

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



Don't Read in the Closet Event 2013

CARTOON LOGIC

Andrea Speed

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

CARTOON LOGIC

By Andrea Speed

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what they do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

All rights reserved worldwide.

This eBook may be distributed freely in its entirety courtesy of the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group*. This eBook may not be sold, manipulated or reproduced in any format without the express written permission of the author.

Cartoon Logic, Copyright © 2013 Andrea Speed

Cover Design by Goodreads M/M Romance Group

This ebook is published by the *M/M Romance Group* and is not directly endorsed by or affiliated with Goodreads Inc.

CARTOON LOGIC

By Andrea Speed

Photo Description

Two guys in a friendly hug.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I would love a story with a lot of laughter, bad puns and jokes, as well as love. Emotions are the important thing here, sweet discovery. The prompt:

Cartoonist Found Dead in Home. Details are Sketchy.

(Think Huffington Post or CNN)

Who would've think these two would come together over the death of a comic/cartoon strip creator?

HEA, if possible.

AU? Cool.

Magic, mayhem, mystery, and murder, all encouraged.

Sincerely,

Lori

Story Info

Genre:fantasy, contemporary

Tags:comic strip, face punching, comedy, death, furies, alliteration

Word count: 5,378

CARTOON LOGIC

By Andrea Speed

It was bad enough to find your father dead. It was somehow even worse to find him dead in a big teddy bear outfit with the crotch cut out.

Brandon really didn't blame the cops who stepped outside to laugh, but it still annoyed him. Yeah, it was weirdly hilarious, but it was still his dad, no matter how estranged they'd been. And no, he had no idea his father was a "furry". Dad had definitely been letting his freak flag fly since he'd divorced Brandon's mother.

Once the medical examiner had packed up his dad's body—and God, was he relieved when they zipped him up in a body bag—Brandon really had a chance to deal with the fact that his dad was dead. He felt bad about it, sure, but not as bad as he felt he should have, which was a guilt spiral threatening to turn into a hurricane.

As soon as the house was empty, the silence really hit him. This was the same two-story house he grew up in—well, until the divorce—and it was like it had been caught in a time warp. Same couch, same carpet (or at least the same carpet color, a sort of pale brown that reminded him of dead leaves), same curtains, same dining room furniture. He wondered if his room would be just as he'd left it, right down to the socks on the floor. He almost went to check, but didn't.

The medical examiner said it looked like a heart attack, but they'd know more once they got his dad to the lab. Just recalling it made Brandon snort. A lab? That was a nice way of saying autopsy table, wasn't it? Maybe even coroners watched too much *CSI*.

He rubbed his eyes, a bit surprised to find them moist, and wandered off towards his father's drawing room. He had his computer in there, right? But did Brandon really want to look at his dad's history? Oh God—what if it was just furry porn? Pages and pages of furrries.

You know, Brandon *was* gay, and he had friends into the leather and the drag scenes. He knew that everybody had their own thing, and sex, like any other taste, was personal, and what you found sexy might be disgusting to someone else. But... furies? It was like watching high school mascots boink in costume. Or those poor bastards who sweated inside big headed outfits at discount amusement parks. How was that sexy? How was a guy in a bear suit fucking an Easter bunny sexy to anyone? He just didn't get it. Somehow it figured that his dad, who had the hardest time accepting that his only son was gay, would have a kink that Brandon couldn't understand. His father was nothing if not difficult.

What he called his dad's "drawing room" was really a home office, as that's where Paul Sedlak drew Dex Dart, the syndicated comic strip *his* father (Brandon's grandfather) created. Brandon's father took it over when Granddad retired, which meant it was a "legacy" strip. His father had hoped Brandon would take it over, but Brandon couldn't draw for shit, which was just the first disappointment of many. As it was, Dex Dart, one of those holdover "adventure" strips, was dead anyway. The syndicate that distributed it was going to stop doing so next month. Dad's comic strip days were over; the final strips had been done for a while. Time moved on, and newspaper comics were dying faster than newspapers themselves.

The office was large and well lit, with a picture window overlooking the backyard and a skylight for added "natural" light. Once upon a time, his dad actually drew them by hand, before Wacom tablets and computers digitized the whole thing. Technically, Brandon could take over writing and drawing the strip, using cut and paste and templates in his father's computer, but the strip was dead. And while he'd tried his hand at writing, he didn't think a comic was his medium of choice.

