

*FB* FREYA'S BOWER PRESENTS  
**motorpool**



CB POTTS

# Motorpool

by

C. B. Potts



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Culver City, CA

R&R

Motorpool

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by C. B. Potts

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R&R

## R&R

by CB Potts

The thing they never told you about Nam was the way the air hung heavy all around you, almost solid with humidity. Every breath was a piss-warm drink, sliding over your tongue and dripping mercury-like into your lungs. And there it sat, sloshing leaden wet, weighing you down while grudgingly yielding up just enough oxygen for survival.

The air you didn't breathe in sat on you, clinging to your skin, mingling with your sweat, merging until it was impossible to tell where inhalation and exhalation met, where perspiration met precipitation, whether one was wet or wetting. It was enough to drive a man crazy, if he hadn't already been sent round the bend by three million other things.

Ricky wasn't ever gonna notice the air. I don't know what the hell had happened to him before he'd lost Uncle Sam's ass-fucking lottery, but I reckon it weren't much. He'd dropped into the green a six-foot four, two hundred pound Iowa farmboy. Now he barely tipped a buck and a half and ain't no one back in corn country gonna hurry up to claim him as their own.

What did it? Maybe it was the tunnels, with black suit gooks emerging like so many fire ants, AK's blazing while their high sing-song war cries burned into your brains. It could have been the plain old shock of cutting a man down, knowing he didn't know you from a million other GI's, knowing you didn't know him any better, but that he'd kill you quick as lightning if you didn't do the same. Maybe it was the kids, hands open for chocolate bars while the grenade pin slowly slid out of their pocket.

Ricky would tell you it was the bugs.

"Chance," he'd say to me, cause that's what they called me then, Chance. "Chance, take a look at this here bug." He'd hold up his bayonet, and wriggling on the end of it would be some wiggling monstrosity, with five hundred legs and razor sharp pinchers. "That's one big ass ugly bastard, ain't it?"

I'd look over and agree. We all would, really. Squad picked up pretty quick that if you didn't at least acknowledge Ricky's latest insect find, he'd make sure you paid attention. Right quick. There's nothing like having some jungle devil bug pushed down the back of your neck to make you appreciate the importance of observing the environment.

I kind of liked that about the kid. He might not be the brightest turnip to fall off the truck, but he was determined. Problem was he was flat out determined to kill every bug in the Mekong Delta.

Unless, of course, something else kept him occupied.

"I don't know bout this, Chance," he said the first time I came to him. "I ain't no pansy boy."

"You think I'm a pansy boy?" I had lovin' on my mind, but you couldn't have told it from my voice that night.

Not three hours before, we'd been in a hell of a firefight. Sixteen of them, four of us, caught on the wrong side of some nameless piss slit of a river. Ordinarily, it would have been the end right there, but these were young kids, green and poorly armed. They held their own for a while, but it does something to a man when he's got to take out a kid who could easily have been his baby brother.

Provided of course, his baby brother was Vietnamese and wanted to blow his head off.

Still, after something like that, you've got to do something with yourself. Or, if the circumstances were right and you were lucky, with someone else. For me, Ricky was the only someone else to be had. Old Jake -- we'd lost Young Jake two weeks back, but he'd kept the name -- was more than half rotted through from some whore pox he'd picked up, bless his black ass, and AJ only had hards for Jesus.

"No," he said, voice shuddering. My hand was already inside his shirt, pushing up over the soft plain of his stomach. "But I don't know what to do."

Well, I showed him, showed him that night when the tracer fire blended with the overwhelming drone of the mosquitos. He liked it, so I showed him again whenever there was a chance -- snuggled tight against each other in a deep, muddy foxhole, on the cold, rocky side of the pile of shit that passed for a hill in these parts, one memorable time during a night flight out of a particularly hot part of the country.

But now I was on short time. Real short time.

"When's the bird come for you?" AJ asked.

I gave him a look, but of course he missed it. AJ's a poor choice for a Jesus freak, in my opinion. He's so god-damned oblivious that when the Lord does come back he'll miss the angel chorus and go around asking everybody why the light's so damn bright.

"What time?" he repeated.

