



# THE INFORMANT

SHORT NOVEL BY EYECY

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## Chapter 1: Caught in the Rain

The Friday night is gray with heavy clouds rumbling across the sky. Looking down, you could see tipped-over garbage cans and the battered houses in this lower-income neighborhood. The rain began to blanket everything as a familiar scene played out for the neighbors to see: the angry middle-aged uncle in his bathrobe from 28 Park Place yelling at his nephew to get out of his house.

“Once you get a fucking job and contribute to this house then, maybe just then you can sleep here and continue to eat my food!” the man said as he pushed his nephew out of his front gate.

The girl from next door watched with pity from her window as the nephew fell backward, hitting a garbage can with a loud BANG! He quickly got back on his feet, muttered an apology, threw his hood over his head, and walked away from the place he called home. Within seconds, he was drenched, the sound of the uncle slamming the door muffled by the rumbling and the rain.

As we follow the nephew, whose name is Chase Satterfield, we see that he is heading in the direction of the large overpass that towers over Park Place. Under this bridge, there was activity and visible smoke from fires, competing with the rain and wind. It looked like Chase was unafraid and even seemed to know the characters that visited or stayed under the bridge. However, for some reason, tonight, he wanted to keep his distance.

Chase, with his stomach grumbling, sat on one of the cardboard pieces laid out next to a fire, sticking his hands out to warm them up. He looked up at the sky, visible through the gap between the north and southbound bridges. Sitting there, he thought about how he turned 26 years old today and nobody cared, how his life had not panned out the way he had hoped, and how he's probably paying for what he's done in the past.

His gaze dropped to a group of guys laughing and looking his way, and he noticed Lisa, the girl with purple and black hair whom he had tried to have sex with. He remembered how she just couldn't get his dick hard no matter what she tried. He knew that he might not be sexually attracted to girls, but she was pretty, smelled nice, and had been trying to seduce him for a while, so he gave it a shot. She wasn't weird about it, but Chase felt so bad about the whole thing that he hasn't spoken to her since.

As their eyes met, she offered him a smile, and he responded with a smile and a nod. He was genuinely happy that she had smiled at him and felt slightly warmer inside. Maybe they could be friends? He thought to himself.

As he grabbed his stomach and made a sour face from the hunger, some of the guys approached him hollering his name.

“This couldn't be more perfect, look who it is!” yelled Butch Langer, one of the most careless and shameless criminals there.

“What do you want Butch?” Chase said as he pushed Butch who had sat down and put his arms around him.

"You wanna come and sleep in my tent with me? I need a good suck and someone to hug tonight," Butch snarkily answered as the other guys laughed and called him slurs.

"Whaaat? You guys think it really matters? Guys have a hole too! And trust me a guy will give you the blow of your life if you let him" Butch responded as the other guys laughed in disgust.

"If you guys ever want to try it, just be nice to Chase, and he'll give you a good one, believe me! Right, Chase?" he continued, grabbing his crotch with one hand and, with the other, gesturing toward Chase, who had an annoyed look on his face.

"I'm not going anywhere near your dirty, piss smelling cock again so fuck off" Chase responded. The guys continued to laugh and mock the situation with homophobic undertones.

"Okay, let's get serious again," Butch said as he stood up. "I think we all know that Chase is one of the best lockpicks around," he continued. "Which is why I think we should bring him with us on this hit!... We can get in, grab all the shit, and get out without needing to make a mess," Butch said as he laughed. "It's perfect!"

Chase only looked, raising one eyebrow, knowing that these guys had probably made plans to hit one of the large houses in the gentrified area of town. He was indeed good at lockpicking because his father, who works as a locksmith, had taught him from a young age. It was going to be a tough night if he stayed, as he knew Butch would keep pressuring him to join them. What they didn't know, though, was that Chase had resolved some time ago to steer clear of plans like these that caused genuine harm. For months, he had skillfully avoided such conversations, ensuring he wasn't even considered. However, today, caught in the rain, he found himself in a predicament.

As the guys talked his thoughts were drawn to the past, about a year ago when he witnessed how sick a man became after he, Butch, and some other guys stole the man's new car. They say criminals always come back to the crime scene, but Chase had never gone back to see the effects of what they did until they committed the worst crime he had ever been a part of. He became curious and soon felt overwhelming remorse as he heard about how the man's life crumbled. Remorse that would keep him up at night, telling him he should be punished and calling out to his creeping depression.

The man, who seemed affluent because he lived in the gentrified part of town just two blocks away from the overpass, was actually burdened with debt. Without a reliable mode of transportation, he lost his job, leading his wife to call it quits on their already rocky marriage. Chase learned all of this from one of the man's sons, who would frequently visit the areas under the bridges in search of weed. The man ended up in the hospital after suffering a stroke caused by crippling depression.

When the man was released from the hospital, Chase decided to repay him. He worked fixing air conditioners that summer, delivering anonymous envelopes with money in the middle of the night almost every week. By the time fall came around, he had amassed about three thousand eight hundred dollars.

Although he wasn't completely satisfied with the amount, he knew that he had tried his best, and it brought him great joy to see the man smile while reading the apology letter in the final envelope, standing next to his new moderately aged car.

“What are you doing tomorrow night?” Butch questioned as he smiled and licked his lips in front of Chase’s face.

He was too close, which made Chase a little uncomfortable, but at the same time, Chase could feel his heart rate accelerate and his dick get hard as he looked at Butch, smiling inches from his face. He couldn’t help but think about kissing him or laying on the futon in his tent naked, sharing their body heat. He wanted Butch to stick his thick dick in him from behind gently and slowly like he had before. Butch was an attractive guy with pale skin, jet-black hair, and pretty green eyes, but he was a good-for-nothing, shameless criminal. The only reason Chase ever stuck around with him was that, unlike other criminals he knows, Butch had a sort of Robin Hood attitude when stealing. He always used his money for others under the overpass to ensure they had a meal. Moreover, he mostly stole material things from rich people, and he has never wanted to physically hurt anyone.

