The Atoll

by Amberwinters

Summary

Adam is burnt out from the entertainment industry and life. To avoid alienating everyone in his life with his bad attitude he goes into hiding on a tiny island in the Pacific. The absolute last thing he expected to find was someone interesting.
Chapter 1

Where the hell is Kiribati? Adam tried to find it on the map but all he could see was a small speck surrounded by a hell of a lot of water. He was getting cold feet, “I think I am better off just doing Fiji or Cypress.”

Brad rolled his eyes, “You are far too famous to go anywhere known besides everybody does Fiji including paparazzi. If you seriously want to go in hiding and totally get away this is a much better choice. You need to think out of the box. Trust me this place is paradise and totally unknown. My cousin was a volunteer out there and we never heard from him for two years. No one will find you there.”

Adam desperately wanted to disappear from the world. Brad turned his laptop to show Adam a beautiful white beach with palm trees and bright turquoise water. It looked like very remote and very serene. Sold.

The last year had been a living nightmare. Professionally, Adam had been on top of the world. His second album reached triple platinum within two months of its release. He had finally felt like people were getting past the gay thing and taking him as a serious artist. He was even being considered for a lead in a movie. That was until his ex decided to sell a sex tape to get even. Worse than it being a graphic sex tape, it had been filmed out of context and showed Adam being verbally abusive and rough. To top it off his ex, was claiming Adam had been physically abusive throughout their relationship and had raped him on several occasions.

It was all lies but the media was going wild. The media didn’t even cover the fact that the judge at thrown the rape allegations out of court. People, as usual, believed the worst. Even some of his rabid fan base was shaken. The stress was getting to be too much and he was turning to alcohol and drugs. Adam was constantly being stalked by paparazzi and he was really losing it. Adam Lambert was having a breakdown and didn’t trust himself. His management suggested he go to rehab since he was drinking a lot. Thankfully, another ex turned best friend, interceded and suggested they just go on an extended vacation away from everyone.

A week later Adam found himself flying over a narrow strip of land in the middle of nowhere and regretting his impulsive decision. He watched as the plane swooped over a ‘runway’ chasing dogs away so the plane could land. Still the ocean looked beautiful and it still looked serene. The plane landed and they exited into the a thick heat that felt like hell itself. The sun was glaring off the concrete and Adam’s eyes were burning. Brad shook his head, “I hope the hotel has cold drinks and air conditioning. This weather is going to wreak havoc on my skin. The sacrifices I make for you.”

Adam rolled his eyes and they entered a very basic building with a tin roof. The serenity he viewed quickly turned into chaos. The airport consisted on one not air conditioned room full of non-english speaking locals that stared at them and giggled. So much for blending. Brad was just as shocked as Adam and was getting frustrated, “It is so fucking hot here. This is not what I expected. Is that our luggage that kid is jumping on? What the fuck?”

Adam looked over and saw 5 or 6 little kids jumping on his three thousand dollar luggage. They were also pulling Brad’s bedazzled gems off his bag. Brad ran over and yelled at the kids who just smiled and started touching his jeweled shirt. Adam laughed at Brad’s horrified expression. Adam went over and the kids turned to him. He did not want to suffer the same fate so he offered them a pack of gum. They took the bribe and went over by some other people.
Brad was getting frustrated, “There must be some mistake. This was supposed to be paradise but it feels more like hell. I requested a pick up. Do you see a hotel shuttle or a limo?”

Adam was pretty sure a limo would not be coming. This was a poor, remote island with little in the way a tourist services. It had been a long flight over and they were both exhausted and hung over from their going away party. Adam noticed two other foreigners in the room. They were young men wearing white shirts and ties and were talking with some local children. Adam went over hoping for assistance. One of the guys with glasses looked him up and down,

“Did you and your…er…friend forget to get off the plane in Fiji?”

Although the guy was a douche, Adam was happy not to be recognized. He had become accustomed to people always swooning over him so it was refreshing. He responded evenly, “Actually, we meant to come here but I am not sure how to get to the hotel. They were supposed to send a car.”

“Which hotel are you at?” asked the other man.

Adam looked over at the man who spoke and immediately smiled because he was really cute. Really, really cute. He was exactly Adam’s type except for the awful fashion. Since Adam was distracted by the guy’s good looks, he didn’t respond immediately. The two men exchanged looks as if they were acknowledging their new friend might be slow. Not wanting to scare them off, Adam pulled himself together, “I don’t really know. Is there a nice resort? I was hoping for something peaceful and on the water.”

The cute guy laughed adorably, “You are on an atoll, everywhere is beachfront property. Good luck finding something NOT on the water.”

Adam noticed he could see water everywhere and laughed at his own stupidity. The other guy rolled his eyes, “Where are you from?”

“Los Angeles.”

He looked Adam up and down. “Figures. You and your friend look like some rich, Hollywood actors trying to kick a drug habit?”

“Danny! Listen, I am Kris and this is Danny we are missionaries.”

Adam’s fantasy of screwing the cute guy came to a screeching halt. Missionaries? Shit, that didn’t bode well. The mean guy with glasses looked at Adam again, “Do you believe in Jesus?”

“Actually, I am Jewish.”

The cute guy smiled, “What’s your name, heathen?”

Adam was shocked but then noticed the twinkle in the guy’s eyes and answered, “Adam.”

“Welcome to Kiribati, Adam. We have to see some people off but we can help you and your friend get a ride to the hotel. There is one government run hotel near the airport, a couple smaller places near ‘downtown’ and a quaint place in the North. Which one do you want to stay at?”

“Which is better?”

“The one near here is bigger and the most modern. It is expensive though. It is $80 a night. Is that ok?”
Adam felt like laughing since he often paid four digits for a hotel room. Plus, now he was sure they had no idea who he was and how many records he sold. He just nodded. Adam noticed a lot more people were crowded around Brad and their suitcases. Kris laughed again, “Is that your luggage? I don’t think they ever saw purple, sequined suitcases.”

Danny looked at Adam with disgust, “I hope you realize this is a very conservative, Christian culture. They do not take well to people living in sin.”

Kris rolled his eyes, “It is not a crime against God to have ugly luggage, Danny.”

Adam was offended, “Hey! Those are designer suitcases.” Kris looked at Adam and blushed, “Sorry, no offense. I guess purple, bedazzled suitcases are just not my thing. You better help claim your bags before people try and rip off the rhinestones. They probably think they are diamonds. We’ll come help you when we are done.”

Adam went over by Brad and offered the people some Mentos candies. He seriously hoped he had more candy somewhere to keep bribing people otherwise they were doomed. “Doing ok, Brad? Those two guys over there are going to help us.”

Brad looked over, “Those bible thumpers? Figures the only English speaking people we find are people we don’t want to hear. Adam, that is worse than being eaten by the natives. They are going to preach at us.”

“If you have a better solution, I am all ears.”

A few minutes later, Kris came over with two boys and an older man. “This is Tebeti and his sons. He has a car and can take you to the expensive hotel or you can try the cheaper, really nice resort to the North. They even have a maneaba over the water. It is really nice but it doesn’t have electricity or TV and it is rustic.”

Adam hoped a maneaba was a bungalow. Brad was completely absorbed with his iphone and apparently trying to get it to work. He sighed, “Babe, my phone isn’t working? We may not be able to stay. I am supposed to have a twitter party tonight.”

Adam ignored Brad’s inane statements and turned to Kris, “We’ll try the resort. Is it far?”

“No, about a fifteen minute drive and a small boat ride. Tebeti’s family owns it so they will take good care of you. They belong to our church and are a really good family.” Kris smiled and Adam melted.

Brad seemed to notice, “Adam, you remember why we are here right?”

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Kris loved Kiribati and loved his work. His father had convinced him to go abroad with his church after Kris mentioned he wanted to break up with his girlfriend, Katy. Kris’ family had wanted him and Katy to marry but they both weren’t ready. Katy wanted to study acting and Kris didn’t have a clue what he wanted to do. He had spent a semester at college but it just wasn’t working out. Kris was lost and missionary work gave him a sense of purpose.

Kris was sent to a small group of atolls in the middle of the Pacific. He and another church member, Danny Gokey, would work with the local church to help the people develop morally and improve the quality of their lives. Although Danny was very self righteous and conservative, he was proving to be a decent workmate. They both liked music and would often sing with the youth. Kris also taught reading and math while Danny coached sports.
Life was simple and Kris was feeling at peace. He had little contact with the rest of the world other than sporadic emails from Katy and his family. He could only access a computer once a month when he went to the main village. On Tuesdays and Fridays the plane from Fiji came which was always exciting. Kris and Danny usually knew people coming or going so would meet the flight. Kris was surprised when he saw two good looking almost sparkly people get off the plane. They didn’t look like missionaries or volunteers so Kris had no clue what they were doing in Kiribati. Danny immediately made a snide comment, “What are those fags doing here? They must be lost. They look ridiculous and won’t last a day here.”

“Maybe they are looking for something new and exciting?” Kris really could not refute Danny’s statement that they wouldn’t last because most people didn’t. Even other missionaries often left because it was too third world and boring. These two looked like they belonged in a big city rather than a small atoll. Kris hoped he was wrong because the tall one just had an aura about him that was magnetic.

“They just better hide their sins and not try and corrupt these innocent people.”

Kris just rolled his eyes and watched as the shorter man ran over to the most atrocious looking luggage he had ever seen. If Liberace had bags, those were them. It was so inappropriate for the island it was actually funny. Though not quite as funny as the small guy trying to stop the kids and getting attacked by them instead. The other man was tall, dark and handsome. He lifted his sunglasses and Kris was amazed at how blue and captivating his eyes were. They turned on Kris and he felt an immediate jolt straight to his core. The guy was gorgeous and definitely out of place. Kris watched and admired as the guy saved his friend with a pack of gum.

A few minutes later the beautiful man approached them and Kris found himself offering help. Up close the guy was even more flawless and was very charismatic. His blue eyes were clear and honest. There was a real sweetness about him Kris liked and he was definitely more down to earth than his friend.

Danny was convinced they were lovers and refused to help. Kris thought that was very unchristian like but held his tongue and told Danny to just leave without him. Kris wasn’t sure if they were gay or lovers but it wouldn’t surprise him. Regardless, it was no one else’s business anyway.

Kris sent one of the boys to get a church member who drove and then convinced Adam to stay at their resort. Never mind that it was walking distance to the house Danny and Kris shared with the other missionaries. It was a good place. Kris went in the car with them as they drove down a dirt road, over a scary looking bridge and parked before a channel. It was high tide so they would have to take a boat across.

“You have got to be kidding? I am not putting my luggage on that canoe.” Adam’s friend, Brad seemed to be very high maintenance. Personality wise he was the exact opposite of Kris which made him wonder about Adam’s taste. Not that it mattered but Kris was curious just how good of friends they were. Kris didn’t like him and responded sarcastically, “I am sure the sea air and humidity will ruin your stuff just as much as it fallen in the water so no worries.”

Kris noticed Adam looking across the water in awe at the picturesque, one room structures built on stilts over the water. It was beautiful. “Brad, stop being a prima donna. This place is gorgeous besides you like sleeping under the stars.”

“No, Adam, I like fucking under the stars and then showering and going to bed in a fancy air conditioned room.” Brad batted his eyelashes, “Maybe you can make this bearable.”

Adam laughed as the two shared an intimate look that made Kris’ stomach turn. Not that the
thought of two men together disgusted him, he just didn’t like the thought of them together. Adam must have noticed Kris’ sour look and misinterpreted, “Sorry if our lifestyle offends you but I don’t do closets.”

“You may want to tone it down while you are here. Homosexuality isn’t culturally acceptable and you are a guest.”

“Actually, I am a customer and I expect to be treated as such.”

Adam had a point and since they were Imatangs or foreigners the I-Kiribati would probably just overlook their behavior. The locals were deferential to outsiders and were passive by nature. However, they were also passive-aggressive. Kris just looked down and Adam continued, “Don’t worry, Brad and I won’t make out in front of them or blow each other on the beach during the day.”

Kris’ was caught off guard by Adam’s frankness and spoke without a filter, “Is that what you usually do together?”

Brad laughed, “Sweetie, we do a hell of a lot more than that.”

Kris blushed and Adam laughed, “Brad, stop being outrageous. So, Kris what is there to do around here?”

Kris shrugged, “I work mostly but there are botakis and church events.”

Brad looked at Kris, “What is a botaki?”

“It is a party with lots of dancing, singing and food.”

Brad just nodded and turned to Adam, “Babe, I think we can turn around and go back to the airport. This is dangerously dull and I want to leave. I hate it here.”

“We just got here. If it doesn’t get better, you can fly out on Friday. Besides, a botaki sounds fun. Is there alcohol on the island?”

Kris nodded, “Unfortunately there is a lot of beer and they ferment the coconut sap. Alcoholism is a real problem.”

Adam just smiled, “Not to me. I definitely want to try the coconut booze. See, Brad, they even have a local beverage.”

“Shut up. I can’t wait until you get a sunburn and start crying. Gingers don’t do well in the tropics.”

“Got it covered.” Kris laughed as Adam put on a rather unfashionable, huge straw hat. Brad scowled, “Have you no pride as a gay man?”

So, he is gay. Kris wasn’t sure why that made Adam seem more interesting. Perhaps it was because he had no gay friends and it was different. Kris wanted to be Adam’s friend.

Adam laughed at Brad’s comment and Kris smiled because the sound was so contagious. Kris glanced up at Adam and found him staring back. Adam winked, “So, Kris, when are you taking us to a botaki?”
Chapter 2

Brad was right. The last thing Adam needed was to fall for another inappropriate guy. Certainly, a seemingly homophopic, preacher type was not ideal. Plus, his last few boyfriends proved he was a horrible judge of character and should practice celibacy for a while. Maybe, having a fruitless crush on Kris would help him stay abstinent.

They climbed in a wooden boat and one of the sons basically just walked the boat across channel with them sitting in the boat with their luggage. Brad was not impressed and was boring holes into Adam’s skull with his eyes. Kris came across with them and explained during low tide they could just walk across. Tebeti didn’t speak English so Kris acted as a translator and told them they could stay in the hut above the water. Tebeti’s wife would prepare their meals and do their laundry. It would only cost them $20 a night.

Adam smiled at Kris’ financial concerns. Once across, Brad was still not happy and when a herd of children came over he was even more miserable. Adam was used to be surrounded by people trying to get his attention so it didn’t bother him. At least the kids weren’t molesting him or trying to provoke him. Kris tried to tell the kids to go play somewhere else but it wasn’t working. Adam shrugged, “It’s ok, Kris, I don’t mind children and I don’t mind being watched.”

“Cool. Most foreigners become upset but they are harmless. They just find you interesting.” Kris tried to explain some of the culture and customs. Adam found it fascinating mostly because he loved hearing Kris’ voice. They got to what amounted to a wooden room on stilts with a thatch roof on top. In the middle of the room, there was a mattress with a mosquito net hanging down.

Brad literally freaked, “What the fuck? There is no closet! There isn’t even a bathroom or shower Adam! I want to go home now.”

“You picked this place, Brad.”

“No, I wanted the hotel.”

“There are bathrooms and a place to wash up in the middle of the compound. Most I-Kiribati houses do not have bathrooms or showers,” Kris informed them.

Brad looked at Kris annoyed, “Does yours?”

“Well, mine is a western style house. You can shower there if you like but you’ll have to cross the water and walk about ten minutes to get there.”

Adam pushed Brad, “It won’t kill us to deal. It is kind of like being at Burning Man. We roughed it a bit in the desert.”

Brad pushed Adam, “No, Adam, this is nothing like that. Do I seem high and drunk? Do you see me fooling around with lots of hot men? No, this is more like hell. I want to go to the hotel.”

Adam could tell Tebeti and his wife were becoming aware of Brad’s dissatisfaction and felt bad. Adam looked at Brad, “Let’s spend the night at least. The owner was nice enough to take us here and it would be really rude to just leave. Don’t be an ugly American.”

“Adam, we are paying customers. Pay him for the fucking month if you have to but let’s leave. My stuff his going to be ruined here and unlike you, I don’t have an assist-”
“BRAD!” Adam did not want Brad to blow his cover. He wanted to be anonymous and be treated like a normal person. After five years of massive stardom, this anonymity was a dream come true. Luckily Brad realized his slip and was contrite. Instead he took his anger out on Kris, “You are enjoying this aren’t you? Well, I can survive three days of anything but on Friday I plan on getting a full spa treatment in a fancy Fiji resort.”

Kris just looked at them weird and shrugged, “I have to go tutor some of my kids so I’ll come by tomorrow to see how you are doing.”

Adam frowned, “Your kids?”

Kris laughed, “Sort of speak. They are kids from my class.”

Adam was glad Kris did not have kids of his own and hoped he didn’t notice the weird reaction. He just smiled, “Oh, you’re a teacher. Thanks, Kris. We really appreciate your help.”

Brad rolled his eyes, “Kris, are you gay?”

“No-no, of course not. I like girls.”

Brad smiled at Adam, “See babe, now there is really no reason to stay. He is never going to go for you.”

Adam felt like killing Brad. Not only did he ruin his fantasies but he probably ruined any chance Adam had of being Kris’ friend. Adam was surprised when Kris spoke, “I might not be gay but that doesn’t mean I am not open to new friends. Well, in your case, maybe I am not but Adam…maybe I am.” Kris must have realized the implications of his words, “I meant for friendship.”

Adam smiled, “I would like that. Don’t worry I have lots of straight friends and I don’t hit on them.” Unable to resist teasing, “I only flirt with them.” Adam winked and Kris laughed as he left.

It was a long evening, listening to Brad complain and roughing it. Tebeti’s wife Kiku made them fish with some brown coconut flavored starchy paste. It was bland but filling. Adam tried to stay positive and thought about the weight he could lose staying here. It would be nice to shed the extra pounds he put on during his ‘breakdown’. After dinner they returned to their hut and laid down on the uncomfortable mattress. It was relaxing hearing the water beneath them and it felt good to have a warm body next to him. However, Brad ruined the moment by speaking, “Adam, I will totally let you use my body if you promise we can go to the hotel at first light and then go to Fiji.”

“Brad, if you want to go to the hotel we can but I am planning to come back here on Friday. Like you said, Fiji is too popular and I like the simplicity here. I’ve been going a mile a minute and constantly surrounded by people either kissing my ass or trying to rip me apart. This is just what I wanted. You are ingenious.” Adam kissed him on the head.

“You are full of shit. You just like that straight, preacher boy.” Brad laughed and then became serious, “But, it is good to see you smile after the last few months. If you really want to stay, I’ll try but I can’t be out of touch too long and neither can you. Our peeps need us. So, do you want to use my body anyway?”

It had been a few months since Adam was with anyone…

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Kris left Adam and Brad to sort themselves out and rushed to tutor his students. Kris returned to his small house he shared hoping Danny was out. Unfortunately he was home and seemed to be
waiting for Kris, “Did you take them to the Otientai hotel?”

“No, they are staying at Tebeti’s resort.”

“They are sinners and they are a bad influence on the culture. You should keep your distance or else people will think you are like them.”

Kris just shook his head, “They needed help and I gave it. I thought they were nice people.”

“They are sinners. Be careful because that is how the devil works. Temptation works because it is tempting.” Danny smiled very smugly as if imparted a brilliant truth to Kris.

Kris just shook his head, “I don’t think my soul is in that precarious a position and I am pretty sure God works by making us care for one another. I am going to bed and tomorrow I am going to check on my new friends. If I get turned to stone you can be first to tell me, ‘I told you so’.”

The next morning Kris woke up at sunrise like always and walked to Tebeti’s place. He arrived and the family was busy doing morning chores. Kris greeted them in the local language and asked about their new guests. He was told they were fine but still sleeping. Tebeti’s wife, Kiku asked Kris to go wake them up since the tea was ready. The I-Kiribati woke early to do chores because it became too hot during the day to do them later. Kris, went into their bungalow and noticed Brad’s head was on Adam’s chest. Kris felt a pang of jealousy which was unexpected and inappropriate. Adam opened an eye, “Am I still dreaming? Kris?”

“Hi…er…I didn’t mean to interrupt but…er…Kiku said to wake you up.”

Brad woke, “What the fuck? Isn’t this a vacation? Adam we should totally sleep in until noon. Run along, preacher boy.”

Adam extricated himself from Brad and went to stand up before pausing. Kris was just watching Adam and then realized why he paused once he stood up stark naked. Kris immediately ducked out of the hut and headed back toward the main area of the compound. Adam came out with just a pair of board shorts on a few moments later and came by Kris. Kiku came over and gave them tea. Kris watched Adam smile at Kiku and attempt to say thank you in the local language. Kiku, who was usually very no nonsense laughed like a young girl and seemed to blush when Adam smiled at her.

“I can’t believe you have enchanted Kiku.”

Adam shrugged, “Women always fall under my charm, unfortunately, it is the cute boys that resist.” Kris had a feeling not all that many really resisted. Even with bed head, Adam just seemed to have an air of confidence and magnetism that was hard to resist. “We had this tea with dinner and I really liked it. It is so sweet.”

“They put coconut sap in it. Are you going to stay?”

“I think so. Brad, will probably leave on friday but I like it here.”

Kris was surprised, “You don’t seem the type to rough it.”

Adam shrugged, “I am very adaptable and not as high maintenance as people think.”

Kris was really curious what Adam’s life was like, “What do you do in LA?”

Adam seemed to hesitate, “I was trying to become an actor but was having a hard time getting a role.”
“Yeah, my girl- Katy, my friend from Arkansas wants to be an actress and she says it is really hard and you have to know people.” Kris wasn’t sure why he didn’t want Adam to know he had a girlfriend. Especially, when it was obvious he had fucked his boyfriend earlier.

“You’re sure why I didn’t want Adam to know he had a girlfriend.

Especially, when it was obvious he had fucked his boyfriend earlier.

“Yeah, it is a tough business. What did you do before you came here?”

“Basically, nothing. I tried to go to college but I am not so good at it. I am hoping to figure out what I want to do. I like teaching but I really like music too.”

Adam seemed to become uncomfortable, “Do you follow current music?”

“I like all kinds of music but I prefer more classic rock. I am not really into techno or pop music. So, I am not up on the latest artists but I do like Lady Gaga.”

Adam laughed, “I love Lady Gaga. She is really sweet and funny.”

Kris thought Adam’s tone connoted a sense of familiarity. “Did you meet her in Hollywood?”

Adam shifted, “I can just tell in interviews. So, what do you have to do today?”

“I am going to teach in the morning and then this afternoon we have church choir practice. Tonight, I am going to a botaki down the road if you and Brad want to come. They would get a kick out of you two. They love having foreigners come.”

“OK, what should I wear?”

Kris laughed, “The island is really casual. Just throw a t-shirt on and you are set. Good rule of thumb is clothes below the knee. For men it isn’t as important as women to dress conservatively. Shoes are totally optional and most you’ll have to take them off when you get there. Wear just a pair of flip flops because sometimes people take the wrong shoes.”

Kris laughed at Adam’s horrified expression. It seemed he was very attached to his shoes. Adam broke out into a contagious laugh, “OK, thank God you are here to guide me in these important matters. I really hope we become good friends.”

Kris smiled back, “I really hope so too.”
Chapter 3

Adam and Brad spent the day trying to stay cool in the shade. At around four in the afternoon, Adam had a great idea. “Brad, can you chop off my hair? There may be other ex-pats here and I don’t want to get recognized. I think I will let my blonde come back.”

“Do you have sun poisoning? Babe, you are getting paranoid. Trust me all your fabulousness went out the window when you put on that stupid hat. No one is going to mistake you for a rock god.”

Adam laughed, “I know isn’t it great? Seriously, it is too fucking hot to use hair products and I want the extra ventilation to keep me cooler.”

“Fine, but don’t blame me later when you see a mirror.”

Adam hoped Brad did a decent job because he still wanted to be appealing to Kris. No wait, he needed to stay celibate, ugly would be a good thing. Brad was definitely too excited once he started. By the time he finished, Adam was basically sporting a crew cut. Brad smiled, “I finely think it is even.”

“Anymore even and I’d be bald. Thanks.”

Brad put on a pair of glittery board shorts. Adam was impressed that Brad had somehow managed to buy such an item and smiled at Brad’s vanity. Adam put some ugly Hawaiian style red and white board shorts with a black Queen t-shirt. Adam grabbed his hat and Brad grimaced, “Sometimes I really question your gayness. Come on, huckleberry.”

It was low tide so they had to walk across the channel. Brad bitched the whole way because there was a lot of seaweed and slimy stuff floating. There were also a lot of dead coral chips which were rough on the feet. Adam tried to liken it to a giant pedicure but Brad wasn’t buying it. They made it across and saw Kris sitting under a palm tree waiting for them. He had a guitar and was strumming a Beatles tune. He looked so cute and so comfortable. Instead of his white shirt, tie and slacks he had on plaid board shorts and a Cake t-shirt. Brad pinched Adam’s arm, “Get your tongue back in your mouth. Drooling over preacher boy in that hat is just embarrassing.”

Kris looked up and smiled, “Sorry, I get absorbed when I play.” Kris quickly stood up and swung the guitar around to his back. “We just have to stop by my place and get Danny.”

They walked and Kris pointed out some interesting sites along the way to include wells. He explained water came either from a rain catchment systems or wells that tapped into the water lens. Adam listened more to the pleasing sound Kris’ voice than the actual content of his words. He was definitely suffering the beginnings of a crush.

Kris’ house was small and unassuming bit certainly a step up. He had electricity and running water. Danny came out of a room in his missionary uniform of the tie, white shirt and navy slacks. “Kris, get dressed we have to leave.”

“I am dressed. It is a Saturday botaki, God wants me to be casual, he knows I am a messy eater.” Adam laughed but Danny didn’t, “Kris, we are here to set an example. Is it too much to dress the part? You are representing our church.”

Brad spoke up, “Douche-boy is right that people respect fashion. Adam, you should lose the hat, Kris, plaid is never fashionable and Danny…I don’t know where to begin but for starters that tie is atrocious.”
Adam could tell Brad was going to go on a fashion tirade, “On that note, let’s just go before we are late.”

Kris laughed, “You can never be late here because they are on island time. Everybody is late.”

Danny caved and settled for just giving Kris dirty looks. They walked about half a mile and arrived at a big thatch roofed structure with no walls. There were people there sitting on the ground and they had music playing from a boom box. Kris introduced them to the hosts and they were given coconuts to drink and told to sit down. Adam purposely sat next to Kris. He was happy there was limited space and their thighs were touching. Adam glanced over and Kris smiled, “Welcome to your first botaki.”

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Adam had the most beautiful smile, Kris ad ever seen. It was the kind that made everyone else smile. First Kiku, now everyone else at the Botaki was falling for Adam’s innocent charm. Kris had been a little apprehensive bringing them to the party but even Brad was proving to be gracious. Danny was of course his pompous, self righteous self but Kris refused to focus on that. Especially, when he could feel the heat from Adam’s leg against his own.
The emcee for the event stood up and started welcoming everyone and explaining the events of the day. The botaki was for a child’s first birthday which was always a big deal. The emcee spoke some English and translated some of his words. A few people made speeches and then Brad and Adam were asked to start the meal. Kris explained since they were new foreigners they became the guests of honor. Brad and Adam took the paper plates and began taking the food. Kris could tell Brad did not like the food he was seeing and bit his lip not to laugh. Danny and Kris followed suit and then everyone else.

Adam was brave enough to take a little of everything and Kris admired him for it. The father of the child came over and offered Brad and Adam a beer. Brad smiled, “Now we are talking.” Kris wanted to accept a beer but Danny’s expression made him decline. Kris knew alcohol was a problem on the island and they shouldn’t promote it but it would have tasted great.

Brad and Adam became more relaxed and tried to communicate with the locals. Both of them were naturally outgoing and Kris was sad to admit they made a cute couple. Danny whispered to Kris, “I hope you told them they can’t be openly gay. You shouldn’t have invited them.”

“They are acting perfectly fine. In fact, I think they are getting along better than we are with the people.”

Once the meal was over the emcee announced it was time for entertainment. They started playing local music on a boom box and everyone began dancing. Some girls came over and invited them all to dance. Danny refused but Adam and Brad went up. Kris declined because the church felt it promoted promiscuity and bad behavior. Kris watched and smiled as Adam moved his hips. The I-Kirbati loved the way he and Brad danced with such abandonment. They were good about dancing with the girls and not each other. Kris could imagine that they did indeed dance well together. A girl came over and bowed waving her hands as a dance offer. Kris was tired of being the good Christian. To Danny’s horror, Kris joined everyone on the makeshift dance floor.

Kris was having a lot of fun and smiled when Adam danced near him. Adam’s hat fell off and Kris noticed he had cut off his beautiful hair. Kris asked about it as they sat back down, “You got a very short haircut.”
“Yeah, Brad is not very good at trims. I was hot and figured this would be easier. My hair grows really fast anyway.”

“You still look really good.” Kris cringed as he realized he said those words aloud. Adam raised an eyebrow at him and all Kris could do was blush. Brad came over, “Babe, I think we have to give a card or something.”

Kris took out his own card, “You can just sign our card.”

Danny looked annoyed, “Then let them give ten dollars too.”

Adam and Brad looked at each other and Kris jumped in, “I’ll pay their share since I invited them.” Kris took out a $20 knowing full well he wouldn’t be using the internet this month as a result of this expense. Brad patted him on the back, “Thanks, man. I wouldn’t want to come off like a leach.”

Adam rolled his eyes, “Sure, Brad, why paint an accurate picture?” Brad snorted at Adam’s remark and Adam added, “Let’s not talk about the past.” Adam was acting strange but Kris just figured between the heat and the beer he was just drunk.

Brad laughed, “Good idea, Adam. Anyway, I gotta go dance some more. This is a kick ass party.”

Danny said it was time to go. Kris could tell Adam and Brad were just getting started. They were now drinking toddy with the men. Kris had never tasted the fermented coconut drink but knew it was extremely intoxicating. One of the women came over and put her arm around Kris, “Come play guitar for us.”

Danny shook his head and left the party. The woman smiled, “He is a good man but no fun at all. I like your two new friends. They are very nice people and are good botaki guests.”

Kris looked over and Brad was telling some kind of very expressive joke. Even though they didn’t understand English the men were laughing. Kris played guitar and Adam came over, “Kris you have to taste this, it is awesome.”

Kris unable to resist Adam, drank the toddy and almost coughed up a lung. It was strong and burned his throat. “Good, huh?”

Kris tried a little more and then started playing “Crazy” and singing the words. He noticed Adam staring at him and became self-conscious. Adam nudged him, “Don’t stop. You have an amazing voice. You should totally be a singer.”

“You are an actor, what do you know?” Kris joked.

“Hey, I’ve done musicals.”

“Yeah, then put your money where your mouth is and sing a verse.”

Adam shuffled, “Nah, not in the mood. Besides, I’d rather hear you.” Kris hadn’t meant to make him feel uncomfortable so he just started singing again. Adam listened and Kris appreciated his company. He also began to appreciate the toddy a bit too much. It was late and dark out. The three of them left the party basically drunk. Brad was wasted, “No fucking way am I swimming the channel to our hut.”
Kris didn’t want to run into Danny drunk either, “Hey I know a place we can crash. There is an empty little bwia behind my house we can hide out in.”

They went there and quietly climbed in a similar structure to their accommodations only it was much smaller. Kris found himself laying right up against Adam and felt suddenly weird. To make matters worse Brad opened his big mouth, “Remember, Adam, I am on your right side don’t get confused and molest the preacher boy to your left. No one is going to buy that bullshit about being drunk.”

Kris wanted to punch him and was glad when Adam cursed him out. Kris was laying on his back with the room spinning. Adam had turned away from Brad which meant he was facing Kris. Needing to say something, anything, Kris whispered, “I hope I don’t get sick. The room is spinning.” Charming!

Adam smiled back, “Yeah, my head is a little messed up too.” Kris felt Adam’s hand on his stomach, “You aren’t about to puke are you?”

Kris liked it there so he put his hand on Adam’s, “No, I think I am ok.” Kris was happy when Adam kept his hand there and even happier to hear Brad was snoring lightly. Kris wasn’t sure why he felt so tingly but had a feeling it was a combination of Adam and the booze. Adam moved his fingertips along Kris’ abdomen, “If you do get nauseous, make sure you lean out.”

Kris was disappointed when Adam pulled his hand back and looked away, “Sorry, I am used to laying next to men I am intimate with…I mean guys that don’t mind…forget I speak.” Adam laughed at himself.

“It’s ok, I am not freaked out. Friends lay together and friends sometimes touch in a nonsexual way. I’m not homophobic, Adam.”

“You’re not homo-curious, are you?” Kris just swallowed but then Adam laughed, “Sorry, I couldn’t resist. I like messing with you. Thanks again for taking me to the botaki. I really like the people here.”

“They seem to like you too. I had more fun tonight then I ever had at a botaki so thanks for coming.” Without thinking Kris kissed Adam on the cheek and then froze. Adam touched his cheek and then in a very dramatic voice announced, “Jan, I am never washing this cheek again.”

Kris laughed at the Brady bunch reference and felt comfortable again, “You are a goofball.”

Adam laughed too, “You know, Kris, I feel like we have been friends longer than a day, you know what I mean?”

“Yeah, Adam, I do, I really do.”

“Goodnight, little buddy.”

“OK, that’s just wrong.”

Kris relaxed and heard Adam breathing steady. Kris just laid awake for a bit and turned away from Adam hoping to sleep. He felt Adam shift closer and place his hand on his hip. They were now laying spoon fashion which should be totally freaking Kris out but it felt sort of right. Kris decided not to investigate his feelings and just try to sleep. He had a feeling tomorrow was going to be a long day and a hangover wasn’t going to help.
Adam woke up hot and hard. His head was foggy as he began to figure out his environment. He felt a familiar figure on his right side and a not so familiar figure on his left. Holy fuck, my dreams aren’t this good. Adam looked at the two men both turned into him. Brad placed a hand on Adam’s abdomen and ran it over his erection, “Awake and alert.”

Kris stirred and then opened his eyes. He seemed to immediately notice Adam’s tenting situation and looked at Adam with a panicked expression. The look made Adam nervous causing him to blurt out an excuse, “Brad was touching me.” Fabulous response, Adam was now effectively cock-blocking himself.

Kris paled and then turned to the side and proceeded to puke over the edge of the bwia. Brad shook his head, “That coconut shit really fucks you up. I like it. Now all we need is some good hang over food. I am guessing there is no Denny’s here but I pray to God we can get a cup of real coffee.”

Kris finally finished dry heaving and climbed down. Brad and Adam followed and they all went in the ocean to cool off and clear their heads. Adam went in mostly to calm his erection which unfortunately had no other outlet. Danny came out dressed in his missionary attire and immediately shook his head at Kris. Adam watched Kris run into the house to get ready.

“You two are not a good influence on him. I hope you are heading back to LA soon.”

Adam hated judgmental people like Danny, “Actually, I am planning on staying a long time. I like it here.” Danny just grumbled and told them to tell Kris he’s meet him at school. Adam was happy to see him go. Kris came out a couple minutes later dressed similar to Danny. He told them to take showers and just let themselves out when they were done. He headed off to school in a quick jog. Adam hoped he didn’t freak Kris out and things would not be awkward between them next time they saw each other.

Brad and Adam took showers and then decided to head into town. They both needed to check email and were told there was an internet café there. They caught a crowded minivan/bus which slowly headed down the one road on the island toward Betio. One hour and a hundred stops later, they got off in front of a run-down small building that had an internet sign. Adam went online and was bombarded by emails. He checked the most recent ones from his assistant, Lane. The media was still going wild and the attempts to get the sex video off the air didn’t work since it had gone viral immediately. The record label was concerned that it would kill his career and wanted him to make public apologies.

Adam’s blood was boiling. He wrote Lane and told her to tell the label he was in rehab and couldn’t be reached. He also told her, he was not going to apologize to the public for them not liking a private video he didn’t even know was being made! He quickly scanned the entertainment news and became disheartened by all his negative press. Luckily, his fans were beyond loyal and still supported him. His Hollywood agent sent him an email that stating he did not get the role in the movie he auditioned for which was not surprising.

