

He Might Just Be a Perfect Match

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He Might Just Be a Perfect Match

by [Sparky_Young_Upstart](#)

Summary

Is Noah hot for mysterious new loner Gustavo? Short answer: yes. Long answer: hell yes.

If You're Bi-Curious and I'm Bi-Curious, Who's Flying the Plane?

In all the time that Audrey had known Noah, she had never seen him be lost for words. The kid always had something to say about everything, no matter how much you wanted him to stop. Whether it be teachers attempting to wrangle their lesson back from his plentiful tangents or actual murderers trying to end the lives of his and his friends, Noah simply didn't know when to stop.

Imagine her surprise, then, when she came to school one morning to see him leaning against his locker and staring slack-jawed into space. He didn't see her show up, and she had to jab him in the kidney to get him to snap out of his trance.

"Ow!" he squeaked as he flinched away from her. "What was that for?"

"It was to get you out of your dream-state or whatever. What's with you? I've never seen you looking so out of it."

Noah grumbled. "I'm not 'out of it', I'm...I'm pensive, okay? I have a lot on my mind right now."

Audrey smirked. "You always have a lot on your mind and never hesitate to let others know about it. Once you say one thing you can't stop."

"Uh-huh."

"Like Pringles."

"I get it," he replied snarkily. Then he sighed. "Okay, maybe that's me usually, but I'm trying to figure something out." He pointed towards a student standing across the hall from the two of them. Audrey looked and recognized Gustavo, a new kid who had only joined a few weeks ago. He was busy fiddling with the tablet in his hands. Actually, now that she looked closer, she saw he was drawing something.

"Please tell me you don't think he's the accomplice."

Noah chuckled. "I haven't taken him off the list, but this is about something else." He took a breath. "Do you think he's attractive?"

Audrey shrugged. "I guess so, if you're into that sort of thing. Maybe not my type but he seems to check all the boxes people look for." Then she paused. "Do *you* think he's attractive?"

Her friend squirmed against the lockers. "Well he is the whole tall-dark-handsome package, so I think I have to say yes." He turned back to her. "And here you see my conundrum."

She smirked again. "Aw, are Bi-Curious and the Virgin going to have to change their name?"

Noah chuckled softly. "I don't want to say anything but...I am not ruling out the possibility."

"Damn. And I had just ordered the business cards."

"Ha-ha," Noah said grinning. Then after a moment he frowned. "Wait, did you?"

"No, ya dink." Audrey punched him playfully in the arm. "Look, I'm here for you if you need to sort out your un-straight thoughts, except for right now because I have to finish an algebra assignment before class starts." She glanced to the side and nodded. "Besides, here comes your man."

Noah balked as she walked away. "Audrey, he's not my -"

"Hey Noah."

"Hey, Gustavo!" Noah said a little bit too cheerfully. He kicked himself mentally. "What's...up?"

Gustavo smiled. "Well, I don't mean to pry -"

Noah shook his head. "No, no, by all means pry. My life is an open book, it's why I took over the podcast."

Gustavo nodded. "That's actually what I wanted to talk to you about. I listen to your podcast every once in a while, and on one episode you mentioned that you've got a diagram for investigating the Piper Shaw murders?"

Noah's eyes lit up - they always did when somebody brought up his work. "Yeah! I call it the murder board, it's a staple of police investigations, or at least the ones I see on TV. Not sure how often they appear in the real world, which you would know! Because. Sheriff's son and all of that." He furrowed his brow. Was he babbling? He never got this flustered talking to other people.

But at least Gustavo didn't seem too put off. "Sometimes we use them. Probably not as often as you'd hope." He laughed under his breath. "But I was wondering if I might be able to see it?" He glanced away, then took a step closer to Noah. "Maybe today after school? If you're not too busy."

Noah's throat was dry, so he quickly swallowed. "Uh, no, yeah, that'd be great. Especially since all my other friends think it's weird."

"Well, from one horror fan to another: a little weird can go a long way." Gustavo pulled out a slip of paper and jotted something down on it. "Here's my number," he said as he handed it over.

Noah took it and quickly added it to his contacts. "Alright. I'll send you my address. You can come by around 4:30?"

Gustavo patted Noah on the shoulder. "Sounds like a plan. Later, Noah." And he walked away.

Noah took a moment to catch his breath. He had so many butterflies in his stomach since...

Since Riley.

Maybe he and Audrey needed to order new business cards after all.

Curiouser and Curiouser

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Noah stood in front of the mirror. He had never really cared about what clothes he wore and had essentially fallen into his plaid-and-graphic-tees style accidentally. But now all of a sudden he was wondering whether he actually looked nice. Which, of course, was crazy because why did he need to look nice for Gustavo? He was just a friend. Maybe. Then again it was possible that Gustavo liked Noah because of his style. If he liked him at all, of course. Still Noah thought that he had to do something before he showed up at his house.

