

A Sip...



A Torquere Dress Short

Not Sir
By Syd McGinley

The object of my lust watches us practice. He hangs out with our coach's Canadian husband, and Roger's puppy-loyal so I know nothing's happening. They just like rugby.

"Ryan, he's Roger's second cousin. Now, concentrate!" Pete's an amiable coach. It takes a lot to provoke rebukes, but I must be obvious.

Next week, *he* joins the pre-practice Frisbee game we play to warm up. He's fast for such a huge man. He's quiet at the after-practice drink, but, when Pete asks, he makes smart strategy comments. His accent's different than Rog's, but he's not American.

I'm already smitten, and blurt out, "Join the team!"

He rubs the bridge of his nose. "No."

His abrupt answer shuts me down. Roger knows how shy I am and he jogs my elbow. "Don't take on Ryan, Hugh's never been a joiner."

"But he'd be good. He's got the build. He's fast and can catch."

"He is good. He was a tighthead and captain in college."

"So what's his problem? Is he straight?"

"No, I'm not."

My voice had gotten louder the more annoyed I got, and Hugh is glowering at me. He nods at Roger. "I'm off."

Rog reassures me that Hugh's not mad. He's always gruff.

Pete frowns though. "Ryan, I'm the coach. Please don't recruit players for me." But he's not really mad either. Pete and Roger leave soon, and I persist with Andy and Kerry about getting Hugh to join.

"Why bother?" Andy says. "Others actually want to play."

"You're just horny for him." Kerry can talk. He almost drools on Andy.

"Let's show him a team can be cool," I say knowing how lame I sound.

"Hot," says Andy mechanically as he leaves.

I'm puzzled why Andy isn't interested, but I daren't give worshipful Kerry an opening to talk about Andy. I'm focused on Hugh.

"Kerry, we do need another experienced player. Too many of our guys are newbies. We need scrum help."

"Andy's a great hooker." *God, Kerry's hopeless. He's really gone over Andy.*

"We don't get the ball enough. What if Pete has Hugh guest coach us?"

I'm too intimidated by Hugh to ask him again, but I nag Pete for weeks, until at last he announces, "Hugh will show us scrum moves today."

And there's Hugh in shorts. Oh God, he's a giant! If he's Rog's age, college was fifteen years ago, but his thighs are god-like.

I hate that I'm a back. I'm nowhere near him. I can hear Hugh yell at Andy a lot, while I work with Pete. We've used me as a decoy too much recently -- I'm good at dummy runs -- but with Hugh sharing the session, Pete has time to teach me new plays where I actually get the ball. I'm pleased; I've resented the left wing's chances, and the other teams are catching on to our tactics.

The practice helped, and Hugh becomes unofficial scrum coach. Pete's feathers aren't ruffled about territory -- he's a three-quarter specialist -- but he's justly mad with me. Too often, I ignore him and stare at Hugh. That's not the only friction. Some resent Hugh for not playing, and for his bossiness. Andy's never been one to take orders; he gets wilder. Kerry does pay attention to Hugh and, although he's doing it to provoke Andy, Kerry improves. Hugh's naturally dominant. He commands, not suggests. My knees become jell-o when Hugh yells, "Again, get it right!" I must get him to bed. I need him telling me what to do. I want his rare words of praise. He yells, "good man!" at the loosehead, then, "Andy! That channel is basic! Get it right." Andy shoots an evil look, but the loosehead's bashful. I mark him down as competition.

"Ryan! Bench! Get focused." Quieter, Pete adds, "Put your tongue away. Hugh's got a cramp. Go."

Before my brain engages, I've jogged to the bench, and I'm on my knees massaging Hugh's knotted calf. He doesn't say a word, just accepts it. Even his knees make me hard. Hairy, muddy, grazed knees, yup, I'm rock hard. His shorts ride up and at that moment the glimpse of more thigh is hotter than cock.

"Thanks," he says.

I shiver and melt all at once. I avoid saying, "I'm yours, sir," and ask, "Were you in the military?" A stupid thing to say, but he does bark orders.

"No." Just as I think I'll never get a sentence from him, he adds, "But my school made Lord of the Flies look like summer camp."

He returns to the scrum. Pete beckons me. "Better?"

"Worse."

