

**A *Casque of Amontillado* homage
to Poe, Polanski, Kafka,
and Corman...**

THE LORDS OF LEATHER

Flashblinded, like a deer caught in poachers' headlights, the blond Bodybuilder with the dropdead looks breaks into a sweat. Champs and chumps know when the jig is up. He knows they've tracked him. Found him. Chased him down. *Varoom. Varoom.* The Lords of Leather. *Varoom.* Caught up with him, roaming too far too late at night from his sanctuary in the fluorescent doorway of the donut shop at 18th and Castro.

There, he was a regular, Saturday and Sunday afternoons, posing shirtless on the crowded sidewalk, stripteasing, beguiling in the San Francisco sun. He was a titleholder. *Mr This. Mr That.* When he was not stripshaved for a physique contest, thick blond hair matted across his hairy pecs, down his muscular abs, glossing his big legs and golden forearms. The world was his stage and 18th and Castro was his posing platform. He was the strong silent type flashing an easy grin with his straight white teeth. He fingercombed his perfect blond hair displaying his 20-inch biceps. Every move practiced. Muscles flexed, then relaxed, flexing again. Big basket thrust, loose in faded Levi's, or jockstrapped in gray cotton gym shorts, dissembling decoy, intimating sexual promise. He was a master at butch-flirting.

"I'd be surprisingly good for you."

Standing by the side of the normal-sized man he called his Lover, he used the man as an excuse not to deliver the sex his seductive Look promised. His game was the cruelest game in town: Turn-On-and-Turn-Down. Men wished his lover

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dead, as if he were the last obstacle between themselves and sexual paradise with the Bodybuilder. But it wasn't the Lover. It was the Bodybuilder. He was a prick tease, all that playing at Turn-On-and-Turn-Down, smiling the smile that disarms men, tempting gentle men cruising by, accepting their gifts and suppers, and then announcing, "Not now. Understand me. I don't mean *no*. I mean *not now*."

They think he means *later*.

But he means *never*.

The Lords of Leather know.

They have watched, listened, investigated. Too many men have talked to the godfather Lords of Leather about the ballbreaking heartbreaker. The Village is too small for so much hurt. Too many vulnerable, mellow men have been led on, defrauded, raped: not their bodies, but their very hearts, souls, essences.

Tall, blond, and handsome, the southern-fried Bodybuilder, who came to California from nowhere, intimating his home was the Lone Star State, and before that Norway, and way before that the Planet Krypton, has stayed too long at the fair, has stood too long tangling his lines at Hibernia Beach.

"Lord, it's the devil. Would you look at him!"

"I'm not responsible for your happiness," he tells ordinary men, visually seduced, as they come to him one by one, seeing in him the very happiness they have searched for during long, late nights. He flexes his pecs. His muscles justify his existence.

"I never dreamed he'd have blue jeans and blue eyes."

His furry hand pocket-pools his big cock provocatively in his Levi's whose texture and tone are as calculated as the sea water he uses to lighten his blond hair to a pacific shimmer. His muscle sweat tastes like steroids. This god's body was not built by God. He is endowed by Dow. Chemicals create the steroid sheen of his golden calves worshiped by men who respect and adore what they believe comes from good genes, pumping iron, and protein smoothies.

"Things have reached a pretty pass when someone pretty lower class can be respected and admired."

The Bodybuilder is a rapist. An emotional rapist. He has stayed too long in the Village: the scene of his crimes. Once he was desired for his Coltlike Look; now he is a face on a WANTED poster hanging in a hundred desert hearts. He hustled one too many: the one he called with lying tongue, *Lover*.

“High-flying adored: so young, the instant fantasy of the bedroom.”

Exposed by his *Lover* and cornered at night by vigilantes, a half-block off Folsom, he is caught in his act: teasing his way down Ringold Alley, his shirt stripped off, his hairy chest exposed through his open leather jacket, moseying his slow bubble-butt grinding stride, he suddenly finds the tables are turned. His attitude melts in the hot glare of Harley-Davidson headlights. He sweats, not the sweat of the victorious bodybuilder posing triumphant on a stage high above a cheering crowd, but the animal sweat of fear. He tries to run, dropping his usual bodybuilder strut like the Emperor’s new clothes. The twenty bikers gun their engines, drowning the taped music blaring from the nearest bar: “You’re so vain. I bet you think this song is about you.” The blue exhaust roils up through the glare of headlights.

These are the Lords of Leather.

A deep voice, very Darth, very Vader, announces through a handheld megaphone: “Stop where you are. This is no game. Tonight is your night.”

