



RYAN FIELD

AN OFFICER
AND *HIS*
GENTLEMAN

raVinous
romance

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Ravenous Romance

www.ravenousromance.com

Copyright ©2008 by Ryan Field

First published in 2008, 2008

NOTICE: This eBook is licensed to the original purchaser only. Duplication or distribution to any person via email, floppy disk, network, print out, or any other means is a violation of International copyright law and subjects the violator to severe fines and/or imprisonment. This notice overrides the Adobe Reader permissions which are erroneous. This eBook cannot be legally lent or given to others.

This eBook is displayed using 100% recycled electrons.



Distributed by Fictionwise.com

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

CONTENTS

[Chapter One](#)
[Chapter Two](#)
[Chapter Three](#)
[Chapter Four](#)
[Chapter Five](#)
[Chapter Six](#)
[Chapter Seven](#)
[Chapter Eight](#)
[Chapter Nine](#)
[Chapter Ten](#)
[Chapter Eleven](#)

* * * *

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

An Officer And His Gentleman

A Ravenous Romance™ Panamour™ Original Publication

Ryan Field

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

A Ravenous Romance™ Original Publication
www.ravenousromance.com

An Officer And His Gentleman
Copyright (c) 2008 by Ryan Field
Ravenous Romance™
100 Cummings Center
Suite 125G
Beverly, MA 01915

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher, except by reviewers who may quote brief excerpts in connection with a review.

ISBN-13: 978-1-60777-014-5

This book is a work of fiction, and any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

Chapter One

At eight o'clock at night, Dan Pratta's Italian Market was dark and deserted. The stained and dented wide-plank pine floors were broom-swept, the stainless steel deli counter was bleached and shining, and the three-tier banana display near the front door was stacked and ready for the next morning. All the doors were locked and their shades had been pulled down. The sandwich board sign that had rested all day beside the front steps was folded neatly and set next to the cash register.

In the background, soaring above the smooth hum of the walk-in freezer, an old man was snoring, a distracting wheeze that rose and fell in a disconnected rhythm on the second floor. A striking young man in his early twenties loped toward the dairy case in his bare feet, frowning and shaking his head, then bent down to pick up a discarded plastic vegetable bag a customer had tossed aside when no one was looking. And the young man, wearing nothing but a white apron, was preparing to walk upstairs to the old man's living quarters completely naked.

The young man's name was Chance, and he was twenty-three years old. His short blond hair had that spiky, windblown look, and he stood about five-feet-eight-inches tall. Large brown eyes and long blond eyelashes gave people the impression he had a warm heart. A lean swimmer's body tapered down and indented at the small of his back, creating a deep, natural arch and caused his perfectly round buttocks

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

to bubble; and his smooth, hairless legs were slightly bowed at the knee. During the day he usually dressed casually in white T-shirts and faded jeans, but Dan Pratta, the old man he lived with, preferred him in the nude when the food market was closed.

He didn't have much of a choice: It was either walk around the house naked for Dan, or sleep on the streets fully clothed. He was doing what he had to do in order to survive, he told himself, and at Dan Pratta's Italian Market, he did all right. At the market, Chance had a kitchen, ingredients, and the freedom to devote himself to his first love: cooking. Introducing the market's customers to his culinary creations was just a first step—his dream was to become a professional chef on the Food Network, teaching millions how to master their own ordinary kitchens and share the love of food with their families.

But his dream was a long way down the road, and for the time being, he had to depend on his handsome face, his pretty round ass, and his thick, floppy penis to keep his place in the kitchen. Besides, there was very little physical contact between them: Dan Pratta didn't have a prostate; he just liked to *watch* Chance walk around with no clothes on. And when Chance felt Dan's dirty eyes burning into his skin, he told himself over and over that this was survival.

Most days, Chance was okay, but there were some days when he couldn't lie to himself, and he knew he really wasn't very happy with his life.

On one of those days, he was slicing Virginia ham behind the deli counter. It was a warm, muggy Friday morning in

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

early July, and Dan had just verbally assaulted him for not stacking the shopping carts (all stolen from local supermarkets, naturally) the right way. This happened in front of his best—and only—friend, the part-time cashier, Sarah. She looked down into the cash drawer as if she'd gone deaf while Dan degraded Chance with words like "loser," "low-life," and "stupid trash." And then Dan went into the back room to curse in Italian and slam the pots and pans around. For a man of five feet tall, he had the voice of a giant.

The market had a small crowd that morning, with regular customers that had stopped in to pick up one or two things. Dan Pratta's favorite music was blasting from overhead speakers; people were humming Dean Martin songs while they plunked melons and poked eggplants. Their small shopping carts rumbled across the old wooden floor between the narrow aisles, and their lips were pressed together while they contemplated buying two pound bags of cherries that were on sale for three dollars. (Dan refused to break them up into one pound bags.) The Indian woman who came in at least every other day was picking through the peaches to find one that was perfect; she wasn't having much luck, though. Old Betty Shack from the Bronx was squeezing loaves of rye bread. One of the nuns from the Catholic Church walked into the market; she could never decide between angel hair pasta and linguine.

At least Dan would never scream or yell in front of the nun. She just might see him for the nasty old perverted man he really was and tell the priest.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Chance was running the deli counter all by himself that day because the other part-time worker had recently quit. She said the old man screamed too much. She'd been the laziest and slowest human being Chance had ever known, a donkey of a girl with no chin. She'd slowly shuffled from one customer to another, scratching her stomach and complaining under her breath.

He wrapped the ham in white paper, weighed it on a scale and marked a price across the front. When he handed the package to a woman carrying a small child, he looked over the counter and saw an unfamiliar man staring directly at him. His shoulders went back and he almost dropped the package of sliced ham on the floor. The guy staring at him was tall and muscular with short dark hair, a square jaw, and pale blue eyes shaped like pumpkin seeds. The haircut made him look as if he could have been in the military; he stood so tall and confident Chance wanted to reach out and touch his skin to make sure he wasn't made of wax. His beige T-shirt hugged bulging chest muscles and there were a few lacy tattoos on his right upper arm, but from where he stood behind the counter, Chance couldn't make out what they were.

"Can I get you anything else?" Chance asked the woman. But he stared directly into the young man's blue eyes. They weren't innocent eyes, and Chance's heart began to race.

"No, thanks," the woman said, "This is fine for now."

As she stepped away from the counter and crossed toward the pasta aisle, the good-looking guy stepped forward. He stared into the deli case, rubbing his solid jaw in the palm of

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

his hand, and asked, "How are you today?" His voice went deep and hollow; the throaty, masculine voice of a football player. His movements were slow and precise, not like most guys who shopped alone. Men were always fidgeting and bouncing on the balls of their feet as if they couldn't get out of the store fast enough.

"Ah, well," Chance said, "I'm good. Can I help you with something?" Few people *ever* asked how *he* was, especially not a strange customer. And this wasn't even a weekend. On Saturdays and Sundays, when the New Yorkers ventured to Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, every face was different and you didn't see a regular customer until Monday morning.

Dan Pratta stepped out of the back storage room and saw the nun picking through torpedo rolls from a wooden bin with a Plexiglas cover. He crossed through the deli section, raised his hands in the air, and shouted, "Ah, Sister, it'sa good to see you today." He didn't notice that Chance was waiting on one of the best-looking men who'd ever walked into that market, and he didn't notice that the young man was staring at Chance's lips. But that was because Dan only noticed young men in their late teens and early twenties. The guy at the deli counter had to be pushing thirty.

The nun looked up and smiled. As far as she knew, Dan was a nice little gray-haired man with a pot belly, running a small market. She had no idea he had an obsession for younger guys, and that he had taken Chance into his home after his parents had kicked him out when they discovered he was gay. How could she have known that Dan, who supported all church functions as if he were the patron saint of the lake,

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

only allowed Chance to live there as long as he walked around in the nude after hours?

"I think I'll take a pound of Swiss cheese and a half-pound of roast beef," the dark-haired guy said. He smiled and looked directly into Chance's eyes.

"Would you like that sliced any particular way?" Chance asked. Normally he would have just sliced it to a medium thickness, unless the customer asked for something different. Dan was always screaming, "Keep it moving. Don't talk unless they ask." But Chance felt as if he had to say something. Guys like this didn't come into Dan's market often.

"However you normally do it is fine with me," he said.

Chance turned and began to fill the order. He worked quickly while the guy stared at him with his arms folded across his chest. When the order was wrapped and priced, Chance handed him the packages and asked, "Is there anything else I can do for you?" *Like take off my pants?*

"I need propane for the grill, too," he said. He reached down and lifted a small propane tank that had been resting next to his feet. When he lifted the tank above the counter, a large round muscle popped out from his upper arm. The lacy tattoo wasn't anything significant. Just dark ornate lines and curves and willowy circles with small arrows.

"I'll have to take you out back," Chance said. He looked across the store and raised his arm to get Dan's attention. "Dan", he shouted, "I have to get some propane."

Dan was still smiling and talking to the nun. When he heard Chance call his name, he turned away from the nun and lowered his eyebrows. Dan didn't like being disturbed,

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

especially when he was talking to a nun, or a priest, or the town mayor. "Then take him out back. I'll watch-a the deli if anyone needs help. But don't take too long. We're short-handed today." Then he turned back to the nun, shrugged his shoulders and laughed. His Italian accent wasn't normally so heavy, but it surfaced when he was annoyed. "These kids today, they can't think for themselves," he told the nun. "You just can't get-a the good help anywhere. You got to tell them everything."

The nun just smiled politely and stared down at the box of pasta, and the good-looking guy blinked a couple of times, then shook his head.

"Follow me, man," Chance said. He lowered his voice so it would sound strong, then straightened his shoulders and cleared his throat. He'd always been self-conscious about appearing effeminate. Sometimes his insecurity caused him to overcompensate.

They walked out the front door, down a narrow side alley stacked with piles of old wood, and wound up at the back of the market. Chance caught the guy staring at his ass the whole time, his lips were pressed together and puckered as if he were going to whistle.

The back of the market was a mess. A row of plastic trash cans spilled over with rotten lettuce leaves and decaying tomatoes; a rusted old pickup truck sat on cinderblocks beside a pile of used tires. It smelled wasted and decayed, and you had to turn your head and hold your breath if the breeze blew in a certain direction. Dan was only concerned

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

about how the front of the market looked; he couldn't have cared less about the back yard.

When Chance reached out to take the propane tank from the guy, his hand gently brushed against his long, thick fingers. He hesitated for a moment and took a deep breath, then lowered his head to the ground and pressed his lips together, pulling the tank away. He'd already noticed the guy was wearing low-rise jeans and that there was a huge bulge in his crotch. He must have been wearing boxer shorts, or maybe no underwear at all, because you could see the outline of what looked like a very large penis pointing down to the right. A little voice in the back of Chance's head urged him to fall on his knees and pull the guy's zipper down. There weren't many places to meet men like this where he lived, and it had been a while since he'd had anybody.

"I'm Brody Johnston, by the way," the guy said. He smiled and reached out to shake Chance's hand. It was too soon for last names, but his deep voice sounded eager and pleasant., as if he couldn't wait to tell Chance everything.

Chance grabbed the gas tank with his left hand and reached forward with his right. "I'm Chance Martin." When Brody's large, rugged palm pressed against his soft, gentle skin, he had to brace his legs so his knees wouldn't start to wobble. The long, delicate, winding-vine tattoo on Brody's upper right arm jerked a little, black swirls perfectly proportioned next to where the muscle popped when he moved his arm.

"Chance?"

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

He smiled. "Yeah, my mother was a huge fan of the old movie, 'Being There,' and she named me after Chance Gardiner, the guy in the movie. I've never actually seen the movie, though." He tilted his head to the right, focusing on Brody's eyes.

"I like that," Brody said, "*Chance*." Then he smiled and shoved his hands into his pockets in such a way that his crotch bulged even more.

Chance tried hard to keep staring into Brody's eyes, but he couldn't help but look down between Brody's legs..

Brody smiled and pulled one hand out of his pocket to rub his jaw. And after a brief, awkward moment, while Chance continued to stare at his crotch, he began to move his penis up and down with the hand that was still in his pocket, obviously baiting Chance. The entire world went silent; Chance couldn't hear cars passing on the road or the sound of a plane flying overhead.

Chance took a deep breath and instinctively looked around the backyard to be sure no one was watching. Overgrown trumpet vines clung to an old stockade fence behind him; with the fence, the back of the store and the old barn on the side, the yard was totally boxed in. The only people that ever went back there were Chance and the old man. So while Brody continued to slowly rub his balls, Chance went down on his knees and pressed his face between Brody's strong legs. He opened his mouth and started to chew on the bulge, and when he inhaled the thick, musty aroma of Brody's crotch, he closed his eyes and started licking the denim fabric. He hadn't sucked anyone off in almost two months. Not since those two

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

dudes from the city had come into the market at closing time on a Sunday afternoon while Dan was taking his nap.

Brody removed his hand from his pocket and unfastened the button on his jeans. He spread his legs a little wider and the zipper went down. He wasn't wearing underwear. His thick, totally erect dick jumped out, and the head rested on Chance's bottom lip. Chance looked up for a second and saw that Brody's eyes were closed. He stuck out his tongue and slipped the whole thing into his mouth. He closed his eyes and sighed out loud. It was such a nice, meaty slab, wide at the shaft, and long enough to make him gag a little at first. The head and tip were slightly narrower than the shaft

When Chance's cheeks indented and his lips puffed out, he pressed his tongue against the bottom of Brody's cock and started sucking with more intensity. Just as he'd expected, there was large, thick vein there. He bobbed his head up and down in half circles; his teeth never touched the wet skin. Brody grabbed the back of his neck and started to moan. Chance's own penis was erect by then, and he reached down with his right hand, unzipped his pants, and pulled it out so he could jerk off while he sucked. He didn't want to waste any time—and he didn't want the old man to start wondering why he hadn't returned.

He sucked with precise, repetitive motions until the honk of a car horn out on the street broke his rhythm. Even though it was private there, they both knew they could be caught at any moment. So when Brody pulled out of his mouth and started to jerk off, Chance remained on his knees and stared at Brody's cock. He worshipped the way Brody's large hand

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

gripped and tugged on the shaft; his eyes were glued to the head while he continued to jerk his own erection. He wanted to open his mouth and stick out his tongue, but he believed in safe sex. So instead of letting Brody come on his lips and tongue, he leaned forward, turned his head slightly, and sucked both large balls into his warm mouth.

While Chance sucked, his cheeks puffed out. Brody liked the ball-sucking; he moaned and jerked his cock even harder and his eyes were still closed and his mouth was wide open by then.

A moment later, Brody squinted, his legs started to wobble a little and he exploded all over Chance's forehead. He grunted a few times, and while he jerked out the last few drops of white juice, Chance arched his back and blew his own load all over the grass. Then he took a deep breath and Brody's wet balls slipped out of his mouth. He stood up while Brody shoved his dick back into his pants. "Wait here, man," he said to Brody, "I have paper towels in the barn." He quickly zipped up his pants while he crossed toward the barn. His face was dripping now, and he wiped come away from his eyes with the side of his hand. But he stepped lightly and smiled all the way to the barn.

When he returned, Brody said, "Sorry I made such a mess, buddy." He laughed awkwardly, but looked directly into Chance's eyes.

"It's cool," Chance said. His face felt dry and tight. He could still smell the sweet, bleach-like aroma of Brody's come. "But I'd better get that tank filled before I get into trouble with the boss."

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

"Ah, thanks," Brody said. The thank-you sounded awkward, as if he wanted to say more but held back.

Chance shrugged and started filling the tank with propane. When he leaned forward, he had a feeling that Brody was staring at every move he made. He was terrified to look up, but from the corner of his eye he could see that Brody's head wasn't moving at all. When the tank was filled, he had to use both hands to lift it off the ground.

But Brody jumped forward and said, "Hey, man. I'll take that. It's heavy." He effortlessly lifted the tank with one hand, and didn't even blink his eyes.

This offended Chance slightly, for some reason. He knew Brody meant to help out, but he couldn't stop wondering if Brody thought he was too weak to carry a tank of propane. "I do this all the time, though," he said. "Carry all kinds of heavy things around here, and I make out just fine on my own. As a matter of fact, I do almost everything around here, from deli work to operating the heaviest machinery." He straightened his shoulders and used a firm, hoarse tone of voice. If he'd been the type to grab his crotch and spit on the ground, he would have.

A voice rang out from the front of the market. "You! Inside, I need you now! Is a line of people waiting for meat, and for what? The meat slicer is-a jammed!" Dan never called Chance by his name. He just pointed and referred to him in pronouns: *He* can do it. *You*, go clean-a that bathroom on your hands and knees.

Chance raised his hands in the air and shrugged. "See what I mean? He can't even slice his own deli meats without

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

me." He kept smiling, but by now he realized that Dan was a noisy little troll of a man who had never quite learned how to manage his own business. After all, that was his meat slicing machine, with the rickety blade that kept faltering and causing backups in the deli line on the busiest weekends of the year. If he hadn't been so mechanically inept and had taken the time to check the back of the blade to see if anything was stuck, it would have saved a great deal of time in the long run. But Chance knew he'd never do it, and that made him seem even more pathetic and doomed.

"I should go back inside and pay for the cold cuts and the propane," Brody said.

But neither one of them moved away from the propane tank. They were both caught in that awkward, endless moment when you either take the next step toward getting to know someone, or just abandon the idea and move on with your life. Brody just stood there grinning, with his legs spread wide, rocking on the balls of his feet. Chance pressed his lips together and smiled. At one point he reached toward the propane tank and brushed a twig off with his palm.

"Ah, well..." Chance said. He knew that if he didn't get back to the store, Dan would make his life miserable for the rest of the day.

"Ah, you wanna hang out later?" Brody asked. His voice grew softer, the words tongue-tied and disconnected. "I haven't been back here in a long time, maybe ten years, and I don't really know anyone anymore. I'm a naval officer on extended leave for personal reasons. I thought maybe we could just go over to The Island and hang out for a while.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

That is, if The Island is still *there*." The Island was a small, broken-down amusement park on the other side of the lake. It was a local joke, but weekenders found it quaint and kitschy.

"It's still there," Chance said, "broken-down roller coaster and all." He didn't actually say yes, but he smiled. He'd always fantasized about sucking off a Navy guy, and here he'd gone and blown a naval *officer* and he hadn't even known it. He glanced at Brody's tattoo again and raised his eyebrows. He'd planned to stay home and do what he did every night: read cookbooks and watch the Food Network when the old man went to bed. The only thing he ever thought about was going to cooking school and becoming a famous celebrity chef one day.

Brody looked at his watch and asked, "Where do you live?"

He found it interesting that Brody simply assumed he could take complete control, or maybe he just figured since he'd been the one to ask, he should at least offer to pick him up.

"I live here, but I'll meet you there at eight, at the front gate." It's not that he was offended by Brody's assertiveness. He just knew the old man would go ballistic if Brody came knocking on the door for him. If a guy even so much as smiled at Chance in the store—and plenty did—and the old man saw it happen, there would be pots and pans banging around the kitchen all day long.

Brody nodded. "That's cool, man."

Chance reached out to shake his hand. He didn't know what else to do, and he couldn't stand there talking all day. It was an out-of-place, formal gesture for someone who had

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

just sucked a guy off, but he did it fast, and then started to jog back to the front of the store. He was already planning a good excuse for being out back for so long, a superior one so the old man wouldn't question him. When he reached the middle of the alley, he turned back and said, "See you later, and don't worry about the gas and the deli stuff. It's on me." Then he turned and jogged back to the store. He didn't want Brody walking back inside to pay—the old man would become suspicious.

As soon as Chance reached the entrance door, he crossed back to the deli and started working on the slicing machine. There were no customers waiting, just the old man leaning against the sink, his arms folded across his sunken chest, tapping his right foot. Chance reached down and yanked on a huge chunk of plastic that had somehow become jammed in the blade, looking sideways toward the old man and wondering how the plastic had gotten jammed there in the first place. He knew *he* hadn't done that.

"And where were *you*?" Dan asked.

Chance stared at the blade, wiping bits and pieces of dried deli meat onto the counter. "The valve got stuck while I was filling a tank. I had to work it slowly until it loosened up." He hoped his lips weren't still red and swollen from sucking dick. He stepped back so Dan couldn't smell Brody's come on his face.

Dan stared down at his ass for a moment, and then licked his lips. "I'm going to the market. I'll be back in a couple hours." Dan went to the wholesale fruit and produce market down in Newark on Monday and Thursday mornings, but

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

today he meant the supermarket. He shopped all the supermarkets within a fifty-mile radius for bargains on anything from canned soda to jars of mayonnaise. Then he'd stock his shelves and mark the prices up three or four times what he'd paid. Locals only bought fruit, produce or deli takeout there. It was the weekenders who didn't mind paying extra for the other groceries.

"Is it okay if I go to The Island later tonight with Sarah?" Chance asked. He had to use Sarah as his excuse. He'd ask her to go after he asked for Dan's permission. His voice had a fake lilt, as if he were a teenager asking for permission to go out on his first date. He didn't want to piss the old bastard off. But he wondered how much longer he'd be able to endure working and living with him.

"I have poker tonight. Just get back before midnight," he said, then headed toward the front door. When he walked behind Chance, he looked around to see if anyone was watching them, then he reached down, slipped his hand into the back of Chance's pants, and grabbed a handful of his ass right there in the deli. He squeezed hard and bit his bottom lip, and then he whispered, "This ass-a belongs to me, so don't fuck around, *you*."

Chance's entire body tightened; he closed his eyes and held his breath. The old man didn't touch him often, and when he did it was only to cop a cheap feel either on his ass or between his legs. He began to wipe the counter with fast, round circular motions, spraying with a mixture of water and bleach, and he tried not to gag out loud as the old man's hand moved around inside his pants.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Two

The market closed at seven on Friday nights, but that night, Dan made him scrub all the floors, even behind the deli counter, before he went out. This was unusual, because Monday was normally floor-scrubbing day, and Chance suspected that Dan was mad at him for wanting to go to The Island with Sarah. He didn't like Chance to have *any* fun. So to put the old man in a better mood before he left for his poker game, the minute the last customer left and the shades were pulled down, Chance grabbed the mop, filled a bucket with soapy water and removed all his clothes. Dan was clearing out the cash register, and Chance knew he was watching every move he made. When he leaned forward to wet the mop with soapy water, he purposely arched his back and wiggled his pretty ass in Dan's direction. When he came to a corner where the mop wouldn't reach, he went down on his hands and knees with his legs spread wide and scrubbed with a wet rag. He even stood and scratched his balls a few times with soapy fingers.

By the time he was ready to leave, the old man smiled and said, "Don't *you* be late tonight." His dentures were yellow and didn't fit correctly. When he used words that began with T, his teeth tended to slip forward and he'd press his crooked fingertips to his lips to adjust them.

Chance turned quickly and swung his hips so his penis bounced off his thigh with a loud smack. "I won't. You have fun."

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

The old man left the market, staring down at Chance's bouncing genitals as he went.

Chance grabbed his clothes and ran upstairs to the living area. It was a narrow staircase covered with olive-green shag carpet that had been installed years before he'd been born. It was a little past seven-thirty. He took two steps at a time.

When he reached the small back bedroom where he slept, he pulled a black polo shirt and a faded pair of jeans from metal wardrobe and threw them onto a twin bed neatly covered with a plain white spread. He didn't have many clothes, but the few he did have were all hung neatly on wooden hangers. The only other piece of furniture in the room was a small wooden nightstand to the left of the bed. He removed his watch and placed it there. He grabbed a bath towel from a hook behind his door and pulled down the window shade for privacy. Though the paint around the window was chipped and the dingy shade frayed at the edges, the glass sparkled and shined just like the windows in his old car.

He jumped into a cold shower because he didn't have time to wait for the hot water to come up from the basement. It was the only bathroom in the house and he shared it with the old man. He always made sure he cleaned the cracked floor tiles and the toilet seat with straight bleach, and he never looked at the beige, plastic false teeth container on the edge of the sink longer than a second. The old man drank prune juice daily, and Chance kept a can of air freshener, a long, sturdy toilet brush and a pair of latex gloves handy at all times. The only thing he didn't do for the old man was his

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

laundry, and there was always a dingy white towel and a crusty pair of socks hanging over the shower curtain that smelled like spoiled fish.

He washed quickly, brushed his teeth until his gums tingled, and ran back to the bedroom to put on his clothes. The faded jeans were low rise, with a three-inch zipper that made his penis pop forward, but he left the black polo shirt outside his pants to cover the bulge so it wouldn't be obnoxious. He nearly fell over when he put his socks on, and he was almost halfway down the stairs when he turned and ran back to retrieve his watch from the nightstand. He told Sarah he'd pick her up on the way to The Island, and she lived ten minutes out of the way.

He drove a pale blue, '90 LeBaron convertible, with a roof that leaked when the rain hit the passenger side and a broken air conditioner. But it was spotlessly clean, from the white canvas top to the white leather seats, although there was a small tear in the back seat that drove him to distraction. He'd purchased the old car with money he'd saved the first year he worked at Dan Pratta's market. It wasn't much of a car, but it was his one source of independence: If he finally decided he couldn't take any more of Dan, he could always live in the car for a while.

The drive to Sarah's house only took him a few miles off the main road, but it felt like he was driving to Alaska. He made a left onto Cove Road and passed rows of small, unkempt cottages, most of them converted into haphazard year-round homes to where working-class New Yorkers had retired. Small kitchens had been extended by adding slant-

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

roofed lean-to additions. There were plastic gnomes and windmills in some front yards, plastic birdbaths and statues of the Virgin Mary in others; a few people had spray-painted old truck tires white and filled them with dirt and orange marigolds. He veered right onto Bucknell Trail, and then down a steep hill that led to a small cluster of simple white clapboards with more expensive lakefront property. At the edge of the driveway near the last house on the right, a plump young woman with big red hair and a yellow halter top clutched her brown pocketbook and walked toward the street. She opened the door with long red fingernails and slid into the passenger side.

"You're late," she said, "It's almost seven o'clock."

Chance knew Sarah wasn't mad at him. He gripped the steering wheel and sighed. Then he made a U-turn and headed back to the main road. "The old man made me scrub all the floors after we closed. He *said* he wanted the place clean for the weekend, but he only wanted to torture me." He didn't mention that he'd been naked when he'd mopped the floors, or that he'd wiggled his ass to put Dan in a good mood. No one knew about *that* part of his life.

She smiled and rubbed her palms together as if she were expecting something wonderful to happen. "Well, I always think it's better to be late anyway. You don't want to look too anxious if you're gonna snag this guy. Play hard to get, is what I always say." She shook her finger at him. Her voice was overly animated and she was speaking even faster than she usually did.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

"I'm not trying to 'snag' anyone," he said. He cleared his throat and lowered his voice. "I'm just meeting a friend at an amusement park is all." But his palms were starting to sweat and his mouth felt a little dry. This may have been a huge mistake. He could have been home watching the Food Network and planning his next recipe.

He turned back onto the main road that circled the massive lake and they rode in silence, passing cute little cafes and pizza shops with red, white and green awnings next to small mom-and-pop gift shops that sold T-shirts and postcards and beach accessories. As they rounded a curve that led to the other side of the lake, the landscape grew darker—woody and leafy, with more expensive homes at the end of long driveways. It always made Chance smile, though, that the woodlands around the lake had not yet been replaced by newer sub-divisions that seemed to be popping up everywhere. He passed a natural stone wall on the right, where a sign read, "Caution: Falling Rocks." On the left there was a white brick, flat-roofed school with large black letters that spelled out, "Richard M. Nixon Elementary". He'd always wondered if they'd chosen that name before or after Nixon had resigned.

He drove a few more miles, then put on his left turning signal and came to a full stop. When it was safe to turn, he drove down the gravelly tree-lined road where a faded red sign with white letters read, "Bartrum's Island." The old car bumped and jerked; he drove very slowly to avoid large potholes. He passed a deer that was waiting to cross. It stood there frozen in its tracks, eyes popping and heart probably

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

racing. The road widened into a large gravel parking lot. It was still early and there weren't many cars. He pulled into a space at the end of the second row.

Bartrum's Island wasn't a real island at all—the moniker was meant to make it sound more festive. He'd been going there since he was a small child and it hadn't changed in all those years, which wasn't necessarily a good thing. Each summer the place seemed more dilapidated and worn than the year before. A cluster of rickety amusement park rides included the most unkempt roller coaster in the East, and a ferris wheel barely turned a full circle in an hour. There were rows of carnival wheels where they gave out dusty stuffed animals for prizes, and a fortune teller would guess your height and weight for five dollars. The locals, though, mainly went there to either walk around or hang out at a bar called The Island Pier.

