

Halloween Treat – Rusty Writes Fanfiction

By

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Chapter One – Once Upon A Time, There Was A Smutty Fanfic Writer

“Whatcha doing?”

Rusty jumped at the sound of Maddox’s voice. “Nothing,” he said and, with all the nonchalance he could muster, he pressed the ‘esc’ button.

“You look guilty as fuck,” Maddox pointed out and walked over to the fridge.

Phew, disaster averted. That meant that he could pretend that he was working on something and write that piece right under Maddox’s nose. Hmm, it sounded like a great plan. He opened the document again and began typing away.

“His skin glistened in the moonlight, begging to be licked,” someone began reciting from behind him.

This time, Rusty slammed the laptop shut and turned to face Jonathan. “You really love sneaking up on people, Hamilton.”

Jonathan grinned and crossed his arms. Then, he leaned over Rusty with a questioning, yet amused look, on his face. “Are you writing smut, Rusty?”

“None of your business,” Rusty replied. Damn, he could have gotten away with it. He still could.

Maddox closed in from the other flank. The chair was behind him, and before him, stood the table. He was surrounded. By furniture and friends.

To his surprise, it was Jonathan who grabbed the laptop and handed it to Maddox. “Hey,” he protested. “That’s mine.”

“Actually, it’s mine,” Maddox corrected it. “Really, Rusty, I lent it to you to write your paper on financial markets, not smutty fics.”

Maybe, just maybe, he wanted to be caught. Maybe. A big maybe. “Whatever, go ahead,” he said, daring Maddox to just do it.

The smirk that welcomed his bravado announced nothing good. Maddox opened the laptop and began reading. However, that content grin from before was turning into complete and utter surprise.

“What is it?” Jonathan asked, sensing the change.

Maddox half-smiled, half-grimaced as he cautiously closed the laptop and put it back on the table. “Ahem, it’s, um, a fic.”

“What is it about?” Jonathan asked.

Maddox looked like the proverbial deer in the headlights. Rusty waited with bated breath. If Maddox lied, he got away scot-free. If he didn't, well, Rusty very much wanted to see what followed after that.

"It's about us. It's 'us' fanfiction," Maddox explained, making air quotes with his fingers.

"Really?" Jonathan asked in disbelief.

Rusty put his elbows on the table and began watching Maddox and Jonathan in turn, as if he was attending a tennis match.

"What kind of fanfiction?" Jonathan asked slowly.

"It's..." Maddox struggled to find his words.

"It's good, isn't it?" Rusty asked, stars in his eyes.

Maddox made an outraged face. "It's not!"

Rusty grinned, satisfied with that reaction. He had a hunch what paragraph Maddox had just read. "Yeah, it's good," he said with satisfaction. "All the fanboys and fangirls will love it if I release it into the wild."

"What is it about?" Jonathan insisted.

Rusty grabbed the laptop and stood. "I'm sure Maddox doesn't want you to know, so let's leave it at that."

Jonathan barred his way. "Why wouldn't Maddox want that? Wait, it's something strange like pony training?"

Rusty felt rightfully affronted by such a low hanging fruit assumption. "I get it that you like horses, Hamilton, but not every kink is about pony training."

He didn't have time to react because Jonathan was really fast to grab the laptop from his hands.

"Well, let's see what it is about, then," Jonathan said with determination. He opened the laptop and then stopped. "No one is going to stop me?" he asked, moving his eyes from Rusty to Maddox, and from Maddox back to Rusty again.

Rusty grinned and took the laptop from Jonathan's hands. "If you two want to know what the story is about, you have to say so."

"I do," Jonathan said right away. "Maddox?"

A long suffering sigh followed. “Whatever. I can bet my ass that Rusty wanted us to catch him writing fanfiction about us. And, since that’s the case, we’ll never hear the end of it if we say ‘no’.”

Ha, Maddox was curious, too. But, of course, for some reason, he didn’t want to come out and say it outright. Rusty had a theory or two about that, but he was going to keep all of them to himself. The best way to unravel the truth was to go ahead and read them the story.

“So,” he drawled and moved the laptop around as if it was a tray of cookies, “do you want to hear a story?”

“More like a bat-shit crazy fairytale, but whatever,” Maddox commented.

Damn, Maddie was so damn curious, Rusty thought with satisfaction.

“Very well. Just pick a spot to sit your asses down. I will now begin.”

“Wait,” Jonathan said, although he hurried to sit across from him and by Maddox’s side, “don’t we need some warning first? About what kind of story to expect?”

“You mean like tags?” Rusty asked, straightening a pair of invisible glasses up on his nose.

“I suppose,” Jonathan replied, slightly confused.

“Okay, so it’s like this,” Rusty said and looked up at the ceiling, to conjure the power of fanfic gods. “It’s an AU, historical setting, porn with plot, mutual pining, mild use of violence--”

“Violence?” Jonathan asked, visibly stricken by the mention of the tag.

Maddox didn’t seem that surprised. That was a good sign.

“I said ‘mild,’” Rusty insisted. “I won’t add any other tags as to not unveil the content of the story beforehand. You know, not to spoil it.”

“All right,” Jonathan agreed. “Although, for the record, I am a bit worried.”

“The only thing you’ll have to be worried about, Hamilton, is cliffhangers,” Rusty warned.

“Just how many chapters does this have?” Maddox asked.

“Enough to warrant a couple of cliffhangers,” Rusty explained. “Do you want to hear the story or not?”

“By all means,” Jonathan said and waved, while leaning back in his chair.

“Spoken like a true aristocrat,” Rusty concluded and opened the laptop.

One last time, he inspected his audience for signs that he had their full attention. It definitely looked like it, even if Maddox tried to feign indifference. That was his cue.

Once upon a time, there was a castle that was more like a big mansion because it didn't have a moat.

"That sounds promising already," Maddox commented under his breath.

"Hey, have you ever written fanfiction in your life? No, I didn't think so. Now listen to someone with a lot more experience than you," Rusty warned.

"A lot?" Maddox asked and raised an eyebrow.

"You don't know my life," Rusty declared in a philosophical tone. "Now listen."

"Of course," Jonathan intervened. "Go ahead, Rusty. We're all ears."

"You better be," Rusty said with satisfaction.

And in this mansion, lived a very wealthy family who had a son they had sent to an academy for people who needed to learn how to keep their heads so high that their necks became stiff and they couldn't move them anymore.

"That is one strange academy," Jonathan commented.

"Hey, no interruptions, or I'll kick you out," Rusty warned.

"Seeing how you have such a large audience," Maddox commented under his breath.

"Do you want me to take this to a larger audience?" Rusty asked.

"No," came the prompt reply. "But we'll interrupt you now and then. It cannot not happen."

"Fair enough," Rusty agreed. "Though I can bet that you'll become so engrossed with my story that you'll forget to do that."

"Wanna bet?" Maddox challenged him.

Rusty didn't deign Maddox with a reply. He had a story to read out loud.

Chapter Two – The Naked Stable Boy And The Flute Player

Two important events happened at the same time to bring together the protagonists of this story, Rusty continued.

First, the wealthy family’s offspring returned home from the academy so that he could practice his head held up high technique in a real life setting.

Second, the family just hired a new stable boy.

“I can guess who the stable boy is,” Maddox offered.

“Silence,” Rusty called.

This new stable boy was very good with horses, but something had prevented him so far from landing a good job with a prominent family. He couldn’t stand clothes to cover his body. He was totally fine with looking at them, in shops and whatnot, but his skin had to remain free of any coverage at all times.

Maddox let out a groan. “No shit. I’m the naked stable boy.”

“Hush, you’re ruining it,” Rusty warned him.

However, since he had a large family and had to take care of his siblings who were all younger than him, he had to endure the feel of fabric on his skin to get hired by the wealthy family.

“Just to be clear,” Maddox interrupted again, “was I cursed or something?”

“No. You just don’t like clothes. In this story,” Rusty explained.

His plan was to stay dressed throughout the day and shed his clothes at night, when he did most of his work. The young master, who had just returned home, had secrets of his own.

“He didn’t like clothes, either?” Maddox inquired.

“No, that would be too convenient. The protagonists need to encounter certain obstacles before getting to play the horizontal cha-cha in the hay.”

“So, we will get there, too,” Maddox said matter-of-factly.

“Let’s just let Rusty read the story,” Jonathan suggested.

No one at the castle knew, but the young master really liked playing the flute—

“Oh,” Jonathan let out.

Rusty decided to ignore it.

And playing the flute was not what his parents wanted for him.

They wanted him to play the harp.

“Major plot twist,” Maddox remarked.

Rusty grinned, all-knowingly.

Unbeknownst to either of them, their secrets would bring them together.

That was the introduction. Now, let the story begin!

“It hasn’t started yet?” Maddox asked.

“I must admit that I’m already engrossed, even so,” Jonathan added. “Let us hear it, Rusty.”

“Much obliged,” Rusty said courteously.

Jonathan lay on his bed, eyes on the ceiling. He was thinking about Drew, the only person in this alternate reality who knew about his passion for playing the flute.

