

Everyday Spectres

Suck This

AM Riley



Suck This!  
*by AM Riley*

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## Chapter One

Fuck. Goddamn fuck. Carl banged one meaty fist into the wall behind him hard enough to make the multitudes of framed photographs on it rattle, and swore to himself again.

If ever he needed absolute proof that the whole fucking universe was plotting against him, he had it here. Or rather, over there. Across the club, swathed in hot lights and cool blue cigarette smoke sat his best friend, Randy Pinkerton.

What the fuck was Randy doing *here*?

Carl looked up and down the wall against which he stood and saw no exit. As far as he could tell, the only door OUT was the one near Randy's left elbow where it rested on a high table. The club wasn't crowded enough either, for him to disappear into a mass of bodies and Randy with his fucking twenty-twenty eyesight was probably going to spot him any sec...

"Hey, Carl!" bellowed Randy, raising one big arm and waving it around like a fucking flag.

Shit.

Carl plastered a big fat fake pleased-ta-meet-you grin on his face and made his way slowly across the parquet dance floor, trying to think of an excuse for his being here.

Randy and he had been best buds for as long as he could remember. They'd met up in kiddiegarten when Randy'd dumped a load of sand down Barney Friedman's toddler sized Izod shirt and Carl'd threatened to bloody the little rich kid's nose if he squealed. They'd stuck like glue ever since.

They'd goofed off in the back of every class together, gone to detention together. Dropped out and didn't let the door hit them in the ass when they left together. Had their first drunken binge on Thunderbird and his momma's Peppermint Schnapps together. Blown chunks till they wanted to die together.

They'd worked their first construction job together. Well, until Randy'd got canned for fighting. And when Randy was dragging his sorry ass across the parking lot with his hardhat and his last weeks pay in his still bloodied fist, Carl'd told the bossman to shove his job up his flabby ass and he and Randy'd marched down to EDD and collected unemployment together.

The first girl Carl had fucked had actually been hand picked by Randy and Randy's current girlfriend was a chick that Carl had 'tried out' so to speak, beforehand. They'd shared everything, he guessed. Even pussy.

Everything except Carl's one big secret.

The one that would explain why Carl was here, way south of their usual part of town, in a dive like the Round Roger on a Wednesday night.

"Hey bro!" Randy bounced out of his chair and gave Carl one of those chest bumping back slapping hugs of his. He bounced back, leaving a trail of beer breath. "Man!" he flailed a bit keeping his balance. "Heh, so glad to see ya here, man. I didn't know what ta do."

Randy was drunk thank fuck. Maybe he didn't even know where he was...

"What is this place anyway? They all look like a bunch a *faggots*," Randy hollered in the general direction of a couple of mean looking bears in full biker gear.

Fuck.

"My FUCKING truck..." Randy leaned in so close Carl could see the little broken veins in his nose. "up and DIED on me man, right out there in the middle of the fuckin' ROAD man."

"No shit?" Carl looked around nervously. There was a general tension in the bar that seemed to be focused on their table. A coupla the bigger guys had even stood up and were sort of leaning towards Randy like they intended something. Carl figured a queer was a queer no matter how much biker gear he wore, but he didn't want to push it much. Ever since that damned parade started the faggots had been getting all full of themselves. So Carl hoisted Randy by one arm and steered him with both hands in the direction of the big neon EXIT sign. "Let's go take a look at it."

"Hell, man!" Randy dug in his heels and stopped dead, red eyes bugging out. "What the fuck are *you* doin' here?"

The backs of Carl's ears went hot, like he could feel the eyes of the entire bar on him. *Go ahead, man*, he could hear them saying, *tell your boyfriend why you're in here*.

"I mean..." and Randy's bloodshot gaze was starting to jerk around the room excitedly. "They don't even have a TV, man. You can't even watch the fucking *game*."

"I uh mrlblnggg," Carl sort of said into his own shoulder. "C'mon, man, lets see if we can't get ya truck." He grabbed Randy by the back of his collar and his sleeve and rushed all

one hundred and eighty drunken pounds of him out the front door and onto the sidewalk.

"Which way?"

Randy twisted his head around and stared at Carl's hand where it clutched his shirt. "Whaaat?"

"Which way's ya truck, man?" demanded Carl, mentally tapping his foot. Fuck, the last thing he needed was to have to manhandle a drunken man up and down Christopher Street at one in the morning. Time was wasting and he wanted to get back to the Round Roger before closing.

Randy did a sort of wide arc with his head and shoulders, pointed to the right and lurched down the sidewalk away from Carl.

Great. Fucking great.

They found the truck a block away, sitting in the middle of the road, almost straddling the centerline. The ubiquitous Boston traffic, as heavy at one A.M. down here as in the middle of the day down at the Common, broke around it like it was some kind of natural phenomena, like a giant rock or a fucking Sequoia standing there.

Carl sighed and flicked his fingers at Randy for the keys. "Ya lucky it ain't been trashed, ya bozo."

Randy stared at his hand until Carl tsked disgustedly and started patting him down. Randy kinda grinnin' in that shit-faced way of his, holding his hands to either side like he was busted or something.

Carl dug the keys out of Randy's hip pocket and rolled his eyes when his pal stuck out his tongue and wiggled it at him.

"Put it back bufoh a fly lands on it," he said. Then, waving back the cars, who either ignored the fuck out of him or tried to mow him down, he made his zigzagging dash to the truck.

Randy's truck hadn't quite survived unscathed. Someone had tossed a full longneck through the open window, it looked like, and the cab reeked of beer and something even more rancid. Carl craned his neck around and saw the splatters of vomit behind the back seat. "Aw geez." He fit the keys in the ignition, turned them once and sure enough the truck started right up.

Then, face forward and elbow on the horn, not even bothering with the directional, he did a full u-ey in the center of the street, oblivious to the beeps and cursing and screeching of brakes and pulled the truck, finally, into a space near where Randy stood, flapping his arms about like he was giving directions.

Carl climbed down out of the cab and brought out his cell phone, speed dialing a cab for Randy. This wasn't the first time Randy had gotten so drunk he'd stalled the old truck out somewhere. No way was Carl letting him get back in to drive it home, though.

"Wow, man, you fixed it." Randy was all soppy gratitude now, hanging off of Carl and patting him happily. Carl worked his way out from under that hot beery body and told the cab dispatcher their location. Then he jotted the location of Randy's truck down on a piece of paper and slid it into Randy's flannel shirt pocket.

The cab arrived and he muscled the guy into the back seat, telling the driver the address and passing him the cash

he knew it would cost plus a twenty tip if the guy made sure Randy was all the way inside his apartment before he keeled over.

These guys knew them. Randy'd get home okay.

Randy was still pawing and clawing at him when he went to shut the door. "You're my best friend Carl. Whatchya wanna stay here for? Come home with me Caaarl."

"Can't," said Carl. "Gotta get my own wheels home, man."

Randy pouted, then strained his head around to look out the back window of the cab at the narrow parking lot outside the Round Roger. "That it theyah?"

Carl ignored the question and schooled himself not to glance at his car sitting there bright as day. Why the fuck had he parked it right there where anybody could see it? He was a stupid fuck, that was certain.

Carl gave a hard look to the driver in his rear view mirror and the guy nodded. Then Carl stepped back, slammed the door, and watched until the cab had taken the turn at the end of the block.

Then he made his way back to the bar.

\* \* \* \*

Carl sort of waded past the bikers who were still standing around glaring, and found a seat where he could sink into the shadows a bit. "'Nother beer," he said to the bartender who gave him the same 'you sorry fuck' look he'd gotten from everybody else in the place.

Jesus Christ, give a guy a break would ya? Carl had pressures on him, okay? He couldn't just sashay around, la de



dah, and tell his buddies down at the pool joint that even though Susanna, his latest chick, had tatas out to there, and legs up to there, barely covered by those little short skirts she wore, that sometimes Carl just needed something a little harder, a little narrower in the hips and tighter in the ass. Someone who could suck a dick like he knew what it felt like. Like the taste wasn't something that fucking made him wretch.

So just 'cause a guy, a perfectly normal guy for fucks sake, needed something else now and then didn't mean he was queer or nothing. The way these assholes looked at him you'd think Carl was supposed to march in one of their fucking parades or something. Paste a rainbow sticker on his truck's bumper for fuck's sake.

Carl let himself wallow in the injustice of it for a while before he lifted his eyes and looked around again. And noticed the new guy sitting at the bar.

Okay, that was the sort of thing that tooted his horn right there. Guy was slim and small boned, but wiry, nothin' soft there. All dressed in black, long lean legs hooked around the bar stool, tightly encased ass wriggling on the polished wooden seat. Carl let his eyes travel upwards. Kid had on a frou-frou coat, like a tux jacket, but it opened on a silky shirt that exposed a strong young neck and well-cut jaw. Pale pale skin, and shiny black hair that hung in big dark eyes. Looked like one of those Goth kids his little sister used to hang out with. He was clean shaven, like super clean. Looked like he barely had a beard to shave even. Long narrow nose and a mouth ... Carl licked his lips and shifted in his seat.

New guy had a mouth that was made to suck. Wide and lush and red. Man.

Carl wasn't a guy to waste time. He hopped up, marched down the bar and sat right next to New Guy, leaning in like he meant business.

"Never seen you around here," he said.

New Guy didn't even blink. Didn't look the least bit worried at all, even though Carl must have outweighed him by a good fifty pounds. Nope, he smiled and licked those gorgeous lips with a big wet tongue and looked right into Carl's face.

"Good evening," he said.

Wow, weird-ass accent and glinty little white teeth and something about the way the guy just looked all hungrily up and down his body made big Carl growl and little Carl yip like the proverbial dog that he was.

Carl got as close as he could and spoke right to that mouth. "Ya wanna step outside fo' a smoke?"

New Guy, (who the hell needed a name?) slid off his stool like his body was made of some kind of liquid and went strolling towards the back door, Carl loping happily behind him.

\* \* \* \*

"Allow me to introduce myself," said New Guy, stopping just around the corner of the alley. He pulled a big white hanky out of his pocket with a flourish like one of those magicians you saw at the nightclubs and laid it carefully on the ground.

"My name is Vincent," New Guy said. And easing up his slacks, he knelt carefully on the little white square.

Carl unzipped his fly, drawing out little Carl. Oh yeah, he was ready. "I'm Carl." He waved his peace of meat happily at that mouth. "Pleased ta meetchya."

"Charmed," said Vincent. And leaned forward.

Those wide red lips opened. Carl braced himself on the wall behind Vincent and slowly fed his cock into that lush mouth.

Oh yeah. Oh that was just what the doctor ordered. "Fuck yeah," he breathed, when he first felt tongue fluttering across his slit. And "Shit, yeah," as Vincent's lips tightened, slid down and that hot wet mouth started to really suck.

Carl moved his hips slightly back and forth, watching as his wet shaft slid between those lips. Watching the kids lashes flinch and flutter over that pale skin, his cheeks hollowing as he sucked. Vincent's tongue was fucking awesome; it pulled him like magic fingers. Then his eyes opened, those liquid dark pupils glowing up at him and that mouth lowered further, till Carl felt the soft back of Vincent's throat and the squeeze of him swallowing.

Jesus fucking Christ. Carl's brains flew right out the top of his head and he bumped up against that suction.

"Yeah, suck it. Suck me, bitch."

He'd heard the expression, "sucks like a Hoover" but he'd never experienced it. It really was like he'd stuck his rod into one of those edge cleaning tubes his mom had hooked up to her vacuum cleaner. From the sloppy sucking noise as he slid his hips back and forth, going deeper and deeper every time,

to the incredible pull as if Vincent were trying to suck milkshake out of Carl's cock and then that tongue again, pressing into his slit. It all conspired to work the thinking part of Carl's brain loose from the rest of him, until he groaned mightily, grabbed that silky girlish hair and went to town. Thrusting and thrusting, deep into the clenching tight throat, staring down to see his dick disappearing between those red lips, Vincent's nostrils flaring, eyes looking up at him wide and soft and hungry. And for a second Carl was just hanging in the perfect beauty of it all, right there on the apex of ecstasy, then his balls jerked up tight and hard and he shot his wad down the guy's throat.

And for a few seconds there was only brightness. Carl's harsh breathing in the air, the grit of brick under his palms and Vincent's mouth letting his cock slip from it, his lips swollen now and even darker, that tongue coming out to lick like he'd just had a really great piece of steak.

"Oh yeah!" yipped Carl, falling back against the wall.

Vincent stood carefully, drawing a smaller white hanky from his pocket and daintily wiping his lips. He shoved the folded square into one pocket of those tight black jeans and Carl let himself look at Vincent's dick just jutting out into the air there. Long and lean, just like the kid. And wet. Carl swallowed against the sudden rush of saliva in his mouth. "And now," Vincent said, moving in on him.

Carl knew how to handle this part of the transaction, however. Sure, he liked getting it done. Craved it, truth be told. Bad enough so that he couldn't usually get through a

month without visiting the Round Roger. But going down on some other guy? So, not up his alley. *He* wasn't a cocksucker.

He place one hand, fingers spread, on Vincent's chest and gave him a little shove. "Thanks buddy, it's been a hoot, but I gotta book."

Vincent's chest was pretty damn solid for such a flimsy looking little guy. Carl gave him another shove and Vincent didn't even budge. "On the contrary," said Vincent, stepping closer.

"Hold on now, man. I didn't agree to this, you understand?" Carl found himself literally between two hard places. The wall and Vincent's apparently immovable self. "Listen," he said, thinking as fast as he could, "I wouldn't be any good at it anyway. Never done it. I'd probably gag and upchuck on your shoes, man."

Vincent's face was inches from his, those dark eyes just glowing. Carl flinched when one cool finger traced his jaw and drew a soft line down his neck.

"You won't have to do anything," said Vincent. "Now, come here."

Later Carl would tell himself that that faggot bartender had slipped him some kinda weird ass gay drug. Like x or something. Cause every cell in his skin and little Carl too, just jumped to obey at the sound of that voice.

"N ... n ... no," he breathed.

He felt Vincent's hands fooling around with his clothes, but they weren't down there, they were up around his neck, unbuttoning his flannel shirt, and pushing it back a bit.

"Hey," said Carl hoarsely. "Whattaya doin'?"

"I want to suck you," said Vincent. He smiled again and licked his lips. Carl felt little Carl sort of perk up and start jerking around like he was trying to find that mouth again.

"Heh heh, no problem buddy, 'cept, gimme a minute, okay?"

Mmmm," said Vincent, bending his face down to nuzzle at Carl's neck.

And Carl went stiff-backed up against the wall because hey, what the fuck was this guy doing? Kissing his neck? That was ... that was *queer* is what it was. He was gonna tell him to fuck off but he noticed that little Carl was taking a real interest in this neck kissing stuff. All perky and filling up fast behind Carl's zipper. He wriggled a little to give him some room, spreading his legs and sort of settling in against the wall while Vincent did a zingy little licking thing to his neck.

"Okay, that's okay," he mumbled.

He let his hands fall from their defensive posture and sort of rest casually on the guy's hips. Let his head fall back a bit. Vincent's mouth moved over him in careful little hot bites, Carl could hear his hand moving now on his dick and when Vincent's other hand cradled his organ and started pulling, both big and little Carl agreed that it wasn't half bad.