"Tomorrow night," I told my boots. Some freaky-ass beetle, big as my fist and iridescent green, crawled out of the litter where I kicked. Hurriedly I squashed it, trying to obliterate it before it caught Ricky's eye.

But his attention was elsewhere.

"What's that, Chance?" He turned toward me, head cocked sideways like a deaf dog listening for the mailman. "You going somewhere tomorrow?"

"I'm due r & r, Ricky," I said, gently as I could. "Supposed to go stateside for a couple weeks."

His eyes lit up, bright as a kid on Christmas morn. "That's great, Chance! I'll bring you to meet my mom, and I can show you that big roan mare I was telling you about..."

AJ and I shot each other a look, quicklike, across the heat. Disappointing Ricky was never a good idea, especially when he was that close to his gun.

"Let's not make too many plans just yet, buddy," I said, clapping an arm around his shoulders. "Don't want to get our hopes up in case HQ fucks us over, right?"

"Fucking HQ." This was a favorite refrain of Ricky's, one he could carry for at least half a day's march. "Fucking HQ."

I let him walk a little ahead of me, slowing my pace to fall in beside AJ.

"What are you gonna do?" he asked.

"How much longer does he got?"

"Least four months. Maybe five."

"Fuck." If you were close enough, sometimes you could bump your way onto an R & R flight. Sure, there'd be hell to pay, but it could be forgiven if a soldier jumped ship a week or two early. Four months, though, and Ricky'd be headed to prison. Or Laos.

"Have Old Jake slip him a 'lude." AJ looked sideways at me. "By the time he comes out of it, you'll be safely gone."

"What about you? He's gonna go apeshit."

AJ shrugged. "We'll be fine."

They'd be fine, but what about Ricky? He wasn't going to be fine, not by a long shot.

That thought slid knifelike into my consciousness. It was a thin line between sane and not here, a line Ricky was crossing with increasing regularity. Every day, he was slipping a little further away from us, but I'd always been able to pull him back.

When he didn't want to eat anything because he was convinced the gooks had poisoned the MRE's, I was the one who got him over it. When he couldn't sleep, I held him. When he was determined to sing songs all day long, I was the one who kept his mouth occupied so he wouldn't get us all killed.

If Old Jake thought you were a security risk, he'd kill you himself. I'd seen it before, and so had Ricky, but the way he was right now, farm boy was like to forget. That could be fatal.

"I can't leave him here alone," I told AJ.

"Well, you can't bring him with you."

A distant burst of machine gun chatter sent clouds of birds up into the sky, flycatchers and shortwings, here and there an emerald-green bird Ricky assured me was a cuckoo. I'd never noticed the birds before Ricky -- they were just so much flapping background noise -- but now I always saw them.

"I know."

Ricky was a good clip ahead now, rifle at the ready, scanning the undergrowth. From here, he looked fine -- mighty fine in some aspects, actually, even slimmed down the way he was -- but I could tell he wasn't. Tension sat heavy on his shoulderblades, making him twitchy.

AJ saw it too. "He looks like he knows it too."

"What am I gonna do?" The words pushed their way over each other, hurrying out of my mouth. "I can't bring him with me and I can't leave him here alone."

Despair wasn't a unique feeling then. My heart had been kicked out of me couple five times by that point, by the gooks killing friends and by the back lines killing friends and by this fucking snake pit of a country killing friends. But this was a fresh kind of despair -- the clear, crystalline knowledge that if I got on that bird tomorrow, when I dropped back in, Ricky would be dead. And I'd of killed him, just as surely as if I pulled the trigger myself.

Maybe he'd miss a tripwire. Maybe he'd stand up when he should have laid down, or kept still when he should have hustled his fool ass out of the way. Whatever it was, it would happen because his mind wouldn't be on the fucking job. It'd be on me.

And I'd be stateside, eating short ribs and drinking cold beer till I puked.

"You're staying here's not gonna save him." AJ, oblivious AJ, had seen right to the heart of the problem.

"Yeah," I agreed, pulling two smokes out of my pack. He took one, surprised. I do have some good qualities, mind you, but generosity is generally not one of them. "But my leaving's gonna kill him."

