

Abuse of Power

Dyson Porter



ABUSE OF POWER

PART ONE

DYSON PORTER



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CHAPTER ONE

Cars crept past us. Nobody sped, and the radio was quiet. Dispatch hadn't made a call in over an hour.

I should have been happy for the break. Instead, I was just bored.

I almost suggested we cruise through the drug neighborhoods and look for someone to arrest, but I didn't want to do that either. Pulling kids in and adding to their rap sheets wasn't my idea of a good time.

My new partner, Ian, would have been all over that idea. He was fresh out of the academy and still gung-ho as hell. He still had the buzz cut, square jaw, and physique honed by discipline and sergeants. I was only a few years older, still in damned good shape, but I'd mellowed--a lot.

He sat in the passenger seat with his eyes flicking between cars and pedestrians, just waiting for anyone to do something wrong. On the calls we'd had over the last two months, I'd had to call him off almost every time. I had to keep reminding him that in the eyes of the law, that thing we'd sworn to uphold, the people we arrested were innocent until proven guilty. We don't beat innocent people. Hell, we don't beat guilty people unless they're physically resisting. Ian had a chip on his shoulder and acted like he had something to prove.

I'd come out of the academy the same way, but my last partner, Allen, had helped me tone it down.

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The guys had given me a lot of shit for partnering with the only out, gay cop in the precinct. At first, I told them I didn't get to choose my partner—the chief did that. But after about six months, I just told them to fuck off.

I'd only ever had one problem with him and we remedied that pretty quickly.

CHAPTER TWO

We'd parked on a night-time stakeout near Habersham Park. It was a big deal.

Two beat-cops had been asked to help the detectives because they were stretched too thin and would look good on our records. In plain clothes, in my truck, we sat across the street from a crack house, waiting to spot a robbery suspect headquarters though might show up.

We'd sat there for three hours when Allen told me the energy drinks he'd been downing were getting the best of him. The park's bathroom was only about a hundred yards away, so he jumped out of the truck and jogged over.

I watched the house. Before I realized it, fifteen minutes had passed. No matter how much caffeine a person's had, they don't piss for fifteen minutes.

Everything that could have gone wrong ran through my head. I just knew we'd been made and someone had waited in the bathroom to take out whichever one of us had the smallest bladder.

I flipped open a tiny bluetooth camera that connected to the police laptop next to me and set it on the dash so it could see the house. My movements were casual as I left the truck and walked into the park, but once I had some tree cover, I went into stealth mode.

I pulled the gun out of my waistband, crouched low, and made my way to the large, lit opening that led to the men's room. A large block of light hit the ground right in front of the door, so I eased up against the building and slid along the wall until I was just inches away.

I lifted my gun and unclipped my badge from my pants pocket. The only sound coming from the restroom was the buzz of the glaring fluorescents. No water ran. Nothing. My heart pounded in my ears.

I slid into the opening and pressed myself against the cinderblock partition that guys had to walk around to get to the can. It kept the public from having to watch men pee. Now it separated me from the guttural noises coming from the other side.

More visions of horror flitted through my imagination. The sounds were really close to how a person sounds when they are laying on the floor, bleeding out, and choking on their own blood.

I couldn't wait any more. Allen was still in there and he needed my help. I took a deep breath, got my gun and badge into position, and swung around the barrier.

"Freeze! Police!"

The two men froze. Then I froze. My job dropped. Allen's couldn't, because there was a cock shoved in it.

I was fucking pissed. Allen was mortified. And the Hispanic dude he'd been blowing was scared as shit. When I told him to put his fucking dick away and get lost, he bolted.

Allen wouldn't get away so easily. He wiped his mouth and looked up from where he still knelt on the floor.

"Man, I'm so fucking sorry," he said. "But, is that really necessary?"

I was still frozen in position. My badge and gun still pointed straight at him.

The click when I put my safety on echoed through the concrete room. I slid my badge back into my pocket and hid the gun under my shirt in the back of my pants.

I wanted to kick his ass right there, but we'd abandoned the stakeout and needed to get back.

"Truck. Now." I turned and walked out.

He scurried off the floor and shuffled behind me back to the truck.

I should have made him crawl.

We got back to the truck, and I calmly put the camera away. "You check the footage. Make sure we didn't miss anything." Fuck it. It was his fault, so he could do the extra work.

He picked the laptop up off the seat and opened it. "I'm sorry, man," he said. "Look, you knew I was gay—"

"Fuck!" I yelled and spun on him as much as I could on the truck's bench seat. If we'd been standing face to face, I'd have punched him.

"Do you really think that's why I'm pissed?" I spit the words out. "If I'd given a shit, I would have asked for a new partner. Chief told me that if it got to be too much, he'd give me a new one - no questions asked."

He opened his mouth to say something. I held up my hand.

"Don't fucking speak," I commanded. "I don't give a flying fuck where your dick goes or where you stuff other dicks. I do fucking care when it puts one of us in danger. Got it?"

His eyes were wide and his fingers rested on the laptop keys without moving. I took his stunned nod as an emphatic 'yes.'

"Good. You get the overwhelming urge to smoke a fucking pole on duty again, you'd better let me know. Hell, you can have mine. At least I'll know where you are. Ever pull a stunt like that again." I pointed to the park. "I'll report you so fucking fast. You wouldn't be able to get a security job guarding a fabric store. Understand?"

