

Tristan and Nicholas. Part One. The uninvited.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.
(novels, short stories)

wintermute1061@gmail.com

I can't quite believe what our relationship has come to, defenestrated overnight, and like a lightbulb that no longer illuminates a room, or a king overthrown because no longer is he worthy of command, our relationship has ceased. The distance between us can no longer be measured. A thunderstorm ensues as our escalating breakup unfolds like a poorly folded origami duckling; Jason falls to his knees surrendering all dignity once left inside of him. Little does he know that I could care less as to who he surrenders his dignity to. "Tristan, I'm sorry! We can make this work!" His words inspire

sympathy, but sympathy no longer runs through the veins that I possess, at least not for him. He blocks the front door from his upper east side apartment *GREAT!* I'm stuck inside Jason's home and I have no choice but to watch him humiliate himself; low budget cast pornstars, shooting a scene from within an obscure motel possibly by the name of *motel 8* don't even humiliate themselves this much.

A begging Jason Ross remains on his knees, I stand before him; intrigued and at the very same time dissatisfied, *sheesh! Jason, for the sake of all gay humanity, can't you do a better job begging?* A memory of Jason Ross begging for me to fuck him strikes, and as uninvited as this little memory may seem, something far more uninvited plagues my light green recently washed trousers. Jason grasps onto my left thigh, grasping harshly onto our last moment together and increasing his humiliated state. I'm almost surprised that he hasn't felt the snake that slithers through my trousers. *Metaphorically speaking*, this snake is quite hungry.

What to do at a situation like this? I know what I'm up against, and Jason Ross barking up the cherry tree where a monstrous snake, ready to attack lies, isn't making it all any easier for me. I have to leave him now, I cannot continue this ill-fated relationship that is the sole root of all my depression. "Tristan, please I promise I won't cheat on you ever again." Jason's words act like the whip that tames this

aggressive boa within my trousers; yes I've assigned a specific species to the creature that claims my sexual independence. "Jason! enough is enough!" The boa safely recoils back inside my trousers sealed away in a pair of orange Calvin Klein underwear. A melodramatic Jason never caught onto the battle that I just endured. It's always hard to resist Jason, who could blame me though. Jason stands tall, I mean we are talking 6'2 compared to my 5'11. Blue eyes, blonde hair, muscles, perfect tan, moderately cocky, to state an understatement: Your quintessential cliché Gentlemen Quarterly magazine hot stud. That being said, he could burn in hell! Or anywhere else for that matter and the only thing that he should ever expect from me is gasoline to trigger my desired episode of him burning to death. Okay hold on, sorry, I don't actually hate him, *that much*, but he's broken my heart, then he's shattered it into smaller pieces for me to pick up *and I did* and finally when I was able to put my heart back together, he fed it to a lion only to have that lion regurgitate it along with whatever else lions eat, *hopefully Jason*, and via open heart surgery Jason put that regurgitated heart back inside my body for me to live with, *not implying that Jason is a surgeon, far from it.*

Jason relinquishes the ownership of my aching left thigh that was beginning to lack circulation due to his muscle bearing arms and notices to the now fully dressed Kevin that exits his bedroom and makes it over to our breakup scene, Seriously? *Is someone handing out invitations on my behalf?*

If you haven't guessed it already, what ignited this final yet inevitable breakup is the fact that I decided to pay a surprise visit to Jason on a gloomy thundering Monday evening where usually I'm stuck at the office on Madison Ave. and 33rd st., trying to collectively and seemingly single handedly come up with a new marketing campaign for "Levingston 49" a new clothing line based in New York City. Yes if you haven't guessed this either, I'm also in the fashion industry, well marketing for it at least, but someday I plan to be a designer, *fingers crossed.*

Okay, now that my informative digression has subsided, let's erect another character or should I say an "antagonist". Kevin is his name, *I only know this because on the way to Jason's room all I could hear was Jason shouting Kevin like a little yorkie who suddenly was gifted with the ability to speak.* Also, I bet they met on one of those gay hookup apps on the iPhone that apparently every single gay guy in the world uses but me. Now that Kevin is loosely erected into our story, *Shit I shouldn't have combined those two words together,* I've unleashed the boa once again.

"Look, I'm sorry man." Kevin chimes in, tranquil, as if unaware that he had subtly set off an alarm that would begin a violent war. He seems innocent, and by default I've been appointed to serve as the judge. I momentarily ignore Kevin's apology, but I soon realize that it was quite genuine of him to come out and apologize at all. Jason still on his knees finally manages to rise, I must of missed the part when the court began session and I mentioned *All rise*. Needless to say, Jason must be condemned, and his upcoming sentence will hopefully serve as a severe punishment. The sentence is simple, with the power figuratively invested in me, Jason Ross will never see or hear from me ever again, *I wish I had a gavel right now so I could knock it as hard as I can*, but I don't, all I have are the words that I will soon use against Jason.

"Jason, it's over forever." As soon as these words exit my mouth a thunder strikes in the distance with a loud disturbing sound. The result: The lights temporarily go out. *Oh, but this night cannot get any worse*. "Tristan, don't do this. You know I love you." Tristan speaks calmly through the cimmerian setting that this, *also uninvited* storm has created. "And I loved you to." *Key word; loved*. Soon as I declare my current lack of emotions towards Jason, the lights come back on. *Perfect timing I must say*. Jason shocked; steps to the side granting me access to leave his apartment. I never looked back, who knows, perhaps

the two of them continued their cyber inflicted rendezvous.