Nude and Crude

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Summary

Charles is being bullied by Cain at his new high school and it triggers a kink Charles didn't know he had. that he is an exhibitionist and likes to be nude in public. also he has a crush on this amazing guy named Erik

Erik is a student at the school who saves Charles from Cain using his karate skills and they bond and Erik offers to teach Charles how to defend himself. also he has a crush on this adorable boy named Charles

the karate and exhibitionism do intersect eventually

Notes

First i want to say that this is my first fic ever so please be gentle with me.
Second is that English is not my first language so if you see any bad spelling please feel free to say so :)
and thirdly this was loosely based on a yaoi manga my friend sent me and i thought the characters kinda looked like Charles and Erik so here we are...
if you want to know what roughly is going to happen in this fic you can read the manga here <3
http://pururin.com/view/15415/00/desire-case-file_1.html
Chapter 1

Ever since Charles started in the new high school he has been reluctant to go to it. It all started on his first day where he was late to class because he couldn't find the right classroom and walked in the middle of class where he then proceeded to stammer his name when asked by the cold and frigid teacher Mrs. Frost. She then coldly sat him next to a not terribly nice looking fellow whom was named Cain Marko. He would become Charles worst bully in just a few hours down the line and many times after that.

At lunch that day Charles had no place he could sit since he didn't know anyone so he was planning on eating his lunch in the bathroom instead of the hall. Until Cain waved him over to his table where he has sitting with a few of his not terribly nice looking friends, but Charles didn't want to disappoint so he walked over to him.

“Hey, aren't you the new kid who stumbled in to class way to late this morning?” Cain asked in a mocking sort of tone. “Y-yes that would be me, he-hello my name is Charles” he said with a timid smile to his red lips.

“Well, Chaaarles” said Cain with a snarl “if you don’t have anywhere to sit you are welcome to sit with us” Charles, continuing to not want to insult or bother anyone sat down next to Cain and started to eat his lunch quietly.

“So you are the new kid eh?” said one of the boys sitting across from him. “you have a slight accent, where did you move from?” he asked conversationally, but Charles could feel by the light air of superiority everyone seem to sport at this school that he might have made a big mistake by having accepted the invitation to sit with them. Charles hesitated and figured that it would probably hurt him more to ignore his new classmates who outnumbered him five to one and would probably kick his ass one on one. “I moved from Connecticut to here with my mother, but I’m originally from Britain”

“So that’s is what that accent was” he said, and the guy sitting next to him then said “wasn't there another student in the school who is British?” he pondered “Oh yeah, that pussy-ass faggot… W-what was his name again?” he said and looked at Cain who responded with food still in his mouth

“Yes! That geek faggot… Hank McCoy is his name!” Charles swallowed his food and looked around the hall to try and dissipate some of the bad tension he was feeling from this conversation. “Hey, do you guys remember when we found him in the library and he was reading that gay book?” Charles’ ears shoot up from his plate at that “yeah he was reading about homos erections or something” ‘Homo Erectus, the name of one of the steppingstones between monkey and man’ Charles thought to himself as the boy were retelling their encounter with Hank. “Yeah but do you guys remember when we ripped the whole chapter of pictures of gay naked men standing in a line and made him eat them?” the boys were cackling at this point. But Charles couldn't find the humor in it ‘that poor boy and that poor book’ he thought to himself as the others laughed. One of the boys took notice of Charles lack of laughter and said “What’s the matter, Charles? Don’t you find it funny that the faggot got to eat his naked men at the end?”

Charles was now quite embarrassed and uncomfortable by their sudden anti-intellectualism and homophobia that he tried to stand up and walk away before his cheeks got any redder. “You are not going anywhere” Cain said as he took Charles’ shoulder and sat him down again. “Maybe he doesn't find it funny cause he is a faggot too” one of them speculated “yeah! Hank is British and so is Charles, I guess they are all gay over there”
“I think we should play matchmaker with Hank and Charles, I mean they are both faggots… right Charlie?” Charles was looking around as to not meet their gaze and that when he noticed a few people how were looking at him in pity with sorry glances and he realized he was screwed “Where is Hank anyway? We haven’t given him his daily locker stuffing today” ‘poor, poor Hank’ ringed in Charles’ mind. “I have an idea, maybe we could stuff the two faggots together in a locker” one of them said.

Cain gripped Charles’ shoulder tighter and leaned in close “would you like that, Charlie? Would you like to fuck scrawny geeky Hank right in his little ass?”Charles swallowed and turned his face away from Cain “I bet Hank would be the one to fuck him up the ass not the other way around” said the guy in front of Charles.

Now his cheeks were burning with embarrassment. Not just because they were saying terrible things to him but also because Charles’ had wary recently started to have some wary strange and wild dreams of a similar nature that would leave him a bit ‘troubled’ in the mornings, and all this gay-bashing was hitting a little close to home.

“I’m betting you would love getting a cock up your ass” Charles wanted to protest and stand up for himself, he really did but there was no denying that he was now afraid and his jaw just wouldn’t move to let words out. “Yeah you would, and to feel Hanks cum drip out of you asshole” he said and took Charles milk carton and poured it over his food. Then he flipped the tray so that all the food got splashed on Charles’ clothes.

Later when they had left him alone after going to smoke some cigarettes Charles went to the bathroom to clean up. In there he felt like crying while he was grabbing some paper for the mess they had made. Suddenly he heard movement behind him and he instantly froze in place.

“Oh, I’m sorry I didn’t mean to scare you” Charles turned around to find out who the voice belonged to. It was a wary tall but skinny guy with dark brown hair and thick glasses, wearing a green west, white shirt and brown pants, not to different from Charles’ own sweaters and vests. Charles noticed he was carrying a lunch tray out of the stall he had been in.

“Let me guess… Cain and company?” the boy said and looked poignantly at his dirty blue sweater. Something about the slight pathetic amusement the boy was giving out when he said it made Charles smile when he said “Yes I made the mistake of sitting with them at lunch” the boy looked confused, like he could not understand why anyone would want to sit next to Cain and friends.

“Let me guess… you are Hank McCoy?” he said matching Hanks previous question. “Y-yeah, that would be me” the boy said a little more chipper “how did… you?” he then said with more caution.

“Cain told me the time they had found you in the library and made you eat a chapter on Homo erectus just because they thought it sounded gay”

Hanks spirit sank a little and he said “Oh… that happen to me on my first day at this school and they have picked on me ever since” Charles heart sank for him “oh… I’m sorry. I did not mean to bring back bad memories for you” he said with sorrow in his voice.

“It’s okay, it was mild compared to what they have done to others, they mostly just pick on me for being a nerd and smarter than them, and also cause they think I’m gay” ‘oh yeah’ Charles recalled “they did mention that they were going to stuff us both in one locker when I did not laugh at the story of your abuse” Charles said with mock chipperness.

And Hank joined in on it “Yeah I guess you are ‘gay’ in their eyes as well” he said. “But thank you for not laughing; now I at least get some company in the locker next time” he smiled.
“I’m Charles, Charles Xavier” he said and put forth his hand. “Hank, Hank McCoy” he said in turn and took Charles’ hand.

“Well, well, well… what have we here?” a sinister all too familiar already voice was heard from the door to the boy bathroom. Both Hank and Charles looked at each other in mild horror as they turned their heads in unison towards Cain. “So this is where the fags go to hide!” one of the boy said mockingly. They were slowly approaching Charles and Hank now.

