

# WHERE THE LOST BOYS MEET



Henry Lyra

*Likoro*

## Where The Lost Boys Meet



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# Where The Lost Boys Meet Henry Lyra

Another year, another book.

It's amazing how many diapered adventures for diapered boys come to my head. And I'm glad these come in different shapes and forms. That I don't have to do what others have done before and be original and explore things even I am amazed at.

This is the tale of three boys where only one of them is AB/DL while the other two have different struggles, so this book is less AB/DL focused so it merges with the YA genre. I'm very proud of this book and I think it might be one of the best AB/DL books I've written because the characters are rich and their experiences are raw.

Let me introduce you to Gabe, Scott, and Milo, and please let me know if their story touches your heart as it touched mine as I penned it.

Henry Lyra

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# FOREWORD

## Part 1

### Chapter 1

“Stole a key, took a car  
downtown where the lost boys  
meet...”

Scott Allen knew it was all over.

His life as he knew it would never be the same. Everything he had and everything that he owned was slowly stripped away in his mind as his father’s shouting seemed to echo in the distance, even if the man was right in front of him, pointing while his mother was just quiet and looking away, not raising a hand to aid him or show him any kind of support.

Slowly, the echoing started to melt in one sonorous cacophony that his mind couldn’t isolate anymore, the loudness of his mind and the outside word met into a shattering sound.

His own thoughts were so freaking loud, screaming like the crashing of broken noise. His head was just replaying over and over how it all came down to it, how it was all going all the drain over a silly slip, and how he thought he might never get to recover what he was losing now.

He was losing his home, his parents, his friends, and his place at school. But most of all, he was losing what he thought was a piece of his identity, a piece of his soul. Nothing would be the same as he bit his lip for a second and tasted the kiss.



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For all the hell it had unleashed, the kiss tasted good.

Scott knew for sure then, that he was gay.

Not that it was some news to him. Ever since he started growing pubic hair and having wet dreams and awkward pool boners, he knew that guys made him go hormone crazy. As much as he tried to bury that truth into the depths of his subconscious and forget about the fact that he was very much so into guys, deep knew he knew there was no fix nor denial.

No girl to set him straight... literally.

And then stupid Robert from Allister Institute had to come into his life with his flamboyancy and obvious feminine and not-straight-at-all demeanor. Robert only wanted a boy toy for the night, after all, and it was a party, so no one was supposed to care or whatever. Scott thought people were more open-minded when it came to queer sexuality.

Robert caught Scott staring, and Scott couldn't control it. Magnetic attraction and lustful reaction and they were walking towards one another until they were facing each other and kissed. It was Scott's first kiss and it was also the ultimate revelation that he indeed was a guy that swung for the other team. For a moment, as the kiss continued, Scott wasn't worried about being gay.

The taste of the kiss was of glory, but it was damnation. It all ended in tragedy when the doors of the room opened, and a bunch of guys and girls were there taking pictures of Scott and Robert kissing. Robert pushed Scott back and winked at him and whispered. "Sorry honey, it was me or you."

He didn't understand at first, he just felt humiliated as the people he though were his friends started to call him "Faggot!"

It was later on that Scott found out that many guys at the boarding school thought he was gay, so they asked Robert from the rival Allister Institute to seduce Scott and expose him in exchange

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to stop the hate harassment. Now all Scott was going to be was 'the Gay Boy of Harklore Boarding School.'

News reached his ever-cold, ever-absent, and ever-demanding parents, and it brought Scott to the present where his father was mad and furious about the truth about his son. The yelling was sure to be heard all over Highton County and all the other realms of hell below.

Scott never had a good relationship with his father and this wouldn't help improve it.

"I can't believe you'd do this to us," said his father with venom and poison. Jacob McAllen was livid. "I gave you everything and you make us the face of shame and disgrace in our community. We have a name to uphold, and an image you tarnished by being a... a..."

"A faggot?" finished Scott with the same venom, but still feeling hurt by those words. "Yeah, sorry, like I chose to be like this. But guess what? I can't change it, so we're going to have to live with it!"

"The hell we are!" shouted his father and raised his hand, slapping Scott in the face and the sound of it was as horrible as the string on his cheek. Even his mother flinched. They didn't know it would go that far.

