

An encounter for the rest of their lives

A fan fiction piece made just for Luke.

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ACT 1: The encounter

It was a cool autumn day as Luke - the drummer of 5 piece lo-fi punk rock group DICK MOVE ran through their song 'Jerk' for the third time. It was final rehearsal time before their big 'Clinton Johnson Band Country Music Plagiarism Awareness' gig that evening.

The event was the result of recent scandals in their small, uneventful town. Local animal park boss Joe Exotic had commissioned up-and-coming country musicians Danny Clinton and Vince Johnson to produce music for his stillborn G.W. Zoo series however had posted the songs on YouTube, depicting himself as the main performer and taking credit for music he did not write or produce.

Vince had reached out to DICK MOVE to get involved. Luke and Vince were good friends and had met each other in their previous lives as professional Netflix Fluffers. The pair had kept in contact over the years through a mutual love of country music and animal print spandex.

Upon hearing about this injustice, the boyishly rugged Luke had fallen wholeheartedly behind this cause and with his unshakeable sense of humility and compassion, was tingling with anticipation for the night ahead.

As Luke's melodic hands determinedly pounded out the beat to 'Jerk' for the third time, he was for a moment distracted as a figure caught his eye walking across the room. Unable to pull his gaze away from this magnetic member, their eyes met and the world slowed down.

[MUSIC in the background]

"You don't get it
You don't get it
You don't get it
You don't get to tell me shit....."

The lyrics from the Lucy's vibrated like muffled white noise in the background as Luke, flustered, smacked his pinky into the side of his sweet custom jaguar snare drum.

As his arm throbbed with pain, Luke snapped out of his daydream letting out a cry shielding his wounded face from the audience. When the pulsing receded, Luke looked up to find that the mysterious stranger had disappeared.

Completely shaken, Luke recovered, and the rehearsals continued. Would he see this mystery man at the gig that night? He really hoped so.

That night, Luke's stomach quivered with nerves. Not only for the gig but more for the chance to see the magnificent man he had quite certainly become infatuated with during the course of the day.

"We would love to thank you all for coming tonight..." .. Vince addressed the growing audience and his voice increased in volume as his speech went on. The bar was getting packed and excited bodies doused themselves with alcohol and the collective bringing of justice to country music plagiarism.

Luke's eyes anxiously probed the crowd. Where was he?

"Chop chop, mate!" said excited band member Justin giving Luke a cheeky jab in the left buttock with his guitar. Luke rose to attention and took position at the drums.

DICK MOVE started their set. They were on fire. Fueled by the audience response and the electricity of being on stage, Luke ripped into it. The band continued to play, unaware of passing time.

[MUSIC in the background] "Talk talk over me.. "

Luke's head whirled recklessly faster and faster in time to the music until he realised he was getting dizzy and took a moment to resettle himself.

[MUSIC in the background] "Must be so helpless you know what I need..."

At that point, he felt a presence had arrived. Like the warming comfort of a mother's bosom. The man! There he was!

After the band finished with a roaring encore Luke set off to track down his prey.

The air was now thick and stagnant in the bar as Luke eagerly made his way through to the man in the tiger print denim. " I... " Luke gulped for air and words as he tapped on the man's shoulder... turning to face him, the two locked eyes and the nameless man spoke words that made Luke tremble low inside. "I was hoping you would come say hi.. ". Luke felt his cheeks heat up and the two locked into conversation.

Time sped forward, or stood still. Who knew. But magic was in the air. The pair were inseparable for the rest of the night only stopping for the mandatory toilet break.

Luke learnt that the man he had become so enamoured with was John Finlay, the husband (but not the only husband.. *eye raise hrrmmmm) of the eccentric psycho that the gig was protesting against - Joe Exotic.

John was soft spoken and simple with a gentle misdemeanour and kind eyes that rarely offered a glimpse into a worn down man full of pain and trauma. He had apparently been childhood friends with The Clinton Johnson band members and felt bad that his husband had betrayed them so unabashedly.

Luke couldn't imagine how such a loveable man could be partnered with a maniac like Joe. He had searched his whole life for a connection like this. But not like this.. no, not like this. This was something higher than earthly desires that caused Luke a spiritual awakening he had never expected to be humanly possible.

The hours grew late. The bar slowly emptied out and the pair walked out to greet the morning. The crisp fresh smell of the early dew slapped Luke in the face as he realised just how tired he was.

"John. I don't want to say goodbye. We should be together. Leave Joe. He's no good for you..." Luke hoped John couldn't hear the desperation in his voice as he stared deeply into

his eyes, searching for signs of mendacity, but seeing only leaping arcs of desire.

"I wish I could. I never thought I'd find something like this. You're amazing and know how to treat me right" John cooed. "But I need to get back. Joe would never let me go without a fight and I owe him. I owe him!".

Luke knew their connection was real. "We are going to be together. I am going to find a way.. " John gazed adoringly into Luke's eyes, wrapped his small but capable hands around him and stroked his trembling form. "I hope so..." John whispered to Luke who gave out a little gasp. Luke saw stars, although he knew there were none out tonight.

[Scene] Luke and John tear away from each other as John gets into his car and drives away...

"Eyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!" Snapping out of his love trance, Luke swirled around to see the two Lucy's galavanting up to him with knowing grins on their faces. The pair were also surprised by the instant chemistry they had just witnessed between the pair and had never seen Luke so mesmerised he was practically glowing. They knew this one was for realsies.

ACT 2: Playing detective

That following week Luke could barely concentrate. As he drifted down from the heights of ecstasy, his mind plummeted into primitive thoughts consuming his waking and sleeping consciousness.

