the rest of the week.

He turned around slowly. Lazy eyes roam upward. Stan was now standing a foot away from him.

“Ah, hey, can we talk?” the jock asked him directly.

“No.” Craig stepped back and started toward the door with the exit sign.

Stan caught it before it swung closed. “Craig, come on, dude.”

When they head outside, the grass was barely peeking through the snow. The yellow buses were
lined at the side of the school again.

“I’m avoiding you,” Craig said.

“Yeah, you’ve made that abundantly clear,” said Stan sardonically before his voice recovered. “Craig, come on. I just need to know somethin’ real fast. I’ll be out of your hair soon.”

The locks under the windows in the Prius were undone loudly.

Craig stepped forward.

Stan grabbed the edge of the car door and closed it before Craig climbed in.

“Dude, what the fuck—”

“Sorry dude, I know. If you can just — five minutes? This’ been chewin’ me up all week.” Stan’s forehead wrinkled. “Please?”

“Why?”

“I can’t say it here.” The noiret in the beanie stuck his thumbs in his pockets. “You know when we kissed in you ro—”

Shit. Craig’s irises dart over to Stan while he cataloged the data in his head.

Tweek was angry with him, being seen with Stan was the last image he wanted his boyfriend to absorb if he were to ever so emerge from the art building. Always being the center of attention, Stan also had a huge mouth. They needed to bury it. What they did needs to be in the past.

“Kay, do you need a ride?” he offered lamely.

Yep. Because that’s a great idea. Hey, I have dirty thoughts about you, and it’s ruining my relationship. Let me take you home.

The sarcasm inside didn’t help. Craig held his car door weakly.

“Oh wow, you mean you’ll actually. Really?” Stan’s smile of relief grew. “Oh my god.”

“Get in.”

The subject would be a sensitive one for Stan to approach.

The smile he wore rubbed off fast. Both boys were neither in the mood to jumpstart the conversation, but it would be mandatory for them and it would be the whole point of the car ride. Stan watched the buildings go by while Craig took a shortcut that lead to his address. Craig wouldn’t have to ask. Everyone knew where Stan lived. His father Randy was the ‘village idiot’.

“So, I guess you know where this is going.” Stan looked out the window. “What you overheard from me that day in church, it’s all true.”

Craig’s face remains smooth with an unreadable passivity.
“I’m gay,” The voice that admitted that was crestfallen, “but not as gay as you are.”

Craig’s eyes rounded before they glazed over.

“Just as gay as me,” he said.

“Yeah, you know, like a flamer.”

The Prius slowed to the front of Stan’s house.

Not to waste any more gas, Craig turned the key, just in case Stan had anything more to add. The comment was laid out so casual. They reached Stan’s house early. Craig would be gone before their friends would notice him there.

Stan breathed out. “You know, when you blocked me, I was kinda scared you’d tell Clyde and the guys... There’s just no way I’d be as gay as you. No offense.”

“Wow.” That, being the only response Craig could muster.

“I mean, yeah. I mean, I always thought if I’d ever be as gay as that kid, I don’t know what I’d do. I’d probably kill myself. Having the whole town watching me and judging me. It’s already pressure as it is winning all the games .”

“And so. You actually thought that I, Craig Tucker, would be disgusting enough to let our friends know that you’re gay.”

“Well, yeah,” Stan said in his ‘to put it bluntly’ tone.

The disrespect in the response rubbed Craig the wrong way instantly. It was intentional. A very low blow to his manhood, having to deal with Stan’s impertinence. Now greatly feeling great anger that he ever felt sorry for him, the noiret at the driver’s seat squinted his eyes.

All right. I’ll stoop to your level, Craig echoed in his head grimly.

“Well, if you’re wondering if I’ll tell everyone you’re gay... I’d say from now you’ve got about two or three…”

It was a complete 180 from what Craig thought the car ride was going to be, but Stan was cocky, harsh, obnoxious. He would deserve it.

“Two or three what?”

Craig waited for the light to turn green again.

“Two or three what?” repeated the jock, slightly more anxious. “Craig, please say you’re fucking with me right now.”

That would be why Stan ever took the chance to talk to him. So, he could keep that side of him under wraps and never have it mentioned again.

“Wish I was.”

“Whatever, screw off.”

Stan pulled the seatbelt away from his shoulder and chest. The week just started and Stan would already have to add another person in his list to avoid permanently. The whole Wendy thing, and
now having to deal with his classmate, Craig. But then, Stan wouldn’t have to think that way. Today wasn’t going to be ruined by him, Stan was going to put his foot down.

“Honestly, you can go ahead and tell,” continued Stan. “I’m not scared. It’s not like the rest of the world would care anyway if it comes from you.”

Craig mouthed a toothpick he grabbed from his pocket earlier.

“And who knows?” Stan would ramble more. “Maybe you are an abusive prick like everyone says. It’s no wonder Tweek can’t stand you anymore.”

The other boy remains silent, solid in his space like a rock.

“Fuck you, dude. You’re a bitch, and your dick is probably small.”

There. Another lesson for him learned. It was a mistake for Stan to ever open up to Craig. With his phone stuffed in his pocket, he turned away.

“Goodbye, gaywad,” Stan finished.

The reach for the door wasn’t a success.

Stan’s eyes widened when he was grabbed and pinned hard to his chair.

A light thud when the seat rumbled behind him. Craig was seeing red. The color misting his eyes, like Toro the Bull. The stick from Craig’s mouth was gone. Stan’s shirt was wrenched in his two hands. No real threat, there. Craig could never be Shelly.

“Don’t you ever mention Tweek.” Craig gritted through his teeth.

Completely unphased, Stan narrowed his eyes more while his shirt was lifted in Craig’s hands.

“Don’t you ever let me catch his name flying out of your filthy mouth again.”

“Right, because you’ll put me in my place if I say do.” The jock retorted, equal acid in his tone.

“That’s exactly what the fuck I’ll do.”

“Go fuck yourself, Craig.”

Craig’s cologne hits his nose. It was sickening how someone so abrasive could smell so good at the same time. They were nearly a few heart skips away. Stan felt his cock harden traitorously.

“Ironic, that you have me pinned underneath you. You must like unprocessed meat since my mouth is so dirty,” Stan added, still bruised by the comeback that paralleled him.

“Say you’re sorry.”

“I will, once you admit that you’re doing this as an excuse to touch me.” Stan felt his jeans tighten somewhat, regretting himself for ever existing. “That’s not how flirting works, Craig. It’d kind of help if you said you liked me first.”

Sure, he could push the envelope some more with Craig. A little high and a bit suicidal, Stan would take those risks. The street was completely void and silent, Stan had the time. Rather Craig was going to pound his face in or not, that would be up to him. Stan seemed eager to push this even more. He hasn’t been told to shut up yet. Maybe he was the one flirting.
“Did you think I’d just forget what you said in your room?”

As it would be a personal thing, not a dominance thing, Craig didn’t break eye-contact.

“You own words. You technically said you’d fuck me.”

Craig’s gaze remains level and direct, his eyes cold as steel.

“You asked me ‘when’.” Stan ignored the soft scowl, the way Craig’s nose wrinkled. “Did you think I’d forget?”

To this point now, Stan didn’t care if he sounded ‘straight’ or not. Either two things were going to happen. He was going to get the bloody pulp beaten out of him, or Craig will shove him out the door. As strange as things have been between him and Craig, Stan has started noticing their tension more and more. It could be that it had nothing to do with competition at all, or rivalry. There was heat there. They had zero witnesses as of now. No one else would bare his words. So anything completely random, Stan is okay with the words flying from his mouth. It’d be so easy to cover up and say he’s drunk. It would be the very last resort.

“You’re responsible for whatever bullshit you take out of context,” Craig said vehemently, towering over him. “Don’t you fucking forget. It was you, who slobbered on me, first.”

“Yeah,” Stan breathed, zoned out by the lips above him, “but did you hate it?”

The question was meant to bait him. Quite magnificently, it reeled Craig in.

Craig’s mouth slanted against Stan's.

He kissed him evenly, rougher, as the seconds progressed.

Their mouths making contact was the only sound in the car. Stan parted his lips, turning his tongue over his. Years of practicing with their firsts have served both of them kindly.

Craig wasn’t going to admit it. Stan may actually have the upper hand, wading between different girlfriends, and then back to Wendy over the years.

As for Stan, kissing was one of the most magnificent things he became comfortable sharing because he’d put his heart in it every time. It used to matter if he did it with someone special or not. That philosophy was trashed the minute he threw his class ring on the floor.

Stan didn’t think it was possible, but it had been Craig that made him feel more infinitely than alive than he’s ever been in a matter of seconds. No teeth knocking this time, just mouths and tongues exploring.

Holy shit, he said in his mind.

What just happened? Stan echoed in his own.

This was a pleasantly different surprise. He’s never had another guy circle his arms around his waist for that long, maybe just Kenny. Stan was slumped back with his hands gripping the back of Craig’s shoulders.

The regret piled on fast. “Fuck… Fuck.”

Stan’s eyes widened when the other male cursed under his breath in front of him.
“You better get going,” Craig relented, “people might see us.”

“I know.”

“Stan, I’m really fucking serious. I have a boyfriend.”

“I know, Craig.”

Shame weighed Craig down again. “Fuck.”

“I won’t tell anyone, okay? This’ll be our little secret.”

“No, no secrets. This can’t happen again.” Craig moved back to his chair. “If Tweek finds out, I’ll have more things to worry about than just a broken laptop. We can’t do this.”

“Okay, then it won’t happen anymore,” Stan said simply when he opened the car door. “I’ll see you at school. Thanks for sharing this with me.”

That was all Stan wanted. To have another chance to kiss a boy. Of them all, it had to be Craig. For sure now, Stan knew that he liked kissing guys. Or, maybe he just liked kissing Craig. From their first passionate make out, he wasn’t so sure. Whatever it was, Stan was sure that this confirmed that there were better experiences for him out there.

The noiret in the beanie rose from his seat again. Stan dropped when Craig snatched his arm. Stan felt himself being pulled forward. Craig licked against his parted lips and teased with a coaxing gentleness before Stan sank to the chair again, accepting his tongue. It was a lot different when another guy took the lead. He wasn't angry. For this specific moment, he rolled with it.

Remembering they were in plain sight and that any neighborhood watch adult could report to the other parents, Craig begrudgingly pried the other boy off of him. He turned the key in his ignition and looked at his mirror.

“Tomorrow at my house.” Craig’s cheeks heated. “Come study with me.”

“I can’t do that.” Face equally pink, Stan took his phone back from Craig. “I already switched to Kyle.”

“You have my number. Figure it out, douchebag.”

The black ice sloshed in the road while Craig drove away.

Chapter End Notes

Ah, heya guys! So, I hope you all enjoyed that. It's been another rough couple of weeks for me, but I hope it's worth the teehees I'll get from here. Or not, lol. Please share your thoughts. uwu That would be greatly encouraged. Fingies crossed that there aren't any typos. I'm pooped. Will update notes later on and the summary. xx
February, 3 years ago

Stan gripped Craig’s sweater tighter while he was snuggly pressed against him on a twin-sized mattress. Their slick mouths fused with excellent ease and the world ceased to exist, frozen in the pitch-black depths behind their eyelids. They dropped to the star blankets of Craig's bed. The tips of their tongues barreled and tipped gracefully as the pair settled over the comforter after falling over it.

Wrists pinned to each side of his head, Stan welcomed damp lips caressing and suckling over the hollow spot of his neck. It was a low point for each of them. The result of an unspoken contract. Temporary, but satisfying. Desire and curiosity is what spurred them on.

A soft gasp left Stan when Craig sucked greedily at his pulse point. Craig knew he should stop while he was ahead, yet, felt compelled to deliver more. Their faces align again, his lips crashing down over Stan’s parted ones. A pale hand grazed the back of Craig’s neck, drawing him in near, as close to him as can be.

Craig rested on his forearms, applying his mouth to the other boy’s, kissing back with more fervor. When Stan's grip behind him weakens, Craig pulled himself up. Both inhaled the air between them. The noiret below opened his eyes slowly, blissfully trapped in his school mate’s arms. Wrong. It felt so wrong. Stan didn't want to think about what the odds were. Someone was holding him and at that moment, he didn't care who, as long as it wasn't Eric Cartman. Anyone but him. Pretty much, that would be the excuse for Stan.

“And that’s how you really kiss,” announced the teen in the blue hat.

“It’s definitely different than kissing girls.” Stan arose while Craig brought himself on his hip.

The smartphone was taken from the nightstand.

“Better,” Craig said over him.

“Different,” Stan corrected.
Although he sounded a bit like a skeptic in his tone, the jock’s actions confirmed he enjoyed it more than just a little bit. In his hand, Stan checked his own phone. A few notifications from Cartman here and there, and some from Kenny. Clyde wanted to confirm if he was still going to the big party at Jenny’s house; one of the cheerleaders. If she’s on the team, then that meant that Bebe would be there, which meant Wendy would also be attending with her new girlfriend Heidi.

The sound of Craig's keypad was an earshot away. Hardly distracting. At the screen of his phone, Stan’s eyes hooded at the merry promise of ‘horny chicks and booze’. Stan would happily take one thing over the other. By that, he would mean, just the booze. A few red cups and he’d be ready to call it a night.

Craig peeked, lying on his side beside Stan. “Clyde texted you too.”

“Yeah…” Stan averted his gaze, voice floating softly. “Craig, can I ask you something?”

The other boy perched his chin in his palm. Craig blinked, awaiting Stan’s response.

With his phone on his stomach, the quarterback approached the question carefully. “Do you really think we fight as much as people say we do?”

“To be honest, I don’t really notice it.”

“That’s fair,” Stan lied. His eyes wandered down from the ceiling. “…Dude, what’s gonna happen to us?”

The emotion of that sentence felt sudden. “Well, I don’t know about you…” Craig started, unconcerned.

“Dude, it’s not a joke. Next year we’re gonna be seniors. We gotta take ourselves seriously.”

“Are you always this tense on a daily basis?”

“No. I just don’t want us to be known as those guys that hate each other. If, that’s even gonna be the last memory of us.”

The noiret in the beanie would lose himself to deep thought again. He’d ask himself, what he was doing there again when he could actually be studying. Of all people, Craig Tucker. There were other gay boys in town if he looked hard enough, Stan was sure of it. What possessed Craig to invite him in his home to make-out with him, Stan didn’t want to think too much of it. If there was a hidden agenda from him, he would have already detected it.

They were both in the same room for their own selfish reasons. It had nothing to do with liking one another. At least, for Stan. To create anything substantial with what they’ve done physically, would be even worse than committing suicide. Terribly nonsensical. The only chance of them going any further than this would have to be on a sloppy drunk night for Stan. In order for that to occur, his sanity would have to be close to none. He would just have to be at an incredibly vulnerable mood.

While Stan was in deep thought about their false potential and his own dilemmas, Craig was slightly offed that his classmate would let his guard down in such a way. He had forgotten how sensitive Stan could be at times. Sometimes he felt that he would overdo it. As it would be, Cartman would usually cancel out the good qualities for Stan as well as his other friends. It had been somewhat pleasing for Craig to see what Stan had to say without the prickly input of Kyle Broflovski.

“I don’t see why any of it would matter,” Craig said truthfully before adding, “It’s high school,
Stan. We graduate, work, hope to move out, and then we pray that we never have to see each other’s faces again.”

The word ‘but’ was at the tip of Stan’s tongue. He slipped off the edge of the bed, sliding on his shoes. Without the energy to contend, Stan would just leave it at that.

“I guess you’re right. We should be more realistic.”

The door would be his next destination, when the low-spirited boy felt Craig snag his wrist and jerk him toward the bed.

Before Stan could barely process anything, Craig’s mouth crashed over his again. The teen in the beanie reached out, cupping the sides of Craig’s face. Mouth parted in an artful manner, Stan accepted another brush of a tongue. On his way down, he tugged on the flaps of Craig’s hat while his mouth sank to his. He sucked on his top lip, pinned underneath him again. Deliciously defeated, Craig stirred and returned with another hot and heavy gesture, sucking on Stan’s tongue just as he had done the first time to him.

Too much... No. Stan accepted another kiss, and another. If he wanted out, he would’ve said something. It’s just kissing... That's all we're doing, we're just kissing.

There’d be no stopping him now. It felt like he was having the poison drained from him. His sadness provisionally sucked away. Besides that taking place, Stan was more scared of how his body was reacting.

Dude, you have a boner, Stan realized.

Stan knew Craig was hard. His groin dragged against the center of his jeans. Almost intentional-like. Craig would be the first and foremost to complain first if a person rubbed him the wrong way, quite literally, but it was the fact that Craig was the one initiating everything, was an eye-opener to Stan. Their crotches touched again, he said nothing. The rule of no hands below the hips, in the trash. There had been accidental touches here and there, and they didn't seem to mind.

Certainly, there would be no need to bring it up. It was just a part of transitioning to manhood. There’d be nothing to say. As their forefathers have declared in their redneck mountain town many decades ago, talking is for women. Quite strongly, it was the way of their kin. Not that their old ways interested Stan and Craig one bit, but it would still hold some influence over them. Over the years, the town had progressed and evolved politically. Among their peers, sexism was still a thing they grapple with. Feelings were for girls. And it would be as simple as that.

To an extent, Stan didn't expect to be pressed up against his classmate like this. They've been so engrossed in what they were doing, Stan hadn't expected to be overpowered and pinned down another time.

Craig nearly flinched when a brown spider landed square on his shoulder. “Shit. Let me roll up a magazine or something.”

“I got it,” Stan closed his hand over the eight-legged fiend. “You don’t have to kill it.”

A less thread on the quilt was being picked in Craig's hand while he waited.

“It’s okay, you’re safe now, buddy,” he overheard Stan whisper to it.

After sliding open a curtain and closing the window behind him, Stan joined Craig on his mattress again. The athlete hadn't noticed how clean and organized his room was, compared to his own. All
of Craig’s books were alphabetized, there were no clothes poking out from his drawers. But also, at the same time, it was nice that they have chosen his house instead.

At this hour, Shelly would have Kenny's brother over. Stan didn't think he could fathom being more upset at the sight of more happy couples, let alone be a third wheel around his own sister. His vision would be blighted at the mere image of them kissing. Elongating his company with Craig was the best move of the night for Stan. No friends to complain about him dampening up their mood. And more time to tinker with his fluid sexuality. So far, it has been disturbingly delightful.

They lie down and kissed slower than last time. Their lips sought and familiarized itself with each new stroke and caress of their tongues. Both each hot and humbly acquainted. With all afternoon to explore, the pair had gotten used to their physical meeting rather fast. Ideally, Stan had been more hands on. To differentiate this between a nightmare and fantasy clashed with Craig's ethics.

Stan lets his hand slip from Craig’s grip when he brought himself up from the bed.

“It’s getting late,” the teen in the beanie commented, lethargy kicking in.

Seeing that the bedroom was significantly darker before and most of the daylight has descended from the window, Craig leaned over to his nightstand and switched on the lamp. Communication was still stilted with them. Craig couldn't imagine making them official, even if he was over-the-moon for Stan. Clearly, he had an obsession of hating him for a few years, but it would just be because of Stan's self-imposed bad luck and his need to be right all the time.

Craig was still bent over. With his head still bowed, he assessed the shape of the rear in front of him. Stan’s jeans have always been inexplicably tight since freshman year. It would be easy to map out what was under there if anyone had the time. The thought of his bulge from the other day made his face and ears blaze with color. Stan turned around swift enough to make the other teen jerk up stiffly. There’d been that urge to reach out to Stan and grab it. Craig swallowed audibly while the other student glanced forward at him.

“It’s okay. You can grab it if you want,” prompted Stan.

Craig’s cheeks flamed at his own immoral disadvantage.

“I’m not gonna get mad.”

The bed shook when Stan flopped over it once more on his belly. An unexpected smile appeared against Stan’s folded arms while his classmate’s fingers grazed over the material of his thigh then stopped to grope a generous handful of his backside. This would be a bit much, unseemly. Maybe Stan is as self-absorbed as the cheerleaders say. Misery devoured him whole, he could use some attention.

“What do you think?” asked Stan.

A few pats and the other gentleman released his hand.

“It’s nice,” Craig said without thinking.

Neither one of them were up for rationalizing. For, their judgment would be reserved for another
day. Things were getting too comfortable for them again. As it would be the sensible thing to break it off and resume life as quickly as possible. Stan was to add something to say, but the sound of car doors being shut interrupts him. The lights came on in the upstairs hall and spilled through the bottom crack of Craig's door. A shadow of a pair of legs stretched over the carpeting of the bedroom.

The male in the chullo raised himself on his bed with a neutral disposition on his complexion.

Tricia pushed open his door, gripping the knob.

"We've got dinner," she spoke. "Mom says to wash up."

Relaxed in his spot, Craig gave a curt nod to his sister before she gave him the bird and shuts the door. Craig looked down at the floor before he got up and lingered toward the sliding door of his closet. Stan had his back pressed against the wall, playing an Adult Swim game on his phone.

"Coast is clear?" Stan stuffed the phone in his hoodie pocket.

"Yep." Craig pulled himself up from leaning forward. "They're at the dining room. You should get moving now, don't forget your coat."

The bid farewell wasn’t difficult at all for Stan. There wasn’t a kiss or a hug like how it used to be with Wendy, but he would survive. His heart had been hollow prior to visiting Craig. As for them, they are still merely classmates; as it would be and should be. Kissing was just something that brought them together. There were other similar things that they enjoyed, but things will return to normal soon. At least, that’s what each of them had said to themselves, and they would usually be right. It was a weird town.

When the door closed Stan turned his back and looked up. New snowfall settled over his beanie and shoulders. He stared ahead forlornly at the houses ahead and then at the ice-powdered ground before making it around the corner of the street through faded footprints.

The television was at a low volume in the background of the Marsh household.

Shrouded in the darkness of the kitchen, Stan lets the light of the fridge pour over his face and torso when he opened it. He kneeled forward inspecting the glass Tupperware dishes in front of him. As none of the casseroles in the glass containers looked appetizing at the moment, Stan grabbed a jug of milk and settled with a cold bowl of Frosted Flakes.

In his pajamas, he sat alone on the couch with his legs folded in. The energy of the house was a bit different without the family there. As that be a given, it had been nice talking idly over useless things with his dad while slicing into the Salisbury steak, albeit Randy getting on his nerves about most things at times. His company would halfway be worthwhile, no matter how uncomfortable he made Stan feel in front of his friends. Possibly, that would be a stretch, but it beat feeling alone and having that sinking feeling inside.
Thoughts navigate back to Wendy and his friends while Stan shoveled more cereal in his mouth. Between feeling like a failure and a burden, things have gotten gloomier when he sagged in his seat. His life flashed in his head. Be grateful. That, he should be. There'd be no one to communicate with this to. Going to the doctors would feel like a sham. Any licensed therapist would tell Stan that he has accomplished most things in life that most kids haven't. He is the star of his school, he's been the captain of the football team every year, he dated the girl of his dreams. Life was good.

Then why do I still feel like shit? he cried in his head. Why is everything still shitty?

Don’t cry. It’s just a chemical imbalance in your head, he attempted to assure himself. It’s just a chemical imbalance… you’ll get over it.

Stan choked on his own struggling breath while the stinging tears flowed down his colorless cheeks. Nose closed and chest on fire. More tears welled in his eyes and dripped on his shirt. The shadow of his bangs floats over his forehead while the TV flashed in front of him. Still, in the privacy of his own home, Stan couldn’t help but feel vulnerable to such emotions. As if, anyone could pop in at any moment and torment him for not being masculine enough.

The phone on his lap vibrated, breaking him away from his thoughts.

God, I’ll give anything to be invisible…

He would continue to pile on more cereal in his spoon, disregarding the text. Naturally, it’d be his usual friends or Jimmy who had terrible news about school or a show. Stan was in no mood to answer any of them at all. His mouth was at the rim of the bowl when he finished drinking the milk. A lone tear splashed on his pajama pants. The image of Frankenstein on the television went fuzzy in his watering eyes. The empty cereal bowl was placed on the end table.

I'm so exhausted, I'm so sick and tired of trying...

The device buzzed one more time. Through the water of his eyes, Stan glanced downward at the latest text he received. He pulled himself up on the sofa and rubbed his face with the back of his hand. Stan rubbed his nose with his arm with his legs brought up to his chest. The message at the top his lock screen grabbed him. It was from Craig.

{Goodnight.}

"..."

Daylight broke from the clouds in the misty sky. Behind Craig, his two regular friends joined up behind him at the busy street of their two, a few footsteps away. Bright balloons made of foil with curly string float above their heads grasped in Clyde’s hand. Tucked under Craig’s arm was a box of chocolates in a heart-shaped box, a fancy envelope, and a single rose.

“Wouldn’t you rather surprise him later at dinner?” Token suggested, slowing his pace.

“No,” Craig said.

“It is a bit early.” Clyde agreed when the light on the street changed and they made it down the crosswalk. “Why don’t you send a text to him or something.”
Token skipped on a new sidewalk. “Then, it wouldn’t be a surprise, dumbass.”

“We should probably turn back,” the brunet forewarned anxiously.

“Yeah, we should,” advised Token.

One final turn at that street. They were where they needed to be. Clyde gave Token a worried look before glancing back at his best friend. The glass door was shoved in front of them. At the chime of the bell, Tweek peered up from the cash register. Horror struck him with miniature shocks of electricity. Tweek barely flinched. While gaping at his boyfriend Craig, the goth across from him slipped his hands away from Tweek’s on the counter.

“Oh man.” Clyde swallowed.

Pete brought himself up and hazarded a gaze at his friend Michael. The stool he sat on tipped to the floor. The heavy aroma of baked goods and freshly brewed coffee lingered in the store’s corner, offending the three’s nostrils.

“Craig, what are you doing here?” Tweek asked unblinkingly, voice vibrating.

Just as the blond feared, his boyfriend stalked over to him swiftly without much regard to the public around him. Baring his gums, Craig snatched Pete by the collar of his shirt and Michael jolted up from his booth. Firkle shot from his spot from behind but was instantly blocked by the tall goth’s arm.

“Don’t hit him,” the blond pleaded gruffly. “Craig, please, don’t hit him.”

Without preamble, the noiret snapped back. “Why the hell are they here?”

“What do you mean why they’re here?” Tweek balled his fists. “What the fuck do you mean, Craig?” He breathed. “They’re my friends.”

“Why were you holding his hand?!”

“Craig, I really think we should just leave it alone for now.” Clyde pressed his hands together. “You’re frightening all the other customers.”

"Yeah, dude, chill," Token mumbled.

“Like I give a fuck,” said the voice above Pete. The grip on his dress shirt tightened.

“Clyde’s right, you’re overreacting. Can you not be a hypocrite for a second?!” Tweek bellowed, gripping the air in his clawed fingers.

“No Tweek, this is different. You said you wouldn’t see him anymore. You betrayed my trust.”

“He’s my friend,” defended the barista. “If we want to hold hands, we can do that. Now let go, you’re hurting him. Let him go, Craig!”

Other people in nearby tables craned their necks and gawked at the commotion ahead of them. One of the kids who would be their age brought out his phone camera. Craig’s eyes dart away from the male’s direction before he shoved Pete forcefully to the floor. A group of women in the coffee shop gasped behind them, except Henrietta who was boiling in her seat. Her cheeks were rosy through her pale makeup.

Tweek knelt to aid the other male that was on the ground, draping his arm over his shoulder, his
eyes narrowed threateningly. Before Craig could fathom to stare back at him, he seized toward the exit. Both Token and Clyde were rudely shoved by their leader best-friend. The glass door slammed loudly, making the welcome sign crooked.

“Well, there goes our ride,” Clyde commented, pleasantly handing over the group of balloons to the blond. “These are for you, Tweek.”

"Thanks."

"It's his fault for making a scene." Pete dusted himself off before facing Tweek. "Don't beat yourself up over it. You deserve so much better."

Token watched Craig zoom off in his Prius through the glass window.

He sighed. “I'll get us an Uber.”

No one wanted to be single during Valentine’s Day in South Park.

Even the toughest of all the young men set out to find dates for that special day. The calendar for the big day would be marked in advanced. Most husbands would cater to their wives with lavish gifts that would rival ones from their anniversaries.

As for Stan this year, he was content that he didn’t have to spend any money. He and his friends... they've always been a bit different. Back pats and hugs from there. It was good to have him ‘back’.

Within an exception of Butters with his glue guns and paper mache hearts. In this particular year, they ventured off to the main bridge of the town from their houses with a cold case of beer. It would just be them and their favorite music. Arms folded over the thick rim of the bridge, the group of four along with Butters stared into the dark surface of the water with their heads bowed.

Stan stuck his tongue out while Kenny wagged his. They watched the blobs of spit that fell from their mouths and get snatched by the wind. Wiping his chin with his hand the noiret had a victory smirk stretched across his youthful face. Kenny bent upward as well and wiped his lip.

“That’s two out of three, Kenny. Mines fell faster,” said Stan.

“Huh?” The blond did a double-take, muffled behind his coat now. “Dude, what're you talking about? Mines so dropped faster than yours.”

“I don’t make the rules. That’s just how the game goes.”

Kyle breathed vapor through his lips and kept his chin nestled against his arms. Cartman continued his text, scratching his hair underneath his beanie.

Stan propped himself up on his elbow. “So, whose fell faster, Cartman?”

Chubby thumbs moved swiftly over the glowing screen of his iPhone. A hearty chuckle from Cartman. White puffs emit from the brunet’s mouth. Kyle rolled his eyes, slanting his lips. While awaiting the response, Stan blinked.

“Cartman?” he called again.
Without peeling his eyes away from the screen, Cartman spoke up. “Um, eh, Kenny.”

“Woohoo!” Gloved fists jut in the air. The blond twisted and did a victory pose in his spot next to Butters.

“Whatver. You weren’t even looking.”

“Eh.” A careless shrug was tossed back at Stan by the heavyset male. Cartman pulled himself from the bridge slightly and ventured with his back turned to them. He squinted and made an annoyed sound when the winds swirled around them.

Stan’s phone buzzed and he brought it to his face. Kenny’s vibrated as well, he glanced at his screen. An aimless snowflake melted over the Facebook logo on his cracked screen.

Butters caught his text aloud with a soft ‘oh’.

“Dudes,” Kyle gave a dissatisfied look, standing up completely. “Is this gonna be us? On our phones and computers, all day, forever?”

“Gotta stick with the times,” Stan said somberly. “Up and onward. That’s how it goes, isn’t it? … Wait. Did I say it right?”

“Well, I mean, yeah.” Emerald eyes shimmered before they slid from the direction of the soft voice. “But what happened to us?”

The other young men raised their heads at the redhead.

“When we were kids, we actually did stuff. We hung out and did things. Now it’s all about drugs, parties, and sex.” Kyle glared when Kenny sniggered at the emphasis of the last word. "Are we gonna be like this too in college — until we get old?”

“That’s funny, Kahl.” Cartman snorted at that. “Who said Kenny’s goin’ to college?”

The blond in the orange coat raised his middle finger and cursed.

“You guys. I really hate to say this, but we’re trash,” Kyle cried worriedly. “And this is not how I want to be remembered. This can’t be our generation. I fear for our future — Ike’s future, we gotta shape up. We’re gonna have to do something about this or we’ll just keep setting bad examples.”

Only the soothing sound of water splitting through rock, multiple crows glide over their heads. Their ugly caws echoed while Cartman dug into his pocket, drawing out a snack. Kenny glanced at Stan. Stan returned the look before they came with a silent agreement, each facing Kyle.

“Eh, I like pussy.” Kenny shrugged.

“Yeah me too.” Stan lazily scrolled through his phone again.

Hopes dashed, Kyle’s bony shoulders sagged underneath his coat.

“Welp. Looks like there’s nothin’ we can do...” the brunet cackled with a wide feline grin. “That makes a hundred-million points for us… and zero for the filthy Jew...”

“Goddammit, Cartman! How many times do I have to tell you not to call me that!? You know, you’re really pushin’ it this time. One day, you’re gonna meet the wrong person again and it won’t be me. And when you do—”
Already at the end of the bridge, Stan peered ahead of him, dropping his arms to his sides.

Kyle halted instantly. “Stan?”

“I need to head home. I’m gonna catch up with The Game of Thrones.” The noiret excused himself poorly.

“Dude, we just caught up with the newest season a few days ago.” The redhead stepped close enough for his best-friend to hear.

“I can’t hang out right now.” Stan felt his throat ache. “I just need to clear my head, okay? I’m sorry. I’ll call you later.”

Absorbed by the fog, the jock had picked up a light jog after taking a few steps back. Kenny and Butters turned around. A dispirited frown settled over Kyle’s face. Concern filled him. He would hope that Stan will fill him in later with the details.

Cartman bit into his Snickers bar. “Man, what’s with him?”

More chills from the icy wind. Stan walked the path to his home with his head down, cursing at himself. Chronic depression would be too overwhelming to explain to his set of friends. Even to someone as sympathetic as Butters, he would have a hard time grasping the struggle that Stan would be going through.

The forest fire. Igniting his car up in flames had been the worse mistake of his life — next to confessing to Father Maxi that he found the same sex attractive.

Of course, his classmate Craig was there. He would use that to his disadvantage in the future, without a doubt to Stan. It’d been more than a premonition; it was a guarantee that Craig Tucker will blackmail him one day. There wouldn't be a reason behind it. Destroying other peoples' lives is what Craig would thrive on. Anything for a reaction. Hate. It was all funny to him. Stan would see through the mask he puts on before the show. All it would take is one wrong thing for him to say and it's lights out for him. 'Stan Marsh is gay.' There'd be no better and more spiteful student in school to deliver the message. Between that and the whole wanting to vanish part, Stan felt like the time in his ticking bomb was running out. More punishing thoughts snared him.

Stan reached the corner of his street and shook his head, laughing inwardly. He’s a joke. His whole life was a joke. That’s how he felt inside. It won’t stop. Stan didn’t think it’d ever will. Things will only get worse from there, he could feel it. If he still had an inkling of a chance with Wendy, they would have already patched things up and be making plans by now.

Sighing, Stan tilted his head, gazing the snow-filled and empty driveway of his residence. Against his hand in his pocket, his phone vibrated. Stan pulled it out of his pocket. His jaw hinged loosely when he discovered that it wasn’t Kyle, but Craig.

He averted his eyes after he keyed his doorknob. Barely in the mood to deal with others. Anyone, for that matter.

**Today 3:01 pm**
Hey, are you free?

Stan pulled the keyboard display up.

Today 3:01 pm

{nope. busy.}

Today 3:04 pm

{OK.}

However, Stan would wonder what his classmate would have to gain from contacting him. It could be possible that Clyde needed a favor. Usually, with that case, he would get Craig or Token to ask.

Breathing out, Stan tossed his coat on the couch. He could use the remaining months to try to better himself that year. Maybe turning over a new leaf would be a better choice for him. He texted back.

Today 3:04 pm

{wait craig what are you up to? are you doing anything right now?}

{i mean, why do you ask?}

Today 3:04 pm

{I thought about what you said yesterday. About us always fighting and stuff. I think we should hang out. If you’re not doing anything right now.}

Don’t be easy. Wait a few more secs, instructed the voice in Stan’s head.

Today 3:04 pm

{i don’t know. i kinda want to stay in this time.}

Today 3:04 pm

{That’s fine.}

Stan’s heartbeat reached his eardrums. For an unknown reason, he was the one that didn’t want rejection from his side.

Today 3:06 pm

{Can I come over?}
The question. Stan’s chest warmed at that.

He was getting desperate. Particularly, it could be the fact that he could be drawn by someone so familiar at such short notice or if his classmate was just a good kisser and the only boy temporarily willing; that’s available in town. Nevertheless, Craig wasn’t any stranger Stan would bump into at a street. They were playmates as kids, rather the other noiret wanted to admit to it or not.

The negatives certainly would outweigh the positives, as always. By now with them being almost adults, there would be no excuse for fighting. They have outgrown their petty games and differences; most of it, hopefully. Stan was a bit curious to see if Craig had any new perspective in things. With childhood, it had been easy to avoid hanging out with him, because of the same things his friends accused him of now, being a ‘downer’. Stan's thumbs began moving on their own.

**Today 3:06 pm**

{sure.}

{you can park at the garage.}

my parents aren’t home.}

The text would merely not suggest anything.

Of course, it was uncommon for Stan and Craig to meet up alone together, let alone invite the other without consulting their other friends. They’ve been too busy repelling each other over the years. There usually had to be a solid foundation to build their meetings on. Most of it had been done because of different interests and lack of maturity from both ends.

Craig stepped in the house after Stan loosely gestured him to come inside. Craig’s pale orchid shirt accentuated his spring colored irises more radiantly while the bright snow from the lawn outlined his broad shoulders. Craig looked good when he dressed up. Never and not nearly as overdone as Cartman when there’d be a greedy goal. It’d been rude for Stan to stare. Blinking out of his transfixed state, he slowly backpedaled and closed the door, letting his classmate in.

“Welcome to my abode.” Stan spreads his arms unenthusiastically and dropped them to his hips.

“Nice setup,” Craig looked at the family picture frames nailed to the wall. “I thought you had a dog.”

“Sparky,” the jock remembered, passing the other teen a can of Sprite. “He died a month ago. Chocolate. He was a good dog.”

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay. We would’ve had to put him down, anyway.”

There was that negative talk again. Stan had to extinguish it. His gaze dipped to the heart-shaped box nestled beneath Craig’s forearm while they sat on the sofa. A red-velvet color wrapped with an attractive carnation bow. The ballotin looked way more expensive than what he could usually
afford with Wendy. Although, most of his gifts for her have been homemade.

“Are those for Tweek?” Stan asked innocently, his arm brushed against Craig’s when he scooted closer.

Realizing what they spoke about recently, Craig hesitated before he would come up with an answer.

The chocolate would be all for himself now. That would be the reason why he had brought it there with him to Stan’s house. Something to chew on while they watched the gory episode of Game of Thrones in front of them.

“It was Tweek’s.”

“What do you mean it was Tweek’s? What happened with you guys?” Stan’s brows furrowed.

“You can relax. He doesn’t know about us kissing, or that you’re gay. Nobody in this one-dimensional town knows.”

Craig chewed slowly while the noise of swords clanked in the background.

“So… you just brought those chocolates here to eat in my face?”

The fancy bow was tugged and unraveled before the lid was removed.

“Pretty much,” said the green-eyed noiret with a mouthful he plucked from the box.

Arms crossed over his chest, Stan pouted in his seat. *Fuck, I hate him again.*

“Dude, I’m not that big of a dick. You can have some.”

“First time I hear you admit it.” With a soft smirk, Stan observed the candy he picked from the decorative parchment paper. It was topped with white chocolate that was dyed pink. A bit girly, but it looked delicious. He took a bite of the extravagant candy, letting the caramel ooze to his bottom lip. “Pretty good.”

“They better be. Took forever for me to decide on them.”

Stan had black fingernails. Craig wondered how long he had been painting them. The sugar confection hanging had obviously bothered him. Stan chewed slowly while Craig’s thumb brushed beneath his lip. Peculiarity would only lead things to a weirder path. Stan didn’t ask. This would be no different than Kyle attacking his face with spit whenever he saw a mark or a stain. Only, this was Craig.

In that respect, Stan felt a slight urge to lean into his touch. The touch that he had grown accustomed to in such a short span of time.

*Man, you need help,* he said in his mind.

As things were staticky between them occasionally, it would be interesting to see what this gesture had to offer. A teenager can daydream. It would just be that, a dream.

What they were going to do next came close to nothing. Neither of them mumbled. Not a single word.
Craig removed his hand gently from Stan's mouth and he did something unpredictable. His tongue spiraled around the tip of his thumb.

Settled in his spot with his pupils slowly enlarging, Stan watched as Craig licked. It was almost as if he had been trapped in hypnosis. The sensual gesture had shot a torrent of heat between his legs. They kissed already. This wouldn’t be the least bit crazy to him. It didn’t feel weird to Stan. In fact, he liked it. That would be the only part that is unsettling to him.

After a period of pointless staring, their mouths connected. Stan yanked Craig to him, kissing him hard as they tumbled over the couch.

The back of Craig’s shirt was fisted in his hands. Stan tried to take it easy, his voice of reason slipping with every careless curl and plunder of the other male’s tongue.

At this rate, The Game of Thrones wouldn’t be the sole focus for them anymore. Craig’s mouth worked mercilessly, sucking heavy and hungry spots down Stan’s neck and collar. He nuzzled his way up. Stan opened his mouth to him, kissing back desperately.

Their hard crotches rubbed and slid against each other’s while Stan’s shirt rode up on the couch. He captured his classmate’s face between his hands. Breathy in between kisses, an accidental moan poured from Stan’s lips when Craig added more pressure, grounding his hips to him. A whine that time was incited from Stan. The noise, keen on his classmate’s ears. A swab of a tongue was rewarded to him in return.


On his palms, the noiret above lifted himself up. A certain curse word snagged Craig’s attention quickly.

“You think we’re gonna fuck?”

The boy underneath swallowed hard, cheeks turning color. “I don’t know… Do you want to? Wouldn’t it feel weird if Tweek…”

“That’s not my concern right now,” said Craig with haste.

“W-wait a minute, dude — what do you mean you don’t know? What happened with you guys?”

“We got into a fight. Where’s your room?”

Stan wetted his lips before tugging the hem of his shirt down. He turned off the television and walked ahead of Craig. “Upstairs, follow me.”

Without prodding right away for discussion, the classmates made it up the stairwell and then down the hall. Stan pressed his back against his bedroom door, shutting it closed behind him. Whereas Shelly wouldn’t come home for a few hours, her younger sibling would use his time wisely. Hardly back on track from his breakup with Wendy, Stan's sanctuary was an untidy mess. Opposed to Craig’s own room, which was presentable and intensely organized. Stan heaves out a hefty sigh before he decided to take a few steps forward.
Craig was at the edge of his bed, peering down at his phone.

“Okay, so, first thing’s first.” Stan paced after he pressed his back to the door. “None of this gets out of here.”

No nod, not a single shrug. Craig was perfectly still. "Kay."

“I’m serious. You have to mean it,” Stan said gravely.

“I do.”

“On your life, Craig.” Stan narrowed his eyes. “You can’t tell anybody. Not Token, not Jimmy. Not Jason, or Kevin — especially, not Clyde. Especially not him. This could really fuck me up if it gets out. I could get ruined forever for this.”

All remarks, too typical. Stan didn’t know how to keep his cool. Of course, his reputation would be a great deal to him and would be ‘on the line’. He would be so vague to Craig. Too many things would be ‘at stake’ for Stan. All for no good reason to Craig.

“And what about me?” argued Craig from the mattress. “You don’t think this will ruin me one bit, either? It’s your call. I don’t have to do anything. My dad’s taking the whole family out to dinner tonight. I can just walk away right now and not look back if I want to. Don't fuck with me, it’s not too late for me to leave.”

Stan softened his gaze. “Then, why don’t you?”

Craig stood up, tossing him a business look. He hooked his index finger toward the knot of his tie. “Sex. What’s your take on it?”

The other boy worked his jaw, robbed of breath.

“Your philosophy, Stan.” Tomato red crept up Craig’s cheeks as well. “What’s your take on it?”

“Oh, sex? Um, I think it’s a social construct.”

The other male heeded his remark, free of emotion.

“Other than that, I confess to Father Maxi once in a while to clear my conscience.” Stan’s serious gaze leveled at the undeterred teen. “This here, you don’t have to worry about it. I can keep it to myself. As long as you do your part, I’ll keep quiet. I trust you.”

Stan brought his phone up to see if he would be notified with any visits from his friends he had just ditched. The curtains in the room were pulled closed. Nothing but the grayness of the shadows engulfed them. Stan wasn’t quite accustomed to sitting in anyone’s lap since childhood. He claimed his spot tentatively when Craig pulled him over to him.

Their mouths separated with a wet noise.

“Fuck, dude, your lips are soft.”

“Just shut up and let me take the lead,” Craig said, pulling back from another kiss. “I don’t have all fucking day. And if I’m correct... if this is your first time, you better prepare yourself. You’re gonna be raw and red by the time we're finished.”

“I don’t care.”
"Oh, you ‘don’t care’ I wouldn't assume you'd be sacrificing your ass to me, because you just ‘don't care’.

The male in the beanie slipped his hands to his side.

"There must be some reason why we're in this room at the same time. But it's fine, I'll go first," Craig continued. "Let me paint a picture for you."

"My boyfriend cheated on me. Today, I was going to give the most awesome Valentine's gift to him ever, and you know what I saw...?" Craig paused, waiting for Stan's response. No reply, he continued when he was finished hesitating. "He was holding another guy's hand. My boyfriend, Tweek, who promised he wouldn't cheat on me again, was getting cozy with another guy in his coffee shop. Meanwhile, my two very own best-friends, who I've known just as long betrayed me. They didn't even have the balls to tell me they were there. So now, I'llfuck anything, and you're just a hole... So that's that."

"Ah, good for you. And you're just a dick," Stan retorted, fully aware of what was coming to terms for them. “Craig, okay. Look, I'm sorry about your whole deal with your boyfriend and stuff. But can you loosen up a little?”

"Oh, right. Because, it's all about you, my bad."

"Seriously, dude."

The young man on the mattress blinked tiredly.

“We’re gonna be at our most vulnerable states here. You should probably let me go first.” Stan brought himself up from Craig. Slowly, he popped the button of his jeans and pulled the zipper down. “I’ll show you mine, you show me yours?"

“Yep, pretty much.”

Rough denim rested blow Stan’s hips. Sometimes he would go with wearing oversized shirts. Other times, he had worn tops that flattered his muscle-tone. Craig shifted in his spot, taking in what is presented in front of him. The other boy’s shaft sprung forward with a light bounce. As predicted, he had hair down there. The head of his cock flared dark pink at the tip. It swelled with a slight curve, his arousal leaking healthily from the head.

Easily agitated, Stan noticed Craig grinning suddenly. “What's so funny?”

“You shave,” said the more indifferent one. “Kinda remembered you having a bush down there in PE.”

That would be a failed assumption. To make things easier for himself, the self-conscious noiret took it as a grain of salt. “Haha, how funny. Let's see yours now.” Stan's resentment for the comment died down, he indicated next, gently. "It’s your turn."

Rather stoically, Craig kept his trademark visage and undid the buckle of his belt, his bulge more defined through the thin material of his boxer shorts. Lips pressed into a thin line, Craig stopped at the waistband. He peered over at the plug socket behind Stan. His pupils land elsewhere but his classmate’s face.

“Uhm, I’ll hold, it’s okay if you’re shy.” The soft voice in front of him assured him.

“I’m not.”
What they were about to do, wouldn’t be up for a review. This must have been a dead end and rock bottom for both of them. The corrupted town, possibly. It would be easy to blame it on that; anything. Lowering his eyes, Craig lifted his hips up and pushed his boxers down.

“Are you just going to stare at it all day? It’s a dick. We see it at the sausage fest of a locker room all the time.”


Craig glared at the mention. “Jesus, did you guys screw too?”

“What? Dude, no! We just kissed. We didn’t go any further than that, I swear.”

Exaggeration, the male on the bed could do without. Once his fluster died down, Stan pulled his pants all the way down and kicked them off. His shirt and hoodie flew to the floor next. Now seeing that Craig has not made a sound. Something close to envy. He had never seen muscles ripple that attractively in person before. Well, that would be a lie. Craig has been exposed to more than a few. Stan noticed the other male’s liking and smirked. Fully nude, he tugged his beanie off.

Stan tossed his hair, shoving a few stands between the webs of his fingers, no longer timid about his own nakedness. Craig hooked his index finger and motioned him to come closer. On any occasion to be brought to his knees, is a personal insult for Stan. On any occasion, he wouldn’t dare. For the sake of experimenting, he would swallow his pride just this once. As this would be… only one time. They would only do this, one time.

"You know," Craig said, "you'd be a lot hotter if you actually didn't try."

"Thanks, I think."

"Welcome."

Stan knelt between the other male’s legs, his hands stopped at Craig’s knees. He didn’t want to say it, but he may have underestimated Craig’s dick size. He had to be bigger than him by an inch. And it would be slightly intimidating as Stan got a glimpse of it up close.

“It's not gonna bite. You can touch it if you want.”

Certainly, it would be why they were there.

Cheeks seethed a rose tint, Stan suddenly felt like it was his first time again.

“Take as much time as you need,” said Craig from above. “Just be done before six, I have somewhere to be.”

Certainly, it would be why they were there.

Cheeks seethed a rose tint, Stan suddenly felt like it was his first time again.

“Take as much time as you need,” said Craig from above. “Just be done before six, I have somewhere to be.”

Stan blinked at the weight of Craig’s hand when he sets it over his head. His own hand rose, curling his fingers around the base of his classmate’s twitching organ. Pre-cum soaked the tip of Craig’s cockhead, spilling onto the palm of Stan's other hand, where he held it. Touching Craig's dick felt different than his own, as expected. Stan leaned over, pressing butterfly kisses over his shaft from the root to tip. He flattened his tongue, familiarizing it with the texture of Craig in a
slow and single slide.

He tasted like skin. Craig was both firm and velvety soft at the same time. Stan tongued his balls, before his mouth attached to one. Eyes drifting closed, Craig lets out a soft noise of approval. Stan laved the tip with his tongue, sipping the side of it, before taking it between his lips appropriately.

"Relax your jaw," instructed the noiret above.

The rise and fall of the chest over him goaded Stan to put more effort. Spit dribbled down the corners of his lips. Stan slurped with more enthusiasm and Craig pushed his head further down. Stan’s lips stretched around his girth, the bitter salt of pre-cum trickled down his throat. It wasn’t bad. It was unlike anything he has ever tasted before. He had to suck harder, he needed more.

Craig slid out of his mouth. Gasping, Stan stared up, tears brimming at the corners of his brilliant irises. Hand cupping Stan’s damp chin, the taller noiret elevated himself from the mattress. Black hair tangled in his fingers, Craig tugged tightly, thrusting his hips into his classmate’s mouth. Barely ready, Stan complied with the new move set, his tongue scraping against the underside of his cock. Craig pulled out sharply and Stan gasped, unable to control his coughs.

Webs of saliva dripped from the roof of Stan’s mouth down to his tongue. This had been everything that Craig had tried to avoid in his innermost private and intrusive thoughts... and now, he would be facing it head-on. As it turned out at that moment for Craig, he would be conquering his fears, and it wasn't that bad.

His hand was suddenly wrapped around Stan’s pale neck. A single kiss was stolen from him when Craig crushed his lips to his. The more emotional teen had not expected to be tossed on his bed when the other male snatched his shoulder. No other person has ever had this much power over Stan. He would usually communicate about it first. Stan made a soft noise when was flipped on his back.

Quick work of unbuttoning his shirt would be done. Craig’s tie hung over his shoulders, bare his torso and stomach revealed at the split of the blouse. There had been stitches below his collarbone, but Stan would be too distracted with the toned figure that was displayed to him. As it appeared, Craig was toned and had muscles as well. They were both lithie and fit, like most boys their age. Outdoor activities and sports have given them both leverage in the looks department. As Craig wouldn't be as active in as many teams as Stan, he still had an athletic build to show off.

“You have lube, right?” Craig surged upward, eyes glazing over.

Stan snapped out of his daze. “I should. Top drawer, below that lamp,” he murmured.

There’d been some digging around. He found it. Craig's irises flit up at the other male's face.

“What the fuck, dude, you shave your ass too? How the hell does anyone still think you’re straight?”

“Oh, hey, Craig. Don’t you have to be someplace by six?” the noiret below reminded surly.

The bottle of lubricant was placed at the end of the nightstand.

“Durex sucks. You’d get more bang for your buck if you buy Trojan.”

Stan resisted pinching the bridge of his nose. “You know, five minutes without disagreeing on everything would be great.”
“Oh yeah, you’re right. That’s how long you sucked my dick.”

“Fuck off, Craig. I don’t know why I ever thought this was a good idea.” Stan moved toward the edge of the bed. “I think I’ve already experienced enough of this 'gay' thing. Thanks, dude.”

As Stan rolled to one side, Craig seized his elbow and jerked him back to his spot. Stan’s reaction was muffled by another searing kiss that burned right through him.

Wrist roughly pinned by his head, Stan whipped his head to one side and gasped while his chest and stomach was attacked with rough kisses. He was panting already as Craig’s wet lips trailed from his hips to his inner thigh. Desire rising again, Stan breathed through his teeth and bucked his hips impatiently at Craig. He yelped when the other male bit his neck. Stan bucked again.

Another gasp and his fingers coiled in his palms. A dollop of transparent gel was slathered over Craig’s cock. Stan squeezed his eyes tight while he felt Craig him prodding his hole with his fingers.

“Craig… oh my god.” Stan’s mouth slacked open. Dark eyebrows drew together. “…wait.”

“Relax.”