"Yes, sir." His voice was small, and he slowly turned his attention to the laptop.

We sat in silence for ten minutes. I watched the house, still burning with rage. He clicked keys, watching the video of the time we missed. Eventually, he closed the computer and slid it under the seat.

"Nothing," he said.

I grunted.

The seat shifted as he repositioned himself to face me. "Were you serious?"

I turned my head so my eyes could bear down on him across the truck's cab. "Fuckin' aye, I'll report you."

He grinned and looked down at the seat. His hands wrung together like he was working dough.

"No. I got that," he said, raising his head to look at my face. "I meant that other part."

It took a few seconds for me to remember what I'd said in the heat of anger. When it dawned on me, I wasn't sure how to react.

He stared at me, fidgeting and waiting.

“Fucking bastard,” I muttered. Then I decided, what the fuck? After all the shit he’d just put me through, he owed me.

I didn’t say anything. I just turned back to watch the crack house, unzipped my jeans, and leaned back.

He pulled my fly apart and ran his fingers over my limp, cotton-covered cock. I’d never let a man in my pants before. Never even thought about it. At the time, I thought of him blowing me as a way to humiliate him for what he did. I found out pretty quickly that wasn’t the case—at all. I don’t think there’s a person on earth who loved having a cock in his mouth more than Allen.

He moaned a little. Even soft, my dick was pretty impressive. The other guys used to make fun of me in the showers until we got older. Then they were jealous.

“I knew it would be awesome,” he said.

I looked down at the back of his head. “Why the hell have you been thinking about my dick?” I demanded.

He shrugged and pulled the front of my underwear down far enough to expose the root of my shaft. “Why wouldn’t I?”

I didn’t know how to answer that.

Then the fingers I relied on to pull the trigger if I was ever in trouble reached into my underwear and wrapped around my cock. His cool skin felt good on my shaft.

He dragged my flaccid cock out into the open and let it flop to the side. Another moan came out of him as he reached back in and cupped my balls.

“I can’t wait to suck the cum out of these.”

I felt like I was at the doctor’s and should turn my head and cough. I looked up from the action in my lap and back to the house.

“You’d better get busy then. You’re got a long way to go.” I doubted it would even get up for him, much less actually shoot.

He lifted my dick. “We’ve got six more hours out here,” he said as he leaned down and engulfed my cock.

One hand supported him as his tongue explored every inch of the pole in his mouth, and the other fished my nuts out of my pants. When he hooked my underwear under my balls, leaving them out and exposed, he licked them, even with a mouth full of my cock.

I sucked in a breath and my dick twitched. It obviously liked that and I

was pretty sure getting me off wouldn't be much of a problem for him.

It didn't take long for me to get rock hard. He handled the whole thing like a pro. Since I wasn't quite as big as the cock he was working on in the bathroom, I didn't feel too concerned.

He worked on me for a good fifteen minutes, swallowing my cock for a while and licking my nuts. Once he pulled off and tried to use his hand.

I knocked it away and pushed his head back down. What the fuck did I care if his mouth hurt? The bastard owed me.

For the last five minutes, I thought of baseball stats, chores I needed to do at home, and where I would take my girlfriend to dinner Friday night. Anything to drag it out.

Finally, I couldn't take it anymore.

Usually, chicks want warning so they can point it away from their face, avoiding the firehose of cum. For a second, I thought of warning Allen. Then I changed my mind.

Instead, I grabbed the back of his head with both hands and pushed down as hard as I could. My cock drove far down his throat and let loose a river of cum.

THE REVELATION that a blowjob from a dude could be awesome caused a few changes in mine and Allen's relationship, with each other and with some of our usual suspects.

For the next two-and-a-half years, he knew that if we had down time, he was more than welcome to amuse himself. It got to where my cock expected it. Eventually, any time we'd pull over to eat lunch or grab a coffee, my dick would stiffen.

A few of the low level people we could have nabbed on petty, victimless crimes, mostly minor drug possession or prostitution, figured out that if they blew a load in Allen, he'd let them go. Once I came onto the scene, they had to add swallowing my load to their penance. Nobody ever complained. It was a small price to pay to not add another line to their rap sheets.

After a few years of blowing a load or two every shift, my body still expected a pair of lips to wrap around my cock and suck the cum from my balls. I only saw my girlfriend twice a week, and I was used to people getting me off at least fifteen times a week.

CHAPTER THREE

I adjusted my involuntarily hard shaft and looked over at Ian to make sure he didn't notice the pole trying to sneak down my leg. He still watched people pass, waiting with his lips pursed. His thick, red lips.

Fuck. I had to pull myself together. It was about time for a bathroom break, anyway. I knew just the place, with a single bathroom where I could rub one out in private. That way, I could get my mind off my dick and back on my job.

I opened my mouth to suggest a pit stop when the radio crackled.

"Minor disturbance at O'Malley's Pub. Third and Washington."

We were only two blocks away and a quick peacekeeping call was just the distraction I needed. And if Ian went off the rails and beat somebody up, I'd have plenty of time to jerk it while he filled out paperwork.