Brad was furiously working on his own emails and looked up, “Babe, buy me some more internet time, my peeps missed me and I have to answer hundreds of emails.”

“Fine but don’t give away our location.” Adam bought Brad a bunch of phone cards and left him to his email. Adam wandered around and was shocked at how crowded and poor the area was in the south-side of the atoll. It was much nicer in the area they were staying. Adam noticed there were a
few foreigners to include twenty-somethings so he was glad he cut off all his hair. Brad finally finished up and they headed back up North. Along the way, they stopped at the airport to make arrangements for Friday. Brad was excited to go to Fiji until he learned Adam was really staying.

“Babe, you need to be in touch with the world. I know things are hard now but you need to be at least reachable.”

“Brad, I have been working non-stop for five years. I need a break and frankly I am not ready to deal with people criticizing me in the fucking bedroom. Brad, that motherfucker totally set me up and betrayed me. All he wanted was 15 minutes of fame and a check from the enquirer. Aside from you, my other boyfriends haven’t been that much better. I need a break from men.”

“Sure, Adam. We both know you would not be staying here if it wasn’t for that fashion-less preacher boy. This is just you chasing another heartbreaker like always. Come to Fiji and I will help you stay abstinent. Well, at least monogamous. No sense both of us suffering from blue balls just because you fall for the wrong people.”

“I know Kris is straight but there is something about him that calms me. I feel like a normal guy around him and not so jaded. I think I just need someone to accept me for me. I am not even looking for sex.”

Brad laughed, “You are always looking for sex. Anyway, you are keeping major facts from him and completely lying about your life. How is that going to work out when he finds out you are a mega star?”

Adam knew Brad had a point but he could deal with that later, “I will tell him after we are better friends. I am sure he will understand.”

Brad shook his head, “No one likes being lied to and preacher boy may not like the fact that you now have a porno out.”

“Shut up. I didn’t do a porno; I was betrayed.”

“Semantics. There are still images on the web of you fucking a man which you will eventually have to deal with. Not to mention it wasn’t your best performance.”

Adam was appalled Brad had watched the video, “You watched it! How could you?”

“Well, first off everyone watched it. Second, I was curious if it was as good as sex between us and third, everyone watched it.”

Brad must of noticed Adam’s defeated look and smiled, “OK, go play Gilligan’s island for a few weeks. I will stay in Fiji and keep the wolves at bay. Make sure you check your email every few days. If I don’t hear from you, I am coming back with Lane.”

They went back to their “resort” for Brad’s last night. Kris came by that evening to check on them. Adam was happy his morning wood hadn’t scared Kris away. He looked a little less hung over but seemed really tired. Brad was finishing packing his bags. Kris noticed and looked sad, “So you really are leaving tomorrow for Fiji?”

“Brad is going to Fiji but I am going to stay here for a couple weeks.”

“Alone?”

Adam laughed, “Well, yeah I guess. I was hoping we would get to hangout.”
“I have to go to Abiang tomorrow for a week. It is the next island over.”

Adam suddenly felt panicky. He didn’t want to stay here totally alone. Kris seemed to notice Adam’s discomfit, “Do you want to come? The accommodations will be rough but you can totally stay with me. The boat over is only $15.”

Brad laughed, “That is pretty steep. Won’t the natives get upset if you stay together?”

Kris shook his head, “People never stay alone in this culture. That is seen as stranger. Men don’t lie with men here so they won’t make assumptions.”

Brad laughed, “I am sure they do but no one talks about it. Adam, you should totally go to Abiang because if you stay you will become so desperate for company you might end up talking to that douchebag, Danny.”

Adam could not believe Kris was inviting him especially after the morning but he was not about to look a gift horse in the mouth, “I’d love to go.”

“The boat sails at nine so we need to leave here at 7am. So just come over my house by then unless you want to sleep over…”

Adam looked at Brad, “You are not abandoning me my last night, bitch. You are going to have a whole week to make an ass out of yourself trying to seduce the straight boy. Tonight you stay with me.”

Adam wanted to kill Brad for once again trying to make Kris uncomfortable. He turned to Kris hoping to make him feel better, “He is joking. I am not going to make passes at you. I really do just want to be friends. I am actually going through a celibate phase.”

Brad snorted, “So the other night doesn’t count?”

Kris just looked at them weird and said he had to go. Once Kris walked away Adam turned to Brad, “Thanks a lot for making things awkward.”

“I was helping you not make an ass out of yourself in the future. I know the Adam Lambert charm is hard to resist but even if you seduce him, he is not about to give up his church and be your boyfriend. I swear you are a glutton for punishment.”

“I just want to be his friend.”

“Well, then you are all set. Stop being a bitch and let’s enjoy my last night on this rock.”

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Kris was excited to go to Abiang. It was a more traditional island with a smaller population. He had been there once and thought it was amazing. He really hoped Adam liked it and could deal with it being very rustic. So far, Adam seemed pretty adaptable. Adam showed up at his house at 7:15 which caused Kris to worry about missing the boat. Adam apologized claiming that it was tough crossing the channel. Kris noticed Adam had all his luggage with him. “No wonder, you don’t need all these bags.”

“Yeah, I know but I couldn’t leave them there.”

Kris felt bad having not helped Adam, “Oh sorry. OK, do you want to leave one here?”
Adam nodded and put the large one in Kris’ room. They raced down to the port and just made the boat. “I need to stop at the ATM when we get to Abiang.”

Kris laughed, “Adam, they don’t have ATMs in Abiang. They don’t even have stores other than a stand that sells basic items. Don’t you have any money?”

Adam felt like an idiot and looked down, “I gave it to Brad. I just assumed I could get more money.”

Kris checked, he had enough money to cover the two boat rides and buy some basic supplies. They would have to really conserve. Kris just shook his head, “As long as we don’t eat much, I think I can cover it.”

Adam brightened, “Maybe I can barter my passage. I have lots of cool stuff people might like.” Kris watched Adam take out an ipod shuffle and sold it to some guy for $10 and then sold an expensive looking necklace for $5. Adam smiled at Kris, “See that was easy enough.”

“Aren’t you going to miss your ipod?” Kris would rather die than give up his ipod. Adam shrugged, “I’d rather just listen to you sing. I can deal.” Kris once again wondered what Adam’s life was like in LA. One of the passengers had a boom box and was playing pop songs. Kris noticed Adam stiffening as a new song played. Kris recognized the song which was by a former idol winner whose name Kris couldn’t remember. Kris laughed, “It is not that bad of a song. The singer won American Idol like four or five years ago. Although he’s a bit over the top and gets most of his fame with cheap publicity stunts, he can actually sing really well. I am surprised you don’t like him because he’s gay…I mean out and proud.” Kris felt like an ass. He went to apologize but Adam seemed to relax rather than become upset by Kris’ stupid comment.

Adam laughed, “So because he is gay, I should be a fan? Anyway, did you watch American Idol that season?”

“No, I saw like one or two episodes. Like I said, the winner was not my type.”

They arrived on island about five hours later. Adam seemed in awe of the beauty and cute traditional houses. Kris greeted all the villagers that came to meet him. He introduced Adam to them and like everyone else they warmed to him immediately. Adam just had a completely disarming manner the locals loved. They were both invited to a botaki that night. They went in their hut which was tiny. There was only a small homemade desk, some shelves and a mat which would be their bed. There was a small ‘bathroom’ which had basically a makeshift toilet and a concrete slab to take bucket baths.

“I can get some well water if you want to bathe. Let me show you where it is.”

Kris grabbed a large bucket and led Adam to a small well. He filled the bucket showing Adam how to get the water. Adam seemed to think it was fun until he realized he was going to bathing in cold water. They went back to the hut and Adam tested out the ‘shower’. Kris laughed as Adam shrieked from the cold water. Adam came out in just a towel smiling, “That was fun. Now it’s your turn.”

Kris nodded and started to strip down. He felt Adam’s eyes on him and turned to see him staring. Adam shrugged and said easily, “You can’t blame me for looking.”

Kris kind of liked Adam looking at him. It should have been creepy but it was more flattering. “I don’t mind you looking.” Now that was just awkward! Kris blushed and became flustered, “I
mean…I am not offended...I trust you. You know what I mean.”

Adam laughed, “You are so cute when you’re flustered. I’ll just go get you more water from the well. I was a bit of a water hog so you might need more than the two drops I left you.”

Kris watched Adam pull on his shorts and head out with another bucket. Kris finished stripping down and went in the bathroom area. Adam was right there wasn’t much water left. Kris had enough to lather up and hoped Adam came back soon. He soaped up and heard Adam come back in.

“I need water, Adam.”

Adam came into the area with a bucket and almost spilled it when he saw a naked, soaped up Kris. Kris giggled, “Can I have the water before you drop it?”

“Er…yeah…sorry.” Adam put the bucket down near Kris, “You don’t need any help, do you?”

Kris suddenly became nervous, “No! I’m good.”

“Ok, then I’ll just go in the ‘living area’ before I totally freak you out. Really, I am not usually this creepy around straight guys,” Adam smiled and walked out.

Kris finished bathing in a daze. That was weird. Kris had played sports and gone camping so showering around other men was not that new. Maybe because he knew Adam was gay it was different. Kris hoped he wasn’t becoming homophobic. He liked Adam and truly didn’t mind that he was gay. Still, he was feeling and acting weird around him.

Kris finished washing up and went out. They went to the botaki and were treated as the guests of honor. Once again, Kris loved how gracious and nonjudgmental Adam was towards the I-Kiribati. Unlike Danny, Adam wanted to learn about their customs rather than impose his beliefs. It was refreshing and the I-Kiribati were a lot more open to that approach. Kris found himself relaxing and really enjoying the botaki. Adam came over and offered Kris some toddy. Against his better judgment, Kris accepted and proceeded to get slightly buzzed.

At about ten, they headed back to their hut. Kris was a little buzzed but thankfully not too drunk. Adam seemed a little giddy, “Kris, this place is incredible. I haven’t had so much fun in like forever. You are actually really cool. I think even if we were not a desolate island, we could be friends.”

“I am not sure our paths would have crossed but maybe.” Kris’ friends back home were definitely a lot more conservative and Kris wasn’t as convinced in the real world they would have much in common. “Do you have a lot of friends, Adam?”

“Yeah, I am a pretty social person. I am not sure I have that many really close friends. What about you?”

“I have a small circle of friends I have known forever. I am not always that outgoing so I don’t meet too many people.”

“Too bad for the people.” Kris smiled at Adam and bumped him. They went inside the hut and things suddenly became a little awkward. Kris started hanging up a mosquito net, “Er…I think we will have to sleep next to each other because I have only one mosquito net. I am sorry we have no mattress but the I-Kiribati usually just sleep on straw mats.”

“I’ve crashed on more floors than I can count. No worries.” They both laid down in their shorts and
Kris sealed the mosquito net around them. Kris wasn’t that tired and was buzzed enough to turn off his filter, “What is it like being gay?”

“I’m not sure how to answer that question. Can you be more specific?”

“What is it like having sex with a man?”

“I think it is great.” Adam laughed, “Actually, I can’t really compare because I never slept with a woman.”

Adam didn’t seem embarrassed so Kris continued, “What exactly do you do with men?”

“Depends. Sometimes I just make out with them and sometimes I go for the gold, sort of speak. It is probably not all that different except men are better at the sex.”

Kris laughed, “How would you know?”

“Logic. Men have dicks therefore their techniques must be better since they have first-hand experience.”

Kris thought for a minute, “Maybe but I am not sure just because I’ve gotten a blowjob I would know how to do it.” Kris suddenly realized what he said and the conversation he was having and became ultra embarrassed.

Adam just laughed, “I am sure you would be able to figure it out pretty quick. Maybe my argument isn’t water tight but I know for sure I give better blowjobs than most women. Bisexual men have told me so.”

Kris laughed, “Cocky aren’t you?”

“Mm, extremely. Kris, I think we should stop talking about sex because frankly I am getting turned on. I am a little buzzed and I don’t want to do something stupid to jeopardize our friendship.”

Kris wondered if Adam was just getting turned on because he was a guy or if he was starting to like him. He had heard most gay men were promiscuous and without knowing any he couldn’t confirm it. “OK but one last question. Do you sleep with a lot of men?”

“No, I am pretty picky when I go all the way. I am single so I guess I fool around a lot but I am trying to be celibate now. Let’s go to bed because I want to wake up early and go swimming.” Adam kissed him on the cheek which should have been weird but it wasn’t. Kris laid there a few more minutes trying to picture Adam having sex with men. He couldn’t help wondering if Adam really gave amazing blowjobs and what it would be like to get one from him. Bad thoughts!
Chapter 5

Adam woke up to Kris half laying on him. The world was a cruel place to make someone so perfect and not gay! Adam tried to extricate himself but Kris held on, “Sleep longer.” Adam could feel himself starting to react to Kris’ proximity and needed to get away, “I’m really not much of a morning cuddler.”

Adam’s words hit their mark because Kris suddenly sat up and turned red, “Sorry man, I must have thought you were a pillow.” Yeah, and I almost thought you were an option. Kris stood up, “OK, didn’t you want to go swimming? I have to go to class later so we should go now.”

They walked across the road toward the lagoon side of the island where the water was calm. There were a few people fishing and some kids playing. Kris jumped in and started swimming. Adam followed suit and happily played in the water. Adam liked not having to worry about what he was doing in case photographers were filming him. He loved being a a celebrity but it was also really nice to be anonymous.

They got out and went back to shower. Adam retrieved water but stayed out of the shower area while Kris bathed. Kris donned on his missionary clothes which served as a final reminder that he was off limits.

“So, what are you going to do all day? If you are bored, you can come help me teach.”

“I won’t be a bad influence?”

Kris looked confused, “Why are you going to give them cigarettes? They love meeting foreigners and part of their schooling is learning English and you speak it well enough.”

“OK, I’ll come then.” Adam grabbed a pair of dressier pants and was about to put on his only button down top when he heard Kris laugh, “Adam we are going to a hut on a desolate island not a nightclub. I am not sure a satin top is necessary.”

“It is silk, Kris. I don’t have anything else.”

“Just wear your shorts and a T-shirt. I only wear this because it is church policy. The people here think it is ridiculous and considering the weather I tend to agree. Just be yourself and they will love you.”

Adam instantly felt better and was happy not to wear his good clothes. Kris grabbed his guitar and they went to the ‘classroom’ which was a hut slightly bigger than the one they were staying in. There were about ten students sitting on the ground with a pad of paper. A local man in his early 20s greeted them and said he was their teacher. Adam shook the man’s hand and smiled.

The kids seemed enthralled with Adam which was probably because he was tall. Adam was enthralled with Kris and loved how passionate he was with teaching. Kris took the guitar and started playing a Christmas song the kids knew. Adam was impressed how well they could sing and found himself singing along. Even though he was Jewish, Adam knew most of the Christmas tunes from singing in school choir.

“Adam, do you know Silent Night?”

“Yeah, but I haven’t sang it in years.”

Kris started playing and Adam forgot he was supposed to be hiding his singing abilities. Adam concentrated on remembering the words and didn’t notice Kris gaping at him. Shit, I hope he
doesn’t recognize my voice. Kris laughed, “That was awesome. I had no idea you were a singer.”

Adam became flustered, “I-I was keeping it secret for obvious reasons.”

Kris shrugged, “You said you did musicals but I thought you were just a tap dancing or something. Can you sing them a show tune?”

He doesn’t know and he thought I was a tap dancer? Adam relaxed and nodded, “Sure, how about I sing them ‘Is anybody listening?’”

“Don’t know that one but I am sure they will like it.”

Adam sang it with no music. The kids seemed to love it. Kris than sang them a Michael Jackson song which they really enjoyed. The local teacher announced it was lunch time and guided Adam and Kris to a maneaba. Adam was given a plate full of fish and rice.

“You have the most amazing voice, Adam. Why didn’t you get into music?”

Adam hated lying, “Well, I kind of did but now I am focusing on acting on the big screen. I used to do a lot of musicals and actually made a living working in theater.”

Kris seemed impressed, “Were you on Broadway?”

“No, I worked in Los Angeles and in Europe. I considered going to New York but other things came up.”

Kris nodded, “I totally think you could make it if you tried.”

Adam needed to get off this topic, “You are a good musician, yourself. Why aren’t you pursuing music?”

“I want to but I am from Arkansas and it is hard to make it there. I just haven’t had the courage to move to a big city. I don’t know anyone in LA or NY.”

Adam smiled and once again forgot himself, “Now you do. You should totally come to LA. You could stay with me until you got settled.”

Kris smiled, “Maybe, you don’t seem too hard to live with and you do make a great pillow.” Adam raised a brow and Kris laughed before turning red. They went back to the classroom and Adam read them a story and then played some games with them. It was a good day.

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Kris was so glad he invited Adam to Abiang. Kris usually liked going there but this time he loved it. Adam didn’t seem to mind the lack of conveniences and appreciated the hospitality they were being shown. Aside from being Jewish, Adam would have made the perfect missionary. Kris had also been blown away by his singing voice. It was obvious the boy could sing and once again Kris was confused why Adam would be hiding out on a little island I the Pacific. Whatever the reason, Kris was glad.

After a full day in class, they decided to walk to the other side of the island. Adam was asking him lots of questions about his past and Kris tried to not make his life seem to boring. Kris hoped Adam didn’t ask him about Katy.

“So, you weren’t dating anyone back in Conway?
“Nothing too serious.”

“But you did date some…girls?”

“Yeah,”

Adam seemed to be trying to ask something but then hesitating. Kris smiled, “Just ask whatever it is you want to ask. If I don’t want to answer, I won’t.”

“You aren’t bisexual, are you?”

Kris laughed and tried to joke, “Why are you starting to get a crush on me?”

Adam hesitated and then smiled, “Maybe.”

Kris laughed since he assumed Adam was joking, “Is it the tie?”

“I think it’s your eyes.”

Kris hesitated and just stared at Adam tensely. *Is he going to kiss me?* Adam laughed, “OK, maybe it’s the tie.” Adam nudged him playfully which completely broke the tension, as well as, the moment. “You think there will be another botaki tonight? I love how these people party all the time.”

Kris laughed but still wondered what was going on between them. Adam started talking about music and Kris just followed suit for the rest of the walk. Kris was impressed with Adam’s musical knowledge and wide range of tastes. They had another botaki that night but neither one of them over indulged. His relationship with Adam was definitely different form his other friendships with men. In some it was more like his friendship with women. There was no competitiveness or need to one up each other. It was just easy to be around each other.

After the botaki, they went to bed and Adam seemed to intentionally face away from Kris. Kris felt a little shut out, “It will be nice to sleep in a bed again when we get back to Tarawa.”

“Yeah, I miss that foam mattress at Tebeti’s.” Adam joked.

“Do you miss Brad?”

Adam laughed, “Not yet. Brad is best in limited doses so I had my fill for a couple weeks. He is actually an amazing guy. I’ve known him for a long time and he is one of the few people I would call a true friend. He was my first love and they say you never really get over them.”

Kris felt jealous and sad, “So you are still with him?”

“No, we make better friends than partners. So I’d say we were more friends with occasional benefits.”

Kris was not sure why but he suddenly felt the need to strike back, “So you just use each other to get off.”

Adam didn’t seem offended, “I guess in a sense. I am a pretty sexual guy and being single has its drawbacks. I don’t like to pick up random men so I think it is just easier to be with Brad.”

“Maybe you still love him.”

“I do love him but I am definitely not ‘in love’ with him. I take it you don’t do casual relationships.”
“No, not usually but I’ve made out with a few girls I didn’t intend to date and I’ve had a one night stand before.”

Adam giggled, “Really? Tell me about the one night stand.”

Kris blushed and couldn’t believe he admitted it, “I was 18 and still a virgin so me and my friend Charles went to a bar. I ended up getting drunk and going home with this middle aged woman that used to work in my highschool. It was pretty pathetic but I didn’t want to be a virgin at 19.”

“I didn’t lose my virginity until I was 21.”

Kris was surprised at that revelation, “Wow, that is old.”

Adam laughed, “Yeah, but I more than made up for it. My first time sounds like yours except it was with a guy. I was drunk and didn’t really give the best performance.”

Talking about sex with Adam was making him feel weird. Kris was horrified to realize he was getting hard. Thankfully, the room was dark and he was sober. Adam continued, “You know more than just the sex, I miss lying in bed with someone and just caressing each other. I love giving and getting massages or just spending hours making out.”

Not helping the wood. “Yeah, I like massages too. Well, actually I haven’t gotten very many. I pulled a back muscle a few years ago and had physical therapy which involved some massaging.”

Adam laughed, “Totally not the same. You have never had a girlfriend give you a massage?”

“No, but I’ve given girls back rubs.”

“You are missing out. It’s an amazing feeling and even better when it’s a lover since it usually involves a happy ending.”

“I like happy endings.” Shit, I said that out loud.

Adam laughed, “Everyone likes happy endings. If you want sometime, I’ll give you a massage. I promise I won’t even take advantage.”

Kris was tempted, “Seriously, you would give me an innocent massage?”

“Definitely, because no one should go through life without having experienced one, although, I should apologize in advance for enjoying myself more than I should.”

Kris laughed, “Ok, when? Now?”

“Eager, I like that. Actually, we need to get some coconut oil for it to be good. I want you to get the full experience.” Adam giggled, “Well, not the full experience but you know what I mean.”

“Cool.” Kris was fully hard now and had a feeling that was not normal. He chalked it up to having not had sex in forever. He was a twenty three year old man and that meant he was naturally horny all the time. Yeah, this was just…normal bodily functions. Tomorrow was going to be a long day.
Adam woke up and heard Kris moving around their hut. It was early, as usual. Adam was amazed what an early riser he had become. In the past, he never woke up at dawn without an alarm clock and two wake up calls. These days it seemed it just took Kris padding around the hut quietly. Kris came out of the shower area naked which made Adam very happy he had woken up. Unfortunately, he immediately got dressed. Unlike some of his friends, Kris wasn’t the type to mull around naked for hours. Curious to Kris’ big rush Adam inquired, “Where are you going?”

“I have to go to a morning mass before class. You’re welcome to join me since they don’t know you’re a heathen.”

Adam laughed, “Well what good is being a heathen if I have to get up early to go to church? I think today I am going to relax and focus on my task of getting coconut oil.”

Kris seemed to stumble at Adam’s words, “Er…ok…well I’ll be back later.”

Adam wasn’t sure what to make of things but he would get the oil anyway. If the massage was a no go, he could still use the oil for his hair. Adam went back to bed for an hour and then got up for real. He went out of the hut and some women pulled him to join them for breakfast. Adam was happy one spoke a little English and managed to ask her for coconut oil. Adam exchanged one of his bracelets for the oil. The rest of the day he spent wandering around and visiting with other locals. He loved how everyone was so open and friendly. To them, he was just another Imatang or foreigner not a freak celebrity.

Adam went back to the hut in the afternoon since people tended to nap in the heat of the day. Kris was there reading. He had changed out of his missionary uniform into board shorts. Kris looked up and smiled, “Hey there. Did you have a good day?”

“Yes, dear, how was work?” Adam batted his eyelashes.

Kris laughed, “You may be a good actor but you are not too convincing as the little woman. The kids here are really sweet but they need books and a better classroom. I am going to see if the church can raise some donations back home.”

“Maybe I can get some of my friends to help. Some are rich and always looking to feel useful.”

“That would be good. So, what did you do all day?”

“Nothing really. It is so easy just to spend the whole day socializing. But, I did accomplish my mission.” Adam held up a water bottle filled with coconut oil.

Kris laughed, “When do I get my massage?”

Adam could feel himself getting aroused which did not bode well. Kris seemed oblivious to his discomfort and continued, “Now would be a good time since the island is napping.”

Adam had to think fast, “OK, first you need to go to the lagoon and swim for a bit. It will make the massage better.”

Kris seemed confused, “I just took a shower and the sun is blaring.”

Adam needed some alone time to basically jerk off otherwise he wouldn’t make it through the
massage without embarrassing them both. “Don’t you want the full effect? Trust me on this. Also, get some coconuts because we might get thirsty.”

Kris got up reluctantly, “OK. I guess I’ll also bring back some well water.”

Adam smiled and watched Kris go. He immediately grabbed some oil and went in the shower area and jerked off. Since he had a feeling Kris would comeback fast, he got right down to business. The last thing he needed was to get caught jacking off. Luckily, the image of rubbing Kris down and perhaps spicing things up…Bad! Adam. After a much needed orgasm, he cleaned away the evidence and took a quick bucket shower. Kris returned as he was finishing up. He came right into the shower area with a bucket, “Do you need more…”

Adam looked over and noticed Kris staring at him. Adam hoped there was no lingering evidence he had masturbated and spoke out of nervousness, “Er…I’m good…just finishing up…nothing more to see here.” Adam needed to just shut up.

“Sure, Adam.” Kris was using a tone that one would use to someone suffering from Alzheimer’s. Kris walked out and Adam just threw more cold water on himself and went out in the main area. Kris smiled at him patiently and went to take his own bath. Fuck! This was the stupidest idea Adam had ever concocted. Note to self, never offer to massage hot, straight, religious boys. Hopefully, his dick would respect that he wasn’t 18 anymore and not react.

Kris came out in a towel and looked at Adam nervously, “Um…do I get dressed?”

Adam’s dick had no such respect, “Whatever makes you comfortable. I wear underwear unless it is a cute guy and I am hoping for a happy ending.”

Kris pulled on his shorts which made Adam a little sad. He knew this was innocent but it would have made an awesome porn. Adam grabbed the oil. “Lay on your stomach and prepare to be dazzled by amazing hands. You are going to weep that you wasted all these years missing out.”

Adam heard Kris chuckle as he laid down on the mat. Adam straddled Kris hips and sat on his thighs, “Am I crushing you?”

“You’re fine.” Adam poured the oil on Kris’ back and started to rub it in thinking, I can do this. No big deal. That was until Kris started making little appreciative moans that were just too sexy. OK, I am well and truly fucked.

Kris had a nice body. It was toned without being overly muscular or too sinewy. It was perfect. Adam focused really hard not to be creepy and inappropriate. Not easy when the object of his desire was moaning and responding so sexy to his touch. Adam was experienced enough to know Kris was getting turned on. He had also learned all about ‘straight boy curiosity’. It never ended well and Adam’s life was fucked up enough. The thought of Kris leading him on and rejecting him was enough to keep him in the box.

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Adam was acting strange and Kris wondered if he was regretting his offer to give Kris a massage. Kris laid down and forgot all about his concerns the minute Adam’s hand were on his back. It felt amazing and Kris could not help making little sounds of delight. Adam was right, he had missed out on some good shit. Kris tried to relax as Adam was rubbing his thumbs into the nerves surrounding his spine. Adam was working his was down his back going lower and lower. Kris recognized the tingling sensation in his body, he was getting turned on! Wait, he wasn’t gay!
Kris was grateful he was on his stomach and Adam wouldn’t realize he was getting hard. Hoping to control his body, Kris thought about Danny and tried to picture Danny giving him a massage. That was successfully killing his hard on. Adam leaned down, “You good?”

“I’m good. You are very good at this. You should become a masseur.”

Adam laughed, “Using that logic, I should be a whore.”

So much, for losing the boner. Kris just tried to relax and let Adam work his magic. Kris found himself getting sleepy. He must have fallen asleep because he opened his eyes and Adam was laying next to him. Adam was running his hand down his back lightly almost reverently. Kris smiled, “Sorry, I fell asleep.”

Adam pulled his hand back like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar, “Sorry, I was molesting you in your sleep.”

“S’okay. It felt good.” Adam smiled beautifully at Kris’ response. Kris wanted Adam to kiss him. It wouldn’t take much to lean closer and have their lips touch. Hoping to encourage Adam, Kris put his hand on Adam’s hip and whispered, “You are right, you dazzled me.”

Adam pulled back abruptly and sat up. Had Kris totally misread the signs? Maybe gay men and women were totally different. Kris started to become nervous and embarrassed by his clumsy attempt to flirt. Adam stood up, “We should go for a walk. It’s cooled off.”

Kris got up and followed Adam out the door to go on a walk. It suddenly hit Kris that he had wanted Adam to kiss him. He wanted a man to kiss him which was weird since he’d never even been bi-curious before. Kris was confused and decided to broach the subject with his only gay friend.

“How did you know you were gay?”

“I just always knew just like you knew you liked women.”

“How did you know you didn’t like girls?”

Adam shrugged, “I didn’t feel anything when I kissed them and I had no interest in going further.”

“I never kissed a guy.”

Adam laughed, “A lot of straight men haven’t.”

Maybe I am not totally straight. Kris needed to think things through. They continued to walk along the coastline. It was low tide so there was plenty of beach. Adam changed the subject and started talking about movies. Kris found himself engaging in the conversation and laughing along. On the way back to their hut, they were invited to dine with some villagers. After the meal, the men offered them beer and Adam accepted. Kris drank some beers hoping for a little liquid courage. Adam seemed to frown at Kris’ drinking and unilaterally decided it was time to go back to the hut before Kris could finish his third beer. Luckily, Kris was a lightweight so he was buzzed enough to flirt.

“Are we going back early so you can finish my massage?”

Adam looked at him, “I finished it this afternoon. You are just being greedy now.”

Kris frowned, “I didn’t get a happy ending.”
Adam became a little flustered, “You are drunk.”

“No, I am just a little tipsy. I think you are hot.”

Adam laughed, “I’d say you are more than tipsy. I am flattered but you do realize you are looking at me with beer goggles? Besides, you are not gay, remember?”

“Well, how can I be sure if I never even kissed a boy? Do you want to kiss me?”

Adam seemed to ignore the question and then they arrived at their hut. Adam immediately went into the bathroom area. Kris laid down thinking he hadn’t even masturbated in two weeks. Maybe that was why he was feeling so horny. Adam came back out and froze. Kris blushed as he noticed his shorts were tenting rather obviously, “Er…I haven’t had sex in a while.”

Adam seemed to mumble something to himself and then grabbed the coconut oil. Yes! I am going to get my happy ending. Adam came over and handed the oil to Kris, “Do what you need to do in the bathroom. I am going to bed.”

Kris felt crushed as he took the oil. Didn’t Adam want him? This was not a happy ending at all. There was no way Kris was going to jerk off ten feet away from Adam. Thankfully, the humiliation of being so brutally rejected was killing his boner. Adam laid down and turned away from Kris. Well, so much for being homosexual.
Adam pretended to sleep but it certainly wasn’t easy with a hot, horny boy next to him. A curious!Kris was very sexy but Adam had no desire to be somebody’s experiment. He had been there years ago when he crushed on this guy for months only to bed him and have him freak out the next day. Looking back, the guy probably only slept with him because of who he was which happened quite often. Fame was a great aphrodisiac. On the flipside, fame allowed him to sleep with a lot people that would normally never give him the time of day. Still, the whole freak out made Adam had felt two feet tall and caused him to swear off fucking straight men. He occasionally went with someone bisexual but even that usually ended badly. No way was he going to corrupt a total innocent that would definitely freak out.

Kris was finally asleep right up against Adam appearing to be a natural cuddler. Great can’t this guy have any flaws! Adam just endured the close contact and finally fell asleep a few hours later. He woke up hard as a rock. Kris’ leg was between his thighs, right up against his erection. Adam tried to move and really didn’t mean to rub against Kris, really. Kris chose that moment to wake and stared at Adam with an expression of horror. Well, I guess he isn’t confused anymore.

Adam became defensive, “For the record, I wasn’t humping your leg so don’t get all bent out of shape.”

Kris just blinked and then quickly moved his leg away from Adam, “I am not good with personal space when I sleep.” Adam hoped that was the end of it but Kris giggled, “Wow, I totally thought you were a shower but you are also a grower.”

“Kris! I can’t believe you just said that.” He really didn’t need to go there.

“I can’t believe I felt…what? Like a nine inch dick on my leg. You can’t expect me not to address the elephant in the room.”

“Kris, the elephant isn’t my dick size it’s that you suddenly got this notion that you are gay. I have a pretty good gaydar and you are not gay. Look, you are not the first straight guy to come on to me. For some reason, I attract that type and I have no idea why. It’ll pass.”

Adam felt bad being so cruel but it was Kris’ own good. No good would come from an ‘experiment’ that would probably leave Kris scarred and make him hate Adam. Kris looked down for a minute and then smiled, “If this happens all the time, then it is no big deal. Why not indulge me and let me test the waters?”

“NO!”

“You are a prude, Adam.”

Adam’s jaw dropped. He had been called a lot of things in his life but never a prude. Come on, he was Adam fucking Lambert. He even had an unauthorized sex tape floating around the web! Adam was pissed, “Fine you want to feel what it is like to kiss a guy, then come here.”

Kris moved closer and puckered up. Adam’s anger dissipated into laughter upon seeing Kris with his eyes closed in an exaggerated pucker, “You are such a dork, Kris.”

Kris laughed too, “Adam, I am not trying to make you uncomfortable and I am not using you just to have a ‘homosexual experience’. You just confuse me and I thought if we kissed I might be able to categorize my feelings for you.”
Adam felt like a jerk. Kris was being so honest and vulnerable. Adam smiled, “Promise you won’t end our budding friendship over this? I really think you are a cool guy.”

“I think you are really cool too. Whatever happens I want to stay friends always.”

Adam responded giving kiss a short kiss on the lips. Kris frowned, “I hope that wasn’t the kiss.”

“Come here, smart ass.” Kris smiled and Adam bridged the gap between them and kissed him. Adam felt like fireworks were going off as he deepened the kiss. Adam loved the way Kris tasted and how he was trying to mimic Adam’s movements. This was a good kiss and Adam was confidant Kris was going to think it was his best kiss to date. Adam slowly broke contact and looked at Kris to make sure he wasn’t freaking out.

Kris seemed dazed, “Wow, do you always kiss like that?”

“No always, so what do you think?”

“I think I got distracted by your technique. We better try it again so I can focus.” Kris kissed him and was pulling him on top. The boy was too damn eager for his own good. Kissing was the same no matter what gender the participants. Adam decided to push the envelope and put Kris’ hand on his crotch. Just as he suspected, Kris pulled back.

Adam rolled off him, “I told you, you weren’t gay.”

“Maybe, I just want to take things slow. After all, I am a good Christian boy so you don’t get to go to second base before the first date.”

Adam’s jaw dropped for the second time, “Date?”

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Kris laughed at Adam’s shock, “Don’t boys date?” Kris was actually a little freaked out about touching another man’s dick but he wasn’t going to let Adam know. He needed to ease into this ‘gay thing’. He was hoping they could just kiss for a while. Adam was an amazing kisser. Kris really didn’t know if he was enjoying it because Adam was a guy or because Adam was a just the best kisser.

“You want to date me?”

Kris hadn’t really thought this through and should have known better than to speak. Of course he spoke anyway, “Not publicly but maybe we could sneak around a bit.”

Adam seemed to get mad, “Like I can be your dirty little secret? This is why I don’t fuck around with straight men. Kris, take my advice and just live your picture perfect life. Being gay is occasionally fashionable but for the most part it is hard. Besides, do you really want to cheat on your girlfriend?”

*Katy!* Kris suddenly felt awful. He never thought himself a cheater but if he started experimenting with Adam that is what he would be. Kris shook his head, “You are right this is wrong and we shouldn’t pursue this. For the record, you are a great kisser and I really liked it.”

“Yeah, until you felt my dick. There is a big difference sucking face with a man and sucking his cock. How far do you think you would have gone?”

Kris pondered the question and again was dumb enough to answer, “I don’t know. I probably
would have let you give me a blowjob.”

Kris braced himself for Adam’s reaction and was surprised when Adam laughed. “Once again, getting a blow job from me really doesn’t make you gay it just makes you lucky.”

Adam had a contagious laugh that made Kris laugh, “Very lucky. Actually, I’ve only had like three blowjobs in my life.”

Kris felt stupid when Adam’s jaw dropped, “Honey, what exactly have you been doing in bed?”