“C-come guys we don’t want any trouble, just leave us be and we won’t bother you” Hank said weakly as he and Charles staggered backwards.

They then grabbed both of them and while they forced Hank up against the wall by his west. Cain and two of his friends got Charles by the wrists and pinned him on the sink bench. Charles struggled in their grip but it seemed to only make them giddier at the prospect of doing terrible things to them.

“Let us go you bastards!” he yelled at the top of his lunges. He was planning on yelling more but a hand got put in his mouth so that his sounds were muffled. Then his eyes went wide when he felt Cain’s hands pulling his pants down. ‘Oh god please, god no!’ he screamed in his head as he felt the warm fabric leave his behind and exposing his pale skin. “Like what you see, Hanky boy?” Cain said and looked at Hank as he gave Charles’ ass a hard smack that made Charles moan in pain.

“Whoa! Did you guys hear that moan? I think Charlie likes it rough” said the guy holding Hank by his throat while the other guy took Hanks wallet out of his pocket.

“Take it! Take it all just don’t hurt Charles any more than you have!” Hank said weakly as they took his money out.

Then Cain responded by taking out a pencil out of his pocket and then grabbed one of Charles’ butt cheeks and spread him open. Charles panicked and tried to pull away and struggle but they held him down as tears started to fall from his eyes. Cain had almost breached Charles with the pencil when he suddenly was flung straight in to the wall face first.

Charles heard the laud bangs as one by one they were punched and kicked and flung down on to the floor. As soon as no one was holding Charles down on the counter he turned around to see what had been brave enough to stand up to Cain and his gang. He turned and was met by the most handsome man he had ever seen in his life. ‘Adonis’ his mind proclaimed.

Adonis walked over to Hank and helped him up ‘Oh he is so noble’ he thought. And then his eyes lowered to the floor and saw Cain and co out cold and his brain said ‘Oh he is so brave’ Then Adonis gaze landed on him and Charles grew red as a strawberry when he realized he still had his pants down around his ass, quickly he pulled them up to spare them the show.

“T-thank you E-Erik… If… you hadn't been here…” Hank trailed off out of breath and waved in Charles’ general direction. ‘Erik is Adonis’ name’ Charles thought and smiled at the man who had saved him and his new friend.

“I’m just glad I caught you in time, I heard a scream from here and figured someone was in danger” ‘my hero, also his voice is so deep and commanding’ Charles thought and smiled at the man who had saved him and his new friend.

“Thank you so much Sir without you this could have easily been the worst day of my life” he said with a smile he hopped would make Erik realize that he now had a new fan. “No problem, Cain and company are the scum of the earth and I’m just glad you are alright” Erik said. ‘Oh he is so selfless’
Charles thought.

Charles was going to give Erik his hand as thank and introduce himself but a thought got past his lips before that could happen. “Shouldn’t we report them to the principal?” he said with his big blue eyes open wide at Hank and Erik.

“It’s no use… Charles, guess whose father is the principal of the whole school” Hank said with sadness in his face and voice. Erik was about to say something to him when the bell rang marking that it was time for class again. They got out of the bathroom and Hank said that he had class on the other side of the school and needed to run which left Erik alone with Charles outside of the bathroom that shall forever be known as the bathroom where Erik saved Charles from rape by pencil.

“They never get caught for anything” Erik said to Charles with anger in his voice. “Thank you for saving me, Sir” said Charles with little tact sounding a little smitten ‘which I am’ he thought. Erik smiled displaying all of his teeth like a shark at him and said “I’m not a Sir of any kind; I’m a student at this school, in the same class as Hank actually”

Charles was shocked not just by the fact that the incredible man who saved him was actually boy but also because he was going to be late for his class if he wasn’t already. “Don’t worry the reason that Hank is stressed is cause he has terrible cardio and wants to be there early so he can help Miss MacTaggart set her stuff up, I’m not late” he smiled and it was contagious so Charles smiled back even harder than before. “I’m Erik by the way, Erik Lehnsherr”

‘what a wonderful name, god I’m a dork’ he thought before saying “C-Charles… Charles Xavier” this time Charles shuddered but not out of fear.

“I would say ‘it was a pleasure to meet you, Charles’ but I wish we could have met under better circumstances” the way he said his name had Charles swooning internally. “Perhaps we will” Charles said with a little more tact. “Well I do have to go now if I don’t want to be late so I’ll see you around, okay?” he said while slowly backing away from Charles in the same direction as Hank had gone.

“Okay, thank you again for your help” he said while waving like a girlfriend saying goodbye to a boyfriend who has joined the army as Erik disappeared behind the corner.

And that was the first day of school. It was horrible. It was great. It was heart stopping. It was heart starting.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Charles has more trouble with Cain only this time Alex comes to the rescue. Also sex dreams.

Erik gets the wrong idea about Charles and Alex with and brood like a sexually frustrated wolf about it.

Chapter Notes

I found it super hard to come up with things Cain and friends should do as bullies, all I knew was that it had to be cruel and humiliating and vaguely sexual in nature.

I almost feel like I want to apologize and say that I don't in any way support bulling or name calling, but I guess when you are writing a gay positive love story you are pardoned for the actions of your bad guys.

It had been a few weeks since school had started and things were getting a bit of a routine to them. Mrs. Frost would be frigid ‘no pun intended’ in class, Charles would get good grades, Hank and Charles would study after class, Hank and Charles would try to outrun Cain and Co, Cain and Co would steal Hanks lunch money and Charles would offer half of his homemade food, if Hank and Charles were really unlucky they would get stuffed in the locker or something similar and if they were lucky Erik would find them and help them.

On a more private note the dreams Charles had been having been getting verse; Charles was a late bloomer so he was still prone to impromptu erections and wet dreams. Before he met Erik the dreams had all been movie stars, superheroes and musicians that Charles admired ‘and that one about Charles Darwin, but let’s never mention that again’ They were always in a state of undress and touching themselves and Charles would wake up as soon as his heroes and heroines were about to reach orgasm. It was frustrating; to always get the appetizer but never the meal. And then Erik Lehnsherr happened. And everything about those dreams gotten ten times better and verse at the same time.

Charles would be sleeping and having a pleasant dream about flying through space or something then Erik’s burning silver gaze would appear and Charles would realize that he was naked in front of him. He would cover his erection while blushing profusely. Erik would smile and walk towards him.

“Don’t cover you self” he would order and Charles would obey. “Always stand at attention when you are naked” and Charles would stand up straight with his cock pointing out like an arrow towards Erik. He then proceeded to take Charles’ cock in his hand “hmm… not bad” he would say and star circling Charles like an animal about to attack.

“For this lesson I want you to fuck yourself on my fingers” ‘WHAT!’ Charles thought ‘How would I do that?’ suddenly feeling a tingling sensation in his ass. Like a need to have something there of a
feeling of emptiness in need of cock ‘how lewd of Erik to demand such a thing from me’ he thought as his face turned redder and his cock leaking more pre-cum.

“You need to fuck yourself on my fingers, Charles” he said and put his fingers in Charles’ mouth. “Suck” a command that Charles followed as he licked and sucked Erik beautiful finger in his mouth. Then Erik took his fingers out and Charles whined at the loss of them.

