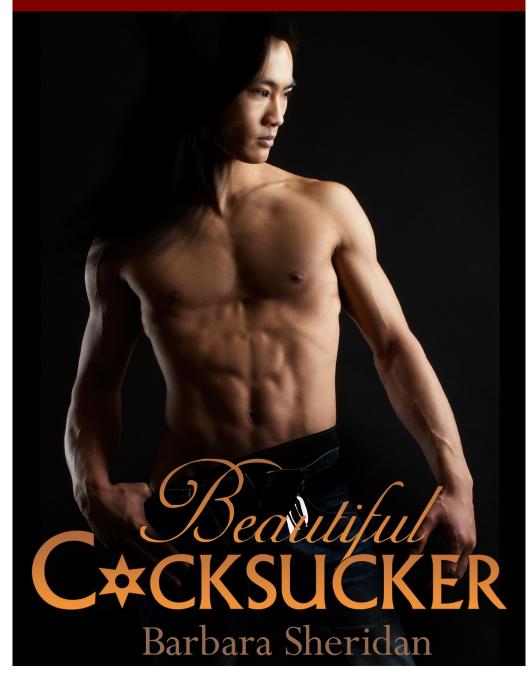
A Noble Romance Publishing Little Tryst



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Chapter One

New York, New York 1987

Ray Watts raised his middle finger in a classic one-finger "salute," then tuned out the hoots and hollers from his fellow patrolmen. It didn't take much to set them off these days, and Ray being assigned to play chauffeur to some dink of a foreign cop had them practically rolling on the floor in a fit of amusement. Assholes.

Ray reluctantly made his way toward the front of the police station. The last thing he wanted to do before going on vacation was spend the next eight hours pretending to be a New York City tour guide as part of some bullshit goodwill exchange with the Tokyo PD.

When Ray reached the front lobby he glanced around the large open area

but didn't see any Asians beyond a Chinese-American cop who was leaving from the previous night's shift. Ray walked over to the high wooden desk and showed the slip of paper he'd been given to the desk sergeant. "Vinnie, how do you think this name is pronounced?"

Vinnie Magera looked at the name printed in precise block letters and mouthed the words. *Miki Nabeshima, Inspector, Tokyo Metropolitan Police Department.* "I dunno. Looks like Mikey Nab-sheema maybe?"

"It's pronounced *Na beh-she-ma*. And the given name is Miki. Like Mickey Mantle."

"Thanks, hon—" Ray turned and his jaw dropped. The owner of the throaty, cultured voice was not the new file clerk transferred from Manhattan South, but a surprisingly tall, imperious Japanese woman staring calmly back at him. What. The. Hell. They never said anything about the visiting cop being a woman or one who spoke English better than half the guys he worked with. Ray cleared his throat. "Forgive me, ma'am," he said before offering his hand in greeting. Inspector Nabeshima shifted her briefcase to her left hand, shook his hand with a firm, authoritarian grip then offered a short bow at the waist. She glanced up at the large round clock behind the duty desk. "Shall we go, Officer Watts?" she said in a silky deep tone that was far more a command than a question.

"Yes, ma'am." Ray held one of the double front doors open for her then flipped off his amused colleagues again in answer to their smirks and whispers. He followed Inspector Nabeshima down the broad stone steps of the old precinct house and gestured toward the small parking lot just around the corner behind the station. "They've issued one of the newer marked cars, ma'am."

"The lone one that seems to have been recently washed?" she asked when they rounded the corner.

Ray chuckled. "That would be the one." He held the passenger door open

for her then went around and slid behind the wheel. He shifted in the seat to find a comfortable position. "I'd almost forgotten what it feels like to have a seat that isn't propped up by an old milk crate."

Ray turned the key in the ignition.

"Are you always so courteous to your fellow policemen?" Nabeshima asked.

"When they outrank me, ma'am."

She laughed quietly and Ray offered a smile as he put the car in drive. "Are there any particular sights you'd like to see, ma'am?"

Her gorgeous dark eyes slid over him like a lambskin glove and he felt his cock swell in response. Oh shit, this was going to be a hell of a long-ass day.

"To be honest," she finally said. "I saw all of New York that I wanted to see when I attended Columbia."

Well that explained her language skills. Ray tried not to notice the way she ran those well-manicured fingers idly back and forth across the leather attaché resting on her lap. He cleared his throat and silently told his cock to settle the fuck down. "What would you like to do then, ma'am? The lieutenant said you were on a fact-finding mission about domestic abuse cases."

"That's the official line," she said, as she took the small shoulder bag from the seat between them and took out pack of slim cigarettes. She lit one and took a drag, lazily exhaling, sending tendrils of blue-gray smoke in Ray's direction. "I've researched your city's various programs and departmental procedures to fabricate a convincing enough report, so my time is actually quite free, Officer Watts."

Ray offered up a smile. He'd be a lying sonofabitch if he said he didn't like her way of getting around the rules. It was a helluva bonus that she was the best-looking cop he'd ever set eyes on, but having her notice a hard on wouldn't be the best way to start this detail.

At least he wasn't pissed about playing chauffeur anymore.

"I'm at your disposal for the next eight hours." Watts turned out of the

police station and made his way down the block. He glanced over at her, letting his impulses take over. "Would you like go somewhere and get to know each other?"

"Do you always make passes at your fellow policemen?" Nabeshima raised a perfectly sculpted brow.

Ray cleared his throat and gave himself a mental kick in the rear. "Sorry." He rested his elbow on the edge of the driver's door and focused on the road. "I'm not trying to be an ass on purpose."

"It is a rather nice one, though."

"Ma'am?"

"Your ass," Inspector Nabeshima said lightly. "It's quite nice. I have to admit I've always liked the look of a tailored uniform on a man."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"And leather," she said softly as they cruised through an intersection.

"Ma'am?" Ray said again, making a conscious effort to keep his gaze on the busy street ahead.

"Leather. I love the way it looks on a tall, handsome man. Do you like leather, Officer Watts?"

"I have a leather jacket, nothing fancy." He chuckled.

"You tempt me far too much, Raymond."

Her use of his given name and the flirtatious undertone of her words caught Ray off guard and he had to slam on the brakes to narrowly miss a truck that was pulling away from the curb. The other driver hit his brakes as well and Ray got out. "I won't write you this time, buddy, now get moving." When he slid back behind the wheel, Inspector Nabeshima was chuckling. Ray cleared his throat. "Sorry ma'am. I hate idiots who try to cut people off like that."

"That's as good an excuse as any," she said with a conspiratorial smile. Oh yeah. This was going to be damn long afternoon.

Ray was relieved when Nebeshima suggested they grab a bite to eat after they stopped for the next traffic light. She suggested an upscale place near her hotel in Midtown. Upscale was putting it mildly. Ray nearly shit himself when he saw the menu and hoped to hell he wasn't expected to pay for their meal and put in for reimbursement. He didn't have a credit card on him and he sure as hell didn't even have enough cash to cover even one entrée. "Inspector, um __"

She smiled and reached across the table to pat his hand. "Don't worry, Raymond, I have an expense account for this trip and plan to take full advantage of it."

"Thank you, ma'am."

Still, when it came time to order, Ray played it as conservatively as possible and ordered the braised beef tips instead of the big Delmonico that called his name.

"Wait a moment," Nabeshima said as the waiter turned away. "Is that really what you want, Raymond? You seemed a bit unsure."

Ray sipped his water. "To be honest, ma'am, a steak would be nice but I am officially on duty—"

"But it's light duty for now and I'm sure you'll need your strength later. Please take what you truly desire."

Take what you truly desire

Ray realized he was staring like a freaking EDP after the waiter cleared his throat. Twice. "Um, I'll go with the Delmonico, baked potato and any vegetable you have to go with it besides asparagus."

Inspector Nabeshima sipped her wine until the waiter was gone. Once he was out of earshot she lowered her glass and gave Ray a long, appraising look. And damn if the intensity in those dark eyes of hers didn't hit him straight in the nuts.

