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Men of Danger

# Dangerous Obsessions

Book One

Blake Deveraux

Dangerous Obsessions  
*by Blake Deveraux*

**Red Rose Publishing**

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## **CONTENTS**

[Dedication](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Chapter Fourteen](#)

[Chapter Fifteen](#)

[Chapter Sixteen](#)

[Chapter Seventeen](#)

[Chapter Eighteen](#)

[Chapter Nineteen](#)

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## Dedication

I'd like to dedicate this book to the friends and family who have helped me realize that even when I didn't feel loved, I was. To realize that even when I felt I wasn't smart, I was. To realize that even when I felt no one was listening, they were.

Finally, I'd like to dedicate this book to a friend who wasn't as lucky as I have been, I miss you.

Blake

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

## Chapter One

Daniel sighed softly as he looked at the magnificent body lying in his bed. How could someone this beautiful be so difficult? He laughed aloud before realizing his reflections were causing Brandon to rouse from his sleep.

Daniel made a deliberate point to stop movement or to avoid any noise to allow his beautiful companion to catch a few more moments of well-deserved sleep. He reflected nostalgically on the first time he'd seen Brandon—a tall, lean blond with the face of an angel, and the body of an Olympic swimmer: cut, muscular, and smooth. He looked as though he could have stepped out of an A & F magazine photo shoot.

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The bar was like a hundred other gay bars Daniel had frequented. It was a meat market basically. The patrons ranged from the aging gay men trying to keep up the façade of youth, to the objects of their lust, the young oblivious masses of handsome young men.

Daniel observed that as a waiter, Brandon was exceptional. He worked the crowd, and made each customer feel as though he was the focus of his attention. He was wearing skintight leather shorts; a bondage collar, arm bands, and



black leather combat boots. Daniel thought to himself, *now there's trouble...*

Daniel shot a devilish grin toward the beautiful man. Almost as if on cue, the scantily-clad man placed the drink down in front of a white haired gentleman. Brandon placed his hand on the older man's shoulder and whispered something in his ear, deftly sliding his hand down the man's chest as he spoke. The gentleman laughed a quiet but specifically sexual laugh and rose to leave.

The older man slid a crumbled wad of dollar bills into the boy's shorts, allowing his hand to brush suggestively across his crotch. Brandon gave him a naughty smile and waved his finger at the man.

"Now none of that, young man. You're going to get me in trouble. You don't want that, do you?" he replied with an exaggerated, pouty tone.

Daniel thought to himself, *This boy can work it; I'll say that for him.* He locked eyes with the waiter, and for a moment they stared at each other. The gaze was extended, almost awkward. The exchange continued for what seemed like hours until the tanned young man, visibly rattled, broke away.

Brandon walked quickly past Daniel, without further acknowledging his presence. Daniel, trying to understand the sudden shift in the young man's attitude, stood and followed him to the bar. Brandon was picking up more drinks for another table.

"Excuse me, I'd like a drink," Daniel said, playfully to lighten the mood.

Brandon, without even looking at him, said in a sarcastic tone, "Then you've come to the right place. Bartender, meet the customer."

The bartender said, "Actually, his name is Daniel."

Looking annoyed, Brandon continued.

"Customer, meet the bartender."

Brandon quickly picked up his orders and continued to work the room. He seemed to make a deliberate point of avoiding the table that Daniel occupied, flirting in an almost cartoonish way each time he was within earshot of Daniel, who felt responsible for the awkward beginning. He decided to set the younger man at ease. It was obvious there was tension between them, but he couldn't help but be drawn to this complex, beautiful man. The painful exchange lasted for more than two hours, as Daniel sipped his drink of choice—Jack Daniels straight up. Eventually, he grew tired of the game.

Brandon was at the bar laughing with the club's conspicuously-dressed bouncer. The bouncer was a huge, hulking man, not particularly attractive, but a body any self-respecting gay man couldn't refuse. Daniel had been drinking fairly heavily the entire time he'd been there, partly in hope that Brandon might show interest, and partly to dull the rejection from this flamboyantly flirtatious young man.

As he walked to the bathroom, Daniel thought, *Fuck him*. He went first to the mirror to check his hair. His reflection was surprisingly well put together.

"Not bad," he caught himself saying out loud. Daniel was startled by hands reaching around his body. One hand grabbed his ass while the other grabbed his crotch.

A flaming young gay man said in a tone that could only be described as undeniably queer, "I'll say!"

Daniel, a handsome, rugged man, stood six feet tall. His large chest and massive arms showed the effects of hours in the gym, as well as his history as a career Marine. He spun around quickly and grabbed the boy by the arm.

"If you'd like to see tomorrow, you'll remember your manners"

"Well pardon me," the boy hissed with disdain. The rejected boy muttered quietly as he returned to the loud thumping music in the bar.