Chance pulled his keys from the ignition and opened the door. His hands felt shaky and his right eyelid started to twitch. "Maybe this wasn't such a good idea," he said.

But Sarah was already out of the car and halfway down the parking lot. She put her hands on her hips and called, "C'mon. Let's go! It'll be fun."

He noticed she was wearing high heels and brand-new jeans. She looked overdressed for a casual walk around The Island, as if *she* were the one meeting a stranger that night. He jogged up to her side and shook his head. "I'm having major second thoughts about this. I mean, seriously, this guy is older. I don't know anything about him." He didn't bother to mention that he'd sucked him off earlier that day.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

She waved her arm in the air, and said, "Okay, then we'll have a safe word."

"Safe word?"

"If you're not interested in him, you don't say anything and we'll just leave," she said, "But if you are interested, and you want me to get lost, say the word *fishhook*, and I'll disappear."

"Fishhook?"

"Yes. But I have to know by nine o'clock so I can meet my brother and he can take me home by boat," she said. Her older brother worked at the Haunted House ride, and he always went to work by boat. She grabbed his arm and shook it, and he realized he was staring at his shoes. "You got it, kiddo?"

He nodded, then repeated, "Fishhook."

When they reached the entrance gate where it cost \$2.50 to be admitted to the park, he pulled a five-dollar bill from his back pocket. He handed it to the old man in the booth and he and Sarah crossed through a metal turnstile. The entire park was surrounded by a tall, dark green fence so people couldn't just walk around for free. You had to pay for a roll of tickets at another booth inside the park if you wanted to go on the rides. Sarah insisted on paying for her own admission, but he refused to let her.

Inside the fence, the dusty walkway and the hot smell of popcorn and cotton candy mingled above the distant sound of carnival organ music. A man dressed up as a clown stood near the ticket kiosk holding a handful of Mylar balloons in

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

every color. "How' bout a balloon for your girlfriend?" he bellowed to Chance. His accent was thick New York.

Sarah replied, "Not tonight, honey, and I'm not his girlfriend." She popped a chunk of bubble gum into her mouth and continued walking.

Chance looked over the clown's polka-dotted shoulder. It was still light out and the park wasn't very crowded that night, but he saw two men standing next to a park bench at the edge of the lake, off in the distance. One wore a red baseball cap and white short pants, the other wore jeans and a navy blue polo shirt and looked as if he'd just stepped out of a Calvin Klein advertisement.

"Do you see him yet?" Sarah asked.

"No," he said. Then he adjusted his eyes and blinked a few times. "Ah, well..."

Brody was the Calvin Klein advertisement, his short dark hair neatly styled with a small turned-up wave at his forehead. His large hands were shoved in his pockets. He was smiling and nodding; he looked even more handsome than he'd looked in the market. When they started walking toward him, Sarah a few steps ahead, Brody turned in their direction and smiled, and Chance's knees started to feel weak again. Brody pulled his hands out of his pockets and said something to the guy with the red baseball cap, then he turned and walked toward Chance and Sarah. "You made it," Brody said, "I was starting to worry you wouldn't show up."

"Hi, I'm Sarah. I work with Chance." She pulled her halter top up higher with her thumbs and index fingers. "I'm sorry. I'm the one who made him late."

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Chance said, "Hi, Brody."

It would have been silly and awkward and overly formal to shake hands. But Brody reached into his back pocket and pulled out a roll of tickets he'd purchased for the rides. "I haven't been here in a long time," he said, "and I want to go on every ride in the park tonight."

"Ah, well, I don't know about that," Chance said. He shoved his hands into his own pockets and lowered his head. "They say the roller coaster hasn't been repaired since 1975, and it's just an accident waiting to happen."

Sarah put her hands on her hips and said to Brody, "Don't listen to him. He's afraid of rides. But I'll go on them with you." She loved fast rides, anything that soared down a steep hill, turned her upside down, and shook her around. The higher the ride went, the wider she smiled.

Brody grinned at him. "Maybe there are a few you can go on."

When he raised his head and his eyes met Brody's, he experienced a peculiar jolt in the pit of his stomach, and then his body started to loosen and his hands fell limp at his side. "I'll go on a few," he said, "But not the roller coaster, and nothing that goes too high."

The roller coaster was near the entrance of the park, so Sarah and Brody went on that first. Sarah ran to the first car in the row, pulling Brody by the arm, while Chance stood patiently waiting for them, clutching her purse. His stomach pulled as he watched the row of cars climb up a steep hill; the rust-colored tracks swayed and made rickety noises, as if they were missing a few essential nuts and bolts. And when

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

the cars descended and Sarah's arms flew into the air, his back teeth started to itch. She screamed with the other passengers behind her. He knew her face was red and her eyes were open as wide as they would go. From what he could see, Brody held onto the front safety bar as Sarah's large body leaned into him when they rounded a curve.

When the roller coaster went off toward the other end of the park and Chance couldn't see them anymore, he walked over to a bench and sat down next to another guy holding someone's purse. He only wanted to sit quietly and wait, but the other guy started talking first. "I hate this, man," he said, "My wife loves to come here every summer and go on the roller coaster, and it looks to me like it's ready to come down any minute. Crazy, man, just crazy. And I get stuck holding her purse." He tapped a white canvas purse at his side and laughed, then spread his legs wider and spit on the ground. He was wearing baggy tan shorts, brown sandals and a white baseball jersey, and it sounded like he came from New York. But it could have been Northern New Jersey.

"Ah, well..." Chance said. Strange people were always starting up conversations like this with him, especially strange men. This guy was in his thirties and going bald on top. He had a small paunch, but nice hairy legs and a good-looking face.

"You live around here, man?" he asked. His eyes began to shift in every direction, and he started to play with the wedding ring on his finger.

"Not far," Chance said. He didn't want to encourage a conversation with this guy.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

"Do you do massage, man?" he asked. He leaned in and lowered his voice to a stage whisper. "I'm going to be around for a few days, and I could use a soft pair of hands, if you know what I mean, buddy."

Oh, he knew what *this* guy meant. There were times when Chance wondered if he had an invisible sign attached to his back that said, *C'mon boys, I'll take care of you*. It never failed; he always attracted the married guys, the daddy types who liked to play around on the down low when their wives weren't paying attention. They were the big strong firemen and cops who played football on the weekends; the guys who drank beer, scratched their balls, and went to stag parties with their buddies to watch hired women strippers. One of those guys once told Chance it was because he had natural blond hair, a smooth body, and an ass that rounded like two ripe melons. The guy said, "If they put you in a pair of high heels, bend you over the back of a chair and spread your legs wide, it's the next best thing to tagging a hot woman. Horny men can smell good sex, and they know when someone is ripe for it."

"Sorry, man," Chance said, "I don't do massage." But he wasn't offended, and he didn't want to blow him off in a mean way—the guy was only paying him a compliment. Poor Sarah would have cut off her left tit to get this guy naked on a massage table. "But if I did, I'd enjoy giving *you* one." Chance knew how to stroke a man's ego. Besides, he liked attention.

The guy looked up and smiled, then sat back and straightened his shoulders as if he were about to pound his

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

chest like Tarzan. But he didn't get a chance to respond because the ride was over and people were climbing out of the roller coaster cars. "I'm gonna go meet my friends, man. Nice talking with you," Chance said.

"You too, baby," the guy said. "Walk slowly so I can watch your ass as you leave." He reached down and casually tugged at his dick a couple of times.

Chance's head jerked back and he laughed. That last comment was unexpected and very bold. He hadn't expected the guy to call him baby or to be that forward in such a public place. He smiled. "You're like a bad little boy looking for trouble, aren't you?"

The guy pulled a business card from his back pocket and quickly handed it to Chance. "I'll bet you are, too. Call me." He was staring at Chance's lips, and his right leg was jumping up and down. Chance could see the outline of an erection beneath his baggy short pants.

He took the card and shoved it into his pocket. "See you later, man." If they'd been alone, he would have gone down on him without thinking twice. The poor guy looked as if he hadn't had good head in years. He had that same eager expression that the guy on his high school football team had the night Chance had been kicked out of his parents' house. One minute Chance and the football player had been studying for a math exam, and the next Chance was pulling down the guy's zipper and sucking his dick. When his mother walked in unexpectedly and saw her son sucking off the football player, she screamed so loud he almost bit the poor guy's dick off.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Chance knew the married guy was staring at his ass, so he walked slowly toward the roller coaster exit and arched his back a little. Sarah came rushing over first, her frizzy red hair was all blown and messed. She was tugging at her halter top again. Brody followed her, and Chance's heart thumped. He pressed his palm to his throat when he saw his smile. The married guy with the hairy legs vanished from his thoughts, and the only thing he wanted to do was reach down and hold Brody's large hand. But he couldn't do that in such a public place.

Brody and Sarah went on the ferris wheel, The Whip, The Caterpillar and The Cyclone. Chance waited for them each time, holding Sarah's purse under his right arm. He saw one of his regular customers near The Cyclone, an elderly widow who stopped into the market each day for one thing or another. Now, she held a child's hand and Chance smiled. After that, he finally agreed to go on the bumper cars and the merry-go-round, but the haunted house took a little coaxing.

"C'mon," Sarah said. "Don't be such a baby. The haunted house is nothing more than a slow, straight ride through a dark building. It's nothing. It's the easiest ride in the park. It's actually fun because there's nothing *haunted* about it."

"I don't know," Chance said. "I'm not fond of the dark. You two go, I don't mind waiting outside."

Brody said, "If you go on this one ride, I promise I'll go over to the shooting gallery and win you the biggest prize they have." He was all smiles and teeth. His arms were stretched out and he motioned Chance forward.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Chance turned to Sarah and frowned. "And you're sure this ride doesn't go up any steep hills and down any fast into valleys? It's just a straight, slow ride through a dark tunnel?"

"Yes," she said.

Chance should have wondered why people getting off the ride were wiping water off their arms and legs. But he didn't. He looked at Brody and said, "Okay, I'll go on this, but I want to sit in the last car."

"Fine," Brody said. "I'll sit with you. I prefer the last car, too."

As they entered to claim their cars, Brody slipped his palm against the small of Chance's back to guide him toward the last car. Then he lowered it slightly so that it was almost touching his ass as Chance stepped into the car. Chance turned and looked at him for a second; Brody smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

Sarah sat down alone in the car in front of them. When everyone was buckled down and all the steel safety bars were locked in front of the passengers, she turned around and said, "Hold on, here we go."

The cars slowly started to move along the tracks. When they were inside the haunted house, it was so pitch black that Chance couldn't see his own hand. His heart normally would have started beating fast. because he hated the dark. But when Brody lifted his arm and placed it around his shoulders, he took a deep breath and smiled. And when Brody pulled him up against his chest and kissed his earlobe, his body loosened and he sank into Brody's strong chest.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

The old cars moved slowly, swaying and jerking whenever they rounded a curve. Good thing they weren't going fast, because it didn't feel like the cars were securely attached to the tracks. Fake spider webs fell and passengers waved their arms and laughed. When they passed a glow-in-the-dark skeleton, Brody reached down with his other hand, placed it between Chance's legs and squeezed his inner thigh. All of a sudden, Brody was all hands.

"I don't know about this," Chance whispered. "There are a lot of people in here. We could get caught." He spread his legs wider and pushed his hips forward a little. The erection he had was pressing against the waistband of his jeans and it was starting to hurt.

"It's dark. Stop worrying," Brody said. He lifted his hand from Chance's thigh, wrapped it around the front of his waist, and rested it on his hip.

Chance tried to push him away at first, but when Brody started to slip his hand down the back of his pants, he sighed and sucked in his stomach so Brody's hand would slide down easier. The button on his jeans popped open from the pressure and his zipper went down. Brody's hand was all the way down his pants by then and he grabbed Chance's ass so hard, his eyes started to roll back. He felt like a teenager in the last row of the movie theater. He'd push him away a little, and then Brody would hold him even tighter: *No, stop, but do it again*. Brody started to bite his neck, and his stubbly face was rough and prickly. Chance reached forward and ran his hand gently across Brody's upper arm. His pants began to slide down his legs and his erection popped out. Then, just as

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

he was about to open his mouth and kiss Brody's arm, the cars slowly began to climb upward.

Chance bolted upright. He pushed Brody off and fastened his pants, then grabbed Brody's arm and said, "Why are we going uphill? This is supposed to be a straight, flat ride for chicken-shits who are afraid of heights, like me."

"Just calm down, baby," Brody said, "It's probably nothing much. It's all good, man."

But they kept climbing, and his heart started to beat faster and his mouth felt dry. He leaned forward and tapped Sarah on the shoulder. "What the fuck is this?" It was still dark. And even though she turned, he couldn't see her face.

"You'll love it. Just sit back and relax, sweetie," she shouted.

They continued to climb, and the train of cars exited the dark, "haunted" building. They headed up, up, toward the tall peak of what looked like a roller coaster hill. Chance sat all the way back and pressed his feet hard against the floor. Every muscle in his body was clenched, and he bit his bottom lip. When he looked down, with nothing on either side of the car but thin air, he saw small dots of people walking around the park far below. Off in the distance, he could actually see the other side of the lake. He closed his eyes and reached for Brody's arm. His knuckles stiffened and he felt the blood drain from his face.

"You're really terrified," Brody said. He was smiling, but not laughing.

Chance just nodded. He couldn't even speak.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

"It's okay, baby," Brody said, "We're fine." Then he put his arm around him again and held him tightly. They were in the last car, so no one could see them.

When the trail of cars reached the top and began to fall, he reached for the safety bar and held it so tightly his hands ached. His erection disappeared and his balls tightened. Brody's arm was still solidly around him as he pressed his feet harder to the floor, as if there were an invisible brake pedal. The cars went faster, speeding downhill on the rickety, swaying roller coaster track, and everyone in the cars ahead of him lifted their arms high in the air and started to scream with joy. The faster they went, the louder they screamed. Sarah's arms were bouncing back and forth, and her hair flew straight up with the wind. Chance closed his eyes and prepared to die, and a moment later, they pounded directly into a large pool of dark water. creating such a huge splash. he couldn't see anything but mist.

The cars started to slow as they climbed out of the shallow water and headed toward the exit, and Brody removed his arm from his shoulder quickly. Chance finally let go of the safety bar and took a deep breath, but his feet were still pressed hard against the floor and he was still breathing rapidly. Sarah turned all the way around and smiled. Her face was damp and the front of her yellow halter top had water spots near her nipples. "Let's do it again," she shouted.

Chance didn't say anything. He just lowered his eyebrows and stared at her. The only thing *he* wanted to do was get out of that car and kick her in the ass.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

When the cars stopped and the other passengers started to climb out, Brody looked down and asked, "Are you okay?" He was taller, and Chance was still slumped down in his seat.

Chance nodded. "I'm fine, man. But I'm really sorry I freaked out like that up there. I hope I didn't grab your arm too hard." He didn't want Brody to think he was a coward. "I just didn't expect it, is all."

"Listen, if I had known that ride was anything like that, we wouldn't have gone up there. Hell, I don't want you to be afraid when you're with me. I want you to feel safe and comfortable." He smiled and knocked his arm against Chance's shoulder. "Let's go do something *you* like, now."

Sarah had already climbed out and was waiting for them at the exit gate, wiping water spots off her purse. "What should we do now?" she asked.

Chance stared at her, and then he said, "*fishhook*." He didn't say anything else out loud, but his teeth were still clenched.

She lifted her right eyebrow and smiled. "Ah, fishhook."

"What's fishhook? Is it a ride?" Brody asked. He looked excited, and his expression was animated. "Does this fishhook ride involve boats?"

Neither of them answered Brody, and Sarah looked down at her watch and shook her head. "Sorry, guys, I didn't realize it was so late. I've got to meet my brother and catch a ride home. You guys have fun."

They said good-bye and watched her cross back toward the entrance gate where her brother was getting ready to

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

leave. Then Brody asked, "What would you like to do now? Anything you want. Just name it."

Chance's knees were still wobbling and his hands were sore from holding the safety bar. He smiled and said, "I'd really like to go down to The Pier, sit where there's peace and quiet, and have a good, stiff drink." He wasn't much of a drinker, but after *that* ride, he needed a little calming.

"Okay, but on the way we're stopping at the shooting range. I promised I'd win you a prize," Brody said.

He won the biggest, longest, most campy stuffed snake in the park that night. Bright lime green, with yellow and black spots, it stretched to over six feet long. Chance stood back with his hands in his pockets while Brody stretched his strong legs and pointed the fake rifle toward flimsy duck decoys. He concentrated on the moving ducks and shot perfectly straight. When his finger pulled the trigger, his ass cheeks tightened and his hips thrust forward. And Chance wasn't the only one watching him: a couple of giggling women were staring at him as he shot at the targets and whispering things to each other that no one could hear. In fact, Brody was so good, the guy who ran the shooting range offered him his pick of stuffed animals just to see him disappear. He chose the snake, wrapped it around Chance's neck and they walked down to the pier for a drink.

He ordered a beer for himself, and Chance asked for a very dirty martini with extra olives. They sat at the edge of the bar on tall stools and talked. Brody told Chance he was twenty-nine years old, that he'd grown up on the lake, and that he was back in town on extended leave from his post in Europe

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

because his mother was dying. He didn't go into any details about his mother because it was too soon for that, and he didn't go into details about his work in the Navy because he couldn't. He was in intelligence, and most of the work he did was top secret. He just skimmed over his life: He'd been in the service since he was twenty-one and he'd worked hard to become an officer. The requirements sounded staggering, from the physical standards to the moral obligations. Brody spoke quickly and moved his large hands around; he had a habit of laughing and then punching Chance lightly on the shoulder. Chance just sipped his drink and listened quietly. Brody seemed so eager to just sit there and talk that Chance had hardly said anything about his own life, which was fine with him. The only part of his life he mentioned was his love of cooking and his obsession with the Food Network. It was the *only* part of his meager life worth mentioning.

Brody had gone to a local four-year college, and he'd commuted from home. But he frowned and lowered his voice when he offhandedly told Chance that those years had been difficult. He'd almost been arrested when he was in college for possession of drugs—just pot, not hard drugs—but he'd been lucky that the cop had known his father and had let him off with a strong warning. Of course, the cop had to tell his mother, and that didn't help their strained relationship. He shook his head slowly when he told Chance that he actually screwed his biology professor to get a B. "I guess I was trouble back then," he said. "My grades weren't bad, but could have been much better if I'd really studied. Thankfully, my SAT scores were really good, though. They saved me."

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Chance stared at him and tilted his head. "Sounds like you're pretty secure now."

Brody swallowed the last drops of his beer and thought for a moment. "I'm okay with where I am now, but I'm not finished. There's more to the story, but I don't want to get into it right now."

He ordered another beer, and Chance continued sipping his one martini while Brody continued to talk about how the Navy had shaped his life and helped make him a man. By the time Chance looked at his watch for the first time that night it was nearly eleven o'clock. "I have to get going, man," he said, "I have to be at work tomorrow morning very early." He tried to make it sound natural and not like an excuse to leave early, but when he saw how the expression on Brody's face fell, he knew he had to say something else. "Seriously, man. I really do have to get up very early, but I had a great time tonight. I'd like to get together again." He smiled and then lightly punched Brody on the shoulder. "That is, if you want to."

Brody sat up straight and smiled. "Cool. I'll walk you back to your car and we can exchange numbers. I'm going home, too."

When they were in the dark parking lot walking side by side, Brody reached down and placed his palm lightly on the small of Chance's back. Nothing too obvious, but it was a little possessive, Chance thought. So he pointed toward the second row and said, "My car is over there." Walking around, even if it was in the dark, with Brody's hand on his back made his stomach rumble a few times. But his stomach nearly jumped

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

out of his mouth when Brody lowered his palm into his back pocket and started playing with his ass right there in the parking lot. It was all so casual and matter-of-fact; he just slipped his hand down and started squeezing. "*You're not shy, are you?*" Chance asked.

Brody stepped back and shrugged. "I like you, is all. And you've got a great ass." Then he pointed to the other side of the parking lot, near a long row of leafy trees. "I'm parked over there. Why don't you walk *me* to *my* car?" He smiled and started moving his eyebrows up and down.

He thought about saying no because he wasn't sure he wanted to get too attached to someone just passing through town, but it occurred to him that he genuinely liked Brody. But more than that, he trusted Brody. So he sighed and continued walking. When they reached the car, a massive black Cadillac in pristine condition that had to be at least thirty years old, Chance pressed his hand to his throat and said, "This is something else."

"It's my mother's car," Brody said, "She's a little eccentric. She actually has two, this one for driving and another in the garage that's just used for spare parts. When she bought it back in the seventies, she wanted to make sure it would last for the rest of her life, so she bought two."

Chance bent forward and looked into the front window on the passenger side. The front seat could fit at least four people, and the steering wheel was the size of an extra-large pizza. But the black leather seats were clean and smooth, and the chrome on the dashboard sparkled against a slight glare

from the window. "My car is older, too. I keep it very clean, but this is perfect."

Brody moved forward and pressed his groin up against Chance's ass and started bumping into him, He grabbed both sides of his slim waist and said, "The back seat is nice, too. We can talk some more there." He squeezed his waist a little harder and pulled him back with more pressure.

"Ah, well..." Chance said. "I don't know about this." It was getting late and he didn't want to get into trouble with the old man by missing his curfew.

Brody bent forward and gently bit the back of Chance's neck. "We won't do anything you don't want to do, baby; just talk if that's all you want."

Chance took a deep breath, then stood up straight while Brody held on to him tightly. He felt Brody's erection through his jeans, and his own erection was growing rapidly. He looked at his watch and saw that it was only eleven fifteen. "I guess a few minutes more won't hurt." It wasn't that he didn't want to fool around, because he did. It's just that he'd always managed to keep his sexual experiences simple, and he was already starting to have feelings for Brody..

When they were in the back seat, Brody barely waited for the back door to slam shut. He put his arms around Chance and pinned him to the leather seat, then opened his mouth and pressed his lips on Chance's so lightly at first that Chance felt a chill go through his body, then his stomach felt peculiar. But he wrapped his arms around Brody's neck and opened his mouth for more. When Brody's warm tongue touched his, he closed his eyes and ran his palm up the back of Brody's

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

strong neck. And when Brody's tongue started to circle and explore the inside of his mouth, he pressed his hand to the back of Brody's head even harder. His breath smelled and tasted like stale beer, and Chance inhaled as deeply and slowly as he could. He'd kissed his fair share of men, and they hadn't been bad, but this time it felt as if his body were about to explode. His toes curled and his eyes rolled back. He'd never in his life felt so overpowered, yet so safe, with anyone. It didn't take long before he was flat on his back across the seat with his arms around Brody's wide shoulders and his legs around Brody's slim waist.

"You have really soft skin," Brody whispered, "It gets me really hard." He squeezed his shoulders and bit Chance's neck. Then he reached down and unbuttoned Chance's jeans so he could get into his pants and squeeze his ass. "I have to be careful, man. I'm ready to explode."

Chance ran his palm up the back of Brody's neck and whispered, "I need to know that you're safe. No diseases or anything." He didn't want to spoil the moment, but he wasn't about to have unsafe sex with anyone.

"I'm okay," Brody said. "No STDs and I was just tested for HIV/AIDS and I'm negative."

Brody reached back and ran his hand up his ass. Chance's legs went higher and he sighed. "I'm okay, too. I only have safe sex."

Brody was so excited he began to pant, and Chance didn't want to disappoint him in any way. The poor guy needed to get off—he was ready to either erupt or have a seizure. And there really wasn't enough time for a good fuck session. So

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Chance decided to take control from the bottom, so to speak. He hated to rush things, but he didn't want to get home after midnight and endure the wrath of Dan. More than that, he didn't want Brody going home with an unsatisfied erection either.

So he pressed his palms against Brody's muscular chest and pushed him up to a sitting position again. His body was slim but solid, like stacked bricks. Brody's tongue was hanging by then, and he kept leaning forward and kissing Chance on the mouth. But Chance pushed him back and started to remove all his clothes. He wanted to be completely naked, and he wanted Brody to remain fully clothed. When he pulled off his black polo shirt, Brody reached forward and circled his nipples with the tips of his fingers. Chance playfully slapped his hand. When Chance took off his pants—he never wore underwear—Brody reached behind him with both large hands and grabbed his ass. While he squeezed and pulled the soft flesh, Chance wrapped the furry green snake around his naked neck. He thought Brody would like that, wearing nothing but the snake he'd won at the shooting range.

Brody leaned forward and started kissing Chance's smooth abdomen. Chance arched his back, spread his legs, and bent all the way over so his face was directly between Brody's legs. Then he unzipped Brody's pants, pulled down the front of his white jockey shorts, and pulled out a cock so large that when he wrapped his hand around the base there were about five more inches sticking out of his fist. The first time he'd seen Brody's knob, it had all happened so fast. Now he had time to really examine it fully.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Brody leaned all the way back and spread his legs wider. He put one hand on the back of his neck and the other on the middle of Chance's bare ass and squeezed, then he closed his eyes and smiled. "Suck me off, baby," he said. "Wrap those hot lips around my cock and drain it for me, baby." His voice was deep and strong.

Chance smiled. He liked it when guys talked dirty and he wanted to hear Brody beg to have his dick sucked. So he gently started to tug the big thing with his right hand; jerking slowly and tenderly at first, while Brody moaned and sighed with pleasure. Then he wrapped his left hand around the top and started to tug faster, with a sustained rhythm, until Brody's legs started to jerk and his hips started to buck forward. He had Brody on the edge; there was pre-come dripping from the opening and his balls were now tight.

"Suck that dick, baby," Brody said, "I don't know how long I can hold off now."

Chance let go and the dripping erection fell against Brody's stomach. He slowly leaned forward and slipped the entire shaft into his mouth. It tasted salty from the pre-come. He swallowed back and tried to suck more drops of pre-come out. He began to suck with the same rhythm and tempo he'd used to jerk him off. Brody's legs began to move as if he couldn't stretch them out far enough. "Yeah, baby," Brody shouted, "suck that dick faster, baby. I'm close."

Chance did what he was told. His cheekbones indented and he took even breaths through his nose. He reached down and started to jerk his own prick so that he could climax at the exact same time Brody filled his mouth with white cream.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Then Brody shouted, "Ah, yeah, baby, suck it..." His hips bucked again and he placed his palm on the back of Chance's head. When he applied pressure, and Chance's lips were pressed against his pubic hair, he came with such unplanned force that Chance almost choked on his load. But he didn't choke; he took it all without even so much as an awkward gag. And when Brody's come hit the back of his throat, he blew his own load all over the back seat of the car.

Chance continued to suck until Brody finally became flaccid. Then he sucked both of his balls into his mouth and gently rolled them around his tongue for a minute. Brody took a deep breath and rested his head against the seat. He could have sucked on Brody's hairy balls all night, but he knew it was late. So he climbed up on Brody's lap and kissed him on the lips. "I have to put my pants on and leave now. I really do have to get home. Don't be mad at me for running out like this."

"That was hot," Brody said. He sat there, with his legs spread wide, gently slapping Chance's ass with both hands. "Your lips taste like my balls."

"I like that," Chance said, reaching down to cup his balls. "The dirty talk is hot." He also knew how much guys liked it when he drained them dry and swallowed without thinking twice. Some were even shocked at how much he liked the taste of come.

Brody slapped his ass hard. "I want to get a piece of that hot ass now."

Chance removed the snake from his neck and wrapped it around Brody's, then jumped off his lap and put on his pants.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

"I have to get home. I wish I could stay here like this all night long. I'll bet I could get you off like that a couple of times tonight." He pulled up his zipper and leaned over to put on his socks and shoes. Then he grabbed his shirt and leaned forward to kiss Brody good-bye. It was a long, deep kiss—he wrapped one arm around Brody's neck, opened his mouth, and started sucking Brody's tongue, all the while silently amazed at how utterly sloppy he could be with a guy as neat and perfect as Brody.

He pulled back and asked, "Are we okay? You're not mad at me for running out?"

Brody smiled and said, "I'm fine, baby."

He opened the car door and got out. When he started to jog back to his own car, Brody yelled, "Wait, we didn't exchange phone numbers."

"I'm at the market seven days a week. We'll get together again soon," Chance shouted back. But by then he was unlocking his car and looking down at his watch. It was eleven forty-eight, which meant he'd have to drive home at record speed so the old man wouldn't torture him for being five minutes late.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Three

The upstairs living area of the market smelled like stale wine, watered-down vinegar and sour cheese: the odor of an unkempt old man who didn't shower or bother to wash his tweedy, threadbare clothes more than once a month. Chance slipped quietly up the staircase and into his own bedroom about five minutes after midnight. Dan was passed out in his own bedroom, flat on his back, with his mouth hanging half open, snoring so loudly it sounded as if grizzly bears had surrounded the property. He slept so soundly and peacefully that he might have been mistaken for someone's sweet little old grandfather, except Chance knew he'd probably finished off a bottle of red wine, a six-pack of beer and a pack of cigarettes while he'd cheated his friends at poker that night.