"Should I drop a cousin-in-law hint to him? Do you like Ryan, yes or no?"

I hang my head. "No, sorry, I'll act my age."

Pete's gentler than Hugh, but neither has patience for lack of focus. As we clean up, Hugh says brutally, "if you guys -- Andy, Ryan -- won't concentrate there's no fucking point." Hearing my name even as a rebuke is a thrill, but I hardly hear the rest as we're stripping for the showers. He has a hairy chest! I wish I were a lock forward. I give Kerry, whose player position lets him put his hand between Hugh's legs, a "hands off my man, bitch" look, but, since Hugh's not my man and Kerry's ogling Andy's ass, it fails on all counts.

It's more than lust; it's an old-fashioned crush. I daydream about making him laugh. I nearly miss a work deadline, and, relaxed though my office is, I get a dressing down. I'm copy editor at the weekly alternative newspaper. My co-workers think it's hilarious that I play right wing and am known for my passing game. I'm such a leftie and I'm so out. They can't envision me on the field -- I'm a bit light for the game really, but I'm fast, and, when I'm not staring at Hugh, I catch well. My day is rescued when Kerry sends me to heaven with a text message: Hugh's playing a fixture. Germ, our usual tighthead, can't escape his mom's third wedding.

I hope to get close, but as right wing the scrums make me jealous. Hugh has to put his arm around Andy since he's the hooker. Andy's always offside -- on the field and off -- but our scrums have improved with Hugh's help, and the ball comes my way more. I'm tackled hard toward the end of the match. I'm woozy as I walk off the pitch, but Hugh's hobbling alongside.

"Ok?" I ask.

"Knees. Blew them out a few years ago. Don't tell Andy. I don't want that dickhead knowing I can't play. It'd get back to..." He breaks off as we reach the clubhouse.

We lost, but not as badly as usual. We're not crap, and have smashmouth brilliant moments -- to be fair, often from Andy. In the communal tub, Pete asks Hugh's opinions.

"Undisciplined!" Hugh points at the loosehead who's been mooning over him.

I'm cruelly pleased at his disapproval. He's right.

Hugh glares at the full back. "You waste your good chances! You had players out of position."

He's right again.

"And you!"

Me?

"Don't act surprised when the ball comes your way."

This time, he's wrong. I scowl to hide my real hurt at the rebuke -- I caught the pass. With cover, I'd have made a try. But he is right. I was startled by the ball. Decoy duty's left me rusty. If I'd practiced instead of gawking at Hugh, I'd have made more tries. We might have even won.

“However,” says Hugh, “Ryan got our only try. Good job!”

Kerry congratulates me with an elbow to my bruised ribs, and the pain hides my stupid-ass grin.

Hugh calls a practice next day to consolidate our lessons. I moon around at work, counting down until practice. Luckily, it’s the paper’s post-production day, and no one cares. Hugh doesn’t slack off -- he drills us hard -- then announces it’s his last session. Nobody sees my face crash because Andy’s shoved Hugh.

“Quitter.”

Hugh gives him a contemptuous look, and walks away. I dither.

“For fuck’s sake,” hisses Roger. “Go after him.”

I speed off. Somehow my babble persuades Hugh he’s too mad to drive.

“Clean up at my place. Then we can get a beer.” I point at my car. He grunts, but throws his kit on the backseat. I’m so surprised that I freeze. Across the parking lot, I see Kerry’s talking Andy into his car. Rog gives me the thumbs up, but Pete has his hands on his hips in his “I coach idiots” pose.

“Get in,” yells Pete. “Jesus, Ryan.”

Hugh’s silent as I drive, so I stay quiet. He heads straight for the bathroom. He doesn’t shower, but soaks in a tub. I bring towels and try not to stare. It’s one thing being naked after the game, but alone is freaking me.

His anger has eased. He’s more talkative one on one. He reminds me he was only helping out and isn’t really our coach. I nod and don’t argue. He keeps talking. Turns out he and Andy have an ex in common. The ex badmouthed Hugh to Andy while they were together, someone believed something they shouldn’t have, and “...well, you know how stupid tangles happen.” Hugh soaps his balls idly, and smiles at me.

