

# AHTOH

by Pennywise

## *Table of Contents*

Chapter 1: Commie.....	2
Chapter 2: Homework.....	5
Chapter 3: On the Road to Recovery.....	8
Chapter 4: Saturday Swim.....	12
Chapter 5: Zloï.....	15
Chapter 6: Do Svidaniya.....	18

## *Authors Note*

I haven't written for a long time. The reason for this is that I rarely get moments of inspiration, but 2010 and 2011 have been good years for Movies. Two movies I've seen recently include "Coraline" and "Let Me In" and they have given me the inspiration I've needed to come up with this story. Only very small parts have been used though, and much else is from my own experiences or fantasies. Like most of my other stories, this one is a story more than just a means to bring you to a climax ;)

Pennywise

## Chapter 1: Commie

“Another boring day at school” thought the boy as he walked home from Anthony Saville Middle School where he was a 6<sup>th</sup> grader. He didn’t have many friends, since he had just started at the school, so each day was a solitary two mile walk to his house in Summer Splash Court. He had much preferred his junior school (Howard Heckethorn Elementary) because that was only a 5 minute walk away from his home. He knew what he was going to ask for this coming Christmas – a mountain bike, so he could cycle to school and back.

It was a pleasant 76°F, and there was a light breeze blowing his soft blond hair, making it wave gently. He was looking forward to getting home, and finishing his homework so that he could spend some time playing Test Drive Unlimited 2 on his XBOX. As a result, he was walking with a brisk pace, making his hair bob up and down with each step.

He finally reached his big empty home, kicked off his shoes, and then made himself a sandwich in the kitchen. He went to the study armed with his peanut butter and jelly sandwich and a Mountain Dew, took out his books and did his homework for the day. Half an hour later, he was ready to hit his XBOX. He played TDU2 for 2 whole hours, bashing random strangers with his Bugatti Veyron Grand Sport before his father arrived home.

“Son?”

“In here Dad” he shouted, still looking at the screen.

“Come out here, you have to meet somebody”

The son pondered for a bit, wondering who it could be. Maybe his Dad was dating women again and wanted to introduce his potential new stepmother. He got up, and walked to the entrance hall to find a black haired boy standing next to him.

“Who’s that?” he asked.

“This is Anton. He’s going to be staying with us for a while.”

“Why?”

“His mother works at the hotel, and she had an accident today, so I’ve agreed to look after her son for a while.”

“Oh”

**“My name is Anton. What is yours?”**

“I’m George. That’s a crazy accent you’ve got. Are you Canadian?”

**“I’m Russian”** said the new boy.

“You’re a Commie?”

**“You stupid boy, Commie doesn’t existed for over 15 years”** said Anton in his heavy Russian accent.

“Dad, he just called me stupid!”

“Anton, don’t be nasty to my son please. George, don’t use that word in this house, it’s offensive to our guest. Now I hope you two boys are going to get along just fine, since you are going to be sharing the same room.”

“WHAT?” exclaimed George. “We’ve got plenty of rooms in the house, why can’t he stay in any one of those?”

“Because son, the other rooms have other junk in them, and I’m not moving anything.”

“Where’s he going to sleep?”

“Well I thought maybe he could use your bed and you could sleep with me.”

“But Dad, you snore!”

**“I sleep on floor”** said Anton. **“Is good for me”**

“Are you sure?” asked Bill.

**“No problem Mister”**

“That’s settled then, George – please get your sleeping bag from the garage and lay it out in your room. Anton, please get your bag from the car. I need to get going again, to check on your mother.”

George returned to his room with his sleeping bag that they bought last year for camping out, to find Anton standing there, with his bag in hand.

**“George is common Russian name”** said Anton. George didn’t say anything; he was still a bit miffed that he was being landed with this creepy person. **“But in Russian we say Georgy”**. Again, George didn’t respond. **“I work with Federal'naya sluzhba bezopasnosti”**

“What?” asked George. He looked perplexed at the black haired boy, who was just grinning back at him. “Oh, you were joking?”, George continued. Anton nodded. “I still have no idea what you said”.

...

“Anton’s mother is a cleaning lady at the Casino” said Bill, after finishing a mouthful of peas. The three of them were sitting around the table eating microwave dinners. “She was carrying some linen down a flight of stairs and missed a step, tumbling down to the bottom.”

“Ow” said George, picturing some woman he’d never seen fall down a flight of stairs.

“She’s still unconscious in the hospital”

**“Will she be OK?”**

“The doctor seems to think so.”

“So... Anton... Do you not have a dad?” asked George

**“I have no dad.”**

“What happened to him?”

**“I never had a dad, my mama is all alone.”**

“Oh” said George. “But you must have a father. Your mother can’t just give birth by herself”

**“My mother was a prostitute.”** George’s father choked on a diced carrot at that precise moment. **“Do you have a mama?”** Anton didn’t mean to upset anybody, but both George and his father looked sad at the question. Bill stopped eating, and just looked at his plastic plate.

“My mother died two years ago” said George, after a moment of silence. “We still haven’t got over it”

**“I am sorry”** said Anton.

After dinner, the boys stayed up and played some XBOX together while Bill did some cleaning up and watched television.

“OK you guys, time to get ready for bed” he called from the living room.

“I have to get showered” said George.

**“Do I shower with you?”** asked Anton.

“What? No! We don’t shower together!” exclaimed George with another quizzical look on his face. “Do you shower together with your mother?”

**“No - but we are boys. If you share shower you save water.”**

“No need to save water here, we have a big dam full of water close by.” George went off to shower, and returned to the room with a towel wrapped around his waist. “You can go now” he said. “My dad has a towel for you.” Anton left the room, and George closed the door before putting on his sleeping shorts. He then got into bed and waited for Anton to return. Anton returned after 5 minutes, also with a towel wrapped around his waist. He closed the door, opened his suitcase to get out a pair of underpants, and then dropped his towel so he could put his undies on. George quickly ducked his head under his duvet so he couldn’t see.

“You could have warned me first” he said, with a slightly muffled voice.

**“Sorry”** said Anton. **“I am not used to sharing room.”** He climbed into his sleeping bag which was on the carpeted floor, and then George turned off the bedside lamp.

“Goodnight” he said.

**“Goodnight”** replied Anton.

“Anton?”

**“Yes?”**

“Can you speak Russian?”

**“Yes.”**

“Say something in Russian please?”

**“What must I say?”**

“Say goodnight.”

**“Spokoīnoi Nochi.”**

“That’s so cool” said Anton, with a hint of a smile.

George woke up the next morning to find that his new and unexpected guest was lying on top of the sleeping bag. His eyes were closed and he was breathing ever so faintly. George looked at him for a few minutes, just watching him for no obvious reason, but stopped when the urge to go to the toilet was too great for him to bear. He tiptoed out to the toilet, urinated and flushed. He opened the door of the bathroom and as he stepped out, a figure grabbed him and went **“Boo”**.

“Eeyaagh!!” screamed George. Anton burst out laughing, and Bill opened up his door with force to see what was going on. Anton was laughing so much his body had gone weak and he was now leaning on the wall. George saw the funny side of this and also started laughing.

“Is everything OK?” asked Bill.

“Yes Dad, just Anton being silly.”

“**Sorry if we woke Mister**”

“It’s OK boys, I was already awake. It’s still very early though, so amuse yourselves and breakfast will be at the usual time.”

...

“So where do you go to school?” asked George as they sat down to pancakes for breakfast.

“**I go to MVCS.**”

“What’s that?”

“**Mountain View Christian School.**”

“Oh” said George, never having heard about that school. “So are you religious then?”

“**My mother wants me to be**”

“Is it far?” asked George.