Craig drew back his knuckles once he was finished preparing with his classmate below. Chest rising up and down, Stan slowed his breathing and closed his eyes. Craig’s cock rested on his thigh. His skin was warm, almost hot. He was weighty, even from there. Then next, came the real thing. The thick head of Craig's cock slowly nudged Stan's entrance. There was pressure. Little by little, Stan could feel his opening stretch as Craig sank himself more to him. A pathetic and broken whimper ghosted from Stan’s lips when they peeled backward.

“I don’t know if I can take it…” the smaller noiret whined.

“You can.”

Back nudged against the comforter, Stan hissed when Craig rolled into him and gyrated his hips. “Uh..” Their body heat mingled together and Craig released Stan’s arms. Their faces aligned, contorting with soft lines. Craig kissed the boy beneath him dizzily slow after doing an experimental wiggle. Stan laughed behind his arm despite the pain, and Craig rocked his pelvis into him. He slammed into him, more forcefully the next time.

Another cry spilled out from Stan. It’d be a struggle just to formulate a few words. The shirt and tie were tossed to the ground. Angry red marks appeared on Craig’s back when Stan’s short fingernails bit and dragged over his flesh. A steady rhythm had been picked up as he gained momentum. For Stan, the sting slowly began to ebb away.

Stan had been too busy being overwhelmed by his insides stretching, but he was partially glad that Craig didn’t ask how his body accommodated to his girth so quickly. That would just be his own little secret. He’s had practice with his fingers, toys he's bought from Amazon; candlesticks. There’d be no will nor strength to argue. Craig was right, he was ‘fucking’ him... and it wasn’t the other way around. Stan would save face later. The shock on his face turned into a cryptic smile when his thighs were pushed against his chest.
"Oh, God..." At each punishing crash of Craig’s hips, Stan was anchored in his spot. "Keep going... please keep doing it..."

Craig closed his eyes and rocked faster.

"Keep going, I want it... please..." The noiret below growled, tossing his head back. "Fuck me... fuck me... Oh, God, Craig..." His eyes screwed shut tightly, feeling his cock expand inside him. "mmhh!" Stan could no longer contain his low sobs. "Ah... fuck, it feels so good! ...Craig!"

Another gasp, with both hands Stan gripped his classmate’s rear tighter while he pounded against him. He had unintentionally shocked them both with his eagerness to be filled. As it would just be them by themselves, again, Stan didn’t hold back his noises. It was his house. No one would be coming over soon. His friends had other plans and it’d be far too interesting seeing Craig become unhinged without the witness of his inner circle.

Craig smiled against Stan’s cheek, burrowing his dick deeper inside of him. The tip of his tongue spiraled and flicked against Stan’s. The teen below cried out again while Craig resumed with swift and energetic thrusts. Leaning downward, Craig’s rhythmic breathing fanned over Stan’s neck and collarbone. He grunted more at the sensation of being pulled in and worked up a satisfying speed. Their bodies began working up more sweat. "You're doing great..." he whispered above Stan.

The sounds Stan made withered into soft breathes as he sank deeper into a libidinous vortex. He closed his eyes while his body rubbed against the messy sheets. When Craig leaned down and kissed him deeply, Stan's hands slid behind his ears. He gasped into his mouth. Through a half-lidded gaze, his blues met Craig's green ones. With his hips continued smacking against his classmate's rear, Craig pressed his sweaty forehead to Stan's and gave him a long closed-mouth kiss. Craig's lips parted again when he brought his face up.

Stan’s brows twitched, he nearly whimpered again. “Hit me.”

“What?” The straightforward command nearly made Craig lose balance.

“Do it... hit me. Slap me across the fucking face!”

Over Stan’s cheek, a pink mark bloomed. He captured Craig’s thumb between his teeth after a few strikes. His classmate tore his grip away from him. Stan made a noise at the loss. With his legs scooped under Craig’s arms, Stan gasped when he was hoisted toward his bedframe. With his spine flushed against it, his shouts overlapped the wooden board banging against the wall. Stan encircled his arms around Craig’s shoulders.

Stan could barely focus on anything anymore. He had been too afraid to have sex with any girl this rough. It’d been pleasurable handing over the reins to someone else for a change.

Craig slipped out of Stan, letting him slide to his pillows. His classmate’s bare pelvis was tilted toward his head. Craig repeated his declaration several times, slicking his fist back and forth.

"Open up. Gonna come..." he panted.

Stan craned his neck up through shallow breathing. He wagged his tongue as his hair was pulled. His nose and cheek welcomed the indelible hot spurts pouring from the head of Craig's cock. Stan opened wider while the last of it was concentrated directly in his mouth. He easily denied the urge to gargle. Craig shuddered with a low moan while his prick was sucked clean. The other young man mouthed his sticky cockhead lazily before it slipped past his lips. Obscenities fell from Craig's
The teen below stroked his own shaft relentlessly, determined to finish off. A few pumps and Stan trembled.

Taking his hand away from his dick, Stan examined the mess they made. Come seeped through his fingers and Craig’s eyes widened when he sank beside him.

“You swallowed,” Craig said, surprised.

“Of course, I did. It’d be rude not to.”

Blankets distort below Stan. This had been better than pulling out a brandy, tequila, or the half-empty vodka from his father’s secret stash. Had Stan been drunk, this would have been a messier scenario. The first gay sex he had would be a good experience if he’s sober. It’d be something he didn’t want to miss out on. Still, he couldn’t quite wrap around his head that it would be Craig he’d be enjoying his ‘first time’ with. Once his cock was in, all complaints have been severed away from Stan.

Gripping the sheets and panting, Stan synchronized his movements with Craig’s fast and short thrusts. He had been flipped over his stomach a while ago. The other male stood at the edge of his bed. Their heavy breathing drifted down the hall. The smell of sex hung loose and humid in the bedroom air. Over the noise of Craig’s hips colliding with his tailbone, Stan lets out another whimper. In defeat, words sliced and diced to jumbled consonants.

Craig pulled out and turned him over again. Jets of hot come spilled over Stan’s chest while the other male pumped above him. The stain in the ceiling looked like Kyle. This had been the best Stan has had in a long time. He felt like one of those girls Mrs. Broflovski warned him about.

“I don’t suppose a cuddle would be asking for too much.” Craig’s humorless and dry tone had little substance to it.

Stan stretched in his bed. He walked toward the bathroom in the hall and returned after rinsing himself off with a detachable showerhead. He came back with a dry towel in his hands.

Craig finished buttoning up his shirt. “You know, you’re really fucked up.”

“Oh… the hitting and spitting thing.” Stan turned his head, wiping his neck. “Tweek’s not into that?”

“There’s other good things that make up for it.”

“To each their own, I guess.” The towel was dropped and a pair of boxers were pulled from the dresser. Stan stepped into one leg hole and then the other. He scooped his beanie up from the floor. “Do you want another soda? Water?”
“Water would be nice. Don’t usually drink tap.”

The classmates made it down the stairs after Stan dressed and Craig was handed a bottle of filtered water as he had requested. Stan glanced at the clock on his kitchen wall, removing his mouth from the rim of his own bottle.

Craig twisted the cap over his refreshment.

“Wow, so, we really did that… didn’t we?”

“Yep.”

“Are you okay?”


His dark lashes fluttered when the back of Craig’s fingers grazed his cheek. Whatever that entailed, the tiny gesture itself was a warning for Stan that he had been liking this too much. Conflicted at his current state, Stan kept his thoughts moot.

“You’ll get used to it. It just takes some time adjusting.”

Stan closed his eyes when the taller male’s lips descended to his one last time. Their mouths disconnect while Craig still had a firm grip on the other boy’s ass. The fabric of Stan’s sweatpants twisted where Craig dug his fingers.

“I’m going now. Take care,” Craig enabled the sound on his phone again, “It’s been fun. We’ll talk later at school or something.”

“Likewise...”

“Yeah.”

"Oh, I forgot." Stan grabbed a remote from the kitchen drawer. “Come on, I’ll walk you to the garage.”
Chapter Summary

Craig Tucker couldn't resist again.

Chapter Notes

Omg. A month-long break. I hope you guys will like it. I did have a break, however, I poured my blood, sweat, and tears to this again. I hope you guys are as excited about reading it as much as I am updating it. Thank you guys, who are still in this journey. As we all know, it will get darker. So, I'll send a safety warning in advance. New author's note in the first chapter. Happy reading everyone! xx

Monday afternoon, February 17

3 years ago

Since the week he and Craig had sex, Stan couldn’t quite scrub the image of his classmate’s erection out of his head. Saving private face for later, Craig has become the current source of Stan's masturbatory thoughts. As guessed, watching porn of it and actually partaking in the actual thing was sadly mind blowing to the jock. If anything, he'd expect to shove himself up someone else's insides first before letting it happen to him. As it disappointingly turned out for himself, Stan Marsh liked cock. A lot. And it was just one time. More of, several times in a consistent timespan.

Stan would never allow himself to be humiliated and admit it. Craig’s dick was perfect to him. From the texture, size, and the feel. It was everything his perverted mind fantasized about. While usually it was a faceless male, the ideal image would be right there. It was during a moment of weakness, Stan allowed himself to be fucked by this dick. His dick. Craig's dick, of all people and all his classmates. He found that it wasn’t bad to him at all.

Stan sat in his desk in history class. While his teacher up front reviewed to him and his classmates their homework assignments, Stan focused on the minutes left in the clock before lunchtime. While the recent images of the previous weekend clouding his mind, Stan scribbled over the aging song lyrics on his notebook paper with a black gel pen and pondered why he hasn’t gotten rid of them yet. Much lewder and more obscene verses graced the center of the page. At least, during his current peak of adolescence. It was Stan’s weakness at its finest.

As Stan would fear with any girl that he has had sex with in the past, there had always been a huge concern of over-attachment. In Craig’s case, iciness was a huge part of his personality from the very start. Which, has kept Stan at ease. The very last thing they needed to do was explain to each other about the butt-grabs and the kissing in between.

Their inappropriate romp they had was a result of the ‘heat of the moment’. Nothing lost, nothing
gained. As life had taken an odd turn, Stan was relieved that he and Craig ended it on good terms. Now, they will be able to be friends and put it behind them. Or, go back to disliking each other. That way, it wouldn’t make anyone feel suspicious of them. The notebook paper was loudly ripped in the quiet room. Crumpled, loosely balled, and disposed of in a wastebasket that was conveniently placed beside him. It would have certainly been preferred if the inked-out words died with the car fire, but Stan had a better knack for clinging onto his creative projects rather than deserting them.

Time heals. Wendy said so herself. His mother Sharon did, so did Kyle. Maybe, perhaps, they were right. Stan’s starting to realize that, the more time he’s had to himself. The male-on-male experience that he had with Craig has left him yearning with more curiosity and feeling a bit bereft. The whole encounter being much different than one with Kenny. Stan went all the way and nothing’s changed. He still liked girls, and... he liked boys. Stan Marsh is still bi. The image of being railed by a dick; either organic or prosthetic, still gave him a hard-on.

The lunch bell finally rang. Stan balled up another ripped-up paper and threw it in the trash. Kyle nudged his shoulder, catching his attention. Creases revealed at the sides of his bright freckled face, the redhead lent Stan a kind grin before they emerged to the door.

Kenny joined up with Stan shortly to gather their trays at the lunch line. By far, it was one of the dreadful perks of not having a car to Stan. Eating lunch from the cafeteria again took some time and has been one of the most revolting things to adjust to again. The sight and the smells used to be tantalizing after long periods of waiting in class, but not so much when Stan spoiled himself with his friends and they’ve broadened their horizons. At least, when they got cars.

Stan’s blues zeroed in on the processed, hot and lumpy, goop of mashed potatoes scooped on his tray. His mouth twitched into a small frown at the corners when he grabbed his cookie. Neck craning up, Kenny smirked at peas and carrots piled on his own tray and they walked toward their usual table.

“So, where’d you go last weekend?” asked the blond as he scooped the food on his tray.

Stan picked at his potatoes with his plastic fork. Envy gently swirling in his eyes. At a table ahead of them, Token joined up with Tweek and Clyde. Stan rested his cheek on his palm. They removed their winter jackets and sat their bags at the corner of it. The insignia of Tweek’s family business was recognizable at even such a distance. Clyde rummaged through another set of bags with the Panda Express logo and drew out a to-go container.

An exasperated sigh and Stan hung his head up, glaring at the dead bugs behind the ceiling lights and the hanging school banners.

Kenny shook his shoulder gingerly. “Hey man.”

“You were there, Kenny.” Stan removed his mouth from his fork. “I went home and watched The Game of Thrones, remember?”

“Dunno, Stan. Is that all you did?”

“Okay, I watched Game of Thrones and I jacked off a little.” Arms folded in front of his tray, the noir craned his neck up, adding. "What do you mean is that all I did?"
“Mirror, dude. When’s the last time you looked at one. You’ve got hickeys all over your collar and neck.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah. Either way, you gotta do way better than Shelly’s concealer. That stuff can only buff out so much.” Kenny’s tab minimized to a Raisin’s girl he met the day before in a flashy g-string. “No complaints here, though. I’m glad somebody’s gettin’ some.”

Stan grinned. “Okay, you got me. I fooled around a bit. Just don’t bring it up after this?”

The blond bit into his reheated pizza, returning that teasing grin. “Now, why would I do that?”

“Thanks, Kenny. I don't know, really. Just keep it quiet for a bit longer. I'll probably let you know for real later on. We can play a board game or something. And it's not concealer, it’s foundation.”

Stan's raspiness earned him a chuckle.

Shirt collar pulled down by his hand, Stan canted his head to one side to get a closer examination of the purple and deep pink marks below his earlobe. The trail developed to his collarbone. Which again, as Kenny stated, wasn’t bad. He has underestimated the other round. Craig had done a number on him. Setting his phone down, Stan flushed immediately and fixed his top.

Frustration graced his features. Stan breathed out slowly through his nostrils. Kenny patted his shoulder.

“Hehe. So, who’s the lucky girl this time?” Amber brows waggled up and down. “Is she available? Did she… have big breasts?” Kenny boob-squeezed the air.

“No.”

“Did you hold her hair like a gentleman when you fucked her mouth?” Thrilled, Kenny’s imagination was alive, buzzing. “Did you use any condoms? Was there any semen? Did you nut in her guts...?”

“Kenny, no, I didn't do half of those things. I already told you, that's all you're gonna get. We can discuss it later.”

"Aww."

The swarming intrusions. Stan didn’t want to be particular. Nothing was said, he couldn’t tell him yet. Stan opened his can of cherry Coke and took a swig from it.

“Hmm. Bebe is looking ample and pleasantly provocative today.” The blond sat in his seat and analyzed. “I don’t see any hickeys on her, you’re gettin’ really good at this...”

A chocolate pudding cup was opened next to him.

“What about…” Kenny turned his head and flashed a toothy grin at the group of girls in tight sweaters and mini-skirts. Glancing Kenny’s way, Millie flushed at him before Red gave him a disgusted look steering her friend away with a hand on her slim shoulder. “Was it one of them?”

Stan pushed Kenny’s index finger down.

“Nope,” he answered shuffling his food with his fork, hunched forward. “He doesn’t go here.”
Knowing that he isn’t safe in the cafeteria, Stan’s reply came out in a half-whisper. The camera app was dismissed on Stan’s phone screen and he went back to the food on his tray. Figuring as much, he wanted to end it there. That, of course, didn’t stop the lines forming on Kenny’s forehead. A look of genuine amusement touched him. Staring forward and then back at Stan.

For some quiet time, it took an amount to process some of that.

*He,* Kenny pondered in his head, *He...*

“Holy shit!” Eyes expanding wide, Kenny weakened his grip on Stan’s shoulder before his face settled. The blond’s voiced shrilled as if it were on helium, “You got those hickey’s from a dude—”

Stan’s eyes shifted. “Dude, not so loud. I went experimenting last weekend, okay? It was someone I met in my last shift.” He narrowed his eyes, referring to his job. “I can’t give it away. Not here. Kenny, please.”

“Oh, you sneaky little...” Kenny’s sentence was cut off by a bark of laughter.

“Yeah. You start at the balls,” Cartman said. “You start at the balls first. You never forget the balls.”

“What? No, you don’t.” Kyle narrowed his eyes beside him. “That’s ridiculous. You’re so full of shit, Cartman. You politely ask if she wants to start at the shaft first. Don’t believe a thing he says Butters, you’re not even guaranteed third base or not.”

“You start at the balls.” Louder, Cartman inhaled and repeated next to standing Butters.

“Wha-why the balls?” said Butters. “I’m not gonna suck anyone’s wiener or anything.”

“Butters, Butters. Why the fuck would you suck anyone’s wiener?” Cartman pulled a cookie from his paper bag. “You just tell the chick to suck your balls when she goes down on you at Jenny’s party. You never forget the balls ever — that’s how you’ll know she’ll be a dud in the sack. Balls first. It’s common knowledge.”

“Never forget the balls... Got it.” The words were written elegantly in cursive in Butters’ unicorn notepad with his pastel pink gel pen. The holographic horn flashed from the ceiling lights shining specks of light over Stan and Kenny’s lunch table.

Placing a few fast food bags down on the lunch table, Kyle kept quiet, and Cartman placed the cardboard drink coaster down.

“Oh my god.” The other bags crumpled immediately when Stan dug his hand inside. “You got us chicken nuggets? Aw, dude, you’re so fucking awesome!”

“Hell yeah!” Kenny cheered.

“Will you look at that. So much love today, we’re one big family again.” Smiling affectionately, Cartman cupped Kyle’s shoulder and shook him. “Look at them, mom. They grow up so fast, don’t they?”

“Fuck off, Cartman.” The jew jerked his hand away. “I still remember that dirty trick you did on Mrs. Hutchinson.”

“Oh my god.” While Stan greedily stuffed his mouth with more hot fries Kenny raised head beside
him and bit into his own burger. “This is fantastic,” he hummed. "So good...

The blond agreed as well with a sound as he stuffed his face with more food.

“You’re gonna regret your move now that we’re stuck with Mr. Kichirou for history class now,” Kyle jabbed his red straw in his cup, facing Cartman. “You don’t have to say it. I knew it was you who put that writing on that desk.”

“Eh.” Cartman shrugged. Butters took a seat across from Kenny and gave him a look.

“Mrs. H is a pedo, really?” continued Kyle. “Cartman, I knew you wanted to avoid taking the test just as much as the rest of us, but how low can you go?”

“Hey Kenny,” Butters waved at the blond in the parka.

The freckled blond smiled back at him. “Hey, dude.”

“My god, you really have no idea what you’ve done, don’t you?” Above him, Kyle was fuming.

Butters plucked a napkin from the bag.

“You’re just okay with it. You just have no remorse. You know what else is really unsettling here? Having someone permanently labeled as a sex offender. That, should be the real offense. I don’t think any person here would stoop so low. No one in class would stoop that low — I wouldn’t stoop that low. Even my boogers wouldn’t stoop that low.”

Stan laughed. A soft cough noise beside Kyle. The Jew’s hand flinched slightly where he reached by his phone hanging from his pocket.

Kyle placed his hand on Stan’s back. “Jesus Christ, dude, slow down. You’re gonna choke.”

“On cock,” Kenny snuck in mirthfully.

Innocuous, but a complete giveaway, Stan didn’t adapt to the joke as fast, but he kept his cool. He would prefer it if anyone didn’t connect the dots. Seeing how slow as most people were in town, he would say to himself that his chances were pretty low. Stan would still not underestimate Kyle.

Butters opened his mouth. “Wha-wha what?”

The noiret in the beanie coughed before he swallowed a chunk of his burger, shoulders shaking slightly. Kenny patted Stan and rubbed his back. The rest of the food dissolved going down his friend’s throat. No one had a thing to utter or a thing to share after that.

Rubbing his mouth, Stan’s irises flit back up to his best friend’s face, now noticing that he was gaping at him.

Kenny had seen it coming. Much to the marks on Stan’s pale neck, several of them. As for Kyle, there was one thing he knew about Stan, and it would be his poor choice in putting his self-worth in his looks and athletics. The blotches on his skin would be a clear evidence of it. No one wanted to speak up of it that morning. It would be normal to see them on Stan between his breakups and makeups with Wendy Testaburger. Briefly concerned, dissatisfaction reached the corners of Kyle’s mouth.

“What’s this now?” Kyle commented, tugging Stan’s collar down. “Dude, I thought we had an agreement. Why do you look like a possum attacked your neck and you haven’t slept in days?”
Kenny dipped five of his fries in his ketchup, poked his lips, and averted his gaze.

“Stan, you left us to have sex?”

Much emphasis used in the last two words. It was neither the first or last time Stan was cornered with that.

Stan took his mouth away from his straw. “No Kyle, it’s not what you think— well…half of it isn’t.”

“Oh my god.” Kyle placed his phone down. “I can’t believe this.”

Stan straightened in his seat. “Can’t believe what?”

“You always do this,” his best-friend inhaled exasperatedly, ”you always say you’re going to lie down, and then go over to screw Wendy.”

Stan’s blues met with Kenny’s. They glanced back at the boy in the curls.

"Okay. Now, I'm serious. You can't be more distracted, Stan. I highly suggest you focus on your studies and finals more if you wanna continue playing hockey.”

“Oh yeah. Thanks, coach. I didn’t know pussy had that much effect on my performance.” snarked the jock. “Or, you can relax. It wasn’t Wendy this time. I’m moving on, Kyle. I’m finally getting over her for good.”

“Ah, great. That’s something I’d like to see. So, who is it? Which one of the cheerleaders was it this time?” Kyle asked, disappointed.

“None.”

The red straw was pushed down on his milkshake by Stan’s pinched fingers. Stan’s lips peeled backward. Engulfed by silence quickly after, the sound of Cartman’s drinking straw was the only thing heard. Kyle crossed his arms. Leery, judging eyes.

“Dude. Why does it matter if I went home to screw or not?” Stan whined, feeling as if he were speaking to Sharon. ”It’s just a couple of hickeys, and they won’t be the last ones I get either.”

Cartman chomped on Kyle’s fries and watched.

“Don’t act like you’re innocent either. You’re always saying that you’re going to watch Ike and then have Kenny over for video games. Because apparently, I suck.”

“No different — no different, how dare you,” Appalled, Kyle surged upward. “Dude, Ike is my brother. Don’t you dare compare your horniness to him— us — your friends!”

“Aww, I don’t see what the big commotion’s about. Let him fuck.” Kenny muffled fondly and Kyle gaped at him.

“I still can’t believe this.” Kyle folded his arms over the table.

“Huh, can’t believe what?” A nasally voice kicked in.

Token and Clyde in their varsity jackets joined up after dumping their trays, stepping over to their table. Stan blinked when a hand sets on his shoulder, Clyde’s.
“Nice,” congratulated the brunet jock, smirking at Stan.

“Yeah man, way to go.” Token shifted with his hands in his pockets.

For once, it didn’t sound sarcastic Token was genuinely celebrating. Being the calm one, he would still indulge in ‘bro culture’. At least, from a safe distance.

A few trays were dumped loudly in the garbage bins behind them. The males around Stan’s lunch table lifted their heads, focuses dropped to the group of girls that tsked and scoffed loudly in front of them.

Bebe curled her lip in disgust. The word, she said it for Wendy. “Wow.”

“Whore.” Red turned, dumping her blue tray.

“Yeah, what a tramp,” said another girl in the group that the males weren’t familiar with.

“What did you expect, they’re jocks,” Nichole added airily.

Token’s smile faded. “Hey baby, wait.”

Long black hair flowed by his table. The world went in slow motion for Stan. Beside Esther and Millie, was a highly miffed Wendy. In her pink beret she tossed her head up in disdain and turned a dignified nose in the air. Her new girlfriend Heidi, along Bebe, lunged with their trays and followed. Soft chattering noise from each at them at their direction, then it fades.

Everyone erased around her. She was the only one that mattered. Stan’s chest constricted tightly. He felt sick and stupid. But this time, it wouldn’t be because he wanted Wendy back instantly. Inwardly, he’d continue beating himself about it. It wasn’t supposed to be like this. This was the first time that he’s seen his ex-girlfriend Wendy in weeks.

Already, Stan feared that he made a bad impression on her. His other friends would pep talk him and ask him why he would care when he could get laid with just about any other girl in town. On the other hand, Stan didn’t miss holding Wendy, physically. Odd. There was still an emotional pull she had on him. Dark eyebrows lowered. The footballer across from him touched his shoulder with his hand.

“Don’t worry about it, bro. It’s probably for the best.” Gentle voice, Clyde tried to cheer him up. “If you moved on, that is...” Though, Stan would expect the other male would be saying that because he wanted to be next in line for Wendy.

Surprisingly, some of the jealousy had melted off him. First numbness, then emptiness, now Stan felt something... that was close to nothing. Perplexed, Stan thought it scared him. A great possibility that it had something to do with his experiences with Kenny and Craig.

As of currently, there wasn’t a drive nor a reason that compelled Stan to rush up to her to have a long and decent talk with her. Shortly after that appearance, he didn’t want to mend things with Wendy. This could either be a step up or a step down for Stan.

After a five-minute break of smoking alone by a garbage canister outside, Stan went to his locker
to clear it from the books that were long overdue inside. Incredibly thankful that the ninth graders had a different lunch break, that gave Stan a better opportunity to focus on just himself. And with the house party being a few days away, he’ll be able to coach himself back to being his old confident self again. Even if it would be temporary. To put himself out there again, this would be something he would want.

Stan breathed through his nose after exiting the restroom. At his hoodie pocket, his phone vibrated and he took a glance at it.

Stan slid his thumb over the lock screen, Craig.

It had been all day since he has seen him. From guesses of their two-hour fling, Stan suspected he went into hiding. Of the two, Craig would be the one who would detach first at any predicament. Somehow, Stan would entertain himself selecting the notification.

**Today 12:26 pm**

*{Where are you?}*

Blunt for a first text, but he could deal with it, Stan rolled his eyes getting ready to respond.

The being ‘friends’ thing. That other text from the day before. Stan remembered that they were going to try it out. Leastwise, that was what was hinted in a previous exchange of bubbles before he had Craig’s dick in his mouth.

However, it was still a strange occurrence for Stan, why they were talking now. Somewhat, he could understand… It had a bit to do with what happened on Valentine’s day. What they did. He was still sore.

There’d be no other way to put it. Craig was still upset over the thing that happened at Tweek’s coffee shop. The big excuse he would use on Stan is that his standards were low at the time. Usually, with his own friends, Craig was more lenient with them when he was angry. He couldn't stay mad at them for long. Oftentimes, Craig would forgive them very soon. Seeing him hide in the computer lab, from what Stan would have guessed, they must have had a really bad argument.

**Today 12:28 pm**

*{science hall, lol.}*

Stan delivered a few more texts.

**Today 12:28 pm**

*{what’s up?}*

**Today 12:29 pm**

*{you wanna hang out at the commons room or something?}*

*{i know our cliques have our own things*
Going, but we can always start over.

Today 12:29 pm

{No, some other time. Just you.}

{Too many people are pissed off right now.}

That was something new. Being intimidated or acknowledging gossip or ‘word-of-mouth’ wasn’t really much of a Craig thing. Unless, he was the source of it, and wanted to get back at someone. Stan figured he must be under a lot of stress.

Today 12:29 pm

{I’m just doing some edits for the yearbook at the computer lab.}

Today 12:29 pm

{You can help me pick pictures until the bell rings or something.}

The footsteps halted at a Coca-Cola machine where Stan grazed by alone in his checkered Vans. His situation, Stan almost cackled aloud at himself. He couldn’t be that lonely.

Craig would be right. Kenny and Cartman would tag along. Both cared about Tweek very much, which wouldn’t be so undiscerning if they all didn’t hang out at the same popular places in the town. No energy to argue again. It could just be a friendly meeting. Stan sent a reply and didn’t look if Craig texted back.

Today 12:31 pm

{k.}

{see ya.}

Stan pushed his phone in his back pocket. His opinions would be shoved aside as well. Staying out of it would be a certain and best move for him. Only, no one had any idea what was going on with him. Technically, he was an invisible factor to it. How he wound up in bed with Craig, had turned out to be less unfortunate than he had envisioned.
It’s just Craig, he insisted within when he twisted the knob to the computer lab door’s entrance. We’re just here to hang out.

He went by a door and turned the hook knob.

Another version of himself overlapped that reasoning, Dude, quit kidding yourself. You both know what you’re here for. No one brushes their teeth two times just to “talk”.

Wait a minute. Stan's current voice overlapped. I do.

Use those eyes, maybe you’ll get lucky again... A different voice that time, Kenny ‘s. Grinning in Stan's brain cloud, there was the silliest look on the blond's freckled mug.

Dude! Stan hollered in the back of his skull. The door shuts and Stan wet his lips, back pressed against it.

“Hey,” Craig said. “Get over here. You can take a seat or stand.”

Stan was already in the room and as Craig said, he was alone. By himself. Stan took a soundless deep breath when he brought himself forward. At one of the desktops, there sat his classmate in a large sweatshirt and his blue hat. The only noise in the room was the fan inside the computer’s tower. After making it past the row of other desktops that sat on the long tables, Stan met with the inexpressive student across the room. He peered up. By Craig’s arm, an order of glossy photos that were lined up in rows at an empty space next to the scanner. Looking down, Stan swallowed before he parted his mouth. He rolled in on a chair next to Craig, eyes falling to his hand on the armchair handle.

“Um, hey.”

Craig bit into a red Twizzler rope and offered the package of it at Stan. The noiret in the beanie shook his head and declined with a small hand gesture.

“You must be really bored today,” Craig commented. “I didn’t think you’d show up.”

“Heh, well I’m here.” Stan rolled his chair closer to the edge of the long table. “Just looking at pictures, right?”

“Yeah, what else did you think we were doing?”

Stan flushed and sputtered rather stupidly, “Nothing dirty. Obviously.”

"Okay." Defensiveness wasn’t in Craig’s tone at all, he simply asked. The overanalytical side of him, that would be something he’s never quite outgrown.

Being intimate with him. Stan didn’t want to fall for him. He was sure it had something to do with his attraction to intellectual types. His fascination for them. Feeling hot, Stan found himself blushing, not being able to get out the images of what they did the night before. Being naked longer than a minute with Craig in his room. Stan’s cheeks darkened when he reached over the table and Craig’s fingers brushed against his. Stan drew his hand away from his classmate’s. Craig stilled. He recovered instantly with a straight face. His irises swoop up to the computer screen.

“You don’t like it?” Stan cleared his voice and answered. In his grip, was a picture of Token tackling a player in a Middle Park uniform headfirst.

“No, it’s good.” Craig tapped his chin. “Place it with the others.”
Craig sipped from his water bottle. On the computer screen, he enlarged the calligraphy and copied what he wrote previous on a notepad, clacking away on the keyboard.

Eyes hooding, Stan slid back in his chair. He was already getting bored with it. While it was great to avoid problems for a little while, he caught himself wanting to ask about the night before. God forbids what was about to come out of Stan’s mouth. That would be him. Not getting out what he needed to say would usually ruin him.

Brows raised, Stan broke the silence. “So, you think my ass is nice?”

How inappropriate that question has been to Craig would never go if there were ten other people in the room. Stan would never be that idiotic. Thankfully, it was just the two of them. Craig brushed it off and busied himself with more colorful and glossy photos, skimming through the rest with his hands.

“I think you already know the answer to that.” Concentrating, without looking, Craig sets them down.

Too smug, Stan approached evenly with a wicked half-grin. “I’ll take that as a yes.”

“We shouldn’t be talking about this,” Craig said. “Just help me pick out two more for this page. I’m not gonna bring up what we did yesterday. I’m sure it’s too gay for you.”

Ah, he’s still mad. Stan wet his lips again. “No… I… I actually wanna. I don’t mind. I just can’t believe that we—”

“Went that far?” Craig stacked more photos in his hands. “Yeah… me too. But then, Stan, I’m not surprised by any of it either…”

He ignored the face Stan made that said ‘please elaborate’.

“You kissed me first. You may be closeted, but you’ve always been gay to me. You give yourself away more than you think. Anyone can tell just by looking at you.”

The comment was meant to offend. Or, maybe Craig just wanted to tell him off again. Too much tension. Stan’s throat burned from it. He wanted to know when Craig felt that way. Sudden interest in Craig now. An instant ‘no way’ for Stan, he couldn’t have fallen from that high.

“Bi.” Stan frowned. “Craig, can you please not mention that here? I don’t think it’s good to talk about that in this building.”

Not a syllable after that. Craig respected Stan’s request to dim the conversation. He kept mute and dragged the mascot image on the screen to make it smaller on the flat computer screen. Silent, he kept his concentration, duplicating what he has written in a notebook in text form. And then, his classmate opened up his ‘stupid mouth’ again. Craig thought they’d be done once Stan corrected him, but there was more.

“Fuck, okay, wait. This is gonna come off as really weird…” Stan spoke up after a while, going through photos. “But I thought about it.”

For a few seconds, Craig froze. He went back to business.

“I know you wanna forget about yesterday, but I can’t.” The noiret standing above the chair chewed the inside of his lip.
Great. Craig’s thoughts were equally empty of conveying emotion when Stan wanted to vent. However, it wouldn’t be his call, Craig would make sure of it.

He asserted himself first. “Oh, you mean the part when I cheated on Tweek back. Or, the part where he lied to me. Because that’s what he did.”

For certain, that was untrue. That’s what Stan believed. What went on between Tweek and Craig, it was absolutely none of his business. Putting his own affairs ahead, Stan would distract himself from that. He pulled himself from his chair, blindsided by the response. Craig couldn’t be that angry.

“Listen. You don’t really think all of this about him. You’re just spewing hateful bullshit because you’re too prideful to admit you’re hurt. Craig, you might hate me sometimes, but we’re actually not as different than you think. I’ve done this too many times Wendy. You’re not gonna like me saying this, but I think you need to make up with Token and Clyde. I know it’s been a little while, but they really miss you.”

Craig stood beside him and leaned toward the buttons on the scanner.

“And you know what else?” Stan continued. “You’re right. I don’t know anything about you and Tweek, but you need to get over yourself and talk to him. Fix it, or just break up.”

"It’s not that easy for me. I can’t just talk to Tweek like that. He won’t listen when he’s emotional." Craig paused. "That's right. Me, who would always rather talk it out, wants to leave it alone. Oh, and let me add too, that we both had intercourse. Stan, I am not impervious to the string of events unleashed if he takes it the wrong way. I have no remorse for what I did. I’m not sorry.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“It’s true. He cheated on me first, for a beta-male.”

“Stop being an ass, Craig. You need to think about the way Tweek feels.”

“I do.” Craig grabbed his hard-drive stick. “Every day. I worry about Tweek. His anxiety, his well-being, if his parents are treating him right, even his diet. Every day, I try my best. I do whatever I can to be of service to him. He doesn’t respect me. He doesn't appreciate it, Stan.”

Stan was at loss, now at the words and baggage being dumped at him.

“Yesterday, I blew up his voicemail trying to make things right, and you know what I get in return?” Craig stepped closer to him. “Oh yeah, nothing. Just a fist to the shoulder and him taking Stripe away. It’s exhausting. All I do is be there for Tweek. All he does is take, and take, and take. He’s the one that changed, Stan, I didn’t.”

"I think I get it now..."

"No. You obviously don't."

"Then why did you fuck me?” Direct. The question hardly beat around the bush.

“I’ve already explained it. It’s not your place. Don't ask me again.”

“You betrayed him.” Stan narrowed his eyes.

Craig’s expression remains plain. “You did too.”
Sickness constricts Stan’s throat. Indisposed nausea crept up Stan’s windpipe when that was just mentioned. Now glancing to one side, his fingers curled gently in his palm. His classmate was right. Stan was just as equal in the crime they both committed. He and Tweek were technically friends. They weren’t at all close, but he did sleep with his boyfriend behind his back.

“Craig.”

“This conversation is over.”

Stan stood there, vexed.

“I don’t want to hear about it anymore. I’m not talking about my feelings. With you, especially. I’ve already made up my mind about the guys and Tweek. If lecturing me about what we did is your only objective here, then I think you should leave.”

The other boy stopped what he was doing when the teen in the beanie called. After glancing at the time on his phone, green eyes ascended at Stan.

“No, Craig. This isn’t about Tweek this time.” The jock’s tone gained construction quickly. No shouting match for him. There were enough troubles for him already. "I'm willing to forsake the subject if you just listen."

“What the hell do you want then?”

“Fuck me.”

Under half-lidded eyelids, Craig’s irises swam upward from the strong use of punctuation.

“What?”

“Fuck me.”

It was clear the first time. The original Kickstarter conversation for them has already taken a triple dive. Astonishingly enough, no ire for the loose cannon behavior that was exhibited in front of him. As deemed by his friends and comrades, Craig was the king of keeping his cool.

“My house, let’s do it tonight,” said Stan, without caution. “I wanna try it out again. Just come over and fuck me, fuck the shit out of me.”

Craig made a noise when he simpered. “That’ll be a mistake. You really have no boundaries, don’t you?”

“You know when we said those things, I didn’t think it’d be last time.” Stan was upfront. “Well, like you, I had my doubts, but I’m really serious now. Be there. Four o’clock sharp today. Screw me.”

“Can’t, I have to finish this before Friday…”

*Fuck, Life had a way of creeping up to Craig with surprises. He was now staring at Stan's chest and biceps. Did you really have to wear a tight shirt today?!

The thoughts screamed. Ironically, seduction didn't take much effort with Stan on his behalf. Craig did find him alluring.

“You can use the computer at my place. There’s plenty of time for that,” Stan said.
“I’ve seen your computer, it’s shit.”

“Dude, who cares?”

Craig thought that Stan’s eyes would roll to the back of his head. That, being a bit of a habit when he was upset, the expression was not put to waste when Stan crossed his arms. Craig closed all the programs on the computer, he collected all of the photos and placed them in a messenger bag.

The yearbook student would make do with his time. Token and Clyde wouldn’t step near the science hall during lunchtime unless it was to gain more popularity for them on the pages. Because the computer labs would occasionally attract ‘Melvins’ the area would be easy to avoid. No one would be caught dead there. Especially not the cheerleaders or the student body officers.

Stan didn’t say anything when a thumb bristled against his own chin and his face was cupped in Craig’s hand. They were kissing again. Warm mouths glided, collided. Small writhes and tongues gently lapping over another. Stan smiled. This was just what he wanted. He pulled Craig’s shirt and had him tilt his head down to him. Their mouths disconnect, faces a mere inch apart.

“I really want it...” This wasn’t Stan, it was just his horniness speaking.

He was making Stan horny. Craig. Everything that made Craig uncomfortable, all the stuff that he tried so hard to avoid, right before his eyes again. The air ran thick and heavy between them.

_God, forbid_, rang the voice in Craig’s mind. _You’re just as much of a traitor as he is._

Truly, Craig meant that for his boyfriend Tweek, but he could be saying that about Stan in his head. Along the lines of what has been done and said, Stan has betrayed his character fully as well. The only question left about it was, what was he going to do about it. It should be no concern to Craig, but for some unforgivable reason, he felt himself gravitate toward the other boy slowly.

Hardware and hanging wires shook. Craig pinned Stan against the table with his hips. Brilliant blue irises burned with passion and need at Craig. The same desire as the other afternoon. A pale hand came over Craig’s shoulder, brushing over his neck. Stan’s palm slid to his classmate’s warm cheek. Without warning, Craig crushed his mouth to Stan’s.

The shorter boy parted his lips. His own heart raced in his chest again, feeling Craig’s hardness pressed against his thigh. Craig had to be as hard as an iron bar. Stan didn’t think it would be possible to give the other male an erection in his class, let alone him. In his pants, Craig was long and heavy. All of that couldn’t be for him, it was unreal. The supposedly thick cotton on Craig’s sweatpants felt vastly thin compared to what Stan imagined it.

Heart racing fast, Craig’s hands explored while they kissed heavily. Stan pressed a palm to the table to keep balance. This was it. He wanted all of it. Craig or not, this is what Stan sought during this moment.

Giving Craig’s bottom lip a pull between his teeth, Stan’s hand with splayed fingers slid over Craig’s hard stomach near the drawstring of his pants.

Not one of being for trysts of any sort in a public room, A moment in that time, Craig questioned if he should risk it and go along with it. The picture of his boyfriend played in mind. They were currently not at speaking terms. A sigh barely breezed past Craig’s lip. He pulled Stan’s hand away, ignoring the pout of rejection he received. Stan was to ask why Craig stopped. Instead of backing off, Craig slowly undid the rope of his pants. His cock fell out. Wetting his lips, Craig reached and guides his classmate’s hand to his exposed region. Hot and wet at the tip, flooding
Craig's dick twitched another time before slender, calloused fingers wrapped around it. Craig glanced up at Stan.

For no particular reason, Stan found himself breathing differently, suddenly. In the room, there'd be only the sunlight from the large, curtainless windows with streaks of water that dotted the glass.

Craig’s hips tilt again insistently. There really wasn’t much of a mood for each of them to discuss the inappropriateness of it all. Although, there’d be no point in vocalizing it Stan wanted to say that he wanted it bad as he did.

Craig’s dick was out. A real-life cock in Stan’s grasp again, staring him in the eye. One, that was not Kenny’s, or Cartman’s small one, or his own. But Craig Tucker’s. His cock was hot, long, thick, and an even flesh color. It was pink and had a thick head just like he remembered. Lengthy enough to run his hand over. Big enough to choke on.

“I can’t shake this feeling anymore.” Craig hid his distress poorly. “My body’s response to yours is irrefutable.”

“Mines too…” A bit confused with what they were doing, he wondered what Craig went on about. How long he's felt that way. “It’s… definitely different than my own…” His complexion burned bright.

Sore denial. Of course, Stan would say such a thing. Here they go again. This is wrong. Hot shame and desire singed in his throat.

Stan remembered the neatly shaven hair Craig had over his pubic region. Such a delight to take in. Stan was getting used to Craig’s smell from the little contact. A faintness of name brand laundry soap and a clean scented parfum. Craig knew what was in it. Mandarin, rosemary, warm patchouli. With bustling self-confidence, he rose to the occasion and pressed himself tighter to Stan.

By far, Craig has gotten handsome. He wouldn’t be the lanky seventh grader with braces that everyone knew. Still slender, Craig had slightly more muscle definition in his lean build. He no longer had the metal barrier over his teeth. His overcritical and nerdy nature hasn’t so much deteriorated, but he was handsome. As kids their age would declare on social media, Craig had a bit of a ‘glow up’. As girls in class described, Craig looked like a modern day Abercrombie & Fitch model. Stan wouldn’t go that far to say… but he was a better choice than what he would have settled with during his last bout of depression.

Snatched back into the world, Stan's irises leveled to where Craig’s pants were pulled down.

“The first step is admitting it first,” Craig spoke.

“First step to admitting what?”

“This. Just admit you like dick, shithead.”

Unnecessary. The name calling, that is. Offended, Stan glared. “Really?”

Loud wasn’t Craig’s style. Not anywhere, or there. He would have to feel 'really good' to make a single sound. Being told what to do, Stan secretly enjoyed it and Craig knew it. Several times, Craig has seen it with Stan’s friends. From watching him over the years, Craig has noticed that Stan was a bit of a pushover. Licking his lips and parting them again, Stan concentrated on his task that was literally at hand. He wanted to retort badly. Say, he just took dick for one day and that’s it. Craig’s blood pulsed in his hold. He wanted his cock juices to dribble on his tongue again.
Heart still thrumming madly, Stan continued below Craig’s low purrs. It was the sound of a man, Stan liked it. He ran his hand all the way down Craig’s length and up again and began working his shaft. Enjoying it, Craig inhaled.

“It’s Stan…” the jock whispered back, remembering that his classmate called him stupid. “Call me that again and I’ll stop rubbing.” A threat, but it was also a lie. “Now hurry up and come before class begins again. And don’t get it on my clothes.”

The retort would be something that was surprising to even him. This had been the opposite of any fantasy that Stan has ever had. Right now, he was hard. Doing as he said, Stan jerked him in his hand. He could feel his own self become more aroused by looking at it. His closed fist slicked, picked up speed.

Panting, Craig pressed his forehead to Stan's shoulder. Beneath him, Stan could feel his groin strain jealously against the center of his pants. He too craved release so bad, it hurts. This was really happening. Craig moved and landed several damp kisses below Stan’s ear. His warm lips sucked over hickey patterns he made the previous day. Something, Stan very much so liked. It was entirely interesting seeing Craig in such a way again. Over him, Craig’s breathing quickened. It became more erratic.

"Let me fuck your mouth," the horny teen in the chullo ordered.

On his own, Stan volunteered, sinking to his knees. Taking Craig’s dick, stretching his lips, Stan was on his knees by the tangled extension cords over the air vents. Hardly comfortable in that position, but he’d settle with it. Craig kept his steady breathing, thrusting in and out Stan's mouth. Short fingernails biting into his thighs Stan sucked his dick hard, graciously. His mouth demanded more. His spit dampened the short carpet in dark stains.

Craig moaned again. Hot come poured and dribbled down Stan’s chin and he swallowed greedily. Craig reached a gentle spasm. He uttered another curse word. Stan’s mouth was filled more with his rich seed. Salty and bitter. And coating the back of his throat. No matter how Stan looked at it, ejaculate was an acquired taste and it would be something he had to get used to.

Stan's tongue lolled over his bottom lip as his classmate drummed his dick over the flattened surface of it several times. He had seen enough porn to get off to it. Stan savored the feeling of it being smacked against his swollen lips and across his cheek with it. With Craig's thumb pressed in his oral canal, Stan sucked on it deftly, never wanting to cease what he's doing, or let go yet. He knew they only had a few minutes to spare, it was almost time.

“I don’t recall you being this into me before.”

“I can say the same for you. Maybe, I wanted to try something new. I didn't think we'd do this here. Tweek must’ve really hurt me.”

“If that isn’t already obvious…” the jock trailed off. “First time I heard you being hurt by anything.”

Less worried about receiving a bloody nose, the bitterness in Stan’s pitch stayed. And so did his stance. Sure, now wouldn’t be a good time to escalate things. They were hardly kids fighting anymore. Almost too exact in his punctuation. At that given time, Stan would put himself in the
blond’s shoes. Somehow imagining it has left a bad taste in his mouth. And it wouldn’t be his rival’s spunk.

“Yep, what a surprise.” Craig tucked himself in his boxers. “This man has feelings.”

“Yeah… you’re definitely all man.”

Craig felt himself drifting as well. “Yep…”

The words in the air hung dry. For Stan, there’d been nothing like sounding like a cheap fast-food coworker that wanted to cop another feel of her boss’s junk at a cramped restroom. Rather adequately, that’s what Stan reminded himself of. At that point, neither he or Craig knew what to say, or wanted to correct how foolish they sounded.

In silence, Stan brought his hands up to of Craig’s face and they kissed again. At that time, he pressed his hard crotch between Craig’s thighs, lightly grinding and humping him. The other male’s hand rounded and he pressed his palm against the mound of Stan’s joggers. As predicted, he was hard. Over the cloth barrier, Craig kneaded it and rubbed his hand back and forth over Stan's cock, kissing him languidly. Their tongues brushed, traced, and mingled again. He moved and nibbled Stan’s neck.

Logic was unnecessary. Stan wanted to see what his equally desperate classmate had to offer. Other events of that day remain in the back of Stan’s head. He knew he was being sneaky and deviant and he couldn’t wait to see if Craig could manhandle him again. Tilting his head back while Craig was necking him. Stan lets out a gentle moan. A small one.

This never crossed their minds, especially for Stan. The little actions displayed there would hardly fit his life’s bucket list, but from there, he could care less.

“I wanna keep doing this,” Stan’s said.

“Same,” Craig concurred.

Now with his closed eyes, Stan accepted Craig’s wet mouth pouring down to his collarbone. Still afraid of where their actions may take him, but yearning it just as much, the noirèt in the beanie lets out an inaudible sigh.

“Craig…”

Things were heating up. His own mouth, wanting to chase his taste again. The kiss slowed when Stan was pressed against the table, the dark locks of Craig’s hair in between his fingers underneath his hat.

"Nnh." Their lips part again."…Craig.”

Stan kissed him back again. More forceful and passionate. He was getting used to it, he kept his arms looped around Craig's shoulders.

“Butters…” the boy cried beneath.

Craig feathered more kisses upward. “… what?”

Stan breathed again, chest on fire. “Butters.”

The door in the room swooped open. Craig swiftly pulled his mouth away from Stan.
“There you guys are.” Butters marched past the row of desks that led up to them. “I thought I recognized you guys by the bulletin board.”

Butters sniffed. Beside the skinny blond, there was a shorter boy with round glasses and dark auburn curls, Dougie O’Connell.

Stan’s eyes rested on Craig, who had his shoulder turned away from him and the rest of his classmates. When Butters watched where Stan’s vision trailed, Stan’s gaze dart toward the window. The fair-haired one looked at him questioningly. Fully turned away from him, Craig adjusted himself in his boxers. Both Dougie and Butters were facing Stan.

“Doug, what are you doing here? Aren’t you in ninth grade?” The crack in Stan’s voice almost immediately giving himself away.

“Tenth,” informed the freckled boy in bifocals.

Stan’s shoulders slumped.

Dougie moved upward. “May I ask what you’re doing here? I don’t really see you around here too often. Are you trying to get a full page for free in the yearbook, Stan?” He turned at the blond. “Is that even legal here?”

“ Heck if I know,” Butters replied to his sidekick, Doug. “Don’t ask me.”

“Yeah… this got weird fast,” Stan rubbed his mouth with his wrist, “…I’ll be off now.”

“You should have done that a long time ago. I won’t tell you again.” Craig slung his messenger bag over his shoulder after packing his equipment and Twizzlers. “Stay out of here while I’m working on my project.”

“Dude, Butters can come along if he wants,” Stan argued, mistakenly.

“You’re losing it.” Craig turned around and glowered. “I wasn’t talking to him.”

“Well thanks, Stan. Golly, you didn’t really have to. Craig’s such a gentle lamb. He wouldn’t kick me outta here for nothin’,” Butters added sweetly. “Oh yeah, you guys, you didn’t get it from me, but one of the rumors turned out to be true. I thought you fellas would like to know.”

“Aw, what?” Stan frowned. “Butters, dude, not now.”

“Rumor?” Craig turned around, rare glow in his eyes. Being in the school newspaper was an extra. Without the hobby, it still wouldn’t distract him from simply wanting to know something that could ruin a classmate’s life.

Craig held eye contact with Stan before he turned, glancing at Butters.

“Okay, Butters, shoot,” said the jock. “What’dya got?”

“Do you guys remember Trevor Moore?”

“Oh yeah, Sacramento kid, he’s dating that Stacy Anderson chick, isn’t he?” snickered Craig “He’s
on the team. He talks. A lot.”

Craig was in favor of hearing what it was about, already hoping it would be bad.

“What about him?” Stan forced himself to look up, still recovering from what he and Craig just did.

“Well, you guys are not gonna believe what he was caught doing in the men’s room with Mr. Jenkins at the talent show. Now get a load of this. It’s really good, Stan. I think you’d wanna hear this.”

“Oh, really, huh. I guess.”

“Is he gay?” Craig deadpanned.

“Yes.”

Stan’s jaw dropped. “What?”

Nerves fluttered in his belly at the news. Lips formed in a flat line, Stan kept an even temperament, when Butters went on.

“Last Wednesday, Esther was walking with Nelly and they saw him sucking Mr. Jenkins’ wiener by the tetherball poles. There’s full footage of it for the whole class. Even the tenth-grade hall’s got a hold of it. Frontal nudity and everything.”

The teen in the beanie kept the same face. “What?”

“I know, me too, surprised the hell out of me. He hated special kids. You don’t have to worry about him callin’ you a queer or a sissy anymore. Poor fella’s gonna switch schools. He hasn’t shown his face since.”

“You know, that’s pretty crazy.” Craig switched off the lights in the room, the computer screens flashed brightly behind them when they went to the door frame. “He always acted tough. I just kind of assumed it.”

“Well, there’s still time to get him back. I just saw him in the study hall.” Dougie suggested.

“Surprise, surprise. What were the odds, right?” Stan rolled his eyes again, sneering. “Dude, I’m not gonna rip on him because he’s gay. Is that it?”

“Well, actually —”

A loud, deafening noise impacted their eardrums. JAR!

Butters’ eyes expanded three times their size. The four froze in place. Stan and Craig looked around. Construction, maybe. There would be a huge possibility for that there was a new room being built in the school. Rather grimly, it went to ‘gunfire.’ No words exchanged, other than Craig asking what it is. Unwanted flashbacks. Stan felt the bile rise in his throat.

As it would turn out, the sound would be more than a distraction. The lunch bell already rang. Not a single student has made it back to class. A pack of the tenth and eleventh graders swarmed together at the sight of an ambulance stretcher being rolled down the science hall. As a medic
stood in front of the boy’s restroom, two other ones entered to attain someone. A body.

The students gasped when the unidentified teenager was loaded onto the thin mattress on wheels. A faculty staff member said his name. The same boy that Butters has been talking about, Trevor Moore.

