



{A *Servant of the Seasons* stunt writing episode using these reader-submitted prompt words: insensitive, sparkly, flashing, marmoset, piggish, pink, grind, eggplant, plea, hurricane, beach, pirate}

Mèco blinked sweat out of his eyes and shoved the plow one more time -- too hard. The worn blade squealed against a stone and stuck fast in the rich earth. Cursing volubly, Mèco worked it free and squatted in the incomplete furrow to inspect the damage. The blade was bent. Fixable, but not today. A glance at the sky told Mèco rain was coming. He stood and dragged the plow backwards -- he'd have to take it to the field shed for the night.

That job done if not finished, Mèco went in search of Cynar. He found him fishing in the river, standing naked in water up to his sleek hips wielding two lines, a skill Mèco hadn't mastered, no matter how he tried.

“Rain coming,” Cynar said without turning to see who’d come. Lys and Tywyll were upriver trading early veg with the sparse river traffic. It made sense for the folk plying the river to feel satisfied by the time they passed the bend in the river that protected Ikhaya -- the home place. “Fish are biting, if you want to help out.”

Mèco certainly didn’t need more coaxing than that to join a nude Cynar in the sparkly green water. A woven basket stood in a depression on the bank and Mèco helped himself to a line and hook, checking to make sure it was secure before casting. He knew firsthand how fiddly the hooks were to make, and was therefore loath to lose one.

Cynar finally turned when Mèco descended the bank and Mèco made sure to be flashing as much skin as possible as he stripped. There was more than enough food for the evening meal, if the bulging basket floating heavily beside Cynar was any indication. New eggplant and fresh eggs awaited back at the turvy, too. Why not, after the frustrations of the afternoon’s plowing, make a plea for less productive work? Cynar’s gifts didn’t include mind reading, but he turned a piggish grin on Mèco as he stripped. Mèco grinned back, distracted, and that was when the precious hook caught on his trousers and rent the seam from knee to hip.

“Stop laughing, you insensitive little marmoset! It might have cut me, did you think of that?”

“No,” came Cynar’s characteristically laconic reply. “If you were hurt, you’d be screaming. As it is you simply look mournful that you’ll have to mend your clothes.”

A spirit of mischief caused Mèco to answer, “I won’t. I’ll bat my eyes and pet Lys and he’ll do it for me.”

Cynar’s face clouded over like the sky above. “You think so?” With one smooth motion he wound his lines around the stake that held his catch basket and dove into the current, butting Mèco’s knees and surfacing as he dragged his body up against Mèco’s. “Brute. You think fucking fixes everything.”

“Won’t fix my plow, or my pants,” Mèco said, and Cynar grinned at the pout in his voice. He took a breath and spoke again, but his voice barely shifted beyond a plea. “I’ve had a rotten afternoon. Care to leave off fishing and make it better?”

With a shrug, Cynar cocked his head as if he were really considering continuing his fishing. Mèco hedged his bets by sloshing through the water to grind against Cynar’s upturned bum where he bent to undo his basket. His prick, which had been quiescent unto indifference before climbing over the berm, awakened and bid fair to board Cynar like a river pirate.

Cynar slapped his hand away. “Look.” He pointed to thunderheads gathering to obscure the pink of the early summer sunset. “There will be lightning soon, and that kind of beach storm they talk about in the taons.”

“A hurricane?” Mèco asked. “I don’t think we get those here on the river.”

“Well, whatever a bad river storm is, we’re going to have one. Take the tackle basket and run for home.” He climbed the bank, eschewing his clothes, and beat Mèco back to the turvy by an embarrassing number of steps. How could Cynar be so much more fleet with an erection than Méco? They left the fish in a barrel in the kitchen lean-to and made for the warm, snug turvy just as the sky tore open with crackle and boom and raindrops big as frogs.

They weren’t alone. Lys and Tywyll had apparently concluded their business upriver while Mèco and Cynar were in the river.

Mèco called out greetings, but Lys and Tywyll were feasting on each other with such single-mindedness that all he got in answer was a pair of happy smiles.

The look on Cynar’s face when Mèco returned his attention to his friend wasn’t happy. It was, for lack of a better word, wild.

“Don’t you feel it?” Cynar rasped. “The pressure? The storm, it’s everywhere.” He looked at Mèco with lowering gray eyes and pressed his hands to his body as if showing Mèco where the pressure built, low in his belly and right over his heart. Méco saw Cynar’s breath coming in rolling pants and his own breath deepened to catch up.

Mèco moved close and ran his hands all over Cynar, seeking to soothe and release Cynar’s distress. When he reached the center of Cynar’s body, however, he amended his interpretation. Cynar’s prick was heavy and full, already starting to gleam at the tip. What could Mèco do but go to his knees and take that magnificent length into his mouth? He licked and sucked, milked Cynar’s sacs, reached around to squeeze the goose-pimpled rump. He laid on his best effort,

and was rewarded too soon with rushing mouthfuls of Cynar's spending. It tasted of rain and wind and ozone and electricity.

Gasping before his friend, Mèco looked up Cynar's damp body to see the storm swirling unabated in Cynar's eyes. Cynar tugged him by the hair to make him stand, and their pricks bumped urgently as he straightened.

"You see, Tywyll?" Lys' voice reached them, dreamy as clouds, from the wide, low bed across the room. "They feel it too."

Tywyll's voice was sharper. "Then they should get over here and do their share of the work." He returned his mouth to a shadow along Lys' sylphlike form.

Mèco grinned, and tugged Cynar toward their lovers. Here, at last, was a job he could do, and do well, without worrying about his pants.

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