\* \* \*

It started raining right after supper, a steady, solid downpour that turned muddy trails into impassable quagmires.

"No sense slogging on anymore tonight," Old Jake announced, one arm pointed up the trail we were supposed to traverse. "It's a goddamned river up that way and surer than shit she's a gonna flood her banks tonight."

River crossings were never any fun anyway, but I sure the hell didn't want to attempt to go over a flooding river in the dark.

“Sounds good, boss,” I agreed. “Let’s hunker down.” My eyes caught Ricky’s. “Come on. We’ll go over this way.”

Old Jake started to say something, but AJ caught his arm and gave him a look. We walked into the jungle alone.

\* \* \*

“Goddamn, I hate this place,” Ricky said. We’d jerry-rigged a tent close to the ground between two trees, giving us at least minimal shelter from the driving rain. “It’s wet and it’s hot and it goddamn stinks.”

“I know.” I slid an arm around his shoulders. “I hate it too.”

He turned to me then, blue eyes wide. Iowa skies shone in those eyes, safe and warm and dry, where nothing ever happened, and there was no sound louder than the rustling of the corn in a passing breeze. Women hung out laundry there, and children played baseball for hours. Time went on and on and on, eternally safe. No one popped out of the trees ready to kill you. No one hid underground, waiting for your passage so they could plug you in the back. It was beautiful there.

“I love your eyes, Ricky,” I said.

He blushed. Still bashful, despite all we’d done. “They aint nothing special.”

“They are to me.”

“Well, your eyes are pretty nice too.” He smiled. “And I bet they’ll be glad to see the back of this place.”

A sigh, sucking down a big mouthful of sorrow-wet air. “Bout that.”

“Yeah, Chance?” He snuggled in against me, blond head oversized on my shoulder. “What ‘bout that?”

“I, uh...” His eyes were so wide, so open, so trusting. “I didn’t want to tell you about that yet.”

“Why?”

“Oh, baby.” Tears started from somewhere, springing from the corners of my eyes and tumbling over my cheeks. I wiped them away angrily. Like this place needs any more fucking water. “I didn’t want to get your hopes up. You know HQ always fucks guys like us.”

He nodded sagely, innocent wisdom confident. “That they do. Every chance they get.”

“So if this doesn’t happen...if we can’t go...you understand that could happen.”

“That would suck.” His fingers laced through mine. “But we’ll make it through.”

I squeezed his hand. “Of course we will.”

\* \* \*

The green is dark on the best nights. Throw in a rainstorm with thick cloud cover, and you can’t see your hand in front of your face.

That was okay with me because my hand wasn’t in front of my face. It had somehow found its way down the front of Ricky’s pants.

“What’s this?” I said, lips close to his ear. “Are you wanting?”

“Gaahd,” he replied, groaning as my fingers closed around his shaft. “Always.” His hips bucked backward until he was grinding his ass against my crotch. “Are you wanting too?”

“Always.” I bit his neck, tasting fresh sweat and old dirt. His cock jumped in my hand, twitching at every contact my teeth made with his flesh. “I could eat you up, bite by bite by bite.”

He tilted his head away from me, opening up a fresh expanse of tender neck. “Here I am.” Those hips were pressing my crotch pretty hard now. “If you want me.”

“Oh, I want you.” In the black, we were all that existed. The jungle melted away, taking with it the droning insects. Our heartbeats drowned out the pounding rain, the dum-thum-thums of desire so loud I lost the ability to think.

“That feels good,” he said, pushing his hips forward, thrusting his shaft into my hand. “Tighter.”

I squeezed in response, milking the length of him, feeling him twist like a fish on the line.

Working my fly open one-handed took some doing, but it’s not like I’d never done it before. A little spit in the hand, and I was against him.

“All right?”

“God, yeah, Chance.” I gave him a little squeeze, just to hear the moan. “Now, before I bust one.”

He was sweaty, I was sweaty, and my cock knew where it was going. Sliding in slowly, I felt Ricky ballooning open to welcome me home. It was so good, so tight, so freaking hot that I had to bite him again to keep from screaming.

“Uggh!” he grunted, tones softening as the flinty taste of him filled my mouth. “Sharp fucking teeth.”