When the doorbell rang, Noah settled on applying another layer of deodorant just in case he got super nervous all of a sudden. Then he was flying down the steps and trying to catch his breath before swinging the door open. “Hey! Gustavo!” Noah cried in a way-too-eager manner. What was it with this guy making him act like a puppy on a caffeine high? Fortunately Gustavo either didn’t notice or pretended not to notice how excited Noah was that he was visiting.

“Hey Noah. I’m not late, am I?” he asked quietly.

“Nah, you’re right on time,” Noah said, standing to the side and gesturing for Gustavo to come in. “Can I get you something to drink or something?”

Gustavo grinned and shook his head. “No thanks, I’m good.”

Noah smiled back, and the two stood there in an awkward silence for a moment before Gustavo pointed upstairs. “Your room’s upstairs?” he asked.

“Why - why would you ask that?” Noah said, then facepalmed. “Oh, murderboard. Right. Duh.” He started up the stairs and motioned for Gustavo to follow him. “This way towards my weird obsession!”

Gustavo’s eyes lit up when he saw the murderboard. “Wow. This is - really in depth,” he murmured to the other boy. “You got this all done in three months?”

Noah nodded proudly. “Yeah, it wasn’t *that* much work.” He took a step closer to the board. “A lot of the info on Brandon James I already had on hand. I started adding to it when I took over Piper’s podcast, mainly just to keep all the details straight for my reports.” He pointed to a document bearing the Lakewood Police Department letterhead. “This is a copy of Will’s statement after he was rescued from the bowling alley.”

“You mean after *you* rescued him from the bowling alley,” Gustavo corrected.

Noah blushed in response. "Oh, please, that was mostly Emma and the other cops." He fidgeted uncomfortably. "Not like it did much good anyway..." Noah quickly turned his good mood back on so as to not bring down his guest. "But yeah, this was where I noticed that Piper had been present during one of the attacks and Will was able to corroborate."

"And that made you start theorizing that there was an accomplice," Gustavo finished with a smile.

"Indeed!" Noah turned to him grinning. "The police all think that it was just Will's adrenaline making him confused, but with him and Piper both dead and no new evidence popping up, we can't say anything for sure. At least, not until the other night when Audrey got punked." He tapped the comments that he had printed off the site, along with the nasty texts that Audrey had been sent. "Finally getting some new leads."

Gustavo raised an eyebrow. "Really? I haven't heard about anything going down at the station."

Noah rolled his eyes and sat down on his bed. "Yeah, well, that's because Audrey doesn't want to submit an official report about anything going down yet. It's ridiculous, and definitely not going to end well."

Gustavo's phone let out a little ding. He checked the text, but ignored it, instead sitting in Noah's desk chair and rolling closer to the bed. "Maybe she's scared?"

"All the more reason to do something about it." Noah complained. He heard Gustavo's phone ding again. "You gonna get that?"

Gustavo gave a slight grimace. "No, it's - it's just my dad. He can get overprotective sometimes."

Noah had become suddenly aware of Gustavo slowly inching closer in the chair. Close enough that he could feel the other boy's breath. Some switch in his brain flipped and he decided to lean closer. "I'm not sure if one *can* be overprotective in a town like this."

Gustavo's face was inching closer. "Not quite the same with my dad, but..." He gave a sly grin. "It would be nice to know that somebody else out there is thinking about me."

The two were close enough now that Gustavo's hand was brushing against Noah's leg, and Noah was finding that it was quite easy to get lost in Gustavo's eyes. It was a now or never moment for Noah. Should he let something happen, or close that door permanently?

He backed away, leaving Gustavo looming over an empty spot on the bed. "You should, uh, you should probably go," Noah stammered. "I've got homework...you probably do too."

Gustavo hung there for a moment, then sighed with dejection. "Yeah. Okay." He stood up and grabbed his bag, pausing at the door. "Sorry for...bye."

Noah curled up on the bed once He heard Gustavo leave his house. "Yeah. I'm sorry too." Because he didn't want to admit it, but he was definitely attracted to Gustavo. And he was definitely scared. The prospect of him being anything but straight made him quake. He wasn't

ready to open that door yet.
He doubted he ever would be.

Chapter End Notes

This would take place before anyone knows that a new death has occurred at the end of 2x01. Also I go on holidays soon and don't know if I'll be able to post, but I should be able to write more chapters while away. Next chapter will have the necessary meta commentary!

Sweet Dreams Aren't What they Used to Be

Chapter Notes

TRIGGER WARNING: This chapter has blood, gore, and death.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Noah stirred from his slumber to the sound of tapping outside his window. He flinched away from the noise before fully awake, and rubbed sleep from his eyes so he could make out who was trying to get his attention. Behind the glass he spied a familiar attractive face.

