

A close-up portrait of a firefighter, Ryan Field, wearing a black helmet with the number 42. He is looking slightly to the left with a serious expression. The background is filled with bright orange and yellow flames. The firefighter's face has some soot on it. He is wearing a blue strap over his shoulder.

*If you think starting a raging fire is thrilling...
learning how to put one out is even better.*

The Vance's Flames

Ryan Field

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**Vance's Flames
Copyright©2009 Ryan Field
ISBN 978-1-60054-436-1
His and His Kisses Edition
Cover art and design by Dawné Dominique**

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**Published by loveyoudivine Alterotica
2009
Find us on the World Wide Web at
www.loveyoudivine.com**

Vance's Flames

by

Ryan Field

Vance's Flames

Anyone in Vance's family could tell you that he liked to play with matches for as far back as they could remember. When he was only three years old, his father caught him staring into the toilet bowl, lighting one match after the other, and smiling as the doomed flames reflected in his blue eyes when they trickled down toward the water. He grinned so wide you could see his upper gums. His distressed father pressed his palm to his throat and frowned.

Then there was that time on a warm June afternoon, when his mother found him lighting Christmas candles that had been packed away in the garage. She scolded him, and then she hid every source of flame in the house.

But that only encouraged his desire. His eyes would grow large, and he'd purse his lips as though he were about to whistle when he held a fresh book of matches at family birthday gatherings; there was something so intriguing about that initial burst of flame just after the bulbous tip of the match cracked against the sandpaper. And then the way the flame relaxed into a smooth little ball of yellow heat as a thin line of smoke leaked into the air. It was almost criminal to blow out the candles and make a birthday wish.

The only thing more exciting than lighting one match was lighting the entire book all at

Ryan Field

once. On the afternoon he learned how to do it, it occurred to him that something between his legs began to stir as he watched the flames explode. It was the same wonderful feeling he received when he saw an attractive man on television. A sensation of tightness and pleasure pulled inside his ball sack; his penis slowly began to grow long and stiff. He was eleven years old by then; not even remotely sure of what to do with his erection or how to respond to any of his natural feelings about other men.

Ten years later, when a neighbor's garage caught fire in the middle of the night, his mother looked at his father and rolled her eyes as she gazed at the smoke from her bedroom window. And when they went downstairs in their bathrobes to see if everyone was all right, it wasn't much of a shock to see their college-age son standing on the sidelines sporting a wide grin. His arms were folded across his chest; his legs were spread wide. He rocked quickly on the balls of his feet as the handsome, powerful firemen doused the orange flames. His mother looked at his father with a raised eyebrow, and then she asked another neighborhood gawker if anyone had been injured or killed. When they learned the garage had been completely void of all life and that everyone was safe, they quietly crossed

Vance's Flames

back to the house with their hands in their pockets and their shoulders slumped forward. The one thing they failed to realize was that their son was just as interested in the firemen as he was in the fire.

Six months later, when a dark green dumpster filled with cardboard egg cartons behind the Food Circus Supermarket went afire, Vance was finally spotted with a plastic container of charcoal lighter fluid in his hand by one of the night managers who'd gone out for a quick cigarette. Vance thought he was perfectly safe: it was after eleven at night, pitch black, and there was a fast getaway through a wooded section that lined the rear parking lot. In hindsight, he knew his one mistake had been lurking next to the dumpster for too long. But this was the first time he'd ever used charcoal lighter fluid, and he didn't want to miss the result.

The flames shot up with such speed, he simply couldn't pull away from the warm yellows and reds. While his eyes were popping and the erection in his jeans throbbed, the night manager dialed 911. By the time he heard the sirens, a police cruiser that just happened to be in the neighborhood pulled up behind him, and it was too late to run. When the cop shouted, "Put your hands in the air and don't try to run," Vance slowly spread his arms

Ryan Field

and shrugged his shoulders without even remembering he was still clutching the empty container of lighter fluid.

Two things saved him from going to jail: his innocent good looks and the fact that his father was a well-known, local attorney. Vance's mother was a fair-haired, blue-eyed Anglo Saxon who looked more like thirty than forty, and his father was a tall Afro-American with broad shoulders and a wide chest. Vance had been fortunate enough to receive all their best attributes. His sandy blond hair fell into thick, loose curls at the base of his neck; his eye color mimicked the tint of the sky on a misty spring morning; and his soft, rich skin had that tawny-taupe hue of a slightly toasted walnut shell.