Those hips came back at me again, pushing me further and further in. His cheeks flattened against me, yet still he kept pushing.

“So fucking big,” Ricky groaned. The muscles surrounding my cock tightened, squeezing in time with my hand. “Fills me up.”

“Only you,” I replied, licking the spot I’d opened. “Only you.”

“You too.” He was panting now, close. “You too.”

“Now.”

“Now.”

Somewhere in the wilds of Vietnam, Ricky’s love lay splattered. Mine went with him, into the darkest part of that dark night.

\* \* \*

“Think it’s ok to smoke?” Ricky peered out into the jungle. “It’s still pissing down pretty hard.”

“I don’t know.” The smallest light could be seen for miles at night -- but was anyone looking on a night like this?

“Well, after that I need one.” His laugh was low and sexy. “You?”

“Sure.”

The flicker of a lighter, two butts lit. From his mouth to mine, there in the darkness. Silent and smoke, my stomach to his back, the two of us curled up like perverse kittens. I was just pondering how cigarettes always tasted better when they’d been in his mouth when the first shots rang out.

“Fuck!” I flattened, only to realize Ricky was frozen in position beside me. “Get down!” I yelled, slamming my arm into the small of his back. “Now!”



Only then did he collapse beside me, scrambling for his rifle. "Shit, Chance, them bastards are shooting at us!"

One bullet went high and wide, ripping through the top of our tarp. It fluttered down on top of us, slick and slimy, sluicing gallons of water on top of us. It also blocked us from view, at least momentarily.

"Ricky, go, go, go!" I shouted, pushing him through the backside of the tent. I followed, crouched low, propelling him forward into the pitch black. Branches whipped our faces, water pouring down from the heavens as fast as it welled up around our boots. Running on drenched vegetation rapidly became an exercise in controlling a perpetual fall forward, which we managed until we careened over the ridge back down to the trail. We slammed down into the mud, stomachs first, flat to minimize our profile.

And there we lay. Seconds stretched into minutes, while water puddled up in front of our faces. I stretched out a hand, reached for Ricky. His fingertips met mine, barely.

Minutes passed. No more shots. I strained my ears as much as I could, but it was impossible to hear anything over the pounding rain. The VC could walk right up on us and I'd never hear them -- whether or not I was lying in the mother-fucking mud.

I hooked my fingers around Ricky's and tugged to the left. He followed, and we scuttled over to the side of the trail. There was some shelter to be had under some shrubbery, and we squeezed in there.

"Motherfucker." Ricky said. "I've gotta quit smoking. These things are gonna kill me someday."

I laughed. Happy to have him whole beside me. "So much for the Marlboro man."

His arm on my shoulders. "Guess so."

\* \* \*

Dawn took its sweet ass time arriving, the sun slowly pushing through ashen shroud clouds to glare down at the troubled land.

Ricky and I looked like we'd gone head first down a shit pipe, with mud everywhere. Large brown clumps were caked in his floppy blond hair, streaking his forehead anew everytime he nodded.

"You should see yourself, Chance!" Ricky laughed.

"Me? Look at you!"

"Look at the two of you!" Old Jake peered out of the vegetation on the far side of the trail. "What the hell happened to you sorry bastards?"

"Well," I said, stretching dramatically. "We had a bit of an accident."

"What kind of accident?" Old Jake raised an eyebrow. "Or don't I want to know?"

"Shaving accident," Ricky cut in. "Got a little careless with the razor, and look what happened." He started down the trail, whistling as he went. "Just goes to show you can never be too careful."

\* \* \*

"So, Old Jake," I said, having managed to slough off at least half of the mud I was wearing, "You gonna hook me up or what?"

He arched an eyebrow. "And why, exactly, am I gonna do that? You already owe me the wrong side of 3 G's, man."

"Because I'm gonna bust you out of this place." I looked up to make sure Ricky was well out of earshot. "I reckon that's worth 3 G and a bottle of 'ludes."

His glance had followed mine. "You serious."

"Yup."

"How's this gonna go?" He looked at me. "They's expecting a red head white boy on that bird, not no beat up old nigger."