Yes, his father's office was just as he remembered it. The drafting table he used to use was tucked in a far corner, between the bookcase and the window, while a small, open-frame metal desk now took up the center of the room, the computer monitor and Wacom tablet sitting on it like prized possessions. Brandon was looking around, curious how his father kept the place so clean

(he definitely had a very dedicated housekeeper), when something on the wall caught his eye.

Brandon had left the door open when he came in, so most of the door obscured what looked like a poster on the wall, so he had to shut it before he could really see it. It was a life-sized drawing of a door. Beside the actual door. What kind of weirdness was this? Had his dad gotten whimsical in his old age, along with developing a taste for pants-less bear costumes?

There was green at the bottom, suggesting grass, or at least a more colorful carpet than industrial beige. But it wasn't a wildly detailed picture, despite its size. It was just a basic door, drawn and colored in ink and chalk.

There was a hidden bit of wall by the corner, and he found himself wondering if his father had hidden something else weird there. He was looking for it and finding nothing (maybe his father had hidden some kind of clue on the bookshelves...) when a male voice said, "You're not him."

Brandon wasn't all that surprised. He figured it for the gardener, or maybe one of the housekeeping team, but when he turned to respond, he found himself staring at the most ridiculously gorgeous man he'd ever seen in his life.

A gorgeous man, who had opened the drawing of the door and was now standing on its threshold.

Was this what a psychotic break felt like? Brandon always thought you'd know if it ever happened to you, that reality would fracture and you could feel your sanity slipping away like dust through your fingers. But he felt nothing. He had been inhabiting the real world and now... now he was deep in Crazytown, population: him.

The handsome man walked out of the picture, which was no longer a picture, but an actual door with a brass knob that looked out on a lawn of too-green grass, a sky far too blue, and Brandon actually thought he could feel a lukewarm breeze and air faintly scented of... crayons? Oh, come on!

"You're not him," the too-handsome man said again. His hair was impossibly glossy, and a strange kind of blue-black, falling over his forehead

and almost hiding his Windex-blue eyes. “But you’re related to him, aren’t you?”

“Him? You mean my father?” Brandon finally replied.

The man smiled, and he had brilliant white teeth that reflected sunlight so well Brandon had to shade his eyes to prevent being blinded. “You’re Paul’s son? You must be Brandon.”

Wow. This must have been a full-blown psychotic episode. “You know me?”

“The son of the Creator? Of course I know you!” The man clapped one of his big mitts on Brandon’s arm. For a single second, it felt like paper brushing his skin, but then it was just warm skin touching his. Wow, this was some episode he was having. Could the trauma of his father’s furry death really have made him snap so completely? “Come, Brandon, we need your help.”

“We?”

“Yes. All the inhabitants of Shadow Valley. Don’t you recognize me?”

“Um...” Shadow Valley was the name of the fictional city where much of Dex Dart was set.

“I’m Dusty.”

“Dusty?”

“Dusty Dart.” He began gently but firmly pulling Brandon towards the open door. “Come, we have to stop Dick Dastardly before he puts his final plan in motion.”

Brandon had forgotten about all the painful alliteration in the damn strip. And the too-on-the-nose names like Dick Dastardly. But he scoured his memories. Dusty Dart? He vaguely recalled Dex having a floppy-haired, adventure-seeking son, but Dusty had been what, seven? Of course, that was the last time he’d seen the comic. How long ago was that? “Uh, what? I don’t understand; what’s going on?”

“Come with me. It’s easier to see than explain.”

Brandon didn't see that he had a choice in the matter, since Dusty had pulled him almost all the way to the doorway. And he could feel a breeze, hear a wind, and that was just fucking nuts. There was just no way in hell any of this could be happening, and his brain's strong denial of all this craziness caused him to delay acting until Dusty had pulled him through the paper doorway and into another place.

It was a different world. It looked kind of Earth-like, but just slightly off, enough that it all seemed insane. The colors were hyper-real, for one—everything was super-saturated, from the too-green grass to the too-blue sky, and even the gray asphalt roads looked more silver than anything else. There was a sun above, but it was a disc, a bit more white than yellow, and very much a perfect circle.