There was a current running under the skin of his neck down into his dick, a kind of throbbing setting up in his balls again, the wet sound of jerking off and the soft tickling kisses and Carl was arched up into it all of a sudden and ready to blow again.

Vincent growled against his skin, and Carl's brains just burst. He felt prickles of wet against his groin that must have

been the kid getting off and he was just starting to think how fucked up that should feel and how actually it felt kinda hot.

And that's when he felt Vincent bite him.

"Ow! Shit!" Carl jumped and pushed and Vincent let himself fall a step back, smiling like he had some kinda secret. "You bit me, you bitch!" Carl touched his neck, found dampness, brought his fingers away and found two red spots there.

"I beg your pardon," said Vincent. There was a spot of blood on his lower lip. *My blood* thought Carl. *The little shit!* And Vincent swept at it lazily with his tongue.

"Yeah. Well. Fuck, man, you oughta be careful about shit like that. Could get yourself punched in the eye." Carl pushed himself to standing. Little Carl had been kind of quelled by the shock there and he had really no other business in this alley. "Look I gotta go..." He moved to step around Vincent, hoping that guy wasn't gonna pull that rock wall thing again.

"Certainly," said Vincent, stepping aside smoothly. "It's been a pleasure."

"Sure," said Carl, rubbing at his neck as he walked away. "It's been a slice."

## **Chapter Two**

Carl had a shit night. He'd fallen into his bed still in his trolling clothes and slept like the dead, but then he'd woken while it was still dark, the skin of his neck crawling and his brain full of weird thoughts, and he'd been up the rest of the night.

But he'd got dressed and managed to drag his ass down to the sight on time, regardless.

Despite his ignominious beginning, Carl had a knack of sorts for construction work and when Randy'd gotten into the car sales gig he'd drifted back to it. Mills Bros had kept him on for several years, now, even through the slow seasons. He sure as fuck wasn't gonna come in late and screw that up.

"Farless, you got those bay windows in on number twenty eight?" Ronnie Tippman was hollering out the little window of the trailer they used as an office while on site.

"Almost done boss," shouted Carl, strapping his hard hat on as he quickstepped over the muddy ground towards number twenty-eight.

When he got there, he almost turned around and left. It'd rained last night and obviously the kid what they'd set to work the nights hadn't known or thought to make the rounds and batten things down. The weather plastic was still folded in a paint splattered bunch in the corner and the inner surface of the sill was damp.

Fuck.

Carl set the heater to point at the area and began working on the interior trim of the frame that they'd place over the



shimmed area when it was done. Carl was the window man for Mills Bros construction. He was good at the fussy little detailed jobs that made the other guys tear their sparse hair out and Ronnie had set him on them first time he noticed that.

Heavy boots pounded across naked floorboards and Jerry Miller was leanin' in the doorway. "Hey Fahless, ya look like shit. You and Pinkie get pissed again?" All the boys from Somerville called Randy 'Pinkie' as his last name was Pinkerton and it pissed him off as much to be called "ahmahed cah" as it did to be called after a zit.

Carl shrugged and ticked a measurement off with the grease pencil.

Jerry chuckled and tromped across the room. "Lemme hold that for ya."

Carl grunted his thanks and together they levered the heavy frame up against a wall where he could lay the level and check his measurements again.

"Look like a wind'd knock you over," said Jerry, his grin stretching the freckles across his face.

"I'm here ain't I?"

"You go out last night?"

Carl figured there was no sense in denying it. "Sure."

"Get any?"

Carl blushed. "Fuck you, Miller."

"Not in this lifetime, Fahless." Jerry jerked a thumb at Carl. "Got yaself a wild one, I'm bettin'. That hickey's a mean lookin' son-of-a-bitch."

Carl instinctively raised his hand to his neck then stopped himself and glared at Jerry. "You gonna help me with this or you gonna ogle my hot bod?"

Jerry made a 'woot' noise and guffawed, but Carl found himself suddenly remembering thick dark eyelashes cast down. A white face, red lips stretched wide, eyes flicking up at him full of heat.

Fat calloused fingers snapped in his face. "Hey!

Carl jumped and almost dropped his mallet.

Jerry laughed at him open-mouthed. "Man, that musta been some snatch you caught."

"Geezus Miller, you got pussy on the brain."

Jerry guffawed again, waving a hand as he walked away. "Who doesn't?"

The rest of the day was pretty much shit and Carl wondered if maybe he hadn't caught some kind of bug. Randy came wandering by from the showroom around noon, looking green at the edges and like he'd shaved with a butter knife.

"Found my truck, man."

Carl tossed a shim into a pile at his feet and picked up a narrower one. He glanced at Randy briefly. "Good." THWAK, the mallet put that mother right where he needed it.

"What the fuck was it doing down in that part of town?"

"I dunno." THWAK. Carl bent over and found another shim, stood and lined it up at the top of the frame. "That's where you left it. I just parked it and called you a cab, man."

"Yeah." Randy was leaning against the wall with his arms crossed, his swollen eyes narrowed. "What the fuck were *you* doing down theyah?"

Carl saw his every move suddenly in increments. He bent to the shim box, picked up a wedge of wood, slid it into the space above the window. Incremental movements, each one smooth and immaculate. "I was findin' ya truck fo' ya, man. Whaddaya think?"

Randy was silent for a minute and Carl schooled himself to keep working like he'd just forgotten about the conversation.

"Well, guess if a guys gonna lose his fuckin' truck, that part of town's the best place ta do it. Not like one of them fags could hot wire nothin'."

"Yeah." Carl forced a quick grimace to his face that might look like a smile. About then Ronnie bellowed again from the trailer and Randy gave him a little salute.

"Gotta get back. See ya latah at the Brewry."

"Latah." Carl kept working where he was until Randy'd disappeared round the corner, then he set his mallet on the floor before he hammered his fucking fingers or something.

Goddamn fucking goddamn.

Nothing much else happened that afternoon, except another set of windows got put in, but Carl still felt like the whole rest of his day was off. Like somebody had taken one of those shims and just whacked him a little out of kilter.

He met Randy up at the Brewery, the local sports bar, and it all seemed straightened out again for a little bit. They were pounding back the beers, watching the Bruins kick a little pre-season ass; Randy ogling some college chicks over at the corner and Carl was just starting to feel like things were normal.

Randy pointed a chewed-up twizzle stick at some chick with long red hair. "Whaddaya think of her?"

"Mmmm," Carl cast a quick glance that way. The girl in question was willowy and soft looking. "Too young."

"Right. You like 'em experienced, donchya Fahless?"

Carl chuckled and thumbed his chest "Ain't no kiddy ride here, Pinkerton. This is one fine-tuned piece of machinery."

Randy raised eyebrow and once-over, his next comment, were all part of their practiced jest. "Don't look like much to me."

Carl laughed and made a show of adjusting himself. "Ain't the paint job, buddy, it's what's under the hood."

"Yeah." Randy's grin stayed stuck in place but something went flat around his eyes. He looked away quick. "I hear ya." He grabbed his beer and suddenly went silent, not finishing the joke.

Carl stared at the back of Randy's ear as his friend drank his beer face tipped towards the hockey game showing above the bar. Something weird had just happened.

Instead of asking Randy what the fuck, though, Carl just ordered another beer. And after a while his friend seemed to come back to himself, jesting and cursing at the TV. Giving Carl shit about something or another, they musta had another six pack apiece before they went staggering their separate ways, and Carl thought everything was back to normal.

But later, when he was standing in the line at the AM/PM, buying a burrito and a bag of chips, just watching the lotto scores on the big screen, some punk kid behind the counter

was ringing him up and he looked at Carl with kinda dark, dead eyes and suddenly Carl saw Vincent's face.

He shivered.

Carl climbed into his car and just sat there for a while and tried to get a grip. What the fuck was wrong with him anyway. He never THOUGHT about the blowjobs. Well except when he was thinking that he really needed one. But in his day-to-day life, over at Mills Bros construction, he just handled his shit and dragged his tired ass home or out for beers with the guys every night and didn't think about what happened in the alley behind that leather bar. A willing mouth sucking down his spunk was what he went there looking for, and the eyes and hands and guys that went with that just weren't something he ever dwelt on.

He must be coming down with the flu. It was making him loopy. Carl set his car into gear, drove home, popped in his burrito and was cruising the channels looking for sports center highlights when his eyes sort of wandered over to his meager DVD collection.

He flipped past all the Travolta movies and pulled out the porn. Hokay, here we go. He flipped through the five or so cases quickly, picking one almost randomly and settling back on the couch, legs wide settling his ass in a little, zipper down, little Carl out and ready and pressed the fast forward on the remote until the screen flashed flesh color and then he stopped.

It was the weirdest coincidence that the guy on the screen had black hair and dark eyes and was banging into the chick

under him with a trim lithe body. Carl got that glazed feeling and stroked his dick slowly, watching the action.

The chick was really digging it, supposedly. She grunted and moaned a lot while the guy drove it home. But Carl figured she was probably making up only half of that enthusiasm because the guy was a real jackhammer. He had longish hair and it flopped around as he fucked, and Carl sped up his own hand to match the speed, watching that long white dick slid in and out of that tight, waxed pussy.

Well, and then she screamed which was supposed to mean she'd came. And that was the end, really except the guy pulled out of her then and he was still hard and Carl kept pulling on himself watching that pretty cock spurting up and over the chick's belly.

And then the music rose and Carl arched back, heels dug into the carpet, eyes closed and mind just filled with shiny black eyes in a little boy face, too long hair falling in them. A wide red mouth, a tongue slowly leaving a wet track across the lower lip.

"Jesus! Fucking Jesus!" Carl's whole body jerked and bowed up on the sofa, come shooting from him in arcs all over his coffee table. He threw himself back, one arm out flung and lay there breathing hard and just staring at the ceiling.

Christ.

Next day went all to shit right away.

They sent Carl up on the roof crew. Which he never liked much because he wasn't a great one for heights. He was doing okay, though. Hammering nails home, just as easy as

you please and a big black bird swooped over on his way to a tree and suddenly he saw Vincent walking out of the bar ahead of him. That liquid walk, the dark coat flapping behind him. Carl almost fell off the fucking beam is what happened. And what the hell was that about?

And then later, during lunch break, it was fucking sweltering and he'd pulled off his flannel shirt, just down to the 'T' and he was all set to eat his sandwich.

"Hey, Farless, what the fuck? You fall on a fork?" One of the guys jabbed a couple of fingers at his own neck and then all the guys turned around laughing.

So he had to wear that fucking flannel shirt for the rest of the day.

By the time he'd got home he was hard as his hat, like hard enough he could knock on his dick and somebody'd yell "come in". None of the porn in his collection even remotely did it for him so finally he'd ended up in the shower, reliving that whole fucking blowjob, even that weird bite at the end of it and he was groaning like a killed bull moose when he shot into the ceramic tile and kind of sunk to his knees in the tub.

He stood staring at his neck in the mirror afterwards. The bites were little things. Kid had baby teeth practically, thought Carl, and hadn't made much of a mark. But the whole area around his neck was a big purple and red-rashed bruise. He went through his band aid box, trying to find something big enough to cover it and then imagined the guys the next day commenting on it and just gave up in disgust and went to bed.

He lay there in the dark and thought. *Well this is a hell of a mess.*

You see, Carl knew he didn't have much going for him in the brains department. He'd dropped out of high school partly just to be following Randy, but it hadn't been a far drop from the grade average he'd been pulling and pure flunk out.

And his body was okay as far as it went. He was built. Big guy built, with those hard muscles that came from lots of work and the little soft roll on his belly that came from lots of beer. But he wasn't an athlete or nothin'. He'd never been any good at football or hockey or any of the other big guy sports. He just wasn't coordinated that way.

And he was a far cry from anything anyone would call pretty.

But Carl's dick was everything you could want in a piece of manflesh. A good ten inches cut and thick enough to fill his hand, the head wide and flared out like a fucking cobra or something. Long rippling vein that was just the prettiest thing when it pulsed and he ran his fingers up and down it, covered with pre-cum and made it shine. Oh yeah, his cock was a joy to behold. And it worked like a charm every time, too. His cock didn't have any angsty moments like so many guys he knew. Nope. Give him a warm hole or a wet mouth and he was ready. Good to go. Every time no matter how many brews he had in him or how but ugly the face was attached to the place he put little Carl. It simply did not matter. Little Carl was a master tool and he performed like a dream.

So, given his list of assets, Carl tended to place high value on little Carl's opinion. He figured his cock knew better than



he did on any given Sunday and pretty much let him call the shots.

And little Carl seemed to be getting all het up about Vincent.

The next couple of days went the same. Carl kept getting those weird little flashes, seeing those eyes, that mouth, those long white fingers on his chest, and little Carl would be pressing against his zipper and just trying to get out of his jeans and go find that mouth again

Carl'd give him a good discrete thump and focus on the thing at hand, but once little Carl got a notion in his swollen head he was a bee after honey and just wouldn't quit.

And then Carl'd be pestered half crazy for the rest of the day until that night while he slept and little Carl would just take over and bring that face into the bedroom, wrap those beautiful lips around him and Carl would wake up in a puddle with a happy little Carl just burbling out the last dribbles of come and he'd think, what the fuck is going on?

So he made it about to Saturday before he broke down and went back to the Round Roger.

\* \* \* \*

"Hey Carl, ain't you coming?" Randy stood on the running board of his trashed old Chevy truck, waving him over.

Carl made a negative motion with his head and tried to sort of edge his way to the other side of the parking lot. But Randy was after him, jumping down and jogging across the asphalt. "Hey buddy! What's a matter? You short? I'll spot you tonight."

"Can't," said Carl, fingers searching his pocket for his keys. He was a shit liar. Didn't have the brains for it, and Randy was a regular ferret when he smelled something up. But little Carl was there for him, like always. He filled his jeans immediately, images of black eyes and full lips flashing before Carl's eyes and he flushed.

Randy, who knew him as well as anybody, gave him a knowing grin. "Got a hot date?"

Carl got his key into the lock. His ears were hot.

Randy made an understanding noise. Carl felt a hand land on his shoulder for just a second. "That Susanna's got a nice pair on her," said Randy.

Carl nodded. Susanna was the last thing on his mind, but of course Randy would think he was going to see her. "Yeah," he said hoarsely. He opened his car door and slid into the seat. "So, uh, Randy..."

Randy stepped back and saluted. "Give her one for me, buddy."

Carl gulped, turned the key in the ignition and got the hell out of there.

\* \* \* \*

Well, fuck. Here Carl was all hot and bothered for four whole days and the little faggot didn't even have the decency to show up.

He took another swig of his beer and looked around the joint.

Carl usually squeezed his blowjobs in during the week, leaving weekends free for proper pussy plunging, so he'd

never been to the Round Roger on a Saturday. His eyes roved over the clientele gyrating on the dance floor and crammed shoulder to shoulder at the bar.

Holy Shit. There sure were a lot of fags in the world.

Carl scanned the room again, a little overawed by the array of merchandise out there. Beautiful mouths and eyes, of course. Oh Man. Lots of 'em. But sweet round asses, too. Carl had always been an ass man but he'd never realized how many sweet behinds a guy might find in one of these fag bars. Shit. It made a guy think. He slugged down some more beer and eyed one particularly lithe young thing out on the dance floor.

