

# LOVE Has NO Boundaries



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# RESISTANCE

## Joe Petty

# Love Has No Boundaries

*An M/M Romance series*

## RESISTANCE

**By Joe Petty**

### 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.

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## Photo Description

The sepia-toned photograph of two young men sitting on a rock kissing.

## Story Letter

*Dear Author,*

*One day I was holding him close, kissing him and loving him; that's before they came and took him away.*

*And I've never seen him since then. My dad is an important, dangerous man and I have to marry the girl he chose for me and be a straight man to the last day in my life or he'll kill every man I fall in love with.*

*And again after years, he comes to me. He is changed, his hair is blond and his nose is different, but it is him. He tells me I've to make things right, I have to fix the things my father ruined; he tells me I had betrayed him and stopped looking for him. He shouts at me and cries, "Fix my life. You owe me that much," saying it was my father who told his dad that men will enjoy him and he ended up being a whore and now he is forced to marry a man he doesn't want, because that man had bought him.*

*I have no idea what to do. I've got to protect him but I am afraid of my father and what he could do to me and to him.*

*And then I am in bed with him, kissing him and touching him AND loving every second of it with him. Everything is perfect. Yet they come, taking his naked body from between my arms. I feel the touch of his fingers on my fingertips and suddenly the sweet sensation is gone.*

*I would love the lover to have tattoos and piercings. I love light BDSM, hurt/comfort.*

*Please author, help him find his lover and save him from his father. Let them find peace and live happily ever after.*

*It is my first post. I hope I did well...*

*Sincerely,*

*Lolita H :)*

## **Story Info**

**Genre:** contemporary

**Tags:** light BDSM, coming of age, friends to lovers, hurt/comfort

**Content warnings:** violence, dark

**Word count:** 3,184

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We came back for Father's funeral. Walking along these stone steps brought back a million memories, the laughter of my childhood before all this death. As we descended the steps to the crystal blue waters of the Adriatic Sea, I felt as though I saw the ghosts of two boys playing hide-and-seek. My fingers slid down the bark of the tree in the main garden, and I could see traces of rope burns from the first time I'd tied Ulfo to the tree. His fingers traced the bark behind me.

I slipped my hand into his and we walked down the steps to the dock. This place I called my home, growing up—how unfamiliar and closed off from the rest of the world it seemed to me now. I would learn in my college days that the locals had called it *kuća smrti*. Death house. We aimed to change that moniker.

We walked hand in hand to the top of the rocks, to the place where Ulfo had been ripped from my arms, where Lugo had done the one thing that saved my lover. We climbed to the top of the jagged rocks and I took him in my arms, kissing not our last kiss, but the first of many.

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I have had feelings, feelings that were hard to understand at first. When I watched Father wrestling with his goons, my eyes always got wide as they grasped each other's shoulders. Father insisted his men be strong, be ready to do anything—and to wrestle. He'd been to Turkey in his youth and had taken a fondness for their national sport, oil wrestling. I looked back on my childhood, back to that small square plot of grass that Father tended with such care, to the place where I wrestled with Ulfo. I thought it was normal to slide my hands into his pants, because Lugo did it, because Stedko did it.

Father made certain his men wore the traditional water buffalo pants, tied at the ankle, and then ordered the cooks out of the kitchen to pour large cans of olive oil down their strong muscular chests. Lugo, the first of many men I fell

in love with, was Father's best and favored man. His chest rippled with muscles. He'd flip every man on his back as though his rough hands were stitched with leather on the palms. His hand slid into the backside, to slip around to the front. It was not a prelude to anything other than a means to winning.

I walked up to Father one afternoon. "When do I get my pants?"

He laughed and tousled my hair. "Boy, when you are old enough to hold up a pair."

I would sit with my knees pulled to my chest, watching and yearning for Lugo's hands to move slowly past my waistband, feeling around for the perfect grip. Father thought I'd taken an interest in sports; at that early age he hadn't suspected it was my love of his men. I grew up learning how to hold, how to grip, how to grab and how to flip my opponent. As I got older it was hard to hide my passions from Lugo. In one moment of foolishness, he slid his hand into my pants and felt my throbbing cock. Our eyes met, and I leaned in to leave a kiss on his lip; he threw me down on the floor, holding me in place. "Your father will not stand for this, this is not acceptable behavior."