Then he felt them again only this time they were between his legs going up till they reached his hole. He heard Erik moan softly and felt a deep burning inside to have something in him. Erik’s finger breached him and with a laud moan he awoke with the stiffest erection he had ever had. The curious part was that he still felt that need to have something in him. Like the fire was still lit and few thing could be done about it.

Later that week Charles was caught alone by Cain and Co, being caught alone always meant terrible things were going to happen, well… verse terrible things than if it had been him and Hank. This time they dragged him in to a supply closet. They then proceeded to strip him of his pants and underwear. At first Charles thought this was a repeat of the pencil ordeal but then they instead opted for a less brutal but no less humiliating humiliation.

They forced him on his knees and grabbed his head and forced him to look up towards his bullies “okay… we got him the way you wanted, what you want to do now, Cain?” Charles’ eyes flicker like ping pong bolls from one face to the next trying to figure out a way out of this.

“Oh… I have something special for Charlie today and since you are such a cumslut for both Erik and Hank, we figured you’d love this” he says and plucks a small container out of his pocket. ‘No!’ “Hehehe” ‘Anything but this’ “I made it myself” Cain snickers as he opens the lid. Charles can’t hold it any longer so he yells for help even though last time he yelled for help he got a black eye for his troubles when resisting a locker stuffing. He yells and yells for as long as they don’t cover his mouth and then he feels it. ‘Disgusting’ he thinks as he feels Cain’s cum slide though his hair and down his face.

“Ewe… goddammit Cain I don’t want to get any of your cum on my hand” says Sebastian as he holds Charles’ mouth shut. He lets go and Janos says to Charles who is silently crying in misery “if you scream we will give you two black eyes this time got it?” Charles doesn’t even bother to respond he just nods as Cain pours the rest on his clothes. They then leave him in the closet while making some terrible pun on “being gay and in the closet” as they close the doors.

Charles sits and cries silently for a while until the door opens.

“What are you doing in here?!” says the boy at the door as Charles looks up at him with tear stained eyes. “What happened to you?!” the blond boy asks as he gets on his knees next to Charles. Charles is capable of answering all of his questions with one word “Cain”

The blondes eyes light up and he knows what has happened without having to explain anything. “Here let me help you up” he says and grabs Charles by his hand. “Let’s get you cleaned up”

He takes Charles to the school’s gym into the Locker rooms and starts helping Charles with his clothes. “I’m Alex by the way” he says trying to be chipper about it. With a minuscule voice he responds “Charles”.

“Well Charles, the school does not have a washing machine but let me just help you off with you clothes and we can get all that… stuff… out of your hair” Alex’s hesitates as he says it because he knows what it is and feels sorry for him. Suddenly Charles start feeling funny, as Alex takes his inside out shirt and puts it on the bench and starts to reach for his belt Charles flashes back to his Erik
dream. ‘Always stand at attention when you are naked’ he thinks as he straitens up.

Alex’s pulls his pants down and Charles feels his cock begin to stir a little. “You go into the shower and I’ll find you a towel in the meantime, okay?” he smiles a little at Charles. “Thank you, Alex” he mutters under his breath as he walks into the shower room.

Charles pulls his underware down and feels his cock is harder than before. He blushes and wonders if Alex saw his erection. Suddenly the thought gets to him. That he kinda liked the idea of it. To be undressed by Alex. To be naked and exposed while Alex was still clothed. It made is skin heat up as he stood under the spray of water washing Cain out of his hair.

He was still washing when Alex returned and yelled “I’m back, I got you a towel!” from the locker room, Charles quickly turned the taps from hot over to cold as to discourage his erection. He comes out of the shower holding his underware in front of his crotch for modesty.

“I tried to find towels in the schools supply closets but I got nothing so you can use mine” he said as he draped it on Charles shoulder “don’t worry, it’s clean” Alex said with a small smile.

“Do you want to talk about what happened?” Alex asks warily. “They pick on me because they think I’m gay” ‘well I might be gay’ he hear his inner voice say

“they pick on me because I’m from Britain, because they think I’m short, because I get good grades, because I walk down the hall, because I breathe air” Charles starts to tear up again. “Oh” a knowing look spreads Alex’s face. “You are Charles!” Charles looks up at Alex with a questioning look.

“You are pals with Hank right?” Charles nods “Yes me and Hank are friends, we usually study in the library after class” he says and smiles with fondness.

“So you are the Charles who is good at chess and science and gets stuffed into lockers with him” Alex says with some levity in his voice. “And you also get teased for being ‘British’ right?” He continues making citation marks on the word British.

“That would be us” Charles says with some dry humor “Which is strange since Hank isn't British” they both smile.

“Yeah, Well Cain and his gang aren't exactly Nobel prize winners” Alex says as he hands Charles another shirt. “I hope this will due, I couldn't find any new pants for you” Charles takes the shirt and tries to maneuver the towel as to not expose himself to Alex any more that he already has. Memories of his erection still fresh in his mind.

“Thank you, Alex it gives me hope to see that not everyone turns a blind eye to the bad stuff Cain and Co do” Charles says with a smile as he pulls his underwear on from under the towel.

“Sadly it seems that not enough students care to take up the fight against Cain, it mostly me, Erik and Logan” Charles ear peak at Erik’s name “but that is mostly cause I’m captain of the swimmers team, Erik is captain of the martial arts team and Logan… well Logan is just to scary to fuck with… even for Cain” he chuckles. Charles giggles as he pulls on the shirt Alex gave him.

“Say, Charles can I ask you something?” “Of course you can” Charles responds a little more chipper that before. “I’m guessing they took your lunch money so would you mind me taking you to the mess hall and treating you to some food?” since Charles didn't always bring food with him Alex was correct that he had no money to pay for lunch so this sounded like the best offer anyone could make him now “I would love some food and I would love some non-violent company” He says as he pulls his stained pants back on.
In the mess hall they get the table where usually only the swimmers would sit and Alex introduces him to all the members of the swim team. Alex and Charles then eat the lunch that Alex paid for and Charles feels slightly better about the day then before. They don’t tell the tale of what happened to Charles to the others. And Charles is grateful for Alex’ discretion.

They talk some about training and they joke about school and homework. Until Alex and his team have swim practice and have to go. “Hey Charles, look I’m glad I could help you and I hope you don’t run into any more trouble today, but I have to go to swim practice now” He says as they stand up from the table.

“What about your shirt?” Charles asks almost feeling bad that Alex was leaving him so soon. “You can give it back to me, tomorrow okay?” Alex says and gives Charles a slight one armed hug before he chases after his friends.

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Under these last few weeks Erik has saved Charles four times, one from the bathroom incident, two was when he and Hank had been pushed in to a locker, that time they almost pushed him off a ladder in the library and Erik managed to catch Charles in his arms at the last second, and then there was that time when he caught Sebastian and Azazel trying to push a banana down Charles’ throat.

Erik knows he shouldn't remember these moments with such fondness but it’s difficult when Charles always gives him that smile that lights up his face when Erik arrives, he know that it’s only because Charles is just glad that someone helps him out and nothing more but he can’t help fantasizing that Charles regards him as more than some catcher in the rye.

‘Okay, maybe you have a bit of a crush on him’ He thought to himself. And considering how often Charles was in peril it was only natural that Erik would assume the worst when he saw him hanging out with anyone who wasn't Hank. So when Erik gets a good look at Charles hugging Alex ‘the extremely rich, friendly and good looking captain of the swim team’ he naturally gets a little protective ‘jealous’ in regards towards Charles.

