

XQ-28

The Story of a Gene

Chapter 15

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Adrian Challis



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Although he believes the concept of authorship to be dead, Adrian Challis asserts the contradictory and dubious moral right to be identified as the author of this work under the Copyright and Patents Act 1986.

To all the friends and family who encouraged it, to all the great minds that inspired it. But mostly, to Adrian & Anthony, who lived it.

I'm still shaking. On leaving work, I was propelled by a very real excitement. I can't believe my luck! I had absolutely no suspicion that he would turn out to be something so rare. As I sat in my car, I had to still myself in order to drive. After so many months, I thought I had a pretty clear idea about what he was. But this? There are so few accounts extant; this could make me famous! What *was* he thinking? That through an act of sheer will he could grow a womb? I have to say I'm a little disappointed. The domestic scene he describes in such loving detail - so much more banal than I had expected. I considered that this was another ironic strategy, teasing me with what he thought I wanted. Allied to his projected fantasy of XX attraction, a wriggly red herring to bait a bigger fish.

Then, once at home, a further thought occurred to me. Perhaps this changes everything. Freud was clear on this, cautioned the analyst not to judge. It made me worry, and I drafted a letter.

Dear Dr Benway

I write with reference to XQ/499/13 'Ian'. Our sessions have been progressing steadily, the vigour of which we spoke showing no signs of abating. There have been many developments, all detailed clearly in my notes and available for review on RVM [Reference VER 04-09/13]. I wanted to draw attention to a very recent development. At the end of our last session, [VER050913], the subject revealed a new desire. After a long and somewhat tedious interview in which he went into the most mundane detail about playing video games, he suddenly announced a desire to have offspring. Within the terms of his reference it is possible that a new perversion, that of parthenogenesis, is about to become apparent. This would seem to suggest he is closer to the definition of 'Invert' than my previous depositions would have led either of us to believe.

I apologise for troubling you at this early stage in my enquiries, but I feel this new development implies that he is even more unique than first suspected. I thought it prudent to draw your attention to this as it may represent a departure from our stated remit. It is as yet difficult to know if this is a valid cause for concern, but felt it a derogation of duty if I didn't alert you as soon as my suspicions had been aroused. I will of course continue to question him and inform you of any further issues as they arise. If you wish to advise me at this early stage please do not hesitate to do so, your suggestions are always invaluable,

Yours Sincerely,

Dr Holly Hopkins

Chapter 15 Let You Introduce Me to the Family

How could I bear the suspense? Martin had no right to tell me of an impending something, then say we had to wait until nightfall to find out what. I had thought it might concern the apartment, the first of the month being the traditional rent day. But he had dismissed this with a little laugh, saying I was just going to have to wait and see. We played games, cuddling when even this began to pall. We had spent practically six weeks in a Fong-shaded polygonal city called Destiny, its streets becoming so familiar that I wandered them in my sleep, on the few occasions that some enormous spliff hadn't koshed me and rendered my sleep dreamless. Often they were shoot-out dreams, getting caught in the crossfire of a military attack, provoked by my increasingly daring exploits, until even assassination held no fear for me. My gangster rating was through the roof - America's Second Most Wanted criminal, costing the police in excess of \$800,000 for every day I was at large. Of course Martin was Number 1 - he had the gift - but I wasn't doing so bad; a respectable accomplice.

Then, as yet again the setting sun enraged our walls and lent the apartment the appearance of apocalypse, he stood up and announced he was popping out, that he'd be back in a while.

-How long'll ya be?

-No idea, shouldn't be too long.

-Can I come?

-No I'll see you back here - be ready when I call.

The buzzer had announced his arrival, and as its soft cadence faded I realised it was the first time I'd heard it. Not a single visitor since we arrived here. Social lepers, we must be. I stood in front of the small screen that had flickered into life and now displayed a colour image of Martin, staring blankly. I realised he couldn't see me, and instinctively stuck two fingers up to him, a little private joke that made me giggle as I said hello.

-What you giggling at?

-Nothing, just having a laugh. This thing's amazing - we should do this more often, just for fun!

-Come on get your arse in gear...

I joined him in the street, to see him sitting behind the wheel of yet another supercar, this time a Porsche 995, its sleek, phallic lines familiar from GL3 - I'd 'jacked loads of them inside the game. It was the first real car I'd been in in over a month, and the feel of this and the warm air on my skin made me breathe deeply with a satisfaction, a simple satisfaction, just to be alive in a real world. The interior was even more luxurious than its virtual twin, but in every other respect the analogue was complete.