Kris shrugged, “Mostly jerking off I guess. I’ve been dating Katy forever and she doesn’t really like doing that. At first, we were going to wait until we got married but then we didn’t. So we only started having sex a few months before I left to come to Kiribati. She did give me a blow job for my birthday.”

Adam didn’t seem too impressed, “Weren’t there other women before Katy?”

“Only a couple and the sex wasn’t all that good.”

Adam grimaced, “Maybe you should have a wild phase before you settle down. Sex is best when you are with someone you love but there is a lot to say for hot, dirty, one-time encounters.”

Kris did feel bad about the cheating thing but he couldn’t help trying to manipulate Adam into giving in. Kris had missed out on a lot of good sex and needed to know what it was like to be with a man. He didn’t want to live as a gay man but a couple stolen moments would be awesome. Adam seemed to have enough casual sex that a quick fling shouldn’t bother him. Maybe Adam just really wasn’t interested in having sex with someone so inexperienced. He certainly seemed to be appalled by Kris sex life or lack thereof. Kris tried to broach the subject, “Have you had many one-time encounters?”

Adam shrugged, “It is all relative. I went through slutty phases here and there. For the most part, I don’t really do that now. The whole rockst-, I mean rock and roll type lifestyle you find in Hollywood isn’t where I am at now.”

Adam seemed to be a little agitated like he was lying. Kris was confused, “Are you in a relationship right now?”

Adam seemed to struggle before answering, “I am coming out of a destructive one. I was with this guy that betrayed me pretty bad. I am definitely single and supposed to be celibate. I don’t have a good track record for avoiding destructive relationships. Hence, my even contemplating being with you.”

Thanks a lot. Kris just nodded, “How long were you with him?”

“About a year, but I was gone tour- I mean traveling for about six months.”

Happy to change the subject since Adam was uncomfortable, Kris inquired, “Where were you traveling?”

“I went through Europe and part of Asia.”

“Wow, were you backpacking? Why didn’t he go?”

Adam shifted, “He was trying to make it as an actor in LA so he needed to stay there.”
“Wow, I’d love to go to Europe. You lead a very glamorous life, Adam Mitchell.”

“The grass is always greener, Kris Allen. Now, get your sexy ass up so we can go swimming before you work.”

They got up and spent the day together. Adam came with him to class and was really amazing with kids and adults alike. He just had this energy that drew out the best in others. They spent their last night at a botaki thrown in their honor. All in all, this was his best week ever. They returned to their hut both tipsy. Once inside Kris could feel the tension mounting. Adam smiled at him, “I really like it here. I wish we could just stay here forever.”

“Wouldn’t the fish with rice get boring after a few years?”

“Yeah, but tasting you would make up for it.” Before Kris could respond, Adam was kissing him. Kris should have been scared of Adam’s aggressive approach but instead he found himself getting hard. Things had never been this hot with Katy. Adam started kissing his neck, “I fucking want you so bad, Kris. You have to stop me.”

Stop him? Was he out of his mind? That was truly the last thing on Kris’ to do list especially as Adam nibbled on his ear. Kris was hard as a rock and really hoped Adam would touch him. Adam ran his hand over Kris’ erection which felt amazing but made him a little nervous. What if Adam found him lacking? Kris had looked around the locker room before and knew he was ok but maybe Adam had higher standards. He certainly paled in comparison to Adam’s own cock. Plus, Adam would have seen a lot more cocks to compare. Kris suddenly started to become nervous. Adam seemed to sense Kris bout with self-esteem, “You are so beautiful, Kris. I could spend all night looking at you, touching you, and tasting you but I know we need to stop.”

Adam released him and took a step back. Kris missed him already, “I don’t want to stop.”

“We are both drunk and that is not how I want this to go. I am falling for you and it scares me too much to act rashly.”

Adam was falling for him? Kris smiled, “I think I am falling for you too.”

Adam ran his hand through his short-now strawberry blonde crew cut. “I am going to take a cold shower and then go to sleep.”

Kris was disappointed again, “You are really a tease, Adam Mitchell.”

Adam laughed, “I guess I am, Kristopher Allen but someone needs to be responsible.”

Kris watched Adam go in the bathroom and sighed. Things were getting complicated. Kris really, really liked Adam. Sure he and Katy got on really well but it was nothing compared to the natural affinity he felt with Adam. This was unchartered territory and Kris was getting scared. Was he ready to explore this option? As much as he was curious, the stakes were higher now. Kris really was falling for Adam and falling hard.
Chapter 8

Adam came out of the bathroom to find Kris had fallen asleep. Thank God! Adam was running out of will power and wasn’t sure he would be able to keep turning Kris down. The more time Adam spent with him, the more he was falling in love with him. The boy had an understated sexuality about him that Adam found hard to resist. More than that, he was just an awesome person that made the world seem right. He just loved being around Kris and really did wish they could hide on the island forever.

However…reality check time. Kris was straight and lived a heterosexual, conservative life. Adam was a rock star with no privacy and a scandalous past. In the real world they would be like oil and water. Normally, he wouldn’t care but he valued the friendship between them and didn’t want to hurt Kris. The fact that he restrained himself is proof that this might be true love. On that note… Adam just laid down and tried to sleep.

The next morning, they had to rush to catch the boat. Neither one of them spoke too much on the journey back. Adam could tell Kris had a hangover and he was feeling pretty morose himself. They arrived back in Tarawa in the evening. Kris arranged a ride back to North Tarawa. Adam was feeling sad about going back to Tebeti’s alone. He really liked having Kris as a roommate.

Kris seemed to notice Adam’s melancholy, “I already miss Abiang too. It is getting dark out and you need to pick up your stuff at my place. Do you want to just spend the night?”

“Sure. Won’t your housemates object?” Adam doubted Danny would welcome his company.

“I am sure it will be fine but if they get too uptight, we can always sleep out back in the kea kea.”

Adam’s mood perked up knowing he would have one more night with Kris. They arrived at the house and Danny was there reading the bible. He looked up and scowled when he saw Adam, “I saw your boyfriend left last week, when are you leaving?”

“I’m not sure. I sort of like it here.”

Danny shook his head, “You should be careful here. The people won’t take to your sinful ways.”

“Danny the people seem to like him a hell of a lot more than you! Actually, the I-Kribati like self righteous pricks even less!”

Adam didn’t want Kris to say anything he’d regret and put his hand on Kris shoulder to calm him, “Kris, it’s ok. I have dealt with this mentality before. It sort of comes with the territory.”

Kris was still seething but Danny seemed oblivious, “You better hurry up to Tebeti’s because it’s hard crossing the channel at night. Oh, Kris, the bathroom leaked and it flooded your room. We cleaned it up when we noticed.” Adam had a sinking feeling. Danny smirked, “Your suitcase it waterproof right, Adam?”

Adam hoped his stuff was ok. He was trying not to overreact but then he ran to Kris’ room. His suitcase looked a darker shade and there seemed to be some mold growing on it. Not good. Worse yet, it appeared the zippers were not closed all the way. Adam opened it and wanted to cry. His stuff was ruined. Kris and Danny came in.

“Don’t be too upset, you can always go back to LA and go shopping,” chimed Danny.
“Adam, I am so sorry. Danny, why didn’t you open his bag and air out the clothes?”

“I wasn’t sure he’d want me to touch his stuff. Plus, who knows what I would have found. It isn’t my fault this place is a dump.”

Kris shook his head, “You are a real jerk. He should make you pay. You probably ruined about $500 worth of clothes”

Try $25,000! Even though Adam toned it down, he still had plenty of one of a kind designer clothes in his bag. When he had packed, he had no concept of where he was actually going so he had taken some good stuff too. Adam looked at Danny, “That was really immature and Kris is right you are a jerk. Just remember ‘what goes around, comes around’.”

Danny’s eyes narrowed, “Agreed. Maybe God is punishing you for being a sodomite.”

Kris went to punch Danny but Adam grabbed him, and held him until he calmed down. Kris turned to Danny, “Well since this is your fault, I think we need to make it up to him. Adam, you can stay at our house as long as you are here.”

Danny almost had a seizure, “Stay where? We don’t have any free rooms.”

“He can stay in my room.”

Danny just shook his head, “This house is for missionaries only.” Danny seemed to pause and then grinned smugly, “Fine, but he has to contribute with chores. He has to do all the laundry and cook.”

Kris frowned, “Why should he do everyone’s laundry or cook? He is staying in MY room and you owe him $500.”

“Still, everyone is inconvenienced with an extra person. The chores offset that.”

Adam figured he could find someone to help with laundry and cook. Having personal assistants and people catering to his every whim, did not prepare him to be a good houseboy. Still it meant being with Kris, “That’s fine, my days are pretty free anyway.”

Kris looked at Adam with concern, “We don’t have a washing machine, Adam and there isn’t a lot of prepared food.”

“I’ll be fine.”

Danny smiled, “Good it’s settled. Have a nice night.” Danny walked away and Adam just rolled his eyes. Kris shook his head, “He is an ass. I will help you with the chores.”

“Don’t be silly. I will bang them out while you are all at school.”

“If you need help, please ask.” Kris was helping him look for salvageable items. Kris held up a pair of jeans and laughed, “These look pretty sexy. You never even wore them.” Adam cringed as he noticed the price tag and remembered they had been an indulgence Brad insisted he had to have.

Kris frowned, “Are these $5000 dollar jeans?”

Thinking fast Adam improvised, “No, it’s pesos. I got them in Mexico.” Real smooth, definitely not one of his better lies.

Kris looked closer, “Really, because the tag says Rodeo Drive?”

“It probably say radio drive, seriously it’s a Mexican rip off. Don’t worry about my stuff it’s only
clothes.” Adam couldn’t believe he didn’t puke on that statement. It was HIS clothes and he was trying to act stoic while mourning the loss.

Kris smiled, “Well, at least it’s warm here so you won’t freeze even if you walk around naked.”

Adam laughed, “I doubt Danny would appreciate that.”

“I wouldn’t mind.” Was there wax in his ear or did Kris just flirt? Adam noticed Kris blushing. At the same time, he also noticed there was only one bed in Kris’ room. It looked to be smaller than a queen but bigger than a single. Kris glanced at the bed and smiled, “We’ll fit. We can’t risk you drowning on the floor if the bathroom leaks again.”

Adam thought that was less risky to his being than sharing a small bed with Kris. He really needed some barriers, “What if one of your housemates walk in?”

“We’ll lock the door.”

“Won’t that seem odd?”

“I’ll just say you’re from LA and you are used to locking doors. I can’t see why they would even come in my room.”

Adam wasn’t convinced, “Maybe to investigate the big thump when one of us falls of the bed.”

Kris laughed, “We won’t fall because we can lay really close to each other.” Kris smiled not so innocently. He is flirting again! Was this Karma? Who did he piss off upstairs to be stuck with the man of his dreams making passes at him which he couldn’t accept? Adam didn’t want to be the other man or Kris dirty secret. He wanted a lot more from him.

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Danny was an evil person. Kris could not believe he had intentionally let Adam’s stuff get ruined. Kris wasn’t even convinced there was a leak. Poor Adam, especially because he seemed quite fond of his clothes and looked very heartbroken. From what Kris could see, the clothes may have been costumes or something. He hoped none of them were borrowed from one of his shows. Kris was also a little suspicious that Adam might not be what he seemed. Maybe he was a rich kid from Beverly Hills trying to avoid inheriting some boring million dollar business. Kris was no geography expert but he did know Rodeo Drive wasn’t in Tijuana. Still, he let the matter drop. Adam must have his reasons for hiding his past.

Kris was glad Adam was going to be staying with him. In truth, Kris liked spending time with Adam and would have been lonely without him. Adam was a good man and seemed to have a strong set of morals. He didn’t want to “experiment” with Kris because of Katy which was admirable. Unfortunately, Kris’ own morals seemed to be decaying which was odd. He had never been one of those men that thinks with his penis. He was very patient with Katy and would have waited until they married. In fact, Katy had been the one to initiate their lovemaking.

Adam did not want any dinner claiming he was too upset to eat. Kris wasn’t in the mood to deal with his housemates so he decided to call it an early night too. Adam had managed to salvage a couple pairs of shorts, his $5000 jeans, underwear, and some t-shirts. The rest had either been stained from the metal jewelry rusting or apparently weren’t water/mildew proof. Adam also was able to save a makeup bag and another black case.

“Is that medicine?”
“Not exactly. It’s just some supplies I probably won’t need.”

Kris was curious and looked. There were some condoms and quite a few small bottles of lubrication. Adam shrugged, “I like to be prepared.”

For whatever reason that really turned Kris on. Without thinking Kris launched himself at Adam and started kissing him. Kris could feel Adam stiffen in surprise and then give in. This unbridled passion really was not like himself! He excused it by acknowledging Adam’s tongue was amazing and he tasted awesome. Adam ran his hand over Kris’ erection and Kris’ knees weakened. Kris found himself being lowered to the bed which should have set off alarm bells. Instead, he just continued to devour Adam and press his erection against any part of Adam he could reach.

“Kris, we shouldn’t be doing this.” Adam’s words seemed to be lacking in conviction since he continued to rub his hand over Kris’ crotch. Kris certainly was not going to heed the warning with Adam rubbing him.

“Adam, don’t be a prude. I want this.”

Kris had chosen his words purposely hoping to goad him into action. Adam groaned but then reached into Kris’ shorts and wrapped his hand around his cock. The feel of Adam’s hand on his flesh almost made Kris come immediately. To stop himself, he bit into Adam’s neck and sucked the flesh through his teeth. Adam was using Kris’ pre-cum as lubricant and began stroking him. This was nothing like the sex between him and Katy. Adam knew exactly what he was doing. Kris found himself coming embarrassingly fast.

Shit! I just cheated on Katy with a man! Reality was crashing down fast for Kris especially when Adam pressed an unbelievably huge erection into his thigh. Kris pushed Adam off him. Adam was still caught in the throws of desire, “What? What’s wrong?”

“I-I have to pee.” Kris ran out of the room and straight to the bathroom adjacent to the room. He washed up and then looked in the mirror freaking out. Was he upset about cheating? Was he disgusted by Adam’s erection? Kris wanted to lie to himself but the truth was he was afraid of his own passion. He had lost control like never before. Kris wasn’t sure he was ready to deal with the possibility that he was actually gay. Worse, what was he going to say to Adam?
Chapter 9

_Fuck!_ Adam knew he shouldn’t have given in to Kris. Now the boy was freaked out and hiding in the bathroom while Adam suffered with a case of blue balls. It was too good to be true that he and Kris would hook up and live happily ever after. Rather than getting depressed Adam started to get mad about being rejected. After all he was Adam fucking Lambert, plenty of people wanted to sleep with him. In fact, he had more offers than he could ever take up.

Except, this one hurt more because Kris rejected HIM. Not the rock sensation, not America’s favorite gay man, but the real him. Well, sure he was lying a bit but Kris was seeing the non-glammed up gingered him. Adam considered going to sleep in the kea kea but then decided Kris could do that. He rolled over and tried to sleep. He woke up the next morning and Kris was finishing getting done for school. Kris smiled bashfully, “Hi. I have to go teach. Er…about last night.”

“Don’t worry about it. I have dealt with enough bi-curious men to say that freaking out is par for the course. Usually have the courteous of waiting until we both get off but whatever. I don’t know why I thought this would be different.”

Kris looked down, “Adam, it’s not like that. I just got nervous and confused.”

Adam couldn’t keep up the cold facade. He really liked Kris. Kris couldn’t help being straight anymore than Adam could help being gay. Adam smiled, “It’s ok. It was just a hand job no big deal. If you want, we can totally forget it happened. I’d like to be friends.” _It is official, Adam Mitchell Lambert is a masochistic, glutton for punishment!_

Kris smiled shyly, “I’d like to still be friends but I don’t want to forget what happened because it was…sort of hot.”

“Which part? The one where you ran away or the part where you hid in the bathroom for hours?”

Kris looked down again and then stared at Adam boldly, “I was thinking more the part when you had your hand on my cock.”

Adam’s jaw dropped. _This guy was going to be the death of him._ “Kris, what is it you really want?”

“I don’t know. What do you want?”

Adam raised a brow, “Probably a lot than you are willing to give.” Adam quickly pushed the image of entering Kris out of his mind before his body gave away his dirty thoughts. “Actually, I really am in no position to start a romance anyway. Let’s just stick to friendship for now. You better hurry up before you are late.”

There was a knock on the door. Kris answered and Danny came in with a bag of laundry, “Adam, this is the laundry that needs to be washed today.” Danny moved a little closer looking at Adam and then his eyes widened and he looked at Kris strangely, “Funny, I didn’t notice Adam had a hickey yesterday.”

Kris paled and Adam spoke, “That is because I wore makeup, asshole. Besides, I don’t remember having to answer to you on my personal life. As much as you seem to think you can judge people and tell them how to live their lives, you really don’t have that right. Just leave your fucking laundry on the floor. I’ll try not to ruin your shit.”
Danny’s eyes narrowed, “You better not ruin these clothes because it is not only mine.”

Danny stormed out. Kris was hyperventilating, “Oh my God, that was close. Do you think he will figure it out?”

“I am sure he doesn’t want to believe it. Kris, you definitely aren’t ready to be with a guy. Sneaking around is not a good idea if you can’t deal with the consequences of being caught. Not that there was any doubt before, but that reaction confirms we should only be friends. Now, do you have any laundry?”

Kris nodded, “I can help you do the laundry tonight.”

Adam laughed, “I am going to bribe someone to do it this afternoon while I go to town. It is not that big a deal. I still have some excess jewelry or maybe I’ll grab something of Danny’s to barter.”

Kris laughed, “Definitely swipe something from Danny since he owes you. I’ll see you later.”

Kris left and Adam got done. He went to the neighbor and offered the daughter a sic necklace to do the laundry. Adam went to Bikenibeu which was about a half hour walk from the house. He found an ATM there. Luckily, it actually had money and he was able to withdraw a thousand dollars. He went into the little shops and bought a bunch of candy in case the children attacked him. He loved wondering around anonymously.

Adam was feeling better about the night before but could not get the image of Kris coming out of his head. Kris was beautiful and naturally sexy. If Kris embraced his gay side (if he had one) the sex would be off the charts. Adam went back to the house and jerked off in the bathroom. He had a feeling he and hand were going to be very good friends while in Kiribati.

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Kris felt horrible all day for having freaked out on Adam. Maybe it was better they just stayed friends. He really wasn’t ready to deal with being gay. His near heart attack when Danny noticed the hickey was proof of that. Kris was surprised he had even given Adam a hickey, he had never done that to Katy. There was just something primal about being with Adam which was scary.

Kris daydreamed through work and hurried home. He was worried Adam would leave. The good thing about living on an unpopular island was that there were only two flights a week. If Adam had wanted to flee, he wouldn’t be able to get very far for at least two days. Kris went in the house and found it empty. He became agitated and ran out back. Kris laughed out loud when he saw Adam lying on a hammock drinking a coconut while three young girls were folding the laundry, “Working hard?”

Adam smiled sheepishly, “It isn’t easy supervising. Want a coconut? Mele is great at husking them?”

“I’ll pass. I am happy you found a way around doing the chores. What did it cost you?”

“Well, I was going to keep pawning off my jewelry but the ATM is working so I can pay money.”

Kris once again wondered how Adam was supporting himself, “So what was the last play you were in?”

“Wicked. I was an understudy.”

“Wow, I have even heard of that play. Is the play on hiatus?”
“No, I quit the production hoping to pursue other interests. I told you I was trying to break into the movies.”

“Aren’t you missing lots of auditions?”

“Not really. I am not exactly what they are looking for in a leading man. What about you? How long are you going to hide on a tropical island teaching?”

“I am supposed to be here another three months but I really like it. I am thinking of extending.”

Adam nodded, “I like it here too. I wish I could stay a year.”

Kris could easily spend a year with Adam, “You could if you didn’t waste your money paying people to do chores.”

Adam laughed, “Yeah, true but that wouldn’t make my stay as fun. Besides, I could never stay away from work that long. I miss the stage.”

Adam’s tone seemed wistful, “It’s Wednesday and Wednesday night is Karaoke night at the otientai hotel. We totally need to go. Danny always hogs the mike but you should do that show tune you did in Abiang. It will blow everyone away.”

“Is Danny a really good singer?”

“He is really good. He totally thinks he is going to become world famous but I am pretty sure his losing personality will limit his fame.”

Danny and his other roommates came home and were pleasantly surprised by their clean laundry. Danny elbowed one of the other missionaries, “You know Adam, you will make a really good wife for someone. You must be the girl in your relationships?”

Kris’ blood started boiling. Adam smiled, “Danny, if you are trying to flirt with me, you are doing a shitty job. Besides, you are not my type I have much higher standards and for the record, I am a top, if you know what I mean.”

That seemed to shut Danny up and Kris laughed at how easily Adam responded to insults. Danny just walked away and Adam just rolled his eyes, “You want to go for a walk, Kris?”

Kris nodded and they headed up North. It was a lot less crowded and they could find some isolated beaches. They settled on a small beach and sat on the coral near the water. Adam was wearing his hideous hat which Kris found cute. He looked so different from when he first arrived. Kris had been attracted by the air of glamour but found this Adam to be just as alluring. Maybe it was his confidence or how comfortable he seemed in his skin. Or perhaps, it was because he was a really good guy and extremely likable.

“Stop looking at me like that. I thought we agreed to be just friends. You are leading me on.”

Kris blushed, “I am not trying to lead you on. I can’t help that I am attracted to you.”

Adam laughed, “I don’t even know how to respond to that. I guess I’ll just take your flirting with a grain of salt.”

Kris wasn’t about to push his luck, “Ok, you can do that if it makes things more comfortable. You want to swim?”
Kris and Adam returned to the house as the sun was setting. They showered and starting getting done to go to the Otientai for dinner and karaoke. Kris laughed as Adam was putting make up on his hickey. He smeared on a little eyeliner and gloss. Adam pulled on his $5000 jeans and looked hot. Adam was looking at Kris for approval, “Is this too much?”

Kris moved closer and ran his hand down Adam’s chest, “I think it’s too little, you need a shirt.” Kris felt Adam shudder and his nipples harden. Adam swallowed and Kris kissed Adam on his glossy lips before he knew what he was doing. Adam stubbornly kept his mouth closed but did nothing to push Kris away. Kris took it for a green light and ran his tongue over Adam’s lips. Adam parted his lips to protest and Kris took advantage by plunging his tongue into Adam’s mouth. Adam kissed him back, “You are playing with fire, Kris.”

“I want to be playing with you?”

“Really?” Adam opened his jeans and pulled Kris hand to his cock. Kris froze. He had been having fun dealing with a reluctant Adam. A passionate Adam was more scary than fun. Kris was not ready to feel Adam’s rather large cock. Kris pulled back and Adam rolled his eyes, “Why am I not surprised there is nothing behind your words. Congratulations you are a world class cock tease.”

Adam stepped back and closed his jeans. Kris felt stupid, “I’m sorry.”

“Let’s just go eat. I am starving after all these games.” Kris nodded and finished getting dressed. Although Adam was pushing the boundaries wearing eye makeup, Kris decided not to say anything because it looked so good.

They caught a ride with some teens going into town. They sat down and Kris couldn’t help thinking it felt like a date. Adam had good manners and tended to hold doors and let Kris walk first. It was strange but kind of nice. They sat down and ordered. Adam smiled, “So what are you going to sing tonight?”

“I’ll probably do a Beatles song or maybe Michael Jackson.”

They chatted about life and Kris found himself answering more questions than getting to ask them. As open as Adam seemed, Kris sensed he was hiding something. Maybe he and his friend Brad were on the lam like a same-sex Bonnie and Clyde. Kris dismissed the inane thought, “Do you miss being home?”

“Not yet. I miss some of my friends, my family and the restaurants but I am having too much fun to want to leave.”

Adam changed topics and asked about the Kiribati culture, his church, his family and everything else that was not Adam Mitchell. They went in and saw Danny and his roommates Paul and Tim. Kris had no choice but to join them since he sat with them every week. Paul and Danny exchanged glances, “Can you breathe in those jeans, Adam?”

Adam seemed to get annoyed at that comment, “Are you trying to say I am fat?”

Kris thought that was a strange response considering Adam was more on the thin side than not. He wasn’t boney which was good but he also wasn’t fat. Danny, who was a little stocky himself clarified, “No, I am saying your jeans are really, really tight. They say that can make you sterile.”

“Whatever, my partners tend not to get pregnant anyway. So, before you started checking out my ass, were you picking out a song? Kris says you are quite the singer.”

Danny ignored Adam’s charge, “I do sing. I have been on choirs all my life but I also sing country
and blues. What about you, dare to do a karaoke song.”

Kris felt the need to defend Adam, “Adam happens to star in musicals. He is a really good singer.”

Adam quirked a brow, “I was an understudy but yeah I do sing.”

“Great.” Danny glanced at the book, “Look they have ‘the sun will come out tomorrow’. I just love that musical.”

Adam laughed, “That was actually funny, Danny. I think I’ll just pick a rock song.”

Danny went up and sang seal’s kiss from a rose. Adam seemed to be impressed. Kris whispered, “He has a really good voice, huh? He can out sing most people.”

Adam shrugged, “In the real world a good voice isn’t enough. For the record, I can totally out sing him.” Adam winked at Kris. Kris laughed and really hoped Adam showed him up. Adam decided to rock out with Black dog from Led Zeppelin. Kris’ jaw dropped when Adam was able to hit the notes but even more from the sexiness of his movements. The boy was a seasoned rocker. Adam finished and everyone was applauding. He came back to the table looking bashful which was totally opposite the confidence he projected while singing. Kris patted him on the chest when he sat down, “That was incredible! You should totally be a rock star.”

Kris felt Adam tense and then smile, “Your turn, Kristopher Allen.”

“Shit, I don’t even know how to follow that.”

Adam winked at him, “Just be your cute, adorable self and the audience will be eating out of the palm of your hand.”

Danny grunted, “Mitchell, don’t corrupt god fearing men. I for one don’t appreciate you flirting with men.”

“He wasn’t flirting with me so stop being a jerk.”

Danny just glared at Kris, “Maybe you should spend more time reading the bible than hanging with your new friend. I think you are forgetting who you are and I fear for your soul.”

Kris wanted to punch Danny, “You are just pissed that he out sang you.” On that note Kris went onstage and performed Man in the mirror. He didn’t bother trying to out sing anyone and just tried to have fun. He felt good when he saw Adam smiling at him. Kris returned to the table, “You have a great tone. You should pursue music, Kris. America would love you.”

“Maybe one day.”

Adam didn’t sing again but was drinking with Kris. Danny scowled at them downing beers but his other roommates decided to drink too. At around midnight they all decided to head back. They shared a taxi. They went back to the house and Adam wanted to swim. It was a full moon so Kris agreed. The others went in the house. Kris stripped down to his underwear since he had been wearing jeans. Adam stripped down too but he had gone commando. He looked over at Kris and shrugged, “They were pretty tight jeans.”

Kris just stared at Adam. Even though Adam wasn’t aroused, he still had an impressive package. Kris moved closer. He could see Adam starting to get aroused which made his own cock twitch. Kris was buzzed and lacked his usual inhibitions, “Can I touch you, Adam?”
The words must have gone straight to Adam’s cock, “Fuck! Don’t screw with me Kris, it’s mean.”

“I want to touch you. Don’t you want me to touch you?”

Adam apparently didn’t have to be asked twice. He pulled Kris against him and started kissing him. *Shit! They were in bright moonlight fifty feet from their back door, “Adam, we need to stop.”*

Adam groaned, “I fell for it again. I truly am the biggest asshole alive.”

Kris giggled at that, “I’m not rejecting you but we need to go somewhere more private. Let’s at least go in the kea kea.”

“Are you sure you want this, Kris? We did agree not to get involved...”

“I just want to kiss you and maybe…do a little more.”

Adam all put flew into the kea kea. Kris was still feeling nervous but his horniness outweighed his fear. He went in the kea kea hoping to God his roommates were sleeping. Kris couldn’t get his mind off Adam rolling his hips while singing. The man just oozed sex and it was apparently contagious. As soon as, Kris climbed in the kea kea, Adam starting kissing him. Kris kissed him back and liked the way Adam was taking charge. Adam grabbed Kris hand and put it on his cock. Kris gave a tentative squeeze which made Adam moan. Kris ran his hand down the length, “Oh Kris, don’t stop. Please don’t stop.”

Kris loved hearing Adam’s desperation and felt compelled to elicit more begging. Kris began stroking. Adam grabbed his hand and licked his palm to lubricate it. Kris returned his hand to Adam’s cock and found his hand gliding better. It was a different angle from jerking off but it still felt ‘normal’ which was weird. Kris didn’t feel awkward touching Adam and felt confidant since Adam was responding so enthusiastically. In fact a little too enthusiastically so Kris tried to shut him up with kisses. Adam came and Kris worked him through his orgasm until he stilled his hand. Kris looked at Adam’s post orgasmic expression and decided he wanted to see that at least a million times more. Adam smiled at Kris, “That was...incredible. For a straight guy, you really know how to work a cock.”

Kris laughed, “I do have one of my own you know.”

Adam stroked Kris, “Oh, honey, I do know. As a reward for not freaking out on me, I am going to give you your fourth blow job.”

*Yes!* Adam started kissing Kris down his chest and pulled off his underwear. From the moment Kris felt Adam’s lips on his cock, he knew this was going to be the best ever. Adam did not disappoint. Unlike his other blowjobs, Adam seemed to really like it and take his time. By the time Kris came, he was a total wreck begging and pleading for Adam to stop teasing him. Kris was surprised when Adam swallowed his cum and licked him clean. His other blowjobs the girls had switched to their hand before he came. Adam laid down next to Kris, “So was I right? Men are better, huh?”

“Yeah, you are totally right. That was amazing. I totally don’t just want to be friends.”

“What do you want then, Kris?”

“What about friends with benefits?”

Adam laughed, “I know this is really the worse idea ever but since neither one of us seems to be able to exercise self constraint, I guess it’s better to be honest. We need to be careful though if you want to keep it a secret. We weren’t very careful tonight.”
“I know. We will be in the future. How long will you stay here?”

Adam sighed, “As long as I can.”
Chapter 10

Adam woke up and realized he was still in the kea kea with Kris. Worse their clothes were still on the beach and the tide sounded as if it was rising. Adam sat up and nudged Kris, “We gotta get our clothes and go inside.”

Kris reluctantly followed Adam down and pulled on his pants halfheartedly. Adam dragged him inside and to their room grateful they didn’t bump into anybody. Adam wondered if Kris was going to freak out in the morning when he woke up sober. He hoped not and just went back to sleep prepared for the worst.

Adam woke up to lips pressing against his mouth and opened his eyes. Kris laughed, “Were you expecting someone else? I just wanted to wake you before I left so you didn’t think I was regretting anything. I should be back by three what are you gonna do all day?”

Sleep sounded good. However, Adam had to check his email so he which meant an hour bus ride to Betio. “I am gonna go to Betio. Do you need anything?”

“Just to see you later.” Kris kissed him short and headed out. Adam was happy as he went downtown and checked his email. Brad was having a good time at a resort in Fiji which meant he was indiscriminately charging things to Adam’s credit card. Adam sent some vague emails to his family. Everyone thought he was in rehab and Adam never told them differently. It was a mean lie but he really had wanted to be left alone. He quickly googled himself and noticed the world had not gotten over him nor the sex tape. Even gay and lesbian groups were getting on his case for him depicting man on man sex negatively. If it wasn’t his life, it would actually be funny. It was going to be hell when he got back so he decided to enjoy his time in Tarawa as best as he could. It was far too beautiful on a tropical island to be depressed.

Over the next week, Adam had a great time. He and Kris were inseparable. Adam even helped Kris tutor since the kids were at a basic level. The neighbors loved him because he was willing to pay them money for all kinds of chores. In fact, the only person not charmed was Danny. Adam was convinced Danny was a jerk and worried he was noticing Kris and his ‘friendship’. Although they were being more careful, Adam knew neither one of them was good at hiding their feelings. Kris was taking to the gay thing like a fish to water. Adam had enough sense to limit the sex to handjobs and blowjobs but Kris was getting ‘curious’.

Two weeks after their first karaoke night, Adam found himself back at the Otientai looking at a song book. Danny was going through the book and looked up, “Adam, you should sing ‘what do you want from me’. It was a hit a few years back by that fag who won American Idol.”

Adam’s heart starting beating fast and he looked at Danny. Does he know? Fuck! Adam decided to hope for the best, ‘Why was that one of your favorites? I think I’ll just sing whatever you sing. We can have our own little sing off.’

Kris laughed, “I say we have a contest. Loser has to buy all the drinks on karaoke night for a month.”

Danny’s jaw dropped, “No way, I am not contributing to your sins. Loser has to do all the housecleaning for a month.”

Adam agreed since he could easily hire a maid if he lost, “Fine.”
Danny, of course, picked some obscure gospel song. Adam gave it a shot but he knew it wasn’t his thing. Danny was incredibly pleased with himself. Adam was just glad to not have been outed as a rockstar and hoped this victory would appease Danny. They all headed back to the house after midnight. Kris was pretty wasted and was leaning on Adam. Danny noticed, “Kris are you going to go home for the Holidays? I bet Katy misses you. Weren’t you two getting engaged?”

“Nah, I’ll probably just stay here or maybe go somewhere else.” Kris looked up at Adam and smiled like a goofball which was not helping. Danny turned to Adam, “What about you?”

“I am Jewish and my family doesn’t really celebrate Chanukah. But more to your point, I will probably be back in LA by then.”

Kris giggled, “Maybe I’ll go to LA for Christmas.” Kris was definitely way too drunk, “Do you want to be my Christmas present?”

Adam winced at the blatant innuendo. *Note to self, a drunk Kris is an insatiable flirt.* Adam needed to contain this situation, “You are really drunk, Kris. Maybe you should do quiet time.” Adam noticed Danny really scowling and had a feeling he was going to interfere with their friendship.

They got back to the house and Danny pulled Adam aside, “Kris is a very impressionable person. I think his being away from his fiancé is hard and I would appreciate you not trying to corrupt him. If you do, I am going to make you regret it. I think it is time for you to go back to sin city.”

Adam just looked at Danny, “First off, don’t threaten me. Second, I am not corrupting anyone. Third, Sin City is Las Vegas, douche bag.” Adam walked away more shaking up then he wanted to admit. *Was he corrupting Kris?* He knew a homosexual relationship would not mesh with Kris lifestyle and it was selfish to continue their relationship. Unfortunately, as much as Adam tried he could not resist Kris. He had stupidly allowed himself to fall head over heels for the guy. He wasn’t sure how he was going to return to his own life without Kris. In fact, if he had the choice he would probably give up his life and stay here with Kris. *Regretfully, that was not an option.*

Adam woke up the next day still apprehensive. Kris noticed, “What’s wrong?”

“Danny suspects we are more than friends.”

Kris shrugged, “He has no proof. Besides, he is leaving on Tuesday to go on vacation. We will have two glorious, douche-free weeks.”

Adam laughed and Kris hugged him, “I love when you laugh and I am not going to let anyone spoil our friendship. I really like you, Adam.”

“I like you too, Kris. I am just worried about Danny trying to out you.”

Kris shrugged again, “Danny wouldn’t dare. He is a coward.”

“Cowards can be dangerous.”

“I’ll protect you.” Adam was going to argue but Kris starting kissing him more passionately and he ended up fooling around instead. Adam still felt uneasy.

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Kris was happier than he had ever been in his life. He was no doubt in love. He had all the signs giddiness, excess energy, and horniness. Unlike the comfortableness he had with Katy, Adam was exciting and stirred up emotions. Maybe this was the first time Kris was experiencing true love or
maybe he was really gay.

When he was with Adam, he didn’t care about anything but being with him. Alone was a different story and hearing his friends not so subtle warnings didn’t help. Since he was still not sure if he was truly gay, he wasn’t ready to defend an alternative lifestyle. He admired Adam’s ‘no apologies’ attitude but Kris wasn’t that bold. In fact, when Adam mentioned the chance of Danny outing them, Kris had been terrified.