Sizzling blue eyes, perky lips, the kind that would look all debauched and wicked wrapped around his dick. The guy saw him looking and shot back a meaningful look of his own, a sassy smile and then, slowly and making sure Carl was watching, he licked those pretty lips. Oh, yeah, that took balls, thought Carl, grinning back without thinking.

The guy's smile broadened and he stopped dancing, looking like he was heading in Carl's direction, when out of nowhere Carl remembered Vinnie. He felt the smile die on his face, turned his head away towards the bar again, looking down.

"Hi."

Crap, now the little faggot was right at his elbow. Carl hunched over a bit, glaring at the bar and feeling confused.

"My name's Adam." A broad hand appeared in front of Carl.

"Sorry," said Carl, his voice husky. "Mistake. Thought you was someone else."

The hand hung there for a minute, then jerked back. "Sure," said Adam, his voice gone all haughty. Carl took a good slug of his beer and waited until the guy got the message and took himself away.

Fucking queers.

"Good evening."

That voice had been echoing in his head for four days, so Carl didn't have to turn and look to know who had just sat down beside him. Prickles ran down his back and up his legs and the whole shebang settled fizzling in his groin. Holy shit.

But he was cool. He kept his head more or less facing the bar. Just glanced, raised an eyebrow while slugging back his beer and waited till he'd slammed the bottle back on the bar before speaking. Oh yeah, he was cool.

"Hey Vincent. How's it hangin'?" Carl thought his voice sounded casual enough, though he had a shaking in his gut feeling.

Vincent blinked those big black eyes at him and Carl noted the kid's bangs catching in his long eyelashes.

"I am well, Carl. Thank you. And you?" Vincent gave him a smile that Carl could only describe as sweet and then a cool hand was caressing Carl's jaw. Smooth but strong fingers feeling his bones there.

"I've been okay," said Carl, his voice gone all husky for some goddamned reason. He felt like he was just hanging there. Like the whole rest of the bar and even bits of his whole body had disappeared and all his focus was on the

stroke of that cool hand on his face. "I ... I..." he was trying to think of something to say but all that came into his head was the sort of crap you said to women. *"You look hot. Your hair is wicked sexy. I jerked off thinkin' about you last night."* He couldn't say any of that to Vincent so he just kept hangin' there.

"I've been thinking about you," said Vincent, those pretty lips enunciating the words carefully, though his voice was all hushed and he'd had to lean real close so Carl could hear him.

Carl licked his suddenly dry lips. "Yeah?"

And then there was another hand on the other side of his face, and those lips were suddenly touching his and Carl couldn't fucking believe it but the kid was kissing him, soft and careful but ... Man...

Carl heard someone sort of moan.

Vincent sat back, his mouth and eyes both all shiny.

"I don't kiss," said Carl. Like his mouth was ten minutes behind the program and only now just catching up. Vincent just smiled at him, wide and lazy, those pretty teeth glinting in the low bar light.

"Don't you?"

Carl shook his head a little. Vincent still had both hands on his face, just inches away, and Carl kept watching that mouth, wondering if Vincent was going to kiss him again. "No. I don't wanna be rude or nothin', but..."

He saw those sleepy lids droop a bit, the dark eyes on his own lips and found himself opening his mouth just a little, waiting for it.

But instead Vincent's eyes slid sideways, looking around and Carl suddenly remembered that they were in public, for fuck's sake. In the middle of a fucking bar. 'Course, he figured, it being a fag bar it was probably okay to be letting a guy mash his lips up against you here.

"Shall we go somewhere more private?" asked Vincent, his eyes just fucking *dancing*, as he slid off his stool.

Carl could have followed the kid out of the bar with his eyes shut. Little Carl was like a fucking compass with the kid's heinie being due North.

It was just like before, at first. Vincent went over to the same spot and drew out one of those big white hankies and lay it down on the ground, kneeling carefully.

Okay, yeah, that was what they were here for. Still, Carl shuffled a little, feeling at a loss, like maybe something was missing, though he couldn't tell you what.

Little Carl was all set though, practically unzipping his jeans for him, when he put his hand to his fly, and Vincent looked up at him with those pretty eyes, his face white in the moonlight. Carl took his position, looking down at him, then impulsively reached out and stroked that silky hair just once.

"You okay, there?"

Vincent nodded up at him, happy little smile curving up his mouth. Carl let his hand slip a little so his thumb just touched Vincent's smooth cheekbone.

"You ain't cold or nothin'?" Carl still felt ... weird. Like something was wrong. But then Vincent reached up and touched little Carl and he sort of lost track of every thing. That mouth closed around him, wet tongue working, steady

stroking action, that amazing suction and Carl tipped his head up and gave into it.

Oh fuck yeah.

Somebody was moanin' and groanin' like he was being killed dead, and after a long while Carl realized that that must be him.

In the miasma of sensation circling around his cock, he felt Vincent tugging gently at his nuts and that was it, that was all she wrote, and once again he was pumping and jerking and making some kinda pathetic wheezing noise while he shot about twenty gallons of spunk, it seemed, into Vincent's throat.

Vincent took it all in like it was his favorite kind of cheesecake, and then sat back on his haunches a bit, licking his lips just like a cat.

Carl was done in. He could admit it. Every bone in his body was turned to jelly and his skin was prickling all over with a kind of fantastic heat. He leaned against the brick wall, little Carl just hangin' all out there still, and waited for his brains to get back into his skull.

"Wow," said Carl. And he wasn't big on compliments.

Vincent stood with that easy grace of his, wiping his mouth with a fresh hankie, just like the last time, and came towards him.

Now Carl had gone over this bit in his mind a few times. Reworking it, so to speak. And he was all set to put the kid off before all that neck nuzzling shit started again. But then Vincent got into his personal space, his face all lit up and those eyes soft and melting and Carl found himself relaxing a

little more against the wall instead, spreading his legs so that Vincent could step between them.

Vincent's eyes scanned his face, his neck, with a ravenous look like nothing he'd ever received before, not from any chick. Like Carl was a big hunk of rib-eye and Vincent was a starving man. That strong-gentle hand stroked his cheek, down his neck. Vincent pursed those pretty lips and let his fingers caress Carl's shoulder, trailing down one bicep, lingering there.

"So strong," said Vincent, his voice all growly.

Carl was pulling in breath quick and hard, his chest rising and falling, as Vincent's other hand slid down the buttons of the flannel, flicking them open one at a time.

Carl's brain told his mouth to ask Vincent what the fuck he thought he was doing, but Carl's mouth seemed to have forgotten English and little Carl was twitching around in the cool night air like those fingers running over Carl's hot chest were the best idea he'd had in a long time.

"So handsome." Vincent flicked one of Carl's nipples and a ripple of desire just ran all down Carl's torso and the next thing he knew he had that lithe body in both his hands, that pretty face bent below him and he was kissing that amazing mouth with every thing he had.

Vincent just gave into him. Not all fluttery and girly, but soft and springy like, like a really good mattress, and his lips parted and he let Carl have his tongue.

A lot more moaning started happening, gasps for breath and their feet shuffled and scraped on the damp asphalt as



Carl somehow tried to get as much of Vincent into his hands and mouth as he could.

The kid's mouth slid out of the kiss and started working on his neck again, hand sliding down to loosely clasp and work his cock, and Carl just arched his head back and didn't think about it.

Vincent's hand and mouth seemed to have some kind of telepathic communication. The rhythm of the strokes and the pressure of Vincent's fingers kept time with the nibble and lick of Vincent's tongue and teeth.

Carl'd never let a guy jerk him off before; he was starting to wonder why not. Vincent seemed to just know to swipe the end of Carl's cock on every upstroke with his thumb, seemed to know to rub just there under the head and when Carl's whole body ratcheted up a notch, Vincent seemed to just know to start jerking harder and faster.

Carl was grunting and pumping into it, one hand on the kid's hip, the other just hanging on to that sweet ass, when a sting told him Vincent was biting into his neck again.

Carl jumped, or tried to. But the kid had hold of his cock and his waist and seemed suddenly freakishly powerful. Some noise coming out of his throat, almost threatening. And Carl would have really freaked, would have done something, probably, to get away, but a sort of languorous peace descended on his mind and little Carl told him to just shut up and ride with it. At least until he got off. Then Vincent suddenly stopped. Just pulled away, leaving him hanging.

Carl reeled and staggered back, staring, as Vincent danced a couple of steps away. The last 4 paragraphs all start with Carl's name. Could we change them up a bit?

"You fucker." Well, that had come out a little weak, but Carl glared to give it some oomph. He wasn't sure if his complaint at this point was the biting or the lack of finish.

Vincent gave him one of those mysterious smiles and unbuttoned his pants. Carl saw a pair of pristine tighty-whities bulging out significantly as Vinnie lowered his zipper, and let his slacks slide to his ankles.

"Hey," said Carl, licking his lips. "What are you gonna do with that? I told you, I don't suck..."

The pale shaft and slim boyish hips that were revealed when Vincent pushed down his shorts were almost mystical in their beauty.

"I ain't no cocksucker," said Carl in a raspy voice. His hand slid down to clasp little Carl loosely and he gave him a comforting little stroke. Vincent was long and uncut. His dick was white with a throbbing bluish vein along the bottom, where it thrust up and sideways, wet in the moonlight.

Vincent stepped free of the heap of clothing pooled around his feet and, with an impish look, turned around.

Now there was an ass to write home about. Carl sort of gurgled in his throat and tightened his grip around little Carl. Geez. Not heart shaped like a woman's, but still round and pillowy. Not too high, skin flawless and creamy white.

Vincent leaned over enough to grab the trash container nearby and spread his legs.

"Christ," said Carl, "what are you doing?"

Vincent let go of the trash container with one hand and reached around in front of himself. His elbow started to move.

"Shit," said Carl. "Goddamn, fuck." he was panting, his heart beating against his chest, his cock so hard he could feel its rhythm in his ears. He'd never. Even with women. Sure, he'd thought about it. Asked for it from a chick once even.

"Fuck me, Carl," said Vincent in that smooth voice, and he shifted one foot slightly so those sweet cheeks just flexed and Carl could have sworn he saw that perfect little pink pucker just wink at him.

He didn't know what to do. Some part of his brain was telling him that there was a line here. A line he wasn't sure he wanted to cross. But little Carl was yelling yes yes yes in a pretty insistent way and Carl went with his strengths.

Vincent's skin was smooth and soft, but hard muscle moved under Carl's hands. It was erotic and cool and so weird. Carl ran his palms over that ass, and had a rare thought. "Hey, you got a Trojan on you?" Okay, he was a selfish dick, but he'd never thought about disease when a guy was swallowing his load. Sticking his dick up some guys, bum, though? Well, Carl wasn't as stupid as they said.

Vincent's skin sort of shuddered, his elbow still moving and his voice was strained. "In the pocket of my slacks." Carl leant over quick, found a small stash of foil packages in one pocket. And didn't that make him raise an eyebrow and set that knowledge aside for future thinking, as he rolled it over little Carl with a quick experience hand.

Then he fit his dick against that pucker and fuck if he didn't have another thought. "Hey, you sure this ain't gonna hurt? I mean, you're kinda dry there."

Vincent reached back then with a hand wet with saliva and clasped Carl's cock.

"Fuck. Ah, okay that's..." Carl took a deep ragged breath and watched Vincent lubing his hole with spit. "Geez, that's somethin'. Okay then."

He gritted his teeth and slid his dick in just a little.

Smooth and tight and Fucking Christ, had he anything ever felt so fucking wonderful in his whole life? No sir. Vincent wriggled his ass under Carl's benumbed hands and pushed back against him and Carl felt his cock work its way a little further into that velvet fist of a hole.

Carl could feel a kind of trembling heat working its way up his spine. He felt his hamstrings straining and the grind of his teeth as he held himself back from shoving himself all the way in just burying himself in that heaven because he just didn't want to hurt Vincent, you know.

Vincent made a low sound, did that little twisty movement and Carl's hips responded like they spoke some language that only Vincent's hole and little Carl could understand and he slid all the way in.

Balls deep and frickin' delirious.

Carl folded over Vincent's smooth muscular backside and groaned and started to pump.

The slide in and out wasn't like pumpin' in and out of some chick, though the action was the same. Vincent worked it with him, strong and demanding and clenching around Carl like a

wise. After a while he noticed that Vincent had let go of the trash container with one hand and was working away at something beneath him, his white elbow flashing at his side and Carl realized the guy was jerking himself off while Carl fucked him and that just made him ape shit crazy.

He fucked that ass harder than he had ever fucked anything in his life. At some point he started yelling. He knew it 'cause he heard his voice echoing off the brick walls around them and later realized it had been him. Yelling stuff like "sweet and harder and fuckin' a..." and then it was like someone got him right in his lower back with one of those cattle prods because his balls were pushing into his dick trying to pump more spunk out of them and Vincent's hole was clenching rhythmically around him and Carl just frickin' lost it and screamed and poured everything he had into that hot tight hole.

Carl thought he was gonna be walkin' funny all day tomorrow. There were muscles in his butt that he thought maybe he'd pulled at some point and his balls were aching.

Vincent, he figured, must be sorer than hell. Having something that big punched in and out of something that small couldn't feel good. Though the evidence of Vincent's pleasure was all over Vincent's belly and soft curling black pubes and that new white hanky he was mopping himself up with.

Carl watched fascinated as Vincent reached between his legs and mopped up the spunk that was dribbling out of his asshole. *Mine*, the thought making him feel oddly proud. *That's me running out of him.*

"You gonna be okay?" Carl asked.

Vincent folded the handkerchief carefully and slipped it into a pocket. "I will be fine, thank you, Carl."

Carl finished tucking himself in, his fingers fumbling at the buttons on his shirt and he noticed his hands were still shaking. "Hey," he said before he could think about it.

"Lemme buy you a drink."

Vincent shook his head. "I must be leaving."

Carl felt deflated and a little disappointed and what the fuck was that about? "Uh, yeah, sure. Me too. Gotta go." But he shuffled around a bit more.

Vincent turned away. "I'll see you soon," he said and then seemed to just melt into the dark.

For some reason that perked Carl up again. Hell of a thing. "Yeah. See ya."

### Chapter Three

Carl came straight to the Round Roger the next night after work.

"Carl!" Vincent was happy to see him. Very happy, if the way his hand wandered over Carl's back and the hungry way those dark eyes roved over his face were any indication. They went straight out back, straight to their *spot*, for fuck's sake. And the thought didn't freak Carl out at all. Actually made him a little hard. The familiar sour smell of trash and exhaust fumes and wet from the pavement all reminded him now of fan-fucking-tastic blowjobs and orgasms.

Vincent drew out his ubiquitous white hankie, but Carl had an impulse and stopped him. "Hold on a second," he said, running his thumb across Vincent's shoulder, wrapping a hand around his waste. "Let me see something here." He flicked the button open on Vincent's shirt, watching that tongue come out and nervously swipe those lips as he softly rubbed the exposed skin.