We drove at ludicrous speed down the dock road, until turning away and out onto the series of dual carriageways that bordered the city in a long semi-circle. This part of town was unfamiliar to me - although I'd lived here for almost five years, much of its sprawl was a mystery; I had restricted my movements to the main arteries, and, even then, not often straying from the ghetto which had been my home, before Martin had plucked me out. After driving for a while, we turned into an industrial suburb, down a dark street whose lights weren't working, pulling up in front of a set of black gates. I noticed security cameras turning in our direction.

-They filming us?

-No. Just watching.

Some reassurance. The doors parted with a loud clunk, and Martin drove us down a ramp and into an underground garage, not very dissimilar to our own. A man stepped out from a

doorway - he was built like a bear, that someone had dressed in a black suit and taught to stand permanently on hind legs. He moved towards the car as Martin told me to get out -Nice and smooth...

I pushed open the door and stood next to the car, allowing it to close. Fuckin' ell, he looks like he could break your face by laughing a little too forcefully in it. The man paused a moment, checking me out, then continued walking to Martin's door, which had yet to open. As it did he paused again, then, noticing who it was, smiled and walked over, his sternness evaporating.

-Oh God it's you, he announced, in a voice of such comic book campy that I nearly pissed, but fought to stop it showing.

-Alright Ray, how's it hanging?

-It's not hanging anymore - that's your fault. Come here and let me hug ya, make sure ya not carrying a friend...

He ran his hands over Martin's body, oohing and pouting at various stages, until he said -And not forgetting my favourite bit... and grabbed Martin's packet!

I was a little shocked, but the man just raised his eyebrows and whispered to Martin -Spoilsport, and started moving towards my side of the car.

-And who's this gorgeous hunk then?

-Ian, this is Ray.

-Hi, I said, a little nervous.

-And where have you been hiding?

I mumbled a -I dunno, but he smiled at me.

-Just routine, make sure you're clean. He ran his hands down the length of me, up the insides of my legs, and standing, looked over at Martin as if to ask permission. Martin just raised an eyebrow. Fucker. I knew what was coming.

-Well, he said, cupping my tackle in his hand, you appear to have nothing that you shouldn't, and *plenty* of what you should, and gave me a little squeeze, in case I'd missed the point.

-His nibs is expecting you. You can go straight up. Then looking me in the eye, winked, saying -And I'll see *you* later.

I heard my mind saying -Yeah, much later, but didn't allow it to show.

-Don't mind Ray, said Martin as the service lift took us past

concrete walls, stenciled numbers in red. He just... likes his job shall we say.

-I'd never believe he could be that camp...

-Screamer - but don't let that fool you - he's vicious when he wants to be.

-I don't doubt it. He certainly looks the part.

Without warning, the concrete walls gave way to dark paintwork, and the lift pulled up to a smaller door, this one polished steel. Martin slid back the latticed gate and pushed, the door swinging open easily. We walked out into a dark hallway, where another man who looked like a circus gorilla patted us down again before ushering us into a large minimalist lounge, white furniture harbouring a few men in dark suits, accompanied by younger men in various states of undress. I stuck close to Martin as they all eyed me, feeling a little like a sideshow freak myself.

-Mr Calyx will be out shortly, said the bouncer, this time in a voice more befitting his shape.

We moved into the room, and I followed Martin over to the high tinted windows.

-You'd never guess this from the outside would you? Bit obvious, but I was making light conversation to take attention away from the stir our arrival had caused.

-That's the point.

-Martin! said a cheery voice from the space we'd just left.

I looked over to see a middle-aged man in shirtsleeves, a balding pate above a face of avuncular roundness, a man younger than me dressed in a towel behind him, pulling Calyx's braces onto his shoulders. He shooed the boy off, putting on his own jacket as he came to greet us. They shook hands warmly, and kissed. On the mouth.

-Mr Calyx, this is the person I was telling you about. Ian, meet Mr Calyx.

There was something about the way Martin was only using the man's surname that implied respect, and I nervously stepped forward and took his hand, which shook mine in a very strong grip, just this side of painful.

-Pleased to meet your son, heard a lot. Glad you could make it.

We moved to a sofa, a boy of about sixteen vacating it without asking, and sat down, Calyx taking a huge chair opposite. On the table in front of us a white porcelain fruit bowl about twelve inches across, a mound of yellowy white powder up to its rim.

-Care for a little? he asked Martin, who scooped out a small portion with a metal card and tapped it onto the glass table, using the edge to expertly separate the powder into six long lines. He put down the card and picked up a metal tube, pausing to offer it to Calyx, who held his hand in a gesture of -After you.