“Why is that asshole part of this story?” Maddox exclaimed.

“He’s important to the plot,” Rusty explained. “Now shut up.”

While there was no problem for Drew to enjoy Jonathan’s flute-playing, he wasn’t into it himself. That, of course, made for a less than perfect relationship between them. Oh, how much Jonathan wished he would encounter someone who loved to play the flute the same way he did. He had to be content with Drew, who, as much a great listener to his music as he was, he couldn’t be even convinced to touch the said instrument.

“Instrument,” Jonathan muttered under his breath but fell silent and straightened up in his chair as soon as Rusty threw him a stern look.

Nights like this, with the moon shining brightly over the mansion without a moat, he felt restless and much in need of playing the flute. Unfortunately, as talented and passionate as he was, he just couldn’t play the flute by himself. But Drew was far away, still at the academy where he was learning how to grow bigger than his britches—

“Are you trying to say that he has a big dick in this story?” Maddox inquired.

“No,” Rusty replied curtly without giving away any other explanation. “As I was saying...”

...where he was learning how to grow bigger than his britches, in the most hoity-toity, high-and-mighty, snooty, snotty, snippy way, something for which this academy was also well known among the wealthy.

With Drew so far away, Jonathan was a sad, sad boyo.

“Boyo? Really? Wasn’t it supposed to happen in a historical setting or something?”

“It is a historical setting where they know words like boyo,” Rusty explained without flinching.

He got up from the bed and went to watch the moon from his window. It was so big and round, like a wheel of cheese. So, not very inspiring, but very, very boring. Taking advantage that his parents were sound asleep, Jonathan snuck out of the mansion, decided to practice with his flute—

“By himself? I thought he needed other people to play the flute,” Maddox interrupted again.

“There are other ways,” Rusty replied promptly.

Even if he couldn’t play the flute, it gave him great comfort to just hold his dear instrument in his hand while thinking of Drew. It was like studying, only that it was more pleasurable. Now, the only thing he needed was to find a quiet place where he could explore his instrument at leisure. The right practice could elicit the most beautiful sounds, as he well knew it.

In the meantime, Maddox the naked stable boy, was getting busy to earn his keep by brushing the horses, repairing their curlicue-shaped shoes, and feeding them apples he had spent the day picking from a nearby orchard. It was like stealing, but it was for a good cause, so it didn’t matter.

The night was a little breezy, so it was even more enjoyable to wear no clothes whatsoever. Maddox couldn’t understand why people just didn’t follow his example and forget about clothes altogether.

“I’m a total hippie,” Maddox remarked.

It wasn’t like he was a pervert or anything like that. He simply couldn’t understand what was shameful about a naked body. That had to have something to do with him being a complete and utter virgin.

Jonathan snickered and hid his face.

Unlike Jonathan, he had no idea about flutes and whatnot. In the chilly evening air, his was a whistle—

“I’m a virgin, and I have a small dick?” Maddox asked, more and more alarmed.

“For the sake of the story, you’re a grower, not a show-er,” Rusty explained. “Now, let me continue.”

In the chilly evening air, his was a whistle, and it was so much fun to feel the small hairs on his plums rising and waving in the breeze.

At this point, Jonathan was half buried in his chair, his face hidden behind his hands, his body shaking with laughter. Maddie, however, was not amused at all.

“Plums, really, you asshole?” Maddox asked. “How about coconuts?”

“It’s not a tropical setting. There are no coconuts,” Rusty explained. “And plums grow really big in this country.”

“You’re just plain lying at this point, but, all right, let’s move on,” Maddox said with an exasperated sigh.

To feel the air better, Maddox placed himself on all fours and enjoyed the feeling. He was right outside the stables, after finishing his work with the horses. Although he was never ashamed of anything he did, he knew people would find it incredibly strange to see him like that, so it was something he kept for the moments when he was alone.

In the meantime, while looking for a quiet spot to play with his flute, Jonathan stumbled upon a sight like no other. There, not far from the stable, someone was naked and kneeling in the grass. The moon, as much as it was nothing but a wheel of cheese, made that person’s skin look so beautiful.

It was a man, Jonathan realized. A very handsome man, whose backside was now offering some sort of strange sacrifice to the moon.

“Please, please, just don’t make me fart or something stupid like that,” Maddox begged.

“No worries,” Rusty assured him. “This is an erotic endeavor of mine.”

“It reads more like comedy,” Jonathan pointed out.

“Maybe I can add comedic subtext to the tags,” Rusty said after a bit of deliberation with himself.

Curious as to what the man was doing, Jonathan approached slowly. Now, he could see directly between the man’s legs. His flute looked so peaceful, hanging there, without a worry in the world, while Jonathan’s instrument was only getting him in trouble. Without even realizing, he pulled his flute out of his pants and caressed its length, as he continued to stare at the magnificent sight in front of him. Never before had he seen such a handsome man, and so naked. All he knew of Drew was the young man’s flute and nothing else. At the academy, they had to wear clothes up to their necks and never remain naked for more than five moments on the clock.

A marvelous thing happened at that very moment. Jonathan’s flute began to sing on its own!

“I wasn’t expecting that,” Maddox commented again.

Rusty gave him a withering stare.

The sound of the flute playing surprised Maddox, who jumped to his feet and turned around.

“What exactly is happening?” Jonathan asked. “I cannot understand what this flute self-singing stands for.”

“Wait and see. And I just added ‘magic’ to the tags,” Rusty said and quickly operated the change.

Jonathan himself was very much flabbergasted. His flute was moving gracefully and singing the most beautiful notes through its little mouth. That looked like an eye, or so people who had no idea what it was, called it.

Maddox, on the other hand, was in complete shock. A beautiful stranger, dressed up to his jawline and even wearing a hat, was standing there. And his whistle had the most wonderful shape, long and straight. That wasn’t the most shocking thing, though. No, his whistle could blow!

Jonathan rubbed his forehead. Maddox face-palmed himself.

The two, for now still strangers, stood there, not knowing what to do.

“I very much apologize,” Jonathan began in a perfect accent, while trying to push the singing flute back into his pants. Unfortunately, the perfect scrubbing the maids gave to all the clothes at the estate, made them so rigid that it was impossible to do so.

Maddox stared down at his own whistle, to understand why the stranger’s was so different. To his utter astonishment, it resembled nothing he had seen so far. It was also straight, long, pointing up, and very thick!

It didn’t play, though. Horrified by the extreme changes happening to his own body, Maddox put his hands over his whistle to push it down. The damn thing had a life of its own, and now popped around, to the left, to the right, and even between his hands. Before he knew it, Maddox found himself rubbing his whistle up and down with his palms.

Jonathan forgot about his uncontrollable flute and just stared in rapture at how the naked stranger was vigorously rubbing his amazing instrument. “Watch out!” he shouted as he realized that the flute was about to sing its swan song.

The young man stared at him in horror, not knowing what to do. Therefore, Jonathan did the only sensible thing. He knelt – with serious difficulty – in front of the stranger and placed his mouth over the end of the flute.

Maddox couldn't understand what was going on, nor could he move. That man, an aristocrat, for sure, was kneeling in front of him, and was now intent on blowing his whistle!

He had never heard of such a thing in his entire life. Maybe the man wanted to eat his whistle? But the sensation of those beautifully arched lips around his whistle made him feel rather funny.

Before he knew it, something was happening, something that made his eyes close and see shooting stars nonetheless, his mouth to go slack and his tongue to lol out, and his... his...

His whistle was swiftly engulfed in the man's mouth, but it didn't disappear! No, it just did something that moved through him like a strange creature, from his crotch to his head, back down his spine, and even to the toes of his feet that curled into the soft earth.

“How poetic,” Maddox commented wryly.

The man rose to his feet and patted his lips like he had just had a meal. Maddox stared in turn at him, and then at his whistle that was now slowly deflating to how it was before. Maybe he had been prey to strange magic, and this stranger saved him. But why was he wiping his mouth with that dreamy look in his eyes?

Working with magic had to be hard work. The poor man must have been exhausted. Not knowing what to do, Maddox tried to reach for him, but the stranger moved out of the way.

“We shall not speak of this,” the stranger said. “Farewell.”

Jonathan walked away stiffly, since his pants didn't allow for more freedom of movement, his flute swinging to the pace of his steps, still singing, but more quietly now.

A single tear appeared in its little eye – yes, now it switched to that, or it's a mouth-eye or something.

“What do you think?” Rusty watched his audience carefully.

“Is that all?” Jonathan asked.

“No, I've got more,” Rusty assured him.

“So, let's hear it,” Maddox said.

Good, that was what he called a captive audience.

Chapter Three – Shoot Your Goo, My Dude

Maddox was in a heightened state of agitation. The last night's events were still with him. He couldn't get that stranger out of his head! How beautiful his whistle was! How heavenly it could sing!