Chase snapped back to the moment when Butch wrapped his left arm around him, turned him away from the crowd, and whispered, “Are you gonna answer my question? And I’m serious about tonight; I can warm up some water with the fire. I got fresh rags, soap, and condoms. We can wash each other off in my tent, I’ll wash my cock good, and we can fuck then sleep together tonight,” Butch smiled, “I even got you a cupcake I was planning to give you today or tomorrow for your birthday.”

As he finished whispering, he discreetly kissed Chase on his cheek then on his neck and said happy birthday before Chase responded with “t-thanks...”

Chase staring into Butch’s eyes then said, “I’m not going to go with you guys tomorrow, I’ll sleep with you tonight but, I already told you that I’m done with the stealing”.

Butch brushed up on Chase pressing his hard dick on him, sighed, and grabbed Chase’s dick to adjust it to the middle of his crotch. Chase’s boner was noticeably pressing out from the right of his thigh and Butch didn’t want the others to see. He kissed and licked Chase’s neck and he made Chase melt under the musk and deodorant smell coming from his arm. Butch then spat to the side, put a cigarette in his mouth, and asked again, "Look, it’s a quick thing. The guy’s house is going to be empty, everyone will go in with you opening the door, and they’ll take his expensive watches and jewelry he doesn’t NEED. We will be out in five minutes."

“How do you guys know the inside of his house and what this man has?” Chase asked.

“You know how Joseph works as a fridge tech, right? He was working and scoped the house, and the guy’s loaded with all types of expensive stuff,” Butch continued as he took his cigarette and put it in Chase’s mouth. “He was basically bragging to Joseph, BEGGING him to take his shit.”

“That’s craazy but, you’re not going to convince me so break a window or something” Chase responded as he pushed Butch away and put his cigarette back in his mouth.

Joseph had been watching at a distance and when he saw that Butch wasn’t being successful with Chase he got up and marched towards them.

"If you're not coming with us tomorrow on this hit, then get the fuck out of here," Joseph said as he pushed Chase with his hand on Chase’s head. Butch stumbled back. “I’m being serious, you don’t wanna do this shit? Then you don’t belong here” Joseph continued as Chase frowned bitterly and slapped his

hand away.

Joseph smacked his tongue and with one hand picked Chase up and slammed him on his back.

“HEY! WHAT THE FUCK!?” Butch said as he grabbed Joseph.

Without hesitation, Joseph punched Butch in the face, breaking open his mouth and causing him to fall back. Tearfully, Butch brought his hand to his lip, saw himself gushing blood, and used his shirt to apply pressure and stem the flow. Chase whimpered, just staring as the alpha dog towered over him and Butch. They knew not to get back up.

Joseph was not someone to be trifled with. Everyone knew that this 6’5”, 240-pound man was not to be challenged, especially when he was angry. He is a smart, brutal, and ruthless criminal who would willingly return to jail after putting you in a coma (or worse).

“That faggot shit you do makes me sick Butch but, what makes me even sicker is a useless faggot that gladly takes a man’s dick,” Joseph hollered. “If I keep hearing you’re fucking with men Butch, I’m going to come from my house that’s right there, take all your shit and dump it in the river.”

Butch cast a remorseful glance at Chase, got up, and walked away, pulling his hoodie back on with a shrug. The onlookers, a mix of the other guys and homeless individuals, observed the scene—some in shock, others offering approval from a distance.

“Now, like I said, if you’re not going to be useful Chase, you definitely don’t belong here so leave” Joseph growled.

Chase recognized that, even in a public setting, it was time for him to leave, as if he were being forced out of a house. He had made a personal choice and was determined not to engage in activities that caused harm or placed considerable stress on anyone anymore.

Chase walked out from the shelter of the bridge and into the rain, immediately becoming soaked again. He looked back one last time and saw Butch trying to come to him, with Joseph holding him back. Chase had no confirmation, but he was sure Joseph and Butch were somehow related.

Trying to stay positive about the situation, Chase kept remembering the moment when Butch kissed him and wished him a happy birthday. It made him happy inside, though also angry because he knows Butch isn’t going to go anywhere in life if he doesn’t break away from that them.

Desperate to escape the rain and find somewhere to sleep, Chase began thinking of potential places he could go. The buses weren’t running at that hour, preventing him from going into the city to stay at the shelter, and he was reluctant to venture into a part of town where he could possibly get hurt.

He decided to walk a few blocks down to the wealthier area and started to check if any car had been left open. He was hungry and desperate for a nap and shelter; at least until the rain had passed.

A dog started barking from one of the few houses that still had lights on, and it echoed in the street as Chase continued to slowly check for an open car. Bingo! A red CR-V was left open for the night by the owner who forgot to lock his door. Chase crept inside on the driver’s side and gave a huge sigh of relief.

The car's interior was all black and it smelled of clean linen. Chase sat there dreaming of the day he'd have one like this. He became curious and started rummaging through the car's compartments to see if he would find anything that told a story. He found twenty-three dollars which he pocketed in hopes of using it to get something to eat once the rain stopped, and a book titled *the Tale of Camelot* which he picked up and started reading.

Chase loved to read and get lost within a book's pages. He always aspired to continue his education, but the situation at home made it impossible. When he turned eighteen, his parents moved to a different country, leaving him behind with his uncle, believing they were done raising him. This surprised Chase, as his parents planned their departure without any warning. This continued until he met Butch, who made his life a little more exciting. However, the excitement for Chase was short-lived when he began getting thrown out by his uncle for frequently coming home late and for not contributing to the household.