"They call that a hate crime, did you know that?" said Scott with a broken voice and did the only thing he could do.

He needed to escape.

He turned around and grabbed the keys to his car, an old Toyota that he liked better than the Lambo since he hated boasting, and rushed towards his reliable car while opening the gates of the terrain of his humongous three-floor house. He knew the Lambo would one day be useful to him, but for the night, he wanted to

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escape Highton County and pretend he was a normal boy with someone who loved him.

As Scott got in and started the car, he wondered what worth was being rich when parents were awful, friends were fake, and nothing was real.

Scott was suddenly in the driveway, heading downtown, he always liked going there because that was the one place where everyone could merge. No just rich or poor people, no just Americans or immigrants, no just black or white. No just straight or gay. Downtown was a place where everyone could find a spot to be themselves.

"Downtown it is," he said to himself and headed there, as he started crying over being outed and disowned.



Doing drugs was bad, but Milo Clay didn't care as he took another puff of his marihuana joint and relaxed against the wall of the building he lived in. Not that he was taught otherwise since his father was a habitual drunkard and stoner that could barely hold a beer can, let alone a job for himself.

It was one of those days Milo just needed to vent.

Milo used marihuana when he needed to relax after working a double shift at Starbucks to help pay for rent. And to try to calm down the monster in his head that reminded him that he had to drop out of school because his do-nothing-good father was either fired from another job or was just drunk, stoned, or asleep.

Honestly, Milo was afraid he was going to be kicked out of the building soon.

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Sure, they were paying their very limited rent on their very minuscule apartment, but people were starting to think he was a dealer or gang member because he was using drugs like an exhibition. Truth was, Milo just couldn't stand the stench of his apartment which was filled with trash, dishes, unwashed clothes, and alcohol.

That was why Milo decided to get stoned outside... and use his other drugs to check out.

"Who am I kidding?" he began as he saw the smoke come out of his nose and mouth. He was the kind of person who talked to himself whenever he felt lonely. "Who am I fucking kidding? I am a mess, and I have no one. Only mom loved me, and now I'm left with the swine. And I smell like a swine too."

Unconsciously, he sniffed his armpit, and it wasn't that bad. He knew his true B.O. was being contained in his black hoodie over his black t-shirt over his undershirt. He knew that if he took them off, he'd reek the entire building.

He was a mess.

The truth was that Milo needed an anchor to pull him out. After his mother's passing years ago, something that forced him to move with his useless father who didn't give an ounce of love to him, and barely any help to thrive, Milo felt like he had been sinking deeper and deeper into an ocean of pain and he couldn't reach the surface.

He tried to be the boy his mother loved, but the money problem started, his father's rejection started hurting him emotionally, and he had to start a job, then two, then his grades slipped, and he had to quit school. And finally, he became a stoner like his father, one that wore dark clothes so they wouldn't show the stains of sweat and other dubious substances because laundry had become a privilege.

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Milo looked up at the sky, and the sun was setting, and the sky was partially orange and partially blue. He smiled as he recalled when his mother would watch the sunset with him at the park, specifically at the playground where she would let him go down the slide as many times as he wanted and push him in the swings up and down, up and down.

A hunch told him to walk downtown, a couple of blocks away, to the playground at Amistad Memorial Park.

"It would be nice to stay away from this dump for a couple of hours," he said to himself and groaned as he stood up and put out the joint of weed.

Then he was on his way.



"Okay, let's see what we have here."

Gabriel Brown, affectionately called Gabe, felt the heat fill his face and his ears burn in embarrassment as his older brother and guardian Rafael, affectionately called Rafe, slowly put Gabe's secret stash all over his bed and exposed every little item that Gabe had tried to keep hidden. Gabe knew it was stupid to think he wouldn't be caught one day.

He was bound to be caught red-handed one day.

"Jesus," said his twenty-nine-year older brother, who was his legal guardian and parent figure, in his examination of all the items that Gabe had tried to keep away for his own pleasure. His and only his. However, the secret was bound to be revealed one day.

Rafe just looked in awe as he looked at all the items his seventeen-year-old brother had hidden. "I can't believe they even have these things with such production value!"