"Such a traditional appetite you have, Raymond. Tell me, do you ever get a

little wild? I sense a daring streak in you but I wonder" She left the sentence hang as she reached up to toy with a wispy strand of hair that had escaped from the bun coiled at the nape of her neck.

"What do you wonder, Inspector?"

"You'll find out."

The rest of their meal progressed with more sly flirting then Miki Nabeshima took it a little further.

"Where to now, ma'am?" Ray asked after the bill was paid and Nabeshima leisurely finished her glass of wine.

"My bed," she said softly.

Ray nearly choked on his last sip of coffee. "Ma'am?

She laughed a rich throaty laugh that sent a thousand volt jolt straight to his cock and he wanted very much to fuck her brains out. Right here. Right now.

"I was joking, Raymond. I wanted to see how you'd react. I imagine you get propositioned often, by saints and sinners alike."

"Sorry to disappoint you, ma'am. I'm just a working stiff who does his job, goes home to veg out in front of the TV then does it all over again." Satisfied that he had his dick under control, Ray stood then went around the table to help the gorgeous inspector from her seat.

She slid her hand around his upper arm and breathed a silky sigh. "All work and no play; such a dull life you lead, Raymond."

"I don't mind it ma'am. I'm content."

"And yet I sense a yearning for something more." She gave him a long, firm look when they exited the restaurant. "Perhaps I'll see a few old sights while I'm here."

"I hope you have a good time, ma'am. I have a couple days off starting tomorrow so I suppose I should wish you a pleasant trip home."

"A part of me will always consider New York 'home.' I've come back once a

year since I graduated. I so love spending quality time with old friends."

God, her voice. She could make ordering a ham sandwich sound sexy. Ray's dick sprung to attention once again and he was glad to get behind the wheel and spend the next few hours aimlessly driving around the various boroughs.

At three-thirty Nabeshima looked at her watch. "I believe your shift is about over, Raymond. We can head back now."

"You're the boss, ma'am."

"I plan to be."

Ray wasn't sure if he was relieved or disappointed that Nabeshima said nothing about getting together when he dropped the hot inspector off at her hotel then headed back over to Chinatown to turn in the car and sign out until Monday.

He'd been inside his small Brooklyn house not ten minutes before the phone rang and Nabeshima's whiskey voice slithered into his ear. "It seems that one of my old haunts is still in business and I simply must show it to you. It's a bit out of the way, about an hour and a half outside the city, but I promise it's like nothing you've ever seen. Meet me at my hotel at seven."

"That's a plan, ma'am," Ray said, smiling to himself.

"And Raymond, do you by any chance have a pair of leather pants?"

"Can't say that I do, but I have the jacket and an old pair of cycle boots from when I had my Harley a few years back"

"That sounds lovely. Wear those and a pair of black jeans. If you don't have the jeans, get them."

She hung up before he could say another word.

Ray hung up and gave the phone a half-assed salute. "Fuckin' A, ma'am."

Chapter Two

Ray found a place to park a short walk from the hotel and as he strode down the long block his mind filled with images of the Internal Affairs rat squad descending and hitting him with all sorts of inappropriate conduct charges. Shit. Is that why she'd been such a flirt at lunch? Is that why she called him at home to get him downtown? The clothes shit was just a cover. It had to be.

And you, my man, fell for it like a total dumbass. Crap.

Turning the corner onto the block where Nabeshima's hotel was located, Ray went on the alert for any signs of unmarked cars. He didn't see one but that didn't mean they weren't around. Maybe he was just being paranoid, thanks to Vinnie Magera and his tales of woe on how the department was going to shit and how it wasn't at all like when he came out of the Academy.

The solidarity is going down quicker than a back-alley whore. Next thing you know it'll be 'screw the brother in blue' as long as I look good. Glad I'm retiring next year. By the time you get your twenty in, moral'll be total shit.

Ray paused and looked at his watch. It was six forty-five. The hotel was twenty yards away. He resumed walking, heading toward the imposing building. Ah, screw it. What the fuck had he done wrong anyway that the rats could try to write him up for? Taken a free lunch? Hell, he was on chauffeur duty and he hadn't asked for it no matter what the broad might say. Hell, if he'd wanted to bang her he probably could have but he had more sense than to try that. There wasn't shit he'd done wrong. Nothing was going to happen.

Ray entered through the front doors. He stepped to the side, glancing around the lobby of the swanky hotel that looked like some old world castle transplanted to Midtown Manhattan. The marble floor was polished to

perfection with a shine so high Ray could see himself. Big, plush upholstered furniture sat off to his left. A rich burgundy runner led to the front desk and continued on to a wide curving staircase, just begging for some monarch dripping in furs and diamonds to descend. Smiling to himself, Ray wondered if the Tokyo PD took lateral transfers. If they could afford to send one of their crew to a place like this, the pay was probably pretty damned fine.

He glanced around. There weren't any women in the lobby besides a blond in a business suit coming from the elevator and the babes behind the registration desk. Maybe Nabeshima was waiting in the bar. He asked at the desk then trotted up the staircase to the mezzanine where the bar was located. No hot Asian babe there, either, though the blonde sitting with a slightly rumpled businessman in the corner had 'high class hooker' written all over her.

Not his problem. He was not vice, was off duty and on a much needed vacation, to boot. Ah, well. He'd go back down to the lobby to wait. Nabeshima was probably taking her sweet old time dolling herself up.

Ray sat in the one of the plush arm chairs and picked up the newspaper, nodding a greeting to the guy seated on the sofa opposite him. Telling himself once more that he was off duty, Ray set aside his impression that the lanky, sunglass-wearing dude was up to no good and turned his attention to the sports section.

The guy cleared his throat a bit too loudly and Ray tensed, suddenly wishing he'd packed his off-duty weapon. He titled the paper enough to glance over the top as the long haired guy removed his glasses.

"You're punctual, Raymond. I like that."

Holy. Shit.

The guy gave him an all-too-familiar smile then stood. "Are you ready to go, or would like to finish reading about your Yankees?"

Ray set the paper on the small gleaming table next to the chair then stood.

"Inspector?"

Nabeshima leaned in with a smirk. "Shhh. This is our little secret." Ray followed numbly along as Nabeshima led the way out.

"East or west?" he asked, clearly in reference to where Ray had left his car.

"East. About two blocks." Shit. That was no babe unless she'd stuffed a sock down into her leather pants. What. The. Fuck. Recovering from his initial shock, Ray quickened his pace to come up alongside the visiting cop. "What's the deal? What are you, really?"

Nabeshima stopped and held his arms out a bit. "What do you think?"

In the absence of makeup and with the long hair hanging down to brush his shoulders, Miki Nabeshima was definitely a guy. A damned attractive guy whose voice wasn't all that deep, but deeper than earlier and still very authoritative in tone and inflection. No doubt he was a real cop, too.

"Then why the drag today?" Ray asked, resuming the trek to the parking garage.

"Because I can, because I like to see people's expressions when they find out."

"And your bosses know this?"

Nabeshima laughed and the low chuckle sent Ray's blood rushing south. As much as he hated to admit it, it was not an unpleasant sensation.

"I started as undercover in third-rate hostess clubs where they lured white exchange students with tales of working part time and being rewarded with money for college tuition."

"You mean they didn't give you shit about passing yourself off as 'Miki' Nabeshima to come here? Hell I thought the Japanese were big on formality and well beyond proper."

Nabeshima chuckled and pulled his wallet from the back pocket of his jeans. His *tight leather* jeans. He handed Ray a Tokyo PD business card written in both English and Japanese. The name on the card was Nabeshima

Mikisaboro.

"Mikisaboro is a male name and Miki an acceptable diminutive."

They continued on in silence until they reached Ray's car.

"Nice wheels, Raymond. Very nice indeed," Nabeshima said as he glided his palm over the vintage GTO's gleaming roof.

"Thanks. I don't have a wife or kid so this baby is my dependent. Saved her from a junk heap and got her back into shape."

Damn but the guy's dark eyes were intense and mesmerizing. Far more so than they had been earlier with the female ruse he'd been pulling.

"Disappointed?" Nabeshima asked. "If you want to forget about going out, I can get a cab or see if the hotel can arrange a rental for me."