I picked up the mic. "Car 87. About ninety seconds away. We'll take it."

"Ten four, 87."

I put the car in gear and pulled out into traffic. Ian almost bounced in his seat. A disturbance, no matter how minor, had the potential to get physical. I shook my head, trying to figure out why the guy was so high-strung. Maybe he was the youngest of a brood of brothers and was overcompensating. After two months I really should have known something about his personal life. Hell, I'd met most of the dudes Allen had dated and he'd hung out with me and a few of the girlfriends I'd had.

I double-parked outside O'Malley's. We'd been so close; I hadn't even bothered to use the siren or lights.

Music pumped through the dim room. Because the sun had just set, few people had made it out to start their night. The emptiness of the bar made the music seem louder, and somewhat pathetic.

The voice of a tall man at the end of the bar overpowered the jukebox.

"Fuck! Did you really call the cops on me?" He yelled at the petite female behind the bar.

He was 6'2" and around 200 pounds. Tattoos on both large arms and up the side of his neck. Short brown hair, tanned, and obviously intoxicated. Not a threat.

The guy standing beside him, I knew. Medium length blond hair, 5'10", wiry build, a mouth like a Hoover, and looked younger than he actually was. All great traits for a hustler who let older men fuck him for money. His name was Connor. Allen and I had almost arrested him quite a few times, and he was always good for sex.

Ian and I took a few steps toward the bar.

"Fuck you, Amy," the tall guy yelled as he turned toward the back entrance. "I'll fucking get you for this."

He and Connor bolted toward the back door that led to the alley.

Without a word, Ian and I bolted after them. We caught up to them just as Connor hit the release bar on the door.

I used my years of playing football to hit them both with my shoulder, sending them out the door and sprawling into the alley.

Ian grabbed the big guy and rolled him over on his stomach. Show off.

"I didn't fucking do anything," the screeched as Ian slapped cuffs on his wrists, binding his hands behind him.

"Then why'd you run?" Ian asked.

"It was nothing!" the guy moaned. "She's my girl. It was just a misunderstanding."

Connor grunted as he rolled over onto his back. A grin crept onto his face. "Evening, officer."

"Connor." I nodded and tried not to look at his full lips.

His friend writhed on the ground like a fish, cursing and threatening.

Ian stop up and pressed his boot man's back, pinning his chest to the asphalt.

"Stop moving, asshole. You'll hurt yourself," Ian commanded.

"Good!" The guy grunted and wriggled harder. "Then I can claim police brutality. I'll own your ass then. I have a witness."

It was my turn to grin. "Connor, are you witnessing anything?"

Connor shook his head. "Nope."

That sent the guy into a rage.

I held a hand down to Connor. He took it and struggled to his feet.

"You alright?" I asked.

He moved his arm and shoulder. "Yeah, not too bad."

"Good. Now who is this clown?"

He rolled his eyes. "That's Duane. We've known each other since we were kids. I thought we were just going for drinks and a few games of pool. This wasn't in the plans."

I shook my head. "From what I saw, you were an accessory to threats and intimidation." I motioned for him to turn around.

He sighed but turned with his hands behind his back. "Is that even a thing?" he asked.

Probably not, I thought.

I pulled his hands together and slipped the cuffs off my belt. He reached back and grabbed my crotch. I jumped.

My cock thickened. I'd let the guy go down on me about a dozen times, so I couldn't get mad at him for being handsy.

I couldn't get mad at my cock either. Allen and I had gone out of our way a few times just to pick him up for something. His mouth was that good.

"You got this?" Ian asked. "I'm going to talk to the bartender and get her side of things."

"She's a fucking liar!" Duane shouted as he struggled to get up.

Ian put his boot between Duane's shoulder blades, pinning him back down. "You're not sounding credible yourself."

Duane stopped squirming. Moving around on the dirty asphalt had to hurt.

Ian looked at me and I nodded. He disappeared back through the heavy metal door, leaving me in the alley with the suspects.

"So that's why I haven't seen you in a while." Connor smirked.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said. I knew exactly what he was talking about.

“Uh huh.” Connor rolled his eyes. “You got a new partner and now the big, scary straight guy can’t go around getting his dick wet in any fag willing to open his mouth... or legs.”

My skin heated and my uniform felt uncomfortable. “I’ve never fucked a guy.”

Connor looked skeptical. “Bull shit. As much as your partner loved getting split by a big dick, you can’t tell me you never slipped him the d.”

I shook my head. Allen and I had never even talked about butt fucking. Now that I thought about it, that was a little weird. Why hadn’t he at least asked me? It’s not like I would have said ‘yes,’ but being asked would have been nice. He knew I’d say no. That had to be it.

Connor broke out laughing. “I’ll be damned. You really haven’t, have you?”

I glared while he exhausted his chuckles.

A tear rolled down his cheek from the laughter. “I can tell you’re thinking about it though.”

“What the fuck?” Duane moaned from the ground. “Stop with this fag shit.”

I stepped over, planted my foot on his back, and applied pressure.

“And this is a friend of yours?” I asked Connor.

He scowled at Duane. “We’re not close.”

I looked down at Duane. When I first saw him, I’d evaluated him for threat level. Now I tried to shift my perspective to Connor’s or Allen’s.

