

# **XQ-28**

*The Story of a Gene*

**Chapters 7&8**

XQ-28  
*The Story of a Gene*

**Adrian Challis**



This work is covered by a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 3.0 Unported License.

For more information goto:

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/>

Electronic version 1.0 © September 2007

©1992-2007

this edition © 2007 Adrian Challis

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.*

Chapter 7  
Something Greasy  
Spoon

We parked the car in a side street, it being too early to worry about traffic wardens, and, with my rucksack over my shoulder, walked the few hundred yards to the Something greasy spoon café. The smell of oily steam hit my stomach before I even walked in through the door, and threatened to spill its liquid contents onto the floor. Martin saw me retching and told me to sit down, that he'd order for both of us. I sat in the window looking out through condensation into the grey morning street, trying to compose myself back to life.

I felt like death in stinking trousers, all baggy eyes and bad breath and sheer, wired exhaustion. I was too ashamed of my dishevelled appearance to look too closely at any of the café's other occupants, and on the few occasions that my face moved upward from the formica table-top I caught no sign of anyone paying me the slightest attention.

The café was mostly the haunt of taxi drivers, bidding out the early morning slack in trade until the flock of workers started. They were probably so used to seeing bizarre sights that even if they could smell me they wouldn't be interested. The voice in my head was tumbling out nonsense, freely associating every word in my lexicon, but below this, I could feel moments of almost terrifying calm settling upon my heavy limbs. By the time Martin walked over with two mugs of tea I was demure, silently pouring

heaps of white sugar from a stainless steel dispenser into the red-brown liquid, and letting its warmth bite into my throat on the way down to my stomach. It felt good, and I heard a strangely disembodied sigh escape from my lips.

-Is that helping?

I nodded, trying to ignore the sore emptiness in the back of my throat.

-You'll be fine once you get some breakfast inside you.

His voice was so calming that I risked looking deep into his eyes, and realised this was the first time I'd ever seen him in daylight. The deep cerulean of his shirt seemed to pull the peacock-blue out of his eyes, and made them so intense that I could barely bring myself to look into them.

-Your eyes are a fabulous colour, said Martin in a low whisper, so low and so like what I was thinking that for a second I thought it was my own lips saying the words.

-That was going to be my line, I said, laughing with the uncanny shock.

-It suits you being that pale, he added, it makes you look waifish.

I was embarrassed and tried to cover it with

-Is that supposed to be a compliment?

-And your lips are so red I want to kiss them, he said licking his own. They're getting redder...

*Everything* was getting redder. His words were slow and seductive, and despite my exhaustion I wanted to leap across the table and have him there on the floor, amid the taxi drivers and tabloids, open up my viscera to him and merge our angry flesh until debilitation took over and only sleep remained. Even my cock found some new source of life, and began to rise in its soiled wrapper, and I sighed to attempt to convey a warning to Martin to stop his seduction in this far too public place. He got the message, but refused the advice, and stared deep into my face and through it, to something - my soul? - and dropped his breathing. I could feel the energy building in my stomach and my lips parted and released a silent moan as the energy flowed down and into my groin.

The café had suddenly fallen silent, and I could tell that

everyone knew what was happening, could somehow feel that the temperature had shot up in some unit more powerful than mere degrees, but were trying to pretend that they hadn't noticed a thing. I wanted to stop what was happening, but tiredness and hunger conspired to break down my inhibitions, and after one single attempt at ignoring the feeling, I released every control system within my fragile frame. White spots shot before my eyes, clouding out the image of Martin as my cock, without the assistance of a single touch of skin, ejaculated yet more of my thick spunk into my trousers. My legs gripped Martin under the table, and he shook himself to an equally silent orgasm. As I watched his lids close in the early morning sunshine, I knew we were made for each other.

-Two full breakfasts extra toast.

Two circular plates banged down onto the table between us, filled with food swimming in grease. I looked up at the woman who had given us the food, and silently thanked her as she smiled, her eyes careful not to meet mine, as if by just looking at her I would have her rolling around on the floor in waves of coition. The door opened, and the sound of the street came in, and with it the room once more broke into murmurs and clatter. I watched a middle-aged man try to rise out of his seat, and he shot me a look of disgusted loathing at my lack of shame. I also noticed with a smile that he had difficulty standing up straight, and his arm hovered awkwardly over his groin, as he tried to get out of the door before he'd fully opened it.