On the morning he arrived at court for the hearing, he wore a white dress shirt and a gray necktie, with stucco-colored slacks that fit just tight enough to show off his sweet, round buttocks. When he leaned forward and gazed into the female judge's eyes to explain remorse for what he'd done and tilted his blond head and raised both eyebrows so she could see his blue-gray eyes and his guilty frown, she shook her head as if he were a bad little boy who had been caught stealing candy. She knew his father was a lawyer, and she took into consideration that this was his first offense

Vance's Flames

(recorded, anyway). So she pointed a finger and gave him a good scolding, and then six weeks of community service helping with the local volunteer fire department.

Though he'd always been the one to start the fires, it occurred to Vance on his first day of community service that being surrounded by all those strapping firemen dedicated to putting out fires wasn't all that dreadful. When they ordered him to wash and scrub the fire trucks that first day he reported to the firehouse (he was an arsonist: the men treated him like dirt in the beginning), his dick grew hard each time he wiped and shined all that red steel. And when the fire alarm sounded, even though he wasn't actually allowed to ride on the trucks with the other firefighters, his ball sack jerked and his breathing grew heavy with anticipation. But more than that, after the fire trucks were out on the road and he was all alone in the firehouse, he realized the heavy suits and large black boots the men wore made him want to strip naked in the locker room and masturbate.

He never complained about any job they made him do. He cleaned pigeon shit off the windowsills with a smile; he washed and scrubbed the locker room toilets with a hand sponge while he whistled "Oh Happy Day." By

Ryan Field

the end of his first week of community service, most of the men were beginning to like him.

And there was one guy in particular that Vance liked. His name was Bucky. He was a tall, brawny man in his mid-thirties with a brown buzz cut and a slight paunch. His legs were strong and solid, and you could swing from his broad shoulders. Though Vance went to a gym and had a lean, muscular body with beer can abs and nice round pecs, he'd always preferred older men with naturally rugged bodies. The real men, not perfect men. The blue-collar guys who drank beer and spat on the sidewalk made him hot; the ones who stood with their hands in their pockets and their legs spread wide talking with their buddies about last night's Red Sox game made his chest heave.

When Bucky spoke, his voice became deep and raw. He referred to the other guys as "buddy," but pronounced it quickly so it sounded like he was saying "bwady...hey bwady...what's up, bwady." The first time he spoke to Vance and called him "buddy," asking him to put the weekly trash down at the end of the driveway, Vance's initial urge was to fall on his knees and bury his face between the big guy's hairy legs.

The community service gig was the best thing that had ever happened to Vance. He

Vance's Flames

suddenly lost interest in lighting matches and began to focus on starting a fire between Bucky's well-built, hairy legs. When Bucky was in the firehouse recreation room hanging out with the other guys, Vance innocuously began to dust the radiators and sweep the floors so he could eavesdrop on all of Bucky's conversations. He learned that besides being a volunteer fireman, Bucky worked full time in construction, and he had an ex-wife and two small children. The ex-wife, according to the few offhanded remarks Vance overheard Bucky make to the other guys, only cleaned the house about once a year, cooked frozen fish sticks in the microwave three nights a week, and rarely wore anything other than gray sweatpants and a black sweatshirt. It didn't sound as if Bucky missed married life. And Vance was smart enough by then to read between the lines, the poor donkey wasn't getting much sex from anyone and the highlight of his day was probably a quick jerk-off session in the shower.

So Vance began to pay modest compliments to Bucky. He decided the best way to get into his pants was to build his ego first. If Bucky came into the firehouse and no one was around, Vance would say something like, "Dude, you have such big arms; you must work out all the time," or, "Man, I really

Ryan Field

admire what you do; working full time building houses, and then fighting fires as a volunteer in all your spare time." Bucky, who most likely never received a compliment about anything from his wife or kids, would smile and straighten his posture when Vance mentioned these things.

Once, after Vance told him he liked his pick up truck, Bucky replied, "You know, buddy, you're turning into a real big help around this station." Vance smiled and looked to the floor with the same innocent expression he'd used with the judge who'd sentenced him, and then he bent over and arched his back to brush a spec of dirt off the floor with his hand so that Bucky could see how round and sweet his ass was.

* * * *

He was halfway through his community service sentence when he said to Bucky, "I think I want to become a volunteer firefighter, too." Part of him only said this so he could bend over the fire ladder and spread his legs for Bucky, but another part of him was sincere. Vance had slowly become obsessed with the firehouse. The massive red trucks with black leather seats and the call for adventure whenever the sirens sounded made his heart

Vance's Flames

palpitate. When he was at home, if a siren sounded during the middle of the night, Vance would leap from his bed, pull on his jeans, and run down the street to see where the fire was. Helping people and saving lives was a good thing, too. But for him, the excitement of the fire itself was the ultimate turn on.