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"Please, stop, this is embarrassing," said Gabe with a little voice. Little was keyword here, for what Rafe was looking at was not a stash of illegal narcotics or sex toys or anything that would indicate a troublesome boy. Or maybe what he found was not of a troublesome boy, but it was still troublesome in a way.

Rafe looked at Gabe and gave him a half smile. "Hey, try not to be embarrassed. Dr. Cameron said we need to make this more part of our lives. You want that, don't you? I just want to help you, baby bro."

Gabe blushed as Rafe called him 'baby bro' and took a deep breath. "I know, it's just... difficult to feel like a confident seventeen-year-old when you've been found out as Adult Baby. I'm almost a legal man who likes to wear diapers and pretend babyhood, it's... weird."

"You were always a weird kid," said Rafe as he looked at Gabe's adult-sized green onesie with diaper snaps. "This is so cute! I so need to put this on you and take some pictures!"

Gabe blushed deeper. "Stop it! There won't be any pictures!"

"C'mon, all these things are adorable," snickers Rafe as he grabbed different printed diapers that were made for Adult Babies. "I can't believe there are so many people like this and things like this. This diaper with dinosaurs looks adorable."

The blush and embarrassment in Gabe were evident, but he was grateful that his older brother had taken the new of his infantilism with such grace.

Gabe was an Adult Baby, and since he was very young, like most people who shared that involuntary interest, was drawn to babyhood and diapers. It was not a harmful or a bad thing to engage in, but still, a taboo topic that made it hard to be expressed in the open. After all, why would someone adult want to wear diapers and be treated like a baby?

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Despite Gabe's attempts to ignore that part of him, he couldn't, so he had to embrace it. He made online friends with other people in the Adult Baby/Diaper Lover community and learned to slowly accept himself. Still, the embarrassment and shame were there, and even though he had purchased adult baby things for himself, he was always wary.

Until recently, because Rafe found out.

His older brother Rafe became his legal guardian when their parents died in a car accident four years before, which devastated them. The tragedy brought them closer than regular brothers, and Gabe saw Rafe as both his big brother and a father figure, and he didn't want to let him down.

Gabe thought he did when Rafe discovered his stash of adult diapers and other big baby stuff. He thought Rafe would think Gabe was weird, crazy, and maybe even a pervert. But Rafe just listened to Gabe and opened his mind and heart.

Sure, Rafe was confused at first and didn't know how to parent that, so he researched and asked a psychotherapist friend for help. Since Rafe was a full-fledged nurse, he had contacts and he got someone willing to help Gabe and Rafe. The psychotherapist was good at helping Rafe understand and even offered some advice by telling them to try to make it part of their lives.

Gabe was shocked that they suggested he could be babied or baby out at home with Rafe, and the older brother was just as surprised but willing.

Rafe would do anything for his baby brother, even change oversized diapers. He already had to do that sometimes at work.

But at the moment, Rafe was looking at two packs of different samples of Adult Baby diapers with different prints, a white sleeper with teddy bear faces, a green onesie, a baby bottle,

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and two pacifiers for adults. Rafe couldn't help but ruffle Gabe's hair. "I can't believe I didn't see this before."

Gabe took a deep breath and looked at Rafe. "Thank you for being so supportive, but... can we, like... talk about this tomorrow? It's been a long day with everything with Dr. Cameron. Can I take the car for a quick drive to Amistad Memorial Park?"

Rafe looked at him for a second before nodding. "Yeah, just, be back before total darkness, okay? I don't like you driving late. And, um... do you need a... um... you know?"

Gabe's face turned beet red because he knew what Rafe meant. Gabe had been a strange mix of nervous and courageous at the same time so he wore a diaper to the session, and while he was clearly wet because the diaper looked saggy and puffy, Gabe was still not ready to be changed by his older brother.

"No... it's okay!" said Gabe with a stutter as he grabbed his keys and rushed out of his room. "I'll get a change when I get back, and we'll talk about this tomorrow, promise!"

Before he knew it, Gabe was out of his apartment, down to the garage, and jumped into the driver's seat of his hand-me-down car from Rafe that he got on his last birthday and left home, deciding to go to his usual place of walking and chilling out. He needed the playground, to relax and to make sense of everything that was happening.