We ate our food in silence. Words had proved themselves unnecessary already. There was nothing left to say. As I scooped the last mouthful of processed starch and protein onto my fork I was feeling almost human again, and mopped my mouth with a paper napkin that had been wrapped around my knife and fork, replete.

-So what are we doing today? I asked as Martin lit a cigarette.

He looked at me with narrowed eyes, I thought at first to shield them from the smoke, but realised as he spoke that they conveyed a darker significance.

-*We* aren't doing anything today. *You* are going home. I don't want to say any more until we're outside. Understand?

I was shocked into silent contemplation of the inside of my tea cup until we left the café. There was nothing more disquieting than his stare - now, years later, the heckles on my neck still rise just to think of it - and I was already getting used to listening to what it had to say to me.

It said three things. Shut, up, and *now*.

I began to walk in the direction of the car, but he stopped me with - I thought you lived that way, motioning up the hill. We were walking, then. We walked past lines of decaying bonded warehouses, abandoned by-gones of a more productive age, and were by the cathedral before we spoke again.

-Martin, I don't understand why you're being this way.

-What way?

-I don't know. Weird, like I've offended you, I'm sorry if I keep saying the wrong thing, I just presumed...

-Well that's where you're going wrong isn't it. Presuming. You presume that we are now together nearly as often as you presume I'm angry with you.

-But I thought we had really shared something. Something unbelievable...

-Ian don't spoil it by talking about it. Some things don't survive losing their mystery...

We were nearly at my front door, and I fumbled in my pocket for my keys, and toyed with the idea of pretending that I'd lost them - there had been many opportunities, it was at least plausible - but knew I didn't have the energy to lie convincingly. I walked up the few steps to the door and placed the key in the lock, as Martin stood with his back to me, scanning the street. I pushed the door and he followed me inside. Once in the flat, he became more relaxed, throwing himself onto the uncomfortable sofa like it was made for him. With him draped over it, it suddenly became an extremely attractive piece of furniture.

-Do you want a cup of tea? I asked, in automatic pilot mode.

-No, I can't stop. So, he said, you live here?

I hear my cue and say -Who lives? Natalie Wood to his big James Dean.

-Bit sparse isn't it?

-I've not lived here long, I lied. I've never really had the spare

cash to do anything with it either, I added, closer to the truth.

-Could be nice though, with a bit of thought put into it.

-Thanks.

-You know what I mean. Is there more to it than this?

-Yes, a bathroom and a bedroom. Downstairs. Do you want to see it?

-I think we've had quite enough of that for one day don't you?

I blushed a little, before Martin came to my rescue with

-Besides, I want to save something for later.

My body relaxed at last, and I slid onto the floor with a sigh of relief.

-You do intend to come here again then?

-Yeah, course, but not for a few days. I've got some business to sort out. I'll be gone for the rest of the weekend.

My face must have dropped because Martin added

-Will you be alright here? I mean what with the faces in the wall and stuff?

I thought for a moment, felt calm but tried not to let it register on my face.

-I tell you what, I'll exorcise them for you.

His voice dropped to B-movie sinister, and he spread his hands out in front of him.

-Evil spirits BE GONE! Leave this house and never return!

I was laughing now, but he sssshhh-ed me and composed himself again in mock reverence.

-Hear my words ye mighty and despair, for if you so much as think of visiting my friend here before my return, I shall use your entrails for sock suspenders.

The image of Martin wearing sock suspenders burst in my head and made me laugh girlishly, and all fear for the flat evaporated before its echo died.

-There, how's that? he said, looking at me with softer, smiling features.

-It feels warmer in here already. And if anything should start to haunt me I will dispel it with the thought of your ridiculous little circus show. Thank you.

-All part of the service. Now I really have to go. I'll see you soon, Ian.

He stood up and moved toward the door.

-How soon? I said following him.

-I don't know. Monday maybe?

-Monday definitely, I said.

-Maybe. I know where you live now. I'll call for you.

-When?

He sighed.

-Okay. Monday.

-When Monday?

-Don't push it, Ian, he said, but there was no malice in his voice.

-I'm sorry, it's just that I'll miss you.