Ray pulled his car keys from the pocket of his black denim jeans—the ones he'd bought specifically after the earlier phone call. "Can't say I'm disappointed. More like curious. Where are we going?"

"A little place in the Hudson Valley. A private gentlemen's club—*The Black Tower*."

"The place off Old Amsterdam Road?"

Nabeshima raised a brow in obvious surprise. "You've been there?" "Nah."

Ray unlocked his door, climbed in then flipped the lock up on the passenger side. He continued when Nabeshima got in the car. "When I was little I had a friend whose dad used to take us fishing up that way. I could see the very top of this big castle-looking place from the boat dock. Sam's dad always called it Black Tower House."

Nabeshima chuckled again. "I can assure you it's far from the bucolic country estate of a reclusive scholar it once was."

"Then what is it, exactly?" Ray asked as he turned the key and let the big engine purr to life.

"You'll see. I only hope you're daring enough—and man enough—to stick it

out."

Ray wanted very much to "stick it out" when the piercing look the Japanese cop gave him sent a rush of blood to his dick, making it chafe against the tight stiff denim of his new pants. And while he'd never had any type of gay encounter beyond some mutual jacking off in the eighth grade, he was a firm believer in the thought that all sex was good sex and as long as this wasn't some freaking orchestrated IAB sting then he'd just go along and see where the evening led.

"So tell me, Inspector, what would you have done if I'd decided not to be a gentleman and tried to make time with you this afternoon?" he asked.

"Probably fucked your brains out."

Ray glanced over at Nabeshima then turned his attention back to the highway. "And what if I bailed when I found out you were a guy?"

"You wouldn't have," he said confidently.

"And you know this, how? Do I look gay or something? "

"I told you, Raymond. You have a wild streak. I can sense it. I can almost taste it."

Chapter Three

The private club was just opening for the evening when they arrived and found a spot in the small, already crowded parking lot beside the imposing 19th century mansion. A few other couples and several single stragglers weaved their way through the rows of cars and small trucks, while others lingered outside the massive double doors awaiting entrance. All were men, most dressed in leather.

"So it's a private gay bar?"

"It's much more than a bar, Raymond. So much more."

"We'll see," Ray said as he pulled into a slot and cut the engine.

Instinct more than anything made Ray size up the other men, many of whom wore typical biker gear, though something about many of them didn't say 'biker' at all.

The doors opened from inside and the crowd began to file in. Nabeshima hung back a bit and Ray did likewise. The Japanese inspector leaned in as the line dwindled. "Do you see that one?" he said softly, his breath hot and tickling against Ray's ear lobe.

"The pudgy guy in the boots, with the little whip hanging off his belt? Yeah. What about him?"

"It's a flogger, not a whip" Nabeshima said. "He's far too smug in the way he strokes the tails. I'd say he fancies himself a Dominant. 'Fancies' being the operative word."

With that, he brushed past Ray and led the way inside. His curiosity piqued further still, Ray followed, slipping into one end of a small, circular corner booth as Nabeshima slid into the other side, resting when he came to the middle curve. He settled back, rested his arms atop the studded burgundy leather back and let his dark gaze sweep the room. A smile curved that sensuous mouth of his and he raised a hand in greeting to the old gent manning the bar.

"You know him?" Ray asked.

Nabeshima chuckled. "Oh yes, Father Bear and I go way back."

"Father Bear?"

"Sir, to you."

"The fuck you say."

Nabeshima hit him with a look that he'd seen on the faces of the oldest and toughest cops and in the eyes of hardened killers with nothing to lose and no fear of taking a man out—permanently—should the notion strike them.

"As fond as I am of you, Raymond, and as amusing as your naiveté is, I will not tolerate disrespect. Not toward an elder of the community. Certainly not in

here."

Ray's hand balled into a fist but he managed to contain his anger and not punch the self-confident bastard.

Why he contained that urge, he had no idea

A few minutes later "Father Bear" came over with two frosty mugs of beer. Nabeshima stood, undoubtedly to be better heard over the pumping rock music filling the club, and exchanged a few words in Japanese with the other man. Although Ray didn't understand the lingo, it was quite evident that the old guy had said something about him. Something that made the inspector smirk more than that smug shit who was cruising the perimeter of the room carrying around the little whip. Excuse me, Ray thought, remembering Nabeshima's earlier comment, *flogger*.

When the old guy left, Ray took a swig of his brew then set the heavy mug down with a dull thud. Nabeshima gave him a questioning glance as he retook his own seat.

"Is there a problem, Raymond?"

"Let's get one thing straight, my friend. I don't care if you like to fuck guys, girls, or the nearest sheep but do not—ever—think I'm gonna be your bitch to boss around."

Nabeshima hit him with that "don't fuck with me" look again but did not move or say a word. He simply slid his powerful dark gaze over Ray then sipped his beer while he surveyed the room.

Ray did likewise. The arrogant prick with the little whip was checking out the guys who weren't already partnered up. Shit. If he'd seen that fucker on the streets he'd have keep tabs on his ass and pegged him as a potential sex offender. The fuck seemed to be paying close attention to a younger, nervouslooking guy, who Ray guessed was pretty new to this scene and couldn't be more than twenty.

The pedo-looking fucker smiled and nodded to the kid.

"Bastard," Ray muttered before taking a swig of his beer.

"Those instincts serve you well on the streets, don't they, Raymond?"

Ray looked to Nabeshima. "If you're a cop then you should know the answer to that question."

Nabeshima grinned. "Oh, yes, I know. Which is why I brought you here."

Nabeshima took a swig of his own beer and Ray watched that menacing hardness come back into his eyes. Ray glanced around and saw the pedowannabe say something to the kid, who got up and followed him through the curtained doorway.

Nabeshima looked toward the bar. Father Bear glanced at something beneath the bar then held up his index finger. Nabeshima stood. "Come, Raymond. There's something I want you to see."

Ray took a last sip of his beer then followed, not quite ready to acknowledge the pleasant tingle caused by the appreciative and downright hungry looks they received as they wove their way across the club's spacious main room. The curtain led to a wide corridor flanked with smaller, quieter meeting and entertainment rooms where guys talked and made out, played pool and watched basketball, with gay porn playing on large screen TVs in the background. The potential pedo and the kid where nowhere to be seen.

The corridor turned right and led to what had been the mansion's main entrance hall. Checkerboard marble tiles lined the floor and dark oak paneling covered the walls and framed the wide, carpeted staircase. Across the expansive floor directly across from the door they'd exited was another open doorway and Ray noticed a few guys milling about inside. Nabeshima headed in that direction.

It looked like it had been a ballroom or something at one time and it was damn near packed with guys standing and seated at scattered round tables. At the far end, a low stage ran along the back wall. The fucker who'd led the kid

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from the bar area was up near the stage, lording it over a front table where other youngish-looking guys were seated, several of whom got up from their chairs and knelt at the guy's feet.

Nabeshima uttered a soft "Excuse us" and the guys milling about at the back of the room parted like the fucking Red Sea for Moses. Ray followed to the front of the room and took up a place beside the Japanese inspector, who leaned against the wall, his arms folded across his chest.

The way the younger guys deferred to that whip-carrying shit and called him Sir this and Sir that turned Ray's stomach. One guy rushed out and came back with a mixed drink and Ray noticed that Nabeshima wasn't the only one to get a pissed expression when the asshole tossed it back like it was water and the kid ran off with the empty glass, obviously to fetch another.

The guy asked the kid he'd picked up out in the bar if he'd like to "Try a scene." The young man looked a bit nervous but the guy's minions nodded and quietly egged him on. The other kid returned with another drink, which the asshole tossed back as easily as the first. He waved the kid off when he would have trotted off to fetch another and instead told him to lead the nervous new recruit to the stage and behind a tall folding screen.

Ray watched Nabeshima's expression as the asshole unhooked that little flogger thing from his belt and stood there and slapped it against this palm. Nabeshima glared and sucked in his breath, and some of the other men murmured around them when the nervous kid came from behind the screen wearing only his boxers and some ugly, fading bruises up along his right shoulder.