The guy was country. Short, dark hair, flannel shirt, muscled body, Wranglers pulled tight over a narrow ass...

“Ah hah,” I said.

“Ah hah, what?” Duane demanded.

I pushed my foot into his back harder, making him grunt.

“You want to be close. Why else would you hang out with this asshole? You want him to fuck you.”

Duane’s head snapped around and he stared at Connor, daring him to speak.

Connor’s face glowed red. “Fuck you, cop.”

It took everything I had not to laugh.

When he didn’t get a reaction from me, he switched back to his usual self.

“Let us go and you can fuck me.” He turned and lifted his cuffed hands

so I could see his ass. "You can even leave the handcuffs on. I know that's what you're into."

Duane struggled under my foot again. "You fucking faggots," he grunted. "If you're going to take his ass to let us go, just let me get out of here."

I pushed down hard with my boot. The guy was really pissing me off. When I took my foot off, he panted, trying to catch his breath. Some really bad ideas percolated in my head.

He yelled when I grabbed the chain of the cuffs and hauled him to his feet.

Before he could put up a fight, I flicked out my extra set of cuffs and shackled him to a water pipe coming out of the bricks at the back of the bar and bent down to somewhere under ground. It was sturdy enough and gave me a break from having to watch him.

Just as I stepped away, out of reach of Duane's kicking, Ian stepped out of the bar into the alley.

"So, what's happening to these two?" I asked.

He took in the scene. Connor stood patiently while Duane still struggled against the pipe. "They okay for a minute?"

"Yep."

He motioned for me to follow him out of earshot. "That's some work you got going on there," he said.

I shrugged. "Couldn't put them in the cruiser. It's around front."

"Fair enough." He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "She doesn't want to press charges or trespass them. Just wanted them gone."

"That's a shame," I said, looking back at the bound men.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh," I stammered. "Just that they won't learn a lesson that way."

He nodded. "Guess not."

"You know what?" I was getting an idea. One that needed Ian out of the way. "They don't know there aren't any charges."

I watched his face to see whether I could get away with what I had in mind.

"How about..." I paused like the ideas were coming to me slowly. "Why don't you leave me here with them while you grab the car--" I fished out my wallet and handed him a twenty. "Grab some sandwiches from that place you like, then swing back, and pick me up."

He looked skeptical.

“Just call in that we’re on dinner break. I’ll put a little fear of god in ‘em, and we’ll eat.”

He glanced at the guys. Connor smirked and Duane looked pissed. If this worked, he was about to be way more pissed.

Ian shrugged. “Hell, as long as you’re buying. Don’t leave marks.”

He opened the door to walk back through the bar. *Good thing he’s a sadistic bastard*, I thought.

CHAPTER FOUR

I took out my nightstick and slowly walked toward Connor and Duane. The whack as it slapped my palm echoed in the small alley. Somebody was about to get a stick all right.

"Okay, boys. We can forget this whole thing, or I can take you in. What will it be?"

Connor smirked and stepped toward me. "Forget it, obviously."

I held up my hand and motioned for him to stop. "It has to be unanimous."

Duane spit on the ground. "Fuck. Do whatever you want to him. Just let me go."

"You have priors." I said it with confidence, but it was just a guess. I mean, how could he not?

He narrowed his eyes. "Yeah, so?"

"So..." I echoed, "you'll do what I say." Nobody's ever accused me of being mature.

He didn't say anything, which I took as a green light. I walked behind Connor and took off the cuffs.

He rubbed his wrists while I put them back on my belt.

"Okay, boy. Go to work."

He grinned and started to kneel in front of me.

"No," I said as I grabbed him under the shoulders and stood him back up. I almost laughed at the confusion on his face.

"Not me." I pointed to Duane. "Him." I figured I owed Connor. And from as much of an asshole as Duane was, this might be his only chance.

Duane squealed in rage. A pretty unmanly sound. But, Connor's face split in half with his huge grin. There was a little trepidation on his face too. I saw I'd have to help it along.

I grabbed Connor by the back of the neck and pushed him toward Duane. "You don't have a choice."

I made my voice as gruff and cop-like as I could. "You want your friend loose, you'll do what I say."

Connor glanced at me. His eyes were wide with concern. For a second, I reconsidered, but he winked at me, quick enough that there was no way Duane, still in a tirade, could have seen.

Oh, yeah, it'd happen and my cock was rock hard.

Since I still held the back of his neck. I pushed Connor down to his knees. His face was inches from Duane's crotch and I swear he was salivating.

Duane's legs shifted in a way I didn't like. I whipped out my nightstick.

"You kick him and I'll break your legs off at the knees," I growled.

He fought against the cuffs and spit at me. I couldn't blame him. I'd be pissed too, but I didn't have time to fuck around. Ian would be back any minute.

I held the handle of the nightstick in my left hand so the main part ran along my forearm and pressed it against his neck until he was pinned against the brick wall.

"You're not in a position to fuck with me." I pressed harder, and he gasped for air. "Got it?"

He nodded the best he could. When I reached down with my right hand and popped the button on his jeans, he grunted angrily, but didn't move.

"He's doing this for you." I let up on the baton's pressure and he gulped air like a guppy. "You two put on a show for me, or you go in."

I slid his zipper down and his fly folded open to reveal ugly green boxers.

