

# 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 feverish 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 boys 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!"