I always tested Father's rules. One spring, he decided he wanted to go sailing, and he caught me pulling down the skipper's pants, my lips trailing kisses down to his toes. I felt Father's hands grasp my shoulders, and I was flung into the water. Moments later, Lugo's strong, warm arms held me close. I fought with Lugo, my feet slipping on the stones in the water, but eventually I was turned to face my father as he swished the batten through the air to land a multitude of smacks against Goren's chest.

I tried to hide my eyes, but Lugo held me tightly to his chest. In that instant, I felt myself grow tightly in my pants. I moved awkwardly to relieve pressure, but then I felt the length of Lugo grow behind me. Lugo no longer had to lean down to whisper to me. He said quietly, for only my ears, "This is foolhardy. Nothing good will come of your passions, boy."

"Take him from my sight, Lugo. Take him to his mother." And with that I was swept from the dock, hearing the echoing screams from Goren's mouth,



till I no longer wanted to hear. My fear slowly slipped away as Lugo dragged me to the back of the house. It happened so fast, I wanted it to last. His lips caressed my lips, his hand slid down my pants and mine down his before he pulled away. I saw a tear in his eye. “This is it. We cannot do this, I will be murdered in my bed if he ever finds out. You need to stuff your passions down, and you need to know that he will kill any boy—or man—you ever love. He told me as much. Please do not think of me this way, ever again. I will do the same with you.”

While I was preparing to leave for college, I watched my father murder my lover. I watched him as he spoke gently to Vlad, the young man who had been leaving kisses dotted upon my eyebrows when Father walked into the room. The look on his face was stern. “I am sorry, am I interrupting?”

I stood to explain what had just happened, but Father’s hand upon my chest propelled me back into the chair. He moved towards Vlad, lovingly placed a hand upon his shoulder and walked with him across the room. “What plans are you making with my son?”

Vlad smiled, pleased that a father cared so much for his boy. “We were planning our holiday in Turkey.” He looked lovingly at me, then back to my father, whose hand was stretched out. He had no words, just a simple intake of breath as my father threw him out of my third story window. The sound was piercing and went on forever, though whether the noise came from outside or within my own chest I was not sure. It ended in one final thud on the sidewalk below.

I ran to the window, and looked down, stunned. Stedko motioned for a car, Vlad was placed in the trunk, and the blood swirled into the gutter with the gardener’s spray nozzle. I looked back to Father.

“Why...?”

He slapped me hard across the face. “You will not live this sin. I have a woman waiting for your hand in marriage. I will kill every boy you fall in love with—it is a measure of my love for you.” With those words, he left my room. I sat on the windowsill and watched as every trace of Vlad was washed from

my memory. And I thought back on my childhood up to that point. All those boys and men killed or missing, because I had kissed or been kissed or had asked to be taught how to sail a boat.

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Ulfo and I had grown up together, ran circles around each other. He was the son of my mother's best friend and we'd played everything imaginable. Games of cops and robbers, bodyguard and assassins, cowboys and Indians; you name it, we played it. The gardens around our villa had so many bushes, pine trees and wildflowers through which we'd run and hide. We'd go out on the boat with Marco and lay on the deck, sunning ourselves and retelling sailing stories, dreaming of escaping the island and running away together.

I'd never known what it was to want something; it was always given to me. I had private sailing lessons; as I got older, I would sit cradled in Marco's lap, my hands on his strong arms pulling the lines that moved the sail. I enjoyed the way the rope would rest tightly against our arms as we pulled it in or let it out. Marco taught me all the knots needed to tie off and how to wrap lines around the winch.

The games got interesting as we'd gotten older. There was one afternoon where I tied Ulfo up to a post at the dock, the water lapping at his feet.

"Niko, I don't like this game," he pleaded.

I jumped into the water, flexing my muscles, and slapped him across the face. "I am not Niko, my name is Stedko, and I will question you the only way I know." I fell back into the water laughing, because I couldn't keep up the deep-throated sound of my father's bodyguard. When I looked up, Ulfo had tears in his eyes.