"Gustavo?" he muttered, shuffling over and opening the window so that the other boy could crawl inside and on to his bed.

"Sorry for barging in on you like this," Gustavo said quietly. "I didn't like the way things ended between us this afternoon."

Noah sighed. "Yeah, me too. I wish it could've gone differently, but I was scared."

Gustavo slyly smiled. "Well hey, we can make things go differently now."

Noah realized that he was right. Why should he be afraid? Here in the dark, nobody could find them or judge them (right?). He let Noah grab him by his shirt and pull him in close, and then they kissed. Something stirred inside Noah as their lips touched. A feeling of realization, like his body had just noticed something totally obvious. This felt right. It felt good.

Gustavo pushed them down so that Noah was laying on his back and Gustavo was sprawled on top of him. He could feel his taught muscles through the wet t-shirt (why was it wet?). Gustavos hands ran across Noah's chest, pausing to caress his nipple. The kiss was broken only briefly to pull of Noah's shirt. "You're gorgeous," Gustavo whispered before pressing his tongue back into Noah's mouth. His hand was now slowly sliding across Noah's thigh. Their tongues ran back and forth against each other, leaving a taste of mint and...something metallic.

No. This wasn't right anymore. Noah broke the kiss off. "Gustavo, are you okay?"

Gustavo looked at Noah with glossed over eyes and a pained expression. "I'm fine," he replied, a stream of blood pouring out of his mouth and staining his already blood-soaked clothing. Noah cried out in terror and began desperately clawing his way out from underneath the boy, only now seeing the dagger that had been shoved into his back. And behind him, standing in the open window, was the Brandon James Killer.

Noah kept on screaming and kept on running, slamming through his bedroom door and fleeing down the hallway. It seemed like it went on forever, and when he looked behind him

he could see the Killer easily keeping pace. In the back of his mind he kept on picturing Gustavo's dying body, blood still seeping out of the fatal wound.

After what seemed like hours of running he finally came to a door and burst through, slamming it closed behind him. He was on somebody's balcony. No, not just anybody's - Rachael Murray's. In fact, Rachael was there right now, with Audrey. Audrey quickly moved to her best friend's side. "Noah, are you alright?"

"No!" he cried out. "No, they killed Gustavo, and now they're chasing me!" He started hyperventilating, and Audrey wrapped her arms around him and held him in an attempt to calm him down. "Everything's fine. Don't worry. Everything's fine."

She stood back and let Rachael approach him. "Here, put this on. It's important." She draped something over Noah's neck, and when Noah looked down he saw a noose.

"What?!" he shouted. "How does this help?"

"It's fine," Rachael replied. She had a noose around her neck, as did Audrey. The two both had serene smiles on their faces, neither of which faded when the Killer appeared and shoved Rachael off the balcony, the rope around her snapping tight and snapping her neck. Noah screamed in anguish and tried to run, but his feet wouldn't move.

"Audrey, please, what's going on?!"

"Noah, it's fine. This is what we do." And the Killer shoved her off, the sickening crunch of her death echoing back up.

Noah was practically crying as the Killer approached him. "Oh god, they're dead! Why did you kill them?! WHY?!" And then a sickening realization hit him. "It's because we're not straight, isn't it?"

The Killer stopped in front of him and nodded slowly. Noah screamed in rage and tried to hit him, but his punches didn't even land. "Screw you! SCREW YOU! It's not fair!"

The Killer reached up a gloved hand and pulled their mask off, revealing Noah's own face. "Sorry. I don't make the rules." And he pushed him off the balcony.

Noah awoke in a cold sweat, a scream building in the back of his throat. Once he realized that he was back safe in his bed he allowed it to die and be replaced with another urge. Quickly he grabbed a nearby wastebasket and vomited into it. After that unpleasantness was complete he turned and looked out the window. Thankfully, it was empty.

So this and the next chapter were originally the same but this got long and I decided it'd be best if I split it up. That being said, that might be the reason why this chapter seems very abstract and not exactly subtle. Fear not, it'll be analyzed in the next chapter (which is at least twice as long as this one).

It's the Sin Factor

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Noah had mostly recovered from his dream from a few nights ago, but he still couldn't bring himself to look Gustavo in the eye. Something about him still made Noah shudder with every mixed feeling imaginable. Now if only Stavo got the message - then maybe Noah would stop feeling those eyes boring into his back every time he tried to distract himself through conversations with his friends.

Psych class was the worse, thanks to Gustavo being situated almost directly behind Noah. Even a few rows back he thought he could feel the other boy's breath on the back of his neck, just waiting for him to turn and look to him. The only thing keeping him sane at the moment was his friendly competition with Zoe to see who could add the most discourse to the class.