As Chase continued to read, something caught his attention on the rearview mirror. It was red and blue lights. He ducked trying to not appear suspicious but, it was too late. Someone from the neighborhood had been watching him and had called the police.

The police swarmed him from every side, flinging the door open in the rain.

"DON'T MOVE AND DON'T REACH!" a police officer yelled as he pulled Chase toward the door, grabbing his hands and smashing them together.

"You have the right to remain silent..." a police officer said, reading his Miranda he cuffed Chase up.

Chase attempted to plead with the police officer explaining to him that he was not trying to steal the car, that he was just hungry and needed shelter from the rain but, the officer told him to suck it up as he and another officer threw Chase in the back of his car. Chase was arrested and taken to the station.

## Chapter 2: The Deal

The phones are ringing, and the police officers are running back and forth in a completely organized chaos at the town's police station. The weather has turned a busy Friday into a more challenging day, with heavy rain, flooding, and gusty winds creating additional complications for the officers on duty.

Detective Andre Johnson is headed to the east wing of the building, stopping every so often to offer advice to police officers who rely on his valuable guidance.

He forcefully breaks open the doors of the east wing with his massive 183-centimeter muscular frame, and in his calm German-accented voice, starts to command the room, instantly calming all the officers in it. Growing up in Germany Andre always had a calm voice, however, the skill to command the room was something he acquired during his enlistment in the army.

The main event tonight was a carjacking that took place just a few hours ago in an area that has experienced multiple incidents this month. The room is baffled at how quickly the thieves are disappearing with these unique and expensive cars.

"Our main suspect is Kevin Martinez, who we know has had communication with multiple suspects involved in previous incidents in that area last year." Andre said as he pinned a photo of Kevin Martinez on the large bulletin board set up in the front half of the room.

As the officers continued to discuss the situation, from the other side of the room sat Chase on a metal uncomfortable bed listening to the conversation from his detainment cell. The east wing was small, and every discussion could be heard from any corner. With his stomach grumbling, he wondered if he could get someone's attention for meal to finally get some shut eye. He stands up and walks to the bars hoping the large commanding detective who looks very familiar will look out to him.

Andre from his peripheral vision catches Chase looking out to him and makes eye contact. Chase realizes that this might be his only opportunity as Andre wasn't the center of attention in that moment. Chase motions the detective over while he devises a plan that will surely get him something to eat. Andre sets down the pen he had in his mouth on the table and walks over to the detainment cell. While approaching Chase notices how large Andre's frame is and instantly thinks about being squeezed by that man.

"What do you want?" Andre says in his rough voice.

"I can tell you some information about what you guys are talking about if you bring me some food," Chase says, lying through his teeth.

Andre laughs, "Hehe... What could you possibly tell me about this case?" Chase looks up at him, intimidated, with puppy eyes; he was not expecting that response. "You don't have to bribe me for me to get you some food," Andre continued.

Chase's stomach loudly growls breaking their silence which prompts Andre to turn around and head for the break room. Waiting for him, Chase rehearses what he can say to the Detective if he's asked again about the information he promised. He decides on saying that he knows who Kevin Martinez is, even though he doesn't.

“You can have my lunch, it’s a sandwich I prepared for me so it should be enough for you,” Andre says handing over a large foot long sandwich and an apple juice box.

Chase through the bars takes the sandwich and says “Thank you” before struggling to open it and hold the juice box at the same time. Andre takes the sandwich from him and peels back the plastic and aluminum foil he had meticulously wrapped.

“You’re the one that’s in here after getting caught trying to steal a car, huh?” Andre said handing the sandwich over and looking at Chase in the eyes.

Taking a bite Chase says “I wasn’t trying to steal that car, I was just trying to get away from the rain and sleep for a few hours since I had nowhere to go.”

“Where do you live? Why didn’t you just go home?” Andre responded.

“I live with my uncle who threw me out today, I’d sneak in through my window but, he bolted the windows shut” Chase said now struggling with the Juice box.

Andre opens the cell door and grabs Chase by the neck, guiding him to sit at the table next to them. He positions himself on the bench with his crotch facing Chase, one leg under the table, the other on the opposite side, and opens the juice box for him. He takes the napkin from under the sandwich and wipes Chase’s cheek as he chews on the sandwich. Chase blushes and tries to avoid eye contact covering his dick that’s gotten hard.

“You know I remember your face and many of the officers here know you by name, right?” Andre says.

“T-That’s pretty cool” responds Chase taking a sip from the juice box.

“No, that’s not a good thing, why are you constantly getting into trouble? Is it the situation in your house?” Andre asks.

“Well, sort of, I just... I’m trying to get my life together and don’t really have people looking out for me other than some guys I know from the streets,” Chase answers. “I’m not a bad guy, I promise; I just have a family that doesn’t care about me.”

“You should get a job and become independent, stop getting into trouble, and your life will straighten out,” Andre responds. “But, you said you know guys from the streets? What guys? And what information did you say you were going to tell me?”

“Fuck!” Chase thought with wandering eyes before blurting out, “Yeah, that guy Kevin, I’ve heard that name before,” he says while figuring out how he can transition to actual people he knows who steal cars. Chase has always been good at remembering details and names, and he remembered the guys under the bridge who always talk about being involved in stealing expensive cars.

“Okay, tell me about him” Andre responded while squinting leaning in.

“Alright so, Kevin...I’ve heard about him before from the guys who visit the overpass that passes through my neighborhood on Park Place” Chase says, “Those guys are bad news and are always bragging about stealing cars.”



Andre lost in his thoughts rubs the breadcrumbs off Chase's thigh's which gives Chase goosebumps and a sensation on his back. Chase instantly becomes excited and closes his legs to try to stop his dick from getting bigger. He liked Andre's caring gestures, his smell, and the way his green eyes would look at him. He also liked that Andre had a big frame and wondered about what he had in between his legs as he looked at his large bulge. Could this handsome huge detective guy be into other guys? Chase thought to himself. Andre didn't notice what was going on and was lost in thought.