"Take this off here." And was that *his* voice all soft and growly? Vincent's skin was cool and smooth as one of those white figurines on his mother's mantel. Vincent's shirt fell away and all of a sudden Carl was licking across Vincent's naked and smooth as marble chest. He drew his head back, watching the little dark nipples pebbling up and feeling it like a spring coiling in his groin. "Christ, that's nice there."

Vincent's chest rose and fell noticeably, and Carl's glance slid up to see his mouth open, and Vincent panting. Carl ran his hand up and down Vincent's arms once, enjoying the

sensory combination of the feel of cool skin and the press of his dick against his zipper and the ragged sound of Vincent breathing.

Then Carl felt Vincent's skin shiver under his hands and suddenly realized he had the guy standing practically naked outside. "You cold?"

"I'm fine, Carl."

Carl puzzled over that. "No. You're cold. It ain't exactly summer no more." He thought about it some. It was fall and getting colder every night. In no time it would be too cold to do anything outside. Easily stepping over the enormous thought of why he might be considering the future of this little arrangement, Carl just pulled Vincent's shirt closed and started buttoning him up. "C'mon, let's rent a room. Lemme show you what I can do lying down."

And Carl'd showed him. Got a pillow under Vincent's hips, the kids ass all spread out for him there until Carl didn't think he would make it before he managed to get little Carl inside that hot tight heaven. Squeaking mattress under his knees, and he'd have the rash there for days from the cheap material, but for the moment he was just going to town, little Carl singing hallelujah.

Vinnie seemed appreciative, too, judging by the way he shouted Carl's name and shot all over the polyester coverlet, coming even before Carl did and then Vinnie's hole squeezed Carl's dick and he was yelling something wild and letting that lightning loose up the kids ass.

Vincent flopped to his side, breathing in big noisy heaves, his eyes looking like he was on drugs or something. Carl tied



off the rubber, tossed it in the direction of the waste bin, and flopped down beside him.

And then they were lying there, on a bed for fucks sake, their heads on the pillows and Carl's hand resting on Vinnie's hip and breathing so close to the back of his neck that he could see the little black hairs moving around there. And Carl realized he didn't have to just zip up and go back inside the bar now, if he didn't want to.

"Hate the idea of gettin' up and puttin' on all those clothes again," he said slowly.

Vinnie's hand came down to where Carl's was, and just gave it a little squeeze.

Carl let the post orgasmic haze settle over his mind. He was already almost asleep when he heard Vincent turning out the light.

\* \* \* \*

"What the fuck is that on your neck?"

He and Randy were at the Brewery again with the rest of the guys watching the Bruins get pasted when Randy leaned over and flicked Carl's collar back and poked at one of those marks on his neck.

"Ow! Geez, Randy, watch it. That's sore there."

"Where the hell you get that, Carl? Looks like you missed the boards and nailed yourself in the neck?" Randy was laughing at him but he had a funny look in his eye.

"It's a bite. Now just leave it alone."

"A bite? What the fuck bit you?"

"Some ... bug," said Carl, purposely looking away from Randy's piercing gaze and up at the TV screen. "Man I sure am glad I don't have any money on this game."

"A bug bit you? Fuck, man, that musta been some big motherfucking bug."

"Um, yeah." Carl rubbed at the bites almost unconsciously. They'd been a sort of throbbing presence for the past couple of days. Not unpleasant really, but constantly there. And with an apparent direct connection to his dick, which had also been a constant throbbing presence too. He shifted in his seat now and tried to focus his mind around the cool condensation on his beer bottle instead of the renewed swelling of his cock.

Randy couldn't let it go, though. He flipped Carl's collar back but kept staring at his neck. "I talked to Suzanna yesterday," he mentioned.

"Yeah?" Carl tipped back his beer bottle.

"She said she didn't see you Saturday."

One of the reasons Carl was a shit liar was he could never keep his stories straight. "Saturday?" he said, all confused until he remembered, fuck, he had told Randy he was going to Suzanna's Saturday. Fuck.

Randy was looking him over with that knowing expression. Probably seeing guilt from the toes of his boots to the roots of his hair. "You cheatin' on that fine woman, Carl?"

Carl just shook his head, feeling his ears pinkening up. Then he sighed. Nodded. "Guess so."

"You dog!" Randy laughed. "Who is she?"

"Who?" And it occurred to Carl that of all the available females in town that either one of them had half a chance

with, there probably wasn't one that Randy didn't already know.

"Uh, she's from out of town." Fuck, he was a crap liar.

That sharp gaze just pricked at him. "So, you gonna introduce me?"

Carl took another swallow from his longneck, stalling while his mind worked as fast as it was able. "C'mon, Randy. She's shy."

"Shy? You're fucking a girl who's shy? Holy shit."

Carl didn't look at him, but he worked himself up into what he hoped was a sort of outraged expression. "Listen, this girl she's ... I dunno, different, okay. Just fuck off, Randy."

"Whoa, okay." Randy held both hands up in a placating gesture. His voice sounded off and Carl chanced a glance and saw Randy giving him a look that was kinda sour and maybe even hurt.

"Listen, I'm sorry. I'm just off today, man. Ronnie gave me grief all morning and I ... I've got some nerve thing in my back and..."

"Sure, buddy." Randy's grin didn't quite make it all the way across his face but Carl didn't know really what the fuck else he could do about it.

"Lemme buy you a brew to make up for it," he said, waving the bartender over.

## Chapter Four

Fucking Suzanna. Carl had completely forgotten about the bitch. When he got home he sat in the kitchen and picked the phone up a few times, always setting it down again without dialing. He should call her. She was his girl, right? Or at least, his steady date. The fact that Randy had been talking to her and Carl hadn't even known about it told him that he was dangerously close to losing her. You didn't let a fine piece of pussy like Suzanna wander on her own for long. Some other dog'd be sniffing around in no time.

Truth was, he'd been every night this week down to the Round Roger. *Down to see Vincent*. And he wasn't inclined to do much of anything else. He picked up the phone one more time. Stared at it. He should call her up. Because this wasn't just about keeping his woman satisfied, here. No, there were a lot of other reasons that Carl wasn't wanting to think about quite yet.

He punched in the numbers.

\* \* \* \*

"Carl, you're early." Suzanna was smiling in that way that told a man he had a shitload of explaining to do. She sashayed up to Carl, those hips swinging back and forth in a little bitty skirt, nice big bazooms propped up and swelling out the fabric of some shiny pink shirt thing that was unbuttoned bout down to her navel.

Carl figured by the end of the night he was gonna be real sorry or real grateful.

She came up and kissed him with lipstick that tasted sort of like bubblegum and that made her lips all fat and shiny looking and whapped him once, lightly, with her slim purse. "I thought you'd forgotten about me."

"Nah." Carl automatically looked down the front of that blouse, there was about a mile of cleavage there. Suzanna took a deep breath and everything swelled up.

"Carl." One red talon was under his chin, in the way of his eyeful and she tipped his chin up and looked at him. Big dark brown eyes. She blinked and bright blue eyelids and heavy mascara thickened lashes beat up and down. Carl jerked his head back a little bit. It was just kinda gross, all that make-up.

"I been busy, babe. You know, a man's gotta work."

"Oh, poor Carl." Suzanna didn't look like she'd forgiven him one bit, yet. But she laced a slim arm into his and batted those nasty eyelashes up and down one more time. "All that working means a lot of money to play with your Suzie-Q, though, doesn't it honey?"

"Yeah, sure." Carl figured if dinner and a movie was gonna fix this he was getting off cheap. "Lemme take you somewheres nice."

Carl figured a man didn't get much more than this in life and wondered vaguely why he still felt so out of sorts. They'd gone to the steakhouse and some chic flick Suzanna wanted to see and now they were back at her place.

Carl had a beer at his elbow and his shirt off and his jeans open and if he looked down at his body he figured there'd be

a rash of bubblegum pink lipstick stains all over him down to his belly.

Not below though. Suzanna hadn't forgiven him enough for that.

"Baby, ain't you done makin' yerself gorgeous?" he yelled. She'd been in the fucking bathroom for ages, he figured. Come on, let's get this show on the road.

Suzanna came round the bedroom door all excited and secretive, like she had a big surprise for him. "Ta da" she flourished and held her arms out.

Carl didn't know they could stick that much fluff on that little material. The nightie Suzanna was wearing was hot pink and so sheer it may as well not have been there and the fluffy feathery stuff around the edges and the sleeves didn't cover up any of the bits that clothing is usually meant to cover.

It was the sort of thing that Carl knew he'd normally just jump up and grab. Suzanna's nightie would be nothin' but a scrap on the floor in seconds. Like some kinda unnatural road kill. But little Carl took one look, yawned, rolled over and went back to sleep. Carl looked down at his lap in shock.

Suzanna bounced in place a bit, waiting for his reaction. Her tits bounced with her, just like giant basketballs. Boing boing. "Do you like it?"

*Hey buddy, Carl's mind said to his dick. Take a look at that. Ain't that something? Wouldn't it be fuckin' awesome just to bury yourself between those two?* But little Carl shrugged, and seemed ready to crawl up inside Carl's groin.

Suzanna came towards the sofa, a gleam in her eyes. And Carl almost pushed himself back to get away from that.

Suzie-Q was no shrinking violet and when she had her heart set on having some big piece of meat between her thighs, she generally got it.

"Carl?" Long white legs, shiny from all the waxing and shit girls do, those tatas right in his face now as she straddled his lap and just ground down.

It only took a second for it to register. Suzanna'd been intimate with little Carl enough to know what he felt like and she looked down, puzzled and then back up at Carl senior. The mascara had flaked a bit on her cheeks and the blue was smeared but those brown eyes looked befuddled. "Sweetie?"

"I'm tired, babe," said Carl immediately and wanted to whap himself on the head. How many times had guys told him about this situation and he'd listened and thought, *You dick, you think she didn't know you were shitting her? Tell her the truth.* Carl had a whole new sympathy for those guys now. How do you tell a horny determined woman in full battle gear that she's just not turning your crank? Man, he'd be lucky to get out of here alive.

Suzanna ground down on him a little more, the expression on her face going steadily from confusion to disappointment to the just below psychotic fury of a woman denied.

"What you so tired from, Carl?" And she thrust her tits at his face like she might suffocate him with them.

"Been workin'. I told you."

And just like that she was off his lap and the talons left a nice little scratch on his cheek as she slapped him. "You asshole. I talked to Randy, Carl."

Carl knew Randy hadn't ratted him out so he figured she was just bluffing. "And he told you I been busy, didn't he?"

"He said you came over here Saturday."

Shit. This was too complicated. "Yeah, well you know that ain't true." Carl grabbed up his shirt and stood, jerking it on fast. "Listen babe, I gotta go..."

"Don't you dare leave here, Carl. You owe me an explanation!"

Carl figured she was right, but he also figured that anything he might say wasn't gonna fix shit and was definitely gonna dig him in deeper. "Not tonight, babe."

WHAP. Another slap, more like a punch, really. Carl touched his jaw and felt a twinge of admiration.

"Get out asshole," said Suzanna, holding the door wide open. Just standing there so that every sorry fucker in the neighborhood could see her in that little scrap of nothin' and Carl marching out with his face all red.

Hell with Suzanna, thought Carl, as he grabbed up his jacket and keys. There were plenty more where she'd come from.

\* \* \* \*

The bartender plunked his bottle down without even asking as Carl slapped a bill on the counter. They knew him here alright. The barkeep wasn't much of talker, usually, but tonight he stayed around, wiping at the counter near Carl and finally he said. "Ain't seen your friend around tonight."

"No?" Carl shrugged and lowered his eyes, a little afraid of what they might show. He wasn't thinking about why he'd



come straight over here from Suzanna's. Or about how he'd felt when he'd looked around the club and not seen Vinnie.

"Maybe he's late."

"He ain't never late," said the bartender. "But I heard a couple guys talking about him. About how he was all snooty and they was gonna teach him a lesson."

Carl lowered his beer slowly. "You heard that?"

"Yeah." The bartender took another slow swipe with his rag. "None 'a my business, but I seen youse friends."

Carl nodded and stood. "You know where these guys might be right now?"

The bartender seemed to think about this for a moment, and Carl didn't know if he was contemplating the question or whether to answer it. He figured the bartender probably didn't like to screw regulars, and Carl wasn't exactly the most personable guy around.

"I appreciate you telling me," he said carefully. "I know I've always been kinda an asshole."

The bartender shot him a bright glance and Carl noticed for the first time how young the guy was, probably younger than Carl really, with blue eyes and a real Boston Irish face. Looked like a kid you'd see at the university up town. "Yeah. But your friend, he's a nice guy. Real polite. And always tips well."

"Yeah," said Carl. Vincent did have manners. He was classy. Carl felt a little sting of pride at the thought. Huh.

"So, I might have seen them heading towards the back," the bartender jerked his head. "'Cuz they know that's how he comes in."

For the first time since he'd ever frequented the place, Carl bothered to look at the nametag pinned to the starched white shirt. He thrust out his hand. "Thanks, Steve."

Steve looked at his hand, looked at him again with a funny expression and then grasped his hand in a firm handshake. "Don't mention it."

Carl heard a trash can crashing and rolling on the pavement just as he came through the back door so he figured he was right on time but when he came around the corner instead of seeing the bloodied face he was afraid of seeing he saw Vincent standing there, cool as anything in his shirt sleeves and pressed black jeans, and two big bears with leather caps, sprawled across the pavement looking surprised.

Carl ran right up and stood between Vincent and the other guys anyway. "There a problem here, fellas?"

"Your bitch there is the one with a problem," said one of the guys. Carl noticed he had a glossy shiner starting just under his eye. But his words set the blood surging into his brain and he stepped forward, rolling his sleeves back to give the bastard a matching set.

"Watch your language, fucker."

The other guy kind of laughed, but when Carl looked at him he quieted. "We was just trying to be friendly," he said.

"Thinks he's too good for us," said the one with a black eye.

Carl cast a glance at Vincent. Saw the pale face kind of tight and worried and those dark eyes looking to him, like he was relying on Carl to know what to do. Something weird

went off in Carl's chest. Sort of like the flush after the first shot of whiskey, with a little pinch in it.

"Yeah well, he *is* too good for you," he told the asshole on the ground. "And don't you forget it."

The guys mumbled and grumbled but Carl stood over them with his fists ready, Vincent looking at him that way, making him feel like a real king, truth be told and they finally just slunk off.

Vincent watched them go, standing kind of hunched over still, one hand clasping his elbow, his face pale and shocky. Carl had an urge to hug the kid that he only just managed to quell. He walked over and patted him on the back instead. "You okay?"

Vincent gave him a shaky smile. "Yes, thank you, Carl."

"You know," said Carl wisely, giving the kid a little soft punch to the jaw. "You coulda took those guys, Vinnie."

Vincent wrapped his arms around his torso and twitched his shoulders a little. "When I was a ... a kid, guys like that used to ... used to hurt me, sometimes." His accent fell away a bit and he looked all of a sudden like any other skinny kid that a bully'd go after.

And Carl could see it. Vinnie was just the sorta faggot him and his buddies used to shove around a bit back in the yard. It made Carl feel a little weird to think about it. "Sorry," he said impulsively. "That I was late, I mean. I shoulda been here..." And he gave into his urge and wrapped his arms around Vincent, gave him a big hug.

"Don't be sorry." Vinnie snuggled into his embrace with a sigh. "I am very pleased to see you though."