“It’s about 5 miles away” said his Dad. “I’ll take him to school on my way to work”

“Whaaaat?” complained George. “Who’s your son here, me or him?” George knew he had stepped over the line when his father very quickly gave him the evil eye. “Sorry” said George. Anton offered to take the plates away, and as he went into the kitchen, Bill moved his face closer to his son.

“I’m giving him special treatment in the hopes that his mother doesn’t sue the hotel” he hissed. “Please, just bear with it for the next few days.”

The boys got themselves ready for school and left simultaneously – Anton in the car and George on foot. Still slightly annoyed, George was muttering to himself and repeating all of the injustices that he had recently faced. Various images floated around in his mind, some real, some imagined – Anton sitting in the car, smirking at him and sticking out his tongue – Anton scaring him to death by attacking him outside the bathroom – Anton mooning him in his own bedroom – they were all unpleasant thoughts, and obviously over exaggerated. George finally got to school and had so much to concentrate on there that he didn’t think about Anton again – until Geography.

“Now class, for homework, I want you all to present a little topic on a country which is outside of the United States. Your presentation must include the capital city, currency, language and at least one major geographical landmark. Are you all writing this down? A geographical landmark can include a mountain or river, or anything which is a natural phenomenon. You can’t write about England and say Big Ben is a geographical landmark, but you can talk about the river Thames” announced Ms. Stimpson, the Geography teacher. “Feel free to Google, Wikipedia, and if you want you may bring a map for us to see of the country you’ve chosen.”

“Finally, a chance to get even with Anton – he’s going to be doing this homework” thought George. “Mwa ha ha haaa.”

## *Chapter 2: Homework*

George had finished all of his homework with the exception of Geography - and also spent 1 hour playing Test Drive Unlimited 2, crashing into people deliberately being the juvenile 12½ year old that he was - before his father arrived back home with Anton. He was a bit concerned though. What if Anton didn't come home with him, because his mother had made a full recovery already.

"Hey Anton" said George, relieved, as he saw him enter the house. "Had a good day at school?"

**"Yes, was good, but English teacher say my English is bad. I get extra English homework today."**

"Err... I have an idea - why don't I help you with English if you help me with Geography?"

**"Sounds fine, what help do you want?"**

"I need to do a presentation on a country outside of my own, and I've chosen Russia! After dinner, let's go to the study, we can work in there."

After meatloaf and mash, the two went to the study to do George's homework. George sat at the desk while Anton sat on a divan.

"OK then, what is the capital of Russia?"

**"Moskva - but in English you say Moscow."**

"Is there a major landmark in Moscow? Like a river or something?"

**"Da. There is a river by the name Moscow River."**

"What did you just say there?"

**"Moscow River?"**

"No, the first part."

**"Da?"**

"Yes! What is that?"

**"Sorry, Da means yes. Sometimes I use it by mistake"**

"What's No?"

**"Net"**. George wrote down "Nyet" in his book.

"This is so awesome. I've had an idea. I think. Yes. I think I'm going to present some of the names in actual Russian. Let me start again. What's the name of Russia in Russian?"

**"Russia has two names. Rossiya and Rossiyskaya Federatsiya."**

"Err, how do you write that?"

**"It is hard to say, let me write for you."** Anton came to the desk, picked up the pen and wrote **"Россия - Российская Федерация"**. George was gobsmacked. He was literally speechless. After a few moments of analysing the handwriting, he managed to get his voice back.

"How do you write Anton?" Anton wrote **"АНТОН"**. Again, George was flabbergasted. Strange emotions were filling his person - joy - happiness - and admiration for his previously unwelcome guest. "That is truly amazing" he said, with a huge grin on his face.

They continued to work on the project, using Bill's computer to create the presentation. George had never before spent this much time and effort on a minor assignment like this, and really had fun creating it. They used Wikipedia to get some more information which the teacher didn't ask for, but George was so excited about doing this homework that he let it get the better of him. They even copied a picture from Google Earth for show. After another half hour of working on the document, George printed it off on his Dad's colour laser printer.

Country: Rossiya (Россия)  
Capital: Moskva (Москв́а)  
Currency: Ruble (Рубль)  
Climate: Humid Continental  
Size: 6 592 800 square miles  
Featured Landmark:  
    Reka Lena (Река Ле́на)  
President: Dmitry Medvedev  
Prime Minister: Vladimir Putin  
Population: 142 905 200  
Previous Country Name:  
Soyuz Sovietskikh Sotsialisticheskikh Respublik  
(Сою́з Соце́листиче́ских Респу́блик)



He was really proud of what he had done. What THEY had done. George was truly brimming with joy and it finally got to breaking point when he couldn't contain his joy anymore – he hugged Anton.

“Thanks so much” he said.

“**It was pleasure**”. George let go of Anton, realizing now what he was actually doing. Anton didn't seem to care or even notice what George had done with him, which was a relief to George.

“It was *my* pleasure” corrected George.

“Ah.”

George's English wasn't too bad – it wasn't proper British English, but it was certainly better than Anton's. He wasn't a good teacher however, and his teaching consisted only of correcting everything Anton said. Anton didn't seem to mind though, and he found it helpful nonetheless.

Anton's additional homework required him to write a short summary of the last movie he'd watched. He wrote about “Knowing” which he had watched recently. George helped with his vocabulary, and by the time they were finished, it was shower and bed time. Anton went first this time, followed by George. When George returned to his room wearing his sleeping shorts, Anton was already lying on top of the sleeping bag, wearing only his underwear again. He was still wide awake and watched George as he climbed into bed.

“Goodnight boys” said Bill as he poked his head in, then closed the door after him.

“Goodnight Anton”

“**Goodnight George**”

“Anton?” said George, 5 minutes later

“Da?”

“I'm sorry about hugging you earlier – I didn't mean to, I was just so excited about the Russian homework you helped me with.”

“**Is no problem.**”

“I just don't want you to think I'm weird or anything, because I'm not”

“**Why weird? Nothing wrong with hugging. Is perfectly normal.**”

“It is?”

“**Da. I hug friends all the time, it is just sign of affection. You want hug? I give you one now if you like.**” George wanted to say “No” immediately but his voice stopped working for a moment while his brain contemplated the idea.

“Sure” he said, unsurely. George just remained in his bed now, virtually paralysed. Anton got up off the sleeping bag, came over, and stood next to George who was still lying there, almost dead. Anton

sat down on his bed, his pelvis close to George's – but not touching. **“If you want hug, you must sit up”** said Anton. George finally picked up his courage, sat up in bed, and then Anton wrapped his arms around him. George's arms were free, and just hanging in mid-air, but after a few seconds they found their way around Anton.

“What do you call this?” asked George. “I mean, what is this called in Russian?”

**“Ob'yatie. Look, I spell it for you. Lie down again.”** George laid down again, but his stomach and chest were now visible where his duvet had slipped down when he sat up. Anton used his finger to write **“Объятие”** on George's chest. He went slowly, so that each finger motion could be felt and interpreted – despite the fact that George would have had no clue what he was writing. After Anton had finished, George pulled up his duvet over his naked torso.

“I'm getting cold” he said.

**“This is not cold. You should come to Siberia in the winter. There, it is so cold that if you throw a cup of water into the air, it comes back down as snow. Spokoĭnoĭ Nochi, Georgy.”** With that, Anton went back to his sleeping bag and lay back on top of it. It took George a bit longer than usual to fall asleep that night, but after he finally drifted off, he slept very soundly – like a contented cat after drinking a bowlful of cream.

### *Chapter 3: On the Road to Recovery*

Bill came in to wake the boys in the morning, and then proceeded to fix breakfast. George left the room to go get dressed in the bathroom, while Anton pulled on his tracksuit in the bedroom. Anton waited for George at the breakfast table for about 5 minutes, but he hadn't come out of the bathroom yet. Feeling a bit bored, he started to sing to himself.

