In A Flash

By: J.B. Rage

“Dylan Arther Toften get your ass out of bed right this second, you’re going to be late to class!” moms voice comes from the other side of the door. After a yell back through the door from across the room I sit up and look at the clock. Its only 7:30. I don’t have to be to the college until 9 and it's only a 20-minute drive. I really need my own place I think to myself before turning over to see Rebecca next to me in bed. I kiss her good morning “wake up sleepy head, time to get up and ready.” I speak.

My beautiful fiancé opens her bright blue eyes with the dorky yet lovable smile she always has on her face. I climb out of bed, then throw on a pair of sweatpants and my signature flash shirt and walk to the kitchen. Rebecca comes downstairs a half hour later all dressed in her white and blue dress and all made up. By that time, I had already demolished one bowl of cereal, 2 cups of coffee and made myself 5 pancakes. “Hey sexy lady, are you ready to leave?” I say with a mouth full of food.

“Yeah, I’m ready let's go we’ll take my car today?”

As we get to the college, I kiss Rebecca then we go our separate ways because our classes are on different sides of the school. I get to class on time but as usual my professor is late. I take my usual spot in the back left corner of class by the window. I pull out my notebook for this class, I see we are on chapter nine and then I close it again and take my book out to reveal that chapter nine is already completed. The teacher begins to speak “good morning class please open to the page 347, and we will begin shortly.”

I turn to what is supposed to be the empty seat next to me and someone is sitting there. “Hello, I’m Dylan, What’s your name?” I say trying not to look confused.

“Oh, I’m Patrick. I just got accepted here. My mother said this is one of the best schools in the country,” says the new guy.

“If I do say so myself it is a pretty amazing school,” I reply, “and it's nice to meet you, Patrick.”

Class goes on and while we read the chapter, I talk to Patrick the entire class. The rest of the day after class is a total drag.

That night me and Rebecca go to a dinner, and she is talking about the wedding and how she wants me to help her pick out flowers, but I tell her I can't because I have practice starting tomorrow. I played sports all through high school and I am so happy they still offer them here.

The next morning, I am late to class and Rebecca left without me, so I just drive myself and it takes forever. As I arrive in my class just before the class begins, I see him again right in that seat next to me.

He smiles “Hi Dylan how are you today?” he says in a jolly voice.

I explain to him how I was running late and had to drive myself without Rebecca. “Whose Rebecca?” he says.

“Rebecca, she’s, my fiancé.”

“Oh, ok, Rebecca is a pretty name.”

We spend most of that class talking about Rebecca and how women get stressed planning weddings. At the end of class, we exchange numbers and part to our next classes. After school was the first soccer practice, but right before practice Rebecca brought up me going with her to pick flowers again so I told her I had practice, yet again. “its just tryouts can't you skip it” she pleaded.

“I have to go I am the captain, if I miss the tryouts, it could throw off my entire season.”

“But Dylan this is our wedding, you can't just act like it's no big deal. We are getting married in a month, and you are going to commit yourself to soccer.”

“Rebecca, I can't do this right now” I say as I storm out of the house to go to practice.

I get to practice, and everyone is already there. I try to scope out all of the new guys trying out and one of them I recognized right off the bat. It is Patrick. I didn’t know he played soccer. He doesn’t look like the soccer type. Practice goes on and as captain of the team I need to scope out all of the new guys and I call all of them out to play me one on one. After practice Patrick come up to me in the locker room. “Why aren’t you changing to go home?” Patrick asked.

“I’m not leaving yet; I need to go blow off some steam. I’m waiting for coach to leave then I’m going back out on the field.” I respond as I bow my head.

“Oh, would you like some company? I could also use a little more help” he says sounding overly concerned.

“I guess you can stay but don’t think I’m going to spill out my heart to you” I pick as I punch his shoulder and walk toward the field.

“Never, I wouldn’t dream of it” he says in a joking tone.

