



BIKE BOY: TRANSPORTING

Place: Dublin

Time: Present

Characters: Sean Doyle, bike boy

Finn

The Hunter

Glossary:

Seanachie: the Gaelic word for storyteller

Finn: in myth, Finn MacCool is the legendary leader of his group of hunter/warriors called the Fianna; Finn's dog/beast was called Bran; Finn is equal to the gods, but he is not a god. Oisín (pronounced "Osheen") is his son.

Fianna: great-bodied, manly men, with quiet eyes and large movements flowing from some impulse more mystical than personal

Teamhair, Tara: home of the ancient High Kings

Newgrange: 6000-year-old stone burial chamber that lights up through its one window on December 21, the winter solstice; in Celtic lore, the burial place of the High Kings; excavated in the 1960's; Newgrange is in the Boyne Valley, the cradle of ancient Irish civilization.

squat: apartment so cheap and squalid it may be free

plaice: white fish, as in fish and chips

hookers: small boats

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LAWRENCE W. CLOAKE

BIKE BOY: TRANSPORTING

All my life I have suffered from a constant humming in my head. The buzz started in adolescence with the onslaught of sex. I'm not saying that sex was a problem. Because it wasn't. It just didn't seem real. As though I hadn't found a proper expression for my sexuality. And let me tell you, I investigated every conceivable variation I came into contact with. Straight. Queer. S/M. Anonymous. Monogamous. Dirty. Fetishes of every sort, including vanilla. The closest I ever came to being satisfied was the transporting passivity of homosexual sex.

If it had been possible to change my sex, back and forth, I would have. Not that I didn't try with a humungously butch dyke and her array of dildos. But even she and her pile-drivers could not quell the constant humming at the back of my head.

However, I have found what I was looking for. But there is no point in continuing with the first person singular, as it will no longer apply to me, a foolish old seanachie, who has been known for good reason to leave the first person, singular, behind, which is, of course, the gift of storytelling, escaping solitary confinement inside one's own skin.

* * * *

The night streets of Dublin rock to the sound of bikes growling in dark corners and dingy alleyways. They are only ever heard as they doppler pass, quicker than the eye. A warning rumble quakes quickly through the pavement underfoot,

but the brick acoustics of the street confuse the ear and their direction is lost in the urban thunder. They never arrive, having already passed.

Sean Doyle chases their passage, but to no avail. All he traces is a hint of oil and smoke on the wafting slip-stream. And something else that is completely indefinable. An elusive scent that teases him. Internal combustion.

Tonight he refuses to fail. His energy will wash him up on the shores of morning, satisfied, or knowing the reason why not. Too many nights in his Lesson Street squat, frustrated, and hounded by his humming head, have hardened his heart and desire.

Across the handle bars of his big-bore Beast lies his bed-roll wrapped bungee-snug around his one and only change of clothes. The fuel tank sloshes between his gripping knees as he flips through the nightscape traffic. His groin rubs gently against the worn paintwork of the tank, responding to the vibration of the bike's 1000cc-four-cylinder engine that connects with the humming in his head. A light release suffuses his body. But only when he is in the saddle.

He wheelies. The Beast gains the pavement outside the George Pub. A touch of the brakes halts as he heels the sidestand. Finally stationary, he glides from the saddle and preens himself in the plate glass window before entering the Friday night cacophony of Dublin's premier gay bar.

Laid-back and leathered from head to toe, Sean bulls his way to the bar and orders a pint of Guinness. While he waits for the pint to settle, he looks around at the packed crowd. But nothing, nor no one, catches his eye.

Too many limp wrists and sibilant platitudes flutter in the barn-like room. He feels a gentle, cold nudge against his hand as the barman serves up his usual pint. He nods, pays, but never breaks his predatory gaze eyeballing the smokey room for the right face.

Sean fingers his coins and pockets his change. He turns slow and deliberate, ten beats slower than the gaily bouncing room, and shoulders his sinuous way into one of the darker corners of the bar, but with a clear view of the door. Through the window he can see his Beast glinting in the neon light of the street. He feels the familiar, irresistible pull of the machine, its promise of the pounding open road louder in his

ears than the humming buzz of the pub that is too much like the humming in his head.

