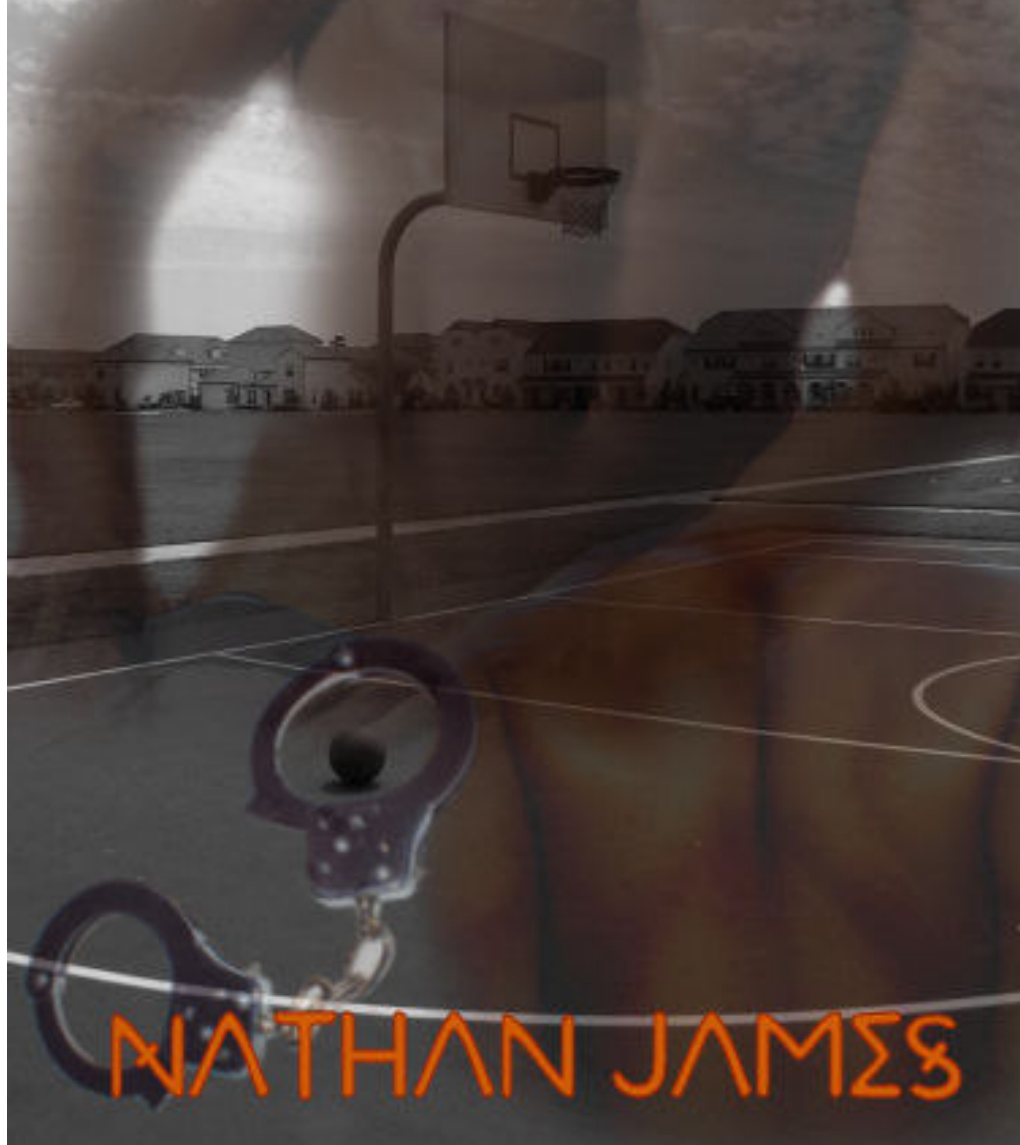


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IN HIS COURT



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IN HIS COURT

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In His Court
By
Nathan James