"Good morning kids!" Ms. Lang entered the room with the usual pep in her step. "Today we're going to start things off with a bit of a tangent, but we'll still be in dreamland." She placed her bag on her desk and grabbed some notes before turning to face the students. "Alright. Who here is willing to admit that they've had a homoerotic dream?"

Noah balked. Really? This was how they were starting off their day? It was like she had tailored her curriculum specifically to target his one insecurity. His eyes darted around the room. A few students were warily raising their hands. Zoe proudly had her hand in the air. Emma had warily raised her own. Interestingly, Gustavo's hand remained perched on his desk.

Even Ms. Lang had put her hand in the air, though she lowered it now. "Now don't worry, I'm not going to press for details or see if any of you are denying it." She flashed a sympathetic smile to those who hadn't raised their hands. "Studies have actually shown that most people have such dreams, even if they don't remember them. But the reason I'm asking this is because I got a very interesting email from a student the other day. Essentially they were asking whether the fact that they were dreaming about a same-gender encounter meant that they were doubting their sexuality." She shrugged. "Anybody have any thoughts on that?"

Emma was the first to speak. "It would be a warning, right? Or, not a warning..." she bit her lip while picking her words. "It may not be subtle, but it's probably the minds way of telling the person that maybe they're not as straight as they thought."

Brooke was shaking her head. "But it's just a dream, right? So it doesn't necessarily have to be literal." She glanced around before continuing in a somewhat more confident tone. "A few days ago we were talking about how dreams are mostly made from everything that drops into our subconscious. Something like a...a homoerotic encounter is probably just a metaphor for something the person is afraid of."

Zoe smirked. “Well it could be both, but yeah, even in queer people something like a homoerotic dream is meant to signify feelings of abandonment, otherness, and being outcast from society.”

“Well, is that really so surprising?” Gustavo spoke up from his position in the back of the room. “Society makes us feel terrified of the unknown, and for the past century or so the unknown and queerness have been practically interchangeable.” Noah finally turned and looked at Stavo, and flinched when their eyes met. “For some people it’s the worst thing imaginable to be anything other than the norm.”

Ms. Lang was nodding excitedly. “These are all good points, yes. But being outside the norms of sexuality isn’t the only way to demonstrate otherness, so why is it that our minds fall back onto the symbol of same-gender relationships to signify it so often?” She leaned over the front of Noah’s desk. “You’ve been unusually quiet today, Noah,” she said casually. Noah turned to look in her direction. “Anything you can add to the conversation? A horror trope or too?”

Noah gave a forced smirk and tapped his pencil against his notebook for a moment before speaking. “It’s... it’s the sin factor.”

The teacher raised an eyebrow. “Alright. Care to elaborate?”

Noah swallowed before continuing. “Well...the earliest horror and suspense movies tended towards villains which were coded towards sexuality. They couldn’t say it outright, but the intention was right there in the open. The closer somebody came to that line between straight and not straight, the more sinister they were, and this only becomes more clear the more movies you look at.” He started counting off on his fingers. “*Psycho*. *Sleepaway Camp*. *Elm Street 2*, even. You have representation of queer characters, but in the most sinister ways possible. Then you come to today, and even if you have morally upstanding gay characters it just means they don’t have a chance. I don’t want to spoil anything for anyone, but let’s just say that it has *not* been a good year for lesbians on television.”

“And what can we learn from this?” Ms. Lang asked.

“That if your not straight then you’re either a villain...or you’re expendable.”

Gustavo managed to keep himself out of Noah’s radar until lunchtime, where he came running up to him as he was grabbing the sandwich and chips out of his locker. “Noah! Noah, wait!”

Noah sighed and slammed the door shut. “What do you want, Stavo?” he moaned.

“I wanted to ask what was up with that whole spiel in Psych this morning?” he said accusingly.

But by now Noah had managed to get back into his snark-mode. “Oh, *my* speech was the problem this morning? What about you basically slamming me for not admitting that I’m...you’re...look, what are you hoping to gain from this?”

“From what?”

“From low-key flirting with me every time our paths cross!” Noah snapped back. “For staring at me all the time to the point that I can feel my skin crawl!”

Stavo shook his head. “There’s no way you feel that way, because I catch you looking my way just as often. You’re sending off as many signals as I am.”

“Well I’m certainly not trying to.”

“I’m just trying to state the obvious: you’re attracted to me.” Gustavo smirked. “I’m not asking you to walk through the school holding hands, I just want you to admit it.”