Bucky lowered his eyebrows and rubbed his jaw. They were outside leaning against the garage door and Bucky was wearing baggy, short pants. "Ah well, buddy. You know this is a serious commitment here. You've got to be serious about it. Not everyone is cut out to be a volunteer firefighter. It takes a certain kind of guy."

"I'm serious, Bucky," Vance said, trying hard not to stare directly at Bucky's hairy calves. He'd seen Bucky wear this particular pair of shorts before; they made his mouth water. "I really want to do this. I'll be really, really good. Could you help me out and put in a good word with the captain?" He'd never been more serious about anything in his life.

Bucky rubbed his jaw and thought for a moment. Then he fake punched Vance in the shoulder and said, "Ah well, I guess I could mention you to the captain."

* * * *

Ryan Field

A week later, Bucky told Vance he'd spoken to the captain. The captain said he had his reservations about Vance, due to the nature of his offense, but he told Bucky he'd give Vance a fair trial run to see how things worked out. The captain shook his head and frowned; he said there was something about Vance he didn't quite trust...the kid was just too good looking and too smooth, and he always wore his jeans too tight. But he assigned Bucky to the firehouse night shift the following weekend and said Vance could keep him company all night long. He figured if the kid could take all those long, dark hours in the firehouse with nothing to do, he might have volunteer firefighter potential. Bucky thanked him; he agreed to do it. And the captain smiled, because everyone in the firehouse knew that Bucky hated living alone in a small apartment and would do anything to get out of the house.

* * * *

On Friday night, Bucky and Vance arrived at the firehouse at the same time to relieve the other guys. Of course, they were all on call around the clock, but only one man had to remain in the station and watch over things until there was a call for a fire. That night, it was Bucky and his protégé, Vance.

Vance's Flames

Bucky's voice took on an authoritative tone that night. Evidently, this was one of the only times in his life he was the expert who knew everything. He spent over two hours in the garage explaining one of the fire trucks to Vance: how the ladders worked, how the hoses were extracted quickly, and other matters rookie firefighters learn about in detail. While Bucky's large hand ran across the thick gray fire hose, Vance ran his tongue over his wet lips. And when Bucky helped lift him up onto the back of the truck, he casually pressed his palm against Bucky's wide shoulder for support and said, "You are one strong guy, Bucky. Your muscles are *huge*." Then he squeezed Bucky's shoulder a few times and climbed onto the truck.

"I'm not that strong tonight, buddy," said Bucky. "This morning I pulled my back out lifting a heavy beam at work and it's killing me." He ran his large hand across his lower back and tried to stretch out. His brown eyes squinted; he leaned forward to moan.

"Man, you sure look like you're in pain," Vance said. He'd noticed that when Bucky had stretched his arm to rub his back, his white t-shirt rose and exposed the elastic waistband of pale blue boxer shorts. Vance sucked in his bottom lip and took a quick breath, picturing his teeth pulling Bucky's waistband.

Ryan Field

"It's fucking killing me, buddy," Bucky said. His voice was deep and coarse.

Where he found the courage, he didn't know, but the next thing Vance said was, "Why don't we go into the locker room, and I'll give you a rub down. I'm good at it." His voice remained soft and unaffected; he didn't want to appear too eager.

"Ah, well..." Bucky rubbed his jaw and stared down at the floor.

"C'mon, man. It'll feel better, and I really don't mind. It's the least I can do for you after all you've done for me."

Bucky didn't protest, and Vance led the way to the back of the station where there was a locker room, showers, and a massage table. Bucky leaned against the table and kicked off his work boots. He was wearing those white athletic ankle socks. He didn't think twice about unzipping his jeans and dropping them in front of one of his firehouse buddies. When he pulled the white t-shirt off, Vance could see part of his dick through the opening of his blue boxer shorts. He was a fine looking man without clothes: about two hundred pounds, with hair on his stomach and chest. But not too much so that it resembled fur. In many ways, he was the exact opposite of Vance, who was slender and hairless, except for the sandy blond curls on his head.

Vance's Flames

Wearing only his boxers and white socks, Bucky slowly climbed onto the table and went face down. He let his strong arms hang loosely from the sides; his long legs were slightly spread. "Just let me know if you're going to get rough," He joked, as though he were a real tough guy who could take anything. Then he closed his eyes and sighed.

