

PHAZE FLARE

FREE FICTION



OUT TO PASTURE

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Phaze is an imprint of Mundania Press, LLC.

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Out to Pasture
A homoerotic short

by
James Buchanan

“How could a freaking hobby put me out of the marines?” Gunnery Sergeant Jacques LaMonte slammed the button to close the airlock to the BEQ. The com added a static overlay to his complaint. Marco hated these environmental suits... hot, stuffy and just plain nasty. Plus the coms were always full of feedback. “I’m career. I’ve been here too long. What else have I got? What am I going to do, ride a desk into death?”

“It’s just a speed bump.” Marco glared through his helmet. “It could be worse.”

“Worse? Worse? If I fell on my ass and ripped the ligaments in my knee on a mission I’d get a fucking brag-rag.” Jacques banged his helmet on the lock door. A metal on metal clang rang through the space, and reverberated in Marco’s ears. “I fall on my ass at a squad curling practice and wrench my knee out of joint and I’m screwed. Fuck, I’ve been through surgery, muscle grafts and in a suspension cast for six weeks and now the doc tells me, I’m too old and it hasn’t healed right. That’s EAS for me. I have no career and no hobby. What am I going to do... plant flowers on the moon?”

The blue rubber ducky key fob swung from Marco’s suit. He fiddled with the tiny mascot of their company. Gunny LaMonte was his idol. He’d been the NUG, a fuck up, a wash out, transferred from unit to unit waiting for his tour to end. Gunny had taken him under his wing, found where he fit. He was what they called the proficiency expert, the “Proff.” When their gun covers went missing, Marco always seemed to know where to get another set. Never you mind that the serial numbers were freshly painted. The covers were there and they passed inspection. Need to call home because you’d just got that Dear John on the com, Marco knew who wanted that vintage Donald G. Duguid card that could be traded for pipe that could be traded for 15 min of true-hot-time on the link.

“Riding a desk is not death.” He tried to sound convincing. “I mean, it’s not glamorous or exciting, but it serves the cause.” The stat bar went from blue to white to red as they talked.

Jacques ripped the seal on his suit and popped the joint on his lid. A whoosh of canned air, and the helm hit the floor. Marco sucked in his breath. That square jawed face inspired both fear and fantasies. Magnetic green eyes flared. Gunny’s bronze hair was shaved short on the sides, but wild on top. A red bar code tattoo stained the skin under his left eye. He was no sim-set but full combat clone. Born for death, hazed through combat, Gunny was the kind who needed the adrenalin coursing through his veins to survive. Literally. Without the flight or fight response pumping pheromones through his system, Jacques’s heart would eventually seize.

Marco was natural. They’d never deny a natural the chance to serve, but when you were up against the GE it was a losing battle. Most Nats ended up serving time as cooks and clerks in supply. Thank stars Gunny had found a use for him that didn’t involve punching buttons on a Wave.

“What am I going to do to main-line?” Gunny’s voice was desperate.

Marco didn’t have an answer. He slipped the helm from his own enviro and shrugged. “Don’t know Gunny.” As a Nat everything about him was Plain-Jane. Mouse brown hair and hazel eyes -- nothing about him was special. His face was a-sym, not bred for intimidation, interrogation or confidence. “You’re a born flip-top, you’ll figure it out.” Hell he had to hit early shift just to train... spending hours in the trainers just to keep up with the phys specs required of marines. He packed cal ‘till he was sick. Marco’s station was set with treds for power just to keep the log miles up. Someone like Gunny put him to shame catching Zeds.

That’s why the rest of the unit had volunteered Marco to baby-sit Gunny on his doc hops. He would have stepped forward for that.

The lock unit hadn’t spun yet. That was odd. Marco stripped his enviro. It left him in just his standard issue sling and he squirmed. The mesh pocket was there only to keep things from swinging. DUs were stored on the other side of the lock. If you wore your DU under the enviro the sensors wouldn’t connect and tons of RT data would be lost. Still, born on the lotto, raised Nat, Marco wasn’t used to the nudity GE’s took for granted.

Gunny shucked his own suit. “Cluster-Fuck, what the hell is taking so long?” Every muscle budged and Marco had to lean on the lock, squirming and dropped his hands over his crotch. If he hadn’t the fact that he’d burst his sling... well, he didn’t want to think about that.

“What is your problem, boy?” Marco withered under that poison stare.

“Nothing, Gunny!”

Jacque brushed Marco’s hand from his crotch, “I’m thinking of assigning myself to the recyclers and you’re playing pocket pool?”