He kissed me, mumbled -Me too, and pulled open the door. I watched him walk down the corridor, feeling like a child of ageless years, wanting nothing more than to run beside him. He turned and winked, and said

-It's Mother's Day on Sunday. Don't forget to send a card...  
pulled open the door, and was gone.

The weekend passed in portions of deep sleep and fried egg sandwiches, *The Lady Killers* on the TV and The Jam on the stereo and *Oh baby I'm dreaming of Monday* and dancing around on the patch of clear floor in the middle of the unholy furniture singing *Oh baby till I see you again*, smiling when the voice sings *I will never be embarrassed about love again* and the tug on my belly when I think of his face in the morning sunlight, and disappearing into a timeless recollection, of the silken angry passions exchanged between our bodies, in multi-directional camera angles shot in Sensorama and the ceiling is a screen on which dance shadows of our ardour I project them from my prone and empty outline on the sofa and the window's just a lens to catch the moon beams from the ether and the pots of tea and epiphany and sighs of incredulity and the smell of us still on my skin the state I'm in the grin I grin my heart brain bowels lips skin want him

I'm stomachache starving for the touch of another secreting endorphins for one other only delirious daydreams turn darkness to daylight enraged then becalmed on my solitary bed and soon it is Saturday the hours stretch before me the clocktick too tardy all dryasdust day diluting his memory with each repetition of backsidesonhillsides and semeninmoonlight and my cock is so sore from too much selfattention I want him to walk through the door with a hard-on I want him above me below me beside me inside me and riding me swearing he loves me and I cry as I come down the back of the sofa and lie in the wake of a dream of male freedom and I whisper his name in the voice of an angel for fear of forgetting the music it makes

and somehow I stagger through Sunday's monotony nothing on TV nothing to do, and climb down the stairs to my bed in the basement, and bury my body in damp sheets and longing, try to depart one last time on his memory, slip into sleeping, and wake up, alone

And all in all, if time passed at all that weekend, it was only because British Summer Time began, and stole back one single hour, from Forever...

## Chapter 8 Getting to Know You

I made it. It was Monday. The sound of the buzzer filtered through the floor and shook me into waking, and I grabbed a pair of jeans from the armchair in the corner and ran up the stairs with the anticipation of a child on Christmas morning, hoping for Martin in my stocking. I picked up the receiver of the door intercom and listened.

-Kkghello.

I coughed up the morning.

-Hello, I said again, clearer this time.

-Special delivery for a Mr Ian. The voice was thick, mechanical.

-Erm, you'd better come in, I said, and pushed the button that released the front door, heard it open and heavy steps coming down the hall, as I pulled my jeans over my damp legs. Heavy knuckles on the door as I do up the buttons on my fly. A hurried -Hang on as I try to compose myself before throwing the catch and pulling the door.

And Martin is standing there, all straight face and groceries.

-I thought you might want some breakfast, he says.

The room is scattered with the shrapnel of food fired in playful anger. Martin is sucking my cock again as I dribble champagne down my naked chest and over his face, the bubbles tickling my

skin and eliciting a groan of deep laughter, and another flurry of delicious activity from Martin's tongue. I throw my head back, and let the champagne flow down my throat. And gasp, as his mouth does things to me that my timid vocabulary can only stare at, fishmouth dumb and delirious.

It is two o'clock in the afternoon, and Martin is slowly taking me towards my third orgasm that day. Remnants of breakfast litter the floor. Peaches and passion fruit lie squashed into the brown carpet, Francis Bacon smudges of livid colour in a field of textured mud. The gas fire burns with brooding indignation, its dry heat prickling my skin, drying the sweat almost as soon as it leaves my pores in waves. Champagne helps to replace the lost fluid. I'm pissed. I don't know about Martin. My cock is wedged too far in his throat for me to ascertain whether or not his speech is slurred.

I kneel on the floor with Martin on his elbows, his naked buttocks tensing and relaxing as he fucks the carpet. His jeans are twisted around his ankles, his smooth back arched concavely, his head bobbing over my enraged centre, his forehead banging my stomach. I feel the tension growing in my loins like an ever-tightening ratchet the whiteness spreading in my visual cortex like thick fog

-I'm coming... I'm coming

and disengage from his lips my hand dropping involuntarily as I see Martin roll over his own hand shooting to his cock as I shoot what modest semen I have left over his upturned face and fall onto his prone body and get hit full in the right eye from his ejaculation, moaning and shaking as my head nestles between his legs. There I lay, breathing in the sweet smell of our excess, and drift in timeless moments of sore calm, until my weight is too much for him and he rolls me onto the rough carpet.