Adam was out with the local women learning to weave mats. Surprisingly, the I-kiribati didn’t seem that upset about Adam ignoring traditional gender roles. Maybe it was because Adam didn’t come off very feminine but even the local men liked him well enough. Kris would never have been able to go off to weave a mat instead of fish. There was something so charismatic about Adam that he could bend rules. Danny had laughed at Adam’s desire to do “women’s work” but Adam had shrugged it off pointing out that he would have meaningful souvenirs where Danny would just have some exaggerated fishing tale.

Kris’ souvenirs were pictures. At first Adam was reluctant to let Kris take any but then he turned out to be quite a ham. The camera seemed to like him and Adam was great at modeling. Kris had caught a shot of him and Brad at the airport when they arrived where Adam looked so different. Adam had seemed so much more intimidating with dark hair. Now he seemed so much more natural. He also smiled a lot which could light up a room. *Oh God, he was becoming a thirteen year old girl!*

Adam came back that evening with a pretty sad looking mat. He gave it to Kris and smiled shyly, “Well, it’s not much but you can use this one as a door mat. I tried to spell out ‘Mauri’ but I only had enough dark leaves for ‘Ma’.”

Kris laughed and kissed Adam gently, “I love it. No one has ever made me a mat before.”

Adam’s features lit up, “Next week, I am going to try to make you a basket.”

Kris laughed finding Adam’s enthusiasm unbelievably cute, “Hopefully, you will stay long enough that I have all the weaved necessities to make it through life.”

Danny walked into the kitchen and Kris became aware he was holding Adam’s hand. Kris immediately let go but judging by Danny’s expression it wasn’t fast enough.

Danny scowled, “Kris, we need to go to the Church for a meeting. They are starting to plan Christmas play.”

Kris nodded and then looked at Adam, “You are a theater guy, do you want to help us with the play?”

Danny looked appalled, “He’s Jewish! What does he know about a Christmas play?”

“Probably a hell of a lot more than you know. Adam, how long have you done theater?”

“About ten years and I would be more than willing to help out.”

Danny shook his head, “I’m not sure the parents would like a faggot working with their children. Well, at least not with their young boys.”

Adam laughed, “Because I am gay you think I am a pedophile? That is ridiculously ignorant even for you. As a matter of fact, it is so stupid I am not even going to get angry nor is it going to stop me.”
Kris was happy Adam wasn’t fazed. Danny really was an ass. Danny was annoyed and snapped at Kris, “Kris, I need to talk to you alone.”

Kris was not happy about dealing with Danny one on one. Adam looked at him in sympathy but Kris just smiled, “Fine, Adam will you please leave us so Danny can be a jerk in private.”

Adam laughed but then turned to Danny, “I get that you don’t like me but don’t take it out on Kris.”

Danny just rolled his eyes and turned to Kris after Adam left the room, “What is going on with you and Adam? I thought you were a god fearing man. He is leading you down a path of sin and you are throwing away your future. People are going to talk and think you are a…a sodomite like him. It makes us all look bad.”

Kris wished he could tell Danny to fuck off and explain his relationship with Adam was good instead he went for denial, “You are being ridiculous. Nothing is going on between me and Adam. He is a good guy and we get along. He is just naturally affectionate.”

“Really? He isn’t holding anyone else’s hand nor is he glued to anyone else’s side. Kris, I think you should go back to Arkansas for a bit and decompress. Maybe, the island is getting to you.”

“I’m fine and wish you would stop being so judgmental.”

“God judges. You are going to have to face your make some day and you don’t want to do it as a sinner. Your family would be very ashamed of you right now.”

“Fuck off! You should be ashamed that you are such a douche bag!”

Danny became angry, “Listen to yourself, sinner. I think the devil has possessed you. I am trying to help you but I can see you are beyond reason. I will pray for you, brother.”

Kris just shook his head thinking Danny was not only a douche but a fucking nut case! Kris felt weirded out and walked out. He went back to his room and found Adam reading on the bed. Adam looked up and smiled beautifully, “Are you ok?”

“I am now. I think you are right to fear cowards. Danny thinks I am beyond redemption. I am worried he might tell someone had the church.”

“We could kill him.”

Kris looked up shocked but noticed Adam was smiling, “I’ll just deny it. Danny is known to be a self righteous prick and I have a good reputation. I doubt they will believe him.”

Adam shrugged, “In my experience, people always believe the worst. Look, maybe it would be better if I go stay at Tebeti’s resort. We can still hang out.”

Kris didn’t want to give up his favorite pillow and plus Adam was probably leaving soon. Kris knew Adam was right but Adam was like his heroin and he needed his fix. Kris shook his head, “By the time the church does anything you will be gone anyway. I want to spend as much time as possible with you. What do you think will happen to us when you leave?”

Adam seemed to become pensive, “I really don’t know, Kris. I’d like to think we will see each other again but we do have very different lifestyles. My LA life is a little crazy.”

Kris shrugged, “You will still be you so it won’t matter.”
Kris wasn’t sure why Adam was being so skeptical. Maybe this was just a fling for him and he was annoyed at Kris being so needy.

Adam sighed, “Let’s worry about that when the time comes. You say we will have two douche free weeks, let’s figure out how to make the most of them.”

Not the answer he was looking for but it would do. Kris was just happy that Adam was staying for at least another two weeks. The last two had been amazing. The sex had been off the charts for Kris and he was hoping they would continue. Kris had a feeling there was a lot more to gay sex then what he and Adam were doing. He wanted to learn more. After all, how will he know whether he is gay or not unless he experiences the full deal? Well, that was his story anyway and he was sticking to it!
Adam was happy to see Danny leave. He didn’t like the way he was treating Kris and could tell it was affecting him negatively. Once the plane took off, Kris seemed to visibly relax which was just another reason Adam loathed Danny. They spent the evening laying in the kea kea talking about their childhoods. The next day Adam was surprised when Kris suggested they head way up North for the weekend. He wanted to walk to the Northern tip of the island which was supposedly haunted by ghosts.

Adam was not thrilled about walking four or five hours but Kris seemed very excited so he agreed, “What should I bring?”

“Lots of water, food, a bathing suit and some condoms.”

Adam spit out the coffee he was drinking and Kris laughed, “What’s the matter Mitchell, are you getting shy on me?”

“I am never shy Allen, I just wasn’t expecting the comment. Don’t worry, I’ll come prepared.”

Adam packed a backpack and threw in some jewelry in case they needed to barter. He also took the last of his lube and condoms. Since Adam was going on a celibacy kick, he had under planned the sex prep items. The fact that he had any, was a testament to his self-awareness and inability to say no to cute boys. Hopefully, somewhere on the island they had a sex shop or maybe Adam’s restraint would last. Just blowjobs and handjobs! Adam knew going further would be a bad thing since he was already half in love with Kris. Ok, he was totally in love with Kris but sleeping together would make it even more real. Don’t do it, Adam!

By one o’clock on Saturday the sun was beating down on them as they walked through the last channel to reach the furthest northern point. Kris hadn’t explained there were small islands separated by large channels which were like vast deserts at low tide and lagoons during high tide. Adam’s height gave him an advantage during high tide and he laughed at Kris struggling when he had to put his pack on his head to cross a particular deep channel. Still it was hot ad too sunny.

“Kris, I am a ginger, this sun is going to make me melt.”

“You have your hat on. Even the sun is afraid of that thing. Besides we are almost there.” When they got there they swam in the pristine lagoon. The water was a vibrant turquoise and the sand was very white. It was gorgeous and very private. Kris explained they would have to walk back another hour to find a rest house.

“So, Adam, I’ve been thinking.”

Adam was very relaxed laying in the shade with Kris’ head on his chest, “Uh-oh, you shouldn’t be doing that when we are in paradise.”

Kris bit him on the chest lightly. Adam laughed as Kris continued, “I want to go further. I want to go all the way with you.”

Adam’s warning bells starting going off but his cock didn’t listen. Kris giggled as he noticed Adam’s growing erection, “I guess you want to too.”

“Kris, I want to be with you more than anything but I don’t think it is a good idea. We haven’t been together that long and you aren’t even sure if you really are gay. Maybe, we should wait.”
Kris seemed to get annoyed, “Brad was right, you are not a very good gay man. Isn’t getting to fuck a ‘straight’ boy a major turn on for a gay guy?”

“Not for me. I have had my share and it never ends well for either person.”

Kris looked down, “Are you turning me down, Adam Mitchell?”

Adam looked at Kris, “I just think we need to get to know each other better.”

“I know we haven’t been together for long but I feel like I am closer to you than people I’ve known for years. We spend day and night together so that actually doubles the time. Besides, you are leaving soon and I don’t want to always wonder what if?”

Adam knew he should tell Kris the truth but he didn’t want to ruin things. He loved his fame but so far it had driven a wedge between his personal relationships and he didn’t want to risk losing Kris. *This is so wrong on so many levels!* Adam needed to stay strong.

“Please, Adam. I want to be with you in every sense.”

Adam’s resistance crumbled as he looked into Kris’ desire-laden eyes. “I want to be with you too.”

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Kris had been thinking about making love to Adam for the last few days. Kris was no “man on man sex” expert, but he knew there was more than what they were doing. For some reason, Adam was being a gentleman and not trying to initiate more. Kris was in love with Adam and wanted to be with him in every sense. This need was stronger than anything he had felt with Katy which made him wonder if he had been repressing his sexuality all his life.

Kris hoped the trip set the stage for Adam and him to take their physical relationship further. Previously, Adam had been demonstrating far too much self control and Kris didn’t like it. Hearing the desire in Adam’s voice as he admitted wanting him too, was enough encouragement for Kris to continue his seduction attempts. Kris kissed Adam passionately and climbed on top of him. Adam responded by kissing him back and running his hands over Kris growing erection.

Adam pulled Kris’ shorts off and stoked him. Unfortunately, Adam’s hands were sandy so the pleasure was tempered by a little pain. Adam laughed, “This is very romantic but totally impractical. It is too fucking sandy here. Let’s go back to the rest house.”

Kris had a feeling if they waited, Adam would talk himself out of sleeping with him. Kris got up, “Go wash your hands. I am going to put down my lava lava.”

“OK, don’t blame me when you have discomfort from sand I really wrong places.”

“I’ll risk it for you.” That seemed to be all the assurance Adam needed. Kris grabbed his manly, “sarong” or lava lava and laid it over the sand. Adam came over with his black bag of supplies. Kris thought he looked a little nervous which was funny since Kris was the virgin. Adam smiled, “Listen, if anything feels wrong or you want to stop just say so. OK?”

Kris smiled back, “OK, now stop stalling and put out Mitchell.”

Adam’s expression changed and Kris could tell he was second guessing his decision. Kris immediately starting kissing Adam passionately which effectively convinced him otherwise. Adam guided him down to the lava lava and continued to kiss him. Kris laid down and allowed Adam to position him as he liked. Adam was running his hand up and down Kris’ inner thigh, “Do you
know the basics? Have you seen two men have sex?"

Kris wasn’t that good about talking during sex and didn’t usually like discussing things while doing them. Adam seemed to never shut up so Kris wasn’t surprised he was apparently going to talk through sex, “I get it in theory.”

“Maybe we should just-“

“Adam! Would you please just get on with it? This isn’t your first time too, is it?”

Adam laughed, “Pushy, aren’t you? I am just trying to make sure you are ready and you don’t get scared. OK, I am going to start preparing you. Trust me it is better if we take our time. Seriously, at anytime you can tell me to stop and I will.”

Trusting Adam seemed second nature to Kris. Adam started kissing him again and put some lube on his fingers. Kris tensed a little as Adam’s lubricated fingers passed over his entrance. Hoping to not give Adam a reason to stop, Kris rubbed his hand over Adam’s erection as he kissed him back. Kris felt a cold, slippery finger enter him gently which felt better than he expected.

“Still doing ok, baby?”

“I’m good and I haven’t changed my mind.”

Adam continued to gently work his finger in Kris’ body and telling Kris he was amazing. Kris really was a bit clueless as to what was going but was more than happy to go along with anything that Adam seemed to enjoy.

“Kris, you are so beautiful inside and out. This might…” Kris felt a lot more pressure and then a jolt of pleasure which caused him to moan. Adam continued to keep hitting the pleasure spot. “Are you in me now? Are we fucking?”

Adam laughed, “Still my fingers. I am just hitting your sweet spot.” And then became more serious, “Is this too much? We don’t have to go further.”

Kris suddenly felt vulnerable. Maybe Adam didn’t really want to have sex with him and was looking for an excuse to stop. Kris started to panic, “Fine, get off me.” Kris dislodged Adam a little rougher than he intended. Since Adam wasn’t expecting the movement he ended up being knocked off into the sand.

“Kris? Did I-I do something wrong?”

Kris was pulling on his clothes, “Yeah, you talked too much. If you didn’t want to do this you could have just said no.”

Kris felt bad when Adam looked upset, “I want to be with you more than anything. I am just scared you are going to regret this. I-I kind of have trust issues.”

Kris was frustrated and hurt, “You think?” Kris looked at Adam and saw the pain in his eyes and felt horrible being mean.

Adam looked down, “I knew I would fuck this up. I suck at love.”

Kris laughed, “Well, I am not much better. I shouldn’t have pushed you. Obviously, it is too soon for you. Look let’s just go back to the rest house and enjoy our little vacation.”
Adam still seemed upset, “Kris, I really like you and I am scared if I make love to you I won’t ever be able to get over you.”

Kris laughed, “I don’t know I am not sure I am that good in bed. This might actually help.”

Adam laughed, “I touched you intimately enough to know it was going to be really, really good. Trust me sex between us is going to be good.”

Kris was happy to see Adam cheering up and the tension clearing, “Next time, we should get a little kinky and gag you. You really do talk too much.”

“If you gag me, you’ll miss out on my tongue.”

“You may have a valid point, come on cock-tease lets go back to the rest house.”

“You are so going to pay for that, Allen.”

Kris laughed, “I hope so, Mitchell.”

Once again Adam seemed to stiffen and look uncomfortable. “Do you hate your last name or something?”

Adam looked down and mumbled, “It’s not my real last name.”

Kris waited a minute for Adam to continue but he didn’t, “OK. Is there any reason you lied?”

Adam nodded, “I just wanted to be myself without my past haunting me. It has been so refreshing to just be me. Back home, it’s complicated. I am sorry I am not being upfront.”

Kris could tell Adam was becoming agitated and Kris didn’t want to push him, “You are not a mass murderer, right?”

“No, and I am not on the lam either. Well, I am running from people but not the police.”

Kris was curious but Adam was much too sweet to be a killer and he was not detoxing so it was probably nothing more than a bad breakup or a missed role. Kris kissed Adam short on the lips, “You can tell me when you are ready.” Kris thought of one last fear, “You are not married, right?”

“Nope and I am not dating anyone either. I didn’t lie about that. I actually haven’t lied I just didn’t elaborate on some aspects of my life.”

“Intriguing. I wish I was interesting enough to have a good secret.”

“You do now, me.”

Kris laughed, “Yeah, you are a good secret. Maybe the best ever.”
Adam was angry at himself for his reluctance to come clean to Kris. He couldn’t bear the thought of Kris weirding out from his fame. Still, the lying was starting to get in the way. He wanted to be more intimate with Kris both emotionally and physically. Hiding the fact that he was a world famous, successful rock-star certainly was an impediment to fully connecting. Kris didn’t seem to upset when Adam admitted to be holding back information. Did Kris know? Maybe he knew who Adam was and was just being cool. That was probably the case. Adam convinced himself Kris must know because after all who had never seen his image or would not recognize his voice?

They arrived at the rest house which was a small hut far away from the other houses since it was a sparsely populated village. Adam was still turned on having had Kris writhing beneath him, open and wanting. Kris had been willing and Adam had managed to ruin it. He truly didn’t deserve his reputation as a sex god after that fiasco. They went in the hut to get out of the sun. Kris smiled at Adam, “So John Doe, what are we gonna do now?”

Adam laughed, “My name really is Adam and Mitchell is my middle name so I didn’t lie…I just left out my last name…” Adam became distracted as Kris took off his t-shirt and grabbed a bucket, “I am going to get us some coconuts. Why don’t you get some water so we can wash off. The well is down the road about 50 feet.”

Adam did as he was told and filled up the large bucket in the hut. Kris came back with two open coconuts to drink and some fried breadfruit. “I paid the family that owns this rest house and they gave us some food.”

They ate and drank their coconuts. After the long walk Adam thought it tasted better than lunch at his favorite LA restaurant. Adam was feeling relaxed until Kris started removing his shorts. Kris looked over, “I am going to wash up and then lay down.”

Adam’s jaw dropped as Kris stood stark naked in front of him, “I’ll try and leave you some water.” Kris walked to the bathroom area and Adam could not help staring at Kris’ ass. The boy was either dense or a total flirt. Adam couldn’t resist following Kris a moment later. Kris looked up and Adam smiled, “I could help scrub.”

“You could help pour the water. If you start touching me again we will be showering all day.”

That sounded good to Adam but he showed restraint and poured a steady stream of water so Kris could shower. Kris finished up and stepped closer to Adam, “I could return the favor.” Adam was only human, he kissed Kris and pulled him up against him. Kris laughed and pushed Adam back, “Hey, you are getting me salty again.”

“I am about to get you hot and sweaty again too.”

Kris kissed him, “Better not be another empty promise.” Adam felt water flow down on him and saw Kris holding the bucket above his head smiling, “Helping you bathe fast so we can ‘nap.’”

Who took over the straight preacher-boy’s body? Hopefully they will stick around a while. Adam quickly washed up and followed Kris to the sleeping area. He really missed having a bed but Kris was more than worth a little discomfort. Kris laid down and let his towel fall open. Fuck-it, Adam felt like he had tried to do the right thing long enough. He dropped his own towel and lowered himself down next to Kris. Adam noticed Kris became a little agitated seeing his erection, “Is
reality setting in? Do you want me to hide my dick?”

Kris laughed, “Could you just shrink it for the first time. It’s not exactly a training model.”

Adam felt his fears wash away at Kris’ ludicrous statement. He liked joking around in the bedroom. Over the last few years his lovers took sex way too seriously and expected him to live up to his reputation. “I thought maybe you were having second thoughts or decided we were going to fast.”

“Adam, I want to be with sleep with you and I realize that involves your dick. I never thought I was gay but based on my reaction to you, I think maybe I am. I have definitely never been this turned on by anyone before. Not even my girl-“

“Girlfriend? We should really talk about things before we get intimate.” Adam was finally thinking with his right head.

Kris smiled mischievously and stroked Adam’s erection. “See, I am not scared to touch you.”

All bets were off. Adam’s other head took over and things heated up fast. Kris seemed pretty committed to exploring his gay side and Adam was through being the voice of reason. Kris was a little unsure of what to do but he was very open to direction and willing to please. Again, Adam was pleasantly surprised by how comfortable and familiar they were with each other. They just seemed to connect at some level like soul mates or something. OK, maybe Adam was putting Kris on a bit of a pedestal. Maybe, he was confusing lust with love but the guy was glorious. Adam could feel Kris’ body was open and easily accepting his fingers, “I think you are about as ready for me as you are going to get. I am going to go slow.

Kris nodded. Adam had selfishly kept Kris on his back. It would have been easier to enter him from behind but he wanted to see his face. Adam slowly began to push into Kris, “Breathe and try to relax.”

Kris tensed up, “Are you sure we are doing this right? It hurts.”

Adam laughed, “I’ve been gay for a while so I think I got it right. Your body just needs to adjust. It will get easier as we go. You are so beautiful, Kris and you feel amazing.”

Adam kissed Kris’ neck hoping to distract him from the discomfort. Adam felt Kris’ body give and pushed in further. It was excruciating to go so slow especially when he was more turned on then he had ever been in his life. Kris being so tight wasn’t helping but felt awesome. Adam pushed in until he was all the way in. “I am all the way in. Relax and it will start to feel really good, I promise.”

Adam started moving slowly and aiming for Kris’ sweet spot. Kris suddenly moaned and dug his nails in Adam’s back, found it! As Adam continued to hit his prostate, Kris began to open more and was pulling Adam deeper. It hadn’t been this good for years, if ever. Adam stared into Kris’ eyes and knew against all his years of hard lessons, he had falling in love.

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Kris stared up into Adam’s blue eyes and had never felt so intimate with another person. He totally understood why women were so reluctant to have just anyone in them. Kris was convinced Adam was the most amazing lover alive. Ok, maybe Kris was a little biased but he had a feeling Adam was better than most. Kris’ body was humming as Adam rocked inside him. Adam’s hand wrapped around Kris’ cock and Kris began to feel sensations in every nerve throughout his body.

Adam was whispering endearments into Kris’ ear but Kris was too far gone to make sense of the
words. Kris couldn’t hold out any longer and came harder than he ever thought possible. He felt Adam stiffen and come with him. Adam pulled out gently a moment later which left Kris feeling a little empty. Until Adam pulled Kris up against him, “Are you even real? Kris, that was…unworldly. Did you like it?” Adam seemed to become a little unsure of himself, “Was it ok for you?”

“OK? It was AMAZING! If I am not gay, I am now.”

Adam laughed and kissed Kris, “I hope so.”

“I think we better spend the rest of the weekend here to make sure that amazing sex wasn’t just a lark.”

Kris and Adam spent the rest of the weekend fooling around in the rest house. Kris had no idea sex could be so fun and innovative. It was refreshing to just enjoy the shared sensations rather than struggling have to find mythical “g-spots”. Adam’s body was easy and he was very expressive during sex. He was still a little to talkative but it was nice to hear what someone wanted. To Kris, gay sex was synonymous with good sex.

As they walked back, Kris confided to Adam his musical aspirations, “Before I volunteered to come here my life was going nowhere fast. I tried going to college for a while to please my family. They think music should be a hobby not a profession. They think I am talented but they don’t think I am good enough to be a musical success.”

“You are really talented but talent isn’t enough in the music industry. It is really hard to break through and it is a lot of work. There is also a real down side to being famous.”

“I am sure the positives outweigh the negatives. Do you have a lot of famous friends?”

“I used to think that too but sometimes the negatives win. As far as famous friends, I have a few. Some seem to handle the fame better than others. Do you want to be famous?”

“I would want my music to be heard but I would not want to be a celebrity. At one time I considered trying out for American Idol but being a reality tv star is pretty lame.”

Adam laughed, “There are worse fates.”

“Not really. I mean a couple of them have street cred but most fade into obscurity after a few months. Look at that guy, Taylor Hicks, he won the fucking thing and never did a thing.”

“He starred in a Broadway hit and occasionally makes appearances on TV. I’d say his lot in life improved. Not everyone becomes a mega star. Plus, when you are a megastar everyone seems to just be waiting for your fall from grace. I really think you should pursue your dreams. I meant what I said, you can totally come to LA and stay with me.”

Kris would love to be with Adam in LA. It wasn’t like he had any better prospects in Conway. Kris joked, “Maybe I could be a kept man. You could go work your ass off on a blockbuster movie and I could toil around with my guitar.”

Adam smiled, “As long as it kept you in my bed, I’d do whatever it takes.”

Kris grabbed Adam’s hand since they were walking in a deserted area. “Do you think you will get a movie role?”

“I don’t know. I may just work on a different project. I am going to have to leave here in a couple
weeks. I kind of left a mess behind.”

Kris could feel Adam tense, “What happened?”

Adam looked at Kris and then sighed, “I was in a bad relationship and the guy tried to take advantage of me. He tried to destroy my reputation and apparently succeeded somewhat. He accused me of being abusive and put a video of us having sex on the web. A lot of people saw it including my family. It was extremely humiliating and cost me my big Hollywood break.”

Kris could tell Adam was ashamed of what he was telling Kris and it was still emotionally hard. Kris squeezed his hand, “What an asshole to hurt you like that. I am surprised he would release a tape of himself having sex.”

“He was trying to make it as a model and would probably be more than happy to be a porn star. The media had a field day with…”

“Why would the media care? People always put sex videos on you tube. I am sure most people didn’t see it. Even if you become famous it won’t hurt you. Most stars have a sex tape.”

“Yeah but not a gay sex tape. Plus, we were role playing so I was taped being a real aggressive jerk.”

Kris couldn’t help laughing at the thought of Adam being an aggressive jerk, “Adam anyone that knows you must realize you are like the sweetest guy in the world. Why did you let him tape you having sex?”

Adam shrugged, “Because I am an idiot.”

Kris stopped walking and kissed Adam, “I don’t think you an idiot and I still like you regardless of your pornographic past.”

Adam hugged him, “You are so ridiculously naïve but nice. Let’s not waste our time together talking about my crappy past.”

Kris kissed Adam again, “I am happy to talk about anything with you. Adam, you are the best thing that ever happened to me. I feel like I am alive and life is starting to make sense. It is as I have been wandering around in the dark and you turned on a light.”

“I wish this time could last forever. I haven’t been this happy ever but I feel like we are standing at the edge of a cliff and soon we are going to come crashing down.”

Kris nudged Adam, “Quit it, Mr. Gloom and Doom. We are going to enjoy your time here and then we are going to figure out a way to see each other again.”

Kris was not sure how he was going to justify moving to LA to his family but he would find a way. Hopefully, Adam wasn’t just stringing him along. Kris was pretty confident that Adam liked him and he would want to be with him. However, Adam had said he wanted to be celibate and this could just be a rebound for him. Kris began to doubt himself.

As they neared their house, Kris noticed Adam becoming more distant. They stopped holding hands once they started to enter villages again. They were greeted by people as they passed by and Kris still felt happy. He put aside his doubts and hoped he and Adam had no regrets. They went in the house and no one was home since it was Sunday afternoon. Kris felt a little guilty missing church but quickly got over it when Adam hugged him from behind, “How long do you think your roommates will be out?”
“Long enough.” Kris yanked Adam into the bedroom and locked the door. They fooled around for a while until they heard the front door slamming open. Kris got up and quickly got dressed. Adam seemed a little more reluctant, “So now we go back in the closet?”

“Well, you were never in the closet so you are fine. I never thought I was in the closet because I didn’t know I liked boys. Given the culture and my position as a missionary, I’d like to be discreet. Is that a problem?”

Adam smiled, “No, but I am not a great actor so people might guess I am in lo-like you a lot.”

Kris laughed, “I lo-like you too. Let’s go see who is raining on our parade before they come in here.”

They went downstairs and had dinner with his roommates, Paul and Tim. There was a little tension during the meal and Kris was paranoid they could tell he had sex. Paul mentioned that Danny was due back at the end of the week. They finished up eating. That night they went to sleep in each other’s arm and Kris felt happy to be alive. He woke up early to go to school. He kissed Adam on the lips, “Have a good day, lover.”

“You too. I will be busy getting the house cleaned and finding someone to cook us up some food for the week.”

Kris thought it was funny that Adam was employing half the village to do their chores. The villagers loved it because Adam was clueless on wage levels and seemed to pay at least triple the going rates. Kris was in a great mood all week. During the day he enjoyed his students and at night he had Adam in his bed. They were able to find secluded areas in the evening to have sex. Kris never thought of himself as a sexual guy but that has all changed. Kris couldn’t keep his hands or mouth off Adam.

On Friday Kris, brought Adam to class and they played more Christmas songs. Kris had been toying with the idea of going to LA for Christmas. Since Danny went home for Thanksgiving, Kris was eligible to take vacation over Christmas. After school, they headed back to the house. They were laughing as they walked through the door. Kris froze at the sight of long blonde hair, “Katy? What are you doing here?”

Katy smiled and kissed Kris possessively, “I missed my fiancé and Danny mentioned you weren’t yourself lately. Aren’t you happy to see me?”

Kris could feel Adam stiffen. Kris smiled tightly, “Of course I am happy to see you. Katy, this is my friend, Adam. He is here on vacation from LA and staying out the house.”

Katy stared at Adam, “Strange place to be a tourist. What made you come to Kiribati?”

“I just needed to get away and my friend picked here.”

“Where is your friend?”

“He went to Fiji since this was a little rustic for him. I decided to stay.”

“Wasn’t he upset you didn’t go with him? Why would you stay here without him surely you would enjoy Fiji much more. Kris, I thought only missionaries can stay in the house.”

“Well, er…”

“Kris, you can’t afford to get kicked off the mission after you failed at college. Daddy is getting
fed up with your failures and might try and pressure me to break off our engagement. Plus, your own family is also concerned so they decided to send me out here before you ruined anything.”

Kris wasn’t sure what Danny had communicated to his family and friends. Hopefully, he did not imply Kris was engaging in homosexual acts. He really wasn’t ready to deal with that especially because he didn’t want to be known as a cheater.

Adam spoke up, “I am actually going to be heading back to Fiji soon. I can move back to Tebeta’s for my last few days.”

Kris felt his heart sink, Adam was going to leave sooner rather than later. Worse he was going to leave his bed immediately. Kris looked up at Adam but Katy intervened. “Perfect, since you have loosened the house rules, maybe I can stay here.”

Danny smiled, “Absolutely, Katy, you can just take Adam’s place since he is moving. After all, you and Kris are practically married already and a woman alone in a hotel is a bad idea.”

Kris looked at Adam who was standing there with a blank expression. He was either a better actor than he let on or he just didn’t care. Kris was devastated.
Chapter 13

Fiancé! Now that was both illuminating and depressing. Adam had known Kris had a girlfriend but he had no idea they were engaged. He felt horrible about cheating with him and also was pissed about being duped by another lover. As much as Adam had hoped it was the real deal maybe this was Kris having one last fling before settling down. He certainly wasn’t pushing Katy away or mentioning him and Adam’s relationship. Adam needed to go, “I’ll just pack my stuff and head out to the Otientai. I think I want some luxury for the last few days.”

In truth, he just needed to get as far away from Kris as possible. It sucked that the next flight wasn’t until Tuesday but he would be on it.

Kris looked over, “I’ll help you pack.”

“Don’t bother I only have a few items since Danny helped me lighten up.” Adam ran upstairs and cursed himself for getting teary eyed. He quickly packed and went back down. Katy was sitting close to Kris on the couch. Adam smiled tightly, “Ok, well thanks for everything and I’ll see you around.”

Kris looked over, “We’ll come by the Otientai tonight, they are having Karaoke and dancing.”

Adam shrugged, “Sure, whatever. Nice to meet you, Katy.”

Katy smiled triumphantly, “You too, Adam. If we don’t see you later, have a nice life.”

Bitch! Adam managed to haul his stuff down to the Otientai and check into a hotel room. He was extremely lonely and felt like his heart was breaking. Fuck it, he was a millionaire and his label wanted him back in civilization. He called Lane and explained he was stuck on a tropical island and needed a chartered flight to Fiji. He promised he’d come back to LA and deal with his media mess. Lane was briefly annoyed about him lying about rehab but called him back an hour later saying a plane would be arriving for him in that evening. It would cost him 15K but his sanity was worth at least that.

Adam knew he was running away but Kris had a fiancé and he needed to go back to reality. He was a rockstar and had no room for another scandal. He had wanted to see Kris one last time but that would just end up with him embarrassing himself by begging to be chosen over Katy. No, it was better to just move on. He called Brad and told him he’d be in Nadi, Fiji that evening. Brad promised to meet him at the airport.

Adam checked out before sunset and headed to the airport. He would miss Kiribati and wished things had ended up different. He just needed to leave and not look back. His plane arrived which drew some attention from the locals thankfully it was mostly the children. Adam quickly boarded and headed out to Fiji. An hour into the flight, Adam regretted his rashness. He should have at least said goodbye or left a note. All well, maybe he could contact Kris in a few weeks. Adam arrived in Nadi and Brad immediately jumped him.

“I missed you, babe. You look ridiculously unfashionable. Where is your other suitcase?”

“Thanks. That douche bag, Danny let it get wet and moldy when I went to Abiang.”

“Figures. So what’s the deal? You had like another week to play princess bride.”

Adam just looked down and Brad shook his head, “Let me guess, preacher boy broke your heart.
This time is totally your fault, Adam. Clearly, falling for a straight missionary in the midst of a sex scandal wasn’t going to bode well. Let’s get drunk and fly back to glittery LA tomorrow. Before we hit reality, you better at least dye your hair and get a better hat.”

Brad put his arm in Adam’s and guided him to a cab. They went back to a nice hotel after booking a flight the next night to LA. Adam was depressed and was grateful Brad had taken charge. He got Adam back to the hotel, fed and into bed. Adam snuggled up against Brad wishing it was Kris.

Brad laughed, “Babe, as much as I love you, you better not call me Kris in your sleep.”

“Brad, I think I love him.”

Brad pulled back, “Then you are a fucking idiot. You just got out of a highly destructive relationship and have known this boy for a month. That is not love it’s lust. Did you guys even kiss?”

“I slept with him. He isn’t straight.”

“Really? Anyway, the guy is in his mid twenties and seemed pretty secure about being a heterosexual. At best, he is bisexual but more likely he was just horny from being on an isolated island. This was like you going to prison and thinking you were suddenly god’s gift to men when the inmate whistler and have you pick up soap. Now, stop being a 13 year old girl and get over this pointless crush. You really need some time alone before you can enter into a healthy relationship. You’re a big star now, find a fucking therapist and take some Prozac.”

Brad was a pain in the ass but he had a point about being single. Adam had a history of pathetic relationships and definitely needed to change. “Maybe instead of being celibate, I should be a slut. I am not good at abstaining from sex.”

“Yeah but you are even worse at ‘casual hookups’. You are incapable of not getting emotionally involved with people you sleep with. Despite your person, you make a terrible whore. But, seeing as you are my good friend and I am having a dry spell…”

Adam laughed, “Please, bitch, my head is fucked up enough. Let me just hold you so I don’t feel so alone.”

Brad kissed him short on the lips, “OK, babe. Things are going to get better and you are going to become your fierce self again soon. I love you even if you are a fool.”

“I love you too even though you are an ass.”

Adam fell asleep a few minutes later still wishing he was with Kris.

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Kris hated seeing Adam leave and knew he had hurt him. He had never expected Katy to come to Kiribati and needed to know what she had been told, “Katy, why don’t we go for a walk and catch up?”

“OK, Kristopher. It would be good to chat.”

They went outside and headed up North. Katy seemed to be unimpressed with Kiribati and the villagers, “How do you stay here without going crazy? It is so…so under-developed and uncivilized.”
Kris laughed, “Conway is not that much better.”

Katy looked appalled at Kris statement and then smiled, “I can see this is very harsh living and after months you could get…er…confused. Danny mentioned you were having a bit of a faith crisis and were being corrupted. Maybe it is time you came home. Daddy said he might be able to pull some strings and get you a construction job.”

_Construction worker? No way, “Katy, I am thinking of pursuing music.”_

Katy laughed, “Don’t be ridiculous, Kris. I mean you have a lovely voice and they miss you in the choir but that is not a full time job. I want to get married and have kids. A starving musician isn’t a good provider.”

“We are still young. I don’t think I want to get married that soon.”

Katy stopped walking, “Kris, you promised we would marry when you returned from this stupid trip. Last time you emailed me, which by the way was far too long ago, you were missing me. What happened?”

Kris shrugged. Katy shook her head, “Danny hinted you might have met someone. Are you sleeping with some local woman?”

Kris shook his head, “I didn’t get involved with any women. I just…feel confused about the future.”

Katy grabbed Kris’ hand and kissed him on the lips, “We just need to be together again.” Katy deepened the kiss and Kris just felt numb. It was not like kissing Adam. This kiss had none of the heat he had grown to enjoy and did not make his blood boil. Katy seemed oblivious to Kris’ lack of enthusiasm. They headed back to the house. Kris suggested they all go to the Otientai for dinner and dancing.

Once they got to the Otientai, Kris excused himself and went to the front desk to inquire about Adam. Kris was surprised to hear Adam had checked out a few hours after checking in. _Where could he have gone_? There were no flights until Tuesday so he had to be somewhere on island. Kris was worried. He went back to the dinner table, “I just went to check if Adam got here ok and they said he checked out?”

Danny shrugged, “Maybe he decided to stay at Mary’s in Betio or went back to Tebeti’s.”

Kris was worried, “I don’t know. Why would he do that?”