Carl just impulsively leaned forward and kissed him. It was getting less and less weird to do that, he noticed randomly.

"Me, too, Vinnie. Me too. Hey! What do you feel like doing?"

Vincent leaned into his shoulder, snuggling his nose against those semi-perm bites on Carl's neck. "We could go to the hotel room. Watch some ... television."

"You like the porn, donchya Vinnie," said Carl affectionately. "Okay, then, let's go."

\* \* \* \*

They made their way back to what Carl now would have thought of as *their* room, if he thought of this arrangement that way, which of course, he sure as fuck did not. He paid for the key at the desk, the clerk barely glancing at him anymore, ordering the cable so they could get the porn tonight.

They'd ordered porn up a couple of times on the cable and Carl was bemused and a little flattered to see that Vincent pretty much went for the ones that featured guys kind of like Carl. Big and dark and built. And it drove Carl wild to see how eager Vinnie got when he saw all that flesh. He'd just watch for a couple minutes and then he'd be climbing all over Carl. Once he'd even just opened Carl's fly and squatted down on him, squeezing his hole over Carl's dick. Sliding up and down with the hottest look on his face, that long hair flopping around, chest heaving and red, nipples hard little stones and pretty cock splattering all over them both, the grinding porno soundtrack blaring behind him, and Vincent talking dirty along with it. "*Fuck me, Carl. Fuck me with your big cock ...* " until

Carl had just heaved up in the chair with a mighty groan and shot up into that perfect ass.

Tonight wasn't gonna be like the other nights, though. Carl tossed the key on the little desk and then routinely unloaded his pockets just like he did most nights, like he was at home or something. Usually, Vincent had everything peeled off and was spread out over the green and gold coverlet by the time Carl'd got his jacket off. But tonight Carl turned around and found Vincent still sitting on the edge of the bed, sort of huddled over.

"Carl. I don't know if I feel like ... you know. I'm sorry."

"What, those guys really shook you, huh?"

"I'm afraid so." Vincent's head was down, those long white fingers just digging into his upper arms where he hugged himself. "I'll understand if you need to go back to the bar."

"What? What're you sayin'?" Carl was finding it easier and easier to do things if he just didn't think about them. So he tossed his jacket onto the back of the chair, sat down beside Vinnie and wrapped an arm around his shoulders.

"Shit, you're shakin'."

Vincent exhaled a weak laugh. His head fell against Carl's shoulder and he turned his face into his chest. Carl wrapped an arm around him and held him, not commenting again on the shaking or the wet sounding little gasps for breath. After a while, Vincent calmed and Carl let himself stroke the silky hair for some minutes before he spoke.

"Tell you what, I'll order us some pizza and we'll watch the TV, yeah?"

Vincent looked up at him, lashes wet and eyes a little puffy. "I'd like that."

Carl grinned at him and gave him another squeeze. "Course you would."

There was one of those old black and whites monster movies on and Carl watched Vincent getting all caught up in it. The accent the fellah used in the flick sounded a little like the one Vinnie used when he wasn't forgetting himself.

"What's this one called?"

Vincent turned an excited face towards him, the television light playing across one pale cheek. "Night of the Vampire. It's a classic."

"A classic? Whoa."

Vincent's eyes in the flickering light were soft and fuzzy. "Thank you, Carl."

Carl turned his head away from that look and frowned at the bottle in his hand. "Fer what?"

Vincent scooted across the floor and snuggled up under his arm, just like that, just like there was a space in Carl's side where he fit perfectly. His breath ghosted across Carl's neck. "I feel better now." His lips pressed to Carl's neck in a fluttery kiss, slender strong fingers sliding across Carl's thigh.

"You don't hafta," said Carl hoarsely. "Just 'cause I bought you a pizza. I mean..."

"Caaaarl..." long sexy whisper, like Vincent was just calling him. And all of Carl answered, his body turning towards that voice, those hands, that tight long torso, like a key fitting into its own lock.

Vincent gave way under him like he always did, his arms and legs wrapped around him, his mouth all over Carl's neck. Carl got an elbow on the floor beneath them and levered himself up to whisper, "bed" against Vincent's lips and then he was dragging the kid up by one hand and basically flinging him across the mattress.

He jerked his jeans off, eyes hot on Vincent who wriggled on the bed, pulling down his own pants. His cock sprang from the confines, already wet, and any concerns Carl had had about Vinnie's willingness were laid to rest. He sprang onto that mattress like some big old cougar onto a deer.

"I'm gonna eat you up, Vinnie."

Vincent squealed and giggled under him, hands running over his back and down to his ass. Carl'd never known how much he liked strong hands squeezing his butt until he'd found Vincent.

Carl had a real playful attitude going on tonight and he set to chewing on Vincent, gnawing at his neck like he was going to bite Vincent like the kid did Carl. Vinnie's hands started running through his hair now, over his back in long shivering strokes, fingers sliding into Carl's cleft until they slid across Carl's asshole and that kinda made him jump.

"Whatchya doin' down there, Vinnie? 'M gonna hafta teach you a lesson?"

Vinnie mumbled something enthusiastic about lessons and Carl set his hands to Vinnie's hips all set to flip him over, but Vinnie grabbed his hands. "Wait." His eyes all merry and dark with some secret. He wriggled under Carl and pulled up his knees, so his hole just lifted and presented itself to little Carl.

Holy Shit.

Carl was barely able to get the rubber on, Vinnie sliding those long white feet up his chest and resting his heels on Carl's shoulder. Making a picture like nothing Carl had ever imagined, long muscles straining, white skin glowing, the skin of his belly flushed and that long white cock arched and dripping up against it.

When Carl pushed in he could feel Vinnie's balls hot and hard right there against his pubes, and his cock leaking and sliding against Carl's belly.

It was like nothing Carl had seen ever and he slid in and out in an over-stimulated haze, not even thinking about any one sensation, so overwhelmed by the tightness around his cock, Vinnie's heels on his shoulders, pulling Carl down into him. His cock leaping and dribbling steadily against his belly. Carl started going wild, slamming harder, watching Vinnie's whole torso shoving his head up against the headboard. Vinnie's eyes looked dazed and amazing, full of Carl and something else, his mouth open on a cry and his cock spurting come all over both of them.

It was like nothing Carl had experienced ever.

Afterwards he thought maybe Vinnie had pulled something in his legs in that position or something because he rolled over and up to sitting, his back to Carl and sort of leaning over like he had to rub at a cramp.

Carl was feeling all sorts of great. He pet Vinnie's long white back. "You okay, there?"

The dark head moved in a nod.



Suck This!  
*by AM Riley*

"So get yer ass back over heyah." Carl tugged at Vinnie's hip and when the kid turned back and tumbled up against him, he just wrapped an arm around him and ignored the renewed tears, pulling the blanket up around them both instead.

"Think its too fuckin' cold out anyway," he growled against the silky head. And that was the second night he slept with Vinnie.

## Chapter Five

Carl had told Vinnie that he'd show him what he could do lying down, and he'd made good on his word, he figured. Hell, there were things he didn't even know he could do himself that he and the kid had sort of discovered together.

But it turned out there was a lot Vinnie could do lying down as well. Things Carl had never thought of in his wildest fantasies but which he couldn't now **stop** thinking about. There were the standard mind-blowing blowjobs of course. But Carl'd never had anyone suck him off in a shower, water plastering his hair down, clumping those black eyelashes together when he looked up at him, all hot and dark, through the spray.

And Carl had never ever had anyone lie on their back on a bed, head hanging over the side and just open their mouth for him to slide his aching dick in there and just **use** them, like it was the best thing they'd ever felt.

Vinnie had a lot of games to play. Like the time he'd just sat back on the bed, resting against the headboard, legs spread, hips pumping, and jerked off that long white cock while telling Carl what he was thinking about while he was doing it. Half the words, Carl didn't even know what they meant, but hell, he didn't have to. That look on Vinnie's face, his eyes all half-mast and hungry, that mouth hanging open and panting, that did him. He'd never come harder from just his own hand than he had that time.

And there was the biting, of course. Everybody's got their kink, he figured, and Vinnie seemed to really get off on the

biting. And it didn't hurt Carl much anymore. Actually when he was really fucked up on beers or half awake and dazed and staring at the ceiling during a rest period between one of their sessions, he could even admit that he kind of got off on it too. The pulling hot feel at his neck. The little noises Vinnie made while he sucked, squirming against him all needy and wild. And later the fucking was so intense, them both screaming, once even breaking the chair they'd ended up on, that some asshole next door'd banged on the wall so hard the picture frame'd gone crooked. Both he and Vinnie'd looked at each other and fell out laughing till he thought he'd heave.

Oh yeah. Good times.

\* \* \* \*

"Hey Fahless!" Carl poked his head through the glassless frame and waved at Ronnie where he stood on top of some tire tracked mound of mud glaring at his clipboard.

"Heyah boss!"

"Get ya ass down heyahs."

Something was up. Bunch of the fellahs were standing around Ronnie all squinty eyed and lookin' around with their fingers jammed in their pockets like they were uncomfortable. And Sammie's nephew from north of the Charles, that Nicholas kid, was standing there with his too large hardhat and a sorry look on his face.

"Whatta ya want, Ronnie?"

"How'z about showing Nickie here how ta set windows?"

Carl looked over at the boy, who was trying as hard as he could to be elsewhere, he figured, and then at the other two

men. "Thought Nickie was workin' the crew with Ray and Chuck heyah," he said, jerking a paw at the two men.

Ronnie flicked a disgusted look at the guys, and then back at his clipboard. Carl noticed that nobody was looking at Nickie. "Yeah, well Ray and Chuck think Nickie's learned enough, they sez."

Carl glanced quick at the other men standing around. Looked like Ronnie'd already tried crewing Nickie with some other guys. From the way they all were standing there he figured they'd not been keen on the idea.

"You needs ta read blueprints ta set windows," said Carl to Nickie. "Anybody shown you how ta do that?"

"I had a class at Boston University," said Nickie, that skinny face pinking up, his eyes when he looked at Carl, narrowed and defensive. Carl saw a couple guys rolling their eyes at that. At the University reference, probably, as well as Nickie's snooty accent. Carl heard someone mutter, "took a *class*," but he didn't look around to see who it was.

"Okay, boss," said Carl.

He led the way back, Nickie trailing behind him like some sorry dog that'd got kicked.

They'd set to working. Carl showing Nickie the way you measured and the things the guys sometimes forgot to set up and he was rolling out a blueprint to show him how to check it when Nickie sighed and kinda slumped sideways.

"I'm sorry about this," he said, in that crisp accent of his.

"What's that?" Carl snapped his tape measure open and shot the kid a look.

"I know you don't want to be saddled with me." The kid was frowning at a wall that had nothing on it but some electrical housings.

Carl snapped his tape measure closed and stood. "Listen heyah, I don't care 'bout nothing cept youse do the job."

He bent over the blueprints again. "Now heyah, you see how the plan has a socket ovah heyah to the left? And now some Barnie's set it right below the window..."

Nickie came sidling up and actually started paying attention, thank fuck, and Carl figured case was closed.

Course he knew why the guys wouldn't work with Nickie. It wasn't just 'cause the kid was somebody's relative and would probably wind up in some position way up the ladder from them all, pulling in three times the cash they were making. And it wasn't like the kid was incompetent or nothing. He did the work good enough.

It was that the guy was so *sensitive* and *persnickety* and used those long pretty words. Because he always wore his work gloves on the sight so he wouldn't mess up his soft hands. Because the one time he'd gone out for beers with the guys he'd ordered a Tequila Sunrise, for fuck's sake.

Nickie was an irritatin faggie little shit. And a year ago Carl would have been as pissy with him as were the other guys. But he found himself just not caring that much this time. And he found as they worked, once Nickie quit putting on airs and trying to impress Carl with how much he did not care what Carl thought of him, that the kid knuckled down and actually did a good, careful job. So they made it to the lunch whistle

and Carl was happy to see that they'd gotten twice as much done as he would have expected.

"You bring a sangwich?" Carl asked, bringing out his beaten old lunch pail.

Nickie eyed the box like he was going to come out with one of those snotty comments, but instead he grinned sheepishly and said. "No. I can't cook. Can't even make a lunch. I'll buy something from the catering truck."

"You get ya lunch and meet me theah," Carl shrugged towards an empty flatbed near the office. Nickie nodded, digging in his pockets and eyeing the array of sandwiches spread out on the roach coach.

"You want me to get you a pop?" he offered.

"Nah, stuff rots ya teeth." Carl carried his own homemade lunch past Ray and Chuck. Gave the two a nod.

Ray was a real shit so of course he had to say something. "Hey Fahless, what you do with the little faggot?

"Fuck you, Ray."

"Not in this lifetime, Fahless. Mebbe you better ask ya queer boyfriend."

Oh yeah, they were funnier than shit. Cracking themselves up, they were. Carl decided not to set his ass down there to eat his sandwich. Just kept moving on down the track.

"Mebbee he locked him in a closet," he heard one of the guys yell and then they were falling out laughing again.

Assholes. Just cause the kid was scrawny and had those uptown manners didn't mean he was a cocksucker or nothing. Stupid shitheads.

Nickie came up, face redder than his flannel shirt. "Sorry, Carl."

"What? Fer those assholes? I don't give a shit, kid."

Nickie mulled on something, slowly unwrapping the paper from his sandwich. "I'm not you know."

"What's that?" said Carl around a mouthful of meatloaf and wheat bread.

"Not a faggot." Nickie dared a quick glance back towards Ray and Chuck. "Closet cases."

Carl crumpled the wax paper around his sandwich and shoved it back in the box, his stomach gone all sour. "Should watch what you say about fellahs," he grumbled.

Nickie was on a roll, though, and didn't want to stop. "Homophobic assholes. Kind of guys who bash gays 'cause they're actually attracted to them."

Carl snapped his lunch pail shut, his teeth grinding. "Them's my friends, there, Nickie."

Nickie looked surprised and flushed to the roots of his salon haircut. "I'm sorry, Carl. You seem so different from those men."

"Well, I'm not," spat Carl, surprising both himself and Nickie with his venom. He opened and closed his mouth a few times, shaking his head, trying to think of how to explain something he wasn't even sure he knew.

"I'm sorry," said Nickie again, looking honestly worried. And, well, Carl hardly blamed him. Kid was pretty much friendless here and now he'd gone and pissed off the only guy who'd even work with him.

"Don't worry about it," said Carl. "Don't even think about it no more, okay? There's just some things what..." He pinched his mouth closed and took his time standing and brushing crumbs off his shirt, adjusting his hard hat.

"There's just things what it doesn't pay ta think about," he said.

He and Nickie were okay for the rest of the day. And Carl knew he'd been right about what he'd said. You think about things too much, you get yourself tied in a knot.

The rest of the day had gone all flat and gray on him, but Carl didn't think about what had set him off. Just like he didn't think about how he'd leave from here and go straight to that little hotel room most nights, only stopping by his place half the time to pick up clean underwear and socks.

And he didn't think about when was the last time he'd gone out for beers with the guys, or hooked up with Randy to troll for pussy. Cause he was so fucking eager to just get back to that room.

Carl didn't even think about how much he was not thinking about.