It was one of those bright, clear summer mornings that beckoned me outside, the kind of sparkling, sunny day that I knew wouldn't be spent in the house. It was just after five, and the daylight peeking through my window had awakened me. I decided to get up for the day, and go for my morning run. I showered, shaved, and put on a pair of running trunks. Shirtless, I looked at myself in my full-length mirror. I was pleased with the guy who looked back at me. I was five-seven, weighed one-sixty-five, with well-defined pecs, a tight six-pack, muscular thighs, and dark round nips. My bald, goateed face featured a wide, flat nose, full lips, and deep-set brown eyes. I'd be twenty-six next week. Not bad. My ass was round and firm in my shorts, and my dark brown skin shone in the early morning light. It was early, but the July heat was already coming on. I decided to jog without my wife-beater, and out the door I went. I began by stretching my muscles, loosening up for my daily two-mile run out to Kennedy Airport and back.

I started off, running south along Sutphin Boulevard, a main street that connected Jamaica with Ozone Park. This part of Queens was always a rough, tough area, known in the eighties for the drug wars which raged on its streets. It was quieter now, but not by much. I jogged across Linden Boulevard, past the McDonald's, past the tire stand, my pace steady, and measured. I liked the way my pecs bounced with every stride, how my feet hit the pavement, my muscles working. The stores and houses flowed past me as I settled into my rhythm. There were almost no cars on the street on this Saturday morning. I ran all the way to Rockaway Boulevard almost uninterrupted by traffic. As I passed Baisley Pond Park, I looked over at the basketball court to see if anybody was practicing this early. To my amazement, I saw a familiar face

Could that be Alvin? I hadn't seen him in years. He'd joined the Air Force, and had been stationed in Guam for four years, fixing fighter jets. Before Alvin had enlisted, I'd

had the deepest crush on him. As I jogged closer to the court, I could see that it was, indeed, Alvin. He'd grown even more attractive in the five or so years since I'd last seen him. He was tall, about six-four, with a close fade, a chiseled face with a sharp nose, soulful brown eyes, a thin, well-trimmed mustache, medium lips, and a square chin that set off his handsome features just so. He was big and thick with those soft yet strong muscles that used to drive me wild back in college. His skin was light brown, almost olive, and he carried his 210-or-so pounds well. His pecs bulged beneath his T-shirt, and his long, solid legs filled out his shorts nicely. With effortless grace he sauntered about the court, shooting and darting as he retrieved the ball. Man, he looked good. I willed my dick to stay down as I approached him.

"Vin! When did you get back, man?"

"Hey, Dale! I just got home last week."

"Damn, it's good to see you! You look great. All that Air Force food must have been good, huh?"

"Yeah, man," Alvin replied, patting his stomach, "they fed me well." Laughing, he continued,

"I see you stayed in shape," he said, slapping me playfully on my shoulder. "How has life been treating you?"

"OK, I guess. I'm a cop now. I work in the city. I still have that apartment on 109th, though."

"Aw, shit, now I have to be good," he said with a chuckle. "Hey, you wanna play a little?"

I thought he'd never ask. I was so taken by his beauty. Before going into the military, Alvin had had a few girlfriends, but his last girl wrote him a "Dear John" letter, and that was that. Alvin was one of the few people who'd stayed friendly with me when I came out in high school. To him, my gayness was of little consequence; he'd always been my friend. As I got to know him, I became increasingly more attracted to him. But before I could get up the courage to do or say anything about my feelings for him, he'd up and joined the Air Force. I didn't see him again, until today.

"Sure, I'll play you. I missed you, you know..."

"Yeah. Man, I missed you, too."

Alvin threw me the ball, and we played furiously for the next half-hour. As the sun climbed in the sky, we wheeled and dove, flying around the court, each of us giving the other no quarter. Alvin was fast, strong, and sexy. Every time he brushed up against me, I felt a thrill of arousal. He was so hot...and, I thought sadly, *so unavailable*.

Alvin beat me soundly, owing to his size advantage. We went over to the water fountain, drank thirstily, and sat down on the bench next to the court. Sweat glistened on my body, making it shimmer in the sunlight. For a moment I imagined I saw Alvin undressing me with his eyes, but I dismissed that idea. In all the time I'd known Alvin, he'd never even hinted at any attraction towards me.

"Good game, man," Alvin said. "You still hang in there."

"Thanks, Vin. I enjoyed that. So what you been up to since you got back? Any girls?"