The Bodybuilder backs away from the approaching phalanxes of black-visored helmets. His wide lats and broad shoulders press his back and butt hard against the grille of a parked van. Suddenly its headlights flash on bright.

He is caught.

He is a target.

The zap-whirr of a Taser Gun hits his oiled pecs. The electric shock stuns him. The Village has welcomed and approved the contract on him. The Lords of Leather are experts at Attitude Adjustment. His *Lover* for three years thought he was a saint. At first, maybe, he was. He could have been one of the boys, one of the men, in fact, one of the Lords themselves, but in his secret heart he has always held them all in contempt.

No one is good enough for him, unless they can match the checkbook of the man he calls Lover. “No one is straight-acting enough,” the Bodybuilder says flexing his gut-wrenching forearms and fists. “Everyone is too gay.” The Lords of Leather know how to avenge one of their own who exploits their own.

In the middle of Ringold Alley, sited through a rifle scope, blinded with the headlights, the panicking Bodybuilder reels on his feet. His big calves with their inverted heart-shapes give out on him. He wrestles against big arms in black leather jackets. Men of every size and type and look and age. He punches at their *Star Wars* visors. They slam him against the van.

A rogue SFPD motorcop rides with them. He spreads the Bodybuilder palms-down against the van, kicks his boots wide apart, and strips him of his fur-collared CHP leather jacket.

The headlights hit the Muscleman’s back as brilliantly as any physique contest spot. He thinks they’re playing a prank. He tries to play along, turning into the bright spot light, teasing them with a double-biceps pose, then a twisting chest shot displaying his right arm, and finally crunching down full force into the most muscular crab shot that always before has brought physique contest crowds cheering to their feet. He is surprised. His packaged appeal fails to distract them.

They blindfold him. Fast. He is cuffed. Hands behind his back. They pop his 501s open and pants them down around his ankles. A buck knife cuts sharp and quick through the denim. His brown construction boots are shackled together. His amber coke snifter rolls out to the curb. A gloved hand grabs it up. His aspirin tin of anabolic steroids, small Dianabol pills as blue as his eyes, hits the pavement. An iron-heeled boot crushes it.

“One of these days, these boots are gonna walk all over you!”

He is picked up bodily. This time not in trophied triumph. They carry him like a side of beef to the back of the van. Other leather-gloved hands, waiting inside, strip off his blindfold and speedwrap his perfect blond head in a black

leather hood, cinching it fast and tight. There are no eye or noseholes, only a round circle for his mouth. They pick him up, thrashing, and stuff him inside a pine packing crate. He kicks against the wood, scraping his elbows and bloodying a knee. The cuffs cut into his wrists behind his back. Rough-grain splinters press a new kind of definition into his bulging shoulders.

“The joke,” he shouts with a voice no one has heard before, “has gone far enough.”

No one listens. No one can hear him over the hammering as they nail the pine crate shut, nailing him in, deafening him, even to his own pleading.

In two minutes flat, he has been snatched, stripped, hooded, cuffed, shackled, and boxed for transport.

The black van lurches out of Ringold Alley. The steady roar of the bikes in motorcade sound muffled to him inside the van, inside the crate, inside the rubber-contoured interior of the leather hood masking his good-looking face. Animal fear hardens his cock. He wants out. He wants the joke to end. Just last week, with his Lover, they had seen the movie....

Someone is blowing popper through a tube into the crate. What was he thinking? His mind melts into dysfunctional terror.

He is helpless. The cords of muscle. The ropes of his veins. The very bulk of bodybuilding. Being musclebound was always his secret bondage trip. Now his popper-high head lures his dick to harden into the humiliation of public bondage. Only his Lover had known. Only his Lover had ever tied him into heroic bondage poses, worshiping him more than humiliating him, once pissing on his muscles and his bed-full of physique trophies spread across the leather sheet. Pissing in his mouth.

“There’s a difference between a First-class Private Toilet and a Common Public Urinal.”

In his amyl haze, the Bodybuilder realizes, suspects, fears, if this is no prank, if his Lover can’t spring him, that he is about to be forced, as sure as form follows function, to perform in public exactly the way he’s built: like a brick shithouse. They won’t. They couldn’t. His Lover loves him.

The van pulls into an industrial warehouse in China Basin. The crate is offloaded. Unboxed, he is dragged naked across the oily cement floor. He can see nothing through the hood. He breathes the smells that internal combustion engines saturate into road-greased, sweat-soaked leather thighs. He is pinned spreadeagle to the cold concrete floor by four, and then six, men. They stretch out his left arm. A leather belt is tightened around his baseball bicep. Bigger hands than his roll his left hand into a fist, work it open and closed, pumping his veins up to full vascularity, then hold his closed fist down.