He could feel the squishy diaper between his legs and the sogginess, and he couldn't believe he was going to be in public like that. He was so embarrassed with Rafe that he didn't think that he might have really needed a diaper change.

Everything was so weird, but Gabe knew one thing for sure.

Downtown, where the lost boys meet.

That's where he would find some peace.



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## Chapter 2

“... took a car downtown and took what they offered me to set me free.”

Gabe had parked at the west side of Amistad Memorial Park and slowly made his way to the big playground that would usually be full of children skating, jumping up and down in playground paradise for all ages, or having several couples having their picnic dates by the light of dusk. That park was a special place.

When he was young, Gabe’s parents took him and Rafe there all the time, but now that they were seven years gone, all Gabe had memories of a time when he was small and a child full of innocence and love.

Now he had the diapers, but not much of the innocence.

Gabe was walking to the swings, he loved those, and he knew the ones there were enough to fit and hold an adult. He especially knew his padded bottom would make it more comfortable against the seat of the swing. It was one of the perks of a wet diaper, its sogginess made it a good, cushioned seat.

He just hoped he didn’t smell much of pee, and by the way he was waddling, he was regretting more and more not changing his diaper before heading to the park. He was getting used to being openly ABDL.

Is that such a thing?

It was just that seeing his brother expose all his baby stuff like that, even if in approval, was too much for him. He knew that he was months away from being a legal adult, which meant that he

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should be more interested in looking for colleges to attend rather than looking for toys to play with and baby bottles to drink from.

"I'm supposed to grow up," he said to himself out loud. "This is so not that."

Gabe knew that the problem was not that he was embracing his AB/DL side, it was that he was letting down his brother. Rafe deserved to have a brother capable of being a competent adult, and Gabe was afraid that the exposed secret would mean that his brother would never see the maturity in Gabe anymore, just the big baby.

Although the baby boy side of him was really big.

Reaching the swings, Gabe smiled as he sat down in the middle swing and started rocking gently. Just as he expected, the wet diaper made it comfortable, even though his jeans were now unable to hide the bulge in his bottom. Fortunately, it was getting dark and Gabe doubted he'd find someone he knew, and if he did, he hoped they wouldn't notice that his bottom was diapered.

Gabe kept rocking on his swing a little, trying to remember when it was okay to be a little boy.

He really missed being a little boy. The whole AB/DL thing was something of a fascination, but he also looked for regression to cope with all the things in his life. He wished for a moment he could just really go back and be a baby again, where there would be no one to take away the feeling of caring and love and cuddles.

As he rocked and closed his eyes, he heard a sound of sniffing as he turned to his side and saw that another guy was taking the swing next to him.

While Gabe had brunette hair and a babyish face (a thing that ironically complimented the whole Adult Baby theme), the new guy had bright blond hair. And Gabe could see his eyes, they were bright sapphires in contrast to his almond brown ones. Both of

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them had the same shade of pale skin, but the other boy seemed taller.

Gabe started to feel self-conscious about the bulge in his pants and the slight smell of pee he exuded, but he blinked when the blonde guy started sniffing.

The other guy was not sniffing because he smelled his wet diaper, he was crying.

Gabe felt sad for some reason, and even though he didn't know the boy, he was inclined to ask. "Good evening, uh, are you okay?"



Scott had parked his car on the south side of Amistad Memorial Park.

He wasn't a frequent visitor, he had been there twice or thrice in his life, but he always found the tall trees and the nice people enthralling. The air was always full of oxygen and the wind was always refreshing and it had a way of making you feel alive and in contact with nature. He also remembered there was a very amazing playground for children there, and his curiosity led him there.

It was a miracle he had gotten there in one piece because he felt like drove there on autopilot.

All he could hear was his father insulting him and calling him a shameful disgrace to the family. He knew that when he returned home, his living situation would be different than ever. Yes, his parents and he were never close, but he expected their almost mansion to become a battleground of icy proportions.

Scott wanted love, that's all he needed.

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Did it really matter that much if a boy gave it to him?

Not that he believed much in romance anymore, not after Robert played him and outed him to the entire boarding school and had guaranteed that starting from Monday, he'd be the new target for irrational bullying and senseless hate.