“Awe shit... no Gunny.” He wasn’t at all convincing.

“What the frag,” Gunny slammed his fist against the lock, “is up with this...”

A canned female voice swept through the com. “All units, be advised, we have unknown contacts in sector H598Y7. Lock down is commencing in 3, 2, 1. We are now on alert. All *active* com clones are now CD. All NEP are now lock down.”

“NO!” Jacques pounded the hatch.

Marco was used to this. As the blue-devil-ducks official wep-tech and their un-official supply line, he was accustomed to being classified among the non-essential personnel. “It’s a blip-shadow. They’ll clear in a bit.”

“You don’t get it, do you kid?” Jacques turned a stricken face to him. “I’m not essential any more. My GPS didn’t activate on a Cleared for Duty or the lock would have popped.” The Sarg stepped in. “I’m obsolete. Useless... I’m already fucking dead.”

“No... the pump’s going right?” Marco tried to sound positive.

“It’s gonna flare though.” Gunny leaned against the bulkhead and slid down. “It’ll pump for a bit, but it won’t get release. The build up. That’s what kills ya.”

Marco dropped to his knees. “Don’t say that.” He crawled to his Gunny. “You’re good. It’s just tran, you know it.” Even he wasn’t convinced.

“You Nats,” Jacques pulled Marco’s forehead against his chest, “always so optimistic. It’s that breeding drive.”

Oh, frag, Gunny smelled so good up close. The ozone after-charge of combat clung to his skin. Marco’s body surged as the lights went power reserve low. There was no way Jacques couldn’t feel him pressing against his thigh. That damn gauze sling was already tearing in every strategic point.

Gunny's nostrils flared. "Kid, you're pumping."

"I'm sorry, Gunny." Marco whined. "I just... I just..." he couldn't finish the thought.

A hard set of knuckles ran down Marco's spine. "Damn kid. What's in that head?" A thousand comet trails followed Gunny's fingers. Marco shuddered. Gunny pulled him close. That's when Marco felt it... a hard prick against his thigh. Jacques's lips were against his ear, "Can you get me over?"

Every dream he'd had since joining up with the Devil-Ducks landed in Marco's hips. "Is that an order Gunny?"

"You want me to make it an order?" The growl throbbed against the base of his throat.

Marco was grinding against Gunny. Jacques was rubbing against him. Brutally strong hands pulled his cheeks apart. Then one finger pushed up against his hole. The power of the GE touch shot into his belly. He jerked against Gunny's body. "Gunny!" He wailed.

Jacques's cock was bumping against his balls, rolling them with hard touches. Green eyes locked on hazel. There was a hunger behind them that devoured Marco. "Awe, kid, yeah..." Gunny thrust between his legs, bumping the base of Marco's prick and stroking his balls. His finger worked inside, exploring until he found the target. As he pushed inside, the Sergeant's lips worked at bringing up bruises on Marco's tender skin.

Body spasming with the touch, Marco thrust against a rock hard set of abs. Outside of his dreams, he'd never felt anything so good. He writhed. He moved his hips. He was bucking like mad, riding the stiff cock between his legs.

"Damn! Gun! Damn!" Gunny shouted against his skin. Then everything was slick and sticky between Marco's legs. He shuddered as Jacques's fingers bit into his cheeks. Two more thrusts and he went nova. Super Nova with the way his mind collapsed.

As Marco remembered how to breathe, he could feel Gunny's fingers plot their last course across his back. "Oh hell kid," Jacques's voice was thick, "so good. It's better than a burn out."

The click, click of the alert air supply being forced through the vents pounded in time with his heart. Wow, they'd gotten that worked up even with the narcs pumped through the system. "Really?" Marco never thought he'd hear words like that from his idol.

“Mmmm,” Gunny’s head lolled against the plating. His eyes were dimming under the aerosol’s sedative effect. “Give me a boost like that every time we go white... I could die that death by inches.”

Marco slumped on Jacques’s shoulder. He still smelled like afterburner ozone. Before he succumbed to the pumped in drugs, he managed a laugh. “You know, Gunny, I can file.”

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

James Buchanan is a multi-published author of homoerotic romance. James grew up in a small Southwestern town, hours away from any other small Southwestern towns. A stint at the State University, where he ostensibly majored in English, garnered him a degree useful for being someone's secretary. The absolute lack of employment opportunities led James to Southern California. After a stint in County Mental Health (administration, not client) he ran screaming into the field of Law. James has been practicing for nine years and someday he might even get it right.

Visit James at www.james-buchanan.com for more information on his books



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