Take Me To The Green Valley
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Summary

Ezra tries to get Chris to talk to him about his feelings. Chris learns the true story of what happened to Ezra when he gambles with a clan.

Notes

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Main characters Chris and Ezra Warning non-com E with multiple partners, E/C emotional support, pre E/C

The morning was too damn bright, Chris Larabee growled asked if he was alright. He pulled the brim of his hand down another inch so that his face was in deep shadow as he scowled out across the street from his vantage point outside of the Sheriff’s office.

A tight band of pain circled his forehead, and sliced through his head behind his eyes, he had been
drunk last night, off his ass drunk, and he had downed one bottle too many, as he thought back over the night he remembered being in the saloon. He could remember Ezra being there, then only fragments such as arguing with him. He took a sip of black coffee, and then suddenly sat upright as he remembered it was almost like seeing another person, but it was him, pushing Ezra against the wall. Getting up fast, Chris only just made it into the alleyway at the side of the Sheriff’s office when he began to throw up. He felt sick to his stomach, as he remembered when he had wanted to do to Ezra, he was drunk that was it, he wouldn’t have, no he wouldn’t have. For God’s sake he had been married, his wife he had loved her he would never have wanted to pervert that love with Ezra. It had to be Ezra, that fucking southerner has done something to him. God damn him…..

Ezra came out of the saloon, pausing at the doorway, and looked round, seeing Chris disappear quickly down the side of the office; he began to cross over to see if he was okay, his original plan was to wait for Chris to come to him. But as he entered the alley he could see Chris throwing up, and seeing the man he loved sick he couldn’t stay back.

Chris straightened up, slowly taking deep breaths, just in time to have Ezra lay a hand on his shoulder, and those long slender fingers that could manipulate a pack of cards do skillfully, digging into his flesh. He shuddered as he heard Ezra’s soft southern accent rolled over him like honey on a hot day. Turning quickly Chris struck his hand away and glared at the southerner even as he asked how he was. Seeing the look of concern on Ezra’s face he read more into it.

Before he knew what he was doing his clenched hand lashed out and his fist crashed into Ezra’s jaw sending him reeling back into the wall, off balance he fell to the ground. Chris loomed over the fallen man his hands curled into fists, “I don’t know what you did to me last night, but try it again and I’ll plant you in Boot Hill for the sodomite you are.” Turning on his heels he stalked off, his headache flashing pure white hot pain behind his eyes.

Ezra got slowly to his feet, one hand to his jaw, the other against the wall, as he tried to ride out the pain radiating from his face. He heard someone laughing and turned to see one of the locals standing there, the man wasn’t known for his support of the seven, and was relishing this split in their solidarity.

“Larabee finally find out he kind of scum he’s saddled with Standish, hell boy, I could have told him the minute I saw you.”

Ezra felt the anger building and all he wanted was to plant his fist in the man’s face, but it wasn’t going to get him anywhere, he took a steadying breath, he tugged his jacket back in place, and walked straight past the man, not giving him the satisfaction of showing how much Chris’s attack had affected him. There was the physical pain but what was worse was the loathing he had seen in those green eyes, as if he was the lowest form of life. He had expected many things that morning, but he hadn’t expected Chris to plan a fist in his face. The man had buried himself that deep into denial he was almost lost to him. But it wasn’t in Ezra’s make up to give up, if it was something he wanted he would move heaven and earth to get it, and in this instant that dazzling prize was Chris Larabee.

Phil Cook had seen the gun man’s fist slam into the gambler’s face and storm away, he didn’t know why he had done it, he hadn’t been close enough to hear, only seen the reaction it had caused. He had made out to Standish that he knew, twist the knife into the man’s guts a little deeper, and see the fancy man squirm. Absentmindedly Cook rubbed his own jaw sympathy, Larabee could throw a good punch, and he could testify to it first hand, and he reluctantly had to give it to the gambler for keeping on his feet. But that was as far as his good will was willing to go. The seven where like a pack watching each other’s back, together you couldn’t bring them down, but cut one out of the pack and he was far game. Turning on his heels he headed off to the saloon on the edge of town, there were a couple of people there that would really be interested in what he could tell them.
When Ezra entered the Sheriff’s office JD looked up from sorting the newly arrived wanted posters, there was one laid face down on the desk.

“Vin.”