Once he reached the playground, he could almost hear the imaginary sound of children laughing, but the playground was almost empty. It was late for children and there were only couples walking around, and Scott felt incredibly alone.

Fake friends betrayed him, hateful parents abandoned him, and all he had at the moment was the wind blowing on his face trying to comfort him.

He looked at the end of the playground and saw there was a guy on the swings, and for some reason, Scott felt like he wanted to be on a swing too.

Before he knew it, his butt rested on the far-right swing and he started rocking up and down while his eyes started pouring and his nose began sniffing. He hadn't really let himself feel everything that happened.

He started crying softly.

He just swung for a bit before the guy on the swing next to him addressed him. "Good evening, uh, are you okay?"

Scott heard the awkward boy talk to him and he couldn't help but chuckle bitterly as he turned to him. "'Good evening', seriously? What are we, a corporate meeting?"

The other guy looked surprised and then he blushed.

Scott shook his head and sniffed one more time, realizing he might have come out a bit aggressive. "Sorry, I didn't mean it like that. I am... not okay as you can see. I had a shitshow of a week, and it's only going to get worse."

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"Oh," said the other guy as looked down, and took a deep breath. "Sorry to hear that, I hope it doesn't get worse. Would... would you like to talk about it?"

Scott blinked and raised an eyebrow in confusion. "Um, I don't even know you."

"I know," said the other guy as he let himself swing a little harder. "But today I was forced to expose a very embarrassing secret to my older brother and now it's going to be a change in dynamics, and I'm scared of how it all comes around. But in the end, talking about it did make me feel better, despite how things will change... maybe you need a stranger to listen, someone you can vent on. Well, here I am..."

Scott was quite surprised and touched by the gesture. "Wow, that's nice of you. I... yeah, I guess I could use a confidant right now..."

The other boy just smiled and nodded. "Lay it on me."

Scott was about to start telling how he was outed by his so-called friends and how his life was turned upside down when they heard a scream not far from them.

"GET AWAY FROM THEM, MOTHERFUCKER!"



When Milo decided to go to Amistad Memorial Park to chill down after blowing a bit of marihuana, the only thing he expected was to lay on the grass and look as the final lights of the day turned into night and the clouds drifted away. He knew he wouldn't fall asleep but at least the fresh air would be enough to make him feel a little more alive.

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He got there and the night was upon him already, but he still wanted to lay on the grass and watch the stars and moon for a bit before returning to his stinking home with his foul demons. Milo just wanted to have a break from everything that was going on.

Yet again, things didn't always turn out as planned.

"Get away from them, MOTHERFUCKER!"

The war cry left Milo's throat as he stepped in between two girls that were walking in the park that were suddenly approached by a guy with too many scars, tattoos, and chains to be a good guy. There was a moderation of how much of those you could sport before you would jump from creativity to gang activity.

And as predicted, the guy wanted to assault the girls.

Milo's senses made him jump, and the moment he saw the guy grab one of the girls and pull her, making her scream, he acted.

Since his mother died, Milo was left to his devices since his father was an asshole, and thus he had to learn to take care of himself. And that included learning to be a streetwise fighter.

Milo had cracked one or two noses before to survive. Now he needed to crack another one to protect those two girls from being prey.

"Son of a...!" shouted the perp as he touched his face where Milo punched him in the face. "Who do ya think you are?!"

Milo smirked with confidence. "Someone better at a fight than you, apparently!"

The aggressor suddenly took out a knife, and the girls paled in terror and Milo wasn't at all thrilled to see such a blade. Milo had moves but one move from that punk could be the end of it all, and Milo wasn't an expert in knife disarming. Milo clenched his teeth. "Shit."

"STOP RIGHT THERE!"

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Milo and the two girls looked to the side and saw two police officers, probably from the park security, running to the scene with their weapons held high. Milo was happy to see them, because he knew the fight wouldn't escalate, and it was over.

He took a deep breath, feeling the adrenaline going down. So much for a relaxing night.

That's when he noticed two boys behind the officers, who were staring in fear as they read the guy his Miranda rights and handcuffed him. Milo analyzed them thoroughly, and he could tell they were from different worlds than him.