His lifeless form bobbed on the stretcher when the paramedics covered his face and slowly rolled his blood and tear-streaked face away.

Kyle had his hand on Stan’s shoulder. His best friend swallowed thickly at the less vibrant pupils that stared directly at him. Olive colored eyes, now dull. There was a deep wound drilled in the middle of Trevor’s forehead. Blood seeped from his head where it rested on a pillow. Shaggy brown locks askew. At the sight, Cartman remains expressionless. Bebe’s weeping was the only sound when the young male is being whisked away to the ambulance truck at the side of the school.

Tweek and Craig have reunited again, fingers entwined and holding hands. With his other hand, Tweek rubbed his cheeks, smearing his wet cheeks with his long sleeves. Craig bowed his head and spoke softly to him. An imaginary weight crushed Stan’s chest before he tore his glance away from the couple.

“He didn’t have to do that, he didn’t need to kill himself...” Through tear-dampened lashes Tweek wept, looking at his sneakers.

"He's gay." Another student whispered from a second row, standing. "I can't believe he was this whole time."

Stan was rigid on his feet, he kept blank.

“I never would’ve guessed, really,” stated Token.

“Meh, nothing to see here. I always knew he was a fag.” Cartman slung his backpack over his round shoulder. “Who wants enchiladas after this? I’m pretty sure school’s canceled now.”

"Bro," Clyde said, fingers scrunching the shirt material beneath his jacket, "that's cold."

Stan and Kyle walked away. Kenny shook his head and followed.

“Guys, wait up!”

Winds sliced through naked tree branches. Snow fell outside when the students were released early to go home. Students piled toward the yellow buses in their coats and backpacks. As Cartman said, school would be released after the tragedy. Nothing but the sound of conversation, wind, and sirens, the main four walked to the icy student parking lot.

Today 1:13 pm

[Text me later.]
Stan’s stomach fluttered at Craig’s text. Something new to him. The thought, easily discarded. He pocketed his phone and joined up with Kenny in Kyle’s car. They were really going to go through with it. Him and Craig. There’d be no music or romance, but the thought of them exploring each others’ bodies again made Stan tingle in the right spots. All for wrong reason, but he wouldn’t mind being noticed again. Until he finds someone with better equipment at least.

Today 1:16 pm

{everyone’s still fucked up about trevor.}
{i don’t think we can tonight.}

Dropped off with his friends joining him and from his backyard now, Stan has already sent his reply to Craig.

Today 1:16 pm

{It’s ok. We don’t have to.}
{What’s your Skype?}

Stan smirked at the bubble.

Today 1:17 pm

{dude you still use skype?}

Today 1:17 pm

{Lmao, yeah, they just upgraded it.}

Today 1:17 pm

{It’s gotten so much better. My dad has it on Amazon Echo, it’s pretty useful.}

Today 1:18 pm

{oh yeah i think my dad has it too.}

“Ah, dude, sick!” Kyle’s yell hooked Stan back to the present. “Stan, have you looked in your hot
tub? You might wanna check on it.”

Wondering what the commotion was all about, Stan met with his best friend’s disgusted face and then casually walked toward the jacuzzi by the sliding doors of his home.

“Uh, no.” Before carrying on, Stan finished another text. “What’s in it?”

Stan looked Kenny’s way and he shrugged. Cartman guffawed, setting his soda can down at the edge of the tub. Moving slowly toward the direction of it, Stan’s lips twitched and tugged at the corners in dismay. Hands rested at the corner of the whirlpool, Stan peered down.

Cartman whistled. “That’s a pretty good going away present. From its color and state, I’d say it’s been sittin’ there for about three, four days. The matter is starting to gray at the corners and crumble at the sides.”

“Thank you, expert turd inspector, I didn’t ask.” Stan said, irritated.

Kenny glanced. “Yeah, that’s a pretty huge turd.”

The teen in the beanie yanked the hose from the side of the house, meeting up with the other three once more.

“Okay, now I believe you.” Kyle’s hand settled on Stan’s shoulder. “There’s no way you could’ve have Wendy over with the size of that thing starin’ back at you.”

“You trippin’, brah.” Cartman’s hands slipped in his hoodie pocket. “Who said they even fucked outside?”

“Yeah, they asked about the hickeys.”

Referring to his friends, on his bed during that night, Stan was on the phone with Craig. He was lying on his back in the nude this time. His sister Shelly returned home that night with Kevin, was kicked out of his house by his father again. Not wanting a broken arm, Stan knew his boundaries. He was taller than Shelly now, but it didn’t mean she didn’t frighten him anymore. With much respect from her part, she doesn’t care to walk in on Stan as well.

“The scratches on my back are fading.” Craig was resting on his side in his own bed. “You don’t have to worry. Tweek won’t see them.”

“Great.”

“Yeah.”

“So…” Stan rolled, facing his window. “That Trevor thing… I saw you guys holding hands.”

“Who? ” Craig asked unblinkingly. "Me and Tweek?

Hardly his business, Stan felt compelled to ask. Remarkably, he could be in a phase now. Deep down, he has always been a serious relationship type of guy. Curiosity snagged him. The image of the blond huddling up to Craig earlier that day gave Stan mixed feelings.
"Umm..." Stan played with the corner of his pillowcase. “Are you guys still together?”

“We’re working on it.”

The statement was neither a bad thing or detracted from Stan’s goal at the moment. One way or another, he will get what he wants. He wouldn’t be pushy, but there had been genuine interest stemming from Craig. In that particular sense, it was enjoyable to see him that way, other than being plain or impolite over any silly plan he manifested with his friends.

“I know you have a lot of questions for this,” Craig began. “For the most part, I can assure you…”

“It’s okay, Craig. You don't have to assure me. We're just fuck buddies. At least, from here on out.” Stan's eyes wandered to his ceiling, he dropped to his pillows again.

“You sure you're okay with this?”

“No, I didn’t say it was okay. Cheating’s never okay. I just… I don’t know what I want. What do you think? Do you want us to…”

“Us to what?”

There’d be no corners for Stan to cut around. He had to be forward again. He wanted reassurance for his actions. Even if in his mind and before their other classmates’ eyes, if it ever got out, that what he and Craig were doing would ‘fuck them up’.

“Fool around again.” Stan said immediately.

“I want to.”

“Me too.”

Craig turned the lamp on at his nightstand. For a short while, he meditated. All the while, Stan didn’t mind the silence. The shadows of a tree his sister Tricia planted a few years ago projected through Craig’s windows to his wall. Over the rustling sounds of the wind blowing the leaves. The breeze whispered, crickets chirping.

“No school tomorrow. I guess that means we can stay up.” Craig spoke on his phone. “I’m pretty bored over here. I think I heard Tricia go to bed. How about I refresh your memory.”

“Oh.” Stan rose over his sheets. “Refresh? How you gonna do that?”

“Make sure it’s just you. Hang up and get on Skype.”

Stan swiped and ended the phone call session, finding the Skype app and opening it.

“Dude, why’s it so dark in there?” Craig’s voice was in low volume on Stan’s calling device.

His irises focused on the silhouette of Stan in his room. No ceiling light on, no lamp. The curtains were closed. It was him, an outline of himself. Craig could barely make out Stan’s face being lit with his own phone.
“Hold on,” Stan whispered.

Stan shifted in his blankets. He finally switched on the light on his end table. The luminance spilled underneath the Broncos lamp cover, giving his pale skin a bright undertone. Luckily for Stan, his door was already closed. Knees rising underneath his blankets, he focused the camera on himself.

Behind Craig, he noticed the same posters and the fairy lights that hung over the headboard of his bed. They weren’t off this time. The lights twinkled behind Craig. Glittery golden accents sparkled from the blur of the panned lens. Surrounded by Craig’s polaroids on his wall were glow in the dark stickers of stars and planets. Now embarrassed, Stan thought he should put effort into his own bedroom, other than drape his trophies with dirty laundry.

“Whoa dude,” blurted Stan. “I didn’t know you wear glasses.”

Craig canted his gaze toward his classmate. He tactfully said nothing. And then… beet red, the hue, crept through the bridge of his nose.

Holy shit, is he blushing at me?

“You should strip.” The aloof one spoke.

Fuck, well, we’re already doing this. I don’t see why not. Stan thought further.

“Already ahead of you.” Stan pushed his blankets down. “I’m already naked.”

The comforter was casually kicked away. The camera is still focused on his face and chest. Craig remains observant. He brushed back of few of his dark tresses and dropped his hand to his lap.

“Now… what was that thing you wanted to show me?” Stan began, knowingly.

Camera purposely focused on his best feature and then sliding up. The corners Stan’s his lips quirked into a cocky smile after showing his classmate his abs. The tiny urge to flirt with Craig would be necessary to him. Stan wanted to make him horny again. They’ve already gone far enough with one another.

Back pressed against his pillows, Craig discreetly slid the lens of his camera down to his pajama pants. Stan’s vision centered to his cock hidden in the confines of the material where the other teen slid his hand over it and palmed it. Eyes lowered, Craig’s hand drifted into the hole of his pants.

From the hall of his house, Stan examined the light beaming through the crack of his door before his blues returned to the screen. Craig’s arm was covering his dick.

Craig noticed that Stan had his face turned before he relaxed and pulled his fingers away. Shelly’s muffled speaking with Kevin McCormick became less of a concern when Stan could see it again. Craig’s cock. Stan convinced himself yet again that it was the effect of it being a small town. That it was possible that he, could be sheltered. Craig ran his hand over it in slow leisure pumps, mesmerizing him. Precum slides down to his balls. The overcurious bisexual was transfixed, remembering it being in his mouth. Craig’s cock was big and it flopped on his belly. Stan nearly salivated at the sight of it.

“Still not gay?” Craig said, making his classmate’s ears burn.

Stan moved his phone in his hand. His own dick throbbed where the phone wasn’t facing. Nudity was never an issue for him. They’ve already done it before. Four times, in fact. And Stan could be
in broad daylight. In that very room. Scared would be far from what he was feeling. In his hand, Stan slid his gentle grip down the root of his own shaft.

“Just a tease. I thought you didn’t like me.” Stan’s voice was lower, husky. It’d be the only one he used when he tried to impress someone. 

“I like what you’re doing.”

“I like what you showed me…”

“Mmm, less talking, more stroking,” Craig said.

There was the sound of the drawer on his nightstand being opened. Stan reclined on his pile of pillows. He breathed serenely, pumping quicker. Craig uttered a curse word, as the pleasure targeted within began to shoot down to his groin with more intensity. Another string of words repeated from him again. They’ve changed hands and added new motions for fifteen minutes.

“Oh, fuck, I’m gonna come, dude…”

“Not yet, what do you want me to do to you?”

“I want you to fill me with your come,” Stan admitted, panting.

The dirty talk would have to ease more in. So far, Stan was agreeable. He adapted well.

“Wrong answer. Be more descriptive. What do you want me to do?”

Craig jerked up at the sound of the rattling of his doorknob. “Craig?”

Thomas. He snatched his blanket and pulled it to his waist.

The obsidian haired teen responded. “Hey dad.”

In the private chat, Stan gawped. Using safety measures, Stan has also stopped what he was doing. Craig’s phone was lying face down.

“You have company in the living room,” said Thomas.

Craig rolled over on his elbow. “I’ll be there.”

Within his thoughts, he thanked himself for looking decent in front of the other man. Non-disorderly or disheveled. There would be nothing to suspect. Right about now, Stan was just as terrified at the walk-in. It wouldn’t be Craig’s job to soothe him, but he would feel obligated at that instance to show concern. At least, temporarily, while they were both in it together.

“Ugh.” Stan was fully dressed after that. Band tee and sweatpants. “I feel so dirty.”

The words held no lies. In fact, Thomas barging in on Craig has made Stan so uncomfortable, he needed to layer up. Never being shy at baring his own skin, he would feel just as indecent when meeting up with anyone else’s father like that.
Craig couldn’t bring himself to comment on that. “I’ll lock the door next time. I didn’t know he’d do that.”

“It’s okay,” Stan breathed. “So, who came over?”

There was a knock on Craig’s door. Laura this time. “Honey?”

“Hey, mom. I know.”

Craig slid off his bed and ended his chat abruptly with Stan.

**Today 8:03 pm**

*Tweek’s here. We’ll pick up where we left off later, I promise.*

**Today 8:06 pm**

*ok dude, night.*

**Today 8:06 pm**

*Yeah, goodnight.*

Breathing out, seated at the corner of his bed, Stan decided to put any heart emojis aside with his last sent message. It would be better that way. What he needed to do was keep his feet planted on the ground. Romance would be out of the question. Craig had a life of his own and so did he. No future nudes would change it. Both respected each other’s dealings and they were old and wise enough to break it off if things would get too risky. This was just for fun. That was all it is.

Putting his phone on the charger, Stan switched off his lamp and closed his eyes. How his new faith would be determined, that will be revealed in time.

As slumber took him, a vision of Craig holding hands with Tweek played in the darkness behind his eyelids. And then a bitter masked confusion. Stan has awakened a new emotion. Unease entered him slowly like a poison-filled injection.

What is this feeling?

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Chapter End Notes

So, um, hey. What's up? Thanks for the reviews on Kerosene Kisses, lovelies. I wasn't expecting so many that time. ^^ Bless you guys and I really hope y'all enjoyed this
one.

**Edit:** And I fixed a few things. Thanks for all the support.
Limited eye was drawn toward the other men in the cell. The heavy rumbling and clanging of metal bars within the police department were unbelievably petrifying to Craig as he was guided to one of the cells to join the other inmates of the building.

Craig kept quiet when one of the officers moved toward him and undid his tight handcuffs. He took his seat in one of the benches while he observed another cop twist the keys in his hand.

There was a young man rocking back and forth at the corner of the room. Head full of wooly hair, familiar. Over the indistinct chatter of the police officers, two other boys just about Craig’s age peered over at him. The cinder-block walls were an unattractive ivory-beige color, dirty, scribbled with red, black, and marker. Most of it would be phone numbers and common graffiti anyone would find in a dirty bathroom stall.

Not making any eye contact with any other men in the room, Craig bowed his head and took his seat at an empty spot at a bench. He steeples his fingers and crooked forward, resting his elbows above his knees.

“Hey, I know you. I’ve seen you before.”

Craig squinted at the voice above him. Without much reaction, he didn’t move an inch. Not a budge, he didn’t lift his chin.

“You know Butters, don’t you?” asked the timid young man standing near him.

Finally glancing his direction, Craig brought his attention to the gentleman speaking to him in the cell. He was a fair-haired fellow. His clothes were clean. Ironed, pressed. A plain short-sleeved button-up and a pair of loafers. He appeared to be the curly-haired young man that was rocking back and forth at the corner of the room.

“Butters was my classmate,” Craig answered contemplatively, looking at the ground. “We went to grade school together.”

“Yeah, you don’t remember me. We hung out once.” The curly-haired blond chewed the side of his lip. “I’m Bradley. We used to—”

“Don’t care.”

Bradley sighed. With a back pressed against the wall, he brought his hand to his mouth and gnawed gently on his cuticle. A poor habit developed during childhood. Craig glanced at him with the corner of his eye.

“So, prison,” Bradly brought up sheepishly, scanning the room. “What a place, huh?”
“Yep… It’s definitely different than where I’d rather be right now.”

Sarcasm met claustrophobia. As it would turn out, it wasn’t that much of a concern for Craig, interestingly. Of all places, there. Although Craig respected having his own space greatly, he couldn’t help feel displeased by the troubling energy that the other men in the cell were giving off. Much older, most of which stood in the corner of the cramped room.

They were leering over at Craig in his direction. Scheming, conniving, unpleasant looks overall. If Craig were half the impetuous fighter that Stan was, he would have shot up to say something to the men already. Craig kept quiet and retreated back to his thoughts. It would be best if he stuck with someone he knew.

Legs bending as he sat down, Bradley claimed his spot next to Craig. He sank his palms at the edge of the bench.

“What do you think is gonna happen when they find the killer?”

“What killer?” Craig scrunched his nose in dislike.

With his gaze sliding a different direction, Bradley bit his bottom lip, speaking hoarsely.

It took some process for Craig to mull that over. Realizing now, Craig didn’t know a thing about Bradley, other than vaguely remembering that he knew Butters. Bradley may or may not have transferred to their elementary school during childhood.

Craig was much more engrossed in with what Stan could be doing. He had been trying that new that, not doubting him. Craig heavily disapproved of figuring stuff at the last minute. Bradley was enigmatic, strange, more of… unpleasant to consider engaging with. Craig kept his public face on. The urge to disassociate was strong.

“You know, the serial killer that’s sitting in this cell right now,” Bradley piped up. “What’s gonna happen to him?”

“Killer— oh, you’re on your own!” Craig blurted. “I’m just here to collect my fine and leave.”

Bradley gasped at his outburst. Four police officers crowd around the bars. The man with the key returned again. He unlocked the door and waved at young men to leave. Ecstatic at the change of plan, Bradley propped himself up happily and moved toward the cops.

“Well, none of you are the suspect as described, so you can all leave.” A mustached detective approached the group in his suspenders. Another well-known from South Park, Harrison Yates.

“Come on, boys, wrap it up,” he said.

“Wait. So, I can really leave?” Bradley gasped softly, hands fumbling with his speech.

“Hit the road, kid, we found who’s the real perpetrator here!”

“Oh, thank goodness,” Bradley stuttered, pretending the stale ceiling were the sky. “Thank you, Jesus.”

The grittiness in Yates’ shout would be enough to deflect Craig from forming another pensive thought. Craig assessed his mannerisms while the other young men behind bars were guided outside the cell. When Craig moved behind the other young men, Sergeant Yates placed a splayed hand on his broad chest.
“Oh no. Not you,” Yates said to Craig. “Where do you think you’re going?”

“Home.” Craig looked over his shoulder, his greens dipped to the cop. “That’s what I thought we’re doing.”

“Well, today’s your unlucky day. We’ve had reports in and you’re the only one out of dozens that fits the bill.”

“What?”

“Follow me.”

“I have to stay for a bit longer. They won’t let me go.”

“What?” Dark brows squished together at the news. “What do you mean they won’t let you? You didn’t do anything. You bought groceries hopped into bed with me after that.”

“They don’t believe me,” Craig said, ignoring the coughs and murmurs behind him. “Apparently, there’s this serial killer from Nebraska attacking innocent people here… and they think it’s me. Don’t tell my family, it’d probably be a lot safer if they didn’t know.”

“Um, yeah, about that…” Stan looked down. “Tricia already knows. You were kinda on the news. I didn’t watch it, but she said she saw you.”

“I’m on the news?!”

“Yeah, relax, love. We get on the news all the time.”

“Oh no, not me. It’s always you guys.”

“Babe, relax, you’ve been on the news before,” Stan said gently.

“Once or twice,” Craig deflected with a glare. “Even if there’s some truth to that, I can’t be on the news. If I am, this could potentially ruin everything for me.”

“I’ll tell Tricia to stay away from the media longer, that’ll buy you some more time.”

Stan sat at a bench in a locker room. Behind him, Clyde was listening in, placing his empty water bottle inside his locker. Aside from being clothed and padded from the waist down in their football uniforms, their shoulder pads were the only thing that covered their bare torsos. More lockers slammed around him.

“I’ll let Kyle know if things really get bad. I’m not too worried. I know you’re innocent.”

Craig listened, lowering his brows.

“I’ll try to get through the plays without you.” Sauntering toward the edge of the room, Stan had his football helmet dangling in one hand. “I just wish you were here. I really trained for this, it’s not fair…”

Soft and vulnerable. Masking his feelings around Craig would be unbearable now. On the verge of
tears, Stan didn’t want to sound weak. The familiar constricting and squeezing at his heart. Knowing for a fact, that it wasn’t just Craig being in jail.

Stress could be the main benefactor to what he was feeling at that given time. A huge percent of it was a buildup of emotions Stan kept bottled inside. The recovery from alcoholism was still a difficult process. With just a few fun sips of beer at their frat parties, Craig would be there watching. Humiliated at the fact and taking it easier on himself, Stan didn’t want to be Craig’s responsibility.

“I miss you,” Stan admitted already, frowning. “I just want things to be back to the way they were. With us… and our friends. I’m really trying my best here to get over that app, but now you can’t even…”

“Babe, what did I tell you about that whining?” Craig fretted. “I’ll be all right. I’ll make it back, hopefully, once I get them on the same page. They’re confiscating my work phone right now. Go on yours and update my statuses.”

The material of Stan’s glove tightened when he balled his fist. “No. You know I can’t do that.”

Hand gripping the top of the payphone, Craig looked pained. “For me.”

The night was going to be a long one, Stan felt it. Lips flat and pressed tightly, Stan carded his hands through his bangs and glared at the ceiling. His focus leaped back to the gentlemen on his team chatting with Token. Token glanced at Stan, who resisted the urge of dropping his head to his palm.

Craig raised his eyebrows. “Actually, never mind.”

Nothing to bet there. Craig thought he would be putting Stan at risk if he let him be his spokesman while he’s away. Social media was either a cinch or a complete disaster for Stan. Any small derogatory comment would be enough to light several flames. When angered, he was a hazard. Particularly to himself.

A what-if scenario wormed its way into Craig’s skull. Letting things go used to be a generous personality trait from Stan. The block button would hardly exist for him when he gets into a heated argument on a phone or a computer. Outside. With anyone. More of, Stan would be the kind of boyfriend that would schedule fights at empty Wall-mart parking lots.

“Okay, just be safe and don’t do anything stupid while I’m gone,” advised Craig. “Promise me you won’t be stupid, babe. Just try to remember all the good stuff while I’m gone. This is just one little setback. You’ll be in my arms soon.”

“Hey, are you done?” An older man with unruly dark hair scoffed at Craig. “Some of us have wives and families to call over here.”

“Who said that?” Stan growled, slighted by the bass tone that pierced the conversation. Their conversation.

“Nobody,” Craig exhaled gently. “He’s just a nobody.” A few nudges here and there. Vicious smirks were traded behind Craig. All without a cost, he easily ignored. “We’ll talk more later. Don’t forget to change Stripe’s nest when you get home.”

Before Stan could bring up another subject, Craig delivered a smooch to him and hung up the phone.
Craig knew his boyfriend would lecture him when he gets home. A good sitting down and stern talking to. Something, Craig would usually do. It was barely the other way around. While Craig would appreciate Stan for being worried, he didn’t want to add any more stress to Stan’s recovery. Learning how fragile Stan was beneath the layers, was quite a journey.

“I know just what type of guy you are.” The man who waited impatiently for Craig to finish his call stepped, clutching his shoulder, and clawing his shirt with his dirty fingernails. “You’re one of those pretty types that get an easy pass all through life. I’m just a nobody, huh?”

A hand jammed in his pocket, heavy resentment stretched the wrinkles on his cracked and leathery face.

“Johnathan, leave him alone. It’s okay to be gay now, most kids are.” Another man whispered in a twang. Precisely, at the one behind Craig, causing the teen to unwittingly absorb the full definition of their one-sided conversation.

“So, that’s what this is all about.” Someone in the back coined in. Another older gent, hair graying and resting on his shoulders.

_Jesus Christ, this whole room is a filth-infested bubble._ Craig clenched his teeth, resenting the fact that he was being touched.

Thoughts immediately geared toward the walls that could use a good scrubbing down. He could never tolerate his boyfriend leaving their home like this.

“I don’t have time for this.” Craig’s gaze skid from the clock then back at the man. “Sir, you have three seconds to dislodge your greasy hand from my shoulder.”

“Whoa, pretty boy, who do you think you’re talking to?” Low laughter rumbled from Jonathan. The foul stench of alcohol that floated above him, brushing his lips. Interestingly enough, it would be the last thing to offend Craig since he had been exposed to his friends’ party habits and underage drinking at a young age. It would be the fact that now that this stranger was in his personal space in the midst of a stressful event. Many of them, specifically.

Being touched by anyone who isn’t familiar would yet to waken something within. Regardless of the catastrophic events that were common in Craig’s old town, childhood was insufferably generous to Craig’s short-temper. Infrequently ruffled like his better half Stan, as the latent hostility climbed, Craig felt uneasiness and contradiction slowly get the best of him.

“I’ve got places to be.” The gentleman in front of him snarled. “And you’ve been takin’ your queer time with your queer girlfriend. You think I wanna be here too?”

“The phone is free. You have three seconds,” Craig warned. “Take your hand off of me, or I’ll add another lump to your potato-shaped head.”

“Real world, get used to it.” Raucous laughter from Jonathan, he tightened his grip. “I can place my greasy hand wherever I want.”

Patience fully diminished, Craig hawked back saliva in the back of his throat. A wad of spit
whipped at the tip of his beak nose. Craig was met with wide eyes. Craig jerked the older man sharply by the collar of his cotton shirt and tossed him to the floor.

“Fuckin’ fruit basket, you hit like a bitch!” hissed the man on the ground. “Come on, come on! Get over here, boy!”

Embarrassment by association eased its way toward the other bystanders who just wanted to make a call home. Hardly held back his slurs. the world tilted sideways when he did. As homophobia that day and age were greatly frowned upon, a few of the people in the poorly lit room pretended that they weren’t looking when Craig gave the man another black-eye.

Busting through the door with papers slamming all around, two police officers with cuffs rushed in to detain Craig as he continued stomping on the man. Emotions were strong and ran heavy. Nothing but red in his periphery, Craig’s wrists were pulled behind his waist and he got in a lucky sharp kick.

The line resumed when Craig was hauled away.

“Shameful,” said a man at the very back.

“He deserved it.” A gleeful smile quirked the corners of a young teen’s lips. “I don’t feel sorry for him at all.”

Clyde pulled his jersey over his head and stepped over to Stan who was standing outside. After sliding on another glove, Clyde flexed his fingers. Most of the cheerleaders from their college and the ones from high school joined up. They stood on the grass making small chat as the sky above them darkens.

“So, what did he say?” Clyde turned, facing the quarterback.

“Nothing. He just said he had to be there longer.”

“But he didn’t do shit,” Clyde snorted defensively. “Did Craig say why he was staying?”

“They’re gonna interrogate him.” Stan wiped his brow. “Apparently, it’s more than just the brick he threw, they’re accusing him for something deeper now.”

“Oh, fuckin’ bullcrap!” The brunet jock widened his arms in a dramatic pose. “At this rate, they’ll keep him there all night!”

“Well…” Nearby, Token pulled his helmet off. “We did try to tell him.”

“Tried to tell Craig what?” Thomas’ voice came in.

Thrown off a loop, Stan straightened his posture after he spun the direction on his feet to his boyfriend’s father. There he was, Thomas Tucker was standing there in a tee with the college’s logo. Laura joined beside her spouse.

Jogging their way in her skirt, Tricia grabbed Stan’s shoulder and placed her hand behind his ear. His speech was stilted and he hung his mouth in awe.
“Say something,” Tricia whispered, perturbed. “It took me all morning to get them away from the TV.”

“You look nice, Mrs. Tucker,” mustered Stan, a bit shaken by her presence.

“Oh god.” Tricia walked away scooping up her pompoms from the ground.

Karen smiled after waving at Kenny and followed.

“Thanks, honey. You can call me mom,” Laura reminded Stan, cupping her hands together over her pencil skirt. “Have you seen Sharon?”

Stan turned color and grinned bashfully. “She should be here. Really soon. She just texted me.”

“Where’s Craig?” Thomas raised his foam hand down.

“He’s…” Clyde stopped himself.

“He’ll come soon,” Token said, not breaking a sweat over his two-second white lie.

A crazy look was earned from Clyde and he hit his chest with his helmet, earning a cough from the brunet. They both pat Stan’s shoulders and walked back toward the parking lot that was connected to a brick building.

“Oh, all right, then. Oh, Laura, we better find seats before they get occupied.” Thomas moved to the fourth row of the bleachers with his wife. “Come on, I think I see Skeeter and Randy.”

Stan heaved a long sigh. A light breeze swirled around him, lifting the bangs over his forehead. With the sky a peachy-orange hue, Stan glanced up at the moving pink clouds over his head. The sun looked like an egg fried over easy melting behind it.

Remembering that he had his phone in his hand, Stan stared at the single Play’d icon that he hasn’t uninstalled yet. After he caught his mother’s text, he revealed his white teeth, waving at Sharon who entered from the bleacher’s top fence.

It’s not that bad. Stan would convince himself, seeing Kyle come forth from the same fence, reuniting with Kenny.

Kyle raised an arm and waved. Kenny finished taking a picture with Karen on his phone, lowering his bunny fingers from behind her head. Kenny beamed at Stan, waving as well. And just like Thomas had said, Randy was there along with Red’s father, Skeeter. A few men from the small bar of their hometown had shown up.

Waving at them, Stan picked up a skip in his cleats, making it toward the building Token and Clyde returned to.

“He’s lookin’ swell.” Jimbo wedged in between the other men, tilting his red cup to his lips.

Randy took a swig of his beer as well. “Yeah, there’s usually some pressure before these kinds of games, but Stan seems really confident again. He’s got this.”
“Crowd’s getting bigger out there.” A bit anxious, Clyde sat on a bench in the locker room. “What do you think’ll happen if Craig doesn’t show up?”

Stan flattened the Velcro on his wrist. “He will. What the fuck? I can’t believe you’re the one asking me this right now. He’s your best friend.”

Token narrowed his eyes. “Dude. Take it easy, man. We’ve been trying to tell him to stay out of trouble before all of this.”

“Yeah, no offense Stan, but you don’t know Craig like us.” Clyde raised his hands in a surrender gesture. “I’m not saying we should doubt him or anything… I’m just saying Craig’s just as capable of being a dumb fuck just like the rest of us.”

War paint streaked in his face and towel in hand, Stan had his back turned to him. His thumb slid up and down on his phone screen. His eyebrows bunched to the middle of his forehead at the comments on his boyfriend’s feeds.

GOD

@AstroCraig

New name, don’t @ me.

A Guy Who Likes Cows Hmm. Looks like your standard to me. #notmygod

Dark Fujohime He cheated on Tweek. Fuck this guy. #notmygod #NEVERFORGET

theoderid #notmygod

thefrozenchamp Hey is it true that your boyfriend gives up ass for free? (I used to masturbate to a guy like that but he has a different name.) I think I saw somebody in a porn that looks just like him. If you’re dating him, you’re so lucky. Also #notmygod

Clyde stood up. “Stan, ignore it.”

“I can’t just do that. Just gimme a sec,” Stan replied grudgingly, texting ‘GET A LIFE’ in all caps on his phone.

“No. Just put it away. You’re gonna blow it for the rest of us if you don’t get your head straight.”

More lockers clanged and rattled around them.

“Blow it?” Lifting his head, Stan balled his other fist. “Oh yeah? And since when have I ever done that, Clyde?”

“Not yet, but you think I’m gonna just stand here and risk it!?”

“Yeah, for real.” Another player in a towel agreed behind them.

“Fuck off, Skyler,” Stan snarled.

“I’m dead serious.” Clyde jabbed a hard finger at Stan’s chest. “You need to take a long look in the mirror at yourself, Stan. It’s barely been a few hours and you’re already falling apart. You better get used to Craig not being here. We won’t win if you’re like this. Just shape the fuck up. The team’s only as strong as its weakest player.”
“It’s true. You’re makin’ Cartman look pretty good right about now,” Token folded his arms while the last two members in the locker room behind him finished getting dressed, “and that really doesn’t say much...”

Clyde’s eyes widened when the quarterback’s helmet clacked against the ground.

“Ha, yeah. Cartman, huh? Let’s see him take it home, then,” Stan glowered, pulling his mouthguard off.

The stride across the room was effortless when the noiret bolted out the room, leaving the remaining players smirking, bemused, and baffled.

“Dude, did we just lose our quarterback?” Their longtime classmate, Douglas cocked his head, seated north of where the others were standing.

“Nah, he’s bluffin’. He’s not really leaving,” Clyde hung his head, forcing a half-grin.

Token glared. “Then why did he take the car keys from his locker?”

“What?” Clyde perked up.

“We’re screwed.”

The sky with the dark clouds overhead rumbled. A small drizzle picked up when Stan stormed past the bleachers, climbing up the aluminum steps.

As it would appear for the high school cheerleading squad, one of the girls was rumored an injured ankle and couldn’t show up to the game. Kenny sat at the front bench beside his sister Karen who was dressed last minute in a matching cheer uniform and mini-skirt as Tricia.

“You remember all the moves, right?” Tricia asked.

Delighted, Karen flushed. “Yeah, I watch you guys all the time.”

“Whoa whoa whoa! We don’t got time for one of your little pansy episodes, Marsh. The first quarter hasn’t begun yet!” The college football coach screamed from the third-row bottom step. “Get your ass back over there!”

Chewing on a Slim Jim, Kenny watched Stan’s exaggerated arm expressions. Sharon Marsh gaped while Shelly had an equal expression at her younger brother from her seat at the bleachers.

“Marsh?”

Having enough, Stan ripped his arm away from his father Randy and sprinted away. Other men barricaded the exit. To much of their disadvantage, Stan plowed through them.

“Marsh!”

The crowd gasped at the sound of tires screeching and the coach collapsed on the ground with the bright numbers Visitor and Home turned on in the scoreboard.
Token and Clyde raced out of the building near the concession stand that was being filled by its employees. Unbothered, Cartman in his football uniform strolled behind them to see what the upheaval was about.

Things were different years ago.

Not a single game missed. Stan wouldn’t for the world. Inside Craig’s car, his eyes watered at the app decorated with the many thumbnails of himself lewdly displayed in many brazen poses.

Just as Stan predicted, the purge on the app was but a temporary fix.

Stan slumped forward on the wheel, burying his face in his arms. With an anchor-like tug to his chest, Stan inhaled as he wept quietly with fat tears streaming down the corners of his eyes.

The gear over his thighs was wet from days of holding it in.

“I can’t go back there, Kyle. I hate myself right now.” Stan spoke on the phone, tears streaming over the black smudge on his cheeks. “It just feels like my world is about to crumble and collapse over me again.”

“Dude, okay, calm down and relax. Don’t you think you’re being a little selfish again this time? I’m saying, your outburst could really fuck everybody up. Think about your friends and family. Take a step back. You’re projecting all of your negative feelings on the wrong ones.”

“I tried, Kyle… I really tried…”

“No, not hard enough. You’re just bein’ a baby right now. Stan, I know you love Craig and everything, but holy fuck, dude, come on. Grow some balls. Your life didn’t revolve around him before you guys dated. I’m worried about you, dude, you’re a mess.”

“Craig. Really? That’s what this is all about? I thought you were gonna be different when I picked up, but you’re just the same.” Stan raised his face over his arm. “What’s the point of talking when nothing gets done? I can’t do this.”

“No, Stan, you’re overreacting again. Let me help you. How am I supposed to do that if you don’t let me in, dude? SBFs need to talk. It’s basic shit.”

“Don’t say I don’t let you in.” The quarterback’s voice cracked.

“Don’t say I don’t let you in… I’ve done it plenty of times.”

“Oh yeah?” Kyle gave a surreptitious look to Kenny who was now leaning beside him. “Since when? How’s that been going?” The sniffles in the background ceased. “…wait, dude, are you intoxicated?”

“Fuck off, Kyle!” Stan screamed and leaned on the wheel. “You know, I don’t need this right now, fuck off! You just want me to win so you could impress your stuck-up friends at Princeton and Harvard. You don’t care! Fuck you, dude, fuck everyone!”
“Stan—!”

*Thud!* The phone was sharply thrown, wildly missing the windshield. Wanting to scream, Stan banged his fist on the wheel. A constant blur of colors, other vehicles zoomed past when the green light came on again. Heavier raindrops beat over the windows, trailing and sliding in distorted patterns on the glass.

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*Center for Criminally Insane Children*

6 years ago...

A doctor in a brown suit escorted Stan out of a lab to meet up with his family down a cold and narrow hall in the facility. Most rooms were constructed with glass windows planted on the walls just as Butters had mentioned before.

Garbed in his hockey jersey and gear with dried blood spattered over it, Stan noticed other children at the end of the hall pressing buttons beside the elevator.

“Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh. You remember me, Dr. Lawrence from the rink.” The man shook Randy’s hand firmly. “I’m with the branch at Boulder, but I wanted your son to come over here for an evaluation in my office here.”

Shelly squinted away from the white and continuous luminesce that poured over her face. Sharon touched her shoulder.

“So, what is it, doc? Is Stan gonna be okay?” Raising his chin, Randy removed his hands from his pockets.

“We just found the source of all of your son’s rage.” The doctor skimmed his hand over a tablet that a nurse handed over him.

“Is he insane?” Soft chuckle, Shelly had a dark and tight grin behind her retainer, relishing on her clever sisterly jab.

Stan made a face at her, which quickly transformed into worry.

“No, nothing of the sorts, just puberty, but we did find a diagnosis. In fact, a few,” said Dr. Lawrence. Before resuming, he cleared his throat. “Mr. Marsh, after doing our studies, we believe that your son may have Type 2 Bipolar and Borderline Disorder.”

The tablet was taken away and Dr. Lawrence was handed a clipboard by a nurse with cat-eye glasses. He began scritching away over it with his pen.

“Depression, OCD, PTSD…” Dr. Lawrence rambled, writing. “We don’t quite know what is the root of these new diagnoses, but I would prefer that your son seek a therapist right away.”

Dread painted Sharon’s face pale. Boggled, she inched forward.

”Wait a minute, doctor. Hold on just a minute here.” Sharon grabbed Stan and pulled him close to her, holding his face to her chest. “I think you made a mistake. You should evaluate my son again before you guys label him. Stanley is not any of those things. My baby is a normal boy. I won’t
believe this.”

Not knowing what to say, Shelly gaped. Her blue eyes flit up to Randy, so did Sharon’s.

“Dad,” Shelly uttered.

Sharon shielded Stan’s face protectively. “Randy, say something.”

“All right, I got it, Sharon.” The man of their household stepped up. “Dr. Lawrence. This all can’t be true. You can’t just call a child is sick just because of one little screw-up. Plenty of boys his age go through plenty of challenges like this. Dealing with rage… being, quite the average.”

“I’m bipolar?” Stan had his cheek pressed to Sharon’s bosom. She laced her slim fingers through his dark hair.

“Son, no, you’re not bipolar. This is just another arrogant moron with a certificate taking advantage of the middle class,” Randy explained. “Your diagnosis is no different than framing any celebrity for having, pft, autism because they had a single meltdown in public. Rather, you were at the wrong place at the wrong time when you punched Coach Dennis’ kid teeth in. You’re normal.”

Either frightened or irritated at the moment, Stan was speechless when his father would attempt to soothe him with words like balm.

“Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, is your son sexually active?” Dr. Lawrence loosened his grip somewhat on his clipboard.

“What?!” Sharon yelped. “Stanley’s thirteen. What would he be doing that for? With girls — with anyone for that matter?”

“Stan, you’re still a virgin, right?” Randy faced Stan when he backed away gently from his mother’s hug.

“Erm… I think so.”

Sharon smacked her husband’s shoulder. “Randy!”

“We can still save him.” Dr. Lawrence pulled a card from his coat blazer, offering it to Randy. “Hypersexuality can and may have a huge impact on your son in the future. We would recommend that you get your son tested for STDs.”

Shelly fixed the strap of her purse while Sharon rested her hands on Stan’s shoulders.

“Irritability, isolation, neediness. These are signs you can’t ignore. I suggest you speak to Dr. Surya Kothari. It wouldn’t hurt to know before Stan reaches a certain age and it… worsens.”

“Bipolar?” Jimbo Kern questioned loudly.

“Yep, that’s right, bipolar.” Crumpled card in his calloused hand, Randy gave it another squeeze before littering on the very earth he stood. “You had to be there to see it, Jim. These people will do anything for a quick buck. I guess now my son’s their next guinea pig.”

“Aw, Randy. Don’t say that.” Jimbo’s forehead creased, full concern written all over him. “Hell,
there’s nothing wrong with a little roughhousing and horseplay every now and then to get that adrenaline juices pumpin’. Boys will be boys. We don’t need no prissy medical team tellin’ us that our boy Stanley’s sick.”

The water splashed in the pond ahead of them. After barely winning a game of chicken, Kenny gets Stan in a headlock for a millisecond before his friend wrestled away from his grip. Kyle ran in the bridge and shoved both of them back in the water. Paddling his arms, Cartman yelped and scrambled away. Barely, just in time.

“I hope you’re right.” Randy uncapped a new bottle of Heineken. “Actually, yeah, you are. There’s nothing wrong with Stan. They’re making a big deal out of nothing. He’ll be fine.”

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February, 3 years ago

Stan House

Palms smacked together with fingers interlocked.

Stan rolled on his bed with Craig.

Balancing his TV controller in one hand, Craig smirked at the other male wiggling beneath him. Limbs locked, they tumbled on Stan’s bed just like the week before.

Flipped on his back, Craig let’s out a soft and startled noise. Around his waist, Stan straddled him with his thighs. Craig’s focus skimmed to the remote that Stan had in his hand. Stan taunted the other noiret with a smile. Panting and grinning. Rising on his elbows, Craig said nothing and simply moved his hips.

Stan’s blues dipped to the silent teen below him. In favor of the friction they had, he grounds his pelvis back.

“You should be nice to your guests.”

“We already watched what you want…” Stan’s handsome face blocked where the credits rolled on the TV screen. A robot behind a wall of Japanese text appeared. “My house, my rules.”

“I let you have it on purpose,” Craig said with a pointed gaze, breathing steadily.

Content that his tone of voice didn’t change, Craig kept his mastered charade of looking unimpressed. Realizing there that Stan was grinding against him, another low sound that betrayed him ghosted from Craig’s parted lips.

The clouds billow in the sky behind them throw the window and a gentle breeze lifted the curtains. The room dimmed with another passing cloud overhead and brightened again.

And then, silence between them again.

Craig’s hands glide up the rough denim of Stan’s ripped jeans. His lips peeled backward and the other boy grounded harder against Craig’s lap. Craig closed his eyes when Stan pressed his warm lips to his.
Hands resting on Stan’s waist, Craig returned the tender kiss, being just as chaste at first when he delivered it. Their mouths moved, gentle and lazy.

Both learned that they were both keen on teasing with their tongues. Slow, tantalizing flicks. Stan thought he could hear Craig laugh when his tongue grazed against the tip of his own.

Gently tugging the front Craig’s sweatshirt between his fingers, Stan kisses were more demanding, messier. He gasped when Craig’s thigh rubbed against the center of his jeans, grounding his hips back again in return. Stan’s shuts his eyes while Craig dots his flesh more with his damp lips. No specific pattern used, Craig sucked on Stan’s flesh, pinning the boy’s wrists over the quilted comforter.

Until, they’ve finally had enough, their clothes and underwear were a disorganized heap on the floor. With the untidy mattress rocking back and forth, Stan unsuccessfully stifled a moan, while his chest was decorated with more pink marks.

Fully naked and pulled to his knees on the twin-sized mattress, Stan lets Craig take the lead, having him reposition his body on all fours.

Craning his neck, Stan arched his nude back to Craig’s, panting against his lips. Another kiss. Panting. Kiss. Stan’s melodious moans would be another call for help while he bounced his ass against his classmate’s deep and urgent thrusts. It never crossed Stan’s mind how this feeling would be as severe as needing the last drop of water to survive. This feeling. This entire sensation had been infinitely worse. Stan thought if he didn’t kiss Craig again, he would die.

Firmly squeezing Stan’s hips and feeling his buttocks, the way Stan’s insides clenched tightly around Craig’s swollen cock, had won him another grunt.

“Nnh... harder…” Stan kissed Craig again. “…fuck me harder… don’t stop, harder.” Kiss. “…mngh.”

Their lips slide seamlessly. If Stan could drown in more kisses at that moment, he would. “Fuck me...” Another wet sound when their lips part. Moaning and panting quietly, Craig stirred and gyrated his hips, burying himself deeper, driving into his classmate with hurried thrusts. Another soft breath hitched in Craig’s throat, he palmed Stan’s right cheek before landing a sharp smack over it. Red handprints, several of them. Craig swatted repeatedly.

“Lower,” Craig instructed. "Spread it... mmmm, that's it, spread it for me. Spread that ass..."

Drunken from the deep penetration, Stan reveled in the feeling of his classmate’s heavy balls smacking against his rear. Crying out and unfurling underneath him, Stan kissed Craig again. He missed, pressing his mouth to the other boy’s chin. Little bites were rewarded from Craig as he pushed into him. During each ruthless stab of his thrusts, Stan arched submissively in his position.

It was Heaven and Hell hearing Craig grunt in his ear. Someone so contained, falling apart over him again. Knowing that he did that to him, made Stan's heart swell with pride. And it wouldn't be for any foreign sappy reason.

Breathing against Craig’s cheek, Stan’s lashes fanned while his eyes were pressed shut. Stan’s body twisted and squirmed deliciously while Craig held his mid-section, carving into him with deeper with rougher thrusts. Stimulating Stan simultaneously, Craig rubbed a hand up and down his engorged wet cock. Pre-cum leaked from his cockhead and soaked the sheets.
At each frenzied pump from Craig’s hand, Stan whined while more dripped over the sheets. Dropping forward Stan made another sound and bit down on Craig’s fingers that were inserted in his mouth while being stimulated and being pushed toward the edge.

“Ah, fuck, dude...! I’m gonna shoot!”

After Stan’s much-needed climax, Craig snatched his limbs before he shrunk in his spot. Stan almost choked when Craig clamped his hand around his neck and slammed him on the mattress. Stan nearly laughed.

The cheerful expression brightened when Craig pats his face. With his breathing being less difficult, Stan surveyed Craig climbing over him on his knees. By then, both knew what was to take place next.

Liquid heat splashed over Stan’s chest. Hoping there’d be any left, Stan’s hand grazed over Craig’s thigh. He opened his mouth graciously to receive more.

Sweating and panting, Stan pushed his mussed strands away. “Goddamnit…”

The flat screen TV was at its lowest volume on the dresser. After handing Stan his water bottle and taking a long gulp from it, Craig reached for his phone in his coat pocket. Stan sat up and rubbed his chest with a spare pair of boxers he left lying around on the floor. Stan dropped the messy and crumpled article of cloth and moved to his window.

“That thing’s practically attached to your hip, dude.” Turning his head, Stan touched the curtain. “Don’t you get tired of checking Instagram or whatever every five seconds?”

“Are you trying to talk to me?” quipped Craig.

“Sorry. I just thought we should catch up.” Stan turned away from the sun rays. “Fifth time doing this and all.”

“Yeah… speaking of which, I think I dislocated something.”

Craig slid on his boxer briefs and sat at the corner of the bed. Stan yawned and curled up at the end of the mattress after climbing into it.

“You’ll catch a cold if you stay that way.” Craig sent a text to a friend, occupied by the bubbles on the screen.

“Thanks, I’ll be fine.”

Half-naked now and kneeling on the floor, Craig closed the cap on the bottle of lube that was spilled next to their heap of clothing. He got up after searching his jeans for an item and he sat on Stan’s bed again.

“I left my vape pen at home. You wouldn’t happen to have anything to smoke around here, don’t you?”

Head raising from his pillow, Stan released his grip from it and sat up. Scooting out of the bed, he ran a hand through his hair before kneeling toward his dresser. Stan drew a small baggy from it and
shuts the drawer. Craig paused when Stan tossed it on his lap.

“It’s my last one, we can share.”

Craig didn't bat a single eyelash. The plant was common amongst their friend groups and other students at school, smoking was… common. It wasn't vaping, but Craig would make due. Craig held a Bic lighter up to a joint he rolled, taking a small and slow drag. White puffs left the corners of his mouth and his nose when he exhaled.

"That’s not how you take a hit, dude.” Stan giggled.

A pale cloud of smoke was blown at his face.

"'Kay, how do you take a hit, then?” Craig’s greens flicked up from the joint. Finding Stan cute when he narrowed his eyes at him and fanning the smoke away with his hand.

The frosty air nipped through the curtain that was partially pushed to one side from the slightly opened window. As he would have to suck it up and bare the coldness, Stan thought it would be better to have circulation rather than his mother or sister ask later. At the question, Stan paused, tongue poking from the corner of his lips.

"Here, lemme see it.” Stan outstretched his hand.

Tugging on the flap of his chullo straight with his other hand, Craig stared and waited for the reefer to be nabbed away from him. What he didn’t expect was his playground foe sliding onto his lap before taking it. Craig gaped, immediately feeling the blood rush to his cheeks. Prior to having Stan being bent over earlier, this made Craig more uneasy. Wary, self-conscious.

Craig placed a hand on Stan and steadied him on his lap.

“You don’t mind, do you?” Stan craned his neck.

“I don’t mind.”

Grinning, Stan revealed his teeth through his kiss-swollen lips, smoke floating past them after. The conversation between them died down no sooner after Stan took another drag. Content in his new spot, Stan had his back pressed to Craig’s warm chest.

What brought them there together didn’t matter. Overthinking leads to overheating; Craig’s logic. Craig lowered his head, immersing himself in deep reflection. Craning his neck up, Craig accepted the haze of smoke drifting from Stan’s mouth to his and kissed back weakly. Only the light from the Broncos lamp kept their thoughts rooted.

This may have been the kind of closeness that Stan had been craving for a short while. Craig parts his knees, letting him get more comfortable, sitting between his legs. Adrenaline rush gone, the ugliness of their surroundings returned. Craig’s grip on Stan’s waist was limp. Pushing away gently, Stan rose up but he didn’t stand.

“It’s him.” Genuinely concerned, but hardly concealing something within Stan spoke up. “You’re
still thinking about Tweek, aren’t you?”

Craig blinked through hooded eyelids. “Stan.”

“I’m your rebound.” The noiret above lets his bangs hang in his face. “You don’t have to say it, I’m fine with it. Actually… I’m really happy we can be mature about this. I’m glad that I didn’t do this with just anyone. You can think about him. It’s okay, I still care about her too…”

“That’s what this is?” Arms wrapped around Stan, Craig straightened his posture. “You think I think about Tweek when I fuck you?”

“I just — dude, no, I could care less if you did.”

“Good, because that would make you really gay.”

In this case, Craig referenced the noisy bikers they had in town. Being a boy of the neighborhood, the word ‘fag’ or any slur gearing toward homosexuality had two definitions for them in South Park and most young men their age; teenagers. Facial expression flat, Stan couldn’t take the joke. He could barely humor it. Emotions were slowly connecting, consuming him and running high.

Conversation dismissed. Another dreadful silence passed, only to be cut-off as Craig expected.

Somehow, Stan’s next response sounded… less than a joke.

“I have a question.” Stan tilted his face up. Deep analyzation of their past gestures, they needed to be addressed. “We held hands when we climbed up the stairs here, and we made out after last time. Is there something you want to tell me?”

_Do you like me_? The topic, Stan wanted desperately to gloss over.

Craig’s initial physical reaction was his eyebrows pulled; hidden underneath his hat. That was how far he raised them. With a rueful gaze, he brushed his hand over Stan’s hip.

“No.” This would be Craig’s other planet. Very much, he’d like to stay there longer.

_Careful. We’ve conclusively transcended beyond our previous limitation._ Inward, Craig would rationalize. _He’ll get annoying, this will backfire._

Ending it would be a good idea. The mixed feelings again. They were back. Cuddling. Something unmanly and surely enough, something Stan and Craig shouldn’t do after they did the deed. The pair couldn’t quite keep their hands off each other. Yet, here they were, huddled together on Stan’s mattress. Obviously hugging.

Craig was nowhere as cold or cruel as Stan thought. Craig was more physically affectionate than he anticipated. He was warm and forgiving when they made clumsy mistakes. And downright to all things physical, Craig was very demonstrative and very giving. This had to be the side that no one’s seen – what Tweek was talking about. This is why Tweek liked Craig so much.

A romantic kid he was, Stan knew inside that his expectations were fast and out of reach. Growing up, he had always tried to see a glass half-full. At this delicate situation, he could be potentially be loading another imaginary pistol at his heart. What Craig and Tweek had together was their issue and strictly off-limits to Stan.

Now wanting to drown himself in a bathtub after having himself asking that, Stan’s concentration despairingly climbed back up to the light cover he had in the ceiling, then at the long shirt sleeve
that was dangling from his dresser.

The room reeked of them again. And now, weed. Goose pimples appeared over Stan’s taut skin. He would guess that his classmate enjoyed seeing his nipples harden.

“You make me feel good,” Stan whispered. “… is that a bad thing?”

Lowering his head, Craig laid a tender kiss on his bare shoulder.

Craig’s car rolled to a three-story house at the shoulder of the street. Many kids his age dotted the sidewalk. Kevin Stoley’s group graced past Jenny’s Simon’s mailbox, laughing and bumping into each other.

Token undid his seatbelt and bumped his fist against Craig’s. “Thanks, man. I’ll DD for you and Clyde next time.”

From the street lamps projecting its brightness, the snow sparkled on the front lawn. One of the garden gnomes was tipped over it. Fairy lights decorated the front of the home. The building was but designed just like the other houses in their town.

The door was already opened when Craig and Token stepped in. Ambient lighting filled the entire living room. Primary colors, red with green highlights. Though, mistakenly, any person would call it pink.

