

A Sip...



A Torquere Press Short

Back and Forward
By Syd McGinley

I'm not a foot guy, but kneeling in front of him had its own supplicant feel. He had long thin feet with a few pale golden wires on each big toe. I tugged one hair with my teeth. He twitched.

"Pampering, boy, not teasing."

I tugged again. "I may be on my knees but I'm not your boy," I snapped.

He grinned.

His extra height made him think he was in charge no matter how often I proved he could be my bottom. It went back and forth between us. He claimed I only won when he was already wiped from rugby. He was tired today, but I'd let him win. At least he wouldn't be able to use that excuse again. *Lose a battle to win the war*, I reminded myself. Besides, he deserved a reward today. Positive reinforcement.

We'd always wrestle for who gave it up. If we stuck together, I'd tell him about my college wrestling scholarship, but for now I said, "Only Greco-Roman, Paul—not WWE flash." I longed to body slam suplex him and watch his surprise, but I played fair. Although he was bigger and stronger, he had no technique. Good instincts, but once pinned or caught in a roll-up he'd be stuck for a counter and he'd try to cheat—fishhooking was his favorite desperation move—and I'd sneak in a move a trained wrestler would recognize. So far I'd gotten away with it.

I squeezed his little toe hard and he opened his eyes. He was beat from his match, wrestling me, and getting his leg over. He rotated his wrist so I could see the play of first the extensors, then the flexors. Those muscles always caused the first pulse quicken, the first "I'm gonna have him" moment with any guy I fucked. It was true with him. I saw his arm reach across for a pint, his wrist extending from a dirty rugby shirt.

I'd never knowingly met a rugby player before, but I had the French team calendar in my bedroom. I was in my "just drinking" bar and it was full of the expat Brit team who'd stopped off after an away fixture. I usually steer clear of my fellow ex-pats. Several sweaty obnoxious Brits were destroying my rugby illusions by the time I saw Paul's arm stretch across the bar, and I decided to stay. It was a challenge picking up a post-match player surrounded by his mates, but if I didn't act then, I knew I'd have to find their next match. I'd feel desperate, groupie-like, and I have better things to do on Sundays than watch men thunder around in muddy herds. I like my rugby players fresh from the shower and ready to do as they're told. It was surprisingly easy to catch his eye and end up side by side in the head. We said a few inane things and Paul shook himself off more elaborately than necessary. Even for an uncut guy. He gave his foreskin a squeeze as if he were milking it, and bluntly said, "I expect service."

I laughed. "SOL, buddy. That's my line."

We paused, ready to acknowledge and move on. But we kept looking from each other's faces to the dicks still out in our hands.

Paul tucked himself away first. "I need someone to show me around town. I've been here months and all I know are coworkers and these rugger-buggers. I need a proper fuck like nobody's business."

“But not from me.”

He looked nervously to the stalls before he replied. “From...no.”

I paused. “I could meet you tomorrow night and show you around.”

“That’d be great. Don’t get me wrong—I’ve had a few hand jobs since I got here, but I want more. I need a dirty boy to train.” He closed his eyes. I tried not to be disappointed when his eyes opened; I wasn’t who he envisioned.

“Don’t we all? Well, if he’s anywhere in this town he’ll be at Jake’s.”

I never slept with very tall men. Or blonds. Or other tops. Or uncut guys. Or even guys with tans and tattoos. I found small, dark-haired bottoms with naked, exposed cocks and milky, undecorated skin so I could see my handiwork. But Paul and I had spent months evading the fact that we preferred each other’s company and bodies to those of any of the other men we’d seen each other out with. We’d settled into an unspoken routine, going to Jake’s after dinner together and, more often than not, home together after a quickie with someone forgettable. We’d become known as “Paul-and-Dave” at Jake’s. Buzzed nights on the couch turned into sleepovers in the bed and relieving each other. He claimed he was just piss proud the first time he woke up next to me with a hard-on, but he came fast enough. We were still negotiating BJ’s, and it took a while to get to fucking. We were both macho assholes about it, but we finally admitted it wouldn’t be the first time for either of us, and taking it was all right, but not for a regular thing. Soon enough, Paul turned up with Liquid Silk and claimed he had first dibs because he brought it over. I pulled condoms from my pocket, threw them on the coffee table between us and said, “But I’ve already got these.”