**"Spi mladyenets, moi prekrasny,  
bayushki bayu,  
tikho smotrit myesyats yasný  
f kolýbyel tvayu."**

He then looked up to find both George and Bill watching him.

"That was nice" said George.

"Yeah, was that Russian?" asked Bill.

**"Yes Mister, that was first verse of Cossack lullaby."**

"Well, that was interesting, to say the least. Let's have breakfast, we'll need to get to school and work very soon."

They started eating breakfast, and then Bill continued to talk. "I got a call from the hospital about a half hour before you boys woke up. Looks like your mom's awake now" he said. Both Anton and George looked at Bill together.

**"Is she going to be OK?"** asked Anton.

"They think so, but they want to keep her for at least one more night for observation. We can go visit her after school. Do you want to come with?" he asked George, who looked up from his pancakes and gave a fake smile.

"Sure" he said. He stared back down at his food, and found it hard to finish his breakfast. While this was obviously good news for Anton, he didn't see it in the same light.

George ambled on to school after his father left with Anton – feeling really sorry for himself as he walked. He felt like something had just been taken away from him, which was confusing because he couldn't work out what it was. He finally reached school, and participated to the best of his abilities and the level of concentration that his mind would allow. Gym session was murder though – the Gym teacher, Sergeant Montgomery, thought it would be a great idea to give the boys a physical endurance course that day.

Geography, however, was more pleasant – and amusing. Despite the teacher telling people to choose a country outside of the United States, 4 students had picked another state rather than another country. In fact, Lester the Dunce picked Nevada as his country. When it was George's turn though, he knocked their socks off. He imitated Anton's heavy accent as he presented his homework, and the Russian rolled off his tongue like it was his natural language. Of course, he had been practicing the previous evening, and it paid off as Ms. Stimpson awarded him with an A+ for his presentation. This made George happy, so when his father came to pick him up from school, he was back to his usual jubilant self.

"Did you have a good day?" asked Bill.

"Yeah. I got an A+ for my Geography homework today."

"Oh, well done" he said.

"Yeah. Anton helped me with that, so I guess I need to thank him"

"We'll pick him up shortly, and then we'll go visit his mom. I think I might pick up some flowers too." They drove to Anton's school, and he jumped into the back with George.

**"Hello Mister"** he said. It occurred to George that Anton didn't actually know their last name, which is why he just kept on saying Mister. **"Hello Georgy"** he continued, and he smiled at George. **"The teacher said my English improved a lot. She made me read my movie story to her, and she thought my English was better. Except for the Russian accent though, will take a long time to change."**

"I hope it never changes" said George.

**"Why?"**

"Because I think it's really cool."

"Alright you boys wait here, I'll get some flowers. Maybe after the hospital visit we can go somewhere nice to eat, huh?" suggested Bill.

"Sounds great Dad"

**“Yes, that sounds nice Mister. Have you been to Russian restaurant before?”**

“No, I haven’t. Do you know of one in Las Vegas?”

**“Yes. There is restaurant named Tverskaya – but I don’t know address.”**

“Oh let’s go there, please Dad!” exclaimed George.

“Sure, we can go there. They don’t serve things like dog or horse do they?” asked Bill.

**“No”** said Anton.

“Oh that’s a pity”. Both of the boys cracked up laughing.

...

George remembered the last occasion that he had been to the hospital. It was to visit his mother, to say goodbye for the last time. She couldn’t hear him though, because she was in a deep coma at the time. He became unsettled as they walked through the entrance hall into the reception area, and Anton spotted this. Bill went up to the receptionist to sign in as a visitor, but behind him, his son fainted. Fortunately, Anton was right next to George when this happened, and was able to grab on to him and control the fall so that he didn’t hit the floor badly. Bill turned around to find both boys lying on the ground with hospital staff rushing towards them.

Ten minutes and a cup of sweet tea later, they were on their way to the head injury ward to visit Anton’s mother. She was sitting up in bed. Her head had a bandage around it, but her long black hair was flowing from under the covering. She looked at Anton and Bill who had entered first.

**“Privet mama, kak vy sebya chuvstvujete?”** asked Anton.

**“Speak English”** she said. **“Don’t be rude, Mister Bill can’t understand you”**

**“Sorry. How are you feeling mama?”**

**“I’m fine, just a huge headache. The doctor wants to keep me until next week and do some more tests on me to make sure I have no internal bleeding.”**

“That’s fine, you take all the time you need to recover. There won’t be any problems at work” said Bill.

**“Thank you Bill. And thank you for looking after my son.”** She then noticed George, who had sneaked into the room and was now next to his father. She stared at George and looked at him almost disapprovingly.

**“He позволяйте искушению взять верх над вами сын мой.”** she said, turning back to her son.

**“No mama”** he said, sheepishly.

**“Oh sorry, look at my manners”** she said and chuckled. **“Thank you all for coming to see me, it has made my day.”** Bill gave her the flowers and she smelled them and smiled. **“Thank you”** she said. They stayed with her for a while, and while it was pretty much just Anton and his mother speaking, they spoke English so that the other two could understand. Anton told her that George was helping him with English, that they were going to the Russian restaurant she had taken him a few times, and what he had learned at school - amongst other things. After a while though, Bill noticed that they had run out of things to say and then decided to end the visit.

“Well, I guess we best let you get some rest” he said, hinting to everybody that it was time to leave.

“I will pray for you for a speedy recovery” said George. Both Anton and Bill looked at him in amazement.

**“Thank you child”** she said and smiled. **“Bless you”**

“Yes, keep well” said Bill, and he came over to shake her hand.

**“Goodbye mama”** said Anton. George flinched when he heard that phrase – it was exactly what he had said 2 years ago to his own mother.

George turned and left the room. Bill followed, and could see that he was on the verge of crying, so he put his arm around his son and held him close. Anton came out and Bill extended his other arm out, inviting him to embrace, and they ended up in a 3 person hug.

On the way to the restaurant, Bill looked in his rear view mirror and saw his son sitting there, staring out of the car.

“That was a very nice thing to say to Olga” said Bill.

“Huh? Oh. Well, I know she’s a religious type so I said something that will make her feel better.”

**“You have no idea how much impact what you said will have had on her”** said Anton. **“She approves of good, Christian families, and you have given her the idea you are one.”** Bill looked at Anton in the rear view mirror, and as soon as Anton had caught his eye, he started to talk.

“The next time you’re speaking to your God, please ask him a question from me” said Bill. “Ask him why he saw fit to take away my wife.” There were a few minutes of silence as Bill successfully fought away the emotions which were welling up inside him. “I’m sorry” he said. “It’s not your fault, and I’m not mad at you” he turned to look at Anton and smiled. Anton smiled back.

The GPS successfully navigated them to the restaurant, and much to their surprise, they enjoyed the selection on the menu. In fact, it was quite hard to decide. George ended up having Chicken Kiev, Anton had Langyet Steak and Bill had Hungarian Goulash, which he thoroughly enjoyed.

“Oh man, we definitely have to do that again” said Bill, as they left.

**“Thanks for taking us Mister Bill”** said Anton.

“Yeah, thanks Dad.”

“No problem. Now, as it seems like you’ll be staying with us a bit longer Anton, I think tomorrow we can clear up one of the other rooms so you can sleep in there.”

“Oh, he can stay in my room Dad” said George.

“Really? Oh OK, if that’s fine with you and Anton then that’s fine with me. I have to go work tomorrow anyway, as we’re having a big event that I have to oversee. How would you boys like to stay at the Hotel tomorrow evening?”

“Yeah, I suppose that would be OK” said George, who had occasionally stayed a few nights in the hotel where his father worked.

**“I’ve never been in a hotel before”** said Anton. Both George and Bill looked at him in surprise.

“You’ve never been in a hotel ever?”