But above all, the moment he dared to do as little as think of the man's lips wrapped around his whistle, his old friend was starting chubbing up. Making it go down without any magic was difficult. He had to jump into the river at dawn, when the water was the coldest, and it wasn't always dawn, and it wasn't always convenient to go to the river.

“I don't even know how to rub my own whistle,” Maddox said in practical resignation.

“Yeah, that's why I said you were a complete and utter virgin. Even to your own hand,” Rusty promptly explained. “You're just a hardworking boyo who never touched himself in his life.”

“Except for the rubbing part a bit earlier,” Maddox pointed out.

Rusty groaned. “Hair-splitter.”

Jonathan interrupted them. “Let's hear the rest, Rusty.”

Obviously, Maddox was in much need of advice, and who else to turn to than his best friend?

“Are you also in this story?” Maddox asked.

“Obviously. Someone has to save these two from definite failure,” Rusty replied.

Rusty was a man of the world and knew many things.

“And touched himself plenty,” Maddox added while sprinkling a bit of vinegar on top.

Unlike him, Rusty didn't enjoy working, except if it was something he loved. Therefore, he was a buffoon, and sometimes, a jester.

Jonathan gave him a surprised look.

“What?” Rusty asked. “I entertain people. It's what I do.” He looked down at the screen, expecting more.

“What's the difference between buffoon and jester?” Maddox asked.

“A buffoon is an amateur who hustles on the side at parties. A jester entertains aristocrats and stuff. And he's a total pro.”

“And you're both.”

“Of course. I pivot as needed.”

Jonathan and Maddox feel silent. Phew, that was good. They weren't going to comment on his choice of profession more than that.

Maddox ran to his friend who was just coming back from a party and was very tired. “Rusty, Rusty,” he called, “what do you know about whistles? And magic? What do you know about magic?”

“I know plenty about magic,” came the prompt and obliging reply. “As for whistles, yes, I do know about them as well. What would you like to know?”

“This Rusty is quite articulate and courteous. It's how I know it's a fantasy,” Maddox commented.

Rusty shot him a glare. “Of course, I'm articulate and courteous. I'm a man of the world, as I told you.”

“Please, continue,” Jonathan insisted.

Maddox pointed at his whistle. “First, it was like this. And then, it grew! Like a beanstalk!”

Rusty looked intently between his friend's legs. “You're talking about that whistle. Hmm.”

“Well?” Maddox asked, anxious to hear that he wasn't cursed or prey to some evil magic.

“What made it grow?” Rusty asked, aware of his friend's virgin ways and not wanting to ruin the fun for him.

Maddox was about to confess, but then he remembered the stranger's words. In his mind, the man's words were thunderous, announcing rains and storms and blizzards. ‘We shall not speak of this. Farewell.’ It even scared him a little. Maddox didn't care for bad weather since he couldn't stand clothes.

Therefore, he kept his pie hole shut.

“Well?” Rusty asked, seeing how Maddox remained tight-lipped. “Is there a reason why you look so constipated?”

“Maybe I just want to strangle you,” real-life Maddox murmured under his breath.

“I'm not constipated!” Maddox protested in a heartbeat. “I'll have you know that I have regular bowel movement.”

“That was way too much info,” Maddox interrupted again. Jonathan had to place one hand over his mouth and kiss his nose.

It seemed to work.

Rusty pondered and pondered. He had always thought of his best friend as being the perpetual innocent, the kind deserving of never having his flower plucked. Sure thing, he was as close to a mythical creature as Rusty had ever known, but, after all, Maddox was nothing but a mere human.

And mere humans had mere needs, and mere needs needed addressing. So, Rusty decided to be as tactful as possible. "What your whistle is going through has nothing to do with magic."

"It doesn't? But it hurts when it grows, and I cannot douse myself in cold water all the time."

At this point, Rusty felt the need to educate his friend. "Maddox," he said while he took him by the shoulders, "you don't have to go through so much torment. What you need to do is make your whistle blow."

"Blow my whistle?" Maddox asked, expressing, once more, his innocence.

"No, no, no. I mean, if you're capable, I won't stop you, but that is a feat only reserved to legendary... whistle-blowers," Rusty said, struggling to find the right words.

"I do not understand," Maddox continued in a plaintive voice.

Rusty was slowly starting to realize that beating around the bush was only meant to fail. So, he turned Maddox's head, looked him in the eyes, and told him, "You need to shoot your goo, my dude."

"There goes the historical setting again, blown out of the water," Maddox complained. "Just when things were going so swell."

"You think?" Rusty asked. "And I didn't even get to the good part."

Maddox found it hard to understand Rusty's language. It was just so strange. What did that mean? Shooting one's goo?

"I would do it for you, but I would never forgive myself for robbing you of your chastity," Rusty continued. "Maybe I should just show you. On that doll," he added, pointed at a poppet with a conveniently long nose, just fit for the purpose.

"You're so bent on ruining childhoods for the sake of your fic, aren't you, Rusty?" Maddox asked.

"I don't find it that surprising," Jonathan did what he probably thought as being thoughtful.

"Hey, it's not that guy. It's a different guy," Rusty argued.

Maddox watched with utmost curiosity as his knowledgeable friend began to move his hand up and down the long nose of the doll. “Are we waiting for something to happen?”

Rusty put the doll away and straightened his clothes. “Do the same with your whistle. Do it vigorously. And repeatedly. Have a good day.”

“What exactly caused your very brusque exit, Rusty?” Maddox asked, a huge grin on his face. “Got hard for that puppet’s nose?”

Rusty glared. “Characters need to be complex, and plots need to be revealing only when needed.”

Maddox was, once more, on his own, but now, his whistle didn’t bother him. Therefore, he would heed Rusty’s advice later. Also, he had to present a noble steed to the other noble steed at the mansion—

“I’m called a noble steed,” Jonathan remarked.

“Riding a noble steed,” Rusty cared to add.

His friends sighed both at the same time. Yet, no one was leaving, which meant his story was, at least, half-good.

Maddox had heard of the son of the wealthy family that also had the stables where he worked, but he had never seen him. All the fair maidens in the land talked about him as being not only a noble steed, good for breeding—

“Oh, god,” Jonathan grunted.

--not only a noble steed, good for breeding, but also the golden ticket for a life out of poverty. Despite the lack of a moat, the owners of the mansion were pretty loaded. Everyone wanted a chance to get into the young heir’s britches. Little did they know, the young heir had no interest in what they had in their female drawers and was a lot more into what instruments men hid in their knickerbockers.

“For the unknowledgeable, those are historic terms for underwear,” Rusty said in an academic tone.

“Thanks for the info,” Maddie drawled.

Anyways, having not shot his goo, as his benevolent friend had advised, Maddox was heading toward the biggest embarrassment of his life to date. You see, dear readers, as he was inept at wearing clothes, he had no idea about wardrobe malfunctions and what they could mean.

“That sounds ominous,” Maddox commented.

He put on clothes hurriedly and walked out the door and to the stables. Enticing the beautiful stallion with a stolen apple, he succeeded in getting the horse out of the stables and into the open. The wealthy family approached, surrounded by a swarm of guests and servants.

Maddox held his head down, astonished by their beautiful clothes and not wanting to appear brazen and uneducated. However, he had to lift his head when someone approached.

“Boy, hand over the reins,” that someone commanded in a haughty voice.

Maddox looked at the stranger, dressed in scrubbed clothes that held his head stiff. He had blond hair, blue eyes, and thin lips. The first thing Maddox thought was that this dude was totally not good at blowing whistles. Compared to the gentleman from that night who had wrapped his gorgeous lips around his instrument with so much delicate care, this one seemed a boor.

The horse appeared to think the same because he neighed and pulled back as the boor gestured impatiently to have the reins.

“Andrew, please, allow me,” a voice like velvet intervened.

Maddox looked at the second gentleman, and his whistle promptly grew, breaking out of his breeches and pointing proudly toward the sky!

“Babe, you’re giving me instant erections in this story,” Maddox said with a snicker and rubbed his shoulder against Jonathan’s.

“I guess I should add ‘realistic erections’ to the tags,” Rusty said philosophically.

“What’s so realistic about instant erections?” Maddox shot at him.

“Moving on.” Rusty looked intently at the text in front of him.

The thin-lipped gentleman threw a disdainful, yet somewhat envious look at Maddox’s whistle.

“Would you put that disgusting thing away? The manners on some servants.” He sounded scandalized.

Maddox was horrified and tried in vain to put away his whistle. How he wished he had listened to his friend and shot his goo! Rusty’s face appeared, summoned by his mind, on the blue sky above. “You should have shot your goo, my dude,” the apparition said.

Desperate to hide his shame, he turned and tried to gather his breeches about himself. But the garments he wore were threadbare, and his vigorous pulling caused the breeches to tear right along his crack!

Now his behind was exposed! Ladies were fainting, gentlemen were gasping in outrage, servants were laughing. Terrified, Maddox broke into a run, without a look back. His employment at the mansion had been destined to be short.

And he was mad! He had never been ashamed of his body. And now, that thin-lipped gentleman had shamed him!

