

A Sip...



A Torquere Press Short

Born to be Wild
By Addison Albright

Roland laughed out loud as Trey, the president of the Upsilon Kappa Beta fraternity, and his vice president, Brad, outlined their plan. The YKB house was right next door to the house that Roland and a group of his GLBT club buddies, Andy, Sam, Henry, and Kendall, were renting.

“Let me see if I’ve got this straight,” said Roland, laughing. “One of your pledges is wound up pretty tight and you want our help to crack his reserve.”

“Fisher’s wound up tighter than a piano string,” said Trey. “He’s just – well – very *reserved*.”

“Told me he was an Eagle Scout,” added Brad. “Very prim and proper, but otherwise a good guy. We’re dying to crack him.”

“So on Friday night you want us to crank up the stereo and you’ll send Fisher over to tell us to turn it down.”

“Right,” said Trey.

“And you want a bunch of us making out in the background when one of us answers the door.”

“Yeah,” said Brad. “Really put on a show for him.”

Roland laughed and turned to look at his housemates. They were lounging around the living room, which was in full view of the front door. Their furniture was second hand – hell, it was probably third or fourth hand – but there was plenty of it in the big old shabby house. “You guys game? Sounds like fun to me.”

Andy smiled. “Oh, hell yeah – I’m in,” he said. I’m sure I can get Lenny to come over and partner up with me for the show.”

Sam and Henry looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders. “Yeah, we’ll do it,” said Sam. Sam spoke for both of them. They’d been together for two years now and pretty much knew each other like the backs of their hands.

“Kendall, you think Vinny’ll be willing to join you?” Roland asked his last housemate.

“Are you kidding?” replied Kendall. “Vinny’s depraved. We’ll have to tone him down so poor Fisher doesn’t have a stroke.”

Roland snickered and turned back to Trey and Brad. “Yeah, we’ll do it. I guess I’ll answer the door since I’m single right now. What time do you want us to crank up the tunes?”

Trey and Brad looked at each other. “Bout ten?” asked Trey. “Not so late that the other neighbors’ll call the cops on ya?”

Good idea. They didn’t want trouble with the neighbors. “Yeah,” replied Roland. “Ten o’clock on Friday night.”

“Cool,” said Brad.

“By the way, which one is Fisher?” asked Roland. “I’ve seen two new guys over there the past few days.” Roland didn’t add that they were both good-looking. One was Roland’s height with dark hair and dark eyes – classic good looks and a tight looking build. The other was taller, with

red hair. He was more cute than handsome. Roland had noticed dimples when he'd smiled – definitely cute.

"The dark haired one is Fisher. The red head is Corey," replied Brad. "Nothing reserved about *that* fella – this was his idea!"

"Yeah I met Corey the other day," added Kendall with a laugh. "I got the impression he'd fit right in with the rest of you rabble."

"Rabble! Strong words coming from a member of *this* house. Y'all are nuts – 'course that's probably why we all get along so well," said Trey.

Roland used a long stick to arrange the hot coals in the ancient grill he and his friends kept on their back patio. He looked around the decrepit back yard. There were more bare spots than grassy spots and the metal shed in the back corner was more rust than anything else. He did enjoy the big old shady oak trees, though. He placed the grate back in place on the grill and reached for the package of brats.

He looked up when he heard a loud clanging crash coming from the YKB house, next door. The two pledges, Fisher and Corey, were dragging four metal trash cans around to the back of the house.

There was a vine-covered chain link fence separating the two large old houses, but Roland could easily see over it. Roland watched the two pledges as he placed the brats on the hot grate.

They lined the cans up in a row and Fisher grabbed the coiled up garden hose while Corey picked up a bottle of dish soap and one of the scrub brushes that was laying there.

Scrubbing out the trash cans? Man, Trey had a mean streak in him. Jesus, you couldn't pay Roland enough money to pledge a fraternity. Although having a couple of willing slaves for three years after you'd put in your time as a freshman did hold a bit of appeal.

The sound of the hose powering into the metal cans was thunderous. Roland watched as Corey squeezed some of the dish soap onto his brush and reached inside the first can to start scrubbing it out while Fisher hosed out the other three.

What a nasty job. Poor Corey had his head all the way in the can as he scrubbed the bottom.