We spend about two hours out on the field kicking the ball around and messing around. I kick the ball toward the goal and we both go for it, as we get closer to it, we collide and fall to the ground. As we land on the ground his elbow meets my crotch and I curl and head butt him in the chin. We both roll on the ground in pain for a minute or two until we start to laugh our asses off laying on the ground next to each other. Before I realize it, I’m lying on his arm and we both roll toward each other, our faces only inches from each other. For the first time I see his eyes, a deep brown with hints of black. His pupils getting larger and smaller trying to focus on me. We both lay there seemingly forever even though it was probably only a few seconds. Just then my eyes start to close, and our lips meet, they’re warm and soft. After noticing what is happening, I pull away from him. “Oh, wow I’m so sorry I did… didn’t mean that I…I’m sorry,” I spit out as I run to the locker room frantic and scared.

How am I going to tell Rebecca about this? Should I even tell her? Why did I let this happen? That couldn’t have happened. I think as I throw my normal clothes on and rush to my car to go home. When I get home, I run right upstairs and lock myself in the bathroom, while filling the tub up I stare into the mirror trying to get the feel of his warm silky lips out of my head. I climb in the scolding hot bath and sit there wishing I’d just fall asleep and drown. I lay there for almost two hours before Rebecca knocks on the door. “Dylan are you okay, it's been two hours your dinner is cold.”

“I’m not hungry, just put it in the fridge for tomorrow. And I’m fine I’m getting out now,” I say trying not to sound freaked.

After drying off and putting on a pair of boxers I walked to bed, but I wasn’t quite tired yet. When Rebecca came in, I pretended to sleep to avoid having to talk to her. She falls asleep and I throw on sweats and a hoodie and go outside for a walk. I need an escape, but I can't use soccer, Patrick will be there. It is my usual escape, but I can’t use it now. I just walk. Before I notice the sun is coming up. I rush home to get dressed before Rebecca awakes.

A few days goes by and I’m still avoiding Rebecca and at practice I try to pretend nothing happened and Patrick does to. Maybe he is just as freaked as I am. After our first game I go to Patrick and pull him to the side where no one can hear us. “Can we talk about what happened that day after the first practice?” I say looking to make sure no one heard

“If you want to talk of course, but it's up to you though,” he says very calm.

His calmness shocks me more. “Well, I’ve never done anything like that before and I’m scared, I have no clue because it happened and now, I have thoughts I can't figure out” I whisper.

“We can talk about it. I’ve been through this before I can help,” he says still calm.

“What do you mean ‘been through this’? I’m very confused.”

“You do know that I’m um… gay right?”

“Really, oh. No, I had no clue,” I respond still confused.

We continue talking for a while. After the game we go to buffalo wild wings to continue talking. We chose there because its loud and no one will hear us talking. “You ‘re bicurious dude” he says.

“No, I’m not. It was a mistake, it’s a phase,” I say not know whether I’m trying to convince myself or him.

“If you say so but I’m not convinced that it is a phase but I’m not you. I can't tell you what to feel.”

“Can we just drop this whole thing please; I say now getting aggravated.

“Sure, whatever you want, but I’ll always be here if you need anything,” he says reassuringly.

 A few weeks go by, and Patrick never brings the subject about it again, but I start to feel more for Patrick and less for Rebecca, I think she starts to notice. I still won't let myself believe I have these feelings.

The night before the wedding I’m staying at the holiday inn because its bad luck for the groom to see the bride before the wedding. I invite Patrick over to keep me company. We both lay on the queen-sized bed watching sentimental lifetime movies and laughing about them. I try to unnoticeably move toward Patrick, but I fail, and he puts his arm around me.

His body is so warm. I lay my head on his shoulder. “I wish life was like these movies. Love is so easy to figure out.” I say looking up at him from his warm muscular chest.

“Love is easy, just finding it is difficult, and love isn’t a movie,” he says soothingly.

He leans down, I lean toward him and again his lips met mine. His lips still feel the same as they did that first night on the soccer field. This kiss is the same yet feels different, this time I allow my mouth to open and his tongue slips in, his breath is warm and smells amazing. We both start to roll my way, lips and tongues still intertwined, until he is on top of me. Patrick is the one to break the kiss. “Are you sure this is what you want?” he says breathing heavy. “We don’t have to do this, only if you’re su..” I cut him off if another kiss.

We continue making out as I tear his shit unbuttoned. After pulling it off and throwing it to the floor he pulls my shirt off and his warm chest is pushed against mine and it makes me tingle. This time I’m the one to break the kiss. I can't do this. I’m getting married tomorrow. I love Rebecca. Or do I really? “Is everything ok Dylan?” Patrick says still breathing heavy.