"Hmm... that isn't too far from the area we have been having multiple incidents in. Can you give me the names of these guys?" Andre said, pulling out a notepad and forgetting where he left his pen.

"Steven Fitzpatrick, Joseph Smith, Andrew Stacy... and they all live within two blocks of that area" Chase said without hesitation. He was sure that they probably knew who Kevin was and where to find him. He could tell the detective more about where they meet up with the cars or how they learn to deactivate their alarms but, he felt it wasn't necessary for now.

Andre, remembering these names, seemed to be struck with an idea. Chase put half of the sandwich down as he was too full to eat the rest and stood up, knowing Andre would probably put him back in the cell. Andre was searching for his pen when Chase pointed to where he left it. Andre smiled and patted Chase on the back before leading him back to his cell.

"If these names are useful, I'll come back tomorrow and ask you for more details," Andre said. "I'll also compensate you if your information leads to us solving this case" Andre continued. Chase nodded and gave Andre a smile. *Kur-Clank!* The door closed and Chase dropped to his knees as Andre walked away.

The room was quiet, and some lights had been turned off as it was now 1 a.m., and the officers had moved to the west wing. Chase could hear the snoring from the two other people who were detained for the night and jumped into the uncomfortable bed, ready to go to sleep. He didn't know when he'd be set free, and he figured it'd probably be tomorrow, but he was excited to see and talk to Andre again.

Thinking about the soft, big, and strong detective guy, his dick became hard. He used the blanket to cover himself, pulled down his pants and started to masturbate. He spat on his hand and moved the spit to the tip of his dick. He moved up and down slowly while sticking his other hand in his mouth before bringing it to his asshole to tease it. He wanted to see that guy naked, he wanted to know his name and be fucked merciless by him.

Chase twisted and jerked around in that bed trying to hold in his moans. He stuck three fingers in him and moved them around trying to simulate a dick going in and out. He continued to do this before pulling down the sheet and ejaculating all over the floor. He was hot and sweaty, so he took off his shirt and pulled his pants halfway down while deciding he needed more. He got into a doggy position and jerked his dick as fast as he could biting down on the pillow and moving his fingers inside him faster. He wished the detectives deep calm voice was caressing his ears and that all of Andre's weight was pinning him down.

"Aaaah!" He ejaculated all over the sheets this time and right after dropped on the bed. His stomach sticky with cum and his dick still pumping some out as he panted and moaned. Three minutes after and he had completely fallen asleep.

Through the night Chase slept like a baby dreaming about the detective. He dreamt about them going to a nude beach and fucking close to the ocean, then at the large park in the city where they had a picnic and looked at the scenery.

Right as the sun was rising and the building was still quiet, Andre approached Chase and tapped on the bars to get him to wake up – no answer. Chase was a deep sleeper. He called out to him bribing him with donuts and coffee he had brought him but, Chase was not responding. He opened the cell and approached the bed to see Chase drooling all over the pillow with his ass exposed. He held the donuts and the coffee in one hand and slapped Chase gently on his cheek.

“Hey, wake up!” Andre said in a kind voice.

“H-Huh!?” Chase popped up looking at Andre as he sat down. His dick was hard and exposed, and his stomach was crusty and smelled of cum.

“Looks like someone busted while having a good night sleep.” Andre said handing over the donuts that were wrapped in a napkin before wiping Chase’s drool from his mouth.

Chase a little embarrassed pulled his underwear and pants on smiled at the donuts, then at Andre. Andre took a napkin and started to rub away some of the crusty cum that was on Chase’s stomach. Chase didn’t understand why Andre didn’t care about boundaries and just sort of did what he pleased. He wondered if he was like this all the time.

“Do you drink coffee?” Andre asked handing over the cup to him.

“Yea I do, thanks” Chase responded while taking a sip. “It needs a little more sugar I think” Chase said hating the bitter taste.

Andre grabbed it and drank a sip, “It seems fine to me, plus the sugar from the donuts will make it sweeter” Andre argued.

Chase took back the cup and immediately drank from it again. Andre's mouth was just on it, and Chase wanted to place his lips where Andre's had been.

“Thanks to the names you gave me yesterday I was able to pinpoint where Kevin’s house might be.” Andre said as he handed \$200 to Chase.

“W-What’s this?” Chase asked hesitating to take the money.

"It’s compensation for the information you provided yesterday," Andre continued. "You’re free to go today, and we were supposed to give you charges, but I saw on your record you still haven’t paid other charges you have, so I decided not to give them to you."

“Thank you, Detective,” responded Chase. “Am I able to provide you with more information and get paid again?” he asked.

"Please, call me Andre, and if you have more information and you become an informant for us, I could see us continuing to compensate you should the information you give us be useful," Andre said as Chase got up, slipped on his slightly dirty shirt, and grabbed his hoodie that had been hung to dry.

“A-An informant...huh? So, like a snitch?” Chased asked.

“Yes, exactly. Since it looks like you’re familiar with these streets, you could probably help us.” Andre walked over to the door and opened it before standing next to it. “And I need you to do me favor Chase, straighten up your life and stop doing all these petty crimes I see on your record.”

Chase reached into his pocket and handed over the twenty-three dollars he had taken from the car. He explained to Andre that they belonged to the owner of the car and that he was sorry for the trouble he had caused the police.

“Straighten out Chase, I’ll be in contact with you either tonight or tomorrow” Andre said walking Chase to the front of the building and out the door. Chase was free.

