

The following is reprieve from *way* too much drama in an already dramatic life. If character death, rape, amnesia, love triangles, love affairs, hypocrisy, and any other over-used dramatic cliché that I'm forgetting are required to keep you interested in a story, then please X out this .pdf and erase it, as it will probably corrupt your hard-drive with love-doveyness and warm and fuzzy feelings.

This is fiction, it's gay, it's got gay sex, and it's sardonic and dry. If that offends you or if you're underage then you're either in denial, smart enough to erase your internet history, or both.

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Uh, anything else I'm forgetting applies as well!

... So yeah!

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Our Place in the World:  
Getting the Draft  
By Eric Wythe  
Chp. 6 Freelancing Interests

I plopped down in my computer chair and pushed into my desk. I tenderly stroked the side of my computer monitor. I leaned over and kissed the screen.

Mmm, Windex.

I pushed my chair away from the desk, swiveled 'round and 'round my in my chair. I slid forward in it once it slowed down and let out a content sigh.

"I have never been so happy to be at work." I said aloud.

"I bet." Said Ben, popping out from nowhere, like usual.

He walked into my blue box, munching on an apple and sat on my desk. I swiveled my chair around and propped my feet up on my desk next to him. Ben is skinny as a light-pole. His skin is a very pleasant shade of milk-chocolate. His short-curly black hair was matted down to his scalp like usual. His honey-colored eyes were usually blocked by the light glare that flickered off the thick lenses of his glossy black frames that were taped at the bridge.

"Have you played the new RTS we got in yet?" Ben asked.

I gave him a sour look, "I'm a console whore Ben. I don't *do* RTS'."

He gave me a relieved look, “Glad being around all those jocks didn’t drag you over to the dark side.”

“Yet.” I quipped.

Real Time Strategy games, to those who aren’t hip to the lingo, are usually PC exclusive games. To Ben, half of my department and I, PC gaming is evil. We’re usually at war with the PC fanatics in the office. There hath been many a pranks pulled on one another since I was hired. It’s usually in good fun... usually.

“So, you want to like, hang out after work?” I asked Ben. “As much as I love the lug, John is *no* competition for Imperial Standing 2.”

Ben gave me an odd look, “But Imperial Standing 2 is still in development.”

I grinned, “Not for me! Jack’s been really nice to me lately. Don’t know why.”

“Could it possibly be because of that?” He pointed to in the direction of Jack’s office.

I stood up and peered over the wall of my cubicle and over to the glass window paned into Jack’s office. And lo and behold, a poster with the Turbine’s emblem was taped facing out for all the world to see.

“Huh, well that’d explain it.” I said pushing myself back into my chair. I looked up to Ben, “So how much do you think I can milk this for?”

“Ah, play your cards right and you could get the ‘Work at home’ card for a *long* time.”

“How should I play it up?”

Ben grasped his chin, “Go... tired, make it out to be being on the road is rough.”

Before I got up, I wondered aloud, “Are we like... wrong... for deceiving our boss like this?”

Ben stared at me, “You’re talking about the man who used all our Christmas bonuses to go on a cruise.”

“Mmm, yeah, I couldn’t get John that canoe he wanted that year.” I stood up, “Okay, I’m good, time to shake out my acting skills.”

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“Come in.” Jack shouted gruffly through his door.

I pushed open the door, I made sure to yawn as I dragged myself into his office. Jack, or The Balding Menace as he’s known around my department, sat behind his desk

reading through some files. He motioned for me to sit without looking up. I sat there for a few minutes as he kept thumbing through.

Jack is a slightly overweight bear who's been in the video game business since the early 1990's. He'd be better suited as a corporate Hitler at some law firm instead of heading this company, seeing as how the video game business is as casual as it is lucrative. He's a fucking slave-driver but as long as we get our work done without complaint he generally leaves all of us to our shenanigans. He started going bald a few years ago so he just opted to shave his head entirely. It suits him better but it doesn't help his image to us.

Jack flipped his folder closed and looked up. His face gave me a mix of surprise and delight which made my face go sour as I am *far* too used to his on-going scowl.

“Daryl!” He said, uh, happily. His expression changed quickly to what looked like... concern? I... I've never seen him so expressive before, it was freaking me out. “You okay? You look kind of sick.”

I shook my head, “I'll be fine, thanks.”

Jack sat back in his chair and nodded, “Good, good.”

After a short pause he asked, “Daryl, do you remember when I first hired you?”

“Uh, I guess.”

“Remember what you said?”

“No.” I say a lot of things, I can't be held accountable for it!