“You carry those anyway.”

Two seconds later, we were rolling on the floor—him trying for a headlock and me testing if ankle locks make someone scream and tap out as they do on TV. I was overconfident—his weight and strength took me unaware. It’d been years since I wrestled and nowadays I controlled my boys with words or a simple pin and slap. He didn’t crow about winning, but he was prompt in claiming his prize. Although I’m uncut, I’d never been fucked by an uncut guy before and I watched in fascination as he prepped. The swollen red head emerged from his golden cock skin and I groaned. His dick was beautiful as the foreskin pulled back away and then the condom mimicked the moment and unrolled down over his shaft.

He grinned at me. “Position, boy.”

I considered reneging. Pride—I hate being called *boy*—and desire had me locked.

Paul frowned, and suddenly I was pinned at the wrist. His large tanned hand had my right arm immobile. I felt a deep tug in my balls and I oozed precome.

“If you need to be made...” he whispered, a threat, a promise, an offer of help all in one.

I shook my head and, hypnotized by the play of muscles under the skin of his forearms, I traced the blue of his wrist veins with my tongue and lifted my hips enough to show acquiescence. He wrenched my shorts down in one move and touched the back of my knee with a finger.

“Up!”

Magically my knees were by my ears. “Do this bit fast,” I said, trying hard not to order or beg.

“You’re not lubed enough.” He teased my ass with greasy fingers.

My hips betrayed me. “I mean enter fast. I hate how the condom tip feels on my hole. Get your prick in so I can stop thinking about it.”

He kept my ass open with his finger and held the condom tip down as he traded his finger for his cock. I’d been out of practice for years, but he settled to a rhythm fast and got in deep. The stretched feeling I hated was lost in his motion. I grabbed the headboard to stop myself from putting my arms around him. I kept my eyes open. He was worth watching. A pink mottle grew under the honey-fuzz on his fifty-inch chest. His vodka-blue eyes were closed. Having them fixed on me as I came would’ve been unbearable. For a fraction of a second I slipped into being his boy, but even as my load shot I thought *No*. Under the control of that arrogant profile and yielding to this cock all the time. *No*. He was still pounding but I was done and wanted to shove him off, but fair’s fair so I lifted myself just right to finish him. He roared as he came, and fell across me, heavy. My face was in his armpit. His fresh sweat smelled grapefruit-ginger and stung my eyes. I snorted, but he didn’t move.

“Shift,” I said, muffled.

When he still didn’t, I licked his armpit, and he reared up scowling.

“You SOB, you know I’m ticklish.”

“I didn’t, but I do now.”

My smirk was wiped off as he bit the inside of my knee hard while he moved to ease his cock out.

“Fuck! That hurt.”

He flicked my hip with a fingernail. “But you didn’t feel this coming out.” He tossed the used rubber into the trashcan. “Figured you’d hate that too.” Abashed at being

considerate, he looked away. Then he sent me to the fridge for beer.

Since then we've wrestled once or twice a week. I lose enough to keep the game alive and, once I refreshed my moves, to stop him suspecting I can beat him when I want. We still went to Jake's several times a week. We'd part ways there for a few hours, but we always shared a cab home. I never thought I'd fall for another foreigner. I'm too practical to get sucked into immigration worries or the risk of loving someone who'd have to leave, but Paul's got his green card and so do I, so it's not an issue. Assuming he wants to stay. Assuming this is love we'd avoid talking about.

He was dozing under my foot massage; I sneaked a careful kiss on his toe. He hated open affection; it always had to be disguised.

We were at his place a few weeks ago getting ready to go out for dinner. It's an anonymous temporary apartment—he's on a yearlong contract at an engineering firm. He usually consulted in the Detroit area and was used to bigger scenes than a choice between Jake's and a sports bar. He wrote computer models to show just-in-time processes on plant floors. It made me yawn. He's smart, but got engineer-nerd-dull when he talked work. I wasn't used to pretending interest; my boys listened to how my day was. He'd already been drinking that afternoon with his team after their match, but now he was sober and ravenous. He'd already inhaled the omelet I'd whipped up as a snack. He was always amazed I could cook without a barbeque. Another reason, he claimed, he was the real top. Prick. He'd open cans and eat the contents cold. Fried eggs as a Sunday treat was all he managed.