Katy shook her head, “Who cares? He is a grown man. I am sure he can handle himself on this godforsaken, small island. He is not your responsibility, Kristopher and frankly your concern is a little inappropriate.”

“He is my friend.”

Danny shook his head, “He is a sinner and deserves whatever life brings him. You need to choose better friends. Maybe he went downtown hoping to find another sodomite.”

Kris just ignored Danny and tried to convince himself that Adam was OK. It was a safe island and Adam was well liked. He was probably angry at Kris and hiding out in another hotel. Kris missed him already. He just plastered a fake smile and suffered through the evening. They returned to the house and Katy came into his room. Kris offered to sleep in the living room but Katy objected, “Kris, we already made love to one another. I think we can share a bed for a night. I know we have
been apart for a while but your coldness is starting to concern me.”

Kris didn’t want to hurt Katy, “I am sorry. It has been a long time and I think I might have changed.”

Katy opened her shirt, “Maybe you just forgot what it’s like to be together.”

Instead of getting excited, Kris felt nauseous. Kris just turned away, “Katy, I haven’t felt well all day. Can we just go to bed and talk more tomorrow?”

Katy seemed annoyed but relented, “OK, Kris. I am tired myself after traveling almost 24 hours to see you.”

Kris felt bad about being a jerk but his heart was with Adam. The next morning Kris woke up early and Katy seemed out cold. He went to Tebeti’s to check for Adam and was told he wasn’t there. Tebeti mentioned that he heard a private jet showed up yesterday and perhaps he managed to get on the flight. Kris went to the airport and asked around. One of the workers told him a jet came from Fiji and took only one passenger back the same day.

That just didn’t make sense. How would Adam have a jet? He tried to get a hold of a manifest but anyone in the know wouldn’t be back until Tuesday for the next flight. Kris went to Betio and dropped by all the hotels. Unless Adam checked in under a pseudo-name he was not registered anywhere. Plus, even if he did, there were so few foreigners there would be no way to hide. Kris had a sinking feeling, Adam was really gone.

He went back home and arrived around noon. Katy was up and looking annoyed, “Where did you go this morning?”

“I had to visit some parishioners.” The lie rolled off his tongue easily. Kris continued hoping to change the subject, “Do you want to do some sightseeing?”

“OK, I am only here until next Friday.”

They spent the day visiting the few WWII sights. Katy continued to be under impressed. By the end of the weekend, Katy was becoming frustrated with Kris’ lack of affection. She tried to get intimate again and was became annoyed at Kris’ reluctance, “What is wrong with you, Kris?”

Kris and Katy had been together for years and Kris considered her a friend. He couldn’t keep lying, “I think my feelings have changed. I think you are amazing but I am just not attracted.”

Katy stared at Kris and then slapped him across the face, “Did you cheat on me?”

Kris looked down and Katy began to cry. Kris ran over, “I am sorry. It just sort of happened. I didn’t even know I liked men.”

Katy froze and looked at Kris with disgust, “You cheated on me with a MAN? It was that faggot from Hollywood, wasn’t it? How could you? What if you gave me AIDS?”

Kris stared for a moment, “I couldn’t have given you AIDS because we didn’t do anything.”

“I kissed you, Kristopher. How could you be gay? Oh my god, I will be the laughingstock of Conway. You can’t do this to me. You can’t embarrass everyone by being gay. What about the church? Danny was right, you have lost your mind. What exactly did you do with him?”

Kris did not want to have this discussion with Katy, “Calm down, I am trying to be up front with
you. I don’t know if I am gay or bisexual but I do have feelings for Adam.”

“Maybe he just has you confused. I didn’t think he was that good looking but maybe he has a magnetic personality. I think you should just come back to Conway with me.”

“Katy, I have to finish my time here. Besides, Adam is leaving on Tuesday and going back to his Hollywood lifestyle.”

Katy just shook her head, “Kris, sometimes men experiment. I am sure if you pray and never touch a man again, everything will be ok. I am not happy about this but I have already registered at JC Penny’s and picked out a gown.”

Kris was beginning to think Katy was a little off, “We were not officially engaged, Katy.”

“You promised we would. Plus you told me you loved me and wanted to spend the rest of your life together. What was I to do?”

“Wait for a ring? Katy, maybe we should take a break from each other.”

Katy became even angrier, “Fine! I will fly back tomorrow and explain to your family you decided to throw our future away to be a fag. That instead of doing the Lord’s work, you were committing mortal sins by lying with a man! I am sure your family will be very happy.”

Katy walked out and Kris just felt depressed. His life could not get any more pathetic. He needed to find Adam. He slept on the couch that evening. The next day Katy was not even talking to him and just spent the morning packing. Kris took her to the airport early and hoped he would see Adam. After all, there was only one flight to Fiji that day. Kris looked around the airport and didn’t see Adam. He saw the usual airport staff and inquired if Adam was on the manifest. The girl working the counter was one of his parishioners so she told him the information even though she wasn’t supposed to.

“He is not on this flight. He had a private jet fly in on Friday. I had no idea who he was when he arrived. I should have guessed he was famous when he arrived with such fancy luggage.”

Kris was confused, “What do you mean famous?”

The girl laughed, “I thought he was your friend. We might be a small island but even I have heard of Adam Lambert. He did a good job of disguising himself while he was here.”

ADAM LAMBERT? Couldn’t be. Kris thought back to when Adam first arrived, the singing at karaoke and his $5000 pesos jeans…ok maybe. Great, he was crushing on a world famous rockstar that probably had thousands of men, good looking out and proud men throwing themselves at him 24/7. If Kris was smart he would just pretend it all was a dream and go back with Katy. Well, no one ever said he was smart.

Katy came over before boarding her plane, “Are you sure you won’t change your mind Kris? You really want to throw your life away and destroy mine?”

“I don’t want to hurt you but I can’t pretend I don’t like him and what it means. I am sorry Katy, you wouldn’t want us to live a lie, would you?”

Katy was furious, “Fine, but you’ll be sorry.” Katy walked away and climbed up the stairs to the plane. She turned and took one last photo of Kiribati. Kris realized she still had his camera which contained all the photos of him and Adam. Not good.
Chapter 14

Adam woke up and realized he would be back in LA this time tomorrow. He sighed and stood up. Brad awoke a minute later, “Morning, babe. We have about eight hours to sightsee or lay around the pool. I suggest you dye your hair before we fly in case there are any paparazzi at LAX. Can’t do much about the short hair, but you can at least get rid of the red.”

Adam went to the hotel salon and had his eyebrows and hair dyed jet black. He also got a manicure and pedicure to make himself feel better. Anything to stop him from thinking about Kris and what could have been…

They spent the day sightseeing and headed back to LA. As soon as he arrived in LA, the chaos started. Lane told him his ex was just busted for drugs and had a prior criminal record to include prostitution. The media had switched on a dime and suddenly were sympathetic to Adam. Most of the tabloids starting treating him as the victim and praised him for his classy attitude of keeping quiet. Adam felt like laughing since he basically just ran away and stayed away because of a crush.

Lane herded him through interviews and appearances. He clarified he had taken a much needed vacation and was not in rehab. When questioned about his ex, he simply said he was sorry a former lover was so hurt he would need to strike out against him. He made no other comments on the subject as per the advice of his PR team. His team had questioned him about the trip but Adam assured them there were no scandals lurking. Adam assumed he was being honest since Kris went back to Katy there was no scandal.

The movie role he had been going for was placed back on the table. He met with the producers and was told he could have the role if he was willing to start immediately. Since it was his dream role, Adam accepted and found himself on a plane to Rome a few hours later. He literally was pulling 18 hour days to learn the script and the choreography. It was going to be a musical/love story where the lead is a gay dancer trying to make it on Broadway but falls for the producer’s bisexual son in law. It was a mainstream gay themed film that would hopefully be bigger than Brokeback Mountain.

Adam could definitely empathize with the character. The other male lead was one of the hottest up and coming actors, Tristan Wells. Tristan was young and gorgeous. If Adam had not been coming off a sex scandal, given his heart away on a tropical island, he would have been in heaven. However, at the moment it felt like fate was fucking with him. When he was single and looking there were never any cute boys but once he commits to being celibate there seems to be an endless supply. Cruel!

Filming was set to start in less than a month which left little rehearsal time. Adam found his time was completely commandeered by the director and he was far too busy to think much less pine. Finally a week into it he had a moment to breathe and called Brad, “Brad, I am so busy but I miss him. Do you think he misses me? I should have left my phone number at least.”

“Are you high? Did you meet Tristan Wells yet? Rumor has it, he is gay.”

“I don’t care. You were right I should be celibate for a while until-“

“Are you even gay anymore? Obviously all bets are off when a hottie like Tristan comes on the scene. That rule only applies to heterosexual preacher boys not hot gorgeous gay actors. Fuck celibacy and tap that. You want me to come out there and act as your PA?”
Adam cringed at the thought of Brad on set and just dodged the question, “I haven’t even met him yet. He is probably an asshole. Do you think I should try and call Kris?”

“Babe, if you really want to do the right thing, then leave preacher boy alone. Let him figure himself out. You said his fiancé showed up so let him chose who he wants without you forcing his hand. If it is meant to be, then it will happen. You know this is true or you wouldn’t have left. If he decides he’s gay, you will have plenty of time to get him back. Most fags don’t go for missionaries or plaid so I am sure your boy will be free.”

Adam knew Brad was right. He needed to let Kris chose without interfering. In the meantime he would practice being single. He hoped this Tristan Wells really was an asshole so he could remain celibate.

Adam went to the studio a week later and met his costar. The boy was beautiful and just Adam’s type. He was about 5’8”, thin, blonde and pretty. Adam could appreciate his beauty but didn’t necessarily feel attracted.

Tristan smiled, “It is so nice to meet you Adam, I’ve been a fan since you won American Idol. I was so happy when they told me you would be my costar. I heard you were a great kisser.” Tristan winked at him playfully.

I am fucked. Adam smiled, “Thanks. Some actors would be uncomfortable playing a love interest with an out and proud gay man.”

Tristan laughed, “I think it lends credibility to the film not to mention you are a big name. You can make sure we keep it real.”

Adam was almost positive Tristan was flirting but he just wasn’t interested. He wanted Kris and really didn’t want to settle. Adam was glad Tristan wasn’t a homophobic jerk and although he was flirting his gaydar wasn’t pinging. Well, it hadn’t with Kris either so maybe it was broken. Adam didn’t want to play games, “Are you gay Tristan?”

Tristan frowned “Don’t I come off gay?”

“No, not really.”

“Shit, I hope I come off gay on camera. I have been studying gay men and thought I got it down.”

Adam laughed, “Is that why you were trying to flirt with me?”

“No –maybe a little. I really am a fan but I was trying to act gay. I do think you are gorgeous and incredibly talented. If I were gay, I bet I’d be all over you.”

Adam laughed because really the guy was too cute and now no longer a threat to his sanity, “Aren’t you worried people will think you are gay too?”

“Honestly, a lot of people already think I am gay and it would be good for ratings. We should totally flirt in interviews. Anyway, women like gay men. You of all people should know that. I can tell we are going to get on famously and our movie will be a hit.”

Tristan’s enthusiasm was contagious and Adam felt himself feeling better than he had all week. Maybe he could get over his heartbreak and forget about Kris Allen. At least his professional life was improving.

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Kris was freaking out wondering what Katy was going to do about him admitting he had feelings for a man. Plus, she had his camera. Kris hoped that none of the pictures were too incriminating. Unfortunately, Adam and he had discovered the “timer” function so there were a couple with them together. Not good.

Kris went to an internet café in Betio and googled ‘Adam Lambert’. Sure enough the images appearing were of his Adam. The Adam he had spent the last few weeks falling on love with. They may have been more fierce but there was no mistaken the eyes and smile. Adam Mitchell was Adam Mitchell LAMBERT. Kris wished he had high speed internet and could watch some videos. He missed Adam so much.

Kris learned that Adam had resumed his rockstar life and was going to be starring in a major motion picture. Kris was happy his dream came true. He also read that his ex-lover had been busted for drugs and might end up in prison. Kris thought it was fitting since he had hurt Adam so bad. As he reviewed more articles he felt his heart sink when he saw a photo of his costar. Tristan Wells was obviously hot and much better looking than Kris. Plus, he was successful and probably didn’t have a girlfriend. Adam and him would be hot together which saddened Kris.

Kris spent the next week on pins and needles wondering when Katy was going to out him. He kept to himself until his roommate, Tim came flying into his room, “Holy shit, one of the girls that works at the airport told me Adam Lambert was here. Did you know Adam was a world famous rockstar? I didn’t even recognize him. Why did you keep it a secret?”

Kris was relieved he didn’t hear it because Katy had gone to the media. He shook his head, “No, he didn’t tell me.”

Tim seemed confused, “You guys hung out all the time while he was here. I am surprised it never came up.”

“I guess he wanted to stay discreet and I didn’t recognize him.”

“Did you get his contact info? He could totally hook you up in the music world. Danny is going to flip when he hears who he tried to out-sing, haha. Actually, Adam was pretty cool for a famous guy.”

“I thought he was a sinner to you all.”

“Yeah, but now he is a cool sinner.”

Kris decided not to touch that sentiment with a ten foot pole. He wished Adam was a nobody and worried he had just been a quaint diversion. Perhaps Adam needed a break from all the glitter and glam of Hollywood and passed the time messing around with a novelty, Kris. Why didn’t Adam tell him who he was? Obviously, he didn’t want Kris a part of his real life. Kris received an email from his mother a couple days before Christmas. Kris nervously opened it and was even more confused after reading it. His mother admonished him for being secretive and then congratulated him on his engagement. What the fuck!

He decided to use his week’s spending money to call Katy, “Katy, why does my mother think we are engaged?”

“Kris, I am so glad you called. I spoke to the Minister and he said you can push up your return date and come back in January instead of March. Isn’t that wonderful?”

“Katy, I thought we broke up.”
“I know you are just confused and once you come back here your head will clear. I talked to a spiritual advisor and she said you probably just suffered from what prisoners get and it would pass. I can’t wait until you get home. Your mom was so excited she gave me your grandmother’s engagement ring since I was wearing the silly coral thing you had bought me while we sightseeing.”

“Katy, how could you still want this marriage?”

“I invested three years into this relationship and I am not giving it up because of a silly phase you are going through. You don’t want me to tell your family the truth, do you?”

Kris felt like his world was collapsing. He had been fearful Katy would out him but this was worse. There was no way he was marrying a certifiably insane woman. Katy was definitely out of her mind if she thought his attraction to Adam was an infliction. This was a nightmare. How could he go home break off his engagement with his longtime girlfriend because he had a crush on a rock star? His family would have him committed. Plus, he needed to keep Katy in the box until he could warn Adam about the pictures.

Kris got off the phone without upsetting Katy. He let her think he was on board with her insane plan. He headed back to North Tarawa and hid in his room for a few days. Eventually, he had to exit his room to help his housemates clean.

Danny came over, “Kris, I hope you realize we care about you and are trying to keep you from ruining your life. That man you liked was Adam Lambert. He is a really shady rock star. Not only is he a sodomite but he made a porno and beat up his last boyfriend. He is a drug addict and totally superficial. Is that the kind of friends you want? Katy loves you and she is a good woman. I think you should repent and then marry your fiancé. That is what Jesus would do.”

Kris stared for a minute and then laughed, “You really are funny, Danny.”

The next month Kris concentrated on his students and the community. He tried not to think about Adam or Katy. He had secretly hoped Adam would have tried to contact him but it was obvious that was not Adam’s intention. Kris had been a convenient fling, nothing more. Kris went to his goodbye Botaki and boarded the plane back to civilization with a heavy heart. Reality was going to be a bitch.
Chapter 15

Adam had worked in theater for years and even did a few cameos on TV but none of that prepared him for the nuances of associated with a motion picture. Adam was having to work very hard especially because he was not a real dancer. He was also given a personal trainer to help him get toned for the film. He was so busy he didn’t even go home for the holidays.

He decided to take Brad’s advice and let the situation with Kris and his fiancé play out. Adam had lane track down the Allens in Conway claiming Kris was an old high school friend. Lane knew he was lying but was so happy Adam was working, she just did as she was told.
Lane informed him she had hired a detective and for a thousand dollars he found out Kris would be back from Kiribati at the end of January, had become formally engaged in December and was scheduled to marry in May. Adam felt the floor fall out beneath him. Kris had chosen Katy and probably was not giving Adam a second thought. The bitch won.

Tristan and he were becoming fast friends. Tristan was a very good actor but not the best singer or dancer. He gave Adam acting pointers while Adam tried to give him voice instruction. Adam was feeling depressed about Kris and not really wanting to celebrate New Year’s Eve since he figured the next year would suck. They had to film for half a day on New Year’s eve but knocked off early. Tristan came over before they wrapped up, “Hey, Adam, my girlfriend flew in from San Francisco for New Year’s Eve and she insists you come out with us tonight. Do you have any plans?”

Adam didn’t remember Tristan mentioning his girlfriend, “I didn’t even know you had a girlfriend.”

Tristan laughed, “I keep it quiet but I have been dating the same girl since I was fifteen. I didn’t tell you about her because I am used to keeping it a secret. Plus, she is totally in love with you and she keeps telling me to ‘try bi’.”

Adam looked at Tristan, “Your girlfriend wants you to hook up with a man?”

“No, she just wants me to hook up with you so she can get in on the action. I should warn you she is a total Glambert. She has been to like 100 of your concerts. I know everything about you because she has been telling me about you for five years. She is really cool otherwise, so you should come out with us. I will try and keep her from molesting you. Plus, I have been a crappy boyfriend lately so you coming would make up for it all.”

Adam laughed, “That is really weird that she would be crushing on me when she has you.”

“I know that’s what I tell her. If I was a less secure guy or thought you were less gay, I’d be worried. Seriously, I can tell you are feeling down and dealing with my freaky girlfriend is just the thing to keep your mind occupied. So, will you come?”

Adam wanted to just hide in a hotel room and be depressed but that was pathetic. Joining a couple was lame too but at least he wouldn’t be alone. Adam smiled, “How can I resist? Sure, will anyone else come out with us?”

“I will ask but most people have plans. We have reservations at a swanky restaurant and lounge. Don’t worry I have been with Stacy long enough that we aren’t an annoying couple. If anything she will ignore me and hang on you.”
They went back to the hotel and Adam got done for New Years Eve. Even if he was depressed that was no excuse for looking bad. He finished getting done and headed to Tristan’s room. He knocked and a voluptuous, petite woman answered. Adam could appreciate she was pretty hot in a skintight metallic mini-dress. She had dark hair which she streaked with some kind of metallic gel to match her dress. Adam was glad she was fashionable.

She immediately hugged Adam, “Oh my god, I can’t believe you are here. You are gorgeous up close. Come in, Adam.” Adam laughed at Tristan Wells’ girlfriend fussing over him.

“Nice to meet you, Stacy. Thanks for inviting me.”

“No thank you for coming. I am so glad those assholes gave you the part after all. I have been hoping to come out here to meet you sooner but I had med boards that I couldn’t blow off. Tristan said you were really cool. I totally have a million questions for you.”

Tristan came over and handed Adam a martini, “Stace, stop badgering Adam. No one likes an obsessive fan-girl.”

Stacy gave Tristan the finger, “So Adam, are you seeing anyone. I am so sorry about your last boyfriend and the sex tape. I know people criticized you for it but I thought you still looked hot. I knew the glambulge was real.”

Adam’s jaw dropped. He didn’t embarrass easy but she really was too much. Tristan smiled apologetically at Adam, “Sorry, she has no filter. Stacy, stop talking about his cock you are scaring him.”

“I was just complimenting him. Anyway, let’s go.” They headed out and went to a restaurant which seemed really cool. There was a live jazz band and lots of beautiful people. As the night wore on and the drinks flowed, Adam found himself telling Stacy all about Kris. She ended up being an easy person to talk to and it made him feel better.

“Adam, you can’t possibly think this guy was just testing the waters. Straight men don’t just have sex with men. Trust me, I keep telling Tristan to sleep with you and he’s just not into it.”

“I have had straight men go for me before.”

“Yeah, I can see your hotness converting a few for a night of sex but you had an affair with this guy for a few weeks. He is just scared. Did he find out you are a rock god yet?”

“I don’t know maybe not since he is still on an isolated island. Anyway, I am going to wait to see if he marries this girl before I do anything.”

Stacy hit him on the arm, “That is a horrible plan. He might marry her just because he is heartbroken about you. You left him without even saying goodbye or giving him your real name. You need to at least call him. Ok, here’s the plan. First, you need to have a threesome with me and Tristan. Second, we need to track down this Kris Allen. Third, we need to find out if he still wants to see you. Then, we get him to break off the engagement and hook up with you.”

Tristan looked at Stacy, “How does the threesome help?”

“My advice isn’t free. Besides, all the fandoms are getting off on Tradam. You totally need to get ‘caught’ doing something. I really like all the fanfic coming out of it.”

“You don’t read that shit do you?” Adam was appalled.
Stacy laughed, “You betcha and I plan on writing a few myself so you better be up to par Glambert.”

“I am not doing a threesome.”

“OK, I can just be an observer.”

Tristan shook his head, “Stacy, Adam and I are not having sex.”

“Killjoy. I do think you should get ‘caught’ flirting or kissing because jealousy is a powerful motivator. Adam, you are coming off a bizarre relationship and you need some better media. Tristan is a fairly boring, pretty boy media-wise. You both need to spice up your image and Kris will be more likely to realize he wants you. So you two need to dance together, sit close and kiss. I’d like to see some real man on man shit but that’s obviously not happening. Good plan?”

Adam looked at Tristan and saw the same doubt in Tristan’s eyes but they both had just finished their fourth shot so higher brain functions were not possible. They proceeded to one of the hottest clubs in Rome and began whooping it up. Adam and Tristan danced together and flirted outrageously. After a few more shots, Stacy coaxed them into making out. Tristan seemed impressed and bragged to Stacy that Adam really was the best kisser. They stumbled back to the hotel at six in the morning and passed out.

Adam was woken up by the phone and answered before thinking.

“Finally, you are back to being you. Was Tristan good? You two look almost as good together as we did.”

“Brad, it’s New Year’s day and probably before noon. Why are you calling me?”

“It is two in the afternoon and I wanted to congratulate you on hooking up with a hot guy.”

Adam just hung up and went back to sleep. He was definitely too hung-over to deal with the aftermath of the night before.

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As much as Kris tried to get into work and socialize with the community, he was sad and lonely. He missed Adam and felt hollow without him. To combat his depression, he developed an expensive habit of going to the internet every few days to watch youtubes of Adam. He was becoming an obsessive glambert spending far too much time and money cyber stalking. It wasn’t the most productive coping mechanism but he couldn’t help it.

Kris decided to stay on island for Christmas since he was now leaving in January. He spent the whole time helping the church and his neighbors. With limited options, he ended up going to a Botaki with Danny on Christmas Day. Danny was far too uptight to have fun so Kris spent most of the time talking to locals and dancing with the girls. I ended up being a decent Christmas.

Katy continued to email him once a week and seemed to be spending a lot of time with his mother preparing for the wedding. Kris wondered if he should email his mother and explain Katy was insane but thought it better to just wait since he would be home in three weeks. He needed to prepare his mother and prevent her from trying to make things “right”.

On New Year’s Eve, Kris ended up falling asleep before midnight. He had begged off of going to a botaki and decided to just pretend it wasn’t a holiday. The next day he went downtown and was happy the internet café was open. He began is ritual of googling Adam and then checking Adam’s
twitter. He became disheartened when he saw pictures of Adam hanging onto the heartthrob Tristan Wells. Apparently, the Italian paparazzi were more thorough than those in most countries. There were many pictures and even some videos of the two walking arm in arm, dancing and even one of them making out. Adam had moved on. Not only moved on but obviously upgraded to a better model! One day in and it was already a shitty new year.

Kris finished up his time in Kiribati and left with mixed feelings. He arrived back in Conway the second week of January. His family picked him up at the airport and were very happy to see him. His mother seemed especially excited,

“We missed you so much, Kris. Katy had to go to her niece’s communion or she would have been here. I am so happy you two set a date. She is a wonderful girl and you are going to have a great marriage. Who knows maybe I will be a grandma before I am 50. Congratulations.”

Kris wasn’t sure what to say. His father chimed in, “Son, you have had a few ups and downs but I am glad you are finally getting it together. I was getting worried for a while when you starting that crazy talk of being a musician. Katy mentioned you were going to work for her father in construction. I think that is a good job for you. This way your short attention span won’t be challenged with too many abstract thoughts.”

Kris looked at his father. Did his dad just insinuate he was dumb? He obviously didn’t think he was talented but dumb too? Kris was not ready to deal with this and certainly not prepared to tell them he wanted to dump his fiancé, run to LA to be in a gay relationship with a pop star. No, it was definitely not the time to “come out”.

After getting to the house, his mother told him to clean up for dinner. When Kris went back down, Katy had shown up with her whole family. Kris felt like he was being railroaded into a future he hated. Both families were beside themselves with joy over their engagement and Katy played the perfect fiancé. Kris felt nauseous and was still jetlagged from the 36 hours of travel. He decided to just go with the flow until he could gently break the news to his parents. He also needed to get his camera back. If Katy posted the pictures now, it could be scandalous for Adam but on the other hand maybe it would get rid of Tristan…
Adam was grateful that they had New Years Day off and just spent it recovering. He was aware that the media had run with the idea he had hooked up with Tristan. Adam had had fun on New Year’s Eve despite his sadness over Kris. He really liked Tristan and Stacy and thought they were a fun couple. Still, here he was alone again at the start of a New Year. He wondered what Kris had done for New Year’s eve.

Stacy came bouncing into his hotel room. “So, there I was screwing Tristan when a brilliant idea came to me. Why don’t you just send him a New Year’s gift and include your phone number on the card? This way he can contact you if he wants to see you again.”

“Nobody exchanges New Years gifts.”

“Well, you missed Christmas and you’re Jewish so I think it is OK. Look, it is the perfect passive-aggressive approach. You are just giving him an option. Trust me, Mr. Rockstar, it is very hard to get any personal info on you. I tried plenty of times.”

Adam still had mixed feelings about Stacy having been an obsessive fan but her idea had merit. It wouldn’t overtly influence Kris’ relationship with Katy but would give him an option to call. She was right that Kris would never be able to get his number another way. Plus, it let Kris know he was still thinking of him and maybe they could at least be friends.

“Will you help me pick out a card?”

“Sure, I have to finish Tristan off but then we can run to the store.”

Adam didn’t need that little tidbit but was happy to have a second opinion buying a card. After Stacy left, he showered and dressed. His hangover was fading and he was feeling almost human by the time Tristan and Stacy came to his room. Tristan smiled at Adam,

“So, we are all over the tabloids to include a video of us making out. Stacy thinks it’s hot but I am on the fence. We are still cool right?”

“Yeah, it was just a kiss. No big deal especially since we are going to have to do it on camera soon enough.”

“True, we can say we were practicing if we get negative flack. Anyhow, we came by to see if you wanted to get some dinner and help you pick out a card. I am the romantic in our relationship so I figured you would like me tagging along. Stacy will just pick out a tacky card with corny sex innuendos. I can help you find one with finesse.”

Adam should have felt like an idiot but Tristan seemed to take it in stride and actually was better at picking a romantic card than his girlfriend. In the end, Adam went with a simple “Thinking of you…” Tristan told him to not over think it and just write from the heart. Adam agreed and just wrote what he felt.

Dear Kris,

I am sorry I skipped out on you so quick but I thought maybe it was best. I didn’t want to ruin things with your girlfriend if you wanted to stay with her. I guess you already figured out who I was and I am sorry I didn’t tell you. I was having too much fun being ‘just Adam’ and I didn’t want to ruin us. Anyway, I really miss you and hope we can at least be friends. I think you are really
talented and should come to LA to do music. My offer to let you stay with me still stands. If you
decide not to call me (I am leaving my number) then I hope you have a really great life.

Affectionately,
Adam

Adam showed it to Tristan and Stacy. Tristan said it was fine but Stacy said it was stupid. Adam
watched Tristan and Stacy argue until he just shoved the car in the envelope and dropped it in the
mailbox. Adam hoped it made it to Kiribati before March. Better yet, he hoped his phone rang in a
few weeks. Maybe he should have included a phonecard but that would have screamed ‘too needy’.

The media kept harping on his and Tristan’s “love affair” claiming from “close sources” that their
chemistry was amazing and they flirted all the time on set. One even claimed the two were sharing
a hotel room nightly. The lies always made Adam uncomfortable but Tristan didn’t seem to care at
all. He didn’t avoid Adam or act awkward around him. Adam decided to just laugh it off too. For a
straight guy, Tristan was very at ease with homosexuality. It almost made Adam wonder but he had
enough problems pining after pseudo-straight men.

The filming schedule intensified because the producers wanted to wrap up in Rome and finish the
rest in LA. After filming in LA, they would have a two month break to let the editors work their
magic and then they would start the promo work. Of course while he was supposed to be
recouping, his record label had set up studio work and booked several live shows. Ever the
professional, Adam agreed to the proposed schedule knowing success meant hard work.

Three weeks later Adam was starting to sulk that Kris didn’t call. Tristan suggested that maybe
Kris never received the letter. Always willing to reach for a lame excuse, Adam decided to get
Lane on the case. She usually refused to stalk his love interests but after the fiasco with his last
boyfriend she was more open to the request.

Adam returned to LA for one week of filming and then they were done. He had about 15 studio
sessions lined up and eight live shows. Definitely not a vacation. Kris still hadn’t called. Adam was
greeted by Lane at the airport and he immediately bombarded her with questions.

“Did you find out if he got the letter? Is he still in Kiribati? Does he want to call me?”

“Adam, I think you need to forget this one. He is back in Conway and happily engaged to a woman.
I actually even went to Conway to make sure it was the right Kris Allen and I met his mother. I
told her I was recently in Kiribati and had met Kris there. She must have thought maybe I was a
fling because she immediately told me he was engaged to his longtime girlfriens and the family
couldn’t be happier. The wedding is in five months. I declined an invitation.”

Adam was sad, “Maybe he just didn’t break it off yet?”

Lane looked at Adam and shook her head, “He is back in Conway and been there for weeks. He is
very much on board with the wedding. In fact, his mother said he came back early just to marry
sooner.”

Adam nodded and became agitated. No, it couldn’t end like this! Lane seemed worried, “Adam,
don’t let your wheels turn. You cannot break up this marriage it is social suicide and mean. People
are already a little bit leery of you after that video.”

Adam nodded knowing she was right. Kris was gone forever. Adam remembered the letter he sent
and just hoped Danny did not get it. That would be even worse. What a stupid idea to put it in
writing and leave his number. It was so stupid he didn’t even want to tell Lane.
Kris went through the motions of his life and continued to secretly cyber stalk Adam. Based on most of the gossip pages, Adam had moved on and was now in a torrid romance with a heartthrob. Katy was sensing Kris was not on board with the wedding and became more clingy. He decided to try and talk to his mother. Maybe the labor pains she had borne would soften her disposition to the idea of ending his engagement. He came downstairs in the morning and sat down with his mother for some coffee.

“Mama, I am not sure Katy and I are right for each other. Some things happened in Kiribati that changed me”

His mother sighed, “Kris, I know what happened in Kiribati but this Conway. You met someone but that was just a fling, you know a vacation romance.”

Kris was shocked, “You know?”

“I figured out what happened when Danny came to see Katy and she suddenly went to Kiribati. I think you are just confused and caught up in the novelty. I bet you were taken by the glamour and a chance at a life in L.A.”

Kris could not believe his mother knew and wasn’t freaking out, “So you aren’t shocked?”

“Well, I won’t condone cheating but I get it. You and Katy have been together a long time and you became restless. Besides, she was pretty and seemed sophisticated.”

Kris was confused, “She?”

“Yes, the girl you cheated with.”

“What girl?”

His mother became confused, “Kris, you just admitted to cheating. Anyway, that girl came here looking for you and I sent her away. She is not your type and I didn’t want you to ruin your life.”

“Wait, what girl?” Had Adam sent someone?

Kim Allen just shook her head, “She was tall, blonde and sophisticated. She said she met you in Kiribati and was passing thru Conway. I told her you were engaged and she seemed surprised. You really shouldn’t have strung her along. That was mean and not very Christian. Anyway, before you cause more chaos, I suggest you follow through with your promise to Katy. She is a better woman than you deserve.”

“I don’t want a WOMAN!” Shit! That was not his internal voice. Kris’ heart started beating rapidly, “Mama, something happened in Kiribati and I just can’t pretend it didn’t.”

Kim Allen’s expression grew more somber, “Did you get that woman pregnant?”

Kris looked at his mother, “Mama, I really don’t know who that woman was since I didn’t meet any blonde women there. I kind of met a man and he just made me see things differently. He thinks I am a good musician.”

“You are a great musician, honey but a lot of great musicians die broke and alone. You went on a mission to get your head on straight and mature but it seems like you that didn’t happen. Kris, we already announced the wedding if you back out Katy will be devastated.”
“Mama, you are not hearing me.”

“No, I hear you but I am disagreeing with you. I think you are just getting the usual cold feet. If you break off your engagement for no good reason other than nerves, I will never forgive you.”

Kris felt horrible making his mother upset and could tell the discussion was going nowhere. Kris just nodded and walked away. His mother did not seem too interested in his reasons for not marrying so Kris kept them to himself. It wasn’t easy to “come out” but he needed to stop this wedding. He called Katy and asked her to dinner. After getting their drinks and ordering food, Kris told Katy he wanted to call the wedding off.

Katy threw a drink in Kris’ face and stood up, “Kristopher, you have made a fool of me to everyone and I don’t appreciate it. In fact, I think you owe me big time. In case you didn’t know, I have your camera and there are an awful lot of interesting pictures on there. It was interesting to find out that the blonde LA guy you fell for was actually none other than the glam god himself, Adam Lambert. Imagine how much those pictures are worth and not to mention an exclusive interview with the jilted fiancé. This Adam Lambert is already coming off one sex scandal this one will probably ruin his career which is fitting since he ruined my future.”

She really was a psycho. Kris tried to reason with her, “Katy, you can’t do that.”

“Watch me.” Katy stormed out of the restaurant

*That did not go very well. Shit.*
Adam was happy when filming ended but would miss the cast and crew. Tristan went to San Francisco to be with Stacy but promised to come to a few of his shows. In fact, Tristan told Adam Stacy wanted to do a meet and greet which seemed silly to him since he would give them backstage passes anyway. Tristan had just shrugged, “What can I tell you. Once a Glambert, always a Glambert.”

Adam laughed and knew he would miss them. Adam rested a couple days spending time with friends and family. His concerts were going to be held in six big arenas and two smaller halls in California and Nevada. The last two smaller shows were in Las Vegas and tickets were selling for two hundred and fifty dollars. The profits were being donated to various charities to include building a library in Kiribati. Since the cost was so steep, it was the only concerts that hadn’t sold out in an hour. Adam could not believe they were selling meet and greet passed for five hundred dollars and some were actually selling.

Adam threw himself into the studio work and rehearsals. Luckily they were just performing the same set from his tour a few months back with a new song here and there. Otherwise he would have been even more exhausted. The day before his first concert in LA, Adam was woken up by banging on his door. He opened the door and saw Brad there talking on a cell, “Yeah, he just answered. I’ll tell him to call you.”

“Brad, it is seven in the morning and I am a rock star what do you want?”

“Babe, you are cocooning and all hell is breaking loose. You can’t turn off your cell and disappear on people.”

Adam laughed at Brad’s inane comment, “I turned my cell off because I wanted to sleep and it was only off for 12 hours.”

“Yeah, well that was 12 hours too long. Your little preacher boy sold you out. The internet is buzzing with photos from you in Kiribati. Adam, this is worse than the sex video.”

Adam was confused, “How could it be worse?”

“You look like a retard, remember you cut off all your hair, dressed poorly and wore that fucking hat. I told you it was awful. It is one thing to be caught naked pounding into a hot guy and another thing to be photographed looking like a loser. Plus, there was a shot of you dressed in the missionary white shirt and tie holding a bible which looks like you are mocking them. Apparently, people see that as worse than the hat which is odd to me but there you have it.”

