

Highly Commended Outstanding LGBTIQ Short story Competition 2017

The Rimmer and the Germaphobe by Jimmy Twin

Todd is a germaphobe.

That means he has a genuine fear of situations or objects that can carry, and subsequently transfer, living creatures smaller than the eye can see.

This is not meant to come across as condescending, it is just that Todd prefers clear definitions. You see, he is a scientist - more specifically a microbiologist, one who studies those small living creatures.

Although Todd's lab bench space is usually immaculate, his experiments well planned and considered, Todd's love life is about as disinfected as his lab could get.

Like many of us, Todd resorts to his smart phone and his selection of dating apps. Todd, being a scientist and overly analytical, just doesn't know the right words to describe himself. If he said he is a scientist (although he wins nerd points for those that way inclined), he is met by some who think him egotistical. If he says he is a microbiologist, he turns into an information source for that new mystery rash or lump – not the kind of dick pic anyone would want to see.

So, when people ask him what he does for a living he tends to reply – 'it's complicated'. And it does become complicated fast, but more due to Todd being a germaphobe.

Todd knows what lives outside -and inside- the human body, and he also knows what -could- be there. Todd washes his hands at least fifty times a day, staying clear

of certain takeaway foods and ice in his drinks. When it comes to sex, it becomes complicated. Sex can be dirty.

When asked if he is a top or bottom, Todd will flinch, as both options can lead to a microbiological disaster.

And then one day when Todd thought his love life was like a sterile petri dish, he met Jason. The rimmer.

Todd of course did not know this tiny fact at first. They met for coffee, and just had coffee. They met again to see a movie, then dinner, then drinks, which led to Todd's apartment and a shower before sex.

In the shower, while scrubbing Todd's back, Jason started to nibble at the nape of his neck. Groaning with satisfaction, Jason made his way down Todd's back and was soon on his knees spreading Todd's cheeks.

"What the hell do you think you are doing!?! " Todd screeched.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" was Jason's frantic reply, "I just thought, because we were clean..."

"Oh Jason..." was Todd's sincere yet still horrified reply, "we can never be -that- clean!"

And so, the brief romance was over, so much that Todd thought.

The next day he did receive an apology, followed by another the next day, and the day after that. Todd was not a prick and did reply, politely but unsure and uneasy to why Jason was still so keen. Todd stuffed things up

once again, with his germaphobic nature that threatened to dominate his life forever.

Todd explained to Jason his germaphobia and Jason just apologised again for moving too fast.

Too fast? Todd thought, having his arse eaten was near the bottom of all things he thought he would -ever- do.

Yet Jason was insistent for another date, and Todd, giving again his warning of overt cleanliness, agreed.

They met up for drinks and the sparks again flew. They were soon swimming in each other's eyes, tasting each other's lips and on their way, this time to Jason's place.

Upon opening the door, Jason pulled a blindfold out of his pocket.

"Put this on" Jason said with a smirk, "I ensure you it is clean!"

Todd laughed, albeit uncomfortably with desire convincing him to obey Jason.

Jason led him into his apartment and once a few steps in he embraced Todd briefly and said "Ok, you can open your eyes now!"

Todd let out an audible gasp as he surveyed the room. It was a studio apartment and before him was Jason's bed. A plastic sheet ran its length with all pillows and blankets gone. Jason's bedside tables looked a lot like Todd's lab bench – there were gloves, all manner of cleaning products and disinfectants, including bleach. Jason clearly had fun with this.

As Todd turned to Jason he saw him already naked apart from blue nitrile gloves he was snapping on.

"So, what do you think?" Jason grinned, sliding onto the bed.

"It's a start!" Todd replied with a laugh. "But a shower first."