“NO!”

A big hand flattens his face. A rubber gag, formed like a thick-stubbed cock, is forced past his lips and teeth, over his silver-tongue, and back into his throat. The hands hold his left forearm steady. He feels the point prick his inner forearm. A crystal flow of irresistible light shoots up the massive vascularity of his vein. He feels himself go limp. He is in himself. Beside himself. Against what will he has left, his glossy-toned body goes limp.

“Welcome to the Hotel California. You can check in, but you can never leave.”

The pressure of the hand comes off his face. The press of normal-sized bodies pinning him to the floor releases him. He wants to sit up, but he cannot.

They strap him into a heavy leather sling slick with grease and gritty with old sweat. He is not the first brother to betray the Village Fraternity to become a sexual fascist, teasing and tempting and vamping, mocking ordinary, regular guys with his extraordinary looks, making them feel small, as if he and his muscle buddies, and, of course, his Lover with the credit cards, had the first and final vote on who was hot and who was not.

His smile was a benediction men took home to jerk off to, never questioning who the hell ever said that the world's perfect man is a hairy blond bodybuilder.

His wrists are shackled roughly above his head. Hands unsnap the lower half of the leather hood. His predatory blond jaw and teeth and lips and moustache and nose are exposed.

They drop his half-hooded head back and down over the upper neck of the sling. His proudly groomed moustache, always clipped to a regulation CHP brush, is wet with his own sweat and snot.

Thick mechanic's fingers gouge the rubber gag from deep in his dry throat. A huge cock, raunchy with enormous foreskin, hangs over his mouth. The greasy hands spread the foreskin wide. Its mouth is bigger than his own. The foreskin stretches, tough as leather, cheesy with smegma. Its tent of circumference covers his mouth and nose. The head of the huge dick, hanging inside at the peak of the foreskin tent, pisses down his gagging throat. He gasps for air, drinking the piss. It is strong. Real. He is suffocating, he is drowning when, finally, the hands mercifully pull the facemask of foreskin away.

"When the music's over, turn out the lights, turn out the lights, turn out the lights."

They hoist his legs up. Spread his ankles wide. Rough hands lift his hips, pull the sculptured vee of his torso forward, and drop his ass off the edge of the sling.

The sling supports his neck and head. Another huge dick climbs up, swings around, straddles his piss-wet face, mounts him again. Greasy tobacco-stained fingers force-feed clots of cheese into the Bodybuilder's mouth. He feels the dick deep in his throat grow hard. A hand slaps him across the side of his cheek.

"Not my face. Not my face."

The hand slaps him again. He sucks, drug-obedient, on the piss streaming in long slow yellow streams from the hardening cock. Blindfolded by the hood, he can see nothing, taste plenty, smell everything. The cock fucks his throat. Long, slow, hard thrusts jabbed by a lean, mean body. Big balls slam against his square-jawed chin.

"Before I sink into the Big Sleep, I want to hear the scream of the butterfly."

Other hands cinch a thick leather lineman's belt across his washboard abs, around his waist. The cocks ram unresisted down his throat. He breathes when he can. His muscular arms and legs start to cramp, stretched so far from his short-waisted ape-muscle torso.

His head is vulnerable. He is vulnerable. His Lover watches, laughing the last laugh: Mr. California, vulnerable.

His lips crack under the hard cockring mash of crotch after crotch mounting his famous mouth. He sucks on the salt taste of his own blood. Naturally built men of all types plug his face, educating the Bodybuilder Freak.

The last of the cocks pulls back. Again the fleshmask of leatherlike foreskin is stretched across his face. He can breathe only so long as the air inside the foreskin lasts. His entire body flexes. Once, such a flex brought applause. Now it brings only a hard dick flattening down his tongue, stuffing his throat. More piss floods his mouth. He tries to drink, but his belly distends. He is near to passing out.

“There was this video cassette his Lover had shown him....”

Forceps hold steaming hot towels against his ass. Scalding wet towels wrap his raw balls and hard cock. He screams inside his own mouth muffled with cock. For an instant he breathes. The cock pulls from his throat. The slimy balls rub over his handsome mouth and nose. The pucker of a tight athletic ass sits bulls-eye over his mouth. His tongue, searching for air, darts desperately at the sweet, wet hole. The juices fed to him tell him all he needs to know about the booted, slender, blond sitting on his face, grunting.