His satisfying first draw of his pint is bitter and cold and silky. Almost as good as the freshest semen gliding down his eager throat. He can almost taste the metal of the draught pumps beneath the hops. His throat contracts in welcome and he shivers as it hits his stomach.

A large shadow looms over him.

“Hey, boy!”

Sean looks up at the man who has greeted him. He notes their difference in height, the broader width and overbearing assurance of the dominant. He smiles up in hope, but a little voice at the back of his head tells him he has been here before. Not with this particular man. Though he can be fairly sure that there is nothing new here. Yet Sean will leave no stone unturned in the search for his heart’s desire: the complete transporting abandonment of the self.

“Hey, man!” said Sean. “What do yeh want?”

“Yeh,” grunts the hunter.

Sean grins and downs his pint, opening his gullet to the rush of Guinness. He follows the man, ignoring the envious looks of the bar’s denizens. His shoulders straighten under the inspection. His helmet, swinging from his hand, knocks off the odd blocking knee as he passes the arched eyebrows of the plucked.

Outside the Beast has company. A sleek Jap powerbike, lightweight and quick, bristles beside Sean’s brute Goliath.

Sneering, the man asks, “Where?”

“Yeh lead. I follow.”

“Aye, yeh fuck.” The man mounts his machine and thumbs it into whining life. He studies the way Sean stands over the saddle of his bike and throws his weight downward on the Beast’s kick-start. The compression lifts Sean angrily as the bike roars awake, before settling into its customary growl.

The loud metallic clunk of first gear engages the cogs beneath the sure tap of his heavy boot, courses through him, jacks him up ecstatic.

The throb of the engine connects with his crotch as his hands ease the clutch and throttle synchronously. He and the Beast are a covenant of flesh and steel, a poetical movement.

Brazenly, the hunter nips away and cuts into the

slow-cruising traffic, causing chaos with his two-stroke impatience. Sean glides on into the flowing red river of tail-lights.

Headlights wink oncoming as he whispers through, streaming quiet on the tail of the screaming rice-rocket of the hunter. Smoothly up through the gears, Sean rides eager on the jet-draught behind the hunter's kamikaze insolence.

They dash through the side streets down along the river onto the Liffey's quays, their engines' echoes rebounding off the narrow street's steep sides. Gaining the more deserted quays, they surge into a race through the lighter traffic like the expected moves of foreplay. In and out together between cars, they rip their machines. Sean feels clinical and passionless. The roaring duet is too safe. He raises the stakes, throws out a challenge, throttling past the hunter, tugging on his flared handle bars, gearing down as his front wheel rises in an exuberant wheelie.

The hunter, passed, looks ahead in anger, revving himself along in Sean's wake.

Crossing the river by Euston rail station, they swoop into the Phoenix Park.

Pulling up beneath a small copse of trees, the man grapples Sean from the Beast's back and throws him face-forward against a rough pine. He pummels Sean's arse through the leather of his jeans.

Sean hugs the tree, his prick rubbing wood, straining inside against the soft leather of his crotch. Behind him he hears the rasp of the man's zipper as he unbuckles and drops his pants. The man's huge paw gropes between the bark and Sean's crotch, unbuckling and yanking down his leathers. With a cracking slap on Sean's hot naked arse, he pinches the pale buttocks to squeeze out the turn-on cry of protest.

Sean smiles to himself, his dick hardening against the bole of the tree, as he feels his arsehole exhale expectantly. Ahhhh. A whispering sigh lost on the grunting rutting man.

The man grasps a buttock in each hand, spreads them, and drives himself into Sean's hole, resting his chin panting on Sean's shoulder humping and grinding him into the tree. All the while whispering in a chant, "Yeh think yer quicker than me." His flanks grip Sean's thighs as he grinds harder. "Better than me." His pace increases as he nears his orgasm. "Who's fucking who? Yeh bastard."

Goading the fuck on, Sean says, “Is that the best yeh can do?” Even when his foreskin snags on the rough bark, he baits the man. The rhythmic squeak of his leathers a familiar comfort rocking as he rides the man fucking to exhaust himself. His hole tightens on the man and grips like a wanking hand, milking the pounding penis. “Who is fucking who?” Sean says. So gripped, with a final shudder, the man up-rams himself, spends himself in shock waves, and quickly withdraws.

