

Betrayed - vol. 2

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Prolog: chapter 12 - part 2

Chapter 12 – part 2

Brad pushed him backwards into his room and shut the door.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Thomas, his voice trembled.

"Oh, you know that", Brad glared down on the younger boy; his eyes were covered by his long blond bangs and revealed nothing.

"No", Thomas paused, thought a moment and looked away, "I don't"

Brad chuckled, "Come on, pretty boy", he shoved him violently against the wall behind him, "You do know"

Brad grasped Thomas' chin and lifted his head, so he had to look up and their eyes met accidentally. He wanted to turn his face away, but Brad was too strong.

"Look at me", he demanded forcefully and glared at him angrily.

"Just", Thomas tried to look away.

"Just' what?" Brad asked and strengthened his grip.

Thomas wanted to complain, but he didn't want Brad to win that easily. He had to show strength and thus he bit on his lower lip, "Just hurry up and get it over with"

Brad loosened his grip for a moment and watched the younger boy puzzled. Then his lips turned into a broad and malicious smile.

"You're trying to act strong, don't you? Do you even know what I'm up to?"

Thomas clenched his hands into fists, "Sure. I'm not that naive, as you may think I am"

"Is that so?" Brad laughed naughtily, let Thomas' chin go and took a step backwards.

"And if you only came to chat, then you may just leave"

"So brave now?" the blond boy sniggered, "Let's see how long it will remain"

All of a sudden he grabbed Thomas' wrists, fixed him at the wall and forced a kiss on him.

"What the" the young brown haired boy struggled but had no chance to escape Brad's grip.

He tried to kick him with his feet, but Brad pressed his whole body against Thomas' and pushed him with his own weight viciously at the wall.

"Sto", the boy shook his head with reluctance, thus Brad seized it with his left free hand and kissed him again vehemently.

In any seconds of breather between the feverishly kisses tried Thomas to shout, "Let me"

Brad said nothing, kept on kissing him forcefully. Thomas bit Brad's lips "Lemme go"

"Ha", Brad chuckled and wiped with his backhand over his mouth, let his hands go.

Red coloured fluid shone on his hand, "Tch, bastard", he licked it away and stared at the younger boy, who glared at him with an angry expression.

He raised his fist, but before he could punch Brad, the older boy snatched his arm away and turned him around and pushed him onto the nearest bed. Thomas' eyes opened wide with pure shock, when Brad held him down onto the bed.

"You", he said silently, "You wouldn't"

Brad did nothing but looking at him with an insinuating and callous smile.

Thomas' face went white, "Get off me!"

"You wished", Brad leaned over him and fixed the boy's arms above his head with his right hand. He used the free hand to open Thomas' shirt and stroked over the bare

skin.

"What", Thomas tried to resist, but he was too weak.

Brad sat on his legs and licked over the other boy's chest; run with his hands over his whole body, lower and lower, finally opened his trousers.

"Stop it!" shouted Thomas in mortal terror and winded under Brads touches.

He shivered. Brad licked over and bit into his nipples, moved his left hand onwards.

"STOP IT!"

Kapitel 1: chapter 13

Chapter 13

Brad left the room, shut the door quietly and walked away. Thomas heard his footsteps vanishing. There was silence, silence that hurt. He could feel the heavy air still in the room. Tears ran down his face and the pain and everything came back at once. All that had happened in this room minutes ago. His sobbing drove the thick silence away.

He didn't get it, he didn't understand. Why had he done that to him? He could have punched him, he could have beaten him up, and he could have done anything to him but why had it to be especially that? Thomas covered his face with his hands, when the door opened. Ralph came into the room, closed the door again and put his jacket on a chair. He looked towards Thomas' bed, recognized the clothes lying spread over the floor.

Shock struck him, "Thomas?"

No reaction.

"Are you alright?" the other boy walked over to the bed and knelt down at its side.

Silence.

"Hey, Thomas!"

"I... I'm alright", Thomas turned his face to look at his roommate and smiled, a tiny tear shimmered at the edge of his left eyelid.

"Don't force a smile. Something isn't alright, is it? Do you feel sick?"

"No... It's nothing" The blanket slipped a bit and a red mark on his neck became visible.