Noah groaned. “Look, you need to give this a rest. I won’t admit to anything because once a secret is out in Lakewood, it’s out for good. And I am not prepared to deal with those repercussions on top of everything else. You of all people should know that not everyone wants to make everything about themselves public.” He turned and started walking away. “I didn’t see your hand go up in Psych either.”

Gustavo didn’t have a response to that one.

Chapter End Notes

So here's the meta bit I promised earlier. I've yet to see the Scream movies proper, but I am familiar with the rules and commentary that they've got around them. Also, I went back and watched a Needs More Gay video for this one that goes much more in-depth on the subject of gays and horror movies. Watch it here:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4E38VLR-ydY>

Relentless Outer Love Interest

Chapter Notes

This chapter takes place before 2x03 "Vacancy".

Dear Noah...

So, there's this one trope that really bugs me in queer media. It doesn't have an official term, but I've taken to calling it the "Relentless Outer Love Interest". I'm sure you're familiar with it. Person A is in the closet, and Person B usually isn't. A and B are in a relationship, or at least skirting around the formation of one, but B all of a sudden refuses to make it official unless A comes out. And more often than not, A does, even if it means they're forced through a gauntlet of bashing and discrimination and fear.

I'm not saying that things are better in the closet, but I get why people feel the need to stay in it. I've always despised characters that think everything is immediately better once a person comes out - that somehow the universe will protect them from all the risks of their situation simply because, let's face it, they were pressured out because of desperation.

Imagine my surprise when I realized that I was becoming exactly that person.

I was a total ass to you at school, trying to get you to admit to something that I myself haven't mustered up the courage for. I guess I just thought that, after everything that's happened, Lakewood might be a better place for secrets than my last hometown. My mistake.

TL, DR version: I am sorry. Really. I'll back off, unless you're willing to still be friends.

Dear Stavo

I still admit to nothing. But if you're serious about backing off then maybe we can give this friendship thing another try. There aren't very many people around that I can match wits with.

I'm heading to Killer Klowns from Outer Space tonight if you're willing to join me. NOT A DATE - Brooke will be there too.

PS. Brooke said you were being creepy at the Sheriff's station the other night. So...don't be creepy.

Blitz Those Chakras

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Slowly but surely, the awkwardness between the two boys went away. Stavo stopped staring at him like a hungry animal and started acting like who he really was - a bit mysterious, but mostly a devoted fan of Noah's work on The Morgue. He told him how he had ranked the Lakewood Six, and though Noah was a bit disappointed about only being number 3 until Stavo explained.

"You were the investigator, and a lot of the story was revealed because of you," he said quietly as they sat together for lunch. "But Audrey and Emma are the action girls. They're the main characters."

Noah nodded sheepishly. "Yeah, I guess you're right. I am more of a side piece."

"And there's nothing wrong with that," Stavo said with a grin. "But Audrey and Emma each had a direct hand in taking out Piper."

Noah was smiling. "Yeah, my friends are bad ass. So who gets number 1? Emma for landing the kill shot, or Audrey for getting her in the lake in the first place?"

Stavo shrugged. "Good question. I've been asking myself that ever since I heard about it. I keep going back and forth over who's got the top spot."

Noah chuckled. "Well, at least my position is secure".

It was nice to have a normal conversation with Stavo now that he wasn't constantly hitting on him. Plus, you know, Zoe. Zoe was amazing. Zoe had been away from school during the months of the killings and had returned looking better than ever. Something about the way she carried herself, how she smiled now - something had changed about her during her time away, and whatever it was it had changed for the better. And she was the smartest person Noah knew. Yes, that included Stavo. Yes, that included himself.

When the two of them showed up at the party for Kieran, Stavo nodded approvingly - though Noah was sure that he also caught a disheartened glare at some point too. Though apparently Stavo had also moved on to courting Brooke.

This was...well, it was weird. Noah supposed he could get behind Brostavo - no, *that* didn't work...**Bravo**? Sure. He *was* sure he could *support* Bravo if it *became* a thing, but *they* had *very little chemistry beyond tentative friendship*. *Though the same could be said about Brooke and Jake, and look at how that ended up. How did that end up, though? Jake hadn't been around for a while.*

Also **why** was the room *glowing blue*?

Oh right, the *laced Tequila*. This would not be fun. **Noah** looked around for *Zoe*, and saw her *crouched against the sofa and giggling at things that he couldn't see*. Noah held **out his** hand to her, frowning as his *fingers started to evaporate*. That wasn't good. He needed somebody to keep himself together.

*Gustavo drifted into his mind, against all reasoning. He was smiling at Noah, but not in the way that he did these days. And not in the way he used to, either. It was warm. It was kind. It was cute. He strode across the room as it flickered in and out of existence. He grabbed Noah by the shoulders, steadying him. Noah hadn't even realized that he was shaking until then. But Stavo there made him feel safe. He pulled Noah towards him into a warm embrace and before he knew it they were kissing. A part of Noah's mind knew that this was all just a hallucination, and wondered why his subconscious only seemed to think about mackin' with hot dudes. He could hear Gustavo whispering apologies in his ear. Wait, no, that was Audrey's voice. **Huh?** That didn't make any -*

audrey.