Roland was surprised when he saw Fisher dial the hose nozzle to 'jet' and take aim at Corey's ass. That was Trey's idea of reserved? Oh, hell no, there was nothing at all reserved about Fisher. Roland almost laughed out loud when Corey squealed like Ned Beatty in *Deliverance* at the assault to his backside.

Fisher did laugh. His laughter was natural and untamed. Fisher fit right in with the YKB

delinquents already. What was Trey thinking?

Roland watched as Corey grappled with Fisher for control of the hose. Something was up here – Trey wasn't that fucking stupid. Roland smelled a double cross – that much was obvious – but what was Trey's game?

Were they planning to have Fisher throw an out of control snit when he saw the guys making out with each other all over the living room? Or maybe they were planning to have Fisher faint and cause a panic? Roland smiled to himself. Oh, Trey was good. He was pure evil genius. Roland wasn't sure anymore that it was Corey's idea, as Brad had suggested – that had been to throw them off track. This reeked of Trey.

Trey was a well-known practical joker and Roland was almost ashamed he hadn't suspected anything. He'd simply thought the joke was on Fisher, but apparently it was supposed to be on himself and his housemates. Roland needed to figure out how to turn it around to be back on Trey and Fisher now.

Roland picked up the tongs and turned his brats. He looked back over the fence and saw that Corey had won control of the hose and Fisher was now wielding a scrub brush. He'd turned around, though, not trusting Corey. He was no fool, apparently.

A flash at Fisher's ear caught Roland's eye and he squinted to get a better look. Was that an earring in Fisher's right ear? It sure looked like it was. What the hell?

Roland put the tongs back down and moved stealthily into the kitchen. He opened their junk drawer and fished around in the back for the little pair of binoculars he knew was buried in there. He found them and slunk back outside.

Roland lowered himself into a tattered folding patio chair and brought the little binoculars up to his eyes. He adjusted the focus and zeroed in on Fisher's ear. Goddamn. Not only was it an earring, but it was a triangle-shaped stud and was rainbow-colored to boot. There was no mistaking the meaning of *that* earring.

Roland lowered the binoculars and thought about the situation. He picked up the tongs and flipped the brats around some more. He wondered if his housemates were in on the joke or if they were Trey's victims as well. And if they *were* in on it, would they be willing to turn the tables on Trey?

An idea began to form in Roland's mind and a grin spread across his face. He was going to keep his housemates in the dark. He didn't know if he could trust them or not and the plan he was forming didn't need them to be in on it.

As Roland walked out of the house for an early morning chemistry class on Friday morning he saw that Fisher and Corey were heading out the YKB's front door at the same time. Apparently

they had some eight o'clock classes, too. He noticed Corey give Fisher a little elbow jab when he eyed Roland.

He'd have a little fun with them. He raised a hand and waved. They looked at each other then smiled over at him and waved back. Roland noticed that Fisher was earringless this morning. Probably under orders not to wear it out until after tonight's ruse was over.

They were just a few blocks from campus so they were all just walking in. Roland waited until they caught up with him before proceeding.

"Hey." Roland grinned as he greeted them, "I'm Roland. You must be the new YKB pledges."

"Yeah," Corey spoke up. "I'm Corey and this here's Fisher. Nice to meet you, Roland."

Fisher remained silent. He was chewing thoughtfully on his lip.

"How do you like fraternity life so far? Are Trey and the boys treating you all right – not giving you too much work?"

Corey answered again. "Oh, we love it. The guys are great. We get the shit jobs, but it doesn't take up too much time."

"Yeah? Good. Does he let you out to play? We're having a few friends over tonight – you guys are welcome to join us if you'd like."

Corey looked over at Fisher who looked slightly alarmed by the invite. Obviously they couldn't agree to come over since they both knew Fisher was going to be knocking on Roland's door around ten o'clock for the double cross. On the other hand, as far as Roland was supposed to know, Fisher didn't know anything about it.

Fisher replied this time. "Ah, we can come if Trey gives permission. It'll depend on him."

Good answer. They both still looked a little nervous, though.

"Well, either way," said Roland, "I'll see you around. Our two houses get together now and then for parties."

"That's cool," said Corey. "We'll look forward to it."

Roland smiled and turned towards the science building. "Later," he said, waving to them as they continued on towards the fine arts building.

