

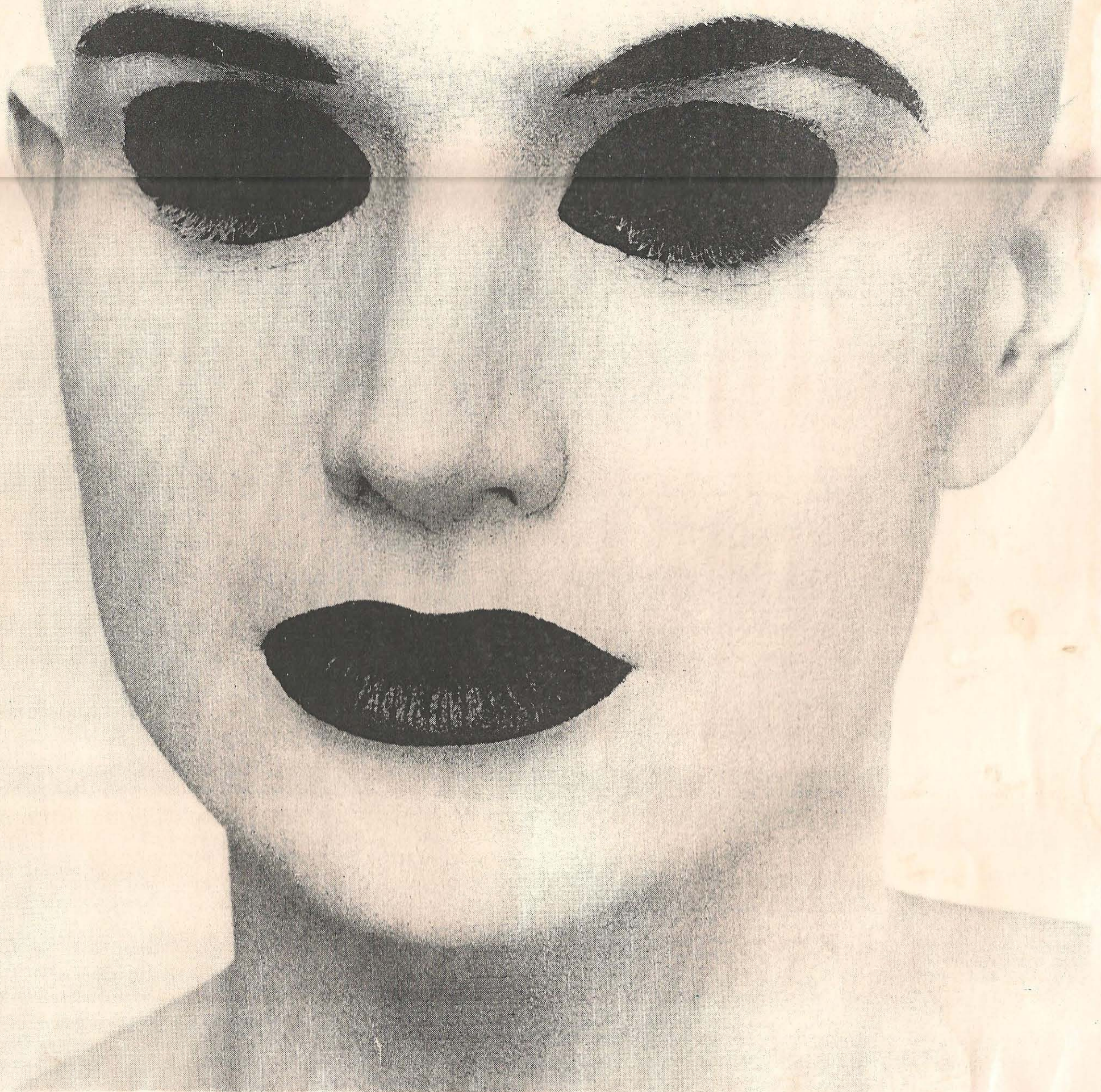
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ELEGANT

VOLUME 2

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every penny!)*



Girlfriend In A Coma

(Chapter two of the story which began
in **PISS ELEGANT** number one,
"Kiss This Thing Goodbye.")

Midnight

"Mentira, mentira. You don't love me anymore."

He opened first one eye and then the other. The lesbians were at it again. The dorm rooms had no soundproofing and he could hear everything that happened on his floor. The women in the room next to his had a new girlfriend and he heard them through the wall--the headboard bumping, the bed squeaking, the women moaning, and especially their heated arguments.