"Naw, man, I just been getting used to being home, that's all. Might start working for NBC next week."

"That sounds good. You always were a good techie. I remember when you fixed my laptop. I thought it was going to be an expensive paperweight."

"You still owe me for that one, Dale," Alvin laughed. "You were supposed to get me into that club."

"Hey, man, it ain't my fault it burned down the next day."

"Oh, I was only playin'. Hey, man, I'm hungry from all that running around. What say we get some food?"

"Yeah, sure, but not like this."

"I'll drive you home, and you can get changed. We can go to Carmichael's."

"OK, I'm cool with that."

We walked over to Alvin's ride, a well-kept Infiniti with leather seats and a sunroof. Obliging, Alvin opened the trunk and retrieved a big, red beach towel. I was glad he had one. I thought I was going to fry with my bare torso on his hot leather. *Leather...oh,*

how hot Vin would look in a pair of tight leather shorts and a black leather collar. Burying those thoughts deep down, I got into Alvin's car. He swung into traffic, and soon we were at my house. Again, as I put the key in my door, I could have sworn I felt Alvin's eyes behind me, looking my tight ass over. *Just wishful thinking*

* * *

"Relax, Vin. I'm just gonna get washed up and change. Shouldn't be too long. The remote's on the table if you want to watch TV."

"Cool, man, take your time."

I retreated to the bathroom and peeled off my sweat-soaked shorts and drawers. I turned on the water and stood naked as I waited for the shower to warm up. Even in summer, I loved my hot showers. *Damn, I'm butt naked, Alvin's in my living room, that gorgeous fucking hunk...if I went out there and said "here I am", would he fuck me silly...or lay me out?* My dick began to rise with that thought, and I willed myself into the steaming shower before I forgot myself. I stroked my cock gently; the sensual streams of water caressing me as I imagined what Alvin looked like naked, tall, and horny. As I stood there, dreamily filled with desire, suddenly big, meaty hands laid themselves on my shoulders. A hard, firm, long dick brushed up against my ass and massive, round, soft pecs pressed themselves on my back

I turned around and looked Alvin in the eyes. My dick instantly came totally erect. I was speechless, my mouth hanging open in shock and amazement. Alvin embraced me, swallowing my small body up in his huge, powerfully muscled arms. I slithered, wet and slick, against his thick torso, my hands traveling his every curve, feeling his hot, wet skin. Alvin looked deeply into my eyes and kissed me. I let myself be carried away by that kiss, passionately probing Alvin's mouth with my tongue. I reached up and caressed Alvin's head, while he squeezed my willing ass with his hands. Our rock-hard dicks rubbed up against each other, and I let out a little yelp of pleasure.

"Oh, damn, Vin, I never knew..."

"Shhhh," Alvin admonished, "don't talk. Just let me hold you."

Alvin held me tighter. I became small and weak, wrapped in his massive embrace. I reached under his arms and grasped his shoulders, hanging onto him, drinking in his very essence. I kissed his pecs, licked his wet, dripping nipples. Alvin moaned softly as I worked my way down his body, kissing, licking, probing his abs, and navel. I licked his pubes with my tongue, savoring the musky scent and the dewy wetness. Finally, I took his meaty shaft in my hands and eagerly licked his long, hard, pretty cock. He was cut, but nine inches of gorgeous dick. I flicked my tongue all around its head, worked my way down his shaft once more, and drank deeply of the water cascading off his balls. Finally, I took his tool into my mouth, lips pursed, and deep-throated big Alvin for all I was worth. Alvin spread his legs a little, and began thrusting his hips as I sucked him. His fullness in my hungry mouth was intoxicating! As Alvin moaned, I blew him furiously, water flying off my body even as the runoff from Alvin's gorgeous body rained down on me. It was awesome! I wanted nothing more than to stay in this moment, sucking Alvin, beautiful, sexy Alvin, the man of a thousand sweaty fantasies! But I had to come up for air.

Slowly, I let Alvin's hardness slip out of my mouth. Panting, wet, and deliriously happy, I looked up at Alvin, still on my knees. *DAMN that man is PHYNE!* Looking up at Alvin, he looked like a giant. His dick stood straight up. His massive thighs were like tree trunks in front of me. Alvin looked down at me. I felt so small and helpless. Wildly, I began to lick Alvin's thighs, then his balls. I was insatiable!