Four Raisins girls danced and twerked near the entertainment center and flat screen TV. Over the glass coffee table were three transparent bongs and two pizza boxes that were half-emptied beside another two stacks of eight, possibly ten. Beer cans and red cups filled the table. There was a quartz ashtray faced down on the floor. No one seemed to care to pick it up.

“Omigod, Token! Hey, sweetie!” A Raisins girl Lexus Martin waved. “Get over here, come dance with me!”

“Uh, yeah, no thanks,” the wealthy teen declined.

Gussied in Rue21 attire and all-star converses, Clyde slid with a girl he found in the crowd and descended on the couch nearby, kissing her. Through the front door, Eric Cartman came forth with his set of friends. Stan, Kenny, Kyle. Of course, their fourth virginal friend Butters was but last. Hair combed neatly to the side. From head to toe, suave and dapper in a silver bow-tie and pastel pink suit.

“Oh my god, it’s Craig,” Lola whispered beside her best-friend Jenny, the party host. “He’s so fucking hot.”

“Isn’t he the youth pastor at our church?” Allie Nelson joined in. “God, I wanna fuck him so hard. I want him beat me up and man-handle me. I wonder if he dumped what’s-his-face yet.”

“He’s gay, Allie. He won’t fuck you.”

Their boisterous giggling took off with reddened cheeks and hands covering their own mouths.
Token and Craig reached the snack table and helped themselves to drinks with SOLO cups.

Pulling his refreshment down from his mouth, Token perched his chin up and when the track switched in the background.

“Looks like you have admirers, Craig.” Token poured more cognac and apple juice in his cup.

Strobes of light glittered over the tastefully furnished disco ball that hung near the dining room. The trademark poker face was swoon-worthy and a blessing to the young women. Giving a furtive look, Craig’s attention magnets back to Stan receiving a hug from Jenny and then being escorted by to one of the sofas. Craig took another small swig from his cup and walked away.

“And I was like, you can’t wear that Natasha, I bought it first.” To the right of Stan, a scoffing Lola leaned next to him touching his knee. Her short French-tipped fingernails hovered gently over Stan’s lap. “Oh my god, Jenny, you should have seen the look on this bitch’s face…”

Another red plastic cup was set on the coffee table. Stan went with the flow, pretending to listen to the cheerleaders’ chattering to each side of him.

And then cheers from the crowd ahead of them. Beyond thrashed by several hits of alcohol, face flushed pink with pure drunkenness, Clyde pulled his shirt over his head and bounced around the room.

Sneering and partaking in the background, Cartman held his camera phone high with the other students from their school and recorded it.

The kids jumped and cheered at the bass the next sensual pop song picking up. Nodding along with the beat, Craig checked the messages of his phone.

Clyde looped an arm around Craig and rocked forward nearly tilting them to the ground before he got swallowed into the crowd.

**HONEY**

Today 7:22 pm

{Wish you were here.}

Today 7:22 pm

{Cut the crap. 😒}

Today 7:22 pm

{What?}

Today 7:22 pm

{Why did Clyde text me just now and say you were
Today 7:23 pm

{You could have picked someone else to DD. I hate when you act like you care about me and then you flake out!}

The glow of his phone was lowered from his face. Lola moved out of the couch while the kid DJ switched the song again to a mellow beat with softer drums and synths. The other teenagers calmed down. The atmosphere in the room was somewhat tranquil, less rowdy.

“I’m gonna get a drink, you guys.” Lola stepped over a bleeding and passed-out Kenny, strolling toward the snack table.

“So… it’s just us now, huh?” Jenny’s voice wasn’t all too difficult to make out from the party. In a pair of distressed shorts that could almost be mistaken as underwear and a purple frilly top, Jenny sat with her knees pointed to Stan. Jenny’s body language was peculiar to Craig. Her store-bought lashes were more expensive than the Raisin’s girls.

“I like your shirt,” she beamed jock in the beanie, touching his chest. “What does it say?”

Grabbing his friends could wait, Craig wanted to hear what Stan had to say. Keeping himself distant at a modest length, Craig started a new text with Jimmy across the room. Back turned to Stan and Jenny on the couch, making it back to Clyde suddenly became less interesting to Craig.

“…you look beautiful, we should make out.” Stan toyed with a fallen strand of Jenny’s hair with his finger. Nausea. That didn’t take long, Craig thought. Hatred and disgust weaseled its way into his chest.

Finding the move intolerable. Sicken by it, even. Stan may have been just as intoxicated as Clyde when he suggested such a bold move. Gaining compliments over the years for his looks, Stan wasn’t quite oblivious to the charm he attracts.

Another group of people passing blurred the teens in the couch. Just like any girls in the planet’s entire existence, he thought that Jenny was… dumb, ugly, inferior. The feeling may have increased when Craig kept his face straight and watched her lean forward inch-by-inch to Stan. Stan closed his eyes and places his hands on her dainty shoulders.

A cold spark of anger flashed in Craig’s eyes. The bridges of them sharpen. As well as that, Craig’s posture didn’t change. The condensation of his cold drink beverage over his hand while he squeezed his cup with a fraction of pressure that wouldn’t make him crush it.

The entire room whooped and hollered at the two kissing. Wendy and Nichole who stepped in late. Their faces hardly hide their contempt for the football captain getting hot and heavy in the couch with one of the girls from their squad.

Plump lips arching at the corners, Bebe crossed her arms and pointed her acrylic nails at them with a churlish remark. She was to finish what she would say about Stan, that is until Lola showed up beside her and grabbed her hand, guiding her to the other girls in the kitchen to gossip.
With only a few hours of Saturday left and the party still going, Craig glanced back at the old message he sent Tweek before he managed to find a designated driver to take his place.

At the dining room table in his house, Craig took his time eating a delectable slice of cheesecake that his mother Laura brought home from work. Craig prodded the red syrupy surface with the prongs of his fork. The artificial treat oozed over the ceramic as he finally stabbed the big strawberry at the very center. Craig laid the phone on the dining table.

**Today 7:34 pm**

*You should come here
I want to show you something.*

**Today 8:27 pm**

*GREAT! ALL OF A SUDDEN, YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME!*

**Today 8:28 pm**

*Something came up.*

**Today 8:28 pm**

*I'll take you out tomorrow, babe.*

**Today 8:28 pm**

*Anywhere you want to go, you name it.*

**Today 8:28 pm**

*NO!!!*

**Today 8:29 pm**

*FUCK YOU, CRIAG!*

**Today 8:30 pm**

*I don’t even know why I wanted you to call
In the first place. I’M HAPPY WHERE I AM!!!*
[I think you’re the one that’s full of shit. Pardon me, but I find all of that hard to believe since you’ve been bitching about us needing to spend more time, and when we do, you act like this.].

[You haven’t said anything to me all day since this morning and you still expect me to be at your beck and call. I think that’s bullshit.]

[YOUR WHOLE LIFE IS BULLSHIT!]

[THE WAY YOU’RE TREATING ME IS BULLSHIT!!!]

[Tell me what’s wrong, Tweek!]

[Everything.]

[Wtf does that mean]

[JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!]

Kicking down doors wouldn’t be Craig’s style. He would have to hurry to Tweek soon.
By far, this had been one of the nastiest altercations they had via text. Craig had never hit the redial button so much. Nine attempts and Tweek didn’t pick up. The cheating endeavor would be put on pause. They needed to monopolize one another like the start, pick up the pieces, and pray to God that things will once prevail. Leastwise, this is what Craig hoped and planned to make things better.

“How’s the mark?” Tricia sat her plate down on the table.

Without rushing to say anything too soon, Craig dug into his cheesecake again. What she wanted to know about, had something to do with the fork wound he had on his shoulder.

“It’s fine.”

Tricia’s fork gently sliced into her cake, she chewed on her piece, savoring it. “I saw that boy here again, are you guys friends?”

“What boy?” Craig dug into his plate.

“That boy. His dad is that Randy man.” Around her leg underneath the table, an orange kitten rubbed against it and purred. “I don’t know his name.”

“We’re not friends.” Craig mouthed his fork, quickly ousting the reply.

“Why not?”

“Because… we’re not.”

Basic, the answer was. Even for a reply as nasally as Craig’s, he would never fail at indicating that he wanted to be left alone to his younger sister. As family would be important, he cared less about communicating to them and more about his rodent pet; something that’s never changed over the years. Over the cat’s low rumble of affection, Tricia leaned down and scratched its head.

“How?” she insisted.

Today 9:13 pm

>Craig, we really need to talk. I’m sorry I lashed out on you. I was really angry because I thought we were closer than this. You know me, I’m not really a party person. I think we can put this behind us. I calmed down now and I just don’t want to be fighting like this all the time.

>If you can come over, I think we can talk about it.
I’m sorry that I was being a jerk. I should’ve thought about your feelings first before I ruined your night.

“It’s Tweek.” Craig pulled himself up from the table.

“You guys okay?” Tricia handed her empty plate to her brother to collect.

“Yeah.”

After cleaning their dishes and drying them, Craig walked toward the coat rack by the door. He made sure that his phone was decently charged again, just enough for the night. In the next message Tweek indicated that he wasn’t in the coffee shop, but at home.

Craig zipped up his coat. “Make sure you brush your teeth before you go to bed before ten. Keep all the doors and windows locked. I’ll be back in a few minutes. Don’t let anyone in here unless it’s—”

“Clyde, Token, Jimmy, Butters. I know, I know. I’m not a little kid.” Tricia’s new kitten meowed beside her and she picked it up. “What about Kenny?”

“Not him either.”

“I like Kenny better than Clyde.” Tricia hugged her cat in her arms. “Clyde never wants to watch magical girls with me.”

Eyes glazed over, Craig reached for the door. “Just go to bed, Tricia.”

Chapter End Notes

Heyo, all. I really hope I came through with this chapter. Also, sorry for taking so long again. I hope it's to you guys' expectations. Also, for future references to my other fellow authors on here, please please please don't remix my scenes. I'm perfectly aware that I'm not the "first" person in the whole entire galaxy to think about all the stuff here... but at the end of the day, I like to read stories from my favorite pairing tag as well, and I did this all by myself. So, for the love of cheese people, don't use my work as heavy reference in the future. Thank, you guys.

Also, reviews are kinda nice. Thank you, everybody, who still reads this.
Chapter Summary

“Let’s get together. It’s not he or she. Rather, it’s us all… we are all sluts. Beautiful sluts. Who are all good friends… that like to fuck each other.” — Kenny McCormick, FHWL

Chapter Notes

Uh. Nothing to put much up here, except thanks for the support, you guys! Old reviews and new reviews, the like. Thank you. Enjoy your story. No beta in this chapter. We die like men.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

3 years ago

5 a.m at the Black’s residence. The cheers and whistles from the night before blared through the well-crafted speakers of Token’s desktop computer. Across his king-sized bed, Clyde and Tweek hovered over the chair Clyde was seated in. And inside the walk-in closet, Tweek and Craig stood by a life-size mirror while Token dug through his endless rack of clothes. Their local reporter Tom with the morning news was speaking on the plasma television that was attached to his wall. The ceiling lights above them were put to a dim setting.

“What about this one?” Token drew out a multicolored Prada shirt from a middle drawer.

Craig rubbed his chin and contemplated. "No."

Slipping from his arms, Tweek sat on a damask patterned chair.

“I c-can’t believe it.” Jimmy gawked while the cursor hovered over the pause button of the video. “This’ got to be the third time this week. Stan Marsh just sc-scored some s-serious puh-p-poon. ”

Token pulled out a pair of matching pants. “What about these?”

“Darker,” Craig said with his arms crossed.

Tweek opened a game app and turned his phone sideways. The discussion commenced from the other side of them, behind the double doors.

“Oh, yeah,” Clyde chuckled at Jimmy. “Pretty impressive, right?”

“Yes, d-definitely. Stan’s guh-g… g-gonna need a bigger stick to beat those whores away. Wh-w-which girl do you think will approach him? I’d say Allie is next. So suave. It’s almost like he’s becoming you.”

“Nah, I wouldn’t say that.” Clyde restarted the video. “If anything, Jimmy, I’m the real Casanova
around here. Look at the arm posture, bro, he’s totally way off.”

Tweek followed his boyfriend out of Token’s closet. Vape pen in his hand, Craig sat at the front edge of Token’s bed. Black silk and fresh linen. The mattress shook when Tweek tossed his backpack over it. Last to join them inside the room, Token had a shirt and a pair of jeans draped over his arm.

“I found the perfect outfit,” Token announced before padding toward the bathroom that was attached to his room. “Welp, I’ll be in the shower. Be back shortly.”

“I think I saw tongue,” Clyde said.

“Ruh-rewind it again,” Jimmy chortled.

“Yes, let’s rewind it,” Craig parroted in a monotone, exhaling a plume of vapor. “Because, you know, that’s really cool. Let’s keep rewinding it.”

Jimmy and Clyde traded looks.

Over his crutches, Jimmy glanced at the noiret. “Hm?”

The pointy cursor barely hovering over the pause button, Clyde dragged the bar over to the 1:38 mark while Craig flipped the channel on the TV. Clyde grabbed his own vape pen and puts it to his mouth. An upset best friend, that would be something he could bear.

Much like Token, Craig was calm. It would take a drop of blood to get his attention. But, as any human being is, Craig is just as capable of jumping the gun and being prone to erratic decision making. Even as someone that is temperamental and reticent as him.

Craig pulled his vape from his mouth. “Why are you guys up Stan’s ass all of a sudden?”

Clyde opened his mouth, remembering the statement. “Uh.”

Jimmy simpered and shrugged. “We’re not...? Why do you say that, C-Craig?

“Nothing,” the teen in the chullo said crisply. "I just never thought you guys would be up someone’s ass before. And now... here you are.”

“I like it. I think it’s a great video,” Tweek commented.

“Nah, Craig’s right. It’s not that good,” Clyde said. Another tab was opened in the browser and he scrolled through his Twitter page. “There’s nothing new to see here. We all know after ninth grade Stan became a Grade-A slut. Not sure what happened after Wendy, but I'm sure he'll fuck anything.”

“Slut?” Tweek’s amber brow twitched up.

“Eh, yeah. Let’s just watch something else. I think I still got some sweet footage from that college party.”

Jimmy snickered. “After this, you’ve got to t-tell me that story again, Cl-Clyde. The one when you circle j-jerked by the road when the team was suh-str-stranded by a buh-by...buh-buh-buh-b- by...”

The group waited patiently to adhere to what Jimmy had to say.
Hooking his collar pulled down by an index finger, Clyde was already sweating and grimacing.

“Who circle jerked by a bus?” the brunet jock asked, the apples of his cheeks warming. “I don’t circle jerk, that’d be gay.”

“You did with st-s-Stanley. Oh, boy, you really don’t remember, don’t you? You mm-must’ve been really wasted. Because that-t night at Jenny’s party, you said—”

While Token finished showering and dressing in the other room, a small debate swelled by his computer. Oblivious to Craig’s stony silence, Tweek leaned against the other male’s shoulder and shuts his eyes. Slighted by the thoughts still stewing of Stan, Craig reached over and placed his hand over his boyfriend’s slim shoulder. While the blond with the untamed mane nestled his face against Craig’s neck. Unbeknownst to the one pressed against him, Craig relapsed into a deep contemplation.

Rather pitiably, Craig kept his memory vault occupied with what he and Stan understood a few days before during their hot afternoon. And it was that of, Stan mentioning that he was a ‘butt-virgin’. Or, hinted strongly at it. His memories flashed while Tweek clung to him. All, so vivid. The material of the blankets of Stan’s mattress had an unforgettable texture against Craig’s bare skin. The exact exchange, he couldn’t forget.

“Are you just going to stare at it all day?” Craig remembered what he said to Stan. “It’s a dick. We see it at the sausage fest of a locker room all the time.”


“Jesus, did you guys screw too?”

“What? Dude, no! We just kissed. We didn’t go any further than that, I swear.”

Another pestiferous and galling vision had materialized right before Craig. The memory afterward exploded into a colorful mist.

A burning and searing hatred swirled inside him like a fire tornado with razor blades. Craig couldn’t recall the last time he felt such a way. Stan whipped it out with other guys. Not just in the locker room. Stan made out with a girl after sinning with him in the sheets. After letting him fuck him. Apparently, he wasn’t ruthless enough. Stan kissed Kenny McCormick… on purpose. What else did they do would be the next thing that troubled Craig.

*How many times?*

Another innocent laugh slipped past Jimmy’s lips.

*Who else?*

Those were the main questions in his mind. Craig wanted answers. Overreacting would be against him, unwise. Craig would assuage himself alone. This was expected. Stan was just the same. He will always be the same. Craig pressed his mouth into a tighter line. Finding that out would be anything less than news. Craig hated him. He really hated him, his posture, and his laugh. Clyde paused the video with Lola pressing her hand to Stan’s lap. Craig held Tweek tighter. The furious flame inside his soul couldn’t be extinguished. This will die down soon. Craig will make sure of it. Like any flaw that persisted for him, logic and fact will always prevail. Chest pains overshadowed
with resentment, Token’s wall was met with a knife-like glare.

Stan spun the dial above his locker and shoved his books in while Kenny and Kyle wait for him from a foot behind. The trio strolled down the half-empty school hallway to meet up with Cartman next.

There were other students their own grade that sauntered past them scattered throughout several parts of the building level. Laughing in the center, Kenny threw his arm over Kyle’s shoulder. Stan shoved the blond, cheerful and holding his gut. His beanie was pushed over his head when Kenny agitated it with his hand.

The three made it over to the drinking fountain next to the vending machines. Chuckling beside Butters, Cartman waved at his usual friends and averts his eye-contact back to him.

In brief, Clyde joined up with them with one of the dopiest teeth-baring grins Stan has ever seen. It would be one that rivaled his when he received a kiss from the longtime class president, slash student body officer, slash cheerleader ex, Wendy. The name that Stan went back and forth with. One, that is better forgotten, since he had been recently attacked on his Facebook about the kiss he shared with Jenny Simmons at her party.

Head still throbbing and aching from the previous night, Stan could feel his brain in the base of his skull still throb. Memories of what happened came in by a small handful of debris. It would compare to groping, that much, if Stan were explaining it.

“Finally, you fags always do this to me. If I had to wait any longer, I'll have to get some new friends."

Kyle’s red brows pinched with his glare. “Shut up, Cartman.”

“Well, you guys have got to get a load of this.” The portly brunet gestured to him, Stan, and Kenny. “Our party broke Facebook.”

Kenny dipped forward with his arm over his shoulder, his eyes locked on the Cartman’s phone screen when he held it up. It was a video from the party. The footage was all but blurry, but Butters walking hand-in-hand with a mystery girl leaving the room Stan was kissing on the couch in.

“I can’t see anything.” Kyle squinted.

“No, look, let’s rewind again.” With a persnickety smirk on his face, Cartman pressed the double-arrow button on the screen.

“It’s just Butters walking up the stairs,” Stan said.

Clyde centered his focus on his teammate kissing on the sofa. “Nice.”

“And?” Cartman’s grin grew wider.

“So what? It’s just crappy footage you got from that stupid party.” Stan shoved his hands in his pockets. “Maybe Butters was just showing her where the bathroom was. That doesn’t mean anything.”
“The party you frenched Jenny Simmons in,” Cartman recalled in a low voice.

“I didn’t French her.” Stan sank his hands deeper in his pockets, heedlessly unaware of their other classmates piling up behind them. “I just got really shitfaced and stuff I don’t even remember... is all over Facebook.”

“I don’t know. It looks like frenchin’ to me,” the brunet in the varsity jacket asserted.

"Yeah, I’ve never seen anybody’s tongue do that before. You must really like her," smirked a girl, passing by.

Stan glared.

“So, Butters, do you have anything you wanna say?” Cartman straightened his open shirt and glanced at the human lightning rod in front of him. “Any… ahem, specific news you want to share with everyone?”

“Um, uh, I could name a few. Which one do I go with first?” Butters loosened his fingers from the end of his sleeve.

Without paying much attention to the wisecracks traded, Stan’s hand found the strap of his backpack again and he held it more securely over his shoulder. He had chosen to wear a single pocket hoodie for the day and a jean jacket. At the very end of the hall behind their group, Stan could make out Heidi and Bebe chatting around the same time Cartman stabbed Kyle with another brusque remark. Besides being porous to the slaphappy invectives, Kyle’s molten hot temper hasn’t quite dissolved. Never, will it ever will.

The belittling, scathing remarks were staunchly addressed and quickly executed by the redhead. During the battle of words, Butters was forgotten and Clyde removed his arm from the bright-haired boy’s shoulder, twisting and facing the direction of Craig and Token who walked up to them with unhurried strides.

Swallowing a thick lump in his throat, Stan suddenly felt insecure with the presence of Craig, being barely able to recollect what had occurred with him and the cheerleader Jenny the weekend before. It would be a good thing that they didn’t see each other in any other way, other than what their bodies desired and had to offer at those times.

“What are you guys talking about?” Craig monotoned, placing a hand in his pocket.

Stan’s heart leaped. Dude, Craig.

“Hey, dude,” began Cartman.

An exchanging of greetings proceeded in front of Stan. His brain, almost gone, Stan worked his jaw and froze.

Aw, fuck, he looks hot today. The phrase floated in Stan’s head. Staring would be a bit rude. As it would be too late, he’s already doing that.

Underneath his jacket, Craig was wearing another tight sweater that was hugging his arms and torso in all the splendorous ways. All basic functions for Stan stopped when he noticed. He couldn’t iterate a single vowel.

Dude. Did you just say Craig looks hot? inner Stan prodded. Dude, you can’t say Craig’s hot, that’s fucking weird. And I’m pretty sure that’s totally against the law of nature and like, the whole
Their friends would be in different realms than them. Playing the role that was built within him with precise efficiency, Craig would pretend the boy in the beanie didn't exist. Solidly used to this, Stan would be okay with it.

Okay, give it up. You’d have to think he’s a little hot to have sex with him, reasoned the voice in Stan’s head. Sex and Craig in the same sentence. Why doesn’t this sound normal yet? Oh yeah, because it's not. Mind completely warped, his thoughts raced, so did his heartbeat. Dude, just stop, they’re all staring at you. They’re literally staring at you. Focus.

Kyle slapped a hand on Stan’s back.

“Dude, what’s with you? You look like you swallowed a canary,” his best friend half-whispered.

Through parted lips, Stan breathed out. His Adam’s apple jumped when he was suddenly the main focus of the group. The other young men were now eyeballing him, stripping him away from his current comfort. Craig’s thorny gaze, being the most beguiling of them all. Stan needed to take a step back. As of why he felt this way all of a sudden, it wouldn’t add up. Stan would rather not know.

Giggling beside her friend Lola, Jenny waved kindly at the jock. “Hey, Stan. Hey, Clyde.”

“Hey, Jen.” Stan’s lips curved upward.

Clyde chewed his bottom one. “Hey, how’s it goin’?”

“Clyde,” Lola giggled.

An examination had been infiltrated. Stationed and poised in his spot, Craig remains uninterested. Underneath the surface, a more complex viewpoint has spurred its way to his deep reflection. One of that involving the smug classmate he had sex with the night before, aside from his first and only boyfriend Tweek Tweak from the fourth grade. The discomfort of his repressed feelings would put a dent to Craig’s goal of being able to graduate with a clear head, now that he’s experienced living his wet dream. Not on one occasion, but a few short-lived times.

There’d been something devious about Jenny’s appealingness that rubbed Craig the wrong way. Watching her turn the corner of the hall, Clyde carded his fingers through his chestnut brown hair. Stan was second to raise his waving hand down. It wasn’t the same as Wendy, but he’d take it. While faces were turned away from him, Craig narrowed his eyes at the kind and ridiculous smirk to the girl in the headband. Utterly unaware of the severity of his actions, Stan leaned over to listen to Clyde.

“Stan?” Kyle called. "What do you think about the new Minecraft?"

The noiret in the beanie was blank. “I, um, nothing. I need to go… do some shit.”

“Huh?”

“It’s important shit. I gotta do that stuff,” Stan stammered when Craig’s eyelids droop. “I’ll be at the gymnasium. See ya in fifth period, Ky.”

Although he sounded warm before he departed, there was a pinch of anxiety that lingered within
Stan when he turned around. Politely restrained, even for his caliber, Craig kept perfectly still while Clyde swept him away with the current gossip in the hall.

“I’m gonna go too.” Slipping Kenny’s arm away from his shoulder, Kyle made it around the vending machines.

The fluorescent lighting of the restroom of the art building gave the urinals the illusion of being sterile.

Only few students would visit that section of the school. The location had been single-handedly worse than being caught around the science wing. As diverse as the conditions were, many students didn’t want to be caught near other crowds.

In that particular restroom, Pete reached for the silver latch, only to be whisked back in by the grip of a pair of slender arms. His dress-shirt was tugged and he fell into a long and coaxing kiss. Soft, would be how it started. Parting his lips so, he grandly accepts the other male’s deliberate trace of tongue. So nimble, direful, and filled with passion. Any sense to make of it would be blown out of his own exacting mind. The definition of conforming in all his boyhood, love, Pete was still mixed up about it.

Maybe, Pete was in veering off to inclination. Kissing after he’d been intimately blown wouldn’t be something he had considered before. It would be shameful, classless to admit to his other eccentric friends that he had feelings for Tweek Tweak that exceeded past the spiritual realm. Yet, Pete yearned to be touched…there. By this other boy. Something, he would strongly rule out. Especially in a public building, where anyone could see them.

As their chances of getting caught getting hot and heavy would be next to none. Pete had to be the rational one. One of them did.

Their lips separate, giving them both a chance to breathe. Tweek straddled the goth that was seated on the toilet. Pete held him close, forehead pressed to his. Grin against grin. Forgetting where they were at that given moment, would serve as a temporary new high. Another few minutes to savor what they. The unsanitary stall would make do.

“I heard about your project.” Tweek fingered the fallen strands that were hanging over Pete’s face. “I’m sorry I couldn’t be there.”

“It’s okay. It kinda wasn’t that big of a big deal, anyway. You need to rest.”

“Yeah, but I wanted to.”

“Don’t. It’s not your fault.” Pete rubbed Tweek’s back. “You kinda had an excuse, anyway. Super abusive and demanding boyfriend and all.”

“Don’t call him that.”

At the glare he received, Pete’s eyebrows furled at that.

“I’m sorry… just please don’t call Craig that.” Tweek flattened his hands over Pete’s chest. “He’s not abusive, he’s just a giant douche-bag that doesn’t make croissants as good as he thinks he
“That doesn’t really say much for him.” Pete detected the sadness in his voice.

“nh. Pete.”

“Yeah…I know, let’s just…I”

Getting oriented with their surroundings again would be the first step. Wanting to last a bit longer together would be the next fight. Tweek kissed Pete again. He was held securely and close. Too busy with seeking more contact, he hadn’t noticed the restroom door swinging open and closed.

“Am I okay at this?” Pete’s cheeks turned pink when they part a third time to stare at each other’s eyes.

“I like the way you kiss… It’s so fluid…” Tweek pressed more against him. “Craig’s kisses are good too, but he doesn’t really care how rough he gets when it comes down to it. Well, he used to, anyway…”

“Uh, thanks. You’re not so bad yourself.”

“Also, you’re just saying this because you feel sorry for me or anything… are you?”

“Huh — what? Oh, Jesus, no, why would you think that?” Tweek lowered his head. “I mean, I actually like you. I really like you and kissing you… You’re the right kind of gentle and stuff, you know? I think we should try it some more right now.”

“So, same time tomorrow?”

"Yeah, hopefully some other place than a seedy bathroom stall." Tweek nibbled his lip when Pete grabbed his hand.

Slim fingers interlaced. Tweek’s eyes were brilliant and glassy even in the stall. The pair was but in a dreamy state. Footfalls were nearby, incredibly light ones. Their pair abruptly hid their delightful noises, exchanging laughter to save grace. Staring at the bottom of the door, Tweek was the first to take a gander at the pair of Reeboks that were a few tiles away. He sucked in sharply and backed clumsily against Pete’s chest, letting him catch his shoulders.

“You’re gonna slip, dude,” Pete cautioned. “Tweek, what’s the matter?”

“Don’t say my name.” The blond grits his teeth and breathed against Pete’s neck. “I heard something, somebody's in here.”

Lips thinning to a tight line, Pete tensed in his spot. “Who?”

One of the urinals flushed. In response to that, Tweek nearly jerked up another time in alarm. Inside the very last stall, he climbed over the toilet. Pete moved to the very corner of the stall. His green irises vibrated and flicked back and forth.

Just on the other side, particularly bordering toward a nervous wreck, Kyle Broflovski clutched his chest and migrated toward the sink. Eyes wide, Tweek noticed Kyle’s ushanka and stepped down. The water jets from the faucet where his classmate washed his hands, shaking his wrists before he reached for the paper towel dispenser.

“Oh, god, oh Jesus,” Kyle uttered, disturbed. The whispers had a tremor to it. “Holy shit.”
Nervously biting down on his cuticles, Tweek released his hand from his own mouth and stepped on the toilet again.

Pink soap awkwardly spat from its container and foamed over Kyle’s hands as he applied water. After a period of mindless scrubbing, Kyle crumpled his damp towels and tossed them in the wastebasket. He fled from the room. That time, the bathroom door almost slammed. A few stray white paper towels, one or two, float from the floor and fell once more.

After taking a swig from his water bottle, Stan smiled and waved to another student near the math hall. Now reaching to stuff his hand inside the pocket of his jacket, he grabbed his phone and placed his earbuds in each ear, switching on a song on Spotify. The low distracting beat flowed from the speakers of them.

There would be another scattered group of eleventh graders that merged in with him. The floor was dusted with papers and ribbons and the large calendar in the display glass was marked with new events. Many of the Valentine’s Day balloons, streamers, and decorations were being taken down to make room for science poster boards, news, and paintings.

The first bell rang and Stan turned a corner toward the line of lockers beside his English class. He rubbed his eye with the heel of his palm. A few door panels away, while walking, Kenny finished the last level of his game while Butters watched over his shoulder. As Stan’s books hang under his clutch, he sauntered plainly toward his destination, unreservedly unmindful of Heidi Turner speeding his way.

His main distraction would be Craig’s holding hands with Tweek as they walked toward his class, as they would resume, daily. Their fingers were knotted together when they were next to the door.

Unexcitable, distant, and sluggish as usual, Craig stayed in his place, holding Tweek protectively with one arm. Raising his head, Stan found himself frowning. He removed his earbuds inching closer as they hugged. The football captain bumped against a kid named Francis, nearly knocking him over. Tweek’s fingers dug over the back of Craig’s jacket without him noticing Stan approaching with grim determination, sizing them up to get a better inspection of them. Dazed and confused, Tweek twisted away at the random leap of aggression.

“Cunt!” Heidi yelled ferociously from behind. “Stay away from our girls!”

Craig untangled himself from his boyfriend and walked inside the classroom. Recording them with his phone would be best, but decided against. The glitz of watching dirty laundry unload in front of him suddenly had less appeal to him. Almost all social media platforms have provided enough for him to back out without desiring to insert his input. Tweek gave a questioning glance at Heidi and Stan when his boyfriend resumed to his desk.

“I saw what you did the other night with Jenny Simmons, bitch!”

Stan’s eyes rounded when she bounded quickly to him.

“Everybody did!” Hands over her hips she stood on her tiptoes, Heidi advanced toward Stan.

Lolling his head to one side, the noiret grinned when she jabbed a pointed index finger to his pec.
Stan slurred with said with an obscene smirk plastered over his face. "Ha, wait, what did I do again?"

"Don’t play dumb!" croaked Heidi. “Ashley told me about all the sick things you’re into. We’ve got Jenny and Pearl on suicide watch right now. Nobody wants your slimy ass Mono and STDs so just keep your legs and mouth closed, okay?"

“Hey, guys, what’s goin’ on?” Kenny slipped in between them.

“Step out of the way, McCormick,” Heidi seethed.

Kenny muffled, smiling. “Hehe, chill, I was just askin’, is all. Stan?"

“She’s deranged, dude.” Stan masked his grin with his books and Heidi pulled them down. “She thinks I’m like some kind of slut or something.”

“Which you are.” Another girl from their class interjected, long-sleeved shirt, blonde.

“Guys, guys. C’mon. He’s a slut, she’s a slut, I’m a slut. Let’s not be hasty with these words, now.” Circling his arms around Stan and Heidi, Kenny’s grin broadened. “Let’s get together. It’s not he or she. Rather, it’s us all… we are all sluts. Beautiful sluts. Who are all good friends… that like to fuck each other.”

“Yeah right. In what disease-ridden world do you live in?” Bebe said icily, hands planted on her desk.

“Here.” With a sexy grin, Kenny raised his arms and dropped them. “I could name a number of examples for you, Bebe, but a gentleman doesn’t kiss and tell.”

One of the cheerleaders seated pressed her back to her chair, annoyed. “Uh, what did he say?”

“He said gentlemen don’t kiss and tell,” Stan translated.

“Wait, you guys actually understand what that guy says?”

Wendy's new girlfriend whispered under her breath, miffed. “God, I hate men.”

“What?” Stan scoffed, his blues antagonizing Heidi’s. “Don’t you have to maintain your perfect attendance or something? You better go before the bell rings.”

“Shit!” Heidi cursed. ”Shit, shit!”

Late. She was late for class. To much of her disadvantage, Heidi’s homeroom was three doors down. Just like many of the popular kids in the school believed, self-image was important. Today, she tarnished it. A death glare was shot at the football captain like a penetrable laser before Heidi turned away sharply and resumed sprinting down the hallway to reach it before roll call began. Kenny occupied his seat next to Craig in the back row.

In occurrence to that, stepping away from the door slowly, Stan cleared its way to let his teacher in while the morning announcements appeared on the TV presented in front of the class.
The desk arrangements were never a problem before. Cheek resting over his palm, Stan wondered idly why he had ever wanted to be seated in the front row. Needing to see Craig was something trivial and overlooked in the past. Catching him from over his shoulder held on appeal to Stan. It’d been even harder than answering Kyle’s texts while the teacher non-so-discreetly multitasked, viewing porn on his wide-screened desktop.

Stan tapped the eraser of his mechanical pencil against his notebook and watched the residue jump from it. As Butters merrily read another passage from his book, Stan would feel himself subconsciously drift off again. His eyes glazed over while Mr. Wood presented a pop quiz to the other boy.

Retreating back to his imagination seemed like the best course of action. Ping-ponging between what games he’d purchase with his new allowance and how he wanted to spend his weekend again would be a cinch. Being barely Monday, Stan kept himself busy, wrapped up in his thoughts. It’d been that simple. Until, the effervescent splendor of lust crept its way in.

Wearing a pair of straight-legged pants that hugged his natural bulge, Craig was at the front of the classroom, now speaking to their teacher. Much of what they said, Stan turned all of it out. The only thing that mattered to him was what transpired the weekend before last, kissing on Craig’s bed until the sun went down. Letting himself get felt up by him. And now, this.

Therefore, Stan adapted very well. Too soon. Craig’s fiery touches made him feel as if he were made out of wax, or plastic. There wasn’t an immediate spark from the start, but his kisses paralyzed him. They were rough, yet compromising at the right times, and more overwhelming than anything Stan’s ever experienced with any girl or Kenny McCormick. He remembered in Craig’s room when he was under him. He couldn’t get enough of it. It was disturbing, wrong… comforting.

But not in a repulsive familial sense that would deem taboo-worthy in such a way. Although Stan hung out with Craig as kids and most of their young age, he has never thought of Craig as anything dear. Or, leastwise in a sense, developed any opinion that didn't include the whole town. With frequent and less frequent run-ins, Craig would be a person far from being labeled as a sibling to Stan. As, that would be where ‘disturbing’ would come from. Being colloquially acquainted with Craig, but not enough to put a brotherly label on what they had. In the least, Stan was happy that they would never reach such a bond, as it would make it less uncomfortable to him to have forbidden escapes that involved Craig naked. New ones.

Wetting his lips, Stan ran his hand over the fading spot on his neck. Half immersed in his psyche, Stan imagined his classmate’s fingers dipped in his mouth and taking his time sucking on those digits, his mouth pulling toward his fingertips. Just like his dick. Sex-Ed was a butchered subject going down the road. As Stan's mother Sharon informed him, once he's done it, he would want more. The effect, as so, hardly worked with Wendy. Recently, everything connected to Craig. Even when things were stacking against them together, Stan had a great time. He'd hoped Craig had a great time as well. And much to his chagrin at the very beginning, Stan discovered that much that Craig did. In Stan’s depressed state, feeling good would be better than any horrible feeling in the world. It seemed to be the only thing that matters to him.

“All right, thanks Craig,” said Mr. Wood. “I’ll let the other faculty know what we should do about that.”

Stan balanced his pen in his hand, distracted in the shadowed temptingness that was Craig’s existence. Once Craig turned slightly from the desk and began to nod, everyone in the room vanished. At the lowest degree Stan could muster, this as such would usually occur when Wendy
appeared in his daydreams.

“Okay, thank you Kevin, that was quite insightful.” The teacher sounded all but like an echo to Stan, far away. “Okay, who’s next?”

A rough and cheery shout resumed. “Ooh ooh! Me, Mr. Wood! I’d like to go!”

“Er… thank you, Butters, I believe you already had your turn today.” Their teacher muttered and sipped from his Dunkin’ Donuts straw. “Okay... Somebody else besides Butters. Hm. What about you, Stan?”

The noiret in the beanie straightened himself in his chair. “Uhh, what?”

“Please share with us a passage from the book you chose this weekend,” Mr. Wood said flatly, “and summarize it the best you can.”

Another kid coughed in the back row. Scratching his cheek, Stan brought himself up and placed his hand over the paperback that was sitting next to his arm. Licking his lips once more, Stan skimmed through the pages. The sick student coughed in the back once more.

A faint crimson, still evident over his cheeks. Stan cleared his voice softly, avoiding Craig who turned to face his way.

“I chose The Rangeland Avenger by Brand Max.” Stan flipped through the book. “So, basically like, there’s this guy there that’s like a cowboy and he does stuff... I think it’s pretty neat.”

With a vision panning like a camera, with a self-conscious smile, Stan found himself stealing another furtive glance from Craig when he rose up. Stan’s complexion casts a deeper pitch of red and he held the book tighter in his hands.

“Uh… so, basically...” Stan repeated again.

“Okay, Stan, now read a sentence from the book and tell us what you like about it.”

“Oh yeah, right.” The noiret skimmed through the passages, he began to read from the page. “That last came out with a snap, and the revolver of Quade flicked out of its holster... with a convulsive jerk of the big man's cock—"

That was the second time. Realizing he messed up, Stan’s eyes enlarged and his irises flit up to Craig who looked shocked in comparison to him, petrified. His dark eyebrows were hidden under his hat again. Stan had forgotten again why he was there. Craig’s groin was the only focus beside the desk where he rested his hand. And then, of all times, Stan imagined Craig pulling his dick out from his sweatpants. Much different things would run in Craig’s head. Beside the bewildered teen in the chullo, Mr. Wood was gritting his teeth.

“The revolver flicked out of it’s cock. His cock. Oh, god, cock. C-c-cock.” Stan noticed his teacher’s glare intensify and gave a bubbly smirk. “—cock! Sorry, sh-fuck!”

“Hey! Now, you watch your fucking language!” Mr. Wood circled around the big desk ahead of
him. “I think you’re finished being a smart-ass for now, please take your seat, Stan Marsh!”

“Ew, what’s wrong with him?” Bebe whispered to Red.

“He’s standing up to him,” the young woman answered, “that’s what he’s doing. Guy’s got balls. I’d still hit it.”

From all over, a hum of laughter from their classmates. Stan dug his face in his hand. Craig’s blank face betrayed him. It did all but hide his embarrassment. A bright complexion flushed from the neck up, Craig gaped at Stan before advancing to his desk.

At a desk from the back row, Kenny alerted Stan with a text. While Mr. Wood filed his papers on his desk, Kenny pointed up at his own phone as a signal before the boy in the beanie fully sat down.

**kenny**

**Today 8:41 am**

> { what happened dude?!!!}

**Today 8:43 pm**

> {i’m not sure.}

**Today 8:43 pm**

> {i freaked out.}

**Today 8:43 pm**

> { that good, huh? }
The blond in the parka glared. “Huh, what the hell?”

An orange pill bottle shook and two tablets were spilled over Stan’s palm. To wash it all down, Stan took a gulp from another labelless water bottle he pulled from the top shelf of his locker, swished, and wiped his mouth with his sleeve. Sitting up in a row with its bottlecaps pointed forward, there would be other bottled beverages in all. During the years, Stan remains unorganized. Empty cans of Redbull and Monster filled the bottom floor of the locker. He had yet to schedule his spring cleaning for any of them. The metal door shuts after he spun the dial on the latch. As other students breezed through and between them, Stan noticed his best friend leaning against another with his back.

Stan twisted the cap of his drink. “Hey, Kyle.”

“It’s like… everything’s one huge lie.” The teen in the ushanka stared at the air vent over him, sighing. “Everybody’s keeping secrets… nothing makes sense anymore.”

“Oh? Fill me in, dude. What’ja discover?”

“Dude. Just hear me out.” Kyle climbed up a staircase with Stan, gripping his books at his side. “You won’t believe what I saw at the art building when I was takin’ a piss today.”

“Oh, what’d you see?” queried Stan, turning his head. “Can’t be as bad as Kenny stealing naked drawings from there.”

“No, dude. It’s infinitely worse.”

“What could be worse than rubbin’ one out to badly drawn tits?”

“Just give me a moment.” They reached the final steps and Kyle lets out a sigh, raising a hand up. He swallowed thickly. “Okay. What I’m about to tell you, will make you trip major balls. I’m just gonna need a moment, Stan, it’s pretty heavy.”

Another horde of students spilled through a door, making it to the center of the hallway. They would be under another classmate’s gaze. Gulping, a few class doors down, Tweek fiddled with the top button of his shirt collar nervously.

Oh, shit, he saw! He’s gonna tell him everything, Tweek’s fists balled by his head, then I’ll be sent away for sure! Oh, God! It can’t end like this!

Craig stood nearby and nodded at another student from the school yearbook staff. With a new camera around his neck, the teen in the chullo pointed at the tablet next to the girl, giving instructions.

Stan stood still when Kyle leaned into him with his hand behind his cheek. Barely keeping it together, Tweek chewed the inside of his lip and hummed a song next to Token and Clyde. Someone threw an empty bottle at a wastebasket beside him and missed. As the crowd shrunk, Tweek found Stan hesitating where he stood. Kyle removed his hand from behind his best friend’s ear. Stan’s gaze strayed from Tweek’s direction.

“Oh my god.” Tweek held his mouth open. His light green irises flit back and forth and he curled
his fingers in his hair. “Ahh! My head, it hurts!”

Removing his hand from the locker he leaned on, Token stared back anxiously at Tweek. Clyde was next to stop what he was doing. Other classmates had mixed reactions. In the event of Tweek being hurt, Craig dropped his project and hurried toward the group of lockers to catch him.

Craig held his boyfriend to his chest. “Tweek? Tweek, are you okay, honey?”

“Yeah…I’m fine. Mmh, I just feel a bit uneasy, that’s all,” Tweek grunted softly to his boyfriend. “Hold me.”

Soft cheers and whispers from young women surround the couple. Craig cupped Tweek’s cheeks in both his hands and pressed a kiss on his forehead…and another.

The distance made Stan's throat swell. This rising emotion wasn't normal. He's seen Tweek and Craig kiss all the time. Everyone's seen them kiss. Now, at that unexcused moment, it was painful to watch. At the image of Craig, a wound-like somberness filled him. Lungs constricting, Stan swallowed hard, slowly. He skipped breakfast that day and swore he felt his spit drop to the pit of his stomach. Along with dealing with being lonesome, he couldn’t shrug it away. It was growing. Longer than he wanted, Stan stood and watched Tweek embrace him. As of what he felt now, this was something Stan selfishly yearned for. Only Kyle’s simple brush of his hand brought him back to the school hallway.

Kyle glowered while they stepped to their classroom. “I can’t believe them.”

“I’m such an idiot,” Stan said glumly, turning away.

There’d be no space in the hallway. The classrooms were nearly full. Stan’s heart clenched in his chest. Telling himself that he wouldn’t be that dumb, he could never break up such a ‘beautiful thing’. As love seemed ideal, he will have to find someone else.

“My glasses - has anyone seen my glasses?” Unguided, Kyle Swartz maneuvered though a pack of students behind them. “I seemed to’ve misplaced them somewhere. Oh, God, everybody turned into giant blobs. It’s like a drug campaign commercial in here, but worse!”

All chairs were being filled. Beside a window with snow floating through the glass, Stan dumped his stack of books over his desk in his history class. The very action of Tweek clutching Craig’s shoulders only reminded him that he was alone. Under the circumstances of the lesson ahead of him, Stan pulled hastily drew his phone out from the pocket of his hoodie beneath his jean jacket and searched for Craig’s contact.

The way they were hugging in the hall, Stan couldn’t come between it. For, he and Craig, they weren’t friends. Barely even acquaintances. They were using each other for sex, and he knew. They were old enough to make that decision on their own.

Stan scrolled through the past messages in his inbox to delete them. Perhaps, letting Craig know that he was finished with whatever they had would soften the blow. There’d be no need or use to say it in person. A rightful separation. Stan felt that he didn’t owe Craig one. Feelings weren’t involved… if one of them got hurt, it would be purely imaginary and coincidental.
The constant reminder rang true. It was just Craig. Craig didn’t have any feelings. They couldn’t make anything out of this. The earlier they ax it, the better.

*Okay, do it, echoed Stan. It’s time to call things off, officially.*

Today 9:02 am

{**hey, thanks for the good time.**}

Today 9:02 am

{**was fun while it lasted.**}

A bit jaded for a closing reply, it would be how they ended. Stan will get over it soon. He would have to. If he couldn’t, he would force himself. It would be more than just Craig. They were both from separate worlds, different planets. In regards to that, Stan will need another distraction. Something that didn’t involve fucking to quell his empty emotions.

Thereupon those results, Stan will choose to masturbate and wallow in sadness and despair, alone in his room. Once school is over and he’s surrounded by the safety of his home, at least, he can want to die in silence again. The guilt of that would be less significant than what he felt with Craig, apart from feeling like anything lesser once the temporary high diminishes.

Kyle plucked Stan’s hood with his pale hand. “Pst, Stan.”

Arms folded over the surface of his desk, Stan turned to his right. “Do you think I’m a joke?”

“No, dude— absolutely not. I just wanted to see if you were done with your book. That was… random. Are you okay?”

“I think I fucked up, Ky…”

“Oh, what?” Kyle blinked, eyebrows raised. “Ah, the party.”

Stan shook his head no. “I think I *really* fucked up.”

Stan grabbed the paper their teacher Mr. Kichirou passed to him. While Kyle pretended to be busy with his work, the noiret pressed his palm to his forehead. Stan’s breathing quavered and his jet black hair veiled his face, shadowing it. An incredible disarray of pure hopelessness. Warm tears cascaded down his cheeks. With a fake smile, Stan casually dropped his paper on his desk. Other classmates would be too busy to notice his crying. Kyle rushed and leaned over to look at it when Mr. Kichirou had his back turned.

“It’s okay. I can help you,” the redhead declared apprehensively.

“I don’t know if I can do it… I’m flunking every class again.”

“Well, that’s why I’m here, dude. You can—”

Clyde turned around at them. “Shh!”

The number etched and circled in red marker was a cold slap to the groin. Sixty percent revealed over his name and the date printed on the exam. With his arm shielding his grade, Stan closed his notebook over it. The sound of grain came from the speakers of the intercom, pulled everyone out
“Stan Marsh, come to the office,” the intercom speakers blared. “Stan Marsh, come to the front office, immediately.”

“Aw, what?” Stan said from his seat.

“Just go,” Terrified look fading, Kyle spoke to him, “it’s probably nothing.”

Gently swaying away from his desk, Stan collected his things. Now determined, he decided that a bucketful of tears wasn’t going to ruin his day. There were more important things that he needed to direct his energy on.

Fully regretting sending Craig those messages at that instance, Stan turned on the notifications on his phone and zipped through the messages. Reaching the second floor of the building, Stan was in no rush to meet up with the office staff. He slowed his pace by a bulletin board littered in paper butterflies and group pictures from the girl’s dance team. Craig’s classroom was nearby. Peeking his head through the window slot of the door, Stan methodically watched as the teacher pointed to the whiteboard while Token passed a worksheet to Craig.

The lights were switched off by a student that got up from his chair while Stan hid by the door panel. With that, Stan dipped in and took a second look. When the projector was prepared, Craig scrolled through his phone in the dark. He's texting someone.

Expecting to see that he was blocked on all apps, Stan’s lashes fluttered when he noticed that Craig hasn’t done any of those things at all. Stan frowned at the new notification he received from Craig.

Deciding against opening it, he lets the phone vibrate over his hand before slipping it in his pants pocket.

It was a plan to meet up with his friends at the local cinema. The building structure stood approximately where it always been, slightly worn from enduring the harsh winters over the years, bullet holes, and flame torches from the town’s riots. As their small town expanded over the years, but a few buildings remain intact and are still fairly popular and accessible to the youth. The downtown area would be busy and bustling around the evening time when it’s late.

The line would be a bit longer that day. Behind two couples with their children, there was a slender built man standing in front of them behind the ticket booth. Next, stood Annie and Red with their friend Millie. Kenny, Cartman, Butters, and Kyle were all moving past the movie posters. The weather remains cold. The street was spread thickly with more bright snow.

A pack of homeless men in soiled clothes sat at the corner of the building. With their backs pressed to the wall, their beggar comrades held out their foam cups begging for change. Along with them, Satan church pamphlets were being passed out by anti-evangelical missionaries that appeared to be young adults in their early twenties.
“Sir, have you thought about connecting with our dark lord?”

“Get that shit out of my face.” A definite and angry glance was shot from a businessman with a cellphone in his hand.

“Hey look, he’s here,” Butters pointed.

At the front of the theater, a white Uber cab rolled away. Its headlights flashed after Stan slammed the fourth door of the vehicle and he was thrown a dirty look by the female driver. Hands in his coat pocket and breathing vapor, the noiret in the beanie stepped on the sidewalk to catch up with his usual group.

Kyle spoke up urgently. “Dude, I tried to text you, where’ve you been?”

“Detention.” Voice soft and low, Stan narrowed the gap between himself and the four. “Look, I got here on time. That’s all that matters, isn’t it?”

“Whoa, you got detention?” exclaimed Butters.

“Yeah, they raided my locker and made me stay there all damn day with no phone.”

“All day? What the fuck?” Not so keen on Stan’s tone, Kyle slanted his lips. “Dude, take a breather. It’s just us, your friends, remember?”

“Ugh… sorry, Kyle. I’m just… today really, just totally sucked balls,” sighed Stan.

“Well, you’re here now. You don’t have to worry about that anymore. We’ll have popcorn, and candy, and a movie.”

“Yeah,” Kenny asserted after Kyle, placing his hand on Stan’s shoulder.

“Thanks, guys,” said Stan.

The line moved forward again.

“I wish you would’ve told us you had detention earlier,” Kyle stepped forward, “so we could backtrack and plan some things out better. It’s cold as fuck out here.”

"I know, I'm sorry." Stan tucked the rest of his money away. “Hey, Cartman.”

“Fuck you, asshole. I nearly froze to death standing out here an hour in the middle of the cold. My balls literally almost froze off while we were standing here! You really owe us big time for this,” nagged Cartman, hands deep in the pockets of his leather coat. “Oh, hey, now’s your chance. You should pay for the whole thing.”

“Cartman,” glowered Kyle.

“Okay, then.” Stan pulled out his wallet.

“What?” Kyle lowered his own, shocked by the wad of cash Stan slipped toward the ticket man.

“I can pay for all of us, Kyle. I just got a big fat paycheck this week.”

Primly, Butters lowered his Hello Kitty wallet. Kenny blinked, just as stunned. Beside him, Cartman had the widest smirk plastered on his face. Trying to correlate what his best friend just said would be put on hold. Kyle packed his second thoughts away once Stan drew his cash out, a
one-hundred-dollar bill.

“Will this cover it?” Stan asked the ticket man.

“Holy white stuff on graham crackers!” Butters yelled. “Where’d you get that amount of dough?! Did ya rob a bank or something?!”

Stan shrugged while Kyle’s eyes searched over his hands. There wasn’t one Benjamin in Stan’s wallet, but a few. A considerable amount. Enough, to be concerned over, to question.

“Hrm… Let me see… This better not be any of Kenny’s Monopoly money…” Cartman plucked the solid Benjamin from Stan’s hand and stretched it, raising it to the sky.”Mmkay… it’s real. I’d say this covers pretty much everything, if not, more…”

“More?” Kyle reiterated, bamboozled.

Cartman crinkled his nose. “Yeah, my three tubs of popcorn and my snacks, Kahl. ”

“Screw you.”