He tried to drag his body out of bed but barely managed to stand upright. He rubbed the sleepiness out of his eyes and reached over to dial the one number he knew by heart. In the middle of the second ring, the telephone was abruptly answered.

Midnight

Doug had a stupid grin on his face. This was so simple. He wished Andrew was here to watch. He had met a cute kid, bought him a drink and introduced himself. Charming him was easy. He learned the boy's name (Ted), his age (23), and what he did for a living (student, lived with ex-lover). Doug had told him, nothing of real consequence but instead had filled his ears with encouragement and compliments.

"Your bone structure is really unique."

"Really?" Ted responded.

No, Doug felt like responding, it's just a line I'm feeding you, but instead added, "Your face is the type that would be considered architecturally sound."

Doug asked the boy if he had ever done any modeling. The boy's smile grew wider even than his, so Doug decided to press the advantage. He told the boy he was studying photography and offered to take Ted's picture. He kept the compliments coming: Ted's skin tone, Ted's appearance, Ted's hair cut, in fact, Doug stated, Ted was probably the best looking person in Screw that night.

He caressed Ted's face and told the boy he was gorgeous. Ted blushed a bright shade of scarlet and Doug leaned over and whispered in his ear, "You even blush the nicest shade of red."

As soon as the words got out of his mouth, Doug realized how sappy they sounded. Thank god, he thought, Andrew isn't around to hear this.

12:30 a.m.

Andrew turned his attention away from the dance floor; Larry was not playing his best selections tonight but no one came to The Stud on a Friday night to dance anyways. Andrew struck up a conversation with the first good looking guy he saw. Out of the corner of his eye, he realized that his sex partner from Wednesday night had spotted him and seemed to be working his way over. Shit! Andrew didn't think sex had been any good but figured if he couldn't remember, it probably hadn't. Besides, standards were higher on Fridays (the selection was better).

12:30 a.m.

He was unhappy; Dennis had not wanted to go out. His friend claimed it was too late, that he couldn't afford to go out and to pay for a cab, in other words, the usual excuses. Ben knew that this protest had more to do with his friend's belief that he wouldn't get laid on a Friday; too much competition. This really wasn't so. Dennis always managed to get someone to buy him drinks and often went out with no money; on those evenings, he always engineered free drinks and even rides home.

Dennis thought he was not good looking but others certainly did. Ben had ended up with guys who had originally gone after his friend and went with him only after realizing that they weren't going to get anywhere with Dennis. After all, Ben had told them, a warm body was better than sleeping alone.

He opened his closet door and started pulling clothes on. He was in no hurry to get anywhere but wanted to catch the last train and couldn't afford to waste any more time. He knew he would end up in a strange place tonight no matter where he went or what time he showed up.

12:45 a.m.

Wednesday night's "date" (as he usually thought of them) drew nearer and Andrew couldn't help noticing that he was not a very pretty man. He turned to the guy he'd been making small talk with and stuck his tongue in his mouth. Out of heavily lidded eyes, he saw Mr. Wednesday Night look at him strangely but at least he finally moved away.

12:45 a.m.

A red truck pulled up to the corner as Ben was hugging himself for the third time, rubbing his arms and hands, trying to keep warm. The driver flashed his headlights at him and shouted, "Hey kid, what the fuck are you doing out in nothing but a tee shirt? Crazy kid! Shiiiiit!" He reached over to open the passenger door and told Ben to hop in.

Ben eyed the driver for a quick minute, and then hung his head out the passenger window in hopes that the driver would not try to engage him in conversation. The driver navigated his way through the Market Street traffic. The man finally tapped Ben on the shoulder and asked him a question. "Why are you all dressed up in black? Somebody die, kid, or are you one of them whatumacailen, death rockers, like my cousin Estelle's good-for-nothing son. I keep telling her that child is as useless as tits on a nun."

Ben just stared at him for a few minutes, saying nothing.

"What's the matter with you, boy? You stupid or just dumb. I'm jus' trying to make some conversation. I didn't pick you up 'cuz I'm some fucking taxi cab."

Ben continued to stare, but then thought better of it, and finally managed to ask the driver to repeat the question.

"Jesus H. Christ! I bet you're one of 'em addled-brain crack cocaine addicts. Don't you know that stuff will fry your brains like some jumbo eggs on an overheated skillet. I jus' wanna know why you're all decked out in black."

Ben looked at the driver long and hard and finally said, "I ... um, I wear black because," he paused and repeated something he had read, "It makes the fat look thin and the poor look rich."

1:00 a.m.

Breaking free, the stranger looked thoughtfully at Andrew. "That was very nice," he began, "and I'm sure you are to, but shouldn't you at least tell me your name?"