A blond boy with fancy-looking clothes, even for casual, and bright blue eyes without any danger in his eyes. A brunette boy with a roundish baby face and more casual clothes. Unlike Milo, who had black hair and tanned skin, they had white pale shades. Still, Milo knew that appearances were not always true.

He was once like them.

"You okay?" asked one of the officers, and Milo just nodded. The officer continued. "It was brave for you to help them. Thankfully these boys saw what was happening and called us. You three are heroes tonight."

Milo smiled truly. He liked that.

"Thank you," said a couple of girls as they hugged each of them, and Milo was glad to know he did the right thing for once in his life.

He was a hero that night.



Scott, Gabe, and Milo sat in the three-swing row, the fresh wind making them feel alive as the three of them were finishing



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eating hotdogs and cokes. At the moment Milo was eating quite fast as if it was the last hot dog he'd get to taste. He was almost wolfing it down like a pro-eater.

Then Milo took a deep gulp of coke and once the can departed his lips, he burped loudly.

The burp made Scott and Gabe laugh loudly. Scott snickered as he looked away. "I don't know if that was gross or funny."

"It was sexy," replied Milo as he patted his chest with his fist with pride. "A boy who belches like that is manly sexy."

Gabe was happy as he shared laughs with his two new friends. Of course, they had talked after they gave their statements to the police to take the thug into custody and made sure the girls felt comfortable to go home on their own. Gabe couldn't believe he found such bravery and not only faced the whole situation but helped stop it.

They were heroes for a night.

They got hotdogs and cokes and decided to eat on the swings and get to talk after such an intense meeting. Scott looked down and sighed, putting his food down for a moment. "I just... I wish my parents knew what I did today. Helped save someone. All they see now is that I'm gay, a disgrace to the family, someone who just brings shame."

"Fuck 'em," said Milo as he swallows another bite. "You gotta be you, Scott. Being gay is just... well, it's you. Fuck your parents and your classmates. Seriously, middle-finger them and keep being yourself. Be a proud man-fucker!"

Gabe and Scott both choked on their cokes as they began laughing. Milo gave them a wiseass smile. "It was the 'middle-finger them' bit, wasn't it?"

They both nodded, trying to breathe between laughing and dripping coke from their chins. They all felt like they were eating

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like pigs, but it was nice to feel free like that. Scott shook his head. "That was definitely gross."

"You're an awesome dude, Milo," said Gabe as he looked at the dark-skinned guy. "It sucks your dad is an asshole and you've made so many sacrifices."

Milo just shrugged. "I hope it will turn around soon. No bad luck is forever, right? At some point, the tide will turn. My mom used to say that, and I know... deep inside... I know she's right and she'll send her angels to help me out."

Scott felt a pang of emotion as he saw Milo's hope, and he hoped the hoodie boy would eventually find such light in his dark life.

"So," began Scott as he looked at Gabe with what he hoped was not a condescending look. "Gabe, I'm sorry you must wear diapers. It must be troublesome. And I can imagine that people knowing about it can be super intense. But hey, even with diapers, you're a seriously awesome dude."

Milo nodded as he fist-bumped Gabe's shoulder. "Yeah, so you can't control when you pee? At least you're always wearing your toilet! That's convenient. It's not like you shit yourself and such for fun and so, that'd be weird."

Gabe almost felt like he'd fall over.

While Scott and Milo told the truth about their situations, Gabe couldn't completely let them know his truth. How would they react if they knew everything? They wouldn't like him if they knew he did like to shit himself in diapers. That he liked wearing them. That he liked pacifiers, baby bottles, thumb sucking, baby toys, cartoons, and basically the idea of being treated like a complete infant.

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He lied and told them he became bladder incontinent recently because of some random made-up illness and he was coping with that.

They couldn't know the truth.

"I'm glad I met you, guys," said Scott as he looked at Gabe and Milo. "You remind me that there are still nice, cool people on the planet. And how cool is it that we all converged at this park on the same day at the same time?"

"I don't believe in Destiny," said Milo before swinging some more. "But I do believe in life-changing coincidences like this."

"Isn't that the same as Destiny?" wondered Gabe as he looked at the stars in the sky. "I'm pretty sure it is."

"Shut up, diaper boy," said Milo and shook his head with a smile on his face. "Don't make me pants you and reveal your wet diaper to the... six or so people left in the park."

