

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.

I hold all rights to this story, if you wanna post it somewhere in some other format, please ask me first and give me credit for it.

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

... So yeah!

Our Place in the World:
Getting the Draft
Chp. 2 – Haven't We Had This Discussion?

"Here, taste." I held up the end of the wooden spoon to his face.

Instead, he leaned over and kissed me.

I chuckled, "The spoon, not me."

He grinned. "But you taste so much better."

I held the spoon to his lips and said more sternly. "Taste."

He licked up the dark mixture gathered on the edge of the spoon. I could see his jaw working as he rolled it around in. He let it sit then swallowed; his lips broke out into an ecstatic smile that lit up his face.

"It's good!" He exclaimed. He dipped his finger into the mix, taking a dollop of my brownie mix. I tried to give him a stern look, but I was unable to let the smirk escape off my face. He just grinned as he licked the mix off his index finger.

John walked behind the kitchen's island and sat on one of stools behind it. He sat still and just studied me.

I poured the mix into my little tin pan and bent over to stick it in the oven.

"So what'd that fat dude want anyway?"

I wagged my butt a little and heard John chortle in response.

“He offered me something.”

I threw in the mix and slammed the over door closed.

“And that would be?”

I stood up and hit the start button on the oven’s timer.

“A... position of sorts.”

I quickly turned around.

“This isn’t leading to a three-way is it?”

That caught him off guard. He gave me a blank stare.

“Uh...” He shook his head and regained his composure. “No, baby, he wants me to play for the New York Turbines.”

My turn to look shocked! “Oh! I... wasn’t expecting that.”

He shrugged.

“You...” I hesitated.

Johnny bit his bottom lip. “I don’t know yet... I wanted to know how you...”

“Uh... is this like a for sure thing...? Cause I mean, you’ve had scouts bug you about this kind of stuff before.”

“The first string quarter-back asked for me personally.”

I ran my hands through my hair and let out a long breath.

“This is big Johnny. Really big.”

“It’s only for one season.” He pushed himself off the stool came around to me. “I’d get a shit ton of money to do it.” He walked behind me and encircled his big arms around me. “And we could really use it, y’know?”

I leaned my head back into his chest and closed my eyes. I sighed, “Just one season?”

Johnny nuzzled his nose into my hair and nodded into the top of my head.

“Alright, so what do you have to do?”

“They’re having tryouts this Saturday.” He mumbled into my hair. His hot breath tickled my scalp; it sent goosebumps down my neck.

Wait, ‘I thought you said it was a for sure thing. Why do you have to tryout?’

Johnny tensed. He did this on purpose! He’s trying to distract me with the cuddling thing!

I pushed myself away from him, “Dammit John, *please* don’t tell me this is one of those macho bull-crap things you do, where, instead of taking the free way in you-“ His mouth covered mine, and by consequence, the rest of my sentence.

He placed his hands on my shoulders and I placed my hands on his chest. I relished a few more seconds in his possessive kiss. I gave a small shove to his chest and we parted only a few inches.

I leaned my head against his chest and started to catch my breath.

“I hate it when you do that.” I wheezed into him.

“No you don’t”

I smiled, “Shut up.”

He kissed the top of my head. “No.”

I let out a little growl and he let out a quiet laugh.

“I don’t want to be handed anything baby. If I don’t work for it-“

“Then it wasn’t worth getting, yada-yada-yada, I’ve heard it before.”

“Glad I don’t have to repeat myself,” he laughed.

I sighed and looked up at him. “Fine, do it your way, but I’m calling your sister. You’re not signing anything until she gets her butt down here to look at it first.”

His face lit up at the mention of his sister. Mainly because of his nephews, anytime Veronica comes up to visit us she brings her twin boys, Beau and Joe. Johnny’s such a great uncle; he spoils the two whenever they visit. They’re only six so the boys are still in the ‘little-boy’ phase that Johnny never seemed to grow out of himself. I think it’s good for them; they need a male role-model like John. Every time I see him with those two I get paternal ping in my stomach.

I myself am not that great with little kids. I treat little kids like I would any other person and that gets me in trouble sometimes, I'm sure if it were my own kid it'd be different. I'm good with Joe though. The kid can play piano like no one's business. We use music as our connection. Beau is about as talented as John when he was seventeen at about a third the size. Both kids have huge futures ahead of them.

Veronica is John's twin sister. She's the top rated lawyer in the state of West Virginia and she can logic her way out of any situation. V's our lawyer, like, by force. She refused to let us have anyone else tend to our legal needs.

John poked my forehead, "Baby?"

I shook my head. "Sorry, I spaced there for a sec, huh."

He grinned and nodded.

"Well I bet you're excited! You finally get to play ball for a living *and* you get to see your nephews!"

He nodded again, "You know what else gets me excited?"

"I'll chance a guess" I quipped as he rubbed his crotch to mine.