Brandon turned to see the door Dusty pulled him through was freestanding in a grassy field, and while open, it showed his father's office. It looked almost drab next to such bright colors. Even the nearby trees had bark so vividly brown, it was like they were semi-opaque and being lit from the inside. "What is this place?" he asked, but even as he asked, he already knew. The silver ribbon of road lead down to a bay of almost neon-blue water, while dwellings in vibrant colors were spotted along the far hillside like brightly colored birdhouses. If he wasn't mistaken, it looked exactly like the background of the first Dex Dart book.

"I told you, Shadow Valley."

"The home of Dex Dart," Brandon said, continuing to look around. There was no way in hell this was happening.

"You know my dad? Cool. That'll make everything easier," Dusty said, pulling him along.

Brandon should have stopped Dusty, but he was honestly too shocked to do much of anything. How was this possible? He'd never hallucinated before, but this seemed way too vivid for such a thing. The air smelled clean, save for that lingering hint of crayon, and he could hear water lapping against the shore. And birds! The wind was moving his hair! And he could feel Dusty's gentle

yet still firm grip on his arm. But if this wasn't a hallucination, what the hell was it?

"We think Dick is moving tonight. Everyone is gathered at City Hall. We were waiting for Paul, but—"

"Paul's dead."

Dusty stopped suddenly and turned to face Brandon, his big cartoon eyes suddenly filling with tears. He was so incredibly handsome it was a little distracting. "What?"

"Yeah, I just found him..." He didn't know about the passage of time between here and there. Where was here, exactly? There was no way it could be the comic strip, because that was just bat-shit crazy. "...dead."

"How?"

"Umm..." Could he tell this poor, fragile cartoon character that he found his dad in a crotchless bear outfit? "It looked like a heart attack."

Dusty gasped, clapping a hand to his mouth, tears spilling over the lids. It was somehow attractive sadness, like a drawing. That figured. "Could... Dick didn't get him, did he?"

For some reason, Brandon first thought of an anatomical dick before the other kind, even though he knew his dad wasn't into that. Oh god, why did his mind go there? He almost asked if Dick had a thing with crotchless animal costumes, but then didn't. "I don't know. Could he have?"

Dusty thought about it for a moment, hand still clamped over his mouth. It looked really silly, but Brandon knew he couldn't laugh without looking like a complete asshole. Finally, Dusty removed his hand, and said, "Maybe. He has threatened to kill all of us. Maybe he went after the Creator first."

"How?" After asking that, Brandon immediately regretted it. But he couldn't take it back now.

"He does have access to toxicissium! Maybe he poisoned him."

"Come again?"

“Toxicissium! The most deadly substance known to man?” Dusty gave him a stricken look. “Don’t tell me you’ve never heard of it.”

The idiotic, on-the-nose name alone told him it was something his dad made up for the strip. Brandon rubbed his eyes, a bit surprised to find his own eyes were still wet. “I doubt that killed him. He was old.” And probably engaged in activities that would strain anyone’s heart, as well as possibly humiliate someone to death.

“But he was the Creator!” Dusty exclaimed. Brandon could almost picture the word bubble over his head, studded with at least three exclamation points. “He can’t just die! I’m sure Dick is behind it. That creep.”

Dusty suspected someone was guilty of murder, and the best he could do was call him a creep? Wow. Brandon was never going to understand comic strip logic. “Well, I’m sure a dick was involved.”

“I knew it!” Dusty replied, still all exclamation points. “Oh, that... that *creep!* He’ll pay for what he’s done.”

“So what exactly is he trying to do?” Brandon asked, mostly out of curiosity. He had this mad urge to walk to the road, and then follow it until he found City Hall, because he was sure it would be marked with a sign labeled “City Hall”. Because he expected everything to be labeled—from a store called “Store” to a house clearly marked “Dex’s House”. Because it wasn’t a comic strip unless it was all marked so obviously it seemed to insult your intelligence.

“He’s trying to buy up homes so he can start ‘underground mining’, because supposedly there’s a huge mellurite deposit underneath Shadow Valley. But Honey and I discovered he’s lying, and he just wants to buy up the land so he can sell it at twice the price to an oil exploration company that will tear up all of the Valley and make it uninhabitable. But we can’t prove it because he destroyed the only evidence. He’s been charming everyone and convincing everyone they’ll be rich, but we know it’s a lie.” Dusty finally turned and walked on, with the air of a man who had misplaced his glasses but was sure he’d left them in his car. Dusty wasn’t known for his genius, was he? Come to think of it, was anyone in Dex Dart?