## Chapter 3: Trouble

Days pass, and spring approaches. Chase and Andre continue to meet up, making significant progress on the case. Chase provides more details about additional shady characters and reveals locations where they meet to trade or deactivate alarm-equipped cars acquired suspiciously. All this information is confirmed by Detective Andre and his partner, Paul Gartner who have confirmed the whereabouts of their main suspect Kevin Martinez.

Chase has continued to get compensated and was warned by Andre to keep a low profile when meeting up with them as he didn't want anyone to know Chase had been tipping them off.

With the money he has been earning, Chase's uncle has yet to give him any trouble, as Chase regularly contributes to the household now. His uncle has shifted his attention to helping Chase's brother, Casey, who has recently started getting into trouble again. Chase and Casey almost never talk, and Casey rarely stays home so their relationship is nearly non-existent. The same way it has been since they were young.

The house exudes an air of neglect, its once warm ambiance now replaced with a cold and dusty atmosphere. Chipped paint adorns the walls, and patches of tape desperately attempt to conceal the evidence of wear and tear. Drafts meander through the rooms, finding a particular chill in the kitchen. It's as though the house yearns for the touch of care and attention it has long been denied.

Chase is in his living room pacing and peering out the window every other minute. His heartbeat accelerating, sometimes forgetting to breathe normally. He was waiting for Butch who had been away for a few days and had just got back to his tent under the bridge. His uncle wasn't home, and he was coming over.

"Oh! you got here fast!" Chase says as he opens the door for Butch. Butch immediately grabs Chase and starts kissing him incessantly. He grabs Chase's crotch and slips his hand down his pants.

"Is anyone else here?" Butch asks as he lifts Chase's shirt and licks around Chase's scars. Scars he's had since he was a kid when an intruder tried to break into his parents' home and demanded money. The intruder was eventually caught and put away.

"N-Noone's here" he responded as he unbuckled and unzipped Butch's pants. He pulled down Butch's boxers, took his thick dick out, and started eating his balls.

"Shit I gotta charge my phone," Butch complains.

Butch moan loudly as he loved it when Chase would suck on his balls. He picked Chase up from kneeling and started kissing him pushing him in the direction of the couch. They both fall over and continue kissing each other – Butch biting Chase's lips and nipples. He stops for a minute to remove his shirt and finish taking off his pants. Chase follows by taking his pants and his shirt off. They're both now ready to continue devouring each other.

Butch flips around and starts sucking on Chase's cock as Chase grabs his and puts it in his mouth. Butch's cock was clean today and was leaking a lot of precum. He remembered Chase's previous comment.

Butch grabs one of Chase's legs, pulls it up and begins to lick and suck on Chase's hole. Chase moaning is now gasping for air as Butch also starts to move his waist up and down choking him with his cock. Chase loves it. He grabs Butch's ass cheeks slapping him on the right side which makes Butch squirm uncontrollably.

Butch with two fingers opens Chase up and sticks his tongue in, wetting the area with as much spit as he could. He flips Chase around and bites his neck. Chase pushes his head away as he hates it when Butch gives him bite marks or hickeys. Chase spits on his hand and puts his hand out for Chase to spit too. He lathers most of the spit on his cock and the rest of it in Chase's hole.

"Nmmhhaa!!" Chase is going crazy as Butch enters him slow and steady. Butch knows how to be careful so he doesn't hurt Chase.

Once all the way in, he chokes Chase with one hand and squeezes him with the other. He's making sure Chase's hole is stretched and relaxed, ready to take on a beating.

*Slam!* The first thrust feels amazing and makes Chase release so much precum, you'd think he's ejaculating all his semen. Chase's mind wanders as he imagines Andre is the one with his dick inside him but, he snaps back realizing that those thoughts are fucked up.

Chase turns around and kisses Butch slipping his tongue into Butch's cigarette tasting mouth. Butch is slowly increasing in speed and is drooling from the pleasure. They're both moaning and going crazy on the couch not caring that they're dirtying it in the process.

As Butch is thrusting, he ejaculates a large load into Chase's hole. Chase rose up and realized Butch was fucking him without a condom!

"The C-Condom man!" Chase says as he repeatedly slaps Butch chest to get him off.

"F-Fuck! I'm so sorry!" Butch goes into his pocket while Chase wraps his hands around Butch's back.

Chase stands up and presses his dick onto Butch's ass. He moves his waste, rubbing his dick up and down Butch's crack.

"W-What are you doing? Hehe" Butch says as he's confused by Chase's actions. Chase has never expressed interest that way but, Butch was actually enjoying it.

Butch moved his ass back and forth, crushing Chase's cock in between them. Chase lifts Butch's arms and buries his face into Butch's pubes. Butch is trying to put the condom on, but his dick is too hard and too thick. He breaks two and can't seem to find the third condom he brought.

He looks at Chase and says, "I'm not carrying anything man, I promise," he continued, "You're the only person I've had sex with within the last month and the last test I got back told me I was good".

Chase kisses Butch on his lips and says, "I trust you" then he says, "I'm not carrying anything either and I'm on the pills dude". He pushes Butch onto the ottoman across from the couch and sits on his dick slowly. Again, he's imagining fucking Andre and seeing him instead of Butch and stops for a minute.

Butch is impatient and grabs him by the waist before penetrating him with as much force as he could over and over again. Their foreheads are glued together and their eyes not blinking as they stare at each

other intensely. They both ejaculate at the same time and get up to switch positions. As Butch's dick is going into Chase's hole, his phone begins to ring.

He ignores it and starts pounding again at Chase making loud noises with all the sweat coming from them. He ejaculates again inside and grabs Chase's dick to jerk him off. The phone is ringing for the fourth time again.

"FUCK! WHAT THE HELL" Butch says, "Sorry, one second."

"What?" Butch says answering the phone as Chase gets up and starts to wrap his arms around him again. Butch turns around and puts his fingers in his hole before entering him again. He moves up and down a few times before he stops. Chase ejaculates all over the table.