“So, what movie are we seein’ tonight?” Stan mused, tapping his fingers on the surface of the ticket booth.

“The Mission Impossible sequel, that one,” Kenny said quickly.

Cartman smarted. “Dude, fuck Tom Cruise.”

Kenny scowled underneath his sick mask.

“Mission Impossible it is,” Stan stated, collecting the tickets and his change from the hole of the glass.

The corpulent brunet grumbled while the four along with Butters moseyed through the entrance of the movie theatre, leading up to the snack counter.

Grumbling and already forgiving Stan, Cartman made a noise, expressing joy once they reached the glass display of candy, the enticing warmth of the air was accompanied by a faint and appealing aroma rising from the popcorn machines. Hypnotized and entirely captivated, Butters watched the cotton candy spin on a clunky metal machine and reminisced about the county fair to himself. As most foods came in prepackaged, this was astounding to him.

“Hmm. Very good, minions…. I’m kind of on a diet… I’ll take four,” the heavyset brunet preened with an armful of other confections and an XL-Large tub of popcorn.

Kyle scoffed. “Your fatass would get that many.”

“Shut the fuck up, Kyeelll!” Cartman squealed, shaking.

Kenny snickered by the soda and Icee machines. At the next outburst, their arguing fizzled out when Stan cradled his phone in one palm, resenting the pile of words that broke into his texts.
craig

Today 9:25 pm

{You’re still as complaisant as I remember.}

Today 9:25 pm

{Jimmy said you circlejerked with Kenny and Clyde.}

Today 9:26 pm

{So, not only are you a liar and you kiss other people,
but you like to circlejerk with guys.}

Today 2:16 pm

{Weather’s great right now. ✨🌞}

Today 2:16 pm

{Enjoy detention, dick.}

Today 2:32 pm

{How’s detention?}

Today 2:33 pm

{Oh yeah, that’s right, you can’t answer this
because they took your phone.}

Today 2:33 pm

{Btw, fuck you.}

Stan shoved his phone in his denim pocket. Blocking Craig was a breath of fresh air. Usually the case, Craig would block first. It would always be the other way around. Stan needed to get focused again. Happy thoughts. Kyle, Kenny, Butters. There wouldn’t be girls, or any of Cartman’s abrasive antics will spoil it for him. The night was young and it would be all he had to enjoy. And that would be with people who truly cared about him and respected him.

As it was apparent that Stan’s childhood nemesis hated him beyond any solid reason to blame, Stan knew it would be safe not to guess why Craig is acting the way he is and leave things be for him… for God. Or, any higher spirit watching. Stan’s beliefs have been mismatched over the years. He leaned into Kenny when he looped an arm around him.

Popcorn and candy wrappers dirtied the floor inside the cinema. There were conversations carrying on from different corners of the room below the ghost-like light that extended from the projector.

“Oh, oh look, dude. We came in just in time for the start of the movie,” Kyle brimmed excitedly.

“Sweet.” The invisible weight of Stan’s chest lifted. This was all he needed, his friends.
“Bro, move down a chair,” A nasal pitch resounded. "They won’t let me occupy this one.”

“Just sit on Token’s lap, Clyde,” said another.

“Hey Craig, can I sit on your lap?” This voice was clear, mockingly high-pitched and belonged to Token.

Mouth partially open, Stan froze in his seat, clutching an armrest. The banter of the clique then would be three times as annoying. Ahead of him, Kyle was seated from right across. Butters and Cartman had gotten up to refill their spilled refreshments and were now returning to Stan's misfortune. Through the silver screen's flashing and their silhouettes flashing over the wall, the pair wedged into their spots again, reducing Stan to a hopeless frown.

Stan's brows lowered. Blocking the seat next to him with his snacks would only cause conflict. Something he'd do as a kid. He'd be above it, now that he was overly sad to attract any attention to himself. He knew it was him. The oversized NASA coat being a dead giveaway. As for picking a place and time for not existing, this would be the right moment for either one of them. Robbed of breath, Craig's fingers clasped over the edge of his chair.

“Hey Craig, why'd ya stop moving?” said Clyde.

How his best friend would be blind to everything, would be a major pitfall for Craig. Stan was sitting directly across from him and he hasn't yelled at him yet. Craig’s focus view dipped to the noiret whom he had feasibly exposed to the school’s faculty staff.

A weary and self-conscious look from Craig was thrown at Clyde, then at the silver screen. To make matters more damaging, the impatient boy in the varsity jacket shoved Craig before he duly accepted his fate, taking his seat next to Stan.

Chapter End Notes

Whew! Okay. Now that chapter's outta the way, and I'm mildly satisfied with it, Happy Anniversary to this story in advanced!

I know everybody won't care, but it's been 1 year since I've been in this fandom, and I'm really happy that I got to contribute to it, especially Staig. And, well, that's it.

So... what do you guys think of Craig? Are the rumors about Stan true? The next installment might be a juicy one. Stay tuned.
"Craig,” Stan grumbled aloud.

One lethargic blink from the male in the yellow pom hat.

Craig tightened his grip over an armrest. What’s he doing here?

Nothing but sheer embarrassment from his end. Crawling into a hole for him would sound uncharacteristic, cowardly. This wouldn’t be the first occurrence that Stan has made him consequently choke on his own words. It was one of several. Craig hated it. This encounter had been more than a miscalculation. More feelings Craig couldn’t explain. The problem was, he cared too little. Suppressing a small ripple of shock, Craig forced himself not to fidget his fingers over the arm of the chair, refusing to address his own name that was called out from the mouth that kissed him two days prior. All the same, each would act as if they are above it all. For it seemed as detention hasn’t quite reduced Stan from wanting to fulfill his enjoyment with his friends.

Craig was subtly stunned at the indignation that the other boy swung his way. His plan backfired quickly. Detention was supposed to be his demise, the cherry topping on his imaginary cake, the needle that popped the balloon. Craig thought that Stan should be shriveling away at home with his exaggerated feelings. From easy planning, Craig wanted to know what made Stan ‘ballsy’ enough to want to include himself in the public after what occurred.

“Craig?” Clyde’s voice was but an echo chaining Craig back to his damnable reality.

The embers in Craig’s own throat seared from the mere closeness of this classmate. Distressed, body inflamed with screaming nerves, and a bit parched, Craig’s stomach clenched deceitfully as things went stagnant between he and Stan. For now, he had to get his hands on a drink. Anything to wash down this feeling… this cold fury for having Stan discourteous act while being at his presence.

“Hey Stan, I heard about what happened at school,” Clyde’s cheesy grin revealed his deep dimples when Token handed him a box of fruit candy, “The ol’ vodka in a water bottle trick, classic.”

Pressing his back against his seat after Kenny and Butters’ greeting, Clyde was oblivious. Stan’s anger sizzled while he kept his glare fixed on his taller classmate seated beside him.

“Yeah man,” Token added. ”Maybe next time, try not to show up to school drunk. ”

“Yeah, like for real.” Clyde stretched his arm to Craig and passed him his soda. “You gotta take care of your health, man. If it were me, I’d be lying in bed right about now.”

Token and Clyde were subtle with the dislike but meant to be notorious with their low jab. Barely there for his classmates’ know-it-all transgressions, Stan maintained his humble appearance. Although, in the light of it, he knew the two were mocking him for lacking the responsibility of his
actions and being careless.

In the meantime, a leap or a few backward. Craig thought that he had grown invincible to Stan’s forward personality. He guessed wrong. All those years. Body betrayal again. Straight to the heart and reduced to a bundle of nerves. All but racing thoughts, when Stan pinned Craig with that hate-filled glare. Wanting to vanish, Craig would suppress any unfavorable reaction in order to keep a normal semblance among his most trusted peers.

“It’s a mistake on my part… won’t happen again,” Stan said defeated.

“Yeah, yeah. Just don’t do it again this next game."

“I won’t. We’re gonna be up against The Stingrays, it’d be too risky.”

There was a hint of hockey in that exchange. Craig kept himself even-tempered and clear from their discussion. After that small talk, they would be finished surely. Unfortunately for Craig, Clyde was a bit tipsy himself and feeling rather social that night. Clyde would be the first to strike up a conversation with Stan’s group of friends. Being the most polite and most gullible between Token and Craig, he would welcome any comment from the group in front with open arms, even from the bothersome four and Butters. Showing his joy for being out of school, Clyde would get a discussion going during the movie trailers, prior to the opening credits.

“How are things with you and Wendy, anyway?” Clyde chewed silently.

“We’re getting along,” Stan noticed Craig’s eyes dart away from his. “We’re speaking again.”

“Oh? So, that’s it, huh? There’s no chance for me to make a move on her now is there…”

“Go ahead.” The noir et nipped on his straw. “I don’t care.”

“Wha—really?”

“Yes. I’m finally accepting it,” Stan said with a shrug. “What we had before is as good as dead.”

Clyde’s eyebrows almost touched his hairline.

A big relief, more of a step up to Craig. As many times as he was indifferent to Wendy Testaburger, her name being brought up recently had nearly made him retch in disgust. Not exposing himself didn’t take much effort. He would never be dramatic enough for that. For many years in his short life, Craig had been agreeable when it came to Wendy ‘flaunting’ her existence. Much like Eric Cartman, he had that of a strong dislike for Wendy when she chose to force her opinions to the public, but it would never be as severe as his.

Thus, simply put, Wendy has been a distraction. As it would turn out, Craig had harbored unexplained pangs of jealousy whenever his destiny’s and Stan’s intercept, along with her much-unnecessary company. As children, they have had many play-dates and most of it consisted of Stan romancing Wendy pathetically or trying to show-off. For Craig, there had been better things in life than trying to impress girls. As everyone would all know, fast-forward into the future, as it would turn out, Craig wasn’t attracted to them.

Sitting there, Clyde brought Wendy up again. If there was a mute function for Craig, he would abuse the button at that current situation. As he had gotten older and more accepting of his own sexuality, gossip of the opposite sex suddenly meant less to Craig, unless he had anything to do with starting it — and it hurt Stan’s friends.
“Serious? So… if I gave her tickets to the game to watch me, you won’t get mad at me?” Clyde was flabbergasted at the chance.

Stan parted his lips to confirm.

“She’s taken, dude,” Craig joined in, relaxed. A gentle hand on his best friend’s shoulder to make some of the hopelessness subside.

While inside, Craig wanted to push Stan to the ground and flee through the emergency exit. Craig would be masking his contempt and disdain when he met Stan’s scorching blues a third time. With hardly any staying power to stomach Stan’s radiation of hatred, Craig would just have to get used to it. There was a talking dog in the current film teaser playing ahead of them.

Stan’s mouth slanted, reflecting his childish anger, muddiness, and dissatisfaction for having to deal with such a cruel fate of being next to Craig. Butters or Kyle, he could settle for that. Anyone but him. Stan detested how his sleeve brushed Craig’s and how he took over the other armrest.

The urge to rant logically about his injustice was dire. Stan didn’t want a single centimeter of Craig touching him. He didn’t want to look at him. So far, no reports of his drinking from the school staff would reach Sharon and Randy. Around the middle, Stan has tampered with their connection before getting there. Pure luck was on his side. Stan’s parents were still at their resort, many miles away from South Park in Cancun.

Weighing in the scheme of things felt less grand. If there had been a better place to tell Craig to go ‘piss up a rope’, it would be now. There would be something that holds him back. Stan’s plans to tear through Craig went awry. It was the initial plan. As soon as Stan saw Craig, he would chew him out, eat him alive. As it would be one of the things Stan had discovered first when they were young. It wouldn’t be front-page news that Craig strongly disliked drastic conflict. Stan knew the other teen hated confrontation almost as much as his high-strung boyfriend Tweek.

Deciding then, there would be no need to create an outburst until the movie is over, Stan calmed himself by accepting this new ‘fear’ from his unkind classmate as a sign of defeat. While pretending to be rudely distracted by his phone, the lights over their heads finished dimming and blacked the room completely once they were turned off.

“Oh, thank god, no more trailers. I hope this'll be better than the last one.” Cartman regarded the movie and could be heard a seat up from Stan.

“Your opinion is shit,” said Kyle. “Fuck you.”

“Fuck you, Kyle.”

“No dude, fuck you.”

After the long torment of the beginning credits, the movie had finally begun properly. There, something to ease his mind. Stan will have something plenty to talk about during his ride home, rather than venting to Kyle about how much of a known crook Craig could be.

A man with a strong Polish accent was speaking in the screen. Reactions varied for the action scene that played loudly through the wall speakers. Stan’s eyes glazed over at the message he received in his phone, from Wendy. A sad and meek apology from her was issued for Heidi’s hostile behavior through her end when they were face-to-face and they traded contacts again that day. As said with Clyde, a part of Stan felt more relieved, less numb, now that they were in slightly good terms again. Stan would keep himself hopeful of any communication that he and Wendy
could use to start over again.

Clyde’s eyes drooped over at the first fight scene ahead. “Eh, I’m gonna get some more pop rocks. Be right back.”

“I’ll be back too. Got a message, my girl’s up front,” Token replied before rising from his seat. “You want anything Craig?”

Slight hesitation with the remark, the teen in the chullo tipped his gaze from Stan. “No.”

“Okay, be back in a couple of minutes,” Token said.

Clyde smiled and stepped from his seat. The pair reached the end of the room and the cinema would be less than quiet with one or two of Cartman’s punchlines and quips ahead of Stan and Craig.

Stan was unmoved, still engulfed with gloom. The night already flipped upside down. To Stan’s disadvantage, going the complete opposite of what he wished. There had been many things that Stan wanted to voice out but couldn’t. Stan closed his eyes and thought about disappointing Kenny and Kyle.

Calling it an early night would be impolite and unfair to them. Stan would just have to deal with it. Particularly, if he were to blame it all on Craig. They would have a good laugh after that. It’s what he and his friends each had in common. They all hated Craig.

Nothing but ill-tempered, demeaning, and crass jokes were exchanged to Cartman when Kyle felt berated. Stan mouthed the tip of his straw after answering a question from Butters, when the blond faced the screen again. Token and Clyde’s seats were empty. Once some of the tartness for being imprisoned at school has dissolved for Stan, things were feeling strangely normal. Temporarily put at ease, there would be something that would break him out of that.

The movie was just beginning. A brush from the unknown tickled Stan’s inner thigh before it turned into a slow tantalizing rub. In any occasion, Stan would yelp and cause a stir-up. This wasn’t a touch he considered foreign. The gesture alone sent warning bells ringing in his ears. Stan lowered his drink in his hand, he didn’t however, flinch when Craig added pressure to his touch. Heat settled in Stan’s groin while Craig gripped the inside of his thigh and then another experimental with a sensual sweeping of his fingertips.

A helpless stare to his left and Stan’s chin trembled. While the rubs continued, Stan noticed the stillness in the face beside him hasn’t changed when he glanced up at Craig. No tenseness from his end. Craig’s nonchalant visage wouldn’t allow such weakness to befall him. With the working and flexing of his fingers, Craig idly ghosted his fingers over Stan’s knee.

Unaware of the advances in the back, Cartman chuckled again. Working him with his fingers, Craig cupped Stan’s dick through his jeans. A thunderbolt of lust shot savagely down to Stan’s groin with his knees were parted. Dark lashes fluttered at the slide upward. Craig’s maleness was dangerously magnetizing to Stan. Rather regretfully, Stan found it arousing. His dick swelled, grew thick, and hard and hot against the zipper teeth of his jeans, ignoring every argument and trace of aggression that would be tallied against him. Craig didn’t know, but in this position, he had Stan where he wanted him.
Stan nipped his bottom lip while Craig massaged his cock. Another slow and tantalizing rub from Craig. Stan had constantly reminded himself through and through that it was just him. Craig. Divided by the state of being turned on and repulsed, the sneaky move had almost provoked a horny moan ghosted from the tip of his tongue. The thrill of being groped behind his friends filled him with excitement. This was unlike anything Wendy or any partner has dared. Craig was fearless, calm, and he proceeded his unflinching approach.

There, went his mind, it turned to goo. It felt too good. Knowing that there were people there heightened this. It was until Craig’s hand glided over Stan’s crotch again. It stopped, and then resumed, sliding again. Stan has taken over the vacant armrest this time. Stan’s fingers loosely curled while he watched his other childhood friends who were blatantly unaware of the manifestation of lust breeding behind them. Of all places, there. This wouldn’t be the time Stan had struggled with his raging hormones. It took some time to control his wet cock that would embarrassingly stain his cotton briefs, unfolding his disgraceful desire to get railed. Here and now, he needed to get control back. Nothing worthwhile will come of it if he commenced. Craig continued rubbing.

No, Stan echoed agitatedly.

Stan wrenched himself out of his seat.

Craig looked as if he's been slapped. Shrouded in the darkness, Craig's hands were nowhere in sight again while the main character, Tom Cruise, lurked in a scene that’s pitch black with his glock. He forced himself to be still when Stan shot him a disapproving glare.

“Whoa, hey, Stan. Where ya goin’?” Butters’ attention was caught when the noiret in the beanie.

“It’s just gettin' to the good part. I heard something really cool happens in this scene, don't ya wanna be here for it?”

“Yeah, dude,” Kyle turned his head, “what’s wrong?”

“Let it go, brah.” Cartman munched on his Crunch bar. “Stan probably got tired of being cramped up in this crowded theater with a filthy, greedy Jew. Sad, but it happens.”

The teen in the ushanka scowled in his remark. “Go fuck yourself, really.”

To the right of him where he nearly stepped up a row, Stan took a second glance. An innocent cover has completely dawned over Craig like a thin protective shield. Silent and without causing strife. The glow of the young man’s phone spreads over his shoulders while he counterfeited being content, quickly masking remnants of negative emotion while texting Token or Clyde after a single swipe over the message app that opened up.

“It’s not you, Kyle. I'm gonna go out for a smoke,” Stan said, raising his chin defiantly. His jaw tightened and Craig nailed him with an equal glare. “My head hurts all of a sudden.”

“Eh, alright, then. Have fun freezing your balls off,” shrugged Cartman.

“I’d rather have them freeze off than be groped by Craig,” Stan said in a slicing tone.

Butters poked his lips out at that. “Huh?”

All eyes were still at the screen. A mild panic has been overtaken by the seated teen next to Stan. It was a brief exposure that everyone ignored and would overlook. When Stan stepped through the double doors that led to the lobby, Kyle shrugged when he dug into his popcorn bucket again. Craig bolted out of his seat shortly and followed.
"Hmm, let’s see… Craig, Token, Stan, and Clyde,” Cartman ticked his fingers, snickering. “Man, they’re really dropping like flies. Your movie must really suck, huh, Kinny?"

"I don't care." Kenny muffled, turning to Cartman. “It's better than watching you piss in empty Sprite bottles after we smoke you fat piece of shit.”

The voice that came after was stale. "Fuck you, Kinny."

Kyle chewed on another gumdrop. “I like the movie.”

“What?” Cartman squinted.

“I like the movie.”

There was to be a negative reaction scourged and ready to deliver a painful blow. Until Kyle confirmed his statement twice, Kenny’s eyebrows shot to his bangs.

“The opening, I think it’s pretty good.” Kyle pointed at the screen. “Don’t worry, dude, Cartman’s just pissed because that retard from The Reckoning trailer looks like him.”

“Nah-uh,” Cartman whined.

“Dude, he does too,” Kyle said. “He looks just like you.”

The night’s cold wind welcomed Stan.

After the heavy front doors of the lobby swung open, Stan navigated as far as he could away from the long lines to the food counter. A hand in his jean jacket, he hunched and pulled out a lighter with a cigarette stick slanted in his mouth. One, two, three flicks of his Bic lighter. The fire sparked the another time, urging Stan's need to have this violent storm of feelings dissolve with a quick sip of the tip.

His hand was shaking. Hot molten emotion surged from Stan’s body while he took a long drag of the burning stick. The ground was frozen beneath his sole. Many bystanders were either oblivious or confused by his death glare. There would be enough hate inside him to melt the snow. What Craig did back there wasn’t him. Bright orange at the tip. In between his fingers, Stan dropped his hand to his side, still gripping it. A slow plume of smoke rose from his lips. Everything all around would be purposely forgotten.

As of current, Stan would be on edge. He needed an escape, anything to get away from what happened in the theater with Craig. At the gutter over the sidewalk, Stan flicked the finished bud at it. The cigarette landed slanted over it and wetted beside the black slush.

Only a few satanist missionaries dotted the front of the building. New snow dusted the tip of Stan’s shoe where he kicked. Phone in both his hands, he shuts his eyes and breathed inward, thinking of his next text and sleeping, or watching TV, rather than being there instead. Stan’s head was low and his shoelaces blurred in his vision. He ignored the hobo that swerved in his path and bumped his shoulder against his.

Wetting his lips, Stan searched for the Uber cab app on his iPhone. He glanced at the glass
entrance of the theater. Craig shoved the front doors. The glass rumbled when he marched in front of it. Stan’s eyebrow’s creased around the middle of his forehead, forming two dents, when it appeared that the other male was gaining on him.

*Great, the last person I wanna see.* “What the hell do you want?”

“You need to watch your mouth, shithead. You almost gave me away back there.”

“Fuck off, Craig, you know I wouldn’t have said that if you’dve kept your filthy hands to yourself.”

“Oh, ha yeah, now I’m the filthy one.”

“Yeah, that’s right,” Stan snarled through his whisper. “I don’t know what gotten into you, but I’m done. When we step back inside, we’re through. No groping, none of that ‘no strings attached’ bullshit, no nothing.”

Craig narrowed his eyes when Stan’s face leveled with his.

“As far as I know, we’re just fucking classmates. Whatever weird thing we had between us, it’s done. I can’t ruin your relationship, with Tweek. I have my own life to live and my own problems.”

For either two, it would be a good thing that their classmates were packed in the theater. Worrying about who could walk in to the long-winded rant was close to nonexistent. Placing his phone in his pocket, Stan decided against calling a cab and advanced to the theater doors. That would be all that he needed to say, he would be aggressive but discreet enough to reveal that he wanted nothing to do with Craig anymore.

So far, the other strangers that surrounded them didn’t take wind. More footsteps stalked at Stan’s heel’s when he gaits past the other movie posters indoors. What Stan didn’t expect was his hand clamping over his bony wrist. Stan's heart raced, nearly stopping when Craig pulled him to him.

“I know what you’re doing,” Craig said. “You’re doing this to protect yourself.”

Stan knocked Craig’s hand away. “Lay off.”

This situation was nearly unorthodox. What made it different that it was no other, the one that is frowning down at his face. Stan glowered at the thought of the many difficult men and young women he faced growing up that were violent toward him, and now Craig. Granted, a new rise of feelings could get him into more trouble. That was not what he needed.

Stan made it behind the concession counters where Token and Clyde vanished from. They migrated to an area decorated with fake potted plants.

“You know, it’s funny, I could just end it all tonight. Tell everyone I like guys — get a nice boyfriend and move on, then I can live my life. Problem solved, right? It’d be over with a blink of an eye.”

Craig heeded and stalked the other boy’s heels. They have gained enough distanced in the lobby.

“It’d be so easy,” Stan simpered with a scoff, “and I can tell them we had sex to clear away my conscience.”

Craig’s arched eyebrows barely rose.
“Just kidding.” Stan maintained snark when he paced to the end of the hall. “You know when we hung out the other night, I thought we could be friends. But who am I kidding, right? Same old Stan, same old Craig.”

Stan’s brilliant blues slid up with a touch of resentment and irony. A self-satisfied smirk grew on his youthful face after fully scoping out Craig’s clenched fists. Hands balled tight. Knuckles jutting, bleached white from the tightness of his skin. Yet, Craig didn’t look the slightest bit offended. Nonetheless, he would crack. Not much deigning Stan with a single scoff. Craig’s green irises were just as dull and dispassionate as they were regularly, compared to his stance.

Letting his focus drift from Craig to the floor, Stan bent down to retie his shoelaces. As it turned out, one of them had to be the logical one. Rather, Stan significantly slightly better that he has gotten what he said off of his chest. He could handle the one-sided response and the blackmail that was to come. It would be one of the little things that Stan has foreseen. They had no future. Not as friends, or anything physically improper. After this part, Stan would bid his farewell from this phase of life. As he should. But it was if he would be lured by that imaginary fish hook again.

Craig stepped forward. “Okay, I’ve heard enough.”

Stan was a short fuse away from blowing up. Clearly, what he communicated was well looked over. Finally, Craig said something — but it would not be what he wants. The voice from behind was intrusive, a complete 180 from what Stan implicated. Letting his head fall to his hand, Stan gently scrunched the strands of his jet black bangs between his fingers. There had to be a bar set. Enough would be enough. They would be entering bad territory if he wasted his breath with another answer, feeling that he had ranted too much already.

"Your relationship with Kenny McCormick. What’s your status?” Craig prodded.

“Kenny’s a good friend of mine. Dude, you’ve known this forever.” Stan turned and noticed Craig’s fingers weren’t biting into his own palms anymore. “What’s that got to do with—”

“You kissed him before your confession in church.”

“Yep.”

“And at Jenny’s party… you kissed her too.” Craig noted.

“Yeah, I did,” Stan confirmed, “and Tyler, and Simon, and Shanon, and fucking Keith from math class. I could’ve kissed fifty more the people if I wanted to. Dude, you have a boyfriend, what do you care?”

The wall rumbled. Stan gasped sharply with one eye shut. Without warning, Craig slammed his forearm against his neck. Tears flooded Stan’s eyes and shock silenced him. Only his upper limbs were mobile, it still wouldn’t be any match for this certain predicament. Smug grin fading away, Stan didn’t reach to grab, he couldn’t react. With his head tilted up, Craig’s sleeve was met with his unbalanced breathing. Then and there, again, Stan’s face twisted in agony while he writhed under him.

“Take it back.”

“Dude… too far.” Stan strained through his vocal cords.

“I don’t care, take it back.”

Stunned, the teen in the beanie kept his mouth shut after that exchange. In that particular state, Stan
had been too afraid to ask the other boy what motivated him to physically assault him. Like the invisible dots in his head, nothing connected. Furthermore, Stan’s air passages were blocked, he found it difficult to swallow. Terror gripped him from the neck down. Craig backed from him and Stan was still… speechless. The knot in his throat clenched tight. His Adam’s apple, now crushed by Craig’s strong arm that is now replaced with his hand gripping tightly at his neck. Panting low, tears pricked Stan’s eyes.

Stan’s eyes watered. “What do you want from me?”

“Apologize.”

“For what..? I didn’t do anything, what am I apologizing for?”

“At Jenny’s party. Back there, you hurt me!”

Stan’s pupils constrict.

“It’s just kissing... it doesn’t mean anything. It’s not like I could like go back in time or anything. What do you want me to do about it?”

“Make it up to me.”

“What?”

“I want you to stop kissing them,” Craig said stridently.

Stan swallowed. “Okay, I will, I’ll stop kissing other dudes.”

“Promise you won’t.”

“I promise.”

“Swear it.”

Many dangerous questions rose for Stan. The dim light of the hall spilled over Craig’s broad back. It would be just them in the shadows. Emotionally worn through the events of the day, it would be a challenge to ward off the taller male with such vigor that he had from the movie theater entrance. Deep down when it comes to it all, he would blame it on himself — it was all his fault. Stan’s uncontrollable panting becomes soundly and Craig’s lips descended to sample his flesh. Greedy and hot suckles. His mouth skimmed over Stan’s clavicle after removed his arm.

Thoughts were rampant like his gaze. Stan’s palms were wet, his chest was achy. He felt his hips being clawed and pulled to Craig. The kisses become scorching, possessive, and demanding, with intent to devour him whole when the meager seconds progressed. Slumped against the wall, Stan’s eyes fluttered closed when Craig sucked heavy pink marks down his exposed collarbone. As from what Stan felt between his legs, it would be something he had gotten acquainted with fast.

Fisting the material of Craig’s jacket in his bare hands, Stan arched his neck to one side and inhaled sharply once more. A loose whimper escaped him when Craig’s fingers sank over his ass, groping — grabbing what wasn’t his. Right in the middle of public where they could both lay in their death beds. This could be the end for both of them if they weren’t careful, particularly Craig.

Warm laps of Craig’s tongue. A bite here, a nibble there, Craig kissed down Stan’s delicate jawline, to his lips, putting more into exertion more than any countless fantasy he had failed to deny. Temptation dangled over them. Somehow, Stan found himself leaning forward. This was
what he needed. More kisses from Craig. Desperate, starving, hungry kisses were returned to him. More pent up aggression in the form of passion that Stan couldn’t comprehend. Against the wall, they slid and grind their hips to each other. Charmless from the very start, Craig’s passion had taken full custody of his entire body.

When Craig’s mouth fused with his again, Stan’s boiling point ceased to exist. His chin was gripped in the other teen’s hand hard. As much as Stan wanted to kick, bite, spit, and scream — he would lose. The taller boy’s tongue RAIDed Stan’s mouth, this tongue raped and bullied his. It’d be pointless for him to be corrected on his bad kissing skills there. Craig knew he had lost some points. And yet, he continued, when he wasn’t receiving anything from him back. Everything would be destroyed. No point in fixing this. They would surely not speak for years after this.

Stan tore himself away from him. “Craig, stop.”

Granted, they were both out of breath when they shouldn’t be. Their faces raised to where they were a mere few inches apart, breathing into each other’s mouths.

“I just need a minute… I just — just give me a minute, okay?” Stan’s moistened his lips as he took a step back to retreat. “…Why did you do that?”

Things have taken a turn upside down. Stan jerked his elbow away when Craig fiercely snatched him to his chest and placed his lips on his.

Stan shoved him with both his hands. “No. Okay, now I mean it for real. We can’t be out here in the open like this. If you’re attracted to me, you’re gonna have to do something more than just kissing. Or, am I missing the point here, there’s something else to this.”

Craig wanted to tell him that it wasn’t that ‘complex’, he wanted to feel Stan again. Buried in his insides while he ran his fingernails over his back again. Nearly ten years ago, he would never deign such a dirty thought. Someone so filthy and beneath him shouldn’t be the source of his uncharted desires. Nevertheless, Craig entire expression struck with malaise when Stan released himself from him. Just as he feared. The overwhelming emotions were flooding over him again. It’d been more than the ire he felt at school, seeing his classmate Stan with other love interests during middle school.

“Okay, nope, that’s it. Now I know why you’re doing this, you’re jealous.”

“I don’t like you,” Craig spoke, his voice raw and poorly masked through monotone. “I just find your naked body to be aesthetically pleasing.”

“Yeah, and you’re jealous.” Stan glared.

“Fuck you.”

“Okay, dick, then what else could it be?”

There would be no reboot button for Craig just attempted, no save point. Stan would be disagreeable and reprehensible at times, but very soon, he would figure it out. Craig balled his fist and pressed it against the wall with an outstretched arm. No willingness to stare Stan in the eye, he concealed his thoughts with deep musings of the other girl kissing him, warm heterosexual cuddles between Stan and Wendy at a campfire. His thoughts went back to the day he broke his camera. A layer of insecurity cocoons him. Craig parted his lips, Stan was still searching for an answer.

“Other than your imagination going crazy, I’d say nothing.” Craig sank his hands in his pockets. “It's the truth, I wouldn't date you. Your personality is uncouth, and extremely repelling. Even if
you came out the closet, I wouldn't consider it. You're unfit to be toilet paper underneath my shoe. In fact, I would stretch it and say you're so far beneath me—"

“Yeah, whatever, I don’t care anymore,” Stan scoffed, now eyeing the bulge that was now prominent across from him. "If all of that's true, I'd say your dick thinks pretty highly of me."

Cold sweat ran down Craig’s temple. Two of the theater employees were blurred through the narrow hall stretched from them. Another chuckle with his hands stuffed in his pockets. At this point, it would be anyone’s call to leave, having their fill of entertainment from each side of the spectrum.

"Oh my god… dude, you are jealous. You're jealous of Kenny and those other guys."

Craig was speechless.

“I can’t believe you,” Stan continued. He would say that it was all right there in front of him. “You do like me, I can’t believe it.”

The gap was sealed between them instantly. Craig firmly placed his lips over Stan’s. He kissed him sloppily. Stan could hardly note when his shoulders were seized again in his strong hands.

Uncoiling roughly from his grip, the teen in the beanie thrusts forward and shoved the taller male powerfully a second time.

“No,” Stan protested. “We can’t do this here. Whatever is going on with you and your boyfriend right now, you need to work it out. Do whatever it takes. Just don’t break his heart, dude, I’d hate it if it happened to me, I can’t be the middleman, sorry.”

Craig’s NASA jacket was rumpled while Stan retreated to the lobby.

Naturally, Stan and Craig returned to the movie theater to blend in with their friends. That, being only an act, Craig took his seat next to Token and Clyde once again to watch the Mission Impossible sequel with them. They made small chit-chat about the kind of cars that zoomed by in the motion flick. In front of them, Cartman reclined back in his seat with drool pouring from the corner of his mouth, Butters smiled his high grin, and Kenny had his hand resting on his cheek.

Stan poked his head up, at the dangling keys ahead of him. “The one in the middle right?”

“Yeah, the one next to the Terrence and Phillip charm.”

Another sigh vented from Kyle when Stan left the cinema again.

“You’d think he could just sit still for once,” Kyle said gravely. “Everything just feels so empty with us lately. I don’t know even know what I’m doing or if I said anything wrong.”

Kenny stared at his empty popcorn bucket, face etched with sorrow.
Kyle was generous handing Stan the keys to his white Sedan. More frost appeared from the blackened sky. Stan breathed more vapor from the wind, as it has gotten colder over time. Scratching his beanie, Stan searched the parking building for the exact spot that his best friend said he parked.

A rush of cold would nearly knock Stan off his feet. There’d be more hardened ice to slip over if he’s too careless with his stepped. More watchful of his footing where he stepped over the ice, Stan finally made it to the facility that contained his Kyle’s car. Another step and the snow crunched under the sole his chucks, leaving more footprints.

To Stan's dreadful dismay, a gloved hand hooked and tugged him the opposite direction of the building he moved near. So close, agitation and annoyance festered in him when he spun to see who is near, who would be addressed.

Stan’s eyes widened. There was some tongue. Stan’s face was taken in these gloved hands and then caressed. His mouth opened and reluctantly accepted another stroke of it, from this guy. It was unfortunate. He recognized that mouth in less than a minute. Deeply immersed in the rough kissing, Stan’s fingers curled over his classmate’s chest again. Craig’s.

“There. Okay,” Stan grouched when they part faces. “Your last kiss from me. Ever. Can you leave me alone now?”

“Not yet. I want to apologize for what I did back there.”

After roughly wiping his mouth with his sleeve, Stan would roll his eyes again.

An apology. This clearly wasn’t genuine. Stan detected the opposite already. Craig relished on being that of a betrayer and a deceiver of some sort. Much like a traditionalist, never changing. He is Craig. A regular schoolyard bully. And dating Tweek has only slowed Craig down, rather, he would still boast about it. Craig’s true barrings would still exist heavily in this plane of existence. Even with his schoolmate Stan pressed beneath him, Craig would still rejoice in his bad behavior. Offensive and sneaky. Treachery would be equivalent to a breath of cool air to him. In childhood games as such, there would always be a little bit of truth behind the personality Craig cloaked himself behind.

“I want to apologize for what I did back there.” Time rewinds, letting Craig repeat. The voice barely maintained politeness, it held some authority. “I should have been more forceful.”

Craig lunged forward. The snow and gravel crunched under Stan’s converse, his breathing hitched when Craig snaked an arm around his waist. He gasped as if he had ice-water thrown on him. Craig’s tongue was relentless, he licked Stan’s exposed nape before he came down and sucked on the hollow spot of his neck. Uncharted desire betrayed him again, racing to his lower region while Craig slid and grinds his hips pressed firmly against his ass. It would be anyone’s game. While Craig stood behind with his hand that crept over Stan’s neck, Stan nipped his classmate’s glove, teething it off. Although done poorly, he proceeded.

“Why are you doing this?” Stan whispered hoarsely.

"It's the only objective." The other teen laid a kiss on his bare neck. “I don’t know why, or care. The longer you resist, the more it hurts me...let me be inside you.”

A thickness settled in his throat. Craig was serious. Stan knew he would mount him right there if he could. Not here, but in another universe, perhaps. Craig would never be that careless.
Recklessness would surely rip him away from his beacon. Some reasonable values and self-control had kept him intact.

Unraveled wantonness would leave his rational thoughts astray. Stan licked back when his schoolmate tipped his chin to him. Learning now, this year, it could happen. More than once, more than Stan would think. Stan's hips were steadied again by those pair of strong hands. He was almost there, to Kyle's Sedan. Now, it seeming too far away from him. Bending his neck, Stan halfheartedly accepted another slow swirl of Craig’s tongue entering his mouth. Frightened tears streamed down Stan's cheeks when he thought about his friends… what they were doing currently… why he’s letting this happen to him.

Their kisses were slow and deliberate, coaxed with the bitter taste and emotion of the salt that descended to Stan’s pallid cheeks. He wanted out of there, at the same time… this is what he needed. Stan opened his mouth more when Craig slipped his thumb inside. Ignoring that he will hate himself later, Stan’s mouth pulled over it. He would indulge again, missing those splendid fingers inserted inside his mouth. Lower, the teen in the chullo kissed the back of Stan’s neck, then up to his earlobe.

Stan landed on his back when Craig shoved him in the backseat of his Prius. A four-minute drive away from the cinema would do the trick. It would be a lack of communication when Stan reluctantly agreed… to this arrangement.

“Get over here,” Craig whispered hotly.

Stan’s legs were brought up and he wrapped his ankles around Craig’s lower back after he pulled him onto him again. The noiret below whimpered when Craig grinds his hard dick against him. Through his pants sliding over his, Stan felt it. The other male’s rock hard desire. Arguing would be saved not to ruin the mood. He was horny. By day, they would be polar opposites. But here, they had chemistry. It had been quite the disturbing journey finding that out. If it weren’t for hate that has brought them together or a single fad, it would be here… in a heated rut.

Seated upward, Stan felt his cock painfully twitch in his pants again. When Craig popped the button of his skinny jeans, Stan knew what he would be in for. As the issue of being claustrophobic would raise, it was quickly thrown into an imaginary trash heap when Stan found himself faced-to-faced with the bulge over his classmate’s Diesel boxers. Stan’s savored it over and over in class. Even straining unapologetically through the stretchy polyester, Craig’s cock was long and still as intimidating as Stan remembered.

Stan waited until Craig slipped the vibrant band down his hips, partially hinting his v-line. His cock flopped in the other boy’s face when it was freed from its fabric prison. He didn’t know whether to run away or to suck him right there. For a greedy and self-known fact, Stan wanted to challenge Craig again, to bring out the jealous and possessive man that he saw back in the theater. It would only be Wendy that has ever done such a thing. Craig was different. Stan learned that he was more intense.

“Take your pants off,” said the voice above.

Stan quickly obliged. Raising his hips, he rucked his skinny jeans down, revealing his red briefs. Craig pulled it aside and cupped the other boy’s balls in his hand. A soft sound from Stan is muffled with a firm kiss from him while he kneads him with his hand. Little did Stan know about
the years Craig had tried to hide it. A bitterness like poison, soon to be overshadowed by anger if his advances aren’t reciprocated. Craig wouldn’t voice it to him. Through his intense gaze, hate and lust blended simultaneously. The unbidden move was the result of years of avoiding and masturbating furiously to this classmate that he didn't find equal to him.

They were seated by each other in the back of the car. Craig’s virile organ hung and bobbed near Stan’s cheek.

“Taste it.” Craig grabbed his head.

Lips peeling backward, Stan mouthed the exposed cockhead when it was offered to him. Entirely mesmerized by the view when he watched his cock enorge four times its size. Stan sipped over the bulbous tip like a melted popsicle, pulling his lips carefully over it. Craig's cock was heavy and Stan's tongue was stained with pre-cum. Another generous trickle washed over his tastebuds. Craig's cock slipped in and fell from to his chin with a soft pop. When it was offered to him again, Stan swirled his tongue underneath slowly. His cheek hollow and expanded while he curled his fingers around the base. With more enthusiastic strokes of his tongue, Stan slurped Craig’s cock loudly, nonstop. Saliva ran down the corners over his lips as he greedily took the pulsing heat to the back of his throat.

Craig’s eyes expanded in fake wonderment. “Wow, you really like taking big dicks, don’t you?”

Stan pressed his nose to Craig’s smooth navel, inhaling the laundry detergent and a scent that was faintly him.

“… Straight, my ass.” Craig’s eyes fluttered closed after Stan instinctively flipped him the bird.

As Stan continued working him, Craig uncapped the bottle of lube that was sticking out from Clyde’s conveniently placed backpack. Pulling his dick from Stan’s mouth, Craig eased himself upward, anointing his hand with the right amount of product placed over his vein-ridged cock. It was hot and it throbbed painfully. With his palm, Craig gave it a smack and the heavy organ swung back in place. Wet, and leaking with pre-cum. Stan stared at it, in a trance.

“Mmm, here...” Craig inserted a thumb in Stan’s mouth while he rested on his elbow, positioning himself behind him.

A complete innocent look on his baby face, Stan’s teeth gleamed through his parted lips when he turned his head over his shoulder. This had been a now-or-never moment for them. In that exact time, Craig eased his thick and wet cockhead in his opening. His green eyes magnetized to his dick disappearing inside Stan's puckered hole. Snug would be the only word the describe it.

Once in spooning position, Craig’s hand skimmed over Stan’s rear. He squeezed tightly, spreading his plush ass cheeks. And then a sharp strike. While crying out instantly, Stan’s eyebrows drew together and he bit down on his tongue. The heavy panting would build in the middle of rocking back and forth. Craig took his chance with another groping him, admiring the goose flesh that stood out on his alabaster skin.

While circling an arm around his waist, Craig nipped Stan’s ear suggestively and bucked his hips. Stan’s lungs hitched at a certain degree of a thrust, poorly concealing the shaky moan that festered within and fanned over the seat’s surface. With a low grunt, Craig nudged forward more gaining speed. His hips collided against the other boy’s bare ass in short and repeated strikes. Growling long and low, Craig snapped his hips faster. Their surroundings vibrated. With another burst of energy, Craig drove into him with a visceral and maddening speed. The sharp cries float in the car when Stan had what’s his stolen from him again. His body writhed to life, Stan's greedy hole
expanded swallowing every thick inch of Craig's shaft.

Craig flipped him on his back. The muscles on Stan's face twitched when a spray of spit splashed against it. He lolled his pink tongue desperately and caught it the second time when Craig took his legs and hovered over him. Gasping sharply, the smaller teen nearly kicked the air too hard when Craig plunged sharply in him. From either side of Stan’s head, Craig rocked, moaned lowly, and clawed the seats while his back is raked by his classmate's short fingernails. Their mouths melded together when Craig forced him to look at him. Their tongues coiled between urgent licks. Craig’s mouth was more insistent. He moved up, letting the other male gasp beneath him.

“Oh, god… it’s stretching me!” Stan screamed throatily. Throwing his head back, his loud whimpers shattered into a sob. “….it's stretching me so hard…!”

Snarling against Stan’s neck, the backseats vibrated while Craig pounded into him with deep, unforgiving thrusts. Letting the mixture of lube and his arousal guide him, his balls smacked brutally against the lithe quarterback’s toned ass, ripping long guttural moans from him in exchange from his efforts. Biting anywhere he wanted, Craig continued concentrating on pounding his classmate against the cushions while there would be very little concern for their safety. Stan didn’t think his voice could grow any more hoarser from his cries. Closing his eyes, Stan mouthed Craig’s fingers that slipped over his face again to his pink lips. Grunting softly, Craig balanced Stan’s leg up with his other hand as he pumped into him, damaging him in this missionary position.

Another dramatic sob from Stan when the other male bit again and sucked over his exposed neck, running a tongue along his clavicle. There had be no restraint or any human behavior left in him. It was time to shut him up. Craig clamped his hand over Stan’s mouth to muffle his shouts. Stan licked the fingers that were thrust into his oral canal, sucking Craig’s index and middle finger with just as much zeal and enthusiasm left in him, wanting to be used like a slut. As an orgasm was encroaching, his eyebrows pinched and he bit down.

In came a cold and violent spasm. Over the wet slaps and hiking his knees up, Stan could barely contain his last groan when he came in the other boy’s hand. His cock twitched and thick jets of hot semen spurt in different directions. Through labored breathing, it was his turn, Craig grunted and collapsed over Stan. The hot valley of come that was milked from his and seeped through the split of Stan’s ass. He rained tender kisses all over his face.

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Stan smelled like Old Spice and cheap cologne. A pine tree ornament in the car twisted gently below the front mirror. Selfish and fully accustomed to Stan’s body heat, Craig sank to him, burrowing his face in his neck and kissing over the bite marks he produced earlier. Craig’s arms slipped from Stan’s sides on the floor of his car. He tilted his face to Stan’s chest when his gentle hand laid over him to stroke his hair underneath his chullo.

There bathed in their heat, Craig kept his eyes closed with his cheek pressed flat to Stan’s stomach. Right beneath him, his schoolmate’s legs spread apart before they dropped. Somewhere between kissing, and one of Craig’s many bites, Stan had failed to keep his pants on. The idea of using antibacterial hand wipes on his bruised rectum provided no appeal. There were extra napkins from a McDonald’s over one a cup holder. Stan would opt for them instead, he cleaned himself.

Stan finished looping his pyramid belt, and fixing the smudge of his eyeliner before stepping out of
the backseat. The door closed behind him pushing in the cold night’s breeze. He joined up with Craig who sat in the driver’s seat. Stan took a deep breath and fixed his hair while gazing up at his reflection at the front view mirror. Being kicked out of the vehicle with mud sprayed on his clothes would be on the forecast for Stan. Craig didn’t budge, however, to remove him or finish him off with a scathing remark. Things would remain as such. Craig was just about turned the key in the ignition.

Stan placed his hand over his. “Don’t start the car yet.”

Craig placed his phone back over the plastic construct over his radio. Rather gently, he pulled Stan’s wrist off of his and assessed the deserted park’s parking lot that he had chosen to roll the car in. For a moment Stan became upset when the car started anyway. All the windows were rolled down by an inch. Craig killed the ignition and pulled a carton of cigarettes from his glove box. The doors unlocked with several clicks.

“All right, let’s talk.” Craig opened one.

Stan cleared his throat. “I need to know something. Just so we’re on the same page now… So, just so we’re clear. After everything we just did tonight… that’s it? Everything’s back to normal now.”

“Yes.”

“And just like that, you’re just gonna leave it.”

Pulling the new cigarette from his mouth, Craig replied, “I don’t know, maybe.”

“So, you admit it, then. You want me to yourself.”

“No.”

“Okay,” Stan sighed in annoyance, “but you said that you didn’t want me to kiss other guys and you stuck your fuckstick in me.”

“That’s true.”

“So, maybe in a sense, you do have feelings for me.”

With his cigarette burning brightly, Craig raised his hand up to it. He mouthed the end of the stick and took a drag, blowing smoke out smoke through the window next to him. Feeling that wouldn’t be enough quickly, he opened the door and slid his feet to the ground.

“That’s up to you to interpret wrong. I’m actually not all surprised that you came up with this conclusion… by yourself. Big surprise there, I did fly off the handle a bit. ”

“Um, I wouldn’t say a little bit. I’d say more than ever… like, a whole lot,” Stan said placing his hand over his neck, arching it to one side. “So, the movie ends in about thirty, and we’re still alone, you gonna tell me what happened back there?”

_You did practically molest me._ Stan was on the verge to reveal that.

The floating dialogue would be like ammo to him. Prevailing with that would be overkill. And currently, ruining what he thinks they could have… it would be out of the question. Stan didn’t want to think further. It would be scary to him.

“You won’t get it,” Craig said.
“So, you think I’m dumb, too,” Stan puts up a phony smile, deeply referring to his own friends who vaguely mentioned in that. “You really think I’d actually tell? Well, if haven’t noticed before, but the town’s golden boy is fucking bi. Besides the obvious, I don’t know what you have to lose.”

“Too much. You don’t have to trust me. Just believe me when I say it’s a lot.”

“Why won’t you tell me?”

It took another second to mull that over. Craig retreated to a cloak of his own pessimism, deeply wanting to state that Stan’s outburst in the theater wasn’t to be taken lightly. Holding the wheel with one hand, his lips spread into a flatter line. There would be more cons that outweigh the pros between them.

“Can’t.” Craig blinked idly and stared at the hedges in front of him. “It’s complicated.”

Barely the answer he was looking for, this forced Stan to retreat back to his small world. The last word rang in his ear and it could mean anything from Craig. Hardly vocal with it, Stan kept his peace. He wasn’t sure what to believe or how he would tackle it. For sure, the leftover hope he conjured up had been struck down completely. This shouldn’t mean anything to him. Not friends, they were no better than acquaintances.

“Fine,” Stan said that sullenly and then ignored the text notification on his phone. “Sorry I even bothered at all. I’m done with this subject, just take me back.”

Craig held the door. The cigarette was stepped on when Craig put it out. Nodding gently, he turned the key in his car again once he shuts the door beside him. There would be nothing left over that he could explain. There would be that brief reminder that would hover over the two again… They owed each other nothing.

New snowfall began. Rising up gingerly, Stan moved to Craig and placed a chaste kiss on his cheek. At the brush of Stan’s lips, Craig’s grip on the wheel loosened. He caught him with the corner of his eye. Stan moved in again and his fingertips took Craig’s chin, he turned his head to him. Their mouths joined softly. Lukewarm, welcoming… bittersweet. Anything else that manifested ideally between them would be shot down. Stan thought that Craig was a good kisser, he broke first. A very tingle of their mouths that made contact lingered over Craig’s lips. He kept his parted, his eyes half-lidded, nearly shut.

"Stan..." Craig said against his lips.

They kissed again, softly.

"Be my boyfriend."
Stan’s domestic sanctuary was encapsulated by the heater ducks underneath the thin curtains of his bedroom window. With another weekend to spare in his sixteen-year-old life, this would give him a better opportunity time to clear his head of the most recent event that took place in the cinema.

This would also leave Stan to get cozy, to become more familiar with the naked body pressed to his, Craig’s. For sure, it would be him. He was the only person he had chosen to be intimate with the previous night.

Their body heat combine was enough to do away with the cold that the vents weren’t masking. Stan would remain there, mellow, and at ease. He sank his cheek to his pillow with his hand dangling from the end of his bed. His dark fingertips with chipping nail polish grazed listlessly against the shagged floor. His dim aura of depression had manifested physically in many heaps of dirty laundry, Chinese take-out containers, and dirty dishes strayed over different directions of the floor. Most of them, which Craig Tucker found repugnant but managed to brush off after the trip to the top of the stairs. He had been far too occupied with his attempts to get his fill.

Morning arrived in just a blink. Stan’s melancholy-filled vision blurred when it slid over the LED numbers of his digital alarm clock. The upper half of his body was exposed from the sheets lowered, covering his hipbone. They rustled when he moved up. Over him, Craig banded his arms around his middle, pulling him closer to his form.

Craig brushed his nose against Stan’s exposed neck. Eyes fluttering open slowly, Stan’s vision wandered to the light cover in the ceiling. Between Craig’s nuzzles, he would be able to make out the ceramic concealing the light bulb beyond his dark lashes. As difficult the circumstance may be, the half-rested athlete reminds himself that he had woken up to stranger things during his youth. Raising his arm up, he pinched his cheek and gave it a tug between his fingers. A dream, a fantasy… anything along those lines. Or, anything in between. He would check. Stan had to make sure.

“Ow, that hurts,” Stan murmured quietly to himself. My head feels like a tornado. “I guess it wasn’t a dream after all. Then that means…”

Hugging his pillow, Stan he echoed next in his brain. Yep… Don’t do that, don’t talk to yourself.

Stan glanced over at the face next to his and it would come to a surprise to him that his classmate Craig wasn’t snoring like their last sleepover. Craig’s face was still nestled in the hollow of his neck. Whatever convinced them to spooning position that night, despite it all, Stan would accept walking this avenue in his current life. He shifted in the thick duvet again, enjoying his company and that the other side of him wasn’t empty. Craig became conscious around that time.

Awake and in silence, Craig raised his head and pressed his forehead to Stan’s. He was… smiling. Irony. Stan returned the grin with Craig’s face pressed to his. As Stan knew, the entire world would have to wait up to that point. There would be no meaning in thinking about what they’ve done. The sexual gratification they’ve accomplished was unlike anything they’ve achieved before in their young lives.

At that same exact same time, Craig was there. Half-hard, warm, digging into him, his shaft
burrowed inside him. Stan’s had weirder things happen to him before. This had been completely reversed from Stan’s personal code. No girl would allow him that — any — at school and specifically his long-time ex Wendy. Regardless of the trusting and sincere comfort levels with his ex-girlfriend, he’d been too shy to ask. This is new, he liked it. If it were months prior to this, any similar scenario with Craig or any other male would be outrageous to him.