"Thomas!" Ralph stood up, grabbed the sheet and pulled it away.

"Wha", Thomas sat up abruptly and snatched it back again, covered his naked and stained body.

"Thomas", Ralph whispered, "What happened?"

"Nothing!" he shouted.

"Stop acting strong! Just tell me! I am here for you! I'll help you! I'm your friend!"

Thomas looked up, said nothing.

"Please. Don't push your self", he watched him sadly.

The other boy lowered his bright brown eyes. Ralph sighed and set on the bed, folded his hands thoughtfully.

"I won't push you to tell me anything, but I want you to know that I'll help you, not matter what", he ran his hand through his reddish brown hair, "I mean it"

Thomas looked astonished and smiled sadly as well as relieved and happily.

"Erm, I should better leave you alone, shouldn't I?" he stood up, but was suddenly pulled backwards.

"Eh?"

He should stay. He didn't want him leaving. He didn't want to be alone. Thomas clasped Ralph's shirt and wouldn't let go. His cheeks flushed a little bit.

"You want me to stay?"

Thomas nodded hastily; held even tighter onto his friend's clothes. Ralph now turned his face to him. He saw the much smaller body trembling in fear and searching for protection. Thus he took Thomas' hands into his and hugged him tightly. Right then

Thomas started crying loudly, clinging onto his roommate and told him in bits and pieces what had happen to him.

"This bastard, I'll definitely kill him", Ralph murmured angrily and patted his back.

"Ralph, you... you can't! He's too... strong"

"I don't care! He hurt you. I won't forgive him!" he proclaimed, "I'll take revenge for you!"

"Ralph..." Thomas fell a bit back and looked at him amazed.

His heart throbbed, "You see, I care for you, Thomas"

"Thanks", the boy smiled gladly, "Me too"

Their eyes met and for a second Ralph felt as his heart had stopped.

"You're an important friend to me, too"

It felt as thousands of little needles had pierced his whole body.

"Uhm. Yeah", Ralph pressed him against his chest again, so he wouldn't see his hurt expression.

Kapitel 2: chapter 14

Chapter 14

The next morning was a sunny and warm Friday. Students ran on the stadium and others practiced on the courts. Ralph waited in the changing room for Thomas' appearance. His roommate hadn't come down yet. It was nearly half past 7 and in 15 minutes P.E. would begin.

"What's taking him so long?" he was sitting on one of the benches in the cubicle and played with a tennis ball in his hands.

"Tch. It's all that bastards fault." Ralph jumped in rage on his feet and dashed the ball with fury on the ground, "He'll definitely pay for it!"

The ball flew into a corner, jumped up and down until it remained still.

Then the door slowly opened and a pale looking Thomas entered the room.

"Thomas! There you are!?"

"Erm", the smaller boy nodded bashfully.

Ralph leaped to his friend's side, "Are you alright?" and touched him gently on his right shoulder.

All he got was a meaningful glance that certainly said 'Would you be?'

"Uhm"

The two boys stayed silent for a moment.

Then Thomas sighed and moved to his locker, took his track suit out and placed it on the bench in the middle of the room. He looked at Ralph for a second and turned to undressing himself.

"Eh?" Ralph's cheeks flushed, "I'll be going then"

He shut the door behind him as quick as possible and clapped his hands onto his face, "I'm such an idiot"

On his way to the track field he met Mr. Clay the English and P.E. teacher.

"Ralph. I was wondering where the two of you may be", he smiled at his pupil and looked around, "Where's Thomas? Isn't he always with you?"

"Yeah"

"Well?"

"Erm, he's still in the changing room, should be here in some minutes"

"Alright", the teacher smiled again and patted Ralph on the shoulder, "You keep going"

"Yes, Sir", Ralph hurried outdoors.

Thomas stood trembling in front of a mirror in the changing cubicle. His right hand clutched his sport shirt and the other moved slowly and shaking to his own neck, touched a red spot, another on his collarbone and a view on his chest.

Tears came one after another out of his eyes and he sunk on the floor, leaned his fists onto his knees and silent sobbing filled the room.

At that very moment John Clay opened the door and caught sight of the boy sitting on the ground. Thomas lifted his head abruptly and jumped on his feet.