JD nodded, “I am just checking the rest, then I’ll get it burnt.” He paused and then started to open his mouth, only to have Ezra cut him off.

“A small accident Mr. Dunne nothing more.” But his tone was harder than normal clearly signaling that the matter was closed.

JD watched Ezra take the poster glance at it, and then pushed it into the stove to burn, before pouring himself a cup of coffee, and sinking down in the other chair, looking out across the office and through the open door to the street beyond.

But JD got the feeling that Ez wasn’t actually seeing anything. The younger man went to open his mouth again and then closed it, he was the youngest of the seven, and he was willing to admit to himself that he was the one with the least experience of being a regulator, a hired gun. But he wasn’t an idiot, and for all that Buck teased him about saloon girls and getting himself an education. He wasn’t that innocent of the world around him, he had grown up working for a high-toned Boston socialite and her husband. The man was kind and gentle, but he had some likings that would have gotten him lynched if it had been found out. The man never came after him or any of the other young lads working the stables and main house, but he had his days, when he would go into town to his club. When he left he would be picked up in a high class carriage and the occupant was a man that well if he was a girl she would have been pretty, his fancy clothes fitted him like a well tailored glove.

That man never entered the house and when he asked once, he had gotten a clip round this ears that hard that he been seeing stars. The message was simple that man and he learned that the man in the carriage was always that man would never set foot in the house. His master as he understood it had two lives, and they would never come together in his own house. What his wife didn’t see she didn’t worry about, she could live in her own cocoon of ignorance, and denial. But it had been a miserable life, and she had seemed to waste away and die.

Now JD liked Ezra, but it had seen the signs early, old Ez never took any of the ladies to bed, even that Chinese girl that he had brought to save her, he hadn’t laid a hand on her, he had put that down to Ezra being a southern gentleman. But JD knew that was only part of it, Ezra just wasn’t interested in women, he played the game and danced the dance, but that was all it was.

Buck had his ladies, Vin shared a bed with Josiah at times, and with Buck as the mood took him, now JD was sure that Chris knew that, and never showed any anger, in fact the two men were as close as brothers.

He had watched his friends and decided that Chris and Vin were just that, he was sure that if Chris was interested he would have bedded Vin by now, the Texan didn’t seem to have a problem with sharing his body with men that he liked and trusted. That was the bit that JD was sure was the cornerstone with Vin he had to trust, it didn’t matter that Josiah was at last 15 years older than him, or that Buck tried to lay every woman of age in the whole town. Vin had to trust them to give himself to them.

But that one thing JD hadn’t expected and he was damn sure he was right was Ezra making his move on Chris Larabee and walk way breathing afterwards.

It saddened JD that Ezra was so unhappy, the gambler might have a good poker face, but now this minute in the office, he could see the sadness in the eyes, even as the black bruises began to mar the
pale skin of his jaw.

Suddenly he was jerked out of his thoughts by Chris Larabee framed in the doorway, “Patrol time JD, so get your ass out on the street, you’re late, I expect it of Standish, not from you. “ Chris barked.

JD nearly fell out of his chair in his haste to get up; he muttered an apologetic, “sorry,” as he passed Chris, only to turn when Ezra didn’t follow him to see that Chris was blocking the door with his arm stopping Ezra from leaving.

“Do your job Standish.” He growled the words as he added “Because if you don’t I’ll want your ass out of town, and if you’re still around by sundown and I’ll thrown you in jail.”

Ezra just looked him straight in the eyes, he could smell the drink on Larabee’s breath, “Free land Larabee, I’ll leave when I want to, and not before. So I’ll work your patrol only because I want to.”

He pushed past Chris and caught up with JD, and began his patrol of Main Street; he didn’t look back at his former friend.

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Five days later

Four Corners

Ezra looked out of the window of his room above the saloon and watched the townspeople going about their everyday lives.

It had been so different just a short time ago, when an Eastern lawman had taken over from the Seven, and forced them from town, leaving it open for a gang of outlaws to come in and take over.

They had been scattered to the four winds, the lawman, what was his name? Ezra shook his head, not that it mattered the man was nothing more than a well meaning marker in the cemetery now. Had made it very clear to him personally, that gamblers, in particular two bit tin horn gamblers, were not welcome in his town.

