

# Punk affairs

Von Bluszcz

## Kapitel 5: Interlude

His mind felt blank for he wasn't sure what to say, neither to think nor to believe. Why did it shock him so much? Because Justin was his best friend since forever; and on top of that a young man?

It was not like Jack was disgusted or angry about it at all, but it was hard to bear it right now. A "situation" like this was never a matter before. Besides, he was slightly irritated. Did Justin trust him so little?

There they were - one sitting on the bed and the other one standing at the door while still this awkward silence was severe, appearing to descend heavily on their shoulders as if it would overwhelm them like a curse it was hard to escape from. Justin didn't dare to say a word for his throat felt dry and his tongue seemed knotted together. A chaos of words dashed through his mind, not able to put them in order. His mind was truly roiling whereas Jack regathered his thoughts more or less.

Jack needed to get out of this room, this house, so he finally got up with a forced sounding sigh and left the room while he did not deign to look at Justin any more as his friend stepped aside, who finally calmed down and pursed his lips to say something. But it was too late.

Jack already left him behind with the words that he would need to sleep on it.

Justin slightly gasped as Jack went past him while their bodies brushed against each other softly; nearly refreshing the suppressed memories. He felt deeply embarrassed and ashamed, and a bit angry with himself. It was a little bit too much for him at once since the other day; not only for him.

With shaking hands, he closed the door again. Then he sank down along the wooden surface to burst into tears right away.