Audrey?

Frick.

Noah jumped away from her as he came out of the hallucination. But Audrey really was there, and they really had kissed. And that was...what even was that?

In a panic he turned to *Zoe*. She didn't seem to mind. In fact, she seemed pretty pleased at the development. Noah still began stuttering out an apology, but she cut him off.

"You're energy...it's glowing. It's amazing."

Then she was kissing **him**.

Then she was kissing *her*.

Then **he** was kissing *her*.

Then **they** were *all* **kissing** each *other*.

Noah's last cognizant thought before drifting away was: *drugs are bad, kids*.

Then Gustavo appeared in place of Audrey and Noah's body took over.

Chapter End Notes

So now I'm playing catch up since I took so long to get these last chapters out. I don't mind people who do ship Audrey/Noah, but I don't, and as it is right now I really don't think Noah has feelings for Audrey in the canon either. But we'll see I guess...

My Friend You are Doing Me a Frighten

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long! Part of it was me being busy, part of it was me deciding that I apparently needed to start playing more video games this month, and part of it was wanting to see where the show went before updating. I want to sort-of try and keep this canon compliant for as long as I can.

Also thank you for all the happy comments! I'm so glad that this fic is getting such a good reaction. So let's keep it going!

Noah needed to get out of the house. He needed to breath without the constant threat of death, he needed to chill out, he needed to get his thoughts in order. He needed to trade his near-constant caffeine rush for something would would push down all the darkness that'd been building up ever since Brooke got Carried by Jake's corpse.

He was sitting in the coffee shop (hell yeah for all-hours goodness) with his third hot chocolate and eighth raspberry scone. In his hand he kept replaying the same soundbite over and over.

"...people started dying, Piper swore to me that it wasn't her, and I believed her and now...I'm paying for my mistakes...for all that blood. I deserve this."

Noah Foster rarely scared himself. But earlier that night, after everything that he'd been through, all the lies from Audrey had become too much. A part of him had grown so doubtful and spiteful in such a short timespan that it took him a while to figure out what to say. Almost, he had said something he regretted.

"Yes you do. You brought her here. You're responsible for everyone dying because you wanted to take your hurt out on innocent people. Riley, Will, the Sheriff, Tyler, even Nina. Even Rachael! Didn't you think that if you had said something instead of being so selfish then maybe our friends would still be alive?!"

But he caught himself at the last moment. Instead he supported her, and he was pretty sure that most of what he had done to console her had come from an honest place. But he was also pretty sure that recording her confession had not been an accident.

So he sat here, torturing himself by listening to his friend spill her heart out to him and living through a hypothetical fight over and over again.

Noah's eyes flicked up when he saw a hand waving in front of him to grab his attention. Stavo had seated himself on the sofa across from him. Noah immediately pulled out his headphones. "Hey? How's - how's it going?"

Stavo shrugged. "As good as it can, all things considered. Are you alright? You look pretty spooked."

Noah took a breath and another sip of his drink. "It has not exactly been a night for chilling, you could say."

Stavo smiled softly and nodded. "Yeah, I heard that a few things got pretty intense. I had to be Brooke's shoulder to cry on for a good portion of the night."

Noah chuckled, causing Stavo to give him an odd look. "Sorry, it's just...the last shoulder Brooke cried on ended up sleeping with her." Noah gestured to Stavo. "I hope you're not giving the young lady the wrong idea."

Stavo held his hands up innocently. "I am being as platonic as I can. Besides, I imagine ever since her last shoulder...well..."

Noah's smile faltered as he remembered. Again. He took another drink, and the two sat in silence for several moments before Noah spoke up again. "Have you ever had a best friend?"

Stavo nodded. "Yeah, for a little bit back at my old school. But we were little, and in those days a best friend was somebody who liked the same Pokemon as you."

"True. But it didn't continue into high school or anything?"

Stavo shook his head. "We drifted apart pretty easily once we got in. A combination of different interests and me telling him that I wasn't the hetero BFF he was hoping for."

Noah gave a sympathetic sigh to that piece of backstory. "That's shitty." He paused again. Then, "Audrey told me something tonight that changed my every perception about her. To the point where I don't even know if I can trust her like I used to."

Stavo grunted. "You finally figured that maybe she's not the nicest person?"