His eyes lower from resigned dashed hopes and he thinks ‘well you don’t know if he is gay anyway’ and ‘even if he was what makes you think he would fall for you?’ angered by his own emotions and thoughts he realizes that he is not listening to a word Hank is saying ‘something about a science cat that is dead and alive at the same time’ when he sees Charles locking eyes with him ‘eyes to kill for’ and Erik then proceeds to smile and wave him over. Hank looks at Erik and asks "so do you understand?" and he sees Erik is looking transfixed by something, he turns his head and sees Charles coming over.

“Why, hello Charles nice to meet you here” Hank says as he is sure that Charles will be more interested is Schrödinger’s cat than Erik who seems to be more interested in looking at Charles like he is a lamb and Erik is a hungry wolf. Hank rolls his eyes and wished they would just get it over with.

“Hello Hank… Hey Erik” speaking Erik’s name with some timidity.

When Charles was this close Erik couldn't help but notice that his hair was wet and that he was wearing a sweater that read ‘Genosha high school swim team’ on it. His ego immediately tried to explain to himself ‘it’s okay, maybe he fell in to the pool and Alex just helped him’ Erik’s eyes wandered lower ‘Wait that can’t be right cause he is still wearing the pants he wore this morning and…’ His eyes began to focus on a white stain on Charles pants ‘Oh please, god, no it can’t be’

Erik’s mind then flooded him with images of Charles getting down on his knees for Alex and using that brilliant and beautiful red lipped mouth on Alex ‘rich, pretty and brave’ Summers’ cock. Then
maybe Alex had wanted to shoot his cum on Charles’ face and some of it had gotten in his hair and on his shirt so Alex loaned him his swimmers shirt because he is just that nice of a guy and Charles ‘beautiful, lovely, smart Charles’ totally deserves someone like that.

“I… I just remembered a have a thing that I need to go to, if you will excuse me” Erik said in a bit of a panic attack. He had to leave. It was so painful to stand by and see Charles so happy in the clothes of another man ‘who is way better than you in every way’ he had to leave.

“I don’t recall there being anymore lessons today…” Hank said a bit surprised that Erik had already left the room when he looked up from his watch. “Hmm… wary strange, oh well” He said with levity while Charles looked confused at the door Erik had gone through.

“Well are you wet, Charles?” Hank asks.

“It’s a long and gross story” Charles said and winced. “I promise not to tell anyone” Hank said with understanding in his voice. “Especially not to Erik, please!” Charles said with conviction “I don’t want him to know, I would die of embarrassment!” he said a little over dramatically.

As he and Hank began to walk to the library.

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Later, over at the schools martial arts class Erik was having a one on one with Logan to take out his frustration. Not directed at Alex though or at least that is what he told himself ‘stupid, handsome, charming, blonde’ he thought as he kicked Logan in the chest after Logan had failed to block him. ‘Why? Why? Why?’ he repeated in his head.

He wasn’t really angry with Alex or Charles. He was angry at himself for having this crush ‘how was I supposed to resist those blue eyes and red beautiful lips and lovely hair’ he punched Logan in the face ‘and why did it have to be perfect Alex of all people?’ Logan grabbed Erik’s arm and tried so swing him on to the mat ‘but why not Alex?’ Erik managed to get out of the throw ‘he is only rich and handsome and nice, all the things you are not’ Erik puts some distance between himself and Logan ‘you are poor and live in a crappy neighborhood, and you brood a lot, and while some girls think that it sexy’ Erik sweeps Logan’s Leg karate kid style ‘Charles clearly didn't, and he was the one who mattered’.

“I yield! God dammit I yield! ” Logan yells while lying on the mat under Erik’s shadow. “Jeez bub, what has gotten in to you?” he whines as he gets up from the map. Logan will never know what has gotten in to Erik because explaining why he is so low today can only lower his mood further and Logan ‘bless his heart’ wouldn’t understand anyway.

He feels even worse when he gets home to his empty apartment and gets in to bed. For a really long time he just lies awake and tries to focus on anything that is not Charles. It does however not take long for him to remember the images of Charles sucking Ale… no! Erik’s cock. ‘He probably moaned around it while sucking hi- er… I mean me with his luscious red lips’ Erik can’t stand it any longer ‘Fuck me’ he thinks as he grabs his staring erection from his pants and masturbates to the image of Charles licking Erik’s cum of his face with one of those wonderful smiles that set the world right.

‘Dammit'
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Alex has a request for Charles and Charles is delighted to help. also Cain and co had a plan going that did not work out as they planned.

Erik is miserable and sad. also he could have sworn he saw Charles running in the park with a dress on, clearly he is going insane.

Chapter Notes

A bit of cross dressing thrown in for good measure :)
I hope you like it

Things had felt a little weird at school this week for Charles. Erik was looking grimmer by the day, he hadn't even cracked a smile when he found and helped Charles who was stuffed in his locker.

And today Erik had not saluted him in the hall when he and Alex had passed him on their way to the swimming pool. Alex had offered to walk him there when he had heard ominous statements from Sebastian in the locker room that Cain was planning ‘something’ for ‘that nerd with the lipstick lips’ and Alex didn't need to be a genius to know who they were talking about.

“Well, here we are” Alex said with a smile as he handed Charles his bag that he had offered to carry for him. “Thank you for telling me about it, Alex” he said as he was about to go in to the locker room. “Hey, Charles” Alex said. “Could I ask you a favor?” he said looking a little nervous. “Of course you can” Charles said with a smile. Alex was blushing now and stepped a little closer.

“You go to class with a girl named Angel Salvador, right?” Charles was a little puzzled why such a question needed to be whispered in his ear but whatever.

“Yes I do, she is nice… so?” he asked now smiling. “Well… d-do you know if she…” Alex seems to have turned red as a strawberry “Is she seeing anyone?” He whispers. “I’m not sure if she is seeing anyone, I’m sorry I don’t know” Charles’ says back into Alex’ ear. “Could you maybe ask her?” Alex says “But don’t tell her that it was me who wants to know if she is seeing anyone, okay!” He says looking uncertain of himself.

“I will Alex, after everything you have done for me it’s the least I could do to repay you” Charles says with a smile as he backs away from Alex’ personal space.

“If you have time tomorrow I could walk you home to my house and you can tell me all about it over dinner” Alex invites. “Oh, I would love to” Charles says as Alex back away from the door. “Alright then, I’ll see you tomorrow Charles” Alex says as he sees Charles walk in to the locker room while waving.

“Oh sorry Erik did not see you there” Alex says as he almost bumps in to Erik on his way out.
‘Oh god, why’ Erik thinks as Alex passes him in the hall. He is completely oblivious to the heartbreak happening in Erik’s chest as he overheard Alex’ invitation. Erik had heard what Sebastian had said as well and wanted to make sure that nothing bad would happen to him. But clearly Alex is already taken good care of his Charles for him. ‘He is not yours’ a voice echoes in his head and he feels his heart twist in pain at knowing that it’s true.

He wants to go into the locker room and explain his feeling to Charles, he wants to tell him he is sorry for not being good enough for him and tell him that if Charles is just willing to give him a chance he would do everything in his might to be the best boyfriend in the whole bloody world. But he doesn’t; instead he goes to the school dojo and starts practicing his high kicks and punches.

The water is nice when Charles puts his feet in and he gets neck deep pretty quickly. While the P.E teacher is busy yelling instructions Charles watches Angel get in the waters. He swims close to her and prepares to ask her of her relationship status.