Adam remembered taking that photo in Kris’ house. Adam and Kris had been drinking toddy and making fun of Danny. They decided it would be funny to have a contest who could look like more of a douche bag so Adam had put on Danny’s “uniform”. Kris had laughed his ass off and then given him a blowjob as a prize. It had been a very good blowjob which made Adam smile.

“This is not funny, Adam. Lane called me because she is catching a flight back from her honey moon in Hawaii to deal with this crap.”

Adam was confused, “Why would he release pictures of us?”

“He didn’t. He released pictures of you. He conveniently left out any pictures of himself. I guess unlike your previous whore he just wanted the money not the fame.”
Adam went online and saw the pictures that were released. He did look unglamorous but he didn’t think it was as bad as Brad said they were. In fact, it reminded him of his time in Kiribati so he couldn’t hate them. However, he was hurt that Kris would sell them. Once again Adam had been stupid enough to trust someone that betrayed him. Brad’s lips were still moving so Adam tuned back in.

“...You really are the worst judge of character. So far your only good romance lately was Tristan Wells.”

“There was no romance. He is straight as an arrow. I can’t believe Kris did this maybe someone got a hold of his camera.”

“Stop being stupid, Adam. If someone else had the camera they would have released more incriminating pictures of you and him. Are there more incriminating pictures?”

Adam just looked down and Brad laughed, “You would think after your former loser lover released a video you would be camera shy but you always were a ham. I am just shocked the bad hair and sunburn didn’t make you more humble. Being self conscious isn’t always a bad thing, you know.”

Adam was blindsided by the negative media on the picture of him in the missionary clothes. They attacked him for mocking religion, being a hypocrite on tolerance and having a bad hair day. As a rather fruitless solution, he and Brad got drunk. Lane came over the next day and was irate from cutting her honeymoon short.

“Adam, you don’t usually mock things what is going on?”

“I wasn’t mocking religion, we were making fun of this guy Danny. We were drunk off this coconut juice and I wasn’t thinking. I didn’t know they would be released.”

“You need to assume all your pictures are going to be released. Anyway, what else is out there?”

Adam hated this part of his life. He was an open book but sometimes it would be nice to have secrets. “Kris and I took a few pictures together and there might be some with less clothes.”

Lane shook her head, “After the video, you took nude pictures?”

Adam felt stupid and got mad, “What’s the difference since everyone saw my dick in the video.”

“OK, right now this isn’t a sex scandal. Maybe I should go try and buy your friend off.”

“I don’t think Kris did this. Maybe, that douche bag, Danny took his camera.”

Lane looked at him sympathetically, “Maybe but we still need to try and get it back. I will go back to Conway and try and find him. Adam, I need to be prepared, what else is out there?”

Adam just shook his head, “Nothing that I remember.” Adam hoped that was the case but it was hard to predict since everything was always taken out of context. Adam went into the studio and just tried to focus on the music. Hopefully, a few bad pictures were the worst of it.

Kris cringed when he saw the pictures hit the media. He wondered why Katy held back on the pictures of them together or giving the inside scoop of his romance. He had a feeling it didn’t bode well for either him or Adam. Katy called him up the next day and cleared up his confusion,
“Kris, I decided to show some restraint because I still want a picture perfect wedding despite your ‘confusion’. So, you can tell your mother you had island fever and now you are feeling better. You realized how much you love me and have decided to marry me as planned.”

“Katy, I don’t love you.”

Kris heard silence and then Katy became angry again, “That bastard corrupted you and ruined everything. He is evil and I am going to make him pay. If you don’t marry me, I am going to release a picture of him with a few naked underage boys. How do you think that will go over?”

Kris was confused and then remembered sometimes they took pictures with the kids and boys under the age 13 sometimes walked around naked in the villages. It was possible one or two were in a picture. Not good. Taken out of context, people would understand that culturally it was normal in the islands. In fact, it would be seen as incriminating and further bolster the prejudice that people saw gay men as perverts. He couldn’t hurt Adam like that and decided he needed to buy more time.

“Katy, you are right. I think I was confused and just got cold feet. Let’s go ahead and get married as planned. I will tell my mother we talked and I realized how much I want to be with you.”

Katy’s tone brightened, “Really? Will you even let me have my dream wedding? You know I want it to be a classy event.”

By classy, Katy actually meant white trashy. Kris vaguely remembered Katy mentioning some top hats and weird southern civil war throw back motifs. Kris was not into it but hopefully he would weasel his way out of the wedding long before it actually happened.

“Whatever will make you happy is fine with me.”

“Wonderful. I will let Momma know. Also, I want you to take dance lessons…”

Kris groaned at how painful it was getting. Still, he needed to get to warn Adam somehow, someway before it was too late. Katy hung up and Kris went online. Adam was doing a few concerts in a couple weeks but unfortunately the only one not sold out was in Las Vegas and cost a fortune. Still it was General Admission and he might be able to make his way to the front. Hopefully, Adam wasn’t too irate about the pictures. He needed about thousand dollars to get a plane ticket, concert ticket and pay for lodging in Las Vegas. He only had three hundred dollars.

After begging and borrowing from friends, he ended up with six hundred dollars which meant he was going by greyhound bus verses a plane. Luckily he had two weeks to get there and he was more than happy to avoid Katy.

His mother was surprised about the wedding but willing to believe the lies. It was amazing how easily his friends and family bought into the traditional happy ending. He told Katy that he wanted to go with his friend Cale to Louisiana for two weeks. Katy was knee deep in planning and more than happy to be left alone in her fantasy world where she was the happy go-lucky bride to be. Kris was more and more convinces she was a few eggs short of a carton.

Kris hadn’t told Cale too many details about Kiribati or Adam. He certainly did not mention he had an affair with America’s number one gay rocker. He also didn’t tell Cale too many details about their upcoming trip other than it involved Las Vegas. Cale seemed to assume Kris just wanted to have a week of debauchery before settling down. Although Cale was happily married, he loved the idea of being a bad boy. He was perfectly willing to sneak to Las Vegas with Kris. Even though his wife wouldn’t have cared, Cale thought he should have some secrets to prove he wasn’t totally whipped. Kris laughed but was grateful for the secrecy.
Hopefully, he would get to see Adam, explain what was happening and find a solution. Even better, he would do so without having to marry Katy. Kris wasn’t dumb enough to hope for more than that. He certainly didn’t believe he would get his man too. Adam was with Tristan and Kris had been just a time passer. Still, even if Adam didn’t “like him, like him”, maybe Adam would want to be friends. Kris really missed him. He missed his beautiful smile, contagious laugh and even his incessant chatter. He really missed Adam’s smell and touch… but he wasn’t going to go there. He needed to have Adam in his life even if it was just a platonic friendship. Hell, lately he was just a psychotic fan so friends would be a step up. OK, Las Vegas or bust!
Adam had to work very hard to diffuse the media flack about the photo of him holding a bible. He claimed it was from a costume party and he had limited choices. He also played off the bad looks by joking, “Well, now you know why I dye everything.”

A week later, he was back to being everyone’s sweetheart. His cell phone rang with an unidentified number and Adam hoped it was Kris. Maybe he got the letter and could explain the pictures.

“Hello.”

“Adam Lambert?”

“Yes.” Adam was thrown by the female voice.

“This is Katy O’Connell and I am here with Danny Gokey. It seems you were keeping your stardom a secret. Well, anyway, Danny got your number from a cute little card you sent my fiancé. Not very appropriate to send to a soon to be married man I might add. But, you seem to not act appropriately in most instances.”

Adam’s heart was racing, “Where is Kris?”

“Kris is busy getting ready for our wedding and doesn’t want any distractions. In fact, if you try and contact him again, we are going to release more photos of you that are very incriminating.”

“You would be hurting Kris, too.”

“Oh, not those pictures. I am talking about the one where it looks like you are molesting little boys. After all it isn’t appropriate for a grown man to be hanging around naked ten and eleven year old boys. Danny thinks we should turn you in as a pedophile but I am trying to help you.”

“What the fuck are you talking about? I never did anything to a child.”

“You can tell that to the media or you could just stay away from Kris. Doesn’t that seem like a better plan?”

“You have no proof.”

“Maybe not to convict you in a court, but certainly enough to ruin your career. Danny here is willing to attest to your time on the island and say you were caught messing around with some kids which is why you hired a jet to sneak out in the middle of the night.”

“Kris, knows that isn’t true and would set the story straight.”

“Would, he? Kris already regrets what happened on the island and seems to agree you took advantage of him. If he really liked you, he wouldn’t be marrying me or asking us to keep you away.

Adam wanted to scream, he was being blackmailed and there was little he could do about it. Plus, she was lying or so he hoped. Adam believed in Kris but there was a small seed of doubt. After all, he never thought his last boyfriend would film them either. “So all I have to do is stay away from Kris and you will give me all the pictures.”

“No, if you stay away from Kris, I won’t release the photos to the public. If I gave them all to you,
then I would have nothing to hold over your head. Besides, I already made copies on a thumb drive which is in a safe deposit box you can’t reach.”

“Don’t you think this is a little extreme just to keep a man?”

“I don’t think it is extreme to protect someone I love from the devil. Danny and I care about Kris, we won’t let someone evil like you hurt him.”

Adam kept quiet knowing there was little to be gained by arguing with an insane person. Still, it was one thing if Kris didn’t like him but now they were bullying him and he hated that. Plus, what if Kris didn’t know they were trying to blackmail him. He couldn’t let Kris marry a total freak without warning him. Kris deserved so much more even if he didn’t know it. Adam quickly made a mental list of people that could help. He couldn’t go to his staff because they would take matters into their own hands. He needed to talk to someone who understood crazy. Brad? No, he would tell him to just abandon Kris to his fate. He needed Stacy…

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Taking Cale seemed like a great idea at the time but it was like traveling with a high maintenance child. Cale insisted on getting off the bus at every stop and actually made them miss the bus in San Antonio just to buy cactus candy. As a result, they spent precious money on a hotel because the next bus wasn’t for two days. Cale seemed happy enough to party at a few bars. Kris googled Adam and saw he started his concert series in California and was getting rave reviews. There was a picture of him after his San Francisco show sitting in a bar with Tristan Wells. Kris had secretly hoped the romance would have fizzled out after the movie. Apparently, it did not.

Kris was a little disheartened and Cale seemed to notice, “I am sorry I made us miss the bus but we will still have plenty of time to go wild in Vegas. Don’t cry about spilled milk.”

“I am just tired and antsy. I want to get to Vegas already.”

“Yeah, you want to go see some topless reviews?”

“Actually, I am planning on going to a concert.”

“Great, who are we going to see?”

Kris shifted, “Well, it was a very expensive concert so I couldn’t get you a ticket but we will hang out after.”

Cale looked annoyed, “Well, that is pretty shitty. I would have paid for my own ticket. I have a good job.”

“I don’t think you would like the concert.”

“Who is it? I heard The Script was playing in Vegas. Also, so is Antebellum.”

Kris knew Cale was not going to be an Adam Lambert fan and didn’t want to explain himself so he just brushed it off, “Never mind that, let’s try not to miss anymore busses we are already down to $500 and we still have to pay for the hotel in Vegas. I found us a room for four nights on the strip for $300 and that only leaves us $200 for food and entertainment.”

“What about your secret concert?”

Kris smiled smugly, “No problem I charged it on Daniel’s visa. He was actually being a good
brother for a change.”

Cale laughed, “Yeah, good luck with that because I think he often forgets to pay the bill and it gets de-activated. It happened last time we went out to dinner and I got stuck with the bill.”

Kris started freaking out and Cale just looked at him funny, “Relax, dude. Worse comes to worse you can just buy a ticket there. Who the hell are you seeing that is so great, what did they bring John Lennon back from the dead for a Beatles reunion?”

“Shut-up.”

They made it to Las Vegas without missing anymore busses. However, they had to spend two nights in Phoenix because the bus broke down but luckily they were comped a sleazy motel room. Cale of course insisted they go out so there went another $30 bucks. Finally two nights before the concert, they made it to Las Vegas. They got a room at the Monte Carlo for $50 a night plus some outrageous $15 a day amenities charge. It sucked being poor.

The concert was at the House of Blues at the Mandalay bay. Kris immediately went to the House of Blues to pick up his ticket. He tried to ditch Cale but the man was unshakeable. Once they got to Mandalay bay, Cale found a “winning” slot machine and seemed settled in for a while. Kris went to the House of blues box office to pick up his ticket. The women said he was a day early but would help him. Unfortunately she said there was no ticket under his name. Kris wanted to kill Daniel.

“Don’t worry sweetie we still have some VIP tickets, they are $450 a piece but you get in early and have a free dinner.”

“$450 is not a free dinner. Can I get a discount if I don’t eat?”

“Sorry, sweetie. All the cougars beat you to the reasonable tickets.”

Kris wanted to cry. He had been so close...He went by Cale hoping he had won $450 dollars. Cale was now sitting at a penny machine which dashed that hope. Cale smiled, “Relax, I only lost $20 before I moved. What’s wrong? Let me guess, there was no ticket.”

Kris lost it, “Cale I came all the way out here to see him and now I can’t even get into the fucking concert.”

“What concert has you this crazy?”

Kris took a deep breath, “Actually, it is an Adam Lambert concert.”

Cale spit out his drink. “ADAM LAMBERT? No offense but isn’t that a little emo? Kris, did we really driving 3000 miles so you can see Adam fucking Lambert? Are we also going to sneak into the Celine Dion show? What the fuck?”

Kris became defensive, “Adam is a good singer and his concerts get rave reviews.”

“Since when are you a glam-rock fan? Come on my little sister and mother like Adam Lambert. Is there something you are not telling me?” Cale seemed genuinely stunned.

“I met him.”

Cale was confused, “Met who?”
Kris needed to finally tell someone, “I met Adam Lambert while I was in Kiribati. He and his friend were trying to escape the media and decided to go to the most remote place possible. We hung out every day for a month and then Danny went home for Christmas. While there, he told Katy about it and Katy flew out to Kiribati. Adam got pissed or hurt and just left without telling me or leaving his contact information. I haven’t seen him since. Katy went crazy and is now trying to force me to marry her. She has incriminating pictures of Adam and is threatening to release them if I don’t marry her.”

Cale stared for a minute and then laughed, “Ok, ok. You don’t have to make up elaborate bullshit just to attend a gay concert. If your last dying wish is to see some Liberace rip off while in Vegas. Fine, I’ll just hang out in the strip club.”

“Why is nobody listening to me! Cale, I met him and I fell for him. I like boys.”

Cale shook his head, “Kris, I’ve know you all your life and I would have noticed if you were gay. Did you really meet Adam Lambert?”

“I did a lot more than just meet him.”

Cale raised his eyebrows, “Well, I am no expert but Adam Lambert is really pretty. Maybe, your body thought he was a girl. One time does not make you gay. Kris, you never gave any signs so maybe you just freaked about your wedding.”

“Cale, I know he is not a girl. We did things you can’t do with a girl-“

“Ok, let’s not over share. Alright, let me process this for a moment.”

Kris could feel his heart beating fast. He loved Cale but wasn’t sure how best friend was going to feel about him coming out. Cale took a deep breath, “If you like boys, how come you didn’t think I was hot? I am good looking.”

Kris just stared, “What! Cale, we are best friends and you are married.”

“I know and I am not gay but still I feel a little slighted. Anyway, let’s say I believe your incredible tale that Adam fucking Lambert came to Kiribati and had a fling with you. Don’t you think he may be a little out of your league? He is kind of popular and has his pick of lovers.”

“Thanks. Look, I know I don’t have a chance but he is a great guy. I at least need to warn him that Katy has my camera and has been releasing pictures of him to the media. She has more that are worse.”

“You took the picture of Adam Lambert in missionary clothes? Ha-ha that was hysterical. Is it paying for your wedding?”

Kris briefly wondered the extent of Katy’s devious behavior but then he remembered his dilemma, “It doesn’t matter because I can’t afford another ticket.”

“Stop being so pessimistic. It is one thing to think you are gay but no need to be a drama queen too. We are in Las Vegas anything is possible. Let’s get drunk tonight and maybe tomorrow something will turn up.”

“So you are cool with me being gay?”

“Well, I don’t think you are gay but I can see walking on the wild side. I will compliment you for not doing it half assed. I mean if you are gonna try gay, way to go for the gold with Adam
Lambert.”

Kris laughed feeling relieved that Cale wasn’t too freaked out. He wasn’t sure Cale really understood the situation but it was enough that he didn’t act weird. They stayed out late and slept in the next day. The concert was that night and by four in the afternoon, they still had no plan. They went to Mandalay bay and saw the concert was sold out except for some presidential VIP tickets for $800 a piece.

Cale laughed, “Are you shitting me? What kind of Diva is this guy selling tickets for that much?”

Some girl pushed him, “Those tickets are going to charity, cheapskate. Besides, an Adam Lambert concert is priceless.” No it’s not, it is expensive! Cale looked at Kris like a light had gone off, “Kris, do you believe in fate?”

Kris rolled his eyes but Cale continued, “Look, if you are meant to meet him then you will. Look we have $100. We can win the money at craps. If it is meant to be, you will lucky.”

“How about you use your ATM card and take out the money and I pay you back?”

Cale shook his head, “Everyone knows you never take an ATM card to a casino. I left my cards at home. Look, we are out of time. If you really want to see him then you need to be bold. You’ve come this far.”

Kris knew Cale was right. It was their only chance and surely good things happen to good people. They went to the craps table and began gambling. Kris could not believe his luck, they were actually up three hundred dollars after half an hour. Cale and his big mouth told everyone Kris was a big Adam Lambert fan and trying to win money for the concert. Surprisingly enough, the table seemed sympathetic. He needed only a hundred and fifty more. Cale looked at him, “Dude, you are on fire. Bet it all. You are one roll you’re your goal.”

The table seemed to be egging him on. Kris felt bold and knew deep down he was going to win. It was meant to be and he was willing to risk it all for Adam. Kris put everything in and everyone cheered. Kris held his breath as the dice were rolled. It took a minute to register. He had lost! He lost all the money. Kris wanted to cry. He turned to Cale and was met with sympathetic eyes, “I am so sorry, Kris. I really thought it would work.”

Kris felt like the whole world was spiraling down. He had travelled a week to get here and then in a matter of seconds the whole trip went bust. He was broke with no tickets to see his love. He knew Adam was probably in the hotel somewhere. Maybe doing a sound check or eating a meal. Kris just put his head down. Maybe Cale was right and it wasn’t meant to be.
Adam began his shows in LA which were going really well. The day after Katy’s call, he had called Tristan to speak to Stacy but she was working crazy shifts. He explained the situation to Tristan. Tristan thought it would be best if they just met up at the San Francisco show and figured out a solution. He agreed Stacy would know how to deal with a psycho chick. Adam arranged for them to have VIP passes. The night of the San Francisco show Adam was dying to see Stacy. He had managed to keep Katy’s call a secret from Brad, his family and his management for a week. That, for him was a record. Actually, he only accomplished that because Brad had hooked up with some cute guy and was ignoring Adam’s calls.

Adam was in the makeup chair when he saw Tristan come back stage alone. Adam freaked, “Where is Stacy?”

“She is outside on the meet and greet line.”

“What! I need to talk to her. She has an all access pass why would she wait on line?”

“Apparently, this is some Glambert ritual. I don’t get involved in her obsession for you because frankly it’s weird. Anyway, after the meet and greet she plans on coming backstage and acting like a semi-normal person.”

“Why can’t she just come and talk to me now? Didn’t you explain the situation to her?”

Tristan frowned, “Actually, I didn’t because Stacy isn’t a patient person and isn’t going to like the fact that someone is trying to hurt her idol. Let’s just go to a bar after the show and work through this problem.”

Adam finished his makeup and went out to do the meet and greet. He saw Stacy on line chatting away like his other fans. He smiled at her and she seemed to swoon. Adam just shook his head at her odd behavior and began greeting his fans and posing for pictures. Stacy came over and Adam kissed her short on the lips, “Stacy, I really need to talk to you after this.”

She laughed absently and gestured toward the other fans, “Really, then stop being overly friendly. I have an image to maintain.”

Adam just looked at her weird and signed whatever silly crap she gave him. She really was an odd bird. Adam finished the meet and greet and went back to his dressing room. Brad had driven up to the show and was backstage. Adam smiled, “So where is this hot guy?”

“The hot guy turned out to be an asshole like most hot guys. Anyway, I figured I would come here since you were stalking my cell phone. Plus, sometimes you get hot male fans I can tap.”

Adam laughed and Brad got serious, “So what is going on? Let me guess, preacher boy is threatening to do an exclusive interview saying you took advantage of him.”

Adam couldn’t restrain himself, “The fiancé called and is blackmailing me to stay away.”

“Well, I don’t approve of blackmail but I like the end result. Adam, you knew this was going to end badly how much more masochistic behavior are you going display before you move on. Why don’t you just hire a dominatrix to beat your ass instead of playing out these bad relationships?”

“Brad, I knew you were going to react like this. Look, I gotta go perform but afterwards you can...
come with us to a bar and discuss a plan.”

“Who is us?”

“Tristan and his girlfriend.”

Brad smiled, “Tristan Wells? Nice. What do you mean girlfriend?”

Adam just went on stage and performed his heart out. Afterwards they all went to a low key bar a few blocks from the venue. Adam introduced Brad and Stacy immediately reacted, “Omigod Cheeks! It is so nice to meet you. Hey, did you cheat on Adam back in the day? You are the one that Adam loved right?”

Brad looked at Adam and then shrugged, “I don’t talk about what went on between Adam and me.”

“I know. That, makes you classy and a fave among the glamberts. OK, now down to business.” Stacy turned to Adam, “So what’s wrong? Are you upset about the pictures? I spoke to my other Glamberts and basically we all think the au natural thing was cute. Don’t sweat it. What happened with the card?”

Adam broke and in one breath spilled the whole story, “It failed because it fell into the wrong hands. Kris’ fiancé called me and is threatening to post incriminating pictures of me unless I keep away from Kris. Brad thinks Kris is involved in the release of the pictures but I think it is all Katy. I want to talk to Kris but I don’t know how to reach him. If I try and Katy finds out she is going to release pictures of me with nude boys.”

Stacy, Tristan and Brad all looked at each other and then back at Adam, “What pictures did you take with nude boys?”

Adam was hyperventilating, “In Kiribati, the boys walked around naked until they were like 13 or 14. So, in some of the pictures there were a bunch of kids hamming it up. I didn’t think anything about it.”

Brad shook his head, “Adam, how could you be so naïve? That is the kind of shit that people love to assume about gay men. Your boy is a real piece of work with that camera.”

Adam frowned and Stacy spoke up, “Brad, plenty of cultures are not so uptight about nudity. I worked in Africa for a few weeks and villagers walked around nude all the time. Adam you need to stop making it sound so nefarious. Ok, so she has pictures of you with naked boys in the background. It probably looks like a National Geographic photo. I doubt the media would post it since it features naked children and they would get in trouble. I am assuming you weren’t molesting them so she can’t turn it in as evidence. More to the point, do you think Kris wants to marry her?”

Adam felt better immediately. Who knew the odd bird would be the voice of reason. Adam focused on answering her question, “I don’t know but I don’t think so. However, he did choose her over me.”

Brad nodded, “Exactly. That is your answer.”

Stacy hit Brad in the arm, “Well, actually you don’t know that because you didn’t give him the choice. You ran away before he could actually act. OK, first you gotta talk to Kris and figure out what he wants. If he wants you then we can get rid of this chick.”
Adam paled, “I don’t want to kill anyone.”

Stacy laughed, “Adam, I am a soon to be doctor not a murderer. I just meant we can distract her and have her give up Kris. I’ll think about this more when I have sex with Tristan tonight.”

Adam wasn’t sure what the connection was but he trusted crazy Stacy would know how to fix an insane problem. Brad was not on board with contacting Kris, “Adam can’t contact Kris because the fiancé will release the pictures.”

“Well, than you can go to Conway and find out if Kris is involved. If he is not, give him Adam’s number.”

Brad frowned, “Why should I go?”

“Adam can’t, I am busy and Tristan is famous. Don’t worry you can make twitter videos about your experiences in the deep south. Adam, buy Brad a ticket to Conway. I have to go to Mexico for the weekend but I will come to the Las Vegas show and figure out the rest of the plan. Brad, don’t sabotage this.”

Brad reluctantly agreed to go to Conway the next day. Adam continued to just focus on his concerts and studio work. Brad phoned him that evening, “Your boy has gone missing. Apparently he has gone to hide out in Louisiana. I got his cell number but the phone is out of service. See he is guilty. Adam he is totally selling you out why else would he be hiding? Also, I saw his fiancé and she is this blonde barbie doll that looks like she couldn’t hurt a fly. I bet Kris and Danny are in cahoots. I’m coming back to LA tomorrow because this town sucks ass.”

Adam was confused by Kris’ behavior. He had been surprised when Kris left Kiribati early and even more surprised he was be hiding out in Louisiana. Maybe, he really was the worst judge of character ever. He needed to just stay celibate for life. Hell, maybe he should just turn hetero…ok, perhaps that was a bit too extreme.

A few days later, Adam made it to Las Vegas. They arrived in the morning of the first show and checked into a gorgeous suite in Mandalay Bay. Adam liked Vegas and was looking forward to seeing Tristan and Stacy again. Brad could not come early because of a photo shoot but would fly in just prior to the concert. Tristan and Stacy were already at the hotel and met him at a bar in the casino after his sound check.

After greeting each other, Adam immediately launched into his dilemma, “Kris supposedly ran off to Louisiana to hide out during the media storm.”

“What media storm? Adam your ginger pictures were hardly the scandal of the century. Did he run off with his fiancé?”

“No, she is still in Conway. Brad thinks Kris is the mastermind behind the plan.”

“That is because Brad is a drama queen and petty. I bet he still regrets breaking your heart. Anyway, maybe Kris is hiding out from psycho bitch. Tell me more about the crazy chick.”

“Not much to tell since I only met her the one time. The only thing Kris told me was she wants to be an actress and they dated. He didn’t even tell me he wanted to marry her.”

“Maybe he doesn’t want to marry her. I know you have been hurt before but you have to have some faith in people. That is why we all love you. If you stop being your sparkly, positive self, the world will seem a sadder place.”
Adam wanted to cry but stayed stoic. He sipped on his martini while scoping out the casino. He liked to people watch in Vegas. He looked over at a crowded craps table and almost fell off his stool. KRIS! What was Kris doing in Vegas? Maybe he was looking for him. Adam looked at Stacy and Tristan, “Holy fuck that is Kris! He is here.” Adam pointed out Kris to them.

Stacy laughed, “He is so your type. I think he is much cuter than Brad. So either he is here to blackmail you or confess his love. If it is the latter, I have a plan to neutralize his fiancé.”

Adam went to go over but Tristan stopped him, “Adam, there are too many cell phones around and we don’t know his intention. Why don’t you go back to your room and get ready for your show. We will check him out and bring him to you. You don’t need this becoming a public fiasco.”

Adam nodded and reluctantly took his eyes off Kris. He wanted more than anything to go over and hold Kris in his arms again. At this point, the need was so palpable he was willing to ignore the fact that his boy might be blackmailing him. Still, Tristan was right. He needed to be prudent. Adam discreetly left the bar and went back to his room praying he would be face to face with Kris soon enough.

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Kris wanted to bang his head against the table after losing all the money but that would just result in the pit boss throwing him out. Kris looked up and to his shock, saw Adam Lambert sitting in the bar. He smiled noticing Adam looking his direction. Maybe it was meant to be after all. Kris went to stand up and go over when he noticed Tristan Wells was with him.

Tristan had also looked over at Kris. Tristan then touched Adam’s arm intimately while whispering something to Adam. Without so much as a wave, Adam turned away from Kris and just walked out of the bar in the opposite direction.

Kris felt sick. Adam wanted nothing to do with him. He had travelled three thousand miles for nothing. Suddenly the casino seemed claustrophobic. He grabbed Cale’s arm, “Come on we are leaving. I need to get out of here before I throw up.”

Cale was confused but let Kris drag him out. They quickly made their way outside and headed back toward the Monte Carlo. After a few minutes, Cale broke the silence, “Kris, I am so sorry you lost the money. Maybe we can figure something out for tomorrow. He is doing two shows here. If we can’t get you a ticket maybe we can try and get a message to him backstage.”

Kris stopped walking, “Cale, he saw me. He was down in the bar, looked right at me and then left. How could I be so stupid to think that Adam Lambert was really into me? He was with his hot new boyfriend, Tristan Wells. I am a complete asshole.”

Cale nodded, “Kris, don’t be so hard on yourself, most men couldn’t compete with Tristan Wells. I still think if you fooled around with him it is a feather in your cap and a cool one time gay experience. Write it off to that and go find someone you can settle down with.”

“Like Katy?”

“Well, I’d be a little weary of someone forcing me to marry them. You are young, what is the rush to marry? Why don’t you use this fucked up situation as an opportunity. Get away. Go to LA or NY like you dreamed and give your music a shot.”

“I have no money.”

“So, they have more restaurants in a big city. You can get job waiting tables like the rest of the
starving artists.”

Kris didn’t really like the idea of being alone and homeless in a strange city. That, was the main reason he never did it before. No, he was no more meant to be a musician than he was to be with Adam. *Shit, he still needed to warn Adam about Katy.* Even though Adam obviously didn’t still like him and might have used to him, the man didn’t deserve to be hurt by Katy. Maybe he could just write a note and try and send it backstage. Hopefully, some fan or dude with a pass would deliver it. Kris would try but lady luck certainly hadn’t been a friend so far.
Adam returned to his hotel room giddy with anticipation. Hopefully, Kris was really running away from his fiancé and would welcome Adam back with open arms. Adam was fantasizing about a hot reunion when he heard a knock at the door which was hopefully Kris. Adam checked the mirror to make sure he was looking damn good. He opened the door and saw only Tristan and Stacy, “Where is Kris?”

Tristan shuffled his feet before responding, “Er…Kris is…missing.”

Adam’s heart sank, “What do you mean missing? He was fifty fucking feet away from us.”

Tristan continued, “I know but it was crowded. By the time we got to the table he was gone. Adam, I am sorry but he just disappeared.”

“Fuck! Why would he run away? I thought I saw him recognize me. Do you think Brad is right and he is in cahoots with Danny?”

Stacy spoke up, “First off, don’t say cahoots you are not seventy years old. Second, no I don’t think Kris is trying to hurt you. If he was he could have afforded to buy a ticket to your concert. Some of the people at the table told us he was trying to win money to buy a ticket to your show. Maybe he didn’t even see you and was just ready to go. After all he had no more money so it wasn’t like he could keep gambling.”

“I really think he saw me. Either way now how am I going to talk to him? We don’t even know where he is staying. This sucks.” Adam was building up momentum to host a pity party.

Stacy pushed him, “Stop it you are going to put yourself in a bad mood and disappoint your fans. We will find him. If he drove 3000 miles to see you, I don’t think he will give up so easily. I’ll forgo the meet and greet and hang around the lobby. If I see him, I’ll drag him backstage. Fair enough?”

Adam wasn’t feeling as optimistic, “What if he doesn’t show up at the show?”

“I’ll find out what hotel he is staying at and give him tickets to tomorrow’s show. Don’t worry, Kris Allen can’t hide forever. Anyway, I have a plan for this Katy person. I am going to send Tristan to Conway to seduce her. He’ll pretend to fall for her, promise to take her to LA to be a movie star and then dump her on her ass when he gets the camera.”

“She saved the pictures on a thumb drive and probably gave copies to Danny Gokey. Besides, she might think Tristan is with me and be disgusted.”

“Even better, Tristan can pretend you tried to take advantage of him like Kris and that he hates you too. That can be his in to keep her at bay while you pursue Kris. Plus, she deserves to have her heartbroken if she is trying to come between you and the boy you want. As far as the pictures, you just need to head off the scandal by talking about Kiribati and joking about the nude boys.”

“Maybe I should just get ahead of the media scandal without getting involved with Kris.”

Tristan nodded, “Yeah, I really don’t want to go to Conway and flirt with a psychotic woman.”

Stacy became aggravated, “What do you think I come up with brilliant plans for my health? Look, if you want to give up on your dream boy fine but then stop whining. However, if you want a
chance to be happy than you better hop on board with this plan. Neither one of you even recognizes the true genius of me.”

Tristan and Adam exchanged glances and Stacy rolled her eyes, “Besides the blackmail, you still have the problem of Kris’ family thinking he is marrying this amazing girl. They won’t be thrilled if he dumps her to be with you. However, if she turns out to be a cheater then they will be more sympathetic to you arriving on scene. You could be the one that mends their son’s broken heart.”

Adam was skeptical, “I am not sure they will want a man doing that.”

“Adam! I like my plan now stop being a naysayer and just play along. You are gorgeous but like Tristan, I sometimes wonder if all cylinders are firing off.”

Adam wanted to laugh at the hypocrisy of her statement. He loved her but she truly was the oddest bird he knew. Still, she had a point that he had to think about the whole picture. Even if he pushed past the blackmail, he needed to expose Katy as the evil person she was. Kris might not know Katy was to blame for the pictures leaking. He was sure Kris wasn’t involved but maybe Kris thought it was Danny. Neutralizing Katy might be a good thing anyway. At the very least he would save Kris from a bad marriage.

“Ok, Stacy, I will get on board with your plan.”

Tristan grimaced, “Wait, I don’t want to be with another woman.”

“Tristan, stop being so squeamish. You are an actor, how hard is it for you to play a role? Look at it as extra training. Besides, we need to help Adam so stop being selfish.”

Adam bit his lip to keep from smiling. Poor Tristan really had his hands full. Stacy noticed Adam smirking, “By the way once I successfully get you your man, you better totally molest him in my presence. I am still dying to see you fooling around with a guy live.” Still an odd bird.

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Kris and Cale went back to their room and rested for a few hours. They ate at a cheap food court since they only had fifty dollars to last them through the rest of the trip. Things were looking pretty dismal financially. On the way to Mandalay Bay Cale suggested they try and bag some sugar mommas that night in order to get drunk. Kris shook his head but Cale continued, “Or better yet, you could test out this gay thing and hook up with a sugar daddy. Men are better about paying for shit. What do you think?”

“I think you are grasping at straws. Anyway, I don’t want to test this ‘gay thing’ out. I would prefer to fly solo. I am not happy with either sex at the moment. Katy went crazy and Adam blew me off. I’m done with people.”

Cale laughed, “I already warned you once about the drama queen stuff. Look, let’s just get a note to this diva and then go have fun. There is a lot of free shit to do in Vegas so we will just do that.”

Cale was right about there being lots of free shit in Vegas. They hung out at some of the casinos along the way and drank free. There were also some free jello shots in some of the bars. Finally, about 9:30 pm, they made their way through the Luxor casino and went up the steps to Mandalay Bay Place. Kris thought it was wild that they had malls in the hotels. The closer they got to the house of blues the more Kris sobered up. The concert had started at eight pm so most people were already inside however they saw a few people rocking the glitter and black nail polish as they neared the venue. Given the cost of the tickets, most of the crowd was probably mature, well to do
women. Kris had read the Las Vegas magazine in the hotel room which said the money from the concert was being used for charity. Outside the venue, he saw another sign explaining the specific charities including the building of a library in Kiribati. Kris was happy Kiribati was benefitting and wondered if Adam didn’t miss it a little. Maybe when he wasn’t snuggling up with his beautiful boyfriend he even missed Kris. Then again, maybe he didn’t.

Kris had written a note that explained Katy had the camera and was planning on blackmailing Adam with more pictures. He further warned that some of the pictures were compromising and that she was forcing him to marry her. As a pathetic act of desperation, he gave him Cale’s cell number and said he was staying at the Monte Carlo. Kris’ own phone had become a casualty along the ride to Vegas. Unsure who could pass it on to Adam, he went up to the ticket booth. She looked at him crazy and suggested he talk to someone selling the concert merchandise.

Kris went over to the guy selling t-shirts and posters, “Er…do you work for Adam Lambert?”