Alvin bent down and grabbed my arms, standing me up. We kissed again, and then Alvin put his hands on my waist, turning me around. Reaching for my soft soap, he lathered his dick and pubes generously. I stood with my arms outstretched, hands on the tile wall away from the shower stream, legs spread-eagled. I trembled with anticipation. My ass was wet and ready from the shower, and Alvin slid himself into me so gently, effortlessly and painlessly, that I cried out with sheer joy! I tightened myself around his fine stick as he advanced into my hole with consummate skill. I shook with ecstasy as he began to dig me out, slowly at first, but then faster and more

urgently. I slapped the tile wall as I moaned and writhed with Alvin's thrusting. He rocked my ass, plunging and plowing, and rolling that dick around in me until I could hardly catch my breath.

"Oh, ALVIN! YES, do me. Oh, man, don't stop. Oh, damn, man, you're so fuckin' HOT. YES, take me, TAKE ME, TAKE MEEEE!"

Wild with unbridled orgasmic joy, I swung my head around furiously as Alvin kept pumping, harder and faster. He reached down taking my cock in his hand, even as he humped my quivering manhole. Stroking me, he worked my dick to climax, and we both came, shooting vast loads of creamy white cum in a shared flight of orgasm that had us both screaming with joyous release. Spent, I collapsed into the tub, the last of Alvin's sweet cum dripping down onto my back.

Alvin knelt down over me and we kissed, this time tenderly and sweetly. I let my lips linger on his, savoring our intimate bond. We stayed there in the tub for a few moments, then Alvin pulled me up. We rinsed off and made our way to my bed to recover.

"Oh, *shit*, Vin, you were in-fucking-credible!"

"So were you, Dale," he replied, kissing me lightly on the forehead. "You were so hot!"

"Vin, I always had a crush on you, you know. You're beautiful."

"Dale, you wanna know something? I wanted to do you years ago...but I was scared."

"*You*, Vin? Scared of anything? I never would have guessed."

"Oh, shut up, you." Alvin swatted my ass playfully and tossed me onto the bed. He fell alongside me, admiring my ass again.

"Oh, Vin, you're wonderful," I whispered, drowsiness beginning to overtake me. I lay in Alvin's arms, and soon dozed off.

* * *

I was on the basketball court in the park again. It was high noon. I was holding the ball, waiting. Alvin strode onto the court, big, strong, powerful...and *totally naked*. I looked down at myself. I was naked, too! There were people on the sidelines, but they were fully dressed, watching us. Alvin stood in front of me at center court. I threw the ball up into the air, and we jumped for it. Alvin's meaty dick passed before my eyes as he went up, and a moment later he was coming down, the ball in his hands. Running, I struggled to catch up as Alvin shot and scored. I grabbed the ball and ran it back, Alvin all over me. As I tried to shoot, he blocked me and our bodies rubbed up against each other, sweaty and slick. It was delicious. I shot. The ball glanced off the rim as we jockeyed for position, each trying to get the ball. I stole up behind Alvin, my erect dick poking the air before me, and dove for the ball. Just as I grabbed it, Alvin came up from the inside. Jostling me, I toppled over, the ball bouncing free. Alvin leaned over me, his dick hard. I suddenly became weak on the pavement, naked in the bright sunlight, the crowd staring at me, Alvin's hugeness towering over me.

"Help me," I begged, "please, Vin. I need you so much."

Alvin picked me up and carried me, my legs wrapped around his waist, my dick hard against his abdomen, my arms hugging him tightly. I kissed him on the neck as he carried me, weak and writhing in his arms, around the court. I felt so powerless, deliciously vulnerable in Alvin's grasp. His pecs and abs moved sensuously against my body as he walked. Each time I moaned, the crowd cheered. I began humping Alvin, my ass jiggling in his hands. He walked off the court, parading me through the crowd. Flexing his pecs, he said, "Lick me, Dale." Obediently, I snaked my tongue out, licking his neck and shoulder, to the crowd's delight. I was totally Alvin's. He let go of my ass, and I dropped my legs away from his waist. Back on my feet, covered in sweat, I looked up at Alvin.

