

I met a millionaire who buys small businesses, financing their expansion the way a bank might. He seemed apologetic that he chose city life over a large home in the suburbs. His good friend got AIDS in the 80s, quit his job on wall street, lost his husband, and began living each year like it was his last. This guy was a marathon runner though so the virus couldn't kill him and now he travels the country in his RV fishing when he's feeling meditative. My millionaire kept calling himself a yuppie, and made almost too much of a show over hating Trump. Actually, he just said generic negative things, as if he knew what was expected of him to say about 2017 American politics in a gay bar.

He mentioned he lived in a Mies van der Rohe apartment building, his dream to live in architectural history, and I accepted a 2am Gold Coast homes and gardens tour. We walked through the freezing cold to the glass curtain quadruplet complex. He told me Van der Rohe had to flee Germany in the 2nd world war, but in America, through teaching, his talent was endorsed and funded by wealthy Chicagoans who believed in his futuristic vision. Every detail of the building was considered to merge the interior with the exterior world.

We entered an empty apartment. Floor to ceiling windows, terrible grey carpet, a "home depot protect" kitchen, a bathroom of peach and white flesh tone 50's laminate tile, sink and tub. The only furniture was a bed, a blow up mattress not quite fully inflated with khaki sheets. No comforter despite it being 31degrees outside the wall of windows.

We're on the 28th floor, the view is decent if nondescript. There are no curtains so he extinguishes the lights as we begin to kiss. His beard stings like skinning a knee on gravely asphalt; he twists my nipples too hard. He runs a long sharp index finger nail around my torso and retraces a path along my hip bone near the groin where a vein is prominent. It makes me shudder and contort away from him, but he holds me in place. He says, "you haven't been overused to the point of desensitization, you're fresh, that's good.

he's a Virgo born on August 28th, I'd learned at the bar. I tried to discern if these attributes made sense to me for a Virgo. In the dark he talked in a medium whisper, he talked incessantly. He didn't want to kiss passionately. He kept raking his nail around my flesh. Looking

again out the window he admired the creation of man. We admitted the Trump tower wasn't as ugly as one might expect it to be.

His toiletries were incredibly basic, cheap essentials. He carried two travel size mouthwash. There was no evidence that anyone lived in the apartment. At one point, undressing, he took my undercoat and hung it, but where I couldn't tell as the closet walls blended camouflaged with the rest of the flat nondescript interior.

I disrobed, got in to bed, but first turned on and propped my recorder near our heads. Horizontal and naked he moved his face from my ear to neck to armpit and after four times the sharp facial follicles were unbearable. He was pale Irish, so his eyes pierced like black beads from his ghostly body—something sinister. At some point he helped roll me on top of him, and as my legs squeezed he said “that’s it, be a man.” Be a man became a mantra as he coaxed his desires from me. It unsettled and spooked me.

His touch became so abrasive I began to doze in order to dissuade him. But some of the things he started saying about the greatness of man’s creation, an artist being in a perfect art house, his thanking me for sharing myself with him, the way he said these things in the sterile box devoid of personality save for his non stop voice, the plastic air mattress and the disposable sheets began to worry me. I didn’t want to fall asleep alone with him. I began to picture sharp objects of mutilation in his closets. I was afraid to let him touch my penis and my face for fear his desire to be masculine would provoke him to harm me. I wondered if my self trust as character judge may have been clouded by my willing eagerness to accept a free drink. I also pictured being awoken by the sun in three hours—cold and comfortless in his blank box then struggling to get home at rush hour unrested, uncared for, uncomfortable.

My fear won out and I made motions to leave. He tried to coax me back inviting me to spoon, but I saw the opportunity and made for an exit. He said something about not seeing me again likely and thanking me for my beads of pre cum. He made sure I had my keys and phone, then I got in the fanciest Uber I’ve ever taken, a Chrysler 3000, and talked or rather was taught, about the Chicago Bulls. On my way home along the lake, I pretended that I was a high class whore who’d made more from a night with an older man, than a crappy audio recording of his ass being slapped and his manliness being demanded.