"Hello" he says to her as she enters the waters some more. “Oh hi, Charles!” she says with a smile.

“I need to ask you something” he says. “Sure thing, fire away” she smiles. “Are seeing anyone?” he says with a blank face. “Eh… Really? I thought you and Er…” she says a bit surprised “Eh… I mean look Charles you are a nice guy but I’m already… sort of… in love with someone” she continues “I mean he doesn’t know yet but I will tell him when I get the courage to” she blushes and looks down at the water. “Oh I’m not asking for me, Angel I was asking for a friend” he says trying to not let her get the wrong idea.

“Oh really?” she says now very intrigued. “Who is it? Come on Charles you must tell me!” she takes his hand and pulls him closer. “Well I promised not to tell him who it was unless you were single, sorry” he looks at her for a moment.

“Charles… can I trust you with a secret? Like if I tell you first of whom I’m in love with then you can tell me who your friend is…” Charles thinks it’s a fair bargain and says “of course you can trust me, and yes it sounds like a deal” He smiles.

She gets closer and whispers in his ear “it’s Alex Summers. You know the captain of the swim team”.

“Is that your crush?” he asks as he tries to keep a straight face as to not ruin the surprise for her just yet. “Yes, it’s him. Isn’t he beautiful?” she says in excitement.

“Well I told you, now you must tell me” she pokes him. He draws her in as to whisper it in her ear “It’s Alex who told me to ask you” he says quietly. She shrieks like a wounded animal dying of happiness. They jump splashing water everywhere until the teacher yells for them to stop and get back to swimming. When the lesson is over the teacher orders Charles to put away all the life preservatives as punishment considering how little swimming he did.

When he returns to the locker room and starts to strip for a shower most of the other boys in the class have already gone or are dressing. He opens the faucet and lets the water spray on his naked skin. His mind begins to wander back to the dreams about Erik he has been having, About Erik telling him that he needs to fuck himself on Erik’s fingers. Charles starts to blush as he stands alone in the shower room; his hands begin to wander down past his chest. He then starts to wash his lower back and his hands glide down to his ass. He begins to feel himself.

That burning sensation returning as he imagines his small and soft hand are Erik’s strong and firm
ones. He uses the water to lightly touch his hole. His cock twitches with each touch Erik’s hand make on his wet hole. He gets ready to press the digit in to himself when he hears a noise from the locker room.

In complete terror Charles assumes it’s Cain and that he will probably do terrible thing to him. He tries to find a place to hide in the shower room but there is nowhere to go. He hears another sound of a door slamming and guesses that Cain brought company with him. When five minutes pass without anything happening Charles assumes the coast is clear and goes out.

What he finds is that his clothes and his bag and most importantly his books are all gone. Panic strikes in his heart as he searches the locker room for any clothes that might be left, he looks in a the locker trash can and find what he can only assume is the cruel joke that was going to be played on him today.

It looks like a costume… well it is a costume.

A French maid costume. Complete with a bunny tail and a tiara with bunny ears. Charles keeps looking but does not find any other clothes or any shoes anywhere.

Eventually he resigns himself to trying the dress on. It’s at least two dress sizes too small for him and it barely covers his ass if standing completely still and upright. From any other angle one can clearly see that he has no underwear and the head of his cock can be seen through frilly of the dress. He stands in front of the mirror for a long time and it hits him that he might have to walk home like this. He certainly won’t walk to the principal’s office like this. Not in front of the rest of the students, not in front of Erik.

‘Oh Erik’ he thinks and blushes. He is amazed at how he wishes Erik was there with him and how Erik is also the last person Charles want with him now.

As usual the mere thinking of Erik is enough to get a rise out of his cock. ‘Oh Erik if you saw he now, what would you think of me?’ he think as he looks down at the fabric of the dress that is sticking out thanks to his hard cock.

‘You wouldn't just think I am a pathetic nerd always in need of rescue, but also that I am actually the fag who would love for you to fuck me that Cain always says I am’ Charles is surprised by his own thoughts. ‘No I must not let Cain get to me; I’m not bad or weak because I’m in love with Erik. Nor should I feel ashamed by that’ he think resolutely.

And then he remind himself that he is currently standing in a cleavage exposing maid dress without underwear about to run home showing every passerby in the park his ass and what pride he could muster begins to reseed back down. He goes to the door leaving the bunny tiara in the trash ‘it’s embarrassing enough as it is, thank you’. He takes the door handle, opens it a crack and hears the teacher shouting outside and he freezes on the spot.

“What the hell are you kids doing here eh!?” the teacher shouts at Cain and his gang as they were approaching the locker room door. They all turn around to face the teacher and Charles sees that two of them are carrying cameras witch them. ‘Please, Please, Please Mr. Striker send them away… better yet send them to hell’

Charles wishes in his mind. “We… eh… I mean we were… only going to…” Cain stutters as he tries to not explain the real reason they are here. “I don’t give a shit you have no business being in the gym when you don’t have P.E” He chases them out and Charles thanks him silently from the bottom of his heart.

Charles has managed to get to the outskirts ‘no pun intended’ of the school grounds without anyone seeing him. All that is left is a crossroad then the park then it’s an alleyway over to the street where
he lives in ‘what Hank called the fancy part of town’ Westchester.

Waiting at the crossroad proves to be quite a chilling prospect considering that it’s a little windy today ‘because of course it is’ Charles think as he stands next to a thin tree trying to not look like a gay prostitute outside of a school. Charles feels like the car he is waiting on to pass by is slowed down just to get a good look at him, or maybe he I just imagining things because half his ass is hanging out for the world to get a nice long look at.

As soon as there was no car on the road he made the pass in three skips and he was finally in the park where it was easier to hide in the undergrowth and behind trees. He tries to vary carefully get his way through the park. Usually he likes that it's big but now it seems never ending the only lucky thing is that there aren't that many people in it at this time.

Making sure to hide as much as the bushes allow whenever someone comes to close for comfort, Charles manages to get half way through the park. He passes behind tree to tree until he reaches the park crossroad where the paths intersect with a fountain and some benches and a public bathroom.

He looks to see if there is anyone there. His eyes scan the park until they land on ‘is that!? No it can’t be’ Erik, who is sitting on one of the benches in the park. ‘Dammit’ Charles thinks as he looks Erik over. He seems more depressed now then he has been this whole week ‘Poor Erik, I wish I knew what’s bothering you so that I could maybe help you’ his heart clenches in his chest as he feels the sudden need to go to him and ask what is wrong.

‘What am I thinking!? I can’t go like this! I can’t let Erik see me like this!’ he thinks while shocked at himself.

Then he feels it. That strong tingle in his lower body. At the mere thought of being seen like this. At Erik seeing him like this. To have someone ‘Erik’ look him over while he stands at attention. Inspect him. Scrutinize his appearance. Lift his skirt and spread his ass and…

Charles didn't even notice how his hand had moved to his cock still under the soft fabric of the dress. The thought of being seen in this state, with the dress on or off was making him hard. To have Erik order him to stand at attention while he fucks him with his fingers and tries not to impale himself on them.

“You are so hot for it aren't you?” he would say to Charles as he puts three fingers in him.

Charles comes at that spilling his cum on the grass and on the inside of his dress as he moans in a way he never would have dared to before.

Erik looks up at that. His steely expression of sadness and anger replaced with suspicion and worry.