"Do it," he commanded. "Let us watch you stroke yourself."

The crowd roared its approval.

Meekly, with Alvin and the crowd in a tight circle around me, I took my dick in my hands. I began stroking myself as the crowd yelled and cheered, egging me on.

"Work that dick, boy!"

"Pump it!"

"Let me see those hips move, naked boy!"

I began thrusting and rocking my hips. Getting into it, panting, I worked my stiff cock harder, sweat pouring off me. Alvin watched me, hands on his hips, a mountain of a man, looking down on my little, quivering body. I caressed myself with one hand while stroking myself with the other. Overwhelmed, I sank to my knees, still stroking. The crowd moved in closer, towering over me.

I came and came, shooting my load high in the air as I cried out over and over again. As I began to collapse to the ground, Alvin and another burly man took me by the arms and pulled me back onto the court, my legs and feet dragging, ass exposed to all. The last of my cum trailed along behind me.

"Oh guys, I wish you all could do me...do me...do me..."

* * *

I awoke with a start, Alvin fast asleep next to me. *This is going to be a wild summer*, I thought, and nestled myself against Alvin's hot, naked body, drifting off to sleep again. I luxuriated in the feel of Alvin against my bare skin. He had a presence, a power about him I just couldn't deny. After dozing a little while longer, I awoke and lay against Alvin, dreamily looking over every inch of his beautiful, naked, strong body.

Oh, just to watch Alvin sleep, his massiveness at rest. Long, muscular legs, pretty, delicious dick with bushy, dark pubes, deep navel, round, inviting pecs and nips, powerful shoulders, rock-solid biceps, big hands with their sensuous touch, and finally his sweet, placid face...it was heavenly! The sunlight coming through the window blinds suggested late morning as Alvin stirred and opened his eyes. I rolled into an embrace with him, reveling in the feel of his body against mine. I got hard almost instantly. Alvin looked deeply into my eyes and kissed me. I returned his kiss passionately, as I began humping his massive thigh. Alvin broke away and patted me

playfully on my ass.

"Hey, man, you're too much!"

"You're too sexy," I replied. "I can't help it."

"Oh, is that so?" Alvin laughed, getting up from the bed. "You can't get enough, huh?"

"You were amazing, Vin." That was the honest truth! Alvin flexed his pecs at me and winked. Damn, just the sight of his immensity was driving me crazy! I got to my knees on the bed, breathless at Alvin's undeniable beauty. I knelt on the edge of the bed and hugged Alvin's waist. His hardness pressed against my chest. I held him tight, my head against his belly, and sighed with contentment. Alvin stroked my head and murmured softly that I was real cool. My eyes wandered around the room and stopped when I saw the clock, which read 12:45. *Oh damn, I have to be at work at 3!*

I jumped away from Alvin. "Oh, *shit*, I'm gonna be late for work! I have to get going!"

"That's too bad," Alvin said. "I wanted to spend the whole day with you!"

"I'll be done at 11, if I don't get any late jobs. I'll come back, or you can," I winked at Alvin, "pick me up at the precinct."

"Oh, I'd like that." Alvin grinned. "I love men in uniform. When I was away in the Air Force, some of the guys looked so hot I thought I was gonna lose my mind."

I pulled my clothes on as we talked. I really wanted to stay naked, to call in sick, but I knew I needed to save my sick days. Besides, I had a three-day swing after tonight. Three days off, to spend as I pleased. I told Alvin I'd call him, and bounded out the door. All the way into Manhattan, I thought about big, sexy Alvin, and imagined all the delights we'd share. I arrived at the precinct house with time to spare and changed into my NYPD uniform. I hoped Alvin would come to pick me up. I wanted him to see how this uniform hugged me, especially the pants, which showed off my bubble butt well. The sergeant assigned me a scooter, being as I was one of the few cops in the precinct with a motorcycle license. I didn't mind. It would be an easy tour, writing tickets and man-watching.