"You slapped me..."

I rose and began untying him, moving my fingertips to his cheek where my handprint was just beginning to redden his face. It was at that moment that I realized I wanted more of him. "I'm sorry, my friend, it was just play."

I led him up the white stone steps, through my mother's garden, past the yellow and blue flowers, into the woods. We hiked all day up the small rocks that littered our property, finally sitting in our secret place. At least I believed it to be secret. It had been secret when we were boys, just fresh with the discovery, but now I was headed off to marriage. I knew the evils my father was capable of. I'd witnessed the destruction of so many, of men who made the mistake of letting my hands roam their shoulders or my lips caress their necks and mouths.

But this—this was different. This was family, this was secret, and this was sacred. In my heart, I knew this one would be different. It had to be. Was I as evil as my father, willing to destroy the one man I've loved since I could feel his hands pressed in mine? I was willing to find out, and thinking back on it, I wish I had informed him of everything that I'd known, but passion got the better of me.

His lips were succulent upon my own; we clutched and held each other for what seemed like days, but could only have been minutes. If my father found me—and he always did, or his goons did—we had no time. I slid my hands down his chest, held him close in my arms and said I'd protect him forever. This time would be different, this time we'd escape together. Even now with this stolen kiss, on a rock overlooking the city below, high above any cameras or cell towers, this kiss—this secret kiss... and then our lips were separated and he was ripped from my grasp.

“Please no, not him. Please let this one live.” I looked up into the eyes of the man who wrenched Ulfo from my arms.

There was no one else around. Lugo looked at me and shook his head. “What did I tell you?”

“But this one... this one is different, please.” I couldn't stop the tears falling down my face; I tried so hard.

Lugo looked hurt, and he sighed. “This is the last time I rescue you from your pleasures. I know you have grown up with Ulfo, I've seen you wrestle and sail the boats...” The smile that rose on Lugo's face took me by surprise,

and he began running, pulling Ulfo along with him. We slid down the rocks, over paved stones and rubble, to end up at the edge of the water.

“Go to the dock and wait for me there, get the boat ready for sailing out tonight.”

Lugo was off again, running towards the house. I turned to my friend, took him by the arm and shepherded him towards the dock.

The look on Ulfo’s face was something I didn’t want to remember. The fear, the pain as Lugo had gripped him tight around the arm. At the same time, I knew it would also be the last time I’d see Lugo, my father’s best man, my first real passion, the man who told me he’d protect me at all costs. Had my passion for Ulfo destroyed even this man, who I yearned to be like?

I could see Lugo running down from the main house, he was jumping steps and plants as he raced down to the dock. A green duffel bag swung around his shoulder, hitting his thigh as he ran.

He stopped on the deck and tossed the bag to me. “Get on that boat and you’ll both survive. I can’t protect you anymore, Niko.” Lugo stood with his hands on his hips, the small smile reappearing.

“Ulfo, untie the rope from the cleat and let’s get out of here.” I slung the duffel bag over my own shoulder, and before jumping in the boat, I hugged Lugo and gave him a long grateful kiss on his rugged lips. “Thank you, I’ll never forget this.”

He hugged me back. “Just be happy.”

I turned and jumped into the boat. I opened the blocks for the sheets and hoisted the main halyard, waiting for the wind to catch the sails. We slid silently through the water, until we hit the open sea and heard that small thunderclap of the sails catching the full wind.

We only turned around once to wave good-bye, but Lugo was nowhere to be seen. Hours later, Ulfo opened the duffel bag, hoping Lugo had packed a jacket for us. He sat back, crying. When I squatted beside him, I saw that the

bag was filled with money. We would make it, Ulfo and I, and I vowed to only return when the beast was dead.

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It was a long road to get here, not merely schoolboys flirting with games, but a love that never died. Even in the face of so much misery, we finally had each other. This would become known as our villa, where love could grow and prosper and not wither and die, like everything my father had touched.

**THE END**

## **Author Bio**

*I have dabbled and written for myself. I made a deal with my partner that I would finish a short story and share it instead of leaving it lost on a hard drive. I have been a procrastinator for as long as I can remember and do hope that this short story will not be my last.*

## **Contact Info**

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