"Ah, but you're deadly sick. You need medical treatment, we thought you was a-gonna die." I rolled my eyes. "I imagine they put your ass in sick bay, they're gonna find you got something."

"And your R & R?"

"I volunteered to forgo it." I spit on the ground. "For the good of the unit."

"You're a frickin' hero."

"That's me." I smiled at him. "So, you gonna do it?"

His smile was a beautiful thing. "Why not? You was never gonna pay me that money anyway."

\* \* \*

"Motherfucker!" Ricky was screaming up at the bird, howling as it rose out of sight. "It was my turn! I'm supposed to go home! See my motherfucking family, you sons of bitches!"

The fresh meat just stared wide eyed at the raging soldier. You could see they were nervous, the way they twitched inside their clean uniforms, wondering what exactly they were supposed to do in the presence of an obviously unhinged superior officer.

The bird's crew ignored it. They'd seen too many similar fits, spread all over South East Asia, to pay attention to this particular one. Once they took a look at Old Jake, whose health had taken a marked turn for the worse since the morning, they agreed with our decision to port him out in my place.

"You're fucked, buddy," one crew member had advised me. "We're overweight as it is."

"Catch me next time." I said, giving him the thumbs up. "Can't leave these new kids to die alone."

He laughed. I laughed. The fresh meat didn't laugh. They were already frightened, the only sane soldiers were leaving in the bird, leaving them with a raving lunatic, a Jesus Freak nose deep in the Bible and me.

"Hi, boys," I smiled, dragging out my best Southern drawl. "Welcome to the War."

"Lesson Number One: HQ will always fuck you. Ain't that right, Ricky?"

Almost on cue, his raging stopped. He turned those Iowa baby blues on me. "That's right, Chance. HQ will fuck you every time."

## Motor Pool

by CB Potts

“Hey, how’s my favorite grease monkey?”

Raul looked up from the motor, dragging one greasy forearm across his forehead.

“Only monkey I see round these parts is you, my friend.”

Keenan laughed. “Soldier, if you’re referring to my fine black ass, I’ll have you know one thing.”

“And what’s that, Sir?” The words were respectful, but the tone was anything but. The easy, familiar banter was testament to the year and a half the two men had been ‘buddies’ -- Sargeant Hayes never would have tolerated it from anyone else.

“Monkeys are small animals. S - M - ALL.” Keenan drew himself up, puffing to parade stance. “I’m more of an ape. Maybe even a gorilla.”

Raul grinned, letting his eyes drop to linger half a minute below Keenan’s belt.

“Well, I’ll give you an ape. Maybe a gorilla.” His grin faded. “But I’ve got to get this unit up and operational by 1600 hours, so you’d better gather up all the zoo critters and let me work.”

“I wanted to grab you for lunch.” Keenan raised an eyebrow suggestively. “I’ve packed a hot meat sandwich.”

“You’ve got to stop that,” Raul hissed. A greasy rag flew out from under the hood. “Somebody’s gonna hear you.”

Keenan caught the oil-splattered cloth a split second before it hit his immaculate uniform, reflexively folding it before handing it back.

“I’ll be quiet if you come to lunch with me.”

“Didn’t you hear me? I’ve got to have this done in a couple three hours.”

“What’s wrong with it?”

“Fucked if I know.”

“Leave it.” Keenan shrugged. “At least for now.”

“Can’t do that, Sir.”

“Not even if I order you?” Raul eyed him sideways, but Keenan continued blithely on. “I can do that, you know.”

“Sure you can.” Raul was grinning now, laughter bright in his eyes. “Sorry, General Hanson. Your car’s not ready because Master Sargeant ordered me to suck his cock.”

“General Hanson.”

“Mmm Hmm.”

“I guess I’ll see you later.”

“I thought so.”

\* \* \*

“So you got the General’s car fixed?”

“Mostly.” Raul shrugged. “The parts that are still broke shouldn’t bother him much.”

“So now you can play.”

## Motorpool

“Yeah.” Raul reached out, grabbed Keenan’s wrist. “But I’m a little grimmer than you usually like me.”

“I’ll say,” Keenan replied, twisting out of Raul’s grip. His mouth was pursed in a tiny moue of distaste, strangely out of place on his rough and ready form. Shiny black oily smears were clearly visible on his ebony skin. “You need a shower.”