He gets up and starts looking around before choosing a path in the park to walk down. Charles takes a deep breath and holds it as he hides in the bushes from Erik. The last thing he want is for Erik not only know about this dress prank but also about the spilled cum that Charles is currently looking down at. For him to know what a pervert Charles is and shun him for it. The mere thought sends chills ‘not the good kind’ down his spine.

When Charles deems Erik is at an appropriate distance he decides to just run for it. And so he does as he scares away the doves that were feeding on some bread on the ground. He sees the exit of the park and runs as fast as he can in to the alley, the skirt of the dress flapping freely in the wind exposing his ass and cock to the world.

When he gets near his house he realizes that he does not have the key to the door nor is he particularly interested in dragging his mom up from her alcohol induced sleep for her to see him like this. He does however remember how he left his window open and goes to the fire escape to climb
He is almost home and about to reach the window to his room when he hears someone whistle down below. His cheeks flush red and his cock reacts instantly ‘traitors prick’ he thinks. He doesn't dare look at the person who had catcalled him and dare show his flushed face to them so he just climbs in to the window giving whoever was looking as very good look at his ass and balls.

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‘I must be going insane’ Erik thinks as he walks home from the park. ‘I could have sworn it was him’ he continues down his street. ‘But why would Charles be running in the park with a dress on without underwear?’ his inner reasonable voice says in return.

Erik does however allow himself the mental image of it being Charles and he feels suddenly like he can’t get home fast enough, even though he went to the park specifically so that he wouldn't go home and ‘think’ of Charles any more than he already does.

Clearly if he starts seeing and hearing Charles even when he is not around something is wrong with him. But that moan did sound exactly how Erik imagines Charles sounds like ‘when he comes while in the arms of Alex’ his mind spits at him before he becomes to sentimental. Anger boils in him at his own need for Charles and his stupid wonderfulness.

Also that ass is totally what Charles’ looks like in Erik’s dreams ‘god I’m hopeless’.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Erik and Charles keep misunderstanding each other by not communicating like adults about their feelings.

When Charles’ returns to school on Monday he hears of rumors of a boy dressed in a maids uniform stalking in the park. And he instantly blushes a strawberry red. As he goes to class he is greeted by Angel who seems just over the moon happy and Charles guesses it’s Alex’ doing.

He greets back and goes to sit. But before he can he sees the look in Cane’s eyes. That knowing look that tells him that Cane has heard the rumors as well. Cane starts to open his mouth to say something ‘probably rude and mean’ but he shuts up when Mrs. Frost enters the room and shouts for everyone to shut up.

Though Charles know that Cane doesn't need to say anything for him to get the memory of wearing the dress firmly placed in his mind, and along with the embarrassment he also remembers coming hotly on the ground at the thought of Erik seeing him like that.

He soon realizes that his blood is now running south and he feels his cock stirring in his pants. ‘No! Please have mercy’ he begs his cock quietly as his head draws up images of Erik fucking into him with his fingers, making obscene squelching noises as he taunts him saying things like ‘oh you were absolutely made for this my good little boy’ and ‘If you do a good job of fucking yourself on my fingers I might let you suck my cock later’.

Oh Charles feels his mouth water at the image of Erik unzipping his pants just so Charles can get a chance at licking the tip as he pretends to know what Erik cock looks like. Erik would then grab his head and push his cock into his mouth and he would suck him for as long as Erik would let him. Erik would push further down his mouth and he would moan ‘Oh Charles!’ and Charles would moan around his cock just to hear Erik say his name again.

‘Charles…’ ‘Oh, Charles!’ ‘Charles!!?’

Charles’ head snaps up to see Mrs. Frost standing over him with an irritated look on her face. “The classroom is no place for daydreaming, Charles!” She says angrily. As she turns back to the board and continue on reading a text on the Spanish-American war. Charles blushes as he tries to hide his straining erection under the desk. Pleads to all the god he does not believe in that no one sees him.

The rest of the day is ordinary, he has lunch with Hank and they talk about Carl von Linné. For a moment he sees Erik in the hall and smiles his way. He wants to say hello and ‘tell him he is beautiful and lovely’ ask how his day is going but Erik looks away with a miserable expression and walks so fast that it’s difficult to keep up with him and Charles has class soon so he lets it go. Feeling disappointed in himself and very sad at Erik’s disdain for him. ‘What have I done to make you hate me, Erik’ he thinks in over dramatic melancholy.

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‘What do I do?’ Erik thinks in desperation. ‘How do I tell him?’ he feels like he needs to strangle
someone. ‘Or rather, strangle Alex’ he thinks as he replays the kiss between Alex and Angel in his mind. ‘How dare he cheat on Charles?’ Erik is pacing.

‘That asshole’ he rubs his knuckles as if he is preparing for a fight, and for all intents and purposes he is. ‘Poor, sweet, unassuming Charles’ he whines in his head like he’s having a panic attack, and for all intents and purposes he is.

‘I would never do such a thing to my smart, beautiful and talented Charles’ he stops in his tracks. ‘You should tell him about what you saw’ a voice in his head says to him. ‘But if I tell him that what he thinks is his rich, beautiful and nice knight in shiny swimsuit is nothing but a two timing whore then it’ll break his heart’ he responds to the thought in his head.

‘But if you don’t tell him it will only get worse!’ it responds. ‘You need to tell him, and if he doesn’t believe you then at least you’ve tried’ Erik shrugs in anger. ‘Dammit… dammit all’ he thinks as he runs his fingers through his hair in frustration. ‘Fine I’ll tell him all about it…’ he begins to walk ‘after school’ he ads in his mind.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Really bad things happen to Charles and Erik deals with the aftermath.

Charles is about to split ways with Hank and head home to through the park but he suddenly remembers. "Oh no, Hank I forgot a book in the classroom, I have to go back!" he says as he turns to walk back. "Okay Charles, I'll see you tomorrow!" Hank says to Charles' back as he runs back into the school.

***

'Where is he?' Erik has been looking through the classrooms he knows Charles has lessons in but he is nowhere to be found. 'Dammit!' he thinks as he goes up the stairs. 'Maybe he is in library' he thinks optimistically 'or maybe he is in the pool with Alex' the thought in his head assaults him with images of Charles in the pool naked in the arms of Alex as he moans in to a kiss. His breath hitches and he feels the need to see Charles become more urgent. And he quickens his pace.

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'Finally!' he thinks as he holds the book in his hands 'thank god you are okay'. He stuffs the book into his backpack and begins to head down the corridor to the exit.

"Well, well, well… what have we here?" he hears a voice from behind. 'Dammit' “If it isn't our favorite gay French maid" Cain says as he stalks forward towards Charles. “You know, we were going to take some fun souvenir photos of you in that dress and paper the walls in the whole school” he continues.

Charles is horrified by the thought of Cain doing that to him. But he is even more horrified at the fact that he feels his cock stirring. ‘What! But why would that make me feel…’ His mind snaps to his fantasies of being seen naked and fucked by Erik.

And if Cain did paper the walls then everyone would know what he looks like. They would be able to take one look at Charles and know what he hides underneath his clothes from memory; Erik would know what he looks like. His cheeks burn with shame at the thought and he prepares to run for it.

And he’s off. Running like his life depended on it ‘because it does’ but as usual he does not get far before Sebastian and Azazel catch him. “Not so fast, faggot” says Cain as he approaches him.