Dinner was an hour away, but he had an opened can of peach halves from the fridge and was eating them dripping from the can. The juice glistened in his stubble, and some ran to his chest—he'd peeled his dirty kit off and was just in his boxers. He looked hot in the tree-filtered evening light, but I shuddered. There's something wrong about canned peaches, so yellow, so smooth, so round, so slippery, so heavy for their volume. He hooked another out with his fingers and slid it all in his mouth, juice running down his chin. He gave a sloppy little-kid grin at my shocked face.

"Yum."

"Gross. Worse than raw eggs."

"They're good too."

"At least use a fork." I held one out to him.

He rolled his eyes but humored me. "You're so prissy, Dave. Thought you said you're a top?"

"A neat top."

He speared a peach half and held it out. "Eat!" He pushed it against my resolutely shut mouth. It smushed into my chin before I put up my hand and pulled it from the prongs.

"I hate canned peaches."

"Foodie tosser," muttered Paul, amiably enough, but I still lunged at him. He yowled as my hand drove into his shorts and smeared the still cold fruit across his balls. He grabbed my wrist and held it still. We stared for a moment then Paul cautiously put the open can down on the counter without releasing my wrist. I cupped his balls and massaged the sweet juice. I moved my fingers up and grasped his shaft. Peach spurted between my fingers as I pulled back his foreskin.

"Fuck," he whispered.

I squeezed. "Is that an invitation?"

He squirmed. "No, it's a request."

"No." I squeezed differently and we locked eyes again. Sometimes our dance was exquisite and sometimes a pissing match. That day I could tell neither of us would fold. He was tired, and I'd win easily, but then he'd bitch about it being unfair. Christ, it's complicated, and right then it was too much of price. Neither of us was in the mood to be gracious and we were both too aware of the issue that wouldn't go away. Paul's brain was heading south. His gaze was already distant. I could have taken him. Instead I took the high road and stayed a gentleman.

"Show me how it feels too."

He took the way out I was offering and, although we each wanted to fuck the other, we ended up on the kitchen floor smearing fruit onto each other's dicks until we were a mess of drying sticky fluids. Paul held the last peach with the pit hollow nestled on my cockhead. He swirled and rotated it as he pumped my shaft. The peach flesh yielded and disintegrated as I thrust back. My head burst through the yellow flesh and, as it parted the fruit, I shot into his hand. In a second, he filled my palm with heat too. I offered him salty pulverized peach.

He frowned, all serious for a minute. "No, Dave, not even that. Nothing in my mouth."

We lay stuck together for a few minutes, neither willing to admit how good nearly being in each other's arms was.

"We should shower," he murmured. The kitchen floor was uncomfortable, and a glaze of semen and syrup stuck my thigh to the tiles. It crackled as I peeled away. He let me shower first. I wouldn't have minded showering together. I know he does it with his team, but with me it seems too intimate to him. He gave me a hard look the first time I suggested it. Shit, it's a fine line with him. *Intimate* a bad word in his world even though

he's not as badass as he thinks. Maybe a shower while we're getting hot, but an affectionate cleanup afterward? Nope.

We ran into my ex, Marky, when we were out together that night.

"Picking on someone your own size for a change, Dave?"

Paul growled at him, but Marky was unperturbed. We were behind a table and he had the room to spin away in.

"Oh, hunting in packs is it?"

He was still sweet looking. Paul eyed him speculatively.

"Smart-mouthed," I whispered to Paul while Marky said hi to a friend.

"Jealous?"

"Me? About him?"

"Of me."

I shook my head. "Nope, he's cute, but he'd complicate our life."

"Didn't know *we* rated a pronoun."

Marky was smiling back at us by then. "Just warning Nino away from you, Dave."

Paul laughed aloud. "No jealousy here, huh?"

