

# Rainbow Boys



## Book Summary

Follows the intersecting lives of three high school seniors as they grapple with sexuality and identity.

## Summary of Concerns

This book contains; activism, alternate gender/sexual ideologies (excessive), alcohol/addiction, anxiety, bullying, controversial gender and social commentary, depression, derogatory terms, DEI/CRT (references), dubious consent, eating disorder, erotica (magazine reference), explicit sexual activities/sexual nudity, gender dysphoria/transgender (website links, club suggestions), hate, internet predators, physical abuse by parent, lying, porn (magazine references), profanity, smoking, unprotected sex (minor/adult), violence, and website/club references.

*Young Adult*

**By Alex Sanchez**

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**CONTENT WARNING**

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**Adults Only**

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9	<p>When Debra slid her hand beneath the elastic of his underwear, he panicked. “Are you sure you want to do this?” his voice squeaked. “I mean, what if you get pregnant?” From her jeans pocket she pulled a condom. His heart raced, as much from fear as from excitement. Excitement won out. That night he made it with her—a girl. Homos couldn’t do that. Ergo, he couldn’t be a homo . Sometimes they borrowed Corey’s van, other times they made love in her parents’ basement rec room.</p>
10	<p>So why’d he continue to have those dreams of naked men—dreams so intense they woke him in a sweat and left him terrified his dad might find out? On those nights he lay awake, trying to make sense of his feelings. Maybe it had to do with what happened that time with Tommy and how his dad had caught them. But that had been years ago, when he was ten.</p>
13	<p>“Okay, everyone,” Archie said. “Today we’re going to talk about ‘coming out.’ What do we mean by that?” Caitlin’s hand went up. “It’s when you stop hiding that you’re queer—or bisexual, or whatever.” A boy raised his hand. “I thought coming out meant the first time you do it—you know— with someone your own sex.” “That’s when you come,” Nelson said. “Not come out.” The group hissed, and the boy threw a pillow at Nelson. Archie smiled. “Let’s keep it clean.” He motioned for the group to settle down. “Some people don’t come out until after they’ve had sex for years. Others come out before they’ve had sex with anyone.” “Coming out means you’re no longer ashamed to tell people,” said Shea. “It’s a question of liking yourself and feeling good about being gay.”</p>
34	<p>He drew a breath. “I was thinking ... about what we talked about at dinner. You know, about ... have you ever, like, thought about, you know, doing it with another girl?” Debra stared at him, then sat up and stared at him some more. “No! Why does the thought of two girls always turn you guys on?” Jason knew he shouldn’t have said anything. It was useless. She would never understand. “I was just curious,” he said, and bit into a fingernail. Debra gently took his hand away from his mouth. “Well, it’s not going to happen, okay?” She kissed him, and her voice softened. “I only want to be with you.” She gazed dreamily into his eyes. He knew she wanted to fool around. That was one of the nice things about her. He felt sorry for his friends who had to coax and cajole their girlfriends just to get a little squeeze. And after worrying about the stupid homos’ meeting, Kyle, and Nelson all week, Jason definitely wanted to fool around too. At least it would take his mind off everything—and prove once again he wasn’t queer. He leaned over her. As usual, they would kiss for about fifteen minutes. Then he would slip his hand into her blouse, and she would remove her bra. Her breathing would come in short little bursts. Then he would slide his</p>
35	<p>hand into her pants, and her breathing would become longer and deeper. Once she began to moan, he knew she was ready for him. But the routine didn’t work tonight. As soon as he started to kiss her, the thought of chartreuse-haired Nelson sitting beside her in science class intruded. Jason turned away, frustrated, and buried his face in his hands.</p>
36	<p>She leaned over him, and her kisses moved down his torso as she unbuttoned his shirt, then unfastened his belt. Although they’d had sex dozens of times, she’d never done this with him. “Too one-sided,” she’d protested. Her head was in his lap. He wanted to ask if she was sure she wanted to do this. But it was making him too wild with excitement to say anything. He ran his fingers through her hair, feeling like he was about to burst. He watched her through the blur of half-closed eyes, then suddenly it was no longer Debra but Kyle, her red hair transformed into Kyle’s cap. Unsettled by the vision, Jason tried to stop himself but couldn’t. Too late. It was over. He leaned back against the sofa and slowly regained his breath. He couldn’t believe what had just happened. He’d wanted to have sex with his girl to feel better. Instead he’d thought about another boy while his girl ... He didn’t want to think about it. Debra brought her head up from his lap and laid it on his chest. He held her for a while, stroking her hair, all the while wanting to leave.</p>