The next morning, Chance woke up at five with a smile on his face and a huge erection. He'd been dreaming about Brody. They were sailing down the roller coaster at The Island and he was sitting on Brody's lap. Brody was wearing a full dress officer's uniform and Chance was naked. They were eating buffalo chicken wings—the wings were in a huge aluminum bucket on the seat next to them—so hot and so strong, his mouth was parched when he woke up. Orange hot sauce and blue cheese dressing dripped down his face and his fingers were sticky and wet. Brody held his naked waist tightly and kept leaning forward and licking hot sauce off his fingers. The odd thing about the dream was that Chance's hands weren't shaking and his heart wasn't ready to pop out

of his chest anymore. The faster the vicious roller coaster flew down the tracks, the wider he smiled, and the more he laughed.

He kicked off the covers and closed his eyes so he could think about Brody. Then he reached down and began to stroke his erect penis with slow, precise movements. He imagined being completely naked, kneeling before Brody's wild erection, and taking it all the way to the back of his throat so that Brody's dark pubic hair rubbed against his nose. He opened his mouth and arched his back; he ran his tongue around his lips. He jerked his penis faster and his legs started to shudder a little. When he imagined that Brody was bucking his hips and stuffing his mouth with what had to be at least nine inches of wood, his shoulders went forward and his penis erupted with such force, the right side of his face was dripping with come a moment later.

When he got out of bed, Dan was still snoring down the hall. But the dream had put him in such a good mood, Chance barely even heard it. The yellow false teeth soaking in stagnant water in the container on the bathroom sink didn't turn his stomach when he stood back and pointed his penis toward the toilet. He didn't feel the urge to gag when he saw the old man's crusty boxer shorts with brown, faded skid marks hanging over the shower curtain rod. When he was finished, he took a fast shower and then scoured the entire bathroom with water and bleach. He inhaled deeply—the watered-down bleach reminded him of the smell of Brody's come.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Chance was usually awake by five each morning and down in the kitchen by five-thirty. This was his creative cooking time. Sometimes he baked large blueberry muffins with buttery golden tops; other times he prepared rich loaves of pound cake, or puffy glazed cinnamon rolls, or delicate foccacia bread. Each morning he cooked something special for the day, a recipe he'd designed and created himself that he displayed magnificently in a massive wooden bowl lined with a black-and-white striped cloth at the end of the deli counter. At first, Dan had been completely against the idea of having a "special" for each day of the week. His idea of running a market was to put out the basics, like cans of baked beans and ketchup, and collect the money. But when he saw how the customers flocked to the black-and-white striped cloth and were willing to pay twenty dollars for one of Chance's pound cakes or four dollars for one of his blueberry muffins, he shut his mouth. Half the time Dan couldn't even pronounce the specials, like when Chance baked loaves of bread and topped them with olive tapenade, but the people knew and they bought whatever he cooked. By the end of the day, the wooden bowl was always empty.

It was rumored there were people who only went to Dan's market to see what the special for the day was. And it was always something they couldn't get anywhere else but there.

Today, he whistled on his way down the back stairs. He'd been so inspired by his dream that he decided to create an original buffalo chicken spread, something hot and spicy that you could spread on a cracker as an appetizer, spread on a sourdough roll for lunch, or even place on a bed of baby

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

greens for a light supper. The possibilities were endless. He'd done buffalo chicken wings before—he'd even created a special buffalo chicken calzone—but never a hot, spicy spread.

He decided to use two extra-special ingredients: mascarpone cheese and just a hint of capers. He liked to layer different flavors, combining them for overall effect. With blueberry muffins he always added a hint of lime. No one knew, but the combination created a taste sensation that people couldn't resist. A special ingredient didn't have to be exotic and expensive, either. With his remarkable mac-and-cheese special, the two ingredients that made it taste exotic were nothing more than mustard powder and nutmeg.

By the time Dan came hobbling down the back stairs that morning, fresh coffee was brewing, Chance was opening the front door, and at the end of the deli counter the wooden bowl was stacked neatly with small containers of buffalo chicken spread. Dan's wrinkled face was puffy and his eyes looked like two thin slits. He walked carefully so he wouldn't trip over his own feet. Dan always wore shoes three sizes too large because he couldn't stand the thought of his toes touching the tips of his shoes. The old man rounded the counter and leaned forward with his fingers pressed to his lips. His eyebrows went up when he saw that Chance was charging more than twenty dollars a pound for his spread. Each small quarter-pound container was marked between five and six dollars each. He looked at Chance and frowned. "*You. What's this? Who'sa gonna pay that money for chicken? Che cazzo.*"

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Chance smiled. "Those containers will be gone before three o'clock this afternoon," he said. "And they'll want more, too."

Dan pressed his lips together and shook his head. They had been through all this before and Chance had always been right. "Where's the orange spray paint?"

"In the barn out back," Chance said. "Why?" They normally used the orange fluorescent spray paint for large signs out front, like when there was a huge sale on corn-on-the-cob or watermelons.

"For the squirrels," Dan said. He had forgotten to pull up his zipper, and his white shorts were showing through, yellow pee stains and all.

"Squirrels?"

The old man put his hands on his hips and smiled. "That's-a right. If I caught them in the traps last night," he said, pointing at Chance, "this time, I'll paint their tails orange when I let them go. *Bastardos*."

Chance crossed back to the deli counter and didn't respond. That summer, Dan was obsessed with a family of squirrels that had taken up residence in the barn behind the market. He kept setting traps and catching the squirrels, and then he'd take them down to the lake and set them free. But a few days later, the barn was always infested with more squirrels. He was now convinced that the same squirrels were returning, that somehow they'd figured out how to navigate back to the barn from the edge of lake. And he was determined to prove it by painting their tails with fluorescent orange spray paint. Chance could have suggested he take the squirrels to the other side of the lake, where it would be

virtually impossible for them to find their way back to the barn. But he didn't.

Sarah arrived for work at ten. She wore a black tube top and tight, low-rise jeans. Her frizzy hair was pulled back with a scrunchy and there were long silver earrings in an Indian design swinging from her earlobes. "Where is *he*?" she asked, plopping her purse under the counter next to the cash register. Since Dan referred to his employees with pronouns and didn't think it was important to learn their names, she decided not to call him by name.

"Catching squirrels in the barn," Chance said. He opened the cash register to see if she'd have enough ones for the day. "You're a little low. Call me if you need any more singles." He turned to leave and cross back to the deli counter.

"That's it?" she said, "You're not even going to mention last night? I'm dying to hear what happened after I left."

"Ah, well..." he said. Then he smiled and stared at the floor. He wasn't going into any details about his back seat conversation with Brody. "We had a drink and then talked until I had to go home is all."

She leaned forward and looked around to see if anyone was listening. Then she whispered, "Did you get into his pants? Or better yet, did *he* get into *your* pants?"

He stepped back and adjusted his apron. "I can't believe you just asked me that question. Let's say it was a very good night and leave it at that."

"I knew it, he *did* get into your pants," she shouted. She started jumping up and down, clapping her hands together

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

with the bottom of her palms so she wouldn't make too much noise in case the old man was sneaking around in the storage room. "I want details now."

Chance couldn't hold back a smile, but all he said was, "It was a great night, and I'm going back to prepare a batch of potato salad now." Then he turned and walked away.

"Are you getting together again?" she called after him. "At least tell me that much."

He was laughing out loud by then. He turned and said, "I really don't know. Maybe." He didn't like discussing such intimate details with anyone, but he was also secretly getting even for that ride that nearly caused him to puke all over the amusement park.

The market started to get busy after eleven that morning, which was typical for a Saturday. Betty Shack stopped in for her usual banana and told Chance her family was coming up from West Orange for a visit on Sunday; and that she'd be back for some nice lean pastrami, Swiss cheese and a loaf of rye on Sunday morning. When she noticed the special for the day was buffalo chicken spread, she pressed her hand to her throat and said, "Oh my, I'll take one of those, too, dearie. My grandson loves the buffalo chicken wings and it might be gone by tomorrow." Stanley Weissman, the owner of the only gas station in town, stopped in for his usual black coffee and tuna hoagie—he pronounced it *tuner hoagie*—and he walked by the large wooden bowl with the black-and-white striped cloth and saw a sign that read "Buffalo Chicken Spread," he took two. "We're having people over tonight and this looks

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

like a good appetizer. My wife will love this, I'm telling you." he said.

When Dan returned at around one in the afternoon with empty squirrel traps and orange spray paint on the tips of his fingers and saw that there were only three small containers of buffalo chicken spread left, he blinked a couple of times and shook his head. And then, when an unfamiliar face—probably a weekender—reached past his shoulder and picked up two containers without even looking at the price, he smiled so wide you could see the pink plastic gums on his dentures. He looked over at Chance, who was slicing American cheese for Jane Baldwin from the library, and said, "Hey, *you*, they like-a this buffalo chicken thing here. We might make this every day from now on."

Chance just smiled and continued waiting on his customer. He knew he wouldn't make it again for at least another two weeks, probably a month. That was what was wrong with the old man, as far as he was concerned. He didn't understand food, the *love* of food, or how people bought food. They wanted the buffalo chicken spread mainly because it had been a special, something different from the humdrum boiled ham and provolone cheese they normally bought. This was exotic compared to their typical onion dip and cream cheese spread and jarred salsa; it was a way to experiment safely with something new and not have to make too much of an investment, either emotionally or financially.

When Mrs. Dolan, the widow from the Bronx, came in for a pound of potato salad around three that afternoon, Dan was near the deli counter organizing bags of pasta and Chance

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

was wiping the counter down for the next batch of customers. Customers tended to come in groups for some reason, and then you'd have fifteen or twenty minutes of nothing. Mrs. Dolan looked at Chance and smiled, and it came rushing back that she'd been the woman walking with her grandchildren he'd seen the previous night at the Island. She asked for her potato salad and then turned toward Dan and said, "Did Chance tell you he saw me last night? My grandchildren dragged me all over The Island until my feet felt like they were going to fall off." She slumped forward and hunched her shoulders in an overly dramatic gesture. When she smiled, there was a slight overbite.

Chance froze for a moment. He didn't want Dan to find out about Brody being with them at The Island. But Mrs. Dolan was one of those talk-too-much types. Why couldn't she just buy her potato salad and leave?

"Ah, you poor thing," Dan said. He liked Mrs. Dolan, a widow, and tended to flirt a little with her so people would get the impression he was straight. But behind her back, he always shook his head and laughed at her. "Why on earth would a woman alone eat two pounds of potato salad every week?" he would ask Chance rhetorically, throwing his hands in the air. "No wonder she had such a fat ass, and that camel toe between her legs." Mrs. Dolan tended to wear tight stretch pants made of polyester and nylon and she pulled them up too high.

But now, Mrs. Dolan turned to Chance and asked, "And who was that good-looking young man with you and Sarah

last night? My, he certainly was a handsome young man, indeed." She pressed her lips together and nodded.

"What young man?" Dan asked. He was staring at Chance now. He put his hands on his hips and lowered his eyebrows, but he was still forcing a smile.

Chance gulped and pressed the lid on the potato salad container. "Just a friend of Sarah's," he said. "Nobody you'd know." He shrugged his shoulders and wrote a price on top of the lid.

He was still smiling when he handed the potato salad to Mrs. Dolan. But when he looked toward the front door and saw Brody walk into the market, he nearly dropped the potato salad all over the floor.

Mrs. Dolan turned around too. She leaned toward Dan as if she knew a secret, and said, "That's the young man, him, over there." She pointed toward Brody. He was at the cash register talking to Sarah. Mrs. Dolan became giddy and giggled a few times. "He's such a good-looking young man."

Dan stared at Brody for a second, then looked at his watch and pointed at Chance. "Please excuse me. I have to take *him* in the back room and get a few pies out of the oven before the next rush comes." He left Mrs. Dolan standing there with her mouth wide open, holding her pound of potato salad, and rushed around the deli counter to the back room.

Chance followed, preparing himself for one of Dan's jealous tirades. If a guy so much as glanced at him the wrong way, Dan went crazy, and today was no different. He tried to explain that Brody was Sarah's friend, but the old man didn't believe him. He threw a large copper pan out the back door

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

and punched the wall so hard the instant garlic powder fell right off a shelf. "He's not-a *her* friend," the old man snarled. "You're a fucking liar, you piece of shit." He wasn't shouting, because people would have heard him out front, but his voice was low and mean: a loud, wicked stage whisper, and his accent grew stronger with each nasty word. "He's here for one thing, eh? To get in your pants." Then he called Chance more vile names, in English and in Italian: a little slut, a cock-hungry whore, a good-for-nothing cocksucker who was willing to spread his legs for any dirty dick that came along. Chance just stood there with his shoulders slumped forward and his arms folded across his chest, taking the abuse because he knew it would be worse if he'd argued back.

Dan stopped hissing for a moment. He took a few deep breaths, and then pointed his crooked, orange-tipped finger and said, "*You*. Get rid of him. I don't want him coming in here anymore."

Chance straightened his shoulders and walked back to the deli counter. He'd learned to be tough and to do what he had to do in order to survive. So when he saw Brody standing in front of the counter smiling and holding the last container of buffalo chicken spread, he looked at him with a somber expression and said, "What can I get for you?" He talked to Brody's neck, not his eyes. He couldn't bear to look into those beautiful blue eyes and cause pain.

"I was hoping for at least a smile after last night," Brody said, and Chance noticed he had a bunch of flowers in his hand. "I had fun. I would have come in earlier, but my

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

mother had a few problems this morning I had to take care of. Sorry."

Chance took a deep breath and clenched his fists. "Look, I'm really busy here today and I don't have time to stand around and talk to strange customers. Is there something I can help you with?" He felt a little shaky; the floor didn't feel solid anymore. His stomach turned, and it felt as if it were about to jump out of his mouth. He knew he'd just crossed a line: that instant when you realize you've ruined something forever and will never be able to get it back again.

Brody stopped smiling. He stepped back from the counter and spread his legs wider. "Sorry I bothered you. I'll see you around." Then he slammed the container of buffalo chicken spread on top of the deli counter, dropped the flowers on the floor, and stormed out of the market with his fists clenched.

Chance closed his eyes and sighed. He knew the old man was in the doorway with his arms crossed, tapping his foot. He was relieved when Mrs. Johnson stepped up to the counter. "I'll have a half-pound of American cheese and a half-pound of bologna..And I guess someone dropped these," she added discreetly. She placed the flowers on top of the deli counter right next to the last container of buffalo chicken spread. Chance took them both and tossed them into the trash can behind the counter, then pulled a long tube of bologna from the deli case.

Later that evening, while Chance was sweeping the floor and preparing to close, Sarah walked over. After Brody had stormed out, the market became busy and they didn't have a spare moment to speak. "What the hell happened?" she

demanded. "Why did Brody drop the flowers on the floor and stomp out of here?" Sarah didn't miss anything.

"The old man doesn't like him," Chance said, "so he forced me to get rid of him."

"You're kidding."

"It's probably for the best," Chance said. "It's really pointless to get involved with a guy who is only here temporarily." He tried to smile—he didn't want her to know how devastated he really was.

"Are you an idiot?" she asked. "No, seriously, go find this guy and apologize. Tell him the truth. Tell him your boss is a fucking asshole and you only did what he forced you to do. You can't let that old fucker control your life forever, Chance."

Chance stopped sweeping. He raised his arms and shrugged. "I don't even know how to get in touch with Brody. We never exchanged phone numbers. He only knows that I work here. And I don't think he'll be returning soon."

Sarah put her hands on her hips and smiled. "Well, guess what? I know where he lives."

"You do?"

"We were talking while you were in the back with the old man, and I asked. I was curious," she said. Then she repeated what Brody told her.

Dan didn't play poker on Saturday nights. He was terrified of going out on Saturdays because that was when all the local police were out stopping weekenders and tourists for drinking and driving. So he did what he usually did on Saturday nights: He sat in his dowdy, plaid reclining chair, polished off a bottle of cheap red wine, and listened to old disco music

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

from the '70s on an ancient stereo. Chance would usually spread out on the sofa naked and read a cookbook while the old man chain smoked and tapped his foot to the disco beat. At ten, he'd hobble out of his chair, lean forward so he could squeeze Chance's bare ass a few times, then announce, "I'm going to bed. Turn off the lights when you go to bed." Chance would turn on the Food Network and watch for a few more hours.

But that Saturday night he had other plans. After Dan had groped his ass and was finally in bed passed out for the night, Chance covered his naked body with nothing but a black blazer and crept down the back staircase in his bare feet. He knew where all the creaks and noises were. He knew that when he opened the back door he had to carefully remove a set of wind chimes first. He'd even pointed his car downhill earlier that evening so that he could slip it into neutral and coast down the dark road before he turned on his lights and started the engine. It was a bold move, and he'd never done anything like it in the past. His hands were shaking a little and he didn't take a deep breath until the car was at least a mile away from the market.

He'd memorized Brody's address ahead of time; it was only about four miles away from Dan's market down a dark, remote road where large, old lakefront Victorians made most of the other homes in town look like matchboxes. He knew the road, but he had to read the number on Brody's mailbox several times to be sure he wasn't knocking on the door of some stranger's house wearing nothing but a black blazer. His eyes opened wide when he stared at the front entrance. It

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

hadn't occurred to him that Brody's mother owned *The Castle*, a well-known stone Victorian with towers and turrets and verandas, which was actually on the list of important sites to see from the tourist boats and guided local tours. Legend had it the old mansion had been built by the boss of an organized crime family back in the 1920s so he could hide from the authorities in the remote hills of northwest New Jersey. It was considered one of the finest homes of the long-lost golden years at the lake.

Chance was intimidated by the house, not to mention he wasn't sure Brody would give him a warm reception after the way he'd treated him earlier that day. He was practically ready to turn the car around when he looked up again and noticed that Brody was now standing in the doorway watching him. He must have seen the car pull up. Chance took a deep breath, got out of the car, and smoothed the blazer down so that it covered his private parts. He walked up the driveway on his tiptoes because the stones hurt the bottoms of his feet. When he reached the bottom step, he smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Is that how you always drive around town on hot summer nights?" Brody asked.

Chance shook his head no and then asked, "Do you hate my guts?"

Brody lowered his head and smiled. He was wearing gray sweatpants and a white T-shirt. He stretched his right arm all the way out and said, "Get up here." He stared at Chance's smooth, naked legs and whistled.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

When he reached the top step, he said, "I'm really sorry about earlier today. I can explain." He lowered his head and stared directly into Brody's blue eyes.

Brody took him by the hand and pulled him toward a rounded end of the front veranda where there was a long wicker sofa with green-and-white striped cushions. Chance tripped over a potted geranium and bumped into the wooden side rail. When he leaned forward to balance his body, with his back to Brody, the back of the blazer rode up, exposing his bare ass. He turned just in time to see Brody lick his bottom lip and rub his palms together. "You can explain later," he said. He sat down on the middle cushion of the sofa and motioned for Chance to sit on his lap.

But Chance had a better idea: He wanted to apologize in a way Brody would never forget. He smiled, unbuttoned his blazer, and let it fall to the wooden planks. Then he got down on his knees and placed his palms on Brody's knees so he could spread his legs a little wider. Brody leaned back and bucked his hips forward. His erect penis pressed against the fabric of his sweatpants.

"Are you gonna suck me off now?" Brody asked.

"Are you really horny? Do you want me to suck that big dirty cock?" Chance asked.

Brody closed his eyes and grabbed his crotch. He smiled as he said, "Yeah, suck my big dirty dick, baby. Put my sweaty balls in your mouth and roll them around."

Chance slowly reached for the waistband of his sweats and yanked them down to his thighs. His legs were covered with soft dark fleece; there was a dark patch of fur above his

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

erection. Chance wet his lips and leaned forward so he could bury his face between Brody's legs and swallow his balls in one gulp. He rolled them around his soft tongue with care, and Brody closed his eyes and sighed loudly. They tasted salty and smelled a little like damp sweatsocks; he probably hadn't showered since early that morning, which was fine with Chance.

He slowly sucked and massaged both balls until his jaw began to ache, and when he finally slid them out of his mouth, his lips were puffy and red. He wiped some saliva from his chin, then grabbed the shaft of Brody's penis.

"That's it, baby." Brody moaned. "Suck the head of my dick with those hot lips."

Chance was amazed at how something so large and solid could also be so smooth and tender. He opened his mouth all the way, stuck out his tongue, and slowly slid it as far into his mouth as he could. When the tip finally hit the back of his throat and his lips were pressed up against Brody's dark patch of fur, he opened his eyes wide and looked up. Brody looked down into his eyes, and grabbed the back of his head with both hands. "Ah, baby," he said, "that feels so good. You're a good little cocksucker. I wish my buddies in the Navy could see me now. They'd all be jealous."

Chance's head slowly started to bob up and down. Brody's large dagger slid from the back of his throat to the tip of his tongue, and then back in again. He pressed one palm on Brody's strong, hairy thigh for support and the other around his own erection. He started to suck while it slid in and out of his mouth; the sides of his mouth indented and his lips puffed

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

out even more. He pressed his tongue against the bottom of the shaft and sucked with an even, constant rhythm. His mouth became a soft, wet hand. Brody's eyes rolled back and his hips began to buck harder and faster. Chance stroked his own penis while Brody's balls began to tighten and shrink.

"Ah, baby," Brody said. "I'm really close. You want my come, baby? You want me to come in your mouth?"

Chance gulped, never breaking his rhythm, and nodded yes.

Brody spread his legs wider, pressed his palms to the sides of Chance's head even harder and closed his eyes. When he began to whisper, "Ah, yeah ... I'm gonna blow, baby," his cock started to swell and then something warm and thick and wet hit the back of Chance's throat. While he continued to suck it dry, his own penis exploded all over the wooden planks on the porch. Brody's come tasted different from other guys'; there was a sweet undertaste unlike anything Chance had ever had.

He kept sucking slowly until it started to go limp again, and then he sucked both balls into his mouth. He gently caressed the inside of Brody's thighs with his fingertips, and Brody closed his eyes and continued to hum and moan. He seemed to like the ball-sucking the most. When they finally slid out of Chance's mouth, he kissed each ball gently and took one last sniff. Then he climbed up on Brody's lap and buried his face in his neck and started kissing. Brody reached down and grabbed his ass with both hands, then whispered, "Baby, that was the last thing I expected tonight. But it was hot. You give good head."

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

"I wanted to apologize for this afternoon," Chance said. "Are we okay now?"

Brody bit his bottom lip hard and slapped his ass a few times. "Yeah, baby, we're okay."

Chance spread his legs wider and arched his back. He felt very naughty, and yet so safe. "I can't get enough of your dick, Brody."

Brody reached down and pressed two fingers to the opening of his ass. "I'd like to know when I'm going to get in there," he said. "Your hole feels really tight, and I love to fuck."

Chance arched his back so that Brody could slip his fingers inside and move them around. Then he moaned and said, "Soon, man." Normally, any other guy would have fucked him by then, but Chance was holding back—and he wasn't totally sure why. "It's just that we never seem to have enough time. Even tonight. I have to get back home."

Brody pulled his fingers out, grabbed him by the waist and lifted him to the other side of the sofa so he could lay flat on his back. Chance was amazed at how strong he was, that he could actually lift him in the air like that. Then Brody climbed on top and pinned him to the sofa cushion. He whispered, "I'd better get you a pair of sweats to wear home tonight. I don't want you driving around the lake half-naked."

But Chance remained there on the sofa. It was one of those warm summer nights that smell like sweet perfume and make you want to linger and move slowly. He didn't tell Brody anything about his situation with Dan Pratta, and that's because Brody did most of the talking. He had a slow, deep

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

voice; almost shy. Chance suspected he didn't talk much to anyone on a personal, intimate level. So they sat on the wicker sofa for another half-hour and Chance just listened. Brody pulled up his pants and sat up straight while Chance rested his head on Brody's lap and stretched his legs out, lying on his stomach. Brody rubbed and caressed his ass while he told him a more detailed version of his life's story.

"There was a time when I'd do anything to piss my mother off, even though I was only hurting myself in the long run," Brody said. He shook his head and frowned. "I smoked a lot of pot and hung out with a real bad crowd."

"But you learned your lesson, I guess," Chance said. He turned his head to the right a little so he could rest his cheekbone against the bulge between Brody's legs. When he inhaled, Brody's balls smelled damp and musty.

"You'd think so, but there's more to come," Brody said. He slapped Chance's ass a few times again and smiled. "I was actually a pretty good kid, until my father died when I was in high school. And then I started to rebel, because things weren't all that great between my parents before my dad died. I was bitter and angry, and I blamed *her* for his death." He raised his right arm and motioned toward the house.

"They bought this big old monster of a house about five years before he had the heart attack. He'd lost his job and decided he wanted to open a bed and breakfast. She didn't want any part of it. She thought it was a waste of time and money and she told him so every single day until he dropped dead while refinishing the front hall banister."

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

"Why didn't she sell the house after he died?" Chance asked. "If she hated it so much, why is she still here?" He moved his head a little more so Brody's penis would be right against the left side of his face.

"My father left a very hefty life insurance policy, and after he died she didn't have to sell. She could afford to live here, without running a business, for the rest of her life. And it was the perfect place for her to bring the 'uncles.'"

"Uncles?"

Brody smiled and shook his head. "She didn't even wait six months before she started bringing guys home. They never lasted longer than a few months, and she always referred to them as my 'uncles.'"

"So you got even with her," Chance said.

"Exactly," Brody said. "I started screwing around, too. I got involved with this really sweet girl in school and got her pregnant." He shook his head back and forth, and said, "I'm not proud of that. She was a good kid."

Chance looked up at him and stared. "Did you sleep with a lot of women?"

He laughed. "I was young and wasn't sure what I wanted, and the more feelings I had for guys, the more I fought them by screwing around with women," he said. "And I got this girl pregnant, and now I have a kid I'll probably never even see. I tried to contact her a few years after I joined the Navy, but she'd moved on with her life and didn't want me to spoil things. 'What's done is done,' she said. She's married now and the kid thinks her husband is the real father."

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

"Ah, well..." Chance said. But he wasn't sure how to respond to something like that.

"And my mother never forgave me for joining the Navy after college," Brody said, "but I had to get out of here and it seemed like the best thing to do at the time. So I enlisted, and thanks to a really cool guy in the Navy who helped me out a lot, I was able to get into Officer Candidate School in Newport. After that I went on a thirty-month operational fleet tour."

"Sounds really complicated," Chance said.

Brody laughed and shook his head. "Let's just say it wasn't easy. But lately I've been questioning my life. Don't get me wrong—all the intense studying, and all the unbelievably difficult things I've done to become an officer have made me a better man. It's just that sometimes I wonder if there's more. Right now, the way things stand in the military with guys like me, I'll never be able to have an open relationship. And I don't like sneaking around."

"Have you been with a lot of other guys in the Navy?" Chance asked. He couldn't help imagining room after room filled with guys who looked just like Brody sleeping on cots in white boxer shorts.

Brody raised an eyebrow and said, "I've been with other guys, but I've always been safe and I haven't done anything that would harm my career in the service. Since the day I enlisted, the Navy has always come first."

Chance should have told him about his own life then, but he didn't. He hated talking about his awful situation, and he

didn't want to interrupt Brody. So he asked, "How sick is your mother?"

Brody stared at the light blue wooden ceiling over the veranda and sighed. "She's in the final stages of cancer and she's dying. I doubt she'll last until the end of summer."

"I'm sorry," Chance said.

"The hardest part is that I've been trying to make peace with her since I got back, but when I walk into the room, she still turns her head. When I ask her a question she answers me with short, cold sentences. I don't think she'll ever forgive me for running out and joining the Navy behind her back. In her eyes, I'm nothing but a failure. I don't have a wife, I didn't give her grandchildren, and I'll never be much more than what I am right now. If she knew I was gay, she'd probably drop dead on the spot. Either that or she'd just shake her head and continue watching TV as if it didn't matter. Sometimes I think her indifference is worse than her hatred." He sighed and slapped Chance on the ass a little harder and said, "I'm going upstairs to get you a pair of sweats. It's getting late and I don't want you driving back naked."

"Just give me yours," Chance said. He tugged on the waistband of Brody's pants and let it snap against his solid waist. He wanted to lighten things up a little for Brody's sake—the conversation had taken such a serious turn. "Why should you run all the way upstairs?"

"I was going to get you a clean pair," Brody said. "These are a little funky. I've been sweating in them all afternoon."

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

"I'd rather wear the ones you've been wearing all day," he said, "I like the way your balls smell." Then he buried his face between Brody's legs, pressed his nose to Brody's scrotum, and inhaled deeply.