**“No. My mama won’t bring me to the hotel, she says it’s too much evil there.”**

“Well she’s absolutely correct about that” laughed Bill. “You boys will be fine though. When you come over we’ll see what rooms we have spare – should be plenty of twin rooms available. Anyways, tomorrow I’ll have to leave at 10 and then you boys will be by yourselves.”

“Can we go swimming Dad?”

“Well I don’t like you going swimming by yourself, but as Anton is with you, that’s fine.”

“All right!” exclaimed George.

“That is, if Anton can swim. Can you swim Anton?”

**“Yes, Mister – I can swim very well.”**

They got back home and because it was not a school night, they decided to stay up and watch movies on Cable. Two movies later, and another hour on TDU2 where Anton got a turn to drive, Bill came in and said it was time for bed. After they had both showered, they settled down in their respective beds and Bill came to say goodnight and turn the light off.

“Hey Anton?”

**“Da?”**

“You know what would be cool? If your mom and my dad got together, then we’d be brothers”

**“I’d like that”** said Anton, after a few seconds of thought.

“Oh man, I’m in so much pain” said George.

**“Why?”**

“Sergeant Kill took us through a physical endurance course today. He did it to every Gym class. I’m not used to climbing, running, push-ups, sit-ups, acrobatics and all that stuff” he said. “My arms ache, my legs ache, my back aches – everything aches!”

**“I can help you”** said Anton.

“How?”

**“I can give you massage. It helps relax the muscles.”**

“Do you really know how to do that?”

**“In Rossiya, I was part of Karate class, and after Karate lesson we would all go to the pool and sauna, and we would massage each other.”** George spent a bit of time thinking about this, and despite it sounding a bit strange, it also sounded appealing.

“OK sure” he said. “What do I do?”

**“Lie on top of your bed, on your stomach. I will do the rest.”**

George did what he was told and laid down on his bed. Anton sat down next to him, and then proceeded to massage first George’s shoulders, then his neck, and then his back.

“Oh man, this feels great” he said. Anton proceeded go down George’s back, kneading with his fists.

**“You are very tense”** said Anton. With that, he shifted himself and straddled George like a horse. George was wondering what he was doing but it became very apparent when he started kneading again – it was so much more powerful.

“Ow ow” he said.

**“No pain, no gain”**. Anton continued to massage – kneading, prodding, rubbing, and soon enough George became very relaxed and tender. **“Where else does it hurt”** he asked.

“My arms, and my legs”

**“First, we do legs.”** Anton turned around so that he was facing George’s legs, and gently massaged and flexed the leg muscles. He was really good at this – concentrating on one leg at a time, and giving each strand of muscle a good workout. After he had completed the thighs and calves of each leg, he got up off George and sat next to him again. **“Now you turn over. We do your arms.”**

“I think my arms are fine” said George.

**“Nonsense. We do arms then you sleep well.”** Hesitantly, George turned over, hoping that Anton wouldn’t see that he had a hard on brought on by the sensual massage. Anton took the left arm as it was closer to him, picked it up and worked on the muscles from the shoulder down. He then did the same with the right arm. When he put the right arm back down he paused for a bit, and looked down at the unmistakable figure in George’s shorts. **“I am sorry if I have made you feel uncomfortable. Perhaps it is best if we stopped now.”**

“Yes, perhaps it is for the best” said George, uncertainly. Anton went back to his sleeping bag and lay on top of it again.

**“Spokoīnoī Nochi, Georgy.”**

“Spokoīnoī Nochi, Anton” said George. “Anton?”

**“Da?”**

“Do you like me?”

**“Da.”**

“Do you like me a lot?” asked George. Anton took about 10 seconds before he chose to answer this one.

**“Yes”** he said.

## Chapter 4: Saturday Swim

George woke up on Saturday morning without any help from his father or new best friend. In fact, when he looked over at the sleeping bag, he discovered his best friend wasn't even in the room with him. He glanced up at his clock, which read 10 past 7. Usually, George would sleep until 9 am on a Saturday morning, but he was very excited about today, so his body naturally woke up earlier.

"Anton?" he said, not trusting his eyes completely. He looked under his bed – nothing. Anton had probably gone to the toilet or something, so he got up to go look for him. He wasn't in the toilet – either of them. He wasn't in the study to sneak in a quick game of TDU2. He wasn't in the kitchen, nor in the living room, nor in the other spare rooms (full of junk) that they had. Anton was worried now – had he gone home overnight? The only place he hadn't checked yet was his father's bedroom, so he started walking there.

As he passed the living room, he spotted a foot that he had clearly missed before. It was sticking out from the back of the sofa, so he walked around it to find Anton lying there on his stomach, fast asleep. He was still in his black underpants, but in his hand there was another object. He examined it carefully – it looked like a bracelet and it had wooden beads on it. George knelt down next to Anton, and touched him on the shoulder blade.

"Anton?" he asked again, this time at point blank range. Anton woke up with a bit of a start, and then relaxed again. He didn't say anything; he just shut his eyes again and laid there. "Anton, are you OK?" asked George. Anton's eyes flickered for a moment, and then he rolled over. Still lying on the ground, he looked up at George who was crouched over him.

"**Are you the Devil?**" asked Anton. George was so surprised at this question that it took him a few seconds to answer.

"No" he said. George looked at Anton's face, and he noticed that his eyes were slightly red and puffy. "Have you been crying?" he asked.

"**Is no problem**" said Anton.

"What is that?" asked George, pointing at the object in his hand.

"**This? This is вервица. Prayer rope. I came out here to pray so that I don't disturb you. I think I fall asleep after a few hours.**"

"You prayed for a few hours? Why?"

"**To ask for forgiveness, and ask for strength. To ask not to be tempted by the flesh**"

"Anton you're freaking me out here. I think you need some sleep. Come, you're going to sleep in my bed." George helped Anton up, and led him to his bedroom. He threw open the covers, let Anton lie down, and then covered him again with his duvet.

"**Spasibo**" said Anton, blinked a few times in quick succession, then said "**Thank you.**" He closed his eyes again, and immediately fell asleep.

George went over to the sleeping bag and lay on top of it. He never realized how uncomfortable the floor was, even though it was covered with a thick carpet. He reckoned that Anton was probably used to sleeping under harsh conditions. He probably slept on nails or in a cupboard as punishment for sinning or something ridiculous. George looked over at Anton again, mouthed "Goodnight" and closed his eyes. After a few minutes of random thoughts, he dropped off to sleep again.

At 9am, Bill opened the door, with the intention of waking the boys up, noticed that they had swapped places overnight, stood there wondering what on earth was going on, and then just closed the door again. "I don't even want to know" he said to himself.

*Son, baked some fresh bread for you, should be ready by 11 - hopefully you'll be up by then! There are some dogs defrosting on the sideboard and buns in the fridge. I'll come fetch you at 5:30 pm to bring you to the Hotel.*

*Love*

*Dad*

George put down the note and took a deep whiff of the amazing smell of newly baked bread. Anton was still sleeping, and George had returned to the kitchen after going for his morning loo break when he found the note. He turned around again to go back to his room and saw Anton standing in the doorway. He jumped a little, but managed not to scream this time.

"**Privet**" he said. "**It means hello.**"

"Privet" responded George. "Do you want some breakfast? How about some toast with peanut butter?"

"**Sounds wonderful**" said Anton. Anton was still wearing his black underpants, and while George was wearing sleeping shorts, he still felt a bit more suitably clothed than Anton was.

"Is that the same pair of undies you've been wearing for three days now?"

"**This?**" said Anton, looking down at his underpants. "**No, I change them every day. I just have same colour underpants. Is that same shorts?**"

"Huh? Oh yeah, these are the same shorts, but I wear underpants underneath. I change those every time I shower – so just before I go to bed."

"**We didn't shower last night**" said Anton.

"No. But I think it's OK. We'll shower before we go to the Hotel though."

