

## The Choices That Matter

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/702514) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/702514>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">War Boys (2009)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">George/David Welch</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">George (War Boys)</a> , <a href="#">David Welch</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Internalized Homophobia</a> , <a href="#">First Time</a> , <a href="#">Pre-Slash</a> , <a href="#">Spoilers for movie</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2013-02-28 Words: 2,028 Chapters: 1/1

# The Choices That Matter

by [missmishka](#)

## Summary

George's thoughts in the 'missing scene' between his conversation with Cat and his first time with David.

## Notes

DISCLAIMER: The usual warnings, I claim no ownership of these characters, they are simply borrowed with love and adoration from the original creators to have their stories, thoughts or circumstances embellished on a little more than the original format had done. Not for any profit.

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

The selection in the convenience store is minimal, but it still presents options that George is having one hell of a difficulty with. He gnaws on the inside of his cheek and thinks back to David's rant a few days ago in the old train depot, before they'd made the decision to steal the truck.

*"This used to be a frontier out here. Kill or be killed; be a slave or be free? And now what are the choices that matter?" David was worked up and on a tear; ready to lead a rebellion against any and everything for reasons that he had yet to reveal to George.*

*"Paper or plastic," George joined in because he was always with David wherever the guy was going, "lubricated or ribbed?"*

His own words loop in his brain, mocking him as he stares at the packages boasting just those options.

There are four pegs with four different choices; lubricated, ribbed, ultrathin and magnum. While George has plenty of confidence, he'd never delude himself in to thinking that his dick merited the Magnum's, so that knocks one option out. Three choices remain, though, and it is too damned early and too damned bright out for him to be standing back in this corner of the store contemplating these items.

Lube is good; he knows enough to know that. He didn't have to be a fag to know that buttsex needed lubricant and plenty of it to make the thrust and slide pleasurable for either partner. The shelf below the pegs, though, has K-Y jelly and he can just buy the lube separately.

The ribbed one's claim to be for 'her pleasure' and David is no "her" by any stretch of the imagination, but would he like the ribbing? If it adds to the pleasure for a woman as she's getting fucked in the pussy, will it help David to enjoy getting fucked in the ass for the first time?

More than anything, George wants it to feel good for David. He remembers the night before, kissing his best friend for the first time. Remembers the fear and awkward hesitation as he fought himself then finally that welcome when David realized that he was actually being kissed and that George wasn't going to punch him to see if he flinched. It had been amazing and terrifying to wrap his arms around David as David pulled him closer. It had been hungry and desperate and the hottest fucking thing ever to have happened to George and it had felt so good he'd had to run. He knows that he'd hurt David by leaving like that and so he has to make it up to him.

*Would ribbed condoms help with that?*

The ultrathins appeal to George for selfish reasons because he's drawn to the idea of a barely there barrier. Truth be told, he'd like nothing between them, but he knows that condoms are pretty much required for any and all sex nowadays, especially anal.

David claims that he hasn't had time for a girlfriend since going off to college, but George hadn't had the balls to ask if there had been any guys. He himself has messed around with a

few of the local girls, trying to convince the world that he's straight and normal and not missing his best friend like a limb that'd been severed when David left town.

He's no virgin like Greg.

He isn't sure if he wants to know whether David has ever gone farther than the mutual handjobs that they'd given each other the first time that they'd gotten drunk on tequila shortly after turning sixteen. As much as he's run from it, from the idea of *them*, he's never been able to handle the thought of anyone else touching David like that. David's always been *his*. *His* best friend. Now he's going to be George's lover and part of George wants to go in bare and mark the territory like an animal so that if David ever has had or does allow another man to fuck him they'll always know that George's seed has slicked that passage.

But that's a fantasy for another time, so George turns away from the ultrathins because he needs a condom that will aid in anal sex and add to *David's* pleasure.

*So lubricated or ribbed?*

His gaze goes to the shelf below and it's more than just K-Y there. He's presented with three additional choices to complicate matters. He can have jelly or liquid or warming gel. Without even trying, he can remember the heat of David's mouth and he can only imagine that it'll be just as hot when he slides inside him, so does he need warming gel?

He heaves a heavy sigh and wonders if any of it really matters. The girls that he'd fucked hadn't taken any of this kind of inner debate. He'd picked them up for a date and just bought a condom from the vending machine in the men's room once it became clear that the night would end in sex. No fuss; no muss.

This thing with David, though...

*Christ*, George laughs at himself because he's thinking thoughts along the lines of wanting to make it special. He wants it to be good and memorable because, despite his words to the contrary last night, he's never forgotten the feel of David's sweaty palm and too tight fingers wrapped around his dick. It's like the touch had been burned into his skin and nothing could erase or replace it. He'd tried, God knows that he's tried to find pleasure in straight sex, but he knows that even if he'd tried fucking other guys it wouldn't have made a difference.

It was David.

His body trembles at the memory of David's breath ghosting across his ass last night as he'd gotten the cactus thorns out; the memory of David's hand on his chest, running down his stomach and cupping his cock as he pushed George's limits.

He wasn't fooling anyone any longer.