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54	<p>Kyle continued shaking his head. “Nope.” He returned his attention to the box of perfume. “Hand me the wrapping paper.” Nelson frowned. “You know, Kyle, I often think what a boring life you’d have if it wasn’t for me.” He stood up and looked at himself in Kyle’s full-length mirror, stroking his curls. Then he remembered the Honcho magazine and pulled it out of his backpack. “Hey, look what I got.” He opened the magazine. Kyle laid aside the wrapping paper and fixed his attention on the photos. “Wow!” Nelson turned the page. “I’m getting hard.” Kyle said, “That’s fascinating.” Nelson wasn’t sure if Kyle meant the photo or his comment. “I always get hard looking at men. How about you?” Kyle wet his lips and swallowed. “None of your business.”</p>
55	<p>Nelson danced his hands down along his naked chest, exultantly happy. “You think so? Sometimes I look in the mirror and think I’m really good looking. Then other times I think my body’s all wrong. I hate it.” Maybe Shea was right after all. If Kyle liked his body, maybe he stood a chance. He turned to face Kyle. “There’s something else I want to ask you.” He bit down on his index finger. “No. I’d better not.” Kyle shrugged and returned to the magazine. “Okay,” Nelson said. “I’ll ask. When you jack off, who do you think of?” Kyle looked up at him. “I don’t know. I think about a lot of people—guys in magazines ... Jason.” Nelson waved that idea aside and ventured forth, bracing himself. “Do you ever think of me?” Kyle gave Nelson a mystified look. “Why would I think of you?” Nelson’s heart sank. His whole body sank. It had been a stupid question. Kyle watched him. “You’re serious, aren’t you? You’re my best friend, Nelson. I mean, you don’t think of me, do you?” “No,” Nelson lied, and quickly pulled his shirt back on. “It’s just that you said you think I have a nice body.” Kyle shrugged. “So? I’m gay. I like guys’ bodies.” He returned his attention to the Honcho. Nelson sat down and lit a cigarette, studying Kyle and considering the conversation. Kyle wasn’t interested in him, but if he liked guys’ bodies, maybe they could still have sex. It didn’t have to mean anything. A fter all, he wasn’t even convinced that he was in love with Kyle. He was definitely horny, though. No one needed to persuade him of that.</p>
56	<p>“Well, then,” he said cautiously, “if you like guys’ bodies ... maybe we should try it sometime.” Kyle glanced up. “Try what?” Nelson exhaled a stream of smoke. “You know ...” He couldn’t finish. The whole idea was stupid. If Kyle wanted to have sex with him, they would have done it by now. He flicked his ashes. “Forget it.”</p>
70	<p>Kyle brushed his teeth, undressed, and turned off the aquarium lamp. He dug his hand into the nightstand drawer and pulled out last year’s Zephyr. He thumbed through the dogeared pictures of Jason and felt himself swell up. He would never get to sleep like this. He put the yearbook away and found the Honcho magazine Nelson had given him. He turned the pages to a photo of a guy in Kalamazoo, Michigan, draped naked over an electric car he’d built from old automobile parts, solar panels, and a glider wing. Before Kyle knew it, he was asleep.</p>
86	<p>“Nothing.” Kyle’s gaze drifted into space, his eyes glazing over. “I helped him with his math. I met his mom and little sister. I wonder if he’ll invite me over again. Maybe I should invite him to my house. What would I say?” “Tell him you want to suck his dick.” “I’m glad you’re done sulking.” “I wasn’t sulking.” Kyle shook his head. “He’s not interested in me like that. I want to be his friend. I want to get to know him.” “So? Get to know him and then suck his dick.”</p>
88	<p>That was just like Kyle, Nelson mused—helpful, kind, sweet. Nice butt, too. They went to hang out in Nelson’s room. While Kyle put a CD on, Nelson pulled a magazine from his dresser. “Want to see my new Blueboy?” Kyle pushed the magazine away from him. “No way! I never want to see a porno again.” Nelson flipped through the magazine while Kyle rolled around on the floor with Atticus. The Labrador scrambled around the room, and Kyle pretended to chase after him. Then Atticus brought his chew sock from the hall. Kyle tossed it for him to fetch. Atticus brought it back, leapt onto Kyle, and started licking his face. Kyle tried to hold him down. “Hey, stop that!” But when Kyle let him go, Atticus started to hump his leg. “Uh-oh,” said Nelson. “Jason’s got competition.” Kyle pulled his leg away. “Atticus!” The dog sat down and twisted around, licking himself. Nelson stood up and stretched. “Come on, Kyle. Let’s do something!” The sex scenes in the video, the naked men in the magazine, and watching Kyle roll around on the carpet had worked him up. “Like what?” Kyle asked. Nelson tossed the magazine aside. “I don’t know. Aren’t you dying to find out what sex is like?” Kyle gave a shrug. “I can wait.”</p>