"I'm Andrew." He flashed the boy one of his most engaging smiles. "I'm sorry, I just couldn't help myself." He kept beaming at the boy as if he had just discovered the most delicious flavor of ice cream.

"Well, look here Andrew. I'm sure you're a very nice guy but I have a boy friend and he's with me tonight."

Andrew tried his best to look hurt but couldn't help himself, and ended up just laughing out loud. He smiled at the guy and explained why he had kissed him.

The other boy laughed. "Well, that I can believe. You can't expect me to think I could drive someone to that passionate a lip lock."

"Hey, you're very attractive, don't sell yourself short." He continued to beam, "Now, how about telling me your name."

"I'm Matthew, and" he reached to pull at someone beyond Andrew's shoulder, "this is my boyfriend, whose name also happens to be Matthew."

Andrew pasted a smile on his face, whirled around and found himself face to face with the boy he had sex with on Wednesday.

1:15 a.m.

Ben jumped out when the driver stopped for the red light on Church Street; he ran quickly down towards the Safeway parking lot.

As the truck moved from his line of vision, he relaxed and lit a joint before cutting across Market. He turned down a side street and headed towards the bar. Halfway down the block he tried to remember which house it had been, a while back, that he had been at some party, or maybe just visiting, he didn't remember, and this one guy from out of town had ended up dragging him into a closet and lowering his pant ... he stopped for a minute, took a hit off his joint and tried to concentrate but couldn't quite place the location. Well, who cared, really, it might have been the next block. Oh well, Ben knew he'd recall it on another night. As he rounded the corner, he pinched the joint and stuck the roach in his jacket pocket.

He saw Andrew's shadow, making out (for a change) with some boy he'd never seen before, so he crept behind them and kept his eyes peeled for Andrew. He managed to squeeze his way towards the dance floor without seeing anyone else he knew. As he walked by the dj booth, he heard someone say, "Cute boy alert." He turned around, recognized and smiled at Kiko but didn't stop.

He moved on to the pool table, watching the go-go boys, thinking that he had to get out of sight of Kiko, or he might be stuck with him later that evening. He turned to a group of people talking, he thought he remembered meeting some of them at a party and tried to get involved in their conversation.

"I can't believe it, I just can't believe it." said one.

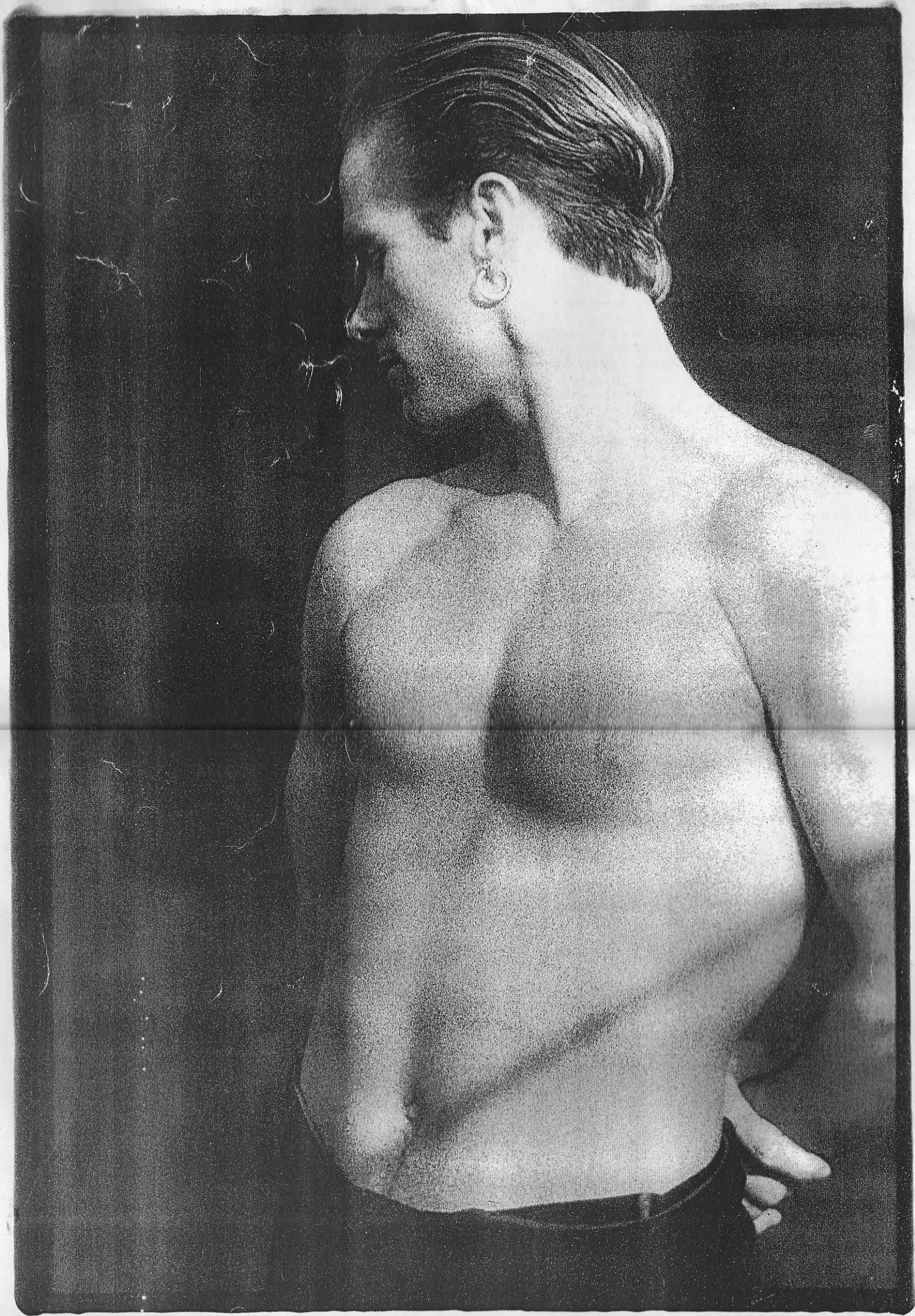
"Well, was is it you can't believe, girlene. Don't just flap your gums, speak!" exhorted the most outrageously dressed of the bunch. Ben couldn't remember their names, but thought one of them was called Gouda or Colby or some such thing.