“We didn't get the chance to do it last time and now we don’t have cameras or a dress for you to wear so we will have to settle for something else” He says with a grin that sends chills down Charles’ spine. “Take him to that bathroom!” Cain order as Sebastian and Azazel lead Charles in to the bathroom where Erik saved Charles on the first day of school.

Once inside they hold his still in the middle of the room. “Sebastian quickly, Give me your belt!” Cain says and he then ads “I don’t suppose you have a pencil, Right Charlie?” he says as he looks through his backpack. He makes a wry face when he finds nothing of use to the humiliation session.
he want to subject on Charles. Azazel takes of Charles’ shirt and then Sebastian ties his hands behind his back. Charles glares at them from where he’s been made to kneel.

“Strip him naked, guys we are taking his clothes with us this time and we aren’t leaving him a cute dress either” He smirks as they take Charles’ shoes and socks off. Charles squirms with all his might in the hopes to delay the inevitable. Then they take his pants down quickly followed by his underwear and Charles humiliation is almost complete. Charles is once again put on his knees in front of Cain and he glares hoping it will kill him on the spot. Alas Cain just smirks.

Cain then grabs him and pulls him by his hair all the way into the last stall on the left. Throws Charles over the lid of the toilet so his face is mushed against the wall and his ass is on complete display for them all to see. Charles wants to move but they hold him down.

“Get ready, you’ve had this lesson coming, all you faggots have this lesson coming.” Charles braces himself for the blow and Cain strikes him hard with the belt on his ass. Charles yelps out in pain.

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Meanwhile Erik is disappointed that Charles is not in the library. He doesn’t know if he has the courage to go to the swimming pool after what his brain is willing to conger up for him. ‘He’s probably gone home already’ he thinks and his shoulders sink as he goes down the stairs to the exit.

‘Alex has swim practice now so maybe he is waiting for him in the locker room’ he hears himself trying not to let himself down and he stops. ‘Nah! I would not dare to…’ he thinks as he keeps going down to the corridor.

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Charles ass is now red from the belt lashings that Cain has provided. He’s gone lip and they have moved him so he is sitting on the toilet with his back at the wall.

‘Oh Erik, If only you were…’ his eyes open at the tingling sensation in his groin. ‘If he were here then he would see me naked like this… oh no, no please no’ he thinks to his cock whom seems to be getting hard.

They tie his hands to the pipes on the wall behind him and use his shoelaces to so that their tied together behind his neck. At first he wonders what they are doing but when they use the ends to tie his knee joints so that his legs hang open from the string behind his neck and he understands.

‘Completely exposed’ he thinks and blushes feeling his cock tingling. His ass hurts from the lashings and from the angle of how he is now sitting because of how his legs are hanging open.

They snickered at him and finally Cain said “I was thinking we could leave you like this, you know so that someone can find you in the morning” Charles feels dizzy. “Maybe if you are lucky your knight in shining armor Erik will find you and fuck your little hole silly before he lets you go” Sebastian cuts in grinning.

The image of Erik being here seeing him and fucking him silly is very pleasant and the blood rushes to Charles’ cock much to his dismay. Charles cheeks are burning up with embarrassment. He should not be getting off on this. This was wrong on so many levels. But he was naked and subjugated and his Penis did not care about wrong or right.

“Well, guys I think our work is done” Cain says and Charles snaps back to where they are going to leave him like this until he is found tomorrow by the janitor of someone else. Charles wants to say ‘no please don’t, come on untie me please!’ but it would only make it worse.
As one last act of humiliation Azazel then put his’ underwear over Charles’ head so he can see a thing. One could call it mercy since at least he’s got an article of clothing now but it sure doesn’t feel like a kind gesture. They proceed to leave Charles tied up and naked with his underwear on his head to be left to whomever finds him in the morning. The fact that he had not been penetrated with anything was of small comfort since he still felt humiliated.

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Erik is almost at the exit when he hears Cain and co coming out of the bathroom loudly cackling about something. Erik decides to hide behind a corner as they pass the hall so that he could hear what they were saying. “Man, did you see how he was almost hard?” said Azazel to the other. “Well he’s a fag; maybe he was hoping we’d fucked him” Cain loudly cackles at Sebastian’s remark “Dude, that’s gross! Are you saying you are gay for him?” Cain says and shoves Sebastian playfully as they pass the door out.

Erik’s blood boils. ‘One of these days I will kick their asses so hard they won’t be able to walk’ he swears to himself. Before his brain fully takes in what they had just said. ‘What have they done now?’ he wonders with worry immediately falling on the fact that Charles could be the victim of whatever they have done this time.

He stalks back into the corridor and walk to the bathroom, assuming that it’s where they’ve done the deed. He carefully opens the door as he hears sniffling coming from the room.

He looks and at first look it seems empty but the sound of someone crying softly is proof that is not the case. All the stall doors are open except one. He walks closer slowly. He gently knocks on the door and asks "Hello? Is everything alright?" his response is a high pitched whine and the sound of struggling.

"I just want to help; please, I saw Cain and his friends coming out of here and figured…” he trails off. A weak voice says “E-Erik” which he hears on the other side of the door.

“Charles!” he screams and rips the door open. Erik is shocked by what he sees. ‘My beautiful, baby, darling, Charles is crying’ was all he could fathom at first but as he takes in the whole picture.

He feels a bunch of different emotions all at once. Scathing hatred for Cain, Concern for his love-Charles, anger at the system that allowed this to happen and an undignified twitch in his cock at Charles’ splayed out like this. But he vows he will feel shame later for that, now it’s important to get Charles out of this place.

He approaches Charles and pulls the underwear of his head. “Charles” he says calmly stroking his red cheek tenderly. He almost breaks down at the sight.

The boy he loves from afar being treated so badly, the red marks on him, the cheeks flushed red and stained with tears, his legs spread wide leaving nothing to the imagination, his pretty, pink, cock… hard?. Erik tries not to stare but it’s… difficult to say the least.

“E-Erik…” Charles whispers with a strained voice, as he opens his wonderful blue eyes that seem to look into Erik’s soul. Erik tries to find something to say that doesn’t sound too cold or too lovelorn.

“Shh… don’t worry I’m here. I’ll get you out of this mess”. He starts to untie one leg making himself a promise not to look or ask about Charles’ hard cock that is now merely inches away from him as he squats between Charles’ legs.

He unties Charles’ other leg and throws the shoelaces to the ground. The stall is a bit tight so it
makes it difficult to get to the belt holding Charles’ forearms without hoisting himself over him and as that would be tempting if Charles was willing.

But Erik assumes that now is not the time to make too much physical contact with him all things considered. So he squeezes between the wall and Charles to untie him. Erik feels such shame for taking in the smell of Charles’ hair while he is untying him. Erik promises to beat himself up over it later. But for now it’s worth it.

Now that Erik has untied Charles and Erik is squatting next to him. Charles feels this need to jump into his arms and kiss him and thank him for always being there for him, but he realizes that Erik probably doesn’t want some naked boy rubbing up on him so he tries to refrain himself from it. So he just sits up and rubs his wrists trying to cover his cock.

Erik takes of his black polo and gives it to Charles revealing his strong body in a white tank top that Charles pretends to not be ensnared by. “Thank you” Charles says still with such a small voice and red cheeks still wet. Erik feels for him and wants to just scoop him up and carry him home.