Vance smiled, rubbed his palms together, and licked his lips. The first muscles he rubbed were at the base of Bucky's thick neck. His fingers squeezed and probed, slowly crossing down to the shoulders. While he slowly worked his hands downward toward the sore spot at the base of Bucky's spine, Bucky moaned and groaned with delight. His toes curled beneath the white socks, and his fists clenched as though he hadn't been touched by another human being in ages. When Vance reached the sore place, he gently caressed it with his fingertips. A moment later, he slipped his fingers beneath the waistband of Bucky's boxer shorts to caress the two dimples at the small of Bucky's back. Vance had always loved guys with deep dimples; Bucky's were the size of half dollars.

And then Vance stopped short, walked to the end of the table, and began to rub and massage Bucky's large, sock-covered feet. He worked each foot for an equal amount of time

Ryan Field

and then slowly began to massage Bucky's hairy legs until his soft hands were between Bucky's legs, right beneath his boxer shorts. A huge erection was bursting in his own tight jeans; his breathing grew heavy each time he pressed into one of Bucky's leg muscles. Vance had to use all the self-control he could summon not to lean forward and begin licking the man's hairy legs. Bucky's moans had turned into grunts by then; you could see his hips making slight bucking motions against the massage table.

When he was finished with Bucky's bottom half, Vance went back to the sore spot and gently began to caress it again with his fingertips. He blew softly on the sore muscles with his warm breath and whispered, "Is this okay?"

Bucky grunted again and whispered, "Buddy, this is too good to be true; I never expected you to be this good with your hands."

Vance smiled. "Why don't you turn over and I'll rub down the front of your body, too. I may as well take care of everything."

Bucky hesitated. He cleared his throat and his voice grew deeper. "Ah, well. Maybe that isn't the best idea, man."

"What's wrong?" Vance asked. He pretended to be innocent, but he had a feeling he knew why Bucky didn't want to roll over.

Vance's Flames

Bucky didn't respond. Vance suspected he had an erection that could pitch a huge tent beneath his boxer shorts if he turned over, and he was too embarrassed to admit it out loud to another man.

"C'mon, man," Vance said, with a soft, even voice. "Turn over. You'll enjoy it."

"I can't...I don't want you to get the wrong idea, buddy. You might get a little nervous," he said, then laughed from the bottom of his gut.

By then, Vance was smiling and running his fingertips across the back of Bucky's left leg. He leaned forward, gently pressed his palms on Bucky's shoulders and said, "It's cool man; what happens in here stays in here with you and me. Just turn over and I'll finish you off and make you feel real good."

Bucky's shoulders tightened for a second. Then he slowly turned his entire body and started to laugh, partly because he was still in real pain and his movements were so disconnected and awkward and partly because the head of his penis was pounding through the blue cotton fabric of his boxers. He looked down between his legs and said, "I'm sorry, buddy." Then his eyes darted around the room; he couldn't look Vance in the eye. "I guess you got me all woodded up," he said.

"It's okay," Vance said. He knew they had crossed the line of no return; he had Bucky

Ryan Field

right where he wanted him. Vance had finally started a fire that only he could put out. "I don't mind; you don't have to apologize to me. There's nothing wrong with that. Now, put your hands behind your head, close your eyes, and just relax. I'll take good care of you." He smiled; he knew what he was doing.

"You really do know how to start a fire, buddy," Bucky said. "I'm ready to explode right now."

"Just close your eyes and relax," Vance whispered.

The room went silent. Bucky closed his eyes and spread his legs; he adjusted his hips and relaxed his shoulders. And while he was getting comfortable, Vance quickly pulled off his own shirt, kicked off his shoes and socks, and stepped out of his jeans. He never wore underwear; he was completely naked.

"What are you doing, buddy?" Bucky asked; his eyes were still closed, but there was a smile on his face, and his cock was thumping in his shorts.

"Just keep your eyes closed and give me your right hand," said Vance.

Bucky laughed, and then reached out with his hand. Vance took the big hand, turned it around so the palm was facing him, and leaned forward on his tiptoes. When he was positioned just right, he placed Bucky's wide palm against

Vance's Flames

his smooth ass cheek and started to rub it up and down. "How does that feel?" Vance asked.

Bucky laughed; he cleared his throat again. "That feels really smooth." Then he gave Vance's ass a gentle slap and began to rub and squeeze it all by himself. His hand was calloused and rugged, which made Vance's soft skin feel like flimsy satin.