The toast popped and the boys sat next to each other to butter and peanut butter their breakfast.

"You know... I really enjoyed what you did to me last night. I don't have a single sore muscle today."

"**That is a pity, because now I have no excuse to do it again**" said Anton. George looked at him.

"Do you like doing that to people?" he asked.

"**Sure, it's nice to make other people feel good.**"

"Is it wrong to do it?"

"**Have you ever read the Bible? Almost anything we do is wrong.**"

"Can you do it again for me?"

"**Sure, just sit there, I'll come behind you.**" Anton got up off his stool and stood behind George. He was on a bar-style stool which gave Anton easy access to his back, so once again Anton massaged the shoulders, neck and back. Due to the pressure that Anton was putting onto George's back, George had to apply force in the other direction so that he wouldn't get pushed off the front of his chair. This set Anton up for a perfect prank, so he quickly removed his hands and George predictably fell backwards, and into Anton's arms. "**I saved you**" he said, jokingly. Anton pushed George back up onto his chair, and then took the opportunity to hug him from behind. George didn't complain, in fact, he even placed one of his arms on top of George's arms, almost as if to participate in the embrace. Anton held him for about 10 seconds before he let go. "**Thanks for breakfast**" he said.

The boys went to go play some XBOX (yes, you guessed it – TDU2 again) and after about an hour, George finally decided it was hot enough to contemplate swimming.

"**Sure, there is a pool close by?**"

"What? No, we have our own pool. I guess you've not seen our back yard yet. Come with me."

"**In Russia, only really rich people have swimming pools in their own homes**" he said as he followed George to the back door.

"Well... We're not rich I don't think but lots of houses in this area have pools. They're not big or anything, just big enough to get wet and have fun. Do you have swimming trunks?"

"**Net. I have speedos at home.**"

"I can lend you a pair of mine" said George. They stepped up next to the pool now and looked at the inviting waters.

"**That is not necessary. I will swim nude.**"

"You wouldn't dare!" said George.

"**You have a fence around the house**" said Anton, pointing to it.

"Yes, I know that."

"**Then what is problem? Back in Russia, after Karate class we all go swim and sauna in the nude.**"

"Well this isn't Russia. They'll see us from the tall apartments, or from the top of Stratosphere."

"**Is impossible – it's too far and too high. You would need a telescope like the ones to look at stars to see anything. Look, you can't even see the people on top of Stratosphere, how can they see you?**"

"OK then if you're so sure, go right ahead" said George, now trying to use reverse psychology. It didn't work – Anton pulled his underpants off and then jumped in. "You're crazy" said George, as he stood there with his arms on his hips. "I'll go get some towels and I'll put my trunks on and join you".

George went off, and then Anton swam to the other side of the pool. He submerged himself, and stayed like that for 30 seconds before he came up for some air. He went down again, to do the same

thing and after about 10 seconds he heard the unmistakable splash of another person entering the pool. He came back up again and there was George, wading in the water on the other side. Anton submerged himself again, and then kicked against the wall so he shot himself towards George underwater. He got to about 3 feet away and then resurfaced directly in front of George. George was bright red in the face and was grinning like a Cheshire cat.

**"I thought you were going to put on some trunks"** said Anton.

"I guess I forgot" said George, still grinning and blushing.

**"Are you shy?"** Unlike most teenagers, George managed to tell the truth.

"Yes" he said.

**"There is no reason to be shy. We both have the same thing - I'm not a girl. I won't look at it."** Anton kicked his legs up and floated on his back, using his hands to propel him slowly away from George. George turned his head a little, to avert his eyes from Anton's manhood which now appeared in view.

"You're not shy at all, are you?"

**"Net."**

After they swam for a good half hour, Anton got out and laid one of the towels on the grass, and laid on top of it facing down. George got out, and did the same.

**"What happened to your thing?"**

"What do you mean?"

**"Your penis - it's damaged."** George lifted his body up to the side so that he could examine it. He couldn't see any blood (thankfully) and then looked at Anton who was also looking at his dick.

"Where?"

**"There"** said Anton, and he used his finger and touched the base of the head. Despite the fact that another person just touched his member for the first time, George didn't react at all.

"What's wrong with it?"

**"It's missing something"**

"What does yours look like?" Anton turned his body and revealed his slightly larger penis to George, who was now looking at it. Anton tugged on the foreskin of his penis.

**"You're missing this bit."**

"Oh!" exclaimed George. Anton was pulling it like a rubber band, and it was quite fascinating for George to watch. "Does it look like mine underneath?"

**"Da."** Anton now pulled his foreskin over his head and George watched in amazement. George's pulse was getting a bit faster now, for reasons he could not fathom, and his own member started growing hard. He instantly turned his body into the towel again, now feeling less comfortable with exposing himself to Anton. They stayed there basking in the sun for a while, and then Anton turned over, to give his front a bit of Vitamin D. George did not do the same. The boys spent another half hour in the sun before getting inside and showering individually and getting dressed ready for the evening.

## Chapter 5: Zloi

“So did you boys have a good day?” asked Ben as he drove down the Las Vegas Expressway.

“Yes Dad” said George. “We had some of the bread you made, but I put the hot dogs back in the freezer because we forgot to have them.”

“Oh? Well you’re not supposed to re-freeze things after they have been defrosted, but I think it will be OK with hot dogs. What did you guys do all day? Games no doubt.”

“Yeah we played some XBOX, and we also went swimming.”

“How’s the water? Not too much chlorine is it?”

“**The water was very good Mister Ben**” said Anton.

“You guys, I’ve had a little bit of a problem with rooms. Due to tonight’s event, all the single and twin rooms have been taken.”

“What does that mean Dad?”

“Well. It means you’ll have to go back home tonight after the show by taxi.” George’s face became crestfallen. “Or you’ll have to share a double. Would you boys mind sharing a bed together?” George’s heart gave a little jump – he suddenly became very excited for reasons which were not clear to him at that instant.

“Sure” he said. “If that’s OK with Anton, of course.”

“**I have no problem. Where will Mister Ben sleep?**”

“I’m not sleeping tonight - I’ll be working through to 6 am. We’re hosting a poker tournament after the show, and I’ll be in charge of it. It’s going to be an all-nighter. It could end earlier. It also has the possibility of ending later, but that’s very unlikely with the blinds going up every 8 rounds. I’ll take you boys home when it ends and you can continue sleeping there.”

They got to the Hotel and had dinner at the steakhouse before going to see the show which the Hotel was putting on for its guests. It was a great show, but probably not suitable for children especially with the scantily clad ladies doing Cabaret. Afterwards, some chairs were put away and the room was transformed into a poker tournament hall, with 8 tables – but both George and Anton were ushered away so that they wouldn’t get hurt.

“OK you boys, you can wander around the hotel but don’t play any of the Casino games. Get to bed at a decent time, and I’ll see you in the morning. I’ll be here all night so if you have any problems, come and find me.”

“OK Dad” said George.

“**Yes Mister Ben**” said Anton.

They walked around the hotel, looking through the souvenir shop and walking in the aisles between the Slots, Blackjack and Roulette tables, but the horrible smell and thick atmosphere from all the heavy smokers encouraged them to leave quite quickly. One lady that they were watching became very irate with them and turned around and scolded them for “bringing her bad luck”.

As they weren’t allowed to leave the Hotel, they quickly ran out of things to do and decided to hit the sack. They went back up to their room, where Anton showered first and George second. Anton was again in black underpants, and lying on top of the most comfortable bed he’s ever experienced when George came out of the bathroom. Anton noticed immediately that George was different that night. He wasn’t wearing his usual sleeping shorts – instead, he was wearing white cotton underpants.

“**You are not wearing your normal shorts**” said Anton.

“Yeah. I thought I’d try to sleep like you and see what it was like.” Anton had picked the half of the bed closest to the window and was lying on top of it and George jumped onto the bed next to him.