“What if I don’t want a shower?” Raul grabbed for Keenan again, missing by inches. “What if I want you now?”

“You’d be SOL.” Brown eyes flashed as Raul moved closer. “I mean it.”

“So do I, baby,” his lover replied. “So do I.”

\* \* \*

They locked up easily, hands on shoulders, foreheads nearly touching.

“C’mon, Keen. Let’s party.”

“Not until you get cleaned up first.” Keenan pivoted, turning his body under Raul’s locked arms. “I don’t want to get all greasy.”

“I like you greasy. Sweaty, greasy and raw.” Raul countered the move easily, shifting all his weight out of the way. A side sweep of the leg followed, sending the pair tumbling to the floor. “And flat on your belly.”

“Dream on, boy.” Bigger, bulkier, stronger, Keenan flipped easily on top of the smaller man. “I’m driving this time.” He grinned. “And your ass is going to the carwash.”

Arms that spend hours wrestling transmissions in and out of place have no problem pressing two hundred pounds straight up.

“I don’t think so.” Raul’s eyes ran down Keenan’s body. “And your clothes are already pretty messed up.” A staccato print of oily streaks covered Keenan’s civvies.

“You’re gonna pay for that!” Pushing backwards, Keenan grabbed for Raul’s ankles. Raul evaded, and the two were quickly twisting around, scrabbling for advantage.

Somewhere in the process, Raul’s greens got rent open. Keenan’s t-shirt followed, fluttering to the ground as a handful of cotton scraps. Bare chested, they grappled, café au lait hands vivid on dark skin, the contrast spurring them on as much as the contest.

Then Raul got Keenan’s nipple sandwiched between a greasy thumb and forefinger.

A quick hiss of breath let him know he had Keenan’s attention. “Does this feel good?” he asked, pulling on the tender nub. “You like that?”

“Better stop.”

“You gonna order me to?” Raul pushed Keenan flat on his back, straddled his stomach. “There a cease and desist order behind them pretty lips?” He was working both nipples now, tugging and twisting while Keenan squirmed.

“There’s gonna be consequences.”

“Oh, really?” Raul shuffled backward a fraction, crushing Keenan’s growing erection against his ass. “Care to tell me what those consequences are, Sir?”

“Well,” Keenan replied, raising his hips to meet the pressure, “there’s the matter of my ruined clothing to account for.”

“There is that,” Raul smiled, grinding his ass in small circles. “Cause I’m pretty sure I sat in some oil while I was at the shop.”

“Oh!” Keenan started, involuntarily pulling his hips away before his libido drew him back. “You’re a fucking idiot!”

“Careful with that abusive language, Master Sargeant.” The grin was wicked now. “You were talking about consequences?”

Keenan’s nipples were pulled taut now, stretched half an inch from his ribcage.

“What you’re doing to me, I’m doing to you.” Keenan growled. “In front of an audience. While you’re blindfolded. Later.”

“Promises, promises.” Raul released one nipple to work his fly. “Are you gonna make me suck your cock? Cause that’s what you’re about to do.”

“No, I’m not.”

“You are.” Raul’s hand closed round his shaft, tugged it fully erect. “Otherwise, all this sticky hot stuff is gonna splatter all over you. I’m gonna shoot on your belly. I’m gonna shoot on your chest.” His hand was moving faster now, speeding as he leaned over to meet Keenan’s face. “I’m gonna shoot on your face.”

“You freaking pervert.” Keenan’s hands were iron on Raul’s hips, pushing him closer to Keenan’s face.

“That’s right,” Raul replied, guiding himself into the waiting, warm mouth. “That’s right indeed, Master Sargeant.”

“Oh God,” he moaned a minute later, closing his eyes. “You do that so fucking good.” Keenan’s hand left Raul’s hip, traversing slowly upward to close around a nipple. Raul smiled. “I thought you were gonna wait until we had an audience.”

Keenan tugged in response, twisting the nipple in his fingers.

“But if you want to do that now, that’s okay with me.” Raul was panting, slowly sliding his meat in and out of Keenan’s lips. “This can be our rehearsal.”