Other hands uncoil the scalding towels from his crotch. He feels the firm bristles of a shaving brush lathering up his dick and balls and ass. Then the scrape of the straight-edge razor: a rubber-gloved hand pulling his hard cock straight up. He feels the straight edge shaving the thick blond hair growing halfway up the shaft of his cock. The latex hand firmly cups and stretches his balls for a hard scraping shave.

A small cut on the ball sac.

Blood.

A splash of alcohol.

Fire!

His scream blows air up the ass covering his mouth. The ass farts back the echo of his shout.

“There was this movie his Lover whom he had....”

The Lords of Leather work him over. He is spinning.

Body parts transfer function: a scream becomes a fart; a fist becomes a dick. The latex hands work his hard cock. The piss-slit of the corona is squeezed open. A hypo, without needle, shoots coked lubricant down the interior core of his shaft. A cold metal rod, dipped in alcohol, probes the tip of his piss-slit, then starts its slow fuck down the full length of his ten-inch cock. His hard dick is catheterized with a metal rod. They work the rod up and down his cock. Sounding him, like a drill-rig pile-driving deeper down the shaft with each slick drop, until the rod penetrates the whole length of his cock. Until he feels the rounded base of it buried an inch deeper than his cock is long.

Rubber strappings, an inch wide, wrap tighter than Ace bandages around the base of his cock, winding their strangling way up toward the head, tightening as they are wrapped, noosed, cinching his cock tight around its metal-rod core, until the cock head, that had always bulged so proud through his posing briefs on contest platforms, bulges purple and swollen above the black rubber dick with the protruding metal rod whose tip is an electrical connector.

Other hands, smooth in latex, rough in leather, spread his cheeks, the twin scoops of his bubblebutt, once so proud in posing trunks, always thrust out behind him in his cotton gym shorts, always grinding from his hips in his faded Levi's, paraded on Castro like a pair of fuckable Colt haunches. He moans as the hot bristled shaving brush lathers up his tight ass. He cries out as the straight razor scrapes his cheeks and crack and hole to a boy-slick clean.

He feels hard-knuckled fists greasing up. They are the hands of a Boxer. The husky butt straddling his face, raises, climbs off, leaving a trace and promise of asscrack.

He feels the Boxer tentatively take a couple practice jabs at his ass. He knows the feel. He's lusted after enough fighters the way he lusted after straight men in the straight gyms pretending he's straight, proud at passing for straight, because deep in his twisted blond heart he thinks straight is better.

He recognizes the Boxer's equipment: light weight Fast Bag leather gloves, EVERLAST printed in gold on the top

outside of the wrist; on the inside, around the small metal grip-rod sewn crossways into the fingermit of each glove the Punchfucker makes a pair of tight fists. The jabs build faster, harder, fiercer against his tender butt. The rhythm of the big fists with the big tattooed arms pounding on his cheeks sends shock waves to his hooded head. The sling rolls slightly with the fast hard punches. He feels the sweet sweat-spray from the heavyweight's body splattering down on his balls and belly. The rod catheterizing his dick, and the black rubber wrapped around his shaft, keep his dick rockhard. Clear fuck juice pearls up from his piss-slit on the left side of the metal rod, then rolls down the shaft of shiny black rubber.

The Lords of Leather use his shaved butt for their punching bag.

He hears a hawker spit. A glob of sweet chaw-bacca juice hits his hole.

"There was that movie called...What the fuck was it? Can't remember."

The Bodybuilder has no idea where they will torture him next.

He knows they are marking his body: his flawless exhibition body.

He cries out!

If he is marked, he will lose contest points.

If he is marked, he might never compete again.

Heavy electrical clamps pinch each nipple on his hard pecs. Chains pull his tits up and away from his chest. The smell of isopropyl alcohol, sprayed on his nipples, burns his nostrils. Through the clamped flesh of each hard-squeezed tit, they push, slowly, agonizingly, large-gauge needles. The sterile points cut and slice through the nipples; the triangle shape of the needles makes each edge a slicing blade; three cuts per insertion. The pressure of the clamps causes thin lines of blood to trickle down his pecs, down his side, mixing with the sweat from his exposed armpits.

Hours pass in minutes. He feels another needle, another injection. He is a past master at injections. This strange one is not unlike the weekly steroid injections, the Decadurabolin, he shot into his own buttocks to build his muscular

mass to manimal size. He begins a trajectory down a long dark corridor where he feels his body at a distance so far that he cannot distinguish any longer pain from pleasure.