Brody laughed and rubbed his jaw, then pushed Chance's head forward with his hips so he could stand up and take off his pants. He pulled them off fast, and his penis bounced against his balls. The lacy tattoo on his arm jiggled and changed shape when he moved. Then he tossed the pants to Chance so that the crotch would land right on his face.

Chance stood and put them on slowly. They were a little too large, but he said, "Perfect fit." He wrapped his arms around Brody's waist and rested his head against his chest. "I'm glad I came over tonight. I almost chickened out."

"I'm glad you did, too, baby," he said. He slipped both hands down the back of Chance's pants and squeezed his ass again, and then he lowered his head and kissed him on the mouth. When his tongue found Chance's tongue, he closed his eyes and pressed two fingers against Chance's anus. The tip of his middle finger started to slip inside the small, tight opening.

Chance was ready to arch his back and spread his legs so Brody could go deeper. He wanted Brody to bang his ass. But he stepped back and said, "I'd better get going. It's late."

"When can I see you again?" Brody asked.

"My boss is a real prick sometimes," he said. "Come in between five and six. He takes long naps." He leaned forward and kissed him on the lips, then grabbed his blazer from the floor and jogged down the steps in his bare feet. He turned

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

back once to smile and wave. Brody was standing on the top step, leaning back a little, naked from the waist down with his hands on his hips and his thin, hairy legs spread apart. Chance started to jog, and when he reached the car it occurred to him that for the first time in ages, he was whistling.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Four

The next morning, Chance was up before dawn and working in the kitchen on the special for the day. Though he normally wore jeans and a white T-shirt, that morning he decided he'd wear Brody's dirty sweatpants all day. He'd slept with them on his pillow all night, and he'd covered his face with them and jerked off right before his morning shower. He wanted to wear them in public, too; it made him feel naughty and sexy. Wearing the pants, he could feel Brody against his naked body when he smiled and talked to customers who never would have imagined he'd actually been with a man as hot and sexy and wonderful as Brody.

On Sundays he liked to prepare something extra special for the customers. So he designed an original recipe, in only a matter of minutes, for decadent chocolate pound cakes baked in tube pans, with luscious red raspberries and large chunks of dark chocolate. The secret that made this pound cake stand out from all others was that he prepared a special raspberry glaze that had to be applied to the cake as soon as it came from the oven. He actually poured it over the hot cakes while they were still in the baking pans so they would absorb the sweet glaze completely. Most people would have thought a cake is just a cake; they would have said, just mix it all together and shove it into the oven. But that's not how Chance thought. A cake was a work of love; it had to taste rich and soft and have the right amount of sweetness, and the finished product had to shine and gleam, like a brand-new

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

car you couldn't wait to drive. He even coated each raspberry with dark cocoa so they wouldn't sink to the bottom of the pans while the cakes were baking. But more than that, each slice had to have at least four berries and four chunks of chocolate.

When Dan came down a few minutes before eight, the cakes were wrapped and displayed in the wooden bowl in three different ways. There were whole cakes priced at twenty-five dollars each, there were half-cakes for twelve-fifty, and there were individually wrapped slices of cake priced at four dollars each for customers like Mrs. Dolan, who thought buying an entire cake was a waste for someone alone. They were wrapped in clear plastic, and the polish from the glaze and the way they had risen to perfect rounds on top almost made them look artificial. Dan picked up a slice and stared at the price, then shook his head and mumbled something incoherent. But he didn't argue with Chance that morning because he knew anything made of chocolate would be sold out before the end of the day. But he did say, "If the whole cakes don't sell, cut them all up into slices and sell them like that. We make more money that way."

Chance nodded, but he knew the whole cakes would sell, too. A lot of the customers entertained weekend family or friends on Sundays and they liked being able to buy a whole cake for dessert. Betty Shack had purchased one of his lemon blueberry pound cakes once on a Sunday for her family, and she'd whispered to Chance, as if she knew a state secret, "I'm going to lie and tell them I baked it myself." Then she'd clutched her bamboo purse and laughed. He'd smiled and

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

whispered to her, "Go ahead. If anyone asks, I'll tell them you made it yourself. I'll swear to it." She'd smiled and tapped him on the arm—she liked being naughty, too.

"I'm going out to the barn to see if those squirrels came back last night," Dan said. He was on his way out the back door, crossing past the checkout area. But he stopped short and stared at Chance's sweatpants. "What's with the baggy pants, *you*?"

Chance felt his face flush. He looked down at the sweatpants and said, "All my jeans are in the laundry and I won't have time to wash them until tomorrow." It hadn't occurred to him that Dan would notice the pants. He never commented on what he wore.

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "They don't even fit. It looks like you don't even have an ass. I don't like them." Then he raised his hands and cupped them, as if he were holding an invisible watermelon. "I like to watch that ass when you walk around and now I have nothing to see."

"Don't worry," Chance said, "My ass will be back tomorrow."

By three o'clock that afternoon, all that remained of the cakes in the wooden bowl were three individual slices. One woman on her way back to the city bought two whole cakes—one to eat later that day and one to freeze for a later date. She said she'd started with one slice to eat in the car, but when she opened the plastic wrapping and bit into the cake, her mouth started to water and she got that sharp pain on the side of her face when something tastes wonderful. She ate the slice, licked her fingers clean, and went back into the

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

market for more. She said it was the best cake she'd ever had: soft and moist and layered perfectly with different flavors. Chance just smiled and told her it would last for months in the freezer if she wrapped it well.

The day passed quickly because the market was busy, and the old man had been out of sight the entire time, which was unusual for him. Sarah was off on Sundays, but the woman who filled in for her told Chance, "He's probably having too much fun torturing the squirrels." Then she laughed and slapped the counter hard. Dan hated her because she had long, greasy graying hair that fell to her shoulders in clumps, her underarms smelled like cooked meatloaf, and she loved to gossip. There were things he didn't want anyone to know, especially when it came to his arrangement with Chance. But she was honest and always there on time.

Dan finally came loping through the back door a little past four o'clock. He was smiling and there seemed to be a lilt in his voice. "I got those little *bastardos*," he said, "I knew it. This morning when I checked the traps, there they were, five of them, and they all had bushy orange tails. I knew they were coming back."

Chance was turning over the potato salad so it would look fresh. "What did you do with them?" He bit his bottom lip, hoping the old man hadn't done anything cruel.

"I drove them to Newark!" Dan shouted. He was still smiling and patting himself on the chest.

"All the way to Newark?"

"I let them go in the cemetery," he said, "They like the cemetery. There are plenty of trees with nuts."

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Chance wished he could take *him* to the cemetery, too. But all he said was, "That's good. I'm glad they're gone."

"Oh, I'm still setting the traps tonight, just to be sure," he said, "but I don't think I'm gonna see any more for a long time." Then he looked into the wooden bowl and saw that all the cakes had been sold. "They're all gone?" He scratched the back of his head and smiled. "You did good. You can watch that Food Network all night tonight if you want."

Chance jerked his head back. He knew how much Dan hated the Food Network. He must have been feeling really good that day.

"I'm going up for my nap now," Dan said. When he crossed the market toward the back staircase, he lowered his head as he passed the cash register so he wouldn't have to say anything to the cashier he hated. He had no idea she lifted her arm and gave him the middle finger before winking at Chance.

After Dan went upstairs, the market traffic started to slow and there wasn't much to do. By four-thirty, Chance told the part-time cashier she could go home early and he'd handle things until he closed at five. He wasn't smiling much that afternoon, and when he grabbed the broom to sweep, he gripped the handle so hard his knuckles turned white. He'd been expecting Brody to stop by, and it didn't look like it was going to happen now. He was beginning to think the previous night on Brody's veranda had been nothing more than a booty call.

He slammed the broom into a corner next to the cash register and kicked the trash can a few times. But just as he

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

was about to lock up for the night, the front door opened and in walked Brody. He was out of breath, holding a small, thin paper bag. "Man, I'm glad you're still open," he said, "I drove that big old Cadillac faster than it's been driven in years to get here on time."

Chance took a deep breath and forced a smile. "I just figured you were busy, or that you had other plans. You're not obligated to show up here for anything." He wanted to sound light and breezy, but it came off more like hurt and disappointed.

"Ah, but I got you a little present today, baby," Brody said. He crossed toward the counter and pulled a DVD from the bag. "It's that movie you told me about. The one where your mother named you after the guy named Chance." He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "I figured that if you're named after a guy in a movie, the least you can do is watch it."

Chance took the DVD and stared at the front cover for a moment, but he knew he would not be able to watch it any time soon: Dan didn't own a DVD player. "This is nice. Thanks." His voice became soft and calm and he looked up and said, "I have to lock the door so no one comes in. We close at five on Sundays and there are people who will come in anyway if the door's not locked." He pressed his palms on the counter and hopped over to the other side. When he crossed toward the front door, he purposely brushed against Brody's arm in a playful way.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

He was sure that Brody stared at his ass while he locked up. "You're wearing my sweatpants, I see. I hope you at least had time to wash them first. They really did smell awful."

He locked the door and pulled down the shade. Then he turned around and said, "Nope. I left them as dirty as they were last night."

Brody's eyes became wide and excited, and he started rocking on the balls of his feet. If he'd had a tail, it would have been wagging. "I like that," he said. And then he asked, "Are we alone?"

Chance nodded yes. "Follow me."

He led him back to the kitchen area behind the deli counter. He knew it was safe; the old man was upstairs for the rest of the day. When they were in the back, he slowly removed his clothes while Brody stood there and watched. Then he hopped up onto a tall wooden butcher block table and sat there with his naked legs wide open. Brody wore a tight black T-shirt and olive green jeans. He walked to the butcher block and stood between Chance's legs; his lips were pressed together and his eyebrows were furrowed. When he leaned forward and started kissing Chance's neck, Chance wrapped his legs around his waist and his arms around his shoulders. His head went back and he opened his mouth, and Brody shoved his tongue inside and started sucking his tongue. Then Brody grabbed his ass with both hands and lifted him off the counter. His right hand slowly inched to the middle of Chance's ass and he started to work his middle and index fingers inside. Chance arched his back and held Brody's shoulders tighter. When the fingers were all the way in, he

closed his eyes and rubbed his face against Brody's five o'clock shadow.

Brody whispered, "Can I go inside? All I want to do is bend you over and nail you, baby. I can't stop thinking about fucking that ass."

Chance held his breath for a second. Brody's fingers felt so great up his ass. "I don't want the first time to be in here. Not in the back room of a smelly kitchen."

Brody started to work his fingers in and out. "Please, baby, I gotta get some of this. I'm dying to get in there."

His fingers felt really good. He started to buck and rotate his ass slowly against the movement of Brody's finger-fucking. But he said, "No. Not here. I want to do it too, but I want it to be special." The fact that Brody was so eager to get inside made him smile, but he wasn't teasing. He really did want it to be special.

But the begging was nice.

Brody removed his fingers and slowly lowered Chance to the floor by pressing on his shoulders. Chance went down on his knees and reached to unbutton Brody's jeans. When he pulled down his zipper, Brody's rock-solid penis popped out and hit him on the lips. "Close your eyes and don't be mad. I'm still going to take good care of you today," he said. Then he opened his mouth wide and swallowed him all the way to the back of his throat. Brody's hips bucked forward and he grabbed Chance's ears. Chance started to suck, then swallowed. Brody still tasted salty and smelled like watered-down vinegar. He was so excited, there were already drops of pre-come oozing from the opening. Chance's cheekbones

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

indented and his head moved back and forth. He started to breathe through his nose and saliva dripped down his chin.

"Are you my little slut?" Brody asked. "Are you my cocksucking slut?"

Chance smiled, then with the huge cock in his mouth, nodded yes.

"You like big dirty dick, don't you? You want me to fuck that mouth like a pussy?" Brody asked.

Chance nodded yes again.

"I know you do ... you love sucking cock. I've got a huge load for you today, baby. Suck that cock dry, baby."

Chance moaned and sucked harder.

"You want a facial, baby?" Brody asked. "You want me to jerk my big, fat dirty dick off all over your face?" He began to buck his hips more rapidly.

Chance nodded yes. He did want it. He placed his left palm on Brody's thigh for support and started to jerk his own penis with his right hand. While he continued to suck, Brody controlled the rhythm by holding his head and jerking it back and forth. He was strong and rough, and Chance relaxed all his neck muscles so Brody could move his head in any direction. He felt like a human flesh-light toy ... if his lips hadn't been puckered and his tongue hadn't been pressed so tightly to the bottom of Brody's penis, he would have smiled. When Brody's penis hit the back of Chance's throat, Brody moaned and sighed each time.

A few minutes later, Brody pulled out of his mouth and said, "I'm gonna jerk off all over your face now. Open your mouth and beg for it, baby."

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Chance opened his mouth all the way and stuck out his tongue. Brody then reached down with his left hand and started to tug the shaft while the head was only inches from his open mouth. The jerking became more intense. Chance's lips puffed out and the tip of his tongue curled up. He knew Brody was about to climax and he didn't want to waste a drop of juice that came from between Brody's hairy legs. And in no time, Brody jerked a thick stream of nectar into Chance's mouth. He took it all. Some of it landed on his lips and he licked them dry. As he gulped and swallowed, he closed his eyes and deposited his own creamy puddle onto the wooden floor boards.

He was learning that Brody wasn't one of those guys who put their dicks away the minute after they come, and that he liked standing there watching Chance suck out the last drops while he penis became flaccid and floppy. He even whispered, "Baby, you've got the best cocksucking lips in the world."

When Chance finally let it slip out of his mouth, Brody helped him up to his feet and said, "I'm taking you to dinner tonight. Get dressed, baby." Then he shoved his penis back into his pants and zipped up his jeans. "And after dinner, I'm going to fuck your brains out."

Chance frowned;. There was no way he could sneak out on a date, not with Dan Pratta upstairs. "I can't. I have plans." He pulled on the sweatpants and reached down for his socks. His voice became solid and even, and slightly cold. He knew he had to tell Brody everything about his living situation with the old man, but it didn't feel like the right time or place.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Brody said, "Okay. How about tomorrow?" He was still smiling, but not as wide as he had been a moment earlier.

"Tomorrow's bad too." He pulled his shirt over his head and reached for his shoes. He knew he sounded too abrupt, like he was trying to get rid of Brody.

Brody stopped smiling and his voice became deep and throaty. "I don't get you. We have this great time last night and today, and now it feels like you're blowing me off again. I don't get it, man. I thought this was more than just getting off."

"I'm not blowing you off. I just don't have time is all." He stopped what he was doing and stared at Brody for a moment. He shrugged his shoulders and raised his hands.

"Then *fucking* make time," Brody shouted. His eyes were wide and a thick vein in his forehead looked about ready to explode. He sounded like an officer giving an order to an enlisted man.

Chance looked up at him and tilted his head. Brody had become almost belligerent. He sounded worse than the old man, giving him orders and telling him what to do all the time. It occurred to Chance that he was already in one abusive situation, and that he didn't need to start another one with Brody, a guy who, for all Chance knew, was only in town temporarily, and one he'd never see again when summer was over. If Brody's mother died Monday, he'd be gone Tuesday.

"I don't think I like your tone," Chance said. "It's mean and uncalled for. And I don't think we know each other well enough for you to speak to me like that. Sounds like you

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

might have a few control issues. How do you know I don't have a date with someone else tonight?"

Well, he probably should not have mentioned a date with someone else.

Brody's eyebrows went up and his head jerked back. "You know, maybe I'd better leave right now so you can get ready for your date. Are you going to tell *him* you just sucked me off? Are you going to suck him off next?"

"That's none of your damn business," Chance said. He clenched his fists and turned away. Brody calling him a slut and talking dirty during sex was one thing, but in this context, it was uncalled for. "Besides, I didn't say I actually did have a date with another guy. I just said I could have one. You don't know."

"I'm starting to think this whole thing is a big mistake, and that all you're doing is playing games. You're really pissing me off. I don't need this, man." Brody slammed his fist on the wooden chopping block as hard as he could. His face tightened and he bit his bottom lip.

Chance jumped back and pressed his palm to his throat. His knees felt shaky. The old man may have been verbally abusive, but he'd never been abusive in a violent way. "You know what? Maybe you *should* leave."

Brody shook his head and threw his hands in the air, then sighed and said, "I don't need this. This is bullshit, man. I'm out of here. I'll see you around. Have fun on your date tonight."

He took a deep breath as Brody stormed out of the kitchen. But when he heard the front door unlock and then

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

slam shut, his stomach clenched so hard he had to grab the butcher block for support.

That night he passed on dinner and rested naked on the sofa from seven o'clock until midnight, watching the Food Network. The fight with Brody kept repeating in his head. He kept grinding his teeth and changing positions because he couldn't get comfortable on the sofa. The old man hated the Food Network, so he read the newspaper. He also drank another bottle of wine and five cans of beer. By nine, he was so drunk he didn't even bother to grab Chance's ass. He just rose from his chair and staggered into his bedroom without even saying goodnight. Sundays were like this: Dan always celebrated the end of another long week by drinking a little extra booze. When Chance heard the old man fart in the bedroom, he closed his eyes and shook his head.

He wasn't happy about the way his life was turning out.

A moment later, he sat up straight when he saw a television commercial about a recipe competition. It was the first time he'd seen this advertisement, probably because Dan always flipped channels during commercials. The Food Network was having a contest for the best original recipe, and the grand prize was fifty thousand dollars. And all you had to do was go to their Web site, submit the recipe, and be chosen as a finalist to appear on national television.

Chance scrambled for a pen and wrote down all the information. The deadline for entry was only two days away, and the actual competition was being aired in less than three weeks. He'd have to get Sarah to enter the contest for him because the old man didn't believe in computers—he still

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

thought they were a waste of time and they'd never catch on. Chance knew there was only a remote chance of being selected at random, but for the first time in ages he had a feeling of hope. If he won this, he wouldn't need anyone—not Dan Pratta and certainly not some strange guy who was only in town to watch his mean mother die. He'd show them all.

He felt so good about the contest that before he went to bed that night, he pulled on a pair of jeans (he wasn't going to wear *Brody's* sweatpants ever again; he'd have Sarah give them back, washed and folded) and slipped downstairs. He went out the back door and crossed the yard to the barn. When he flipped on the lights and looked down at squirrel traps, all five cages were occupied by a fresh group of squirrels. He rubbed his hands together and smiled. Then he reached for a can of orange fluorescent spray paint Dan had left on the counter and sprayed all their tails orange. He couldn't wait to see the expression on Dan's face the next morning.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Five

Chance had a very special recipe for lasagna with a bolognese sauce that he liked to prepare for customers about once a month. It had become his signature recipe. Regular customers would come into the market with their small grocery lists—Betty Shack, Mrs. Johnson from the library, Mrs. Dolan the widow, the nun from the Catholic Church across the street—and they would take one look at the wooden bowl loaded up with bolognese lasagna before throwing their arms up in the air and screaming, "There it is! I was wondering when you'd make that again. I've had *such* a craving." They would change all their original dinner plans on those days and reach for a container of lasagna instead. "No leftovers or dry pork chops tonight," they'd say. "This is a real treat!"

People were screaming with joy and grabbing lasagna all morning that midsummer Monday. On warm days, the smell of the lasagna alone permeated the market, which drove the customers directly to the wooden bowl. Though he was still preoccupied with what had happened with Brody the day before, Chance had gotten up extra early to prepare his famous lasagna recipe and to write it down very carefully so Sarah could enter it in the recipe competition that night on her computer.

When Sarah arrived for work at eight, she immediately pressed her palm against her stomach, raised her head and sniffed, then stared directly at Chance and said, "Save me

two containers. I'll call my mother and tell her not to cook tonight."

Chance smiled and walked over to the cash register to make sure she had enough cash to make change—the old man kept the drawer low because he thought everyone was out to steal from him. "Can you do me two favors tonight?"

Her eyes grew wide and she dropped her purse on the counter. "Does it involve Brody? You want me to cover for you?"

He sighed and lowered his gaze for a moment. "Yes and no. The first favor is that I'd like you to return his sweatpants. Just leave them at his front door. I washed them and wrapped them in a package." He pointed to a shelf below the counter, where there was a soft package neatly wrapped in white deli paper.

Sarah looked at the package and frowned. "I'll give them back. But are you sure this is over? He's such a great-looking guy."

"Yes," he said, "It's finished. I'm not going to get involved with another control freak. I've had enough for one lifetime." He pressed his lips together and clenched his teeth.

"What's the other favor?" She sighed like she was expecting him to ask her to toilet-paper Brody's front yard.

"It's about a recipe contest for the Food Network," he said. "I want to enter, but you can only enter online and I don't have access to a computer here." He decided not to mention anything about his fight with Brody. He knew she'd blame him for the whole thing, and then she'd harp on him all day about apologizing. He only wanted to focus on the recipe contest.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

He needed to plan for the future and that didn't include a bossy guy in the Navy who was just passing through town for the summer.

The recipe contest took Sarah's mind completely off Brody. She was only too thrilled to enter him in the contest. This was right up her alley: She'd been entering them both in contests and reality show competitions since the first season of "Survivor." She was a reality show addict. She could actually name almost every contestant from every season of "Big Brother," and she was a member of the Ryan Seacrest fan club for life. She once told Chance that her ultimate, all-time fantasy was to get into Ryan's pants someday.

After she took the recipe and placed it in her purse, a loud slam that came from the back of the market made them both jump. It sounded as if the back door had become unhinged. Then Dan came clomping in, waving his arms above his head, "I never saw such a thing in my life. They came all the way back from Newark!" He shook his head back and forth and his false teeth kept slipping forward. He pushed them back with his index finger. "The squirrels, they came all the way back from Newark."

Chance folded his arms across his chest and lowered his eyebrows. "What?"

"I drove all the way to Newark yesterday and let those fuckers go in the cemetery, and they came back last night," he shouted. His face was red and his eyes were two small slits.

Sarah just stepped back and concentrated on the cash register; she didn't get involved with Dan unless absolutely

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

necessary, which worked out fine because he rarely looked at her twice in one day. Women, in general, did not interest old Dan Pratta.

"How do you know they're the same ones?" Chance asked. It took all the strength he had not to break out laughing.

"They all have orange tails," he shouted. "*Figlio di puttana*, the same squirrels!" He slapped his forehead and looked up at the ceiling. "I don't know how-a they did it, but this time, I'm-a taking them all out to Pennsylvania today, over the Delaware River Gap! I'm-a gonna take them so far they won't know which-a way to get back here" He crossed toward the front door, but as he was about to leave, he pointed at Chance and said, "*You*, start cleaning out the barn today when it gets slow in here. I want that place spotless by the end of the week. I think those orange-tailed *bastardos* like it dirty and that's why they keep coming back." He left.

Sarah raised her arms and shook her head, then popped a chunk of gum into her mouth. "Amazing. I can't believe they came all that way back from Newark. But I'm glad they did."

Chance just shrugged.

For the rest of that week, he worked hard on cleaning the barn. He got splinters in his knees from scrubbing the floors and blisters on his hands from scraping years of mold from the rafters. Each night, when the old man inspected what he'd cleaned, he found something wrong and made him re-clean it. No one knew that while he was cleaning the barn, he was leaving bits of bread to attract more squirrels, or that he woke up extra early every morning so he could go out and check the squirrel traps. On Tuesday, Wednesday and

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Thursday the traps were empty, but on Friday there were four more new squirrels in the cages, and he sprayed their tails orange too. When Dan went into the barn and saw them, he came back into the market with his palms pressed to the sides of his face. "Holy mother of God. I can't believe it. It's a miracle. I'm taking them to upstate New York this time. And *you*, stop cleaning that barn. Maybe they like it clean in there and that's why they are coming back."

Saturday morning at daybreak, Chance baked his special vodka peach pies for the weekend crowd. Soft, delicate pastry with sweet, juicy peach filling and a hint of vodka, topped with two and a half inches of buttery crumb topping that melted in the mouth. Of course, all the vodka burned off during the baking process and you couldn't really taste it, but people who ate it thought they could, and Chance didn't correct them.

Dan loved this pie. Not because he actually ate it, but because Chance charged twenty-five dollars a pie and it was mostly profit. Dan smiled and greeted all the customers that day—he gave the nun from the Catholic Church a free soda. He was making money and the squirrels hadn't returned. By three in the afternoon, after all twenty-five pies had been sold, Dan put his hand down the back of Chance's pants when no one was looking and said, "*You*, you did good today with those pies. I like that. You know how to make-a the money good."

Chance froze and smiled. The old man's dirty hand felt cold and dry against his ass. "They like the vodka," he said. "They can't taste it, but they like the way it sounds." The old man

hadn't washed in a few days, and his underarms smelled like burnt onions.

Dan squeezed a handful of ass and laughed. "*You* got such a sweet ass, just like those pies you make." He pulled his hand out of Chance's pants and headed to the back door so he could go upstairs for his nap.

"Is it okay if I go to The Island with Sarah tonight?" Chance asked. He was cleaning the slicing machine and he didn't look up.

Dan stopped walking and thought for a moment. Then he turned and said, "Just be back at twelve. No fucking around. I don't wanna hear anything about that other guy who was hanging around here."

Chance shook his head and looked Dan in the eye. "I'm only going with Sarah to walk around. I'm not interested in any other guy, or guys, and that's that." It was the truth, too. The only thing on his mind was being selected to be a finalist in the recipe competition.

The Island was crowded that night. They had to park way in the back and there was a line of about ten people at the entrance gate. It had been one of those warm, humid days when there's hardly a breeze and everything sounds louder than usual. The roller coaster sailed down the tracks clanking and squeaking with such intensity that Chance was tempted to cover his ears. The organ music from the carousel took on a frightening sound, as if they were walking through the middle of a horror film. Chance was acutely aware of the salty, sweet smells of popcorn and cotton candy. There were long lines to enter all the rides, but Sarah didn't push him to

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

go on anything. When they passed by the Haunted House ride, she did ask, "Wanna try it again?" Chance gave her a dirty look and they continued walking toward the boat docks so they could sit at the bar on the pier and watch the people walk by.

Sarah wore a tight pair of jeans, black high heels, and a black tube top. Her tits looked hot and she got more than her fair share of stares from other guys. Her hair was puffed up and wild, unusually big even for her. Her makeup was heavy, too; there was such a bold, thick line around her lips, she could have passed as one of the clown's helpers, or a drag queen. Chance was wearing a loose white polo shirt, baggy tan shorts and black half boots. He looked fine, but he wasn't cruising or hoping to meet anyone. He just wanted to walk around, take in the sounds and smells of summer and get away from Dan's Market.

When they reached the bar at the pier, Sarah ordered a beer and he ordered a dirty martini. They weren't there longer than thirty minutes when a guy wearing a Mets cap sat down next to Sarah and started talking. He looked to be in his mid-twenties, but he was a bit out of shape so it was hard to tell. He wasn't obese, just a paunch and a bloated face from too much beer. But that didn't stop Sarah from turning her back to Chance and talking with the guy as if she'd known him all her life. She smiled and giggled, and she kept gently brushing her long red fingernails against the guy's shoulder. Chance was surprised she didn't actually curtsy for him. The music was loud and people were shouting so Chance couldn't hear anything they were saying. When the guy leaned

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

forward to order another round of drinks for them—Chance declined, but he liked the gesture—Sarah turned and whispered, "I'm not letting go of this one. He's hot for me."

Chance smiled. He was glad she'd met someone. She needed the ego boost. Most of all, she needed dick. "Just be careful. You don't know this guy."

"Actually, I kind of do know him," she said, "It turns out that his father knows my father. And they live on the other side of the lake. His name is Mike."

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "He's cute. I like him."

"Would you *do* him?" Sarah asked. She was always curious about Chance's taste in men, almost as if she were competing with him.

Chance leaned over and stared at Mike for a moment. He had good, strong muscular legs. His hands were large and his fingers were very thick. Chance sat back and said, "I like his hands. With hands like that, he probably has a big, thick dick. Yeah, I'd do him." He wasn't telling a lie. If he'd been in a better mood and hadn't been thinking about Brody, he probably would have flirted with Mike. In the back seat of a car, he probably would have sucked him off too.

Sarah screamed and threw her head back, pretending to be shocked. She loved to talk dirty with Chance, and she loved guys with big dicks. "I can't believe you just *said* that."

Chance knew she loved it. He spread his hands apart, about a foot wide, and said, "I'm telling you, there's a big fat dick down there. I would be on my knees in a second if I were alone with him. I'd make that boy's toes curl."

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Sarah's new friend returned, and while they talked, Chance sipped his martini and listened to the music. He made sure he didn't make direct eye contact with anyone. He only wanted to sit there, swing his legs from the bar stool, and become numb. Then Sarah leaned back and poked him in the ribs, and the martini almost went all over his lap. "Omigod. Did you see who is over there?" she asked. She spoke quickly and her hands were moving as if she were waving to someone she hadn't seen in a long time.