Carl didn't think about the fact that sometimes he and Vinnie didn't even fuck while they were in the room. Sometimes they'd listen to the game on the radio. Sometimes they'd play cards. A weird kind of canasta that Vinnie taught him. He was teaching Vinnie poker and feeling a little proud at how good the guy was getting at the game. He should take him out to a real game sometime, he was thinking.

And then he'd remember and stop thinking things like that.



Sometimes they'd just talk. Or rather, Carl would talk. Vinnie seemed to find Carl very entertaining. He laughed at all his jokes, even the lame ones. And maybe Carl exaggerated a little bit, making himself sound like more of a success, more important at his job. But he loved the way Vinnie would look at him, his eyes shining, like he was some kinda special thing. Some kinda hero. And then he'd curl that slim white body up against him and lay his mouth against Carl's neck and he'd whisper dirty things, his fingers sliding up and down Carl's cock until Carl would just slip into orgasm peaceful and easy, like sliding into a pool.

And they'd lay there and not say anything at all.

It was good. Carl didn't want to think about how good it was. He didn't want to think about how he'd see some guy looking at Vinnie at the bar and he'd want to rip his fucking arm off. Or how sometimes he'd think about Vinnie and it wouldn't be the sex he'd be remembering but some silly thing the kid had said, or some look on his face he'd had when he'd looked across the room at Carl when he probably thought Carl wasn't noticing.

There were so many things that Carl didn't want to think about that his brain was starting to hurt with holding the trap door closed, so to speak, on all those thoughts. So that was why, he figured, when he started looking at Vinnie's cock and wondering how it would *taste*, well that thought just got into his head as easy as that because his brain was all wore out with not thinking about the other stuff.

"Ah." Vinnie made a sweet little sound, like a puppy pushing its nose into your hand, when Carl closed his fist around his cock.

Carl pulled him closer and let his hand stay there, getting used to the feel of another man's dick in his hand. Thinner, longer, with that slippery skin sliding back and forth over the hardness. "You like that?" he whispered, half scared, into Vinnie's ear.

"Oh, Carl," breathed Vinnie, like he was in heaven, and his hips moved in a little circle.

They were lying naked on the bed already and it was easy for Carl to just roll onto his side and press his dick up against Vinnie's ass, still stroking.

Vinnie panted, writhing and making those little noises in his throat.

And it was like stroking off a woman, sort of, but different because Carl *knew* what Vinnie was feeling down there, knew how it was when Vinnie's sacs drew up and his one leg started moving restlessly around, like he was needing something more. Carl's own cock knew *exactly* what Vinnie was feeling and it started feeling it too. Out of sympathy like. And pretty soon he was pulling him in long hard strokes, his cock rubbing up and down in Vinnie's cleft and Vinnie yelling "Oh Carl Oh Carl!" loud as anything across that little hotel room until Carl felt another man's hot spunk all over his hands and the sensation pushed his own come right up through his dick and he came all over Vinnie's backside.

Vinnie rolled onto his back and looked up at him, like he was Christmas and Easter all rolled into one. "Oh, Carl." His

hand came up and brushed softly over Carl's beard stubbly jaw.

Carl flushed to his ears. "That was okay, huh?"

"Perfect." Vinnie wrapped his fingers around Carl's neck and tugged and Carl came down just like that, without even thinking about it, to give him a good sloppy kiss.

Carl's fingers were still kind of sticky and he raised one to his lips, stuck his tongue out and took a little swipe. Vinnie watched him, those black eyes wide. Carl grinned down at him, inches from his face. "You taste good."

"So do you," breathed Vinnie against his mouth, and then Carl had to kiss him some more.

Another thing he didn't want to think about was how much he was really starting to like the kissing.

They'd spent the rest of the night just like a coupla old retirees up out of Medford, watching the news and the late show, laughing at the jokes and not even touching. Carl would flash a couple times on the memory of Vinnie in his arms, all quivering and out of control and he'd just feel a glow of contentment and not need to touch. Just looking at him sitting over there, a couple of feet away, was enough.

And later, in the dark, when Vinnie crawled up on him and latched onto his neck and started humping him, almost desperate, that long cock sliding slick and eager against his thighs, Carl just opened his legs like he never had to any man and let Vinnie take what he needed. Vinnie was still sucking, when Carl fell asleep.

## **Chapter Six**

"Hey Carl."

Randy sat down next to him casual enough but Carl saw that Randy's eyes had that hard look they got when one of his rich bitch clients reamed him in front of people. "Haven't seen you around much."

"Yeah, I've had a lot of shit to take care of." Carl shrugged.

Randy kept looking at him in that hard way. "Yeah, guess you must have. Went by the sight at lunch time, but youse was off havin' a talk with that new kid."

Carl ran a finger in that new habitual way around his turtleneck collar.

Randy took a look up and down him. A quick finger came out and flipped at the fabric of Carl's sweater, somehow managing to do it without exactly touching Carl. "Never seen you dress like this before, Carl."

Carl glanced down at himself. The jeans were a little tight, sure. And the black turtleneck sweater that hugged his chest and arms had been a gift from Vinnie. Maybe they weren't quite what he usually wore, but Carl liked the way Vinnie's eyes went hot hot hot when he wore these kind of clothes.

"It's gettin' colder out," he said to Randy. "Sweater weather."

Randy snorted and turned away a little. "You look like one of those artsy-fartsy theater fags," he muttered.

"Fuck you, Pinkie," said Carl with a little sting in it.

He saw Randy's jaw tighten. "Don't know what's happenin' with you, Carl. You never come out with us guys no more. The girls sez you dumped Suzanna there. I don't know where the fuck you are half the time."

"You ain't my mother."

"No, man, I'm ... I'm your *best friend*, Carl."

It was the most intimate statement they had ever had said between them. Carl took in a breath and held it. Feeling a little twist of sorrow that it was so late in coming and so little.

"Yeah, well then be a friend. Let me do what I gotta."

"What does that mean, Carl? What do you gotta do that's such a big secret? You gotta go down ta Christopher Street every weekend, that what it means?"

"What?" Fear, rage, confusion. Carl hadn't had enough to drink yet to handle the range of adrenalized feelings that flew through him. He bounced to his feet, ready to either run or deck Randy where he stood. "What the fuck are you sayin' Pinkerton?"

Randy's eyes were wide and shocked, like he'd scared himself even. "I'm not sayin' anything, Carl. I just..."

"You wanna take this outside, Randy, that what you want?" Carl's fists were tight and hard with the need to break something open.

Randy held both hands up, palms out. "No. Carl, I was just talking shit."

They breathed harder, staring at one another. "Yeah you were," said Carl, finally. "Fuck off, Pinkie. Fuck off and leave me alone." Carl had never said that to Randy and really meant it before. But he did this time. He could feel it.

Randy felt it too. He looked at Carl and that hardness in his eyes came back, got a touch of bitterness. "Fine, Farless, if that's what you want."

"It's what I want," said Carl, making his fingers relax from their clench, gathering up his coat.

He saw Randy's eyes go to the nice cashmere coat that Vinnie'd bought him, then come up to his face. And the expression in them hurt his heart a little, he had to admit. Randy looked like his best friend had just died. And then his face just slammed shut and he turned his back to Carl.

"See ya, Farless," Carl heard Randy call out as he left.

\* \* \* \*

"You have any friends, Vincent? I mean, you know, around here?"

He knew Vincent was from someplace else. Even without that cool accent, he would have known that. A kid like Vincent never would have survived past the third grade where Carl'd been to school.

Vincent looked up at him with those great dark eyes and Carl noticed for like the millionth time how there were colors swirling around in the brown. Golds and bands of green. "No, Carl, you are my only friend."

"Oh," said Carl. "Right." Friends? Well, fuck, of course they were friends. Carl spent almost every free minute of his time here now. Not just for fucking. It was like this was his other home or something. He'd just managed to not think about it is all. Friends.

Friends who had sex. Regularly. Like, every night. Fuck.

With a growing feeling of panic, Carl looked around the little hotel room. There was a coffee maker and a set of glasses on the desk that he'd brought in here. A pile of paper plates for dinner cause he ate here every night. He couldn't think when the last time was he'd been back to his sorry little pad. He had a suitcase of clothes that had been unpacked and hanging in the closet here for a couple of weeks.

Man, how had this happened?

Vincent snuggled up against him and exhaled a contented sigh. "I thought I'd be alone forever."

"What?" Carl unconsciously distanced himself from that clench a little bit. "What are you saying?" Shit. What was going on here?

Vincent, of course, being the most sensitive guy on the planet, immediately felt Carl freaking out. He sat up, moved a ways away, wrapping his arms around his legs. "I'm not saying anything, Carl. Forget I mentioned it."

His head was sort of turned three-quarters of the way from Carl, that mouth all serious and still.

"No. Wait." Carl took a couple of breaths and tried to get himself together. "I'm just ... hey, Vinnie, I don't think so fast. Sometimes you gotta wait for me to catch up."

They must have been the right words because the stiffness left Vinnie's shoulders and his face turned more towards Carl again. He smiled a little, and that smile was so sad it made Carl feel like a real shit.

"C'mere." He bridged the gap between them, wrapped his arm around Vinnie and tugged the kid up against him again.

Buried his head in that silky hair and whispered into it. "I'm here, Vinnie, okay?"

"Okay Carl." Vinnie's voice had gone all warm and happy again. Like it was supposed to be.

"So..." and a new idea entered Carl's mind on the tail of the earlier panic. "So you sayin' out of all those guys at the bar, I'm the only what you've spent some time with?" Okay, yeah, that was a nice idea.

"Yes, Carl." Vincent snuggled up to him, his voice all coy and flirtatious like it got just before he latched onto Carl's dick and sucked his brains out.

Carl wriggled around, anticipating. He didn't know what was making him harder. Thinking about the blowjob, or thinking about Vinnie doing it only with him. He held him closer and whispered into the hair above Vinnie's ear, "So, you telling me you never saw anybody steady before?"

Whoah, what was that? All up Vinnie's spine and into his neck, his arms, even his ears seemed to go suddenly stiff and still. "No," he whispered. "There was someone."

"Oh." Carl pouted a bit. "But, he's gone now, huh?"

Vinnie was still stiff. Only now his head turned away from Carl a bit. "Yes, he's ... he's..." his voice all strangled.

Now there was very little Carl dreaded more than when some chick went all Oprah on him and decided she had to tell him her deepest darkest secrets. It sent a chill up his spine every time and he'd be out that door as fast as he could find his shoes and his wallet.

But here, holding Vinnie, he suddenly felt like whatever was hurting the guy was personal for Carl, as well. Like



whatever touched Vinnie touched him, and wasn't that just the strangest shit he'd ever thought before. He gave him a supportive little squeeze. "What happened?"

Vinnie sighed. "Carl, you hate discussing emotional subjects."

Yeah, his puppy knew him alright. "It's okay," said Carl, and he gave Vinnie's head a kiss so he'd know he meant it. "I want to hear about it."

Vincent was silent for a while and then Carl felt him relax just a little, leaning back into his embrace as if for support. "It was a long time ago," Vinnie said, low. "I was very young."

Carl was quiet, waiting.

"He was the most sophisticated man I had ever met. Intelligent, educated, wise, well-traveled."

Carl felt a little twinge of something very like envy. "Good for him," he growled.

"I knew nothing of the ways of men," said Vinnie. He turned his face and nestled it against Carl's chest. "I was completely enthralled by him. I worshipped him, practically. And then he ... he took me to his bed. He showed me things I'd never imagined. I thought it was forever."

Carl knew the ending to this story. Hell, he'd done the ending to this story a few times himself. "And then he took off."

The face that pressed against him was suspiciously damp. Carl wrapped both arms around Vinnie's shoulders and held him close. "We guys are dogs, Vinnie. And it's his loss." And if

he could, he'd hunt the motherfucker down and made sure he knew it, too.

He made himself think hard, as hard as he knew how, before he said the next words.

"But I ain't gonna never do that to you, Vinnie, you hear me? You can count on me."

\* \* \* \*

Carl never knew what Vinnie did all day while he, Carl, was at work. He figured he slept for a good part of it, though. Vinnie would be up long after Carl fell asleep, puttering around the room, watching weird late-night horror movies. Reading one of his thick books. But by the time Carl was showered and off to work, Vinnie would be curled in a tight, white ball under all the blankets, his eyes sealed shut, his mouth closed, so deeply asleep he seemed to barely breathe.

Carl stopped at the door before he left and looked at that little ball on the bed there. His mind went back to the previous night's conversation, to the aching sex they'd had afterwards. It hadn't been like any time they'd fucked before. It had been, well, almost like church or something. Vinnie on his back, his legs up and around Carl's body so that they lay chest to chest. Carl's dick deep inside Vinnie, barely moving, kissing and whispering stuff against each other's lips till they'd come together, looking into each other's eyes. He thought of that and he tiptoed over to the sleeping figure, bent, and kissed him on one cool cheek.

Later that day, at work, he started thinking about finding a real apartment for him and Vinnie. Kid couldn't live in a hotel

his whole life, could he? And he had money, Carl was sure of that, but he wasn't steadily employed like Carl was. Not in a union with health insurance and a pension and everything. Nope. Carl was gonna have to take care of things and the first thing he was gonna take care of was getting his friend set up with a proper place to live.

\* \* \* \*

"So, I'm thinking you should maybe move in with me. Until we can find a bigger place that is." Carl shoveled the Pad Thai into his mouth and tried not to look at Vinnie's face.

The silence went on so long, though, he finally had to look up.

Man, how could anyone look like that? And then the Pad Thai was on the floor, fortune cookies and Iced Tea everywhere, and Vinnie was under him moaning and Carl was trying to burrow through all the layers of clothes as fast as he could and thinking his first rule when they moved in together was gonna be no clothing while indoors.

By round two they were up on the bed again. Vinnie's head laying on his thigh, his lips pressing kisses against his skin. Carl was hard but he was in no hurry.

He laid his palm on Vinnie's soft hair and petted. "Hey," he said.

"Hey, yourself," whispered Vinnie, pressing another kiss to his inner thigh.

"Get yerself up here," said Carl, tugging a little. Vinnie clambered up and Carl hugged him running a hand possessively down his chest, lifting Vinnie's cock in his hand

and giving it a little squeeze. Predictably, Vinnie moaned and Carl grinned.

"So here's what I'm thinking." He squeezed again and got another sweet little moan.

Vinnie looked up at him, and fuck those eyes were enough to make him shoot without even touching himself. "What are you thinking Carl?"

"I'm thinking I'm gonna suck you off."

Okay, he could do this.

Carl lay on his belly on the bed between Vinnie's thighs and stared a man's cock in the eye for the first time in his life.

Carl remembered when he'd dropped out of High School and old man Taylor'd called him into his office and tried to talk him out of it one more time. It'd been no use, no way Carl was stayin' in that place without Randy and no way was he lettin' his friend go it alone, but he remembered how Mr. Taylor had stood behind his desk, wiping his glasses with a little piece of tissue paper and talked about how Carl was making a 'life-altering decision' and how that meant he ought to think about it.

Carl slid his hand up and closed his fingers loose and gentle around Vinnie's cock, and knew he'd just made a life-altering decision.