Figures, I thought.

With a few deft moves, the jeans slid over his narrow hips and hit the ground. Even soft, the dude was packing. It hung heavy against the leg of the shorts. Connor would owe me months of relief.

Connor raised his hands halfway toward Duane's crotch and hesitated. It was no time for cold feet.

I yanked down the front of Duane's underwear. His flaccid, thick cock flopped down over a pair of hairy low-hangers. Mine had been something of a forest too until Allen had given me pointers on grooming. Actually, they had been closer to demands than pointers. Since he buried his face down there regularly, it seemed a small price to pay.

From the look on Connor's face, he didn't seem to mind the hair. I hooked Duane's waistband under his impressive nuts and smacked the back of Connor's head, pushing his face into the soft cock.

He still hesitated.

I leaned in close to Duane. With my mouth inches from his ear, I demanded, "Tell him to suck your cock."

Duane shook his head. I increased the pressure on the nightstick and he coughed. When I thought he'd had enough, I let up and tried again.

"Tell him to suck your fucking cock."

Duane was so mad, his eyes almost glowed in the dim light. Still breathing hard, trying to catch his breath, he looked down at Connor and growled. "Suck my fucking cock."

I pulled the baton away from Duane's neck and took a couple of steps back. "Give me a show."

Connor reached for Duane's cock.

"No hands," I commanded. I really liked being bossy.

He dropped his hands and lowered his head so he could come at the end of the shaft more easily. The head disappeared into his open mouth and he sealed his lips around it. His cheeks pulled in as he sucked the rest into his mouth, rising back up until his lips were firmly attached to the base. His mouth and throat moved frantically. I knew from experience that his tongue was very, very busy.

Duane sucked in a breath.

"Good, huh?" I asked.

His eyes were hard for a second, but they almost rolled back in his head when Connor twisted his head from side to side.

I put the baton away. He was into it now and Connor was reasonably safe. Hell, his mouth could bring any man to his knees about as fast as my baton, anyway.

I adjusted my cock to a more comfortable position and squatted down to watch Connor work. The guy should give classes.

He pulled his head back, letting the now rigid cock glide out of his mouth. Duane was a shower and a grower.

"Enjoying yourself?" I asked.

As the head slipped out of his lips with a pop, he smiled dreamily and grunted.

"Looks like he is too." I nodded my head to the thick rod swaying in front of him.

He leaned forward and took the head back into his mouth, running his tongue around and around it. Duane's knees buckled.

That was all the watching I could take. I stood and reached for my zipper.

Duane eyed me warily. He seemed to have gotten used to the idea of having his cock sucked by a guy, but wasn't sure about the introduction of another dick.

I fished my hard rod out of my pants and stepped closer to Connor. Seeing that he was about to have two toys, he got excited and moved faster on Duane. The kid loved cock.

When my dick was inches from his face, Connor reached up and grasped it by the base, pulling me closer. Soon he was alternating between our dicks with an almost clockwork precision.

I could have watched him work all night, but I was in a time crunch. When I put my hand on top of Connor's head to stop him, Duane groaned.

"Don't worry, big guy," I said. "You'll get a nut."

I pulled Connor to his feet. "Drop your pants."

His eyes were suspicious, but he didn't hesitate. In less than a second his jeans were around his ankles on the dirty asphalt. His hard dick strained against his skin-tight, electric-blue underwear.

"Drawers too," I commanded.

He smiled as he stuck his thumbs in the waist and shimmied them down. Staying bent over longer than he needed to, he fished something out of his pants pocket and then kicked the discarded clothes to the side.

"Will I need this?" He held up a square metallic package and a tiny tube of clear liquid.

"Depends on this guy," I said.

Connor's eyes lit up again.

I turned to Duane. "The sooner your dick squirts, the sooner you're out of here."

He looked around frantically. Checking to make sure both ends of the alley were still empty. "You want me to fuck him?" His raging hard cock made it look like it wouldn't be that much of a sacrifice.

I nodded. "Or, since I'm not going to uncuff your hands until we're done. He's going to fuck himself with your dick."

Connor ripped the condom wrapper open with his teeth and threw the empty wrapper on the ground. I was very much against littering, but it didn't seem the time to bring it up.

He knelt in front of Duane and had the condom rolled on to the base in seconds. The kid was a pro. He broke the end off the lube and coated Duane's cock before standing again and reaching to lube his hole.

The leer on his face as he turned and backed up was almost scary.

Duane tried to back away, but only ended up pinning himself to the wall.

I reached in between them and helped aim the cock at Connor's hole. Once it was situated, Connor gyrated his hips just enough to work the head in. His eyes rolled back in ecstasy, Duane stared down in horror, and I was way more fascinated than I should have been.

I'd never seen two guys fucking up close. I mean, sure I'd seen them going at it in the park or something, but my job then was always to break them up. Now, I was causing it.

Connor pushed backward, making Duane's entire cock disappear. I knew girls who couldn't take a jab like that, so I was impressed. My cock, which still jutted from my open fly, was impressed too.

Duane's eyes were still wide, but as Connor began grinding his ass, the look changed from horror to interest. His let out a shaky sigh and his body relaxed.

Slowly, he pushed back, trying to bury himself as far as he could reach.