Truth was, George is David's. He probably had been from the moment in grade school when the rich boy had deigned to befriend a piece of trailer trash. They'd been inseparable nearly their whole lives and the separation of David going off to Duke had broken something in George. He knows now that David hadn't fared any better. It hadn't been just one friend

missing another; it'd been more. Now they'd crossed the boundaries and were going to see just how much more; see how much they really meant to one another.

*Gay or straight?*

That was the real choice that mattered now.

He feels the hard shape in his back pocket of the little wooden boat that Cat had given him less than an hour ago as the sun rose on this new day. He thinks of the simple and accepting way that her little arm had curled around his shoulders in an almost hug as she had accepted the fact that her brother was *like that*.

*"Let's do it,"* he remembers David saying in that moment at the depot. *"Fuck it!"*

Seizing that sentiment completely out of context, he springs into motion and grabs a pack of the lubricated condoms and hoped to God that there's truth to that advertising because he's not getting into the whole lube debate right now.

He's just *not*.

He rushes through the process of paying for the package with the crumpled bills in his back pocket, wondering if the beaner behind the register can tell what George is about to do with the purchase. He wonders if he looks gay now that he accepts that he *is*; wonders if other people can sense it now and are judging him for it.

It's stupid.

It's all so fucking stupid that he thinks like that; like it matters or like he should care.

He tucks the condoms in his pocket and walks out of the store with them practically burning a hole through his jeans.

He damned near chickens out again and actually takes three steps back toward the trailer park before he stops.

One way or another, he'll be seeing David today.

He can do it like a grown man, ready to accept the fact that he's in love with his best friend and has a pocket full of condoms in anticipation of finally exploring the physical meaning of that love *or* he can puss out and pretend once more that nothing ever happened between them beyond roughhousing. He went that route before, back when they were kids and went years with nothing more than punching games and awkward touches with David until his friend had left for college a few months ago. He can't imagine David going back to college with them never having done more than that interrupted kiss last night.

His gut twists and he almost doubles over as he realizes that he can't stand the idea of David leaving again period.

With another choice made, he swallows his doubts and changes direction for David's house up on the ridge just outside of town.

It's a bit of a hike in the warming sun, but he's made the trek hundreds of times. He flips the Welcome mat to retrieve the spare key and let himself in just as he's done hundreds of times before. He hears Maria in the kitchen, preparing breakfast for the men of the Welch household, and he sneaks quietly through the house to David's room as he's done so often he could do it blindfolded and in his sleep. He slips into David's room, shuts and locks the door behind him then leans back against the wooden panel to stare at his sleeping friend just as he's done more times than he's ever cared to count or admit.

The covers are a tangled mess around David's naked body; indicating a restless night's sleep. George looks at the bare skin on display and wonders if David had had to jerk himself off to get to sleep last night the way that George had. He'd kept remembering the feel of that mouth and tongue and body against his own and he'd been hard enough to drill a hole through his bed and when he'd taken himself in hand all he'd done is remember that long ago feeling of David's sweaty palm and too tight fingers jacking him off.

He wants it again; any and all of it.

He needs it.

He needs *him*.

He squats down to unlace his boots and toe them off before moving to the foot of David's bed. He looks at the sleeping man and doesn't know what to do or where to begin. His mind races with all the things he wants to do and he knows it's physically impossible to do them all at once, but that doesn't stop him from *wanting* it with an urgency that suddenly overwhelms him. His heart is racing, his dick is a throbbing shaft in his pants and his hands are shaking. He realizes his palms are sweating and he rubs them on his jeans to get rid of the moisture.

He feels the boat in his back pocket and suddenly everything just settles into place. He fishes the toy out and studies it; thinking of the incomprehensible love that his adopted Mexican sister has for her racist, idiot brother.

Today is the day to put aside such childish things and he begins by crawling on to the bed and running the toy boat up David's leg.

He finally wakes, rolling over at the disturbance and giving George access to the ridges and planes of his torso to move the boat over like waves on the ocean. He doesn't say anything as the toy skims along his body, but he raises his uninjured hand to still the motion and push the boat aside as George reaches his shoulder. He looks at him like he doubts his vision; takes George's face in his hands and touches him like he's sure this is a dream.

That's when George knows that he's made the right choice; the only choice that matters.

## End Notes

This was a bit of a departure from my normal writing style/content because George is a slightly different character than I delve in to, but after seeing this movie (which I only just did) I'm pretty completely in love with the guy. He's conflicted and misguided and his rationale is screwy, but he just pulls it all together in the end and that kind of how the whole movie ended up working. If you pick up some racial, homophobic and immature wording like "fag" and "buttsex" it was deliberate because I rather think George would think that way. While it isn't established in the movie, I put the guys around 19 as they all still have that high schooler vibe about them and it feels very much like David's first "spring break" from college, which would put them almost a year out of high school. Any comments, critiques and theories would be welcomed 'cause I think I want to write more of these two.

If you haven't seen it (I kind of don't know how you came to be reading this ficlet, but thank you for coming in unaware and sticking around to read to these notes) you really need to check it out. I Netflixed it and rate it a solid 4 stars. It's running about \$10 on Amazon with shipping and handling, so I'm debating buying it. Might have to, though, 'cause these two are giving me some serious feels so I'm going to need to be able to watch them again.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!