He’s far too big for the bathtub. His knees poke up as he soaks his shoulders. His elbows tuck up on his ribs. His cock and balls float temptingly. I grab a washcloth, and kneel. He accepts service as his due, but seems puzzled that I find it daring. I make him sound arrogant, but he hasn’t demanded anything. He just thinks it’s natural I should wash his feet. I rub mud off his calf, and pat bloody grass stains off his knees. When I reach his thighs, he says, “If you’re teasing, stop now.”

His cock sticks out of the water. I’ve accidentally brushed it, now I deliberately swirl the washcloth around his balls.

“They’ve been washed.” He holds his shaft base and points his cock at me. “This hasn’t.”

I wipe him, move up his belly, and he growls. I caress his cock. Teasing or not, his ire shouldn't be voluntarily provoked. Besides, what else do I want? I lean over and take his head in my mouth. Oh God! The feel of his prick in my hand and his knob-end sliding against the roof of my mouth is too much. I nearly spurt against the unfriendly side of the tub. I cradle his floating balls, and he holds his cock in position so I can support myself. I bob deep to get him all in, and hot dirty water fills my nose. I snort, but he palms the back of my head to keep my mouth around his prick. He checks I'm not choking, but enjoys my spasms. My eyes water, but I go for his whole shaft again.

His balls shift in their sac. His hips lift a fraction. Any minute his thighs will tighten. I back off and nurse at his head until he moans. He needs the relief so I swirl my tongue and step up the sucking pace. I whimper. His hand has left my head to pinch my nipple -- harder than I like -- but I match the rhythm of the tweaks.

"That's it, boy."

And it is it. A few seconds and he shoots his jizz. I hold it in my mouth.

He's watching me.

I swallow.

He ruffles my hair. "Good lad, but we'll get a rubber before your ass takes it."

I swallow again -- pleased I performed well, annoyed he assumes, delighted I'll get fucked, enraged he's soaping his belly and ignoring my hard on, delirious his cock is so beautiful and hot, and afraid at how I'll squirm and beg when I answer its demands.

Hugh winks. "Sit on that john and stroke off."

He's mild-toned, but it's an order. I'm not objecting. I scramble off my knees, drag down my shorts, and sit on the toilet lid. I show my technique. Some bastard said my cock's on the low end of average, but it's well-shaped. Hugh beckons me over. I sway by the tub. No technique now; I pound away.

His voice is calm and quiet when he says: "Stop."

And I do. On the brink. I tell myself I'm frozen at his nerve, but we both know I've already yielded to his authority. He takes my wrist, moves my hand away, and stares at my waving cock.

"He's a nice little fellow." Hugh rubs his thumb on my cockhead as if it were a pet's ear.

I spurt in his palm. My knees buckle. Hugh's arm shoots out so my head bumps his forearm instead of porcelain.

"Careful boy."

“Thank you, sir.”

“Don’t say that.”

I’m stricken. Have I misunderstood? Is he just selfish, not a potential master?

He stands in the tub. Never mind Venus in the fucking waves -- leviathan Hugh sloshing up from a bathtub is my vision of beauty. Even if he’s not my sir, I’m a good host. I hand him a towel.

“Water’s still hot. Use it, boy.”

I get in. My head spins. So I am boy, but he’s not sir? He took all the hot water. We could’ve each had a shower. His entitlement streak’s a mile wide. Okay if I’m serving, but if not, damn. I sit in his leftover water feeling morose even though he’s toweling off before me.

“Chop-chop! Get clean. Aren’t we getting a drink?”

“Beer in the fridge.”

There’s a long pause, during which I soap myself and Hugh pulls on his clean sweats, then he laughs.

“All right, we’ll stay in. Food?”

“I order pizza after practice.”

“Junk. No wonder you wear out.”

“Steak?” The slightest bit of disapproval and I feel I’ve been hit with rolled-up newspaper. And he’s not sir?

“Baked potato, too?”

I nod.

“Out of that water then -- no luxuriating! You’ve got a hungry man here.”

I rinse off as he leaves. I switch between hopeful and furious. If he’s the real deal, I’ll joyfully cook every night, but if he’s just a prick he can make his own fucking dinner. I pull on sweats and towel-dry my hair.

I’m surprised. He’s prepped the kitchen and opened red wine.

