

Part 4: Thunder and Lightning

This is the third chapter of *Thunder and Lightning*. It is representative of the characters, their inner thoughts, and some of their free time activity. Its comedic and thematic content is representative.

3 Geoff's quest

Geoff arrived at the lake early, with purpose: to scope out the vantage points and select the best and most unobtrusive spot possible. He had about half an hour before the meeting at HQ, and he planned to use it well. Last week he and Nick had watched the water polo game begin from the boardwalk, thirty feet or so from the players. That's when he had seen the six foot two masterpiece for the first time. He was impressed, naturally, but hadn't given any special thought to the man at the time.

Geoff had been fixated on Tom and Nick's scoutmaster ever since yesterday. *Mmm*: when he stood in the aisle next to my chair—the air between us was *charged*. Oh! the faint but incredible smell of a *man*! It had been a long time since he had enjoyed *that*. He kidded himself about having a silly crush... the truth is he just wanted to be *taken*. Geoff wanted this Apollo far more than he had wanted Tom. It was pure lust and carnal desire... the man reminded him so much of Ronnie and California, his days in the western sun and surf. He preferred mature men, hands down. Being close up to him yesterday had changed everything. The fact that the man is *Tom's* scoutmaster and water polo coach is awkward in some respects. That required more caution than he would like; on the other hand, I might have an advantage or two, knowing some of the guys in his troop... should be easier to get basic information at least. Geoff didn't know if Tom's team always assembled in the same place on the dock... he had located himself left of center in the eastern section. Thanks to the angle of the slope, the east Buddy Board isn't an obstacle after all. A set of binoculars would be nice. But that would invite questions—don't need that.

He was behind Leonard's field of view here; hopefully that would be enough—as long as he doesn't turn around, I'll be okay. The folding chair is still tucked in at the end of the check-in table; that meant that he was still

welcome. Good; Leonard has been upstaged temporarily, that's all. He's on the hook... he can be reeled in any time. Flirting with him on Saturday was such fun. But I went a bit far... the next step has to be planned. That will take time and lots of thought. Geoff planned to stay clear of him for a while... important to avoid any awkwardness. He didn't want to offend Leonard: he's just on hold until this new, more urgent objective is achieved.

Geoff intended to remain dressed today. He didn't want to get trapped inside the fence; he could go through the gate and undress in a moment if needed, of course. Too bad I can't sit on the edge of the boardwalk where Nick and I sat day before yesterday... but that would not be cool at all; then I'd have to face Leonard... I have to pass by him when I go to Canoeing this afternoon... I'll worry about how to handle that later.

He wasn't sure if Nick would be here today or not. They had covered all the bases they were likely to. But if he does show up, he could be a useful source of information. Like repeating his scoutmaster's name, for one. Tom didn't use it yesterday when he came over to the lunch table to give instructions.

The only thing that Geoff had not figured was a cover; if asked why he was here, he had no answer ready. I'll just say I'm planning to meet somebody. It would have to do, because there's no place to hide, or peek from. Why they have no shade trees on this slope is a mystery.

Geoff looked down at his legs... a few scratches, nothing major. He had enough hair to obscure most of them... questions are unlikely. The old trail he had found to the Troop Nine camp in Barr's Meadow was badly overgrown in places. Maybe I can scare up a machete someplace; it would be worth it to clear the trail a little. The Hawk camp's hatchet wouldn't be very handy for what has to be done. Besides, if a late night visit looks like the way to go, I need to have that already done—too easy to lose my way in the dark. The scoutmaster's cabin is far enough away from the patrol camps; I should be able to approach at night without being seen. The junction with the old trail is down from the cabin, just above the assembly area—well away from the tents. If I don't wear white, I'll be okay.