-That's what I can't stand about safe sex, says Martin, licking his own cum off my face.

-What? I ask, mentally discounting the risk Martin is running by remembering you can't catch diseases from your own cum.

-You should really keep your eyes shut.

I'm still laughing nervously with the ache in my belly as he pulls three cigarette papers from a sky-blue packet and begins

sticking them together.

-Is that your answer to everything? I ask without judgment.

-No, it happens to be our dessert.

-If that's dessert I should clear up dinner, I say, reaching for my discarded T-shirt and wiping our seed from my torso.

He had refused to be drawn on where he had been since Friday, saying it was none of my business, in a voice that said it certainly was none of my business even asking. But in the following months, I would suddenly be conscious that Martin was not there, seldom noticing him leave, often waking in the night to find him beside me, pulling him close to me, our bodies lazily combining into a greater whole, ensnared in darkness.

That first evening together, we emerged from my flat to find the weather milder, the flower beds spiked with green shoots, and ran along the road giggling like errant children to the corner shop. The old man behind the counter smiled at us conspiratorially, which made our closeness even more conspicuous, until I tried to assuage his suspicions by claiming we were brothers who hadn't seen each other in years.

-You do not look very alike, the old man said softly.

We smiled at each other.

-Completely different colouring, he added, totally thrown.

-Ah, his face erupted in enlightenment. Perhaps one of you is one of these... he patted his chin, searching for the word... yes, these *vindictive* pregnancies I have heard about?

I looked at Martin, but his face was as puzzled as mine. We both looked blankly at the shopkeeper.

-Perhaps somebody was having it in for your father?

Martin laughed unforcedly, but I couldn't understand what the bloke was babbling on about. The shopkeeper sniggered and shook his head, but whether it was at me or his 'joke' I couldn't tell.

-Do not look so serious my friend. Your brother will explain it to you on the way home.

He did.

It was on the third night we spent in each other's arms that



Martin asked me about my previous experiences.

-There's not much to tell.

-Come on, you must have some juicy memories to tell me.

I tried to act coy.

-Not many. A few hurried gropes in a toilet now and then.

-I don't believe you.

I shrugged.

-Okay then, when did you realise you were queer?

I must have looked hurt because he added

-I take it you don't like that word.

-Not much.

He sat up and looked at me hard in the light from the bedside lamp.

-Why not?

-Because that's what *they* want to call me.

He sighed.

-But don't you realise that's the best reason to use it? Anybody they want to put down, they'll use a word that sounds so low that it's guaranteed to get a reaction. That's their one real power, you see. Words are powerful. Some of them have histories behind them, like faggot.

I had to ask.

-Well in the time of the Inquisition it was completely illegal to be queer. They'd kill you as soon as look at you. Naturally, you'd have to confess your crimes first. Then they burnt you at the stake for it. Faggot is a kind of grim joke from then, because to be queer meant you would be roasted like a ball of meat. A faggot, in fact. Before that it was sodomite, from the biblical town of Sodom, which was this really cool queer village totally dedicated to arse...

The way he talked. I can hear him still...

... but I'll tell you more about that later.

-Is this Jackanory? I asked.

-Yes it is, shut up and sit comfortably, I've begun. The thing is, they'll always try to make you powerless by using a powerful word to define you, to put you down. They coin some taboo word, because in their twisted logic taboo equals power, then use it against you. So the way you fight that, the way you break the

taboo, is *get the word in first*. Then what are they left with? The one thing they thought they had over you evaporates. So when was it?

-When was what?

I looked at him blankly until the penny dropped.

-Oh. Well. I suppose I first suspected I was *queer*...

-That's better

...when I was about ten. We had another boy to stay, he slept in the same bedroom. He was two years older, and he taught me how. We used to wank each other at night. Come to think of it, in the day as well. It was a special game we had. But as soon as he was gone I used to feel guilty, even then. I used to pray. 'Please Jesus, don't make me a homosexual, make me normal, I'll do anything, but please, not queer.'