'Cocksucker' was one of those words Carl had known before he'd even been to kiddiegarten. Not even sure what exactly the name meant, he nevertheless knew the level of disdain even the most fucked up asshole had for those who wore it. It wasn't hard to guess, either, what action earned a man that name.

Guy sucks a cock he crosses that line. Pretty easy to see.

Carl took a deep breath, just feeling the skin moving under his hand. Vinnie made a little sound and shifted his hips and Carl looked up at him to see those big eyes looking down into his like he was about to give the kid the Birthday present he'd always dreamed of.

Shit. It wasn't just a cock. It was *Vinnie's* cock. And that made it different in a bunch of ways that Carl couldn't quite explain even to himself they were so all tangled around each other. How Vinnie looked at him and the way Vinnie did anything, *absolutely anything*, if it pleased Carl, and how Carl sort of understood that Vinnie had never expected anyone to treat him this good. Never had thought he'd deserved it. And Carl knew how that was.

He tightened his fingers and slid his fist up and down a couple times and heard Vinnie inhale sharply.

The skin moved funny. He'd noticed that before when he jerked Vinnie off. Sliding like a white lady's stocking up and over Vinnie's cock head then down again, the mushroom face of his dick poking out again looking kind of mad that it'd been down in that place and Carl got a strange idea in his head and leaned over, laying his tongue right there on top of Vinnie's cock and sliding the foreskin back over it.

Vinnie made a strangled sound and thrust up under him.

Gah. Carl gagged immediately and pulled off. Shit. That was harder than he thought. He pumped Vinnie's cock slowly, and eyed it with a whole new perspective. It was long and white and a little shiny now. Pre-come dribbled out of the slit and some of that shine was Carl's saliva which made him feel

a little weird for a second. But Vinnie was long, really long. Like those kielbasa sausages he and Randy'd wolfed down in the sausage eating contests and Carl suddenly realized he knew how to do this and he opened his throat like he was gonna swallow the longest frankfurter in the world and lowered his head over Vinnie's cock.

"Carl! Oh, Carl! Ggghhh..." said Vinnie, his hips jerking around until Carl had to hold them down to keep things under control. He still choked every few seconds, but he had the gist down and then he remembered how hard Vinnie sucked him and he closed his lips really tight around the shaft and sucked like he was trying to pull a solidified Icee through a straw.

Vinnie *wailed*, his hands working their way into Carl's hair, his feet moving around on the bed and Carl sort of smiled to himself, careful not to break the seal and let his head bob up and down a bit while he worked his tongue around and tried to do something with Vinnie's slit.

Now Vinnie was shoving and clawing desperately, yelling his name and Carl could feel the vein on Vinnie's cock moving under his tongue and he slid up and down, trying to keep the suction going, one hand clenched around the base, because his gag reflex was too strong still and the other reaching down to fondle Vinnie's nutsacks.

"Caaaarl!" wailed Vinnie and a wad of spunk hit the back of Carl's throat. He had time to feel the way Vinnie's cock jumped against his tongue, like it was alive and to taste that peculiar salty flavor and then he was gagging and hanging on while spunk flooded his mouth and Vinnie cried and thrashed beneath his hands.

Carl lay for another minute when Vinnie was done. He liked the way Vinnie's cock felt on his tongue, smaller and sort of relaxed, like a little animal he was keeping safe. Then, careful not to overstimulate, he let the cock slip from his mouth and sat up.

Vinnie lay on his back staring at the ceiling. He was panting hard and a shiny rivulet was making its way from the corner of his eye down towards Vinnie's ear.

"Hey," Carl scrambled up and gathered Vinnie's entire body against him, like he was hugging a blanket. "Hey." Kissing temple and nose and mouth. "You okay?"

Vinnie whispered something and wrapped his arm around Carl's neck as he was kissed and snuggled and a little snuffle came out of him.

Carl moved back, honestly concerned now. "Hey, did I hurt you? I mean, I tried to be careful, but I know..."

"No, Carl, you didn't hurt me. You would never ... I know ... I..." Vinnie sniffled and buried his head against Carl's neck.

Wow, Carl would have been creeped out by the tears except it was kind of sweet and made a warm protective feeling start up in his chest. "Here," he said, reaching down to pull up the coverlet. "Don't be cold."

"What about you?" asked Vinnie, looking down Carl's body.

Carl followed his gaze. Little Carl was looking pretty damned loose and satisfied. Huh, that was weird. He looked down at the end of the bed where he'd been lying while he sucked Vinnie off and saw a distinctive wet stain there on the coverlet.

Man, he hadn't even felt it.

"I'm good," he said, tucking the coverlet behind Vinnie's shoulder, petting his hair and caressing his cheek. "Don't you worry about me, I'm good."

Vinnie looked up at him with those big eyes. "I love you, Carl."

Carl's hand stuttered in the middle of a movement. Feelings going off in his head and his heart like the grand finale at the fourth of July. "Hush now," he said, his voice all husky.

Vinnie's hand stroked his chin, his neck, rubbed lightly at the bite marks and Carl arched his head a bit into the touch. "I do love you."

Carl nodded, his throat too full to speak. He wriggled and lay down next to Vinnie so that he could cocoon them together in the covers, holding that silky head under his chin. He felt Vinnie's head turn, the seeking mouth. And then Vinnie's tongue playing over the bite marks. The tingling started and Carl didn't even pretend anymore that the biting didn't turn him on. He lifted his chin, feeling the hot pricks just touching his skin.

"I know," he said, and closed his eyes as Vinnie bit him.



## **Chapter Seven**

"Hey, Steve, what's hangin'?" Carl and Vinnie took their regular seats at the bar and Carl slapped down the bills as Steve slid their beers in front of them.

"Ten thick inches uncut," Steve shot back, as he did every night. Carl chuckled, because that never stopped being funny to him and Vincent slid off his stool again and touched Carl's shoulder.

"Excuse me, Carl. I see Roger across the room."

"Sure, sure, go play with your friends." Carl waved him off, grinning with pride that his pup was breaking out of his shell now, kinda, and making friends.

Steve took a couple unnecessary swipes at the bar in that way he did when he felt like having a chat. "You guys doing okay?"

"Yep."

Steve sighed. "I'm jealous, you know."

Carl squinted at him a bit. "Am I gonna have ta take you out back and teach you a lesson?"

Steve's eyes popped and he flushed. "What? No. Shit, Carl, I mean I'm jealous of you guys. Of what you have. Wish I could meet someone like that."

Carl looked down and let his hand rub at his pursed lips.

Vinnie came back and slid an arm around his waist and Carl couldn't help it. He sort of tensed for a second.

"Carl?" And couldn't Vinnie just read him like a book?

Carl made himself sit back and ruffle Vinnie's hair. Who promptly scowled and tried to put it to rights. For a guy who

wore his hair in a mop, Vinnie was sure picky about it getting mussed. "Everything's fine, Vinnie. Just thinkin'."

Vinnie studied him some more and then smiled, tentatively and took his hand. "You'll tell me what you have on your mind when you're done thinking, won't you Carl?"

"Always do," said Carl. They smiled at each other, and Carl gave Vinnie's fingers a little squeeze.

"Oh my fucking **God**!"

Drunk or sober, Carl would know that voice anywhere. He turned slightly on his stool and there stood Randy. About five feet away, and staring at Carl and Vinnie's joined hands.

"Geez!" Randy bent over, dramatically, rubbing at his eyes with both fists. "Fucking tell me it isn't true, Carl. Tell me I'm not seeing this."

Vinnie would have withdrawn his hand, but Carl kept hold of it. He stood, pulling Vinnie up against him, one arm around his shoulders. His belly felt like it was full of a bunch 'a angry bats, but he was steady on the outside. When Carl was sure of something, he was sure. "You got somethin' ta say, Randy?"

Randy was drunk as all get out. He sort of wove sideways on his widely planted feet and made a wide gesture at Carl. "You a faggot, Carl? You a fucking queer?"

"That's right," said Carl, hearing his voice all level and strong and wondering at it when everything inside him was coming apart. He squeezed Vincent up against him a little tighter and felt the man's hand come up to the center of his back and just press there. It gave Carl a peaceful feeling, all

through the center of his body. "That's right, Randy. I'm a cocksucker."

"No!" Randy yelled, jumping at him, his face so red it looked like it would burst. "No, that ain't right, Carl. You like pussy. I know you do. I *seen* you man."

A bunch of the bigger guys had set down their drinks and their pool sticks and were slowly converging on Randy's position. Carl looked around at them and realized all at once that he wouldn't feel right if Randy got the snot beat out of him just because his best friend had suddenly turned out queer.

"Hey, Rand, lets go outside and talk about this." Carl stepped up to his reeling friend, cautiously, watching his hands. Randy had a hair trigger temper and could go off like a shot. He'd seen it plenty of times. But Randy didn't seem to want to hit him. He took a staggering step backwards when Carl tried to take his arm, and turned twisting away from him.

"Yeah, sure, outside."

Carl gave Vinnie a look that said, "You stay here," and he and Randy stepped through the front doors into the street-lit parking lot.

Randy stumbled a few feet and then sat, all at once, right on the sidewalk, his legs sprawled over the curb and out onto the gravel. "Fuck. Fucking Hell," he said to his lap tearfully.

Carl buried his hands in the pockets of his coat and waited. The tears usually came intermittently between the fits of rage. He'd ridden this rollercoaster with Randy for as far back as he could remember.

"A fucking fag," said Randy to his lap. "How'd it happen, Carl? Was it him? That little fairy I seen you with?"

Yes and no, thought Carl to himself. "Didn't just happen, Randy. Think I been like this always."

Randy shook his head at the enormous improbability of that. "How could you be? I mean, I've known you all my life, Carl. You were my best *friend*, man. I woulda known."

Carl felt a little twinge at that past tense verb, but he'd made his choices, he figured. "Don't think it's something you can always see, Randy."

Randy looked up at him and he was a sorry sight. His face all red and wet with tears, his mouth all wide and torn up with the fits of rage and crying. It made Carl feel really sorry for him. He took off his nice coat, draping it over the guard rail, and sat down next to Randy there on the pavement.

"I didn't really know, Randy. You gotta believe that. I mean, well yeah there was some stuff, but it was pretty damned strange to me and I didn't really hook it all together right away. If I'da known for sure, I woulda told you man."

"Yeah?" Randy was looking at him like it still shocked and horrified him to see Carl sitting there, being all queer and everything. "Yeah, you woulda come to me? You woulda said?"

"You're my best friend, man," said Carl, purposely putting the verb in the present tense.

Randy blinked wet eyelashes a couple times and then shook his head. "Yer a liar."

"Hey, Randy, don't say that." Carl felt truly hurt. "I mean it."

"No," said Randy, "No, you don't mean it. If you did you wouldna done it you wouldna gone off like that."

"Gone off...?"

"Goin' off with some strangers and ... man what kinda friend is that? You wouldna done that, Carl. Not if we was friends."

"Done what, Randy?" Carl's head hurt trying to follow his drunken friend's rambling.

Randy just stared at him. Then leaned in. "You wouldna done it."

Carl's brows twisted in puzzlement, watching those out of focus eyes just get closer and closer and suddenly Randy had his mouth pressed against Carl's, wet and beery and full of sloppy tongue.

"Bleh! Randy! Fuck!" Carl shoved him and sprang back and to his feet, wiping his mouth hard with the back of his hand.

"What the fuck, Randy? What the hell you doing man?"

Randy started sobbing. Big shuddering sobs with huge tears rolling down his face. "Why didn't you come to me, man? Why'd you have to go find some stranger?"

Carl gaped.

Randy somehow managed to find his feet. He wiped at his face and kept blubbering. "Just tell me that, Carl. Why'd ya go and do that?"

"Randy." Carl shook his head and let both his hands rise and fall to his sides in exasperation. "You're boza, man. You've had too much to drink."

"What the fuck has that got to do with it?" yelled Randy, that roller coaster dipping and rising into the rage again.

Well, he had a point.

"I don't know. I guess I just don't feel like that about you man."

"You don't?" From the look on Randy's face, Carl didn't know if Randy thought that was a good or a bad thing.

"No," said Carl.

And wasn't that just the shits?

Carl called the cab and gave him the tip to get Randy home safe and wandered back into the bar, thoughtfully rubbing his chin. He found Vinnie sitting at the bar, listening to Steve tell a story.

"Hey," said Carl, letting his hand stroke down Vinnie's arm. And wasn't it great that he could just do that now. Out here, in front of everybody. Just touch his man. Fucking relief is what it was. "We gotta talk."

\* \* \* \*

Carl waited until the apartment door was closed and Vinnie was sitting on the couch before he started talking. All around the living room were boxes full of Vinnie's weird shit that they'd brought from the storage place where he'd been keeping it all. They hadn't unpacked much, wasn't much point when they'd be moving again soon. But the few that they'd opened had given Carl one of those days of startled, careful and slow reflection.

'Course there was what he'd expected to find. Like a couple hundred comic books and some of that Sci-Fi geek shit. But then there'd been stuff you just didn't find in some Goth kids duffle. Things like ball jars full of musty old dirt.

Funny books in a strange language that made him feel dizzy when he held them. A shriveled up animal's foot in a velvet box.

Vinnie had a lot of layers, that was for sure.

"So I been thinking," said Carl. He sat down on the couch and he and Vinnie's hands automatically twined together.

"This thing between us, Vinnie. We're a couple, ain't we?"

Carl knew any other person might have heard this statement and given him a condescending smile thinking, poor Carl. Poor slow Carl. Vinnie just smiled and nodded, his eyes shining happily.

"Yeah. We're a couple. Like you and me, thick and thin, rich and poor, sickness and health." he played with Vinnie's fingers, frowning at their intertwining. "That right?"

"Yes, Carl."

"Till death..." said Carl and lifted his chin, looking straight and serious into Vinnie's eyes. "That right, Vinnie?"

Vincent opened his mouth. Took a breath. Closed it. He watched Carl with those big eyes and nodded.

"C'mere." And Carl looped his arm around Vinnie's neck and dragged him over next to him on the sofa. He put his hand under Vinnie's chin and kissed him until he ran out of air. Then he tucked Vinnie's head up under his chin.

"I'm ready." he said.

\* \* \* \*

Carl shoulda known Vinnie would make a fuss. Carl, himself, had never been the white lace and tux kinda guy. He

figured the piece of paper from the County Clerk's office did the job good enough.

But Vinnie had some fixed idea in his head about how things were supposed to be.

First thing Vinnie'd done is chase Carl off to have a shower. Not like he smelled or nothing, but Carl kinda liked the idea that he'd be all fresh for this. He came into the bedroom after, rubbing the water out of his hair and found Vinnie lighting a bunch of candles he'd set up around the room.

He was wearing a long velvety robe that just brushed over the tops of his white feet. It was opened all down the front and he turned towards Carl when he entered.

Carl let the towel drop and had to take a breath. Vinnie was, well, beautiful was the only word Carl could come up with. Framed by the dark material, Vinnie's long white torso looked like something carved from marble. Like that statue of David on his momma's mantel, only ... Carl's eyes traveled down and he licked his lips in memory and in anticipation. Vinnie was a little more well endowed than that pansy Italian sculpture. Carl's hand slid down to give little Carl some ... assistance there. And he saw Vinnie's hand do the same. And wasn't that cool, the way they just sort of synced up like that. He watched Vinnie stroke himself and then he saw a glint of something there in his pubes.