“Honey?”

“Yes. Honey Potts, the famous reporter?”

Oh Jesus, more stupid names. Was there no end to them? He tried to remember, then gave up, as he figured he'd deal with each idiocy as he came upon it. “So you can't just tell these people he's a liar and have them believe you? His last name *is* Dastardly.”

“Yeah?” Dusty stopped so suddenly Brandon almost walked into his back. “Hey, I never put that together before! Wow! How does everyone not know that?”

All Brandon could do was shake his head. “No idea.”

Dusty clapped a hand on Brandon's shoulder, and almost drove him to his knees. Not only did Dusty have big hands, but he had a lot of farm-boy strength. “I'm glad you're with us, Brandon. You're smart.” Dusty grinned at him, showing eerily-even, eerily-blinding teeth, and Brandon realized, suddenly and worryingly, that he was really fucking cute. Too bad he wasn't real. Sure, he was a little dumb, but hey, that wasn't so bad.

Dusty led him to City Hall; which did indeed have a marble sign reading “City Hall”, and seemed to be nothing but a series of large steps leading to a door that opened on the main meeting room, which was a true design nightmare. Was the lobby in the back?

There were many disturbing people at the city hall gathering. They appeared to be flesh and blood people, and yet some of them had hair with obvious crosshatching, and faces that didn't quite work in 3-D. In most cases, they had unfortunate wardrobes of clashing colors, and a uniform similarity of body types that suggested everybody was related. Except for Dusty, of course, and probably everyone else in the Dart family. (As the stars of the strip, they'd be unique.)

“Hey everyone,” Dusty said, leading the way down the aisle. “This is Brandon, son of the Creator, and he has some news.”

Brandon had been so distracted by all the strange people it took a moment for him to realize what Dusty had said. “Wait, what? What news do I have?”

Dusty's look was painfully earnest. "About Dick."

"Are you shitting me?" But even as he asked, he knew Dusty was incapable of shitting anyone. His character was about as goody-goody as Dex. As soon as they were up at the city hall stage—Did real city halls have stages?—Brandon noticed all the weird-faced people staring at him, and it made him intensely nervous. "Um, Dick's last name is Dastardly. So, um, he's *dastardly*."

There was an audible gasp, like everyone had been sucker-punched, and the sound reverberated through the hall like he'd just announced that not only was god dead, but he'd also been a hermaphroditic drag queen called Miss Demeanor.

Brandon kind of resented their idiocy, but was that fair? They were just as the strip dictated. If they weren't this stupid, then Dick Dastardly would never almost get away with anything, and what would the protagonists of the comic have to deal with then? Oh, there were those awful *Raiders of the Lost Ark*-inspired strips, where Dex was an artifact-recovering hero, but the less said of those the better. They probably proved the point that Dex needed an antagonist.

Murmurs filled the hall, a tiny wave of audible worry, and Dusty put an arm around Brandon's shoulders and gave him a big, beaming smile. "We've got him now."

"Fantastic," Brandon said, wondering why he couldn't have had a decent psychotic break. He'd never really cared for his dad's strips.

Hell, maybe that's exactly why he was having this kind of hallucination. Maybe it was guilt for never becoming a cartoonist and following in his dad's footsteps. Maybe he was damned to live in this strip until he dealt with it.

Now that would be hell.

Dusty raised his arms and said, "People, don't panic. Now that we know the truth, we can shut him down and run him out of town for good."

"Oh, can you?" a man said, and there was more gasping as everyone turned to look at the man who now appeared at the end of the aisle. He was funny-

looking too, but in a distinctive way. His eyes were smaller than usual, and his blue-black hair looked slicked back and positively glistening, while his body was lean yet angular—like his mother was a crowbar and his father was a protractor. “Somehow I doubt that, Dusty Dart.”

“Dick Dastardly!” Dusty exclaimed, in case no one had figured out who this was.

“Yes, and you’re who? Brandon, son of the Creator?”