Chase could feel as Butch's cock began to go down. He turned around and looked at his face. He was confused and angry at the same time.

"Where is he now?" Butch says as he hugs Chase. "Fuck okay, I'm coming right now, wait."

Chase spat on his hand and cleaned the semen off Butch's cock. "What's wrong he asks?" seeing Butch hang up the phone.

"Joseph was arrested a few hours ago and I gotta go see him in jail" Butch responded.

"Shit, what for?" Chase hesitantly said as he felt his legs get cold. He knew the ongoing investigation had probably had a breakthrough finding Joseph guilty of something.

"Some carjacking shit, I honestly don't know but, I gotta go Chase" Butch angrily complained.

Chase stood there frozen, knowing his intuition was right. What was Joseph to Butch? And why did he care if he was in jail or not? Chase wondered.

"Is Joseph related to you Butch?" He asked without hesitation.

"Yea, he's my uncle Chase...I thought you had figured that out, no?" Butch responded.

"I had no idea" Chase replied.

"I have to go see him, there was this big meetup he was supposed to be at tonight in Fitzpatrick's house down the block...something about getting a huge cut from some luxury cars they stole and took to fucking China dude" Butch explained. "He's probably going to ask me to go get the money and get some lawyer or some shit to fight for whatever they're trying to put on him."

Chase scratching his head responded, "That's brutal, be careful Butch, you might get caught in a mess," Chase picked Butch's pants up and helped Butch finish getting dressed. He went to his room grabbed a perfume and some wipes and handed them over. Butch wiped himself best he could and sprayed the perfume on.

"I really want you to stop fucking around with all that stuff Butch, please man" Chase said holding Butch's face in his hands.

"It's not that fucking easy Chase, especially for me" He pulls Chase in and starts kissing him putting his tongue inside him. He pulls down his pants and boxers and pushes Chase onto the couch again. He spits on his hand and stretches Chase out some more.

Over and over, he fucks Chase both moaning incredibly loudly. Butch doesn't want to go. He finishes taking his pants off and puts Chase in a missionary position before sticking his dick inside him.

As he thrusts into Chase, he sticks two fingers in with his dick and he kisses him while Chase wraps his hands around his neck.

"I don't want to go Chase" Butch says, "I want to stay here with you."

Chase responds "Then stay...please" before ejaculating the last bit he had in him. Butch moaning and panting ejaculates inside him once more. They both lay there, panting and hugging each other. Butch's dick getting hard again inside Chase.

Butch starts to move again, then stops midway. "I really wish I could stay but, I can't do this to my uncle."

"I-I get it" Chase responds. "Either way that was fucking incredible."

"I missed this, Chase... hah, hah... stop pushing me away! I can't easily give up what I've been doing to help those people, my uncle, and myself," Butch complained. "E-Even you... and I need you in my life, okay?"

Chase's heart skips a beat, and he says, "Okay." However, deep down, he feels a knot in his stomach and harbors a wish that will never come true. He can't escape this life with Butch, and Butch doesn't want to escape it.

Butch kisses him and opens the front door to head out.

"Be safe" Chase worryingly says.

Butch grabs Chase's neck from behind and kisses him. "You too"

The door closes and Chase stands there looking at the mess they just made. His lungs forgetting to breathe as he picks up his phone and realizes Andre had been calling him nonstop.

He calls Andre back and Andre immediately picks up.

"Are you okay? Is this a good time?" Andre asks.

"Y-Yea, it's nothing don't worry." Chase responds.

"Don't go anywhere near Fitzpatrick's house tonight, Chase, you hear me?" Andre warns.

"W-Why?" Chase asks.

"That house is going to get swarmed by the police department. I can't give you a lot of details, but just promise me you won't be around there, okay?" Andre responds.

“O-Okay” Chase says as they hang up.

Chase drops his phone before yelling out “SHIT!”

He grabs the phone and starts calling Butch, but his phone goes straight to voicemail. Again and again, Chase hangs up and dials Butch, trying to tell him not to go to that house tonight, but he can't reach him. He paces around, freaking out, trying to calm his nerves by cleaning up the mess in the living room.

He texts Butch telling him to respond as soon as he sees his message but, the message isn't delivered.

Chase finds himself uncertain about the situation. He opts to have some leftovers while contemplating his next steps. Butch planned to visit Joseph first, and then he would likely head to Fitzpatrick's, wouldn't he?

Chase resolves to wait a bit, hoping Butch will call him back. If not, he decides he'll try to intercept Butch before he reaches Fitzpatrick's house by waiting at the corner of the block.

Time passes as Chase waits for Butch to text or call back, but he doesn't. He takes a shower and gets dressed to walk to Fitzpatrick's house.

The night is quiet and a little cold. Chase passes by a house with windchimes and thinks about how much he enjoys listening to windchimes—they calm him down.

As he approaches the block, the street is lined with many different cars that don't seem like they'd be in this area of town. He sees a suspicious person close a car behind him before going up the steps and entering Fitzpatrick's house.

Time passes and Butch doesn't appear. Chase begins to think he might have missed him. With a lot of caution Chase decides to walk in the direction where the house is, hoping to get a peek of the lively living room that's visible from across the street. As he does this he suddenly is spooked by incoming commotion.

Police sirens and the engines of cars roar and fill the streets. Chase hops over a stranger's fence and just when he's about to hide, he looks in the opposite direction and there he is!

“BUTCH!” Chase yells as he hops and grabs Butch to pull him in his direction. WHAM! They both fall with Butch becoming disoriented.

“Aaaah!” Butch is clearly in pain as the fall scraped his exposed elbow. “WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON!?” Butch says deafened by the sirens of the police. Chase pulls him in between the garage of the two houses behind them.