“You said, if I recall, ‘I don't do ties, and I don't do magic.’ Now, the tie thing was never an issue. But lately I feel like I've been demanding the second act.”

Where is this going? “I don't follow.”

“Well I can't very well expect you to keep up with your work while you're traveling cross country!” He bellowed.

“So... what... then?”

“I'll cutback your work, less stress, I'm sure you already have enough to worry about.”

I just stared shocked at him. Without thinking I said, “I can't believe you just used ‘cutback’ and ‘work’ in the same sentence.”

He looked shocked for a second, then his smile slowly crept around his face, and my face went sour again. He started laughing really loudly, it hurt my ears.

“I always liked you Daryl, you tell it like it is, even to me.”

I did my best “corporate” laugh, you know the one that sounds real but you know is fake? After we died down I gave him a serious look, “I still get paid the same, right?”

“Of course not!” He sneered, “Unless you can get me an autograph.” He pulled out a Turbine jersey out of under his desk.

“Deal.” I scoffed.

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I walked into the condo to something that isn’t unusual: Daryl and Ben sitting on the couch trying to kill each other in a gore-fest. I sighed, shook my head and walked to the island of our kitchen to put down the groceries.

“Daryl.” I said to him.

“Hm?” He responded distantly.

I walked past my zombified husband and out the sliding glass door to our tiny patio.

“I’m going to make dinner.” I said loudly.

“Kay...” He responded.

There’s only a few ways to break him out the trance.

One of them is barbecue.

I was glad I planned to do it anyway. I checked my grill to see if it had to be cleaned.

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“Hah!” I exclaimed.

I just chopped off Ben’s head, winning the game until the next round. I got up from the couch and stretched. I looked down to Ben who seemed to be plotting my doom.

Not an unusual occurrence.

“I need to pee.” I announced.

“I’m getting a beer.” Ben said as I walked down the hall to the bathroom.

I leaked, zipped up, flushed, washed my hands and left the bathroom within a few seconds. As I walked out I saw John on patio by the grill.

Shirtless.

The bastard.

But I shall gain the upper-hand eventually! So to begin my plot, I glided to the fridge and snatched a beer and popped it open on the bottle-opener John fashioned onto the side of the white beast that sat in the corner of our kitchen. Ben was back on the couch, picking out a new character. I trotted out to the patio and before I could reach out my hand to poke John he had spun around and wrapped one of his arms around my waist and pillaged my mouth.

I was slightly dazed when we separated; his free arm plucked the beer from me. He took a long swig and I watched his throat work it down. It was pretty hot out and John had a bead of sweat just slowly rolling down his soft fur. I couldn't really move in with the hold John had on me so it was torture just watching that single bead of intoxication slide down in a pace that mocked me.

I felt John's eyes on me. I looked up to him; he had set his beer down on the banister and had grasped the grill's spatula.

"I knew this would get your attention." He teased.

Wait, "What?" I said.

"Don't play dumb." He said as he kissed my forehead, "You know you're not allowed to work at home."

"I know, I know, sorry. But all you had to do was tap my shoulder or... something." Sweat was forming on his chest. "Because... it's so... un-fucking-fair... when you do this."

"Do what?" He asked sweetly.

"Seduce me when I have Ben over." I broke away from his temptation and looked back to his eyes, "We should at least invite someone else over so he doesn't end up as the third-wheel again."

"Okay," he said releasing me, "call Dan, I'm sure he wouldn't mind."

"I'm sure..." I breathed.

I latched onto his chest and sucked up his intoxicating sweat. I took in a deep breath through my nose, smelling his masculine scent. I was going to dive into his armpits but he grabbed my shoulder mere centimeters away from the forest of hair that was the source of the scent I would shoot a guy in the face for.

“Dan first, then you can worship me.” He stated smugly.

I gave him a disgruntled look, “Fine, arrogant bastard.” I muttered.

As I walked away he smacked my ass and barked, “Damn straight!”

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Not twenty minutes later Dan was at our front door doing his little wave, smiling his little smile. The guy’s a shy little puppy and I’d totally fall for it if I didn’t have my own rambunctious pup to deal with. But he’s here to throw Ben a bone, not me.

I dragged Dan into the living room, where Ben was violently ripping out the spine of his current opponent. Ben paused and looked up to me.

“Dan, this is Ben, 3D model designer and freelance inventor. Ben, this is Dan, lineman for the Turbines and... freelance... uh... mute.” Ben and Dan just stared at each other for an awkward moment. “Okay!” I exclaimed, clasping my hands together, “Now that I’ve made my obligatory nonsensical comment, I’m going to join John on the patio.”