He nodded no and shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't be obvious," she said, "but slowly turn around and look at who is standing against the window near the pool table, sipping a beer." She grabbed his knee hard. "He looks just like a bad little boy who is being punished."

Chance slowly turned and looked toward the window. He stopped breathing for a second and sat back. It was Brody, standing there all alone, sipping a beer, watching two women play pool. The moment Chance looked at him, he looked up too, and their eyes met. Then Brody quickly pressed his lips together and lowered his head. His fist clenched against his hip and it looked like he was ready to kick the pool table.

Chance took a deep breath and reached into his pocket for his car keys. "Ah, well, I'm getting the hell out of *here*. I didn't think we'd run into *him* tonight."

Sarah grabbed his knee harder, and leaned forward so she could press her lips closer to his ear. "Don't you *dare* move. We're not leaving until this guy offers to drive me home tonight. I'm going to get into his pants if it's the last thing I do. As a matter of fact..."

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

As Chance leaned forward and Sarah continued to ramble on about how much she needed a man, he didn't see Brody walk around the bar and right up to the back of his chair. Sarah saw him first. She looked up, blinked a few times and said, "Hey, how are you?"

Chance felt a push from behind, and his bar stool jerked forward a little. When he turned to find Brody, his stomach jumped a few times. "Ah, well ... hey," he said. Then he turned a little to the right so his back would not be in Brody's face.

"So are you going to ignore me all night or what?" Brody asked.

Sarah's eyes grew wide before she turned around slowly and resumed her conversation with Mike.

"I wasn't ignoring you," Chance said. This was all so high school; he really did want to leave. "I didn't even see you until Sarah did." He crossed his arms and rested them against his chest, his fists clenched beneath his armpits. That had been an awfully presumptuous thing for Brody to say, and he wasn't going to let him get away with it.

"Well, I've been standing there since you walked in. I thought for sure you'd at least wave or something," he said. His voice had become soft and calm, almost hurt. "I found the package on my front steps last week. Thanks for returning my sweats. They smelled really good."

"If I had seen you, I probably would have waved or something," Chance said. "But as it happens, I didn't see you." He refused to look him in the eye. He sat up straight and adjusted his shoulders. "I'm glad you found the

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

sweatpants, though. I didn't want you to think I'd stolen them or anything."

Brody laughed, but he didn't have a chance to respond because Sarah tugged on Chance's arm and said, "Mike and I are leaving now. He'll drive me home."

Chance tilted his head and his eyes widened as he forced a smile and stared at her. He wanted to say, *Don't you dare leave me here with him*. But he couldn't say that aloud.

Brody smiled and placed his hands on Chance's shoulders. "You guys go on and have fun. I'll make sure he gets back to his car okay." He patted Chance on the shoulder a couple of times.

Mike and Sarah stood. She laughed and said, "Oh, I'll bet you will."

When they were gone, Brody leaned forward and whispered, "I'm sorry I freaked out last week, man. It's just that I really like you, is all. I can't stop thinking about you."

Chance took a deep breath. When he exhaled, his shoulders slumped forward. "I like you too," he said, "but I'm not in a great place right now, and it's not a good time to get serious with anyone." He looked up and stared into Brody's blue eyes, and his heart thumped a few times and he felt a jerk between his legs. Brody looked good that night: He wore faded jeans and a tight green T-shirt with a black snake imprint across the front.

Brody leaned back and smiled, then he raised his hands. "That's cool, man. We can be friends." Then he leaned forward and whispered, "You want to take a walk back to the parking lot?"

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Chance put his hand over his mouth and smiled. "I was just about to leave. You can walk me back to my car." Then he turned and pointed his index finger. "But that's it. I'm getting into my car and going home early tonight. Just friends."

But on the way out of the bar, Brody reached down and touched his ass when no one was looking. Chance tried to walk faster but got stuck behind a couple of women who couldn't find their keys. As they waited, Brody squeezed his ass a few times. He pressed his lips together, reached back slowly, and smacked Brody's hand.

When they were out in the dark parking lot, Brody started to slip his hand down his pants. He tried to jerk away, but Brody grabbed the back of his shirt and pulled him up against his side. "I thought we were going to be friends," Chance said, pushing against Brody's hard chest to step back.

"We are," Brody said. "We're going to be really good friends."

He tried to pull away, but Brody was fast. He put his arm around his waist, leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. When Brody's wet tongue entered his mouth, Chance's arms went limp and his penis started to swell. The harder Brody held him, the weaker he became. Their tongues pressed together and slowly rotated. He closed his eyes and saw beams of light he never knew existed. When they finally stopped kissing, he leaned into Brody's side and they walked slowly to the Cadillac.

It was a two-door convertible. When Brody opened the passenger door and pushed the front seat forward, Chance

hesitated for a moment. He wasn't sure he wanted to get into the back seat with him again—it would only lead to more complications in his life. But Brody started to take off his shirt right there in the parking lot. Chance raised his hands and asked, "What are you doing now?"

"The past few times we've been together, all I did was unzip my pants and pull out my dick," he said. "I want to get naked, too."

When he talked dirty like that, he smiled and his voice became deep and mysterious. He kicked off his shoes and pulled down his pants. He leaned against the open door to pull them off his feet. When he jerked at the fabric, he lost his balance and knocked into Chance. He grabbed Chance's shoulder for support, and his erection hit Chance's leg. He smiled, stood back, then pulled off his socks. When he was completely nude, he extended his right arm and made a gesture toward the back seat. "After you, baby," he said.

Chance smiled and shook his head. It was dark enough to be private, but when he stared at Brody's body, his legs felt weak. It was actually the first time he'd seen the man naked in decent light. His shoulders were wide and solid. They tapered down past huge chest muscles, to a thin, tight waist with even more muscles in neat vertical lines. A slim line of dark hair began just below his chest and ran all the way down to his pubic hair. Chance took a deep breath and sighed. He could have hung a flag on Brody's erection; he could have wrapped two hands around the shaft and the head would still have popped out of his fist. When he looked down toward Brody's powerful legs, he reached forward with both palms

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

and pressed them to his thighs, then went down on his knees and opened his mouth as wide as it would go.

He wanted to suck Brody off right there in the parking lot. He wanted to shove it in his mouth and just swing from it. But Brody tugged on the back of his head and said, "Get up off the ground, bitch." Then he nodded to the right, toward the back seat.

Chance was still on his knees, and his lips were already puffy and wet. "But I want to suck your big dirty dick," he whispered. Brody had no idea how much he enjoyed having his face between his legs. He opened his mouth again, leaned forward and sucked both balls into his mouth. The sides of his face bulged while his head went left and right in semi-circular motions. Brody must have showered before he went out that night; he tasted like salty Ivory soap.

"C'mon baby," Brody said, "Get in the back seat. You're going to get plenty of dick tonight." He tugged his hair and pulled him back. Brody's wet balls dropped out of Chance's mouth.

Chance reached down and gathered Brody's clothes into a pile, then tossed them into the car. He stood and quickly removed all his clothes too, and threw them on top of Brody's. The gravel beneath his bare feet felt rough and prickly, and it almost tickled when Brody shoved the side of his large hand between his ass cheeks. He jumped into the back seat and Brody followed. It was only natural for Chance to go flat on his back and for Brody to fall on top of him. He spread his legs and lifted them high, wishbone style, so he could rest one foot on top of the back seat and the other on

top of the front seat. His hard penis rested flat against his stomach, the tip directly on his navel. Brody started to bite and suck Chance's neck. Chance's back arched and his eyes rolled back. Brody sucked his soft flesh so hard, and his beard grazed the side of his face with such force, the thin line between pain and discomfort soon vanished into pure ecstasy. He held onto Brody's wide shoulders as tightly as he could, and it felt as if he couldn't spread his legs wide enough or arch his back high enough.

Brody kissed hard. His wiry tongue went all the way to the back of Chance's throat and pounded the interior of his mouth. And while he kissed, his hips started to buck and his erection drilled into Chance's pelvis. He was desperately looking for a place to put the big monster.

"Are you okay, baby?" Brody finally asked. His voice was low and his entire body was now slick with perspiration. He caressed Chance's shoulders slowly.

He was hot, and Brody was heavy; he could never have imagined that a hot, sticky embrace could be so wonderful. "I'm fine. Can I suck you off?" he asked. He needed to have it in his body, to fill his mouth with the sweet nectar only Brody could give him.

Brody just smiled. "No, you can't. I want to please *you* tonight. I'm not big on going down on guys. It's just never been my thing. But there is something else I love to do, and I think you're going to like it just as much." He reached down with his right hand and grabbed Chance's ass hard. He slid his middle finger toward the soft pink opening and said, "I'd like to get in there tonight, and fuck that tight little hole." He

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

poked and prodded gently, and then slid his finger all the way inside. When the lips of Chance's hole jerked and clamped on his finger, he smiled.

Chance jumped and his mouth opened wide. He arched his feet and adjusted his legs so Brody could go deeper. "Give it to me," he said. He wanted Brody to fuck him; he wanted that big Navy cock to bang him into next week.

Brody's eyes opened wide when he heard how excited Chance was. "I'm gonna fuck you hard, baby. I'm gonna breed that fucking hot ass until you can't take it." He moved his finger around slowly and said, "It feels like velvet in there."

There was no need to discuss safe sex again; Chance knew he was about to get fucked raw. "Give it to me, Brody. You can do whatever you want." He hadn't actually been fucked since that one morning at the very beginning of summer, when the guy who delivered propane to the market had fucked him in the barn while Dan was still sleeping.

Brody slapped his ass and said, "Get up on your knees and lean against the back of the seat, bitch."

He rose to his knees and pressed his palms against the black leather seat. "Is this okay?"

Brody went behind him and placed his large hands gently on his waist. "Spread your legs a little wider so I can get some of that." Then, suddenly apprehensive, "I don't have any lube, baby."

Chance arched his back and smiled. He almost laughed because it hadn't occurred to him there would be a need for lube. "Just spit on your cock and fuck me. It's not a good fuck

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

unless it hurts a little." Chance was responsible, and he always practiced safe sex if he didn't know who he was with, but he was by no means the type of bottom guy who would refused a good dick just because there wasn't lube.

So Brody covered his cock with saliva and pressed the tip into Chance's puckered bud. There was an instant of sharp pain that made Chance bite the side of his fist—so sharp, he was worried there would be teeth marks on his hand the next day. But Brody was slow and methodical. When Chance gasped, Brody stopped so he could get used to the sensation and the fullness of the experience. By the time the first half of Brody's erection was inside, the pain had subsided and Chance stopped biting his fist. It began to feel too good to be true—so good that Chance closed his eyes and started backing up.

Brody grabbed the sides of his ass, and said, "Fucking velvet in there, bitch. I'm gonna hammer you so hard you're gonna beg me to stop." He was all the way in by then, and his pelvis was now pressed against Chance's ass.

Chance curled his toes and threw his head back. "Deeper," he moaned, "Shove that big fucking cock in and out as hard as you can."

"You like getting fucked?" Brody asked, while he started to buck.

"Yes, fuck me, man," Chance said, "Fuck my ass, dude."

"You want me to breed you, slut?" Brody asked.

"Yes, breed me. Fuck me and fucking breed me, man."

Brody slapped his ass and started to buck. "Ah ... so tight and soft. This ass was meant to be fucked." he said.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

It was as if Brody had finally found an unreachable itch Chance never been able to scratch by himself. Brody bucked his slim hips slowly at first, but in no time at all, he was pounding Chance into the leather seat and the car rocked back and forth. Chance held the seat for support, and his head bounced and bobbed. Brody fucked with a distinct rhythm, with unfaltering accuracy, for so long Chance's knees became numb. Brody pound in sets of three, as if he were hammering Chance's ass to the minute waltz ... *one*, two, three, *one*, two, three. Each time he went deep on the count of one, Chance would back into him so hard you could hear the loud slap of his pelvis against his ass. Brody wasn't even touching his penis, and in no time Brody was bringing him dangerously close to climax. So close that he actually had to hold back until Brody was ready to climax.

The faster Brody bucked, the heavier he breathed, until he finally whispered, "I'm getting close, baby. Grab your dick."

But Chance didn't have to touch himself. When Brody's chest started to heave and he shouted, "I'm coming, bitch," Chance felt a powerful orgasm rise within his body, from the edges of his anus to the top of his forehead. He wanted to scream and shout. His heart was beating out of control and his head was spinning. It was different from what he'd always known. This orgasm felt as if the entire inside of his body had exploded.

They came at the same time. Brody filled his hole and Chance sprayed white liquid all over the back seat. He was about to take a deep breath and relax again, but Brody started to buck slowly, which caused another, less powerful

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

orgasm. Chance's body started to shake and tremble—he'd never had a double orgasm. Brody smiled and slapped his ass a few times, then pulled out. "Damn, baby, that was fucking hot. It wasn't too fast for you, was it?"

Chance had to think about that for a moment. From what he could estimate, Brody had been banging him for at least a half-hour. So he ran his fingers across Brody's thick neck and said, "It was perfect." But his legs *were* a little sore.

Brody smiled and bit him on the neck. "You're so hot".

After that, Chance wiped down the back seat with a towel and they both slumped down below the windows. This time Brody was on his back, and Chance rested on top of him. He placed his head on Brody's chest, then reached down and held Brody's genitals in his left hand. He slowly massaged and squeezed—there was more than enough junk to fill his hand.

"That feels good," Brody said. He closed his eyes and folded his hands behind his head. "Almost better than nailing your ass."

Chance sighed. "There are a few things you need to know about me. I want to be honest up front so you don't think I'm playing games."

Brody opened his eyes and looked down. "I'm listening."

So Chance finally told him. He told him all about how his parents had tossed him out on the street when they found out he was gay. He told him about his living arrangements with Dan Pratta, and he talked about his plans to become a professional chef. He spoke slowly and clearly. His voice didn't waver and he didn't make any apologies about his decision to

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

live with Dan. "If the old man knew I was with you right now," he said, "I'd be out on the street immediately."

Brody listened quietly. At one point, when Chance started to talk about how Dan forced him to walk around naked, he clenched his fists behind his head and bit his bottom lip. When Chance stopped talking, Brody shook his head. "At least now I know why you acted so weird when I came into the market that day. I'd like to kick that old fuck right in the ass."

Chance let go of his balls and sat up straight. "That's the last thing I need." He looked at his watch; it was after eleven-thirty. "I have to get back. I have a midnight curfew, and if he's awake and I come in late, I'll pay for it dearly." He fumbled around the floor for his clothes and started to get dressed. The insides of his legs were wet: Brody's come was dripping down.

Brody rubbed his eyes and sat up. Then he sighed. "Can we sneak around? I'm not in the best position right now either. My mother has no idea I'm gay, and then there's the military's 'don't ask, don't tell' rule."

Chance pulled up his pants and fastened them. Evidently, he'd been hoping for something that didn't exist: That Brody would sweep him off his feet and take him away from Dan, the market and his miserable life. But after hearing Brody talk about his own complications, it occurred to him that he'd have to do that all by himself. There was no knight in shining armor for people like him. "Let's keep it simple for now," he said. Then he smiled and put on his shoes.

When he reached for the door, Brody pulled him back and held him tightly. "When can I see you?"

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

He reached down and grabbed Brody's junk again. "Soon ... but I'm not sure." He kissed him on the lips and swirled his tongue inside his mouth for a moment. He let go of his balls and reached for the car door. Brody's lips were pressed together and his eyebrows were pointed down. "Get dressed now and go home, and, be a good boy."

Chance smiled again. He liked that while Brody was the strongest, most virile man he'd ever met—both in and out of bed—he also had an innocent, little-boy quality underneath the rugged facade.

As he was about to step out, Brody grabbed his arm. "Are you okay? I hope I didn't get too rough tonight. I tend to lose track while I'm fucking."

Chance turned and smiled. What a nice thing to say after such a wonderful experience. "It was the best night of my life so far. I'm fine."

"Just remember one thing," Brody said, as he climbed out of the back seat, "That ass will always belong to me."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Six

When Chance awoke and looked into the mirror early the next morning, he found a dark purple love bite on the right side of his neck—long and thin, shaped like the state of Florida. He frowned and reached for a box of Band-Aids under the bathroom sink to cover it up. The old man would go crazy if he saw it, and Chance couldn't lie about a love bite—he couldn't say it was a bug bite or a bruise. Brody's teeth marks were still there. His legs were sore and he had trouble walking, too. They felt tight and stiff when he leaned over for the Band-Aids. And when he looked into the cracked, full-length mirror behind the bathroom door, there were a few dark bruises on the backs of his legs: serious black-and-blue marks from the pounding he'd taken in Brody's back seat the night before. But more than that, there were two large red handprints on both sides of his ass. He arched his back a little and smiled; it was as if he could still feel Brody's erection in his body.

He got dressed and went down the back staircase slowly, then out the back door and into the barn. Before he did anything else that morning, he wanted to see if there were any squirrels in the traps. And sure enough, there were four brand-new squirrels trapped in cages and barely moving because they were so frightened. He shook his head when he saw the poor things trapped like that, but he smiled when he took each cage out back, opened the trap doors and set them free again. He didn't want to spray their tails that morning; it

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

would have made Dan suspicious. He had to wait a few days so Dan would think the squirrels he'd driven to upstate New York had actually traveled back on their own accord.

When the empty traps were back in the barn and reset, Chance went into the kitchen to prepare his special for the day. Because he wanted some free time to make a few notes for the recipe competition, he decided to do one of his classic specials, a simple mac-and-cheese that everyone loved. Betty Shack had pleaded with him to share his secret ingredient more than once: "There's something in there that's different, but I can't put my finger on it. Please tell me." Chance only smiled and told her he'd die with his secret. She never would have guessed that what made *his* mac-and-cheese stand out from all the others was plain yellow mustard and ground nutmeg—pre-ground, right from the can. No need to grate it with a pretentious tool.

The most important ingredient, the one Chance included in all his recipes, was love: the love of food and the ability to love the food enough to know how to choose the perfect combination of ingredients that made a recipe stand out. Ah, he'd seen too many cooks try to follow a recipe that never turned out very well. They didn't have the love, and everything they cooked tasted like sawdust.

So when the large pans of mac-and-cheese were baking in the oven, he began to work on his presentation for the Food Network. Though he still wasn't sure he'd even be selected—that was random luck, and he wasn't lucky—he figured it was best to be prepared. The lasagna bolognese was simple enough to set up, but he wanted to show the people at the

Food Network that it was a recipe the entire family could participate in making. Small children could mix and knead the pasta dough while an adult arranged the bolognese sauce and the buchamel sauce. Then, when all the ingredients were prepared, the kids could help layer the lasagna pan—there really wasn't a wrong way to put it together. He smiled as he envisioned young children with spots of flour on their faces helping adults create something wonderful for the family meal. He missed that living at Dan's market: There was no family and no love.

He thought it was important for young children to learn how to get around in a kitchen, too. Cooking was fun, but it was also serious business. Young children had to understand that only adults could handle sharp tools, and older kids had to know how to use sharp tools safely. Chance made notes on the lasagna recipe, carefully imagining how children might react during the cooking process: the animated expressions on their faces when taught how to crack an egg or mix a bowl of cake frosting, or the way they smiled when they licked a cake batter bowl.

Most of all, Chance wanted people to understand that the ingredients for basic family-oriented recipes, whether it be lasagna bolognese or macaroni and cheese, did not have to cost a small fortune. When he watched cooking show hosts on TV, there were times he shook his head and squeezed the sofa pillow in protest. They used unreasonably expensive ingredients, like saffron and truffles. Most families watching couldn't afford to buy things like that—they weren't cooking in expensive restaurants. He even threw the sofa pillow across

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

the room when one show host enforced using "the best cocoa money can buy. Always use the most expensive ingredients when baking a chocolate cake." She convinced the audience they had to buy an outrageously expensive imported cocoa, when Chance knew full well that regular old Hershey's would have done the job. He'd learned, through experience, that using the most expensive ingredients money can buy is nothing more than hype and myth in most cases. It was all about the love of food and how you incorporated the ingredients that really mattered, not how much they cost.

When Dan walked into the market that morning, he didn't bang his fist on the counter or bellow orders as usual. Though he wasn't actually smiling, he'd found the squirrel traps empty and all was well with the world. But he did stare at Chance for a moment when he saw the Band-Aid on his neck. "What's-a wrong with your neck, *you*?"

Chance was leaning into the deli case and turning the potato salad over so it would appear fresh. He looked up and said, "I cut it shaving this morning. No big deal." But he bit his bottom lip and prayed the bruises on his ass would go away by the time he had to go upstairs and walk around naked.

"Ah," Dan said. "I'm going out to get new tires on the truck today. I'll be back by lunchtime." He didn't bother to ask how bad the cut was or if he needed stitches. Chance hadn't bled to death, and that was apparently good enough for Dan.

Sarah walked through the front door at nine. She smiled at Chance, so wide that he saw all her teeth from across the

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

market. He had just finished slicing a quarter-pound of Swiss cheese, extra thin, for Mae Conklin and he was wrapping it up. Mae was a soft-spoken, mousey woman in her seventies, the last so-called "old maid" left in town. He handed the cheese to Mae and followed her to the cash register so he could check Sarah's drawer. When he looked at Sarah, he pressed his palm to his throat and stepped back. She was wearing a very low-cut, tight black T-shirt that morning: Her large tits were busting out. The black shirt created a severe contrast against her pale white skin. At the bottom of her neck, and just above her ample line of cleavage, there were two large, obvious love bites. The one on her neck was the size of a quarter; the one on her bosom was two inches long and an inch wide, with small red teeth marks.

Chance decided to ignore the marks. He opened the cash drawer and started counting the money as Sarah rang up Mae Conklin's Swiss cheese. But Mae leaned back when she noticed the offensive love bite on Sarah's neck, and she actually gasped when she saw the larger one on Sarah's bosom. Poor Mae—she started to rock back and forth in her brown vinyl mules, and her bottom lip quivered nervously when she reached into her little brown change purse for money. She tried to look away when she handed Sarah three one-dollar bills and thirty-nine cents in exact change (older women *a/ways* had exact change), but Sarah's big tits were practically in her face. There was a small crumpled piece of blue foil left over from an old pack of Life Savers attached to one penny, but Mae didn't bother to remove it like she normally would have. Sarah took the money and Mae grabbed

the Swiss cheese and ran out the front door without even asking for a bag.

Chance closed the cash drawer and said, "Why don't you just wear a sign that says, 'I got fucked last night'?"

"Hey," she said, loud and nasal.. "I had fun. Mike played with my tits for so long I thought they were going to fall off! And if you think these marks are bad, you should see the ones in other places. He bit me so hard down there I thought I'd scream." Then she reached for the top button on her jeans and pulled it open.

"No, please," he said. "I'll take your word for it." The last thing he wanted to see was a love bite on Sarah's ass, and he didn't want to hear any of the details either.

Sarah raised her right eyebrow and put one hand on her hip. "Don't get so high and mighty with me. I see you're wearing a Band-Aid on your neck this morning."

"I cut myself shaving." He smiled and left her so he could get back to work. Moving to the deli counter, it occurred to him that he could still feel Brody's penis in his body; he could still feel the fullness and power. He grinned at a large barrel filled with long sticks of pepperoni. Then he took a deep breath, smoothed out his apron and set about re-organizing the spice shelf.

Later that day, as Dan made him move all the heavy produce stands from one side of the market to the other, Chance fell back against a tall metal shelf stacked with pretzels and potato chips. He didn't hurt himself, because it wasn't an accident. He'd been planning all day for a fall under Dan's watchful eye, so that when he removed his clothes later

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

that night he'd have a good excuse for all the bruises on his ass and legs.

And it worked. When he took off his clothes and walked past Dan that night, the old man clutched the arms of his chair and leaned forward. "That was some fall this afternoon, *you*." He rubbed his chin and ran his fingertips over Chance's ass. "Some good bruises back there, but it's good you didn't really hurt yourself. Then you would have cost me money."

"I'm fine," Chance said. "They look worse than they are." He shrugged and sat down on the sofa to watch TV.

He was dying to watch the Food Network to see if they would mention anything about the recipe competition, but Dan wanted to watch a show on the Discovery Channel about monkeys. He loved to sit in his chair, scratch his balls, and watch monkeys; he thought they were funny. It was followed by a show about dwarfism, and Dan's eyes were glued to the screen. At eleven o'clock he scratched his balls, lifted his leg and farted, and slowly stood to hobble back to his bedroom. He said he had a headache. "I'm going to take a sleeping pill tonight."

Chance remained on the sofa for another half-hour, but he couldn't find a comfortable spot. He moved from one side of the old leather sofa to the other and kept sighing out loud. Glancing at the candlestick on the coffee table, he thought of Brody. When a chef on the Food Network began to prepare a boiled dinner of kielbasa and sauerkraut, his penis started to grow. The old man was snoring so loudly he could barely hear the TV chef speak. All he saw were the guy's great hands holding a mammoth kielbasa, and Chance's hole ached for

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

more dick. Finally, he stood up and crossed back to his bedroom to get his car keys and a clean white apron.

It was dark out. The sky had been overcast all day. The car was facing in a downhill position. He slowly inched his way out of the gravel driveway in neutral. He sat behind the wheel in his bare feet, wearing nothing but a white chef's apron. When he was far enough away from the market, he started the car and clicked the light switch. He squeezed the steering wheel tightly and took a deep breath. Brody might get mad at him for showing up unannounced and wearing practically nothing, but he needed to take that chance. He needed Brody to fill him up again.

When he pulled up to the big old house, the front light over the door was on and Brody was sitting on the veranda in a rocking chair. When Chance opened the door and stepped out of the car, Brody put his hands on his hips and walked down the front steps. He was wearing the same sweatpants that Chance had washed. His feet were bare and he wasn't wearing a shirt. He took one look at Chance in the apron, and rubbed his chin. "I was expecting you tonight," he said.

Chance smiled. "You were not. You were just sitting there holding your dick because you couldn't sleep." He was younger than Brody, and by no means as worldly, but he didn't want to come off looking like an obvious sex-starved slut. Sure, that's what he was, but he didn't want to be too obvious about it.

"That's not true," Brody said. "I knew you'd be back tonight. I knew you'd want more dick and I've been sitting here waiting. I expected you at least two hours ago." He

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

laughed and tugged on his pork sword a few times. "You like it. I can see it all over your face. You want more of what you had last night."

Chance didn't want to argue the point; he knew he'd lose. Brody sounded so smug and sure of himself. Was he that transparent? Did Brody think he was some sort of a sex maniac now? He was beginning to wish he'd just stayed home and jerked off with a long pepperoni up his ass. But instead, he put his hands on his hips and said, "I just couldn't sleep is all."

Brody said, "C'mon, baby. Let's walk down to the boat docks and go for a midnight ride." He put his arm around Chance's waist. "I'm glad you came. I really wasn't sure if you would, but I'm glad you did."

They walked down several steep flights of stone stairs in the darkness. The back of the white apron was wide open and Brody's palm rested on Chance's naked ass the entire time. When they reached the dock, though it was dark, Chance took one look at the boat and his mouth fell open. "This is *your* boat? That's a seventeen-foot, 1954 Chris Craft Rocket." He wasn't exactly an expert on boats, but growing up in the Lakeland area had caused him to notice which boats were considered the best. He walked over to the side of the boat and ran his hand across the smooth dark wood and whistled. The long bench seats, both front and back, were covered with rich black leather and the steering wheel was pure white. In gold italic letters, it read "*Hearts O'Palm*" near the tail end on the side facing the dock.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

"It was my father's. He called her *Hearts O'Palm*," Brody said, "He loved her. I have to give my mother credit for one thing: She's maintained her all these years in perfect condition."

He untied the boat from the docks and jumped inside. The steering wheel was on the right, and he slid behind it while Chance held the boat in place. When he turned the key in the ignition and the engine turned over, there was a soft, even gurgle that soon settled into a hollow, almost throaty, roar. Chance smiled and ran his palm over the wood again. It sounded like the boat was actually purring.

"Give her a quick shove and then jump in," Brody said.

When Chance was in the front seat, Brody slowly pulled the throttle into reverse and they backed out. Then he turned on the lights, slipped her into forward and headed out toward main lake at a slow, creeping pace. The official rule was you couldn't go faster than five miles per hour after dark, but they were only going out far enough so Brody could turn off the engine, drop anchor, and bend Chance over the side of the boat. With one hand on the steering wheel, Brody lifted his arm and rested it across the top of the seat. He tugged on Chance's ear a few times and said, "Get next to me and lean in."