“Anton?”

“**Yes?**”

“Do you have a girlfriend?”

“**Net.**”

“Have you ever kissed a girl?”

“**Net. Why do you ask?**”

“I was wondering what it was like. I’ve never kissed a girl before.”

“**I suppose it’s like kissing a boy.**”

“I’ve never kissed a boy before either” said George, but then had a second thought about the unusual comment that Anton had made. “Have you?”

“**Kissing boys is a sin. I’m trying to be a good Christian, remember?**” said Anton. A few seconds passed before George spoke again.

“You remember you said you liked to give massages?”

“**Da.**”

“Would you like to give me one now?”

**"Do you want me to give you one?"** asked Anton.

"If you want to."

**"No. I'll only do it if you want me to."** Anton was looking at George, who returned the stare. His mouth formed words, but nothing came out of his mouth – as if he had no larynx.

"I want you to" he said after a few moments of uneasy silence.

**"You must lie on stomach"** said Anton, as he turned off the light from the headboard.

Anton straddled George like a horse again, and kneaded, pressed, twisted and caressed George's neck, back and shoulders. He spent a good 10 minutes making a fairly relaxed body even more relaxed.

**"Turn over"** he said, lifting himself off so that George could move. George turned over, and Anton straddled him again, gently onto his thighs. Anton started to do circular motions with the tips of his fingers onto George's upper torso and chest. By this time, both of the boys' eyes had become used to the dark, and thanks to the Strip, enough light was coming through the closed curtains to make everything in the room visible. George surprised Anton a little, as he put his hands on top of his knees, for no apparent reason.

"Anton?"

**"Da."**

"Will you kiss me?"

**"Sorry?"** he said in a surprised way – as if he hadn't heard.

"Please kiss me" pleaded George. Anton looked at George now, who was looking up at him, his face wanton and confused. He lowered his head slowly, and planted his lips firmly on George's, and left it there for a few seconds, before making the kissing sound and releasing his lips.

"I guess that's like kissing a girl then" said George.

**"No. When a boy and girl love each other they kiss differently"** said Anton.

"Show me" said George. Anton did not need a second invitation. He lowered his head again, and kissed George passionately and deeply. He lifted his head again, but only by a little bit.

"Open your mouth a little" he said. George did as he was told, and Anton went down again, this time giving George his first French kiss ever. As he did this, he lowered his whole body on top of George, and managed to get his arms around him, embracing him as he kissed. George also put his arms around Anton, holding him tight as they kissed. Anton could distinctly feel that George had a boner, and he had one too – their dicks would have been touching, had it not been for the fabric of their respective underwear. George did not want this kiss to end, so he held Anton down for what seemed like 5 minutes.

"That was amazing" was all George could muster as Anton stared him in the eye from less than a foot away.

**"This is like a dream come true"** said Anton. **"I liked you the first time I saw you, but I never thought that this would happen. I could die right now and I'd die a happy boy."** Anton lowered his head again and they kissed deeply again. George, driven by passion, started to rub his hands up and down Anton's back, and ended up resting his hands on Anton's butt. He then started slowly pushing his hips upward, while pushing Anton's butt downwards, causing their dicks to press together, giving him sensations he'd never experienced before – not even by his own hand. **"Can I do something with you?"** asked Anton, now ready to move on to the next stage.

"Sure" said George, not sure what to expect but knew that it was going to be amazing nonetheless.

Anton shifted himself slightly, and straddled George as if he was going to massage him again. He then lowered his head, kissed George lightly on the lips, and then kissed down his face, onto his neck, and then onto his chest. He then found one of George's nipples, and licked it before placing his whole mouth over it and sucked it.

"Oh God" said George as tingles of pleasure shot from his breast down to his testicles and back again. Anton moved over to the other nipple, and gave that a good working over before nuzzling his way down to George's belly button. As Anton circled his nose around his belly button, kissing occasionally, George remembered when Anton came over to his bed and wrote on his chest and stomach, and how he got aroused there and had to cover up his chest to stop these strange sensations.

Anton went down a little bit further, and came to the glorious mound under the white cotton. He looked at it first, and then kissed it, through the fabric. Anton wondered if he should ask permission for what he had in mind next, but decided not to just in case George said no. He grabbed George's underpants at the sides of his waist and then slowly pulled them down, revealing a stiff, cut dick which was standing in attention. Without further ado, he plunged his face into his friend's lap, letting it slip inside his

warm and moist mouth. George gasped as Anton moved his head up and down on his shaft, giving him his very first blowjob. Many thoughts rushed into his mind and back out again, including “isn’t that dirty?” and “I can’t believe this”, but none of them were bad enough to make him want to stop his friend.

Anton stopped sucking, and then proceeded to pull his own underpants completely off and also removed George’s, throwing them both to the floor. He then buried his own dick between George’s legs, into that little gap by the perineum and started humping. He and Anton kissed some more, continuously for the few minutes it took before Anton started getting that sensation in his balls. He released himself from George’s lips, and started pumping harder and harder, breathing more and more frantically.

“**Oh! Oh! Oh!**” is all he squeaked as he ejaculated his mostly transparent semen into George’s crevice. After he was done, he collapsed on top of George, breathing quickly and heavily.

“Are you OK?” enquired George, not knowing what had just happened.

“**That was incredible**” said Anton, after getting some of his breath back.

“What just happened?”

“**I came**” said George.

“What do you mean?”

“**I shot my sperm between your legs**” said Anton, after a few moments of confusion. He wasn’t sure if his English had just failed him, if George was being deliberately obtuse or if he really didn’t know what he meant.

“Oh!” exclaimed George, now remembering the word “sperm” from his sex education lessons. “Can I do that?”

“**I don’t know. Should I try to find out?**”

“Sure” said George. Anton got up off George, and then lay back on his side of the bed, shifted himself down and then took George’s cock in his hand and guided it back into his mouth. “Oooh” cooed George, as the tingling pleasure returned to his loins. After a minute of sucking, George instinctively rested his hands on top of Anton’s head, and started humping forwards with his hips. “It’s getting intense” he said. “I’m getting a very strange feeling down there now”. He pushed his hips forward, closed his eyes and held his breath as the surge of electricity exploded from his cock. “It’s happening!” he shouted, as he experienced the first orgasm he had ever had in his life. After it was done, George collapsed his body, and dropped his hands on the bed. Anton still had George’s dick in his mouth, and it slid back out, slowly. “Did I come?”

“**I don’t think so**” said Anton, who had not tasted anything different in his mouth. “**Maybe in a few months you will start to make sperm.**” Anton pulled himself up next to George, and then kissed him on the cheek. “**Was this your first time?**”

“Yes” he said. “Does this mean that I’m gay?”

“**I don’t think so**” said Anton. “**I think you still have to decide. How do you feel about what just happened?**”

“I feel like I still want to hug you” said Anton. George turned over, and presented his back to George.

“**You can cuddle me if you like**” said Anton, and George did just that. He scooted a bit closer, making his body lean up against George, his still semi hard dick touching George’s bum cheeks. He then put his arm around George, and kissed him on the neck.

“Goodnight Anton”

“**Goodnight my love**” said George. Anton thought it was a bit strange for him to say that, but remembered what they had just done and then dismissed it from his mind.

## Chapter 6: Do Svidaniya

At 4:12 the next morning, George was awoken by a bright light in his face, and he opened one of his eyes slightly to see that a mobile phone was being shone in his face.

“Sorry boy I was just making sure it was you” said his father, who then proceeded to climb in bed next to him.

“Do we have to get up now?” asked George, very sleepily.

