

Fuck with the gods,
and get burned
by the...

GOD OF FIRE

CHARLES ELDRIDGE

Across the street from my row house is a block-square city park known as “Garden of the Gods.” The park was named when a nineteenth-century robber baron, feeling philanthropic, brought back from Paris twelve life-size bronze statues of the major Roman Gods and donated them to the City to edify the working classes. The center of the park is a large-tiered fountain surrounded by gardens whose perimeter is wonderful old elm trees that provide welcome shade to passers-by in the summer. The statues of the Gods form a circle inside the tree perimeter and dramatically overlook the fountain and gardens. This urban oasis is one of the main reasons why I bought my house.

I love spending time, after dinner in the summer, wandering in the park and admiring the statues. They are worked in the classic Greco-Roman style, bold and heroic. Jupiter, King of the Gods, is a majestic bearded father seated on his throne with imperial Roman eagles at his feet. His wife and sister, Juno, Queen of the Gods, is a haughty lady who regards him suspiciously (as well she should) as she pets her peacock. Apollo is a clean-shaven naked young man with a lyre. Venus, naked and smiling, looks fondly at the mischievous Cupid at her feet. Vesta, Goddess of the hearth and home, looks as frumpy as if caught cleaning her cellar. Mercury, Ceres, Neptune, Pluto, Mars, Minerva, all stand on their granite pedestals with

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their various symbols and attributes. My favorite statue is the God of Fire, Vulcan.

The French sculptor who created this statue of Vulcan created one unlike the others. Vulcan was considered by the rest of the Gods to be the ugly duckling in the Olympian nest and they looked down on him. Thematically, his statue is not of a pretty, majestic or foppish being, but of a husky, masculine, bearded bear. It is a quite fitting representation for one who was the God of Fire and the Blacksmith of the Gods, whose workshop and home was the erupting volcano. The sculptor portrayed him seated on an anvil with a hammer in his right hand and thunderbolts he had made for Jupiter in his left one. I am appreciative that he is clad in a simple loincloth that displays a large bulge at the crotch and exposes his broad hairy chest and muscular hairy arms and legs. His hair is cropped short as his beard. Most arresting, however, is the solemn, almost sad look the artist gave the God's face. His eyes regard me with a stare that mixes elemental power and human vulnerability. If he were human and alive, I'd jump his bearish bones in a minute. Because he isn't, I have to content myself by stroking his bronze leg for a second as lewd fantasies whirl in my mind.

Even though I live in one of the gentrified parts of town, I know better than to be alone in any park at twilight. Anyone could lurk in the shadows: gay men cruising, street guys sleeping, hustlers and husbands hunting, the homeless drinking. Interesting, all of it, and some of it, attractive. One humid night last July my luck ran out.

I had finished musing over the statue of Vulcan, the Fire God, and had turned to walk back to my house when I noticed two guys in their late teens standing nearby, smoking. They were eyeing me rather intently. As I passed near them, one of them called out.

"Where you think you're goin', faggot?"

I stopped and gave them a hard look. At thirty-two, I stand 6-2 at 210, a firm husky, hairy build, and am

definitely no coward. I balled my hands into fists, ready to give as good as I got.

“You talking to me, motherfucker?” I shot back at him. “Because if you are, you’re gonna eat some fist!” “Hey, Billy,” the other one snickered, “this dirty cocksucker thinks he’s got balls! What do ya think of that!”

Billy reached down and pried a loose brick from the pathway. “Joe, I think we need to teach this faggot a lesson on how to talk to real men. Get the fucker!”

They both rushed me. It was the nightmare gay men fear. I turned so the granite base of Vulcan’s statue protected my back. The dark turned into a frantic brawl of fighting bodies. I popped several good blows to them both before the one named Billy caught me from behind and banged me on the back of the head with his brick. I saw stars and crumpled. The last thing I remembered was a third voice roaring, “Now you two fuckers have to deal with me!”

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I vaguely remember weird disjointed images flashing inside my head. I was being carried by someone into a fire-lit underground room paneled in marble and gold that had been built especially for me. The gold was intricately wrought and set with diamonds and emeralds, amethysts and white jade. Magnificent gems were gleaming everywhere.