Martin bent down to the table, and placing one end of the tube up his right nostril, and covering the other with a finger, preceded to suck the powder up his nose. I tried really hard not to let shock register on my face, as he placed the tube up his other nostril and repeated the procedure. His eyes widened as he passed me the tube, a look that said do not ask, just do.

I bent down and tried. I ran the tube up the line, but all I seemed to succeed in doing was scattering it around the table. Martin came to my rescue and rearranged the line with the card. I tried again, and most of the line disappeared. I quickly put the tube up the other nostril and breathed in. As I did so my brain lit up in a tingle, and a burning sensation tickled the inside of my face, that made me shudder and shuffle in my seat. I held out the tube to Calyx, holding my nose with my other hand, unsure if the powder was going to fall out again.

-Would you...? I was shocked at my own voice. It sounded rougher, sexier even...

He took the tube and cleared both lines in quick movements of his head.

-No thanks, he said, grinning, a broad toothy grin, I don't. And by the looks of things, neither do you, he said, his grin widening.

I blinked. Something was making the room brighter. I kept sniffing but I couldn't be sure why. My nose was going numb, swiftly followed by my front teeth, which felt weird to run my tongue over, and my lips smacked as I parted them, which felt quite nice. I looked around the room and saw that everyone was looking at me, but didn't seem to care. As I ran my eyes over all

of the room's inhabitants, it was quite obvious Martin and I were by far the best looking people there... I sniffed again, this time with a sense of contentment, and looked at Martin, who was smiling at me, and winked. I sighed, a little satisfied yes.

-So to business, Calyx was saying. What ya bring me?

-Porsche 995. Get this - 1100 miles on the clock! You can lose that in delivery. Very fresh. Speaking of which, so's that. He motioned at the bowl.

-Help yourself. Came in yesterday. Container ship. Bout time one got through...

There were thoughts that went with all of these observations, but they had no impact on me. I was allowing my eyes to wander around the room, alighting on nothing in particular. One boy was staring at me, and, as I watched, he uncrossed his legs, the towel around his waist falling slightly to reveal his naked cock, stiffening noticeably. Despite a little twinge in my groin, I gave no indication that it had had any effect on me, instead surprised to hear my mind saying -Yeah right mate, in your dreams... An older man in a suit sitting next to him leaned forward and took the boy's cock in his hand, and looked over to me as he wanked him slowly, the boy making sure I was watching as he kissed him, keeping his eyes open, watching me. I nonchalantly looked back at Martin, to see that no-one was paying the slightest attention. Instead he was lining up more furrows of white powder, these ones thicker than the last. He snorted them quickly, his eyes widening disturbingly as he passed me the tube, nodding that I should.

I did, this time the lines disappearing completely. I twitched my nose, sniffing as I passed the tube back to Calyx, who smiled at me, looking at Martin, his smile not fading.

-He's a natural, this boy. Where'dya find him? but without waiting for a reply, cleared the lines in double quick time.

-Choo choo, he said, without emotion.

-It's a beauty Mr Calyx. All leather interior, AC, satellite, intelligent cruise.

-Sport or shift?

-Sport, naturally...

-And its all-round independent suspension makes corners

child's play, I found myself saying. Where did that one come from?

They both looked round at me, as if they'd forgotten I was there. Something made me continue.

-0-90 in 6 seconds - not many production cars that can match that. Pisses all over the Maelstrom, which, I have to say, is Japanese shite in comparison. You can't beat the Germans for roadsters, they practically invented the form.

Where the fuck was all this coming from? Something told me I should shut up, but I was beginning to warm to the sound of my own voice.

-It'll do 130 in third, wheelspins with it. The engine note alone's worth the asking price...

Martin's eyes was telegraphing that familiar three word sentence, but he was interrupted by Calyx as he burst into gruff laughter.

-You looking for a job selling these things, lad? What d'ya reckon Mar', shall we?

Martin nodded at Calyx, but he wasn't smiling. There was so much more I wanted to say, the specification lists from GL3 spilling in front of my eyes like semi-opaque scrolls. I could suddenly cross reference every detail from the cars, so that I knew all the areas in which the Porsche outshone the Maelstrom, down to kerb weight and gear differentials. I so wanted to just let all the facts spill out of my mouth, so that as I moved my hand to my face it was only politeness that made me hold my nostrils and sniff, when what I really wanted to do was hold my mouth shut in case technical data escaped and spoiled the evening... Martin was still giving me a stern look, and despite rising confidence making me want to tell him that Mr Calyx was probably very interested, seeing as he'd just got one, I let my eyes wander around the room instead.