An uncomfortable churning in his guts and a violent uncontrollable spasm of his stomach muscles. Stan’s insides gurgled within. Almost enough for Craig to hear. And then soon enough, the dreamy post-orgasm haze came to an end. Nausea clawed at Stan’s throat. He felt a violent rush of bile rushing uncontrollably in his chest. Letting Craig’s cock slip out of him, Stan jolted up and ripped away from his hold. With his cheeks inflated, his legs took flight. Stan zipped down the hall, earning a wronged look from his classmate.

The bathroom door slammed. Craig flopped on his back, lifting an arm above his head. The tassels of his hat reached the ends of Stan’s pillow when he grabbed his phone from underneath it.

Stan’s gagging noises had turned into full-blown retch as he began emptying out the contents in his stomach.

With a hand touching the wooded door panel, Craig observed his former childhood enemy slumped over the toilet bowl with his head buried in the bowl after what’s left of booze from the previous day, and remnants of popcorn that filled the bowl. Stan’s dry-heaving came out in shallow whispers and pants from his chest. The result of heavy booze in acid form dripped from the corners of his mouth. Stan reached for the toilet handle weakly. His eyes watered. His small nose a tinge of pink with snot that ran profusely from his nostril and over his Cupid’s bow when he raised himself up to wipe it off instantly with his hand.

Absorbing the image aptly, Craig spoke. “Okay, pain killers… where are they?”

Stan pointed idly with a limp index finger at the medicine cabinet ahead of Craig. The mirror displayed the daisy shower curtains in its reflection when the other boy pulled the hinged door open.

“It’s not here,” said Craig.

“My dad uses them a lot...” Blinking through tears and averting his sight, Stan felt a tremor coming along and hugged his elbows. “It’s probably in the kitchen.”

A back was turned to him, the teen the chullo migrated down the stairs.

Cold water sprayed from the bathroom sink faucet when Stan washed his mouth and his own face with his two hands vigorously. With a white foam setting over his lips, Stan brushed his teeth, leaned forward and spat over the drain. A glass of water was set away from him over the newly renovated granite counter. Stan’s eyes flicked up to Craig in the big mirror that revealed their reflection. Taking the cup in his hand, Stan took a big swig, gulping loudly. He rasped a sigh and placed it down.

“That’s a choking hazard,” Craig informed, “probably shouldn’t chug all at once.”

“You can’t have more than one boyfriend,” started a soft murmur. Stan shifted in his spot, his
fingers glossed through his jet-black strands. He mumbled again to Craig. “…can’t have more than one.”

“That won’t be an issue,” the teen in the chullo said abruptly, uncurling his fingers his palms. “I’ll break up with him soon, in a few hours if you want.”

Stan wolfed down the white tablets that tumbled onto his palm. He took another big gulp from the glass, swirled it in his mouth, and stared at the decorative rings that were placed on the shower rod. The faux gold seashells glimmered under the poor lighting all while he would gauge his own thoughts. Craig pulled a towel that was sitting on a crocheted rack nearby.

He offered it to him. “Here.”

“I don’t know.” Back on the subject, Stan buried his face in the fragrant Egyptian cloth that was handed to him. “Wouldn’t it be kind of shitty if you did that? We just fucked. Last night, you could just be horny. Even if everyone’s okay with it, I don’t think—”

“I like you.”

An invisible and heavy weight chained immediately to Stan’s chest through the confession. The towel was an artificial breezy scent, a reliable fabric softener Stan’s mother Sharon used. Mid-wiping, he stilled. The three words snatched the leftover wind out from him. Neither one of them moved an inch in their spot. After checking for new spots on his neck, Stan hung his head down before forcing himself to take a look at his classmate Craig again, holding his water.

“Yes, um,” Stan took another swig from the glass, “…I seriously doubt that.”

“I really like you.”

Eye contact avoided. This wouldn’t go without an answer. Craig would be unwilling to be thwarted a reply after he just spilled his guts to Stan the previous night. It would make for a joke much later if they would survive this. There’d be feelings at risk currently to turn any of it into a pun.

“So… like a crush.” Stan sipped modestly the next time.

The flap of his hat obscured the side of his face. Craig turned, he said nothing.

“More than that?”

Craig’s eyebrows knit together. “What I did to you last night was unforgivable. We haven’t always agreed before and you’re free to call me a moron whenever you fucking want, but I think if we actually put in work, we might actually have something—”

“Nice,” Stan placed the glass down, “substantial?”

“We really connected last week.” Craig’s eyes tilt up at him through the mirror, meeting his.

A small scoff from Stan. The shorter noiret padded toward his room and pulled on his dresser handle below the flat-screen TV. Stan reached for a tin container at the lowest drawer. He sat at the far end of his bed with his legs folded in, preparing a joint.

“Gee, thanks,” Stan commented, placing the homemade stick between his lips. “I’m flattered.”

Right there, Craig would tell him he should be flattered. His tongue felt full... with venom, ready to strike with an insult. He would stop there. Those were the words that Craig could barely taste,
being three seconds away from him spilling. If it were a few years ago, he would use them. Craig worked his sculpted jaw, he confessed nothing. He would do well to swallow his pride at that moment. The last thing Craig needed was another fight. It would be detrimental to strike up an argument in someone else’s property after what is redeemed, ‘recklessly’.

“If you meant our bodies connected, then yeah.” Stan poked his nose up and snorted with an indignant sound. “But, like I said, flattered. If you’ve already forgotten, I can’t come out right now. And well, I’m not your type, you said so yourself. And it’s not like we can go any further than this, it’d be social suicide.”

Craig’s eyes glazed over at the fact. “No shit. That’s why I’m saying we should do more, but keep it private. Dick.”

“So, you don’t just want a fling, then.” Barely a question, but a statement from Stan.

“Hell no.”

“I don’t know… I’ve got a lot going on right now.”

“Then take as much time as you need, just don’t fuck anyone.”

Stan’s wrinkled his nose. “That won’t be hard.”

“Good.”

“No kissing either.” Stan craned his neck, noting. “You’re really into me, aren’t you?”

“I’m really into your mouth.”

“That’s kinda stupid.”

“Yep, it is,” Craig admitted. “It’s stupid… you’re stupid, but I like you. And I have no idea how to deal with it.”

From the bottom drawer of his nightstand, Stan kneaded a plastic bag of weed after placing it down. A lighter pushed up to his prepared joint. Through the illumination of the small flame, the joint burned brightly at the tip. Stan breathed smoke from his mouth, cocking his head up. Drugs in general, they were never something he would entertain during his youth, hardly something he would take seriously to this day. Additional irony, more for a well-suited future joke reference. In an impish exchange with Kenny, Stan admitted that he would try coke at least once.

*Your past self would be disappointed…* If any six words needed on a giant tapestry at this point in life. It would be that exact sentence, or something conveyed… remotely similar.

“Gimme that.” Craig finished dressing and pulling his NASA jacket on. “We still need to discuss what lead to this. It’d be great if you don’t avoid the topic.” He stepped up to his classmate.

“I’m not.” Stan breathed smoke through his chuckle. “I promise, I’m not. Wouldn’t want to, you nearly traumatized me.”

The bed dipped when Craig casually joined up with Stan again and crawled to the front with his shoes on. At the other end, he pressed his back to the headboard. They recline against the pillows, fingers nearly grazing against each others’.

“It’s just weird, you know?” Stan turned his palm upright, letting Craig trace his finger idly over it.
“It’s like, I know your feelings for me might be there because you were super into it, and why else would you put in all that effort for me to notice you? At the same time, it just happened out of nowhere.”

Smoking again. Both knew it was a bad habit and hated it when their parents struck up a fad with it for what would seem long ago now. Craig removed his hand and took another hit when it was passed to him. The shapeless cloud seeped from the corners of his lips.

“Before that, I was scared and alone. I pushed you away and you just grabbed me like I was the only thing in the world that mattered to you… I don’t think anyone’s liked me that much. No one’s ever touched me that way. It wasn’t the fact that we fight a little bit nowadays, we had sex. Like for real. Not just once, but again and again… And you wanna know what the fucked up part is? I liked it… You almost raped me, and I liked it. God, I’m really fucked up.”

At odds with the speech, Craig folded his hands over his stomach. “I didn’t mean to be rough with you. I promise you, that wasn’t what I was going for when I was trying to catch you. Everything went blank. It just felt like the only thing in my mind… For some reason, I felt compelled to… like I had to. But. I guess, none of that matters here now, does it? We had a good night. I’d say it's pretty well-spent, even if you don't like me by now. I think I’ve already invaded your space enough. I'm sorry for what I did. Just tell me to go, I’ll leave.”

“No. You can stay. If I didn’t want you here, I wouldn’t have asked you to drive me home with Clyde instead of the guys.” Stan placed the joint on an ashtray. “Besides, if you wanna know how I feel, then I’ll go ahead and say it. Even though that was some really fucked up shit back there, I think you’re an okay guy. I’m actually kinda flattered. Believe it or not, I’ve actually had worse happen to me.”

“How can you say that?” How can you say that after what I did to you?

“I don’t know…” Stan sounded crestfallen, “maybe I’m just stupid.”

Being in just a pair of briefs and an Iron Maiden tee with bright orange letters would hardly be the appropriate attire for Stan, fading back into the real world — especially experiencing being horny with someone he knew from childhood.

Even now, still to that very morning. It would be ridiculous up to that point for either one to question it. Stan’s lack of clothing, his lack of awareness for their dynamic. Comfortable in his own skin, this would be one of the few things the school’s football captain is well-off embracing.

Chin delicately pointed up, Craig finished exhaling another foggy haze of smoke to the ceiling and nudged his face to Stan’s beanie before pressing his lips to it. He meant it, he liked him. The little touches were less clumsy, less guarded than the other kisses they shared during the past few days where they first kissed on Craig’s bed. The frequent rough grabs and skin-to-skin contact, Stan was used to it, playing sports with his teams. Penetrating would be something wholly different. Another avenue. And, he did not kiss them.

While lying down, Stan made sure to have his torso raised, bringing his lissome figure that’s complimented with muscle in a pleasant display. In this new distorted perspective, neither he or Craig would shudder at the sexual advances they’ve initiated. It’d been far too late and they’d be
too far into it to be repulsed by it now. What’s done is done and would only be just between them. Neither one would exchange words to negate it.

As there would be no justice or any sense in going back to what they were since the night before. For Stan, he already found solace in this perversion. Their fathers’ ways will have to be ignored. He would still experiment with this submissive role, the only side he’s ever shown to his first love. Stan would use his time to his advantage. Placing a hand over his classmate’s chest, feeling his heart through his shirt, he lowered his lashes and dipped his face over Craig’s seductively, pressing his mouth to his.

Stan remembered Stephen Stotch speaking. His memory floated in his conscious, the familiar male voices resounded from the living room over a Super Bowl commercial.

“You guys, I’m a bit concerned that my Butters has been watching a little too much of that MTV again without mine and Linda’s supervision,” Stephen said gruffly in the flashback.

“Oh, Christ, don’t get me started on that. Stan’s been glued to the tube too.” Randy rolled his eyes, gripping his beer bottle.

“It’s not that I have to deal with it twice, because Shelly went through that phase or whatever. Everything sexual in that godforsaken channel is fucking glorified. Not that I mind Stan exploring one day, but I kind of miss it when it was all playing with sticks in the backyard, you know? Simple shit.”

Jimbo joined in. “Thank goodness I only got a niece and nephew. Couldn’t be my kid. That MTV’ll rot your brains.”

“Yeah.” Randy hesitated before taking a swig, drawing a cigarette out from his shirt pocket. “Eleven years ago, we were just walking them to kindergarten, you know? Hey Stotch, pass me one of those lighters over there.”

The memory blurred.

Craig closed his eyes. He reciprocated the kiss slowly parting his lips more while his hand grazed lazily over the small of Stan’s back. While kissing, Stan grabbed Craig’s wrist, moving it lower. The same hand was guided to his ass where it sat for a while before it plunged through the back of Stan’s briefs. Craig made no sound of protest when he rubbed Stan’s bare skin, molding and groping the ample flesh through his underwear. Their faces tilt. Kiss. Then, another kiss.

Ass man, he’s got to be. The words floated in Stan’s brain, smitten.

Is he…? Stan thought. Whoa, dude, he is.

Definitely an ass man, Stan chewed his lip, his sparkling blues slid up, uncharacteristically hopeful. A single moan from him. Fear, that would be the last thing on their minds. It was something declared privately in his own headspace. Indeed, this was something Craig could get used to. The love spell between them broke immediately. Things would shift back to normal in a blink of an eye, when Craig realized something, pulling his lips away from Stan’s.

“Ugh. Thank god you brushed your teeth, or your face would be in the ground right now.”

“Eat shit, Craig. I can’t believe after all of this, you’re still a dick to me. Dick.”

“Yeah, I’m the dick,” snorted Craig. "You seemed to enjoy taking lots of it last night. I've never seen anyone so needy and slutty unless you count any girl in Clyde's porn ever. You know, it's
pretty funny. I knew you had issues before, but those whines were a little over the top.”

Cheeks pinkened at the unexpected remark that would classify as ‘kinky’. Dark eyebrows pushing down, Stan almost turned away briefly, but he refused.

“All right, whatever, truce. I would say the same for you, but I haven’t seen you swallow yet…”

“Be polite, and maybe I’ll suck yours next weekend.”

“Why not now?”

“Because today I’ll be busy.”

“Well, if it helps, your hand on me feels good. I think I like you this way. You’re a different person when you’re horny,” Stan cooed, lightly stroking the flame from their previous encounter once more. His generous bulge pressed politely against Craig’s thigh, he nipped his ear, teasing it between his teeth.

“That may be so.” Eased in his spot, Craig craned his neck gently to one side where Stan nibbled, before reciting scarcely. “Watch it. I can’t afford to be horny right now.”

An error on his behalf, he had meant to think that prior to saying that. With his face pressed to his shoulder, Stan giggled at the self-conscious remark.

“Well, it’s not like we can go for another round,” the footballer said. “I need a shower.”

“Then go take one.”

“Are you staying?”

“Nope.” The bed dipped and lifted again when Craig climbed off of it. “I gotta go. I need to take one too, then I’m gonna crash before I do other stuff.”

Leaning into Craig, Stan took a whiff. “You don’t stink. I’ve got a tub right here, just take one with me.”

“Yeah… no,” Craig declined. “Seriously dude, no offense, but your family’s kind of unpredictable. When we got here, I wasn’t sure if we were going to be caught naked when we wake up, or if we’d catch your dad first.”

Stan sat up pouting. “Dude. Just because Butters said they’re coming back tonight doesn’t mean they’d strike up out of nowhere. They’re still like a million miles away from us.”

“Don’t care, I’m not taking that risk with anyone again. Go take your shower, asshole. I need to use my time wisely and make it to my house safely… preferably when my parents are in their rooms still sleeping. I’ve got a short list of chores I need to do next and then I have to visit the gang at Token’s.”

“To do that other thing, right?” the noiret in the beanie added warily.

What the hell are you doing? roused Craig’s conscience. You fucked him already and now you’re asking him to be your boyfriend… Just retreat back. You can’t get any lower than that car fuck. Just get the fuck out. This is really dangerous.

Craig hesitated before answering, gaze shifting to one side. “Yes, Tweek will be there… we’ll break up.”
“You mean it?” Stan’s eyebrows went up when Craig’s hand slipped from his underwear. “Like, legit.”

“Yes. I’ll tell him today. Unless you want me to wait until tomorrow, I can do that.”

Stan nibbled his bottom lip, his front teeth grazing over tightened. He looked up at the taller one that is facing him. Through the words he tried to form in his throat, Stan fumbled with his exact motivation. Maybe it was true. Perhaps, Stan did want Craig to break up with Tweek just to see what would happen. Over the years Stan has become distant, aloof, self-interested. The town receiving its own flare of drama and it not being him would be refreshing. Anything for a dose of serotonin.

“It’s no pressure. I’ll be happy as long as we get to do that thing again.”

“Kissing.”

“Yeah.”

Craig mechanically reached for Stan’s phone from his dresser and entered his contacts.

“Cool. I’m down.” No dice. Maybe there is no turning back after all.

“So, let me ask you something.” Standing, Stan grabbed the flat device back once Craig was finished.

The teen in the chullo gestured before letting out calmly, “Go on.”

“If I said yes, like right now to this relationship thing… does that mean we’re dating, like for real?”

The palms at Craig’s sides accumulated sweat. He ignored his cheeks heating up. There was deep magenta dusting over his complexion. A major mistake it’d been, blurt out that he wanted a relationship. Arguably, he was vulnerable and was at a high emotional state. None that he has ever experienced before with Stan. The deep shade on Craig darkened. Stan had stopped to notice it. His taller classmate’s skin barely returned back to its normal color. No sooner after that, they broke eye contact.

“Like, going steady and stuff?” Stan continued, cradling his phone in his hand. “Legit, legit?”

“Fuck if I know. Maybe I wanna take you out and buy you a balloon or something. Are you really that dense?”

“No.” Stan yanked the waistband of his briefs. No word of caution beforehand, he kicked off his underwear and he stepped out of it after it pooled around his ankles. Next, was his shirt and beanie. Both easily tossed over his head. His flaccid dick swayed when he reached to remove his socks. At that, Craig’s ears burned. “I just think this is a bit forward since we only fucked for a few days… Just seems a bit risky, you know?”

“I know.”

“I think we should get to know each other more first, fill out all the missing gaps, and then see what happens — if we should move forward from there.”

“We can if you want.”

Blushing deeply, Craig instructed under his breath for Stan to unblock him in all his apps. He
wasn’t just fun to look at, was capable of making him laugh as well.

“Dude, you’re being a fucking tease right now,” Craig said.

The other boy grinned. Stan would let Craig have that. In any occurrence, it was strange for him to see Craig fight down his blush, and thus, adding another stroke to his fiery ego.

Craig cleared the mucus in his throat.

“So… between you and Tweek, who tops?” Stan asked absently, collecting his towel when he dug in his closet for two shirts and a pair of jeans.

Green eyes raking over Stan’s torso, flat stomach, and the rest of his nude form, Craig’s lips stretched into a harder line. Finding his small talk slightly distressing, this would be something that the townspeople had bothered Craig with for almost a decade. Who dominated who. With or without the company of Tweek, that question never seemed to disappear from the locals. Even with him reaching the end of his juvenile age, being approached by such a question was all too common. It would be a standard for them.

“That’s a good one,” Craig said thoughtfully. “If you were paying attention all these years, I’d say it’s pretty obvious.”

“Oh.” Mouth pinched to one side, Stan estimated. “So, Tweek.”

Craig issued a scowl before defending himself. “No. What the fuck, dude, does it look like I take it up the ass?”

“You pluck your eyebrows, jerk-off.” Through the accusation, it was drizzled with tickle-me-pink humor toward the end.

“Yeah, thank you for noticing, dipshit. You do too,” Craig responded, his gaze flicking down at him, “you gay bitch.”

“Whatever.” Stan grabbed Craig’s hand. “You just kinda didn’t strike me as one, you know? A top or whatever. I’d just imagine with you and Tweek or with sex in general… there’d be a lot of movement involved, but not from you. Not I ever think about you guys having sex or anything. It’s just kinda odd…”

Craig finished for him. “For me.”

“Well, um, yeah. You can’t blame me. You just implied you’re a top. That means you have to do all the work. And like, you said you didn’t dance like a long time ago. That kinda implies you’ve got no rhythm. Can’t fuck with no rhythm.”

“Wow. That’s the lamest shit I’ve ever heard—” Craig felt it. Stan wrung his hand lightly.

“You coming? It’s almost five-ish. We can probably squeeze in another handy.”

Uncertainty veiled Craig, he couldn’t believe he let the other boy lead him to the next room. Stan had his towel wrapped securely around his waist.

*Jesus, this is too much. Stop it already.* The thoughts paralleled and intercepted with Craig’s feelings again. *This isn’t logical at all. He’s already attached. He’ll keep touching you, then it’ll be all over. You should turn back now. You did your part, now ghost him. Get the hell out of there.*
After setting his things on the bathroom counter, it appeared that Stan hadn’t let go of Craig’s hand. As Stan slunk backward, he leaned with the small of his back pressed to it when Craig absently drew nearer to him. They were like magnets.

“...this is crazy,” Stan whispered, touching Craig’s cheek.

*No. Wait. Fuck... maybe I do want this.* Craig bowed his head to him. “...yeah, it’s dumb.”

Hardly able to function rationally due to the close contact, Craig couldn’t disclose his thoughts there. Letting the sentence in his head fade, Craig angled his face to one side. There, he dipped forward. His lips captured Stan’s, kissing him deeply in a matter of seconds. Lashes fanning when his eyes fluttered closed, Stan dropped his other hand cupped the back of Craig’s neck, parting his mouth slightly.

The street that led to the Marsh household was an alarming purifying shade of white. Through eyes that strained after they slid, Kyle glared past the window shield of his bright automobile. The corners of his pink lips quirked into a long line when his vision took sight of more snow that powdered the sidewalks and the long road that stretched before him.

Cold and barely welcoming would be the current condition of South Park’s climate. Thankfully, he had built-in seat warmers and a reliable heater. The passengers in the back, Kenny and Butters were merely unfazed. A casual sound of a paper wrapper rumpled beside him at the passenger’s seat. Along with a different buttery scent from the movie theater the night before. This one was accompanied by a smokey and spicy aroma from a chained fast food restaurant.

Another belly laugh. With food dissolving in his mouth, Cartman chuckled next to Kyle after taking another big bite off his biscuit sandwich. He chuckled roughly once more. Another bite.


Kyle gripped the steering wheel. “I can’t believe this. I specifically reminded Stan to meet up with us three days prior to this, and now he won’t answer my texts.”

“Are you sure?” Butters spoke behind a cashmere knitted scarf in the backseat. “Did you try again?”

“Yeah. I said come over, we’re at Cartman’s,” Kyle stated. “This is ridiculous, he would have said something a few hours from now.”

Kenny’s eyes glazed over with him watching more snowflakes drift by his window. Red eyebrows furling, Kyle went over solutions in his head. Nothing. In the back, Butters twiddled his thumbs and knocked his knuckles. Breathing out audibly, Kyle turned the car at the shoulder of the street.

“Oh, that does it,” Kyle said. “I’m almost at the end of my wits here. Stan ghosted us, *twice.* I don’t know if it’s because we rip on him too hard, or if he’s still upset about that gift he got at that fair. At this point, really, I have no idea what’s going on and it’s really frustrating me. He can’t point the finger at me — it can’t be me. I was gentle when I gave him advice last time, this can’t be my fault.”
Kenny rustled the bag between them and broke a hash brown in his hands.

Kyle fretted. “I’ve really tried. It’s really hard for me to reach out when he’s been super miserable and everything and he won’t snap out of it.”

Butters exchanged a glance with Kenny and looked down at his phone, Kyle continued. Cartman dug in his ear with a gloved pinky.

“Like, yesterday morning, I went to him and reminded him, Stan, there’s only so much you do, but sometimes you gotta help yourself. But nothing. He won’t open up, he doesn’t try to talk to me. I don’t know if it’s something bigger than his homework, or pressure for the next game, or if it’s Wendy again. Last Friday by health class, I saw him carrying her books. He just doesn’t learn. This is gonna be the millionth time. I can picture the meltdown already. He doesn’t care. She’s gonna step all over his balls. Like, how do you not see it coming?”

A weak shrug from the brunet. “I dunno, Kyle. Looks like to me Stan’s already made up his mind.”

“What do you mean?”

“Eh, think about it,” Cartman sipped his orange juice from his plastic cup. “…charming, popular, athletic, handsome… I’d say for a long time now, Stan’s been climbing the big social ladder without us. And well, after high school, he’s gonna need bigger fish to fry. He’s gonna want to spread his gay little wings, surround himself with more beautiful people. Successful people, who don’t tell him what to do. And then we have this jizzbag over here.” He raised his arm, mumbling, gesturing beside him. “I hate to say it, Kyle, but you’re holdin’ him back.”

“What?”

“You’re holdin’ him back, Kyle.” Cartman shuts the car door after stepping out of it.

Kyle glowered, pulling off his seat belt. “What the hell are you talking about, Cartman?”

“Ever notice how when we hang out, he’s barely there?”

With a button, Kyle undid the lock of his trunk. Motioning toward it, Kenny and Butters skirted around the back and grabbed two plastic crates, stacking them in their arms.

“Dude. Stan smokes just like half of the school population. That doesn’t mean jack shit.”

Humming and trailing along past the Marsh’s mailbox, Butters stepped over Kenny’s bigger footprints in the snow admiring the pattern of his chucks where the other blond trudged behind Cartman and Kyle. Squinting at Stan’s house, Kenny was the second last to make it to Stan’s front doorstep. Head above the boxes inside the crate, he peered over at the parted green curtains of the residence. The driveway was paved with several layers of frost.

“Could be that he met new friends, just sayin’,” shrugged Cartman. “Or, Wendy.”

Kyle pushed the doorbell, addressing one part. “No way. He wouldn’t do that, he said he’s done with her for good.”

“We don’t know that, he could be a masochist.”
Warm water droplets beaded and trickled over Stan’s shoulder and back where he stood in the bathtub. A brush from another hand after he rinsed the shampoo away from his hair. Smearing the drenched strands of his hair away from his face, Craig moved in and sampled another kiss from Stan behind the shower curtain.

“Mh.” Craig removed his lips from his. “Okay, last one. I really need to get moving.”

“Just one more, please?” Stan moaned. “You already said that.”

Letting his current state settle and the warmness of their surroundings, Craig obliged, mushing his lips to his. He brushed Stan’s cheek tenderly with his fingertips and watched as his reaction morphed into a soft and sensuous gaze when he parted from him a bit and ran a thumb over the bottom row of his teeth. Stan’s lower lip was still plump from the other heavy kisses they shared the recent evening.

Steam floated around them from the shower and Valentine’s Day crept back into Stan’s memories. Remembering how Craig seductively swirled his tongue over his finger that morning. The gesture alone had such an arousing impact on him. For a week, it’s kept Stan on his toes, wishing to experience something similar again. Parting his lips with Craig’s fingers near him, Stan tentatively mimicked the action from that previous weekend. Never taking his eyes off him, Stan took Craig’s thumb between his lips, biting down gently, sucking. His hands settled over each side of his wrist.

“You really like doing that, don’t you?” told Craig, observing.

“Yeah… does it turn you on?”

Slowly, Craig would test the waters between them again. He inserted his index finger, and then another digit in Stan’s mouth. Their heated gazes remain sweltered, unrelenting, while the water beats against Stan’s back. Stan closed his eyes and sucked smoothly down to Craig’s joints as spit and water trickled down his skin, his teeth gently scraping over him.

“Shit, I’m hard again,” Craig said faintly.

“Show me.”

Kyle blew more vapor from his mouth before hanging his head low, saved for the glare he tossed when Cartman pat his shoulder and shook it gingerly. That was returned with a scoff, Kyle adjusted his hat after taking a peek behind the sliding glass in Stan’s backyard.

“Well, I tried.”

“He could be sleeping,” Butters said.

"I know that. It’s just really upsetting when we make plans and he just… does that.”

More snow was crushed underneath Cartman’s rubber soles when he joined the rest on the patio. His brown gaze swooped up to the snow-covered gutters, then back at the puzzled three that marinated in their spots. Tossing his drink behind, he scratched lazily at his thigh next when the
bright orange liquid seeped through the frost, absorbed. His vision roamed over at the blue tarp over the empty hot tub, then back at his classmate in the green hat.

“Let’s head back, then, we’ll meet up with him later.” Kenny’s voice seeped out with optimism through his covered mouth. “We could always make the brownies at Cartman’s.”

“True,” nodded Butters. “I don’t think we could do it in mine, I’ll get grounded... and you guys already know how that goes.” He squinted resentfully at the frozen ice puddle in the ground.

“Your dad’s a dildo, Butters,” Cartman monotoned, removing his hand from his slim shoulder.

“Yeah, eh, oh. He is kinda is,” grumbled the bright-haired blond, brows furrowing slightly.

“So, I guess that’s that, then.” Kyle brought his head up. “We’ll come back later.”

“Well, he already forgot about us from the looks of it,” Cartman scrubbed his chin with his hand, “I mean… what do we normally do when he’s actin' like some whiny chick, anyway?”

Kenny took a second glance at Kyle. Shrugging, Kyle looked back.

“We usually wait a while before we check on him.” Kyle uncrossed his arms. “Where… he’ll be sulking in bed, or masturbating to Simple Plan songs on loop.”

“Eh, not in the mood to have the kind of image in my head…” Cartman’s mumbled moving along, “but sure, Kahl.”

“I got it, you guys, maybe we should see if the back door is unlocked!” After the suggestion, Kenny jangled the handle.

“And do what exactly, go upstairs and try to cheer him up again? I know it takes action, but he needs to be willing to do his part too. I’m not cleaning up any more dried spaghetti from his carpet, you can forget it.”

Beside them, Butters watched as Kenny pulled the sliding door with ease.

“You don’t have to. Let go in,” Kenny suggested.

“Welp,” Cartman emptied more candy bar wrappers from his pockets, “you heard the man. Let’s go in.”

”Show me.” The words beckoned him.

Craig reached for the zipper of his jeans, slipping his fingers past the band of his underwear. Realizing he and Stan have been at the opposite ends since childhood, he would discard any unreasonable desire to subdue Stan with a nasty comment in favor of having ‘some action’ reciprocated from him. The satisfying feeling of accomplishment for bedding this particular classmate emanated darkly within him.

Betwixt his protests, Stan would be unaware. Overnight, Craig worried that his feelings had overpass infatuation. There had been too much restraint involved. Stan would know nothing of the long and arduous therapy sessions Craig had to schedule during middle school. The trauma he
received from his wet dreams, the constant tugging, the intrusive thoughts; praying for them all to go away. All there.

If privately asked by a professional, Craig would explain that it had been a task for him masking his piddling back and forth from envisioning such an enticing scenario, one that is as offensive as the one in front of him. In the now, it’s proven that this Stan was just as lewd as the other in his wet dreams. Their meet up at the current location would be a nightmare-become-reality. Only so, Craig was well past that stage. He prematurely accepted it. Here in the now, he felt too good to stop.

“Stan… Don’t say that. If I stay, I’m fucking you.”

"Then fuck me."

The light switch came on in the kitchen. Setting the crate he held on a round table, Kenny began unpacking the items in it quickly. While Butters placed his crate next to his pulling the items from it, Cartman raided the wooded cabinets and food pantries for extra ingredients and baking dishes. Joining up with them last, Kyle closed the sliding door behind him and removed his gloves, placing them over a counter.

“All right, Kenny, let’s get started on these brownies…” Cartman instructed.

A snicker from the young man across him.“Your wish is my command, your chunkiness. Hehe.”

Butters snickered. The humor was cut short when Cartman’s pudgy cheeks turned bright red. Cursing loudly, Cartman flipped Kenny the bird with his two hands. Bested with that, Butters laughter grew when he finished washing his hands in the empty sink. Moving to the table, he grabbed a mixer and was handed a large bowl that connected to it by Kenny.

Kyle’s eyes expanded when the top floor echoed with a sharp thump followed by an incoherent scream. Through a flurry of curse words, Stan’s voice would be made out of it. Thump! With a hooked finger, Kenny lowered his sick mask. His sparkling blue eyes crinkled in the shape of turned over crescents.

Thud!

A scarlet eyebrow pulled upward. “O…kay, now what the hell was that?”

“Called it, he’s back with Wendy again.” Cartman passed Butters a can of Crisco.

“You did not,” Kyle scoffed.

“Yep, a real shame. No more sucky for you… which means you owe me… forty-dollars.”

“Forty-dollars,” the redhead upheld his pious stare, “for what?”

“The bet.”

“The bet. I don’t remember—”

“Gym class, maybe around last January…” Cartman reminded lazily, “Did you not say, and I repeat, Stan wouldn’t sleep with Wendy anymore, because he’s better than that. And then I chimed in and said, Kyle, I bet you forty-dollars that Stan would be on her boobs by the end of this year.
Then you proceeded callin’ me a fatass like you normally do, and then said nah-ah ‘you stupid Jew —’”

“Oh. Ooh, the bet, I remember that one.” Butters faced them.

“Thank you, Butters.” While pouring more brownie mix into a pan, the sinister grin on Cartman’s face became broader. He daintily tapped the wooden spoon at the edge of the bowl next to him. “So, I was sayin’…”

“Goddammit,” Kyle swore. “Never mind, Cartman, I get it.”

“Speaking of getting… gonna need an extra pan over here…”

“What about you get it yourself?” seethed the Jew beside him.

Cartman sighed heavily. “All right, fine. Jesus Christ, I have to do everything around here.”

Butters stepped out of the way when Cartman drew back from the kitchen counter, making it near the food pantry. Grunting in annoyance, Cartman noticed a group of pots and pans wedged tightly in a small space inside a cabinet. Extending his thick arm to it, he carelessly yanked a square pan that was wedged in its compartment, letting the other metallic cookware clang fiercely against the hard kitchen floor. Kyle's face fell in his hand from the loudness piercing his eardrums. To show for it, Cartman merely shrugged.

Pale light projected over the carpet from the crack of the bathroom door upstairs.

Panting and in heat, Stan clawed Craig’s jacket in desperation when several insistent hot kisses were being poured down his neck. Stan lets his head fall back and the other teen took control of him with a sweltering frenzy.

Holding Stan’s naked hips up to him, Craig lapped greedily at the water drops that clung to Stan’s skin before kissing a smooth and lazy path down his collarbone and flattening his tongue over his pec. His blue hat scrunched between Stan’s wet fingers, Craig teased his nipple before taking it between his teeth. Another vision come to life, he always wanted to do this. Stan had his hand resting on Craig’s nape. Smirking, Stan nearly gasped when the other male caught his wrist and twisted him around.

“That’s a big leap,” Stan blinked through the beads of water, “thought you didn’t have the time.”

“You’re soaking wet, naked, and willing. You tell me.”

A bit too much to even formulate the rest into words, Craig’s palm hand skated over the toned and pliant flesh of Stan’s hip, grabbing him up to him, lifting his body to his hips. A small shiver from Stan. Stan was mainly lean with muscle, but abnormally soft.

To be exact, it would be three painful years he ignored this. For three years… Craig wanted to touch him, what his skin felt like pressed to his, what he smelled like up close, if he'd be silent or a groaner. Down to his thighs, Craig’s pants and boxers hung low while his classmate slumped submissively. Longing for him to embed his cock in him. For a few minutes with them, it had been small touches, kissing, and banter. Bent over, Stan moved backward and began grinding his smooth
flesh against Craig’s dick. Holding in a chuckle at his hiss above him, Stan slowed when the other gentleman stilled his body with his hands.

More water dripped from the tips of his tousled wet tresses. Far from nervous, Stan nearly glanced over his shoulder. They weren’t strangers, he trusted Craig. His eyes pointed at the floor of the tub instead. Against one cheek, Craig drummed his cock against it.

“Okay, it’s going in now.”

“Yeah, please…”

Craig’s face dimmed, preserving neutrality. “Wait a sec, we’re gonna need lube.”

“It’s in my room, same place.” Stan lowered his head.

“What?” The hold loosened, Craig drew back.

“Hold on.”

The moment would be reassessed. Bent on one knee and maintaining his cock in one hand, Craig stay in place and examined the gap between him when Stan extended an arm to the brass shower rack underneath the jetting head. Stan collected a luxury bottle of oil-based conditioner in his wet palm, courtesy of his mother, passing it behind him to Craig.

The teen in the chullo grabbed the bottle, unimpressed. “What the fuck am I supposed to do with this?”

“Give it a shake, it’s coconut.”

“Okay… Not the kind of DIY I pictured.” Craig’s voice was attractively low. “…actually, I didn’t picture one at all.”

“Well, ass face, I guess you’re gonna wanna get used to it unless…”

Stan’s facial muscles twitched when he received a single sharp smack. Exhilarated, he gasped. The flesh of his backside felt delicious a sting, pleasantly set aflame. A serious bright pink bloomed over his fair skin. Stan gasped suddenly when he felt his body being folded over, Craig’s fingers splaying over the muscles of his stomach.

Guiding his erection over the split of Stan’s ass, Craig brushed the blunt tip of his cockhead before he slammed his product-slicked shaft inside of him perfectly. The daring move was automatically followed by a pleasured cry from the other boy’s lips. Heaven achieved. Grinning stupidly, Stan felt his legs go wobbly, but he didn’t collapse. Dark brows drew closely. Stan pondered how something that was perceived revolting to the older men in town, and even himself for a short while… could be the source of his euphoria.

“Thought you’d like that. Kinda messy, but it’s okay with water. You’re lucky it doesn’t burn.” Hand steady over him, Craig commented. “Get down for me.”

A slight pause. The instruction would have to wait. Stepping out of the shower, Stan pulled a spare towel from the second shelf above the toilet and placed it over the wet floor. Without a second thought, Stan dutifully got down on his knees when Craig repositioned him with his forearms resting at the edge of the tub, making him lean, pressed against it. A puff of warm air escaped Stan when Craig snatched his hips and shunted his girthy length back inside him.
“Unnn..”

“Like that?”

“...yeah… it’s perfect.”

Craig’s dick throbbed in him. “This ass is perfect…” he purred.

So hard, it hurt. Stan squeezing his cock helped somewhat. They were equally in an irreversible lusty state. In that setting, communication for them flowed freely. Craig sounded stupid, he knew… Either that, or he felt like the sexiest being in the world, trapped above Stan. Worrying about sounding foolish there held no ground. As they’ve grown acquainted with it, their outer selves would take another back seat.

At a specific thrust, through bruised quivering lips, Stan struggled to hold in his whimper. In this state, perhaps he didn’t need to. His breathing jumped in his chest when Craig slammed into him again, eliciting a helpless sob. Stan’s hair hung over his face.

Damn, am I that easy? his inner self echoed, disappointed.

“Crying already. I haven’t gotten started yet.”

“It’s from joy. Just shut up and fuck me senseless already,” Stan’s face twisted, out of air from being penetrated. The choice of words almost came out stiff and was then quickly silenced when Craig buried his hips flushed to him, grinding into him. “haah… Craig…mnnn…” His hair tightly pulled in Craig’s hold, twisting, and attaching wetly to his fingers. Along with another curse word slipped, Stan slumped against the linoleum, knees gaining tiny crosshatches from digging into the towel through the mat. “AH!”

Craig dragged Stan up to him. Sliding his free hand, he cupped Stan’s chin, making him face him. His fingers sank into his plush cheeks. Their lips greet each others’, their eyes falling shut, vision meets black. More firm kisses to dissolve the world around them. Stan’s breathing was already ragged. Craig bucked his hips into him. As a steady rhythm built between them, long, purposeful fingers slid down his esophagus, clasping over his throat.

“Hh, yeah, put your hand around it…” Stan winced when his ass was lashed with another spank. Craig’s length thickened. “Feels good, oh god, don’t stop.”

“Jesus… it fits perfectly… It’s so perfect… squeezing me so tight…”

Visible proof of the drastic change between them. Far gone and thoroughly occupied with the current activity, there’d be more self-confidence in dirty talking with them since their other recent heated encounters. And, Craig adapted well. He’s never had so much control over another person before in his life. And it felt phenomenal not to ‘be gentle’, not having to hold anything back. He was both assertive and aggressive at the same time. The sky, being the only limit. This all-too-willing, overly submissive side of Stan was fuel this cold inner flame. As Craig figured, Stan’s tough act was all front. Immediately there, he’d be too delighted to make him squirm.

Scooping Stan in his arms, Craig plunged his cock further inside him. His engorged dick swelled unfathomably. Pulsating deeply, blissful, forbearing and unforgiving. Slipping in him deep as he sank his pelvis to him, Stan’s inner warmth felt much like a glove. Craig now knew what they meant in books. Along the rest, it could almost be said when he had taken Tweek’s virginity. Again, Craig rammed into Stan, hard, lashing his ass with another powerful strike before greedily cupping a mound of his generous flesh in his hand. His cock plunged, working the teen beneath
Craig vocalized, “Curve your back for me.”

“Do it, come on,” Stan begged. His wordly responsibilities be damned, “come on… use me, c’mon…”

Craig licked his lips. For years, he denied this. He would carry on Stan’s wish unremittingly, and with pleasure.

“Godspeed…” he rumbled.

Surging up, Craig took the leader of the most hated social group of his school violently at the edge of the tub. All walls and barriers between them, broken. Craig’s hips smacked against Stan’s wet skin at a vicious speed. Guttural sobs left the teen that was being ravaged. Stan’s virile attempts to stay masculine had kept his growls dissolving. The sound was followed by a small hiss and a girlish moan. Craig’s tongue slithered over his wet shoulder while he sank his weight into his speedy thrusts as more water dripped and stained his clothes.

Spit rolled down Stan’s chin and dripped onto the towel below. “Keep going… need it… fuck me harder…don’t stop, don’t stop, don’t stop!”

I need it… His breathing hitched through his spit-dampened arm. God, I need it so bad!

"Use me… make me your slut!”

Make me feel good again… Through tears streaming through the sides of his face, Stan treasured the daring organ tunneling into him, piercing mercilessly in his dark depths. Pulsing, alive. Healthy and masculine. Tweaking a nipple in one hand, Craig panted harshly and pounded into Stan until the other teen could no longer articulate words. He hooked an arm around Stan’s neck and forced him to stand on just his knees as he mercilessly drove into him. Mouths connecting again, Craig’s tongue lapped over his. Pre-cum flicked from Stan’s cockhead as indecipherable phrases left him.

Taking charge with himself, Stan gripped his own cock and gasped in Craig’s forearm. A different heat pooled in the middle of his stomach.

CLANK!clank! Like a furious lightning bolt, a staggering clattering noise resounded sharply from the kitchen down below. On the bathroom floor, the pair winced. A cold sweat trickled down Craig’s temple. Mortification set ice to his veins, paralyzing him. Still clutching Stan underneath with one hand, his entire being ceased when he shot up. Flushed and just as terrified as Craig, Stan immersed himself into a bleak silence.

Peering over Stan where steam billowed from the shower curtain, Craig had a fixed expression. “Mice,” he assumed.

Swallowing his pants and shaking his head, Stan steadied his breathing fast. “So… I kinda have the guys over today to like hang out and stuff. We’re supposed to bake brownies.”

More clangs down below. Stan guessed it would be some of the kitchen pots. Annoyance struck Craig. His arousal weakened, he denied himself a biting reply.

“Not like for fun. It’s for the new deacons at the church,” Stan explained.

“Oh.” Craig slipped his cock out, frowning at any possibility of the four’s new shenanigans, “and you just happen to have them here. During a perfectly good Saturday… at five in the morning.”
Stan blinked. "To be fair, I tried to cancel it before we passed out last night. I’m sorry... I didn’t think I’d get laid today. We should hurry and get dressed. It's probably too late now... guess that means it’s over."

"Yeah... I don’t think so. We’re finishing this now. Turn over, prick."

Cartman closed his eyes and chuckled.

Uncapping another bottle of laxative from several scattered containers, turning on the silver whisk of his mixing bowl. He gaits past the counter and smart fridge. The top light was turned on in the oven to check the progress in several baking pans. The smell of the concoction radiated from the stove, chocolate-scented, harmless. At the very end of the room, Butters pulled his sleeves down and joined Kenny and Kyle in the living room.

A new game was started on the latest PlayStation console diagonal of them. With one foot propped on the coffee table, Kenny pressed the start button on the wireless controller, staring purposefully at the character select screen. Selecting a knight with white-blond hair and black armor, he yawned wearily at the single catchphrase from the boastful character, sinking into the plush cushions of the couch.

“I’m gonna get some water.” Kyle got up.

A dip of his chin, nodding. Kenny began the first level of story mode after pressing the skip button. Taking Kyle’s seat, Butters made a soft noise of complaint, having always enjoyed watching the detailed scenarios. Smiling fondly in response, Kenny paused and rested an extra controller in Butters’ hand. Letting his phone fall to his hand from his hoodie pocket, Kenny glanced at the message. He did a double-take, scanning the capslocked letters.

big tiddy goth bf

Today 5:27 am

( WebDriver

Today 5:27 am

{I SPECIFICALLY SAID TODAY AT 7, WTF!!!?}

Today 5:27 am

{DUDE, HE’S HERE! YOU Gotta
Stan rushed to the bathroom counter, yanking a crew neck over his shoulders and then hopped into a new pair of briefs. Lazy blinking for the other end of him, Craig enabled the sound on in his phone, extending an arm carelessly when he caught Stan’s torso before he slipped.

Craig’s arm drew back when he regained his balance. “Who were you texting?”

“Kenny.”

Buttoning up his pants, Craig cocked a brow.

“Dude, it’s okay. I already told you, it’s nothing like that. He said the other guys are downstairs in the kitchen, and Butters is gaming alone in the living room.”

“Butters,” Craig reiterated. “Just Butters.”

“Yep, just him down there.”

The bathroom light was flicked off and the pair retreated to Stan’s room. With the bedroom door shut behind him, Stan pressed his back to it and leaned against it. Along the lines of becoming anxious, Craig kept himself in tune with any gut feelings with being discovered. For there’d be two choices that simmered at the top of his head. One would be to proceed without caution and hope that Butters will be his ordinary oblivious self, while the other is to sit patiently and wait. Which, would be unacceptable to him.

Stan pulled the door to get a peek. “It’s kinda safe. We can go down if it’s just Butters.”

Craig’s phone hovered over Stan’s waist in his hand, blocking the view. “It’s gonna be six in about thirty. Can you please put your pants back on?”
“I thought you liked me with my pants off.” Stan glanced forward, his ego taking a short dive.

“Yep I do, but right now… it’s a bit much. It’s not safe.” Relatively back to being neutral, Craig joylessly examined the time on his phone. “We need to deal with these things better, especially when your fucking friends are around. And… my parents are awake, nice.”

“What—?”

On the dresser where he placed it, Stan’s phone buzzed from the new notifications he received from Kenny.

kenny

**Today 5:27 am**

*{he won’t listen to my story!!!}*

*{HIDE HIM, he’s coming upstairs!!!}*

“That’s another buzz. What’d he say?” Craig’s eyelids droop.

His glazed eyes rounded when Stan snatched his wrist and hurled him to the opposite side of the room.

“Kyle’s here!” Stan piped up with a stroke of panic. “He’ll catch us! Get in the closet or something, don’t just stand there, dude, hide!”

Hands sweeping over the clothes he prepared, Stan leaped into his skinny jeans, tugging desperately at the rough ends to button it. He zipped them up, pulled a blouse over his t-shirt, and fumbled with the plastic buttons of his flannel hoodie. By his mirror, Stan brushed his fingers over his hair after pulling his beanie over his head a bit too hard. When it slanted, he reached to fix it. Four gentle knocks on the door kept him from fixing his shirt. Stan licked his lips, an action he acquired long ago when he gets ready to lie.

Two swift knocks and then a third. “Hey, dude?”

A pleading look at the direction of Craig, the noiret in the beanie pouted.

“I’m not going in there. Fuck that.” Craig stood up from the bed, regarding the closet.

Kyle knocked again.

“Please?”

No instant reply. Craig answered him by traditionally by raising his middle finger over at his direction.

Stan narrowed his eyes. “Craig, I’m serious. Now’s *really* not the time to be a stubborn douche.”

When the doorknob shook, Stan’s entire facade turned ghostly pale. He felt his heart crumple and cave in his chest. In a state of shock, Stan’s blue irises trailed over to his direction. Craig sauntered by him slowly and pinched his cheek, giving it a small tug. Kyle emerged from the gap of the door.
when the teen in the chullo gracefully released his hand.

“Stan, I got a new Samsung. I figured you’ve been texting the old one since Kenny—” The conclusion Kyle came up with had come to a full stop when his deep-pigmented irises floated instantly at the tall boy from his class, standing near Stan’s dresser.

“Kyle,” Stan took his hand away from his face, “—it’s not what you think. I mean, it’s not what it looks like. He’s just—”

Hand in one pocket, Craig lingered past them before scooping a jump drive stick from Stan’s desk. Lifting his head to them after he pocketed it in his coat, he maintained his routine apathy while Kyle would attempt to decipher what was going on. Unbothered, Craig stood beneath the door panel and glanced at the time on his phone.

“Great study session.” Craig portrayed indifference to the friends gaping. “We’ll pick up where we left off later. Get downstairs, Stan… gonna need you to open that garage door for me.”

At the back being turned to him, Stan kept his mouth hung open. The room felt smaller. Oxygen came in thinner for Stan. Asthma for him would be a thing of the past, but he’d be another step closer to hyperventilating once he figured out how to talk again.

“Kyle, I swear on Sparky’s grave,” Stan held his hands up, “we didn’t…”

“Craig,” Tears touched the corners of Kyle’s eyes. Chuckling softly, his face brightened. A soft and choppy gasp, he wiped his eye with his index finger, “it’s just Craig. Cartman loses the bet… Oh my god, Cartman loses the bet. He owes me forty-dollars. Holy shit, dude.”

Stan nabbed the remote for the garage door from his dresser after he stepped into his second shoe. While reaching for the light switch, relief washed over him. As that would be short-lived, Stan remembered something dreadful. The image of Kenny flashed in his head. He shot up and scuttled toward the stairway where Craig stepped halfway. Tackling his waist, Stan pounced, encircling his arms around him.

Craig gripped the rail tightly. “Stan, what the fuck do you think you’re do—”

Blue eyes searched above Craig’s shoulder. Stan gulped. “You can’t go down there.”

“Wh—” Craig’s mouth thinned when Stan had his arms looped around his waist, his voice becoming hoarse next.

“Craig… you can’t go down, ‘cause then Kenny will know it’s you.” Stan tightened his grip on his jacket.

“And you didn’t think about this ahead of time… before you texted him.”

“That was before all of this. I thought he’d stay in the kitchen.”

Craig paused briefly before replying, lowering his arm. “Dude. Let go.”

“No, dude, just cooperate.”

A wrist and an elbow being tugged here and there. It started as pulling in different directions at first. Their intimacy established with them moments ago were no match for their daytime personalities. They wrestled on the stairs. Things grew difficult at the forth step. Their vocabulary transcended to crude name-calling, more profane as they would fight and almost lose balance in
their footing. Stan latched onto Craig onto another time. Passageway blocked and unfazed from the miniature tantrums that were about to erupt, Kyle's eyelids sagged where he stood a few feet behind them. Now, only they were whispering.

"Don't go down there, you'll ruin my life."

"Not my fault."

"Craig, seriously, if you do that I'll kick your ass. Fuck, come on."

"Fuck you."

For a few seconds, at what seemed like a decade, they shoved back and forth. Craig whispered so low, his voice wouldn't penetrate Kyle's ear. "Just tell them you're gay, you kind of owe it to them. I'm going home."

"Stop, dude, you know I can't," Stan muttered desperately.

"No. I said fuck you." Sharply twisting his arm away, Craig unclenched his jaw when his gaze fell upon the human figure standing at the front door. "Shit."

Black ratty converses, ripped jeans, gazing upward from the last step with a twinkle in his eye, Kenny finished peeling his banana. A small smile upon his tanned face unfurled. Slowly, he gained creases at the sides of his lips. Kenny revealed his teeth after taking another bite.

A vibrant yellow resting over his knuckles, Kenny foisted his smuggest shit-eating grin.

Chapter End Notes

Hey lovelies, I'm baaaack! Thank you all for waiting patiently for this next installment. I wanted to make another super-mega chapter... and as promised, tada!

And just, you know, yeah. Silent readers, thank you. For all that made it with me with this long journey, and will still be here in the future, thank you! Thank you, people, who hate-read this. Even though I don't want your hits, they are lovely.

And. Um, wow. That last chapter, talk about gettin' crazy, amiright? Hmm... and what else? Oh yeah. Just so if you guys are wondering if I deleted my Tumblr... Sadly, it is true. I would say at the least, Twitter's been very welcoming with problematic headcanons and themes. This Staig is spicy and unhealthy... so my brand doesn't quite fit at the other places.

Anyone who wants to shoot me a follow, you guys can go ahead and check the very front page of this!

Just big ass thank yous, you guys. Let's really hope some more plot takes off in the future. :)

So, suggestions, comments, feedback? Send 'em right in! I'm open to all of them. Wanna pull my hair because I trampled on your favorite character? Sure. Remember to hit that kudos button if you like it! I hope you guys had just as great of read as I did making this exist in the end! Thank you all for enjoying! Thanks all for supporting
Edit: Revised 10/18/19. Five years -> Three years; sex scene. Craig would be 13 when he started having inappropriate thoughts of Stan. Thank you for putting up with my errors, you guys. Happy Day. xx
“Hello, Craig,” Kenny crooned from the bottom of Stan’s steps.

Craig extended a hand to the door. “Hey, Kenny.”

The chilly air blew through the living room. Stan followed suit and grabbed his coat. Through Kenny’s friendly allure, Stan knew that the silly blond wouldn’t use his private life against him. Swallowing thickly, Stan silently acknowledged the attention that was to come and embraced his walk of shame. Pocketing the controller to the garage that he nabbed from his dresser, Stan awkwardly trailed after Craig with his head hung low, mirroring Kenny’s gentle smile with a crooked and much awkward one of his own.