In the distance I heard a continuous roaring sound, like a gigantic blast furnace. I couldn’t see the face carrying me, but the rank smell of sweat and ash plus the effortless way I was being carried told me the man was a very strong man.

My face brushed against his upper pectorals and my beard and face rubbed into a dense thicket of sweaty, heavy-metal hair. I felt myself being gently placed on a bed.

The man stood up and caressed my forehead with his calloused fingers. “You will be fine, my special and dear friend.”

I tried to look at his face, but all I could see were his eyes which burned in the reflected light of nearby gold and rubies, or, perhaps, they were themselves molten fluid.

*

“Oh, God,” I opened my eyes. I was in my own bedroom on my bed. My dirty, torn clothes lay in a pile next to the bed and I was wrapped in my summer cotton bathrobe. My wallet and keys lay neatly placed on the night table by the lamp. The sound of water was running in the bathroom.

“Hey? Hey in there!”

“I’m coming, Nick. Hold on.” A man limped out of the bathroom and stood next to my bed. His left leg was injured. He carried a damp washcloth in his left hand. He smiled at my bewilderment.

The stranger was about my height, looked to weigh about 220, forty-something, naked except for a bath towel tied loose at his waist. He was firm and husky with a broad chest and large dark nipples on pecs upholstered with a thick pelt of coarse brown fur that traveled in a dark swirl down his stomach to disappear beneath the towel. His short-cropped hair and beard were dark brown burnt with red. His eyes were brown. He was no movie star, and he was hot in the non-self-conscious way I like.

“Nick, you okay?”

“I’ll live.” I studied him. “Who are you and how did I get here?”

He smiled and sat down near me on the edge of the bed.

“I was in the park when those two punks attacked you. I finished the job you started.” His smile darkened. “I think the nearest emergency room must be busy right now setting four broken arms. They won’t soon be jerking themselves off. I used the brick. Poetic justice.”

I smiled. “Hey, pal, I’m awfully grateful.” I looked at his left leg. “You hurt your leg in the brawl?”

A look clouded his face. “This is an old injury from childhood. Never healed properly.”

“Oh?”

“Forget it,” he sighed, hesitant to talk about himself. “My father didn’t care for me. He judged I wasn’t as good-looking or smart as his other children. So he threw me out of, hmm, uh, threw me down a flight of stairs and kicked me out of the house.”

“Oh man! I’m sorry.” More than his leg was scarred. I put my right hand on his.

The stranger looked pensively at me, as if he weren’t used to even a simple act of kindness. Regaining himself, my burly savior cleared his throat. “No matter. Ancient history. When those punks ran off squealing like girls, I picked you up and carried you home.” His mysterious smile grinned. “I’ve seen you in the park often enough. I knew where you lived. I cleaned you up, and was washing myself when you woke. I hope you don’t mind me using your bathroom.”

“Hell, no!” I instantly cut him off. “Feel free to use anything of mine you want. It’s the least I can do.”

An amused spark of fire flashed in his eyes. “Anything?”

Was that code? Was it a come-on? What was his name? I couldn’t remember. Did I know him? He knew me, even my name. He looked so damned familiar.

I rose up on one elbow. The sudden flash of pain in the back of my head made me gasp. I fell back on the bed. “Man, my head fuckin’ hurts!” A cold sweat beaded my forehead and ran into my eyes.

The stranger quickly moved closer to me and gently wiped my face with the damp washcloth.

“Turn over and let me massage your neck and shoulders,” he directed. “Do some deep breathing.”

Obedient beyond protest, I groaned and rolled. His calloused fingers began to gently massage my neck and head and the pain almost magically drained out of me. *How did he do that?* In a moment my groans turned to purrs of

pleasure as he continued to soothe me. The joy of feeling better coupled with having this hot man massaging me gave me a raging hardon. Knowing what he was doing, he stopped and patted me on the butt.

“Okay, Nick, you can turn over now.”

“Uh, that may be a problem,” I responded, a bit embarrassed at my hardon. “You see, um...”

He made a deep chuckle.

“Your...problem won’t offend me. Let’s see what interesting state we’ve gotten you into.”

As I turned over to face him, my robe parted to reveal my eight-inch cock hard as the brick I’d been hit with.