"Hey slow down, c'mere a minute."

Vinnie came into his arms with a sexy rustle and swish and Carl ran his hands over the velvety material, sliding it back so



he could lift that pretty cock and look at what Vinnie had fastened there.

"Holy shit," he fingered the cockring. It was cold and hard and Vinnie's cock pulsed above it. Vinnie's hips pushed into him when he touched it.

"I have a matching one for you."

Carl almost doubled over his cock jerked so hard at that. "Yeah," he squeezed the words out of his throat. "I think I could go for that."

Vinnie tugged Carl shyly towards the bed. Carl looked around, sort of dazed. He saw wineglasses and a bottle on the table next to a lot of things he'd not even known Vinnie had. Amongst them a sturdy looking gold colored ring.

The blankets had been stripped off the bed and towels were draped across the bottom sheet. Carl decided not to think about why that precaution was necessary and just climbed on up next to Vinnie.

Vinnie sat cross-legged and Carl just gaped at the picture that made. That perfect white body, with all its little cuts and long muscles, flushed swollen cock bobbing above the dark patch of hair, the whole picture framed by the midnight blue robe.

The best part, though, was Vinnie's face, serene and glowing with happiness. Carl couldn't believe, still, that he could put a look like that on anybody's face. He reached towards Vinnie, and felt his hand clasped and raised to those lips. Kissed very lightly.

"We need to talk about this, first, Carl."

"Ah. I knew there was a catch," Carl grimaced.

Vinnie grinned, his teeth sharp and white, his eyes dancing, looking more dangerous than Carl had ever seen him. And more sexy. "That what worries you, Carl? Having a conversation?"

"Shit, yeah," Carl laughed back, now. Didn't matter what he and Vinnie did, now, did it? He was still a man and he'd rather chew glass than talk about stuff.

Then Vinnie's eyes went all solemn. "You need to be sure, Carl. *I* need to be sure. I don't want to do to you what ... what *he* did to me."

Carl took a breath. He rolled his hand in Vinnie's, letting their thumbs rub against each other. "I thought about this, Vinnie. I'm for keeps, here. Are you?"

"Yes."

"Okay, then. That's settled." And he scooted forward on the bed, took Vinnie's face in his hands and kissed him soft but for a long time. When he let him go, Vinnie's eyes were full of him and the candlelight.

"You'll have to give up your job, Carl."

"Yeah, I know."

"Some of your friends, probably." Vinnie was reading him, his eyes looking deep deep into Carl, like he could see into his brain, there. Carl let him. There was nothing in the limited space between his ears that he didn't want Vinnie to see.

He ran his hands down Vinnie's body, pushing aside the robe as he went. His mouth followed his hands, touching Vinnie's ears, his neck, his shoulder.

"Don't ya got something for me there, Vinnie?"

"Yes," Vinnie's voice was husky and unsteady. "But first..." he leaned towards the bottle of wine and brought it and the two glasses back, offering one to Carl. "I've saved this for a very long time."

"Wine?" Carl held his glass steady as Vinnie poured the deep crimson liquid into it.

"It's like wine, in a manner of speaking," said Vinnie, pouring into his own glass. "An intoxicant of sorts."

Carl figured this was one of those things he didn't want to know too much about yet. Like that weird little animal foot in the box. "H'okay," he said. "Salut." And he threw the liquid down his throat in one gulp.

"Carl!"

"Whoa!" The inside of Carl's head took a quick step sideways and he had to lurch in place to keep it inside his skull. The room followed, colors popping before his eyes. Vinnie's hands were on his shoulders then, helping him lie down and, yeah okay, that was better. Lying back on the bed, his head on the pool of Vinnie's velvet robe, those dreamy eyes looking down into his. Carl felt pretty damned good all of a sudden.

"That weren't wine." He raised a hand to Vinnie's mouth; let his finger stray across the lower lip, until Vinnie's tongue chased it.

"It will help you to relax, Carl. Traditionally, I would ... take you."

"Ah," said Carl, his thumb running lightly down the hollows and shadows of Vinnie's throat.

Carl watched Vinnie's Adam's apple bob as he swallowed hard. "It is only a tradition, Carl. I wouldn't expect you to do anything you didn't feel comfortable with."

Carl touched the bones of Vinnie's shoulders, traced that flawless skin to the hard little nipples. "You wanna fuck me, Vinnie?"

Vinnie's eyes throbbed once, dark and hungry. He swallowed again. "Only if you want me to, Carl."

Carl smiled at the want in Vinnie's voice. "You ever done it before?"

Vinnie was stroking his torso now, pressed up against Carl, cock hard and slick already, the cold bite of metal occasionally stinging through the heat and Carl thought he'd never felt anything so sexy. Vinnie shook his head. "You're my first."

"First and only," said Carl, the thought making him squeeze his eyes shut and moan, as Vinnie's hand slid down Carl's torso. Carl caught his breath at the chill and tightening around the base of his dick and when he prized his eyes open and looked down, little Carl had a gleaming collar round him. He looked pretty happy about it.

Vinnie fingers stayed there, stroking him gently. And Carl just tilted his chin up, loving the way Vinnie knew what he needed, what he wanted. Like little Carl and Vinnie had their own relationship that Carl himself only caught the occasional benefits of. Carl arched, his toes just curling up.

"Are you ready, Carl?" Vinnie's breath against his neck was cool, his fingers working little Carl were strong."

"Been ready. How about you? You ready, pup?" There was a whirlygig in Carl's brain but he had enough presence of mind to get a handful of Vinnie. He reached all the way around and got a double handful of ass. Man, Vinnie's skin was almost as soft as the velvet robe he'd been wearing.

Vinnie's cock bumped his belly and he pushed up against him, making little sounds against Carl's neck. Carl raised his chin to accommodate him and opened his thighs up a bit as well. "You want me?" he whispered.

He felt a growl rumble against his neck.

Carl stretched his thighs wide open and pushed up into Vinnie's grip, his hips rolling and rocking and fucking that firm grip. Vinnie's mouth on his neck was working his bites now, the feeling setting a buzz down his spine and through his balls.

"Vinnie?" He waited till Vinnie stilled, like he was really paying attention and then Carl lifted himself onto his elbows and rolled over. He thought he heard Vinnie gasp, and then that mouth was on his neck again, at the back this time, cool and wet. So Carl settled himself a little more into the mattress and spread his thighs.

Vinnie growled a bit more, a desperate whine working into the sound, both his hands on Carl's back, moving over his ass, kneading and gripping. Occasionally sweeping a finger down the cleft, or reaching beneath to touch Carl's balls, rub the skin there.

Carl moaned.

Both hands were on him now, pressing kneading, a thumb running down his crack again, but this time it was followed by lips. Soft, wet and sliding downwards.

Carl felt that tingling in his spine spreading over his ass and into his balls and up again, he ground against the mattress and tried to push up into Vinnie's mouth.

The kid seemed to get it really fast, tongue and lips made Carl wet and eager, the feeling of Vinnie's mouth as good there as it was on any other part of Carl's body. Then thrusting inside, like some secret fluttering away in him, the sensation spiraled up into the visceral part of Carl's brain, and he just started to moan and whine mindlessly, thrusting against the mattress and begging.

Fingers. Vinnie's long strong fingers reached in and out of him. Touching him for real in places that Carl was sure Vinnie had touched him already somehow. Vinnie's mouth moved up his spine, riding Carl as he rocked against the mattress, moving with him, whispering things against his vertebrae, against his neck.

And then Vinnie's fingers were gone. Something cooler and thicker than the fingers and Vinnie's cock poked into him.

"Carl," the voice at Carl's ear was dark and urgent. "We don't need condoms anymore Carl."

Carl moaned agreement against the mattress. Vinnie's cock was breaching him now. Vinnie was *inside* him.

It didn't hurt at all, Carl thought. It was just sort of intense, like the biting. An intensity that he had to push into. Like the only way to go was to the other side of the sensation and he pushed up into Vinnie's hips and heard him gasp and

Suck This!  
*by AM Riley*

felt stars bursting inside him about the same time he felt those pinprick incisors at his neck.

"Do it," he begged desperately against the mattress. "Do it Vinnie. Take me."

And Vinnie did. For such a little guy, Vinnie was pretty fierce. Carl could feel how powerful he was, riding him at ass and neck, inside and out like some kinda man sized electric eel. But that was how it should be, he thought, helplessly twisting and crying out for more his cock steadily pulsing and the sensations so intense he didn't know if he was coming or dying.

Grey white sound. Like a washing machine in a quiet Laundromat in deep winter. Cool and rhythmic and peaceful. "Carl," he heard the word softly at his ear. "Carl, I love you." And the grey flattened, went darker, went black.

## **Chapter Eight**

"Hey Steve, what's hanging?" Carl and Vinnie slid onto their usual barstools.

"Ten inches thick and uncut," said Steve, grinning ferally. "What are you having?"

"Whatever's on tap," said Carl, eyes scanning the room. Vinnie slid off his stool and gave Carl's arm a long stroke as he proceeded across the floor.

Carl grinned. Vinnie's walk was little more predatory these days. A little more confident. He liked to see it, liked to see his man coming into his own. Across the room some of the friends Vinnie had made were greeting him.

Carl was about to turn back to say something to Steve, when the front door opened and a familiar figure stepped in.

Carl looked around the room quickly, then slid off his stool and met the guy half way across the floor. "You shouldna come here again."

Randy hunched his shoulders. "Can't a guy visit his friend?"

Carl pursed his lips and gave Randy an appraising look. Then he jerked one shoulder towards a back booth. "Have a seat, we can talk."

Randy gave Carl a once over as they took their seats. "You gotta new look, Carl."

Carl looked down at himself. When he'd dropped the construction work he'd been a little worried about losing his bulk, you know? Even though Vinnie assured him about it constantly, he'd started pumping weights some and got more



definition in his chest and abs. The loose white satin shirt hanging open over his black jeans showed it all off.

He cast a defensive glance at his old friend. "It's a look."

"It's a good look, Carl. You look ... you look good." Randy folded his hands together on the table and his eyes moved around the bar. "You still, uh..."

"Still a faggot? Yeah." Carl saw Randy's eyes tighten up at the word. "Me 'n Vinnie's got a place on the other side of town, now." Carl waved Steve over and waited while the bartender served Randy a tall one and gave Carl a glass of tap.

He saw Randy eye his drink. "That some kinda bloody Mary?"

"Somethin' like that." Carl considered that Randy'd probably never seen him drink anything other than beers so his choice of beverage probably came as much of a shock to Randy as had his choice of partner.

Randy's eyes scanned the room. "Place looks different than last time I saw it."

The place *was* different. Carl knew it. His boy had really come into his own, here. The bar had gone a little beyond the leather. Less obvious, more subtle. The boys that hung out here now meant business and they didn't have to buy pre-worn biker gear to prove it. Wasn't anything he was ready to discuss with Randy, though.

"You was pretty drunk last time you was here," he pointed out, smoothly. "Surprised you remember anything."

"Yeah." Randy gave him a look. Okay, he'd known Carl a while. But he obviously decided to let it go, dropping his head and frowning at the table.

Carl took a sip of his drink. Not bad. Steve must've found a new source. "How've you been, Randy?"

Randy toyed with his beer bottle, picking at the label, but not sampling from it. "Not so good, Carl. Fucked up, to tell the truth."

Carl sipped his drink. "Sorry to hear that." And he was.

"It ain't been the same, man."

Carl had to admit it was a little gratifying to hear that.

"Well," he said, all philosophical, "things change."

"Saw Suzanna." Randy shrugged. "She was sayin' some shit about you around town so I set her straight."

Carl raised an eyebrow. "You did?"

"Yeah, told her you had more goin' on down there than most guys and I knew she knew it."

Carl ran a finger along the edge of his glass. "You didn't have ta do that."

"Sure I did. Man's gotta stick by his friends." Randy bent his head and stared at the table.

"Suzanna weren't that bad," said Carl, just to break the embarrassing silence.

Randy snorted and cocked a pink face up at him. "I know it. After she hauled off and hit me one thing led to another and..." He shrugged.

Carl grinned. "Glad to hear that."

"Yeah, well..." Randy kept looking around. "*He* here?"

"Sure." Carl set his drink down. "Why?"

"I just ... I feel like I owe him an apology."

Well for fuck's sake.

"Vinnie!" bellowed Carl, leaning back out of the booth. "Get over here!"

Randy couldn't quite meet Vinnie's eyes, Carl noticed, but he was trying. Vinnie's hand landed on his shoulder when he walked up. It lay there, possessive and sure. Yeah, Vinnie was coming into his own.

"Well, hello..." Vinnie cocked his head to one side and smiled in a warning way at Randy. "Carl?" He remembered Randy. Carl could tell by the sudden pressure on his shoulder.

"You remember Randy?" he said anyway, because Vinnie's manners were kinda rubbing off on him.

"Of course." Vinnie leaned forward and extended his hand. Randy did that little jerky eye thing where he tried to look at Vinnie, then quick looked away and then looked back again, and grabbed his hand.

"How ya doing?"

They actually shook hands for a half a second before Randy looked like he was gonna just explode and pulled his hand back, hiding it away in his lap it looked like.

"Randy here has somethin' ta say, Vinnie."

"Yeah. I'm sorry for bein' an arsehole," said Randy, still doing that squinting and wincing thing. Vinnie made a sound halfway between a question and a murmur, but Randy seemed to get what he meant.

"Cuz, like, Carl here's my best friend. And ... and he's a great guy, you know. The best." Now Randy looked up at Carl and Carl felt a little lump form in his throat at the expression

on Randy's face before he looked down again at his hands. "And any friend 'a his is ... is a friend of mine, likewise."

Vinnie's thumb did a soft little stroke thing down the back of Carl's neck. "I accept your apology, Randy."

Randy was beet red, but he bobbed his head up and down, still staring at his hands.

Carl was a liberated guy these days but a man can only take so much girly crap before his nuts fall off. "Good, then. 'Nother beer?" And he snapped his fingers in the air to get Steve's attention.

Sometime later, Carl sitting back in the booth, arms and knees spread, he and Randy peering at the rest of the room through a sea of empties. Carl was watching Vinnie talking to his friends on the other side and Randy looked at him all of a sudden and said. "You used ta look at *me* like that, you know."

Now there were a lot of ways that Carl could have reacted to that statement, and most of them involved blood. Blood suffusing his face, blood pouring out of Randy's nose. But he'd been thinking a bit on things since Randy'd laid that kiss on him. So instead he just nodded. "I know, man. I'm sorry."

Randy laughed. "Shit, don't be sorry, man. Just be glad I didn't know at the time, I mighta had ta kill you."

Carl grinned.

"Or kiss you," Randy added fast, and he chugged his beer.

"Yeah." Carl glanced at him sideways.

"Oh, don't worry, Farless. Your hairy ass is safe from me. I just kinda miss the lookin', you know?"

"I get ya." And he did. Carl knew what it was like, now, to have someone look at you like you were some kinda hero.

"Hey," he said. "Maybe Vinnie can introduce you to one of his friends."

Randy snorted. "Fuck you, Farless."

"Not in this lifetime, Pinkerton."

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