“So... how’s being mute working out for you?” I heard Ben say as I walked through the glass door.

John looked over to me then back to the grill. When I got close enough he snatched me up into his side again, with his mission accomplished, John had put on a shirt and we both weren’t as fired up as we were a few minutes ago. So I just snuggled up to him and put my head on his shoulder. John had the radio on quietly and I began to hum along to the tune as I rested my eyes in his safe embrace.

After a while I said, “You could’ve just told me to send him home.”

“Nah, I like Ben, I don’t mind him around I just wanted you to pay some attention to me and not to Juan.” Juan is John’s name for my game console. I spend a lot of time playing games for my job, so he likes to say that I ‘cheat’ on him with it.

I snuggled a bit closer to him, “I still don’t understand what you have against him.”

He kissed the top of my head and simply stated, “You’re mine.” As if that would explain what he meant.

I just shook my head against his shoulder.

John nudged me, “Hey, look.” I looked up to him and he nodded towards the glass door.

Inside Dan was signing stuff to Ben; I guess it was a joke because Ben started cracking up after a while. Ben started signing back to while talking at the same time. I just stared in slight awe.

I blinked. “I had no idea Ben knew sign language.”

“They seem to be getting along really well.”

I nodded dumbly.

“Hey,” he nudged me again; I looked over to him, “Go tell them dinner’s almost ready.”

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Not long later John and I were sitting in a chair on the porch, him in the actual chair, me sitting across his lap. He was nursing another beer and I was sipping on some cheap wine we had lying around. Dan and Ben had long since left to pursue conversation elsewhere.

“Ben’s like, a brother, I never thought of him as more than A-sexual. Now he’s shacking up with your team mate. We totally played Cupid without even realizing it.”

“Who says they’re fucking?”

“Nature. Dan’s gay and Ben was looking at him like he was made of watermelon or something.”

“Dan’s gay? You think?”

“Well, he hasn’t really outright said, uh, I mean wrote and/or signed it, or whatever, but he was looking at us pretty lustily last week at the hotel.”

John let the thought sit for a second. “Ben *did* look like he wanted to make S’mores with him.”

I laughed, “S’mores?”

“Well... Dan reminds me of a marshmallow and I thought... shut up!” he growled, “I don’t think well when I’m buzzed.”

I gave him a questioning glance, “Why does he remind you of a marshmallow? The dude’s just as cut as you are.”

“It’s his face. It’s so... pleasant. I don’t know.”

I chuckled, “It’s okay babe. I think I understand.”

We both took a swig from our drinks.

“Hey, want to cause some trouble?” John asked.

“What kind of trouble?” I asked suspiciously.

He got a mischievous grin and got up, taking me with him. “Go get your jacket, the leather one.”

I narrowed my eyes at him. “... Why.”

He kissed my forehead, “You’ll find out. Uh, hey, where are the spare subway tokens? I’m too buzzed to drive.”

Letting out a resigned sigh, I said “In a baggie in the kitchen’s junk drawer.”

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“Get back here!” John snarled.

“Fuck that!”

The subway train was totally empty! That *never* happens! So instead of sitting around and staring down everyone who makes the mistake of looking at us the wrong way, John opted for a game of grab-ass.

I was maneuvering through rails and running on seats while John kept trying to grab me from behind. Had this been a straight race John would win, but Public Transportation is *my* territory, so I wasn’t about to make it easy for him.

I ran through the small doorway between cars with John not far behind. As I got in I heard John grunt and I leaped forward avoiding his grasp. I ran along the seats and slid through the railing by the doors. John stumbled forward and cornered me.

Or that’s what he thought at least.

I heard the sequential beeps come from the speakers near the doors. I smirked to John, who was too focused on catching me to notice the stop warning. He gave me a questioning look and I grabbed the rail next to me. Without missing a beat the train screeched to a halt, knocking John off balance long enough for me to slip by him and into another car.

I ran for the doors that lead into the station and ducked out before my adrenaline died down and I had to actually breathe again. Once I thought I was safe I braced myself on my knees and started to catch my breath.

It wasn't long before I felt someone breathing on my ear. "Thought you could get away, huh?"

"Shit!" I shouted, I started to run, but it was too late, John had his arm around my waist as I started going, he lifted me up with my feet running.

"I got you now!" He laughed and bit down on my ear and started licking its insides.

"Ah! Hey! Alright, I give! I give!" I squealed, "That fucking tickles! Stop it!"