The stranger grinned. “Nice,” he said softly and took my erection in his big right hand. “Very nice!” He lowered his mouth onto my cockhead and caressed my piss slit with his tongue. I bucked at his unexpected but pleasurable action. The sight of his bearded mouth sucking on my hard cock sent me into full heat. This oddly familiar hot bear stud and I were going to get it on. I didn’t care if he was Jack the Ripper! The best part of sex partners is anonymous fantasy anyway.

He raised his head and grinned wickedly at me. “You still okay?”

“Oh yeah, bear buddy! Stand up and drop that towel. I want to check you out!”

He stood up by the side of my bed and moved near my head. He tossed the towel to the floor and towered fully naked over me. He balled his hands into fists, raised his arms into a massive double biceps, and gave me a tense look of desire as his cock rose to attention.

“To quote you,” he said. “Anything I have is yours.”

I had to gasp: he had the biggest uncut dick I had ever seen. Surrounded by a dense bush of dark brown hair, his fat cock must have measured nine to ten inches. The foreskin slid back untouched to reveal the rock-hard red head bubbling from the piss slit. A hairy nest of balls hung

large as eggs. *Fuck!*

I leaned forward, pulled his foreskin all the way back, and sucked his cockhead into my mouth. As he had done to me, I rough-tongued his piss slit sending a shudder of animal delight through him.

“Oh, Gods,” he moaned, “that’s great! It’s been so long. Don’t stop!”

I took more than half his fat tool down my throat without gagging as I slowly began to suck him off. After a few minutes, he pushed me off his dripping dick.

“I want you too!” He climbed onto the bed with me. I tossed my robe on the floor and we twined into a 69 diving onto each others’ dicks, sucking like madmen. The bedroom reeked with the sweat of two male animals in full rut. We licked and sucked everything we could: dicks, balls, tits, navels, buttholes, armpits, toes. My nameless bear stud turned around, picked me up, dropped me on my back, and raised my legs. He spread my asscheeks for a full view of my hairy pucker. He looked me directly in the eyes. His eyes were fully afire.

“You know what I’m going to do, Nick?”

I shook my head in hope.

“I’m going to eat that hot hairy ass of yours until it’s ready to be fucked. You want that?”

I felt totally free of control. “Fuck me, fucker.” He slapped both my cheeks and pushed his bearded face into my sweaty crack. The rim of his rough beard against the opening of my ass drove my shoulders into the sheets. He chewed down on my hole. We grunted with lust. My hands on his head forced his tongue even deeper into me to help prime me for the main event. When he judged I was ready, he raised his face with its spit-smearred beard and grinned.

“Do it!” I was intense. “I want what you want! Fuck me!”

Without another word he put my legs on his hairy shoulders and positioned his big-veined tool against my

throbbing hole. We both grunted when he gave a small thrust and the large head popped in hot. I passed through the momentary pain in anticipation. He gave me a moment to fit to his insertion. When he sensed I was ready, he slowly slid the whole length of his red-hot poker into me. “Oh, god-dam!” Never had such an inhumanly large cock penetrated my buttock! A fierce pride I was able to take him flushed through me as his hairy balls slapped against my cheeks.

“Okay, stud, drive it home! Give us both a ride we’ll never forget!”

He moaned loudly banging my impaled butt and jerking off my cock. Pounding sweat poured off us as we fucked in a frenzy. The feel of his fat cock filling me up and ravaging me rapidly pushed me to the point of no return.

“I’m gonna cum!” I yelled. I pinched his erect nipples.

“So am I!” He fucked my ass and palmed my dick harder chanting, “You cum. You shoot. You cum. You shoot.”

I blew my load all over his hairy stomach. My shot triggered his roar so loud the neighbors could have heard him beginning to explode inside me. I closed my eyes to brace myself.

Gasping for air, I felt him pump his seed into me. Spurt after spurt of his thick cream shot up inside and I had the molten sensation of running red-hot lava. His dick was volcanic spewing into me. The pleasure was frightening. I had never felt my guts seared by the hottest, sweetest liquid fire. Startled, I opened my eyes and looked directly into his staring wildly back at me: not a pair of brown eyes but two swirling pools of molten red-gold lava! *God help me! The horror. Was I in hell?* I blacked-out for the second time that night as the alarming stranger continued pumping my ass, way beyond my experience, filling me with his fiery seed. His forging pump was endless, unstoppable, infinite.