“Um… here…” he says as he gives Charles his underwear back and Charles’ blush only deepens. ‘Oh god why did this have to happen to me!? ’ he thinks as he puts on his underwear. He stands up still feeling the burn from Cain and the belt.

“H-how do you feel?” Erik asks tentatively. Charles was going to say something but he just starts weeping all the tears he was holding in. Erik instinctively grabs Charles and hugs him tight. Charles weeps on Erik’s shoulder at his misery. At the bad treatment, at the fact that he had on some level liked it, at the fact that Erik had to see him like this…

And then it dawn on him ‘Erik is holding me’ his mind whispers. His heart swells a little and he slowly stops crying. Erik very carefully starts carding his fingers through his brown curls. Yet again taking a whiff of his smell. ‘He smells like lavender and sandalwood’ he thinks as his chin sits on Charles’ head.

Charles turns to face Erik not sure exactly what he is going to say but Erik interrupts him. ‘Look, Charles… I live a little closer to school than you… can I take you there?’ Charles blinks the last tears out of his eyes and nods to him.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Oh my... well this has been a while... So for those who care to know why there is such a big gap between the first chapter and this one. I had already written a follow up but I lost it and I killed my desire to finish this. well at the behest of the three people whom I've spoken to about this fic that seemed sad at me not finishing this thing. I feel a weird duty and compassion to you as I have many times been loving a fic that then just drops of the face of the earth. and well I don't want this to be this way.

I hope you like what will come next as much as you may have liked what came before <3

*Over dramatic Broadway-like gesticulation*

Erik lives in a little rat hole of an apartment in one of the older buildings near the school. the kind where the paint is coming off the walls and there is a permanent smell of old cooking grease. Erik forces the rusty old door open and let’s Charles in first. “Welcome to my… uh… humble abode?” he says both trying to inject levity into the situation and lampshade the rather destitute look of the place.

There is a dark green futon that has clearly seen better days that Erik leads Charles to sit on. Since they have not spoken since they left the bathroom at the school Erik doesn't quite know if now is the time to bring up the betrayal of Charles’ boyfriend or if talking about the Cain thing or if he should just confess his love and see how it goes. He opts for none of them.

“Do you want some water?” he asks in an effort to try to get Charles to talk. At first Charles does not reply, clearly lost in thought. then he looks up as if he just woke up and says “N-no.. No, thank you” with the smallest smile Erik has ever seen on his beautiful face. Erik realizes that Charles is still just sitting in his underwear with just his own black over-sized polo on him.

Even though he feels it look right with Charles wearing his clothes and sitting on his couch he figures Charles might want to cover up a little more after what has just happened. He turns to took in his drawers next to his bed in search of some track pants for him. “here you go, so you don’t get cold” and tries to hand him the pants while also trying to give him space. but it’s hard when all he want’s to do is hold him in his arms forever.

Charles takes the pant’s and unceremoniously put them on. still clearly lost afloat in his mind, trying to process what had just happened. Erik fidgets around a little before he decides to try and talk to Charles. he goes to very the other side of the futon and sits down gingerly, as if Charles is a scared deer ready to run. But that is not the case as Charles turn slightly to sit more in his direction.

“Look Charles, if you don’t want to talk about it that is fine but if Cain and company really did step over a line with you in this case then maybe we should consider getting the police involved...” Charles seemed to be listening until Erik said the word ‘police’. His face paled and then shook his head. “that’s a terrible idea, my mother will die of shame if word got out that her son and heir to her fortune is being humiliated this way” he said in a weirdly chipper voice.

Erik’s face darkens. “and besides what they did this time is not that different from last time they tried it” Erik can’t believe what he is hearing, has Charles been so systematically abused he has gotten
used to it to the point where he doesn't care anymore?. Fury wakes in him as he prepares several murders in his mind.

Charles gave a little laugh of exasperation and said “last time they did this kind of a thing they stole all my clothes and left me a french maid Halloween costume that I had to walk home in” smiling at Erik as if he were telling him a joke.

“So… So that was you?” Erik says as he is snapped out of his revenge planning.

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Since Erik had said they were going to his place. Charles was kind of panicking. He was going to see where Erik lived, he would get to see his things and more importantly he would get to see Erik more privately. maybe now was the time to tell him how he felt about him? or was it the worst time? he then thought to himself. Erik might be kind enough to lend him his shirt and also kind enough to take him home to help him, but the man had just gotten an eyeful of Charles’ splayed out naked with a hard on so maybe he would be to emotionally exhausted to deal with letting Charles down gently.

Charles nasty mind was trying to work up the courage to say the words though the walk home. ‘He saves you all the time with a smile on his face, He helped you and at no point’ made fun of you for it. he saw you all exposed and invited you to his home… you sure you don’t have a chance with him?’ Charles had to shake his head a little to rid himself of that dangerous feeling. he could probably not take more emotional stress today he thought.

When they got to Erik's apartment it was stingy to say the least, Charles could not believe Erik lived here. this amazing man. so funny and smart and kind came from a place that looked like the inside of Cain's heart. 'oh shit don’t say his name! you are trying to enjoy this moment with Erik! don’t think! don’t think!!!'.

The futon was almost flat from years of wearing down the padding and the fabric scratched the bare skin on his behind. Til he got the pants from Erik at least. He was still fighting his mind on whether he should seal this opportunity to confess his feelings, Erik had now seen everything he had to offer. At his most humiliated. He had seen him enjoy it to an extent. His hot breath had ghosted over his hair as he had untied him. Made him feel safe and loved.

Erik sat down next to him and tried to talk about it in one of those careful, respectful and non judgmental ways therapists talk to trauma patients and that flicked a switch in Charles. Here was Erik still pretending Charles had dignity and once Charles started thinking about all the things that had happened since he met Erik it was hard to not voice it all out loud.

“hahaha yes! yes, that was me!” he was now laughing cause knowing that Erik had seen him in the park made it even funnier to his now hysterical mind “and you know what else? I got a stiffy then too!”

Erik face was unreadable. “I think I might be a glutton for humiliation because I keep being turned on by all this degradation” Erik’s mouth is now hanging open in shock. “you saw me in the park right? well what I don’t think you saw was when I was hiding in the bushes while you were at the fountain and just the thought of you seeing me made me orgasm right on the grass… hahaha”.

He was now almost folding over from the overwhelming emotions in him. his rational mind told him
to ‘stop for the love of god don’t embarrass yourself further!’ but it was like a dam had been broken had it was all pouring out.

“but that’s not all… he he. I also keep masturbating at the thought of me fucking myself on your fingers while you give me dirty orders to do other filthy things and also you pushing your cock in my ass ”. He was now tomato red in his face and painfully hard. he could not feel the tips of his fingers nor his nose. a feverish feeling had befallen him clearly having been pushed to his limits for what his mind could take and still be rational.

He felt almost invincible as he suddenly decided that maybe forcing a kiss on Erik’s lips will be the last thing he does before Erik will tell him he is a sick boy and Charles will have to agree as it feels like he might not survive this situation.

He decides to go for it and licks his lips in preparation. he gets on all fours on the futon and crawls over to Erik's side slowly like a panther cornering its prey. “you know… I have wanted to do this since I met you” His lips were starting to form an “O” while his hand had moved to Erik's thigh and neck respectively. getting closer and closer to Erik's face. “Charles, wait!” He heard Erik say as he felt Erik's hand come up to block his lips.

“I...” Erik hesitated “I… can’t”.

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