

BOYS

YOU'LL

LOVE

TWO SHORT STORIES



THE INTRO TO:

OPEN MIC

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Goggles

The light blue pool reeked of too much chlorine and it burned your eyes upon initial contact. That's why I was happy to be wearing goggles. That is until Eric hit my in the eye with his elbow. My eye felt suddenly loose in its' socket and I could feel water fill up inside the tightly fastened lenses pushed up around my lids. It had gone unnoticed by him and everyone else. The whole team just kept on with practice.

I should've killed him right then and there. Instead I did nothing, as usual. I continued to swim and sob back to the end of the pool. The water tasted extra salty in my mouth because of the tears.

I waited for him to finish his lap and I saw my chance. *Say something, anything! "Ouch man!" or "What the hell was that?!" or "Swim much?"*

I opted instead to lightly tap him on the shoulder. He turned around annoyed.

"What?" He took off his goggles to look at who was interrupting his practice.

"Um, you kindahitme." I mumbled.

"Huh??"

"You hit me. In the eye. See?" I only spoke slightly louder and pointed to my eye in case he couldn't hear me as some sort of sign language.

"Oh. Sorry I guess." That was all I got. He started to wiggle his goggles back into place.

I felt my throat getting hot and I felt my tongue twitching. I knew I should just wait till he put his head under water but I said it one second earlier.

"Stupid bitch."

Eric stopped mid arm stroke and looked at me than looked at the coach. He said nothing. It had gone unnoticed by everyone.

I cleaned my goggles and kept on with practice.

The Best Baby

"Well are we going or aren't we?"

"Yup."

"What do you mean, 'yup'?"

"Don't get me wrong, you're the best baby, but sometimes I can't stand being around you. Know what I'm saying?"

"Wha-? No, I don't know what you're saying"

"I mean it's just been the same nagging everyday hasn't it? *'Are you gonna be home for dinner? Why don't you take the trash out? Why do you always cum right away?'* I mean for real babe I should win a fuckin' Oscar Peace Prize for putting up with you."

"What!? They don't give out Oscars as peace prizes you dumb fuck, and second of all..."

It has been like this for weeks now. Even something so freakin' simple like getting in the car and driving to dinner is a battle.

My girlfriend has a great fake rack. All my friends are jealous and shit. But is she worth all this trouble?

She's always complaining I don't go down on her. No foreplay or whatever you call it. For real though, I think that shit's disgusting. For some reason I just never got into that stuff. None of my friend's do it either but that's because they want to get straight to it.

I think it's amazing I last as long as I do even though she complains it's too short. The only reason I end up jizzing is because I think about the gym. Something about being at the gym, lifting weights with my pals, turns me on. There's nothing wrong with that right? Even my friend Mike says he feels that way sometimes. Mike's the best.

"Second of all taking out the trash and communicating is not tha—"

Ah fuck is she still talking? Maybe I'll just change the subject. Otherwise we'll never leave.

"Hey babe I'm sorry. You know what I did to make it up to you?"

"What baby?"

"I made us a rezi at Olive Garden."

"You made a reservation? You're the best baby!"

"No, you're the best baby. Now give me some of that."

Alright we've kissed and made up. Now I'll drive to the restaurant and it'll all be good.

"Babe watch out!"

"Oh shit. That guy almost freakin' hit us! Good looking out. You're the best baby."

"Babe go kick that guy's ass. You can take him."

"Yeah, yeah you're right. I'm gonna freakin' own this fool."

I get out of the car and rap on the guy's shitty tinted window. He gets out.

"What do you want?"

I eye the guy to size him up. I think I might actually have my work cut out for me.

Don't get me wrong, this homie is gonna get it from me, but I can respect another guy's physique. I mean, I did used to be a trainer.

"Yo brah, you almost killed me and my girl right now. I just made us a nice rezi at Olive G. I can't have you messing up my nice night out."

"Look brah, I could give a shit about what you and your girl are doing. You were the one who wasn't even looking when you backed up."

"Oh yeah? Is that right?"

"Yeah, that's right."

"You wanna go...brah?"

"Yeah."

By now this dude is all up in my grill. We are eye to eye and I can smell his hot breath.

"You wanna do this or what brah?" He says into my face.

"Yeah brah. Why? You wanna stop and measure biceps first?"

"No brah let's go."

"Let's go."

All of a sudden I don't know what's going on. I can feel his tongue down my throat.