I wanted the fuck to last forever and I was afraid it might.

*

Once again I lay in the marble-and-gold underground room with the roaring ringing in my ears. Mingled with this sound was the unearthly frantic growling of the sweaty hairy body that was fucking me unmercifully. As I felt him shoot continuing fountains of lava into me, I looked at his grimacing face and saw the same pools of lava where his eyes should have been.

My grasping ass surrendered, and that surrender brought his climax. When he finished shooting, he collapsed panting on top of me. I was crushed under his weight and couldn't move. Eventually he moved his lips to my left ear and licked it lovingly with his red-hot tongue.

His whisper rumbled in my ear like a distant earthquake, "Don't be afraid, Nick, you know who I am! You have freely given me your seed and I have filled you with mine. All you need do to seal the bond between us forever is to say my name as I have said yours."

*

I regained consciousness, which I'd never really lost, lying on my back on my bed with the stranger-who-was-no-longer-a-stranger seated next to me. He carefully mopped my hairy chest and beard with a washcloth. He tossed the cloth to the floor and rested his hand on my right nipple.

"You okay, Nick? I didn't mean to fuck you till you passed out."

I raised myself up on my elbows and stared at him. *Thank you, thank you, thank you!* I thought, but I only smiled. I took my right hand and grabbed a fistful of his coarse chest hair.

"I truly think you fucked me crazy."

He patted my chest. "You're far from crazy," he responded softly. "Everything is real." His look was earnest. "You know who I am. You know my name." It was his turn

to grab a handful of my black chest hair. “Go on, Nick, say my name!”

“You are...oh shit! I can’t say it! If I do, then I know I’ve gone off the deep end!” I shook in fear and panic.

He grabbed me by the shoulders, held me hard, and pulled my face close to his. The red-gold color came back to his eyes as he bared his teeth at me.

“I am what you want. You know it! For years you’ve mooned over my statue. The first person in over two thousand years to ever want me for myself. Nick, I want you too. So what if I am a God! My life has not been pleasant. I want happiness and I want you!” His voice took on a note of pleading. “Say my name, Nick, and that will let me know that you want me! Seal the bond between us for eternity!” His grip tightened painfully on my shoulders. “Say my name! Even though Jupiter, my father, forbids it. Say my name!”

I said nothing for a long moment. I knew his name was *Vulcan* and that he was the God of Fire somehow brought back to this world.

Or maybe a street person who lived in a bush in the park.

What to do? I was scared, more scared than I’d ever been in my life. What did I have to lose? My mind? My religion that had long ago lost me?

Here was the hot man, the God of my gay dreams, and, bum or God, he wanted me as much as I wanted him.

Simple enough?

Case closed.

Go for it, Nick.

The divine ambiguity of love.

This could be heaven.

This could be hell.

I took his bearded face in my hands. For the first time I looked boldly into his glorious fiery eyes. My actions caused him to smile in joyful understanding and made the swirling

red-gold fire in his eyes blaze anew.

“Do it, Nick!”

His command was gentle.

“What about the gods?”

“Fuck the gods.”