Most of all, he was mad at himself. Just the sight of that beautiful man experienced in blowing whistles had been enough to make his body react in such uncontrollable ways. He was also very confused—

“Here comes the confusion part,” Maddox said with a snicker.

He was also very confused about how his heart leaped with joy, despite the rest of him feeling so angry and ashamed. Maybe he had eaten something bad, he thought, because Maddox had no knowledge of where the heart was located, so it could just as well be his stomach doing flip-flops.

“Wait,” Jonathan intervened, “wasn’t Drew away?”

Rusty raised only a finger. “We’re about to change the POV to you.”

Unbeknownst to Maddox, Jonathan was just as confused. When Drew had appeared earlier that morning, all stiff and properly attired, he had been so happy. Later, at nightfall, they might get together for a bit of flute playing. But now, at the sight of that proper manly flute the stable boy was sporting, as well as his muscular behind, as little a glimpse as he had managed, he couldn’t think of Drew at all.

Even more, Drew’s flute seemed so insignificant, so out of tune, compared to the flute he had played on just a few nights ago. Jonathan was equally eager for some flute-playing. Only that it was no longer Drew’s flute he wanted between his lips—

“Oh, boy,” Jonathan breathed out.

-but that handsome lovely flute with its ambrosia-like aroma—

“Don’t you think you know a bit too much about dicks and how they taste like?” Maddox asked.

“I’m using plenty of artistic license and my own imagination,” Rusty replied promptly.

Oh, how much he desired to have that lovely flute sing for him again!

“Truly, Jonathan, you should whip that boy bloody.”

Jonathan frowned. Drew just sounded like a perfect fopdoodle, and it annoyed him that he thought as such. Not that he would ever whip anyone, bloody or not, but the mere thought that he

would side, in his mind, with a member of the lower classes instead of one of his own, was purely astonishing.

“I will see that he understands why such behavior is unacceptable,” he said from the tip of his lips. “Actually, I will see to it right away.” Leaving a flabbergasted Drew behind, Jonathan began walking toward the stables, which the clumsy yet adorable stable boy had chosen as his hiding place.

“Ready for a little cliffhanger?” Rusty asked.

Both Maddox and Jonathan groaned. “For real? Now?”

“I’m hungry,” Rusty explained. “Throw a sandwich to your jester, will ya?”

“I’m making it right now,” Jonathan said and hurried to the fridge.

Chapter Four – Wild Boy, You Make My Heart Ploy

Now that his belly was satisfied, and his audience was captive again, Rusty was ready to resume his story. Clearing his throat for effect, he continued.

Jonathan ran toward the stables as if his heart had wings. Despite his stiff clothes, he moved with fluid grace. He could tell that was the case because he saw his shadow prancing happily over the dewy grass, his feet barely touching the ground.

In the meantime, our virgin boy was struggling to get out of his torn clothes, only succeeding in tearing them further. His soul was in the pits, his heart wept with misunderstandings, and his whistle continued to grow and grow.

“Why is it still growing?” Maddox asked.

“Because you’re still thinking about the whistle-blowing gentleman. Him,” Rusty said and pointed at Jonathan, who rolled his eyes.

In this state, Jonathan found him. Maddox was helplessly struggling with his whistle that had gotten him in so much trouble. “Why did you have to grow like this and scare the ladies?” Maddox chided the thing with passion and rancor.

Jonathan approached him slowly. He didn’t know the name of the stable boy, but now he needed to know it with every fiber of his being. The boy had his back turned, and that granted Jonathan the unimpeded view of two mounds of muscular flesh, as well as the crack between them.

Without thinking what he was doing, Jonathan grabbed the boy from behind in his arms and whispered in his ear. “What is your name, wild flower?”

“Wild flower? Really?” Maddox glared. “I smell like roses, too?”

“No, more like horses, but Jonathan doesn’t have a problem with that.”

Jonathan leaned back in his chair, covering his mouth. Only his good upbringing was probably helping him keep from laughing out loud. Rusty liked that silent provocation.

Maddox was completely taken aback by that attack. The velvet voice caressed his ear, while firm hands grabbed his chest. “It’s Ma-Maddox, sire.”

“Such a beautiful name. Tell me now,” Jonathan became more daring, despite all his forefathers from creepy mansion hallways filled with moldy paintings frowning at him, “to what do I owe the pleasure?” With that, he captured Maddox’s flute with one hand.

Maddox was so overwhelmed by the attention that his whistle began to shoot the goo Rusty was talking about.

“My, my, what a waste,” Jonathan commented. He squeezed the last drops from the beautiful instrument.

Maddox, overcome by pleasure, didn't realize at first that the gentleman had released him and moved to face him. So, he jumped back when the man tried to caress his face, wet with man goo.

Then, terrified by his audacity, he bent the knee.

“This should be interesting,” Maddox commented. “Am I finally returning the favor?”

“Not so soon. This is kind of slow burn... -ish,” Rusty concluded for himself.

“I got a blowjob and a handjob in the span of four chapters. Yeah, very slow burn,” Maddox added.

“Jonathan got nothing, though,” Rusty pointed out. “Nah, he got plenty,” he decided and waved.

Jonathan shook his head in mirth. That was his cue.

“Sire, please forgive this lowly servant,” Maddox declared. He wouldn't normally bend the knee like this, but he had been the one to make a fool of himself. As inexperienced as he was, something told him that shooting his goo so fast was a blunder of some kind.

Jonathan cupped the lovely manly jawline and made the stable boy look at him. “There's nothing I must forgive,” he said tenderly.

Maddox stopped breathing at the sight of those ice-melting eyes, so much that he was in need of CPR.

“The author really has a way to keep in touch with the historical setting,” Maddox said. “Don't you think, babe?”

Babe, aka Jonathan, waved. “I'm enraptured with this tale as much as fictional Jonathan is with the stable boy's beautiful flute. I think I'm okay.”

Rusty grinned and buried his face in the screen. They loved it. Score!

No, really, Maddox managed to faint because of lack of oxygen. Worried, Jonathan hurried by his side, and as he had seen once a doctor performing a certain act on a drowning victim, he put his lips on the boy's.

Slowly, but surely, Maddox returned to his senses. A particular sense, however, was assaulted by very pleasurable sensations. The gentleman was eating his mouth! No, it wasn't actually eating, but some sort of tongue-sucking. And that strange action caused other things to swell.

Troubled by the sensations he couldn't understand, Maddox pushed the gentleman slightly away. Then, he looked, rightfully horrified, at his, once more, engorged whistle. There was no end to his suffering, it seemed. Without a doubt, he was sick, no matter what Rusty, his very knowledgeable friend, said. Shooting his goo did nothing to appease the unfamiliar beast he now carried between his legs.

“I should call it Beast,” Maddox said. “What do you think, babe?”

“I think I like Candy better,” Jonathan replied.

“Don't make me in the mood for lollipops right now,” Rusty protested.

“Don't mind us, Rusty. Please continue,” Jonathan encouraged him.

So disturbed was Maddox by the sorry state of his own body that he missed how the gentleman was trying to do the tongue-sucking thing to him again. Afraid of what might follow, he held him at a safe distance. Because he had strong hands, it wasn't a problem, but the way he could feel the young man's strong muscles underneath the stiff fabric was. Maddox's secret dream had always been to ride a stallion. Now, a rather funny thought crossed his mind.

He wanted to ride this stallion.

“Is my fiancé really that hung in this lil' story of yours that you keep bringing it up?” Maddox asked. “Four chapters in, and we still don't know how Jonathan's schlong looks like.”

“Slow burn!” Rusty insisted.

A heartfelt sigh followed.

Afraid by such emerging feelings, he continued to push the gentleman away.

“Please, don't push me away,” the young master pleaded.

“But I don't know you,” Maddox pointed out. Something told him that people should indulge in tongue-sucking only after a proper introduction.

“Of course,” the gentleman said. “What horrendous manners must I have in your eyes. I am Jonathan.” He ungloved his hand and offered it to Maddox, who shook it awkwardly, because they were still very close.

“Master Jonathan--”

“Just Jonathan, please.”

Maddox was speechless. From up close, the young master was even prettier. That view alone made his lips tingle.

“Why don’t you say a thing?” Jonathan pleaded again. “Did I misread the actions of your flute?”

Maddox was rightfully disoriented. “I don’t have a flute.”

Jonathan immediately wrapped his hand around Maddox’s whistle. “I’m talking about this beautiful, wild thing.”

“Oh, that. That’s my whistle.”

Now, Jonathan – yes, we’re changing POV all the time, deal with it – thought it a grave understatement to call that majestic flute a mere whistle. “My dear boy,” he said, “that is not a whistle. That is a flute, and I must say, the most beautiful flute I have ever had the chance to see in my life.”

“Have you seen many?”

The question was innocent enough, but Jonathan felt as if stabbed through the heart. The implication was clear: he was a manwhore, prancing around and stealing glances at men’s flutes. He blushed at the accusation. If there had been a couch somewhere in there, he would have even fainted.