Vin had had to give the man a wide berth the lawman looked the type that carried a full set of wanted posters with him, and wouldn’t hesitate to bring the Texan in if he found his poster among them. So Ezra had found himself leaving town one step ahead of being thrown into jail for gambling.

Somehow he got the feeling that he would meet up with the other members of the seven, fate was that kind of bitch. 

They had, but it had been 24 hours too late, they had met him as he had been leaving at speed from a stinking dive of a flea bitten way station, after he had won a poker game against an inbred clan. He hadn’t told them what had happened at the way station, knowing that Vin Tanner would want revenge for him and Chris Larabee would properly just think that he deserved it.

Ezra shuddered even as he felt the warmth of the day seeping through his open window, in his mind he could see the dim lit room, he could smell the stench of unwashed bodies, the men of the clan clustered around him as he was pinned face down on the table, his pants pulled down to his ankles, the rough cloth of Old Man Meyers home spun clothes, against his skin. He could still feel the man’s rancid breath on the back of his neck, the boney fingers thrusting into his hole, as the old man had crackled against his ears, “gonna make this a smooth ride boy, goose grease ease the way, got to leave some for the others.” as Old Man Meyer’s filthy hands clutched his hips as he had thrust inside of him to the roar of his clan it hadn’t taken much, before the old man’s seed had exploded inside his body, he had collapsed onto his back.
He heard the old man whoop as he said “he’s got him the tightest ass this side of the Rio, you got to try him.” He pulled out making Ez gasp and then gave his ass a hard slap, as he stepped back for one of the other to take his place and another hard cock breached his body, as they took turns mounting him, grunting like pigs as they thrust inside of him and clawed at his hips, arms, biting at his shoulder marking him. How long Ezra didn’t know but finally it was over, his forfeit for cheating in the poker game or so they said.

He hadn’t cheated but the clan had through differently, and If he had been honest he had expected a quick knife across his throat, killing him with no more emotion than they would a hog when they had finished with him and he had laid spread eagle across the table, their cum running down his thighs, his body one mass of pain radiating from his well used and abused hole. But the clan had been different, to them dues had been paid, honor satisfied and that was all that bothered them.

After they had finished taking their pleasure they had offered him a plug of chewing tobacco, and a glass of the vile stuff they called their best sipping whiskey as if nothing had happened. When one of the younger man had caught for his wrist, wanting another go at him, the old man had back handed his kinsman with a powerful blow that had sent the younger man staggering into the table and crashing down onto his ass. The old man had then apologies to him, actually apologies to him for the kid’s bad manners.

The clan had gotten drunk as the evening had progressed, a couple of them had started pushing him up against the wall, their hands on his pants, rubbing him through the material, only backing off when he pressed the derringer to one of their heads. Old Man Meyer had pulled him away from them, and nodded towards the stock room, “best get the hell out of here Ezra before the boys have seconds of that fine ass of yours.” He hadn’t needed warning twice and he spent the night in a stock room, sat against the wall clutching his gun, as the clan had gotten drunk the door had rocked a few times as one of them had tried to push it open only to be defeated by the wood bar across it.

The next morning he had emerged to find them laid out drunk across the room, he had gotten his horse then came back into the room and taken his money from the old man’s pocket and been half way across the room when the old goat had woken up and all hell had been let loose. Lucky he had gotten out of the way station one jump ahead of them and then bumped into the other regulators, Chris had gave him the look, the one that didn’t believe a word he was saying, as keen green eyes had taken in his lamp soothed smeared face and clothes, and the ridged lines of his body, as he tried to suppress the pain that radiated from his abused ass, somehow Ezra found that he had managed to just shrugged and said “never bet with a clan” and had put his heels into the belly of his horse and taken off with the rest of the seven round him.

Looking back on the events that followed he had never thought he would ever wear Yankee Blue and he could only guess at what Vin had through about it, but they had done what needed to be done and saved the town, and the judge had taken them back as regulators.

Ezra pulled himself back to the present and watched as Chris Larabee seated on the porch of the jail reading one of his habitual books. That was one of the things that had surprised him the most, was that Chris Larabee with his reputation for violence, loved reading; he always seemed to have a book in his room.