Brandon briefly wondered how Dick could know but then realized he wasn’t as haphazardly drawn as most of the people around him. Brandon looked normal next to Dusty, but Dusty was a main character. “Yeah. And you’re the dick.”

“Just Dick, if you’d please. Tell me, is your father dead?”

There were more gasps from the crowd, as it was apparently their favorite activity. But Brandon felt slightly ill at the question. “How in the hell do you know that?”

Dusty gasped. “I knew it! You poisoned him, didn’t you?”

Dick sneered, but it may have been an attempt at a smile. “Of course I did. I wanted to see if something in this world could still affect him in the real world. He’d said nothing could pass from this world to the next, but I knew that was a lie!”

Brandon couldn’t believe this. This... how did any of this make any sense? “Did you put him in the bear costume too? What was the point of that?”

Dick looked genuinely confused, his brow scrunching in puzzlement. “Bear costume? What are you talking about?”

Okay, so, that was sadly his dad’s thing. If he was feeling sick, why did his father don the crotchless bear suit? Then again, maybe he hadn’t felt sick. Since it was a cartoon—hence fictional—poison, maybe he never felt it until it killed him. Or most likely, the poison didn’t work on him at all, and his heart attack was simply coincidental. But Brandon was offended this one-dimensional comic strip dipshit even tried to murder his dad. Oh sure, he’d

sometimes thought of it, especially during his teen years, but that didn't matter. It was a shitty thing to even attempt. Only family could treat other members that poorly, damn it. It was the Sedlak family way. "You asshole. I'm glad your strip got cancelled."

"You're gonna take me with you to your world, Creator-boy."

"Fuck you. I am not." Brandon then leaned over and whispered, "He can't just walk through the door?"

Dusty shook his head before whispering back, "He can't see it. No one can, except me and my mom and dad."

Of course. Only the main protagonists could see the doorway/entrance, whatever the hell it was. Although how Deanna Dart, the mostly ignored spouse, got included Brandon had no idea. But it had a sort of cartoon logic to it. "You're gonna take me, boy," Dick insisted, pulling a gun out of pretty much nowhere. More cartoon logic—or action-movie logic. Funny how those things were related. "Or I shoot you, and we'll see if you really can die here."

Again, the poorly-drawn peanut gallery gasped. Brandon almost laughed, because it was so sad. Was that all they could do? React to things in various states of shock? But before he could say or do anything, Dusty suddenly stood in front of him, protecting him with his big, beefy body, and holding out his arms for... well, no idea. Brandon had no idea why he did that. Did bullets curve in this strip? Could Dusty swat them out of the air like flies? "No you won't, Dick. I won't let you harm him."

Dick scoffed. "What can a lunkhead like you do? Move aside, or I'll shoot you first."

"No, you won't," a man dressed in khaki action-wear proclaimed, striding manfully up to Dick and punching him in the jaw. Dick's head snapped around like his spine was made of pipe cleaners, and he collapsed to the aisle, his gun skittering amongst the row of benches. Brandon knew the puncher could only be Dex, as that's what he was famous for: punching everyone. Other action men used guns or weapons, but Dex never seemed to come across a problem

he couldn't solve by punching it in the face. It was as refreshing as it was utterly ridiculous.

“Dad!” Dusty exclaimed. “Great timing!”

Dex smoothed a hand over his slicked-back hair—hair that looked a lot like Dick's, come to think of it—and straightened his khaki safari jacket, which looked absurd in the comic and looked even more absurd in person. What was he, the walking ad for the cartoon version of Banana Republic? Also absurd? He looked about ten years older than his son, tops. Only in a cartoon universe, or a really, really sad trailer park. “You must be Brandon. Where's Paul?”

Dusty dropped his arms, and his shoulders sagged in what seemed like honest sadness. “He's dead, Dad. Dick killed him.”

“What? How could he kill the Creator?” Dex then looked down at Dick, and kicked him in the shins. It was a weird choice, since if you've got the guy down, why not kick him in the gut? But hey, maybe that was too low down for Dex. “You'll pay for that, Dick.”

“I... I think I need to go home,” Brandon said, patting Dusty on the back so he'd move aside. He obeyed, and Brandon was glad, as he was starting to feel overwhelmed. Why, he wasn't sure. Well, his dad *had* just died. Maybe that was reason enough.