"I was telling my first boyfriend, you know him--Bobby? the one with the big ... muscles. Well, I ran in to him and was telling him my future plans, how the pre-operation stuff was going, and all, and he just got all mad for no reason, no reason at all, and do you know what he said. You won't believe what he said to me."

"Girlfriend, at the rate you be telling this story it will be Saturday morning and we'll be picking pubic hairs out of teeth till you get around to finishing."

"He said, he said to me," she paused for dramatic effect, "he said that if he heard the word glamour one more time he was going to scream."

Ben turned around so they wouldn't see him laugh and decided he better hide in the bathroom.



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Ben turned around so they wouldn't see him laugh and decided he better hide in the bathroom.

He he dug in his jeans and quickly spilled open the contents of a black capsule on his tongue. The white powder was bitter; he should have bought a beer to wash it down. He saw a nearly full bottle above the trough and took a swig out of it. Someone walked in, so he put down the bottle, and unzipped his pants.

He stood there, with his dick sticking out of his jeans, trying to pee but didn't feel the need to. The guy who had walked in, a tall, lanky boy, stood right next to him, and peed a long, bright yellow stream; he seemed to be peeing forever. Ben realized he was being eyed by this stranger. After a few more minutes, in an almost joking tone, the guy asked if Ben was pee shy. The boy slowly explained that he was coming down from acid and the drug always made going to the bathroom difficult. He slurred his word and 'difficult' came out sounding like 'defficult'. The other boy burst out laughing and started to pee on Ben instead of in the trough. In turn, this made Ben laugh ... and helped him to finally pee. After they both finished, the other guy helped Ben clean himself off.

2:00 a.m.

A few were trying to flag down a taxicab but most of the crowd was milling around, trying to cajole friends out for coffee or to the after hours sex club or to wherever the party was this night. Ben found himself stuck in a conversation with Kiko. He was a nice guy but Ben wanted some excitement and Kiko would be the last person to find it with tonight. Fortunately, the tall, lanky boy, who had introduced himself as Steven, waved him over. He was sitting talking to some groovy looking boys, so Ben excused himself from Kiko, telling him they were his ride home. He escaped quickly, not giving Kiko a chance to stop him.

Steven put his arm around Ben and asked if he wanted to go have a few beers. Ben nodded yes, knowing his night was just about to begin.

2:00 a.m.

"Good, we're here before it gets impossible. After hours, it takes forever to get a table." Andrew was playing his favorite role, hostess with the mostest, and to his favorite audience, out-of-towners who hadn't heard the routine 'too many times'.

They found an empty table in the patio and each took turns going to the bathroom. While Matthew One, as Andrew now thought of him, was away from happened means just that--nothing happened."