-Bad idea. You've got to be careful what you wish for in this world. Then what?

-Well, he left and I never saw him again. His mum moved to Wales I think. He went into care miles away. Do you know, when they arrived they were so poor he tried to eat the cat food out of the tray in the kitchen.

-Fuck off, blurted Martin.

-It's true.

-So who was next?

-Let me see. Then it was girls. Not many. I told Marianne Pierce I loved her at her birthday party, then stuck my toe up her fanny.

-You what?

-We were playing Scrabble with her dad, and I tickled her fanny through her knickers while we played the game. She was very cool. Sophisticated, I thought. I used to wank over her memory whilst...

I was suddenly embarrassed.

-Go on. Martin nodded me on with an excited smile.

-Whilst I smelled the sock I was wearing at the time.

He exploded with laughter.

-I bet you nearly sniffed it away.

-I did, it was completely covered in cobwebs before I could even contemplate throwing it away. It saw me through about a

year, I think.

-What after that?

-I moved schools. Nothing really until I was about fifteen. I had loads of crushes on boys and girls, although I don't think I recognised them as such. I'd find myself doing revolting things to please them, then wonder why.

-Like what?

-Oh, I don't want to remember. Stupid things. Absolutely no self respect.

-Sexual things?

-No. It might have been alright if it was. I might have got something out of the whole deal. No. Kissing people's feet in acts of blatant hero worship, that sort of thing. Pathetic.

-Ouch. Then what?

-The turning point came one night after squash. That was the one sport I could do. It seemed sort of honest, I suppose. Chasing a ball around a closed room had none of the other excuses for sport, like fresh air or group bonding. It was clearly evident what a ridiculous game it was. Completely pointless. Anyway, I was playing with someone in my year who I'd never really noticed before. We went off for a shower. It was after school and no one else was around. I hated the showers at school. I could never stand to be in the presence of so much naked flesh.

-I used to love them for that very reason, Martin added.

-I just couldn't cope. The effort at not having a hard-on would always guarantee one, whether I felt like it or not. I don't know why, perhaps the fact that there was only one boy there, but that day I thought I'd risk it. I was soaking after the game and I needed to get clean.

-So what happened? cried Martin, bunching up the covers around his neck.

-I'm telling you.

-Get on with it then.

-Alright. Well. I was in the shower trying to look forward at the water so I wouldn't so much as glance at his naked form, and I suddenly feel his soapy hand on my buttock. I try to ignore it, but it is definitely happening, and I'm almost enjoying it. I look round at him and tell him to stop, but he moves round and pushes

his soapy cock against my side. 'Come on' he says, 'it's nice.' I look at his body and all the years of frustration suddenly make sense, because it's so beautiful to me. I grab hold of him and we rub our soapy nakedness together, and stand under the jets of water and stroke each other's cocks until we are both totally hard, then he drops his head to my groin. I step back, thinking he's going to butt me or something, but he looks at me and smiles and says, 'don't worry, it's nice', and gave me my first ever blow job.

-What was it like?

-Amazing I think. It didn't last very long. I seem to remember I came almost straight away. So did he. We were both instantly embarrassed and tried to pretend it hadn't happened. I couldn't get home fast enough. I was terrified for weeks. I thought it was bound to get out and everyone would know. But they didn't. I never spoke to him much after that. I think he was a bit simple. He never said much to anyone, beyond saying something was nice or rubbish.

-So what happened then?

-Nothing.

-For how long?

-Two years. Until I started drinking. There was this pub we used to go to called the Bull & Chain. It had outside toilets. One night I went out and this bloke followed me. I've always had a problem pissing with someone standing next to me. I'm stood there and I notice he's wanking. So I start too and he starts breathing heavily then pushes me into the cubicle. That was the night I first sucked someone off.

-Did you enjoy it? Martin was hard beside me and I could feel his cock against my thigh.

-Ooh yeah. It felt sort of right, like I should have always had one in there.

Martin took me at my word.

This PDF is the fourth part of the novel  
*XQ-28: The Story of a Gene.*  
Further chapters will become available weekly from  
19th October 2007 @  
<http://www.non-sterile.co.uk/RX.html>  
check back regularly...

©2007 adex/non-sterile