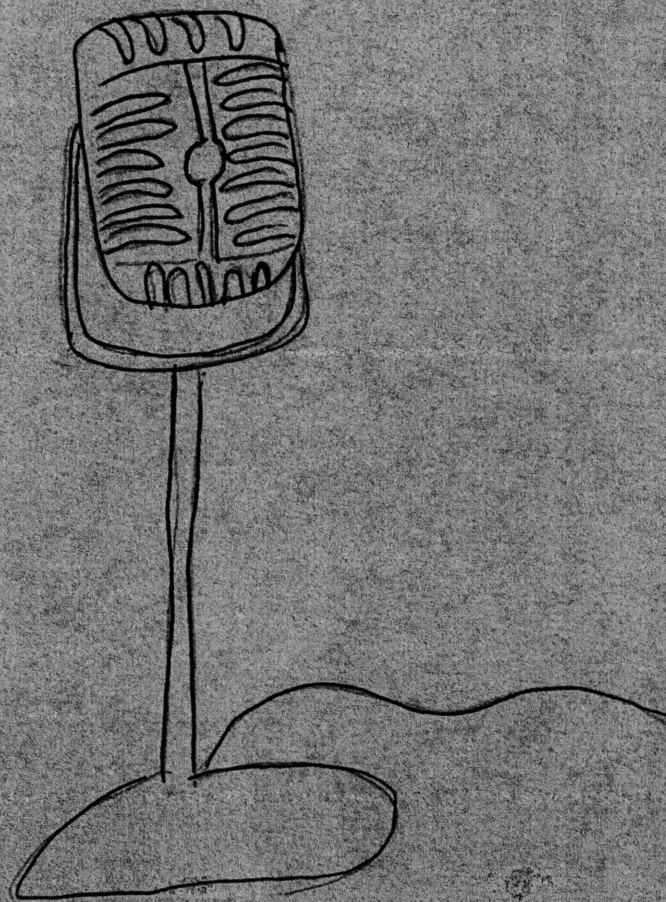
His hot breath tastes so sweet. I know now. I know why I don't like foreplay. I know why I always hang out with Mike instead of my girlfriend.

He slowly pulls his face away from mine. I look deep into his eyes.

"You are the best baby."

OPEN

MIC



Matt

"Matt. Matt, wake up I'm going to be late."

Matt wakes up to the sounds of his nagging wife. It's not that Matt's wife has a naggy personality but rather Matt has the kind of personality that makes his wife nag a lot. It was often the subject of most his jokes during his stand up routines.

"Matt you know I have work in thirty. Summer needs her breakfast before she goes to school. Can you do that for me?" His wife says this over her shoulder as she puts on a smart looking blazer from her closet and begins fastening the gold buttons to complete her outfit.

"Yeah babe" was all Matt could manage to get out. He was always in denial about his parental responsibilities until he was directly confronted with them.

"Daaaddy!" His daughter calls from the doorway. That was his cue.

him. Danny stopped thinking about Alex before his expectations started to build. *Always better to have no expectations.*

Danny makes it to his house, parks his bike in the backyard, and stumbles into his room. He plants himself face down on the mattress. He lies there for a few moments just enjoying his breath. Total relaxation suffuses itself over him. He can feel his legs get lighter from the heavy state they were in from his ride over. It starts first in his feet, then in his strong calves, and then the entirety of his thigh. Danny does not flatter himself. In fact some might call him a realist (others call him a asshole) because he doesn't lie about anything. One thing that he does take pride in though, are his legs. Years of biking have made them strong and give him a sense of pride whenever he wears shorts.

This moment of total relaxation goes away and turns into boredom. Danny, still face down on the mattress, slides his hand underneath his belly into his

front pocket and takes out his phone. He sees a little notification. Alex has messaged him back. It was a wonderful moment for him.

She replied back with a simple: "Danny!!"

He replies with a "How are you?"

"I'm ok. Busy with school. And you?"

"You know same old things."

"No I don't know Danny. I barely know you."

"Let's fix that. You know I prefer vocal forms of communication."

"Are you asking for my number? Do you wish to call me?"

"Or vice versa."

"No, no, no," says Alex "Vice versa."

Right after this message she sends him her number and Danny proceeds right away to call her. Danny doesn't believe in wasting time. Why should he? He has no expectations.

"Yes, why hello there." Alex answers within a couple of rings. One is too eager, more than four is

just rude. Alex answered juuust right. He smiles at the sound of her cavalier hello.

"Hey what's up good looking?"

"I don't know you tell me?"

"Are you busy? Can you talk for a minute?"

"I have a class but, I don't think I'm going."

"Ok perfect."

You know when you meet someone and they talk to you so nice that you forget that you've only just met? That's how it was while Danny was talking to Alex. And she laughed at his jokes, which sent him over the moon. He felt so comfortable that he laid his new material on her.

"You think The Mafia has an obsession with fish?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know The Mafia? Because they're always sleeping with em'"

"Ha, I get it. Needs work man. But you're funny."

"You know the key is observation. Everyone always thinks I'm a riot because I call things out no one thinks about."

Now this went on for a while. Danny would try a new joke and Alex would laugh and comment, always positive of course. Then, as all conversations usually do, the subject changed to the grand topic great cinema.

