

Punk affairs

Von Bluszcz

Kapitel 1: Punk affairs pt.1

Justin couldn't believe his eyes. A small bow was formed under the blanket. "What the...", he mumbled, taking a look at it in detail. What have it been that was now responsible for his 'situation'? He hardly tried to remember the dream. Well, nothing spectacular. He, his best friend Jack.... Alright then. But somehow this dream agitated Justin.

"Great", he said. "There isn't any better thing than having a sex-dream involving you and your best friend." He groaned. "And you mister", his eyes peered downward, "stop standing straight". He took a fresh towel and went to the bath. Under hot water splashing down his skin, he recalled the dream again. 'Why do I dream such bullshit? I'm not interested in Jack and never was. We're best friends and both boys, so it's totally out of question. Fuckin' dream!'

He furrowed his brow. Justin got dressed, then he glanced at the clock.

"30 minutes left till I'll meet Jack", he thought. He took 'Acid', his guitar and tried to play some chords but his fingers trembled too much. Why he was that nervous?

Time passed; 10 minutes left. Justin fastened his guitar to his back and finally went to Jacks' house. This swung up the door before Justin could ring the bell.

"Howdy sweetheart!", yelled Jack with a very big grin, guiding Justin into the house.

"What the fuck are you saying?" Justin seemed annoyed. That's the last thing he needed.

"Nothin' babe, but I've a brilliant idea how to reduce your prude." Jack smirked malicious at Justin. This rolled his eyes. "What's this time? A trip to a pouf?"

"Better hun', better."

"Can you maybe stop with this sweetheart shit, please?" Justin girmed.

"Calm down boy, calm down! Why you're so pissed?" Jack lifted a brow.

Justin said nothing. Nervously he gazed at Jack. After a pause he found his voice again.

"So, what's the surprise?" He tried to sound curious, well, he was indeed. Both entered Jacks room. Nothing suspicious was to detect.

"Guess", requested Jack Justin with a smile.

After a few seconds, Justin resigned. "Sorry mate, no idea."

What Justin now had to see, took his breath away.

Jack began to peel off his clothes. He stood there, in the middle of the room, as nature created him .

Grasping after his guitar named 'Jailbait' he finally disclosed:

"We're going to play naked!"