Oh boy! Here they come. The water polo players were arriving singly and in small groups. My... some chumminess has developed... lots of very nice athletic banter. *Ooo*, that one is just a little familiar. Most are well developed in the chest ... these are the *varsity* guys! When, oh when... *Ooo there* he is, and Tom right by his side, too. Luckily they're

concentrating on some topic or other. I'd just as soon they didn't notice me... I am sitting in plain sight, though.

Geoff squirmed with satisfaction. He was being rewarded for his brilliance in deciding where to sit: Apollo and Tom were disrobing not thirty-five feet distant. No one could get in the way; they're right by the end of the cubbyholes—as if a performance was staged for my benefit. The angle of the morning sun is ideal for illustrating every detail... they're so casual about it. Mmm... a good reminder of why I wanted Tom—what a magnificent endowment *that* is. Maybe I could get a second visit with him. If Nick will let him off his chain, that is... that morning “poker game” with Tom was one of the best ever—it *is* the best here in the east.

However: this Apollo has a maturity that would satisfy far better—and he looks so *much* like Ronnie. He certainly has a man-sized instrument to wield. Geoff wiggled his butt forward and back. A little rub down there felt nice right now. Well, now—look at Leonard. He's conflicted about where to have his eyes aimed. Ha! He just crossed his legs to cover his problem, pretending to study the last sheet on his clipboard. I'm glad to see him occupied. He chuckled to himself: mighty convenient, having the check-in table located facing the cubbyholes. Practically guarantees that Leonard's glance won't stray back this way.

The teams are beginning to drift toward the boat dock. I'll just have to put up with watching them mill about for a while. *O happy day!* Tom's team is assembling at the east end of the boardwalk! They didn't go out on the dock at all! He leaned back on his hands and crossed his ankles. This is perfect, except for the distance. What a treat... the view started to do it to him again.

Geoff felt a hand reach around his left side from behind.

“Betcha have one,” Nick said softly in his right ear. His hand pressed against Geoff's growing bulge. He giggled and rocked back on his haunches.

“That's my special measuring rod.” Geoff wasn't startled, but he was somewhat surprised at Nick's self-confidence. He was delighted that Nick had appeared, in fact.

Nick scooted around to sit on Geoff's right side. “That's nice. What does it measure?”

“Silly, you know that!” Geoff reached inside his waist to adjust himself. “My inner need.” He did a guttural hum, looking at a *particular* swinging member.

Nick was amused. He assumed Geoff didn’t have a specific “object” in mind. The view was just as nice today as always—though he enjoyed being closer, on the boardwalk. I’m learning how to appreciate looking at others, now. Geoff had taught him that on Friday. It had never meant much to him before. Tom had always been the whole world. Still is... but it’s nice to see beauty elsewhere. He didn’t want to play with them, though.

Nick noticed the “friend” he’d seen on the diving platform yesterday afternoon—sitting alone with his chin on his knees, down near the fence. Evidently, like Tom said, he’s watching the player on the other team. He looks like a kindred spirit. Too bad I don’t have Geoff’s moxie. It would be nice to get acquainted. He felt Geoff’s nudge.

“They’re lining up!”

The line of players walked down the dock and formed along the edge. It stood still for a delicious moment. Geoff watched his quest raise an arm: he blew a short burst on his whistle, and the entire row dove at once. Seeing the danglers airborne all in a line briefly was such a treat. Geoff sighed melodramatically.

“I suppose you’re up another inch after seeing that.”

“Alas, it may be so.” He felt like a dunce all of a sudden. He didn’t have a questioning plan formulated to get information from Nick—such as repeating his scoutmaster’s name. I want to say Robbie, but that can’t be it. It isn’t Mike. Hmm. It would be stupid to ask overtly.

“Say, Geoff... do you know that guy down there?” Nick nodded to the lone scout down the slope about fifteen feet.

“Can’t say I do.”

“I think his boyfriend is one of the players.” I didn’t look at him carefully yesterday. All dry and dressed, he’s rather attractive. The breeze is having fun with his fine hair.

“Oh? That’s interesting.” Geoff looked again. Nice light brown hair, wavy. “Tell me more.”