But Chance had a better idea. He went down across the seat and pressed his face between Brody's legs. His sweatpants still smelled like detergent. Chance chewed on the fabric covering Brody's soft penis. Brody spread his legs a little wider and leaned back while he continued to steer. They passed by another boat cruising just as slowly as they were

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

and Brody gave a thumbs-up to the other driver. When they were out of sight, Brody clutched the steering wheel with one hand and pulled his sweatpants down to his knees with the other. Chance wet his lips, opened his mouth and swallowed the soft penis. He gently rolled it around his tongue a few times while Brody closed his eyes and moaned. When he pressed his tongue against the bottom and started to suck, it began to grow inside his mouth. He took deep breaths through his nose, and in no time at it was a full erection hitting the back of his throat. His cheeks indented and his head went up and down and in counter-clockwise circles. Brody kicked off his sweatpants and spread his legs as wide as he could beneath the steering wheel.

They cruised like this for about twenty minutes, until Brody turned off the motor and the boat started to drift. Chance lifted his head and wiped his swollen lips. "Why did we stop?" He looked around and saw a few other boats not far away. The boat next to them was so close that he could actually reach out and touch the bow with an oar. There must have been at least five boats spread out around them; but none were moving. He reached down, grabbed Brody's balls and started to massage. He whispered, "It's dark, but this doesn't look very private."

Brody smiled. "I have to get up and drop anchor. This is a small cove where people come to play around. No one will care what we're doing here, because they are all doing the same thing." He laughed and stood up on the seat. He was naked and you could see his erection bouncing in the shadows. Then he jumped into the back seat and reached into

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

a small compartment for the anchor. He tossed it overboard and tied the rope to the side of the boat. There was moaning and squeals coming from the boat directly next to them on the right. Then a good-looking guy in the back seat sat up for a moment and waved when he saw Chance staring. Chance gulped and waved back. When he looked at the boat to the right of them, a white speed boat with black stripes, he saw three good-looking young guys talking to each other, drinking beer and laughing. He couldn't make out what they were actually saying, but he could hear their deep, drunken voices. In all the years he'd lived in the Lakeland area, no one had ever mentioned this place to him before. He wondered if Sarah had ever been there.

"Come back here," Brody said. He was sitting in the middle of the back seat. His legs were spread and his dick was resting against his stomach.

He hesitated. "What about the guys on that boat over there? They can see everything we are doing." He slumped down in the front seat and started to bite his fist.

"They're cool," Brody said. "They probably just want to get a cheap thrill is all. Besides, they can't see that much from over there."

Chance's heart began to race. It felt like an itch in his body that started at the opening of his anus and went all the way up to his lungs, an itch that needed to be scratched very soon. He jumped over the front seat and sat on Brody's lap. Brody grabbed him by the waist and pressed Chance's hand on his shoulder for support. Then Chance spit into his palm of his other hand, wrapped it around Brody's dick, and pressed

the head to his pink opening. He spread his legs and arched his back. When the head was inside, he pressed his other hand on Brody's strong shoulder and slowly sat back until the entire erection was buried in his body. It hurt for a split second, but it was good pain. Then he closed his eyes and kissed Brody on the mouth. The deeper his tongue went, the tighter he squeezed his ass against Brody's dick. Brody held his waist tightly and pressed down hard.

"Are you going to fuck me again?" Chance asked, playfully.

"Do you want me to? Do you want dick tonight? Do you want me to spread those legs as wide as they will go?" Brody asked, then spanked him on the ass a few times.

"Yes, fuck me," Chance whispered, making slow, circular motions with his ass.

Chance didn't notice that the guys in the boat next to them had stopped talking. He tossed his head back, closed his eyes and his arched back as Brody held his waist. But Brody didn't buck his hips; he let Chance do all that work this time. And Chance rode it so hard and so fast the boat started to rock. Then the back end crept closer to the boat with the young guys drinking beer. One of the guys looked at Brody and called, "Hey buddy, can we get some of that ass too? I've never seen an ass move like that one. There's three horny top guys over here with nothing to fuck." His voice was deep and throaty and his words were slurred: He was obviously very drunk.

Brody said, "Sorry, guys, it's all mine." Then he laughed and slapped Chance on the ass a few times for them.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Chance stopped moving; he sat back and Brody's dick went all the way up. He looked over and saw the other guys watching him. A big football player type kneeled on the front seat and tugged at his erection, a thin guy with a goatee in the back seat held his own, and another who looked like Tom Cruise was sitting on the edge of the boat, with his legs dangling over the side, playing with his balls. "What the fuck is this?" Chance asked Brody.

"Those guys want to take turns tagging your ass," he said. "They only want to get off. Don't freak out, baby. It's a compliment. You wanna do it?"

Chance wasn't sure how he felt about all this. "You'd be okay with that? With three guys fucking me?"

The guy who looked like Tom Cruise shouted, "C'mon, man. We don't wanna marry him. We just want to take turns nailing him." Then he looked at the other two and they all shouted, "Yes," in very deep voices, at the same time.

"Actually, I think it's kind of hot," Brody said. "This kind of thing doesn't happen often and what they do to you has nothing to do with how we feel about each other. So if you really want to do this, it's fine with me." He slapped Chance on the ass. "And think about it, how often do you actually get four top guys begging for your ass?"

Chance saw that Brody's eyes were wide and he was breathing faster. Just talking about it seemed to make his dick even harder inside his ass. "I'm game," Chance said finally. "As long as these guys all wear condoms."

Brody smiled, and then he asked the Tom Cruise guy, "You dudes have condoms?"

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

The guy reached into his back pocket and pulled out a handful of rubbers. He waved them and said, "I'll toss you a rope and we can tie the boats together."

A moment later, the boats were tied together and two guys were pulling Chance into the other boat. Brody remained in his own boat, holding his rock-solid erection, watching Chance lean over the back seat and spread his legs. The guy who looked like Tom Cruise pulled off his jeans, his shoes and his socks, and he held his very large, erect penis in his left hand and stared at Chance's smooth, naked body. He bit his bottom lip and started jerking while the guy with the goatee pulled down his zipper and covered his dick with a condom. When Chance spread his legs and arched his back, the guy shoved his dick all the way in with one hard thrust. Chance closed his eyes and opened his mouth when the guy started fucking. He wasn't as big as Brody, but Chance started backing into it anyway. The boat began to rock and the other two guys kneeled on the sidelines and jerked their dicks while Chance got fucked. The one who looked like Tom Cruise kept whispering, "Fucking hot ass ... fuck that hot ass."

The drunken guy with the goatee came fast: He banged into Chance's ass really hard at the end, filled the condom, and grunted a few times. When he pulled out, the football player quickly slipped his dick in and started fucking. He didn't bother to take off his clothes either, just unzipped his pants and put on a condom. But his penis was extra-thick and he fucked with such strength Chance had to hold on to the legs of the guy who looked like Tom Cruise so he wouldn't fall overboard. And like the one with the goatee, this guy came

fast. When he pulled out, the Tom Cruise guy didn't waste a minute. He squeezed Chance's ass with his large hands and sighed, and then went in as deep as he could. His dick was longer than the others, and when it hit the bottom, Chance's mouth fell open and his head jerked to the side. This guy was a good fuck—he banged and hammered fast, but with a rhythm so constant, Chance's head bounced in metered time with the fucking. A moment before he came, he slapped Chance's ass and whispered, "I'm coming," over and over. Then he pressed his pelvis against Chance's body and filled the condom.

When he pulled out, Brody jumped up and shoved his cock inside, as if he'd come to claim his prize. Though getting tagged by the other guys had been hot, Brody's large dick fit the best and was able to find those hidden parts of Chance's ass that brought him to climax without touching himself. Brody fucked with his waltz beat as the other guys stared in amazement at how well Chance could take such a strong pounding, especially after he'd just been fucked by three other big dicks.

"Who has the best dick in the world?" Brody asked, slapping his ass.

"You do," Chance said. "You have the biggest, best cock in the world. Fuck me, Brody." He was hammering so hard Chance had to hold the hand of the guy who looked like Tom Cruise. The boat rocked and water splashed on his face.

"I'm gonna breed you now, bitch," Brody said. "Are you ready for some seed, bitch?"

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Chance nodded. He'd been on the verge of orgasm for a while. "Yes ... breed me."

Brody bucked harder and they both exploded at the same time. Chance only had to hold his cock lightly in his palm to come; it was the same inner orgasm Brody had given him in the back seat of the car. While he was still deep inside, Brody leaned over Chance's shoulders and kissed him on the mouth.

They would have lingered there for a while if they'd been alone, but when one of the guys said, "Hey, that was hot. Maybe you two can come back tomorrow night and we can all take turns tagging his ass again," Brody took charge and decided it was time to leave. He said, "Sorry, guys, this was just a little fun and games tonight. This tight hole belongs to me."

The guys groaned and hooted a few times when Brody started the boat and Chance leaned over the side to pull up the anchor. He was still naked and they were watching his round ass, so he spread his legs and arched his back slowly for them. He liked how deep and throaty their voices sounded in the dark night. But more than that, Chance was pleasantly flattered to find that three good-looking guys would actually want to take turns on *his* ass. This was something that hadn't occurred to him, but it was nice to know.

When they were alone again on the dark water and Chance was leaning into Brody's side, he asked, "Did you really mean that back there, when you told those guys that my ass belonged to you?"

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Brody pulled him closer and smiled. "Damn right I did. That ass is mine now. They can only fuck you if I give them permission."

"You liked watching that, didn't you?" Chance asked.

"It was fucking hot, baby. You're a good bottom boy that likes dick. You can take a lot and never complain."

Chance shrugged and took a deep breath, then he reached down and grabbed Brody's soft penis and started to massage his balls. "Well, then, that means these big old things belong to me then."

Brody smiled and spread his legs wider. "Remind me to give you my cell number before you leave tonight. I won't call you, but you can call when you're free again."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Seven

On Wednesday morning, while Sarah was explaining to Chance in torturous detail how her new boyfriend Mike loved it when she sat on his face, there was a loud, piercing scream from behind the market. Sarah stopped talking and grabbed the counter. They stared at each other for a moment, then ran out the back door to see what had happened. When they reached the barn, they stopped short when they saw Dan Pratta standing in front of four trapped squirrels, with his body slumped forward and his hands pressed to the side of his head. All the squirrels had fluorescent orange tails, and Dan kept repeating, "I never saw nothing like this in my life."

"Are those the same squirrels you took to upstate New York, hon?" Sarah asked. She stepped forward to get a closer look. Her hand was pressed to her chest and her eyes were open very wide.

Dan blessed himself with the sign of the cross and said, "These are the same ones. See, they have the orange tails." He continued to stare at the cages. His expression kept switching from wonder to horror.

Chance shook his head and frowned. He shoved his hands into his pockets and pinched his legs so he wouldn't bust out laughing. When he'd gone down to the barn earlier and he saw that Dan had trapped four *new* squirrels, he'd sprayed *their* tails orange, too. But a little lighter this time, so Dan would think some of the orange spray paint had worn off on their trek back from upstate New York.

"What are you going to do now?" Sarah asked. She was chewing gum and her lips kept smacking together.

"Only one thing to do," he said. "Take these *bastardos* down to my brother's place in Maryland." He looked Sarah up and down and shook his head. She was wearing tight white shorts pulled up to her waist.

"Maryland?" Chance asked.

"Yes. Maryland," he said, but he pronounced it *Mary-a-land*. "My brother, he told me on the phone, 'You take 'em here ... there's-a no way they can get back from-a here.'"

Chance lowered his eyebrows and tapped his chin with his index finger. "That's an awfully long ride."

"I'll stay overnight," Dan said, "I'll be back tomorrow afternoon. *You*. Close-a the market tonight, and open it in the morning. It won't be too busy this time of the week. You will be fine alone."

Sarah tilted her head and frowned. Her legs were spread, she tapped her right foot and she had one hand on her hip. "But what if they came back next week from Maryland?"

Dan stared at her for a moment with turned-down eyebrows and a frown. Then he pointed toward the market and asked Sarah, "Hey, *you*, who's in the store watching the cash register? I don't pay you to stand around here talking about squirrels."

Sarah covered her open mouth with both hands, then jogged back to the market. She had narrow legs shaped like the bottom of an X, and she was wearing a four-inch-high pair of white canvas wedgies. When she ran, she actually had to hold down her big tits so they wouldn't flop up and down.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Dan waved to her back, then he said to Chance, "Good thing *she's-a* got big tits, 'cause *she's-a* got no brains. Chewing gum like a fat cow."

He left for Maryland at one in the afternoon, to avoid rush hour in Baltimore. And he was so concerned about getting rid of the squirrels once and for all that he didn't even bother or leave any special instructions for Chance. All he said was, "I'll be back tomorrow afternoon. No fucking around, *you*."

But the minute Dan's truck was down the street and out of sight, the first thing Chance did was dial Brody's cell phone so they could get together that night. Though it had only been a few days, it felt like years since Brody had been in his pants. Brody asked if he wanted to have dinner, but Chance thought it was safer to just go over to Brody's around ten that night. It was a small town, and he didn't want to run into anyone he knew in a restaurant, especially not while he was sneaking around behind Dan's back. He didn't even tell Sarah what he was doing.

When he pulled up to Brody's house, the moon was so full that he almost forgot to turn off his headlights. Brody was on the front porch waiting for him. His dark hair was still damp from the shower and he smelled like Old Spice and fresh well water. He wore a black T-shirt, jeans and black lace-up boots. He'd told Chance that he'd only brought three pairs of shoes: black dress, his Navy boots, and running shoes. He liked to pack lightly and figured if he needed anything else, he could always buy it in the States.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

He put his hands in his pockets as Chance crossed the front walk. When Chance reached the steps, he said, "This is the first time you've come to visit me wearing clothes."

Chance shook his head. "This is the first time I've been able to leave the house like a normal person." He was wearing a tight pair of low-rise jeans and a red tank top that made his small nipples stick out.

Brody kept smiling. His chin was raised and his head was tilted back. "You look good in clothes." Then he walked down to meet him and said, "Let's go down to the boat house. My mother is sound asleep, and she has full-time nurses now. They will be here until the end."

"How is she?" Chance asked. He knew Brody wasn't close with his mother, but he couldn't not ask.

"Not good," Brody said. "She's completely bedridden now, and that's why I had to call hospice this week." He sighed and shook his head. "It's hard, really hard, to watch. At least she's well medicated and sleeps most of the time."

The old stone boat house next to the dock was one large studio apartment with a living room area, a sleeping section and a small kitchenette that had yellow wallpaper with faded red cherries. It was like stepping into a page from the 1950 summer edition of a home decorating magazine: The white appliances had that rounded art deco look with large chrome knobs and handles, the furniture was made from solid maple with upholstered cushions, and the walls were knotty pine panels. The knickknacks on the maple end tables were kitschy: little porcelain cats and dogs with bells, a long white cougar nightlight resting upon a television so old it had a

rabbit ear antenna. The whole place had that damp, tweedy lake smell, the same summertime smell the inside of Brody's boat had.

"This place is great," Chance said. He walked over to the full-sized bed and ran his palm over the pink chenille bedspread. "It'd be a great honeymoon suite for a bed and breakfast."

Brody smiled and pushed him backward onto the bed. "That's exactly what I was thinking about tonight," he said. "And you can be the virgin bride, and we can bang like honeymooners." Then he climbed on top of Chance and started kissing his neck.

Chance wrapped his arms around his shoulders. "You have a one-track mind, a one-track dirty mind." He reached down and grabbed Brody's crotch. "And you're already hard as a rock."

"You get me hot, baby." He reached down and unbuttoned Chance's pants. Then he stood, pulled off Chance's shoes and socks, and yanked his pants down past his ankles. "You're not exactly soft," he said. Then he fell on top of Chance and they started to kiss.

Chance wrapped one arm around his shoulder and the other went down between his legs. While their tongues rolled and sucked and licked, he unzipped Brody's pants and reached inside to hold his cock. He didn't pull or tug hard on the big thing—he gently held it in his palm and ran his fingertips up and down the shaft. When he did this, Brody moaned inside his mouth, so he did again, only lighter, and Brody moaned even louder. It felt so rigid and mean, yet so

soft and smooth at the same time, a steel rod covered with soft satin. It didn't take long for Brody to stop kissing and get up. He kicked off his boots and socks, then pulled off his pants and T-shirt. His movements were awkward and gangly, and it reminded Chance of the fplayers on his high school football team changing in the locker room after a game. Only they didn't have huge erections, and they weren't ready to pounce on top of him with all their strength.

When Brody was completely naked, he reached down and pulled off Chance's red T-shirt. He climbed back on top, put his arm around Chance's shoulder and pulled him up to his chest. As they lay there on their sides, pressed tightly together, he reached back for a handful of Chance's ass. The harder he squeezed, the deeper and louder Chance moaned. Then Brody whispered into his ear, "I have this kink, but I'm not sure you'll be into it."

"Kink?" Chance asked. "What sort of kink?"

Brody kissed him on the lips quickly. "Ah, well, I shouldn't have said anything. You won't be into this. I'm sorry I said anything. Let's just forget it."

But Chance could see that Brody was serious—he had a kink that needed to be satisfied and he was only pretending to be sorry he'd mentioned it when he was really hoping Chance would continue asking about it. Chance smiled. It was cute; the way he tried to play it down. "Brody, just tell me about this kink and we'll see. Now I'm curious." There wasn't much he wouldn't do to please Brody.

"You might run out of here screaming. I don't want to freak you out or anything."

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Chance blinked a couple of times. Then he held his breath and said, "You can tell me. I won't run out screaming. I promise." But after the boat ride, and those three guys taking turns fucking him while Brody had watched, he couldn't help but wonder what Brody wanted to do next.

"I'm into high heels," he said. "Not actually wearing them myself, but having the other guy wear them."

Chance smiled and sat up, wrapped his hand around Brody's dick and rubbed it gently. He leaned forward, put the head of Brody's dick into his mouth and sucked it a few times. Then he lifted his head and said, "Hey, there's nothing wrong with that. It's kind of sexy. I've never done it, but I'm not going to run out screaming." Then he laughed and said, "Too bad we don't have a pair of high heels right now." He stuck out his tongue and started licking Brody's dick.

Well.

Brody jumped up and knelt on the floor so he could slide his hand under the bed. He pulled out a shoe box and opened it. He threw the top of the box across the room and reached inside for a pair of white, almond-toe, six-inch-high heels. He started to breathe heavy and he was smiling so wide you could see his gums. "I ordered these shoes last week on the Internet. I hope they fit. I figured you were a size nine men's shoe, so I ordered a twelve just to be on the safe side." Then he tossed them onto Chance's lap.

Chance stared down at the shoes and smiled. He didn't want to let Brody down, since he'd obviously been planning this for a while. So he stood up, placed one hand on Brody's

shoulder for support and put on the high heels. He looked down and took a deep breath. "How do they look?"

Brody slapped him on the ass. "Like a perfect fit. Lift up your leg and let me see."

Chance lifted one leg and rested it on the bed next to Brody. His legs were naturally hairless, with thin, shapely ankles that rounded up to smooth calf muscles. He was one of those lucky men with that rare combination of virile masculinity and soft feminine features. He started to wobble and had to hold on to Brody with both hands so he wouldn't fall over. Brody's dick got even harder when he ran his hand from Chance's ankle all the way up to his thigh. He bit his bottom lip and said, "Fucking hot. Can I watch you walk around the room now?"

"Ah well..." It was one thing to put them on and get fucked, but it hadn't occurred to him that Brody would want him to parade around the room.

"Trust me, you look really hot right now," Brody said. "Please, just walk around the room for me." He patted Chance's ass a few times, then gave him a slight push toward the main room. "Go ahead."

At first he hobbled out to the living area with bowed legs, working all his leg muscles so he wouldn't topple over. Just looking down at the dangerous six-inch heels made his balls pop up into his groin. He bit his tongue and concentrated on his balance. But the more he walked, the easier it became. When he crossed the room and turned back to see if Brody was still watching, he saw Brody sitting on the edge of the bed, with his hairy legs wide open, stroking his erection. His

head went slowly up and down, and his eyes gazed between the high heels and the tops of Chance's legs. He even whistled and shouted, "You've got great legs, baby."

Walking around in high heels felt naughty and sexy, as if he were on stage in a tacky strip joint. He smiled and stretched his arms in the air when Brody whistled. When Brody started to hoot and yell with a deep voice, he turned all the way around, arched his back and wiggled his ass. He leaned forward over the coffee table and lifted one leg backward, arching his foot in the air. His own dick was fully erect by then.

Brody stared at his legs with deep hunger in his eyes. "You are so fucking hot, baby," he said. "If those guys on the lake saw you now, they'd be jumping over the side of the boat to get some of that." Then he bit the side of his hand. "Get the fuck over here, bitch."

Chance approached the bed and placed his hands around Brody's thick neck, and then he slowly, cat-like, climbed up on his lap and wrapped his legs around Brody's waist. Brody moaned a few times, then grabbed the bottom of Chance's ass and stood up. With Chance's legs wrapped around his waist, he carried him across the room to a maple dining table and lowered him onto his back. He let go of Brody's neck and lifted his legs into the air and over Brody's shoulders. The white high heels dangled over Brody's back. Chance relaxed all his muscles and took a deep breath. Brody spit on his dick and pressed the head to Chance's pink hole. He spread his own legs wider, leaned back and worked the head into the

small opening. When it was all the way inside, Chance threw his arms behind his head and arched his back.

Brody grabbed his thighs and started to buck, slowly at first, but in no time the white high heels were flying in all directions and Chance's eyes were rolling backwards.

"Fuck me, dude," Chance said. "Bang my ass."

"You look like a little slut in those high heels," Brody said. "I'm gonna fuck that slut ass as hard as I can. What do you want me to do, bitch?"

"Breed me, dude," Chance begged. "Fill me with that big dirty dick."

He fucked with the waltz-type rhythm, but every now and then he'd stop, turn his head to the side, and lick one of the white high heels. He stuck his tongue all the way out and licked from the base of the heel up to the toe. And when he licked them, Chance could actually feel the big dick swell inside his body. Chance reached down between his legs and jerked his own dick to the rhythm of Brody's fucking. When he moaned, "Yes, deeper, harder," Brody rammed his dick so hard the table moved.

Brody's face became pinched and he closed his eyes. "I'm getting close, baby," he said. "Press one of those high heels against my chest and keep jerking your dick."

Chance lifted his right leg and rested the toe on Brody's shoulder and the heel against the top of his chest. But not too hard; he didn't want to hurt him. When he looked up for the first time and saw how sexy it looked with Brody sliding in and out, one high heel over Brody's shoulder and the other pressed to his chest, he had to control his own orgasm.

Brody started to take deep, labored breaths; a drop of sweat from his forehead fell on Chance's stomach. "Here it comes, baby. Oh yeah, here it ... AHHH," He bucked fast a few times, and then banged it in so hard the table moved again.

When the table moved and Brody squeezed his thighs hard, Chance jerked his own dick a few times and erupted so violently his sperm sailed right over his head and landed on the knotty pine wall behind them.

Brody took a deep breath and wiped his forehead with the side of his hand. Then he slapped Chance on the ass and said, "That was hot, baby." He was still holding Chance's thighs and still shoving it in and out of Chance's hole.

"Come down here and kiss me," Chance whispered.

Brody shoved it all the way in again and leaned forward. He pressed his lips to Chance's and rolled his tongue all the way around. Then he lifted his head. "Are you okay? I know I can get kind of rough. But when I'm inside you, I lose track of what's going on and all I can think about is coming. I swear, your hole is a little lower than most guys and that's why it's so easy to fuck you. I've never felt anything so soft and sweet before. I hate to fucking pull out."

But he did finally pull out, and Chance went into the bathroom to clean up. It was a small green room with an old rust-stained sink that had two different faucets for hot and cold water, a toilet with a pull chain, and a tin shower stall that looked a bit rickety. When he emerged, Brody was under the covers and he was sitting up in bed waiting for him. He

patted the left side and said, "Get under the covers so I can hold you."

Chance smiled, then reached down to take off the high heels.

"Ah ... can you leave the shoes on for a while?"

Chance nodded his head and crossed to the other side of the bed. When he was under the covers and his head was resting on Brody's chest, he lifted his right leg and put it between Brody's legs so the heel of one shoe would rub against his leg. "How's that?"

Brody closed his eyes and sighed. "Nice, baby. When I wake up, I'm gonna nail you to the bed the next time."

Chance woke up at five the next morning, with Brody snoring on top of him and white high heels still on his feet. He lifted his legs under the covers and reached down to hold Brody's dick. He only had to squeeze it a few times to get him hard, and it only took a minute or so after that for Brody to be inside him, bucking hard. He remained flat on his back this time, with his legs up, and bent so far back his knees were practically touching his chin. Brody kicked off all the covers and placed both large hands on either side of his shoulders. He went in fast and started bucking up and down, grunting and moaning like an animal. And he didn't just buck his hips this time—it felt like he was doing push-ups on top of him.

They both came fast that morning, with their mouths locked together. When Brody fell on top of him, he crossed his feet at the ankles and rested the high heels on the small of Brody's back. Then he said, "I have to get back. I have to make a special for the day and open the market."

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Brody had pinned him to the bed with his dick still inside, pumping his ass slowly. "Thanks for wearing the high heels. It's really hot, baby."

"Can we get together again this weekend?"

Brody sighed. "Probably on Sunday night. I have this thing to do on Saturday. I promised my mother I'd go out with this girl she knows. Because she's dying, she wants to take one more shot at seeing me find the right woman to settle down with. I only agreed to do it to keep her from getting all upset. I'm sorry. Trust me, this girl is no one I'd ever be interested in. But it's something I have to do."

Chance spread his legs a little wider and ran his hands lightly over Brody's shoulders. He was still inside, but he knew it would pop out at any minute. "It's okay. I'll sneak out on Sunday night when the old man's asleep." Then Brody's dick slid all the way out.

A few minutes later, when he kissed Chance goodbye at the door, Brody grabbed his waist and said, "I think I'm going to get you a pair of bright red high heels for Sunday."

Chance wasn't sure if he was serious or not, so he grabbed his dick and said, "Only if you're a good boy." Then he left him standing in the doorway, semi-erect.

The old man returned from Maryland that afternoon with a gigantic grin and a spring in his step. The squirrels had been set free on a remote tract of land near Virginia, and he knew he'd never see them again. He was so certain of this, he pounded his fist on the counter and stomped his right foot. And he was in such a good mood the rest of the week that he actually gave Chance a twenty-dollar bill when he asked if he

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

could go to The Island with Sarah on Saturday night. Sarah's boyfriend, Mike, was away for the weekend and they decided to just hang out together that night. Chance was frustrated because he couldn't see Brody, and he was on the verge of biting his fingernails worrying about whether or not he'd be selected in the recipe contest on the Food Network. The following Monday, they were going to choose the finalists for the competition, and he wanted it so desperately that he couldn't sleep at night. At least he'd be able to see Brody on Sunday night. It occurred to him that being satisfied by Brody's big dick was the best sedative he'd ever known.

The weather had turned on Saturday morning from hot and humid to dry and very cool. The hills of northwest New Jersey were almost a thousand feet above sea level, and when it got cold in the Lakeland area during the summer, the temperature could drop well below sixty degrees at night. Neither Chance nor Sarah had thought ahead and brought jackets, so after they walked around The Island a few times, they decided to go into the bar at the pier to warm up with a few drinks. It was crowded that night, and they were lucky to find two empty seats at the bar.

Chance ordered a cup of black coffee with a shot of vodka, and Sarah ordered her usual bottle of beer. She laughed hard when a drunk, middle-aged guy with a white baseball cap put his arm around Chance's shoulders and offered to buy him another drink. And she nearly fell off her stool when Chance politely refused and the guy reached down and squeezed his thigh. Chance didn't respond; he refused to even make eye

contact. He knew that if he ignored the guy, he'd disappear eventually.

But while he was staring straight ahead, trying to get rid of the annoying man, he noticed a familiar face standing near the pool table. He reached over and grabbed Sarah's arm and whispered, "*Brody* is over there. And he's talking with some guy." The other guy was very young, with reddish brown hair and a bump in the middle of his nose that made it resemble a parrot's beak.

"I thought he was going on some bogus date tonight," she said. Then she turned and saw him standing there, too. His head was facing the floor and when he slowly raised his arm to drink his beer he stumbled a few times. The guy with whom he was talking was smiling and waving his arms, and he kept touching Brody on the shoulder in an overly familiar manner. "It's probably just an old friend," she said. But she was frowning, and she tapped her bottom lip with her index finger.

Chance leaned back so Brody wouldn't see him. The young guy Brody was talking to whispered something in his ear. The next thing Chance saw was Brody and the guy crossing toward the exit door. Brody held his beer and walked slowly, staring at the floor to be sure he wouldn't bump into anything and fall. The guy held his elbow and guided him so he wouldn't knock into anyone.