Keenan smiled around his mouthful, dropping his hands back to Raul’s hips. He cupped the fleshy cheeks, pulling them apart just a fraction.

“Gorilla or not, your cock aint gonna plug me from there,” Raul laughed. The chuckle died when Keenan introduced a finger between his cheeks. “Go slow,” he said. “I’m dry.”

Keenan pulled his hand away, only to rub it slowly across one of the oily slicks Raul had made on his torso. He wagged it prominently in front of Raul’s brown eyes, and then returned to the task at hand.

“Holy shit,” Raul hissed, just as Keenan pushed in. “You sure got some gorilla freaking fingers.” He hitched his hips forward, sliding another inch of cock into Keenan’s mouth. “Take it easy.”

Keenan replied by sawing the digit in and out, slowly working Raul’s passage until things were moving more easily.

Raul twined his fingers through Keenan’s short hair, grabbing close just above his ears. “Keep that up, Master Sargeant, and I’m gonna shoot right in your mouth.”

Keenan pushed his finger deeper, drumming against Raul’s prostate.

“Here it comes,” Raul cried, all pretense of control gone.

\* \* \*

## Motorpool

"I think I'm ready for that shower now," Raul said after, having peeled himself off of the Master Sergeant. Oily smears covered most of his body, topped with a fine sheen of sweat.

"Oh, yeah, I think you are," Keenan agreed. He jumped to his feet -- a sight to behold, considering his sheer bulk -- and grabbed Raul by the scruff of the neck. "That ass had better be squeaky clean inside and out."

"It'll be clean enough to eat out of," Raul laughed.

"Oh, it will be." Raul's feet were off the ground now, toes dragging as Keenan carried him down the hallway. "I know, because I'm going to personally supervise the operation."

He kicked open the bathroom door, bodily propelling Raul inside. "Isn't that right?"

"Yes, Master Sergeant."

"Help me get out of these clothes."

"Yes, Master Sergeant."

Keenan stood, arms folded behind his head, while Raul undid his fly. The pants fell away, revealing a pair of camouflage briefs straining to contain their payload.

"What are you waiting for, soldier?" Keenan barked. "An engraved invitation?"

"No, sir." Raul grinned. "I thought there might be an order in order, Sir." The chuckle tumbled between them. "As per this morning, Sir."

"To suck my cock, Soldier?"

"Sir, yes Sir."

Keenan grinned. "Only if you don't have any vehicles to attend to, Soldier. Wouldn't want to upset General Hanson."

"Actually, Sir," Raul replied, sinking to his knees. "I think what I'm about to do would upset the General something fierce."

He peeled Keenan's briefs down, pulling his head back as his lover's long, weighty shaft swung free. It took both hands to encircle the base, and several long minutes of licking to completely cover the head.

"That might be," Keenan admitted, "But personally, I don't give a damn."

It was his turn to close his eyes and moan, sighing contentedly when Raul's lips slid down his shaft.

"You feel so good, baby," he murmured a moment later, dropping the military attitude for a moment. "I love your mouth."

Then he smiled. "But I'm gonna have your ass this day."

He slid out of Raul's mouth. "Come here." Raul stood up, raising his head for a kiss, tongues twining while torsos rubbed and swords crossed.

"So do we fuck first or shower first?" Raul traced one finger down the side of Keenan's face. "We're both pretty dirty at this point." He twisted against Keenan, rubbing his own shaft over the length of Keenan's. "So if you want to wait while we get nice and clean...maybe delay things five, ten minutes..."

"Screw that." Keenan spun Raul around, bent him over the bathroom counter. "I need you now."

He could see Raul's grin in the mirror, but Raul made no reply. He simply handed over a bottle of lotion.

## Motorpool

“Probably easier on your ass than the 10W40, huh?” Keenan laughed, slathering himself with the white stuff. Slippery fingers returned to Raul’s ass, plunging deep inside.

“Oh Jesus. Oh Mary. Oh God All Frickin’ Mighty.” Raul started babbling as soon as the second finger slid in, managing to work through the entire pantheon of saints and some Hindu deities by the time Keenan was ready to play.