“Killing me softly...”

They slap hard dicks against his hungry asshole. They spit. They laugh. They roughfuck him. They set a heated dildo on his belly, pushing its hot latex head against his skin, making him imagine how that plastic head will feel pushing up *Alien*-like through the hard muscle of his famous abs.

“One, two, three o’clock, four o’clock, rock!”

Electrical clamps nip his flesh in a 12-point clockwise circle of intense pain around the closed iris of his asshole. He feels a greased finger probe inside his fist-virgin hole. Then two fingers. Three. Four. The twisting revolutions of hard knuckles following the thumb tucked under the fingers. The nova-light spread of bodybuilder sphincter, unloosed from its tight discipline of heavy squats, stretching open, popping closed, tightening on the downhill slide of the fist, feeling the elongated fingers inside the first chamber close down tight around the thumb. The Classic Fist and Ass Position: fist at rest, fingers around thumb, inside the first chamber.

“Handsome is as handsome does, and you don’t look so good anymore.”

Then the fisting begins. Unseen hands work his blond ass. They fist him painfully through the circle of pinch-hot electrical clamps. Plunge deep. Left. Right. Twist. Pull. Full-fisted exit. Fast hardpunch re-entry. Slow draw out. The sizes of different hands and styles of different men.

He is screaming. He has never been treated this way. Still leather-hooded, his head is lifted and placed in a rubber-lined wooden box. A coffin for his head. He deafens himself in the soundproof box. His head detaches from his body.

“Just another sailor fallen from grace with the sea.”

The fisting moves from man to man: smallest to largest. Heavy gut-punching thrusts into his writhing body. Sure hands of mysterious strangers. The Lords of Leather pleasuring themselves, torturing his body, fisting the attitude out of his deep guts.

The last fist, in halfway to the elbow, holds him by the sheer power of its penetration in ultimate bondage.

He cannot escape off the fist.

He cannot sweet talk.

He cannot flex his golden body.

He can only grind his screams through his teeth, as the piercing pain of the electrical clamps, each one a nerve-release, flare up ablaze in the ring of fire around his slimy hole. Then comes the long shoot-the-shoots downglide of the fist suctioning down from and out of the smooth sleeve of his deep belly.

“Please. Please. Please.”

His boxed head cannot see the completely tattooed arms of the red-bearded biker whose hands lave his shaved crack and buttocks. His boxed head cannot hear the high ZZZZ's of the biker's tattooing gun. His boxed head can only imagine what he looks like as the Lords of Leather strap him down tighter, immobile in the sling, as the big, inked hands of the red-bearded biker begin to tattoo across his ass the hot lines that feel like slicing cuts from a red-hot razor blade. The needle etches in blacks and yellows and reds, drawing flames blasting from inside his fisted-open pucker, out and up and across both of his fresh white cheeks.

No posing trunks in the world can cover the flames shooting out of his ass.

His boxed head swims.

He cannot think.

He can only feel.

He has become the slave, the animal, the beast, the thing of the Lords of Leather.

He is fisted, cut, branded, catheterized, tattooed.

His once perfect body now displays the real marks of his soul.

“This has to be a joke.”

He feels the cool steady hands of the tattooist writing in buzzing, burning script across the width of his broad chest. Nipple to nipple. He knows he'll never compete again. He sees the sports stage change to a freak show stage at a carnival.

People must look at him.

He needs people to look at him.

No matter why. No matter how. But it matters. It really matters.

He screams and screams and screams some more until he is hoarse, until no voice comes from his throat inside the rubber-lined head-coffin, until after the red-bearded biker finishes his needle work.

Hands reach inside the box. A tube is attached to his mouth gag. He cannot push it from his lips. He cannot lift its tongue depressor from its fit. He thinks this shit cannot be happening to him.

With no choice, he chews and swallows. His belly fills.

In drugged sensation, he's able to visualize from the inside out, as if he is looking into the mirror, what the tattooist has written in large script and scarlet letters high across his massive pecs, reading shoulder to shoulder: "*Remember My Name.*"

"It was the name of the last videocassette his Lover had shown him."

And something else. Something else was tattooed below the first tattoo.

It was the name of his betrayed Lover rose-tattooed forever, nipple to nipple, across both his mounded pecs.

Even if he could have thought his way to *why* they did this, he would only have found, that for anything, a betrayed lover needs no reason.

"Don't cry for him, San Francisco."

Driven from the Village, ridden out of town on a rail.

Don't cry for him.

"High-flying adored, where do you go from here?"