How could he successfully free the man who had stolen his heart - the separation was tormenting him and he felt the need for him grow, deep in the pits of his desires.

He set to getting to work on his escape plan. Luckily his previous fluffer work had built him a hefty network of grimey investors at Netflix and he concocted a foolproof plan that played into the weaknesses of playboy Joe Exotic.

Luke now just needed to make sure John was still on board. Did John really feel the same way and was it all real? Or did he really love Exotic and was toying with Luke's heartstrings?

Luke had heard of GW Zoo run by egocentric Joe Exotic, its terrible reputation and tales of the horrendous human and animal mistreatment. Just picturing sweet John as a victim of this cruelty made him raise with rage.

That night, he brought out his special night spandex with the camo pattern and biked to the GW Zoo to scope out the place and share his escape plan with sweet John.

As Luke rode up to the zoo he overheard squeals of excitement and laughing men. Then gunshots! Frightened and anxious for sweet John, Luke threw himself to the ground and furiously slid to peek through overgrown bush and get a glimpse of what was happening.

What he saw he couldn't really understand. There stood a shirtless Joe Exotic along with some helpers, whipping a mannequin in a blonde wig. A film camera followed Exotic as he gyrated over the doll brandishing his weapon. Luke was speechless. What kind of madman... He watched as Joe finished his business with the doll and tossed her aside before walking towards the cameraman and yelling in glorious

victory. The man looked spent as he walked away glistening with sweat from his conquer.

All of a sudden, John walked on to the makeshift film set, gingerly approaching, settled in and starts brushing the wig of the Carole doll. Luke saw his chance and took it. He slid cautiously into the set and stood full frontal in front of his muse. His parted lips followed the curve of the Carole doll's breast. Then he lifted his head and visually devoured John's form.

"Hi there, stranger..." rumbled John who looked surprised, but then smiled tenderly.

"I needed to see you!" Luke uttered. He softly stroked some stray blonde wisps off of John's face and took another hungry look at the man he desired.

Recent regulations now required groups of more than 30 people to wear masks in public places however tonight, John was bare faced. Luke hadn't noticed how charming John's toothless smile was and now gazed at his love with even more newfound admiration.

Luke clenched his stomach as John impatiently reached around him and unhooked his N95 grade face mask so that his moustache "spilled excitedly" against him. He dragged him closer and two males embraced at this sweet reunion and Luke hastily shared his elaborate escape plan.

Luke spoke in sweet words to John about his two step plan to rescue him from the hell hole that is GW Zoo and Joe Exotic. Phase one was to take Joe's focus away from John. Luke had pitched to his connections at Netflix a new reality series focused on Joe and his Zoo. Feeding into his growing ego, Luke knew Exotic would become more obsessed with fame and distract him leaving John able to move more freely without the continuous prying eyes of his jealous lover constantly penetrating him.

Then, when the timing was right, they would create a diversion. An unfortunate accident if you will. A lot could go wrong in a Zoo full of flesh eating tigers held captive...

He decided to keep this part vague for John's emotional protection.

Luke found himself getting distracted as his gaze lowered down to John's midriff. He inhaled deeply. That magnificent midriff. He caught himself blushing in the glistening reflection of the lion paw gold belt buckle as his eyes crawled higher and fell upon the 'Property of Joe Exotic' tattoo. Would this really work out? Did John feel the same way? He must have some affection for the crazy maniac to have tattooed his name on his body (oh that body) like so. Luke tried to shake the feelings of doubt that were creeping into his head.

"Are you still in John?" trembled a nervous Luke. "Oh I'm balls deep, baby. Let's do this. I'm ready to start the rest of our lives!". That was all the affirmation Luke needed as lightning bolts of fulfillment shot through him. The two shared a quick embrace again before Luke vanished like a slinky minx into the dead of the night.

The next day, Netflix contacted Joe Exotic.

ACT 3: The great escape

From his intel, Luke knew he had done well to play into the ego of Exotic. Everything was going just as he had expected. With all the attention and new fame, there was less time for John who was now just keeping to himself and barely leaving the abode the two men shared with Joe's third husband.

All John has ever known was the violence of the GW Zoo and the manipulations of the Zoo helpers. This scared Luke but it excited him at the same time. He really hoped this would all work out.

Two weeks passed and as the day of the planned escape got closer, Luke could barely contain himself. Would the plan succeed? Would he set John-Bear free and escape into the future together or would John experience nerves and vanish back to his tortured world, taking his heart with him.

Finally the day was here.

The plan was quite sordid but was all for the greater good. Luke knew the Netflix crew would be by the big cats cage run by a runty female keeper named Kelci and had paid off the cameraman to unlock the cage before the shoot so the animals could get a larger meal. Luke would be waiting with a getaway car and their driver at the back entrance.

The execution went off much more effectively than Luke had ever imagined and as screams from the female keeper rang through the Zoo.

Luke held his breath for what seemed like forever waiting for John to appear. The back entrance was also on the main road so there was limited time for the escape path to be clear.

Finally after what seemed like years, the sturdy recognisable shadow of a man emerged from the shadows running towards the car. It was happening! They would soon be free!

"Are you happy to see me or is that just a drumstick in your pocket?" John's eyes were bright with desire and wide with expectation. Luke let out an audible cry of overjoyment and nodded in acknowledgement over to their getaway driver. "John, meet Mr. Carole Baskins. He's an expert at disappearing and is here to help us start the rest of our lives..."

[The End]