



**Accidentally Gay**  
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## Accidentally Gay By Holden Wilde

Ervin had made enough money in his early 20s to live anywhere in the world. Many cities possessed a fun nightlife, an abundance of beautiful women, and a wealth of cultural activities, and some of these cities might be cleaner, be better at hiding their homeless, and have more modern infrastructure than Manhattan, but there was something special about this particular island: an air of tolerance. Ervin knew that it wasn't because Manhattanites consciously embraced the differences – they simply didn't care to invest energy in getting to know the other person and that was just fine with him. Having grown up under a ubiquitously mind-piercing communist regime, Ervin basked in the superficiality of his friends, colleagues, and passerby – they were defining him by his wealth, clothes, and physical appearance, not by his views on politics, sex, or religion. While the rest of US and the world had continued madly fighting cultural wars circa 17<sup>th</sup> century, Manhattan had levitated to a nonchalant attitude of indifference and mild curiosity.

Out of all his prejudices, homophobia was the last childhood blanket that Ervin couldn't quite let go. While he had built a sizable resume of unorthodox sexual experiences with his female partners, Ervin was still hesitant at the thought of being intimate with another man. So when his friend suggested a "Gay Night" at a hot club as a surefire way to pick up women, he didn't embrace the idea right away. "Hon, you are too shy to start a conversation," she began making her argument, "hence, you want a place with more women than men so they'll approach you, right? Me and my girlfriends love coming to these gay nights when we don't want to be bothered by d-bags while still enjoying the sight of handsome men around us, and so do many other hot girls. Just go there to have a drink, smile, and see what falls from the tree." It took another few minutes of arguments and specific pointers for Ervin to be convinced. He felt lonely that Tuesday evening and in so much drama with his existing women that fresh fruit sounded quite appealing... Let the gathering begin.

Used to coming to this club with women and not known to be particularly restrained with them once inside, Ervin couldn't hold back a smile when slipping \$100 to a friendly "selector" at the entrance. He got an understanding smirk back and an encouraging tap on the shoulder. It sounded cliché, but Ervin couldn't think of any other word except "fabulous"

once he walked inside – his friend was right: beautiful women were sitting around tables while handsome men stood by the bar and around the dance floor. Ervin armed himself with an espresso martini, leaned back on the bar, and scanned the field for potential targets. But after the first few sips of his delicious drink, something began impeding his excitement. At first, Ervin felt just a slight discomfort which then quickly began metamorphosing into an unexplainable fear. It was an entirely new sensation – his body temperature suddenly dropped as if he'd been stripped naked, then his heart started pumping, followed by a cold sweat gathering on his forehead. Feeling like a trapped animal, Ervin took a deep breath, looked directly ahead of him and was instantly overpowered with a strong urge to immediately leave the club. Dozens of carnal, lustful male eyes were staring at him.

Just then, a slender redhead in his mid 20s in a colorful t-shirt moved in so close to Ervin that he could feel his warm breath. They were about same height and after taking a long curious look directly into Ervin's eyes, the stranger suggested with a slight grin, "I think your dick is bigger than mine."

"Excuse me?"

"I think your dick is bigger than mine." The line was repeated more confidently.

"Can I have some space please?" Ervin was shocked and couldn't say anything else. He was surprised with himself – before coming to US, he would likely have ripped this guy apart in a similar situation, but after all these years of living in Manhattan, he was now humbled, feeling insecure but mildly intrigued.

"What's your name?" the stranger asked, not moving.

"I am straight," responded Ervin in a breaking voice, "I came here to pick up chicks."

"Where are you from?" was the next question asked with the same grin. Ervin felt exhausted, he was lost and confused, not able to muster enough will to say anything harsh and push his way out... He gave up and answered the question.

Five minutes later, Ervin was on his second martini and bought a drink for his new friend, Derek. Although he had explained the reasons for his participation in “Gay Night,” Derek didn’t seem to care, maybe not believing Ervin’s story, or simply highly confident in his charms. He proceeded to invite Ervin to join him and his friends at a rooftop party at his Upper East Side penthouse.

“Will there be any women or straight people there?” Ervin asked embarrassingly.

“Yes, I promise,” Derek laughed back.

Ervin breathed a little bit easier when he saw two gorgeous girls inside the penthouse – the place was popping with energy: European house music, dark lighting with sparkles coming from corners, well-dressed waiters serving champagne cocktails, some mysterious-looking shots and finger food. There were maybe thirty guests dressed in casual but designer-quality attire, some were dancing but most were standing in small circles. Derek made introductions and Ervin felt more relaxed as nobody seemed to be staring at him. He took a deep breath and dove into a conversation with a circle of people next to him about the upcoming season highlights at the Metropolitan Opera. Somebody offered to do a round of shots, and Ervin was excited to discover that it was Polish honey-infused vodka, “krypnik,” that he remembered and loved from his home country. He quickly ordered another round of shots and toasted to “the stunning men of Manhattan.” It was followed by more shots and toasts and soon their circle was full of laughter and slowly magnetized more guests to join them.

“Have we met before?” a bald-shaved guy with a v-shaped muscular body and tan face in his early 30s asked Ervin.

“Yeah, your face looks familiar to me as well,” he responded with a slightly tipsy smile.

“It is hard to say for sure with all these clothes,” the bald guy continued with an eruption of laughter.

Ervin knew that this was a ruse but he was proud of his well-toned body and never neglected a chance to show it off.

“I could take my shirt off, but I’m worried that my abs would make the rest of guests feel insecure.”

“Try us,” the bald guy encouraged him. Ervin pulled off his shirt, but nobody seemed to be visibly impressed. “Not bad, but you forget who you are surrounded by,” smiled the bald guy pulling his t-shirt up and exposing well defined abs. Some others did the same, and Ervin had to acknowledge that his body was average at best among this crowd.

“Now,” continued the bald guy, “I would pay any amount of money to see you completely naked.” By this point, both girls were standing inside of a circle and Ervin didn’t feel like he could back down.

“You can’t afford it.”

“I will give you \$500.”

“How about \$5,000?”

“Done!” proclaimed the bald guy and to Ervin’s astonishment pulled a stack of bank-wrapped \$100 bills and started counting, “1, 2, 3...” putting them into Ervin’s open palms. He surprised himself again – instead of figuring out a way out, he joked that he should have asked for more, and with all fifty bills now in his jeans pocket, Ervin grabbed a shot, took the bald guy’s hand and they both proceeded to a bedroom accompanied by whistles of encouragement.

Once inside, the courage subsided and Ervin nervously waited for what was going to happen next. The bald guy locked the door and unbuckled Ervin’s pants. He then proceeded pulling down Ervin jeans and underwear and grabbed his right butt cheek. Ervin felt a warm excitement, gulped his krypnik shot, and switched off the light. “I might as well try this once,” was his last thought before grabbing his new friend by the shoulders and pushing him down.

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