

Betrayed - vol. 2

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Von Ta_Moe

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!"

