

DRUMMER FICTION

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Sensual Mutuality...

Sleep in Heavenly Peace by Jack Fritscher

- This fiction "Sleep in Heavenly Peace" is also available in Acrobat pdf.
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AUTHOR'S HISTORICAL CONTEXT INTRODUCTION



Written December 27, 1976, and published in *Drummer* 25, December 1978. I wanted to pump something warm and tender, and, yes, sentimental into the Christmas issue of *Drummer*, because then as now some people thought wrongly that nameless, promiscuous sex was empty, when it was actually wonderful, because a man could learn everything existential and erotic he needed to know about another man and himself without all the baggage of domesticity. I searched through John Trojanski's photography file in search of an image that could be a sweet, leather Christmas card. "Sleep in Heavenly Peace" also appeared as "2 All a Good Night" in the last issue of *Man2Man Quarterly* #8, December 1981, as well as, again, "Sleep in Heavenly Peace," the final piece in the erotic anthology, *Rainbow County and Other Stories*, published by Larry Townsend in 1997 and by Palm Drive Publishing in 1999. Actually, the mellow tone has always kept it a personal favorite because it genuinely recalls tender times sleeping with soldiers on the front lines of gay liberation. –JF, December 31, 1997

The fiction as published in *Drummer* 25, December 1978

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Tonight was our first time together: Christmas Eve.

HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE THIS MATERIAL

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“Let’s go home,” you said. “Let’s go to my Place.”

You didn’t say, “Hey, let’s go fuck!” So I smiled and followed you silently into the night. All year long I’ve seen you standing around The Ramrod looking tough. I wanted you. I wanted to touch you through your leathers.

Once last summer I caught a glimpse of your sweaty pecs and shoulders and arms. I wanted to hold on to you. Even more, I wanted you to hold me. But summer left. Fall came. You disappeared for awhile. Now this winter you’ve come back.

You looked at me. For once, I pinned on my balls; I returned your stare. You looked hard, experienced, disciplined, gentle. My cock hardened. I wanted you more.

“Come home with me,” you said. “We’ll build a fire. You can see my tree.”

I wanted sex. I needed a little TLC. You seemed to suggest something sex sometimes lacks during the holidays. Genuine masculine affection.

You broke out your best wine. We shared a smoke.

Your masculine arms embraced me. Held me. You, a leather man, held me. Your face filled me with trust. I opened to you, silently, while the FM played stereo carols.

You gave me tenderness: tenderly you slipped your dick wet from my mouth into my willing ass; tenderly you greased your strong, pliable hand and filled me full of your strength; more tenderly you slipped your dick into your hand inside my ass and Jerked yourself off inside of me. The throes of your coming triggered my load out and up my belly, onto my chest, all the way to my face where you kissed and licked my seed through your thick moustache into your warm mouth.

Now you’re laid back asleep. Your trees glows. Your fireplace warms me. My face feels good against your drowsy belly. You’re an experienced leather guy. I’m new to it all. I like it. I like you. I guess even a leather man is allowed to get a little sentimental during the holidays.

I’ll lie here awhile, dozing with you, keeping watch with you by night, and in the morning it will be Christmas.

You’ll make strong black coffee. Your big cock will swing easy between your thighs. We’ll shower.

I’ll offer to drop you by the friends you promised to visit as I go on my way to visit the friends I promised to visit.

You’ll say you will call me in the afternoon to doing.

“Fine,” I’ll say.

I never lie.

I loved hundreds of men this last year and I’ll more in the year to come; but right now with you, on your belly, because I am with you, because of what tonight has passed between us man-to-man, because I nearly always love the man I’m with, I love you now.

And that’s, omigod, enough.

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