The boy who'd been watching me before was still watching, and as I looked at him he opened his legs wide to reveal an unrestricted crotch shot. He put his arm around the man, still wanking him, and grabbed his own balls, massaging them and staring at me intently. This time something did begin to respond, and I shuffled slightly to allow the expansion, and the boy saw it

and smiled almost imperceptibly, and turned sideways and raised one leg over the man's head until he was between his legs, and without shifting his gaze from me forced the man's head to his groin. I was aware that there was a tingle at the end of my cock, and although I wasn't fully erect, I could feel a solid excitement rising in my belly. I had a very strong urge to grab my own crotch, but thought better of it, trying to ignore the conversation that went on around me in such a way that it didn't draw attention to the fact that I wasn't listening.

The man was nibbling on the boy's cock, and, as I watched, the boy dropped his leg to let me see more clearly what the man was doing. With this, the man began taking deeper mouthfuls of the boy's not inconsiderable length into his mouth, turning his head and opening his eyes to watch me too. Whatever it was I'd snorted suddenly kicked in and sent a wave of excitement up my spine, and my mouth opened trying to drag more air into my lungs to cope with the explosion. The man raised himself on the sofa, and a hand freed his own solid member from the front of his suit. I was breathing hard, and tried to cover it with a few sniffs, and watched as the pair became more animated, the boy's head rolling from side to side, his eyes always returning to me. The man's head was now bobbing fast over the boy's groin, every time it lifted revealing a glistening shaft as the boy forced his head down onto his cock, writhing with pleasure and always staring straight at me. I could only sit there, aware that my own manhood was straining to get out of my trousers, the attempt at seeming oblivious increasing the excitement.

-Excuse me Mr Calyx, said Martin, shattering my reverie, but I've just got to check something, and his hand grabbed at my crotch. I tensed with the contact and tried to pretend to be looking somewhere else.

-Thought so, said Martin, pulling my trousers tight around my engorged phallus, making the outline obvious to everyone. Calyx noticed it too, his eyebrows raising, his eyes refusing to shift.

-Please, be my guest...

With that, Martin leant over and unzipped my fly, my cock flipping out and standing to such attention that I wondered what

dignitary had just walked in. Without warning, Martin slipped me into his mouth, and despite feeling self-conscious I gasped at the heat of him. As he propelled himself down me, I was aware that the end of my cock was beginning to go a little numb, with a confusing increase in sensitivity that my mind tried to explain... numb but more sensitive... how does that work? and I concentrated on this enigma to stop me from watching Calyx, who was breathing deeply and licking his lips, his eyes fixed on my crotch. I looked back at the couple on the other sofa, and watched as the boy held the man's head hard over his cock, and my hand instinctively did the same to Martin's head, and the boy smiled and began thrusting himself into the man's open mouth. There was a circuit of energy passing between us, and I mirrored his movements, the boy smiling broadly as he noticed it. The man was working himself hard, his head bobbing with increased speed, and the boy's eyes closed as he forced himself into the man's mouth, and I felt my own orgasm rising and just hanging there, as Martin worked his throat over me, clutching at his cock through his tight jeans, and the boy raised himself up as he whimpered, and I shot my load into Martin's hungry throat as I saw the man jutting streams of thick cum onto the sofa.

-Oi, shouted Calyx, watch the furniture, and the man disengaged from the boy's cock and wiped a little jism from around his mouth, before saying -Sorry Mr Calyx, and mopped at the sofa with a red handkerchief he took from his top pocket.

I looked down at Martin who was staring up at me, his mouth still around me, drawing his head back and sucking my cock clean in one smooth and extremely tantalising movement.

-Cocaine sex - fast and effective, Martin said rhythmically, as if quoting a line from a song, and a thought went with this too, but I was too engrossed with my own mild shame at having done something so blatant in front of a room of strangers to grasp what it was.

-Very tasty, said Calyx. I was unsure if he meant me, the whole scene, or if he was imagining what Martin was thinking. I put myself away, my eyes not moving from my own crotch, a little too much embarrassment to share.

-Sorry about that, Mr Calyx, said Martin, where were we?

-No need for apologies my boy, no need at all, and he shifted something in his own suit trousers, the crotch straining, and crossed his legs. And please, help yourself, motioning again at the bowl. Martin did the honours.

