

Benefit

by John Wentworth Chapin

On the fourth attempt, Viktor judged the bowtie properly tied: red Italian silk, small and rectangular rather the ridiculous black nylon butterfly the others would wear.

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He parked several blocks away and watched from the shadows as PJ came out of the brownstone. PJ started down the stoop, and then Tom followed and put a hand on his shoulder, stopping him and turning him around. Kiss, a peck at first, then a little more. Viktor guessed that they were already on their second bottle of wine. He turned away.

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PJ opened the passenger door and jumped in. He leaned over and gave Viktor a moist kiss on the neck. "Look at you all dressed up," he said.

"It's black tie," Viktor answered, throwing the car into gear. "Where's yours?"

"I'm an artist, baby. We make our own rules," PJ answered. Viktor stiffened. PJ retreated back across the emergency brake to the passenger side.

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The Asian woman peered at Viktor. "Where's Tom?" she asked PJ.

"You know he hates these things. He's writing a check instead," PJ winked at her. "This is my buddy Viktor." He raised his scotch in toast.

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"I want you to fuck me in here," PJ slurred, pushing the button for the fifth floor. He tugged the studded shirt out from beneath Viktor's belt. PJ's breath was hot copper on his neck. Viktor shook his head but let PJ slide his hand down the front of his tuxedo pants.