Nathan had seen the way he was moving, the man had shown true concern for him. Ezra had felt a real bastard when he had had to fall back on the attitude that he had showed Nathan at the Indian village when he had dislocated his arm. The face of a white southern gentleman who thought himself to good to have the hands of a black healer on him. When he knew that all the man wanted to do was make sure that he wasn’t injured, but what had dreaded seeing the most would be the look of disgust in Nathan’s eyes, as he saw the purple and blue bruises on his hips, finger marks where they had
clawed his body to hold him in place, the seeping bite mark on his shoulder that seemed to throb in
time with the pain radiating from his abused ass. Nathan would know what that meant; he would
know what had happened to him. Ezra turned from the window and folded down onto his knees, and
vomited into the chamber pot, as he smelt against the cloying stench of urine and the unwashed
bodies of the clan, which seemed to cling to him no matter how much he washed.

He could still feel the sensation of their cum flooding his ass, as hard calloused hands pulling at his
own cock, laughed about him enjoying himself as unexpected skilled fingers had worked him at the
same time as other fingers had poked into him hitting his pleasure spot making him come over their
hands much to their howling glee. His own cum smeared over his face mouth, making him suck it off
filthy fingers, as they pushed those same fingers down his throat, until he was fighting for breath,
only for the fingers to be pulled out, and a hard cock thrust in, strong fingers wrapping into his hair
as his head was held tight as they fucked his face.

Ezra began to shake as he rocked himself back and forward and he was pulled back to the past, his
head thrown back, as he banged it against the wall, as if it could knock the memories from his mind,
his fingers biting into his jacket as he clutched his forearms. Then he brought his fists down hard
onto his thighs, when he opened his hands again the shaking was gone, and he had control over his
emotions again. He would keep his secret, his body would take longer to heal but it would retain his
secret.

When he heard the knock on the door he was sure that it was Nathan, the man never knew when to
give up, he stalked to the door and pulled it open only to see Chris Larabee stood there, his face
emotionless, he didn’t ask to come in he just pushed past.

Ezra stood there, door still in his hand, in disbelief, looking from Chris to the door and back again.

“Mr. Larabee, the last time I looked my name’s on the register this is my room, so get out.”

“Gonna play it this way Standish.” Chris’s voice was rough, as if he had been up all night smoking
and drinking rot gut whiskey, but even so Ezra felt the effect it had on him, ruthlessly he squashed it
back down. “Nathan’s worried about you, he thinks you’ve been hurt, wants to take a look at you.”

“It’s not going to happen Mr. Larabee,” Ezra spat back at him, and then took a breath, his voice
returning to normal, “thanks Mr. Jackson for his concern, but I am alright.”

“What happen Ezra, your last fuck get too rough,” he nodded at the bruising, “you let him do this to
you, and you let him treat you like a half dollar whore.”

Something snapped in Ez, and without knowing what he did his fist caught Chris on the side of the
jaw, sending him staggering backward, but this time unlike in the stable Chris managed to catch
himself.

“You want to know what happened back there,” Ezra’s voice was rising “I won a game of poker,
only they said I cheated, I gambled with a clan, a whole fucking clan.” A note of hysteria was now
edged to Ezra’s voice, “they accused me of cheating, and I faced six guns and they gave me a
choice, they took my money and I had nothing, but I still had to pay them back” Ezra laughed, “So
Mr. Larabee I paid them back with the only thing I had I gave up my ass to them. They took me;
they fucking took me while their women folk watched. They watched Larabee, I…….” The tears
that had been held back came rolling down his face, as he shook; Ezra closed his eyes, not wanting
to see the moment that Chris walked out on him once and for all, because he confirmed everything
that the gun man believed.

Ezra was shocked therefore when strong arms encircled him, and he was pulled close, the scent of
tobacco, whiskey replaced the scent of the clan’s unwashed bodies, opening his eyes he saw that he was held by Chris. Unable to stop the sob he buried his face against Chris’s shoulder, as he wrapped one arm round Chris, he felt him flinch, but the gun man didn’t pull away. Ezra felt Chris’s hands moving over his body, timidly trying to give his reassurance, Ezra made no effort to move, frightened that any movement on his behalf would send Chris crashing back in denial again.

Chris’s voice was rough now, with emotion, “I can’t promise anything Ez, can’t promise I understand what I feel, but ……” he trailed off as he closed his eyes and pulled him closer.