I heard him chuckle in my ear as he let me down. He still had his arm around me but he loosened up enough to let me turn around. We were all smiles and he began to walk forward, taking me with him. He pinned me against one of the tiled columns in the subway station and took me into a passionate kiss. I put my arms on his shoulders and we started to make-out like we were still in our teens.

Well, that's not entirely inaccurate, we never really grew up.

When we parted for air, John took a look around and gave me an odd look.

"How'd you know this was our stop?"

I laughed, "Well, it's too cold to splash around in the fountain at the park like we did last time you wanted to get into 'trouble'. So I figured we'd be sneaking into Stepping Stones or something. To be honest though, I just ran into here out of desperation."

He nodded, "I could see you doing that."

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"So how exactly does this constitute as trouble?"

John shrugged as he typed in the security code at the door.

"I guess it depends if people find us in the morning or not." He grinned.

"Don't automatically assume you're going to get lucky dude." I said as I slipped off my shirt.

He went back to the doors to lock them again, "You underestimate my arrogance."

I rolled my eyes as I slipped off my pants, "I always do."

John reached into the bag he brought and tossed me the skimpy little thing for me to wear. I snatched it mid-air and just looked at it. I tossed it back to him.

“Why bother?” I asked.

John tossed it back. “You know how you like to see me in a jock?”

“Oh.” I said dumbly. “Alright.” I shrugged.

I slipped on the skimpy spandex suit. It was a bright blue.

I looked over to John, “Sky blue? When the fuck did I get this?”

“You didn’t.” He said as he walked past me. He looked at me over his shoulder, “Go on to the pool, I’ll be right there.” He unlocked the door to his office and slipped in.

I shrugged and made my way to the pool. We managed to buy this place with the pool already installed. Its Olympic sized, and that made me drool so much that I nearly filled the pool itself. I think that’s the reason John picked this place and not some of the more conveniently placed buildings.

I dived in, my body cutting through the water like a hot knife through... well, anything that can melt. I let my dive carry me to the bottom of the pool and let my body sit, feeling the weightlessness that I relish every time I’m in the water. I closed my eyes and let the sensation of being wholly enveloped take over. My dive was clean, so the water was calm. I only ever like silence when I’m under water; it’s so serene my body just feels like it doesn’t have to do anything. It’s the only place that I can feel at ease without John.

I always feel on edge. I don’t know why. I can never relax, I always feel like I should be expecting something to happen. It never does but my body doesn’t understand anything except ‘tense’ and I have nothing to be truly tense about. John thinks it has to do with my mom’s death. His guess is as good as any. He knows me better than I know myself.

When John holds me, I don’t melt, I fucking liquefy. It’s like... he’s invincible and because of that my body can finally let go. I’ve never had anyone in my life other than John that can make me feel completely safe, so I cherish every moment I spend entwined in his arms. In the water I feel home, like there’s some place that I really belong. Sometimes I think that I should’ve been born as a sea-creature instead of a person.

I felt the water shift beneath me. A hand lightly trailed up my body from my stomach to the middle of my chest. The hand pressed down my firmly, pinning me to the body behind me. Another arm snaked around my waist and we just floated at the bottom of the pool. All too soon though, John kicked up and dragged us to the surface. Soft music was playing from the speakers.

John let out a loud gasp, gulping up a large amount of air.

“How can you hold you breath that long?” He wheezed.

I raised an eyebrow, “Practice.”

“Practice?”

I sighed, “You know how you check out the other guys when you shower here?”

I heard the water swish and felt his head nod.

“You know how you’re bigger than they are?”

He nodded again.

I laughed, “Do I seriously have to keep explaining this?”

“I’d like an example better.” He growled in my ear.

“It’ll have to wait then,” I said as I slipped out from his hold and submerging myself, I popped up from the water a few feet away from John, “because I’m thirsty.”

John lunged forward in hot pursuit of me, but his efforts were in vain as I easily maneuvered myself around him underwater. I ended up at the other end of the pool with him scratching his head looking around for me. He finally turned around and saw me lounging by the cement lining of the pool.

“You should know better than to try and take me on in the water John.” I teased.

“Yeah, I should.” He grunted, “You’re like a fucking dolphin.”

“I resent that!” I shouted as I kicked myself off the wall. I made my way over to John and started circling around him, “Dolphins are lame. I’m fucking a narwhal if anything.”

“A narwhal?” He chuckled. “I don’t think your horn is long enough, babe.”

I shoved my arm in his direction, splashing him with a torrent of water.

“Jerk,” I said “just for that you don’t get your example.”