“A bunch of us swam out to the platform yesterday morning. He and the other one were stretched out in the sun. They were there a long time, I

think. Not a peep. After a while they dove off. Our bunch was sort of taking over, I guess. Tom said they were probably steadies.”

This is tempting. Geoff loved to rock boats. He glanced at Nick. Rocking his boat had been a lot of fun. And it had been a good thing, too. He looked out at the water polo splashes. There’s no point in trying to see anything out there. I can spare the time to play for a little while... maybe I’ll get a laugh. Wait. Nick’s looking at this kid strangely. He’ll be an unwitting assistant. I’ll have fun with both of them.

“You’d like to meet him, wouldn’t you?”

Nick looked at him, surprised. “How could I do that?”

“Easy. Just come along with me.” He stood up. His tent had receded sufficiently. “You sit down on the right side.” Geoff gave Nick a little push, and they stepped toward Adam.

Nick didn’t know how to say no... I would never think of doing this.

“Hi! My name’s Geoff.” He sat down close on Adam’s left side. “And this is Nick,” he gestured. Nick sat down on the right, though not quite as close.

Adam was taken by surprise. “Oh. Hi.” His mind had been miles away. The smiling face so close to him had appeared out of nowhere. He smiled back, almost as a reflex; he’d never talked to an Oriental before... sure is friendly. He turned to look at Nick. He seems nice too, but quiet... his smile looks more gentle.

“Thanks for being the first one today to help.” Geoff spoke as if he were chatting with an old friend.

This confused Adam. “Help?” Geoff’s eager smiling face made him pause. He’s so friendly and jolly. I was about to say ‘excuse me,’ but that would be cold... “Glad to. Um... help what, actually?”

“See, Nick?” Geoff leaned across Adam’s lap... just a little too much. He nodded at Adam as if to say Nick was a Doubting Thomas. “I’m working on my Social Relations merit badge. I’m learning how to meet new and interesting people.” He looked Adam in the face and smiled innocently. “You qualify! You are new, and I just *know* you have to be interesting.”

Adam blushed. He felt flattered, but he didn’t know why.

Geoff patted his left thigh gently. “You’re supposed to start by telling me your name,” he said quietly.

Adam blushed more, and giggled. “Oh, sorry. I’m Adam.”

“Glad to make your acquaintance, Adam,” Geoff exclaimed; he gave a forceful and vigorous handshake.

Adam was a strange mix of feelings all of a sudden. The attention was mind boggling and flattering; Geoff’s touches were... well, he liked how they felt. For the moment, he had forgotten all about Terry.

Nick was amused now. His heart went out to Adam. He knew just how Adam felt; he would never forget the job Geoff had done on him at that cafeteria table when they first met. It was fun to watch, now that he knew Geoff. But it *was* a form of torture. It’s fascinating to watch it as an observer.

Geoff leaned over and lightly pressed Adam’s thigh again. He whispered, “Now you’re supposed to shake Nick’s hand.” He raised his eyebrows and looked Adam in the eye.

Adam had never had a total stranger be this familiar; it took a moment to focus on what he had said. “Oh. Yeah.” He turned to Nick and offered his hand. Nick’s smile is nice ... somewhat reassuring, after the other guy. Geoff’s hand on Adam’s leg had caused an unexpected sensation below. He looked back at Geoff... he thought he was supposed to.

“Now that we’re all on a first name basis, I feel a lot better.” Geoff looked out across the lake. “I’m from Troop 419... the nobody troop.” He paused for a few seconds. “Nick here, he’s from *Troop Nine*.” He leaned on Adam’s thigh with both palms and nodded in earnest. “Him you have to watch out for.” He waited for the shocked puzzled look. “You must know all about Troop Nine, the great Camp Champions?” He shook his head in dismay, and leaned back.

Adam blushed again... partly because he had started to swell down below. He folded his arms across his lap. He was confused.