While Bucky felt up his ass, Vance arched his back and spread his legs so that Bucky's fingers could find his hole. Then he bent down a little, pulled Bucky's dick through the opening of his boxers and held it at the base. This was a nice, wide dick, with about four extra inches showing through the top of his hand. He wet his lips, opened his mouth wide and swallowed it all the way down until his nose touched the wiry, dark hairs on Bucky's brown ball sack. Vance's jaws indented while he sucked slowly from the base to the head. Bucky's dick tasted salty and smelled like damp cotton. Bucky probably hadn't showered since early that morning, and after a hard day at work, he'd been sweating quite a bit. But it wasn't a foul aroma, and it wasn't offensive. It reminded Vance of the way a wet towel smelled on a warm summer day at the beach.

Vance wasn't exactly an expert cocksucker. Actually, Bucky's dick was only the second cock he'd ever had in his mouth...the first time

Ryan Field

he'd given a blow job was at summer camp, and back then, he'd been more interested in staring into the blazing campfire than sucking the dick. But he worked hard to please Bucky that night, and from the way Bucky was moaning and sighing, he knew he was doing something right.

When Bucky's legs began to move around, and his toes started to curl inward, Vance knew his big, strong firefighter was getting close. He'd begun to taste Bucky's pre-come on the tip of his tongue. So he sucked harder; his head went up and down faster. Eventually, he pressed his tongue against the shaft so that it would create more friction.

"Ah, buddy," Bucky said, "is it okay if I get off? I'm really close." His voice was hoarse and disconnected, as if he were ready to stammer.

He didn't have to ask that question. But Vance appreciated it and tried to mumble "okay." Only his mouth was so filled with dick, it sounded like gibberish.

While he sucked Bucky off, and Bucky moved closer toward climax, Bucky started to squeeze and pull his ass. His large middle finger found Vance's tight hole; he stuck it inside, and Vance's eyes rolled back. Vance reached around with his right hand, grabbed his own dick and started to jerk off with the same rhythm he was using to suck Bucky off.

Vance's Flames

He backed into Bucky's thick finger; he wanted it to go as deeply as possible.

"Here I go, buddy," Bucky shouted. His pelvis started to buck; his cock became swollen. Then it exploded with what felt like a month's worth of cream down Vance's throat. Vance's anus tightened around Bucky's finger; he shot a stream of his own come onto the locker-room floor while his lips were still locked tightly around Bucky's dick.

The strong firefighter went limp against the massage table; his feet relaxed and his head turned sideways. But his middle finger was still inside, circling Vance's hole. Vance closed his eyes and swallowed the last drops of come while Bucky's dick slowly grew soft in his mouth. He liked the taste of cum, and Bucky's tasted sweeter than his own.

When Bucky finally pulled his finger out, he said, "Damn. I never expected *that*." And then he reached around and grabbed another handful of Vance's ass.

Vance reluctantly let Bucky's semi-erect dick slip from his mouth. His shrinking dick tasted and smelled just as good soft as it did hard. A clear trickle of Bucky's cum slid down his chin. He swiped it with his tongue and swallowed. "You see, I told you I'd be really, really good."

Ryan Field

"Well, thank you," Bucky said. There was a sudden lilt in his strong voice, as if this had been the first blow job, good or bad, he'd had in a long time.

"C'mon," Vance said, in a stage whisper. "Let's go take a hot shower. I'll rub soap all over your body." Then he leaned forward, pressed his lips between Bucky's legs, and kissed Bucky's left testicle. "I'll get down on my knees and soap up your legs while the hot water hits the sore spot on your back. After all, we don't need a firefighter who is in serious pain around here."

Bucky sat up with a stunned expression on his face. He seemed shocked that the only thing Vance wanted to do that night was please him, as if no one else had ever treated him this well. "I think you're going to be one helluva firefighter one of these days, buddy."

Vance carefully cupped Bucky's balls in the palm of his hand, and then stared at him and smiled. "Why is that?"

Bucky spread his legs wider so Vance could massage his balls. "Because I've never felt so good in my entire life. We're going to be spending a lot of time together, and I'm going to teach you everything I know. And you already have a jump start. When you know how to start a fire, it's easier to put one out."

Vance's Flames

Then he smiled and gently pushed Vance's face between his legs.

Ryan Field

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ryan Field is a fiction writer who has worked in publishing for over fifteen years. He has worked as an assistant editor and editor for magazines and non-fiction publishers. And aside from his novels, his short stories have been published in anthologies and collections by Alyson Books, Cleis Press and Starbooks Press. His short story, "Down the Basement," is part of a collection of short stories in the Lambda Award winning book, BEST GAY EROTICA 2009.

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