"C'mon," Chance said, "I want to follow them outside."

Sarah quickly finished her beer with a few swallows and popped another stick of gum into her mouth. They followed them out of the bar, toward the main exit, and then out to

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

the dark parking lot. Brody almost tripped over a rock, but the guy reached out before he fell. Brody started to laugh, and then he reached down and squeezed the guy's ass a few times. Chance pressed his lips together tightly; he shoved his hands into his pockets and clenched his fists. Sarah's eyes were wide and she started to rub her palms together.

The dark Cadillac was parked way out back, almost hidden behind a large weeping willow. When Brody and the guy reached the car, they went to the back, near the trunk, where they could hide next to overgrown shrubbery. But Chance could see everything they were doing. The young guy unbuttoned Brody's pants and pulled down his zipper. He reached into the opening and pulled out his cock. It was still soft and it flopped against his jeans. Brody's eyes were only half open and he had to lean back against the car for support. Then the guy disappeared; he went down between the cars and all they could see was Brody standing there, still slugging back the beer.

"Oh my God!!" Sarah said. She was staring at Brody's limp penis—his dick, when soft, was the size most dicks get when they were erect. "If he's that large when it's soft, I can't even imagine how large it is when he's got wood. It's a wonder you can even walk after being with him."

Chance ignored her. He clenched his fists again and he sniffed back a few times because he didn't want to start crying. "It's big because his brain is in his dick," he said.

Then Chance stepped forward and walked up to the car parked next to Brody's Cadillac. When he cleared his throat and coughed, Brody looked up and saw him standing there.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Sarah was right behind him, chewing her gum violently and rocking on the balls of her feet. The only thing Sarah loved more than big dick was a good fight.

At first Brody didn't recognize him; he was so drunk he could barely see the guy about to suck his penis. But then he blinked a few times, jerked his head, and stared back at Chance. When the magnitude of the situation finally registered, he shook his head and asked, "What are you doing here?" He stepped back, as if he'd become instantly sober, and pulled up his zipper.

The guy who on his knees and ready to open his mouth said, "Hey, what the fuck?"

"Get out of here," Brody told him. He buttoned his jeans and crossed to the front of the car.

Chance straightened his shoulders and said, "No. I don't want to interrupt you boys. We're going home. You have a good life, Brody. I'll see y'around." He turned, grabbed Sarah by the arm, and headed to his car.

"Have a good life? What the fuck is that supposed to mean?" Brody shouted. He left the other guy standing next to his car and followed them.

When he reached Chance's side, he grabbed his elbow. "Stop. Don't leave like this."

But it was too late for that. Chance jerked away and said, "Leave me alone. You said you had a bogus date, and here you are getting sucked off by some ugly dude with a hook nose. You're a liar." He started walking faster. Poor Sarah had to hold her tits and jog to keep up the pace.

"I *did* have a date," Brody shouted, "But it ended early and I got a little depressed, and I came here for a drink. I swear I didn't plan this. I'm sorry ... please don't leave like this. I made a mistake. I had too much to drink and that guy came on to me."

"Well, you could have said no," Chance shouted. "You could have said, 'Sorry, I'm involved with someone and I can't do this.' But no, you just get drunk, let that whore pull down your zipper, and spread your legs."

"Men are pigs," Sarah shouted. "All they care about is one thing." Her hands were on her hips and she nodded her head up and down.

Both Brody and Chance stopped and stared at her for a second. Then Chance started walking fast again. Brody could have pointed out that Chance had been more than willing to let three strange guys tag his ass on the boat that night. But that wasn't the same; they'd both agreed to do that together. This time, Brody was sneaking around behind Chance's back.

When they reached Chance's car, Brody was still pleading for forgiveness. He made a fist with his left hand and started punching the palm of his right hand. But Chance and Sarah got into the car and slammed the doors shut. Chance pulled away, leaving Brody there waving his arms in a cloud of dust. Chance gripped the steering wheel tightly as the car screeched and swerved. When they rounded a corner near the exit road, the rear end fishtailed a few times. Sarah's eyes were still wide and her lips were pressed together tightly. This was the sort of drama one didn't see every day.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

"Are you going to forgive him?" she asked, when they were on Lakeside Drive and the car wasn't swerving anymore.

He clenched the steering wheel with both hands and locked his teeth together. Then he said, "I've been kicked in the ass enough in my life so far. I don't need it from him, too."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Eight

Early on Sunday morning, Chance went down to the barn to see if there were any squirrels in cages. The traps were empty, and he went back into the market and started to prepare a special brownie recipe for the wooden bowl display. His eyes were still puffy from crying, and both legs felt heavy from not sleeping. The brownie recipe was simple to prepare: a surprisingly rich blend of three kinds of chocolate—that you could easily buy at any supermarket—all tossed together in one large mixing bowl with regular brownie ingredients. Almost too simple for him to have the audacity to charge two dollars and fifty cents for each individual bar.

After he placed them in the oven, he opened the front door and situated the open sign on the sidewalk outside the front steps. The sky was bright blue and the sun was shining in his face. It was warmer, and they were predicting a long heat wave for the end of the week. When he looked across the street with his hand over his eyebrows, he saw a large black Cadillac parked on the side of the road. Brody stared at him through the open window. His eyes were wide and innocent and his face was covered with five o'clock shadow. Chance's heart skipped a beat, and he almost took a step forward. But then he stopped, turned around, and went back into the market. He didn't go out front again, but he kept looking out the front window all day long, peeking beyond the rows of pretzel sticks and cheese puffs. Brody didn't leave until three o'clock that afternoon.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

He was parked there again on Monday morning. So Chance made Sarah put the open sign outside when she came in at nine. She looked across the road and smiled at Brody. He smiled back, and then she shrugged her shoulders. When she came back into the market Chance was standing behind the register. She said, "I hope you know what you're doing. If I had a guy like Brody camping out front for me, I'd be begging *his* forgiveness."

Chance smiled and shook his head. He wasn't sure if she meant that Brody cared enough to camp outside the market to beg his forgiveness, or because he had a large penis; with Sarah, you never knew. But it didn't matter anyway. "I can't trust him anymore," he told her. It had occurred to him a few times, mostly during the night when he tossed and turned, that maybe he was being too hard on Brody and that he should just forget about his little indiscretion. And then he'd remember the lump he felt in his stomach when he saw the other guy pull down Brody's zipper in the parking lot. He couldn't forget the sharp pain in his chest when he saw the guy going down between Brody's legs.

On Tuesday morning, while he was preparing small hand pies as the special of the day, Sarah came clopping into the market wearing a pink terry bathrobe and white fluffy bed slippers. She came in through the side door of the kitchen. Though her hair was pulled back in a dreadful ponytail and her eyes were still puffy with sleep, her voice was animated and she was smiling.

"Why are you here at this time of day?" he asked. No one but the squirrels got up with Chance. "Are you sleepwalking?"

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

His voice was low and his movements were swift and awkward. He knew they'd selected the recipe winners on Monday and he hadn't heard a thing.

She grinned and wrinkled her nose, then she threw her arms in the air and said, "The Food Network called me last night and I had to pretend I was you! You're a finalist."

He dropped a pie on the floor, stunned. He'd never won a thing in his life.

She handed him a piece of paper and said, "All the information is here. You go on live TV this Saturday night!" She clenched her fists and jumped up and down a few times. She couldn't scream because the old man was still sleeping.

Chance didn't say anything at first, but then he threw his arms around her and they bounced up and down together. One of her slippers came off and she slipped on the pie. She went down, dragging Chance with her, and poor Sarah's ass landed on the pie. Apples and cinnamon shot out and hit the wall, and the back of her robe was a caramel, slushy mess. But they continued to laugh and hug. "I can't believe it," he kept whispering.

Sarah stood up, cleaned apple pie filling off her bathrobe, and said, "He's out there again, you know." She nodded toward the front of the store and sighed.

Chance lowered his eyebrows and tilted his head back. "Who?" As if he didn't know.

"Brody," she said, "He's parked out there right now;, just sitting in that big old car waiting for you to forgive him." She sighed and shook her head a few times.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Chance pressed his lips together and went back to filling pie crust. "He'll get the hint sooner or later. All I want to do is concentrate on winning this competition." He stared at her for a moment, then raised his arms and said, "It's all I have. It's my only way out of this nightmare of a life I'm living."

Brody disappeared Tuesday afternoon and didn't return Wednesday morning. When Chance opened the front door and didn't see Brody's car outside, he slammed the sandwich board sign on the front steps and stomped back to the deli counter. Though he'd gotten what he wanted, Chance felt as if he'd been deserted and discarded and forgotten about, and he banged a few pots and pans louder than usual. While he sliced deli meat for customers, he whispered under his breath, "I'll show him. I'll show them all."

Betty Shack pressed her hand to her throat on Wednesday morning and asked him if he was feeling okay. He didn't smile and joke around like he usually did when he sliced her half-pound of head cheese, and he didn't bother to say thank you when he handed it to her. Mrs. Dolan told Sarah she was worried because Chance hadn't bothered to prepare a special on Thursday. She'd been looking forward to the special of the day, and when she saw the empty wooden bowl she felt compelled to say something to Sarah about this depressing state of affairs. Even the nun noticed that something was wrong with him that week. When he handed her a half-pound of macaroni salad and a quarter-pound of potato salad and forgot to price them, she patted his hand lightly and smiled.

The only one who didn't notice that anything was wrong was Dan Pratta. And that was because he was still so happy

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

that the squirrels hadn't returned from Maryland. He smiled and joked with the customers, and he even told Sarah she looked good in her new white jeans Thursday morning. Of course, Chance had been letting new squirrels go early every morning that week—not because it was funny anymore. He just didn't like to see the squirrels in the cages. Once they submitted to being trapped in cages, they remained perfectly still as if all energy and life had been drained from them. Kind of the way he felt.

On Friday morning when Dan came downstairs, he farted a few times and scratched his ass. Chance took a deep breath and said, "I need to take tomorrow afternoon off. It's something personal that I have to do. I can work until three." This was the first time he'd ever asked for any time off since he'd been there. Maybe he should have approached this differently; begging a little might have helped. But he wasn't in the mood.

Dan poured a cup of coffee, and he stared into the stained mug while he stirred in two packets of sugar. Then he shook his head, and said, "No. *You* can't take off. That's a busy day. If it was something important, like a funeral or even a wedding. But you just can't take off when *you* want." He took a sip and started to walk away.

"This is important, and I'll still be here most of the day," Chance didn't want to go into detail about the recipe contest, but he wanted the old man to see how important this was to him. "I won this recipe contest, with the Food Network. And I have to go to New York tomorrow to compete in the final competition on live TV. The winner receives fifty thousand

dollars and a chance to get their own cooking show." When he actually said the words, it began to feel real.

Dan stopped, and then he turned on Chance. His eyes widened and he started laughing as loud as he could. "*You* won't win. That's like gambling on the horses. *You* have a career to think about right here. Cook my specials and stop dreaming about the Food Network. Stick to what you do good: cooking here and showing off that pretty ass." He continued to laugh in Chance's face for a minute, then and laughed all the way out the front door.

On Saturday afternoon, while Dan was talking to Mrs. Dolan about his squirrels, Chance removed his apron and went upstairs to change his clothes. The only good clothes he had were a pair of dressy jeans, a white dress shirt and a black blazer. He was young, with a great body and a handsome face: Anything he wore looked great. It had been raining all day and the market had not been busy. He knew Dan and Sarah could handle things without him for a couple of hours.

But when he went back downstairs with his car keys in his hand, Dan was standing at the end of the deli counter with his arms folded across his chest. The store was empty and Sarah was at the register, pretending not to listen. "Where do *you* think you're going?" He started to tap his foot; he put his hands under his arms and made tight fists.

"I told you, Dan," Chance said. "I'm going to New York. I'll be back tonight." His armpits began to sweat and his hands felt a little shaky. This was the first time he'd ever stood up to Dan about anything.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Dan stared at the wooden floor for a moment, and then looked up at him with fear in his eyes. "If *you* walk out that door now, don't bother to come back, *you*." His words were clear and cold. He wanted to control Chance completely.

Sarah leaned forward and held the counter for support, as if she hadn't expected the old man to go that far.

"Are you serious?" Chance asked. "I work hard here, and I never complain. I do everything you ask. Not to mention the fact that I've been walking around naked and letting you feel up my ass for the past four years." He wanted Sarah to hear the past part so she could fully comprehend the magnitude of his situation there.

Sarah's mouth fell open and she pressed her hand to her chest.

The old man's face became tight and he squinted. "If *you* walk out that door, don't come back here again." Then he swung his right arm across the top of the deli counter and jars of pickles and horseradish flew across the room. His temper tantrums and scare tactics had always worked well in the past.

But this time, Chance had something better waiting for him. He stepped back, and took a deep breath, turned his back to the old man, crossed the market and walked out the front door. For good.

When he arrived on the set for the final recipe competition at the Food Network, he was glad he'd worn a dark blazer. His armpits were soaked and he had to keep his hands in his pockets so they wouldn't shake. He quietly watched the cameramen prepare for the show, while the director made a

few last-minute changes. All of the other contestants were women, and one of the celebrity food judges, Tommy Clay, noticed him immediately. When he saw Chance standing at his cooking station, waiting to prepare his recipe on live TV, he walked over and introduced himself. Of course, Chance was a huge fan and already knew who he was. He reached out to shake his hand as calmly as he could. Tommy Clay looked more like thirty than his real age of forty-five. He was tall and dark and even better-looking in person than he was on television. He had an expensive haircut and a smooth deep voice that was well trained. His eyes were so blue, Chance couldn't help but stare into them. He had to clench his fists to find his voice and speak coherently. It wasn't every day he spoke face to face with the sexiest celebrity chef on TV.

"Are you all set up for the show?" Tommy asked. He stared at him, Chance realized, the way Brody had watched him walk around in the high heels. Tommy's hungry eyes focused on his lips and he kept reaching out and rubbing Chance's arm in a playful way.

"I guess," Chance said. He knew Tommy was flirting. It felt good, too. Especially since he was still so pissed off at Brody for cheating on him.

"I could take you back to my dressing room and give you a few pointers if you like," Tommy said. He smiled and shoved his hands into his pockets. He had a huge bulge in his jeans; Chance could see the outline of his dick, though he tried not to show he saw it. Tommy pushed it forward with his hands in his pockets to show Chance he was well endowed. "We have about an hour before we go on the air."

Chance smiled and stared at him with puppy-dog eyes. Tommy's bulge looked very good, indeed. A few months earlier he probably would have gone back to the dressing room and buried his face between Tommy's legs. But all he said was, "I'd like that very much, Mr. Clay. But I really have to get organized here, and I'm really nervous." He looked down again at Tommy's crotch and wet his lips. It was growing. He would have let Tommy nail him a few months earlier, too. But he couldn't stop thinking about Brody's pitiful, unshaven face, sitting outside in the car. He couldn't stop smelling Brody's unwashed sweatpants. Sometimes, when he swallowed back, he could still taste Brody's balls.

Tommy Clay's eyebrows went up and he stepped back. He wasn't used to being rejected by amateurs. "Ah, well. I'll see you later." He turned his back on Chance and quickly headed back to his dressing room.

As he watched Tommy disappear into the maze of wires and camera equipment, Chance allowed himself a contemptuous whisper ... even though he knew blowing Tommy Clay off like that could have been a huge mistake. Tommy had only been paying him a compliment. But after all the time he'd spent bowing to Dan Pratta's rules, not to mention walking around naked to keep a roof over his head, he was ready to take the lasagna pan and crack it over Tommy Clay's expensive haircut. There he was, preparing a recipe for lasagna that he'd been working to perfect for so long he didn't even *need* a written recipe, and the only thing Tommy Clay cared about was getting into his pants. It

occurred to him briefly that he still had time to follow Tommy back to the dressing room and make amends.

But he didn't do that.

Instead, he took a deep breath and smiled at a young woman passing by his cooking station, then he lowered his head to the counter and started to organize his ingredients. As he lined the carrots, celery and onions beside the French knife, his hands were a little shaky and his mouth felt a little dry. He wasn't sure if it was because he was still annoyed at Tommy Clay, or because the magnitude of being on live TV was finally starting to hit him. But when he checked to be sure the pasta machine was attached securely to the counter—he was using his own dough, not store-bought noodles—his hands felt somehow steadier and Tommy Clay quickly began to fade from his thoughts. He took another deep breath and smiled as he double-checked that the beef, pork and veal trio was ready to go into the sautee pan. His hands were perfectly normal now, his heart wasn't racing and his mouth wasn't dry. All the ingredients he needed to prepare his dish, from tomato paste to grated cheese, were lined up in sequential order and ready to be cooked.

And that's when he clenched his fists and told himself that he was going to make this recipe as perfect as humanly possible. And even if he didn't win, his life would still be all about the food.

An hour later, right before they went on the air, Tommy passed by Chance again and Chance said hello. But Tommy turned his head and ignored him this time, and he started talking and flirting with the female contestant to Chance's

right. She had long blond hair, huge breasts, and tons of eye makeup that edged her look to very near transvestite. She wore a homespun, fluffy pink dress made of calico, with huge ruffles on the sleeves and around the hem, and an American flag pin on her shoulder. Her recipe was something very sticky and sweet. She was from somewhere in the South and used an extra-thick, forced Southern accent that sounded a bit offensive and fake. She kept saying, "y'all" this, and "y'all that," over and over. Chance took a deep breath and stared down at the oven to be sure it was preheated, and he didn't look up again until Tommy had walked away.

The other contestants were all good, but by the end of the hourlong show, it came down to a decision between Chance and the woman in the pink fluffy dress. Two of the celebrity judges raved about Chance's recipe, and they loved his presentation. They said he was fresh and natural, born to give good, solid cooking instructions, and his family-style approach was very "relevant." The only judge who gave him an unfavorable review was Tommy Clay. He said he thought Chance had a great deal of talent, but that his television persona was "too wooden" and he thought his recipe was too complicated for children. Tommy then gave a rave review to the woman contestant in the pink fluffy dress. He liked the fact that she used a store-bought cake mix, instant pudding and imitation whipped cream. He said her television persona was perfect for the Food Network. He thought she was energetic and perky and adorable. He even complimented her fluffy pink dress and flirted a little. The other judges politely disagreed with him and the show cut to a commercial.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

During the commercial, the judges huddled together and spoke quickly. Chance couldn't hear what they were saying, but you could see that fists were pounding and fingers were being pointed. Tommy Clay kept shaking his head no and stepping back. Chance looked across his cooking station and smiled at the woman in the pink dress, just to be a good sport. She gave him a very dirty look and fluffed the ruffles on her sleeves. This girl, he realized, was out to win no matter what it took, and she wasn't there to make friends.

He knew how that felt, really. He was here to win too.

He crossed his fingers and looked up to the ceiling. His entire life was resting on this one decision, a decision that was completely out of his hands. It occurred to him that he probably should have sucked Tommy Clay off in the dressing room after all. But he didn't want to win that way. He wanted to win because he was the best.

Tommy Clay stood between Chance and the woman in the pink dress when the show returned from commercial break. He smiled when he slowly announced that the grand prize winner of the recipe competition was the woman in the pink dress.

Chance waited to feel disappointed, but he felt nothing, and that was even worse.

The winner jumped up and down, waving her long pink fingernails, shouting, "Oh my golly, y'all! Oh my golly gosh, y'all!" with the exaggerated Southern accent. Chance forced a smile and congratulated her. He shook Tommy's soft, limp hand when he accepted second place, and his prize of one thousand dollars. When the show went off the air, both of the

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

other judges ignored the woman with the pink dress and approached Chance to tell him that he was a very talented chef and that he shouldn't be discouraged by this contest. The producer of the show actually came over and handed him a business card. "Call me if you ever need a recommendation. I have friends in Paris and I'd like to see you attend cooking school there." Then they all turned their backs on Tommy Clay and walked off the set.

That night, Chance drove back to the lake and parked the car at The Island. He turned off the lights and leaned the seat all the way back. When he closed his eyes, he rubbed the thousand-dollar check in his pocket. Though devastated, he finally smiled when it occurred to him that he'd won second prize and he had a check for a thousand dollars to prove it. The thing that made him stop smiling before he fell asleep in the car that night was Brody. He knew he'd lost him forever.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Nine

The next morning, Chance drove to the only pay phone left in town and called Sarah. And a half-hour later, they met for coffee at a small cafe on Lakeside Boulevard, not far from Dan's market. Sarah wore gray sweatpants and her hair was pulled back in a tight ponytail; small, red ringlets and frizzy corkscrews broke free from the rubber band and framed her round, freckled face. Sunday was her day off, and she looked sleepy—normally, she'd still be in bed. He stood from the table and gave her a hug. She'd watched the show. She squeezed him hard and said, "I know you wanted to win first prize, but at least you won second. And I think that's something to celebrate. I thought you were great."

He asked the waitress to bring them two cups of black coffee, and thanked Sarah. He laughed and shook his head, then sat down and told her all about the bitchy woman in the pink dress and how Tommy Clay had tried to get into his pants before the show. She put her hands on her hips and shook her head. "So you really did win first prize. Just not officially." But she was so shocked about Tommy Clay that her voice went shriller. She couldn't believe that he was "into guys," and that he'd actually ruin someone's chances to win an important competition because he wouldn't sleep with him.

Chance hadn't thought about it that way. According to the other judges, he had won the grand prize. Just not officially. He smiled and said, "I guess I did win."

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

The waitress placed two cups of coffee on the table, then Sarah lowered her head and reached for his hand. "Brody's mother died last week," she said.

Chance's heart hurt.

"He came into the market yesterday afternoon," Sarah continued, "an hour after you'd left, and he told me. That's why he didn't come around again last week." She patted Chance's hand and frowned. "The guy is really freaked out about you. He said he can't even sleep at night."

"He actually came into the market?" Chance asked. He'd specifically told Brody never to come there while he was working. That was so typical of Brody, forging ahead without thinking about the consequences. A total control freak.

"He really wants to see you before he leaves town," she said. "He literally begged me to talk to you." She sat back and took a sip of coffee, then sighed. "I don't see how it could hurt, now that he's leaving town. At least part on good terms."

Chance lifted a spoon from the table and stared at a water stain. He knew Brody hadn't been close to his mother, but he also knew that Brody kept a great deal hidden inside, so he had to be grieving. "I'll think about it," he said.

"Are you still mad at him?"

He smiled and set the spoon down on the table. "Not really." It had occurred to him earlier that even if he'd wanted to stay mad at Brody, it wasn't possible.

Sarah told him about how confusing things had been at the market after he'd left for New York. "The old man didn't even know how to slice the deli meat for poor Gladys Johnson.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

There she was, waiting patiently for a pound of bologna, and he jammed the machine and couldn't get it to work again. He got so frustrated he cut her a two-inch thick piece of bologna with a bread knife and gave it to her for free. After that, he told me to go home early and he closed the market before any more customers came in." She gulped back a swallow of coffee and lifted her hands in the air. "When I saw the expression on his face, I ran out the door."

Chanced laughed and folded his hands on top of the table. He knew Sunday wouldn't be much better with Sarah off and Dan trying to work the entire market with a lazy, part-time cashier he hated.

After he left Sarah, he drove around the lake for about an hour, but whether it was to postpone or gather courage, he couldn't tell. Finally, he headed back toward Brody's house around noon. When he slowly pulled up to the end of the driveway, Brody was carrying large boxes down to a bulky pile of trash near the road. Four large, heavy boxes. Most men would have taken them one at a time, but Brody liked to prove his strength whenever he could. He placed them on top of a plastic-covered hospital bed mattress and stared at Chance's car. The top was down and Chance looked him. It was getting warm and thick and the heat wave was settling in around the lake; Brody was only wearing a pair of sweatpants and running shoes, and he had dark perspiration stains between his legs. Chance got out of the car and said, "I'm sorry about your mother, Brody."

Brody shrugged his shoulders. "She went peacefully, in her sleep." He stared down at the pile of trash for a moment and jerked his head sideways.

"I guess that's best," Chance said quietly. He wanted Brody to know he cared, but that he wasn't there for any other reason. "Do you need any help carrying boxes or anything?"

"Naw," Brody said, waving his arm. "I'm good. This is basically the last of it. It's just hospital stuff and boxes of medical supplies I don't want lying around when I'm gone." He kicked a few stones in the driveway and stared at the pavement. Then he lifted his head and looked Chance in the eye. "I'm sorry about everything. I fucked up, baby. I'm sorry." He spread his arms out a little, and then opened his hands so his palms were facing Chance.

When Brody tilted his head, Chance stomach jumped. Brody's blue eyes were wet and glossy; he really did seem sorry. "It's okay. I don't want to talk about it again, Brody." He lowered his head and sniffed back a few times. His bottom lip began to quiver and he had to bite it to keep from crying. That was the last thing he wanted to do.

"I like the way you say my name," Brody said. "No one says it like you. It's just different, like you care."

"That's because I *do* care."

"I'm glad you came over today," Brody said. "I wouldn't have known how to get in touch with you if you hadn't." He lifted his head and smiled. "But I saw you on TV last night. Sarah told me to watch."

"Ah, well," he said, "I didn't win the grand prize, but I would have if I'd slept with one of the judges." He wanted Chance to know the reason why he'd won second place instead of first. "Tommy Clay, the celebrity chef, tried to get into my pants before the show, and I turned him down. He didn't like that, and I lost out."

Brody smiled. "Why did you turn him down? He's not a bad-looking guy."

"Because I'm either an ethical idiot, or I'm in love with someone else," Chance said, then added, "Even though I already know it probably won't go anywhere." He didn't want Brody to think he was there begging for anything. Brody was leaving town, and that was a fact. But he wanted Brody to know how he felt.

Brody took a few steps toward him. "I'm proud of you ... for not sleeping with a judge *and* for winning second place," he said. "And you looked really hot. I jerked off to the TV while you were cooking that lasagna thing."

Chance's head jerked and he held back a huge smile. One of the things he loved most about Brody was his ability to make a serious conversation lighter with silly jokes. "You did not, you big fool."

"Oh yes, I really did ... jerked off, made a mess all over the bed, and had to change my sheets. You look fucking hot on TV, baby. I was banging my dick against the TV screen."

Chance smiled. "That's because you're a sex maniac and a filthy pervert."

Brody leaned back and grabbed his dick. "You want to go down to the boat house for a while and really see what kind

of filthy pervert I am? We can go inside the big house, but I like it down there better."

"Do you think I can take a shower?" Chance asked. "I haven't had one since yesterday morning." His voice sounded a bit wrecked and his shoulders were slumped.

Brody smiled and extended his right arm. "You can do whatever you want."

When they were in the boat house, Brody went directly into the small bathroom and turned on the ancient shower. The water splashed on the tin walls loudly. Then he came out and kicked off his running shoes and pulled off his sweatpants. He was semi-erect and his heavy dick bounced off his hairy thighs a few times. Chance stood there and watched him strip. He looked like a messy little boy throwing his things around the room. He smelled a little like onions and raw meat because he'd been working and sweating. Chance inhaled the wonderful, masculine aroma and felt light-headed until Brody said, "I'll wait for you in the shower." When he turned, he purposely kicked a shoebox out from under the bed. He jerked back as if it had been an accident and said, "I almost forgot. I got you a present. They are in that box." His voice became unusually animated.

Chance smiled and shook his head. "Are you sure that what's in that box is a present for *me*? I have this feeling I know what's inside that box, and this present is really for *you*."

Brody kicked the top of the box off with his large, bare foot. There was a bright red pair of stilettos inside. "Ah well," he

said, "I guess this is a present for both of us." Then he loped into the bathroom and went inside the shower stall.

A moment later, Chance carefully stepped into the blazing hot shower wearing nothing but the red stilettos. Brody wrapped both hands under his arms and squeezed his chest hard. He pulled Chance back against his body and held him tightly while searing, steamy water drenched his body. The old tin shower stall seemed a bit flimsy when he spread his legs and pressed his ass up to Brody's erection; the high heels scratched against the floor.

"These shoes might get ruined in here," Chance whispered, pressing his ass hard against Brody's cock.

Brody squeezed his chest, and said, "I don't fucking care. I'll buy you new ones."

When Brody slid his dick up and down Chance's ass crack, the tin floor creaked and dented inward like a disposable aluminum roasting pan. Brody squeezed his chest tighter and started to pound into his ass crack; he stretched his arms up to the tin ceiling and arched his back. Then Brody reached for a bar of soap with his right hand. He slowly ran it all over Chance's body: under his arms, below his balls and around his erection, and then up and down his ass. He shoved the bar of soap into the opening and started to scrub. He polished and cleaned with the side of his hand, then shoved a soapy finger inside Chance's hole and cleaned some more. Chance's mouth fell open and hot water dripped down his lips. He turned his head to the side so he wouldn't choke on the water while he moaned and gasped.