Geoff kept his distance. He gave Adam his best innocent interested look. “What about your troop?” He stared expectantly.

Adam was captured by Geoff’s eyes for a minute. He had to shake loose and look away for a second. “Troop Two? We’re not famous for anything, I don’t think.” He reflected a minute. “We hike a lot.” Nothing special came to mind.

Geoff regarded him narrowly. “How many badges have you got?”

“Twelve.” He straightened his back proudly. “Fourteen in a few days!”

“Ooo!” Geoff pressed Adam’s thigh again. “Which two?” He left his hand there for a five count.

Adam blushed automatically... he didn’t know why. “Um, Rowing and Wood Carving.” He looked to see if those met with approval.

“Yes!” Geoff reached over with both hands and compressed Adam’s left bicep. He squeezed it three times, in a slow, suggestive pulse. “This tells the story! Feel that arm!” He saw that Nick was amused. He nodded at him to play along.

Nick squeezed Adam’s right bicep. It was a true test, not suggestive. He liked how it felt. His eyes met Adam’s. This is a dear one. He doesn’t stand a chance. He let go... it was all he could do to keep a straight face.

Geoff kneaded Adam’s thigh suddenly. “But *this* is what tells the *true* story! What a leg!” He stroked it briefly, lovingly, running his hand up to the cuff, pausing there to send subtle pulses through his fingertips. He leaned close and said in confidence, “I know about these things. I’m in Canoeing right now.” He nodded his head. “I have the arms for that.” He presented his bicep for Adam to feel. When he hesitated, Geoff winked and lifted it slightly. “Go ahead, really!” When Adam felt his bicep, Geoff flexed it hard then let it soften briefly, then hard again. He was curious about how long he could get Adam to hold his grip. When Adam looked at him, he flashed his eyes and grinned.

Adam released his arm. “You see, we don’t need legs like yours in Canoeing.” Geoff took Adam’s hand and put it onto his right thigh and pressed it. “See? Complete flab.” He pulled it halfway to his crotch, and released his hand. Yes! Adam left it there for a few seconds.

Nick saw Adam’s pulsing crotch. He suppressed a smile; exactly what Geoff had done to him. He’s a genius, no doubt about it.

Adam began to wonder about this. He liked feeling Geoff’s arm and leg. It went along with his hard-on, which still confused him. How will I deal with that? Why did he want me to feel his leg?

Geoff sensed that he needed to wrap this up. He looked at Adam directly. “Now, Adam, we come to the interesting part.” He wanted a new blush to appear. Adam was doing very well there.

“Interesting?” Adam was a blank.

“Yes. Surely you know why I think you’re interesting?”

Adam shook his head no.

“Nick does.” He nudged Adam gently. “But he won’t tell.”

Adam was embarrassed, but he didn’t know why. He turned to Nick. All he got was a vague sympathetic grin.

“You see, Adam, you are interesting because you are here for the same reason Nick is.” He looked Adam in the eye, and smiled, kindly.

“His other half is out there playing water polo, too.” Geoff hugged him. “Adam, you’re more than interesting. Like Nick, you’re special. I really admire you, like I admire Nick.” He let go of him.

Adam was overwhelmed. He was happy, proud, amused, embarrassed, and horny. And utterly inarticulate. He looked at Geoff helplessly.

“Nick, you have to hug Adam now, please.” He nodded in all seriousness.

Nick did as he was asked. His own blush proved Geoff’s point.

“Nick will be the friend you really need. Trust me on that.” He nodded to Nick. He could release him now. This is fun, but I need to move on; Nick isn’t likely to tell me anything.

“I’m glad we met, Adam. I have to go now, but Nick will hang around for a little. You guys will have lots to talk about.” He stood up and stretched. He patted Nick on the shoulder as he left. He was off to see about securing a machete. Old Sarge must have dozens in that warehouse. I have a trail to prepare. After the JA meeting I’ll poke around and find one.

