

Note: Just a bit of Fan Fic that I wrote up after watching Alex Strangelove (previously posted on AO3). <3

We are back in the bedroom where it all began. Where I'd kissed him and then insulted him and then scurried away like a frightened squid in a cloud of ink. I feel a little sheepish about it, and am currently chattering away with promises to not run away again and that I was just so confused before, but that I am definitely not confused now, and that I am a trustworthy and loyal boyfriend, though we really hadn't talked about being boyfriends because we'd only been on one non-date and one accidental make-out session and then prom, and I'm not trying to be pushy about it, or whatever, but that I really, really, really wouldn't run away this time.

Elliot just stands there, smiling that little enigmatic smile of his. Looking glorious in his white prom suit and heart boots and curly halo of hair backlit by his bedside lamp. God, I just wanted to be near him, to have his arms around me, to ... kiss him again.

"You are such a nerd," he says, reaching for my hand.

"Why would you say that?" I respond, half-joking, half-defensive.

"You're nervous, so you're babbling. And on top of the babbling, your face is scrunched, which means that your brain is going even faster than your mouth."

I go red and shrug. "Well, you would like what I was thinking about."

"Oh, really?" he says, removing his jacket while continuing to look into my eyes.

I self-consciously shoulder out of my prom jacket, but feel a little less nerdy about it when I see his eyes watching me. I fiddle with the abalone cufflinks and the peacock bowtie. He walks into my space, sliding his fingers through mine, and he kisses me... for real this time. I mean, it was for real on the dance floor, but I was de facto coming out to the entire school, and it wasn't the same as kissing him here, alone in his attic bedroom. This is better. This is so much better.

Breathe, Truelove. Stop thinking and breathe.

God, he is such a good kisser. Untangling one hand, I undo the buttons on his vest. We're still kissing, and he removes it, tossing it on the floor. I can feel the heat of his skin through the thin fabric of his dress shirt. He feels so good. He feels like life, like necessary ecstasy. His lips feel better than any lips I've ever had against mine. I want to find out what soap he uses and buy a lifetime supply.

He's kissing along my jaw to my neck and my brain is starting to short out. I'm getting hard, fast... and for once having a hard on in front of another person doesn't scare the shit out of me. That's new.

And then it happens.

His boner brushes against mine.

I'm making him hard. OMG, OMG, OMG – I AM MAKING ELLIOT HARD. I AM A SEX GOD.

Elliot pulls away, laughing.

"What now? I am doing it wrong??" I'm panic-stricken.

"You are such a fucking dork! What are you smiling about?"

I blush and soften a bit. "I- I was just really happy that I could make you as, um, excited? As you are making me. I'm new, you know. And I made you hard."

"God, I love you," he says, shaking his head and smiling so wide that his eyes crinkle. He stiffens momentarily. "I'm sorry, Alex. That came out wrong. Or too soon, or whatever." He's biting his lip, and glancing at the door, worried. Probably thinking that I'd make a run for it. But... I'm only a runner when I'm confused. And I am not confused anymore. And it feels amazing.

And Elliot loves me. It's just the beginning part, of course. But he knows that he already loves parts of me. And that makes me love parts of him. My heart is seriously thudding in my chest right now. I smile so wide it hurts my face. "I'm not going anywhere. I'm everything good in the world right now, and I'm falling for you so fast that everything is just zooming by me right now."

His beautiful face morphs once more into a look of delight. I surprised him. I can surprise Elliot. My heart

is now really, truly pounding. I just – I have on way too much clothing. I take off my shoes and nearly fall over trying to take off my socks while unbuttoning my shirt. He laughs – and it sounds like bells in my ears – and does the same. We stand there, bare-chested, and I just take a half a beat to appreciate him. I'm actively appreciating his body, his maleness. This is not a drill. I completely and utterly turned on by him physically. I know he's artistic and smart, but I could give a shit about his brain right now. I reach out to him as he's reaching out to me, and we come together, kissing, with tongues now. He tastes so good, and I am hard again, instantly. His hot skin on mine is fire. I have never been so turned on in my life. His fingers graze my belt, and I frantically unbuckle his, whipping it off his body with a flourish. God, I'm such a dork.

But, oh Jesus. His hard-on is unmistakable, and my fingers hesitate. I want to touch him, but I think about how cute his ass is, and I don't... know... if I'm ready. I mean, I'm starting to love him, but the logistics of anal are starting to crowd my thoughts again.