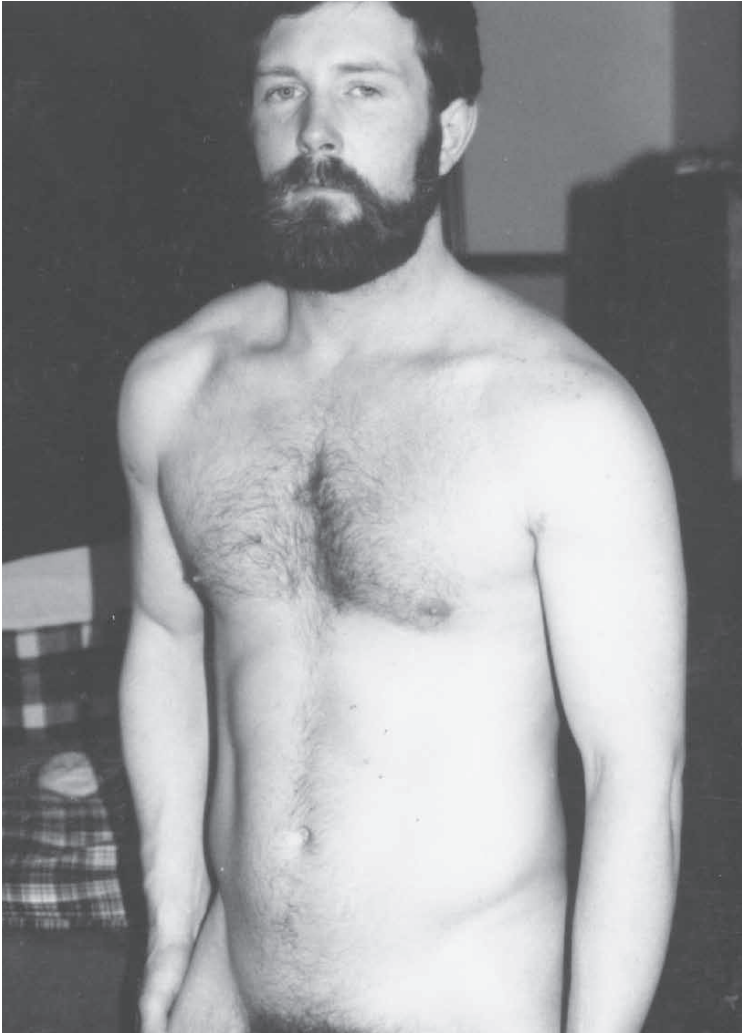
Every good love affair is always mysterious, dangerous, crazy.

I didn't need to be hit with another brick.

I said his name.

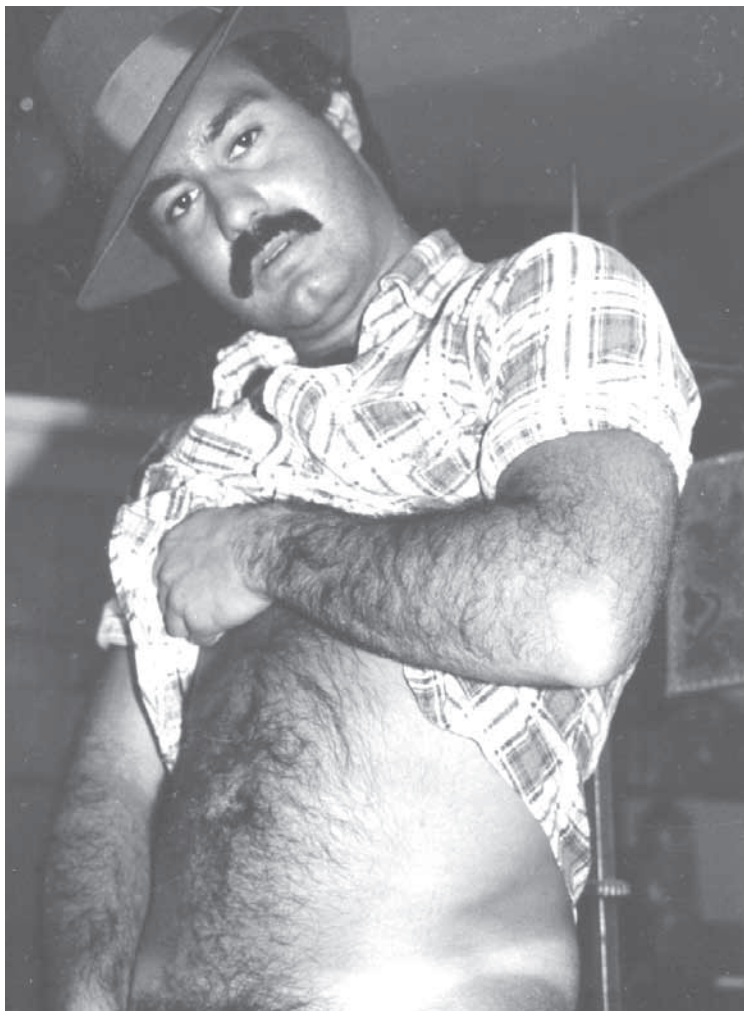


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