“Shush for a minute,” Keenan said. Raul quieted, allowing Keenan to hear the slow, squishy progress of his meat sliding in. “I love that sound.”

“And I love you,” Raul replied. His hips were coming back to meet Keenan’s thrusts, nice and slow. “No order needed.”

“Look at you.” Keenan was staring into the mirror. “So perfect, standing there, taking me in.”

Raul grinned. “Pretty as a picture. That’s us.” He preened for the mirror, holding his head carefully as he pushed back against Keenan.

“I’d like to have that picture.”

“Would you carry it with you?”

“Everywhere.” Keenan’s grip tightened on Raul’s hips. “Right in my wallet.”

“And when people asked if you had kids...”

“I could show them what you look like.” Keenan’s hips started moving faster, slow, leisurely strokes giving way to faster rabbit jabs. “When you’re getting fucked. When you’re just about to come.”

“Would you show everybody?”

“Everybody. I’d make them look. Total strangers. All the brass.”

“General Hanson?”

“God, yes...” Keenan groaned. “That fucking prick. I’d make him look at my pretty boy getting it.”

“Getting it hard.”

“Getting it fast.”

“Coming on camera.”

Keenan lost it then. “Oh, God! Baby, baby, now!”

Raul smiled, watching the reflection as his lover’s face contorted, his whole body arching with pleasure. *That’s not a bad picture either*, he thought, *but Keen would never let me take it.*

Keenan collapsed against him, sweaty and spent. “Holy shit, baby.” He shook his head. “Holy freaking shit.”

“Mmm.” Raul straightened, eyed his lover. “You know what?”

“What?”

“I think we’re both ready for that shower.”

Keenan laughed. “You think?”

\* \* \*

Steamy clouds surrounded them, a rainbow slick of oily water slowly sliding down the drain. The last bubbles had been rinsed away, and the water was growing cooler by the minute, but neither man felt the need to leave the shower.

## Motorpool

“That was amazing,” Raul said, kissing the side of Keenan’s neck. “If it wouldn’t ruin your career, I wouldn’t mind trying some of that stuff out.”

“What stuff?” Keenan was distracted, especially by the way the water droplets were coursing down Raul’s back, rolling over his cheeks, with a lucky few sneaking into his dark crevice.

“The show off stuff. The doing you in front of an audience stuff. The picture taking stuff.” He blushed. “Maybe especially the picture taking stuff.”

Keenan grinned. “Well, it shouldn’t ruin my career.” He paused. “Unless I really did show the prints to General Hanson.”

“Of course, that might actually help my career,” Raul quipped. “So we’d win either way.”

“Smartass.” Keenan swatted the cheeks he’d been fascinated with a few seconds earlier. “But there’s no reason we can’t take some pictures.”

Raul’s cock was already rising. “Let’s do that now.”

“We can’t.”

“Why not?”

Keenan nodded toward the bathroom counter. “Did you see what a mess you made?” Shampoo bottles were knocked all over the place, Keenan’s carefully arranged toiletries swept aside in the throes of passion. “We’ve got to straighten all that shit out first.”

“You have got to be kidding me.”

“Nope.”

“Dream on, buddy boy.” Raul stepped out of the shower. He wrapped himself in a dark green towel. “I’ll tell you what. I’m going to go in the bedroom. I’m gonna dry off, and then I’m gonna climb into bed. All naked. And I’m gonna think about you taking my picture, and that’s gonna get me hard. So hard that I’m gonna have to touch myself. Over, and over, and over again. Maybe I’ll even make myself come.”

Keenan stepped out of the shower, grabbed blindly for a towel.

Raul smiled, and stepped toward the doorway. “So if you want to stay and play with the shampoo, you go ahead. I’ll be waiting.” He padded off down the hallway.

Keenan looked at the chaotic countertop. Then he looked at the doorway. Then back at the countertop. Then at the doorway.

“Fuck it,” he said, heading for the bedroom. His towel was left in a heap on the floor.



Bio: CB Potts loves a man in uniform. She's the author of Tuesday's Rubies, available from Torquere, as well as dozens of short stories. Find out more at [www.cbpotts.net](http://www.cbpotts.net).