An audible pop announces the disconnection of flesh.

Sean clings to the tree for a few moments, looks at his watch, laughing at the new world’s record at the cuming and going of the cursing man speeding off.

He stands back and pulls a rag from his pocket, reaching back to wipe his arse of the oozing spunk, polishing his cheeks with the shiny wax of cum. No need to clean his prick not even worked up to pre-lube. Let alone an orgasm. Nevertheless turned on by the dispassionate fuck. Number one for the night.

Once straddling the Beast and settling in the saddle, he grinds his fucked hole against the worn leather and gasps as he feels a throbbing twitch in his sphincter muscle. The slight ache of desire connects with the vibration of the Beast roaring again into life. The Beast thrills his flesh with its steel heartbeat like no man, or woman, ever could. Faithful and patient. Untiring in its attention. Constant.

A sound breaks his reverie, humming through the air, through the trees, through the Phoenix Park. Bikes are howling in the night like the hounds of Hell. Quickly he guns and gears, clutching the power and spinning his back wheel grabbing for purchase on the nightslick grass.

The big black back-wheel bites through to the dirt, driving the treaded Beast into the darkness, its single cyborg eye cutting forward through the night. His blood surges through his veins, pulsing in crotch and arse. The constant humming in his head quiet, strangely, for the first time. Maybe not quiet, maybe in tune with the sounding roar ahead on the streets, maybe with the hard-ass purr of the Beast. His awareness slips from the brainpan of his head, down his spine, through his fuck-wired prick and anus, vibrating on and in and through and out the Beast’s iron skin and bones, as if his blood pumps through its fuel lines, its oil stretches his veins, its power infuses his being.

Gaining the main road, running through the heart of the park, he plunges into the fog drifting up from the Liffey. Between the Park Gate exit he catches a glimpse of disappearing tail-lights. The heavy broil of the passing pack fills his senses: oil and man, wheel and leather, exhaust and sweat, piston and prick, night and soil. The chase is on.

His skin electrifies fully awake and alive. Sensitive to the rushing brush of fog and night. His leathers defining his protruding knees and elbows. He is a radar pursuit unit aware only of the pack of biker boys he chases.

He pushes the Beast harder than ever. Demanding performance in every gear. Thrilling at the scream of its burning pipes. He plunges into traffic, giving chase to the elusive pack. He touches his brakes looking for gaps, the rocking motion connecting his fresh-fucked hole and his throbbing dick rubbing against the tank. The drum pulse of his red heart beating through the blue vein of his hard hose, goading the Beast that nuzzles back with a hungry hum at the directional compass of his cock, increasing the humming in his head, as if the Beast on its own can track the pack cutting through the night. His head feels explosive. His streaming eyes glance at the clocks. The speedo-needle bends straining upwards to the demand for power and speed.

For the first time in his life Sean lifts off beyond fear. Gut-wrenching coldness cramps his abdomen. If a chaser, not a catcher, then a chaser be, until caught. His body, blood, soul, and infinity, freed into hot pursuit, rise beyond the old realm of feeling fear, melding with the Beast.

The covenant of Sean and the Beast becomes a reality. The Beast anticipates his commands reading his mind. Sean no longer recognizes himself in the speeding mirrors of shop windows. He watches the parallel ride of the Centaur shoot alongside.

But the pack remains out of reach, elusive.

He hears them, ahead, race past O'Connell Bridge, their passage echoing through the heart of Dublin. Goth kids on the sidewalks, smoking Bidis, neon-punked by the city's nightscape, shiver as if the Banshee had screamed out last call. Towards the docks, Sean keeps the blue exhaust of the pack in sight. Down the long length of the North Wall and into the East Wall road. Their twinkling tail-lights lure him

into the docks proper.

A deserted wasteland of oil-tankers and storage towers. His tires slip on the rail tracks embedded in the road's surface. Wheel-spinning and power-wobbling, he wrestles himself back on the pavement.