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113	<p>Blake put the bottle down. “You’re still in high school?” His tone made Nelson feel like a kid. But it flattered him that Blake had taken him for college-aged. “I’m a senior. I haven’t decided where I’ll go next year. How do you like A U?” “It’s all right,” Blake said, taking another swig from the bottle. He seemed wary to extend it to Nelson again. “You want any more?” The alcohol had soothed Nelson’s nerves. “Okay.” He drank some more and leaned back in his seat. He felt great, totally relaxed, and for a moment he forgot how lust crazed he was. Suddenly Blake leaned over him and pulled his face close, his lips engulfing Nelson with the warm, sweet taste of Coke. Was this for real? Only a minute ago Nelson had felt doomed to eternal virginity. Fast forward. Now, for the first time in his life, he felt the tongue of another guy—and not just any guy, but Blake. He could hardly wait to tell Kyle. Blake leaned away. “You smoke, don’t you?” “Uh, yeah,” Nelson said, his brain hazy. What did smoking have to do with anything? Maybe Blake wanted a cigarette. But wasn’t that supposed to come afterward? He was about to grab for his smokes, when Blake’s hand reached over. He unzipped Nelson’s jacket and slipped his fingers inside his shirt. “You’re trembling.” Of course he was trembling. He could hardly control his excitement. He wondered if he should put up some resistance. He didn’t want to seem easy</p>
114	<p>But how could he feign reluctance? “I—I’m still a little cold.” Blake glanced at Nelson’s lap and grinned. “You’ll warm up.” Nelson blinked, and when he reopened his eyes, Blake’s hands had somehow gotten into his pants. A n old worry popped into his mind: Would Blake think he was, uh, too small? If he did, it certainly didn’t stop him from what he was doing. Nelson breathed fast, his heart pounding. He felt ready to explode. A s if reading his mind, Blake retracted his hand. He leaned back into his seat and grinned expectantly. Nelson wondered what exactly Blake expected him to do. Fortunately, Blake helped by guiding his hand. Nelson couldn’t believe to where. Once he got over his astonishment, he tried to unbuckle Blake’s belt, but the rum seeping through his brain made it hard to keep his balance. His fingers slipped. His nose sank into Blake’s cheek. The steering wheel jabbed into his ribs. “Watch the horn,” Blake whispered. Nelson propped his elbow on the stick shift, and the belt buckle snapped open. He tugged open Blake’s zipper. Blake laid a hand behind Nelson’s neck, gently directing his head down. A rich, musky smell wafted up. Uh-oh. Through the murk of his brain Nelson remembered something. What about a condom? He knew from the Saturday lectures that oral sex was not the highest risk for HIV infection, but there was still risk. Nelson hesitated, wondering what he could say: Excuse me, don’t we need a condom? What if Blake felt insulted? It was all too much to think about, especially with his brain in a fog and his face in the lap of the best-looking guy in the group. “What’s wrong?” Blake asked.</p>
143	<p>In the bedroom, tiny lights glowed from behind potted palms, casting shadows on the walls. Above the headboard hung a huge print of a guy in his underwear. Brick guided Nelson onto the bed and pressed him down onto the satin comforter. His warm hands slipped beneath Nelson’s shirt, sliding across his skin. Nelson shivered with excitement and closed his eyes. The rush of blood made him dizzy. Nothing had ever thrilled him so much. Brick slid on top of him, as if wanting more of him, like he was somehow trying to get inside him. He kissed so hard that Nelson’s head reeled back. He opened his eyes and found himself looking up at the underwear poster. “I want you,” Brick said, his hands rushing frantically across Nelson’s naked chest. Nelson wasn’t sure exactly what Brick meant, though he had a pretty good idea. He wanted to say that he hadn’t ever done that—or anything else. “Okay,” Nelson managed as Brick de-pantsed him. “I guess so.” Then he remembered: Wait. A condom! But before he could say anything, Brick was on top of him, pressed against him, touching every part of him, as though needing more, looking for Nelson’s very core. A voice screamed inside Nelson: Stop! Tell him. He needs to use a condom. But if he did say something, Brick might reject him, the same as Blake, the same as Kyle. A wave of despair swept over Nelson, until it seemed he was totally lost to himself. He no longer knew where he was or what was happening, only that he wanted Brick. He clutched at him, soaked with sweat. His heart thundered faster and harder, till it seemed to burst. Then, just as quickly, it was over. Brick lay on top of him, head cradled in Nelson’s shoulder, his breath puffing lightly across Nelson’s chest.</p>