The guy looked at him, “Yeah, I am the lead guitarist selling t-shirts. I figured this was more important than playing on stage.”

What a jerk! “Look, I need to get a message to Adam Lambert. Can you tell me who I need to contact?”

The guy rolled his eyes, “Messages, flowers, undergarments, gifts, I swear this guy has the most generous fans. Maybe you should have bought a ticket and then tried to blow the roadie guarding the back stage entrance. I think that is what most groupies do.”

Kris was getting pissed, “Listen, you asshole before I kick your ass…”

The jerk immediately yelled and Kris saw security moving in. He went to back away but one of the huge guards grabbed him. Cale immediately jumped in to help which made the situation escalate. Kris had a feeling not only was he not going to get to see Adam but he was probably going to end up in jail. Kris was definitely sobering up all the way. An even scarier looking guy came over who was wearing an Adam Lambert shirt and had some plastic badge around his neck. Kris hoped he worked for Adam.

“What’s going on?”

The asshole selling the shirts spoke up, “This asshole is causing a scene and messing with the merchandise table. He wants to give Adam Lambert a love note or something.”

The scary guy looked at Kris, “Sir, can I help you?”

“Yeah, I was trying to get an important message to Adam Lambert. I just wanted to give him a note. I know him.”

The scary guy nodded, “OK, why don’t you give me the note and I will give it to him.”

Kris looked up skeptically as he handed the guy the note, “Really? It is very important he gets it.”

“I promise I will do everything I can to make sure he gets your note. Adam cares about his fans and tries to read as much of his fan mail that he can.”

“This isn’t fan mail. It is a warning.”

The guy’s expression changed and became more menacing. Oops, bad wording. “Is this some kind of threat?” The guy went to rip open Kris’ note.
Not good. Kris immediately interjected, “Please, don’t read it, it is personal and embarrassing. I hooked up with Adam a few weeks ago and was hoping to maybe see him again. It is a pretty explicit note.” Kris was banking that the guy wouldn’t want to read about gay sex.

The guy looked Kris up and down, “Ok, you actually look like his type. I will give him the note as soon as I can. I suggest you go about your business since you already pissed off the Mandalay Bay security.”

Kris nodded and pulled Cale back up the steps to the Mandalay Bay mall. Cale laughed, “Well, mission accomplished. Now we can just enjoy ourselves and continue to find free booze.”

As the night progressed they found more and more free booze. Kris was wasted and ready to pass out around three am. They headed back to the room, Adam had never called. Kris was sad, “Your cell phone never rang?”

“I know, I called Trudy from the room earlier tonight and told her we were going to the movies and I’d talk to her tomorrow.”

“I put your number in the note. He never called.”

Cale grimaced, “I sort of forgot my charger so my cell has been dead since we got here.”

If it wasn’t for bad luck, Kris would have no luck at all. Kris laughed at the stupidity of the whole situation and decided passing out was the best course of action. He should have known, taking three aspirin and drinking four cups of water would have been better.

Kris woke to a pounding headache and nausea. After a few hours of suffering he got up. Cale wasn’t in much better shape so they hung sound the room until about two in the afternoon. They needed coffee and could not afford room service. Kris noticed the message light blinking on the phone and secretly hoped Adam had called. He called the desk.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Allen. I have an envelope at the front desk addressed to you. Guess who personally dropped it off?”

“Er…Adam Lambert?”

“Well…no…you must know a lot of stars. Tristan Wells. He came by about an hour ago and told me to make sure I gave it to you. Would you like me to bring itup with some complimentary coffee?”

Kris wondered if he had fallen back asleep and was dreaming. Free coffee, nice. Wait, why was Tristan giving him an envelope? Shit maybe he intercept it and was pissed. Maybe he and Adam were laughing—“Mr. Allen?”

“Er…yes, please bring it with coffee I am in room 1013.”

Cale looked over, “We don’t have money for room service.”

“It’s free. Tristan Wells dropped off a note addressed to me. How weird is that?”

“About as weird as up busing in to Vegas, losing out shirts for you to see an Adam Lambert concert and me this hung over.”

The woman arrived and gave Kris a pot of coffee and the note. Kris could tell she was disappointed seeing him and Cale looking like death in their boxers. Obviously, she had been hoping for some
hotty that hung out with celebs. She just smiled awkwardly and left. Kris stared at the envelope in his hand until Cale grabbed it and ripped it open.

“Two concert tickets and a dinner pass. Sweet. Funny, you think you would have gotten a backstage pass.”

“Not if he is sending a message that I am nothing to Adam but a fan. Actually, it is kind of a classy way to deal with me.”

Cale snorted, “Do you really think Tristan Wells would see you as a threat? Sorry to be the reality check but you aren’t even in his sport much less league. Look who cares. Now you know Adam got the warning and we got a free dinner. As far as I am concerned we are ahead. Let’s just enjoy a good meal and celebrate your accomplished mission. We don’t even have to stay for the concert.”

Funny, Kris didn’t feel very victorious or much like celebrating. Cale was right though, he was not a threat to Tristan Wells, not by a long shot.
Chapter 21

Adam finished the meet and greet and there was still no sign of Kris. His opening act finished their set and still no sign of Kris. Just before going on stage Adam cornered Tristan, “Did Stacy find him yet?”

“No, he isn’t in the lobby. Look, you still have another show tomorrow. I am sure after traveling 3000 miles to see you, he’ll try again.”

Adam wasn’t so sure but went out and gave a really good concert. After the show, he went backstage and saw Stacy and Tristan looking at a note. Adam was hopeful and went over, “Whatcha all looking at?”

Stacy shrugged, “Kris wrote you a note. Sorry for reading it but your security said it might be from a cute stalker and I was curious. It is a little strange but he is claiming this Katy person is blackmailing him into marriage. So, this bitch apparently is blackmailing everyone over your National Geographic style photo spread.”

Adam grabbed the note and became excited, “He left me his number! And his hotel name. He wants to see me.”

Tristan smiled apologetically, “Calm down, Adam. The number isn’t working because he turned off his cell which is odd. Maybe something happened. Look, Stacy and I will go to the hotel tomorrow and give Kris tickets to your concert.”

“I want to see him tonight.” Adam knew he sounded like a petulant five year old but it had been so long and he was so close.

Stacy pushed Adam, “You are watched 24/7 by paparazzi and you look exhausted. Kris is still engaged to a psycho whether he likes it or not so you need to be discreet. Let us handle it.”

“No! You already lost him once.”

Tristan and Stacy looked at each other and Stacy spoke, “Adam, we know where he is staying and have his phone number. How is he going to get lost? Not to be a Debbie-downer but he didn’t exactly profess his dying love or suggest you two should hook up tonight. He might still be pissed that you ran away and lied to him about who you are. Maybe he is being a good guy warning you but actually doesn’t want more. He probably doesn’t want a public scandal by being seen with you and labeled as the new Glambert boy toy.”

Stacy words were like a cold bucket of water hitting Adam in the face. He had totally forgotten about pretending to be a struggling theater guy and not mentioning the iconic rock star thing. Adam decided Stacy was one of those eccentric geniuses he should probably listen to on this matter. After all, he tended to fuck up relationships and she seemed to have a successful one with Tristan. Adam nodded, “What will you tell him when you see him?”

“Since we can’t reach him by phone, we will leave tickets for the concert at his hotel. Then when he comes to the show, we will see what’s what.”

“So I will get to talk to him backstage?”

“Well, I don’t think you should give him backstage passes. If he is pissed, it is going to fuck up your show. Plus, we don’t know where this Katy is at the moment. What if she is in Vegas and
watching Kris. If she sees him go backstage she might freak out and try and kill him.”

Adam thought that was a bit overly dramatic but she had a good point. Kris would come to his show and he could give him backstage passes then. “Well, at least give him dinner passes. If he couldn’t afford a ticket to my show maybe he can’t afford a good dinner.”

Stacy smiled at Adam, “Ok, we will give him dinner passes too. He was with some cute, tall guy.”

Adam frowned, “What cute tall guy?”

“I don’t know maybe it was his best friend or something. What are you going to get jealous now? Three thousand miles is a long way to travel alone.”

Adam went back to his room and decided to get a good night’s sleep. Hopefully, he would see Kris the next day so he wanted to be bright eyed and bushy tailed for the encounter.

The next day was hectic. Adam had three radio interviews, a charity visit and was dedicating a glitter microphone to Planet Hollywood. In a sense, it was good because Adam didn’t have a second to dwell on Kris. He ended up arriving at the venue late. His manager rushed him through the meet and greet. Lane came over and told him Stacy was on the phone.

“Hey Adam, I am at the airport heading back to San Francisco because my sister went in labor. Tristan is on his way to your show. Have a good show and don’t make a scene. Don’t kiss him in public or go out partying with him. Discretion is the name of the game. You need to give Tristan a chance to get Katy under control. Seriously, if you mess this up…”

Adam doubted he was going to get the opportunity to kiss Kris he didn’t bother arguing, “Have a safe flight, psycho.”

“Have a good show, rock god.”

Adam finished getting done just before hitting the stage. Between rushing around and thinking Kris was close at hand, Adam was pumped up and very excited. That combination usually resulted in a very sexy, risqué performance and this was no exception. Adam slithered around the stage for his first number and scanned the audience. Where was Kris?

Adam launched into his second song and continued to hope. His eyes caught some movement in the audience and then he saw him. His Kris and he was just as beautiful and hot as he remembered. Actually, hotter. Except, who the fuck was the tall guy standing intimately behind him parting the crowd? Adam almost lost his place in the song as he watched the guy whispering in Kris ear and protecting him from the crowd.

Adam locked eyes with Kris as he was laughing about whatever the man had told him. Adam felt a jealous rage take over and noticed Tristan in the wings. Adam just reacted and pulled Tristan on stage, “Ladies and Gentlemen, you all know my beautiful costar Tristan Wells. Isn’t he lovely?” Adam kissed Tristan deeply. Tristan was caught off guard and didn’t resist. Adam ended the kiss and smiled innocently, “What? We were just giving you a preview of the movie.”

Tristan laughed and then whispered, “I don’t think your friend enjoyed the preview.”

Adam looked over and felt two inches tall. Kris looked completely deflated and hurt. Adam realized he totally misinterpreted Kris and his friend’s relationship and just made Kris feel rejected. Fuck!

Tristan shook his head, “Stacy is going to be pissed for you fucking up her matchmaking.”
Adam was pissed himself and continued to perform. With no great plan, he hoped to mitigate his kiss with Tristan by getting drunk and kissing more people. In fact, by the end of the show he had made out with a few band members, a roadie, three fans and possibly a janitor. Adam went backstage before the encore and Tristan went over, “What the fuck are you doing?”

“I don’t know! I panicked. I thought he was with that guy and got jealous. After I kissed you he looked so sad I had to try and fix it. I thought I could play it off like I kiss everyone no big deal.”

Tristan grimaced, “Well, if that was what you were going for…I think you kind of overshot and looked a little…crazy. Well, any publicity is good publicity.”

“Sorry about the kiss. You aren’t freaked out are you?”

“No more than the other half of the venue you kissed.”

Adam was desperate to make things better. He went back on stage for his encore.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, you have been a great audience tonight so I would like to do a special encore. Actually, I’d like to do a song for someone very special to me. This is Crazy by Gnarles Buckley.” Adam was thankful his band was so versatile. He started singing and looked in the audience for Kris. He was not where he was which made Adam sad. He continued to sing and scan the audience. Adam smiled when he noticed Kris and his friend had managed to get next to the stage. Adam went over by them and bent down. He put the microphone by Kris for him to sing the next verse. Adam watched as Kris sang nervously. It still sounded great and the audience screamed. Kris smiled and Adam melted. Luckily, Kris picked up the final verse because Adam was too busy staring and remembering how much he loved Kris. So much for being discreet.

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Kris and Cale arrived at the House of Blues a couple hours before the concert. They sat down and ordered a huge meal since the dinner passes were good for up to $150. There were some concert going in the restaurant too. Kris secretly hoped Adam would come out and join them or at least say hello. He never came. A woman came around asking people who had meet and greet passes to follow her. Kris looked at Cale, “If he really wanted to see me, I would have been giving a meet and greet pass. This is a blow off.”

“It is not a blow off because frankly you aren’t even with him. Now, stop being a twelve-year old fan girl and enjoy yourself. He isn’t my type of musician but someone told me his concerts get rave reviews.”

Kris laughed at hearing his words thrown back to him. Finally, they were allowed in the concert hall. Unfortunately, quite a few people had already been let in and taken the spots near the stage. Throughout the opening act, he and Cale tried to make their way toward the stage. The cougars tended to be quite vicious and territorial so Kris was thankful for Cale’s assistance.

Adam came out on stage and began singing the first riffs of his opening medley. Kris’ heart stopped as he looked at the larger than life Adam. This Adam was intimidating and sexy as hell. Kris could not believe how gorgeous and confident he looked on stage. It was like seeing a different person. Adam really was way out of his league. Kris felt like laughing at himself for even thinking he stood a chance.

Cale was close up behind him still fending off the cougars trying to push them back. It was very loud so Cale yelled in his ear, “Ok, I can see why you crossed over to the dark side. He is pretty hot and totally owns that stage.”
Kris laughed at Cale’s observation and then felt Adam’s gaze. He looked over hoping to see some recognition. Adam’s expression was hard to read. He didn’t look exactly joyful and Kris wondered if Tristan had informed him that he left tickets for him to attend. Without even so much as a nod, Adam looked away and continued to entertain. At the end of the song, Adam pulled Tristan on stage and kissed him deeply. Adam was sending him a clear message. He was with Tristan and Kris was nothing put an audience member. Kris looked away and then back at Adam with a heavy heart. Adam finished the song and continued to perform.

Kris wasn’t really into the concert after that and barely noticed Adam kissing other people on stage. Cale commented, “Your boy is awfully affectionate on stage, I’m surprised he doesn’t catch a cold during his tours.”

Kris just nodded as he watched Adam leave the stage. During the break between the last set and the encore, Cale had managed to get them up against the stage. Kris felt bad for the cougars Cale had effectively displaced. Adam came out and seemed a little different. Adam announced he was singing a special song for someone. Kris was shocked when he heard “Crazy” and remembered singing it for Adam in Kiribati. Kris looked up and noticed a glittery microphone being shoved in his face. Adam was right there.

Kris’ heart skipped at the proximity and realized a couple thousand people were expecting sound to come out of his mouth. Kris sang the words while staring into Adam’s blue eyes. It was as if time reversed itself and they were back on the atoll. He wasn’t looking at the Glam rock god but his Adam. After finishing the verse Adam seemed frozen and just stared back at Kris. Since Adam hadn’t taken the microphone away, Kris finished the last verse realizing he was actually singing to a couple thousand people.

As the song ended, Adam snapped out of it and must have realized he was on stage. Adam stood up, “That sultry crooner was…a good friend of mine and a talented musician. How about giving him some love?”

Kris laughed as the audience shouted. The cougars that had been mean to him seemed to suddenly treat him with awe. Kris noticed the fans with cameras were aiming them toward him. Not good. If Katy sees a you tube of him in Las Vegas at an Adam Lambert show…Kris began to panic and didn’t even notice Adam had left the stage. Cale was talking to some girls and then turned to Kris, “That was cool. You totally sang your face off.”

“Well, and became the star of several you tube videos. Cale, people filmed it and paparazzi saw it. I bet I am going to be shown on TMZ as a ‘special friend’. This is bad.”

Cale seemed to realize the repercussions, “Shit, do you think they caught me next to you? Trudy is going to be pissed if she finds out I am in Vegas.”

Kris pulled Cale out and ignored the people complimenting him on his vocals. He needed to get away before the paparazzi attempted to find out his identity. Hopefully, the cameras were of low quality. He and Cale escaped the venue and practically ran back to their hotel. They went in their room and crumbled onto their beds.

“Shit! We are so fucked. Why would Adam do that? I thought he got my note?”

Cale considered Kris’ question, “Maybe Tristan never told Adam about the note. It is hard to fathom but maybe Tristan really was jealous of you.”

“Then, why did Adam kiss him?”
“I don’t know, he seemed to kiss everything that had lips. Look, he definitely remembered you and called you a good friend. He seems to like you. To tell you the truth, I thought maybe you were delusional and had been making the whole thing up. I am glad you’re sane.”

“So you called me. Katy is going to release the pictures and I am going to be the downfall of Adam Lambert. What am I going to do?”

Cale didn’t respond and seemed to be at a loss for ideas, even bad ones. The phone rang and Kris answered. After a brief pause he heard a familiar voice, “Hi Kris, it’s Adam.”
Adam came off the stage with a high like none other. *Looking into Kris Allen’s eyes should be illegal.* As soon as Adam entered his dressing room, he felt someone push him. He looked over at Tristan, “Shit, Adam, Stacy is going to be furious. What part of not causing a scene translated to having Kris Allen sing your encore?”

“So what, I didn’t kiss him.”

“Well at least that would have made him one of the pack. Instead, you announced he was a ‘good friend’ and then let him share your spotlight. How do you think Katy is going to interpret that?”

“Maybe she won’t find out. Now, I want to clean up and go see Kris. I don’t think he is mad at me.”

“Adam, didn’t we all agree to be patient. We don’t know who is watching you and who is watching Kris. Let’s just go back to your room and then you can call him. You two need to talk and if you see each other it will probably just degenerate into sex.”

“That’s not a bad thing, Stacy is right, you are totally emo. I need to see my boy.”

Tristan’s cell phone went off. “Hello…I know…I couldn’t…hold on.” Tristan held the phone out to Adam, “It’s Stacy.”

Adam frowned, “There is no way she knows. I just got off the fucking stage.”

Adam took the cell, “Hey sweetie, how is your sister?”

“Fuck you. Adam, how could you ruin our plans. I don’t mind you kissing Tristan along with the whole venue but to single out Kris Allen and act like a besotted boyfriend? What the fuck is wrong with you? We don’t have the camera and Kris never confirmed he wanted to paparazzi fodder. You need to just stop. I knew I should have blown off this birth. Please, just lay low and stay away from Kris.”

“I need to see Kris. How do you know all this? Are you still in Vegas?”

“No, I am at the airport in San Francisco. Some of my fellow Glamberts gave me a play by play on twitter. Hey, aren’t you leaving Las Vegas tonight?”

Adam suddenly realized they were headed back to LA right after the show. He was scheduled for a TV interview first thing in the morning. Lane was already looking freaked out which meant he had hours of lecturing to look forward to on the drive back.

“Fuck! I have an interview in the morning. Hopefully, *The Examiner* won’t have published any pictures from the concert.” Adam was starting to hyperventilate.

“Calm down, Adam, before you make yourself pass out. Look, we can fix this. Call Kris and find out all about Katy so we can send Tristan to Conway immediately. He is going to have to seduce her very fast so he is going to need to know her likes and dislikes, where she hangs out, her hobbies etcetera. Can you do that?”

“Yeah, I also need to apologize and find out if he even wants me.”
“You can do that too but find out about Katy. Remember, you are Adam Lambert no one is immune to your charm or sexiness.”

Adam cleaned up, said goodbye to Tristan and got on the bus. Lane tried to corner him but Adam insisted he was tired and needed to rest before getting to LA. Adam went in the back of the bus and called the Monte Carlo. Luckily Kris wasn’t smart enough to check in under an alias. Adam was nervous as hell.

“Hello.”

“Hi Kris. It’s Adam.”

“Adam…where are you?”

“Unfortunately, I am on a bus headed back to LA. I have to do an interview in a few hours.”

Adam heard a sigh and then a barrage of questions, “Why didn’t you tell me who you were? Was I just a joke to you? Was everything between us just lies and pretend?”

“Kris, I am so sorry. I didn’t tell you because I didn’t want to ruin it. I did warn you that I suck at relationships. I was having so much fun with you as a nobody and I was afraid you would get weirded out by my fame. I know it is not a good excuse but I was just coming out of a relationship where the guy was only with me because I was famous. Kris, I didn’t mean to hurt you and I have been thinking about you every day since I left Kiribati.”

“What about Tristan Wells?”

“We are just friends. He is straight and has a very serious girlfriend that is borderline psycho.”

“That didn’t stop you with me.”

Adam sighed, “Kris, I am not with anyone else. In fact, I haven’t even had full sex since the last time we were together.”

“Just half sex?”

Adam didn’t want to lie, “I fooled around a little but I was pretending it was you.”

Adam was relieved when he heard Kris chuckle, “Adam, I am sure you have gorgeous men throwing themselves at you everyday so I won’t judge you on that. Unlike your other boyfriend, I kind of wish you weren’t famous. I wish you were a poor starving artist and we could just live together in some small roach infested studio apartment and pursue our dreams.”

“You want me to move?”

Kris laughed again, “God, I missed hearing your voice. Adam, I am sorry about the pictures and about Katy. She surprised me when she showed up and I thought it best to let her rest before telling her about you. After you left, I did tell her I didn’t want to be married and that I liked you. She just didn’t care and that’s why she stole the camera.”

Adam decided to lay it on the line, “Do you still want to be with me? I still want you to come to LA and stay with me.”

“You mean in the roach infested studio you are gonna get?”

Adam laughed, “Kris, didn’t we do that in Kiribati? Maybe we can just rough it in my six bedroom
house in the hills. Seriously, even if you don’t want to date me, you can still stay as a friend. Will you come to LA?”

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Kris could not believe he was finally talking to Adam and Adam still liked him. In fact, he was basically asking Kris to move in with him. Kris wanted to say yes but he still had to deal with Katy.

“I want to come but what about Katy?”

“Relax, I have some friends helping with the Katy situation. I am going to buy you a ticket to LA for tomorrow. We can send for your stuff later.”

Kris wasn’t sure what kind of ‘friends’ Adam had to deal with Katy but decided to focus on more practical matters, “What about my friend Cale? I can’t make him ride a bus to Arkansas alone.”

“I’ll buy him a plane ticket too. I am sure there are plenty of flights to Arkansas.”

Kris didn’t want to take advantage, “You shouldn’t have to pay for us. I can’t take your money.”

“Consider it a loan, you can pay me back in kind. Besides, I owe you for Kiribati. Please, Kris, I need to see you.” Kris could hear Adam’s desperation and Kris wanted to make him feel better. It also gave him the confidence to be honest.

“Adam?”

Adam responded tentatively, “Yeah?”

“Seeing you perform tonight was amazing. You were so sexy on that stage. Part of me couldn’t believe I was lucky enough to have made love to someone so desirable and the other part was totally wishing you would come over and kiss me like you did everyone else there. No exactly, I wanted you to kiss me like I was more special than everyone else there. I hated seeing you kiss Tristan. I thought you were blowing me off and trying to show me how little I meant to you.”

“I am so sorry I made you feel like that. I got jealous when I saw your friend and acted like an asshole. I thought you had found someone else and I reacted badly. After I kissed Tristan, I saw the pain in your eyes and realized my mistake. I thought if I kissed a couple other people you would think Tristan had been no big deal.”

Kris laughed at Adam’s reasoning, “Well, I kind of just thought it was….weird.”

Adam laughed, “Yeah, you and probably everyone else that came to the show.” Kris loved Adam’s laugh and knew he couldn’t live without it.

“Adam?”

“Yeah, Kris?”

“Buy me a ticket.”

Kris hung up with Adam so he could get the tickets. Cale had gone back to the Casino to give Kris privacy so Kris had to wait to tell him the new plan. Adam called back and said they were both booked on flights departing at noon the next day. Cale returned to the room at about three in the morning. He was slightly inebriated.

“Hey, Kris. I made three dollars on a slot machine. I think our luck is improving.”
“I am going to LA tomorrow and I got you a ticket to Conway. I think I am gonna stay in LA for a while and maybe pursue music.”

Cale didn’t seem to happy, “You don’t have any money or even your guitar. How are you going to get a place?”

“Well, I am going to stay with Adam…”

“Kris, you barely know the guy. I don’t trust him. He might be using you.”

Kris was confused, “Using me for what? My money? My connections? Or maybe he is looking for an in to Conway’s social circles. You are being ridiculous.”

“Ok, but he might be ruining your life. If you stay with him, the paparazzi might think you are his boyfriend and you will become known as Glambert’s latest conquest. No one will take your music seriously. Plus, what happens if it doesn’t work out. You need to think this through.”

Kris hated Cale for ruining his dreams with reality. Kris did need to think it through, “Just because I stay with him, it doesn’t mean I have to come out as the boyfriend. We could say we are just friends.”

“And what do you think Katy will do when she finds out you snuck off to Las Vegas and ran off with Adam? What do you think your family will say? What happened to Tristan Wells? I don’t think he will like it either.”

Cale was right, he needed to talk to Katy and prepare his family. He needed to go to Conway first. “You are half right. I need to settle everything in Conway first. However, Tristan Wells is straight and just a friend.”

“So Adam claims. Anyway, I think you should come with me back to Conway and talk to your parents before you runaway to LA and become a kept man.”

Cale’s words felt like a bucket of cold water. Without any money or job prospects he would be totally dependant on Adam. That definitely would not serve as a good basis for a relationship. There would be no equality in the relationship and they might end up resent each other. Plus, Kris wasn’t sure he was prepared to deal with the craziness that probably surrounded Adam. Kris understood the reasons but was also a little resentful that Adam had kept it a secret. It was like a bait and switch. He thought he was getting to date a slightly geeky, gregarious, struggling artist and instead found himself in love with a charismatic, sexy, larger than life celebrity. Life really was a hoot.

They arrived at the airport and Kris switched his first class LA ticket for a coach ticket to Conway. He hoped Adam would understand.
Chapter 23

Adam could tell Lane was annoyed with the answers he was giving in his interview but truth be told he could care less. His mind was focused on getting to LAX and meeting Kris. In fact, he could hardly contain his excitement and could tell the interviewer must have thought he had to pee or something urgent like that. The interview wrapped up and Adam immediately went back to his house to make sure the guest room was ready. He had called his on again off again housekeeper and told her Kris was coming and to make sure there was a good meal prepared for that night. He wanted to stay in the house and use that time to talk and maybe reacquaint themselves with one another.

Adam drove to the airport, parked and went into the terminal. He had dressed down but was still hoping to use his celebrity status to get beyond the “passengers only” point. He wanted to be the first thing Kris saw as he exited the plane. Luckily, one of the airline reps was a huge Adam Lambert fan and escorted him to the arrival gate. Adam had butterflies in his stomach and was really struggling to contain his excitement. Soon, they would be together again and could clear up any misunderstandings between them. He wasn’t sure if Kris wanted to be with him as a boyfriend but at least he seemed to be open to a friendship. Adam just hoped they could interact like they did on the island and he could keep the craziness away from Kris long enough for the guy to fall for him.

Adam watched the plane land and stood right by the doors to the landing ramp. Adam watched as the doors open and the people rushed past. He was surprised Kris wasn’t one of the first ones out since he was flying first class. Patience! The flow of people slowed and it became just a trickle. Where was Kris?

Adam noticed a flight attendant disembarking, “Is there anyone else on board?”

The flight attendant took a double take, “Adam Lambert?”

“Yes, I am meeting a friend.”

“Er…everyone has exited the plane. Are you sure you have the right flight?”

“Yes, I bought his ticket.”

The woman looked at him sympathetically, “I’m not supposed to do this but if you tell me his name I will look it up in the manifest.”

“Kristopher Allen.”

The woman scanned a couple sheets of paper, “Sorry, sweetie, it looks like he was on the manifest but then was taken off. He probably just missed his flight. Another flight from Vegas will be here in two hours.”

Adam had a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. With nothing else to do, he waited and hoped Kris was on the next flight. Adam watched the second plane disembark with no sign of Kris. He changed his mind and isn’t coming. Adam was depressed. He went back to his house and saw his housekeeper had set the table for a romantic dinner for two. Great, how much lower can the day get!

Adam just sat on the couch numb. His cell rang, “Kris?”
“I usually answer to Brad. So did you finally bag your man?”

“I thought so but he stood me up. I bought him a first class ticket to LA but he never got on the plane.”

“What an ingrate. Anyway, how many times are you going to beat your end against the wall? What are you doing?”

“Gazing at a romantic dinner setup and getting depressed.”

“Great, I’ll come over to eat and then you can take me to an art show. There will be lots of hot men there so you can just pick up a new shiny toy.”

Adam wanted to protest but he needed a distraction and Brad would either make him feel better or piss him off. Either way, it would chase away the malaise that was beginning to overwhelm him.

Brad showed up fifteen minutes later and immediately sat down and began picking at the food. Adam lit the candles wishing it were Kris. Brad looked at Adam, “Stop being pathetic. You have the life people would kill for and have beautiful men chasing you. Why do you always pick the ones that don’t want you or are flawed?”

“Brad, I really liked him. It wasn’t just his looks or him being ‘unavailable’, we really clicked. I felt myself around him and had that ‘falling in love giddiness’. That hasn’t happened since… well…you.”

Brad rolled his eyes, “Adam, you always think your new flings are ‘the one’ so don’t even go there. Maybe you have that feeling because he looks like me. Honestly, I am flattered maybe you are just trying to capture what we had. He is like an alternate universe of me minus the sparkles of course. When are you going to get over me?”

Adam looked at Brad and laughed, “Brad, I do love you but trust me I am over us. I’ll admit Kris has the same coloring as you and is small but that is where the similarities end. He is nothing like you personality wise.”

“Exactly because he isn’t GAY, social retard.”

Adam didn’t want to argue about it. He was just really confused as to why Kris would change his ticket without even saying anything. Adam had given him his cell number so he could have at least called. It dawned on Adam, that something might have happened to them on the way to the airport. “Maybe something happened. What if he got hurt?”

Brad just rolled his eyes. “Did you buy the ticket?”

“Yeah, I got him a first class ticket to LA and his friend a ticket to Conway.”

Brad called the airlines and pretended to be Adam. “Babe, he traded it in for a coach seat on the Conway flight. He chose to go back to Arkansas instead of coming to you in LA. You need to just move the fuck on. He used you to get a free trip home.”

“I need to call Stacy. I don’t like your spin on this.”

Brad laughed, “I am sorry you don’t like reality but calling that crazy glambert is just going to drag out the inevitable. Let’s go out, get drunk and deal with this tomorrow.”

Adam decided to go with Brad’s recommendation and proceeded to get really drunk. He woke up
the next day feeling like crap and unsure of his surroundings. He was in a strange apartment, in a strange bed and wondering how he got there. A fairly buff man came in the room wearing a towel. He was clean cut and good looking. He looked to be in his early thirties and seemed very masculine. *Wow, I must have been really drunk to pick up someone so not my type.*

The guy smiled when he noticed Adam was awake, “Hey rockstar, how are you feeling?”

Adam hated awkward morning afters. He was going to kill Brad for letting him leave with a stranger. For all Adam knew, he could have filmed them and planned to black mail him. It seemed that was the growing trend. Adam’s head was pounding too much for him to be pleasant, “Ok, a little hung over. I don’t want to sound like a jerk but who the hell are you?”

The guy laughed, “I am Chad. Listen, Brad and I are going to grab something to eat so if you want to sleep some more you can.”

Adam was confused, “Brad is here?”

The guy laughed, “Oh, you thought we…no dude, you were crying about some guy that broke your heart so Brad insisted we couldn’t leave you at the club. We took you with us back to my place and let you pass out in my room. You are really pretty but I don’t think we are each other’s type.”

Adam felt relieved. “Thanks for letting me crash. Have you known Brad long?”

“Going on ten hours but it looks promising.”

Adam laughed and was happy Brad hooked up without leaving him drunk in public. Also, now that he knew he didn’t fuck him, Adam liked Chad. Chad finished dressing, “We’ll bring you back some pancakes.”

Adam went back to bed but was awakened by his cell. He didn’t recognize the number so he answered hoping it was Kris. “Hello”

“Didn’t you agree to stay away from Kris? I should have known better than to reason with the devil. I am going to release those pictures to tabloids and explain to all the world what a home wrecker you are. I hate you for stealing my fiancé but just remember if he did this to me, he is going to do it to you. I hope when Kris becomes estranged from his family, rejected by his church and destroys his future, you enjoy trying to pick up the pieces.”

Adam didn’t Know what Kris was up to and didn’t want to risk psycho girlfriend ruining him. Adam decided it was best to appease her, “Katy, I didn’t steal your fiancé. As a matter of fact he went back to Conway instead of coming to LA to be with me. I gave him the option and he chose you.”

“Really? So nothing happened?”

“Nothing happened. The only interaction I had with him is what you seen on you tube.”

“Well, I don’t want you getting him on you tube anymore. Kris is going to become a construction worker and raise a family. I don’t want him thinking he should be a stupid singer. Stay away from him, Adam.”

Adam was really annoyed at being threatened especially since she seemed like an idiot anyway. At first, Adam had felt bad at the thought of Tristan purposely messing with her but now his misgivings were forgotten as soon as he answered the phone. Bitch. Adam just ended the call and then phoned Stacy.
“About time you called with the details. Tristan already left this morning for Conway. Once he gets there, he will need to work fast because that video of Kris singing is everywhere. On a high note, he is getting high marks for his musicianship.”

Adam was glad Kris was getting some love but sorry if he had almost ‘outed’ him. “Listen, I don’t have any details but Katy saw the video and she is pissed. I told her Kris didn’t like me and that he chose to go to her instead of me.”

“That is a nice touch.”

“Worse it’s true. I bought him a one-way first class ticket to LA and he traded it in for a coach ticket to Arkansas. I waited at the airport for him like a big jerk. Stacy, he doesn’t like me.”

“Adam, didn’t we tell you to stay away from Kris until we neutralized Katy? I am glad one of you is thinking intelligently. For all intents and purposes Kris is still engaged. If he went to LA to be with you he would be seen as the lowest scum in the world. He needs to end the engagement first even if it is all Katy’s making. Now, stop fucking up my plan!!!”

“Do you really think that is why he went there?”

“Adam, the guy came all the way to Vegas to see you, I am sure he didn’t wake up and have a total change of heart. Now, why don’t you just sit back and look pretty while Tristan and I get your love life back on track?”

Adam hoped Stacy was right but he still couldn’t understand why Kris hadn’t either come to LA or called him to explain.

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“My god, that was like the flight from hell!” Cale yelled as they exited the plane. Kris fully agreed. They had sat on the runway for five hours, got grounded in Chicago and had to wait for the next plane which Delta took almost six hours. They finally arrived in Conway the next evening. Kris was livid. He thought he would be able to call Adam as soon as he landed and explain but that didn’t happen. To make matters worse, somehow Katy found out when he was arriving and was at the airport.

Katy immediately hugged Kris, “Are you ok? I heard there was engine trouble. Maybe you should have just taken the bus home.”

Kris was a little freaked out that she was at the airport. He hoped she didn’t cook any of his family pets in his absence. She was becoming downright scary.

“Katy, I’m fine. How did you know I was on this flight?”

“My friend Judy works at the airport. She was able to check the manifests of every plane coming in. She has been checking ever since I saw you on youtube. All well, better you get this craziness out of your system before we marry. My father wasn’t very happy and neither was yours.”

Kris felt the world shrinking around him. He drove back to his house with Katy and just tuned out her incessant chatter. He needed to get some alone time to call Adam. They arrived at his house and went inside. His whole family was there.

His brother came over, “Dude, that youtube of you is really cool. I can’t believe you went to an Adam Lambert concert. What did he mean when he said ‘good friend’?”
Katy chimed in, “Daniel, that guy is high as a kite. Everyone was his ‘good friend’ at that concert. Frankly, Kris is lucky that AIDS infested sinner didn’t kiss him.”

Kris could feel his blood boiling. His mother spoke up, “Kris, why did you and Cale sneak off to Las Vegas? You can’t do that once you get married. You are lucky you have such a forgiving fiancé.”

Katy smiled innocently, “I trust Kris. I think he just felt the need to be a bad boy since he is usually so good. Was that it Kris?”

Kris just shook his head and tuned everyone out. He was far too exhausted to argue. In fact, a half hour later he finally just went upstairs and collapsed. He woke up the next day and realized he still hadn’t called Adam. He was about to call when his mother came in.

“How you feeling, honey?”

“Better. It was a long flight.”