He feels damp between his legs. Wonders for a moment if he has pissed himself. Not until a final spasm passes through the length of his hard dick does he realize that he is ejaculating in the excitement of the chase. The humming buzzes back into his head with a vengeance. He gasps. The pack of phantom bikers roars off lost, untrackable, unheard under the roaring humming. He squints after them, sniffs after them. No sign remains of them in the folding murks of mist.

Sean turns for home disappointed but hopeful. He has made a significant discovery.

He is not alone. This is the first time he has come so close to the pack of bikers. He is not afraid. He is sure if he hadn't cum, he would have caught up with them.

Locking the Beast to the railings in Lesson Street, he makes his way up to the squat.

Various bodies are crashed on the floor. Where once he would have gladly joined them, tonight he ignores them and kicks open his own room. A piece of territory he has staked out for himself. His mattress sits amid a host of cannibalized engine parts, spares, and trophies.

He strips and crawls into his bed, curling up fetus-like, his hands cupping his dick and balls, quickly descending into the world of dreams. His pucker weeps one small white bead. A perfect pearl.

The dreamscape draws him onto the open road. He is riding the Beast, but not alone.

He is naked and he has a passenger, also naked. His arse is skewered on the passenger's huge penis. His own prick is ejaculating a constant stream of cum all across the Beast's tank. He feels he is the brain of the machine and the passenger behind is the sex of the machine and the Beast is their mobility. In dreams, his head never hums.

When he wakes in the morning, belly down on the log of his prick, the humming is back.

Trawling the city in vain, Sean heads for the docks. Saturday afternoon and nothing stirs in the industrial section. He

passes through and heads toward the ferry terminal.

The area is deserted.

He finds a disused track that seems to lead towards the coast. Bored, he coaxes the Beast onto the dirt track.

Halfway along he comes across a youth, about his own age. Late twenties. Lithe and blond, a direct contrast to Sean's darker, Celtic coloring.

Sean slows to a smouldering cruise and pulls up. "Want a lift?"

"Aye, yeah, sure." The man hops onto the pillion.

"Yeh know where this leads?" asks Sean.

"Wherever yeh want it to," says the stranger.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Not that many bike boys," the man says, "wander down this far. When they do, they are usually looking for something."

"No shit!" says Sean.

The bumps in the track travel up through the Beast's suspension, sending shudders through Sean's body.

He almost freezes and spills himself and his passenger onto the dirt when he feels the man's hand groping at his crotch. Smiling to himself at the man's blatant intent, Sean ignores the grinding hand that pops his dick free of his jeans and concentrates on guiding the Beast over the bumpy ground.

The man has his hand firmly wrapped around Sean's emergent dick, wanking his tumescence. Sean ignores the hand piping his rod, wagging his half-stiff prick against the petrol tank. Squeezing the head in encouragement.

Sean slows and stops when he reaches the end of the track. "Where to now?"

"Turn left and follow the headland," replies the man. "Yeh'll know when to stop."

Sean can feel the man laughing through his back. He ignores it and turns the Beast. He enjoys the man's attention even though he doubts sex will be successful. The humming thrums on in his head with no promise of stop, but the warm hand on his prick is comforting.

They finally enter a clearing and roar to a halt.

Sean is fully hard but dry. Rampant cock in cool air.

The man dismounts and instructs Sean to stay where he is with the engine running, and to put the bike up on its center stand. This Sean does without dismounting. He places his heel

against the center stand and heaves back on the handlebars.

Reaching into his jeans, Sean pulls his balls out and drops them on the vibrating tank, massaging his muscle slowly as he watches the man strip naked before him. The man has curious seams tattooed down his arms and legs. "Who are yeh?" Sean asks.

"Finn Fianna," he replies. "A biker like yeh. Now slide yer arse back a bit on that saddle."

Obedient to the instruction, Sean is amazed as Finn mounts the steady idling Beast backwards, facing him, resting his shoulders and his elbows back on the handlebars.

His buttocks hover like a lapdance over Sean's hard dick and he says, "Fuck me."