One by one the police enter Fitzpatrick's house with guns drawn and commanding yells.

As they observe what's happening, Butch pushes Chase with the unmistakable expression of betrayal etched across his face.

“You did this d-didn't you?”



## Chapter 4: Betrayal

The men who were arrested came out, led by the police, walking towards the police cars. From afar, Chase and Butch observed cautiously, making sure they weren't noticed. Even though they had nothing to worry about since they weren't at the property, their instincts had taken over.

"Why haven't you said anything" Butch asked, "You snitched didn't you?"

"S-Snitched? What are you talking about Butch?" Chase responded with hesitation.

"You've been acting strange Chase, and no one knew about this meet up but, the guys who were invited, me, and you." Butch argued. "Also, why are you here? You knew this was going to happen?"

"I swear I didn't tell anyone a-about this Butch" Chase responded.

"SO THEN, WHY ARE YOU HERE!?" Butch yelled.

Chase was incredibly nervous, and Butch could see it across his face. Even though Chase had not told the police department this was going to happen, all the information he had given them probably led them to this. Chase couldn't stop shaking his legs when he reached out to Butch to pull him closer.

"Get off!" Butch yelled as he turned away and started walking towards the cops. He wanted an explanation of what was going on. He felt that if he asked, he could see how much perhaps the police actually knew about everything.

Chase anxiously watched from a distance as Butch questioned the cops. One of the officers kept gesturing for him to leave, clearly signaling to Butch not to interfere with the unfolding situation. Butch opened his hand in desperation as he took a few steps back and sat down on the pavement. He scratched his head with both of his hands and stared at his sneakers.

After a few minutes, Butch stood up, glanced in Chase's direction, and walked away from the entire situation. Since the police officers showed no signs of leaving the scene anytime soon, Chase decided it was best to head home as well.

The next day early in the morning Chase was woken up by a phone call from Andre who wanted to meet up with Chase. He invited Chase to a café and offered to pick him up since Chase didn't have any easy way of getting there.

Chase jumped out of his bed and jumped in the shower. His mind blank for most of the time, only thinking about Butch for a few seconds.

After washing his face, shaving, and trying a slightly different hairstyle, Chase wandered around in search of his finest clothes. Today, for some reason, he had a desire to look his best. He chose a white dress shirt with a subtle light brown horizontal pattern and decided to tuck it in. Pairing it with black slacks and his best pair of shoes, which he had purchased with money he had earned from informing.

Andre parked his car in front of Chase's house and called him. Chase put on his new jean jacket, previously worn only once, and sprayed on some perfume from a bottle left in the living room—the

same one he had given to Butch—before heading out. He hopped into Andre’s car, and they drove off to the café.

The Café wasn’t too far from the city center and was a medium sized café with green walls and brown wood paneling. There were plants everywhere and it was clean and orderly with only a few people there that morning. It was Andre’s favorite café.

“Do you want anything besides coffee? They also have breakfast stuff like croissants and bagels.” Andre asked handing over a thin menu.

“Maybe a chocolate croissant?” Chase asked as he smiled at Andre.

“Of course,” Andre said as he got up to the counter to put in the orders.

Chase noticed Andre was looking very nice today too, nicer than usual. While Andre had his back turned, Chase grabbed Andre’s jacket and gave it a big whiff. It smelled of bergamot and wood, a familiar smell to Chase. He sat the jacket down and watched Andre talk to the guy at the counter as he prepared the coffee for them.

Andre came back and handed over Chase’s warm chocolate croissant on a small plate. He took a drink from his coffee before reaching in one of his Jacket’s pockets. He handed an envelope to Chase which Chase felt a little heavier than usual.

"This pay's a little bigger since what you told us got us our guys," Andre said, smiling. He continued, "What are you thinking about for your future, Chase?"

"O-Oh, I’m not really sure right now, I wanted to go to school but, I might not be able to afford it once you guys don’t need me anymore." Chase responded.

"You ever thought about becoming a police officer?" Andre asked.

"A-An officer?" Chase asked as he stared at the half-eaten chocolate croissant.

He sat there as if someone had put him on pause, thinking. Andre grabbed a napkin and wetted it with his water bottle before wiping some chocolate off Chase’s face. Chase blushed.

Andre noticed his blush and withdrew his thighs, which had been intertwined with Chase's due to the limited space at the small table. Chase took a gulp of coffee before saying:

"I've never really thought about it, and to be honest, it kind of scares me a bit," he continued. "But I can see myself learning more about it, maybe giving it a try. I just need to sort things out with a close friend first and see where we're headed before considering any of that stuff."

"Is this your girlfriend?" Andre questioned.

"No, it’s a guy and I don’t know what we are to be honest” Chase answered.

"Aah, okay. Just so you know, I think you'd make a great detective if you climb the ladder, Chase," Andre said, smiling.

They continued chatting and explored other potential cases Chase could assist with. Chase looked forward to being helpful and earning more money again, but he couldn't shake the feeling of betraying Butch. Eventually, they finished their conversation and drove back to Chase's house to drop him off.

As the sun began to set, Chase lay on the sofa, still dressed in his nice clothes, watching TV. He had spent the last few hours trying to reach Butch, but Butch continued to ignore his texts and calls. Butch was furious with Chase, convinced that Chase had some responsibility for what had occurred. Despite being ignored, Chase kept texting him, expressing his regret for the situation and trying to convince him that he had not told the police about the meet up.

Moments later Chase had fallen asleep when he was awoken by his text tone constantly playing from his phone. He sat up and opened his phone to see that Butch was texting him and was typing up more messages. Butch was inviting Chase to his tent under the bridges to talk things over. Chase got up and headed towards the underpass.

