



The Ichor

By Mark Andersen

“Hey Miller.” Dirty Mike was peering in through the windshield, framed by dusty glass lit golden by slanting morning sun.

Jason Miller blinked, trying to press the sleep from his syrupy skull. Dawn was glinting through the leaves of birch and maple that ringed the clearing in the woods behind Birchydown Park. Miller had slept in the dubious shelter of an abandoned Subaru that had been rusting in the clearing for years. There were no windows left and the doors didn't latch, but it had kept the rain off.

“Hey Mike,” said Miller. His body hurt, and his head felt even worse.

“Got anything to drink?” asked Mike. Mike was a wanderer and a desperate old drunk. He apparently had a little shack up in the woods somewhere, but he rarely bothered to go there. Mostly, he walked through town bumming about for change and drinks, getting kicked out of bars and coffee shops. Miller had memories from earliest childhood of seeing Mike staggering and muttering around town. He was the kind of permanent fixture that became invisible to a town after a while. Miller had watched him drinking Lysol once, watched blood spots blossom in his eyes afterward. Now, years later, Dirty Mike was leering in through the dirt glazed glass and reeking of piss and vomit with white snot webs in the wisps of his mustache.

Miller looked at the bottle cradled in his crotch. Bell's scotch, only a few swallows left. He unscrewed it and sipped. Instantly, his headache started to subside.

“Fuck off, Mike” he said. “I don’t got enough to share.”

“Come on man,” Mike moaned. He leaned in the passenger side window, filling the car with sour breath and dank body odour. “I been up all night. I’m dying. I just need a few sips to help me sleep.”

Miller felt a contradictory mix of contempt and compassion. The vile vagrant was pathetic and -according to the improbable legends that followed him, he had destroyed his own life, but Miller could hardly deny the similarities they shared. He wondered how far from this state he himself would be in ten or twenty years. There is a romance to despair in the young, and a drunk in his twenties still has friends and hope, which makes it easy to judge those who have fallen further down the depth of years.

“No sir,” Miller said. “I need my medicine. You get your own.”

“Make a deal,” said Mike. He grinned, showing teeth that were cracked and yellow with tar and decay. “What do you want for it?”

“You ain’t got nothing I want Dirty Mike. I don’t think you have anything at all.”

“I’ll suck your dick,” said Mike.

“Are you retarded?” snapped Miller. To his surprise though, he felt his jeans growing inexplicably tighter. “I’m not putting my cock anywhere near that filth trap face.”

“Please, Miller. I’m hard up here, I need something to drink.”

Mike lowered himself into the passenger seat with a creak of cracked leather and a groan of rusty metal below. He eyed the bottle Miller was holding, then eyed the younger man's groin. He reached out slowly, as if expecting to have his hand slapped, and cupped Miller's cock. Miller was horrified to find he'd become fully hard, and a treacherous pleasure coursed through him at the filthy man's touch.

"I'll do you the favour," said Dirty Mike. His voice was low, almost a whisper." "All's I want in return is something to drink."

"Alright," said Miller, shocking himself. "Fuck it, why not?"

He stared straight ahead, not willing to look at or acknowledge the wretch that was groping him, knowing the sight would disgust him. Hands were fumbling at his jeans, then tugging the elastic of his briefs down over his hard on.

Miller sucked in his breath and bit his lip as the vile man leaned over him and wrapped chapped, dry lips around his cock. The man's body rose and fell in time with his slurping. Miller felt the rough tongue and dry hands working, sliding, and gripping, felt the eagerness and hunger that lapped and clutched at his dick.

The revulsion he felt didn't impede the experience. He was fully aware that he was being blown by a diseased, filthy vagabond. His cock was plunging into the foul, crusty mouth of another man, a man who stunk of shit and vomit, who typically had mucus dripping from his nose and lips. Miller was disgusted, but the disgust only enhanced his arousal.

Dirty Mike wasn't simply getting the job done either. The old man's fingers didn't just squeeze and pump, they stroked and danced over the hypersensitive skin

of Miller's shaft and balls. The phlegm slicked tongue probed, tickled, teased. Lips kissed and rolled and slobbered over everything, building the tension expertly, gradually edging Miller closer to the brink of ejaculation, then slowing and letting the sensations subside only to begin the momentum again.

Finally, when he could resist no longer, Miller unleashed a shuddering flood into Mike's slurping mouth. He was instantly awash with sadness, shame, disgust: the usual emotions amplified by circumstance.