The asshole stepped up onto the stage and smacked the flogger against his leg. "Come here, bitch. Kneel."

The kid did and Ray instinctively shifted his weight, ready to put a stop to it.

"You stay out of this for now," Nabeshima said quietly.

The asshole ordered the younger guy to crawl around then stand and pull down his shorts and give the audience a glimpse of his ass and cock. He laughed at the kid's flaccid dick and smacked it with the flogger. The kid winced and the asshole smacked him harder for "speaking out of turn," even though the kid hadn't really uttered a word.

Though Ray kept his attention on the stage, he was aware of people getting up and leaving, muttering in disgust at the display of humiliation and ego. The asshole struck the kid on his bruised shoulder and the kid yelped in pain. Ray took a step toward the stage.

"Not just yet," Nabeshima said with quiet authority.

Ray exhaled and glanced over his shoulder; more people had gone, leaving the room half-empty.

The asshole continued to verbally assault his barely willing victim and he literally dragged him to the side where some chains with leather wrist cuffs were suspended from the ceiling.

The kid balked at being strung up, said he'd been in a car accident and was still sore. The asshole berated him and grabbed his arm.

"Enough."

Miki Nabeshima's tone was still low but the inherent power that voice contained sent a chill down Ray's spine that shot straight to his cock.

"Who are you to interrupt my scene?" the asshole demanded. He gripped his flogger as if he was going to hit Nabeshima and Ray wished he would give it a try.

Nabeshima strode up to and across the stage, the heels of his boots against the wood echoing in the sudden silence. "You seem to be a bit confused on a few important matters and I feel it's my duty as a charter member of this club to set you straight."

"The fuck you say."

"The fuck I do." With a lightening-fast move, Nabeshima reached out and

seized the flogger from the asshole, who stared in shock. Turning to the equally shocked other man Nabeshima smiled. "What's your name?"

"Danny, Dan."

"Short for Daniel?"

The kid nodded.

"Are you in pain, Daniel? Would you like to see a doctor?"

The kid shook his head. "I'm okay."

"Why don't you get dressed then?"

The kid scurried behind the screen and Nabeshima turned back to the asshole. He circled the man the way a cop might circle a prisoner he was interrogating, sizing the other man up, asserting the fact of who, exactly, was in control of the situation. When the younger guy came out from behind the screen, Nabeshima looked over at Ray.

The asshole tried to leave but Nabeshima whipped his head around. "I haven't finished with you yet," he said in that quiet, yet menacing tone.

The guy shuffled his feet a bit but stayed put.

Ray felt a rush of heat when Nabeshima looked back to him and smiled. "Raymond, please bring two chairs up here. There are a few important facts you and Daniel should be made aware of, facts that this—piece of shit —seems to have overlooked."

"Fuck this," the asshole said.

Nabeshima glared. "Stay put. And keep your mouth shut unless I tell you otherwise."

Again, the asshole who'd been pushing Dan around froze and did as he was told. Ray brought up the chairs and sat, his gaze never leaving Miki Nabeshima. God, but the Japanese inspector was hot, and Ray wanted very much to see him in action with a perp.

Ray's cock grew stiffer as Nabeshima circled the asshole again, lightly slapping the flogger's leather thongs against his palm. "Daniel, did you discuss

limits and safe words?"

"Um. No. I thought Master Harvey was supposed to bring that up."

Nabeshima stopped, flicked his arm out and caught Master Harvey across the face with the flogger. "That is for irresponsibility with an obvious newcomer to the lifestyle." He struck out again. "And that is because you're a selfabsorbed prick for not putting a submissive's needs first. Now apologize to him."

"No."

Nabeshima drove the flogger into Harvey's dick. The man fell to his knees and Nabeshima placed his foot on Harvey's back and pushed him to the floor. "Apologize to Daniel for your incompetence."

"I'm sorry, okay? I'm sorry."

Nabeshima spit on Harvey and dropped the flogger to the floor. "Someone please take this pathetic ass out of here."

Two guys with crew-cuts and biker vests over tight white T-shirts rushed to the stage and pulled Harvey to his feet then hustled him out of the room. Ray looked around. The room was packed again, all eyes were on Miki Nabeshima, and half the men in front had boners because of the man's display of power. Then again, so did he.

Ray's boner downright ached when Nabeshima came across the stage and placed his hand possessively on Ray's shoulder. "Daniel, in the future, please choose carefully the one to whom you will give the gift of your submission. Remember that you always have a choice. You have every right to set your limits and have them observed."

Daniel nodded. "Okay. Thank you, Sir."

"You're welcome, Daniel."

"Can I, can I go now?"

"You may do as you please, Daniel."

Daniel got up and hurried off the stage and to the main door. He looked

back over his shoulder a few times, his expression hungry. The kid probably had a hard on and Ray wouldn't be surprised if he was headed to the men's room to jack off. Hell, he wouldn't mind doing that himself.

Chapter Four

Two Wall Street-looking types called to Nabeshima and he smiled and waved to them. "Raymond, put the chairs back where you got them and join me, please."

Ray obeyed without question, pausing as he set the second chair down to point that fact out to himself. What the fuck? Here he was, following Nabeshima's order like a devoted puppy. And it *had* been an order—no mistake about it—despite the 'please' Nabeshima had tacked on to the end. And fuck all if he wasn't content with that fact and a little jealous to see the way those suits eyed his new friend.

Nabeshima introduced Ray to Marshall and Nicholas, a couple of the inspector's old college buddies. Together, Ray was told, the three men had discovered this place when it was being turned into a private kink club. Apparently, Father Bear had given these two the heads-up that Miki was in town and they'd come to take him to dinner.

Ray thought of begging off and yet he wasn't quite ready to leave Nabeshima's presence, so he decided to tag along.

They headed over to Marshall's house, which was located just a few miles away, with Ray thinking he'd have a shitty time with the three of them reliving their kinky glory days over grilled steaks.

But while the talk veered often to their various exploits, Miki made sure Ray was included in the conversation. And as the three told of the club's history and their own sexual awakenings in the BDSM area, Ray found their

stories struck a chord within him, as well.

They sat out on the covered deck, and as the alcohol and conversation flowed, Ray studied Miki Nabeshima's beautifully handsome face in the soft glow of the patio lights and knew he'd have a hard time refusing if Miki wanted to take him to bed.

After dinner, they went inside where the guys put on a video that Ray had heard of but had never gotten around to seeing in the theaters. The movie was about an NYPD cop who goes undercover to catch a killer targeting members of fetish clubs. Clubs that reminded Ray a bit of The Black Tower.

He leaned over to whisper in Nabeshima's ear. "What s this, a test? An initiation?"

"It's a movie, Raymond. One that's rather interesting, despite the usual flaws when it comes to police work and depictions of the lifestyle. Watch it or don't. Your choice."

Ray settled back and watched, finding himself enjoying the flick despite his initial trepidation. The sex scenes weren't that explicit but they showed enough and left more than enough to the imagination to make it hotter than just a graphic depiction would be. And though he was loathe to acknowledge it, he had to make a trip to the men's room to jack off following the scene where the Wall Street-type the undercover was tailing strung up and fist-fucked some big burly ex-con.

"Beer going through you?"

"Something like that."

Nabeshima replied with a shit-eating smirk.

Following the movie, Ray and Nabeshima accompanied Nick and Marsh back to the Tower. Marsh talked to Father Bear a moment then led the way upstairs to the second floor. Ray hesitated and Miki gently touch his shoulder. "You're not being pushed into anything. I want you to see something."

Ray nodded and followed. He wouldn't commit to anything, but he was willing—and curious—to see what Nabeshima had in mind.

Nabeshima headed for the main entrance hall and Ray paused a moment, watching the other man stride purposefully over the black and white marble squares then take the steps two at a time, his leather pants stretching taut over the firm curves of his ass.

He hadn't ever thought much about his sexuality beyond the usual, but Ray knew he sure wouldn't mind taking a look at that ass naked. The thought didn't surprise or upset him. He'd always been pretty easy going when it came to pleasure, and in his job, he'd seen it all. Nothing surprised him anymore . . . not even his own sexual proclivities.