Connor noticed the shift in attitude too and moved forward, letting the cock slide out a few inches. He glanced at me and I could tell he was wondering the same thing I was: would Duane take up the slack?

He did. Duane pushed his hips forward and pumped Connor's ass.

"So—not so bad?" I asked.

Duane looked away, but didn't stop moving. "Yeah, it's alright."

"You gonna cum?"

He shrugged. "Probably."

Connor smiled even wider as he pushed back against Duane's thrusts.

I reached down felt through the jeans around Duane's ankles until I felt his wallet. Checking the address on his license, I held it in front of Connor's face.

"This where he lives?"

Connor stopped moving long enough to get a stable view.

"Yeah." It came out as more of a breathy sound than a word.

I slipped the license in my pocket and dropped the wallet back to the ground.

Duane froze. "Hey! What the—"

"You'll get it back when you're done," I said, interrupting his protest.

I stood, pulled the keys off my belt, and reached behind him.

Duane angled himself to give me better access to his hands.

As I undid the cuffs, I said, "This doesn't mean you can go. I know where to find you if you run." I paused to make sure he understood.

He nodded warily.

"I just don't think you're doing my friend justice with the tiny fucking-moves. It looks like he needs more. So, you fuck him right, get off, and I'll give your ID back."

The cuffs clicked off his hands, and he brought them around in front of himself, rubbing his wrists. But he didn't dare try to extract himself from Connor.

When I thought he'd made enough of a show of his wrists hurting, which they probably did, I nodded down at Connor. "Get busy."

He gulped and rested his hands on Connor's hips. His eyes narrowed with an evil glint as he pulled his cock back until just his head was left. In a lightning move, he shoved his full length into the small blond. Connor grunted.

"Like that?" he asked with a grin that said he was trying to make me regret the whole situation.

I glanced at the look of bliss on Connor's face.

What the hell, it wasn't my ass. "Yeah, buddy. Just exactly like that. Now get to work."

Duane shook his head and started pumping again.

Since that was sorted, I figured it was time for me to get what I came for. I

walked in front of Connor and stood with my cock hovering above his bent head.

Sensing my presence, he looked up and grinned before greedily attacking my shaft with his tongue and slipping my knob into his warm, wet mouth. A shiver went through my body and my knees felt a little shaky. Watching the fucking had turned me on even more than I thought it would. It wouldn't take much to make me shoot, and I'd be damned if I let that fucking Duane outlast me.

As Connor worked my cock over with his mouth while his head was pushed forward again and again by Duane's motion, I closed my eyes and thought about every unsexy thing I could. It was difficult because all I wanted to do was unload on his face.

"Ahem..."

My eyes flew open. Connor and Duane froze.

Ian stood a few feet away, holding his cell phone in front of him, recording.

I yanked out of Connor's mouth so quick that I scraped my cock on his teeth. I pulled my fly open and shimmied, trying to get my erection back into my pants.

"Stop," Ian commanded.

I froze again with my shaft in my hand. Thankfully, it was deflating.

CHAPTER FIVE

I an tapped his phone's screen and dropped it into his pocket. "I'd heard about what you and your last partner used to do." Ian crossed his arms and stepped forward.

Duane backed up, trying to casually pull his cock out of Connor.

"You freeze too, buddy."

He did.

Ian circled us, taking in the scene. "When I heard the rumors, I thought, 'Surly not my big, strong, fuck-a-new-girl-every-week partner. He'd never go around sticking his dick in dudes.'"

He stepped back and looked me straight in the eyes. "It'd be a shame if I.A. heard about this."

"Dude, seriously..." My panic level spiked. Even the union couldn't protect me from Internal Affairs with video evidence. "It's not what..." I trailed off. There was no way to justify what I was doing.

"I could report you and I'm sure these fine, upstanding citizens would back me up."

"Damn right!" Duane said, still resting his hands on Connor's bent hips.

I cut Duane a look to let him know he'd regret that. Unfortunately, he didn't act like I was a threat; not with the hulking Ian on his side.

I sighed. I'd talked myself out of all kinds of trouble and was sure I could do it again. I had no idea what to say, and I hoped the right words would come. So, I spoke. "Look, Ian—"

“Shut up.”

So much for that plan.

He crossed his arms again. “Lucky for you, my boyfriend’s out of town and I’m horny as fuck.”

Duane’s and my jaws dropped. Connor snickered.

“You’re gay?” It was a stupid thing to ask after what he’d just said, but my world had just been turned upside down.

Ian nodded. “Yeah, and I don’t hide it either. If you’d have communicated even the littlest bit since we’ve been partners, you would have known that.”

As shocked as I was, my brain was quick enough to see he was offering me a compromise. I reached down and took Connor’s chin in my hand, lifting his head up a little.

“Well, Ian, if you’re horny, there’s not a better mouth in the city.”

Connor licked his lips, always hungry for cock.

Ian shook his head. “Nah, I like the view from over here.” He pointed to where Duane’s long shaft still disappeared into Connor’s perky ass.

He unzipped his pants and pulled out a thick piece of meat, letting it hang down over his uniform pants. Then he crossed his arms and looked at me.

“Besides, I want to see how good you are.” He moved his hips a little, making his cock sway.