“Oh, really? I thought Maddox was the fainting type,” Jonathan hurried to intervene.

“Hmm, that’s right,” Rusty said. “Ignore that last phrase.”

He blushed at the accusation. His young heart hesitated between feeling affronted or simply ashamed. Maddox’s hand touching his cheek interrupted his musings. “Have I offended you, sire?”

“Call me Jonathan,” Jonathan said, now in an aggressive state of mind. Even though he had some experience around flutes, his heart was just as unblemished by feelings of love as Maddox’s.

“What about Drew?” Maddox asked.

“Drew doesn’t count,” Rusty replied.

“That’s good to know,” Maddox agreed.

“I should challenge you to a duel for your accusation,” Jonathan continued.

“What accusation? What have I done?” Maddox asked.

Jonathan watched that honest face and felt tempted to kiss the boy until they both lost their heads completely. Of course, such an innocent young man didn't even know he was making some unpardonable blunder.

"Oh, it's nothing," Jonathan said, decided to brush it away.

Maddox caught his hands. "I can tell it is. I'm just a simple stable boy with no clothes, but I can tell you are upset. Please punish me for my mistake."

Jonathan pondered for a bit. Then, as he realized that his own flute had been straining his britches for quite some time now, an idea came to his mind. "Well, I could challenge you to a duel, as I said."

Maddox worried, and rightfully so. He had no idea about how to hold a sword. "Let my blood be spilled then, sire."

"Call me Jonathan," the young master insisted and pulled out his whistle. "I am very much interested in other types of spillage."

Maddox didn't understand until the young master touched his flute with his. What a beautiful whistle... flute. Maddox was learning new things, and he was an avid learner.

"Do like me. Let's duel with our flutes," Jonathan suggested.

For Maddox, it wasn't a mere suggestion. It was law. So, he grabbed his whistle... flute and opted for an underhanded attack!

But Jonathan was ready, countering the move with the side of his stiff flute. Their instruments turned weapons clashed, rubbed against each other, even brought their heads together, something that made their breaths hitch in their chests.

With skill and grace, Jonathan provoked Maddox to bring the best in him. With strength and reckless abandon, Maddox showed the young master that he was a redoubtable opponent.

One last clash, and they were staring eye to eye. Maddox succumbed and pressed his mouth against Jonathan's, and goo begin shooting from both their flutes.

In less than a minute, they were both tired and happy.

"Such a poetic rendition," Jonathan commented with a sly grin. "People might think you know a lot more about certain sexual activities that you let on, Rusty."

Rusty scoffed. "To say that there is some sexual activity I don't know about is an unpardonable insult, Hamilton. You might force me to challenge you to some duel."

"Don't you dare, and don't you even think about it," Maddox warned him.

“Got it, got it.” Rusty knew how to choose his battles.

Without their knowing, Drew had walked to the stables, intrigued by why Jonathan took so long to come back. Maybe he had been caught into punishing that uneducated lad so much that he had forgotten the time. Now, if it meant that he could see a mere slave... servant only, unfortunately, being put in place, he was game.

However, the image that welcomed him just as he was about to step inside left him speechless. Jonathan’s flute was hanging over his stiff britches, still weeping one last tear. He was embracing the uncouth cur, whose flute was also satiated and wet with release.

For a moment, he examined them both with envy. Then, cold, calculated rage took over. The young Hamilton wasn’t supposed to stray. His place was at Drew’s feet, ready to open his mouth and play Drew’s flute.

Could it be that Jonathan had even played that servant’s flute? The thought alone made Drew’s face twist, his bottom lip listing on one side like a naval wreck and staying like that.

“Serves him fucking right,” Maddox said.

“Did you just give Drew a permanent condition?” Jonathan asked.

“Why not?” Rusty was very matter-of-fact about such things.

Drew stepped back, unnoticed by the two flute lovers. Jonathan Hamilton would know his wrath.

“Bathroom break,” Rusty announced, satisfied to leave his audience hanging for a bit.

The collective groan from Jonathan and Maddox assured him he was right.

Chapter Five – Not All Heroes Wear Capes... Sometimes They Wear A Cockscomb

“Wait, wait, wait, what do you mean, a cockscomb?” Maddox asked.

The look of confusion on Jonathan’s face at the name of the chapter assured Rusty, once more, that he still had it in him to surprise his audience. “That’s the name of a jester’s cap,” he explained and pointed at his head.

His two friends stared as if they expected a three-cone hat to materialize out of thin air. Ah, the magic of words.

“So, we are going to be like two damsels in distress, and you’re going to save the day,” Maddox said matter-of-factly.

“Exactly. Fanfiction, by definition,” he said, stabbing the air with his index finger for good measure, “is self-indulgent. That means I can put in it what I want, including being the hero.”

“Well, don’t let us keep you from your self-indulgence. Go ahead,” Jonathan suggested, eager as he was, obviously, to hear the rest.

Rusty smiled and tipped his invisible jester’s cap. “Right away, good sir.”

The two star-crossed lovers—

“Wow, star-crossed lovers,” Maddox commented.

“Why not? The planets might have aligned to turn your cock counterclockwise the moment you saw Jonathan,” Rusty explained.

“Yeah, that must have happened,” Maddox agreed with a resigned sigh.

Jonathan patted his shoulder in sympathy.

The two star-crossed lovers had no idea they had just made an enemy. They woke up much later in each other’s arms and stared in wonder in each other’s eyes. Maddox felt valiant, like he had just conquered vast lands and climbed mountains. He couldn’t express what he was feeling, as this new feeling was beyond everything he had ever experienced. So, he used the language he knew, and the things he knew. “Have you ever witnessed a stallion in the throes of want for a mare, Jonathan?” he asked.

The young master blushed. “On occasion.”

Maddox cupped Jonathan’s cheeks. “It’s how you make me feel.”

“Like you want to break fences, while drool and snot are coming out of you?” Jonathan questioned.

Oh, he had no way with words! What did he have to offer? Maddox turned his head, his young heart stabbed by a thousand needles.

Jonathan forced his head back with one strong hand and their eyes met. "I am merely teasing you. I wouldn't mind your being my stallion, and I, your mare."

Maddox stared in shock at his lover. "But--" he tried to argue.

Jonathan was about to start explaining the mechanics of anal sex—

"Don't tell me Jonathan is not a virgin in this story," Maddox intervened.

Rusty grinned. "Confirmed," he said.

Maddox's face changed at the realization. Then, it turned into something that said that he wanted to strangle Rusty.

"It's all right. We can hardly keep any secrets from Rusty, anyway," Jonathan hurried to the rescue.

"As I was saying," Rusty continued. *Jonathan was about to start explaining the mechanics of anal sex when someone called his name from outside the stables.*

Right away, he jumped to his feet, straightening his clothes, and brushing Maddox aside in the process.

In the blink of an eye, their situation and what it looked like to the outside cruel world, became apparent. Maddox watched as the proverbial chasm opened between them.

Jonathan wasn't even looking at him, busy with his cuffs and walking stiffly out of the stables. "I'm here, father," he said loudly.

"Dear boy, everyone has been looking for you. All the maidens in the land can barely wait to make your acquaintance."

"Forgive me," Jonathan said. "I'll be right out."

At the last moment, he looked over his shoulder. Maddox met his eyes. They conveyed what words couldn't.

They were in love.

"Aww, Rusty, that was quite pretty," Jonathan commended him.

Rusty nodded in acknowledgement.

Later, that day, after Jonathan suffered through a long dinner, during which all the ladies with girls to marry threw their offspring at him in various ways, including wardrobe malfunctions, he was finally free to pursue the boy of his dreams.

He was about to go out when Drew crossed his path. "When are you coming to see me?"

"Is it just me, or suddenly Drew talks with a lisp?" Maddox asked, intrigued by Rusty's particular pronunciation of those last words.

"Mandatory for a villain," Rusty explained. "Because he's so arrogant. I need to take him down a peg or two. And then, kick him in the balls. Metaphorically, 'cause that shit hurts."

Jonathan had no idea what to say. Drew had disappeared completely from his mind. In every nook and cranny of his head, no one but Maddox existed. "I'm actually going out for a bit of fresh air."

Drew stepped out of the way. "Oh, I see. Come by later? I think you'll love my new composition... for the flute."

Jonathan waved impatiently. "I hardly have time these days for flute-playing."

As he brushed by Drew, he missed the look of absolute villainy in the young man's eyes.

"How's that, a look of absolute villainy?" Maddox asked for clarifications.

Rusty put his nose up in the air, then looked crossed-eyed at his friend.

"Comedy should be the first tag," Maddox suggested.

Jonathan went straight to the stables, although there was nothing straight about his thoughts or feelings. Once inside, he searched in vain for Maddox. The stable boy was nowhere in sight. He was about to despair, think of ways to leave home and live a life of solitude in the mountains after losing his soulmate—

"These guys of yours are so extra, Rusty. One wrong step, and they might break," Maddox commented.

"Such are fragile youth and love," Rusty explained with emphasis.