"Alex, we're not going to go all the way. OK? Come back to me now. We don't have to do that for a while," he says, perfection as usual. My eyes catch his and we nod together. We can save that for later. Tentatively, I unbutton and unzip my pants, and push them down. Big inhale. I don't think I've ever had a bigger boner in my entire fucking life than I do right now. He looks down, enigmatic smile. I think that means he likes my size. I hope.

His pants are like wrapping paper on a long-awaited gift, in that I want to get rid of them as soon as I can. He smiles and his pants fall to the floor. He's wearing boxers... with proboscis monkeys on them. I laugh so hard that I snort, which makes him chuckle. Yeah, those noses really do look like penises. His boxers have the tiniest button on the fly, and I have never seen a button work so hard. In my whole life I never knew how awesome it would be to know that I'd done something right enough to make Elliot's body do... this. And I don't want to be standing anymore. I want a bed do-over, pronto. I'm not going to think about it. I mean, sure, I'm already thinking about it, but maybe not overthinking about it, but maybe saying that is overthinki- I'm just going to stop.

We both fall / jump onto the bed and begin kissing and kissing and kissing and kissing. He is the goddamned Adonis of kissers. We are rubbing against each other, and it feels like... heaven? Like, if cotton candy and a funnel cake had hot, sticky sex, this make out session would be their baby. I'm going to keep that description to myself. Yeah.

His hands are on my chest and that feels good, but then he gets on top of me and that is So. Much. Better. That little button, warrior poet that it was, gave up somewhere, and now I am catching glimpses of him. His is different from mine. Will definitely need to look up what to do with an uncircumcised penis later.

His smile against my lips means he's caught me thinking again. He rolls away from me, eyes crinkling. I just cop to it right away.

"I just couldn't help but notice that you have a turtle neck and that I want to read up on how to make you happy. Call it a fun homework project."

"Turtle neck?"

"Um. You're uncircumcised."

He shakes his head. "You know, you don't have to read up on it."

"But, like, aren't there some rules I need to learn? Like, aren't you more sensitive?"

"Yeah, but I could just show you what I like. Dork."

"You know that a dork is a whale's penis."

"Yeah, you told me. And, uh," he looks down, "I stand by the description."

I bite my lip, then kiss him, more gently this time. He smiles, and I look down at his shorts. Tentatively, I reach out, looking into his eyes for permission. Crinkle. Yes. I make contact, then move my fingers up and down the length of him, over the material. I am so turned on by how much he is turned on. His head peek-a-boos again through the fly, and I touch him.

“Don’t pull it back,” he says gently.

“Oh – I wasn’t.”

“If you want, you can hold it and move the skin up and down around the head – gently.”

I nod and grip him loosely, and can feel the skin slide around his head. My fingers feel electric, this new sensation a whole universe to explore.

“You can grip a little tighter than that.”

I nod and hold him the way I hold myself, slowly moving up and down. I look, and his eyes are shut, and he’s biting his lip. He moans, and my heart flowers in my chest again. For a split second I want to talk through the specifics of what he is feeling, and did he know that bonobo monkeys do this to each other, and am I doing it right, and is my pace OK, but... I stop and force myself to look at him. He’s enjoying this. That’s all I need to know.

He pushes my hand away for a second, and slides down his boxers, springing up as the elastic waistband catches, then releases him. He’s naked. We’re on his bed, and he’s naked. And he is glorious. Hard, with his soft balls nestled against his legs. We look into each other’s eyes and he gives me that look. That half come-hither smirk that I tried to ignore and brush away in every encounter we’d ever had. That look that told me to leap. Oh my god, he is so beautiful.

I lay next to him and softly explore him with my fingertips. I want to kiss him there, but... maybe not yet. We begin to kiss again as I continue to lightly run my fingers over him, astonished at how good it all feels. He pushes my hand toward his hard on.

“Please, Alex.”

His need, our kissing... fireworks. His hard on is throbbing – like, total porn movie throbbing – in my hand. I stroke him, firmly, carefully, deciding that I’ll just use my pace until I know better. His moaning increases and his body gets stiff, and... oh my god, he is coming. In my hand, on his belly, and a little bit on the sheets. I finish him the way I’d finish myself, and... he really seems to like it. His body relaxes, and I swear he’s magic. Released, all muscle tension gone, he is beautiful. He glows like the moon. It’s all such a revelation. Like, how did I not know how much I needed this? And I really needed it. Holy shit, did I need it.