“But all I know is that I can’t live without you, when you rode away, I had to find you, if JD hadn’t told us the direction you had gone in…. “He broke off again, and for the first time Ezra felt the tremors running through the gunman. Chris Larabee thought nothing of going up against the odds that would scare any sane man. But this….. These emotions scared the gunman to his very core.

Ezra knew that he had to do or say something, reassure the older man that it was alright. He cupped Chris’s face and then leaning forward rested his forehead against Chris’s. He heard Chris catch his breath, and pull him closer, as if he wanted to melt their bodies together.

Tears beaded Ezra’s eye, he loved his man, but knew that he wasn’t worthy of him. He was little better than a whore, Ezra mused, the Clan had been only the latest in a line of men that had used him, he couldn’t deny that he had used his body to barter is way across the west when the cards went sour, and left him penniless.

Sometimes it was one night, or at the most a week or two, offering his ass up to them in payment of his markers. He liked to think they parted on good terms, his lover usually slipping him a tip at the end of their time together to help him on his way. It was a fair trade they had some hot memories, and he had money in his pocket for his next poker game. It had taken the Clan to bring the reality crashing down round him. The public humiliation, the women laughing and yelling out encouragements, the hands clawing at him as they took their turn. What made him thing that he was worthy to have Chris as his lover, the Clan in treating him like a whore had shown him what he was.

Chris might go with whores when the itch got too bad, but that was all they ever where to him none would replace his beloved wife, and he had the nerve to try to offer himself up as a replacement. He should stop this now, but he was too weak, he wanted Chris too much.

He felt Chris’ callus fingers easing his face back, and for a long moment they looked into each other’s eyes, it was as if the blond gun fighter could see into his very soul. Whatever he was expecting it wasn’t for Chris to kiss him, it was nothing but the barest brush of lips, but it had him leaning into him, trying to deepen the kiss, but the moment he did that Chris pulled back, pushing him away and turned on his heels and walked to the door.

“You’re leaving.” Ezra couldn’t stop the desperation in his voice; Chris paused on hand on the door handle.

Chris didn’t turn “you need to rest Ez.”

“Mr. Larabee.” The plea was in the name, “What I need is you.” Ezra could feel the panic surging through him as he knew that if he let Chris leave the room, now he would run and keep running.

Chris didn’t turn; he just froze with his hand on the door handle, his head lowered as if he had never seen the floor before. Ezra felt a cold weight settle in his stomach, Chris looked spooked.

“I can never replace your family Mr. Larabee, and I would never try, but let me love you.” Ezra didn’t try to hide his emotions knowing that he needed to be totally honest with Chris now, if he
hoped they could create a life together.

“This is new Ez; I don’t know what to do.” There was a plea for help that cut Ezra to the bone, Chris Larabee never begged, but he was now, and he sounded lost.

“Then tell me what you want.” Ezra said firmly, as he took a step closer to the man he loved as he took control. “Tell me what you want to do, what you’ve dreamed of doing to me, nothing you want will turn me away from you.”

“I want …” Chris turned with a shuddering breath, “I want.” He paused and then more firmly as he met Ezra’s gaze head on. “I want you,” he took a step closer, his voice became more like his own, the authority “I want to pin you to the bed and fuck you raw.” There was an aggression in him that made Ezra’s breath catch in his throat, and sent bolts of heat surging through his groin. Chris continued “I want to make you scream my name until you’re hoarse.” Chris’s breathe coming harsher, “but not here not in a hotel room, my home, I need you there.”

Ezra just nodded, and finished dressing quickly, and followed Chris out of the room and down the stairs and out onto the street. At no point did Chris look at him, he was projecting a barely suppressed aggression that had the towns people scattering out of his way, Ezra followed in his wake.

At the stable Ezra saw the Hughes brothers, and nodded to them that everything was alright, as Chris snarled at them to get the horses ready. Tiny grinned behind Chris’s back at Ezra, and the gambler knew what Tiny was thinking, Chris was marking his territory. And as long as he was okay with it, they wouldn’t interfere.

Once on his horse Chris dug his heels in and his horse took off at a gallop. Ezra gave the brothers a two finger salute and kicked his own horse into a run, they soon left the town behind them, only then did Chris pull his horse back to a slow walk, he didn’t say a word only just glanced across at him and turned his horse towards the ranch. They rode in silence, words for the moment not needed; they would come when they arrived at Chris’s home. But for the moment the two men kept their own peace.

The end

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