Greed

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“I’m holding a rave tonight. You must attend. Everyone must attend.”

“You never change,” Charles said lightly laughing. Always a rave. Andrew always threw a rave. He had many, since he was ill; he couldn’t do physically demanding labor, nor did he ever attend college. His girlfriend, Rachel, took care of him; they lived together—he was a physician’s assistant. He spent his time planning raves. Andrew was famous for them.

“Another rave…”

Rick put his book down. He slipped quietly out of bed, as to not disturb James, and went over to the aquarium. The fish were fed. They would be helpless without Rick; James was helpless without Rick. He needed his support, his love—after his parents disowned him, all he wanted was Rick.

“I don’t know if I’m well enough to go to the rave tonight. I’m not sure I’m up to it. I’d feel better just being at home, with you.”

“How about we don’t decide until later tonight? If you feel better, promise me you’ll go.”

He lay back down and closed his eyes. “I promise.”

Rick stepped into the living room and dropped onto the couch. He took the remote and turned on the television to watch the early afternoon news. Nothing interesting, so he changed the channel until he