“No, get back to sleep. We’ll leave at 9 or something” said Ben. George shut his eyes again, and was just about to fall back to sleep when a nagging thought made him open both of his eyes in fear. He realized that he was still naked as a jay bird. To his left was his father, and to his right was Anton – who was presumably still naked too. There was no way he could sneak out of bed to get his underpants, which was probably on the floor somewhere, so he had no idea what to do. Eventually, he thought he’d wake up Anton, so that Anton could get their underpants off the floor without waking his father. George turned his head to face Anton, realized he couldn’t even whisper because his father was likely to hear, so he nudged him gently. Anton woke up slowly, opened up his eyes and then smiled at George. George put his finger on his lips, to indicate “shush”, and then Anton’s face looked a bit confused.

“My father is here” he mouthed, and then pointed to the other side of him. Anton lifted his head up and saw another figure lying there, snoring softly. His face grimaced as he too realized that George’s father had joined them. “I’m still naked” mouthed George again. Anton couldn’t make out what he was saying, but he had already figured out that they were in deep shit if Ben discovered that both of them were naked. Anton looked around, and saw that the two pairs of underpants were lying at the foot of the curtain, and then slowly slithered out of bed and collected them. He put his pair on first, and then eased himself back in bed. He handed the white pair back to George, who couldn’t sit up or lift his knees up without potentially waking his father, so he handed the pair back to Anton, and then pointed a finger at him, and then at where his crotch would be. Anton understood, and then snuck down under the covers, put the pair of underpants over George’s feet, and then slid them up his legs. When he got to the crotch section, he couldn’t help himself and kissed the soft, hairless prick that was in front of him before putting the underpants on completely. He carefully laid himself down again next to George, who was still looking at him, and smiling.

Ben’s wristwatch woke him up at 9 am, and he got up and looked around to see his son and Anton opening their eyes and rubbing them.

“Hey there” said Ben, and yawned. “Oh man, I’m not used to so little sleep” he said as he swung himself out of bed. “Did you guys have fun last night?” Both Anton and George looked at each other in horror and then back at Ben, who didn’t look at all fussed about anything.

“Yes” said George and Anton simultaneously.

“Right boys, get dressed, we’ll go to IHOP in North Nellis Boulevard before going home.”

“OK Dad” said George, springing out of bed. His father went into the bathroom and closed the door, and then George looked at Anton who was still in bed.

“That was way too close” he said, his face showing signs of panic.

After IHOP, they went back home where Ben went to bed to rest his eyes a little and the boys went to go play some TDU2 some more. While they were playing George had a great idea.

“Hey how about one of your world famous massages?” he asked. Anton looked at him in an almost concerned way.

**“It’s Sunday today and I am supposed to be at church. I think I’m going to go sit outside and pray.”**

“Oh. OK” said George, a little disappointed. Anton left the room, and went to pick up his prayer beads from the bedroom before going out into the garden area. He found a shady spot close to a tallish bush and sat there cross legged, and closed his eyes. George continued to play for an hour before deciding to get himself a drink. On the way to the kitchen, he heard somebody sobbing, and followed the sound only to find Anton with his head in his hands and crying.

“Anton?” he called out as he started walking towards him. Anton looked up and stopped himself crying and wiped the tears from his eyes. “Are you okay?”

“Yes” he said, trying to pretend that nothing was wrong.

“I don’t believe you” said George, and he sat down next to Anton.

“Oh George” said Anton, “I’m so very sorry”

“What for?” asked George.

**“For doing bad things to you last night. I’m sorry for what I am; I don’t want to be like this!”** Tears started to well up in his eyes again. **“I’m wicked, and I will go to hell for the bad things I do!”**

"Why do you do those things?"

**"Because I'm bad"** said Anton.

"No. I mean, how did you start?"

**"What do you mean?"**

"I mean – you're still young – how old are you anyway?"

**"I'm almost 13"**

"How come you know how to do this? Who taught you to do this stuff?"

**"Oh. That was Sensei Dmitry."**

"Sensei? OK tell me everything."

**"He was Karate teacher – he looked after us during Karate class, and once a month he would take some of us to go swimming and sauna. There, we would all get naked, and he took pictures and videos of us having fun. While we were there, some of the other boys told me that they made good money posing for him and being in other videos. I asked him if I make some money too so he got me and friend to wrestle naked. I earned myself 50 Rubles doing that. I did it 4 times and sometimes we used a little bit of oil which made bit more slippery and fun. I earned 200 Rubles in just 4 hours of work over two days – and that is more money than my mother earned a week. Dmitry came up to me and asked me if I wanted to earn a lot more money, and I said yes, so he said I should go to his house the next Saturday. I went there and another Karate friend was there too and he said that we were going to do another movie. He said that it was a simple movie – we just had to undress each other and then hug and kiss each other. I told my friend that I was not sure about this, but then he said that we earn 250 Rubles each for each movie we make. We did the movie – and Dmitry told us what to do while he filmed us. My friend and I undressed and hugged and kissed and did things with each other's private parts. I went back to do more movies another 6 times before my mother found out. I hadn't spent any of the money, I had it all hidden in coat pocket, and she found the 2000 Rubles. She said I was a thief, and I didn't want her to think that of me so I told her the truth. She took me over to my Karate teacher to confront him, but he was very cruel and hit her so hard she went down onto the ground, and said that if we ever told the police, he'd hunt us both down and kill us. That is when we decided to move to America – and we applied for asylum because our lives were in danger. The American government approved because of the circumstances. You are the first person I've met who I've liked enough to want to do those things again."**

"Well" said George, trying to get to grips with what he'd just heard. "It seems to me that you're not bad. It's Dmitry that was bad. It's like Billy, a kid at my school who smokes. He asked me if I wanted to have a puff one day and I said no. If I had said yes, I might have liked it and continued to smoke, but in the end it's Billy who was bad because he introduced me to it. You're a victim here, of somebody else's evil doing and you should not be mad at yourself."

**"Yes, but now I've introduced it to you, too"** said Anton.

"Yes, that's true. But you didn't force me, and you didn't bribe me with money. Please don't be upset about this Anton, I'm not mad at you and I don't think God is either."

**"I suppose you're right"** said Anton. **"Thanks for listening to my story – you're the first person I've told it to. You truly are a good friend."**

Ben finally woke up at 1pm and found the two boys watching a film on cable.

"Hey guys" he said, rubbing his eyes. "Let's have a BBQ, huh?"

"Sounds great" said George. They had the hot dogs from yesterday as well as burgers and steaks for lunch, spent the afternoon lazing in the sun while the food digested, and spend some time in the pool. The 3 of them went to the Cinema after a light dinner, despite it being school the next day, but they did go to the earlier showing. When they got back home, the boys were allowed to play a little bit on XBOX before Ben came in the room to announce that it was bed time.

"Guys, it's bed time, get showered and into bed."

"Just 5 more minutes please Dad, I'm in the middle of a race!"

“OK. Anton you go shower first and George you get straight in after him.”

“**Yes Mister Ben**” said Anton as he left the room to do as he was told. He got in the shower, toyed in the hot water for a bit and then washed his hair. Like most boys (and adults) he kept his eyes closed tight as he washed and rinsed his hair, but when he opened his eyes he was in for a surprise.

“**Georgy!**” he exclaimed as he saw George standing outside the shower door, completely naked. “**What are you doing here?**”

“If you want me to leave, tell me.”

“**What about your father?**”

“His door is closed, he went to bed. Do you want me to leave?” Anton didn’t know what to say, so he said nothing. “Fine then, I’m coming in” said George. George stepped into the shower cubicle, which was quite large, it being a nice modern house that they owned, and stood next to Anton. “I’m here to save some water” said George. George stood there, both of his hands covering up his penis, and just watched Anton as he himself was still surprised at what he was doing.

“**Do you want me to wash your hair?**” asked Anton, finally thinking of something to say.

“Sure” said George. Anton pulled George forward so that he could get his hair wet, and then pushed him back to his original position. He put some shampoo in his hand, and then spread it on George’s head.