I must be looking at him with my thinking face, because he nudges me and smiles. “Are you OK?”

I catch my breath, because maybe? I forgot to breathe. “Yes,” I say breathlessly.

“Good,” he says as he pushes me down on the bed. I start to remove my underwear, but he stops me.

“I’ve got this.”

Gently, he peels back the stretchy material, careful not to catch it on anything sensitive. I was still kind of semi-erect, but not at – you know, full staff or anything. I hope he knows that I’m – you know what? I’m going to stop. He knows. I know he knows.

I lift my butt so that he can pull them the rest of the way down. Oh. That puts me into direct contact with his lips. Which does not suck. He smiles and quickly kisses my head, then slides my underwear all of the way off. Oh, God. Now we’re both naked. I am naked on the bed with a guy. He cups my balls gently and – holy shit – I’ve held my own balls while masturbating, and that felt nice, but... having someone else’s hands do it for you is Broadway at night. And I am no longer at half-mast.

“Seriously, you have the most beautiful penis I have ever seen.”

I blush. “Thanks?”

He kisses me, and reaches over to the lotion on the side of his bed. It’s cool when he first touches me, but then it warms up. Good god. I am going to come so fucking hard.

He’s looking at me as he’s touching me and I haven’t even had fantasies this good. I’m nearly there when he whispers into my ear, “Can I – can I put my mouth on you?”

Brake screech *Stop thinking about Bonobos, Truelove*

Oh, shit. Yes. I mean, yes, make me your gourmet meal. But... oh, this is the line, isn’t it? Like, real sex with another guy. Like, I can’t do take backs, or say that the prom was a stunt, or pretend things didn’t

happen.

But I don't want take backs. More than anything in the world in this moment, I want his mouth on me. I focus on his eyes, his sexy smirk.

My voice catches, but I say it. "Y-yes. Please. But – the lotion? Won't it taste, or something? I don't want to taste bad to you. Do you want me to wash up first? I mean I can do it really fast and come back."

While my brain is shifting into overdrive, aka normal operating speeds, wondering if the goddammed monkeys ever worried about how they tasted, he holds up a condom. A flavored condom.

"But... won't the lotion eat it?"

He smiles that smile that means he knows something I don't know, and it is the best smile, ever. Only good things come after that smile.

"It's not lotion. It's lube. Water-based lube. And it's perfectly safe with condoms."

I inhale. I only ever once used a condom, and as you may recall, it was a glorious failure.

"Condoms can be difficult, but I've got you. I've totally got you. But only if you want to," he says, reading my mind while brushing the hair away from my face.

Everything in life is a science experiment, at least according to my 10th grade Chemistry teacher. Might as well give it a try. I nod, and he carefully rolls the condom down the length of me. I realize that this is not his first time doing that, and I decide that I'm grateful. He kisses me on the mouth, and then kisses all the way down my chest. I'm not sure how I missed the fact that my chest is an erogenous zone, but I am spronging – is that a word? – my dick is up and ready to go and cherry-flavored by the time he actually reaches it.

He first runs his fingers through my pubic hair, which is another feast of unexplored sensations, and then kisses the head. And then puts his mouth on it.

Oh.

I mean, yes, this did happen exactly one time before, with Claire, but... oh.

Oh-oh-oh-oh.

This is different. I can see him. I can smell him, and he smells like man, which is quickly becoming one of my favorite smells. I run my fingers through his curls as he moves his mouth up and down. Soft, gentle. And it is the sexiest thing in the world. And all of a sudden, I'm there. I'm so fucking there. It's explosive. It's the atom bomb of all orgasms, and I decide that wearing the condom was a really great idea because otherwise I'd be cleaning jizz off of his ceiling. I feel the warmth fill the condom around me, and it makes me come a bit harder. And now I know that I will want to do the same. I really do want to guzzle his cock. I, Alex Truelove, am a fucking cock guzzler, or least I will be.

I'm going to workshop that a bit more before saying it out loud.