Marky's face shut down, a familiar sight. "I warn anyone I see giving Dave puppydog looks. He's not a top. He's a batterer."

The little shit was off and away from our table before I could move. "Fuck..."

Paul put his hand on my arm in case I went after Marky. "Don't give the bitch the satisfaction."

"Paul, a town this size, I'm screwed. Marky knows everyone. Even those who take it with a grain of salt will...oh shit."

"There'll be some little idiot who thinks he'll reform you."

"God, no. Besides, I never hit him like that. I hate people thinking it."

Paul's hand was still there. "Hey, Dave, I don't. And, well, there's always that pronoun."

He winked.

Fuck. I'd seen that predatory look on his face before. I didn't like being on the receiving end. I shook his hand off.

"Right, I suppose *we'll* figure something."

He took my bitterness well and laughed. "I'll bring one home for a threesome. Run the poor boy ragged keeping us satisfied."

But neither of us was happy. Paul's known as my friend, and his chances were spiraling down the crapper with mine. Neither of us wanted only one-night stands. We wanted more. And we were both mad and insulted—we treated our boys right—at least Paul said he did. He hadn't had anyone besides me since he moved here.

He was asleep now. I took the chance to look up from his feet and examine his face without being accused of mushiness. His beautiful bruise was almost gone now. He had a black eye from Sunday's scrum and I was shocked how fucking hot he looked. He looked dangerous. His arrogant Roman nose was made more imperious by an old break. The burst vein in his left eye wasn't pretty, but the bruise got me hard. I should have felt guilty, but, hey, I didn't hit him. He looked like a battered, victorious boxer.

I've never hit one of my boys in the face, but I've fantasized about it. My mistake was telling Marky. He'd freaked, and we didn't last much longer. I'd seen a photo of a bantamweight boxer looking up into the camera from his corner stool after a lost fight. The look of meek defiance and tender violence on his face, the sweet marks on him pleaded to me: *Be mine*. I'd wanted Marky to look at me that way. He had a brittle beauty in his face and I imagined it, aloud, enhanced by a black eye. He'd squirmed in my embrace. Annoyed, I'd continued. "You have no appreciation of the aesthetics of a bruise. You'll look most elegant with a black eye. Its shades will change so subtly. It'll give your face a perfect fragility."

Marky shook his head. He couldn't answer with shorts in his mouth and wrists tied. I was on the brink of falling for the boy so I said, "A bruised ass is a fine memory of what was done, but a bruised face will make you look so vulnerable—not like a beaten back—there I know you took a punishment. A smudged cheekbone shows you were surprised by pain. And your mouth—it'll split like a segment of orange pulled apart—the juice is so dear and pure. The tender appeal of the blood from your lip—nothing sweeter."

He'd looked scared beyond the usual delicious trepidation he showed when I reached for a riding crop, and my gut twisted. There was a timid edge to his service that evening, and I knew he'd back at Jake's soon. I used my belt hard as a farewell and a punishment for revealing a chink in my heart.

Paul had looked tough with his bruise, then, for one distracted moment, fragile and vulnerable. His face should have provoked compassion in me, but instead I got harder. I

saw his distraction and flipped him. I love wrestlers in a roll up—their legs held firmly, and taut gear covering their waiting holes—the biggest of them squirm and thrash and can't kick out once their knees are by their ears. Paul swore for a minute, but he's a good sport and, having conceded, he played fair. He got on all fours, and looked over his shoulder. All I could see was his black eye and Caligula nose and I nearly came against his thighs as if I were a quick-firing fourteen again. I backed off. I'd also promised myself that the next time I won I'd torture him with what he finds hardest to take. Affection.

“Lie down, boy. Take it slow tonight.”

He obediently slid his knees back down the bed and lay flat. He's a much better bottom than me. Once he'd lost a fight he'd yield into the role without my balky attitude. As soon as the scene was over, though, he'd snap back into his swagger. His muscles seemed to yearn for my touch as I rubbed his lats. He's always hot, but tonight he was hotter with his bruised face and willed obedience. Was I looking for small things that relate to my usual desire? A hint of fragility in his hard ripped body? Deep down, I knew he was the one—if we could only get this figured.