Sean raises himself on the boot pegs and drives his prick up into Finn's waiting hole. He is shocked by the rubber heat of Finn's innards and their piston-like grasp. He leans forward, around Finn's shoulders, clasping the handlebars for leverage. His hand twists on the throttle clearing the throat of the Beast. Finn begins to rock the Beast on the center stand, impaling himself further onto Sean's dick. The engine's vibration courses up through his balls as Finn's buttocks crush them against the tank with each downward thrust.

Unable to contain himself, Sean howls with the pleasure and pain of the first real orgasm he has ever experienced.

Finn reclines, shoulders back against the handlebars, Sean's prick jutting up from the vibrating tank still embedded in his arse. A large grin splits Finn's face.

Reaching out with his hand Sean tries to trace one of the seams running from Finn's elbow down to his wrist. Finn slaps his hand away. "Never do that again."

Recoiling in shock, Sean pulls back, his softening penis withdrawing from Finn's vulcan depths.

Finn hops off the bike and quickly pulls on his clothes.

"Yeh are one of us," he says. "Be here at midnight tonight and we'll welcome yeh into our circle."

Thoughts tumbling through his mind, Sean looks challenged but fearless at Finn. One of us? Who? How? "One of what?" Sean asks.

"Be here tonight and everything yeh ever wanted will be yers." Finn smiles at Sean. "I know what yer looking for. Last night when yeh followed us, I lay back aways, watched yeh

pass, followed yeh chasing us.” He grins. “Yeh almost caught us too. Aren’t many who can ride style like yeh. Be here.”

He turns and strolls away without a backward glance.

Sean watches him until he disappears in the distance and then looks down at his stinging prick, thick, slick, satisfied. Tucking himself back into his jeans, he pushes the Beast back to earth and heads home. In his Lesson Street squat, hungry for food, he realizes Finn had not cum. He pushes the thought like an irrelevancy from his humming head wondering what will happen the coming night. Fuck the food. He heads out, grabbing take-away, rolled up greasy as a lube job in newspaper. He sits gobbing chippers on the Patrick Kavanagh bench by the canal, the Beast parked in front of him on the toe path, his feet propped up on the leather saddle. Beside him the sculpture of the poet sits in quiet repose, ignoring Sean wiping his fingers greasy with battered plaice on his skin-tight leathers. Without regret he thinks back over the escapades that led him to this point sitting himself next to a metal statue.

Memory wafts back on the acrid smell of disinfectant sloshed thin over the reek of piss and shit surrounding the young Sean sitting on the public toilet waiting for someone to come in and peep one big eye through the hole in the door of the cubicle. Always afraid it would be someone who knew him. Easily done in such a small rural town, near Kinvarra, popular with sailors off the hookers. But it wasn’t always a big eye coming through the hole.

The evening he had finally lost his virginity to a rough-handed farmer who didn’t believe in lubrication, and ripped his pleasure from Sean’s virgin arse, his head bashed off the cistern as he bent over the cracked toilet bowl and peeled his asscheeks apart for the rutting brute who shoved his face down into the fetid water.

The night his first girlfriend seduced him and he failed to please her. Too soft she was for his enjoyment. And him unable to be brutish with the weaker sex.

And always the humming in his head. Bashed off the cracked toilet bowl. A constant taunt of his lack of sexual fulfillment.

Turned desperate, splayed spreadeagle, restrained with ropes, Sean gazed at the large rented lesbian where she knelt

rubbing her redheaded buzzcut between his trembling thighs. She slapped her harnessed dildo against his soft prick and balls. Her predatory grin at the human sacrifice of one more pig. As she ripped maevisly into Sean, the stink of her excited banshee cunt confused the sexual boundaries in his mind as if it was his man-cunt and his man-tits pressing up against her heaving torso, and what a freaking nightmare, the danger of transporting her, him screaming, leaving, running cuntfree down the street toward the first pub of lads he could find.

Snapping back to the statuesque Patrick Kavanagh who had not moved an iron muscle, Sean belches the fish and chips, and shivers in the descending darkness of night. His legs, cramped from his reclined position, twitch as he sits up straight. His cock, roughed up and ready, stirs.

He turns to the statue of the poet who preferred his drink and says, “Not yer kind of man-to-man thing is it, Patrick? What would yeh have to say about me? Not a rhyming line I suppose. What do I care. Yeh did yer thing. I’ll do mine and the hell with consequences.”