Then Brody placed the bar of soap back on the shelf, and Chance reached back for his rod. He was about to go down on his knees to thank Brody for cleaning his ass so well, but Brody whispered, "Keep standing, bitch. I'm gonna lick that pussy hole now." And then *he* went down on *his* knees and grabbed both sides of Chance's round ass. Chance's eyes widened. While the water flooded Brody's face, he spread Chance's ass apart and stuck out his tongue. He licked from the bottom of Chance's sweet, long crack all the way up to the top a few times, and then he shoved it directly into his hole and started to circle the opening with the tip of his tongue. Brody squeezed and grabbed his ass cheeks as if he were shaping a meat loaf.

Chance threw his head back and begged for more. "Oh yes ... don't stop." He spread his legs so wide one of the red high heels went outside of the shower stall.

When Brody stopped licking, he stood up and grabbed Chance by the waist. He pulled hard and shoved him up against the back of the shower stall; he actually lifted him off the ground for a moment to maneuver him in the right position. Chance had been with Brody enough times by then to know that he was beyond the point of foreplay and now the only thing he cared about was getting inside and getting off. So he leaned forward and pressed his palms against the tin stall so he could submit to Brody's strength completely, then arched his back and spread his legs. He stood on his tiptoes and Brody pressed the head of his prick to Chance's bud. It was already numb and relaxed and ready to open wide from all the tongue action. The big dick slipped into his body

without so much as a jerk or a hint of pain, and Brody nailed his ass to the tin wall. Chance stood a little higher on his tiptoes and backed into Brody's dick, and they fell into the same waltz rhythm Chance had come to know and anticipate: *one*, two, three ... *one*, two, three. On the count of *one* Brody went deep and smacked into his ass and Chance backed into the big, wide thing as hard as he could. Brody whispered, "That's it, bitch," then he spanked his bare ass so hard his ears started to pound.

"Fuck me, man," Chance whispered. His mouth was open and his tongue was hanging out. He couldn't wait to see the red marks on his ass after this pounding session.

"Oh yeah," Brody said. "I'm gonna fuck my little high-heeled bitch ... I'm gonna shove my dirty dick all the way up his hole and fuck his brains out."

"Harder," Chance shouted. "Harder and deeper, man. You feel so huge."

Brody's breathing grew heavier and he began to pant. He placed his palms above Chance's hands and pinned his entire body to the shower stall. The side of Chance's face rested on the tin. He opened his mouth and took one of Brody's large fingers inside and began to suck it. Brody fucked more rapidly—the tin wall dented inward and Chance's dick rubbed alongside it. Brody shouted, "Here it comes, bitch ... I'm gonna breed that pussy ass again," and then he deposited his come in Chance's hole. He bucked hard a few times and grunted like an overworked horse. Chance reached down, jerked his own dick a few times, and exploded all over the tin wall. When Brody started to fuck slowly so he could squeeze

out a few more drops, Chance's hand was still on his dick. He jerked it again and came a second time, with a less intense orgasm that produced a few more small pearls of white cream.

He let go of his dick and sank back into Brody's warm body while water splashed on his face. Brody was still buried inside and he was rocking his hips in slow, circular motions. "I missed you, baby," Brody said. He stuck his tongue into Chance's mouth and kissed him so hard, the back of his head hit the wall and the soap fell off the shelf.

They fell into bed soaking wet a moment later and took a two-hour nap. When Chance opened his eyes, his head was resting on Brody's wide chest and he was holding Brody's cock in the palm of his hand. The wet red stilettos were still on his feet, too. He slid under the covers, put his head between Brody's legs, and sucked the penis into his mouth. Brody smelled damp and soapy and clean. His cock was soft, but the moment he pressed his tongue against the shaft, it started to grow inside his mouth. Brody yawned and spread his legs, then rammed his hips into Chance's face. When he saw the red high heels sticking out from beneath the covers, his dick grew even harder. Chance sucked with a smooth, even tempo and closed his eyes, jerking his own dick at the same time. It didn't take long for Brody to release another stream of fervor into his mouth. Chance gulped a few times and swallowed back, then jerked his own stick with Brody still in his mouth until he blew a load all over Brody's hairy legs.

When the dick finally fell from his mouth, he rested his head on Brody's chest again and sighed. Brody smiled and

reached for his ass. He squeezed it a few times and said, "That was nice, baby."

Chance smiled and reached for Brody's balls so he could gently massage them. But eventually, his smile faded. "I have to get up and get dressed now."

"Where are you going?" Brody asked. "Sarah said when you walked out of the market, the old man told you not to come back."

"I have to go back," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "I don't have any other choice. I'm going to beg him for my job and do what I have to do to get on with my life." Brody's balls felt both large and soft in his hand; he knew how much Brody liked it when he massaged them very lightly. His legs kept opening wider and his voice quivered a little each time Chance squeezed. He wanted to go under the covers and roll them around in his mouth, but it was time to leave.

Brody frowned and shook his head. "I'm leaving Tuesday, you know. I don't have a choice either. My mother is gone and my leave is over, so I have to return to Europe."

"I understand. You have this whole other life and I'm not part of it," Chance said. "I knew you were here temporarily, but I fell in love with you anyway. It happens." He let go of Brody's balls and sat up on his knees. He leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. "We'll be okay."

"Damn, baby! I didn't expect to fall in love with you either," Brody said. And he punched the pillow as hard as he could before pulling Chance by the back of the head toward his face and shoving his tongue into his mouth so hard, their teeth knocked together.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

A moment later, Chance pushed him away and got out of bed. He dressed quickly despite his shaking hands. He tried to keep smiling for Brody's sake, but it wasn't possible. He could barely force his fingers to hold the buttons on his shirt without fumbling. "No long goodbyes," he said, when he picked his car keys up from the nightstand. "Let's keep this simple."

Brody smiled. He was still in bed and still naked. "We'll keep in touch, baby. This isn't the last time we'll see each other."

Chance stared at him for a second and shrugged his shoulders. "C'mon, Brody," he said. "You know damn well we'll probably never see each other again. Sometimes it's just not meant to be. We live in two different worlds. I'm still struggling to build a career as a chef and I need my job at the market to do that. And you're a career naval officer where there are rules about moral obligations and this thing called 'don't ask and don't tell.' You could be discharged for this, and you have too much at stake to get mixed up with someone like me, I don't want to complicate your life."

As he spoke, something inside him changed, and it occurred to him that instead of feeling sad and pathetic, he suddenly felt strong and wise. He wasn't looking forward to begging the old man for his job back, but he knew he was doing the right thing by letting Brody go back to his life with a clear conscience.

Brody sat up on the edge of the bed and patted his legs. "At least sit down on my lap and kiss me goodbye."

But Chance shook his head and crossed toward the door. "Ah, well, if I do that, you'll have my pants down around my ankles in a minute, I'll be wearing high heels, and my legs will be in the air over your shoulders. No long goodbyes." He opened the door and held the doorknob for a moment. Then he looked Brody in the eye and lowered his voice. "Take care of yourself, man."

"You too, baby," Brody said. He stood from the bed and faced him, then smiled and said, "One more thing. Say my name again. I like the way you do that."

Chance laughed. "Take care of yourself, *Brody*." Then he took a deep breath and stepped outside onto the dock.

The sky was clear that afternoon and the lake was almost as blue as Brody's eyes. When he was halfway up the stone stairs that led to the house, he heard the sound of an engine starting. He turned and looked back. Brody was standing next to the boat wearing sweatpants, and he looked up and waved before untying the boat from the dock, jumping inside and pulling away. The small, clear waves he left behind parted and drifted off in opposite directions, and Chance walked back to his car alone.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Ten

Dan Pratta was behind the deli counter, leaning over the meat slicing machine, with a butter knife—his idea of a tool kit—in one hand and a dish rag in the other. Thankfully, there were no customers waiting for deli meats, because Dan hadn't had to worry about fixing the slicing machine since Chance had started working there. It was also obvious he had been working the market alone on Sunday. The counter was littered with scraps of meat and cheese, there were splashes of mayonnaise on the wall, and the salads hadn't been turned over since Chance had left the previous day. His eyes were focused so intently on the blade that he didn't even bother to look up when Chance walked in through the front entrance. There was no loud Italian music blaring from the loudspeakers over the front door.

It was a slow afternoon for a Sunday in August, and all Chance could hear were the clinks and clanks of the butter knife hitting the slicing blade, which he knew wasn't broken at all. It only needed to be cleaned properly because Dan had probably jammed something like hard salami in the back. The part-time cashier was reading a tabloid newspaper on the counter, but she was so interested in the latest affairs of some celebrity that she only smiled at Chance for a second and went back to her reading, which was fine with Chance.

He jiggled his keys and Dan looked up at him. The old man said, "Oh, it's *you*." And then he looked down at the screwdriver and tried to shove it behind the blade.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

"You have to turn it upside down," Chance said. "There's probably a piece of meat stuck in the back. It's not broken."

"Oh," he said, and rested the tools on the counter so he could turn the machine around.

This was the first time Chance had ever gone against the old man's orders about something that didn't involve touching his ass, and it was awkward. There had been that time when the old man had slipped into his bedroom in the middle of the night and tried to get into bed with him. One minute Chance was sound asleep, and the next he felt someone's hand on his ass and hot, sour breath on his neck. Another time, Dan tried to give him a blow job while he was napping naked on the sofa during a snowstorm when the market was closed. But all this had happened four years earlier, when he'd first started working and living there, and both times Chance had set the record straight—that he'd walk around naked after hours, but no physical contact of any kind—with such bluntness that he wasn't sure how Dan would react to a normal disagreement about taking a few hours off on a Saturday afternoon. He took a deep breath and clenched his fists so he'd be prepared if Dan threw him out again.

Dan reached behind the blade and yanked out a huge chunk of head cheese that he'd probably jammed there himself the day before. He had those crooked, stubby little fingers that curled inward with age. He hadn't showered for a while, and if Chance went any closer, he knew he'd have to breathe through his mouth to avoid the rotten onion smell.

"What do *you* want?" the old man asked.

"Ah, well..." he said. "I'd like my job back."

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Dan laughed and shook his head. "So you lost your contest and now you coming crawling back." He laughed and shook his head.

Chance hadn't expected the old man to welcome him with open arms. He'd expected to have to beg. "I just want my job back, is all." He stared at the floor and spoke with a clear, even voice. He could have argued the point that he'd actually won second prize. But he didn't think it would matter much to Dan.

"And how do I know this won't happen again?" Dan said. "That you won't go running off tomorrow after a bag of magic beans or some other silly idea in your pretty head?"

Chance lowered his head and shrugged. He didn't think begging would be this difficult. He was almost ready to give the old bastard the middle finger, but he knew that would be a mistake and he would wind up homeless and jobless. That thousand-dollar check wouldn't get him very far either. So he reached down and tugged his dick a few times while Dan stared at him. "I'm not going anywhere for a very long time. I just want my job back."

Dan stared between his legs and smiled. "Tell you what, I'll take you back on a trial basis with a few conditions: One, that *you* start scrubbing the floors every single day until I think they are clean enough, and two, that you sit on my lap naked every night for one hour." He raised his right eyebrow and folded his hands below his waist. "These are my conditions, for now." He wasn't joking either.

The boldness of his second condition left Chance standing there speechless. He didn't reply. Their standing agreement

was that there would never be any physical contact between them other than an occasional quick, cheap feel. Then Dan added, for the sake of clarity, "Nothing more than sitting on my lap naked. I'll keep my hands on the arms of the chair. You only have to sit there for one hour every night and wiggle around a little."

"I'll scrub the floors every day," Chance said, while he clenched his fists behind his back. "I'll even scrub your truck once a week. But I'm not sitting naked on your lap." Dan was probably bluffing anyway. Dan liked his naked ass, but he also liked the way Chance cooked and made money, which was far more important. But Chance didn't call his bluff out loud.

Dan pressed his lips together and considered. "Okay, no sitting on my lap, but *you* still have to take off your clothes when you're upstairs, and I want my truck scrubbed and cleaned once a week. That's a good idea." He smiled viciously. "It's not such a bad deal, if you ask me."

"If that's what it will take to get my job back, fine."

"That's it?" Dan asked "No 'thank you', or 'I'm sorry', or anything?" He pressed his finger to his chin and frowned. "You don't sound grateful."

Chance closed his eyes and inhaled through his nose, controlling his temper. "I'm sorry for yesterday. Thank you for taking me back." He spoke quickly and looked down at the floor, and the words seemed stuck in his throat.

The nun stepped into the market carrying a small shopping list, and Dan threw his arms in the air and greeted her with a gigantic, insincere smile. Chance went behind the deli counter

and put on his apron so that he could fill her order and finish working what was left of the day.

Monday morning, he felt overwhelmed by a painful tug in the pit of his stomach, even worse than the lump he'd had in his throat the previous night. It was partly because he didn't want to be there anymore. Everything in Dan's market suddenly took on a distressed, dreary appearance. And though he knew he would not be there forever, and he'd work as hard as he could to get out, for the time being he was again trapped and helpless. because the worst part was knowing he wouldn't see Brody again. Getting back together with him on Sunday after being mad at him for over a week had frayed his emotions and taken him on a wild ride he hadn't expected. It might have been better if he'd actually remained mad and let Brody go back to Europe without ever seeing him again. Watching Brody drive off in the boat on Sunday afternoon reminded him of the time they'd made love in the dark cove, with Brody's large, strong hands wrapped around his waist protectively. Chance wondered if he'd ever be able to forget him.

He went into the barn first thing that morning, hoping to find a new batch of squirrels so he could continue to torture the old man. When he opened the door and looked into the cages, he raised one eyebrow and smiled at the sight of four brand-new squirrels resting in silence. When he sprayed their bushy tails lightly with orange paint, Chance made a wish that maybe Dan would take them even further away this time so he'd be gone at least two or three days in a row.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

When he went back into the kitchen to prepare his one-of-a-kind meatloaf (the secret ingredient, along with ketchup *and* mustard *and* diced hearts of palm, was one tablespoon of plain old table sugar to each pound of meat ... the sugar did something that made people beg for more) as the special for the day, he found a sense of peace in his cooking. Slicing the onions and cracking the eggs took his mind away from the sound of Dan snoring and farting at night. Grating the stale bread into crumbs and inhaling the smell of freshly crushed garlic made him stop thinking about the way Brody had shoved him against the shower wall and pinned him there so hard, he could barely breathe. He took a deep breath and smiled when he pressed his palms into the raw meat and mixed the ingredients together. He even tossed a pinch of salt over his shoulder for good luck.

By the time the small loaves of meat were cool enough to be covered and placed in the wooden bowl for the customers, he was so involved in displaying his work that he actually jumped back when Sarah walked inside and shouted, "I smell the best meatloaf in the world cooking." She was chomping on a piece of bubblegum. Her lips smacked together and she blew a bubble so large, she had to scrape gum off her lips with her long red fingernail. She wore tight white shorts and a black-and-white polka dot T-shirt.

He lifted his arms in the air and shrugged. "I guess I'm back."

"I won't say I'm glad, because you don't really want to be here," she said. "But I'm not totally depressed to see your

face either. When I thought that I'd have to work here without you, I was ready to start job-hunting myself."

He placed the wooden bowl on a slight angle at the edge of the deli case and crossed the room so he could see if she had enough cash in the drawer. When he slipped behind the counter, he asked her, "So what's going on with you these days?" He didn't really want to hear about Sarah and her boyfriend, but he figured if he asked, then she pry for details about his lost relationship with Brody. He didn't want to talk about it, He wanted to push his feelings for Brody as far back as possible and forget them.

"Well, wait until you hear this," she said. She plopped her purse under the counter and put her hands on her hips. "Mike asked last night if I would consider anal sex." She didn't even take a hesitant breath, but rather blurted this information out casually. She studied one chipped red fingernail.

"He asked *what*?" He was partly shocked by the declaration, and also because Dan had left only twenty singles in the drawer; he'd have to get her some money.

"If I would let him do anal sex with me," she said, and then reached around and pointed to her rear end. Her voice was still loud. Most women would have leaned forward and whispered such a thing, and some wouldn't have mentioned it at all. But Sarah was so pleased, she could barely catch her breath.

Chance stepped back and put his hands in his pockets. "What did *you* do?"

"I told him I'd ask you about it first," she said. "I'm not trying to get any details about you and Brody. God forbid. I

just want to know what it's like, is all. You know, in a general sense."

"You told Mike that I'm an expert on anal sex?" he asked. He was silently glad she hadn't used phrases like, *take it back door* or *take it in the ass*. You could never be sure what was going to come out of her mouth next.

"I didn't say you were an expert," she said "I just said I'd ask you."

"What did Mike say?"

"He said it was a good idea. That you probably knew all about anal sex. By the way, Mike thinks you have a great ass; he told me so." She shrugged her shoulders and smiled.

"Well, tell Mike I'm flattered," he said, "but I'd rather not discuss this sort of thing." He had to wonder why Mike was checking out *his* ass.

"Ah, c'mon. I know he's going to ask me to do it tonight, and I'm not sure if I want to."

He stared across the room at the barrel filled with long pepperoni sticks and smiled. "I'll give you some brief advice. But I'm not going into details. It might hurt a little at first, but eventually you'll be backing into it." He pressed his hands on the counter firmly and smiled. "And that's all I'm going to say."

"So you like it? Does he have a big one?" she asked.

He winked and placed his index fingers in front of her face about a foot apart. "I liked it with Brody, but I don't know about anyone else."

Her eyes grew wide and she whistled back. She was about to ask him another question, but they both stopped talking

when a piercing scream came from the back door of the market. They heard another scream, more violent than the first, and ran out the back door toward the barn, where they found Dan standing over four trapped squirrels. He was moaning, "I don't believe this," over and over, slapping the sides of his head with his hands.

"Oh my God!" Sarah said. "They can't be the same ones you took to Maryland. That's impossible." She bent over to stare at them and blew another bubble. One of the squirrels jumped back.

Dan slapped the side of his face. "You silly girl. Can't you see it's not impossible? These *are* the same squirrels. I tell you, it's a fucking miracle. Or maybe they think I'm-a their father. Who knows?" He grabbed her by the elbow and pulled her back a couple of feet. "And don't pop-a the gum like that. You scare the poor things."

Sarah pulled her elbow out of his hand quickly and stepped back. When Dan sounded like he actually cared about the squirrels, she raised an eyebrow and pressed an index finger to her bottom lip.

Chance pretended to be concerned: His teeth were clamped together and his eyebrows were pointed down. But on the inside, he was laughing and jumping up and down. Dan was convinced they were the same squirrels. "Where will you take them now?" Chance asked.

"I have to think about it," he said. He was scratching the back of his head, staring at the traps. "Maybe they are never going to leave me."

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

Later that morning, Dan didn't announce that he was putting them into the back of the truck to take them somewhere far away. He simply shuffled around the deli counter while Chance was slicing turkey breast for Betty Shack, and said, "I set them free behind the barn. Looks like they are gonna be here a long time. Just like *you*." He waved his arm and laughed, then crossed through the kitchen and went out the side door, kicking an empty box Chance hadn't moved yet into the alleyway.

Chance felt that tug in his stomach again when he heard the side door slam shut, followed by a lump in his throat that wouldn't go away no matter how many times swallowed.

In the late evening, when the market was closed and the shades were down, Dan came downstairs from his nap to check the register. Chance was already naked by then, and he pulled out an aluminum pail and a large sponge so he could scrub the floors on his hands and knees. But Dan slammed the cash drawer shut and pounded his fist on the counter. "No. *You* don't clean those floors now. *You* scrub the floors in the morning, after you fill the bowl with the special of the day."

"But there will be customers here at that time of day," Chance said.

"Not that many," he said, "You do it before the lunch crowd comes in. I want the people to see you scrubbing and to see how clean we are here." Then he shoved a wad of cash into his back pocket and went back upstairs to sit in his chair and flip TV channels.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Eleven

Chance made stuffed zucchini on Tuesday morning, with ground pork, chopped spinach, and just a hint of hot sauce to give it that extra something special. Not enough hot sauce to cause anyone discomfort. They wouldn't even know it, and, they'd spend the next two hours after they ate it wondering why his stuffed zucchini didn't taste like theirs. The only time he ever cooked this as his special of the day was when he was extremely depressed, and that's because he disliked zucchini himself. But the customers thought it tasted just as wonderful as his other dishes, and no one would ever have known the missing ingredient that morning was love.

Brody left for Europe that morning. Chance moved slower than usual. He didn't even bother to go into the barn to check the squirrel cages. Now that the old man was starting to take a fond, sincere interest in the squirrels, all the fun was gone.

When Sarah came in at nine, she had a huge grin on her face. She'd let Mike have his wish. She'd decided that if he wanted anal sex with her, then she'd take a chance and go for it. "So last night I leaned over the front seat of his truck," she said, "and let him do it."

"You did?" Chance asked. For a moment, he pictured her bending over the front seat and spreading her long, white legs apart. Then he shook his head quickly and snapped back to reality.

"At first it hurt so much I almost pulled the steering wheel off the column. Mike's very thick in the penis department, you know."

Chance raised his eyebrows and stepped back. "Ah, well..."

"But once he got it all the way in and I started to relax a little, it wasn't half bad."

"Well, there you are," Chance said. He was pretending to be interested. But he could have lived without this story.

"And Mike *loved* it," she said, "He nailed me so hard I had to soak in a hot tub when I got home last night. I still can't walk right. I had no idea he'd *love* doing it that much." She turned to her side and stretched her left leg up and down a few times. She wore tight jeans that day, and black high heels, and the stretching didn't look easy.

Most men love it, he wanted to say. There's something extremely erotic and sexual about it that makes them beg for more. All he had to do was sit on Brody's lap and Brody would be ready to turn him over and spread his legs as wide as they would go.

Instead, he said, "It's one of those things that gets better the more you do it."

"Mike wants me to wear a football jersey next time he pokes me in the ass," Sarah said.

Chance almost laughed in her face. But he didn't. Evidently, she wasn't joking.

The old man had left enough cash in the register, so after Chance checked the drawer he put the open sign out front and then walked behind the deli counter. Mrs. Dolan came in early for a pound of cheese—she was having a few ladies for

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

lunch—but when she saw the stuffed zucchini, she decided to serve that instead of grilled cheese-and-tomato sandwiches. When Betty Shack came in for her daily banana, she pressed her hand to her throat with joy and bought four stuffed zucchini for her freezer. Chance waited on them with a pleasant smile, and he thanked them all for being so kind. But his movements were disconnected, and each smile was so forced it almost hurt his face.

The rare heat wave had spread across town and seeped into the market.. It was painfully hot and humid for a morning in August in the Lakeland area. There should have been a cool breeze, with a hint of fall in the air. But each time he moved too fast or lifted something slightly heavy, Chance felt beads of sweat form below his hairline. He should have taken out the bucket and sponge to wash the floors but instead he pretended to be busy wiping already clean counters behind the deli case. After that, he turned all the salads over for the second time, just to feel the cool air in the deli case against his face. There were two air conditioners at either end of the market, but Dan refused to use them unless it was absolutely necessary, which meant it had to be so hot inside the market that the chocolate bars next to the cash register began to melt. Chance wouldn't have been surprised if they were melting now.

When he finally looked at the clock over the deli counter, it was after ten. The old man would be down soon, so he removed his apron and crossed the market to collect the bucket and sponge from the utility closet.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

While he filled the bucket, Dan came down the back stairs with his big shoes crashing against the old wood. He walked past Sarah at the cash register and said nothing. His hands were on his hips and he wasn't smiling. When he reached the utility closet, he shouted, "Hey, *you!* You should have been scrubbing these floors a half-hour ago."

"We had a few customers come in early," Chance said. "I'm just about to start the floors now." He lifted the heavy bucket of water with both hands. Some of it splashed against his white T-shirt and left wet marks across his stomach. "I'll start in the back of the market and work my way forward."

Sarah stared at them with a confused expression on her face. She'd never seen Chance wash floors during regular business hours. The old man turned to her and said, "We're gonna have the cleanest floors on the lake around here from now on."

Chance looked at her and shrugged his shoulders, then went to the back of the store and got down on his hands and knees next to the dairy case. The cold, soapy water felt good against his right arm. He scrubbed in slow, circular motions as drops of sweat fell from his forehead. The old wooden planks were so worn they didn't have a clear finish anymore, and although the bucket of water soon turned dark gray, there were so many chips and stains and marks it didn't even look like Chance had touched them.

By the time he reached the middle of the market, he was dripping with perspiration and he had a splinter in the palm of his left hand. His right hand got tired at one point, and when he switched to his left, he went against the grain too fast.

Then he backed into something near the cash register, and when he turned to see what it was, the slushy, wet sponge landed on a pair of black vinyl loafers attached to thick, white ankles.

"Hey *you*," Dan shouted, "*You* just got water all over Sister's shoes!" He was so mad his teeth almost slipped out of his mouth, and he had to press two fingers to his upper lip.

Chance squinted up.. Sure enough, he'd backed right into the nun. She stood there in her navy cardigan and black wool skirt, clutching her rosary with one hand and a box of prunes with the other. "Ah, well, Sister," he said, "I'm so sorry. I'll get you a clean towel right away." He lifted his hand to wipe sweat from his brow and got soap in his eyes.

"Oh dear, young man," the nun said. "It's only a little water. I think I'll live." She giggled.

"Get up and get the towel now," Dan shouted. Then he turned to the nun and said, "I'm-a so sorry, Sister. If he's ruined your shoes, I'll make him buy you a new pair."

But the nun didn't have a chance to respond to Dan, because the moment she opened her mouth to speak, a loud, deep voice said, "Here's fifty dollars for the shoes, Sister."

"Oh, I couldn't take your money, young man. There's no harm done, after all. It was only water." She lifted the prunes and waved them at the handful of money.

Chance was still squinting and wiping the burning soap from his eyes so he could see who had offered the nun the money, but the more he wiped the more it burned. He heard Sarah gasp and drop something next to the cash register. Then he heard Dan ask, "What are *you* doing here?"

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

A strong voice replied, "I'm here for Chance."

Chance froze.

"He's working for me. *You* don't come back here again. Get out," Dan shouted.

Brody? But Brody was on a plane headed for Europe. How could this be happening? Chance whirled and the entire bucket of dirty water spilled all over the floor he'd just scrubbed. The nun jumped back so fast it looked as if she might take flight, and Sarah hopped up on the counter, letting her black high heels dangle over the sides.

Dan pressed his hands to his head and shouted, "Now look at what *you* did. Go get towels and clean up that mess before I fire you for good. No-good loser." He shook his head and mumbled in Italian, and then he apologized to the nun again, who tsk-tsked when Dan turned away.

Chance blinked a few times, and when he opened his eyes, it was true: Brody, wearing his full dress officer's uniform. Chance had to blink again to be sure he wasn't imagining this. For a moment it looked more like a flash of pure white light. When he was certain that it was indeed Brody standing there, he opened his mouth to speak—but nothing came out.

The nun stepped back a few more paces with her hand pressed against her mouth, but if you looked closely, beyond her light mustache, you could see a smile.

Dan shouted to Brody, "Get out of my market now, or I'm calling the police."

Brody ignored him. "You're going to live in Europe for a while," he said to Chance. "Maybe even go to cooking school there, so that one day we can come back and turn that big

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

old house into a real bed and breakfast, like my father intended it to be." His eyes sparked and he tilted his head to one side. His shoulders looked even wider in the clean white jacket. Chance knew he'd worn this dress uniform to make a statement. Brody was proud of being an officer, and the uniform only made Dan seem more shabby and irrelevant than he already was.

"Oh, yeah, right," Dan said, then he shook his head and laughed. "He's not going to any Europe. He's going to clean up this mess and get back to work if he knows what's good for him." He slammed his fist on the counter so hard Sarah jumped back and gasped.

Chance looked down at his wet T-shirt and spread his arms out wide. "But I'm a mess."

"You look beautiful to me," Brody said. Then he shoved the old man out of his way with the back of his hand, crossed over to where Chance was standing and leaned forward. He wrapped his arm around Chance's waist, and with one effortless lift, Chance was over his right shoulder.

When Brody turned to leave, the nun dropped her prunes and grabbed her rosary with both hands. Her eyebrows were raised, but she wasn't frowning. Dan just stood there with his mouth hanging open, pointing his crooked, bent finger at them. By then, Sarah was kneeling on top of the counter, clapping her hands and wiping tears from her eyes.

And while Chance was smiling and waving goodbye to Sarah, Brody placed his palm on the middle of Chance's ass and he grabbed and squeezed it as hard as he could all the way out the door.

An Officer And His Gentleman
by Ryan Field

THE END

If you are connected to the Internet, take a moment to rate this eBook by going back to your bookshelf at www.fictionwise.com.