I worked down his spine—my massage almost cruel on his scrum-battered body. My thumb pressed between his cheeks and he lifted promptly. I touched his puckered hole lightly, and his hips bucked.

“Roll over...you're enjoying the mattress too much.”

His cock strained into the air and there was a damp spot left on the sheet. I slapped his knees apart so I could see his hole again. Christ, I love seeing each bottom's hole for the first time; each ass as different as snowflakes. I tickled his hole for a moment and watched him fight to stay disciplined. I teased him by rimming his belly button, its contracted puckers of skin a sealed similitude to his ass. His cock bobbed close to my face, and I held it down out of the way.

He moaned, and I got off the bed.

“Stay,” I said in my dog-trainer voice. I'd pay for this next time I lost, but what the fuck. He looked disappointed as I headed to the kitchen, as if he suspected I'd stoop to ice. I rummaged in my junk drawer for a needle and grabbed rubbing alcohol from the bathroom.

He nearly broke role, but altered his tone mid-sentence so it came out a plea instead of a command. “Dave! No piercings.”

Surprised by the panic in his voice, I filed that tidbit away. I put my palm flat on his belly, and pushed him back down.

“Give me your left hand.”

He hesitated.

I couldn't let it pass; I slapped his balls hard. "Left hand, boy."

He meekly put his wrist into my waiting grasp. I rubbed my thumb on his tendons and enjoyed the trapped fear on his face. I ran my thumb up his palm and along his ring finger, then squeezed the pad of his fingertip until it whitened. The sliver I'd noticed earlier when he tried to fishhook me was suddenly evident to him.

"My poor boy has a boo-boo."

He snarled as I drenched his finger and the needle with alcohol, but when I wriggled the needle tip under his skin he stayed very still. I kept my face impassive, but I was elated. I'd inadvertently turned Paul into a scared little boy. The fragment came out easily, but I kept moving the needle around his fingertip. He watched closely. I traced the whorls of his fingertip with the point. His eyes unfocused and his breath slowed.

"Fingerprints, snowflakes and assholes...all unique."

"And ears," murmured Paul.

"Ears?" I repeated.

"Yes. Immigration makes you show an ear profile on your green card now."

I kissed his inner wrist; he opened his eyes in shock. I smiled lazily, and then pricked his thumb deep. He yelped, and sucked the welling blood. While his thumb was still nestled on his tongue, I rammed my greased finger deep in his ass, and found his prostate. His untouched cock leapt and shot onto his belly. I rubbed his chest with his own come and smeared it onto the trickle of blood on his lips. I enjoyed his refusal to lick even his own fluids. I knew he wanted the scene over, but I sat astride his hips and began jerking myself off.

"Tell me about your rugby team."

"What about it?"

I slapped his hip. "Tone, boy. Tell me about the game. I don't know what position you play...on the field." I leered and pumped a little harder.

"I'm a forward." He looked sullen, but his voice was neutral so I did nothing except maintain my stroke.

"What do they do?"

“We’re the big guys. We get the ball from the other side, and pass it to the backs. They’re meant to run it.”

“Huh,” I said, and imagined Paul tackling an unlucky opponent. “So backs are the fast littler ones?”

“Yeah, but a fast forward can take both positions.”

“So you switch on the field too?” Nearly too far, apparently. Paul half sat up, then flopped back. I wasn’t paying attention; I was thinking about Paul tackling Marky, ramming his face into the mud. I came hard, and slid off Paul. I snapped my fingers.

“Not over yet.”

He sighed, but knelt down in front of me. We always ended scenes with a foot rub, and Paul knew my turn wasn’t over until he’d finished my massage, but he got away with freely conversing as he worked. He was still talking about rugby; I made myself listen. He was shocked-intrigued-worried because a gay team had joined their league, and had beaten his team. Twice. He was brooding about it. He made a snide comment about how they should have a pink kit for their away fixtures.

“You are a wanker,” I said.

“Fuck off you PC git.” He gave a rueful squeeze to my toes. “I’m working on it, okay? I’m not out at home. I thought over here could be different, but it’s just as complicated.”