“You only have American beer.” He sounds grim, but his eyes crinkle at the corners.

“List on the fridge. Add what you prefer.” I duck my head, but when I look up he’s writing “Newcastle Brown” under my David magnet.

“And don’t put it in the fridge, boy.”

I’m so damn happy as I scrub potatoes. He expects a next time! I don’t care that he sits at the kitchen table and sips wine while I work. He is a guest. I pour him more wine and gulp a glass myself. He stands behind me as I slice onions. He slides his arms round my waist and I snuggle my ass against his crotch.

“I’m staying. No need to spook me about DUIs.”

Am I that obvious?

“Sorry,” I mutter. “Hugh, I’m not good at saying what I want.”

“Shy is one thing. Manipulative is another.”

I suck in my breath and half turn in his arms. He squeezes.

“Hey, I can tell someone burned you. Asking what beer I’d like shouldn’t be stressful.”

“I don’t like presuming.”

He slaps my ass.

“And passive aggressive is different than passive,” he says. His tone and face are harsh. “I can tell the difference, boy, and I won’t put up with being played.” He frowns, and changes the subject. “Do you have any condoms? If not, I’ll run out for some now.”

“No.” I blush like I’m twelve. Must be the wine. I cook with it, but rarely drink it.

“I’ll be right back.” He must see the fear in my eyes because he says: “Ryan, I *will* be right back. Give me your keys.”

While he’s gone, I haul dirty sheets off the bed and hide laundry. My kitchen, bathroom, and lounge are presentable, but my bedroom’s grungy. Why bother? I’ve been alone since Eduardo returned to LA, and married his mamacita. He sent a baptism announcement for Eduardo Jr. a few months ago. Everyone I know seems to be through rugby or work. Andy’s a jerk, Pete and Rog are married, Kerry’s in unrequited love with Andy -- or maybe not if he’s getting lucky tonight, too, and Jeremy earned “Germ” for his dirty play on and off the field. I like my workmates, but no sparks. And I’ve had it with cruising. So no one’s been beyond the public areas of my apartment for over a year.

Hugh’s back. Even if his knees are too screwed for regular play, he looks fit. And so right, jingling my keys like it’s his place. My gut clenches.

We eat at the kitchen table, and open more wine. I'm an average cook. No complaints and an empty plate count as success in my world, so I'm not miffed when he doesn't comment on the food. After dinner, we watch my Footballers Wives DVD. He's never seen it. He enjoys naked British arses, but not the soapiness. He bitches about the missing title apostrophe.

"You should care. Aren't you a writer?"

I'm so tickled that he knows a detail about me without me telling him that I don't say "Editor actually" and instead say, "It's just a soap, Hugh."

"I like things done right" he says, surprised I think he's picky. He sounds like the Dyson vacuum guy, "things should work properly" and I snigger.

He pins me to the sofa. "Will that be a problem, boy?"

Fuck, he's huge. I'm half-hypnotized by his nearness and bulk, but shake my head. "No!"

He lets me back up. He takes up most of the sofa, but I don't mind. I can snug up without seeming clingy. He toys with my body. My insecurities kick in again, and I fish.

"I thought you'd be insulted if I hit on you."

"Have *you* looked in a mirror, blondie?"

I'm ok, but ordinary: tan, blue eyes, basic buff body. I outgrew twink a decade ago.

"Generic Iowa," I mutter.

"Twit, you need to travel and see how hot you 'ordinary' American boys are." He pulls my sweatshirt off. I've a huge bruise on my ribs from yesterday. It made today's drills rough enough for Hugh to ask, in front of Kerry, if I had a pussy down there instead of a dick because I ran like a girl. I remind him of that.

"Did I offend you?" He strokes the bruise perimeter.

"Bit misogynistic," I venture.

"God no! But I do have four big sisters. They loved roughing me up. Tomboys all four, and they did worse than call me a pussy. God, the concussions I got from my sibs. But it toughened me up for school, and made rugby a piece of cake." He takes my wrist and switches to a warning tone: "Don't psychoanalyze me, boy. Sure, I got my nose broke, yes, school was hell -- far too many smear the queer days -- but that's long ago. I've moved on -- maybe you should, too?"

He stares until I nod.

