

Gaycation Culture

It is nice, is it not?" Scott said to his son John as he had just put on a brand-new suit, tailor-made naturally. Marshall was helping him do his tie, even if he did not need help, it was sweet. When he kissed him, a light came through the windows, overly bright like a giant spotlight had been put on his house. "What the hell." A smile curled onto Scott's lips; it was only a matter of time before they came to his door. Scott was used to being the usual suspect, much like it was before the crusades. Marshall never had trusted the Quango and Scott soon started to lose faith in the Quango too and now that they were here in full force to get Scott, it only confirmed that they were all no better than the Synods they claimed to loathe.

Though Marshall and Scott were a team to be reckoned, Scott was smart enough to see they were heavily outnumbered as a fight ensued, which was a smart move on behalf of the Quango, but it also gave Scott reason not to hold back until he had no other choice than to surrender. "Marshall get back!" Scott commanded as Marshall was about to get overrun by the campaign of the guards Marshall was dragging along with a visible enjoyment in the insurgence eyes. Scott knew Marshall would not like it, but he would obey the insurgence. "Stay back," Scott grunted, not letting anything happen to Marshall, he was too valuable to him. "Take me in but leave him be." Scott's words were hardly spoken out or they went for him and there was no chance in hell, nor in heaven or on earth, that he was not going down now.

Blood was everywhere around Scott and Marshall's mansion, furniture was broken, a few grunting guards against a wall, and Scott was being held down by a pile of thugs. "Lucifer." A whisper sounded from Scott's lips, calling to the captain, knowing he would get the little message. His black eyes turned to the ice blue hues as soon as the collar was placed around his neck, hands cuffed. "You're all gonna pay for this, you wrecked my suit after all," Scott remarked in an eerie calm tone as they pulled him up onto his feet. "Marshall, calm down, it will be ok. Keep yourself safe, that's an order." They were not here for him. "Find a person you trust, tell them I sent you so they can make sure you are fed," Scott said while he cringed to a punch he got to his back, an outcry sounding when his scars were hit.

Looking back at the ones that captured him, he suddenly smiled. "I will remember all of this. Maybe next time try asking me nicely, I would have happily come in for a little chat." The smile

turned to a grin as he was taken away, once outside he looked around, keeping his head up as always as he got taken away.

Soon Scott was shoved into a cell after they had taken off his handcuffs, stumbling in, but instantly straightening his back and looking down at his sleeve. "Dammit." He grunted as he saw the fabric was torn in various places. He let it slip from his shoulder which was aching, so it was not an easy feat and placed it on the bed. It looked like a bed, but he would not quite call it that. A sound behind him made him turned to the locked door, someone else was being brought in and he knew that voice like no one else. They had gotten a colleague too and why? He had no idea if anything they made this city thrive, and this was how they were thanked? By getting their home raided. By getting their kind investigated.

Everything today brought back memories of when gay people were not hunted down like animals treated as another species targeted for termination. That they had been able to turn things around but now this happened? How did this make the Quango any better than filthy Synods? Questions ran through his mind while it was clouded by worry about everyone at home Marshall, John, Eric, Milo.

Scott moved his shirt slightly off his shoulder, looking back at the bruises as best as he could. Slightly seeing Marshall's name but it was hard to make out when his skin was black and blue, and he was not healing at all. "Well, that is new." He mumbled to himself as he faintly saw some blood. Now all he could do was wait and see what the Quango would do, but right now he was ready for anything.