Adam watched him walk off, his mouth hanging open. He was in a minor state of shock. What had this whirlwind been all about?

Nick bumped his shoulder. “You can relax now. He’s gone. But you never know when he could show up.”

“Who *is* he, anyway?” Adam was in a state of disbelief. He looked down to his lap. He did not understand what had happened.

“He did that to me too, a few days back. You got off easy. I was surrounded. Six other guys were there... I knew three of them.” He chuckled. “*And*, we were in the dining hall.” The memory evoked a nostalgic smile. “He called me the Man of Mystery. I wanted to shrink out

of sight, or sit in Tom's lap. It was *horrible*." He shook his head. "But I loved every second of it."

"Why?" Adam felt a little better.

"You are sitting next to the original wallflower. Nobody ever pays attention to me. I am always pure background. I'm plain, have no special talents or claims to fame. To be thrust into the lights and be raved about? Whoop!"

"What did he say?" Adam was intrigued.

"He warned this one guy, who I had just met, that I was a sex fiend that would jump on him the first chance!" Nick looked Adam in the face. "He had caused me the same problem you have." He pointed to Adam's lap. "And he nudged this guy in the ribs and pointed. I about died."

Adam laughed. He realized that Nick was probably a lot like him. "How did he do that to you... you know, give you a hard-on?"

"This you have to know about." He turned to Adam. "Shake my hand again." He grinned. "This you won't *believe*. He was thanking Tom for introducing me, and saying how pleased he was, and all that B S, when he did this." Nick did the middle finger tuck and rub while he shook hands. "And he wouldn't let go! He tried to make it as sexy and suggestive as he could. I started to get one right then, and I was sitting right next to Tom!"

Adam blushed and laughed. He could tell how dangerous that was. Nick's demonstration was not exactly having a zero effect. His problem pulsed even more.

"But it was so *sneaky*. No one else could see it." Nick shook his head. "He's a genius, no doubt about it." He looked over to the water polo game. "But he's right about us, I guess."

Adam followed his gaze. "Yeah," he said, dreamily.

The sounds of the water polo game returned to the foreground; they enjoyed a shared moment. "Good for us... Who is yours?"

"Terry... I doubt if I could point him out from here. It's a lousy game to watch."

"Yep. I usually take off after a while. Tom's mine. He's the captain of one of the teams. Do they have a name, those teams?"

"Gulls and Pelicans. The second set is the Sharks and Dolphins."

“Oh. Tom never said. I guess he must be on the Gulls? The one on the dock side, anyway.” Nick knew Terry was Pelican already.

Adam’s eyes opened wide. “Did you say Tom is the captain of his team?” His jaw dropped.

Nick nodded. “Yeah. My scoutmaster is the coach, too.”

Adam was amazed. I’m sitting next to the guy who gets to play with the Big One. I’d sure like to find out about that.

Nick saw the look. He knew “the look” well. Adam seemed trustworthy. “Promise not to tell?”

“Yeah, sure.”

“Nine inches.”

Adam said a silent “ow.” He regarded Nick with a new respect.

“Terry?”

“Seven and a quarter.” Adam blushed.

“Don’t be sorry. Smaller is better, overall. Terry is big enough.” Nick was restless. “Are you guys in the same troop?”

“Yeah.” If only we were in a two man tent, though.

“That’s good.” He looked down in Adam’s lap. It looked a lot better. “You ready to move around, now?”

Adam chuckled, “Yeah. I still don’t know how that happened.”

Nick stood up. “I *know*. I haven’t figured it out, either. He does it on purpose, you know. Let’s walk around a little. Or do you want to go swimming?” It’s too warm to sit in the sun.

“Hmm. Let’s walk some first.” He stood up. He liked Nick. It would be good to have a friend who was in the same boat, sort of.

Nick led them on a slow stroll. He had no destination in mind. He just liked the idea of getting acquainted with a kindred spirit. There’s shade in the amphitheatre. He headed in that direction.