* * *

I wheeled the little Cushman over to Times Square, Restaurant Row's little cafes blurring past me. As I looked left and right at the throngs of people on the sidewalks, my mind's eye kept seeing Alvin among the crowd. I'd see a glimpse of a face here, a head there, and for a moment it would be him. Alas, of course, it wasn't. In Times Square everything was a frantic flurry of activity. I looked at the summer tourists and regular New Yorkers crossing Broadway, gawking at the towering Marriott Hotel, or the massive Toys-R-Us, the only building in the city with a full-sized Ferris wheel in it.

The shift zipped by, with me writing the occasional parking ticket and responding to a couple of disputes. On my lunch break, I called Alvin just to hear his deep, sensuous voice. He said he'd meet me at the precinct when I got off work. I told him that was just fine with me. Of course, fifteen minutes before quitting time, some fool drunkenly crashed his car into the HoJo's on the corner of 44th Street. I got hung up for almost an hour trying to clear that up, then tore up the streets with that little scooter, hoping wildly that Alvin was still waiting for me.

Finally, I turned onto 54th street, and there among the cruisers in front of the precinct, was big, beautiful Alvin, wearing a tight wife beater that made me hard just looking at him. I concealed my delight (*I was still in uniform, after all*) and thought, *let me just sign out, I can't wait to be with him. I can always get the uniform dry-cleaned. I don't come back here for three days.* I grabbed a Sean John jacket from my locker and threw it over my uniform shirt. I sauntered out the front door, and then Alvin and I got into my car.

Alvin had the foresight to come up here by train, so we were free to go anywhere we wanted. Alvin suggested his house, and I liked the sound of that. Soon we were back in Queens, driving down quiet, tree-lined suburban streets. Alvin lived in South Ozone Park, not far from JFK Airport. Planes shook his house when they landed. It was almost 1:30 AM by the time we pulled into Alvin's driveway. I was bursting with

anticipation, and I'm sure Alvin knew it. I'd been undressing him with my eyes since we left the city. Alvin let us in, and I embraced him right there in the vestibule. Holding this massive hunk in my arms made all the tension in my body slip away! My gun belt rattled as I pressed my growing erection against his thigh, and kissed him like I never wanted to come up for air.

Alvin returned my affections tenfold. His hulking body sang its own song of desire, his every muscle and feature calling out to me. He was a gift in ebony. A man of pleasure whose delights I would not deny myself. Taking me by the hand, he led me into his living room. We kissed each other again and Alvin led me upstairs to his spacious, airy bedroom. It was generously furnished, complete with a four-post, wood frame, king-size bed. Alvin turned to face me, peeled off his wife beater, and I marveled at those gorgeous round pecs of his. My tongue begged to lick his nipples.

"Alvin, you're so beautiful," I panted. "I can't stand it...I want you!"

"I can see that," Alvin replied, his eyes rolling down to the considerable bulge in my pants, "and I like that." I giggled self-consciously. Alvin began unbuttoning my shirt as I wrestled with my gun belt. Suddenly he reached for my handcuff pouch and extracted my blue-steel S&W handcuffs. I knew what he wanted to do to me, and the thought only made my dick even harder! I let my pants fall to the floor and kicked my shoes off, while Alvin took his shorts off oh-so-s l o w l y.

I stood there, naked except for my NYPD shirt, my shield still pinned to its breast, as Alvin approached me with the cuffs. Grasping my shoulders, he spun me around, and guided me over to the end post of his bed. As we walked, his rock-solid cock brushed my thigh, and the sensation was electric. I tingled all over.

"OK, Dale, tonight, *you're* going to be under arrest," Alvin whispered in my ear. "You have the right to stay hard and get fucked."

"Ohhh yesss, Alvin." I practically drooled. "Cuff me. Fuck me. Make me your boi!"

"Oh, I will," Alvin said in that deep, smooth, sexy voice.

"Please, Alvin, do me!"

Alvin took my wrists and placed them against the tall bedpost. He snapped the

handcuffs on my right wrist, strung the chain around the post, and snapped the left cuff on me. I was facing the bed, restrained, bare-assed, and totally, deliciously, vulnerable. Alvin slinked over to the dresser. *Watching over my shoulder as his body moved, his thighs rubbing together, ass jiggling, he was so unspeakably HOT...* I almost came just watching him. Retrieving a condom and lube, he sashayed back to me. I was bursting with the wanting, the longing, and I was overwhelmed with Alvin's sensual energy.

