

# Thomas is Thomas

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*This is the prequel to my next story so you know where the villian comes from. It lacks detail but I plan on redoing it this summer.so plz comment and tell me wut you wanna know.*

## 1. Kayla's Tears.

I can't concentrate with her doing that. Tapping her pencil. But I love her. I love my girlfriend, my Kayla. I smile, though she can't see, and stare at the back of her head. Her shoulders gently and slowly rise and lower with her silent breaths as she taps. As she taps that pencil of hers, just like she tapped that fork on our first date...to the movies. I know...who brings a fork to the movies? And when I asked her what was with the fork she had said it symbolized to her that the best is yet to come because her granny had always told her to keep her fork when the waitress cleaned the table, for desert...the best. I had laughed at that, but understood. She stops tapping and looks back at me smiling, and her eyes are watery. I don't no why, perhaps the sun. So I think real hard and sky turns a light gray, but too quickly. I hope to God that no one noticed, because I do not belong at this school and neither does Kayla. And if we were discovered...we would be.....in a predicament. But alas, the sun did not stop her watery eyes and then a tear slides down her cheek, but stops at her chin leaving a long frozen mark of ice on her face. She breaks the ice away. I frown, she smiles, and she turns around. Her long red hair does not cover all of her face, and I can tell more tears are flowing. It hurts me to see her this way. I want to know what pains her. I want to help, and as I want and feel her pain the sky still darkens and with small thuds speckles of water hit the windows. It is barely raining, to the point where you can't see the water until it lands on a surface. "Kayla? Kayla what's wrong?" I hear a teacher say but the bell rings, and she rushes out the door first, and I second. "Kayla!" I yell. She halts and turns, drying her tears, a seventeen year old beauty, only one year younger than I. I pull her close to me and she brushes my black hair from my green eyes and she says "I want to break up." And then her tears flow and fall into my hand. "It's over she says" and walks away. I notice, with everyone else that it begins to thunder and lightning as she does. And then I look into my palm, covered with three frozen tears. Kayla's tears.

## 2. raindrops on my window

I stood in the hall....watching her walk...run....doing anything to get away.I didn't even know what I had done...not if her anti-our kind father found out...or if I did something wrong...or even done anything at all. All I knew is that she was walking away and I was letting her. She had frozen my heart like she freezes the rain I make...and shattered it. I walked to my locker, ignoring Sammy.

I knew he was watching me...was watching us but I ignored him. "What happened?" he said. It infuriated me...I didn't want a reminder. "Nothing" I told him. "Lies, Thomas...your lying." "It was nothing I want to talk about...better?"

"Not really" he told me. I looked at him. At his tall and lean figure, his brown hair and big grin. I frowned even more. "Thomas...your not going to feel better. Kayla will tell me you know. Your BOTH my bestfriends." as he said this he rested his hand on my shoulder only to make it thunder and lightning. He pulled his hand back and starred at the long glass wall opposite our lockers. "Now I know it wasn't nothing" he whispered to me. At this point I was locking my lock and taking my first few steps out of the school. My first few steps out of the school Kayla and first kissed me in. "Thomas talked to me!" he shouted after me...but I broke into a run...a run for the bus...it was to rainy to walk...because I was crying.

I strode through the cold puddles like it didn't bother me, as the freshmen giggled and hopped over them. My jeans were soaked but like I said I didn't care. I took those three steps onto the bus and walked past the various students and to my seat. I sat and leaned my head on the window. I was listening to the raindrops. The raindrops on my window that were following my own tears. "God" I said and let go. That was a mistake. The gray and white clouds grew green and the thunder worsened, but the slow rain stopped. Then reappeared in a spray of diamond looking ice. I felt the seat lower and saw Sammy's reflection in the window. " What?" I asked....forcing it out with those short bursting gasps. "Dude...your crying...whats wrong? What happened?.....what did Kayla do?" I listened to the thunder rumble and then I turned to him. He was frowning and so was I. "Dude" he said. "Nobody says dude anymore" I told him. And then he brushed the hair out of my eyes the same way Kayla had. I inched back a little. A bit frightened by his closeness. And when he inched closer and touched my leg I felt and heard the rain grow lighter. Fuck shit Fuck shit were the words that were flying through my head. What he was doing...touching me like I touched Kayla was making me happy. And then I pressed my lips to his and it was almost as if my ears popped...like as if all the weather I was causing had disappeared and then it stopped and I leaned back against the window just staring at Sammy...taking it all in. Just taking it all in. And the thought of Kayla did not bother me. She did not pain me because she was dead to me.

### 3. Like this...

"Where can we go Thomas? And be....."

"Like this?" I asked.

"Like this"

"Well...do we wanna be like this?"

"I do."

