Day of the Gila Monster

By Randall Austin

Short Story  
  
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Ty and Marty were two personable and handsome,   
blond-haired, brothers.  Ty, age 23, was lithe,   
serious, and handsome.  Ty liked to reflect upon his  
actions.  Marty, 20, was just as handsome, but a bit  
more physically substantial and extroverted; more of a  
sportsman, and not so reflective.  
  
Driving in the car with them, as they headed to the  
outskirts of Tucson, was their younger brother, Dale,   
17, who just graduated from high school.  There was  
more than an age difference between Dale and his older  
brothers.  Dale was not like his brothers: his hair  
was light brown; he had different interests from his  
brothers; he was more of scholar; and he was gay.  
  
While there was never any extreme animosity shown Dale  
by his older brothers, there was also never much  
friendliness between them.  And that is why it both  
surprised and pleased Dale when his two older brothers  
invited him on a road trip with them to do some  
desert hiking at the peak of the summer heat. "It's  
when the Sonoran desert is at its hottest, but it's  
also when it's at its most exciting."  
  
Dale and his brothers chatted often about the desert  
hike in the weeks leading up to his high-school  
graduation.  Dale was pleased that his relationship  
with his brothers had reached a new, more adult,   
plateau.  
And it was also the first time Dale had ridden in Ty's  
brand new Audi Q7.  The air conditioning felt great as  
the three brothers drove protected from the 104-degree  
heat.  
  
But what felt especially great to Dale was having been  
invited, at last, into his older brothers' circle and  
actually spending time with them on a much planned  
vacation.  Dale was slightly worried about being able  
to withstand the ordeal of a desert hike in the  
presence of his brothers, and secretly feared that he  
would make them think that he was a wimp in some way;   
if it should happen that the heat was too much for  
him; or the treks too fatiguing.   
  
But the fears of disappointing his brothers abated  
when Ty turned off the main desert highway they had  
been on and went down a rough, unpaved, road named,  
‘Gila Valley Road’, and Ty looked at Marty and smiled,  
"This is where the trek begins, at our old friend  
Castel's oasis and hideaway."    
  
Dale commented on his new fears, "It's kind of  
frightening to think what would happen if our car  
should suddenly give out in a place like this, with  
nothing but saguaro cacti and burning sand for miles  
and miles everywhere you look."  
  
Marty spoke, "Have no fear, little brother.  You've  
got us to protect you."  
  
As Ty’s Audi easily took the rough road, and as the  
sun’s intensity heightened, gila monsters in their  
daytime crevices stirred from their slumber to burrow  
themselves more deeply.    
  
After 30 minutes of driving down the same road with  
the same scenery, even Marty expressed concern, "Are  
you sure this is okay?  This the right place, Ty?"  
  
Ty's usual serious demeanor comforted both of his  
younger brothers, "This is what Castel told me to  
expect.  The drive should take about ten more  
minutes."  
  
Ty was correct.  In the distance were four long,   
almost windowless, trailer homes, next to a large,   
one-story, warehouse type structure made of corrugated  
metal.  One of the four long trailer homes was hitched  
to a large Peterbuilt 379 Semi-Tractor.  Ty was  
surprised, "Who would make a structure of corrugated  
metal in the middle of this desert?"  
  
Dale thought the whole scene was strange, "This isn't  
exactly the kind of hiking lodge I was expecting to  
see?  Do we stay in those trailers?"  
  
Ty's voice showed some uncertainty and concern, as  
well, over the hostile looking oasis, "I'm not real  
certain, Dale.  But let's just check it out."  
  
Ty drove his Audi alongside one of the trailers,   
turned off his car engine, and opened the door.   
Immediately the intense arid heat of the Sonoran  
desert hit the three brothers with such a smothering  
intensity that they all were stunned.  
  
Marty swore, "Jeezzzusfuckinchirsssss!"  
  
As they got out of their car and stretched, even the  
sober Ty cursed, "Fuck man!  This heat is evil!"    
  
Voices were heard, voices with Mexican accents.  Soon  
there appeared a friendly looking Hispanic in his  
early 50's accompanied by two young adult males.   
Their brown faces were wide with inviting smiles as  
they waved at the three brothers.  
  
The old man and Ty immediately made eye contact,   
approached each other with outstretched hands, and  
soon started shaking hands with a vigor that suggested  
they had known each other for a lifetime.  As the man  
vigorously shook Ty's hand with a beaming smile, he  
spoke, "So you ees Ty.  Ty?  Do I say eeet correctly?"  
  
His accent was more moderate than Ty had expected,  
"Yes, I am Ty.  And you must be Castel?"  
  
"Ah si, senor.  Eeet ees Cas-tÉl."   
  
Castel looked at Ty's two brothers, pointed at Dale,   
and asked, "Theeees eees Dale?"  
  
Ty only nodded his head, 'yes'.  
  
One of the brown faced young men who accompanied  
Castel, and who looked like a sophisticated gentleman,   
spoke Arizona English without an Hispanic accent, and  
he took up the conversation, "Come on everyone.  Let's  
get out of this heat. Follow me!"  
  
Everyone did follow him, and the three brothers did so  
gladly in the hope of getting quickly out of the  
burning sun.  The young brown-skinned sophisticate led  
his comrades and the three white boys to the large trailer  
house to which the semi tractor was hitched.  
  
He walked up the steps, opened the door to the trailer  
home, and motioned the three brothers to enter.  As  
soon as the three brothers entered the trailer home,   
Castel and his two comrades quickly followed them in  
and closed the door behind them.  
  