Nabeshima paused halfway up the stairs and looked back over his shoulder. He didn't say a word or even give one of his usual, caustic looks, but Ray had a feeling he'd read his thoughts. His cheeks hot, he averted his gaze from that fine ass and went up the stairs.

The doors on the second floor were all numbered. Several of those doors stood open, and as they headed down the hallway, Ray looked inside each one. The rooms' décor ranged from normal bedroom-like shit, to those that had been staged to look like a classroom, a doctor's office, a courtroom and the inside of an old police precinct not unlike his own in Chinatown.

Nick and Marsh disappeared into room five. Nabeshima slipped into the adjoining room—number three—which was furnished like a typical hotel room. He closed the door when Ray entered then stepped to the left and took down a large oil painting of a wintry landscape.

"Whoa," Ray said quietly when the two-way mirror was revealed, giving them a good view of the adjacent room.

As Ray watched, Nick and Marsh began stripping, pausing often to exchange fleeting kisses, gentle caresses and many smiles.

"It isn't always about the sex or the domination. It's about the closeness, the feeling of complete and utter trust between two people which enables them to push to and beyond their usual physical and psychological limits."

"The hell you say."

"The hell I do," Nabeshima responded, a smile evident in his tone.

Ray shifted, glanced to Miki then back to the couple in the next room. The room where Marshall was placing a leather hood over Nicholas' head and pulling taut the ties of a leather harness that wrapped around his cock and balls. Nicholas was restrained, spread on a large wooden X that dominated the room. Upon the walls were rows of hooks holding various whips and floggers, restraints, blindfolds and gags. Dildos and vibrators of assorted shapes and sized rested upon shelves, along with such things as plush feathers, velvet cords and lengths of rope and rawhide.

"Ray turned from the window to gaze quietly at Miki. "So what's the deal; does a guy or gal wake up one day and decide they want to be pushed around and tied up and whipped? Shit, I've arrested guys for smacking their wives across the mouth and look at what the fuck Marsh is holding."

Miki shook his head and breathed a weary sigh. "Perhaps I misjudged you, Raymond. Are you not as observant as a highly decorated officer of your caliber should be?"

Holy shit. Nabeshima had done a background check on him. Is that why he'd been picked to play chauffeur? What the fuck was this? The sound of a whip cracking traveled through the two-way glass. Ray flinched.

"You saw Nicholas and Marshall this evening at their home, the home they've shared for nearly a decade, despite being socially ostracized for doing so. Do they appear to be in an abusive relationship?"

"No, but neither did my parents."

Silence fell between them, sprinkled only by sharp cracks of the whip. Ray glanced to the mirror; Marsh was not striking Nick fully but flicking the whip's tip with an exacting precision at spots upon his thighs and chest.

"They love one another, Raymond, they trust one another implicitly. No pain will be caused that is unwelcome."

"Yeah, well, I've met women who seemed to like getting smacked around. They'd provoke the crap out their old men and hit all the right buttons at just the right times to push them over the edge."

"Would it surprise you to know that Nicholas is usually the dominant partner in every way in their relationship?"

Ray turned to face the mirror. Nick was pleading for Marsh to take it up a notch and make him bleed. "Yeah, it would surprise me." Miki stepped in closer behind him, so close he could feel the other man's breath tickle the nape of his neck.

"Being a dominant, a true dominant, is hard work. Despite what that fool earlier might think it isn't at all about the Master getting his jollies by exerting his authority; it's about using that power, that dominant nature, to push your submissive to explore himself and above all it's about looking out for the sub's welfare and safety."

Miki stepped closer still . . . so close his shoulder brushed Ray's.

Silence fell once more and Ray kept watching the scene in the other room. Marsh did indeed draw blood at various points on Nick's body, but if you could judge by Nick's reaction, it sure as hell wasn't unpleasant. His cock thrust out, constricted by the ties of his harness, and pre-cum leaked from the tip.

Marsh set the whip aside and came forward to lick tenderly at the small wounds. He freed Nick from the restraints then ordered him to a gymnasticstype horse across the room. Nick did as he was told and bent over the mount,

his legs spread wide, and humped the leather-covered horse until Marsh told him to stop. Marsh approached him, slathering clear lube on his own rigid cock before coating the crack of Nick's ass then pushing some of the lube into the man's puckered hole.

Nick moaned and held onto the horse in a white-knuckled grip as Marsh inserted his fingers.

Nabeshima exhaled a slow breath that sent the blood surging through Ray's veins.

"Being in control all the time can become tiresome, and on occasion some Doms like to experience life from the other side. It can be quite exhilarating and freeing to trust enough to give oneself over to another, to fully let go and give into your deepest wants and needs. Of course, the man chosen to dominate has to be strong enough, secure enough within himself, to do that trust justice."

Holy. Fuck. Was he dreaming? Was Nabeshima asking him to take charge? *Shit.* His instincts, developed from years on street patrol, gave him an insight into the meanings hidden behind public words and actions and he knew sure as shit that you didn't just come to trust someone straight out of the gate.

Hell, back in the day, he'd been a rookie under the watchful eye of Vinnie Magera, and a good three years passed before Vinnie truly trusted him as a cop on equal footing.

Sure, this wasn't necessarily life-or-death split-second-decision shit, but still. It made no sense. Especially if Nabeshima was a seasoned cop.

Nabeshima sighed. "You doubt your strength, Raymond. That's a pity."

Ray turned. "What I doubt are your motives."

Nabeshima laughed. "My motives?" He began to slowly pace the room. "I certainly never expected that answer." When he came back to his starting place

he approached Ray, passed him then lifted the large framed painting and hung it back on the wall, blocking the view of the room next door.

He turned, trailed his index finger down the sleeve of Ray's leather jacket. "My motive is that I came to New York two days ago. I actually concluded most of my assigned business at police headquarters the first day. Since it was close and since I so miss affordably priced fresh produce, I wandered through Chinatown, reminiscing, shopping and watching you."

"Spying on me, you mean. You fucking are an IAB rat."

Nabeshima rolled his eyes and flicked his long hair back with a swipe of his hand. "Raymond, please." He moved away and dropped gracefully into an overstuffed burgundy chair. "It was pure happenstance that I saw you more than once while I was out, but I *did* watch you when I saw you. You have a firm hand with those who require it and aren't above pushing the limits of justified force when circumstances warrant, but you also have a gentleness about you, a true knack for being able to guide those in need of guidance."

Nabeshima crossed one long, slim leg over the other and steepled his fingers, his elbows resting upon the arms of the chair. "I had a feeling about you, just a feeling. If I'm mistaken, then so be it. You're free to return to the city." With that he got up and went into the connecting bathroom.

Chapter Five

Ray stared at the closed bathroom door for a long moment then left the room. He made his way back downstairs, his head down, trying not to notice the assorted men coming up to occupy the rooms for the evening. Down in the main hall, others were coming and going from the ballroom area, while music, laughter and a chorus of chatting male voices emanated from the bar area.

Ray pivoted on his way to the front doors and hit the bar. He ordered a

bottle of Bud and laid a couple bucks on the bar while the one Nabeshima called Father Bear went to retrieve it from the nearby cooler. He waved away the change.

"Thanks."

Ray took a swig, conscious of the way the older man's attention strayed back to him as he served other customers.

"Is it okay if I take this outside?" he finally asked.

"As long as you don't smash it in the parking lot or over some numbskull's head."

He offered the older man a smile. "I won't, Sir."

Ray headed toward the smaller door that led from the bar to an outside courtyard. He faltered as he passed the entrance leading out to the main hall and caught sight of Miki in conversation with the kid from earlier—the one who'd almost gotten hooked up with the dom-wannabe. Nabeshima didn't notice him and Ray decided it was just as well. Right now, he needed time to think.

Outside, Ray cut across the parking lot, rounded the corner of the sprawling former mansion and headed toward the woods. Damn but it was gorgeous out here away from the city. So dark and quiet once the trees and foliage blocked most of the light from the club's parking lot. He found himself smiling as he remembered what his friend's father had said as they'd sat on the other side of the lake fishing all those years ago.