* * *

Alvin started kissing me, first a long, deep tongue-flicking buss on my neck, then my shoulders. He worked his way down my back, licking the small of my back so expertly that I yelped with joy. Parting my ass cheeks, he snaked his sweet tongue into me, making me writhe and moan as he licked my ass. Tethered to the bedpost, I was helpless to do anything but hang on and savor the ride. Alvin did my ass well! After an amazing few minutes of that, he got up, and grabbed that condom off the bed. Prepping himself, he whispered into my ear, "Are you ready for this, Dale?"

"Oh, Alvin, man, I'm ready for *anything*," I breathed. "You're so hot." I reveled in this feeling of vulnerability, of submission. I'd never experienced sex like this before, and it surprised me how much I loved it. As I was thinking about that, Alvin grabbed me and entered me so slowly and gently, that I tightened myself around him instantly. I could feel his rock-solid cock against my walls, and I shivered with the power of that moment. Hanging from the handcuffs, I moaned as Alvin began to thrust, my hips matching his undulations perfectly. I threw my head back and cried out with such unbridled ecstasy, I thought I might melt into the floor.

Alvin rode me with all the strength and power his hot, muscular body possessed. I whimpered and moaned as he dug me out, my hole oh-so-tight around his diamond-hard dick. Precum formed on my dick as sweat began pouring off my body.

"Oh *shit*, Alvin, you're so good, please don't stop! Oh, damn, man," I gasped. "I'm your boi, yes, Alvin, I am..." I lost myself in his lovemaking, as he grasped my hips

and moved them with his own rhythm, harder and faster, swirling that hot cock around inside me. I got weak in the knees, but Alvin didn't let up, pounding my willing ass as I hung by my handcuffed wrists, begging, pleading with him for more. *The room spun as I luxuriated in his touch, his strong, virile presence as I hung helplessly, totally his willing plaything, his butt boi. His every touch, his every caress electrifying me*

Finally I could feel him building up to his climax. I held back my own growing orgasm until he came and I shot my load in a high arc over the bed. We both cried out our joyful release. My ass got so tight around Alvin that I thought I'd never let him go.

Alvin withdrew himself as gently as he'd entered me, and I hung there, spent, soaking wet, panting, and totally enraptured. I looked over my shoulder into Alvin's eyes. He looked deeply into my face, and we kissed, a deep, long, kiss that let me pour my affection into him. We eventually broke away for air, and Alvin hugged me from behind, reaching under my drenched shirt, fondling my pecs, even as I reveled in the feel of his own pecs against my back.

"You know, I might have to throw your keys out the window," Alvin giggled, "and really make you my prisoner."

I caught myself a second before I said "*would you?*"

Alvin had me, lock, stock, and (marvelously long and thick) barrel. I jiggled my ass at him, and he obliged by smacking it firmly, making me shimmy with delight.

Finally, Alvin fished my keys out of my pants pocket and un-cuffed me from the bed. He held me in his powerful arms, tracing the contours of my shield with his fingers. I hung there in his arms, letting my body go limp, as, my dick started to rise again. Alvin grabbed my thighs, and I wrapped my legs around his waist, my growing hardness pressing against his abs. He carried me to the bed, as I writhed against him and moaned at the feel of his muscles working as he walked. He lowered me onto the bed and slid in next to me, cradling me with his body. I slipped my shirt off and tossed it onto the floor, as Alvin put his arm around me. As I drifted off to sleep, he kissed me on the forehead.

I wished I had thirty days off coming, instead of just three...as I began to dream,

my head fills with Alvin, his pecs, his abs and thighs, his delightful bubble butt, and his gorgeous, chiseled face. I could lose myself in him, I knew. Alvin had, indeed, handcuffed me to his heart, and I didn't want to escape.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Nathan James

Nathan James is an author of gay/lesbian erotica and other genres. He has written two short stories, which will appear in print by STARbooks Press later this year, plus a full-length novel. He makes his home in New York City, and enjoys writing, movies, cycling, NYC, and hearing from his readers about his work. This is his first release with Forbidden Publications.



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