“Yeah, I’m fine just thinking…”

“You don’t seem fine. It has to do with Rebecca and the wedding tomorrow doesn’t it. I understand. This won't happen again I promise. We'll be just friends, and no one will ever have to know.”

“ok” I say holding back so much emotion.

Patrick rolls over and changes the station to the soccer game. We lay there completely silent for over an hour before I finally speak. “it's getting late I should get some sleep. See Ya tomorrow. Night.”

I walk him to the door, before opening it I kiss his satiny smooth lips one more time them open the door for him to leave. I close the door and stand there leaning against it. I know what I want to do, what I need to do but will I have the heart to hurt one person I really care about. I walk over to the bed turn off the T.V. and lay there all night just thinking about what is happening tomorrow. Thoughts flying through my head, not once settling long enough for me to fall asleep.

After the sleepless night at the hotel my alarm goes off at 9 am. And just as expected Patrick shows up right on time with four garment bags with tuxedos in them. He neatly lays them out on the bed. “When are Sam and Caleb going to be here? They better not be late.” he says checking his watch.

“They said they would be here at 9:30. That gives us some time to start getting ready and you can help me with that flower thingy.” I say picking whatever it is up laughing.

“I actually would probably stab you with it before I could help, I’ve never actually done it before.” he says before a chuckle. We both end up on the bed laughing really hard until there is a knock on the door. Patrick walks over to open it as I walk in the bathroom to get dressed. It only takes all of us about 2 hours to get completely showered and ready, then we head to the church.

When I walk into the church and see all the decorations and Patrick is standing next to me completely shocked, I turn to him and say, “Rebecca really knows how to spend money, never does anything small.”

“You’re telling me, "He says staring at the decorations that cover what seems to be the entire church.

After seeing the church and heading to the room to wait for everyone to arrive it is time for me to choose a best man. Like always I’ve been procrastinating deciding, but I think I’ve finally chosen. “So, who is it who did you choose” Sam says in an overly eager voice.

“Well... After a lot of thought and contemplating I’ve finally decided on Patrick. He has taught me a lot in the time that I’ve known him, and I think he’s the best man for the job. No pun intended” I finish that statement with a small chuckle.

After that I think I see Patrick tear up a little. The other two leave the room and I walk over to hug him, his muscular body sitting there confuses me even more than I was before, and I start to cry with him. “Why are you crying?” he says behind tear drenched eyes.

“Because this is it, I need to decide, choose my life path. What if I’m not ready to shoulder all that responsibility?”

“Trust me Dylan you’re ready to choose. you’ll make the right decision. Trust me I know this.”

He sounds so reassuring, so I stop crying and I make myself happier. It's my wedding day after all. Before I get completely calmed down Patrick tells me we need to go into the room to marry my beautiful bride. The music begins and the flower girl and bride's maids enter, and my heart starts to race once again. Patrick is looking at me with the look of reassurance that makes me feel so amazing. And as Rebecca walks in in the white dress and her long loose curls framing her face, I knew at that moment what decision I needed to make and who I would need to hurt. She gets up next to me and grabs my hand. The priest begins his ceremonial mumbo jumbo and I feel tears welling up in my eyes. He asks if there are any objects and right then my heart jumps. “I object they shouldn’t get married!” a strangely familiar voices comes from behind me

I turn and see Patrick has stepped out of his spot with tears rolling down his face he is staring straight at me, the look of reassurance is gone the look now is more of pain and suffering. Before anyone can speak, he runs down the aisle and out the doors of the church. Without noticing what is going on I start to chase after him, I didn’t even look back for a second. I knew what I wanted and now I will have him.

I continue out the big wood doors of the church and Patrick is sitting on the steps weeping. I walk over to put my arm around him, but before I can he runs off and as soon as he turns the corner I know exactly where he is going. Knowing a shortcut, I head in the opposite direction. As I get to the park in the center of town, I see Patrick sitting on a bench near the pond that is filled with ducks getting ready to fly south for the winter. I walk over and sit next to him on the bench, he leans his head on me and I put my hand on his knee. As I push his head up to look into his gorgeous brown eyes, the same as that first day on the soccer field, I kiss him with the most passion I think I’ve ever put in a kiss “I love you, Patrick.”