"Aw, fuck," said Miller, forcing a grin. He passed the flask to Mike who used it to wash down what remained in his mouth. "You earned it, you dirty old fucker."

Mike drained the last drips from the bottle then tossed it unceremoniously out the window. It landed with a dry thump in the dead grass.

The man turned slightly in his seat to look at Miller. He wore a salacious sneer and his eyes looked alive with mischief.

"My turn," said Mike. He yanked the waist of his own pants down to his hips, his hard little dick bouncing and slapping against his furry gut. The putrid stink that rose from his fetid genitals almost instigated the purging of the curdled contents of Miller's stomach.

"Fuck that," Miller said. He tried to laugh, tried to let Mike know he wasn't even entertaining the discussion, but the sick fear he suddenly felt broke his voice and made him sound desperate and pathetic. "That wasn't the deal, Mike. You said you wanted something to drink."

"Yeah," said the old man. "I didn't say what though."

Before Miller could say anything else, Mike had crossed the narrow space between them and wrapped one arm around the younger man's neck. For a moment, Miller thought Dirty Mike meant to kiss him. Then Mike's free hand grabbed him by the right shoulder, pushing forward and twisting with enormous strength. Miller's face was suddenly pressed against the door of the rusty car, his arm flailing out the shattered window.

"Get off me, Mike!" He said. It had been meant as a threatening yell but came out a frightened whisper. He felt the man on his back, hands clutching his hair forcing his head out the window.

In seconds Miller's head was hanging from the window, trying to wriggle loose, but Mike still had an arm looped around his neck. Miller felt his already undone pants being tugged down over his ass.

"No," he yelled. "Mike, I swear to god I'll fucking kill you."

He felt the man sliding wet fingers between his ass cheeks, slicking him with spit. Then the blind probing of a hard little prick.

Miller struggled furiously, bucking, and trying to slide out the window. He screamed in fear and futile rage. Dirty Mike ignored him.

There was a stab of dread as Miller felt the old man strike home, the stinking, pointed knob pressed firm against his anus. Terror and pain erupted as he felt Dirty Mike slide inside him.

Miller again felt the usual emotions, amplified by circumstance. He hated Mike and he hated himself for the decisions that had led him here. He thought

about what people would say, what they would think if they knew what was happening to him now. After all the people he'd hurt, after all the bridges he'd burned and second chances he'd wasted, he wondered how many of them would say he deserved it?

Miller could smell his own shit. He started to cry.

“You like it?” asked Mike in a breathy whisper. “You like the way I fuck you? You gonna give me a drink?”

“Oh God,” sobbed Miller. It was all he could say. Tears ran over his face in a steady stream. “Oh God, oh God, oh God.”

The humiliation wasn't over though. Mike reached around and began tugging at Miller's limp dick with nimble fingers, plucking and squeezing until unwilling blood began to throb there once more.

“No,” Miller pleaded, trying to wriggle away. “No, please don't do that.”

Mike ignored him and kept stroking. Soon, Miller was fully erect again. When Miller came again, this time into Mike's sweaty palm, it felt like a weed being torn by the root through his dick. Miller wept with renewed shame and agony as the vicious pumping continued inside him.

Mike reached over Miller's shoulder and wiped the semen onto his cheek, mixing it with the tears.

Mike finished, slamming wetly, and grunting like an ape as he sprayed into the younger man. The old man collapsed onto Miller, resting his face on Miller's.

“This is the Ichor,” whispered the old man. He licked Miller’s face with a flat tongue, slurping tears and semen into his mouth. “The liquid expressions of lust and shame culminating at the same time, both extremes, the height and depth for the human experience. This is the taste of life. This is the blood of the gods. This is immortality.”

Dirty Mike left then, sliding silently out of the car and out of the clearing. Miller pulled his pants up and lay there weeping for a long time.

Eventually Miller got himself together, went home to his room in the basement of his mother’s house. He showered and went to bed. He thought hard about himself and how far out of sorts his life had become that he was accepting oral sex and being raped in the woods by the town bum. Maybe this was the rock bottom everyone talked about.

At any rate, having seen Mike at the bottom, Miller knew his life was sliding down an ugly slope and he'd fallen too far this time. Miller fell asleep about an hour after crawling into bed, promising himself he'd stop drinking, for real this time, that he'd get a job and sort himself out.

When he slept, though, he dreamt of what Mike had called The Ichor. He was hurt and haunted by what had happened to him, but his dreams were filled with a hunger that promised peace when answered.

Ichor, he thought through the fog of shifting dreams. He smiled in his sleep.
The blood of the Gods.