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201	He might die from pain if Jason ditched him after, but he'd get through somehow. "I want to," Kyle said, and Jason's arms, strong and determined, pulled him close. They kissed more boldly now, followed by a tug of Kyle's jacket. The cap slipped from his head, and he started to reach for it but then let it fall. His shirt came off next, momentarily cloaking him in darkness, the air cool against his bare chest. Jason reappeared, the T-shirt tossed aside, his dark eyes intent. In between kisses Kyle fumbled to unbutton Jason's shirt. He shifted angles, propped himself up, and still couldn't get his fingers to work the buttonholes. "I'm sorry. I feel so stupid." "Shh," Jason whispered, reaching down to undo the buttons. The shirt miraculously opened with a burst of cologne. Kyle starred in quiet awe at Jason's chest. Jason said, "What's the matter?" "Nothing," Kyle lied, and quivering, touched him. He let his hands go everywhere, wanting to feel every part of Jason— tracing his face and exploring every muscle. Jason reached for the lamp, veiling them in darkness. When their mouths reunited, they kissed with an urgency from which there was no turning back. Kyle held Jason's face in his hands, kissing him more deeply. He moved his hands down his back and felt how hard his body was.
223	ORGANIZING A PEER GROUP GLSEN (Gay, Lesbian and Straight Education Network) <a href="http://www.glsen.org">www.glsen.org</a> (Please visit this Web site to find the chapter in your region.) We welcome as members any and all individuals, regardless of sexual orientation, gender identity/expression, or occupation, who are committed to seeing this philosophy realized in K-12 schools.
227	TEEN SEXUALITY Advocates for Youth 1025 Vermont Avenue, NW, Suite 200 Washington, DC 20005 Phone: (202) 347-5700 Fax: (202) 347-2263 <a href="http://www.advocatesforyouth.org">www.advocatesforyouth.org</a>
228	GAY AND LESBIAN TEEN SUICIDES The Trevor Helpline: 1-800-850-8078
229	GAY AND LESBIAN TEEN SERVICES ON THE INTERNET Youth Guardian Services 8665 Sudley Road #304 Manassas, VA 20110-4588 Phone: 1-877-270-5152 Fax: (703) 783-0525 <a href="http://www.youth-guard.org">www.youth-guard.org</a>
231	YOUTH ACTIVISM National Gay and Lesbian Task Force 1325 Massachusetts Avenue, NW, Suite 600 Washington, DC 20005 Phone: (202) 393-5177 Fax: (202) 393-2241 TTY: (202) 393-2284 <a href="http://www.nglhf.org">www.nglhf.org</a>

Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	6
Bitch	2
Cock	1
Dick	9
Dyke / Dike	2
Fag / Faggot	25
Fuck, Fucked, Fucking etc.	20
Piss	2
Pussy	1
Shit / Bullshit etc.	40
Slut	2
Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	Count
Damn	5
God / God damn etc.	15
Hell	5