Gabe blushed deeply but then smiled.

Not the Neverland type, but Scott Allen, Gabe Brown, and Milo Clay were three Lost Boys who met the day their lives needed to change.

And changes were coming, indeed.

## Chapter 3

**“Lost control when I panicked at the acid test. I wanna get better.”**

Milo arrived home, feeling a bit gassy and burping a bit more with the aftertaste of mustard and sausage. He had a smile on his face, for not only had he had a nice dinner and got the chance to be a hero to some very pretty girls, but also, he got to punch the lights out of an asshat thug (he needed that) and got praised for it.

And most importantly, he made two new friends.

Scott and Gabe.

It was Scott's idea to exchange numbers so they could be in touch with each other. Even a skeptic like Milo knew that meeting them there had to be some sort of sign from the beyond, and even if it wasn't, Milo knew he needed better friends than the suckers he hung out with. Scott and Gabe were different from any guys he'd met in his neighborhood.

He could see something in them. They cared.

Living in the Northeast Slums, Milo knew what kind of people were worth a shit.

So, Milo saved their numbers in his iPhone 7. He needed to find the newest phone model because he knew that it would become obsolete soon. But between feeding his father and himself, keeping them with a roof above their heads, and having enough power and electricity to stay warm, Milo was hoping he'd get enough money for a new phone soon.

A tug of guilt followed.

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Sure, he'd have the money if he wasn't wasting it on drugs, and it wasn't just marihuana that he was having issues with.

He sighed and opened the door of the apartment, where the smell of dirty clothes and beer hit his nose and for a second, he thought he was about to throw up the hotdog he had at the park. His stomach churned at the smell, and he wondered how his sorry excuse for a father could let himself rot like that in front of his son.

That man was a nightmare, and Milo felt sick to his stomach every time he entered the apartment, for several reasons that went beyond the smell. Like the fact that he shared genes with such a beast.

"Where were you?" asked Jack Clay with a beer in hand as he looked from the TV to his son who just came in. The beer in his hand and the few hairs in his tanner calf made him look like a badly scripted Simpsons character.

"Out," said Milo with a dry tone of voice, he didn't want to betray fear. "You don't need to know everything I do or know everywhere I go."

"I was hoping you'd bring some food," said his father, and Milo felt a chill on his spine, the hairs on his neck rose with a slight fear as he noticed the danger in Jack's tone of voice.

Milo hoped he wouldn't raise his father's anger that night, especially since he had been doing his best to make sure the man didn't get upset. "I bought frozen corndogs and nuggets yesterday. They're in the fridge."

"I know, I saw them," replied Jack as he stood up and took a sip of his beer before walking towards Milo with a threatening look.

Milo might be the most wiseass guy in the neighborhood, the one everyone thinks can outsmart anything. The bad boy with a tough attitude and the sass and all that. Everyone thought Milo was too cool to ever show fear, doubt, or insecurity. They were all

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wrong. They didn't know that Milo hid many secrets and that his living situation was all upside down, so far away from what they knew.

"I just wanted something more..." said Jack with a hiss as he lowered his threatening face towards his son and exhaled, almost choking Milo with his toxic breath of booze. "Fresh. I mean, why go out at night and not bring your father a nice dinner?"

"I was just having a walk," replied Milo, finally giving into the fear, something that he hated, and yet, he knew it was the way out.

Jack slapped Milo in the face, not very fiercely but enough to shake the seventeen-year-old boy. Jack chuckled as he watched Milo start shedding some tears as if the fear in Milo's eyes was a victory. "There you go, a reminder. Remember, junkie, your place can be here, or it can be in jail without your pills."

With broken pride and sadness, Milo rushed to his room.



Milo knew that his father was a monster.

His mother never told him about him and for good reason. His father charmed his mother with a façade and promises but he turned out to be a monstrous and toxic person. She did not regret having Milo, and she did everything in her power to run away with him once she realized Jack was physically abusing their son.

Milo was ignorant of the true nature of his father until he wasn't. He was too young and innocent to understand, all he knew was that his daddy liked to hurt him. That was something little Milo knew for sure.

For Jack Clay, violence was the solution for everything.