It's good to get away from the rat race. A place like this gives a man space to breathe and clear his head, to think things through and make plans for his future.

"I sure as shit need to think things through tonight, don't I, buddy?" Ray

mumbled to the squirrel skittering up a nearby tree. He took a swig of beer and slumped down onto the thick trunk of a large fallen tree.

Convoluted didn't even fucking begin to describe how he was feeling right now and Ray almost wished he'd bought himself a bottle of Jack instead of the beer.

He nursed his Bud, alternating the sips with rolling the cold bottle between his palms. Who the hell was he trying to shit now? He didn't want to get hammered any more than he wanted to hightail it back to the city and pretend he'd never been to this kinky homosexual playground and didn't have half a hard on now at the thought of how damn good Miki Nabeshima looked in that leather gear of his.

Maybe it was time to face facts, and stop pretending that the real reason he hadn't gotten involved with any of those women Vinnie Magera's wife set him up with went way beyond the bull he spilled that too many cops' marriages broke up from the stress of the job.

He liked women well enough and he sure as shit never passed up the chance to fuck one, but when it came down to it, he didn't want to marry one or be tied down to one.

But tonight's events had caused him to have one helluva revelation. Although he still knew he didn't want to be tied down to *anyone*, if he could have someone in his life to pass the time with, share a bed with, he'd probably pick another guy, hell, another cop, over some broad who wanted the white picket fence deal.

Ray drained the last of the beer then set the empty bottle on the ground between his booted feet. He remained seated upon the fat tree trunk and gazed up at the moon and the scattered stars, part of him wanting to head home and be alone with his thoughts as he'd been doing since moving out on his own the day he graduated from high school. While part of him—the cop part of him—

said to stop being an ass and get the hell back inside and talk to Nabeshima to find out where things stood between them.

The place had certainly filled up in the time he'd been in the woods. Men were stacked three-deep at the long bar where Nabeshima himself was holding court, acting as bartender with those two college buddies of his. All the tables and booths in the place were filled as well, so Ray stood just inside the door leading to the main hall. He put his empty beer bottle on the tray of a passing waiter who wore not much more than a jockstrap under his short apron. Ray ignored the saucy look the younger guy gave him but did cave and cast a sidelong glance at the man's tight-cheeked ass as he walked back to the get rid of the empties.

Grinning to himself, Ray turned back toward the bar in time to see Nabeshima give some big guy in a suit the eye while taking a long slow drag on a cigarette. The suit said something that made the guy next to him laugh, but Nabeshima's expression went from dead sexy to don't-fuck-with-me serious. Without warning, he seized the suit's wrist and stubbed his cig out in the man's palm. The guy gasped, but didn't cry out. Instead, he closed his fist over the cigarette then took his drink and hurried to the far end of the bar. His features contorted in the mirrored bar-back as he obviously dealt with the pain.

Nabeshima continued to work the bar, not so much as giving Ray the time of day and Ray felt his confusion grow as he thought back to their earlier conversation upstairs. Miki Nabeshima was a cop through and through, and a cop was always in total control of a situation. As evidenced by this latest occurrence. How the fuck did he think he could give up that control? And give it up to someone who wasn't into the scene beyond the dominatrix shit he'd seen in porn videos.

Was this some game Miki and his buddies had conjured up to see how easy it would be to mind-fuck some unsuspecting dumbass?

And if it *wasn't* a mind fuck, did Ray really want to blow his long-awaited week's vacation on some kinky fling shit that couldn't possibly turn out well?

Chapter Six

Ray didn't even need to think twice to know the answer to that question.

"Could I get you something from the bar, Sir?"

Ray shook his head at the cute-assed waiter.

"It's on the house," the kid clarified, inclining his head back toward the bar. Nabeshima's friend, Nick gave him a thumbs up.

Again Ray shook his head. "I think I'm heading out, but thanks, kid."

"Don't go just yet. The show's about to start."

"Show? What kind of show?"

The waiter grinned, a big shit-eating type of grin, like he was the kid in the playground with the free passes to the ice cream truck coming down the pike. "Go across the hall. You'll see."

"Thanks, kid, but I think I'll pass."

Ray brushed past the clearly disappointed waiter, only to find his legs had a mind of their own a few feet short of the front door. He reached the ballroom, which was nearly filled to capacity, and found an empty spot along the rear wall. He automatically scanned the crowd as he would while pulling a detail at a parade or political rally and had to make a conscious effort not to let his gaze linger too long on some of the men within his line of site.

Damn, he was beginning to feel like a kid who'd never tasted sugar suddenly finding himself in a candy store, and it took a bit more work to keep

his mind off some of the other stimuli prodding his senses. The scent of the assembled men, carried upon the cool night breeze blowing in through the small transoms high on the wall above the decorative windows along the rear of the dais at the ballroom's far end tickled his libido. The woody night air mingled with various layers of soap and cologne, traces of sweat and remnants of sex upon the men's flesh.

A buffed up little blond with buzz cut hair, dressed in a tight white T-shirt and snug faded jeans, jumped onto the stage and whistled for attention.

"Since his all-time favorite bottom seems to be unavailable at the moment, Master Gerald would like a volunteer or three to participate in tonight's scene."

There was a palpable surge of energy through the crowd followed by deeptoned low conversations. A number of men stood, some Ray would have pegged as dominant, for sure. It was then that Ray noticed Father Bear cruising the room's perimeter, looking over the standing men like a shark sizing up his prey —his *eager* prey, to be exact.

So Nabeshima's Father Bear was a/k/a "Master Gerald." Well, he sure as shit looked the part now, dressed up in leather pants, knee high boots and studded leather bands crisscrossing his hairy bare chest and beefy upper arms.

Ray settled back against the wall and watched as the old guy picked a trio of playmates and gestured for them to heel like well-trained pets before leading them to the stage and having them line up, two on his left side, one on his right. He gestured to the pair with the crop he pulled from his thick belt. "There may be some humiliation and edge play involved, depending on the mood they stir in me; do the owners of these boys have any objections?" After receiving permission from several men in the audience, Gerald addressed his next question to the bottoms. "Do any of you have objections or limits on what you're up for tonight?"

"No, Sir," they replied in breathy unison.

Gerald responded with a sly smile that hit Ray low and hard, so much so that he had to reach down and adjust his swelling cock and balls.

Ray watched as the older man turned his back on the audience and approached his evening's toys one by one, grabbing a handful of their hair, jerking their heads back and whispering in their ear then waiting for a reply.

"He's telling them their safe words."

Shit. The smooth way Miki Nabeshima's voice slid into his ear damn near made Ray cream his jeans, as did the firm touch of Nabeshima's hand on the small of his back, the moist heat of his breath along Ray's neck, the hint of tobacco that clung to him when he leaned in to whisper. "He asked me to bottom and I was quite tempted but I chose instead to watch—with you, Raymond."

Ray turned his head; Miki stood agonizingly close, so close that Ray could have run his tongue along the curve of that wide, sensuous mouth.

"I wanted to be with you," Miki whispered. "While you watch and learn the things he taught me to enjoy, the things no one but he has done to me."

Ray clamped his jaw, used every ounce of willpower he possessed to keep from shooting his load in response to the mental images those simple words conjured up in his mind.

Miki gave Ray's lower back a light circular rub before removing his hand then leaning back against the wall, his thumbs hooked into his pants pockets. Ray took a deep breath, and he and Miki settled back to watch the show.

Like the assembled men around him, Ray watched in rapt silence while the elder leather-clad man ran roughshod over his three willing bottoms. Never abusive, but always stern and in absolute control, he called them filthy names,

degraded everything from the sizes of their dicks to the taste of their cum and the way they sucked him and fucked one another at his command.

It reminded Ray of his years on patrol, of cowing street punks and gangbangers, of putting wife-beaters and neglectful parents in their place and showing them who they'd answer to and just what street justice they'd face at his hands if he had to deal with them again, and to fuck and back with their civil rights and citizen's complaints.