--Maddox entered the stables, as he, too, was in search of his soulmate. Only that he knew Jonathan had to be inside that big ass mansion where he wasn't allowed to step foot in. Therefore, his searches were very peripheral and ineffective.

The moment they saw each other, they rushed into a tight embrace. Feverishly, they shed all their clothes. Correction, Jonathan did. Maddox was already naked. "Will you let me be your stallion?" Maddox asked while turning Jonathan and embracing him from behind.

“Yes, mount me, please,” Jonathan begged. “Mount me like a mare.”

“I wouldn’t call you that,” Maddox protested gently. “You’re my stallion, too.”

It appeared that Maddox didn’t have to be explained how to proceed after all. From the moment he and Jonathan had been forced apart for long unforgiving hours, he had thought only of what the young master meant.

And he reached the only logical conclusion.

He would put his flute between those strong lean thighs and hope for the best.

“All that thinking for nothing,” Maddox mumbled under his breath.

Rusty only glared.

Jonathan realized that Maddox was off the mark, but he didn’t know all that well about the hows, either. Maddox’s flute poking at his heavy ball sac was working wonders, anyway.

As young and pent-up as they were, they shot their seed right away. Maddox, hungry for validation, asked. “How would you rate my mounting, sire?”

“Awesome timing for a review,” Maddox commented again.

Jonathan shushed him.

“Beautiful like you,” Jonathan said tenderly as they kissed.

From that point on, through the night, they took tumble after tumble in the hay. Of course, lacking the experience they needed for the extra steps, they missed the mark over and over again. However, a lot of spunk was spilled, obviously. The horses looking at the show shook their heads repeatedly, flabbergasted by humans’ lack of understanding of what proper mounting actually meant.

The next day, Maddox hurried to see Rusty, eager to share with someone the happiness he couldn’t contain inside his lil’ heart.

Rusty was just adjusting his cockscomb on his head, as he was heading over to an important party. The people at the mansion needed a professional entertainer.

“What is with you?” Rusty asked, the moment Maddox barged into his quarters.

Maddox opened his arms wide, sighed, and threw himself on Rusty’s bed that creaked menacingly but didn’t give in. “I did a mounting,” he explained. “More than one, actually.”

Jonathan and Maddox face-palmed themselves at the same time. That also meant they were soulmates. Rusty continued.

“Did your masters allow you to ride one of the horses?” Rusty searched for explanations.

“No,” Maddox turned on his belly and swung his feet in the air like a happy maiden. “I met a man. A wonderful man. I... he allowed me to... I just put it... I mean... my flute...”

Rusty turned and stared at his friend. “Slow down, my friend.”

Maddox took a deep breath and began explaining the happenings of the night before, at the best of his abilities. Rusty nodded approvingly. “So, you thigh-fucked this gentleman.”

“No, no, I mounted--”

Rusty waved impatiently. “I suppose you lost most of your innocence anyway.” He grabbed the doll, yes, the one from before, removed its long nose, turned it ass up, and stuck the nose inside. “See, this is what you must do for proper mounting.”

Maddox stared in awe. His flute twitched, so he jumped off the bed. As good friends as he and Rusty were, he thought that rubbing his flute against Rusty’s sheets was kind of, beyond bro-level.

“Yay for some decency in this crazy tale,” Maddox said.

Maddox searched his friend’s face for some signs that he was jesting. But no such thing appeared. “Then I must do that! Wait, do I really have to cut my nose--”

Rusty grabbed his friend by the shoulders. “You take your whistle--” he began.

“It’s a flute now,” Maddox explained.

“Good. You take your flute and put it up the guy’s chute. Oh, you’ll need this.” Rusty extracted his best, award-winning lube from his stash and handed it to Maddox. “Spread it copiously on your prick, that’s your flute, as well as on the gentleman’s tight cave of pleasures. Don’t go fast, but don’t dally, either.”

Maddox examined the vial in his hand. “But that place is really tight. Is this potion magical?”

“You could call it that,” Rusty admitted. He was, unfortunately, in a hurry, so he couldn’t take his time to destroy Maddox’s innocence as thoroughly as he wished. “Remember, take your time and let the magic work. You’ll be grateful.”

Maddox felt tenderness toward his very helpful friend. He embraced Rusty tightly. “I hope Jonathan will love it!”

“Are you thigh-fucking the young master?” Rusty asked.

Maddox turned beet-red. He wasn't supposed to divulge his lover's identity. "Yes," he said in a very small voice.

"Good for you," Rusty praised him. "But be careful. A lot of maidens with sharp claws and fangs around. They won't take lightly to be scorned by a mere stable boy."

"What do you mean?" Maddox asked.

"You don't know? Jonathan is to find a wife 'tis season. That's why there are so many balls at the mansion."

The news fell as a lightning on Maddox's head. He squeezed the vial in his hand and closed his eyes. His beloved was to get married. He would have him for so little time! All the more, he had to put that magical potion to good use.

"I can see why you'd call yourself the hero," Maddox commented. "You practically saved us from not ever knowing how it is to do it in the butt."

Jonathan snickered. "Yeah, Rusty totally deserves to be called the hero."

"That won't be all," Rusty assured them. "Now, let's see how you two do with my magical lube."

"You mean, the characters," Maddox hurried to clarify. "Wait, do you have some award-winning lube stashed somewhere?"

"Wouldn't you like to know," Rusty said with a grin. "Let me have a sip," he added while grabbing his glass, dutifully filled with juice by Jonathan. "I'm parched. Entertaining the masses is hard work."

"Not as hard as what we are about to hear, I bet," Maddox quipped.

"I'm doing my best," Rusty assured him.

Chapter Six – Tumbling Down From Heaven Right Into Hell

“Now that’s what I call an ominous title,” Jonathan said. “Is this where things are about to get dramatic?”

“You could say that. Like Maddox and Jonathan – in the story, of course – any tale needs a climax.”

“I think we’re ready for it,” Jonathan said and smiled at him, while giving him a thumbs-up.

That night, Maddox showed Jonathan the precious gift Rusty had given him. With wonder and excitement, they began applying it on themselves. Maddox took a stab at it. Jonathan cried out in surprise. Maddox took a second, gentler, stab at it. Jonathan groaned. Maddox took a third—

“How long until it’s in?” Maddox asked.

“Is he as impatient in bed as he’s here?” Rusty asked Jonathan.

Jonathan grinned. “Not at all.” Then, he fell silent, but that smile never left his face.

Yeah, that said it all.

Once Maddox was fully sheathed inside his lover, like a sword in its sheath, Jonathan let out a small whisper of desire. “I believe I am quite ready for you to take me, my love.”

Maddox didn’t quite know where he was supposed to take Jonathan, but he began moving his hips amply, as nature, fortunately, dictated him. By Jonathan’s ecstatic moans, he also knew that his pleasure was shared. The magical lube was working!

And then, it became all apparent where he was supposed to take Jonathan, because they soared and soared. Soon, they were touching heaven, and it was a beautiful place. No angels and other boring stuff, only the amazing feeling of having his flute squeezed and abused in the most delightful ways. For Jonathan, it was the giving in that was making him dizzy with pleasure. That, and the fact that he had never experienced such an astonishing thing before. Not only was his flute singing, but his entire body.

They were a symphony. They were a piece of art. They stumbled and fell on the hay as if they were floating, and then Maddox mounted Jonathan from the front, too, kissing and making the horses finally happy that humans were not doomed to be completely stupid, after all.

In the meantime, Drew began putting his plan in motion. Jonathan’s family valued respectability more than anything. They wanted to marry Jonathan off to an heiress. And while before, Drew hadn’t given a damn that Jonathan would marry, now he was bent on bringing shame on the Hamilton name.

So, he went to the tavern in town, and he began to tell the tale of a young master who, secretly, was a buggerer. At first, the people stared at this stranger with suspicious eyes. But Drew had brought some acolytes with him for keyword-stuffing.

“Keyword-stuffing? Really, Rusty? And why?” Maddox asked.

Some things had to be explained, of course. “So that they would repeat the same thing again and again, and let everyone know that it was the young master who was the buggerer in the story. You know, turning everyone into search engine patterns.”

“Is sci-fi in the tags, too?” Jonathan asked, slightly confused.

“You’re right,” Rusty admitted. “Let me change that. Although, for the record, I liked the word stuffing.”

But Drew had brought some acolytes with him to spread the word of infamy. In a few days’ time, every soul in the land knew that the young master on the hill liked the D more than anything. As for who started the rumor, no one could really say. It was as if they had always known.

In the meantime, more maidens were thrown at Jonathan, and he threw them back as if he was passing the ball. He had no time for such nonsense. The nights were his and Maddox’s, and he hurried to the stables, barely waiting for some more magic-facilitated anal delights.

On the seventh day of perfect bliss, the sky split open.

Jonathan was summoned to his father’s study.

“Oh, hell,” Jonathan murmured.

“Yeah,” Rusty confirmed.