I laughed. “Oh, man. You have it all wrong. I’ve never sucked a cock. I’m straight—I just get blowjobs, not give them.”

“Unless you want I.A. involved, you do today.”

My heart almost stopped.

“Besides—” He looked back at the two civilians. “Wouldn’t you boys like to see Officer I-Don’t-Suck-Dick chew on my meat?”

Connor laughed so hard, he bent over even farther. It must have made his ass muscles vibrate, because Duane’s knees buckled a little as he said emphatically, “Hell, yes.”

“You heard the men,” Ian said.

“Oh, come on...”

“Not another fucking word,” he commanded. “One more word and the deal’s off.”

My face burned. Nobody talked to me like that, but nobody’s ever had that kind of leverage over me before.

"Give the kid back his i.d."

Obediently, I took it out of my pocket and tossed it at Duane's feet.

"Now, get over here," Ian ordered. "Just in case you get the urge to speak again, you'd better stuff your mouth full of my dick so you can't."

I searched his face, trying to find even the slightest bit of humor. There was none.

I was horrified, but since I couldn't see any other way out, I shuffled toward him.

"You can put that away too," he said, pointing to my now flaccid cock. "You won't be needing it."

Being soft, it was pretty easy to put away.

I knelt on the asphalt, less than a foot from Ian's limp dick. I wasn't a cock connoisseur, but even I knew it was impressive.

"What are you waiting for?" he asked me. "And, you two," he said, gesturing toward Duane and Connor, "Get back to it. I want a show."

Hoping my years of jerking myself off would come in handy, I decided to put my hand-skills to work as much as possible. I knew there was no way around sucking it at least a little, but I hoped I could do most of it with my hand. I reached toward it.

Ian knocked my hand away. "Hell, no. I said mouth, and I meant mouth. Get me hard and make me cum—with your mouth."

He was shooting my plans down all over the place.

I leaned in and flicked my tongue against the head. I wasn't sure what to expect taste-wise, but there really wasn't one. It just felt warm. I looked up at Ian, expecting another rebuke, but he just looked down at me patiently.

I leaned in again. That time I touched the tip with my lips and opened my mouth enough to lick the slit.

I'd gotten hundreds of blowjobs over the years, surely I could figure out how to give just one.

I took the head in my mouth and formed a seal with my lips, sucking and flicking my tongue. It swelled, and I caught myself feeling pride that I caused that kind of reaction. I filed that away to think about later. Right then, I just wanted to get it over with.

Slapping sounds let me know Connor's ass was getting a workout again.

As the shaft lengthened, I slid my mouth down farther. It wasn't so bad.

The thick, warm shaft swelled even more, and I pulled my mouth back to the tip and went forward again.

Pain shot through the back of my head and my mouth was suddenly empty.

Ian had grabbed my hair and yanked me off.

"Scrape me with your teeth again and your mouth won't be the hole I'm gonna use." He glared down at me. "Got it?"

That scared the hell out of me. I nodded.

I glanced at Duane and Connor because the rhythmic smacking had stopped. They were both laughing.

Duane slid his hands from Connor's hips to his ribcage and pulled him into a standing position. He shoved his cock far into Connor and brushed his lips over Connor's neck. Shit, he was really getting into it.

Ian tightened his grip on my head and pushed my face back to his throbbing shaft.

I wasn't hating it, and I caught myself wanting to do a good job.

Careful to keep my teeth out of the way, I slid my mouth down as far as I could... which wasn't very. The thick, warm head touched the back of my throat and I my gut reacted.

I jerked my head off and coughed like an idiot, trying to keep my stomach from reacting to the gag reflex his dick had triggered.

When the coughing subsided, he pulled down on the back of my head, making me look up.

"You good?" He tried to look serious, but there was a hint of a smirk on his lips.

I nodded, wiping the tears from my eyes.

"Good. You have a lot to learn..."

I froze. I didn't need classes. I needed to stop being forced to suck his cock.

"But, there's plenty of time for that." He said, pulling my head into position again. "For now, just do the best you can."

"Whaaa..." I tried to ask what he was talking about, but his dick was already in my mouth.

I just wanted it to be over with, so I worked on the part of his shaft I could reach, working the head into my movements as much as possible. That always made me blow pretty quick.

The grunts from the fucking got louder and more urgent. I really wanted to turn and look, but I didn't want to chance being yanked bald.

Ian's hips pushed forward with every grunt Connor made, and they got faster. My jaw hurt, and he tapped the back of my throat a couple of times, but I didn't choke.

The amount of pride I took in that concerned me. That my dick was rock hard in my pants bothered me too.

I'd watched Connor jerk it often enough as he was going down on me that I knew the pitch of his voice when he was about to shoot. Just as it hit that octave, Ian jerked my head off his cock.

I wanted to turn and see what was going on with Duane and Connor, but he held my head in place with his left hand as his right pounded his dick.

Ian kept his eyes on the couple as his strokes lost their rhythm and the first shot of cum splashed onto my face.

My eyes automatically slammed shut out of protective instinct. Warm ropes of jizz landed on my face, over and over. I was willing to bet nobody in the history of the world came as much as Ian. I regretted not getting a good look at his balls. They must have been huge. But, with projectile spooge flying at me, it wasn't the time.