Noah sighed again. "Right, I know. I'm...I'm sure she didn't want you to get jumped like that. At least, I'm pretty sure." He groaned and held his head in his hands. "I can't deal with everything going on right now." He gestured to the area around them. "This - this is why I came here. To get out of my head. Everyone around me keeps hurting or hurting me or dying and it is not as fun as it looks on the big screen. But I'm still stuck in this horror movie, and the only way out is a way that I am not keen on going." He looked up again. Not for the first time, Stavo saw the heavy bags under his eyes. At first he thought that was just how his face was, but up close now he could see that the boy across from him was scared and exhausted.

"Can you do me a favour?" Noah asked. "If it's not too much to ask."

Stavo nodded. Noah stood up and walked around the table, flopping down on the sofa next to his friend and sliding over so that their sides were touching.

"You said that you were Brooke's shoulder to cry on tonight." He looked into Stavo's eyes with hurt and fatigue. "Could you do the same for me?"

Stavo became somewhat nervous, which was a rare feeling for him. He glanced around the cafe, which was still bustling with people. Most of them seemed to be engrossed in their own worlds or conversations, but that didn't assuage much. On the other hand, however, Noah looked like he was ready to burst into a geyser of despair. "Are you sure?" Stavo asked. "Here in public?"

Noah nodded. "If you're okay with it."

Stavo said nothing. Instead, he lifted his arm and wrapped it around Noah's shoulders, pulling him into a comforting embrace. Noah leaned over and rested his head on Stavo's shoulder, his own arm wrapping around his torso. They sat like that, wrapped around one another in soothing silence, for several minutes. Some of the patrons saw them, but said nothing, assuming that whatever moment that was occurring was private and shouldn't be disturbed.

They may have fallen asleep like that, if it weren't for Stavo's phone going off. He shifted and glanced at the message. "Dad's gonna be home soon, which means I should get going too."

Noah made a disapproving noise, but the tone was adorable and enough to let Stavo know that their brief cuddle moment had helped in some manner. They got to their feet and gathered their things, walking out the door together.

"Did you walk here?" Stavo asked.

Noah nodded. "Yeah, my house is only a block away." He shrugged. "The way is well-lit, so I'm not too concerned about getting jumped by killers." He was only half-joking.

Stavo frowned. "Still, let me give you a ride home." He motioned for Noah to follow, and led him to his motorcycle. Noah stopped with concern.

"Uh...can two people fit on that?"

"Yes, dork."

"Okay, but I should really be -"

"Wearing a helmet? I always have a spare." Stavo produced said spare from a storage compartment underneath the seat. He quickly showed Noah how to wear it correctly and how to sit on the bike correctly so that they wouldn't stumble. It was there, with Noah smushed against Stavo's back with his hands wrapped around his waist, that he decided something.

"Hang on," he said just before Stavo started the ignition.

"What?" he turned his head to reply.

Noah said nothing, instead reaching up with one of his hands and pulling Stavo's face closer to his. They glanced at each other for a second before closing their eyes and letting the kiss happen.

Jacked and Tan and Latin

Chapter Notes

So, I think I'm gonna wrap this fic up. At this point it's officially no longer canon-compliant, and it does accomplish what it set out to do. There might be more of this in the future, but in different forms and settings and styles. Thank you all for the great reviews and kudos and love. It's been fun.

(also, this is the chapter with the fricking. Avert your innocent eyes if you must.)

Somehow they went directly from Stavo's bike to Noah's room to his bed. Noah had pulled Stavo in after him, quietly and careful to ensure that his parents weren't woken up by the unexpected guest. Noah was giggling like a kid the whole way. Stavo was much better at staying silent, but still had a giddy grin plastered across his face as he followed. As soon as they were in Noah's room Noah locked the door, then embraced Stavo and began to kiss him again. Their feet kept moving until Stavo hit the edge of the bed and lay down, pulling Noah after him by his shirt.

How long did they lie there, doing little but holding each other and exchanging kisses? Who knows. Eventually, though, Stavo moved to make more happen. His hand crawled up Noah's back and under his shirt, sliding across the bare skin there and making Noah shiver. With his other hand he grabbed Noah's ass and pressed him closer to him.

Noah let out a small gasp, but then all of a sudden he was pulling away. "What's wrong?" Stavo whispered sullenly.

Noah rubbed his eyes. "Nothing, it's just...I had this dream."

"Sexy."

Noah frowned. "Not really. We both got stabbed." Stavo frowned, and Noah continued. "Yeah, not exactly what one would hope for. Also, I've...never..." Noah flailed his hands about in silence before making a motion that was vaguely copulative. "Done anything."

Stavo arched an eyebrow. "With a guy?"