Sammy spread his palm flat on my bare chest and kissed my arm, reminding me of so many kisses he had given me the night before. "I wanna be like this to" I said. Of course I didn't know if I really wanted to. I wrapped my arms around him and pulled his body up to me and kissed him. "I wanna be like this...always" I told him. And then I knew it was true because my always wouldn't be as long. So I touched my lips to his flesh. To his neck. To his chest. I ran my hands lower until goosebumps crawled up his body, and then I ran my lips lower and lower and lower. Hours later when the sheets were stained once more I noticed for the first time since I was angry at my parents that it was sunny. I noticed Sammy had brought me clear skies, something Kayla never did. He was still sleeping on top of me, cheek on my chest, arms wrapped under my back, legs entwined with mine. I gently sat up and he awoke. "Thomas?" he asked. "Yes?" He was silent. I took a long shower and went back to his room, still nude, and saw him watching me. "I'm leaving" I told him. "To where?" he asked. "To a number of places." "Can I come?" "No" I told him. "Why not?" he had asked. "It wouldn't be proper." "What is it you mean to do that won't be proper?" A number of things" I answered. He rose from the sheets and walked to me, naked and vulnerable. He brushed my hair out of my eyes and kissed me, and then he grabbed me and then I made love to him again, but did not sleep. I touched him as he touched me. He loved me as I loved him. And I entered him as he entered me. This time I knew he would not stop me from leaving for he did sleep. I left him there exposed and beautiful. His body proportionate. Hid brown hair glistening, and his chest rising and lowering. This time I did not wash myself, and I did not get dressed. I simply crawled out the window and walked the sunny alley. Glass cut into my feet and the small sands and dirt packed the wounds with every step I took. After about an hour I turned onto a street and did not pay attention to the many wide eyes, or pointing. I kept on walking. I had once felt as if Kayla was dead to me...she was not. I knew that when I lied and wrote that reader. I lied. After a couple of minutes I came to a small house all cozy and warm. I saw a red headed beauty in the window and felt enraged, though she did nothing to me besides let me go from her. That is something I suppose. And then she saw me and gasped and ran out of the door with a towel. She wrapped it around my waist and pushed me inside. She set me on her old French couch and brought me her fathers clothes. "Jesus Thomas!" She yelled "Are you ok!?" I asked her why she cared and she told me its right to care for everyone. "I'm not ok...Sammy and I can't be like this". She had a puzzled look in her blue eyes and then she turned to the window. The sky had grown dark and it began to drizzle. "Thomas! Thomas whats wrong?" "Your like this" I told her. "Like what?" she asked. "Your happy without me! With your fork and the way you tap! Your happy without me!" "Thomas, I am...but its because I'm better without you...I can't be with some one who could destroy me because they're sad!" So that was it. I had never gotten a reason for her leaving me. She was frightened. Like my parents were. You don't know about any of my past reader. But she was frightened like my parents...so she left me. It thundered and then a crack of lightning drilled in through the lawn, and then far off, and then close. "Thomas!

Seriously...whats wrong!!?" she screamed. "Whats wrong?" I repeated. And then the glass broke and the wind picked up. She started to cry only to have them freeze on her face. "Whats wrong?" I repeated. And then the house shook and people outside were frantic. "Sammy and I can not be like this when you are like that!" I told her, and the rest is foggy. I do remember finding myself on the couch on what seemed to be an empty torn up and burnt lot. The sky was still drizzling and I could here car alarms, cries, crackling lightning residing, and thunder. Objects like roofs and trees were here and there. Houses were torn and I was crying. I founded a piece of ice, that I fancied to be from Kayla attempting to protect herself from what had happened and I peered into it. I could see my black hair but my eyes were different. The coloring of green and the pupil were right, but the white of my eyes were a deep black. I gasped and began to wonder what was wrong with me. Kayla! I must have killed her, and that I did. I later learned I had struck her with lightning. She had made an ice shell to protect herself, something she could never do, but I had killed her. I heard a voice and turned to see three figures in the distance. Near an overturned bus. A woman with blond hair, one of the three,came and put a blanket on my shoulders. I was shaking and soaked. "There there." she told me. "Your abilities have evolved...thats all." "B-But...K-Kayla" I stuttered. "Oh yes," said the woman. Her gift also evolved from fright, like yours from anger." "Too bad you fried her." Interrupted a man. A very large man, with auburn hair. "Sam-S-Sammy" I said. "Who?" asked the woman, but I couldn't answer. She smiled and nodded, understanding and snapped her fingers. The air around me turned purple and I fell onto something hard. The woman helped me up and said "Welcome to Dynasty! Our underground layer!" The place wasn't much, kinda like a cave. "Who are y-you?" A asked. "Telly" she said. "And you?" "T-Thomas" "Cute name" she said, smiling. "Do you know what you are?" questioned the auburn haired man. I raised an eyebrow. "I'm a Pyropath...She's a Teleporter...and this guy" he said, pointing to a little boy, maybe 5, but the boy interuppted. "I is Shard" So when I looked them over I told them, "Thomas is Thomas."

THE END!!!