“**Close your eyes**” said Anton. George complied, and closed his eyes, and also released his arms so that they hung by his sides. Anton looked down to see that George had a hard on again, and seeing that made his own dick start to enlarge. He used his fingers to massage the shampoo into George’s head, and gave him a very thorough and sensual shampoo before pulling George forward to rinse him off. When he did this, their dicks touched as they were both sticking forward like Pinocchio’s nose after he’d lied a couple of times.

“**Sorry**” said Anton.

“Don’t say sorry” said George, sternly.

“**Sorry**” he said again. “**Oops - sorry. Oh дерьмо! Would you like me to wash you?**”

“Do you want to?”

“**Absolutely**” said Anton, without any hesitation.

“Then do it” said George. Anton poured some shower gel into his palm, put down the bottle and then rubbed his hands together to get an even amount on each. He then placed his hands on George’s shoulders, and washed his upper body, arms, underarms and belly. “You have underarm hair” noticed George.

“**Yeah. Just a little.**”

“Do you have hair on your dick?” asked George. Although he had several opportunities to see this, he never really paid that much attention to it.

“**No, but it’s gotten larger over the past few months so I’ll guess it will start soon.**” George looked down and then carefully examined both of their dicks, comparing them.

“Mine’s gotten bigger too” said George.

“**Yes, I can see**” said Anton, and George smiled. Anton squirted some more shower gel into his hands, and this time knelt down to wash George’s legs. As he did this the water from the shower rained on Anton’s back, and splashed onto George, and it also washed away some of the soap, so George turned the shower off. Anton replenished his soapy hands, and continued to wash. Just as George hoped, Anton moved up and also washed his cock and balls. Anton didn’t stop there, he wrapped his hands around George, and washed his crack out. George’s dick at this moment slipped into the gap between Anton’s legs and he gasped with pleasure.

“Oh this is so nice” he said.

“**Do you want to try something really special?**” asked Anton.

“Sure.” Anton took some more shower gel, and lathered George’s cock up real good, and then used the remainder on his own crack. He then turned around, and spread his legs slightly.

“**Put it in, but very slowly, if you do it too quickly, it will hurt.**”

“You want me to put my cock in your butt?”

“**Yeah, it will feel real good, for both of us.**” George wasn’t sure about this, but he moved forwards nonetheless.

“Ooh” he cooed as his cock very easily slid between Anton’s butt cheeks, and past his sphincter.

“**You missed it, let me help you**” said Anton, and then poked his hand through his legs and pushed George’s cock back and up and into his anus. “**Push slowly**” he said. Anton did

this, and pushed his body forward, his cock slipping inside George. “Ooh” said Anton, and George stopped.

“Did I hurt you?”

“**No, keep pushing it in**” said Anton. George complied, and pushed all the way forward, until his pelvis was flat against Anton’s butt. “**That feels so good**” said Anton.

“Yeah, I’ll say.”

“**Now start humping me, slide it in and out, but not all the way out.**” George complied, and started moving his hips back and forward, screwing another boy for the first time of his life. With the tightness of Anton’s anus enhancing with the amazing pleasure that George was feeling, it did not take him long before he had another mind blowing orgasm. It was so intense, that his legs started shaking just before he shot blanks up Anton’s ass.

“Oh man that was so good” he said, after he managed to get his breath back. He slipped his dying cock out of Anton’s colon, and then rested against the side of the shower. Anton turned around, his dick still hard as a rock, and he started masturbating himself as he looked at George’s pretty cute body. After about 40 seconds of furious pumping of his dick, his legs started to bend, and little spurts of clear fluid shot forth from his dick. George was watching in amazement as his newly acquired friend came in front of him. After he was finished, he turned the water back on, and both of them cleaned themselves off. “No regrets, OK?”

“Huh?”

“I mean, don’t start beating yourself up because of what we just did. I don’t want to see you making yourself suffer.”

“OK” said Anton. George put his arms around Anton.

“I like you very much Anton, I don’t want to see you upset.”

“**Thank you Georgy. I like you very much too. Thank you for being my special friend.**”

After they sneaked back to their bedroom, and put on their respective underwear, they lay in the darkness reflecting on the last few days. They spoke for a half hour before George yawned and was on the verge of sleeping when he asked Anton a huge favour.

“Anton? Can you sing me the song you were singing the other day?”

“**The Cossack lullaby?**”

“Da. Spasibo” said George, in his best Russian.

**Spi mladyyenets, moi prekrasnyy,  
bayushki bayu,  
tikho smotrit myesyats yasnyy  
f kolyybyel tvayu.**

**Stanu skazyvat' ya skazki,  
pyesenki spayu,  
ty-zh dremli, zakryvshi glazki,  
bayushki bayu.**

**Sim uznayesh, budit vremya,  
branoye zhityo,  
smyelo vdyenish nogu f stremya  
i vazmyosh ruzhyo.**

**Ya sedeltse boyevoye  
sholkom razoshyu.  
Spi, ditya mayo radnoye,  
bayushki bayu.**

**Georgy?**” There was no reply as George was sleeping sound.

Ben came in the next morning at the usual time, and woke the boys up.

“Oh wow I’ve not slept this well for a long time” said George, yawning.

“**I too slept well**” said Anton. “**You went out like a light, you didn’t even hear the whole lullaby.**”

“Well, maybe you can complete it for me tonight” said George.

**“Sure, I’d love to.”** The boys got dressed, had breakfast, and went to their schools. George was feeling on top of the world – as if he had a new battery put in him. Not even the evil gym teacher could break his spirit. He sprinted home, did his homework and got stuck on the console playing TDU2, hoping to distract him from what was on his mind. Anton. Finally, after a whole hour of waiting, Anton came home with Ben.

**“Hello Georgy”** he said as he entered the room. He didn’t look pleased to see George though.

“Oh man he’s feeling guilty again” thought George. “What’s up?” he said.

**“I have to go now.”**

“What?!”

**“My mother is out of hospital. I have to go home now.”**

“No, please say it isn’t so.”

“What are you so upset about?” said Ben as he came into the room.

“Dad, he doesn’t have to go right now does he?”

“Sure he does, his mother’s waiting in the car. What’s gotten into you?”

“But he’s my friend” said George, tears streaming down his face.

“You’ll see him again, stop acting silly” said Ben.

**“Please Georgy, don’t cry for me.”**

“Grab your bag Anton” said Ben. George was going to follow but his Dad grabbed his arm and pulled him back. “Is there something I should know?” Ben was looking down at him, with a very concerned face. George knew he couldn’t say anything without making his father angry.

“No Dad. It’s just – well, he’s such a good friend. He’s the best friend I’ve ever had. I don’t want him to go.” His father knelt down a bit so he could look George in the eye.

“I know he’s a good friend, but he lives with his mother, and his mother is better now, so he must go home.”

“Can he come to visit? Like on weekends?”

“Sure he can” said Ben. “Now come, say goodbye. I need you to stay here because I’m going back to work directly after I drop them off.”

“OK Dad.”

George went to the front door, and Anton came out of his bedroom with his bag.

“Do svidaniya” said Anton, and he put his hand forward to shake George’s hand. George fought back tears as he shook the hand of his soulmate, and watched as they walked to the car. He wasn’t content with a handshake, so he ran towards the car.

“Anton!” Anton turned around and George grabbed him and hugged him tight. Anton reciprocated and they embraced each other for a good few seconds. “I’ll never forget you” said George, as silently as he could so that the adults didn’t hear.

**“I promise to do the same”** said Anton. **“Do svidaniya, Georgy. You have been a good friend, and I will keep fond memories of you.”**

“Do svidaniya” said George. With that, Anton got into the car, and they drove off. George waved and watched as they turned the corner. Stricken with grief, he fell to the ground and wept bitterly.

*The ♥ End*

КОНЕЦ