I stand up and dispose of the used condom in his little trash receptacle by the bed, and I'm love drunk, unsteady on my feet. And he's sitting there, like before, his legs splayed, that smile – that fucking glorious smile on his face. He has the tiniest bathroom in the world up here, and I clean up, grinning like a fucking idiot at myself in the mirror. I'm feeling hazy and glowy and like I want to take a nap. I walk back into the room and he's under the covers. I join him, and in seconds we're asleep, holding each other.

I wake with a start, and it's somewhere in the middle of the night. Elliot's head is on my chest, his curls are tickling my chin, and he's got the cutest little snore. And immediately I am overwhelmed with so many emotions. I feel both very sad that I couldn't give Claire this experience, and relieved to finally understand why. Elliot was right when he said it would all fall together with the right person. I – I don't know if I can explain this correctly or not, but I also just feel so sorry for that part of me that was so confused for so long. This was so easy. Natural. It all seems so obvious right now in the afterglow of our epic lovemaking, but my heart aches for how much I'd repressed this side of me. And how much I'd hurt Claire by doing that. And I'm so fucking grateful that I didn't lose her and that I get to have Elliot, too, and I don't mean for it to, but a sob escapes my chest. I attempt the try-not-to-cry thing that feels like a

fist in my throat, but the tears are not stopping, and they look like diamonds on Elliot's hair. He hugs me, and oh, great, I've woken him up.

He slides up a little, and I don't know why I know this, but even in the pitch dark, I know that he is smirking. At me. His goofy, dorky, hopefully-boyfriend.

"Stop smirking at me," I sniff, wiping away tears that are just being replaced by more tears.

"I'm impressed. I really thought you were going to cry when you came."

"Jerk," I say, playfully punching him. "I was trying not to think so much."

"And you did really well with that. But it's a lot. It's a big day. You can cry."

I do that audible, suck-in-your-lower-lip thing, then put my head down and sob into his chest. Quietly, so as not to wake up Gretchen or her parents who gave him this space and this freedom to be himself. And thinking about their generosity makes me cry harder. For Elliot. For Claire. For myself. I end up crying for a while, because I keep getting to a stopping point, only to have some random thought or memory bubble up, and then start up all over again. Elliot's tears sometimes mingle with mine. It has been a long road for both of us. So sad, so grateful. A weight I didn't realize was there is suddenly just gone. And just as quickly as it begins, it's over, and I'm back to feeling like a unicorn shitting rainbows. Or, like, one of those tree badgers that poop out expensive coffee beans.

Inhaling nosily, I whisper "I love you," into his chest.

"I love you," he whispers into my hair. I grip him tight, a few more tears leaking out.

After a while, I smile in the dark.

"What are you smiling about?" he asks, ruffling my hair.

"Oh, just laughing at myself. While I was in the bathroom I calculated our refractory times and thought that we could maybe get two, maybe three, more sessions in before I have to go home, which it turns out was a lot of wishful thinking."

His chest starts shaking. With laughter. "Sessions? Is that – is that what we're going to call this?"

"No! I just – I don't know enough to have a better word right now. And I'm emotionally compromised, and you should be sweet to me."

He wraps his arms around me. "I am sweet. But, do you really want to-?"

I shake my head. "I mean, yes, but later. I'm still kind of reeling from the realization that things could be like this, and I'd like to swim in that for a bit more. Unless you..."

He's shaking his head. "I didn't know I could feel like this, either. It's the first time I've ever used the 'I' word, so I could use a bit of a swim myself."

I nod, and we arrange ourselves again so that his head is on my chest. "Elliot?"

"Yes?" Smile.

"How did you know? I mean, you didn't just brush me off. How did you know to be – I dunno – patient with me?"

"I didn't know."

"Then – why?"

"Because every time I saw you – every time I see you – my heart starts doing these somersaults. But, like, at the same time I feel weirdly calm. Natural."

I nod, slowly. "Me too. And it scared the shit out of me."

He lays his head on my chest. "Me too. But I couldn't stop. You would look at me with those eyes, and I could see that you were feeling it, but then your brain would catch up and shut it down. And then you kissed me, and were so freaked out. And it had to be real to freak you out like that."

"I'm sorry about that."

"I'm not. You're here now. With me."

I can feel him smiling, drowsy and drifting. I yawn and bring him in closer. "Yes, I am. Here with you." He's smiling as his lips touch my chest one last time. We drift into each other and fall asleep, blissful.