The Beast growls with impatience eager for what is to come. Sean eases the Beast through the glistening Saturday night streets. He decides to skip the pubs, wanting to be clear-headed for the midnight rave with Finn and his mates.

He cruises the maze of Dublin City Centre streets like a farewell parade, kissing off some kind of final goodbye to windows and doors where he had tricked and the humming had never stopped, wondering how far out coming-out could take a man.

Turning into the docklands, Sean feels fear hit him in the chest, grab a fist around his heart. He knows he must turn back or forever shut-the-fuck-up. He drops fear. He tosses the key to his squat over his shoulder and it strikes iron sparks bouncing across the cobbles, disappearing in the dark.

The Beast lifts its nose in the air, expands its chest of a tank, rackets up its massive handlebar arms, and blasts its powerframe 1000cc-four-cylinder engine down the tracked road deciding Sean has no more say in steering his mind. The pair are too close to fail now. The Beast senses that their covenant of flesh and steel and blood and oil is about to become real as transubstantiation.

Sean clings to the wild Beast’s back for dear life. No

control over throttle or clutch, over pud or pucker. Riding the runaway. The control not his. The Beast possessed. Fear rises up in him, hardens him. Terror is his only turn-on. Suddenly he is more frightened and more erotic than he has ever been in his short life. Thrilled.

The headstrong Beast transports Sean up to the dirt track rutted where spinning tires claw for traction in the mud and rock. Sean guides the bucking machine, coaxing its knowing cyborg eye along the treacherous headland. The Beast, surging alive beneath him, takes away his breath, his mind, his will, and delivers him roaring up at the site where the bike boys wait.

A bonfire blazes tall on a fire mound at the center of a ring of two-wheeled machines sitting silent and dark, their riders' heads bowed in ritual reverence. One space stands open, vacant, expectant, waiting in the fire ring of steel and leather and flesh.

Acknowledging the ancient ring of men circled on machines, Sean pulls into the space opened by the composite beings for whom instinct does the work of reason. He settles his buttocks down on his vibrating saddle, eyes adjusting, when he sees, on the ancient mound, close to the brilliant blaze, a huge machine, the Big MacCool of all bikes, gleaming in the light of the fire. Its brilliant headlight searches outward, turning like a beacon, lighting instant bright the fire-red faces of the acolytes. Its frame so shuddering with power that Sean feels his own boner growing to a piston, answering a lust that has no control.

Feeling a hand grip his shoulder, Sean turns in his saddle and faces Finn.

"Welcome to the Fianna." Finn's easy grin shines red in the firelight. "Come on. Time for you to worship." His palm moves from shoulder to face, reassuring Sean who quickly licks Finn's hands, safe hands, for luck.

Dismounting the Beast that shudders with anticipation, Sean follows Finn into the circle.

Stopping before the Big MacCool bike, Finn says, "Strip and prostrate yerself."

Peeling his leathers, Sean eases himself, face down, hard-on, to the cool ground. His buttocks, mooning up, quiver under the burning eyes reflecting fire in the dark faces of the ring.

His cock plows into the velvet soil that suctions his body into the contours of the heath. Turning his head to one side, he stretches his arms and legs spreadeagle as far apart as he can and waits. Directly before his eyes, he sees the great machine MacCool rising above him, poised to ride on into him. Fear hums up and down his spine. Fear transports to thrill. He hears a wall of heavy-metal sound rushing toward him. The ground beneath him hums and rumbles. He sees the bikers moving in on him.

Rubber tread pulls the hairs of his inner thighs as the Big MacCool tire rolls up between his legs, pinches his ballsack, nudges up the split of his buttocks, cracking the thrill of fear, heart pounding, remembering the transporting passivity of male sex, murdered in some ancient ritual older in secrets than the Druids. A tire up my butt, ironic, some reward for trusting Finn Fianna.