The men were in an entryway that was separated from  
the rest of the trailer by a hanging curtain.  It was  
a very comforting air-conditioned cool inside the  
trailer.  Castel called to behind the curtain,   
“Estamos aquí”.  
  
Castel placed a hand on Dale’s shoulder to invite him,   
and opened the curtain swiftly with his other hand.   
Standing on the other side of the curtain were three  
Hispanic young men who immediately grabbed Dale and  
started removing his clothing.  The two young men who  
accompanied Ty, his brothers, and Castel, to the  
trailer stood ready to offer their comrades any  
assistance.  
  
The reason Dale was almost as silent as a lamb as he  
was stripped was because he was shocked at what else  
he had seen in the trailer; as were his brothers, who,  
although not knowing exactly what to expect, were  
somewhat more prepared.  
  
As the Hispanics stripped and hobbled Dale, Dale’s  
brothers took in the sights of the other naked  
captured men in the trailer.  There were nine other  
naked young men, all about in their late teens or  
early twenties, and they were standing close together  
with their arms raised above their heads and securely  
tied to steel grid work overhead.  Their legs were  
bound with cords around both their upper and lower  
legs.  They watched impassively as Dale was similarly  
trussed.  
  
As the Hispanics took the bound Dale to where the rest  
of the captured men were secured, and started securing  
his arms to the overhead grid work, Ty looked at  
Castel, anxious.  Castel shook his head and handed Ty  
a briefcase, “Your money, Senor.  Please count it.”   
He placed the briefcase on a table, and Ty opened it.  
  
Ty and Marty’s hearts were beating rapidly.  They  
didn’t really hate their brother.  But the offer was  
too good to turn away.  One million two hundred  
thousand dollars if they would deliver Dale to Castel.  
Their desire to get out of the trailer as quickly as  
possible was put on hold as Ty opened the suitcase  
and saw the neatly stacked bills.  
  
Dale was quickly strung up by the young Hispanics, and  
soon, but too late, his defenses kicked in.  He called  
out to his brothers, but they appeared to not hear  
him.  They were counting money, lots of it.  Dale  
quickly figured out what had happened, and asked, “Ty,   
Marty, how could you do this.  Please help me!  Don’t  
sell me!”   
  
Ty looked at Dale, but it was too painful a sight for  
him to take in.  He looked away and quickly closed the  
suitcase as Dale called to his brothers again.  Marty  
fumbled for words to answer his captive brother but Ty  
stopped him, “Come on Marty.  It’s best that we get  
out of here as fast as possible.  It will be easiest  
on all of us!”    
  
Ty nodded at Castel, and quickly exited the cool  
trailer followed by Marty.  The heat seemed more  
stifling than before, so the brothers gradually picked  
up their already fast pace to get back to their car,   
just around the other side of the corrugated  
warehouse.  
  
When they turned the corner, their car was gone.  The  
brothers were eager to get out of there. “What the  
fuck?”  “Where is it?”  Marty walked to the padlocked  
gates of the warehouse, “Maybe they put it in here for  
us, to get it out of the sun.”   
  
Marty peered into the warehouse, and he was right  
about the car being in the warehouse, “Here it is Ty.   
They put it in here for us.”  
  
The brothers hurriedly made their way back to the  
air-conditioned trailer.  Marty, too overwhelmed by  
events to soberly evaluate threats, neglected to tell  
Ty that also inside the warehouse were about 10 other  
rather fancy cars; cars of the type that cool American  
boys liked to drive.  
  
They knocked on the trailer holding the captured boys,   
and one of the young Hispanics opened the door and  
nodded for them to enter.  When the curtain was  
opened, Castel greeted them, “Ahhh Senors, we knew you  
would be back!”  
  
In a flash the five young Hispanics pounced on Ty and  
Marty and did their work.  Castel took the suitcase,   
held it up for Ty to see, and thanked him.  As the  
Hispanics flung the naked Ty and Marty over the  
fucking table and tied them down, Castel dug through  
their clothes.  When he found the keys he held them up  
for his comrades to see, and they all smiled and  
laughed.  
  
Castel spoke to the ready-to-be fucked brothers, “My  
boys like very much blond boys.  They need to geet  
their rrrocks before we arrive in Nogales.”  
  
The five young Hispanics quickly stripped totally bare  
and started stroking their dicks.  As the first two  
Hispanics went behind their two blond captives, the  
sophisticated Hispanic who spoke Arizona English  
without an Hispanic accent spoke to Castel as he  
calmly stroked his dick awaiting his turn to plug one  
of the brother’s assholes. “The Paraguayan dealers  
will pay a fortune for these two.  I think the prices  
they are willing to pay are outrageous, but every time  
I fuck one of these dumb American blondes, I can  
understand why they are so highly sought.  They sure  
feel good!”   
  
Castel exited the trailer, took the driver’s seat of  
the semi tractor, and started the tractor-trailer on  
its trip to Nogales.    
  
Dale’s tears had stopped the moment he saw his two  
brothers’ step back into the trailer.  As lost and  
betrayed as he felt, he nevertheless found his dick  
rising rock hard along with all the other standing,  
bound, and captive, young white men as they watched Ty  
and Marty get sampled by the five young Hispanics.   
  
When the screams of Ty and Marty rose too sharply, two  
of the Hispanics waiting their turn to fuck them went  
and put their dicks in their mouths to help quiet them  
down.   
  
As the powerful semi trailer rumbled into Nogales, Ty,   
Marty, and Dale, by now standing bound and hobbled  
with their naked bodies touching each other, were  
closer than they had ever been before.

The End

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