“What are these rumors about you lying with men?” Jonathan’s father threw the local gossip rag, Medieval Shite Times, in his face.

Jonathan felt his blood draining from his head and rushing to his toes. “They are all lies,” he protested.

His father was trembling with anger. He didn’t even bear to look at his son. “True or not, it explains why you’re still to choose a wife, with so many excellent prospects at your feet. At tomorrow’s ball, you will make your choice. Otherwise, I’ll have no choice but to admit the rumors to be true... and to disown you.”

Jonathan left his father’s study with a rock inside of a heart inside his chest. They had met in secret. Who would have been able to...

He stopped dead in his tracks. But... only he and Maddox knew about their clandestine meetings in the moonlight. And since he had never, ever, uttered a word about them... that only left...

“And I’m about to turn into a major prick,” Jonathan said with a resigned sigh.

“Don’t worry, my man. We’re all pricks from time to time,” Rusty hurried to assure him.

Maddened by the grief of having been betrayed by the only soul in the world he cared about, Jonathan rushed to the stables.

Maddox was surprised to see his lover in broad daylight. So, he looked at Jonathan wide-eyed, unaware of the dark thoughts going through his beloved’s mind.

Enraged and unjust as he was, Jonathan took Maddox’s startled look as a sign of guilt. “You,” he whispered menacingly, clutching the riding crop in his hand. “You filthy peasant!”

“Not very creative with insults, am I?” Jonathan said with a sour look on his face.

Hmm, Hamilton was already very much invested in the story.

Without another word, Jonathan grabbed Maddox by one arm, turned him, and brought his riding crop over the lovely behind he had worshipped until he had seen that horrible title in Medieval Shite Times.

Maddox yelped in surprise. He couldn’t understand why he was mistreated. The riding crop rose and fell repeatedly, leaving red welts on his skin. He was too shocked to react. His entire body froze. And Jonathan took all his shame and rage on his buttocks, without missing an inch.

At the end of it all, they were both crying, Maddox on all fours, red ass in the air, and Jonathan biting the hand he had used to punish his lover, hoping that all that pain inside his heart would go away if he just took a proper bite out of himself.

The worst and best part about it all was that they were both aroused.

“Oh, fuck,” Jonathan grunted.

“What? It happens,” Rusty said. “Just a natural reaction at getting a good punishment.”

“Only you would think of this kind of stuff,” Maddox chimed in.

Rusty bit his bottom lip. He wouldn’t comment anything further.

“So, what happens next?” Jonathan asked.

Jonathan knelt in defeat behind his lover. He took his flute out and played one last song, spreading his man juice on Maddox’s reddened behind. And Maddox accepted it, like he

accepted all the injustice of the world that wanted him to wear clothes. After Jonathan left, he rubbed one off, as a farewell to his forbidden love.

“Just to clarify, that ‘mild violence’ tag was about this?” Jonathan asked.

“Yeah. Although, there’s going to be more violence, but the kind that’s more subtle,” Rusty warned them.

Maddox and Jonathan nodded thoughtfully and exchanged a short glance. Rusty liked where this was going.

Jonathan had no choice. Maddox had betrayed him. His parents now believed him to be unworthy of their name. And that’s when he stumbled upon Drew. Jonathan missed the sly smile the young man was sporting. He was in much need of a friend.

“Drew,” he said, “how are you?”

“Funny thing you’re asking me. I’ve barely seen you since the season started.”

Jonathan felt guilty. Blinded by his new love, he had forgotten about his old one. “I would beg for your forgiveness, but I know I’m not worthy of it.”

“Ah, nonsense.” Drew took Jonathan’s arm. “We’re more than friends. Aren’t we?”

Jonathan just nodded.

Drew was happy with Jonathan’s misery. He thought he could move in for the kill. “What do you say if we meet later, in my room, let’s say? I have a new aria I’d like you to play. On my flute.”

Jonathan seemed aloof and didn’t react to the blatant seduction overture. “I cannot, Drew. My parents believe I lie with men. And I must take a wife. The days of flute-playing are over for me.”

Drew couldn’t believe Jonathan would walk out on him. But there he was, doing just that.

That hadn’t been his plan. And sure, Jonathan could go ahead and get a wife, but that didn’t mean that he was allowed to decide to stop playing the flute – Drew’s flute – just like that. He needed to take the rumors to the polished floors of the lavish ballrooms. Jonathan would be disgraced, without a doubt, but Drew needed his flute player back where he belonged.

“That fucking bastard,” Maddox said through his teeth.

“It’s only a story,” Jonathan hurried to assure him.

“I still want to kick him in the teeth.”

Now that was what Rusty called investment in his story, coming from his readers.

Maddox could cry his pain away, but he was a man, so he needed to drink. So, once more, he went to his friend, Rusty.

“What happened?” Rusty asked, smelling trouble from the start.

“This happened,” Maddox replied and showed his friend his ass.

“What a lovely pattern,” Rusty commented. “Who’s the artist?”

“Only you would find an upside in this situation,” Maddox pointed out.

“Because I’m right to do so,” Rusty replied.

“Jonathan punished me for no reason at all. And now I hate him.”

“That is not true.” Rusty took his friend by the shoulders. He was about to offer a seat, but then he reconsidered. They were both better standing.

“So nice of you,” Maddox drawled.

Jonathan pulled him close and kissed his cheek. “Rusty only means well.”

“Exactly,” Rusty said, grateful that his efforts were not being overlooked.

“There must have been a major misunderstanding,” Rusty suggested. “He bent the knee for you, didn’t he?”

“On many an occasion,” Maddox said and tried to sit. He, too, reconsidered.

“And he also offered himself to you, bending in other ways. Isn’t it?”

Maddox nodded, but that did nothing to un-sour his mood.

“So, tell me everything.” Rusty grabbed his evening grub and began stuffing his mouth.

“That’s your medieval equivalent of grabbing the popcorn, isn’t it?” Maddox asked, his eyes narrowing.

Jonathan had to hold him down. Maddox’s lips were twitching to stop from smiling as his fiancé pulled him close, but Rusty liked his spirit.

Maddox lay down everything, tears in his eyes. He missed nothing this time. Rusty put his pot down. “I see. Someone must have put some strange ideas in the young master’s head. It’s true that there are rumors. Even Medieval Shite Times published an opinion piece on morals of our times, based on them.”

“Do you read that crap?” Maddox asked.

“Only when I take one. And I run out of leaves.”

“Funny world. They have newspapers, but no toilet paper. Go figure,” Maddox commented.

“It’s a magical world,” Jonathan explained in Rusty’s stead. “Let’s use that for every unexplainable thing.”

“Someone wants to sabotage the young master’s chances of finding a wife,” Rusty said. “But who could that be?”

Maddox looked down. “I would.”

Rusty knocked on his friend’s head with his crooked fingers. “You didn’t spread the rumors, Maddox.”

“Oh, yeah, that’s true,” Maddox remembered. “But Jonathan, he must have thought--”

“Exactly. And since it wasn’t you... Hmm. There’s this gentleman, a guy with a twitching lower lip. He’s very strange. And he keeps running around, trying to keep the young master’s company.”

“Washed out blond, about this tall, and talking with a villain lisp?” Maddox asked.

“That’s him.”

“He shamed me for being into nudity and stuff. I mean, he laughed at my torn pants.”

Rusty paced the room. “I will see into this gentleman. In the meantime, you will need a proper suit.”

“Why?” Maddox asked.

“For the grand ball tomorrow.”

Maddox didn’t question his friend. He just groaned and covered his face. “What am I going to do? Jonathan will choose a bride tomorrow, people say.”

“Leave it to Rusty.”

“I’m not sure I’m completely at ease with that choice,” Maddox said. “Nah,” he said with a grin, “I’m totally counting on you, man.”

“That’s what I like to hear.” Rusty looked at his friends, satisfied with what he was seeing. “Ready for the grand finale?”

“Without a doubt,” Jonathan confirmed.

Chapter Seven – The Grand Finale

Rusty had friends in all places, so it took him only hours to learn where the rumors had originated from. That Drew fellow was quite the character, but Rusty had a plan in place. More difficult proved to get Maddox into a nice frilly suit. His friend had a broken heart, and wearing clothes only worsened his mood.

However, when the hour struck for the last ball of the season to start, they were as ready as they would ever be. Rusty advised Maddox on how to sneak inside, and how to take his place among the other gentlemen as if he belonged there.

“What if anyone recognizes me from the stables?”

“They won’t,” Rusty assured him. “For them people, help is as good as invisible. And look at you.” He pointed to the mirror. “You don’t even recognize yourself.”

Maddox examined his reflection. “That’s true. If I met myself out on the street, I wouldn’t know it was me. Wait, what if Jonathan doesn’t, either?”

Rusty patted Maddox’s head. “He will.”

“You really like playing the smartass. How come I’m so stupid in this story of yours?” Maddox asked.

“You’re just pure, precious, and innocent. And yeah, regardless of how much dicking you gave Jonathan.”