"You mean we didn't have sex?!" At that point, this expression he couldn't quite figure out passed through Matthew Two's face and Andrew looked behind him. Their other companion was within ear shot, so he said nothing further.

Matthew Two smiled at his boyfriend and gave a sideways glance at Andrew. Nothing had happened, not that Andrew hadn't tried. He had even gone as far as grabbing his crotch and tried to unbutton his jeans, but at that point Matthew Two had walked out of the apartment, wandered around the neighborhood until he found a way to get to his crash pad for the night.



Matthew Two did not want to explain that his boyfriend had questioned him about his absence Wednesday night. He suspected his lover believed he had stepped out on him. They were members of ACT UP New York, in San Francisco for the first time, and had been staying at different places throughout the past few days, with friends and local activist. They were in town to try to repair their relationship with a vacation and because both had wanted take part in the actions surrounding the International AIDS Conference.

Andrew was nervous about the turn the conversation had taken and even forgot to play hostess. By the time their breakfast was served, however, he found that he was very relaxed and even laughing out loud. These guys have a great sense of humor, he thought. He found them both funny and fun, not at all what he expected "activists" to be like.

2:25 a.m.

Ben didn't recognize this part of town. The cab stopped in front of somebody's house. One of Steven's friend paid the driver and the car load tumbled out.

People milled around the front door. Every few minutes, the door would open and one or two of them would slip inside the house. After a wait of about fifteen minutes, Ben's group managed to work their way inside, to an anteroom. A young, smiling guy was answering questions, asking for ID's and generally appeared to be the person in charge. Ben guessed that this must be the after-hours sex club he had heard about.

Someone brought out a wad of bills, which Steven handed to the doorman, with a few whispered words in his ear. The doorman smiled at them, and waved them inside. Steven immediately took Ben's hand and offered to give him the "grand tour."

He walked them over to the back of the house, past some kegs of beer and tubs of soda pop, tables full of pretzels and other mess. They found themselves in a smaller, darkened room. It took Ben a few minutes for his eyes to adjust, but he merely closed them again after Steven began to rub his hands up and down his torso. Steven slowly unbuttoned his shirt and reached in to play with the boy's nipple. He took his right hand and brought it up to Ben's mouth and forced it open, making Ben lick his fingers. He then took this hand and started to pinch Ben's nipple. Ben let out a low moan. Steven reach down and started licking Ben's neck. His left hand slid into Ben's pants, pulled down his underwear and found it's mark. He slid one finger down the crevice of Ben's asscheeks.

3:30 a.m.

Ben was tired and sleepy. His mouth hurt and he felt all tweekey from the combination of acid and speed he had taken that day. He looked down at the glass in his hand and, bringing it to his lips, tasted the warm, brown liquid, which it could be Southern Comfort but really wasn't sure and didn't care.

Steven disappeared after his orgasm. That didn't surprise Ben. Some left immediately, a few actually left during and many others had actually fallen asleep on his back. Nothing really surprised him anymore.

He didn't remember where he got the drink, but poured the liquid down his throat and decided some beer would taste good. A tall, thin guy in a sharkskin suit had been looking at him and now came over, pulled out a joint, lit it and offered it to Ben. Ben took a long drag from it, handed it back, and walked away without even acknowledging the man.

He came to a stairwell, which lead upstairs, and decided to look for a bedroom, if there were any, because it was getting late. There was a line of guys, mostly older, waiting for a bathroom, he guessed.

He found himself in a smaller room, where a bunch of men were standing behind another bunch of men standing against a wall. Except that they were all facing the wall.

Ben was curious about this but knew he needed sleep more than he needed to solve a minor mystery so he roamed out into the hallway. A few men were quietly making out. Most were just kissing, but one man was on his knees in front of another, who had his jeans lowered all the way to his ankles. Ben continued down the hallway, until he came into another room. This room, also small, had a bunch of men in it, and these men were also facing the wall, but they were on their knees.

Ben finally decided to just leave. He walked downstairs, where he ran into the man in the shark skin suit again. He looked past him and kept walking out the door.

Saturday afternoon

"Wake up, god damn it." He threw more water on the sleeping figure. The pillow was totally soaked, and the prone figure still seemed to be dead to the world.

The boy reached over to the telephone, and pulled out his friend's address book. Who should he call for help, he wondered. He stared at the names and numbers without knowing what to do, and his attention was drawn back to the afternoon paper and the big, screaming headline: ILLEGAL CLUB BUSTED! HOMOSEXUAL PATRON MURDERED!

"Girlfriend In A Coma"
continues in the next issue of PISS ELEGANT