When Chase arrived, he noticed the homeless individuals there giving him an odd look. One of them gestured for him to leave, but Chase didn't understand. Ignoring the warning, he continued toward the tent. As he approached, five strangers suddenly emerged and tackled him to the ground. One of them stuffed a white dirty shirt into Chase's mouth, tying it behind his right ear. Another used large zip ties to bind Chase's hands. Despite his struggles and attempts to scream for help, Chase was unable to break free. The assailants then dragged him to a black old van that had just pulled up, and two of them jumped into the back with Chase, throwing him inside.

The van was noisy as Chase persisted in struggling to break free. Growing impatient, one of the men stood up and began to kick Chase repeatedly in the stomach, ordering him to be quiet. Chase's muffled cries, stifled by the shirt in his mouth, echoed throughout the van. After the man stopped his assault, he issued a warning to Chase, threatening to kick him in the head if he didn't stay still. Chase cried and pleaded with them to release him, but they ignored him.

The journey lasted about fifteen minutes. Upon arrival, one of the men exited the passenger seat and opened the back door. Chase's heart sank as he caught sight of the opened doors leading to an abandoned warehouse.

Chase fought desperately, kicking and thrashing against the men who were dragging him into the warehouse. Despite his efforts, he received a few punches and was eventually overpowered, forcefully thrown to the ground. Chase couldn't believe this was happening to him, for what reason was he dragged by these strange men into this warehouse?

As the men exited the warehouse and chatted outside, Chase realized his struggle had loosened up the zip tie just enough so that he can reach into his pocket. He thought to himself that these idiots had forgotten to take away his phone and that he was lucky. Pulling his phone from his pocket, he moved around to unlock it with his face. He opened up his text messages and in an uncomfortable position was able to text help and send his location to Andre. Hoping Andre would instantly see the message, he gazed at the phone, his shoulder hurting from the uncomfortable movements he was making.

As he was focused on his phone a bang surprised him and immediately caused him to shove the phone under his butt. From the shadows a man approached that had a resemblance to Butch holding his phone while snickering.

"So, you're the faggot that's been fucking with my cousin huh?" The man said as he approached Chase and grabbed his face.

"Not too bad" he said as he licked Chase on his right cheek. Chase was disgusted.

The man untied the dirty shirt and slid his fingers on Chase's lips. He kneeled down and started kissing him, sticking his tongue into Chase's mouth.

"UUUrghhh" Chase screamed as he threw himself back and away.

The man jumped on top of Chase and began humping him and kissing his neck while unbuttoning Chase's shirt. Chase could feel that Butch's cousin was hard and got hard himself. He didn't understand why as he was not enjoying this one bit.

Chase fell further back, making sure his butt was dragging the phone with him and with both of his legs and all his strength kicked the man off him and threw him back a few feet.

"YOU LITTLE SHIT!" the man screamed as the men rushed in from outside.

Seeing the scene, the men rushed to Chase and started beating him drawing blood from Chase's mouth and nose. They picked up Butch's cousin and wiped the dirt off him.

"Hehe... So, you're the reason my dad's in jail now, huh?" he said as he kneeled to Chase's level. "You and my cousin Butch have made a real mess snitching to the cops, you know that?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Chase responded.

"Well, it's all RIGHT HERE!" the man said, pointing to Butch's phone. "Every dirty message, and even an apology from you."

"I want to go to sleep with you after cumming inside you... Haha!" he said, scrolling through the phone.

"Or how about this one, guys?" he said, laughing along with the others. "I like making out with you and rubbing our cocks together."

"DISGUSTING!" someone exclaimed as laughter echoed throughout.

Butch's cousin frowned at the guy who said "disgusting" then silenced everyone and redirected the focus onto Chase. "What have you told the cops so far? Obviously, if my cousin suspects you've spilled the beans, it must be true, given that he's your lover, right?"

"I haven't told the cops anything, so please, just let me go," Chase pleaded as he coughed.

The man struck Chase in the face. "Listen, I don't want to ruin your pretty face, so just tell me what you've told the cops, and I'll release you, alright?"

Chase didn't buy it. He knew there would be consequences if he confessed to revealing what they suspected. He closed his eyes and tried to withdraw best he could as he knew another blow was imminent.

“SAM YOU ASSHOLE WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING” Butch said bursting through the warehouse doors. “LEAVE HIM ALONE!” he said as he ran and pushed him to the ground.

"I'm just cleaning up YOUR MESS!" Sam exclaimed as he stood up and pushed Butch back. They continued arguing and shoving each other.

The other men stood in confusion and weren't sure if they should strike Butch. Chase was happy Butch was there to defend him but, he was also scared as he didn't know what was going to happen next.

The sounds of police sirens could be heard fast approaching as Sam shoved Butch one last time.

"YOU CALLED THE COPS, BUTCH!?" Sam exclaimed, stepping back repeatedly. "LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE," he said, motioning for his men to clear out. All but Butch ran away.

Andre and his partner burst through the doors, yelling, “PUT YOUR HANDS UP WHERE I CAN SEE THEM!”

“NO, NO! He's OKAY, ANDRE!” Chase yelled, assuring Andre that Butch wasn't a threat. “He's my friend, they all ran away.”

“You know this cop by name, Chase?” Butch said in disbelief. “SEE! I knew you were snitching!”

“Do you need an ambulance?” Andre asked Chase as he assessed his injuries and cut up the zip tie. Andre's partner was keeping watch.

“No, Andre, don't call for anything. I can't afford it anyway,” Chase said as he walked over to Butch, who had been standing, frowning at him.

“Leave this life behind, Butch, please...” Chase pleaded as he approached Butch and wrapped his arms around him.

Butch reciprocated the hug tightly before kissing Chase on the lips. He sniffled and let tears run across his face, then pushed Chase away and picked up his phone before walking away.

Chase started to cry, knowing that was their goodbye.