"No but I'm saying who would make that guy an Admiral?"

"Who Ackbar?"

"Yeah, yeah I mean look at that dude. Where they insane?"

"IT'S A TRAP!"

"THE DEATH STAR IS FULLY OPERATIONAL!"

Danny and Alex continued to discuss the classics from other eras as well.

"Shoot 'er! Shooottt 'errr!"

**"Ha ha no man how about the classic
Everyone hold onto your butts!"**

Danny was delighted with the course in which their conversation had taken and felt he could talk to Alex all day. It only made his desire to see her again that much greater.

"So, what are you doing tonight? You wanna hang out with me or what?"

"Yeah, yeah I think I'm going to drive home for the weekend."

"Yeah? You coming down this way."

"I thinks so. Say are you gonna go to that open mic tonight?"

"I wasn't. If you're gonna go though, I'll be there."

"Definitely, definitely." Alex said this like it was going to be the end of the conversation. Danny was still not satisfied with the plans they made. Other people would be at the bar for open mic. He wanted Alex to himself.

"What about drinks before? You wanna get a drink with me?"

"Hell yeah." Alex's response brought a smile to his face.

"Ok where? What time?"

"I don't Danny you asked me. I probably won't make it back to Miltonville till about seven."

"Ah that's too late if we wanna make it back to the bar for open mic. Why don't I meet you halfway? Like in Downtown?"

"That's a little more than halfway but it's closer to home so alright I can do that."

"Ok cool, cool."

"Well I have to go to my next class. I definitely can't miss this next one. Do you know where in Downtown you want to meet?"

"Uh why don't I text you an address and a time and take it from there?"

"Oh a man with a plan. I like that. Ok deal."

"Yeah, you know. I always have a plan."

"Ok slick I gotta get to class."

"Ok ok yeah. Get outta here." Alex chuckled
goodbye and clicked.

Matt

"Honey I'm home!" Matt's wife thinks this
joke is funny because she recently dyed her hair red.

"How many times do I have to tell you babe, I
am not your personal Ricky Ricardo!" said Matt
jokingly.

"I know babe. Besides he wasn't Mexican,"
she says while pecking him on the lips and wrapping
her arms around him, "or as handsome."

Matt gives a smile while continuing to slick
back his hair in the mirror. He is almost ready to head
for the Open Mic Night at the bar in Uptown
Miltonville. He has on his same Friday night outfit of
cuffed jeans, black t-shirt, and leather jacket. He looks
like a regular greaser.

"What are you and the guys gonna do after
the show?" says Matt's wife.

"I'm not sure yet. I don't which of the guys are going. I might just come home."

"No you should go out. You always come straight home to me after. Give me a chance to miss you."

"Are you trying to get rid of me or something?" Matt says this with a smile and takes his eyes off the mirror for a moment to look at his beautiful wife. He realizes it's almost been a week since they have made love. Matt's wife suffers from what the doctors called PTSD. She had been the victim of some pretty horrible stuff growing up as a girl on her own, stuff that made sex with men sometimes less than pleasurable. Matt made sure she was always comfortable. His wife sometimes wanted to share their bed with other women. Matt knew his wife loved him but he also knew sometimes only other women could make her happy. This is where Alex came in. Once. She offered to help them out. Matt was more surprised that she was willing to sleep him than surprised by her

willingness to share. Little did Matt know that he was the whole reason she was so willing.

Matt felt a slight buzz in his pants and realized his phone had gone off. He had gotten a message from Alex:

Are you going to Open Mic tonight?

To which Matt quickly replied:

Yup!!!!

He was suddenly excited. The idea of him doing something after the show became a reality and his wife would be able to miss him, maybe even want to make love. Then of course there was always the possibility of Alex. Matt's open relationship with his wife went both ways, although Matt never used that privilege.

"Hey babe I might hang out with Alex after the show" said Matt.

"Alex huh?" his wife said with a smile. She remembered the name and the girl very much so. She never admitted it to Matt but she saw that they would

chat sometimes late at night. If there was ever anyone who could make Matt take advantage of their situation it would be Alex.

"Yeah I think she's going to the show. She just texted me. Unless I should just come home?"

"No babe. I think you should go. Have fun. Go wild."

"Really?" Matt tries his best to sound reluctant but is actually excited at the prospects of seeing Alex had briefly distracted him from the bad news he got this morning and has ever since been trying to forget. He knows going out tonight will do him some good, hopefully in more ways than one.

TO BE CONTINUED...

WILL ALEX CHOOSE
DANNY OR MATT?

WILL DANNY GET HIS
LIFE TOGETHER?

OR WILL HE REMAIN
A MAN-BOY FOREVER?

WILL MATT FIND THE
COURAGE TO DEFEND TINA?

OR SHOULD HE JUST FOCUS
ON HIS MARRIAGE?

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