“So what happened? Why were you and Cale in Las Vegas? You don’t even have a job yet, how can you be thinking to trot off on holiday? Do you actually know Adam Lambert?”

Kris was thrown by the last question. The others he expected but his mother seemed unusually curious. “Mom, I just needed to get away. It has been hard coming home after being away so long.”

His mother hugged, “You should be happy. Katy loves you and she is so patient. She is going to make a great mother.”

Yeah right, she’ll probably poison our kids for attention. Kris shook his head, “Mama, I don’t want to marry Katy and I don’t want to work for her father.”

Kim Allen took a deep breath, “Kris, you and Katy have been together a long time and she really loves you. I know you like music and it must have been exciting singing with Adam Lambert but that’s not real life. Why don’t you try working for Katy’s father and do music on the side. If something pans out musically then you can quit your day job.”

Kris looked at his mother, “It is not just about music. I think I love someone else.”

“That girl from the island? The one that came here looking for you?”

“No, someone else. A ‘good friend’.”

His mother stared at him, “Adam Lambert?”

Kris nodded. His mother hugged him, “Honey, I understand. I really do.”

Kris was stunned, “You do?”

His mother nodded sympathetically, “I am going to tell you a secret. A couple years ago I went to the glamnation tour concert and I had a huge crush on Adam Lambert. In fact, I still google him every day. He is very charismatic and charming. However, that is not reality. I know he made you feel special letting you sing but honey he is dating Tristan Wells. Besides, since when are you gay?”

Kris wasn’t sure how he felt about his Mom crushing on Adam but he needed to come clean or else
he never would. “Mama, it wasn’t just the concert. He asked me to live with him in LA.”

Kim stared at her son utterly confused, “Kris, what are you talking about? Do you have some kind of island fever? You were on a deserted island how would you have managed to get a world famous rockstar to fall in love with you? Email?”

Kris shook his head, “I didn’t say he fell in love with me. I said he offered to let me stay with him in LA. He thinks I am a good musician.”

“So you are friends with him?”

“Well, I guess but we…you know…were together.”

His mother’s expression hardened, “Kristopher Neil Allen, you cheated on Katy? I thought I raised you better than that. So you had a one night stand with him after the concert?”

“No, he came to Kiribati. He and his friend just showed up one day at the airport. They came over to me because they needed help finding a hotel. We ended up hanging out a lot and then it just happened. He is the most amazing person and I just really, really like him. It was like nothing I ever experienced and made me realize I didn’t love Katy like that.”

Kim Allen regarded her son intently, “What about Katy?”

“I tried to break up with her when she came to Kiribati. I told her about Adam and she didn’t take it well. The next thing I knew, she had told you all we were getting married. She doesn’t care what I want and is threatening to release damaging picture of Adam. She stole my camera which contained picture of us in Kiribati. She already released the a few which shows Adam sporting his natural hair.”

“I saw those, they weren’t that flattering. I can’t believe sweet Katy would do that.”

“Mom, she is a total psycho. She is obsessed with getting married and can’t be reasoned with. She claims she has pictures of Adam with some villagers. The boys there walk around naked or in underwear until they are like 13 or 14. People will take it out of context and accuse him of being a pedophile. She knows it and told me if I see him again or break the engagement, she will destroy his career.”

Kim Allen shook her head, “That is just mean and I don’t want a bitch like that as a daughter in law. Look, I worry about you because you have always had your head in the clouds. I think me and your father hoped you would return, settle down and have a happy family. Kris, you need to make sure Adam feels the same way before you do anything rash. He is famous and his personal life gets plastered all over the tabloids. I just don’t want you to get hurt.”

Kris hugged his mother, “Do you think Dad will freak out about me being bisexual?”

Kim Allen shrugged. Your father loves you and wants you to be happy. I think he might have a hard time understanding but you will always be his son. You need to talk to him before he learns about it in the papers. So how did you leave it off with Adam?”

Kris cringed. “I was supposed to go to LA from Las Vegas and sort of just changed my ticket to come here. I need to call him and apologize.”

Kim Allen shook her head, “I don’t know where your Southern manners went but you better find them again.”
Kris just smiled and was relieved his mother seemed to accept his revelation rather well. His mother started to go when the doorbell rang. Kris worried it was Katy so went downstairs with his mother. Kim opened the door and then turned to Kris with a strange expression, “Er…I think it is for you.”

Kris went to the door and almost fell over in shock as he stood face to face with Tristan Wells.
Adam went to the studio and had a grueling six hour session. During his first break, he saw a missed call from Tristan. Hoping for some good news, he immediately phoned him back. Tristan answered, “Wow, this place is really southern and strange. Anyway, I just checked into a hotel room. Did you find anything out about Katy? At least where she hangs out or lives?”

“No, Stacy told me you and her would work everything out.Didn’t she tell you what happened?”

“No, she is in the ER so I can’t reach her.”

“Basically, he totally blew me off and hasn’t even bothered to call me. I invited him to live with me, he agreed and accepted a ticket to LA. Then without so much as a word, he traded the ticket in for one to Conway and now he is there.”

“Strange but OK, where is he? I’ll just go see him and find out what’s up. I am sure he can give me all the details I need. If he is in town, he needs to be in on the plan anyway.”

“Maybe we should just forget the whole thing.”

“Adam, you like the guy and he obviously likes you. If you could just forget about him, you would have moved on months ago. Now, let me accomplish my mission. Stacy will kick my ass if I don’t.”

“OK, Lane went there a couple months ago and went to his mother’s house. I think he is living there. You will have to call Lane for the address, she wouldn’t give it to me because she feared I’d go there and make an ass out of myself.”

“Smart woman. OK, I’ll call you back tonight and let you know what happened.”

Adam hung up and hoped everything worked out. After the longest four hours of his life, Adam finished recording what he hoped would be his next hit single. He went back to his house as his phone rang with another unknown caller. He hoped it wasn’t Katy.

“Hello?”

“Adam Lambert?”

Adam did not recognize the female southern drawl so became defensive, “This is he. Who the hell is this?”

“I am Kim Allen, Kris’ mother.”

Adam dropped the phone and hurriedly picked it up again, praying he didn’t hang up on her. *Fuck! Not the best impression he’s made on a parent.* Adam took a deep breath, “Mrs. Allen, how are you?”

“I am fine. I am here with my son and your friend Tristan Wells who seems to have concocted some crazy plan to end Kris’ engagement.”

Adam’s heart started to sink. *Was Kris going to have his mother blow him off now?* This was not at all what Adam had envisioned, “I-my friends were just trying to help.”

“Adam, what exactly is your intention toward my son?”
Adam heard Kris’ muffled voice in the background but he couldn’t distinguish the words. Adam had no idea if Kris was out to his family so he kept it neutral, “Mrs. Allen, I think your son is a great guy and really talented. I was hoping he would come to LA and try his hand at music.”

“So your interest in him is…professional?”

Adam felt like his back was up against the wall, “I’m…well…I think he is cute but…I…want to be his friend and help him-“

“Adam, he is engaged to be married and has a good job lined up with his soon to be father in law. Do you expect him to throw it all away to be your…friend?” Adam heard Kris in the background telling his mother to leave it be.

Adam decided to just give an unfiltered response and hope for the best. “Mrs. Allen, I really, really like your son. I am sorry if I got between him and his girlfriend but frankly she is not that nice a person. I know I have a crazy life and lied to your son about who I was but I want to be with him. I really hope he forgives me and you don’t hate me. I want him to come to LA and fulfill all his dreams because he deserves to be happy. I also hope being my boyfriend is one of his dreams.”

Adam worried he went too far and worried about the silence he heard from the other end. He heard some fumbling with the phone.

“Adam, sorry about the interrogation from Mom.” Adam almost crumbled to the floor from hearing Kris’ voice. Hopefully, that meant he passed the parent test. He had a feeling family was important to Kris so he needed them on his side.

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Kris was humiliated that his Mom had put Adam on the spot but he was also curious what Adam had said. Whatever he told his mother seemed to work because with glistening eyes she had just handed Kris the cell and mouthed “Talk to him.” Kris took the phone and apologized for his mother.

“Kris, I am sorry I might of outed you to your Mom.”

Kris laughed at hearing Adam’s contrition, “She knew. I already told her we were ‘good friends’. Adam, I am so sorry I couldn’t come to LA. I meant to call you but the flight was delayed, Katy met me at the airport and I just never had the opportunity. I really wanted to come.”

“S’okay. I hope you don’t mind Tristan coming out there. He and his girlfriend Stacy are playing matchmaker and decided to help with your fiancé.”

“Yeah, about that…Adam, Katy and I have been friends for a long time. I think maybe she has gone a little batty but this plan seems a little extreme. Instead of seducing her, can’t he just offer to introduce her to his agent in return for the camera?”

Adam was a little thrown by the simplicity and wasn’t quite sure why Stacy had been so elaborate. Still, Tristan and Stacy had gone to a lot of trouble so he had to show some loyalty, “What if she doesn’t agree?”

“Worse case she releases the pictures and tells the world you stole her fiancé. You become known as a fiancé stealer and I become known as the latest Glambert boy toy. People no longer trust you around their intended and people claim I am with you just to further my music career.”

Adam laughed, “That is pretty bad.”
Kris agreed it wasn’t ideal but frankly he didn’t care, “Well, that was worse case. Hopefully, we get the camera back, Katy goes away, I come to LA and we live happily ever after. Either way, I’d rather risk it and be with you then stay apart. However, I understand if you don’t want to risk the pictures getting out. I think you might have been wearing that hat in some of them…”

Adam laughed again, “Yeah, that is a big risk but I really want to be with you too. Kris, will you come to LA?”

Kris looked at his Mom and Tristan who were staring at him intently and whispered, “He wants me to come to LA.”

To Kris’ horror, his mother grabbed the phone and put it on speaker, “Adam, its Kim. My son is not going to LA until you come here and meet us properly. I’ll expect you at three for dinner on Sunday.”

Kris held his breath and released it when Adam responded, “Ok, Mrs. Allen, it’s a date.”

“Wonderful, I am going to treat you to some real hearty Southern Cooking so you better just leave your Hollywood diets in LA.” His mother handed the phone back to Kris. Kris took it off speaker, “Are you really able to come here?”

“Yeah, I get out of the studio Saturday afternoon and don’t have to be back until Monday morning at nine. Do you think your family will like me?”

Kris smiled at Adam’s question, “I think so but I haven’t come out to my father yet so I can’t say for sure.”

“You are really brave, Kris. I hope he understands but I am here for you and will weather a dressing down on Sunday if need be.”

Kris laughed at Adam’s sacrifice. “Well, that and about ten thousand calories should do it. I can’t wait to see you.”

“Same here. I really missed…you. I can’t wait to gather you in my arms and-“

Kris feared Adam was about to get graphic and didn’t want a hard on in front of his mother, “Er… here with my Mother, you know. Anyway, call me when you have your flights so I can meet you at the airport.”

Adam laughed, “OK, no phone sex. Yeah, I’ll call you later.”

Kris hung up with a huge smile on his face. Tristan nodded, “OK, my girlfriend is not going to be pleased that we modified her plan but frankly I like the direct approach. Complicated plans only work in the movies anyway.”

Kris mom nodded, “I think Katy is just confused and hurt. She’s grown up with the idea that all women should marry and have children. I am sure she will come around once she sees that my husband and I accept Kris choices. Still, Kris I am a little disappointed that you cheated. Now, go invite Katy for supper tonight so we can straighten this whole matter out.”

Kris was not looking forward to dealing with Katy and wondered how the rest of the family was going to react to his new love interest. Kris called Katy and invited her to dinner which would be served in a few hours. He and Tristan grabbed a couple beers and sat on the porch.
“So you and Adam never hooked up?”

“No, we kissed at New Years but that was only because my girlfriend insisted. She is a huge Adam Lambert fan. So do you think Katy will just let you go?”

“I hope so. Maybe when she sees my family is supportive of the breakup she will accept it.”

Katy arrived an hour and a half later looking sweet and innocent. Kris kissed her hello on the cheek an escorting her into the living room where her Mother and Tristan were sitting. His father and Daniel were on their way home from work. Katy took a double take, “Tristan Wells? What are you doing here?”

“I was doing some promotion work for a film.”

Katy’s gaze narrowed, “Are you here with Adam Lambert?”

“Actually, no. He is in LA working on his album.”

Katy just nodded and then turned to Kim Allen, “Tristan Wells costarred in a movie with Adam Lambert. It was about two gay guys and wasn’t a very pleasant story.”

Tristan laughed, “It had a happy ending. So, Katy, Kris mentioned you wanted to pursue acting.”

“Well, I decided to get married instead.”

Kim Allen chimed in, “Marriage and a career are not mutually exclusive. In fact, most families need two incomes today.”

“Well, I want to have kids pretty soon and I don’t want them to grow up in day care.”

Kim Allen patted her hand, “Women are waiting until well into their thirties to have children, you have plenty of time for that.”

“I thought you wanted grandchildren before you were 50.”

“Not really, dear, that would make me feel old.”

Katy seemed to be getting annoyed. Neil and Daniel Allen arrived a few minutes later. Daniel immediately noticed Tristan, “Jeez bro, what are you living a double life? First, you’re in a youtube singing with Adam Lambert and now we have Tristan Wells at our house.” Daniel turned to Tristan, “Aren’t you Adam Lambert’s boyfriend?”

Tristan shook Neil and Daniel’s hand, “Actually, I am just friends with Adam.”

“Maybe if you got engaged you would be more his type,” Katy stated in an acidic tone.

Everyone looked over since they were not used to her being anything but sweet. Kim Allen broke the awkward moment, “Well, now that the gangs all here. Let’s eat before it gets cold.”

A few minutes into the meal, Kim Allen turned to Kris, “Honey, I am going with my girlfriends to Little Rock this weekend, can you lend me your camera?”

Kris wanted to kiss his mom, “Actually, Katy has it. Katy, are you finished with it?”

Katy smiled, “Actually, I am. I have already downloaded everything I need. Kiribati must have been a very interesting place. It certainly changed you. Anyway, I spoke to my father and he wants you to report to the construction site on Monday to start working. He already told the foreman you
would be coming.”

Kris looked at Katy, “I decided not to take that job.”

Neil Allen looked up, “Kris, I thought that was a good offer by Mr. O’Connell and you had accepted.”

Kim smiled, “Neil, dear, Kris isn’t really suited for that type of work.”

“Yeah, he is clumsy as shit. Can I take his spot?”

Katy’s jaw dropped and Kim smiled, “That is a wonderful solution. Daniel can take the job instead. So Katy, before you arrived, Tristan mentioned his agent was always looking for new talent.”

Tristan spoke up, “Yeah, sometimes they get bored with Hollywood types and search out fresh faces. How would you like to meet her?” Tristan winked at Kris, “Her name is Stacy and she is a real Hollywood heavy weight.”

Katy looked at Kris, “What is going on? Are you trying to get out of the wedding, Kristopher?”

Kris couldn’t school his features fast enough. Katy stood up, “I don’t believe this. You are trying to get rid of me so you can live a life of sin!” Katy looked at Kris’ mother and father, “Your son cheated on me and engaged in sinful acts with Adam Lambert. I tried to save him because I knew he was seduced by the devil. But, I guess he is just unnatural and doesn’t want to be saved. Your son is ruining his life and mine. Don’t you see what’s going on? Tristan Wells is like the snake in the Garden of Eden, trying to make me bite an apple.”

Neil Allen looked around the room, “Katy, have you lost your mind? What are you talking about?”

“Your son is gay, Mr. Allen. He cheated on me with a man and is now trying to put me off so he can be with him.”

Neil Allen looked around again, “That is ridiculous. Are we on some kind of game show?” Neil laughed, “I should have guessed when an actor joins us for dinner. OK, where is the camera?” Katy threw her napkin on the table, “You are going to be sorry, Kristopher Neil Allen, and so is your demon lover, Adam. I am going to sell those pictures and tell everyone who will listen that you cheated on me just to make it in the music industry. Is that the real reason you suddenly became a faggot?”

Neil Allen stood up, “I am really not sure what is going on but I am definitely not enjoying this side of you, Katy. If I am not mistaken, it sounds like you are threatening my son. Is that the case?”

“Mr. Allen, that is not your son. He has been possessed by the devil. I am trying to save him.”

Neil looked at Kim, “I think we should call the O’Connells. She is obviously not well.” Neil turned back to Katy, “Maybe, you should sit down and drink some water. Have you had too much wine?”

Katy stormed out of the room and everyone remained silent until Daniel spoke up, “Well, I guess that is a no to the job, Kris, are you having a gay affair with Adam Lambert?”

Kris looked at his mother and then just nodded, “I…was and am hoping to see him again.”

Neil looked at Kris, “So, Katy was telling the truth? I mean minus the crazy possession stuff. Did you cheat on her with this Adam person?”
Kris nodded feeling two feet tall. “Well, better you did it before you married that woman. She was like Jekyll and Hide tonight. They are not kidding when they say a woman scorned…What a nutcase she turned out to be.”

Kris looked at his father tentatively, “Dad, do you understand? I want to be with a man. Are you ok with that?”

Neil turned to his son, “If I wasn’t would you give him up?”

“No, I really like him.”

“Well, than I guess I don’t have a say so there is no use in me objecting. To tell you the truth, I didn’t like the O’Connells that much so I just as soon not have them join the family. So when am I meeting this Adam?”

Kris was too emotionally relieved to respond. He could not believe his father was being so understanding about the whole suddenly gay thing.

Kim smiled at her husband, “Sunday. Adam is coming to dinner on Sunday.”
Chapter 25

Adam was extremely nervous about meeting the Allens especially since Kris wasn’t even out to his father. Well, at least he only had to wait two days, two very busy days. He was booked in the studio all day Friday and Saturday and had a red carpet event Friday night. Adam decided to take his mother to avoid any misunderstandings or potential media pitfalls which would sabotage his Sunday dinner. Leila Lambert seemed to notice her son’s pent up energy, “What’s going on, Adam, you are acting like you are on pins and needles?”

“I am going to Sunday dinner at Kris’ house in Arkansas. I am going to meet his parents and I am not sure they are going to like me.”

“Really? Congratulations, of course they will like you. What’s not to like? You are successful, smart and courteous.”

“Well, I am also painted as a slut by the media, I had a porno released and his Dad doesn’t even know he is gay.”

“Well, just don’t insult the mother’s cooking and clean off your plate. I am sure everything else will just fall into place.”

Adam just assumed his mother had drank a little too much wine and decided to change the subject. The night went by fast enough. The next morning he tried to call Kris but just got his voice mail. Adam left his flight information and went into the studio. He finished recording just in time to make his flight. On the ride over to LAX, he checked his phone and had a text message from Kris stating he would be at the airport. Adam would have liked to speak to him but at least he knew he had a ride.

Tristan phone him as he waited to board the flight, “Listen, our plan didn’t work. Stacy was right we should have been a little more sophisticated. Hopefully, the pictures won’t be too bad. On the positive side, Kris came out to his father and he seems to be OK with you. Actually, his family is really nice and laid back.”

Adam was relieved about the family, “So did he dump her?”

“Pretty much but she is really crazy so who knows what she will do next.”

“Are you still in Conway?”

“No, I am in New Orleans. Stacy is meeting me for a weekend getaway. I am hoping to make up for ruining her plan and failing my mission.”

“Enjoy. Thanks for trying. If Kris doesn’t mind the scandal, I don’t care. I’ve weathered plenty of scandals and for this one I am actually innocent.”

“True. Good luck and let’s do lunch when I get back to L.A.”

Adam hung up and boarded his flight. It was the longest six hours of his life. He arrived at seven AM on Sunday. He slept a couple hours on the flight but was pretty tired. He exited the flight and made his way to the airport exit since he had only carry on items. As soon as he entered the main area, he noticed Kris smiling across the room. Adam all but ran over, “You certainly are a sight for sore eyes.”
Kris laughed, “You are looking good too, Glambert. Did you sleep at all?”

“Not really but I feel ok.”

“Well, you can lie down for a few hours before dinner.”

“I only have about twelve hours here so I don’t want to waste any of it.” Adam couldn’t believe he was actually in Conway and getting in the passenger seat of Kris’ car. As soon as they both sat down, Adam leaned over and kissed Kris short on the lips, “Hi.”

Kris smiled and kissed Adam a little more passionately, “Hello to you too.”

Kris felt amazing in his arms. Adam felt overwhelmed not only by passion but a need to be intimate after being apart so long. “Maybe we should take a detour before going to your house.”

Kris hesitated, “I don’t think that will endear you to my parents.”

“Neither would me sporting a hard on all through dinner. Let’s just go to a hotel for a couple hours and chat. I’m not ready to meet them all yet.”

Kris nodded with eyes darkened with desire, “OK, I guess we can say the flight was delayed.”

They stopped at a small motel 8 near the airport. Adam would have preferred a classier hotel but Kris shrugged, “It’s a small town and my Aunt works at the Hilton.”

Once they got to their dingy room, Adam forgot all about the tacky wall paper and stained rugs. He was alone with Kris and it wasn’t a dream. The two boys immediately jumped one another and released months of pent up passion. Adam had forgotten just how compatible they were and wondered how he had survived without him. Kris too seemed needy and irresistibly demanding. At around noon the two fell asleep exhausted having had hours of fantastic sex. Adam woke to a cell phone ringing and noticed it was 3:15. Shit! They were late for dinner.

Adam woke Kris up and handed him his ringing cell phone. Kris answered. “Hi Mom…we stopped by Cale’s…Yeah I guess we lost track of time…We are on our way.”

Adam jumped up and turned on the shower. He and Kris quickly got done. Adam noticed Kris staring in the mirror, “Er…I am not sure these two hickey’s are gonna go over very well.”

Adam noticed the purple bruises on his neck. Great! In a panic, Adam tried to cover them with makeup as best he could. This was not going well and definitely not going to endear him to Kris’ parents.

They jumped in the car and arrived at a white picket fence house at four o’clock. They were an hour late and Adam had marked their son with hickey’s ensuring they all knew the reason for their tardiness. Lovely, they were going to hate him. Adam also realized he and Kris never talked. He really did not have a clue what Kris wanted or how he felt about their future. Adam grabbed Kris arm before he jumped out of the car, “Kris, I know I just spent all our time molesting you but I really like you and want us-“

“Adam, you came all the way to Arkansas to meet my crazy family, I get that I am more than an easy lay.”

Adam laughed, “Yeah, this definitely hasn’t been easy.”

Kris laughed, “Yeah, and neither will be the next few hours.” Kris got out of the car and ran
around to the passenger side and opened Adam’s door, “Come one, Glambert it’s time to face the music.” Kris extended his hand to help Adam out.

Adam grabbed it and kissed it, “Promise to protect me?”

Kris squeezed his hand, “I don’t know my Mom can be pretty fierce and you did make us late for dinner…” Kris pulled Adam out of the car and dragged him up to the front door. Adam stayed Kris’ hand from opening the front door, “For luck.”

Adam bent down and kissed Kris. Just as he deepened the kiss the front door opened and someone coughed. Adam immediately pulled away and stared at the blonde woman who had interrupted them. Definitely Kris’ Mom. The woman shook her head, “Kris, you weren’t raised in a barn. Stop making out on the porch in broad daylight. You are already over an hour late for dinner.”

Adam wanted to crawl into a hole. He smiled hoping to look contrite, “Sorry, Mrs. Allen. I am Adam.”

Kim smiled back, “Of course you are. Please, come in and I will introduce to the rest of the Allens.”

Adam still hadn’t let go of Kris’ hand so continued to hold it as they walked into the house. Adam had intentionally toned down his look by wearing simple jeans, a not too sparkly blouse and limited accessories. He had some eyeliner left from the day before but given their lateness hadn’t added anymore. There were two men sitting on the couch which didn’t really resemble Kris and were staring at him suspiciously. Kim introduced them has Kris’ father and brother, Neil and Daniel.

Daniel spoke first, “So you are the great Glambert that turned my brother gay?”

Adam looked at Kris nervously. Kris looked annoyed, “Daniel, no one turned me anything. Don’t be a jerk.”

Neil Allen frowned, “Why are you boys so late? I thought the flight came in early this morning. We almost missed church waiting for you to return.”

Adam was uncomfortable and blurted, “I am Jewish.”

“Jewish people don’t have watches?” Neil shook his head, “So far your influence over my son as caused him to engage in homosexual relations, break off his engagement, runaway to sin city, go viral on youtube, want to move to LA, miss church, and show up late for dinner.”

Adam nodded, “In comparison, Sir, being late for dinner seems relatively minor.” Adam wanted to kick himself for being nervous and sounding stupid.

Neil looked at Adam and suddenly laughed, “Excellent point. Welcome to Conway, Adam. Do you want a beer?”

Adam let out a big sigh, “Yes, please.”

“Daniel, go get Adam and your brother a beer. Kris, go put on a high collared shirt, your grandmother is coming over for cake and coffee and she has eyes like a hawk.” Neil looked at Adam, “With your constant media attention, I hope you refrain from marking my son again and I don’t want to see any sex tapes of you and him on the web.”

Adam was caught off guard by Neil Allen’s matter of fact attitude, “I-I… No, Sir. We won’t film
anything.”

Kim pushed Neil, “Will you stop giving them a hard time. Now, hurry up Kris and let’s all eat.”

Dinner went relatively smooth. Mostly because the food was so good and everyone was busy stuffing themselves. Adam told them about how he met Kris in Kiribati and about life as a rockstar. In turn, his family shared some embarrassing stories of a younger Kris. Contrary to his initial impression, he liked the Allen’s and found them to be very accepting. After dinner, Kim told the men to go in the living room so she could clean up and put the coffee on. As they were walking toward the living room, Kim grabbed Adam’s arm to delay him, “Adam, can you stay and help dry.”

Adam readily nodded happy to help out. Kris offered to stay to but his mother shooed him away. Adam felt a talk coming on. Kim handed him a dish towel and then a pot before speaking, “I am so happy you came and we met you. I have never seen Kris this happy or look at anyone like he does you. As a mother, I worry he is going to get hurt so be careful with his heart.”

Adam looked at Kim, “I really care about your son and I am going to try to shield him from some of the craziness in my life. I can’t promise he won’t get hurt but I promise this isn’t just a passing fancy and I will treat him good.”

Kim winked, “Kris can handle a little crazy and frankly I think it will be good for him. Now, you just have to pass the grandma test.”

+++”

Kris had barely slept a wink knowing he would be with Adam first thing in the morning. He arrived at the airport early and waited for what felt like days until his plan arrived. Adam was one of the first people to enter the baggage claim area and immediately spotted Kris. Adam immediately came over and hugged him. Kris rejoiced in the feel of Adam’s arms around him and inhaled the intoxicating scent which was all Adam.

They grabbed his stuff and climbed in his Mom’s car. Kris could tell Adam was feeling the same sexual tension and desire that was heating the air around them. Against his better judgment he drove them to the motel 8. He needed to be with Adam. It had been too long. What was it about Adam that made him so hot and horny? Kris never had been one to be ruled by passion, that was until now.

From the moment they entered the motel room, it was almost animal instinct. Kris and Adam were all over each other and the only thing that registered was his need to feel Adam inside of him; the desire for the intimacy they had shared in the Kiribati. Afterward, Kris was woken by his cell phone and cursed that they had overslept. They rushed to his house for the moment of truth.

Kris was nervous with Adam meeting his family. He hoped they didn’t make Adam feel uncomfortable or embarrass him. Adam seemed nervous to which Kris took as a good sign since it showed he cared about their opinion. Immediately upon arrival his family gave them a hard time. Kris knew the tardiness, the hickeys and the hand holding weren’t going to help but he didn’t regret any of it. He cared for Adam and that was all that mattered.

His family didn’t put on the kid gloves to deal with Adam which meant they liked him. To Adam’s credit, he didn’t cower when his Dad let him into him. Kris also appreciated that Adam was still the down to earth person he knew in Kiribati. However, it was nice to see him admit to being a rockstar and talk about his career with passion. In Kiribati, Kris could tell Adam was being evasive about his LA life and it made talking about it awkward. Now, that there were no more lies or major
omissions, like all other conversations it was open and honest.

After dinner, Kris went in the living room with the men in his family. Adam had stayed back in the kitchen. Kris was nervous about Adam being alone with his Mom but he had to trust things would work out. Kris sat down. Neil looked at his son and Kris squirmed, “Sorry we were late and you saw…”

Neil laughed, “Kris, it is nice to see you passionate about someone. You always seemed so withdrawn and reserved with Katy and your other girlfriends that it never seemed like you were in love. Seeing you with Adam…well, it just seems right.”

Daniel snorted, “Seems a little too right. You gotta control that shit in public, or you are going to be one of those annoying couples that makes other people feel bad about their personal lives. Don’t be that couple.”

Kris laughed and turned back to his father, “So you like him?”

“Yeah, there are worse matches you can make than a millionaire celebrity. Seriously, we just want you to be happy and safe. However, not everyone is going to accept your relationship and you and Adam need to be prepared for the negativity.”

“I know. Katy is going to release the pictures of us in Kiribati and tell the world I am a cheater.”

“How bad are the pictures, Kris?”

Part of the problem was Kris didn’t remember. He and Adam had never downloaded them so he never even saw them all. Kris hoped Adam didn’t take naked pictures of him while he was sleeping and hoped he hadn’t too many compromising pictures of Adam. He knew he and Adam never posed for naked pictures but he might have snapped a few when they were swimming. Kris thought Adam was beautiful naked so he might have unintentionally taken ones when they were skinny dipping. OK, he definitely did.

“I don’t think they are too bad but I’m not sure.”

Neil frowned, “Did you take…kinky pictures?”

Kris looked at his father and then blushed because of the awkwardness, “No, Dad, at worst I have some pictures of us skinny dipping. I am not worried about me but Adam is a celebrity and this could hurt him. I would feel horrible if they get published because of me.”

Neil laughed, “His last boyfriend released a porno of the two of them together. I am sure everyone has seen him naked already.”

Kris was horrified at the thought of his family seeing Adam nude, “You saw it?”

Daniel laughed, “Kris, everyone saw it. Don’t worry, as you know better than most, he has nothing to be embarrassed about.”

Neil laughed and Kris just blushed more. This was so not the conversation he needed to be having with his family. Kris was grateful when Adam came back in the room which abruptly ended the conversation. Adam noticed, “Did you all still want to talk about me? I could go back in the kitchen.”

Neil laughed, “No, we were done. Actually, Kris was mentioning the situation with Katy possibly going public with your relationship and selling pictures of you two together. What is your plan to
deal with the media?”

“Well, I have a management company to assist me but I have always found being honest is the best approach.”

Kris looked at Adam, “I am also sort of worried that I might have snapped photos of you skinny dipping.”

Adam raised an eyebrow, “You took naked pictures of me?”

Kris felt horrible and in a small voice answered, “Maybe.”

Adam laughed, “It’s ok, Kris. The water wasn’t that cold there. Besides, there are a lot of naked pictures of me on the web from the video that came out. I was worried about the one with the village kids but I think even that will be fine. I am used to scandal. Are you going to be ok with it? They always want to know all about my boyfriends.”

Boyfriend. Kris looked at Adam and joked, “Are you going to tell the media that I am your boyfriend. It could cramp your style.”

“There is nothing to cramp. I am more than happy to settle down.”

Kris felt elated but continued to tease, “Well, I am kind of new to this gay thing maybe I need to have a wild phase.”

Adam looked a little crushed, “Really? I guess if you need that, we could…really? I kinda don’t want to share.”

Kris laughed, “So you want to be monogamous.”

“I want to be monogamous and I want to live together.”

Neil coughed, “Boys, maybe you should take things one step at a time.”

“Mr. Allen, I have a huge house. Kris could have his own floor. Besides, he needs a place to stay in LA.”

Neil looked at Kris, “How are you going to support yourself in LA?”

Kris shrugged, “Same as here. Find a job. I know how to wait tables.”

Adam nodded, “I know lots of people in LA, I can definitely help Kris find work. Please, Mr. Allen, let Kris come with me to LA. If he isn’t happy, I will fly him back here.”

Just then the doorbell rang and a sweet looking old woman walked through the door. She had a plate full of cookies and stood about four feet tall. Kim Allen came out of the kitchen and kissed the women on the cheek, “Hello Mama Allen, I was just finishing up the coffee.”

“Don’t make it too strong. I’m 80 years old I can’t drink that fancy gourmet stuff you kids all drink. Where is my favorite grandson, Kris?”

Daniel frowned, “What about me?”

“What about you?” Kris laughed and went over to his grandmother. She was still as feisty as ever. He had only seen her a couple times since his return and the last time was his engagement dinner. His grandmother hugged him. Kris was nervous, “Nana, this is Adam, a good friend of mine from LA.”
His grandmother looked at Adam and then turned to Kris, “I am old not dead. I know who this is. Who do you think went to the concert with your mother? So, what happened to that little blonde girl you were with?”

“We broke up. I am…with Adam now.”

His grandmother looked at her son Neil Allen, “I told you he was queer.”

Everyone turned to their grandmother. She just nodded and then turned to Adam, “I would have expected more rhinestones. Anyway, let’s have some cake and coffee. After that I want to see my grandson play piano and you sing some songs for us. There is no use having a celebrity in the family if we don’t even get private concerts. Kris, what are those marks on your neck?”

One year later…

Kris was laying on the couch looking at an article on Kiribati and thinking back upon his time there. Since then, his life had completely turned around. He was living in LA with Adam and having the best time in his life. Katy had indeed released the pictures and tried to tell the world how Adam Lambert stole her fiancé. Luckily a week before her story came out in the Enquirer, Adam had already unveiled his new boyfriend to the world. Kris had accompanied Adam to the Grammys and had his first taste of the craziness of being with the great Glambert. Adam had held his hand and the two had posed for pictures. The public seemed to think they made an adorable couple and wrote off the cheating as a necessary evil in finding true love.

Katy ended up looking like a crazy person because she insisted on sharing her views that Adam was the devil and Kris was possessed. Last Kris heard, she and Danny were working together to try to raise awareness on Armageddon. Kris was currently working as a studio musician and trying to record on the side. Adam offered to produce his album but Kris felt strongly he wanted to do it alone. Adam had introduced him to enough industry people that he was confident it would happen. Part of him was reluctant to pursue it too soon because he loved spending time with Adam. Being semi-employed allowed him to travel whenever Adam had to go places.

Two days before their one year anniversary, Adam came home from a radio interview and was excited. Kris had noticed he was sneaking around the last few days which meant he was planning something for their anniversary. Although Adam was very popular and flirty, Kris was secure enough not to get jealous. Plus, whenever Adam went out alone he always seemed to come home early. Kris liked to think what they had together was far better than anything Adam would find in a one night stand. So far nothing had proved this theory wrong.

Adam pulled the computer off Kris’ lap and climbed on top of him, straddling his hips. Kris was used to Adam being aggressive so just relaxed underneath his boyfriend. Adam bent down and kissed him, “Happy Anniversary, Kris.”

“Our anniversary is in two days, dear.” They agreed to make their anniversary from the day Adam came to Conway.

“I know but I am giving you your present today.”

“Really, is it sex?”

“No, you get that every day.” Adam reached back into his jeans pocket and pulled out two tickets, “We are going to a grand opening.”

Kris was confused, “What is opening?”
“The Allen-Lambert Kiribati Library. We were invited to the ribbon cutting ceremony by the President of the Republic of Kiribati.”

Kris remembered back to the Las Vegas concerts and seeing the poster mentioning Kris’ jaw dropped, “You named it Allen-Lambert?”

Adam smiled, “Well, it would have never happened without you mentioning they needed one and I wanted my name linked with yours. So we leave tonight and will spend a week in Kiribati and then another few days in Fiji.”

Kris kissed his boyfriend, “That the most awesomest present ever. It will be nice to go back.” Kris was happy Adam had chosen something so appropriate. Kris had been wanting to do more missionary type work for a while, “I have been thinking about getting back into charity work. Would you be willing to spend some time in a village in Africa?”

Adam smiled indulgently at the love of his life, “OK, but this time I am bringing my hair dye and getting a better hat.”

FIN

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