In the meantime, Jonathan was getting ready for the ball as if he was getting ready for his own funeral. He still couldn’t believe Maddox had betrayed him like that. Everyone talked around corners, gossiping and pointing at him when they thought he wasn’t looking.

As bad as all that was, he still yearned in his heart for those halcyon hours spent in the stables, by Maddox’s side. He would give anything to be back to those times, but nothing could make that happen.

With a heavy heart, he buttoned his shirt up to his neck. A life of stiffness, and not the pleasant kind, awaited him.

He would just choose a bride at random. He didn’t care in whose arms he’d be tonight. There was only one he wanted, and that one wasn’t meant for him.

At the established hour, the grand ball began, and Jonathan took all his misery with him to that gilded large room, laughing at him with all its glitzy splendor, while his heart was dark like the veil of a widow.

He danced with all the maidens he had neglected throughout the season. And each time he turned, his eyes fell on a dark-haired head, a strong shoulder draped in a stiff suit, a pair of grey eyes searching for his.

He was obviously going crazy. He was seeing Maddox everywhere. The women in his arms tried to get his attention, but to no avail. Was he destined to see only that beautiful face for the rest of his life? That was a type of madness he could live with, he decided.

A strange kind of resolve began to form in his mind. People had already decided what to think of him. What was the worst that could happen if he informed his parents that he had no intention to get married? To be disowned, sent away. Yes, all that, but he would take Maddox's memory with him, and that would be enough for him.

“Such a tragic character, your Jonathan,” Jonathan remarked.

“You’re not his,” Maddox said promptly.

“I was talking about the character.”

“The character is not his, either,” Maddox insisted.

“And you two wonder why people write fanfiction about you. You’re just too precious,” Rusty said.

“People? Only you did.”

“So far,” Rusty said matter-of-factly.

Jonathan sat by his parents' side. Before the big announcement would be made, there was still time for one last entertainment number.

The jester's. As they say, it's not over until the fat lady sings, only that here there's no lady, the jester isn't fat, either... but, well, he's about to sing.

“Nice,” Jonathan said. “That already sounds like a grand finale indeed, Rusty.”

“Thank you,” Rusty replied, feeling quite good about himself.

The jester strummed his little violin. “Tonight, dear guests, you'll hear a story as old as the world. One, in which, all of you will find yourselves.”

Everyone laughed, as they were very much used to laugh at the jester's antics. Little did they know, they would leave that ballroom changed men and women.

“Once upon a time, lived a little prince,” the jester began. “He grew up to be as fair as his mother, and as strong as his father.”

The audience murmured in agreement. It was clear about who the jester's act was all about.

"But all princes have their little secrets, just like you, and you, and you," the jester pointed at random people around. "And who's to say one's secret is more shameful than another's?"

At that, the audience stopped giggling, realizing that shit was about to get serious.

The jester rested the bow on the strings.

"One's a gambler, and one's a fast shooter,

And what do you know about one's who's a neuter?

You all live a lie, but that's where you're wrong,

Because lies never live to be so livelong.

All secrets' are out, one way or the other,

Now look to your right, and you'll find your fodder.

Far from the pig sty, and into your ballrooms,

Medieval Shite Times, quoting unknown sources,

Giving you nothing but gossip in fumes,

While you doze off with your nose in the sauces.

But who was the spreader, who was the devon,

His face so sour, you'd think he swallowed a lemon,

I'll give you a hint, a small one, indeed,

He has the lisp of a villain no one envied,

And last, but not least, I'll give you more chew,

His name is noble and just rhymes with shrew."

"Wow, that was some serious rapping, Rusty!" Jonathan clapped, and Maddox just followed, because how could he not?

Rusty inclined his head politely. "I'm not finished. The story, I mean. The rapping, I'm finished with that."

The jester waited. Everyone was silent. But he had put all his connections to work and spread the rumor back to Drew, to teach him a lesson. Could it be that the plan had failed? Shit, he needed to reach for plan B...

But there was no need for that. Because Drew himself pushed people aside and ran toward him. He grabbed the jester's little violin and broke it on his knee, while everyone gasped in outrage. "How do you even know it was me?"

The jester stood tall. "Because that is the truth, and truth always wins."

Jonathan's father made his way through the crowd to reach them. "Andrew, did you spread the rumors about my son?"

Drew only then realized his mistake. He stammered, his lisp only getting worse. "No, that is not true, sir. This leprechaun--" he pointed at Rusty.

"I beg your pardon?" the jester countered.

"He's lying!" Drew shouted and stumbled backward.

The people moved out of his way, so he ended up dragging himself on the floors to the doors, where he jumped to his feet and then rushed outside.

"We apologize," Jonathan's father said, tears in his eyes –

"Damn, this story has no shortage of emotional men. Everyone's crying," Maddox noted out loud.

"Of course. That's how people were... in the past or something." Rusty wasn't about to offer a better argument than that.

"We can live with that," Jonathan assured him.

Jonathan hurried to his father, assuring him that he wasn't mad at him. But he was mad at himself, at believing that Maddox would betray him. And he had learned a precious lesson from the jester's lil' rapping. Secrets never lasted.

So, he straightened up and began talking loud enough for everyone to hear him. "I will not be taking a bride tonight. Nor ever."

The audience gasped again.

Jonathan steeled his resolve. It was either tonight, or he would live all his life in shame and regret. "The rumors made it into something dirty, foul, worthy of being hidden. But that's not just. I did lie with a man, yes--"

Another gasp. A couple of chicks fainted, too. They were promptly taken to some couches.

“—and I would lie with the same man, again, if I hadn’t destroyed the love in his heart with my rash actions. Mother, father, please disown me. If you so decide, I am unworthy of your name. Which only means that I will have to make one for myself, whether on the high seas, as a scholar, or as duelist--”

“Good thing that I have plenty of career choices,” Jonathan said with a grin.

“—or as a duelist, among many other things that I won’t mention, because more than three becomes a too long list. Farewell, society, cruel world. I am now embarking into the unknown. One thing I won’t do, so chill, mom and dad. I won’t lie with another man again, because there will never be another man for me.”

His speech over, Jonathan began walking toward the grandiose doors for his grandiose exit. Never in his life had he felt so free. So, as he put one step in front of another, he got rid of his tie, and then his coat, undressing gradually and finally understanding Maddox’s propensity for nudity.

As exulted by his own decisions as he was, he missed someone running and shouting after him.

Maddox couldn’t believe that Jonathan would throw it all away, and for him. He ran and ran after his lover, and eventually caught with him.

Jonathan didn’t believe it was him, at first. “I am seeing him everywhere. I am truly going mad,” he said to himself.

Maddox removed all his clothes since it looked like Jonathan didn’t recognize him with them on. “I’m here, I’m Maddox,” his lover insisted.

They stopped in the middle of the dirt road. Luckily for them, there were no carriages at that time of night. They embraced and kissed.

“I want to be with your forever, naked and in love,” Jonathan declared.

“And I want the same thing,” Maddox said back.

Hand in hand, they were ready for a new life. Just then, Jonathan’s father appeared. He had run, too, but at a slower pace, being an older dude and stuff. “Children, children,” he said in an appeasing tone, “let’s not rush into decisions here. Your naked friend is welcome at the mansion, Jonathan. You two can stay.”

“Under lock and key? Do you intend to punish us each day?” Jonathan said.

His father patted him on the head. “No, child. You will live together, sit with us at the table, and lead a peaceful, happy life. But, for fuck’s sake, put on some clothes.”

“For fuck’s sake? My dad wouldn’t be caught dead talking like that,” Jonathan said with a snort.

“He wouldn’t be caught dead in a fanfic, either, but here we are,” Maddox pointed out the obvious.

“Right, right,” Rusty admitted. “He says ‘for heavens’ sake’. Is that better?”

“Much,” Jonathan agreed.

So, the two put on some clothes and went to the mansion, where they lived happily ever after.

The end.

“What? So fast? What happened to the jester?” Jonathan asked.

“Ah, you know, he continued doing his thing. Only that now he, too, was welcome at the mansion. Sometimes, he eavesdropped. Some strange noises sometimes came from the naked lovers’ quarters.”

“Strange noises? But the jester is a man of the world, he can’t be too surprised,” Jonathan said.

“Oh, but these noises concern the use of certain equipment, chiefly designed for disciplining undisciplined stallions,” Rusty said with a broad grin.

Jonathan rolled his eyes. “Let me guess. I’m paying for that thing with the riding crop with some skin off my ass, right?”

Rusty just wiggled his finger and closed the laptop. “That was it, kids. Now, you know, I have studying to do and stuff.”

“No doubt.”

Rusty walked out a winner, but just as the jester in the story, he stopped by the door to eavesdrop.

“So, really, that thing with the riding crop?” Maddox whispered. “Kinda hot.”

“It might hurt,” Jonathan argued. “I don’t know.”

“Let’s just try it. I’ll go first. And I’ll tell you if it’s too much.”

Rusty grinned while walking away. He had, once more, succeeded in spreading the love of kink.

THE END (for real, this time)