His hands slid down to my hips, then cupped my ass. He gave one of them a nice quick smack. We grinned at eachother and he picked me up threw me over his shoulder. He smacked my ass again and I just giggled through the entire thing into the bedroom.

And, in case you're wondering, yeah, this happens pretty often.

The rest of the week was fairly average. Friday snuck up on us pretty quickly, we thought it was a nice morning so we went for a jog in the local park before we went to work. Personally, I was working up a sweat just trying to keep up with John. Usually he tones it down for my sake but today his head was somewhere else.

Eventually the burning in my chest forced me to stop. I bent over to brace myself on my knees to catch my breath. John didn't even notice me stop and he kept on going.

"John!" I shouted. He kept on jogging as if he didn't hear me, he got pretty far too.

Until he ran into a bench.

His shins hit the edge and he planted face first into the wooden planks of the bench seat with a loud thud that shook the whole structure.

“Oh!” I winced.

John let out a small sigh as I ran over to him. He pushed himself up into a sitting position and I sat down next to him.

“A little preoccupied big guy?”

He grunted in response.

I lightly punched him in the shoulder, “Talk to me dude.” He leaned into me and put his head on my shoulder, I leaned my head onto his.

“I don’t think I can do this.” He said quietly.

“Well, even if you can’t, you can say you did your best.”

“Not that. I’m talking about going on the road and stuff.”

“Oh… well, being apart just comes with the deal.”

“Leaving you behind was hard to think about five years ago. I think about it now and my insides feel like they’re tearing apart.”

I nod into his head.

“If you’re not beside me then I can’t really think about anything else.”

I grasped his right hand with my left, the back of my hand looking up to his face. My ring caught the sunlight and sparkled a little under the shade of the tree.

“See that? That ring means that I’m always there.” I smirked, “You can’t ever get rid of me dude, I’m always by your side in some form.”

John laughed a little, “You’re such a cornball.”

“Yeah but you love it.”

He turned his face up, “I love you.” I turned my face to his and we kissed.

I laughed as we parted, “We might have to change our names to the Corndinskies ‘cause you’re just as bad as I am.” He laughed and we met for another kiss.

Another jogger came by; as he passed us he muttered “Get a room.”

“What the fuck.” I muttered. I turned up to face his back, “That’s a great idea! You wanna join us?”

He kept on jogging but he threw me a disgusted look over his shoulder.

“Dick.” I muttered.

I was clicking away at my computer while munching on left over pizza I kept in the fridge. My cubical sat at a corner of the office building, and it was right by the break-room, so I never had to go far if I had the munchies.

This morning my boss threw an indie game at my desk and told me to work up a catchy tune, it was one of those colorful, stupidly weird puzzle games that’re crazy addictive. Later my boss told me it wasn’t in the budget for them to get someone else to do the sound effects so I’ve been playing around with those all day. Writing the music is the easy part; sound effects are such a fucking pain because *everything* needs one.

Around one, I heard a knock on my wall, “Hey bud, what’s up?”

I leaned back in my chair and groaned, “He fucking stuck me with sound effects *again*.”

Ben blanched; he knows what a pain in the ass they can be.

“What’s up?” I asked.

“Well,” Ben pushed the rim of his glasses up the bridge of his nose. “I heard a rumor, and wanted to know if it was true.”

“If it involves dead bodies, I already told the police that unless they can prove I did it-“

“You used that gag last week D, you need new material.”

I gave him a shocked look, “Really? Holy shit, I’m losing my edge.”

“Or, maybe you’re distracted by...” He looked up into the hallway, “The reporter chick coming this way?”

“Huh?”

I jumped up from my chair and looked over my walls to see a tall, aging, red-headed woman walking aggressively down the aisle towards my cubicle. She practically threw Ben out of her way as she cornered me in my tiny box. She shoved a tape recorder into my face, nearly chipping my two-front teeth.

“Lena Baker from the Times, I’d like to ask you a few questions about your life-partner, John Harris.”

I just sat there like a deer caught in headlights. I regained my composure after an awkward second and slowly pushed her hand out of my face.

“Okay, first off? Came on *way* too strong; I mean shoving a tape recorder into my face probably *isn’t* the best way to get someone’s cooperation. Second? I’m not at liberty to say anything until you speak to my lawyer.” I grabbed one of Veronica’s cards from my pen tray and handed it to Lena. “Third off, who the fuck says ‘life-partners’? Being politically correct is overrated.”

She straightened up, looked at the card, then me, she stomped her foot and her face looked like a two-year old who just had their favorite toy taken away. She swiveled around, whipping Ben in the face with her hair.

Before she left I called out, “Hey.” She turned around to look at me over the wall. “I hope you’re smart enough to realize that if anything that I said ends up in your paper, you’ll be having a much different conversation with my lawyer later.”

She glared at me then stormed off.

“Well done, D.”

“Reporters are easy to handle.”

“So then I guess the rumors are true?”

