

DESSERT SPRINGS – PART I

Nicholas Sexton the Sixth was enjoying quite an adventurous afternoon with his new neighbor Tish when his roommate came home.

There stood the lovely Ms. Natalie, travel bags in hand, her eyes feasting upon an alarming site. Having finished her meetings in San Francisco on Thursday instead of Friday, she decided to catch an earlier flight back to Palm Springs. Stunned into silence she walked past the entwined couple to her bedroom.

“Shit...” Nicholas mumbled slowly removing his lips from Tish’s nipple. “You have to leave,” he whispered shoving the voluptuous vixen off his lap, tossing clothes at her, picking up empty cocktail glasses off the floor, straightening the coffee table; trying to make the room appear as though Natalie had never left.

Poor Tish was completely confused as to why another woman had walked in on her raunchy romp with the really nice guy who had helped move her couch up two flights of stairs—and why she couldn’t find her bra.

As Nicholas and Tish said their sloppy salutations Ms. Natalie emerged from her bedroom...just in time to see Tish thrust her tongue into Nicholas’ mouth.

Natalie looked away mortified, and then noticed a vase neatly placed on a shelf, inches away from her fingertips. Calmly, she grabbed it, and threw it at the half-dressed couple.

Nicholas moved to the right in time to prevent the heavy object from hitting his playmate, but not in enough time to prevent his left thigh from getting assaulted. He decided it was a wise idea to escort Tish back to her apartment and not come home for a while.

Young Nicholas soon found himself hobbling over to the local saloon to eat pub grit and drink dirty brown ale on the patio with the severely suave Sullivan and the, not-so, Bryan. There he sat explaining his tumultuous tale of twin circumstances to his two compadres.

Bryan bit into his burger, “I thought she was just your roommate.”

Nicholas took a large swig of his bitter ale and explained “we had sex last Saturday.”

Sullivan took a puff off his smoldering cigar, “what did you do with the condom wrapper?”

Nicholas pounded his fist down on the table, and mouthed several obscenities. He grabbed the voluminous mug of brown hops and took a large gulp. As he reached around for his cell phone to see if Natalie (or Tish) had called, he noticed the same couple in the same deep discussion with the chef, and Bryan’s cell phone rang—again.

“They’re here every Thursday night.” Nicholas nodded suggestively at Sullivan as Bryan dealt with his always inquisitive girlfriend concerning herself for the fourth time that evening with his minutest of details.

Sullivan sucked on his cigar then offered his typical ominous opinion “Perhaps they’re trying to undermine the owner in a hostile takeover.”

Nicholas and Sullivan watched as the couple disappeared behind the dungeon-like kitchen doors. “Or perhaps there’s some kinky sex club in the back of the pub.” Sullivan re-assessed. He continued to stare pensively at the kitchen doors and took another puff off his cigar. “Who would you take back there—Natalie or Tish?”

Before any further discussion could occur about which woman would be more suitable for an undercover sex club escapade Bryan ended his forlorn phone call as bits of ketchup and mustard slipped onto his face. “Shelley needs me to pick up some Windex so she can finish cleaning the windows.”

Sullivan set down his cigar and cleared his early aging throat, “forget the broads. I have this cigar deal with a guy.” He peered at Nicholas and Sullivan to communicate he was serious before continuing, “It’s a ten thousand buy-in gentlemen, three weeks of distribution; we make back five times what we put in.” Sullivan slowly picked up his latest tangible venture.

Bryan shoved the last bit of burger into his mouth. “Nobody smokes in California anymore.”

Sullivan furrowed his brows. He had once projected a theory that Bryan was not the product of two surgeons but rather an affair his mother had with a college-aged pool boy who had dropped out of high school but had the muscles of an all-star quarterback.

Sullivan exhaled the smoke from his surly tobacco stick in Bryan’s face. “I refuse to explain obvious tactics to you.”

It was easy to discern by onlookers that any attempt at a battle of wit between the two would quickly devolve to a petty pummeling, but then Bryan’s cell phone rang—again.

Nicholas flagged down the waitress and ordered another ale to help him decide whether he was interested in participating in Sullivan’s import business (just once more) as Bryan finished his fifth phone call to his co-dependent girlfriend.

“I have to go home,” Bryan said throwing down a twenty spot on the table. “I gotta think about the cigars. My parents operate on people with lung cancer. It might be weird.”

“You have food debris all over your face. It’s disgusting.” Sullivan said between puffs.

Bryan picked up a napkin and wiped off his face, and then looked sincerely at Nicholas, “my friend, tell her it was your cousin from out of town, and you were helping her acclimate.”

Sullivan—having reached his patience and composure limits for the day—gave Bryan a whack upside the head.

Bryan glowered at Sullivan, and then left quickly.

The couple walked out from behind the kitchen doors. Sullivan never letting curiosity pass him by followed them out of the pub.

Nicholas Sexton the Sixth finished his third ale and decided he would rather take Natalie out to dinner than take Tish to a sex club, and that he could put off working at his father’s investment firm for another quarter if this next venture with Sullivan proved as successful as the last.

Glancing at his cell phone he ordered ale, knowing it was still too early to go home.

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