"Mis... Mister Clay!" he staggered.

"What's wrong?" Clay walked towards the boy, "Did something happen?"

Thomas held his shirt in front of his bare chest, "No! Nothing, Sir"

"No need for lying!"

"I...", before he could go on, Clay took the shirt from Thomas away and bend down to him.

"Tell me"

"I'm..."

"Why were you crying? What happened? And..." he paused, "And what are those marks?"

Thomas' heart throbbed and his body froze.

"I'm your teacher, you can tell me everything"

"No, because you ARE my teacher I won't tell you"

"Is that so?" Clay sighed sadly and stroke the boys cheek, "And as a friend? Won't you tell me?"

"Mi..." Thomas blushed and his blood fastened, "What... what are you talking about?"

"I promised your mother to keep an eye on you"

"You promised..." he repeated silently, "...my mother!?"

"Well"

"So... it has nothing to do with you!" Thomas shouted and pushed his teacher back, "I don't understand you people..."

"People'?"

"This is my life and no... really NOONE can butt in!" he snatched his shirt out of Clays grip and pulled it over on his way to the door, "Leave me alone, will yeh!?"

"What's with that attitude?!" Clay caught Thomas' arm and pulled him back, "Is that the way you talk to your teacher?"

"I don't care! I don't care for anything anymore..." he shed some tears, which dripped quietly on the floor, "I hate my life..."

"Don't say such ridiculous things!"

"I'm not..."

Clay pulled Thomas in a firm hug and held him tight. He stroked his hair and whispered supporting words, "Everything will become better. Shsh"

"Just tell me if you think you're ready"

Thomas loosened himself from Clay and looked him emotionally moved into the eyes.

"I..."

"Yes?"

"I'd like to tell you, but..." Thomas stepped back, "I'm afraid..."

"Afraid of what?" Clay watched him sadly.

"You might be disgusted from me..."

"Why should I?"

The young boy sat down on the bench and fixed his look on the floor. His teacher kneeled down in front of him.

"I would never be disgusted from you!"

"You say so, n o w!"

"Maybe I do, but if you didn't commit a murder I won't be disgusted by anything!"

Thomas had to smile and chuckled a bit, "No, I didn't commit murder..."

Then he fell silent again.

"What is it then?"

He clenched his hands into fists and whispered as silent as he could, "Brad, he..."

"Did Brad do anything to you?"

Clay's expression hardened, "did he do anything violent to you?"

Thomas nodded.

"That boy... When?"

"Yesterday evening", he told him quietly.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

"I... I couldn't say it, still it's..." Thomas' eyes filled themselves with tears again and he confessed while sobbing: "I like you and I didn't want you to think badly of me!"

"Why should I, it's not your fault!" Clay patted his student on the head again, "He'll be expelled for sure this time. No excuses shall be made!"

"And... You're not disgusted of me?"

"I already told you – no!"

"Even so I..." Thomas tightened his grip onto Clay's shirt, "...slept with another guy?" Awkward silence fell down.

"What?" Clay pushed Thomas a bit so he could look him straight into his eyes, "Say that again!"

"Uhm..." anxiety arose in him, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I..."

"That son of a bitch... he raped you!?"

Thomas said nothing, stared ashamed on the ground.

"Kch... That won't just stay by simple expelling!"

Clay embraced Thomas again, even stronger than before.

"Mi...Mister Clay!?" Thomas trembled and blushed.

"Ah... I'm sorry...", he let him go and brushed a hand through his hair, "this time I've got to apologize!"

"Why?"

"..." silence again.

Then he added: "the hugging!?"

"I didn't mind... I mean, I don't mind you hugging me..." Thomas' cheekbones flushed as he turned his face away from his teacher.

Clay looked at him with surprise.

"You don't mind?"

The boy was silent.

"Then... may I eventually..." Clay moved forward and stroked a loose strand out of Thomas' face, "...kiss you?"

"Eh?" Thomas looked suddenly up, "EH?"

He quickly backed backwards and nearly fell off the bench. His elbow leaned on the wood and his free hand kept his teacher on distance.

"What the hell..."

"Oh, I misunderstood. My fault", Clay smiled and stood up.

He went towards the door and opened it, "Let's go! It's time for practice!"