

Chapter 14

Alternate opening

NOW

“We need to tell someone about this!” Lincoln insisted. “The Coach, maybe even the police. He assaulted Aaron, he's gotta pay for it!”

“Are you fucking crazy?” Elliott said sharply. “You do realise what happens if we do that, don't you?”

“Yeah, they'll arrest his ass!” Lincoln said almost gleefully.

“And what then?” Elliott demanded.

“Then... nothing. He'll be in prison doing time for trying to kill Aaron!” Lincoln said, clearly missing Elliott's point.

“Uh huh, and then what's to stop him telling everyone about all the stuff we've done to him, huh?” Elliott explained. “Nothing, he'll have nothing left to lose and he'll take us down with him. It won't matter why we're doing what we're doing, all they'll see is six guys blackmailing and torturing him and we'll be right there in prison along with him!”

“Oh fuck!” Lincoln exclaimed, seeing the point at last.

“Yeah, oh fuck!” Elliott mocked.

“So whadda we do?” Ben asked, looking round at Jack.

After his confession, they had tied Jack up, blindfolded him and put in earplugs, placing him over in the corner of the room while they planned their next move.

“Nothing!” Elliott insisted. “We keep this to ourselves. We don't talk to the Coach or the police and we DEFINITELY don't tell Danny or Aaron, got it?”

“Yeah,” Lincoln and Ben replied in unison.

All eyes fell on Bryce who had remained silent since learning the truth, barely taking his eyes off of Jack.

“Bryce, you got it?” Elliott repeated, grabbing his arm.

The muscular teen sighed heavily and nodded.

Elliott's eyes narrowed as he looked Bryce up and down for a moment. He looked to Ben and Lincoln and ordered, “You guys go and... I dunno, do something to Jack, whatever you like!”

The two younger teens nodded, and headed over towards Jack while Elliott stood staring at Bryce. “What's wrong?” he demanded.

“He... he lied to me!” Bryce said quietly, shaking his head.

Elliott gestured to the sofa and the two teens sat down on opposite ends, facing each other. “Of course he did, it's what he does. He lies, he hurts, it's just how he is!”

“Yeah, but I thought we were, I dunno, beginning to... to build something!” Bryce said sadly.

Elliott took a few deep breaths. What Bryce said didn't surprise him, it was fairly obvious a bond was forming between the two frenemies – the nights they had spent together, the obvious sexual compatibility, Bryce letting Jack in on (part of) the secret about the video in the restroom, the cuddling in the car. That didn't make it any easier to hear though.

“So you... like him then?” Elliott asked quietly.

Bryce immediately shook his, paused for a moment, then nodded. “Ugh, I don't know. When we went into this, I hated him. There you guys were, offering me a chance to get back at the guy I hated most in the entire school, but then things just started to happen. I never expected to like doing sex-stuff with guys but it kinda turns out I do. I dunno if that makes me, like, gay or bi or something, but I just kinda went with it, but it was Jack that surprised me most. I... I saw the things we were doing to him and it all seemed a bit... extreme. I mean, yeah, he was a bully, a racist, a homophobe, all that shit, but even still, part of me kept wanting to protect him, to rescue him. All of that, together with the awesome sex it just... made me feel things!”

“And how d'you feel now?” Elliott asked. He had set out on this endeavour to turn Jack around, to try and get him back to the boy Elliott had first met, but he hadn't given much thought to how it might affect the other guys involved.

“I asked him directly if he hurt Aaron on purpose and he just lied right to my face, so I guess I'm a little disappointed about that, but mostly, I'm just....” Bryce paused, jaw clenching, fists balling.

“Angry?” Elliott asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Angry isn't a strong enough word!” Bryce said, face beginning to redden. “He hurt my friend, he might have crippled him for life. And then look at what he did to Ben. He's just... ugh... he's so infuriating.”

Elliott nodded sympathetically. “Yeah, he's definitely that! I wish...” he started, hesitating for a moment and reminiscing. “I wish you guys had known him back before High School. He was so different. He was... brave and... and kind and fun to be around.”

Bryce raised his eyebrows, smirking incredulously.

“I mean it. He really was. He wasn't just my best friend, he was my hero!” Elliott said sorrowfully. “I know I keep talking about helping him, and it probably seems like I'm just trying to hurt him, but I really do just want him back the way he was. I want him to be the guy that I...” he froze, realising what he was about to say.

Bryce's eyes widened with realisation at the same time. “The guy fell in love with? Is that what you were about to say?”

“No!” Elliott insisted. “No, I was... I was...” He sighed, knowing he had no way out of it. He simply nodded.

“Wow!” Bryce said, thinking about it.

“Please don't tell the others!” Elliott pleaded.

Bryce chuckled. “Oh sure, one more secret, no big deal!”

“Fuck, how did this all get so messed up?” Elliott asked, shaking his head.

Bryce actually laughed aloud. “You trapped and blackmailed your best friend, who you were secretly in love with, then forced him into humiliation and sexual servitude for yourself and you friends, hoping he might miraculously see the error of his ways and stop being the world's biggest dick... and you thought it'd be simple? This shit has been messed up since the start!”

“So you think I'm crazy? You think it's all pointless?” Elliott asked, somewhat downbeat.