He walked out of City Hall, plodding down the wide steps, and briefly wondered where he was supposed to go when he realized everything in this “town” was clearly marked. It was a town with maybe thirty-two people in it, tops, and that was being generous.

Dusty followed him like an eager puppy. “Are you okay, Brandon? You seem upset.”

“Of course I'm upset. My dad just died, and I have no idea what's going on. I mean, in real life, maybe I'm wandering down the middle of a street with my pants around my ankles, yelling ‘Kitties, kitties!’ at passing cars. It'll make as much sense as what's going on now.”

“But you’re here now. You’re not on a street somewhere.” Dusty paused briefly. “Why would your pants be around your ankles?”

“I don’t know. It just seems like that would happen.”

Dusty grabbed his shoulder, stopping him, and before Brandon could ask him why, Dusty pulled him into a big bear hug. He smelled vaguely of ink. Brandon was surprised, but it was kind of nice being in these big, warm arms. “What’s this for?” Brandon asked, his voice muffled by Dusty’s shoulder. If he kept hugging him much longer, breathing was going to be an issue.

“For your dad. I’m sorry. I know he really loved you.”

“No he didn’t.”

Dusty held him back at arm’s length, which was good, as now he could breathe. “How can you say that? He talked about you all the time.”

“He did?” This was news to Brandon. He thought his dad only thought about him when he absolutely had to. Brandon looked around, and saw that the doorway back to his dad’s drawing room wasn’t far. He tried to wipe the tears out of his eyes before Dusty saw them. “Hey, do you think you could come back with me and tell me about him? We could have coffee.”

Dusty grinned. He was really cute when his face lit up like a light bulb. “Water’s good enough for me. And I’d love to.”

“So why did you protect me back there? You didn’t have to.”

“Of course I did. I wasn’t going to let anyone hurt you. You’re the son of the Creator.” He paused briefly. “Besides, you’re cute.”

Brandon studied him warily. He couldn’t be... Well hell, why was he even thinking that? Comic strip characters had no sexuality, or only what their Creators allowed them to have. But as they walked back to the door, Brandon tried to remember if Dusty had ever seen any women in the strip since he’d gotten older. Then again, Dex Dart wasn’t really a relationship-centered strip. Still... Dusty had never had a female love interest of any kind, had he? He was just Dex’s adventure-loving son.

Brandon wondered how adventurous he actually was.

One Year Later

It had taken a lot of work, but finally his dad's house looked like something new.

Brandon hadn't been sure about the new grass-green color at first. It seemed too bright, but Dusty loved it, and Dusty's unchecked enthusiasm basically made Brandon cave into him. Once they started painting the walls with it, Brandon realized that yeah, it was too bright, but it was also a pretty attractive color, one he preferred over bland white walls. The blue carpet was a nice improvement over brown as well.

His father's drawing room had been transformed into Brandon's "writing room", where he theoretically worked on stuff, although in practice, he actually worked on stuff half the time while the other half was split between reading his email, Twitter, and playing Plants Vs. Zombies. But the drawing of the door was still there, and while the syndicate might have shut down Dex Dart the strip, Brandon and Dusty did go back from time to time. Shadow Valley was somehow still there, still going on with its oddly timeless existence. Dick still schemed to get through to the real world, but Dex was making sure he'd never succeed. He was the hero of the strip, after all, and he never failed. Brandon still had no idea how this existed, and Dusty couldn't help him there as he didn't know either.

Dusty wasn't the brightest guy in the world. But he was optimistic and brave and sweet, and so incredibly fucking hot that the first time Brandon saw him naked he almost died of a heart attack. No matter that he wasn't drawn with genitalia, he still had 'em. And Dick had been right—things from the Shadow Valley world could exist in this world. Or at least one guy could.

But every time his friends asked how he met Dusty, Brandon never knew what to say. There was no way in hell they'd ever believe him anyway.

THE END

Author Bio

Andrea Speed writes way too much. She is the writer of the Infected series for Dreamspinner Press, and the Josh of the Damned series for Riptide Publishing, amongst other things. She won a Rainbow Award for... say, this sounds familiar. Is anyone else experiencing déjà vu?

Contact Info

[Website](#) | [Facebook](#) | [Email](#) | [Twitter](#)