Once Stan’s fingers slipped from Craig’s coat sleeve, they reached the bottom of the stairs along with Kyle like a busy colony of ants. Ears feeling warm, Stan felt overall shy, embarrassed even, when Craig turned his head to his friend. Stan was all around appreciative. He will have much to thank Kenny for later. Speaking on it now would be dangerous. For a moment, he needed to adjust. A bloom of bright colors pulled off of white, when Stan’s skirt from the snow. Their shoes crushed the frost on the sidewalk when they reached the detached garage outside. As Craig grazed forward under the roof of the construction, Stan paced along, slowly catching up behind him. Soft vapor clouds float from his red lips. Stan raised his shoulders and suppressed a shiver, stuffing his hands in the pockets of a jacket he snatched from a wall hook.

“Kenny won’t tell,” Stan said. The light blue flecks in his irises glowed like neon icicles.

Craig exhaled and reached for his car door. “Yep. No doubt about it.”

By his bright white shoelaces, Stan gazed at the black oil stains blotched on the concrete and cleared his throat. And then a gentle weight was put over his head. Stan raised his eyes to Craig’s lukewarm glance. And Craig settled his hand over his beanie.

“Jesus, don’t shit your pants, you looked scared back there. Scared bitch.”

Stan pulled Craig’s wrist away. “Shut up. I wasn’t scared.”

“Yeah, whatever. Sure looked like it.”

Stan gave a pout. With a half-smile unfurling, Craig reached once more and scrunched the puffball of Stan’s hat teasingly, which provoked a glare from him. He grinned with his teeth when Stan playfully shoved him away. The space between them closed when Stan neared Craig with a light scoff. Craig leaned his back against his car door. The many touches, both became well-adjusted to them during that particular period of time.

Now silent, Craig waited as Stan stepped to him and settled his hands flat over his chest, familiarizing himself with this unique touch. Narrowing the space between them, Stan inched
forward and pressed his cheek to Craig's lower torso, face digging in his shirt. Short relaxed breaths, Stan relished silently in the physical soundness produced between them. Craig’s heart only beat faster when the other teen pressed against him tighter.

_Whoa, freaky. This is kinda... comfortable._ Stan nuzzled Craig for a bit longer.

Craig’s jaw froze. _Jesus Christ. He’s smelling me again._

The blood rushed to Craig's cheeks. It wouldn't matter how they put it anymore. What else ensued with them in the future wasn’t a ‘for the time being’ anymore. They were standing together from another hot tryst. As if they've had something all along. Stan almost gave himself away with a smirk. Almost. Although, he couldn't deny it. This was real. Stan paused, stepping in between Craig’s shoes. Slowly, he felt Craig’s arm draped over him. Through Craig’s jacket, Stan’s face was pressed to him. Fighting down the crimson over the bridge of his nose, Craig looked away stiffly.

Rocking on his tiptoes, Stan proceeded and pressed a kiss to Craig’s cheek. The ability to let out a reproach has been long obliterated. Albeit being satisfied where he’s standing, Stan prolonged the embrace before reaching and touching the side of his Craig’s face. Which he would expect the other male to feel annoyed by it. Those would be the tiny lines that graced Craig's olive-toned complexion. He bowed gently to him, their heat mingled from the skin contact.

“I’ll make my decision soon.” Stan lets go. “We’ll mess around again, I like it. Keep an eye on those DMs, you know the deal.” He cleared his throat. “Guys are waitin’ back there. You better go now. Go on ahead, hurry, and get home before your parents suspect anything.”

Craig removed his hands from his pockets, retrieving his lanyard. “All right.”

“Um. Oh. Wait, Craig, before you go — ”

The jingling of the keys stopped. Stan grabbed Craig’s wrist gently and turned it over. Wrinkled Benjamins, two of them, were placed over on his palm.

“Here. I’ll get you the rest tomorrow. Don’t eat the brownies at church. Drive safe.”

Unfolding a hundred-dollar bill and raising it over his head, Craig licked his lips. He withdrew, giving a brief nod to Stan and then, the next thing was something Stan didn’t predict. Craig handed the bill forward and shook his head.

“Keep it,” Craig said.

“Really?”

“Yeah. I’ll text you later, goodbye.”

“No,” Stan said, seeing the other boy turn pale in exchange. “Not goodbye. Hello. I’ll see you in a few hours.”

Slightly at ease, Craig’s tiny grin returned. “Yep, tomorrow.”

The front door of the Prius closed. Standing ahead of the car, Stan ignored the all too surreal sensations that were quietly emerging. Soon enough, the car purred to life when Craig spun the key in his ignition. As the vehicle cruised back slowly, Craig glanced at Stan’s direction and then blew a single kiss to him. Seeing him through the glass of the windshield, Stan gulped thickly. He barely bristled in his spot, his face becoming pink. The flirty gesture itself, scarily genuine.
Shy all of a sudden, Stan raised an arm and waved. “Yeah… see ya.”

The rest of the day was uneventful by the town’s standards. No cluttered streets or protest riots. Posters with big bold lettering and homemade picket signs were exchanged for hot cocoa and quality time at the Broflovski residence. For Sheila Broflovski, dinner would be mandatory at a certain time in the evening. With more hours to spare, the woman began preparing food in her kitchen.

A single silver handle jangled from the sliding glass door from her backyard. Bundled in an orange puff coat, wool scarf, and pair of thick mittens, Ike advanced toward the kitchen after stomping snow off the rubber soles of his new snow boots. Breathing warm air through his scarf, Ike sauntered toward the living room seeking a new distraction from the dead bird he found near the snow-covered garden hose.

Ike inched by the kitchen table, waddling like a penguin. He instantly recognized the fair-haired brunette seated across from Sheila. A long time friend of his family and an ally, Sharon Marsh. Sharon was wearing a snug sweater with her ankles crossed underneath the kitchen table. Through dark beady eyes, Ike observed them. It appeared the women were engaging in conversation after adjusting to their spots. As the greetings flourished ahead of him, Ike zipped down his coat and sipped from a thermal mug he left on the kitchen counter.

"Oh, Sharon, thank heavens you’re back. So good to see ya again,” Sheila cried, rinsing her a plastic cutting board. “You’ve got to tell me about your romantic details with Randy. How was Cancun?”

“Well… I can say it’s not all it’s cracked up to be,” Sharon said.

“Oh, that sounds terrible.”

After tightening the string of her apron, Sheila retrieved a large bowl from the top shelf. Sheila pulled a chair next to Sharon, sat, and began slicing a spud she had gotten started on earlier.

“It’s okay,” Sharon gave a dejected sigh, “I’ve been missing it here, anyway.”

“Oh dear, now I’m worried,” Sheila said over the curly ribbons of potato skins.

“Ah, we’ll be fine. It’s not a big deal, anyway. At least, not anymore.”

“I hope not.”

“Yeah. So… what’s new with the community? How are things over here?”

“Horrible!” Sheila remarked. “Teachers are handing out so much homework to the kids. There hasn’t been a single day Ike could rest and as usual, the school board is useless!” She grabbed a tomato and began rinsing it.

Sharon’s eyes became hooded. “You don’t say…”

“Certainly. Oh, Around last Saturday, I decided to have a little chit-chat with the girls with our
new mayor about the book problem.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yep. In fact, it was Harriet and Laura who joined up with me at City Hall today. And we all agreed, it’s about time we put an end to this. The amount of homework these children have here is atrocious. Teen suicide rates are off the charts, their grades are lower than ever. Not to mention, their backpacks are too heavy. Even little Ike’s straps are tearing.”

“I think I know what you mean.” Sharon piped up suddenly. “Come to think of it, one of the kids at the high school just took his life away recently, Stan told me.”

“Oh, my God, you’re right. Poor Trevor – I heard about his funeral last week. Our children, they’re in danger because of it! Poor Kyle. Oh my God. Poor Stan. Oh my God, poor Ike! The boys are suffering because of these ruthless teachers. I’m actually tearing up right now from being so terrified. Sharon, we certainly need to put a stop to this before it gets bigger!”

Randy 3:36 pm

{Sharooooon.}

Pff. What now? With her cheek puffed, Sharon glanced at notifications and extra emphasis on her name on her phone. It was a cry by one, no other than her husband Randy. This irritated her. The wrinkles etched at the side of her lips showed. Sheila continued speaking, bringing her up-to-date with the town’s events. Which, somewhat turned into ‘talk of the town’. Resting her arms by the phone, the brunette vented a sigh.

“You know,” Sheila said. "I was running errands the other day and I saw Liane’s child at the drugstore. He was just there, staring at the ice-cream machine. I’ve talked to that nice owner Larry and he said he’s been at it for three hours. Another woman, Beth, says she thinks it's marijuana. Although, I’m certain he couldn’t be too bright anyway.”

“Huh,” Sharon mused, “well, I have noticed Stan shifting out of focus too. Um, the kids. They always looked so drained when they hang out now. And this ‘homework’… you don’t think that’s some correlation to why Stan’s been so fussy lately, do you?”

“Oh, definitely, dear. Without a doubt. These teachers put way too much stress on them. They always make us buy those overpriced school supplies. No child needs a three-hundred-dollar calculator they will only use once. I was with it until it began interfering with their behavior. Kyle’s been so distant because of it. I bet it’s got something to do with Roger’s kid abusing drugs.”

The women kept at the topic. Several feet away from the table, up the stairs, Stan turned the page of his geometry book in Kyle’s. As soon as they dropped their backpacks, they went straight to business, free of distractions. No small talk, school gossip, or even chatter of new video game releases distracted them. In a faded blue chambray and a graphic tee, Kyle leaned and peered down at Stan, slipping an arm around him, grinning.

“So, they found out who wrote on the desk,” mentioned Kyle.

Stan propped his chin atop his palm. “From English class?”
“Yeah, they said who did it. It’s from one of the kids in first period.”

“Oh.” Stan flipped another page in his textbook.

“Yep. One of the sophomores told me in the cafeteria, I bet it was Cartman.”

“Ah, Cartman… ought to be interesting…”

In deep thought, Stan tapped the book with the eraser of his mechanical pencil. Kyle pointed ahead with his pen at a new equation and explained it. Stan paused for a moment before writing his answer down. Stan exhaled softly in relief. Many stacks of homework, all complete.

Stan closed his book once he was finished and zipped up his binder. A warm easiness engulfed him. There had been a lot of pressure alleviated from tackling the challenging assignments with his friend.

“There. All caught up,” Kyle beamed, bringing himself off the floor. “See? What d’I tell ya? Easy. All you needed was some TLC and some quality time with your friends, then you’ll be all caught up again.” He snorted. “And you almost doubted yourself.”

“Yeah, thanks Kyle. I really owe ya one.”

“Oh, fuck you. You do not.”

“Fuck you, dude.”

“Fuck you,” Kyle joked back.

Beaming and a minute to stretch. Stan seized forward shortly after cramming his school books and supplies his backpack. His face twisted into a small grimace. It seemed as if a dull pain hit his rear end. Stan didn’t want to tell his friend, but adjusting his seating arrangement on the floor was quite discomforting. Stan’s dark lashes fluttered, drawing out the indication of his pain as he rocked sideways. When Kyle noticed, his eyes skipped sideways.

“Whoa, you okay, dude?” Kyle noticed.

Stan grabbed Kyle’s outstretched hand, stood up to full height, and dusted himself off.

“Yeah, it’s hockey stuff. Back pain,” Stan almost tripped over his tongue.

“Dude, you gotta get that shit checked out or something. Let’s head downstairs.”

Playful shoves back and forth, a cheerful Kyle swatted at Stan teasingly before they made it down where the stairs and living room connected. Being traditional with his belongings, Stan kept a physical copy of the game. After exchanging teasing grins, Kyle grabbed a video game case that was handed to him and strolled to the glass case below his plasma screen television to plug in the neatly folded wires of his gaming console.

“All right, we’ll take turns. Depending on who dies in this round –”

Slowing down, Kyle sat the controllers on the coffee table. Stan took one in his hand and sat on the
couch, his attention was nabbed quickly when he recognized Kyle’s merry facade had twitched into a look of disdain.

Stan blinked. “What?”

“Devil May Cry,” Kyle deadpanned, skimming over the tedious logo on the glossed cover. “We’re playing Devil May Cry. Again.”

“Uh, yeah, thought you’d wanna check it out or somethin’.” Stan sat up. “And no, dude, not again. This one’s different. The new characters you unlock in it are like way more cooler and badass than ever.”

“Dude. Didn’t you say that about the last one?”

“Aw, Kyle, come on. Just a few levels. I’ll run you by story-mode. I’m not even that far.”

A shrug of defeat after he put the game on, Kyle sat at the opposite end of the sofa beside Stan while Ike entered the room in his day clothes. He sat on the floor with his legs folded in. A buzz vibrated in Stan’s back pocket. As the game would load, Stan grabbed his phone optimistically skimming over the newest messages that appeared on the bright screen. Scrolling through his phone, Stan brought his attention down. His smile quickly faded.

Damn it, Stan glared at the screen.

smelly 😒

{I KNOW YOU USED MY BODYWASH, YOU TURD!}

{When you get back home, you’ll have 10 seconds to explain yourself.}

{Only. 10.}

Ah hell. Stan scrunched his face in dismay at the large letters.

Ignoring the ghost mallet that whacked his diaphragm, Stan scrolled to the next unopened text message. Cartman, hopefully. Anyone was better than Shelly. Stan would put his scheming friend ahead of the angry brunette during the costs. Stan’s enthusiasm died down a second time when he picked up on the next name that graced his unread messages.

wendy

Today 3:31 pm

{TYVM for being a gentleman and accepting our apology.}
Stan exhaled slowly. Wendy’s approach was as expected. Sugary and polite. Of course, she’s still with Heidi. The Facebook reveal had certainly blindsided Stan, but it hadn’t been enough to evaporate his respect for his first love. For three faithful months, Stan yearned to reconcile his relationships with her. Life had its funny turns, he had reminded himself. Shifting on the couch, with the gaming controller in one hand, Stan diverted his attention from Wendy and concentrated on the firearms the character wielded on Kyle’s TV screen.

Today 3:31 pm

{You could just say you’re here, you know.}

Stan simpered. In spite of the poor communication they’ve endured during the past few months, he did miss her. Stan pulled the keypad up to entertain her loving response.

Today 3:32

{thanks wendy}

That would be all for the afternoon. It was all he could think of at that moment. Short, but deep with meaning. And it would be up to Wendy to interpret. The phone was placed on his lap. When Kyle had enough of the video game, he pulled the stream menu up to change it. Hooked in another fantasy, Stan didn’t utter a single complaint when Kyle reached for the games. Another time, the phone vibrated. Viewing the next notification, Stan’s cheeks flamed with color. A display of emoji. From Craig.

Today 3:33 pm

{ }

Today 3:33 pm

{😊😊😊}

Today 3:33 pm

{😊😊😊}
Today 3:34 pm

{Hey.}

Stan’s heart thumped powerfully in his rib cage. Craig Tucker. He’d skimmed over the fact that morning. It was just sex. But, with him. This really was happening between them. They were turning toward a different avenue. Stan had to be careful. Right there, he thought mirroring the group of emoji would be just.

Today 3:34 pm

{What’s up?}

While Kyle selected Mortal Kombat on the game menu, it took some discipline for Stan not to hug his phone there in front of his best friend. There would be a high chance of Kyle thinking it would be Wendy again. A much-unneeded argument Stan didn’t want himself opening up to. Especially around Ike. Kyle was discreet in picking his battles, he would be less apologetic for his tongue-lashing indoors.

Crap. What do I say? Stan thumped his phone against his forehead. He nearly whispered in the room.

Today 3:34 pm

{heyy}

Shit. An extra ‘y’. You’re screwed. Stan breathed through his nose and condemned himself already. Christ, you’re such a fuck-up! Okay. Okay — just shut the fuck up and be cool. Hurry up, he’s waiting.

Things were certainly developing quickly. After a few reckless hours had passed, Stan lamely crowned this classmate, Craig, as the source of his renewed happiness. Bliss. That had been a word Stan couldn’t associate with him. In fact, if it had been a few weeks ago, confusion and nausea would have risen if Stan would compare anything remotely romantic to Craig. Which, could mean more trouble.

Today 3:34 pm

{So...}

Today 3:34

{?}

Stan let out an artful sigh. From the angle of his friends’ backs, Kyle and Ike were unaware of Stan’s self-induced high. Invisible Cupid arrows sank deeper in his chest. His brain completely mush, smile broad, and forming into a squiggly line, Stan sank back in the cushions comfortably. His flushed cheeks singed bright with a rose tint, he chewed the corner of his lip.

Another moment to let things simmer and sink below the cracks. With Tweek unknowingly drifting along in the middle, Stan ignored the early warning signals that stood out between him and Craig. Stan was curious, captivated by what exchange that would grow between them. There had been something sexy and forbidden about what they were becoming.

any of this even new anymore?

Another tab skipped. Stan looked down at Craig’s Instagram photo. Craig’s latest selfie was of him breathing a vape cloud on his profile picture.

He looked… Sexy, Stan echoed, and... not like a douchebag. I don’t think Craig looks like a douchebag. At all.

To send one like, it wouldn’t be that. In more than a few short days, Stan was already convinced that he could be temporarily attracted to Craig. Stan scrolled further down Craig’s page that was in public view to Stan as of late.

Oh, fuck! Stan echoed some more. I really am attracted to him! And I don’t care anymore! Damn.

Today 3:35 pm

{Let’s do something fun later on.}

{Not today, but when we get the time.}

Today 3:36 pm

{dude! we have to hang out again like real soon!}

Today 3:36 pm

{Yeah, I know. I still haven’t thought of a place yet.}

{You said you wanted to check out that pizza place next town over. Might take you up on that.}

Today 3:36 pm

{uh, whatever is fine}

{we don’t have to go on like a *real* date, we can like chill}

{whenever you’re ready.}

{your parents’ll be away soon, right?}
That’s right.

My mom and dad are gonna attend a classic car show at Las Vegas next week.

You know what this means.

Stan nipped his lip. Yeah, I know exactly what it means.

Today 3:37 pm

{dude}

{that means we get to pick up where we left off again.}

{i’m so stoked!}

A soft exhale through his nose. Nothing evil yet. Stan could do away with over-flirting. The common sense in him wanted to ask why he was happy. Back and forth. Stan thought he’s gotten over it before. Sometimes he’d be okay with being attracted to Craig. That was before his sexuality came into clear view. He’d been so sure the feelings for Craig were only temporary, circumstantial.

{to suck your cock} Stan backspaced the group of letters.

Dude, you’re such a thirst bucket, a disgusted Stan teased him mentally. Stan couldn’t text what he really wanted to say.

Aside from that, setting boundaries with him… had become a bit of a nuisance. At this troubling rate, Stan let himself be absorbed by the warm feelings that encased him. The attention, Stan was hungry for more. Stan was already attached to this distorted world he created with Craig. The idea of owning up to his salacious ways held no appeal to him at that moment. He was going to take the ball and run with it. Stan smoothed his hair in his seat.

Yeah, own up to your crap. When has that ever been worked out for me? Stan expressed scornfully from within. Screw it. Just go with the flow. Worry about it later.

“The X button, Ike. You have to push X. Tap it three more times, you’ll be able to do this combo,” Kyle spoke to his brother.

Fuck. Craig… He’s not answering, I screwed up, Stan thought, frightened.

Today 3:49 pm
Craig’s bubbles rose to the screen. The next two-worded notification.

*Done? Did he just say done — did they really break up?* Stan’s face morphed, projecting awe.

The situation moving faster and becoming more desperate than before, Craig’s seasoned affection was the ocean that Stan wanted to be drowned in. No explanation needed. He would have him at any discreet way he could, as long as he could feel his hands on him. He disappointingly slipped into a distorted longing for him. Stan could no longer avoid those growing feelings. They were there. Eagerly, Stan went over the message, reading the last word-for-word. And then, another bubble appeared. Stan wanted Craig all to himself.

**Today 3:50 pm**

*{Don’t get any ideas. I’m doing this for me.}* 

Stan rolled his eyes. It was a typical response from Craig, and it sounded as if he were ‘trying to be cool’. Snorting inaudibly, Stan punched in:

**Today 3:50 pm**

{you asked me to be your bf, you asshole!}

---

**Just now**

{you asked me to be your bf, you asshole!}

With a pensive gaze, Craig sat at a Sonic drive-thru in his car as Clyde yelled out his order to the gum-chewing cashier behind a set of speakers. Cold drinks and Ice-cream cones, aplenty, even in the cold weather, the group couldn’t such temptation for indulgent snacks. Craig would have different priorities stemming when Clyde ordered a chili-dog meal from the Sonic drive-in.

A look to his left. Tweek was at the passenger’s seat, disproportionately mute and shaking, currently on edge. Although, Tweek said it was okay that they would have a break. This would raise red flags to Craig. Nonetheless, to their peers, although they couldn’t see what was behind the curtain for them, their relationship would make the appearance of being shaky and standing on its last leg.

“Another fast food restaurant,” Tweek grunted, staring out the wet window. “We couldn’t just go to the backroom and eat a bagel or something, but you guys pick a fast food restaurant. Or, did you guys forget that my family’s shop is stocked with half the same stuff.”

Clyde pouted, “Hey, don’t knock us for having variety. There’s no chili-dogs there, and you know this. We can still share.”

“Thanks.” Tweek placed his hands over his knees. “Er, ahh— I’m sorry I got weird all of a sudden… It’s just that...”

“It’s okay,” Clyde got another glimpse of his phone. “We all get a little crabby when we’re
hungry.”

Craig turned around before muting a funny video on his phone, bringing himself to Clyde’s attention.

“Kyle said they found the guy. The whole school’s tweeting about it.”

“Token said he knew all along but didn’t say anything. You think Cartman really did it?”

Craig’s eyebrows winged up. “Don’t know. If he did, he’s in deep shit.”

“Ohh,” Clyde exhaled.

“I don’t think it was him,” Tweek said flippantly.

The car ahead of them rolled down the path of the restaurant. At the second window of the restaurant, Craig lent the girl Clyde’s cash. Tweek grabbed the drinks and bags.

Clyde grabbed the food that was passed to him. “You don’t?”

“No.”

Their discussion took off during Craig’s uncomfortable view of the ice-sloshed road ahead of the steering wheel. The mellow music on the radio alone wouldn’t be efficient enough to drown out Tweek and Clyde’s suspicions for the blonde woman that was arrested the other week in his English class. The image of a certain woman falling apart behind bars would be immensely satisfying to him.

At the surface, Craig’s apathy toward it hasn’t come off as a shocker to his friends. Many days have gone by, he had very little to say. Alternatively, he was relieved that the blonde teacher Mrs. Hutchinson no longer be involved with neither Stan or any of his male companions. The woman had been too welcoming, vile, manipulative, and inappropriate around Clyde and his friends.

The heart-grating image of the woman caressing Stan’s face has wormed itself inside Craig’s skull. It would be enough to trigger a shock of cold fury from him and it has never brought out such vehemence from him.

Clyde reached for his drink. “Do you think she’ll come back now that her name’s cleared?”

Craig’s mouth compressed into a flat line when he observed the Toyota ahead of him.

Not if I can help it.

“Who knows?” Tweek answered.

“I’m so tired.” The frustration expanded in Clyde’s chest in the form of a loud croak. “I hate how slow everything is, I wanna go home.”

“You’ll be fine, Clyde,” Craig said plainly.

More vehicles piled ahead of him. The truck ahead of them blocked the light from Craig’s window. Drumming his fingers leisurely on the wheel, Craig brought his phone down to see any new replies from Jimmy and Token.

As Craig swiftly punched in a reply to Jimmy on his phone and then Tweek’s eyes suddenly stretched in horror. Amber lashes touched his upper eyelids. His irises grazed over at the power lines through his window. Over the evergreen trees, ripped up fences that surrounded the side of
the slosh-filled road. Tweek nibbled his lip. Black smoke rose abundantly to the cloudless sky at a frightening speed.

Without much concern when he was driving, Craig’s Prius already glided past along it. Petrified and giving his own phone a quick regard, Tweek shook, ripping his seat belt off.

“You guys, there’s a fire…” the blond gulped hard.

“Huh? A fire, where?” Clyde removed his mouth from his ice-cream cone. He tensed in his seat at the embers flashing behind the crack screen in Tweek’s phone. “Ah… That’s the trailer park. Theresa lives there. Oh… wait. That’s where the fire is, holy crap.”

“You’re imagining things, Tweek,” Craig said.

Tweek glowered. “Nhr. No. I’m not. There really is one, asshole. God, you’re not even looking. People could seriously get hurt over there.”

Knowing the location without concern Craig chuckled. “Good. Maybe that art kid will burn along with the rubble,” he commented surly over his texting hand.

Astounded, Clyde covered his mouth. “No…” he gasped. “Craig.”

“How can you say that?” said Tweek. “How can you say that, Craig?”

Craig narrowed his eyes. “What? You guys always talk about that shitty show you guys watch when I’m around. What was it, Soul Adventures or whatever.”

Tweek grunted. “Ghost Adventures. It’s fucking Ghost Adventures. We used to watch it twelve times a day when we were kids. What the fuck, Craig?”

“Right.”

“Jesus Christ. Valentine’s Day and then Ghost Adventures now. It’s not that freakin’ hard. You would’ve remembered if you weren’t lazy and stoned off your ass all fucking day.”

“M’kay… Go out and rescue that trailer trash, then. Go on. Go see if he remembers the rest of your favorite shows.”

Tweek’s cheeks darkened. “Dude,” he grunted. “This fire’s a crisis, Pete could be roofless after this. Everyone else too. It’s got nothing to do with what happened in the shop. Those people could get hurt—er— you know what, screw it. I’m gonna go help out.”

Clyde’s eyes grew at a reach for the door. “Whoa, Tweek, whaddaya doin’? I don’t think you can go out there, the cars are packed, it’s too dangerous.”

“I need air, nrr, I can’t do this. Not today, fuck this.”

Craig brought himself up. “Yes. Fuck me. Fuck everything.”

“You guys, seriously? Not now. I thought it was funny at first… But can you both not?” Clyde looked at Craig. “Guys, seriously.”

Craig stayed glued to his phone. “He’s chasing his boyfriend.”

“Bullshit. You make that accusation every time we hang out. Unlock the damned doors!” Tweek roared.
“Guys, wait,” Clyde called.

Slow to react, Craig reached for the button and did what he was just told. The door at the passenger’s side being opened wouldn’t be enough to the lithe barista who writhed impatiently at the second seat. His countenance scrawled with apathy, Craig’s eyes hooded at Tweek, who tossed him a look.

“I’m not going out there.” Seemingly disconnected, Craig refused.

“Ngh-rh. Fine!” Tweek pushed his door open, gathering his things. “Stay alone, then, selfish prick. You’re an ass, and your timing is shit. You’re not gonna buy yourself – grr – out of this one.”

“I think you should relax, babe.” Flat, the words broke from Craig.

Tweek grumbled. “Don’t. You babe me.”

“Don’t you call me a prick!” boomed Craig.

“Oh, goddammit!” Clyde rose from his seat belt. “Come on you guys, not today, please!”

“Don’t be one, then!” Tweek shrieked over Clyde. “Nh – babe me, after begging for a break. What the hell is wrong with you? Sometimes I don’t know what I see in you. Who are you? It’s like, you’re not the man I know anymore. You’re a fucking brick wall. I’m fed — gnr — the fuck up. I’m leaving. I’m leaving – I’m done! I knew it was a bad idea to get those concert tickets! Give me back my keychain I’m out of here!”

“Go, then! Don’t come back if you’re with that art freak!” Craig yelled.

“Curb your jealousy, douchebag,” Tweek hissed.

“Curb your appetite, Jezebel!”

“Oh my god… you guys,” Clyde groaned in frustration, his sight drifting at the car ceiling.

Tweek fumed, “Grr… You’re so full of shit!”

“That’s right. Call me more names in front of Clyde. And, I’m a douchebag now. Nice. I really deserved that.”

“Nh. Don’t try to guilt trip me into feeling bad for it. This fight is all your fault. You, and your stupid erectile dysfunction!”

Craig dodged the lighter that was hurled at him. “Cute,” he added dryly.

“Fucking crap. Shouldn’t have missed. You know, er, I wouldn’t be so mean to you if you didn’t make me feel like…”

“Like what?”

Craig avoided Clyde hanging his head in the front view mirror. “I still believe in you Tweek… I care about you. Even after the shit, we’ve been through, I still want the best for you. What have you done for me?”

“What have I done for you?” Outside the car, Tweek clutched the top of his seat. “What have you done for me? I can’t believe I love you. You’ve become so fucking deluded and self-centered,
you’ve completely forgotten what’s brought us together in the beginning!”

“Hey, hold on, now.” Clyde narrowed his eyes at the assumptions at his best-friend and Tweek stepped out of the car, holding the door. “Tweek, you don’t mean all those things… and Craig, don’t you think your words are going a bit far?”

Nothing. Craig was silent. Not a single word to speak on it as well, Tweek’s mouth quivered. Don’t cry, the young barista said in his mind. He doesn’t deserve your tears. Fuck. Him.

“I’m sorry, but that does it,” Suppressing another tic, Tweek kept a firm stance, “I’m going for a walk. Without you, Craig.” He gritted. “Don’t bother chasing after me again, unless you’re apologizing. Grh. Which, by the way… would be for the millionth time.”

Mouth agape, something hit. Remorse washed over Craig. “Tweek, listen…” he said, turning slowly.

“Don’t.” Hating that he’s crumbling, Tweek rubbed away the tears that threatened to spill. “Come on, Clyde, let’s go.”

The passenger’s door clicked open.

“Jerk.” Tweek slammed the door. “No regard for human life whatsoever.”

Deep frown dents formed at the side of Clyde’s mouth. Holding the car door hand, he reluctantly chose a side. The vehicles at the front of the road continued honking. Onward, Tweek and Clyde wove through the line of cars. Scowling mildly, Craig forged ahead, accompanying them with a dejected sigh.

Past the point of arguing, Craig cursed and stepped out of his car. Moreover, the frenzied display of bravery that was exhibited from Tweek.

This was hardly the level of confidence Craig wanted Tweek to exude.

The noise of a martial arts game exploded from the living room.

Sheila narrowed her eyes. “Boys, turn it down! Kyle!”

“Sorry!” Stan yelled away from the door panel, earning a laugh from Ike.

“Well, it’s certainly worth looking into…” Sharon stood from Sheila’s table. “I don’t know the Moore family personally, but I did have a hunch that all this homework thing was causing trouble and it might have something to do with my son withdrawing from everything lately.”

“Oh, bless his tender heart.” Sheila slid on her mitts and retrieved her baking pan out of the oven. “Is Stan gonna be okay?”

“Yeah… He is now,” Sharon commented. “Ever since that bipolar diagnosis, everything makes less sense now. He doesn’t notice, but I’ve been paying attention. It’s hard, you know? You fall in love, and suddenly they’re here. And well, when I look back at all the bad stuff that’s happened with the kids… I can’t help but feel like some of it is my fault.”
Sheila gasped. “Sharon, goodness, no. Don’t blame yourself. You can’t always be around. As for why things turned bad, I’m sure even before then there was absolutely nothing you could do. We’re here and we’re still learning. We all want what’s best for our children.”

“Thank you.” Sharon reached over and pushed her arms through the sleeves of her coat.

A single glance from her shoulder in the living room when the three boys were. The front door was unlocked. Making his way inside the house past the entrance, Gerald Broflovski stepped in after hanging his peacoat and scarf.

“Boys, dinner!” Sheila called.

“Welp, that’s my cue.” Sharon turned toward the living room.

“Wha— you’re leaving? You just got here. I’ve made extras. At least take some leftovers.”

“Thank you, I’ll go grab some for the family.”

“It’s nice and cozy over here. Don’t you wanna stay for a few minutes?”

“Ah, maybe next time. I promised Stan I’d pick some things out in RC Willey today.”

“Oh. That’s right,” marveled Sheila, her lumpy mascaraed eyes bulged. “Stan’s got a new job, now, doesn’t he? Congrats.”

“Thanks.” Behind her sleeved hand, a cheerful laugh slipped from Sharon’s lips. “Well, it’s definitely me that shouldn’t be congratulated.”

“Oh, well, the news itself is incredible. So, where does he work now?”

“Door Dash,” Sharon estimated, promptly. “Oh wait. That’s the last one… Dominoes. Um, Zumiez… uh, Staples? Or, was it another one of those kiosk thingies. Hmm, well, actually… you know, Stan hasn’t really told me yet. I think this one of those long-distance call-centers or something. You know how kids are with social media these days.”

“Sounds like trouble.”

“Oh no, I don’t think so. Stan’s plenty responsible.”

“Oh, I agree, Stan’s grown to become quite the reputable young man just like my Kyle. And quite a tasty dish to the young women too. I heard around the neighborhood he’s been attracting a few girlfriends.”

Sharon flashed a buoyant grin on Stan’s behalf. “Oh, he has. It’s pretty interesting. Well, maybe he gets it from somewhere.”

The women strolled forward, meeting the young men by the edge of the couch.

Removing his feet from the table before the mothers could criticize him, Stan made it around Ike and stood beside Sharon.

“Hey, Mom.” Stan balanced the heavy strap of his backpack over his shoulder.

“Hey there. Um, here.” Holding Tupperware in another arm, Sharon settled the car keys over his free palm. “We might need a new TV stand, your stupid father broke the other one… Of course, it is your money, so it’s up to you. You ready to go?”
“Yep, I’m all set,” sniffed Stan, reaching a hand to his nose.

“See ya, dude,” Kyle said.

Stan’s smile grew. “Take care, pal, love you.”

Faced to each other, the best friends embraced, patting each others’ backs gingerly. They then parted ways for the time being and Ike followed his brother to the kitchen for a slice of meatloaf and homemade mashed potatoes.

Passing a strange and amused look at Stan, Gerald made it to the armchair Kyle sat in. He crossed his legs settled with a coffee mug with a tea tag attached to it. The local news returned on the television screen after the game had been switched off.

“See ya, Stan,” Ike chirped from the kitchen.

“Later, dude.”

At the end of the room, Stan and Sharon reached the door. With enough focus shifted away from him, Stan absently brought a hand to his nose a third time after rubbing, and then flipped his septum ring down.

“Oh my god.” Sheila gaped at Stan. Petrified, the woman’s jaw unhinged as if she’s seen a ghost.

Sharon’s face grayed in response, she advanced forward. “Don’t worry, he’ll be fine. I did promise if he finishes his homework today, he could keep it. Take care, Sheila, Gerald.”

“Uh… huh?” Gerald looked up. Blinking perplexed from his settled space, the man on the couch brought his newspaper down.

A fairly gentle breeze rolled from the door when it shuts with a small click. Sheila stared at her husband in disbelief, flabbergasted.

“What?” Gerald’s newspaper rustled in his hand. “He’s emo. Don’t ask me about it. I thought that scene bled out years ago when hipster came along. You don’t have to worry about our boys doing it. Kyle will be fine, he’s not a pussy.”

The message alerts rumbled over Stan’s palm. Stan tapped in a response on his phone. The blond was occupied with his portable game device. A rather pleased deposition with his hand in front of his mouth, Stan sets sight to the next flurry of indulgent comments grazing the page he was scrolling. It was now evening and the sunless sky became dimmer. Kenny tagged alongside Stan after his trip with his mother Sharon to RC Willey. Strolling over through the glass of the mini-mart, Stan glossed over his messages.

**Blake**

Are you a real person? You’re so hot. Excellent show!

**Me**

yep i am
thanks babe ;) glad you enjoyed it.

Diego

much love from brazil!

Me

thanks!

Kenny’s eyes traveled to the ground behind Stan and he dug into his pocket. He switched his portable game for his phone. Distracted by the compliments his phone, Stan stilled flushed where he is located. A heavenly type form of affection from strangers had showered invisible flower petals in the form of confetti around him. To him, it was a kind of validation like no other.

Dating or single, Stan had not remembered being this appreciated. The hundreds of comments that flourished his apps overnight had. It was the perfect type of adrenaline rush and overall recognition he’s gained from his internet audience he has acquired has overall boosted his cloudy mood. Stan’s notifications overtake the screen once again after he submits a risque photo of himself with his shirt lifted over his sleek stomach to a private photo gallery. Stan switched apps, going over his new messages.

Kaleb

sexy can’t wait til ur next show

Bryan

Niiiice. We should do a shoot together.

Caitlyn

When are you going live again? I came like 7 times.

Me

thanks dudes! make sure you guys follow my private snap.

and caitlyn, that will be tomorrow at 6.

Me

freebie show next friday, love you all!

They really like me, Stan crowed victoriously in his head. Wow, I’m really doing this for real.

Stan rejoiced more in his head, breezing past a row of backbit freezers of the gas station containing booze and energy drinks. Inside the brightly lit ice-box, Stan drew out a 20 oz. bottle while Kenny
lumbered forward with four beer cases in his hands. Lifting his head from his phone, Stan signaled with a hand and the blond dipped down, putting back the other two. After filling their empty cups with fountain drinks, Stan and Kenny ventured unhurriedly to the cash register where a man with brown hair snake tattoos on each hairy arm.

“This all it?” said the gentleman that would ring them up.

“Yep,” Kenny replied.

The man motioned his hand before Stan reached the card machine. “Hey, guys, let me see your IDs.”

Flashing a sly grin, Stan pulled out his wallet and slipped it near the card slider. “Kay.”

“There you go.” Kenny’s expression was just as devious. “We missed ya, Tony. Feeling better now?”

“Thanks.” The gas station employee smirked. “Yeah. The flu’s no longer here. I’m good as new. Kicked that motherfucker’s ass.”

Eyeing the two other employees furtively, the man at the front drew out a pack of cigarettes from the plastic case behind him.

"That's good to know," Stan commented.

"Yep." The cashier's eyes roved over to Kenny. “How’s your brother?”

Pale yellow liquid splashed against a pitch-black tar parking lot behind a pawnshop that Stan and Kenny loitered. One of the trashcans rattled behind them. A medium-sized rat with a bitten ear leaped in a north direction with a heroin needle in its mouth – a common item vermin got a hold of in the city. Around the dark alley, the two relieved their bladders as a set of stray cats hissed and yowled at the other end from them over the property. Hands low and with his fly down, Kenny lifted his head, lips twisting into a smirk. Feet pointed toward Stan, Kenny’s hot piss streamed and poured near the other boy’s shoelaces. The stream spilled by Stan, missing by a fraction.

Holding his semi-hard dick in place, an alerted Stan hiked his sneakered foot up just in time. “Dude, quit it! You’re gonna get it on my new pants, aw!”

Still peeing, Kenny gained smile lines by his eyes. “That’s impossible,” he laughed softly.

“Bullseye. I shot that M&M.”

“Damn. I was gonna get it. Oh, you’re recording. New show?”

“Yeah.” Muting the mic, Stan positioned his phone lower. “Well… kinda. It’s a fetish thing, don’t ask. I just roll with it.”

“Oh, yeah, you get paid for masturbating,” Kenny recalled.

“Yep,” Stan said, zipping his fly up. “Ah. I didn’t tell you how they approved of me, didn’t I? I used the fake ID Cartman got me.”
“Smooth.”

“You wanna know what else?”

“Yeah.”

“I don’t feel bad about the Wendy thing anymore. In these apps, there are hundreds, I bet, thousands of Wendys are watching me. They all get off to me. I control everything.”

“And sexy guys, right?”

“Uh-huh. Plenty of ’em.”

“Oooh, that’s good, you have a nice penis.”

Stan blushed faintly at the friendly inappropriateness. “Thanks, Kenny. Let’s head elsewhere.”

They walked to the end of the dark alley and Kenny peeled a blue condom off the heel of his shoe. “Ugh.”

Stan checked his zipper. “What’s the matter?”

“Condom. That’s got to be the third one this week. It’s never fun when it’s not your own.”

They turned the corner of the building. A happy chuckle slipped from the boy in the beanie. Amazed and eyebrows raised, Kenny kept his mouth attached to the straw of his Big Gulp cup he retrieved from the gas-station, sipping until the soda reached half its contents. The condensation from the cup slipped down his hand and mingled with the brisk air. With other attached to his phone, Kenny nipped the straw, glancing over Stan’s shoulder.

“Intriguing,” Kenny observed, quirking a brow. “Is that the sound of money I hear?”

Stan nodded. “Yeah, I’m telling you, things are turning out great, Kenny. In no time, I’ll be able to buy that Moped for Butters and I’ll get a new car like real soon.”

“Sweet. Looks like your popularity is taking off. I think someone else deserves a good gift. Maybe a new bong and a pack of socks or something.”

“I can get that.” Stan’s brow quirked after additionally mulling that further. “What else do you have in mind?”

“Nothin’. You don’t have to get me anything.”

“Nonsense,” Stan huffed. “I’ll pay my dues to you.” Stan clapped his hands together and bowed his head. “Thank you Slut Sensei, I couldn’t have accomplished half of this shit without you.”

Kenny tittered, playing along with him. “Aw. Don’t be so modest.”

The sliding glass doors opened behind them and then shuts. Kenny took another sip of the half contents in her cup while a woman held her son’s mittened hand, guiding him to her blue SUV. His bangs lifted gently from the frosty wind and the woman’s bag rustled along with her. Stan sent
another reply on his phone. Other young children swung their arms back and forth. Twin girls around the age of six. They skipped with their hair swinging, joining up with the woman.

Kenny’s irises swept up from his cup. “Dude, you missed it. That lady had a fat ass.”

“Dude,” Stan countered, “you should try it out sometime. I swear it's so addicting, it's like the best feeling in the world. There’s so many girls there. You’ll like it.”

“Girls?”

“Tuh, yeah, like so many. Remember what I told you earlier? I made like four-hundred dollars the other night flirting and blew it all off on stream. All you have to do is go home with a good camera and spank it. It really is that simple. Just get an alias. You don’t even have to worry about people from town watching. You’ll love it, I’m telling you. Easiest money I’ve ever made.”

“Man, no shit, huh? This is a big deal,” Kenny said incredulously, resting his wrists over his knees.

“Oh. My. God. I just got paid just now.” Stan showed him his phone.

“Really?”

“Yes, I just got eight-hundred just now.”

“Killer, what’cha gonna do with the next loot you get?”

A glass door slid open again by the newspaper dispenser. Out, stepped a man with black gelled hair, a red and black bowling shirt, and a pair of levis. Tattoo sleeve in one arm, mid-thirties. They were more or less green than the younger man’s at the gas station. A woman in a matching shirt, chubby, joined him. She had a bow in her dark hair. It was styled at approximately shoulder length and she placed her hand on her hip when the guy made it toward Stan and Kenny.

There were employees at the shop behind them. The man had a closer inspection of the two. His criminal scowl deepened when he spotted the friends lighting a cigarette at the front of his premises. Non-aware of the disturbance in the air, Stan gently nudge Kenny in the rib and laughed, the blond joked and elbowed him back. Over the cheap LED lights of the shop, the man’s shadow grew bigger behind the two. Stan gaped shortly. There was a homeless man glaring, holding a cardboard sign ahead of him. Long greying hair. His green bandanna and fingerless gloves were greased and tattered like his tartan shirt. He floated closer to the young men.

The homeless man rattled the change in his cup. “Spare some change? ....change? Spare some change."

Reaching over, Stan slipped money into the cup. The phone occupied him once again.

“Hey kids,” the pawnshop owner addressed them. “Nope. None of that. We’re not starting this shit again. It’s time to go home. Clear the way. You gotta go somewhere, but not here.”

A curl of dislike from the woman’s lips, the female employee smacked her gum and turned toward her young boss when she observed the young men who didn’t react in their spots.

Another attempt, the pawnshop owner spoke again, “C’mon clear the area, ya fuckin' twunts, or I’ll call the cops and tell them you underaged shit mongers are at it again. This place is reserved for customers and Willy only. If you’re gonna buy something, that’s fine. Don’t loiter the place.”

Earbud in one ear and taking a sip from Kenny’s Big Gulp, Stan disrespectfully raised his finger to
the man without turning his head. He chuckled and nudged the blond, whispering something in his ear. Kenny did blowjob motions with his hands and snickered. Stan cackled softly then smarted at a broom being pushed at him. He turned around swiftly and glared.

“Come on, get out of here!” The man swung the broom at Kenny next. “Or the next thing I dent you smug bitches with won’t be this broom!”

“Dude.” Eyes expanding wide, Stan shielded his phone screen with his hand before the woman took another glance.

“Hey, I said get the hell out!”

Kenny rolled his eyes. “Yeah, yeah,” he muffled.

"Yeah, scram. We don't need your shit here."

“Dude, fuck him. Let’s go.” Stan kicked a crushed soda can when he got up.

Kenny threw his arm over Stan’s shoulder and waved back tauntingly at the scowling gas station workers. Sten blew cold vapor from his mouth, glaring. They gait toward Sharon’s car.

“What a dick. He does this every time,” Stan muttered over a cigarette.

A foot propped on a car seat, Stan sent a text to Kyle and he blew smoke out of a half-opened window beside him. The swirly cloud wafted in the breeze and dissolved. Through the low rift guitars of the car speakers, Kenny snickered when the background music picked up the pace. He then blinked at a page in a comic book he retrieved from the back seat, unzipping the pocket inside his coat, drawing out a medium bag of cocaine. The road flashed red and blue when a cop’s Nissan sped past the row of small houses that were near their way.

Kenny pushed the bag back in. “Shit.”

Stan was still glancing at the other side. “Mm?”

“So… Craig,” Kenny brought up.

Stan rolled his window down slightly. “Yeah, erm, what about him?”

“You fucking him?”

“No.”

“Stan.”

Stan sprinkled the ashes in the snow. “We just hang out more. I’m pretty sure he feels bad for me or something. He freaked out when he heard I was flunking just like everyone else. We just do homework together, s’bout it, it’s no big deal.”

“M’kay and David Bowie’s my real dad. I call bullshit.” Kenny’s perk diminished at the end of the statement and he placed the comic book down. “So, what’s up?”
“Nothing.”

“We’re far away from everyone. You know you can tell me anything, Stan.”

“All right, you caught me.” Stan palmed his forehead. “We kissed. That’s it.”

“Just kissing?” Kenny lent him a suspicious look.

“To be honest, I thought he’d suck, but he’s actually pretty incredible at it.”

“Tongue?”

“Yeah,” Stan nodded. “I can show you if you want.”

*He'll never know. Might as well go for it,* his self-awareness indicated.

Craig’s warnings were jarring, but it wouldn't be enough to stir Stan away from his vices. Stan would tell himself, he made his own rules. Regardless of the raunchy sex Stan had with Craig, Stan was not bound to any commitment as of late. Stan knew Craig’s contentious austerity was from lust, not from authentic admiration. Which meant, the entire act of vulnerability Craig displayed in the movie theater was just a ploy to extract what he wanted for him at the time. Sex. And Stan would speculate further. All actions alone from Craig were merely physical, exerted out of greed and impulse. Barely a perfect match, their secret encounters wouldn’t guarantee stability. Finding that out, Stan found himself frowning with an all too familiar dull ache returning to his chest... and growing.

Kenny had to laugh. “Hey, what’s goin’ on? You look like you’re doing mental gymnastics over there.”

“Nothin’, I was just waiting for you.”

“Get the fuck out of here. Come show me how that asshole did it.”

“Okay.”

Stan got up and rested on one thigh. He made sure the window was rolled up prior. Dipping to his blond friend, Stan lower his eyes, blinking slowly through his long lashes. Through the reduced volume of the next metal song seeping from the back seat, their faces aligned. Skins contrasting, pale to tan. While slipping his palms to each side of Kenny’s face, Stan’s lips descended to his. Their mouths sealed together comfortably, curving tenderly as they fused. Stan stroked his tongue lazily, and the other writhe back just as intrusively. Kenny bowed his head to Stan. When the next song transitioned on Stan’s phone, the kiss grew more intense. With their mouths still connected, tasting, Kenny shifted forward. Stan draped his arm around Kenny’s neck, suckling his top lip. Mouth feeling somewhat numb, the teen in the beanie broke the kiss and wiped his chin.

“Interesting,” Kenny deciphered. “You’re definitely banging him.”

“Ugh, what?”

“Craig.”

“No — no, no no, Kenny, I’m not...” Stan laughed. “…banging Craig.”

“All right. So, you definitely suck him off.”
There'd be no charades he would pull around that particular friend. Feeling defeated, Stan rolled his eyes to the ceiling. “Okay, we fucked.”

"Knew it," Kenny said. "Was it any good?"

Stan uttered, “Best I had in my life. But, with all due respect, what happened between me and Craig is nothing serious. I’m just keepin’ it casual for now until I find someone new.”

“It’s okay, I don’t give two shits about who bangs you. Just don’t beat around the bush about it.”

“You don’t?”

Kenny shook his head. “Nah.”

“Thanks.” Stan reclined in his seat. “Oh. Wait. I’m pretty sure I’m a top. Or… a switch or something. N-nobody’s pounding me.”

“It’s just me, dude, relax,” Kenny assured. “I know you take it up the ass. You showed me your dildo collection last year. I helped you pick out that red one, remember?”

“Goddammit.”

“Well, it’s true, we're fucking. What about Tweek and stuff? He’s in the middle of it. Are you gonna give me a morality speech like Kyle?”

“Eh,” Kenny said. “We’re technically adults now. I’ve done a few home-wrecking during my day, done some stuff I wasn’t really proud of. Banged some guys and chicks. I can’t be the one to judge. Only you can judge you. I don’t see what’s the problem is, as it’s got nothing to do with me.”

Stan punched in another reply to a fan. “That’s pretty cool of you.”

Kenny nodded wisely, “Yeah. So, that’s that… it’s just to get it out of your system, right? The tension is all fucked out. It’s gone.”

“No.”

“Hehe. I knew it would be a dud after round two.”

“Well, no, not that either… not necessarily.”

Mid-panic struck, Kenny’s expression altered, “Shit. No? You guys did it three times?”

“Erm, no. We did it... more like about seven or eight times. I don’ know, wasn’t really countin’. All I remember is, I made out with Craig at the corner of the street and he creampies me now. No condoms.”

“Craig raws you?” Kenny’s jaw twitched at Stan’s nod.

“Dude, we’re both clean. Can’t get anyone pregnant if it’s just us. I don’t see what’s the matter here.”

“Oh, God. Jesus, no. This is un-befucking-lievable. I can’t fucking believe this, tell me you’re fucking exaggerating right now.”

“What?”
“Damn. He’s getting desperate.” Kenny thought aloud, his eyes flit to Stan’s. “I mean, we all think about it sometimes, but we don’t act on it.”

Stan tried to smile. “Quit foolin’ around, Kenny. You’re like the last person who’d try to lecture me about safe sex. What’s goin’ on?”

“Stan. I’m not fooling, I’m serious.” Kenny wrenched Stan’s shirt in his hand, snarling. “You have to cut it off. Break up with Craig. You have to quit what you’re doing. Now.”

The last few syllables came with a hiss. All peppiness from Kenny evaporated into the night’s sky. Stan had to remain level-headed through the spike of dourness that was quickly piled onto him. Swallowing thickly, Stan gawped at his blond friend, frightful of his sudden change of face. His heart nearly stopped when his blues met Kenny’s piercing ones. Stan narrowed his eyes.

“You can chill,” Stan husked a soft laugh. “We made a few moves on each other, we’re not even together.”

“Dude. Fucking is more than a few moves. You don’t have to be together to fuck. What the fuck?”

“So? And I like it. You can let go… you’re kinda freaking me out over here.”

“God — fuck no.” Shaking his head, Kenny spoke lower. “Dude, Craig’s a narc and a low-key psychopath. Don’t get sucked into that life. He’s mental. When he falls, he’ll take you down with him.” His voice became gruff. “Stan. I’m warning you. This isn’t a game. You have to dump his ass right now. Stay the hell away from Craig, or they’ll be blood... and dire consequences.”

They were parked at the edge of a road. A street away from the McCormick’s residence. Stan kept his stare unfafltering when he and his friend transcended into a grave silence. The song on the radio, long forgotten. Kenny maintained his frown, a deep dent at the side of his face to display his deep infatuation toward him.

Stan rasped, “Way for you to flip the script on me. And — on like, everything. Oh. Craig. He ain’t that bad. You said so yourself when I told you guys I was studying with him. And now you’re taking it back like it’s nothin’. What the hell happened to that?”

“Change of opinion. Craig is a human cyclone waiting to happen. I’ve had my speculations, but I didn’t think he’d actually do it. Just hear me out. Last night I saw Craig beating the shit out of one of the kids in the computer lab. If you think he’s calmed down after getting back with Tweek in the seventh grade, then you’re wrong. After you moved away that one time he lost his shit. Just trust me. He’s not the same. Times have changed.”

Stan scoffed. “You’re making this up.”