I flexed my big toe—he was neglecting it—and stroked his thigh with my free foot. “Dopey bastard,” I said affectionately.

He popped my toe. “I *am* working on it. Let me do it my way.”

He wasn’t out to his team. Two weeks ago, after they played the gay team for the first time, the winners tried to poach him after the match. Apparently, he really is a good back and forward. He finished my foot massage and sat next to me on the couch. Scene over, he cautiously revealed he was uneasy about his teammates. And guilty about the other team. He was rude to them because they asked him publicly. “Bloody nerve,” he muttered. “Gay or not, you don’t poach a bloke in front of his team.” The return match last Sunday was how he got his black eye. He tried to avoid answering when I asked if the other team had done it deliberately, but he admitted a gay hooker had punched him in a scrum.

I smothered a laugh. I’d steered clear of jokes when I overheard *rucks* and *hookers* being discussed, and I couldn’t spoil it now. Paul was a lovely man, but hadn’t much of a sense of humor. Not when he was the object of the joke anyway. I’ve stayed away from his matches and the drinks afterward. We’d given it a try, but I didn’t like his friends and he hated that I wouldn’t agree to hide being gay. I wouldn’t out him—it’s his dilemma—but

I won't closet myself for some hairy Brit homophobes. It pissed me off that he was scared of being seen with a gay friend. I took his point; he's in a foreign country and has few friends here, but still, I got used to it. I've been here ten years, but I learned faster than him. I avoid him on Sunday afternoons until he's returned from hetero-land, readjusted his brain, come to his senses, and switched back to the man I'm starting to love. We went out to Jake's together as usual in the evenings.

He was unsettled after the first match because "his" team gave him a hard time about being cruised by fags and asked him if he was gonna switch sides.

"These are your *friends*?"

"Shit, Dave, they're just being guys. Rugby players are like that. Besides the gay team won so they're hopping mad."

All week he had a lost, lonely look and the next week he'd hardly talk at all about the return match. I pieced that together. Not only did the gay team give him a black eye, but his team cut him out of plays. We just jerked off together that night. As he slept, he moved closer. The next day, I watched him shave. I was still stretched out on the bed and I could see his reflection through the open door. Even with the remains of foam under his ears, he looked domineering and hot. He didn't know I was awake. I watched him trace the bottom rim of his bruise remnant. His shoulders sagged for a moment, and I quickly shut my eyes and faked sleep.

I felt calm here at his feet looking up at his blissed-out dozing profile. I could see the ghost of his bruise under his tan. I wasn't kidding myself: he had to be outed by his new team and rejected by his old one before he faced reality. I don't like to be harsher on others than I am on myself. I took a long look in the mirror too after he'd left last week and realized if I didn't do something to keep him, I'd be left with the reputation of Dave the Abuser while he truly got poached by Simon the Hooker. I'd squashed the notion that we'd both been making do and decided taking a dive in today's wrestling match was the reinforcement he needed. I knew he was still vulnerable and I could have him for keeps if I played it right and took one for the proverbial team.

He was tired but exhilarated when he came by. His new team had won. I saw him coming in my peripheral vision but I *let* him flip me. He was rough as we screwed—if he thought I'd switched because he had the balls to apologize to the scout and trade teams then he was very wrong—I got my revenge by kissing him on the mouth as he finished. He was grumpy until halfway through the foot massage, and I was worried my burst of affection/payback had ruined my plan.

I worked on his left arch a little harder so he resurfaced from sleep.

"New team invited me over for a cookout," he mumbled after a while. "You coming?"

I frowned. "As your straight friend?"

He opened his eyes and glared. “As ‘Paul-and-Dave.’ Asshole.”

“Wanker,” I said fondly. I guessed that made us a couple.

Back and Forward

Copyright © 2007 by Syd McGinley

All rights reserved. No part of this eBook may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews. For information address Torquere Press, Inc., PO Box 2545, Round Rock, TX 78680

Printed in the United States of America.

Torquere Press, Inc.: Sips electronic edition / October 2007

Torquere Press eBooks are published by Torquere Press, Inc., PO Box 2545, Round Rock, TX 78680