"Where's Lenny?" Kendall asked Andy. Kendall's boyfriend, Vinny had already arrived. Vinny was biting at the bit to be a part of the exhibition. Roland hoped he knew enough to at least keep

his clothes on.

“He’s on his way,” replied Andy. “I just spoke to him.”

“Good,” said Roland. He didn’t need to worry about Sam and Henry; they were already warming up on one of the couches. Jesus. Generally the guys in the house all took that stuff to the privacy of their own rooms, but tonight was a different situation, so Roland tried not to gawk. Not very easy, since he wasn’t getting any at the moment.

“When’s this gonna start? Ten o’clock?” asked Vinny.

“Yeah,” replied Roland. He turned to Andy. “Hey, Andy – what do you have in the stereo?”

“Well I thought about putting some ‘Village People’ on, but decided maybe something like ‘Born to be Wild’ would be better.”

“Cool.”

“Does anyone have a video camera?” asked Vinny. “I’d love to see the look on this clown’s face when sees us, but I’ll be too busy jumpin’ Kendall to see it live.”

Roland grinned. Damn, Vinny *was* a bit perverted, but he couldn’t really blame Vinny on that one. Roland was looking forward to it himself. Roland had *plans* for Fisher and hoped he was as good a sport as he appeared to be. Roland expected that Trey, Brad and the others would be hiding in the bushes to see Roland’s reaction to whatever show Fisher would be putting on and Roland planned on giving them a performance to remember.

“We need to choreograph this,” announced Vinny. “This furniture arrangement sucks. Let’s move things around so they’re all facing the front door.”

Kendall was standing next to Vinny, looking around the room with a critical eye. “Vinny’s right,” he said. “Fisher won’t be able to see what’s going on over on this couch without straining.”

They were right. They had two couches and two stuffed chairs and at least three of them needed to be clearly visible from the front door. “Okay,” said Roland, “let’s move this shit around. Jesus, Sammy, you guys need to cool it for now.”

Sam and Henry broke their lip lock on the orange plaid couch and got up so it could be dragged over to the other side of the lime green stuffed chair. They left one of the chairs out of sight, but placed the other chair in the center with the two couches angling to the sides from it. It was a ridiculous and impractical setup, but it suited their purposes for the night.

Lenny arrived as they moved the last piece of furniture into place. He laughed when he saw the arrangement. “Andy,” he said, “let’s call the chair. We can have some creative fun in the chair.”

“Or over the back of it,” added Andy.

Jesus. “*Simulated*, creative fun,” Roland clarified. “Let’s keep our clothes on for this. You can take it your rooms when Fisher leaves.”

“Gonna need to,” said Vinny. He elbowed Kendall with a smile. “This is gonna be hot – making out in public – damn!”

Roland checked his watch. It was almost ten o’clock. They needed to get into position. “Okay,” he said, “you guys need to take your places. I like Andy’s idea of bending Lenny over the back of the chair – we want variety.”

“No fair, though,” complained Vinny. “Andy’ll get to see Fisher’s reaction.”

Andy rolled his eyes and looked at Lenny. “I don’t care, Lenny. Does it matter to you?”

“Oh whatever, let Vinny do Kendall over the chair,” agreed Lenny. “I’ll straddle you on one of the couches and Sam and Henry can hump each other on the orange couch. How’s that for variety, Roland?”

“Perfect,” Roland grinned.

Andy sat down in the middle of the worn, purple velvet couch and put his arms out to Lenny with a little eyebrow wiggle. Lenny laughed and placed a knee on either side of Andy’s hips and lowered himself onto Andy’s lap.

Sam and Henry squabbled over who would be on top on the orange plaid couch. Vinny suggested a rock-paper-scissors match to settle the issue. Sam won so Henry lay back on the couch and spread his knees apart for Sam to fit in between. Sam grinned as he stretched his body across Henry’s and kissed him.

Kendall and Vinny’s relationship was better defined. *They* knew which one would be bent over the chair and which one would be standing behind him.

It was show time. Roland walked over to the window facing the YKB house and opened it. He saw a few figures in the dark, slinking into the bushes around their house.

Roland walked over to the stereo and turned the Steppenwolf CD on. He cranked up the volume and the words of Mars Bonfire blared out at them.