Finally, the onslaught stopped. I reached up to wipe it away from my eyes before I opened them, but it was slick and just smeared.

"Here." Connor said, nudging some sort of material into my hand.

I wiped my face. It still felt weird, but at least my eyes were saved. I looked at the cum rag I'd just used. Electric-blue underwear. If I hadn't been so grateful and hadn't just been covered with my partner's cum, I might have freaked out. But, wiping my face with a dude's underwear was about the most normal thing that had happened in the last five minutes.

"Thanks," I said, handing them back to Connor.

"No problem, Officer. I'm here to service and protect." He laughed and turned to put the rest of his clothes on, shoving the sticky underwear in his pant's pocket.

I stood just as Ian pulled his zipper back up. "So, you going to delete that video?" I asked.

He smiled and cocked his head. "I don't think so."

My face felt like it was about to catch on fire. "What the fuck do you mean?"

He shrugged. "Like I said, you have a lot to learn." He looked down at my fists that were flexing, almost on their own. "You gonna fight me?" He sounded amused.

I hadn't realized my body, including my fists, was clenched. But it crossed my mind to put them to good use. "And you think you can teach me?"

He nodded. "My husband's back in town on Friday. You'll be there Friday night for your first lesson."

With his husband? "What the fuck?!"

"In case you haven't figured it out yet, partner, I own you now. And anything I own, I share with my husband."

I lunged for his pants pocket, trying for the phone. He countered, grabbing my arms. I pushed back.

We were evenly matched, but I was sure my rage would give me the edge. I rammed him in the stomach and he stumbled back.

"Already on the cloud," he grunted.

I froze. I hadn't even thought about that. Fuck. I let my arms drop and my body slumped.

"You done?" he asked.

I nodded and looked around. Connor and Duane were walking at the other end of the alley, about to turn onto the street. Connor turned and waved with one hand and grabbed Duane's crotch with the other. Duane laughed, flipped me off, and they disappeared around the corner.

I stared down the empty alley, not daring to look at Ian. "So, Friday night..."

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ANNIVERSARY INVADERS—BDSM

They had promised not to buy each other gifts for their fifth anniversary. They both lied. But when Ryan's gift shows up, will it be more than he can handle? Find out.

gay/bondage/bdsm/bareback/straight to gay

STEPPAD'S POKER Night Orgy—Family/Gangbang

It's difficult to get anything done with his stepfather's poker night in the next room. When he says something about it, Chris regrets it immediately - until his stepdad's friends get involved.

Gay/bareback/straight to gay/taboo/voyeurism

BLACKMAILING STEPDAD—Family/Straight to Gay

He had way too much school work to do, so he decided to go home for Spring Break. Plenty of time to work and score some brownie points with his mother. But, when he gets there, she's out of town... and some other woman is in his stepfather's bed.

Blackmail time.

gay/straight to gay/bareback/blackmail/taboo

LITTLE RED—BDSM/Modern Fairy Tale

Max is off the woods to visit his best friend. Along the way, he meets Jake, who thinks he'll rock Max's world. Jake couldn't have been more wrong.

gay/bondage/revenge

MARDI GRAS EXHIBITIONIST—Public

John is expecting a sex filled Mardi Gras. What is isn't expecting is to fall for the compact and beautiful Paulo. Can a person fall in love, screw their brains out, and have their heart broken in one day? At the Mardi Gras - absolutely.

Gay/bareback/double penetration/voyeurism/public sex

MY BEST FRIEND'S SECRET—Family/Straight to Gay

Hunter is hanging out after the club with his best friend James. They hadn't seen each other in five years and there's a lot to catch up on. It's late at night and they are both in the mood. James promises Hunter someone who can give Hunter the time of his life. He doesn't mention that the person is already in the house.

Gay/taboo/double penetration

ROAD TRIP WITH STEP-DAD AND FINDING STEP-DAD'S PRESENT—

Family/Straight to Gay

WITH TIMON RUHL

Thinking he was safe from repercussions, Jonathan came out to his step-father right before he was dropped off for college. That would give his parents three months to adjust to it before he was home for Christmas. What could possibly go wrong? And what could go very, very right...

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES—Fairy Tale

A simple tailor and scam artist, Ulrich is faced with his most powerful client yet. But, his partner, Hugo, wants to use this opportunity to pull off the biggest scam of their career.

Hugo's brazenness will lead to their being impaled - either with a sword or with... well, you can probably guess. To pull this off, they'll need help from an unlikely source.

ABUSE OF POWER—Straight to Gay

He could only take advantage of his position for so long. When his new partner catches him in the act, he started down a path he never expected...

DOWN ON THE FARM AND STEP DAD—Family/Straight to Gay

WITH TIMON RUHL

When Dylan's step dad gets a call from Dylan's coach that he was caught in a compromising position in the gym shower, Dylan's afraid their relationship will never be the same. And was he ever right.

WEEKEND WITH MY UNCLE—Family/Age Play

BY TIMON RUHL

Hunter's dad has to leave on a job for the weekend and drops him off with his uncle.

Things are pretty strange from the beginning. His Uncle Billy is in a motel room with a friend , and they do things to Hunter that he'd never ,dreamed of... and that is just the beginning.