“I don’t take orders from anyone, well maybe my sisters. I don’t like being on teams, but I do appreciate team players -- especially ones who know their place.”

I smile hopefully at him. His hand’s still on my wrist. He leads me to the bedroom, talking about his sisters to torment me.

“School was a merciful release at least until my inclinations became obvious, but next holidays the girls were into horses, so I was off the hook at home. I always had one safe place.”

As we lie down, I blurt out, “you’re English!” It’s just sunk in; his faint accent isn’t Canadian. I fall more for him when he doesn’t laugh at my confusion.

“Well Ryan, I’ve been here for fifteen years. Mum and dad are big on the whole primogeniture deal. They kept on breeding until I popped out, and they’re far too keen on marrying me off. And yes, I’m out, so a spot of distance keeps us on speaking terms.”

I smile about the Atlantic qualifying as a “spot,” but squeeze his hand to acknowledge the underlying pain.

“They’re good parents. Boy, don’t get me wrong, but they want grandchildren -- from the hereditary loins.” He directs my mouth there. “It tears them up that I shed the family seed so unproductively. Poor sibs -- their anklebiters don’t count.”

I tease Hugh by stopping and starting my tongue work to imagine aloud a rural manor where lines of descent matter, little boys, no matter how valuable, are shipped off to school, and ladies play croquet and sip tea. Hugh guffaws so hard I can’t keep blowing him.

“Mum’s all tweeds and dogs -- dad’s the tea-sipper -- and croquet, boy, is a vicious game.”

“But you are posh,” I say feeling like a colonial rube.

He stretches across the bed, and tosses me a condom. His prick’s a flagpole. “Oh sure, look at me: born to administer a non-existent empire. Come here, boy, my manifest destiny is to claim that butt.”

It’s only a joke, but I do feel conquered as I cling on underneath him while he lifts my hips. He’s not a bear, but if he gets a belly he’ll be one later. Dark hair trails from his broad chest down his stomach to unruly pubes. No manscaping here. His cock is perfect -- a shade too fat as he enters, but once he’s in, I wouldn’t trade a millimeter from his circumference. Strong hips, and powerful thighs, even if his knees are bad. They audibly grind, but he’s a fucking machine. I love slow shots, but tonight I’m more than ready for him to finish. We’re both tired from practice, the wine, and coming earlier. The rubber’s delaying him, too. He’s moved me through a variety of positions without withdrawing. I’m on my hands and knees, resorting to a clichéd pillow bite as he pushes hard and deep. He rolls to his back and orders, “Ride me.” Although my ass is sore, I slide up and down his rod.

“Beat off, boy. I’ll come when you do.”

My ass is gloriously full, and I’m light headed. I shimmy on his prick as I come. My back arches and my ass clenches as I feel his hot come even through the rubber. I long to yell, “Oh, sir,” but I’ve got enough brainpower left to remember he’s vetoed it. I fall forward on him and rest on his heaving chest.

We snooze, but later I pluck up courage and ask, “What’s wrong with ‘sir’?”

“It’s a crock, boy. It kills me seeing my sibs social climb. Amanda went to a Swiss finishing school instead of college so she could ambassador hunt, and Ellie and Ronnie argue about precedence. Ellie’s older, but Ronnie married better. They do agree Kate is last because she’s youngest and married a second son.”

Who am I fucking? I wheedle until he says: “Dad’s a baronet. Bottom of the title heap. The house is from mum’s dad -- he made money in bathroom supply.”

Undaunted by the prosaic detail I persist. “So you will be...?”

“Sir Hugh.”

“I really could call you ‘sir’?”

He frowns, but I detect amusement. “Ryan, I’ll appreciate an earned ‘sir’ more than any inherited one, but we’re not there yet: neither earned nor inherited.”

I’m freaked though. I stumble out how I lost Eduardo. I look big-eyed at Hugh. “Will I lose you to breeding for your family?”

He slaps my ass. “Don’t play me, boy. No promises about *you* yet, but I won’t get married. Amanda’s son is my heir, or I’ll consider a surrogate. I’ll be a dad, but no wife.”

He pulls me closer. “What I want is to coach you to be my boy.”

I nod and squirm my sore ass back against him. Right now I’ll settle for a good captain, but one day he’ll be my sir.

Not Sir

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