

# 39

## Reita/Ruki, Aoi/Uruha

Von K-Cee

### Prolog:

The whole day had been shit.

Big shit.

And when I say shit, I mean shit.

Work had been shit, the weather was shit, my visit at the konbini had brought up nothing but more shit, my hairdresser had turned the mop on my head into shit. If you know something about mythology: I was like King Midas but everything I touched on that day turned into shit.

Well, if anyone uses the word 'shit' nine times when summerizing their day, what else could they probably do than get wasted?

I had made my shit - *pardon* - hair the best way possible, had slipped into a pair of tight, black jeans and a fancy black shirt before I headed downtown to get some drinks. As I walked down the crowded road I got swilled into a club I had never been in before by a group of young men around me pushing in.

The air was sticky, clouded with smoke and the sharp smell of aftershave and beer - and testosterone.

Deciding to not pay too much attention to my foreign environment I lifted myself onto an unoccupied stool at the bar to order some Whisky and fish a cigarette out of my pocket. Before I could light it, two hands appeared in front of me, holding a zippo in their embrace to help me out. Male hands. Male, slender, manicured hands with fancy silver rings on three of their fingers. I cracked a smile and managed to reply a small 'thank you' before I took the first drag from the now glowing cancer stick, the tip of it shining in a bright orange.

A small nod was the answer and I caught a deep baritone voice ordering a beer and a tequila shot.

Letting my eyes wander around I started to wonder why there were so many men in this club. But as soon as I thought further and also thought about where he had involuntarily left the sidewalk - namely between 5th and corner 72nd - it let my cheeks burn up with a red shade.

The 39.

A gay club.