The wheel rolls the iron bike weight of the MacCool up over his quivering cheeks, tread stubs down on his hole like a boot toe grinding a cigaret, grinds his rose ring, and slowly whorls up the long twin muscles of his back. The weight pushes him harder into the dirt. Agreeable pain. He feels the searing heat of the forward flaring exhaust pipes singe his twitching asscheeks. Something hard and pointed bursts slow-throttle welcome through his knot of hole. He raises his head to cry out to the Finn MacCool motorcycle. The penetration throttles, guns, rams deep, wide, and hard. His nipples rub against rock. His cock fucks down into the mud. His whole body is on fire. His being opens up. The bike MacCool above him shifts, roars, rolls back and forth, fucking his pleading hole, the engine humming louder than any hum. He grinds his chin and chest and nipples down, lifting his white buttocks and blooming hole up to the bike, the night, the riders, the tire catching and squeaking on the nubs of his spine. The mechanical transport fucks his hole. He fucks it back, stunned at the revelation that there is no passivity in sex. He shoots his spunk from his big cock into the dry earth. The Big MacCool shudders, roars, gears burning, rams forward and reverses faster, rising to a screaming whine, gears smoking, tires burning, a hundred boots kicking the kickstand, finally rips a deep skid out of the hole of his humming arse, splattering oil, grease, petrol, piss, and rolls off him.

He pants, grunts, ruts. His butt burns with desire, then surprise. Another bike guns up to follow the place of the Big MacCool and revs to a fuck, disassembling him in the assembly line of bikers.

Sean rises up transported out of his head, looking down at his sweet body and the monster bike rolling over it. A piston-like rod, nine or ten inches of gleaming steel, roots between his bleeding buttocks. The cheeks of his bum look red, and seem to glow within, from the heat of the pipes riding over them.

He watches the wild fuck of his body until the blood orgy ends. All the bikes, and their riders, fuck him, mechanically. His hole rages ten times bigger, hungry, insatiable. No humming in his head. The hum hums in his buttohole. He returns to his ravenous body, slipping into the dreamscape where always he is naked, riding the Beast, with his arse stretched on his passenger's huge penis, and his prick is ejaculating a constant stream of cum across the Beast's tank.

Transported, Sean screams, smiles, screams again at humans' greatest fear and fantasy. He exists in total bondage. He is sitting on the Beast's back thrashing against the immobility in his limbs and body. He realizes he is no longer a separate entity. He is finally one with the Beast. His hands and feet are melded into the handle bars and foot pegs. His legs are restrained in fender casings. His groin hangs low, coiled flesh, powerful steel, nethered beneath the Beast. He breathes, stretched and limned in the perfect balance of bondage in and on the steel frame. Panic sweeps over to thrill, and thrill to perversity. He's heard of a horse that shivers with terror, or of a dog that howls at something a man's eyes cannot see, and of men who, living primitive lives where instinct does the work of reason, are fully conscious of many thrilling things that non-transported minds cannot perceive at all. He looks at the other bikers looking at him in recognition. They too are one with their machines.

Finn pulls up puttering beside him with a smile of welcome. "Fuck me," he says. He rides in front of Sean, backing up, laughing over his shoulder, exposing his shining steel valve-like sphincter beneath his pillion seat.

Faster than Sean can think of mounting Finn, the Beast beneath him rises up, front wheel rolling along the saddle and nudging into Finn's back. Sean's steel penis unsheathes itself,

augering, drilling into Finn's gleaming arse.

He fucks it. Again. And again. Relishing the feel of his oiled steel cock rammed deep in Finn. The humming in his own body purrs. Transported, he is transport transporting. He is both himself and the Beast. Tremors of delight race through his veins and oil-lines, his heart and piston chamber pounding in synchronization. Muscles and gears strain as he pounds into the tight hole. Internal combustion explosions rock Sean the Beast as he ejaculates into Finn's valved sphincter.

Roaring up, Sean the Beast drops puttering, finished, from Finn's back. Sean the Beast watches his iron dick telescope itself down in sections into its sheath. A large pearlescent drop of black ejaculate oozes from his customized tip.

The circle of bikers roar the approval of clan and kin and family. He gulps large gulps of oil and grease and sex. Home. Heading home. Moving his hips, Sean Doyle, member of the Fianna, feels Himself the Beast move instinctively, smoothly, motoring into line in the single file down the beaten track toward the five white roads that lead to Teamhair, Tara, and Newgrange.

One.