And his heart was pumping now, his blood hot and flowing fast with that same adrenalin rush he got when on a foot pursuit or collaring an especially combative perp.

"My word is law in this dungeon, boy; you know that, don't you?" Gerald asked the bottom Ray had earlier pegged as a top.

"Yes, Sir."

"And If I want to shove this gloved fist up your ass, I can do that, can't I?"

The bottom licked his lips, his sweat-covered chest rising and falling rapidly in what was either fear or anticipation or some mix of both. "Yes, Sir."

"And you'd love it, wouldn't you, slut?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then beg for it, bitch. On your fucking knees. And clean my boots while you're down there."

Miki Nabeshima chuckled ever so softly at that last command then leaned closer to Ray, that slick voice of his working its potent magic. "It's a pity you aren't topping. I daresay those boots of yours could use a nice spit shine. Of course, that could be arranged if you really wanted it"

That did it.

Ray could barely hold back the groan that accompanied the tightening of his balls and the feel of hot pre-cum seeping from the head of his cock against his upper thigh.

The sound of zippers being opened filtered through the blood rushing in Ray's ears as Master Gerald ordered the other two bottoms to ready a leather sling for the one working his tongue up the top of Gerald's left boot.

Ray didn't quite realize his own zipper had been lowered until Miki's long fingers gripped his cock and pulled it free of its denim confines. Miki gripped the swollen base to still the pending climax and leisurely circled his experienced tongue around the purplish head, licking the copious amount of pre-cum away with determined precision.

Up on the stage, Gerald was giving more commands and the bootlicker was being helped to and secured in the sling suspended by chains from the ceiling. The other two bottoms' erections bobbed as they moved, looking painfully engorged but held in check by thick leather cockrings. They each grabbed tubes of lube and began to prepare their temporary master's gloved hand as well as their submissive comrade's ass.

Ray had to settle his weight more against the wall as Gerald began an excruciatingly slow penetration of his boy-toy, one leather-encased finger at a time, while Miki closed those gorgeous lips of his around the head of Ray's rock-hard cock.

Shit! The guy was taking an entire fist up his hole and loving it! With effort, Ray tore himself away from the sight on stage, and looked down to watch Miki at work. His silky black hair caught the light and reflected almost blush highlights as he bobbed slowly back and forth, taking Ray's cock deeper and deeper until it slid into his throat.

Ray tugged at the tie binding Miki's long hair until the ponytail came free. He twined his fingers into the black strands and held his head fast. Without Ray needing to say a word, Miki stopped and settled back on his heels, looking up with those dark almond eyes ablaze with an inner fire Ray wanted to have

sear him to the core.

Wincing, Ray stuffed himself back into his pants, not bothering to chance the zipper catching his sensitive flesh. Seconds later, the sub on stage cried out as he came and a chorus of moans and groans and muffled epithets swirled through the large ballroom.

"We need to go somewhere private," Ray said.

Miki stayed put, his hands resting lightly on his thighs, the bulge of his own erection pushing hard against the front of his smooth, soft leather pants. "May I lead the way?"

Ray reached down, trailed his fingertips along Miki's high cheekbone and across his beautiful lips and smiled. "Yeah. And make it quick."

Chapter Seven

The sense of responsibility slammed into Ray like a runaway truck once they reached the main staircase and made their way toward the room they'd been in earlier. When Miki shut the door behind them and the lock clicked into place, Ray's erection softened as the other man stood demurely before him, obviously awaiting a command.

Ray stepped closer, touched his fingertips to Miki's face. "You know I want to do you like Gerald did those three downstairs, but I don't think I can. This isn't some slap and tickle, let's get creative with the cuffs, shit. I don't want to go too far and not be able to stop myself."

A knowing smile spread slowly across Miki's face. "And that concern, Raymond, tells me you are definitely top material."

He pressed in close until their bodies touched. He slid his hand slowly up the length of Ray's arm then wove his fingers into the hair at the nape of Ray's neck.

"Believe me, I'm as surprised by this turn of events as you are, but there's something about you, something you've locked away so tightly you can't even acknowledge it to yourself. I want to set that thing free, Raymond. I want to be your first, your favorite, the one you'll never forget."

He coaxed him down for a long, slow kiss then pulled away, his hand falling from Ray's neck to rest upon his chest. "We have both been drinking a bit and proper scene-ing is best done with a thoroughly clear head."

"Yeah. I guess you're right."

"It's the one unbreakable rule Father Bear taught us, so I know I am." Miki brushed his palm gingerly across one hard nipple poking through the fabric of Ray's T-shirt. "However, we could finish what we started downstairs."

"Oh yeah," Ray answered with a grin before grabbing a handful of Miki's shirt to pull him closer. He gave him a hard, open-mouthed kiss, following his instincts and taking control, using his tongue to probe the other man's mouth, possessing it the way he wanted to possess Miki's strong slim body.

They had all night, hell, they had all damn weekend for that, but right now he wanted to feel his dick sucked between those gorgeous lips and gliding into that hot throat. He pulled back from the kiss, satisfied in that Miki's breathing was as quick as his own, that the other man's cock was stiff and pressing against his own through the constraint of their pants.

"Why don't you get on your knees and take up where you left off."

Miki's reply was a smirky grin but he sank to the floor, looked up with the same burning intensity as he had before and took his good old time in caressing Ray's legs through the snug, rough denim. He licked his lips and unfastened Ray's belt then his fly and tugged his jeans down just enough to free his cock and balls.

His dick was straight out, harder than he ever remembered it being, and his balls were tight, aching for release of the cum swelling them to the limit.

And when Miki ran his hot, wet tongue along his ball sac, Ray could only

groan and hope he didn't squirt before he wanted to. But Nabeshima had the skills and gripped the base of Ray's cock to help him hold off before swirling his tongue around Ray's balls and taking them slowly, teasingly into his mouth.

Ray felt the pre-cum ooze as the other man's tongue stroked back and forth along the underside of his shaft, and what the fuck, the guy was fucking milking his dick, making the slick fluid dribble from the swollen head of his cock so he could lick it, swirl it around the sensitive head like he was slathering on a squirt of lube.

"Oh fuck yes," Ray breathed when he felt his cock slide between Miki's lips and be engulfed by the moist heat of his mouth. His knees trembled when his cockhead brushed the back of Miki's mouth. Miki shifted, positioning himself just right, and swallowed to take Ray's cock into his throat.

Ray wanted to fuck the shit out his throat but he hung on, struggling for control. He didn't want to chance hurting the other man. But when Miki began to bob his head, in effect giving Ray no choice but to face-fuck him, Ray closed his eyes, twined his ringers into Miki's long hair and let him control the pace.

"I can see why you'd be Gerald's favorite, even after all this time. God, but you're gorgeous on your knees sucking a man off."

Miki's low chuckle vibrated in his throat and sent a shock from Ray's cock straight to his balls. And when the other man let the pressure off the base of his shaft and used his free hand to squeeze the tight sac, it was all Ray could do to hold off just a bit longer.

But when that gorgeous bastard let his long, strong finger stray to caress and prod and oh fuck yes, press into Ray's tight hole until he reached the prostate, Ray couldn't hold back a moment longer. The discomfort of being entered there was a pleasure-pain that took him over the edge and never before had he felt anything like the cum searing its way along his engorged dick and erupting into such a willing hot mouth.

He dug his fingers into Miki's scalp. "That's it, baby. Drink it all down, you

beautiful cocksucker."

To his surprise and delight Miki rose as soon as he was finished, grabbed him by the shoulders and kissed him hard and deep, stroking his cum-slicked tongue along Ray's to give him a taste of his own desire, the rush of it keeping Ray's cock hard through it all.

Ray pulled away, trying not to notice the way his body trembled. "Take your clothes off."

Miki grinned that glorious shit-eating grin of his and swiped his long hair back with one fluid movement then backed away to begin pulling his clothes off like some seasoned stripper from one of those two-bit joints that lined the Deuce.

Damn but for a thin guy he was toned to perfection, not an ounce of fat on him but more than enough lean muscle rippling in all the right places to show he worked out, and hard. And damn if the little tease didn't turn around to show off that firm tight ass of his as he finished pulling off his leather pants.