Bryce glanced round at Jack. He had been moved onto Lincoln's bed, kneeling on all fours and sucking Ben's cock while Lincoln spanked him. He turned back to Elliott and said, “At first, yeah, I thought you'd never achieve anything, but now... I'm not sure. It's been... what, a week? I don't think we can expect this to happen overnight, but I think, perhaps, in time we might get through to him, but there are two important things that have to happen first.”

“What?” Elliott enquired.

“He's gotta pay for what he's done to Aaron and Ben!” Bryce said, scowling slightly as a new wave of anger washed over him.

“And the other thing?” Elliott asked curiously.

“You need to talk to him. I mean, properly talk to him.” Bryce said bluntly.

Elliott nodded reluctantly. It was something he had already put off for too long, but he knew it had to happen eventually. “I will,” he said, looking quickly round at his naked friend for a moment. “... just not yet! Come on, I need you to take Ben's place.”

The two teens got up off the sofa and headed over to the bed where Jack was still being teased. Without a word, Bryce gestured for Ben to climb off. He quickly complied and Bryce took his place, pulling out his cock and shoving it into Jack's mouth while Elliott led the younger teen away.

Elliott made his way into the bathroom, bringing Ben along with him. As soon as the door shut, closing them off from the others, he lunged at the younger boy, wrapping his arms tightly around him. “I'm sorry!” he whispered.

Ben eagerly hugged him back, but looked thoroughly confused. “What for?”

Elliott pulled away and his breath caught in his throat. The small trickle of blood from Ben's split lip had dried up, but one side of his face was already beginning to show signs of bruising. “For... for putting you in a situation where this could happen. I should have... I should have been there, quicker... to stop him!”

“Aww,” Ben said, staring at Elliott lovingly. “You're adorable. Stupid, but adorable. I love that you want to protect me, but you didn't PUT me in this situation, I put myself into it! I chose to be here, I chose to taunt Jack. He was bound to snap at some point, I just got unlucky. Now stop blaming

yourself!”

Elliott nodded, understanding what his young lover was saying but still struggling to stop beating himself up over it. “Okay,” he said reluctantly, “Let's get you cleaned up then!” he grabbed a washcloth and wet it, then started carefully wiping away the dried blood, avoiding reopening the already-closing wound. When he was done, he placed down the cloth and gently rested the palm of his hand against the bruised side of Ben's face. “That's gonna look nasty!”

Ben shrugged. “It's nothing I haven't had before,” he said casually, his weak smile barely concealing the pain obvious in his eyes.

During their time together, Ben had gradually revealed more and more of the abuse that he had endured at the hands of both Jack and other bullies, simply for being gay. Every time he thought about how long he had ignored Jack's behaviour, he felt like throwing up. It seemed most of the more brutal acts had been carried out by Jack alone, or at least without Elliott being present, but he had still known that Jack picked on the boy.

“Hey, I'm sorry about before, about... snapping at you!” Elliott said sheepishly.

Ben shrugged once again. “No big deal. I know you're not into public displays of affection. I just thought it might be different in here. I mean, it's not a secret from anyone so I figured it would be okay.”

“You're right,” Elliott said, nodding. That wasn't the reason he had been reluctant to do what Ben wanted, but he still felt bad from what had happened and didn't really want to talk about it any more. “So how d'you wanna punish him for hitting you? And for Aaron too!”

“Ha!” Ben laughed. “You really think we need to do any more than we're already doing?”

Elliott smirked. “I guess not.”

“You know, he did seem genuinely upset about what he'd done,” Ben said cautiously.

“Of course he did. He knows the trouble he'll get in if other people find out about it. Don't let him fool you though, I know Jack, he only cares about himself!” Elliott said, beginning to get angry again.

“Hey,” Ben said, taking Elliott's hand and smiling at him. “Don't get angry, I believe you. You know him better than any of us and he's not worth getting angry about!”

“Yeah, you're right!” Elliott nodded.

“I always am!” Ben replied, grinning impishly.

“Don't push it!” Elliott chuckled. He headed for the door and added, “We should get back to the others.” He stopped as he felt Ben pull back on his hand, looking back inquisitively.

“Erm, would you mind if we left?” Ben asked quietly.

Elliott turned back and placed his hands on Ben's hips, looking down at him. “You not feeling up to it?”

“No, it's just... this week it feels like every minutes has been spent with Jack or the others. I was hoping I could... have you to myself for a while!” Ben explained, blushing slightly.

Elliott raised a hand, brushing aside the hair that had flopped down over Ben's forehead, the silky, ginger hair sliding between his fingers. He leant down and kissed the boy for just a moment. “I'm all yours!” he whispered after the kiss parted.

Jack had completely lost all sense of time since being blindfolded. The earplugs cut him off from the world even further. Ever since he had confessed what he did to Aaron, he kept expecting everything to fall apart. He figured the police would be along to arrest him for assault, or failing that, Danny would come along and beat him to death.

Instead things carried on as close to 'normal' as they seemed to get now. Cocks in his mouth, spankings, toys up his ass, flogging, edging, the feeling of cum on his face or back, more edging. He had no idea who was doing it. The earplugs weren't completely soundproof, he could still hear noises, but they made it impossible for him to distinguish voices or understand actual words.

Throughout all of it, Jack's desire to cum just kept growing stronger and stronger. He began to wonder if he would ever be allowed to cum again. The thought was terrifying, yet somehow, at the same time intoxicating. Every time he got close to release, the moment of hung over the edge seemed to grow longer and more intense.