He looked around the room and saw the guys were having no trouble getting into their roles. Kendall was draped over the back of the gaudy stuffed chair and Vinny was having a blast grinding his pelvis into Kendall’s ass.

Lenny was pressed tight against Andy. They clearly had their tongues down each other’s throats and Andy’s hands were kneading Lenny’s ass.

Sam and Henry were all arms and legs, humping and necking on the orange couch. Yep, they were ready.

Roland glanced out the window and saw a figure emerge from the front door of the YKB house and head in their direction. He smiled to himself and waited for the doorbell to ring. He made himself pause a few moments when it did ring before moving to the door.

Roland flung open the door and stepped slightly to the side. He watched as Fisher's jaw dropped. Roland got the impression that their performance was even better than Fisher had been prepared for. Fisher quickly regained his composure, though and huffed up like he was going to throw a snit.

Roland didn't give him the chance. He pulled Fisher into the room and into his arms and quickly brought his mouth down onto Fisher's.

Fisher's initial reaction was to freeze up, but as Roland pressed his tongue through his lips Fisher relaxed and opened up to him. Roland tightened his embrace around Fisher's waist and Fisher brought his arms up around Roland's neck.

Sweet. Roland spun them around and pushed Fisher against the wall next to the door. Fisher grunted but clenched his hands in Roland's hair and ground his pelvis into Roland's.

Jesus, fuck. Roland hadn't been expecting *that* kind of a reaction out of Fisher. The boy was damned hot and Roland found himself grinding back and not caring about their audience.

Roland moved his hands down to Fisher's ass and pulled him in. Fisher responded by flipping them around and slamming Roland into the wall. Christ, Roland was hard enough to pound nails and he ground hard against the rigid bulge in Fisher's jeans.

Vinny chose this moment to finally find his voice. "Holy fuck! Kendall, look up, for Christ's sake."

"What the hell's going on?" was Kendall's reaction.

Roland shoved his tongue back into Fisher's mouth and they both groaned.

"What the fuck, man?" That sounded like Andy, and was followed by laughter from Lenny.

Roland felt Fisher's movements turning erratic. Christ, he was going to come. Roland kept one hand on Fisher's ass, pressing him in and moved the other up his back. Fisher's hands didn't move from their tight clench in Roland's hair.

"Jesus Christ, that boy can improvise!" came from outside. Sounded like Trey.

"Go Roland!"

“Go Fisher!”

“Jesus, they’re gonna blow!”

Roland lost track of who was saying what. Hell, he didn’t fucking care right then who was watching, let alone who was tossing out comments. All of his focus right then was on his aching prick.

Fisher let loose a loud groan into Roland’s mouth and Roland felt Fisher’s body convulse moments before the hard ridge that was pressing against him began to pulse. Fuck that was hot. Roland turned them again and pressed in hard.

Roland heard a ruckus out in the bushes that sounded like guys tripping over each other. “This wasn’t part of the plan, was it?” someone outside asked.

“Jesus.” That sounded like Sammy.

Roland felt the pressure building. Fisher kept going for him, kissing back for all he was worth. Roland pumped his hips in against Fisher as a burning heat flashed through him and hot come burst into his pants.

Roland groaned loudly as his body tensed and shook against Fisher’s. They were both breathing heavily and Roland broke the kiss and leaned in against Fisher. Roland heard the sound of a pair of hands clapping from the doorway. Then several more pairs of hands joined in along with some whistles and cat calls. Fuck.

Then he heard Vinny’s voice behind him. “Come on, Kendall,” was followed by a scramble of several pairs of feet racing upstairs. Jesus.

“Show’s over – let’s go,” sounded like Trey. Good man. Get the hell out of here. The sound of the front door closing followed that directive.

Roland lifted his head from Fisher’s shoulder and looked into his eyes. Fisher was smiling at him. Roland grinned.

“Damn,” said Fisher, “I hope there’s more where that came from.”

“Lots more,” Roland replied. Roland planned on seeing a hell of a lot more of Fisher.

“Um, I’m supposed to tell you to turn down your music.” Fisher tried to say it with a straight face, but failed miserably.

Roland laughed – fucking Trey and his practical jokes. But Roland wasn’t thinking about getting back at Trey for his double cross; he was too busy thinking about getting Fisher upstairs to his bed.

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