Ray made a sound between a laugh and a groan when Miki bent forward to peer back at him from between his spread legs. "Now, Raymond. It's *my* turn."

"The fuck you say," Ray drawled, unable to hide his grin. The adrenalin rushed through him again—a combination of sexual hunger and fear of the unknown. Despite his height and weight advantage, he had no doubt Miki could overpower him and rape his damn ass until it bled, but truth be told, the idea was more thrilling than fear-inducing. In fact, he knew once Miki Nabeshima touched him he'd crave it.

Chapter Eight

Ray rubbed his sweaty palms along his pant legs as Miki closed the distance between them, his gaze unwavering and intense, his right hand

moving back and forth in slow strokes on his cock as he milked it until a slick glob of pre-cum beaded on the tip.

"Who's the cocksucker now, Raymond?"

A stab of panic tried to push its way through the rush of desire searing Ray's blood, but the way the corners of Miki's mouth lifted ever so subtly quelled the fear.

"I guess that'd be me," Ray drawled before sinking to his knees and waiting for his prize. He knew he couldn't offer up the kind of mind-blowing finesse he'd received, but he'd do his damnedest to make it good.

When Miki stood before him, that beautiful hard cock of his sticking straight out, Ray forced himself not to devour it, but to hold back and content himself with studying it. The veins were swollen with the rush of blood, the head thick and wet, the hair surrounding the base trimmed close to the skin.

Ray gripped Miki's lean hips, squeezed them, ran his hands up to graze the other man's ribcage, loving the feel of the lean, strong muscle beneath the hot skin. He studied the man before him, noting the traces of small, pale scars upon the darker flesh of his torso. He traced the closest, and as if sensing the question, Miki gave the answer.

"My father was a swordmaster; he didn't believe in wasting much time with bamboo or wooden swords in the dojo. As soon as I could handle the weight, he made me practice with live steel." Miki chuckled. "I actually thanked the old bastard for the quick reflexes he instilled the first time I had to break up a knife fight on the job."

Ray squeezed the other man's hips. Allowed his tongue to flick out and swipe away a taste of slick pre-cum. "I'd like to watch you do that martial arts shit."

"I imagine we might be able to arrange something before I need to go home."

Go home. The words hit hard, too hard, and Ray had to tighten his grip to

keep himself from bolting at the thought of how he'd feel when that day came. It was the fucking booze, making him feel sappy, and now was not the time for talking or thinking.

He took hold of Miki's dick between his fingertips and licked it from the base, up, pushing his tongue to press into the thick vein along the bottom. He kissed the head, sucked the wetness from the tip, opened his lips and let it slide in. He couldn't take it down his throat the way Miki had done to him, but he stroked the lower shaft and took satisfaction in the way the other man gripped his head as he sucked and teased the upper half with his lips and tongue.

He was actually quite pissed when Miki pulled out of his mouth and took a step back.

"We need to get you naked, Raymond."

Ray smirked. He wasn't some Times Square stripper so he didn't try to put on a show like Miki had. He pulled off his clothing and let it fall to the floor, proud of his body. Miki watched him as he bared his skin, inch by inch, then grabbed his arm and pulled him into a firm embrace, taking possession of his mouth and maneuvering him back to the bed.

Again that panic tried to well up once Ray's legs hit the mattress edge and Miki's weight propelled him to fall back. Fuck, but the other cop looked like a predator in all senses of the word.

"You have nothing to be afraid of," Miki said in a tone that served to soften the fierce, carnal hunger in his eyes. "Move to the center."

Ray did, licking his dry lips as he watched the other man reach into the nightstand drawer and pull out a small, fat tube of lubricant. He tossed it onto the bed then climbed up and straddled Ray's hips, his tight ass cheeks pressing Ray's erection flat against his belly.

He found himself groaning and arching up as Miki caressed him, ran his hands through the smattering of short curls across his upper chest, tugging

them until Ray's skin prickled with tiny dots of pleasurable pain. He tweaked Ray's nipples, bent and bit one then the other before sliding down Ray's body, his strong fingers raking the skin of Ray's torso then thighs as he went before slipping to kneel beside Ray's left leg.

"Get on your knees."

It was a definite command, but again the tone was just soft enough to quell the fear of the unknown that made Ray tremble with a mix of dread and anticipation, sending his blood racing, much as foot pursuits through Chinatown's dark alleys did.

Ray got to his knees, jumping a bit when the glob of cool lube slid between his ass cheeks and biting his tongue when Miki began to push most of it inside with a smooth thrust of his first three fingers. He withdrew and did it again, twisting his hand, getting Ray quickly accustomed to the penetration.

Oh shit, if he used his fist—

But no, that was no fist, prodding his aching hole. It was that gorgeous cockhead and Ray's need took control and made him push back until it breached the ring of virgin muscle. Miki grabbed his hips, made him stop, and pulled out then eased the head in again. He repeated the process a few times then released Ray and allowed him to set his own pace and depth of penetration.

"Oh shit." Ray sighed, dropping his head to rest on the pillows when he'd taken Miki in to the hilt and the other man caressed the taut muscles of his back and shoulders.

Ray could swear a part of him melted when Miki showered countless tiny kisses along his back. "Relax. Enjoy it."

Miki began a slow, steady tempo, taking long strokes in and out until the burn of the initial pain faded and Ray felt empty and wanting when Miki pulled out. Ray looked over his shoulder. Miki was slathering more lube on his dick.

"On your back. I want to watch your face when I come."

Ray flipped over, bent his knees, parted his thighs. "Oh shit," he sighed when Miki raised his legs and positioned himself.

"Relax," he said again, gripping Ray's thighs, resting his calves on his shoulders.

A pleasure like he'd never felt shot through Ray when Miki easily slid in to the hilt this time, his fat cockhead hitting a spot inside that made Ray quiver.

"Fuck me," Ray heard himself beg.

Miki complied. He fucked him long and deep until Ray wondered how Miki could hold off coming. Ray knew sure as hell that he couldn't, or rather *wouldn't*, hold back. He began to pump his cock until his muscles grew taut and his body convulsed with his climax.

His own groan of delight echoed Miki's as he felt his inner muscles squeeze Miki's cock.

"Open your eyes." Miki's tone was forceful, the look on his face indescribable as he pounded into Ray's ass again and again until, with a low moan, he stilled as he hit his own peak.

Ray felt the cum spurt hot and deep and he loved the look of utter possession Miki Nabeshima fixed upon him.

A weary "Damn," was about all Ray could muster when Miki slid out of him.

Miki got up, and Ray watched his tight ass every inch of the way as he went to retrieve a cigarette from his jacket pocket. And Ray wondered what it would feel like to be buried in that ass.

So engrossed was he in the fantasy images filling his mind, Ray hardly noticed that Miki had come to lay beside him on the bed again until the other man's silky voice reached out to caress his ear.

"Was it on duty or off?" he asked before taking a drag of his cigarette. "What?"

Miki grinned then tsked as he gave Ray's semi-hard cock a light tap. "The

scars."

"It happened a long time ago. My miserable excuse for a father."

"Trying to make you a man like my father did with me?"

Ray scowled. "More like trying to pretend he was a man."

Miki Nabeshima said nothing but nodded as he finished his cigarette. "Why don't we clean up then go down to the bar and have a drink in honor of our fathers rotting in the painful hell they so richly deserve?"

"Works for me."

He followed Miki into the bathroom then into the shower. The steaming hot water felt good; the way Miki rubbed the bar of soap across his chest with a firm no-nonsense pressure felt even better.

"I've reserved the room for the entire weekend. You're welcomed to stay. I have much to show you."

"I think I'd like that." He'd more than like it and in fact, he didn't want to think about how his heart seemed to drop a little when he thought about the weekend coming to a close, or about saying good-bye to Miki Nabeshima.

"Good."

With that, Miki pushed him back against the shower wall to deliver another of his rough, soul-searing kisses.

Oh yeah, Ray thought, returning the kiss. This was going to be one hell of an in-fucking-credible weekend.