“Says you.” He snarled.

Swimming is the one thing athletic John doesn’t excel at. Coincidentally, it’s the one athletic strength I have, so I was easily able to evade him as he tried catching me. He also gets very disoriented in the water so by the time I was exiting the pool area to hit the juice bar, John was still looking around for me.

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I cracked open a can of mango juice and leaned against the counter of the juice-bar, waiting for John to realize I was gone. It doesn't usually take so long, but the beer might be impeding him a little bit.

I was halfway through my juice when I noticed two dark figures lurking around the corner near John's office. I thought my imagination was just getting the better of me, but then the shorter one of the figures tripped over a weight wrack set up against the wall.

“Shit!” The figure whispered harshly.

“Yeah,” I said loudly, they both jump three feet and their necks whipped over to me, “watch your step, shit just likes to pop up out of nowhere around here.”

The taller one bent down to whisper, “It’s the guy he kissed.”

“I know it’s him!” He whispered back. “I was there when we saw it on TV.”

“What do we do about him?”

“I don’t know! Let me think!”

“We could tie him up.” The taller one offered.

“With what, your sock?”

“Maybe we could lock him a closet!”

“Or maybe,” I said, “you could talk about me like I’m in the room.”

They both looked at me with the deer caught in the headlights look. After regaining their composure, the pair looked at each other, and the smaller of the two stalked over to me.

“Look fag,” he said, “we came here to mess up this place, to make a point. But since you’re actually here, we’re going to teach you a lesson ourselves.”

I tilted my head to the side and raised an eyebrow, “And exactly what point would you get across by ‘messing up the place’?”

“That fags shouldn’t play football!”

“Yeah!” The taller guy shouted.

I straightened my neck and looked at them both and shook my head.

“You guys are idiots.” I said.

“And you-“he wound up arm and steadied his legs, “-are dead!” His heated fist flung forward only to be caught mere inches from my face. And my expression merely changed from bored to slightly less bored. I followed the thick, corded arm up to the pouting puppy-dog face that John was looking at me with.

“You left.” He whined.

I gave him a ‘duh’ look and said, “I told you,” He threw the guys are back and gave him a jaw-shattering right-hook. “I was thirsty.” The guy stumbled then fell onto a weight wrack where he hit his head on a metal bar before falling to the ground completely.

The other guy started charging towards John arching his arm pack. He was bigger than the other guy but John was still the biggest guy in the room so when the other guy threw his punch, John easily over-powered him and used his momentum to flip him onto the floor. When he had other guy on the floor moaning in pain he looked up to me.

“It’s hard for me to get in your pants when you’re not there.” He held up his hands, “All I’m sayin’.”

“Please,” I scoffed as I hopped onto the juice bar’s counter, “we both know I wouldn’t be able to stop you if you wanted to do anything at all to me.” I reached behind the counter and grabbed the phone.

“Yeah but getting you to want it is the fun part.”

“I always thought the physical domination was the fun part.” I started dialing 911, “It is for me at least.”

He shrugged, “Ultimately fucking you is the fun part.”

The other line picked up, “911, what’s your emergency?”

“Yeah, I always love it when you fuck me.” I noticed the phone was still at my ear, and I realized that people heard that, I shrugged and casually said, “Oh, hi, I’d like to report a break-in.”

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So two hours, one really hot New York cop and one embarrassing situation where I remember I was still only wearing sky-blue bikini briefs later, we were back in the pool laughing at the whole experience.

Well, John was laughing at least.

“What in Gods name compelled you to pick out a color as flaming as *sky blue*? *Sky blue* is reserved for hairless Arian Abercrombie and Bitch twinks!” I fumed at him.

“It’s not my fault you’re fucking sexy in them.” He said as he pulled me tighter against his chest, “The cop thought so too, I could tell. And I’m pretty sure they sent him because of what you said to the operator.”

I narrowed my eyes at him, “Is it wrong to wish he hit on me so you’d hit him and get arrested?”

“No,” he kissed me behind the ear, “I’m a dick. I know that.”

“I guess it’s appropriate that you’re always on top then.” I said dryly.

“Dicks fuck assholes. That’s just plain fact.”

I let out a slight laugh and shook my head, “I love you Johnny.”

He chuckled and kissed my neck, “Love you too, Squirt.”

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The world would be a much better place if every dick had an asshole to fuck.

And with those words of wisdom, I leave you to your masturbation fantasies.

Good night everybody!

P.S. Email me at [eric.wythe@gmail.com](mailto:eric.wythe@gmail.com).