“No. Just believe me. I’ve been with enough sluts to know exactly how this will end. Stan, Craig’s a ticking time-bomb. It may look fun at first but you’ll be slowly walking to your funeral. Think of the years of pent up sexual frustration and anger. Tweek said he’s selfish in the sack. And since you have no relationship with him, he won’t give a shit when he nails you. Your injuries will only be secondary.”

“Thanks. I’m liking him even more now. That's actually kinda sexy.”

“No, Stan! There’s nothing sexy about Craig being a massive fart! If you anger him, there’s no telling what he’ll do, they’ll be no stopping him. I’ve known guys like this that try it. Once Craig’s done toying with you, he’ll hide the evidence and he’ll cling to Tweek like maggots on rotten flesh. He doesn’t give a fuck about you, he only cares about free shit and getting popular.”
“Well, tough shit. I can’t back down now. I could break it off, or you could consider this.” A stern seriousness washed over Stan’s face. “I can follow your shitty advice about how I should live my life. Or, I can continue living it to the fullest, and get railed as much as I want. You have sex more than any kid in this town, so you can piss off with your suggestions. I’m fucking over it. You’re only being this way because you think I’m stupid, and I can’t handle my emotions. Well, guess what, bud—”

“Stan. Craig’s a dick. He’ll brainwash you.”

“Okay. Half of that’s true, but come on. Do you seriously think I like Craig?”

“It’s inescapable. You already fell for him. I know.”

Stan’s parted his lips. “I won’t fall in love with Craig. He and Tweek have a thing…” And then, he hesitated, ”it’s nice. We’re just messin’ around, you know? Fuckin’. That’s it. Ha ha. It’s funny. Come on, Kenny, you were just okay with it a few minutes ago.”

“Sounds more like you’re trying to convince yourself these things more than you’re trying to convince me. Jesus. Don’t dig yourself into a deeper grave. It’s too dangerous.”

“Heh, danger. You act like I’ve never risen up to these types of things before.”

“This isn’t a fucking joke. I’m sorry that you need to hear this from me, but sometimes the decisions you make can be downright foolish. It’s not just this — your physical safety isn’t all I’m concerned about.”

“So, just because Craig banged me almost ten times, you’re babying me.”

“Ten. Christ. Don’t even ask me that. It’s not that you’re being that — it’s your fucking brand,” Kenny spoke over hopelessly, negating the cursing derived from it. “Don’t get swept up. It’s never too late to not look back and get better dick. I’m telling you, if you continue this now, your heartbreak will be tenfold. Stan. You can’t get involved in this bullshit, I won’t let you. You nearly blew your brains out because of that… Bitch. I don’t ever wanna live that again.”

“Dude, don’t call my ex a bitch.” Stan’s eyes hooded lower after he defended. “And I’m not soft. Screw off.”

Dejection was sensed from Stan. Eyelids heavy, Stan brought his gaze away from his childhood friend. Kenny’s shoulders slumped. His throat slick with mucus and pain, eyebrows wrinkling.

“I wasn’t gonna off myself,” Stan mumbled. “I only did it because you guys hated me at that time, and didn’t pay attention…”

Kenny loosened his fingers on Stan’s shirt, still holding it. The unrecognizable reflection of himself that turned into a monster in the window is what subdued him.

Grabbing Stan, Kenny’s voice was instantly hoarse, “I’m sorry for frightening you. Promise me you’ll tread lightly with Craig.”

“Didn’t frighten me...” Stan tentatively laid his palm over Kenny’s back, his shirt becoming soaked with warmth streaming down his cheeks. “I will,” he declared.

“Promise?”

“Yeah.”
*takes a deep breath* FINALLY. CAM BOY ARC STAN is released! I've been wanting to do this forever. But I wasn't sure how I would come across it. It practically killed me.

Anyway, that's chapter 19. Hope you guys liked it. The first song in the car w/Kenny and Stan is "Unholy Confessions" by Avenged Sevenfold.

And yes. There's pee here. There's pee in the show.

How was it, y'all? Was it worth the wait?
1-800-FUCK-U

Chapter Notes

Welcome back, Sinners! <3 Been a long time, hasn't it? Oh, man, oh man. I hope you all will enjoy this piece. Unfortunately, the scenes I had intended in here have been cut off and will be released in the next chapter. Please take this update and enjoy. Love you guys! Woo! Staig, baby! xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Present Day...


Tricia screamed, “Fire it up!” Clap-clap! “Take control!” Clap-clap! “Domination!” Clap-clap! “That’s our goal!”

In a cheer outfit along with the young women, Butters waved his arms. Entertaining the crowd, Kenny danced energetically in the mascot’s costume. Pom-poms under the clouds, the high school cheerleaders pumped their fists underneath and chanted passionately. Bebe Stevens held her megaphone. Blended with more college counterparts, Tricia joined her.

“Fire it up!” Clap-clap! “Take control!”

On the scoreboard, the number ‘01’ flashed vibrantly below Home. The score below Visitors, ‘32’. Blended in the Denver crowd, friends, relatives, and colleagues from South Park stomped and chanted along in the bleachers.

“Domination!” Clap-clap! “That’s our goal!”

The football players speckled different areas of the field. Brought on one knee, Token wiped his face with his jersey after he took off his helmet. He panted harshly, staring at grass blades between his cleats. Several meters ahead from other teammates, Clyde wiped the grunge from his face beneath his helmet with his gloves. Sweat shined his face and drenched his temple, skin, and lashes.

“Fire it up!” Butters yelled. “Take control—!”

“Dude, where the hell is Stan?” Kyle sibilated many seats ahead. “Today’s too important for him to be making sacrifices like that. If he doesn’t get here before half-time, we’re pretty much—”

“Don’t you dare. He's just emotional right now!” Sharon exclaimed.

Shelly grumbled aloud, “Be realistic, Mom. He's not coming!”

Kyle settled his hand over his knee and glanced forward at the field. After the cheerleaders bid the chant farewell with many claps and arm gestures. A loud classic rock song blared from the
stadium’s speakers. Kenny removed the mascot’s head and jogged toward the bottom of the bleachers. He took many swigs of his water bottle and caught up with Karen and Kyle.

“Not a good look, dude,” Kenny said, coiling his fingers around a fence.

Kyle narrowed his eyes. “Dude, I literally just said that just now. He yelled at me and hung up on me. What do we do?”

Kenny brought his hand to his chin, stroking it. "Hmm."

“Nope, absolutely not. I don’t wanna hear it, you’re trash. End of argument, it’s over,” Many meters away in the stadium, Thomas’ voice muffled through the cheers.

A mortifying dose of secondhand embarrassment injected venom through Tricia’s veins. Weaving through the oblivious crowd, Tricia flung herself toward Laura and Thomas beside the concession stands. Eyes twinkling with glee, Harriet Biggle murmured behind her hand to Linda Stotch. Linda’s cheeks turned immensely rosy and her lips quirked up before going flat at Carol McCormick’s glare.

Tricia pulled Laura’s elbow in her hand, making the woman stagger forward. Within a safe measure away from the game, Thomas and Laura froze their dispute before there was a chance for more people to turn heads. Holding his corndog tray, Thomas trailed his daughter’s footsteps, wary of the newer glances shot toward their direction.

The set of three traveled behind the bleachers. Greeted with crossed arms and a cold posture, Thomas and Laura waited for their daughter to vocalize her intent. It didn't take long.

Tricia clenched her teeth. “You guys promised.”

Stressed, Laura pinched the bridge of her nose. “Sorry, honey, today’s not the day...”

Thomas spun around. “We’re almost finished with the second quarter. Where’s your brother?”

“He’s late. He’s always late,” Tricia said indifferently.

“Well text him again. Tell him to bring his boyfriend here. The team kind of sucks now without him. We need Craig. Can you do that for me?”

“Sure. One more time.”

“Thanks, sweetie.” Thomas pulled out his lighter from his pocket.

Laura began to yell. Another argument which involved quitting smoking unfolded behind Tricia.

_Damnit. I'd like a day for me just this once._ Tricia's expression went flat.

Tricia’s focus shifted from her phone screen to Karen, who found her way to her, catching up with a pivot and a few short strides. The new message wouldn’t be up to debate. As for Thomas' request, she was in no rush to contact him. Tricia's stolidness remains unscathed by Craig’s lack of activity. Her view lingered to Karen who had her hands in the pocket of an oversized hoodie passed to her, her cheer skirt visible beneath.

"Did you text him?" Thomas nudged.

"Yes, I did."
Over a microphone, a vigorous male’s voice boomed from the skybox, “Annd… that’s another one for the Buckeyes!”

“Aww!” bawled the crowd.


“I’m heading back, the girls need me,” Tricia spoke to Thomas and Laura, eyes flitting away from her text bubbles, “you guys figure it out.”

Elbow linked to Karen’s, Tricia returned to the field once more, placing a pink earbud to her ear.

Delivered

{Don’t speak to me after this ever again.}

---

Three years ago, late February…

Steam puffs rose from a shower curtain at the Tucker’s Residence. From the plain bathroom, A hatless Craig roamed to the other side of the hall with a towel wrapped around his lean waist. Snickering at a statement Jimmy posted on Twitter, Craig padded further in his room barefoot. Checking on the news speckled for the day, Craig grazed through the suggested headlines sent to him for the school’s digital newspaper.

Craig chuckled at a headline from Bebe. “Meagan Ridley is a fat slutty virgin... stuffs her bra with bubble wrap...”

“Hah, nice.” Dropping his towel, Craig went over the next notification. “Peter Mullin disappears mysteriously. Last seen in a yellow shirt.”
Half-grinning, Craig turned to his handsome reflection, quirking a dark eyebrow. “Chris Donnelly mistakes dick for inhaler. Wow. All right, now we’re getting somewhere.” Chuckle. “I’ll be saving this for later.”

Craig grabbed the phone again after sliding his pants and boxers up his waist. He scrolled more with his thumb. Below was a collection of urgent reports from Scott Malkinson. Each pleading him to take down humiliating pictures from PE that went viral.

Sliding the chat app closed, Craig ventured down his contacts. Stan’s name, in particular, stood out to a greater extent in the list. Before deciding to leave a custom lust emoticon to Stan, Craig finished sending a confirmation message to one of his pupils. Craig finished dressing into his pajamas and geared back to his classmate’s page on his phone screen. On his back, Craig laid comfortably on his twin-sized mattress, feet planted to the floor.

“Moving forward. Not looking for anyone new right now… Status… Single.” Rereading Stan’s report contentedly, Craig dug underneath his shirt, scratching the fine hairs on his stomach absently. "Single."

There was a new video on Twitter of Stan that stood out. The thumbnail enlarged and played. Behind him, Kenny lifted Stan's shirt in the video. His lean navel panned to the focus of the 8 second video. Their rowdy nature took off, both boys tripped, and the lens was butted with Kenny’s elbow. In the comments section, the eye roll emojis decorated the wall by many of Wendy's 'girl minions' and companions. The next half of the wall had been decked with sexually suggestive comments and heart-eye emojis from ninth grade girls, whom, the football captain thought he vanquished from his account.

Much of them, to be labeled as scanty competition. While scrolling lower, Craig’s hand aimlessly dipped below the drawstring of his joggers. His fingers gently brush over his dick. Every positive sensation produces the right tremors. Skin met with skating palm, Craig wetted his lips and Craig's eyes drifted shut. The world canceled itself in favor of the color the black, rushing, with the sanguine and wicked images of a drenched and bared Stan sprawled on the bathroom rug. Running his long fingers down the thickness of his shaft, Craig absentmindedly rubbed back and forth. Dare, he ventures into more into thoughts of these intense encounters.

Colorful visions swirled to Stan in his swim shorts. Jerking his wrist quicker. Next, and rather specifically, Craig remembered the silky warmth of Stan’s throat. Taking short concentrated breaths, Craig hastened the speed of his grip.

Tricia Tucker ran her hand over the fur of a young gray feline. Perched and seated alone in the dim living room’s couch, the young girl kept her gracefulness while her cat’s purr vibrated below her petting. Tricia could no longer hold back a small frown adding indents to her face. Remote in her other grasp, she turned the volume up on the TV.

They were an earshot away in the kitchen. Thomas and Laura. The married couple shouted ferociously at each other. To Tricia’s annoyance, they provoked one another. The voices grew louder. Their curse words would hardly nick her soul. Solely used to the constant blathering, Tricia’s face remains unchanging, naif, and unaffected while she reapplied herself to the unsent
message she punched in for Karen McCormick on her phone.

“I’m so freakin’ over this!” exclaimed Laura, rising from the dining room.

Thomas power-walked behind her. “Over what?!”

“Your bullshit!” the woman hollered. “You don’t stick to your plans, you don’t take out the garbage, you damn sure don’t pay the bills. Ugh! What am I doing here? Your unfunny joke ended us. We’ll never have brunch with the Biggles again, you made me look like a complete fool back there!”

“I pay the bills, Laura!”

Laura scoffed. “No, you don’t! No, you fucking don’t, you fucking shitstain! Just look how dingy this place is!”

“Oh, yeah, that’s right. Blame me when I work overtime almost 24 hours a day. Haha – and oh hey – can you tone it down? You sound like a bitch! I’m sorry, I’m not a pretentious asswipe like all the other men here. I don’t have the luxury to buy a new TV every week like those shitheads do.”

“It’s not about that Thomas!”

“Here, kitty kitty.” Tricia moved her palm to her kitten’s head, smoothing her hand over the sides of its whiskered face. She sported chipped pink nail-polish that evening and grinned at the purr vibrating underneath her touch.

“Just call it even,” Thomas said. “You made me look like a clown in front of the guys. You fuck up, I fuck up in return. It’s even.”

Laura said breathlessly, "That still doesn't change anything."

"I know. Look, I’m sorry about being late. The bills are gonna be stacked high regardless. We’ve always been financially behind. What do you want me to do, Laura? Craig’s working at the mall, Tricia’s got those lipsticks she sales, and I have three jobs!”

“I thought it was two...” Laura squeaked, tapping her shoulder. “You said two. When did you get three jobs?”

“Last month, honey. Just be easy. You can scream at the rooftops until you’re blue in the face, but none of it’s gonna change anything here. That woman is Katherine in the answering machine... she’s my supervisor. She helped me with the groceries. We’ve known her for years, you’ve met her before. I never cheated. I’m being completely honest here.”

“Honest?” Laura raised her head, “you’re not honest.” Her voice became murderous and overwrought with a scary ripeness. “You were never fucking honest!”

Laura ripped up an old group photo and flung the pieces to his face.

“This. This is what I think about your... your fucking lies!”

“Laura, calm down—”

“When were you ever honest about our relationship, Thomas!?” Laura piped up, shoving him. “You.” *Shove.* “Don’t.” *Shove.* “Give a fuck. About no one, but your-fucking-self! You
“Laura!”

“You piece of shit!” The infuriated blonde shoved him with all her might, forcibly. “You never helped us with any of the money you ‘earned’! I could have had a life, but I settled for you… I… I hate you!” Lamenting uncontrollably now, Laura clutched his wrist. “You said you went to brunch last week and now all of a sudden you can’t even look at me. So, what is it? Is that shame? Is that the look you make at the kids when you fuck her!? Do you make that same pathetic look while you’re screwing that woman?!”

“Take your fucking hands off me,” Thomas ordered.

“Or, what, you’ll hit me?”

Tricia winced at Laura’s sharp yelp and raced up the stairs. To the top level of the house, the girl in pigtails scurried ahead as fast as she could without tripping.

The background noises muffled when she reached the pastel wallpaper of her bedroom. Tricia blocked out the sound of the coffee table being turned over, pressing her palms to her ears. The cat leaped off the couch, sprinting to the kitchen, absorbed by a cloak of darkness. Laura’s cries muffled below her feet.

The cold lump in Tricia’s throat thickened with snot and she downed it with more spit. Tricia pressed her phone to her ear. She severed the hollering from Thomas and Laura by shutting her door completely.

“I’m over it,” Tricia croaked to Karen on the other line, her lips tightly pinched together.

Karen replied, shakily, “Are you okay?”

Translucent droplets of tears dripped down her chin. “No. I just need to clear my head. It’s no different than yesterday’s argument. Don’t worry about it.”

“My parents are still in jail,” Karen pointed out. “Mama’s gonna be released early. I’m sure if you come you can stay. Kenny said he’s home. I’ll be there soon. We’re gonna make hot dogs.”

“That sounds good.” Tricia grabbed her stuffed unicorn. “Wait. Where are you?”

“Hen’s.”

“Henrietta’s?”

“Yeah, I’m in her room. She said liked my poem. Can I show it to you later on?”

“Oh, Christ…” Tricia fumbled with her speech, touching her forehead. “Yes, you can show it to me. I’ll meet you there soon.”

“Okay, be careful.”

“I will. Thank you.”
Tricia’s gripped Craig’s bedroom door. “I’m getting out of here.”

Craig swiped an app closed and cocked his head up, mild disinterest playing over the lines on his face. A cool glance was issued toward her direction. Eyes rounded for a moment, Craig’s complexion recovered with a touch of disdain as he regained his composure. Cupping his junk, Craig wormed his hand out of his boxers. He settled his palm gracefully over the duvet of his mattress.

The now unsmiling Tricia directed a dim look toward him after having her back to him. From a near distance, his upbeat music sounded tinny from Craig’s neon earbuds.

For good measure, Tricia’s face didn’t change. “Ew.”

Craig brought a pillow over his lap. “Knock.”

“Yank off your headphones, piss rag, they’re fighting.”

“Who, Mom, and Dad?” Craig asked, gripping a thin cord.

“Yes. Who else?” Tricia dropped her arm. “I tried to block them out again. It’s gotten physical again. I’m gonna be gone for a few days. Just know when I go, don’t bother looking for me. Once I disappear, I’m never coming back. Again.”

“Never again?” Craig’s dark optimism amplified the girl’s glare.

“Maybe. Who knows?” Tricia’s cried. “Maybe I’ll stay at the McCormicks for a little while. I don’t know, I’ll get used to it — I’ll eat ketchup packets and crackers if I have to. It’s better than being stuck with you and those shitheads you invite here.”

“Those shitheads are my friends.”

“They’re not mine.”

Craig sneered. “Yeah. What a difference. I have friends and you don’t. You stink.”

Tricia’s tone constructed lower. “Fuck you. I knew when I came here, you’d act like an imbecile. You’re unoriginal, selfish, and trite. You’re hardly responsible and you never take me seriously.”

Craig’s jaw tightened. “You’re overreacting.”

“You don’t react enough.”

“That’s true. And as expected, you are not worthy to be in my presence. Leave.”

“Gladly. As soon as I get I find a better place than this dump, I’m out of here forever.”

“Then go. You didn’t need to come here.”

“You’ll care once I’m really gone, or dead.”

“Why are you telling me this?”

Tricia stepped closer. “The same reason I tell you half the shit here. You’re supposed to watch over me and be my big brother. Somebody has to give a fuck around here. Somebody has to.”

“Wrong person.”
“You’re right,” Tricia said icily. “Look at who I’m talking to.”

“Yep. And it turned out to be unnecessary. Your message. What was it again, ‘Fuck Craig’, right? Kenny is lightyears better at this than me. He should be home, you better go hug him now. That’s what it is, isn’t it? Why you came here. To rub it in my face.”

“You’re trash.” Tricia reprimanded his much researched and bitter conclusion.

“‘Kay,” Craig checked the time on his clock, “and that makes you...”

“That’s it, I’m through!” Tricia shrieked. “Don’t be shocked if I’m gone for good. I’m not staying in a house where nobody gives a shit about me!”

Tricia slammed the door. The whiteboard that was attached to the door rattled and came loose and fell. Used to the item falling, Craig got up from his bed and approached it slowly. The projector on the dresser flicked to another galaxy slide over the wall.

Tricia sprinted down the stairs with her essentials packed in her bright duffle bag. Just as she hoped, Tricia managed to escape to the kitchen area unnoticed in the bicycle she retrieved from the garage.

In the dining room, Thomas gestured wildly at Laura. After keeping a watchful eye on his younger sister from a window, Craig flipped Tricia off. She flipped him off back. Much to assess. It would be his turn to choose to either step back or intervene in his family's feud.

Craig surveyed the broken dishes scattered near the couch, gripping the rail of the staircase. There were torn pieces of paper spotted on the carpet and a spilled bottle of whiskey puddled over the carpet. Craig narrowed his eyes at his mother and father.

Laura reached for Thomas’ cell phone unsuccessfully and he spoke harshly to it when it was yanked.

“Hello, is this the right line?” blared Thomas. “Yeah, I know Laura.”

Craig would make himself busy. He dragged the broom and dustpan from the kitchen and stepped over to the ceramic shards in his black socks. Once Craig was done plucking the fragments off the ground, he swept up the remains into the dustpan, then spun around slowly to readjust the turned over coffee table.

Thomas chortled. “Do you know me? Uh, yes, you do. This is her husband. Yeah, we’re still together. Got’a problem with that, Jim?”

“No, you fucking don’t. You idiot, you better fucking not. So help me god!” Laura snapped.

”Yeah, we’re good. Just drinking lemonade, while your sister’s having another mental breakdown.” The seasoned murmur of ‘excuse me’ vibrated through Thomas’ hand. “Okay—we’re not really drinking lemonade. You got me.”

“Thomas—”

“Oh, we’re on speakerphone? Haha. He’s in the room? Great. Hey, pops! How do you feel
Knowing you raised a disgusting pig-whore?"

Bright eyes set ablaze, Laura snatched the nearest plate from the dining table. “Give me the goddamned phone. Give it to me, right now!”

Balanced between empty and tense feelings, Craig stepped into the basement, closing the door behind him. The hum of the washer and dryer is what drew him further into the room. Craig’s front teeth scraped his bottom lip.

Phone in his palm, Craig pointed his thumb over the list of contacts, scrolled, and search. The bold letters of his boyfriend’s nickname, Honey, prompted his response. More than he liked, Craig’s heart sped and the spit in his throat felt like glue.

Tweek, Craig’s brain asserted. Yes. It is essential for you to reach out. This is another family crisis that requires intimacy. Tweek is family. He’ll understand... even... when he’s mad.

An inhale, practiced in breathing exercises from past therapy sessions, Craig paced to the end of the room. Midstep, his legs froze when he is haunted at a recent thought. He was sitting in his car again.

“What have I done for you?” Tweek screamed in Craig’s head. “What have you done for me? I can’t believe I love you. You’ve become so fucking deluded and self-centered, you’ve completely forgotten what’s brought us together in the beginning!”

Another memory sequence whirred.

“No,” Tweek declined at his front doorstep. “I can’t take her in right now. Rh, I want to protect you guys, but you know how my parents are. I’m sorry, I’ll make it up to you. You know I’ll do anything for you, Craig. I’m sorry, Trish.”

Tricia removed Craig’s hand from her shoulder. Craig glanced away, ashamed.

Another blur. A replay of previous events is installed right ahead of Craig.

“Why do you do that?” said Tweek on the living room couch.

Craig pulled his face away gently. “Do what?”

“Kiss like that. You kiss like a baby bird then you go full lizard-mode on me. It felt like you were trying to rape my fucking tonsils. Don’t, nrh, do that.”

“Sorry, babe. I got carried away. It excited me. You excite me... We can slow again. I’ll be gentler, we’ll go at any pace you want.”

“Yeah right,” Tweek scoffed. “It’s too late for that. You’ll get rough again. Why are you like this?”

The basement surrounded Craig again. Cardboard boxes, many stacks of clothes, magazines, and paraphernalia. Craig’s feet were stuck to the ground. In his current spot, afraid, with a trembling forefinger. In the list presented on his phone, Craig opted for Clyde’s contact instead.

Tweek repeated himself in his self-conscious, “Why are you like this?”
Slow, deep, shallow breaths. At the center of the room, Craig held back a deep mortifying sigh, then he remembered the college party that Clyde has spoke of many days ago, which could be the reason for his absence. Phone to his cheek, Craig glared aimlessly at his feet on the ground, shuffled, then dialed the phone number he memorized.

“Hey, it’s Clyde. Wassup?”

Craig’s mouth twitched. “Hey, Clyde, I—”

“I can’t come to the phone right now. If you’re receiving this message, I’m either sleeping or busy. If you’re listening to this, Craig, I may or may not have stolen your paper in history class. Bebe, please stop ignoring me — I already apologized to you eight times! Whatever, I’m not here. Wait for the beep.”

—BEEP

“Clyde. It’s Craig. Call me back immediately. It's urgent.”

“You think I’m fucked up? You haven’t seen nothing yet!” Thomas thundered above the ceiling.

Craig cried out to his mental void. *Jesus, make them shut up. Shut up...*

“Hey, Craig, what’s up?” came in Clyde after Craig picked up.

“My parents are trying to kill each other.”

“Oh. Sounds brutal.” Dinner utensils, knives, and forks clicked from Clyde’s end. “Um. On a scale from one to ten, how bad is it this time?”

“Uh, seven.”

“Yeesh.”

“Yeah, my dad’s got a new knife set. I hope they succeed this time.”

From the other end, a man intercepted. “Clyde!” Roger Donovan hollered, “get off the damn phone! You will not embarrass me and my new hot wife in front of Jesus—”

“Oh, goddammit! Aw, I gotta go. Check your DMs later, Craig. Uh — yes, sir. Sorry, dad, I’ll do it right now. See? I’m hanging up right now, no more phone.”

Craig hung up without an utter or approach to the question. Kneeling between a round laundry basket and a crate that’s labeled ‘Old Toys’ that were long due for donation. Craig sauntered to a leaf-printed blanket. His next resort to the backlash, praying.

“I did not cheat on you,” Thomas repeated aloud.

*Okay, it looks like they’re not going to relax, onto greener pastures...* echoed Craig.

“Father,” Craig grabbed his rosary from his shirt, “who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name... Quench every fire of wickedness that is sent against me. In hours of loneliness, weariness, and trials.”

“Prove it, then!” Laura bellowed heartily behind the wall.

Craig narrowed his eyes. “I ask you to banish the evil spirits in this house and bless me with a
softer heart to deal with these fucking idiots.”

“Prove it, you piece of shit! Man slut!”

“And to keep my stupid sister safe.” Craig uncovered the cage the blanket was covering. “In Jesus name. Fucking amen.”

The drywall behind Craig thumped loudly. Avoiding the muffled womanly shouts that Laura produced, Craig rubbed his index finger against Stripe’s canted chin. Craig allowed his guinea pig to climb over his palm and over his shoulder. Tilting its furry face upward, the chubby rodent stood on its pink hind legs, sat up, and lent a gaze of its smileless owner.

“Stripe,” Craig said.

“I want a divorce. I’ll do it this time, I’ll file the papers!” Thomas hollered.

“I should turn in early,” Craig opined, “what do you think?”

“Let go, goddammit!” Laura yelped, flushed, and nearly slipping on her flat soles on the kitchen tile. “Enough! I said, take your frickin’ hands off me, or I’ll tell the whole town what you did seventeen years ago. Think I won’t? Oh, I will. You wouldn’t like it if our son were here to hear it.”

“Our son,” Thomas repeated.

The grip on her was strong. Growing enraged, Thomas dwarfed his wife’s slim figure, his hand wrung around the woman’s neck in a tight chokehold until she was backed against the top cupboards. Laura inhaled despite having her breathing blocked.

“Yeah, ours,” sputtered Laura, “you giant cockroach.”

“That’s my son.”

Laura seethed back, “Ours.”


A striking illumination below the light covers glittered over Laura’s pupils. Leaning forward, Thomas wrung her pinkened throat tighter and leaned by her ear. Menacingly close.

“Craig is my son.” His large fingers clasped tighter, along with him bending the woman over the sink. “These are my children. That’s my Italian blood that courses through their veins. My flesh over their bones. That’s my DNA. All mine. And as soon as you get it through your thick blonde skull, then maybe we’ll have some goddamned peace here again! Jesus Fucking Christ!”

“I’ll still tell...”

“Try it then, bitch. I’ll just make them hate you.”

“Yeah, scream it even louder for the neighbors, prick! ” Laura spat. ”You don’t get to call the shots here. You won’t ruin my night.”
The heel of Laura’s palm frantically reached for the drawer below her hip after she nearly crushed her hand. Bottom lip trembling, she inhaled thickly, and without caution snatched the nearest weapon around her. Slender fingers coiling around a knife handle. Laura rejoiced inwardly before drawing it out completely, the tip of the sizable blade pointed to her spouse’s neck.

“Back.” Laura maneuvered the blade upward.

Thomas inched away slightly. "Bitch."

“Oho, easy does it. Make another move and I’ll rip your throat open and gauge out those eyes. You’ll be mincemeat for the kittens.”

“Bullcrap, Laura! You’re so full of crap!”

“Don’t you fucking test me! Next time you wanna pin me against something, make sure it’s the goddamned wall, you lying, adulterating sack of turd!”

“I won't take all the blame, you cheated too!”

“Fuck you, Thomas!”

“Then kill me. Come on! We both know you won’t do it.” With more exertion, Thomas shoved Laura over the sink, spraying sadistically from his lips. “The cops won't save you this time if you make the wrong move. Do it. I’ll snap your neck faster than you can blink.”

“You’re fucking insane…” The whimper melted in Laura’s sore windpipe.

“Psycho, insane. That’s love, honey. Maybe we both are.” The tip of the dull blade dug deeper into Thomas’ flesh below his breathing.

“I didn’t choose this. Karma’s a bitch and it will bite you in the ass soon. You're losing balance, angry yet?” Laura challenged, losing breath.

Thomas wrung her throat as hard as he could. “Oh, absolutely.”

“—nng.”

Thomas pushed her lower toward the counter. “You know, I could kill you with my bare hands right now,” the man added briskly, green eyes piercing, provoking, and driving a hole through his wife’s light-blue pupils. “…I’ve skinned animals for cheap back in the day. They’ll never find your dead corpse, you stupid, rotten, cheap bitch.”

Craig bolted forward to assist. “Mom.”

Past the dining room that was connected to the basement, Craig had stepped into the kitchen. He switched on the lights of the kitchen casually, lifting his head.

Heavy breathing from a few kitchen tiles away, Thomas slid his hand down to Laura’s collar bone. Bright pupils flaying, a trickle of blood leaked from the side of Laura’s head. Noticing the eldest born standing in mediation, Laura spun around, unhurried. Another exhale trembled from Laura’s esophagus. From her trembling fingers, the knife slipped and clanged to the floor.

Thomas spoke ahead of her. “H…hey, Craig.”

Laura blinked through heavily dampened lashes. Craig’s profile blurred through her tears. Within seconds, the thin woman broke into a hysterical sob. The spilled sack of flour beside her drizzled
from the counter’s surface like fine grains of salt from an ancient hourglass.

Thomas’ artificial flightiness rang in. “Uh, hey, how was school?”

Craig returned expressionless, same deep voice. “It’s Saturday.”

Peeling his eyes away from the mountain of light powder that’s produced on the linoleum floor, Craig’s lips peeled backward. In respect, Craig chose to bite his tongue. His irises steadied, lingering over to Laura, who dashed toward him and buried her face in his chest. Water from a pot, steamed and bubbled violently over the stove. Black smoke faded from the oven door.

“The meatloaf’s burning,” Craig said.

Thomas’ lips stretched up. “Yeah… er, right. I know, son. I knew that. I’ll get that. Do you need any money?”

The living room was adjusted to its previous boring state. Craig hoisted the clean clothes in his laundry basket in his two hands and forged ahead up the main stairs of the empty home after Laura sped out the scene to contact her close friends that were out of town. Craig finished mulling over the other firm instructions provided and made himself busy with the free tasks he had at hand.

A clear picture of his father from the after events ensued ahead of him.

“She went to your uncle’s. Might take all night.”

“Okay.”

“I want everything tidy when I come back, okay? We’ll be back home before church. Can you do this for me, Craig?”

“Yes sir.”

“Thank you,” Thomas breathed out.

Craig adjusted another tilted picture frame. “Yep. No big deal.”

“You know,” At the front door, Thomas pulled out his wallet, “you’re a good kid. You’re good. Tell Tricia to wash her face when she gets home. Here’s five dollars. I love you, son.”

Mouthing a cigarette below poor lighting, Craig raided the far kitchen drawer for a spare lighter. His fingerpads making contact with the group of empty pill bottles and utensils. He came across another item, something unique. Craig’s mouth fell open slightly, the cigarette drooped. He snatched a plastic bag up to his face for a closer examination. Razor blades… over a mountain of powdered cocaine.

The kitchen drawer was slammed shut. Craig brought out his phone. He stepped to a washroom a house level above to freshen up.
“Learned your lesson yet?” Shelly inspected her younger brother with a small sneer.

Seated over in a new love seat of their living room, comfortably in his pajamas, Stan stabbed the pork chop for another taste as his sister adamantly awaited hopeful of his opinion. Stan swirled the gravy in his plate, nudging the meat away from the corn. Stan mouthed the prongs of his fork. In a video chat, Cartman’s eyebrow winged up.

“Not bad,” Stan said.


“Yeah, I don’t see what the big deal is.” Stan handed his sister the dish back.

“For now.” Shelly rubbed her hands together sinisterly. She grabbed the plate back. “Wait ‘til you try my apple fritters. You’ll be gagging soon.”

A triumphant grin added smile dents at the corner of Shelly’s face. In a separate living room couch, Cartman’s eyes roamed and followed her happy gait to the dining room. Tilting his phone up to him, Stan made a face back at Cartman on face time before his lips split into a full grin. He then stuck his tongue out. Cartman made a disgusted face back and stuck his tongue out. As Stan glanced at the red tag notifications on his screen, he brought a tab back on Cartman.

Cartman went on with his scowl, “Dude, fuckin’ weird as fuck.”

“Erm, yeah, Shell gets like that now... Kevin and all. Gonna call it early ’night. I’ll call you back?”

Cartman munched on his potato chips loudly and flipped him off. “Eh. Go masturbate to gay porn, you fucking hippie.”

“Goodnight,” Stan chuckled.

_________

Stan switched on the lights in the bathroom upstairs. Alone with his reflection, he pressed his palms against the edge of the sink barefoot and took a minute to reevaluate the countless events that happened. From a cup holder, Stan took his toothbrush, rinsed it, applied a squiggle of mint toothpaste, leisurely brushed, and then spat back into the sink.

The tempting thought resurfaced. Staring back dumbly at the mirror, a newer practice inspires Stan. Pretending he’s wielding a dildo or a similar phallic-like instrument, Stan balanced the edge of his toothbrush and brought it to his face. He flipped it, then angled it behind his teeth. Slowly, Stan slid the toothbrush to his mouth.

A projection of Craig formed in the mirror. "Hey."

"Hey..."

“Relax your throat for me, babe.”

Stan moaned softly, “…oh god, yes, please rape my throat.”
Stan leaned closer, pressed to the counter. Further back, he drove the toothbrush inside. Then, more... Stan held the back of his tongue down and relaxed his esophagus. One... two... three counts. Further down... Stan nestled the tool as far as he could slip it.

“Enjoying that hot dog?” Kenny teased in his imagination, sitting in the school cafeteria. “Hey, what about this popsicle, think you can swallow it?”

A pretend Kyle manifested. “In the fucking lunch table, in front of my ice-cream? How dare you.”

Sucking in air, Stan let out a cackle.

Randy popped open the door. “Hey, Stanley?”

“– Ack!”

Imaginary Kyle’s eyes bugged. “Whoa, dude.” His apparition was last to burst into smoke.

Stan coughed violently at the edge of the sink. An inquisitive gape from Randy was tossed at Stan’s direction. Randy noticed hot tears rushing, spilling, down Stan’s youthful cheeks as he caught his throat. Opposite of him, Randy watched as Stan hacked up a storm ahead of the sink with toothpaste foam around his mouth. The shock of it all still puzzled him. Before deciding what to say, Randy paused a beat before Stan shot an irate glare at him.

“Sorry. Can I use the John?” Randy cupped the doorknob.

“Get out of here!” Stan coughed.

“I know, I know... I’ll get out of the way. Just let me use the toilet real quick.”

“Get out!”

“Aw, come on. It’ll only take five minutes... Well, maybe just an hour or two.”

“I’m busy,” Stan snarled. “You already used it like forty-eight times today. God! You’re so fucking stupid and annoying, dude, go away. Go use the bathroom in your room!”

Randy wailed. “Well, you know I just can’t do that! You know how it is when your mother’s in there.”

Stan emphasized, glaring, “Dude, I don’t care. You use the bathroom. Like. All. The time. Go harass Shelly!”

“Okay, fine... I’ll get out the way. Sorry that I’m in your way, Stanley. Sorry.”

The door creaked where Randy’s lipped his apology, before shutting it. Eyebrows upturned, Randy dangled his arms to his side and moped with slow strides that led to the master bedroom while Stan fully shuts the door. Standing beside Randy and lifting a pink laundry basket in her two arms, Sharon quirked a thin brow.

"Who does he think he is?" Randy frowned.

“He’s at it again, isn’t he?” Sharon remarked. “You okay?”

“Yeah.”

“Let me handle it.”
Randy objected, “No! It’s okay, I got it.”

Two knocks, Sharon was already at the door. “Stanley, sweetie?”

“What?” cried the teen behind the door.

“Can you please be nice to your dad?”

“Do I have to?” Stan whined.

Sharon glared. “Um. Yes?”

“See? I told you. He changed,” Randy whispered fiercely beside her. “Stan's so fucking uncool now. Ever since he grew fur on his balls, he thinks he's like the king of the world or something and acts like the man of the house. He wouldn’t look at me twice if I dropped dead after shitting my pants. He doesn’t care, Sharon. He doesn’t CARE!”

Stan screamed. “I can hear you, you know!”

Randy crossed his arms defensively and shifted in his spot, trembling mouth under his mustache. It trembled with a small frown. Without any dirt around to kick, Randy stood maintaining his childish. Balancing her laundry basket in her other arm, Sharon rubbed her husband’s shoulder tenderly while he held his hung low.

“It’s okay, Randy.” Sharon placated him through the gentle touch. “Just give him his space, he'll come around soon.”

Stan glared at his parents through the crack of the partially opened door. Sharon’s eyes remain soft, her blues locked with Stan’s. Giving in, Stan tilted his face away from her.

Stan fully stepped out of the room. “You can go in now. I was gonna kill myself.”

Sharon clenched her fingers tighter on the laundry basket. “Stanley, stop it, you’re not going to kill yourself!”

“Yeah, uh, well… that’s more like it.” Randy began working his belt.

Touching his door, Stan added resentfully, “I will," he admitted. "I legit want to die. You guys have no idea.”

“Stan,” Sharon huffed. “We had this speech earlier. What did I say?"

In distress, Stan moaned before yelling, “Everything just sucks and everybody's making it worse! Tell Dad to stop being a fucknugget first!”

“I’m not a fucknugget. You fucking tampon hoarding twerp. I can't believe I'm saying this, you're so full of shit.”

“You’re the one that’s full of shit!” Stan cried. "This place is unbearable. I didn’t ask to be born, I didn't ask to be here!”

"I didn't ask to be born either!” Randy screamed.

“Oh, stop it, you two!” Sharon yelled.

Stan gripped his door handle. “Fuck you guys.”
“Whoa, now, slow down. What did you say?” Randy asked in disbelief of what he was hearing.


Gripping his phone in his other palm, Stan shuts the door ahead of his parents. The poorly taped ‘Keep Out’ sign lifted partially from the breeze. Randy gaped ahead of him at the vacant bathroom, before stepping toward the rug at the front seat, glaring after he shut the door.

Sharon picked up a clean shirt from the ground. “Welp, that worked out just fine. Damn homework.”

Stepping out of range from the dirty and clean laundry, Stan stripped to his briefs and tossed his clothes to the floor, seeking his black unkempt mattress in his candlelit room. A peaceful Cradle of Filth melody played softly after the previous rock song faded. Letting out a long-suffering sigh, Stan hugged the corners tight, burrowing his head in it. It wouldn’t be enough to scream in.

During the slow guitar riffs of the song, Stan remembered Craig planting his lips gently over his. Shutting his eyes on his back, Stan ran his fingers over his lips, visualizing him again, his classmate. Craig’s face would be easy to make out in the swath of black, letting his invisible hands slide up his body.

Stan collected his phone from the nightstand. His fingers moved quickly over his keypad. A stark white glow from his smartphone highlighted beneath his thumb while he selected his contact’s name.

Today 6:54 pm

{i hate it here NOBODY GETS ME.}

Loading dots appeared on the screen.

Woop.

Today 6:54 pm

{Well... I did say they’d put you a leash
on you one day.}

Today 6:55 pm
“Should probably change your name to Spike.”

“Sucks 4 u. You must feel like a dog.”

Today 6:55 pm

“Who the hell is this?”

“Kyle?”

Today 6:54 pm

“THAT’S MISTAH CARTMAN TO YOU!

EMO FAG PUSSY.”

Today 6:55 pm

“Shut up, fatass!!

nobody owns me!”

“God, I fucking hate this town.” Stan puffed his cheek.

Stan twisted upward and blew the small candles out on his nightstand. There was a paranormal investigation show playing on the TV, over his dresser, next to the door. Digging beneath his right drawer, Stan reached for his booze and uncapped it. One long swig. Tilting his head back more, Stan downed the alcoholic beverage with the heavy liquid sloping in the thick bottle, drenching his esophagus with it lukewarm whiskey. The slight burn in Stan’s throat added a pleasurable tinge, bringing him back to a more endurable existence.

Today 7:08 pm

him
{Sorry for not getting back with you sooner, it’s been a long day.}

“Oh, fuc—”

Like a zombie that's been awakened from its tomb, Stan rose forward on his mattress, citing the message from Craig. He brought one leg in, the other dangling from the other side of the bed. His notifications blinked again.

**Today 7:08 pm**

{Call me.}

Stan cautiously looked over his shoulder for footsteps under the door. The Skype notification appeared on the glowing screen of his laptop. He accepted, hitting the green phone button and the webcam turned on.

“You’re naked again,” Craig indicated flatly on the wide monitor.

Lifting his head, Stan coquettled before his retort. “Hello to you too. Hammer dick.”

“Nice burn. Get fucked.”

“When?”

“Right now.”

Silence blossomed quickly in an inordinate fashion, along with the red that settled in Stan’s cheeks. On his bed against the frame, a half-naked Stan slid and pressed his back against it. Stan brought his laptop at a close enough distance for him to be able to maneuver his limbs.

“Turn around. Let me see,” Craig joked.

“Fuck yourself.”

“How about you fuck yourself.”

At the biting retort, Stan raised his middle finger to the lens. “Just about to. Should I?”

Randy pushed open the door. “Okay, buster.”

Cheeks inflamed, Stan kicked back up on his mattress with a Craig that looked just as petrified on the screen.
“When you’re done misbehaving,” Randy continued, “we’re going to have a nice family talk tomorrow. Your sister may have lessened on the PMS, but that’s no excuse for you. It shouldn’t be tolerated here. Even if you got us that nice dishwasher that shits on the Stotches.”

Stan was stunned. During the entire interaction, his limbs froze. Randy left the room, leaving the door open. When his body could move again, Stan climbed over to his laptop. Craig had already hung up.

The Skype call ended and pulled up to the white chat menu. Stan turned on his lamp and went back to texting Craig right away.

himm

Today 7:22 pm

{omfg dude! I'm so sorry!}

{ 😏😏}

Today 7:22 pm

{Not a problem.}

{So, where were we? Oh, yeah, right. I was gonna show you my dick.

You should probably lock your door this time.}

The teen in the beanie adjusted himself on the untidy bed. Stan braced himself. Craig’s body mirror was a good size. Not nearly as tall as him. Spotless, nonetheless. In the first image, Craig had his pants and underwear dragged down to his thighs. There had been no leftover desire hidden from that angle. Craig was thoroughly interested in their horny pursuits. His dick, stood up, very much... erect. With his thumb tugging the edge of the band. Fully exposed from his foreskin, the broad tip of Craig’s leaking erection gleamed wetly with the clear substance of his precum.

Today 7:16 pm

{Rate me, babe.}
Today 7:16 pm

{mmm damn}
{10/10 baby}
{let me suck it}

Today 7:17 pm

[Wait, hold on.]

Stan realized himself salivating this time. He wiped his chin. Rather unofficially and illogically they've settled with amorous nicknames. Flirtatious ones, to ease the friction of past interactions. Romance was surely not in the cards, the sting of the previous interactions still drifted in between. The hankering for male flesh in its rapturous way has slowly proven to be 'not so bad' and become more accepting to Stan when he regards himself. His fears, though, not all the way lifted, they were lessened by Craig's forward approach and spontaneity. Seeing his private parts hanging over his pants, would quickly encourage his own action.

Today 7:18 pm

[I think you’ll like this next one even better.]

The next one was a video this time. It was a detailed close-up, Craig was just as stiff. His cock rested above his palm. The lighting was near perfection and the veins stood out from the elastic skin where Craig’s hand gripped the base of his shaft, pumping it in a steady and suggestive motion. The camera panned to Craig sticking out his tongue and raising his middle finger to it.

From many short experiences that were enjoyed, Craig’s privates were a sight to behold to Stan. His shaven balls hung heavy over his waistband, his leaking cockhead, a cool hue, which led him to believe that Craig hasn’t had a proper release since their latest encounter. Feeling the blood rush to his own dick, a newer frustration settles over Stan. He wanted to lap the annoying trickle from Craig’s cockhead before it was wasted in the strands of his carpet.

Craig’s chat bubble appeared below the pictures.
{I think you should come over.}

Today 7:19

{}

Today 7:19

{you sure your parents wouldn't mind at this hour? not to pop your bubble or anything, we don't exactly hang like we used to}

Today 7:20 pm

{Dude, they're not gonna think about it, because they're not here. You and your friends go over to strange houses all the time. I don't think this will be any different.}

Welp, he proves a pretty good point, Stan guessed.

Today 7:21 pm

{}

{you know we could get naked on skype and settle it for the night, but there's nothin like the real thing.}

{and i'm kinda curious right now}
It was an offer neither could deny. White headlights flashed over the snow-bedded lawn of the Tucker residence. Bright lights against a frosty white. While the door of the detachable garage opened, a mysterious black vehicle slowly eased its way inside the Tucker’s garage. The front doors shut abruptly as Stan killed the engine.

From the house, stepping out from his front door, Craig looked behind him to determine if his sister Tricia returned or if any of her pets were around. In an unzipped black hoodie, Craig brought himself to the second structure that stood by his house. Making out Craig’s reflection in the side mirror, Stan’s heart skipped in his chest at the near contact.

There was certainly an inordinate aura radiating off of Craig that Stan found unique, dangerous, and enticing. All the right goosebumps coursed over Stan’s skin, beneath his clothes. Craig’s sultry stare, those same sharp bedroom eyes from Planet Fitness sized him up again. Stan chugged a manufactured bottle of water with his back pressed against Sharon’s car. Stan’s pale cheeks glowed pink instantly. At that, Stan had the strong urge to reach up to Craig, to grab him, and kiss him there.

“My parents are fighting,” Craig began, slowing up to him. “If I’m correct, I think my mom went to my uncle’s. He should be two towns down. They usually bicker and take us to Chili’s like nothing’s ever happened.”

“I’m sorry that’s happening to you. Is there anything I can do? Should we just hang?”

Through Stan’s pants, Craig gripped his ass. “No.”

“It’s okay, dude,” Stan said sheepishly. “We can just call it a night if it’s really serious.”

“It’s not. They do this shit all the time. They’re dumb.”

“All right, then. I guess you should walk me to your room.” Stan’s blush deepened when he received an unexpected kiss on his cheek.

“I lied about the breakup,” Craig confessed after they began walking. He tenderly rubbed Stan’s smaller wrist. Immediately, that was snatched at the new. “Before we do anything, I think we should talk about a few things.”

“About what?”
“We’re on a break. Tweek and I… we’re separated.”

“You guys didn’t break up.”

“No. Not yet.”

“Ugh.”

“I mean, I was hoping it’d be today. Us, breaking up.”

“And it didn’t happen. You guys are separated. That’s fine… I guess?”

“To be completely honest with you, I didn’t realize how hard it would be until now. You have to understand where I come from, Stan. If Tweek takes it the wrong way, he could kill me.”

“Ah.”

“Or, us both. Which means you could beouted. Look, we still have a chance here. We’re just gonna have to work something out while keeping everything a secret and the same.”

“Well, then, that’s it.” Stan removed his hands from Craig’s shirt. “I don’t think we can be together anymore. At least, not like this. I knew it was too good to be true. If you figure it out sometime, shoot me a text or something. But right now, I can’t. No, I just can’t. Just whatever. Dude, bail. Glad we decided early.”

Craig frowned at the pessimistic shine in Stan’s eyes. “Are you fucking with me? Seriously?”

“Yeah.” Stan’s felt his throat close. “This won’t work. I’ll say hi to you in three weeks or something. Hopefully, I sucked ten cocks by then, this was creepy anyway.”

Stan pressed the automatic button to unlock the car. Behind him, Craig paled. A gamble, their next physical encounter would be, here in the now, he would make the same mistake from previous times.

_He’s still leaving. God, Don’t._ “All right!” Craig gave in. “I want something substantial with you, but I can’t say that here. You had me admit _I like you._ That’s a big fucking deal. I didn’t intend for things to drag on like this. I… I want you.”

Stan gave a clouded look over his hood. “...you do?”

“I think.”

Holding the car door, Stan replied, “I can’t work with that. All the stuff that happened these last few days, they’d have to mean something. Think about it as hard as you can, past the attraction stuff. Can you do that for me?”

“I’m, I know — I’m doing it right now.”

“Okay. Um, that’s good. So… we should separate for now?”

“Yes.”

“Okay.”

“I mean no. Hell no. You’re mine now. I’m not letting you go.”
Cool. I’m your property now. Stan turned around. “You’re givin’ me mixed signals here. So, what’s it gonna be? Are we goin’ out—”

“Yes.”

“Okay.”

“I mean, no. I don’t know, man!” Craig cried. “I don’t know... I think I might... like you. Or else, like fucking obviously, why the hell would I tell you to come here?”

“I don’t know. To make fun of me?”

“I won’t make fun of you,” Craig confessed, “...anymore.”

“Okay,” Stan took in. “So what’s next, then?”

“There was a fire today,” Craig recalled, “by the old gas station where Tweek’s little boyfriend lives. You know, at that trailer park. Anyway, as it turned out, Jimmy was right about that Pizza-Faced emo kid. Tweek’s making that guy stay over with his parents. Which means, they’ll be fucking and making ou—”

“Aw, fucking great.” Stan lifted his head. “And so... that’s it. You still care about who Tweek fucks. Okay, this sounds bad already. You should probably go back and fix that. Goodbye.”

Craig snatched his elbow, his eyes hardened. “Dude. We’ve been over this.”

“Dude, screw off, you said you liked me — you made me believe in you and it fucked with my head!”

”Dude, what the fuck? Are you trying to get us in trouble? The whole neighborhood can hear you talking shit.”

“No!” Stan squawked. “This was a mistake. Ugh, why did I waste my time? Why did I fuck you?!”

“I don’t know why you do half the idiot things you do,” Craig gritted.

“Oh god, this is fucked up. I’m a terrible person, I’ll have to accept it. I shouldn’t have outed myself to you. You finger fucked me like super hard and now I’m stuck with these images forever! I can’t believe it’s over. I didn’t weigh in on everything this morning just for you to say no and take it all back. Why even —mhhp—”

Craig’s hand cradled the back of Stan’s neck, applying gentle pressure. At the messy slide of their lips, Stan’s eyes drifted closed, opening his mouth to Craig’s.

Their lips continued gliding together, languidly. Kissing back twice as passionately, Stan gripped Craig’s shirt while he gripped his hips. Stan cursed in his head, curling his fingers over the material of it. It had to be him that broke the kiss first. Stan pulled back.

“Craig,” Stan mouthed breathlessly, “don’t fuck with my feelings, dude.”

“How do you feel?”

“I don’t know... Kinda dumb and kinda like shit.”

”Try again. Think harder."
Stan accepted another kiss, "Mh— I think I know what you're talking about, just afraid. I think you need to show me."

Craig captured his chin between his forefinger and thumb, canting his head to him, “Let’s put it to the test, then.”

"...Craig."

"I don't want you to question me. There's no going back for us. I'm fully committed. When this year is over, I will kiss you in front of all of the bitches that like you."

Resting his hand over his cheek, Stan's eyes searched before he accepted Craig's speech. Their mouths inched together, closer. Small face tilted upward, Stan was the first to close his eyes. His entire reason to end his existence, vanished, Slowly, Craig captured his lips with his own. Gathering Craig’s shirt in his fists, Stan let himself be immersed in a dazzling, ocean, dreamlike state. Stan opened his mouth to him slowly and parted his lips slightly. At first, timidly, and then with more enthusiasm, Stan’s tongue swept over Craig’s as he coiled his arms tighter around his broad shoulders. With his backside cupped by Craig’s hands, Stan brought himself to his tiptoes, kissing back, ardently... giving it all he got.

Chapter End Notes

Edit I cleaned it up again. Thanks for patiently waiting again! Boop.

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