Their business done, we stood up and looked at each other over the table. Martin had received two large bags of yellowy white powder, which he'd pocketed neatly in the inside pockets of his jacket, that I suddenly recognised as being similar to the ones the cops wore in GL3.

-Would you like some for yourself, asked Calyx, nodding at the bowl on the table.

-Thanks Mr Calyx, that would be smart.

-Have one of these, he said, walking over to a shelf and retrieving a rectangular silver box, they just came in.

He walked back to the table and opened the box, revealing a mirrored lid and what looked like a pen holder with a metal tube attached. Using the card, he scooped up a healthy pile of the powder and deposited it into the other half of the box, running the card around the edge to knock the excess back into the bowl, closed it and handed it to Martin.

-Thank you very much, said Martin, much appreciated.

-You deserve it, my boy, for bringing... *two* very attractive things here tonight, and winked at me unsuggestively.

I smiled at him and nodded. He shot his hand out for me to shake, which I did, this time matching his grip, and he pulled me to him and kissed me.

-Good to meet you Ian, we'll meet again.

-Thanks Mr Calyx, I said, and considered apologising for before but stopped myself. He noticed it and smiled - there was something very attractive about him, fatherly and open.

-You're a polite boy. I like that...

I smiled again and bowed my head, returning his gaze with ease.

-He'll go far, he was saying to Martin, walking us to the door. I looked over at the boy, who hadn't said a word since we'd walked in, a couple of hours before. His face remained static, his eyes piercing, and I nodded slightly to him. In response he leant

forward and raised a glass of clear liquid to me, and drank from it, his eyes never moving from mine.

-Charlie'll drop you off. Where you going?

-We've got a new place, near the river.

-Very nice. Coming up in the world eh?

-Looks like it.

-You carry on this way, and there's no limit as to where you can go. We understand each other?

-As always Mr Calyx. And thanks again.

-Don't mention it. See you again Ian, nice to see... so much of you already!

I blushed a little and nodded again, and with that we were in the hallway.

The blonde driver wouldn't shut up all the way home. Nothing that he said was memorable. I sat in the back of the large Mercedes, feeling unpleasant shivers run through my body, like I had felt before after drinking too much to be sober but not enough to fall asleep. My jaw chattered harshly, and I tried to keep remembering to loosen its grip before my teeth shattered. By the time we got home I was ready for something, but I didn't know what. We said our goodbyes to the driver, who span the wheels noisily before doing a wide circle and racing off back up the hill.

-God he could talk, I said as we went up the stairs, this end of the building having no lift.

-Y'not kidding. Charlie by name, charlie by nature.

-A right charlie?

-All that.

Then I remembered what I'd been trying to grasp earlier, and it all fell into place.

-So that was coke then?

Martin shot me a look, and we were silent until we got inside the flat.

-Yeah, this is coke, he said as he lined up four fat ones on the mirrored lid, which was joined to the box in such a way as to allow the lid to lie flat on the table's surface.

-Is that what's in the bags too?

Martin ran the tube along the line, which disappeared in a smooth movement, -uh-huhing before making short shrift of the other one.

-Why did Calyx give you this if you've got so much of it?

-First rule of business, he said, passing me the tube. Never get high on ya own supply.

-How much is there? I asked, the first line completed.

-Two key. Kilos.

-Was that for the car? I asked, clearing up the second.

-Not completely. He'll want some money too when we've cleared this lot.

I did the calculation. The car I knew was worth in excess of £80,000, not including whatever bribes its one time owner must have paid to get it into the country.

-Blimey. Is each of those bags worth 40 grand then?

-Worth more on the street, not that we'll see it. I hate that about the reports you hear - 'Drugs with an estimated street value of £100,000...' As if anyone's gonna sit around measuring out 2,000 little gram bags then scour the streets hoping to find people with 50 quid to spare... like, 2,000 of em.

-I guess not... How much are they worth then?

-Ounce it out, 30, 35 each. Depends. I'm hoping there's a few bigger people I know who'll bite.

-Why we... I blushed slightly at the use of the word.

-No, you're right, *we*...

-Why we gotta give him money too then. The car's worth more than that.

-Not by the time they've cleaned it up and sold it. Lucky to raise 40,000. All in all we'll get to keep about half, which still makes us at least £30,000 better off than when the evening started.

I looked at my watch. 12:27.

-Ten grand an hour. Fuckin ell...

-See why I said no soup kitchen for you? You gonna stop worrying about the rent now...?

**This PDF is the ninth part of the novel
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Further chapters will become available weekly from
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<http://www.non-sterile.co.uk/RX.html>
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