“Oh, right, what rumors are we talking?”

“The one’s about your lovey-dovey-hubbie!”

“Dear lord, please don’t call him that. You’ll bring shame to the blacks.”

“Oh, so just because I’m black means I gotta act all gangsta’ n’ shit?”

“Not really, though, it would be pretty funny to see someone as nerdy as you act like they didn’t grow up in the suburbs.”

“You wouldn’t survive a day in my childhood cracka’!” He said with a serious face.

We stared at each other, and then burst out laughing.

“Dear lord you’re awful at that. Seriously, stick to being a nerd, it’s better for your rep, or the lack of one at least.”

He looked over at the pizza on my desk, “Want a real lunch? We can talk about it away from the vultures who drool over Johnny.”

“I am *all* for getting the fuck out of here for a while.” I reached behind my chair to grab my sweatshirt, then I jumped out of my chair and we strolled along the aisles out of the building. “I swear to god, the budget thing was bullshit and Jack just likes to torture me.”

The evening sun was burning through the tall skyscrapers in the distance. The tall building that held our condo in a stack. It looked like a giant potato-chip can. Only... not... yeah.

I rounded the corner into the parking-lot, I saw John’s car in our spot. Odd, he’s home early. I rode the elevator up to the eleventh floor. The door was unlocked; John always forgets to lock it. He was on the couch, watching TV munching on chips, he looked over his shoulder as I came in. He tossed the chips on the coffee table and hopped over the couch.

“Hey babe.” He walked over to me, he wrapped his arms around me, and we kissed. All was right with the world once again. I leaned my head into his chest and let out a content sigh.

“So what’s for dinner?” He asked.

And suddenly I’m his wife! “I don’t know. You’re doing that tryout thing tomorrow. Shouldn’t you be eating something better than take-out and chips?”

“I guess.” He stated dumbly. “Food never makes a huge difference to me.”

“And the rest of us near 30’s hate you for it.”

He broke out into a wide grin, “It’s all the seaweed tonics-“

I let out a load groan and I pushed away from him.

“That shit is gross.” I walked into the kitchen and hopped up onto the island. Johnny walked over nuzzled his head into my chest. He fondled the hem of my shirt as I flipped open my phone.

“Hey, hey, hey, get frisky later. What’cha feel like?”

“Chinese.” He muffled into my chest.

A couple hours later we were piled onto the couch in our usual position, Johnny sitting against the armrest with me sitting against him, Johnny’s arms around me in a possessive hold. Our couch is pretty tiny so we can’t really do anything other than bundle up with eachother. Not that I care, any excuse for him to hold me, right?

“So I forgot to ask.” I said.

He gave me a groggy, “Hmm?”

“How come you were home early?”

“Oh, you know how I go to that deli across the street for my lunch sometimes?”

“Yeah.”

“Well I come back and there’s a flock of reporters crowding around my office door. I managed to get out through the back; I made Stan handle the gym.”

“Well it’s a good thing they don’t know where we live. What I’d like to know is how you’re even news.”

“I know. I haven’t done anything yet.”

“This crazy lady came into my office asking about you too. I shudder to think of what’ll happen when you actually get on the team.”

“People bothered you?” He let out a small whine; I turned my head to look at him. He was biting his bottom lip.

“Dude, don’t you dare think you can back out of this because of me.”

“... I don’t want people bugging you.” He tightened his hold on me.

“Well... you’ll be there most of the time, right?”

He gave a concerned look and slowly said, “Yeah...”

I gave him a bright smile, “Then you can protect me!”

He laughed and kissed the side of my face. “I don’t want to share you.”

“I don’t want to be shared. I belong to you, remember?”

He let out another small whine; I could tell it was fake though.

“I don’t know...” he said skeptically.

“Okay, let’s go make sure.” I said getting up, I grabbed his hand and tried to pull him up, but he pulled me down again and I ended up lying on top of him.

He encircled his arms around me again and started grinding his crotch into mine. Johnny let out a low growl and stood up, taking me with him. He lowered one of his arms

to put it under my legs and carried me off to the bedroom. When we entered, John tossed me onto the bed and started stripping. After he got his shirt off he jumped on top of me and started kissing the nape of my neck. He had me pinned so I couldn't really move anything. I leaned my head over giving him more access and Johnny started biting my neck pretty hard.

"Going to mark me?" I asked with labored breath.

I got a throaty growl in response.

Fuck I love it when he's like this.

I know, I know, I'm a cock tease. I just don't like to add sex in every chapter. I think it defeats the purpose of sex if there's an over-abundance of it, maybe in the next chapter or the chapter after that. This was my "Day in the life" chapter; I wanted you guys to get a feel of what a "generally" typical day for the guys is.

Oh, and by the recommendation of the lazy I give you this:

<http://nifty.guiltygroups.com/nifty/gay/celebrity/silent-hill/>

My other story.

Tell me what you think at eric.wythe@gmail.com.