"With anyone." Noah sighed. "Yeah, it's a whole thing. Me and Audrey made a joke about, bi-curious and the virgin...guess the first one is the main one here, and it's not like I haven't tried, but I've got basically no experience outside of what I've seen in movies so I don't know what I'd be doing or the first thing about, uh, giving, like, head?" He paused when he saw Stavo trying to stifle a laugh - the first genuine laugh he had seen from the boy. "I'm ruining the moment, aren't I?"

Stavo shook his head. "No, no, babe." He sat up and wrapped his arms around Noah's waist. "You're adorable when you babble." He kissed him. "You're adorable, period." Another kiss. "And we can take baby steps." He reached his arms behind his head and pulled his shirt off, then grabbed the bottom of Noah's and did the same. Then he pushed Noah back and laid on top of him. Noah was shocked at how warm and comforting Stavo's ripped body was against his own, though his thoughts kind of faltered as Stavo began to trail kisses across his neck, running his hands across Noah's chest at the same time.

"Sorry," Noah murmured sadly.

"For what?"

"For not being all jacked like you are."

Stavo smiled. "Hey, what did I just say?" He continued to kiss Noah, going across his shoulder blade and then down his chest. "I think you look sexy."

Noah smiled sheepishly. "Thanks." Then he moved and flipped the two of them so that he was on top. "Of course, I know you're sexy." And he began to rub his hands up and down Stavo's bulging pecs and sixpack abs. As he did so, his face drifted closer and closer to the body. Noah shot a questioning glance to the other boy.

"Go ahead," Stavo said with anticipation. "I'm following your lead."

That was all Noah needed. He stretched out his tongue and licked Stavo's nipple a few times. Egged on by the pleased groans he heard, he put his lips around it and began to suck on it, gently but with force enough to keep Stavo entertained. Soon enough he missed his lover's lips, and he moved back up to get more kisses.

Stavo was maneuvering his feet and legs to try and get the two boys' socks off. Once that was taken care of, he began to undo their belts. Noah followed the initiative, using a free hand to push their pants down as he massaged Stavo's shoulder with the other one.

Stripped down to their last few clothes, Noah could easily feel Stavo's erect cock grinding into his own crotch. Every time he separated his lips from Stavo's he let out a soft and breathy moan. "You like that?" Stavo asked. Noah nodded into his shoulder. "How about this, then?"

He reached his hand between them and grabbed on to Noah's own hard dick through his boxers.

"Oh, yeah..."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah..."

"Here." He grabbed Noah's hand and pulled it to his own dick, which was poking out the top of his boxer briefs. Hesitantly at first, Noah grasped him and began to rub his thumb over the

top. Even though he had no experience handling anybody else's privates, he must be going off of experiences with himself as he began to massage Stavo with great aplomb.

"Hang on," Stavo said, and took a brief moment to pull off both of their undergarments. "Okay, now how far do you want to go?" he asked. "We gonna jack each other off? Blow? More?"

Noah was still happily thrusting into Stavo's hand. "I...I don't think I can do much more than this, man."

"Alright, then." Stavo grabbed Noah's shoulders and pushed him down onto his back, then positioned himself so that his legs were around Noah's hips. Their dicks rubbed together, slick with precum, as Stavo began to grind back and forth against the other boy. Noah moaned with elation and reached out a hand to pull Stavo closer. Their lips met, both of them moaning into each other as their hands travelled across chests and arms and backs and asses. All the while, Stavo's one free hand pumped their cocks in tandem, the friction bringing them closer...closer...*closer*-

Noah let out an ecstatic cry as he came, spurting cum across his stomach and chest. He clamped a hand over his mouth in fear that his parents may have heard. Then he saw that Stavo was still going, and quickly reached over to lend a hand. As Noah pumped his quivering dick, Stavo's face began to melt into an expression of euphoria. He ran his hands over his own chest and stomach. "Yeah, Noah, just like that...ugh...*u-ugh!*" His cock spasmed as it shot its own load into the air, splashing down on top of Noah and mixing with his own spent material.

Stavo lowered himself beside Noah and the two kissed each other softly for a moment as Stavo's hand trailed the sticky mess across Noah's front.

"So...do I still count as a virgin?" Noah asked finally. "I'm not really clear on what counts when it's guy on guy."

Stavo smiled and snuggled up next to the boy. "Well, some people don't count it, some people do. It depends on how you felt. As for me, I would definitely call that sex."

Noah smiled. "It was great." Then he looked down at himself. "I...we should probably clean up, though." He patted Stavo's shoulder. "The bathroom is right beside here, we won't have to risk going past my parents' door, and mom put clean towels in there this morning."

They snuck through the hallway, naked and sticky, swiftly closing the bathroom door behind them and successfully avoiding anything scandalous. The intention was to have a quick shower to rinse off any grossness, but the only thing hotter than Stavo was Stavo wet, and they couldn't help but make out underneath the water until they pruned.

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