Daniel returned to his reflection shaking his head and mussing his thick, black hair with his fingers. He walked over to the urinal and without really even thinking undid his button-fly jeans, thus revealing a large cock with an impressive set of balls to match. As he began to urinate, he was startled to hear a voice belonging to a man urinating right beside him.

"Well, at the risk of having my arm ripped off too, I have to say I tend to agree with Carson. That's the guy that you destroyed. Not bad," Brandon said cautiously.

Daniel couldn't believe he'd been so absorbed in his own thoughts that he hadn't even noticed the beautiful young waiter come into the bathroom. He smiled broadly.

"Not a chance. I'd never hurt you"

"Tell that to Carson," Brandon hissed sarcastically, as he left the urinal to wash up.

"Look I'm not a mean guy. It's just that I don't like who people are overly touchy. Especially not without asking first, that's all."

"Carson's harmless; he just thought you were cute. You should learn to take a compliment, that's all, asshole."

Brandon dried his hands and left with a flourish, slamming the door behind him.

"Goddamnit!" Daniel said to no one. He went back into the bar and was greeted with the smoke, loud music, and smell of too much cologne that he'd tried to escape moments ago. He followed Brandon to a table.

"I'm really sorry about that guy ok? I just wanted to talk to you."

Brandon completely ignored him. Daniel followed him to his next table and opened his mouth to speak. He decided, instead, to look this young man in the eye. He placed his hand on Brandon's naked shoulder.

"I'd really like a chance to make it up to you." His eyes were sincere as the waiter turned to meet his gaze.

"It's not a pr—" Brandon's words were abruptly interrupted when Daniel was dragged away by two large men who he had earlier had accurately assumed were the club bouncers. They summarily removed him through the back of the club.

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Frantically, Brandon bolted out the back door, into what could only be described as an all-out brawl. The two bouncers, the Denali brothers, were taking turns punching the handsome man in the stomach and sides. However, Daniel did not simply accept his fate. Brandon arrived as the handsome stranger kicked one of the brothers away and sucker-punched the other one in the groin.

Brandon knew that this man, strong as he seemed, didn't stand a chance against the Denali brothers. He screamed, "Stop it, guys! He's my boyfriend! You're gonna kill him, damn it!"

The two thugs brushed themselves off cautiously, and the three combatants gaped at Brandon.

Daniel's left eye was turning black as he stood there looking dumbfounded, his jaw hanging open at Brandon's words.

"Are you ok?" Brandon asked.

Daniel stuttered. "Uh y-yeah, I g-guess."

Vinnie, the larger of the two brothers, addressed Brandon.

"You know Mario aint gonna like this. You aint supposed to have guys here during work"

"Fuck you, Vinnie!" Brandon shouted as he shoved the huge hulk of a man away from Daniel.

Daniel thought to himself, *This guy has a death wish.*

The bouncer snarled, "You'll be sorry; you'll be working the shit detail after this, you little fag. Mario don't like this kinda shit!"

Brandon yelled, "Tell that fat hairy fuck I don't need his shit. I quit!" The brothers went back into the bar and slammed the door behind them, leaving the two men alone for the first time.

After an excruciating silence, Brandon stood quickly and said, "I'm sorry about that; I didn't mean to get you beat up."

Daniel, still reeling from the exchange with Brandon earlier, asked "What was that stuff about you being my boyfriend?"

Daniel noticed Brandon's embarrassed attempt to hide his overly sexual outfit. He was painfully underdressed next to Daniel in his expensive linen shirt paired with distressed jeans and Giorgio Brutini loafers. Daniel was wearing his favorite scent, "Fierce."

"If I hadn't said *something*, you'd be missing teeth right now. Be thankful, asshole," Brandon replied.

Daniel, annoyed at the second reference to himself as an asshole, said, "I can take care of myself. If I'd wanted to, I could've killed either one of those guys with my bare hands. I'm a Marine; or I was one anyhow. I don't need a little fairy like you to take care of me."

Suddenly, in a move that seemed to be right out of a bad porn flick, Brandon spun around on his heels and provocatively ran his hands across Daniel's face. He ran them slowly down his neck, and rested them on his well-defined chest.

He said in a tone Daniel recognized as a sub making his play on a potential dominant top, "A Marine huh? I'd like to make it up to you, Sir."

"Look this isn't necessary. I'm sorry I called you a fair..." His words trailed off, his shame becoming obvious, resulting from his clumsy effort to hurt this clearly-troubled young man.

"I'll show you that I'm a *real* man," Brandon said as he continued to unbutton Daniel's expensive shirt.

Daniel wanted intensely to get into his truck and go home and forget that this ever had happened. He wanted to leave this beautiful young man in the alley in which he so obviously belonged. Somehow his body refused to react. He seemed nailed to the dirty pavement behind the club.

Brandon unbuttoned Daniel's jeans and released the growing erection he'd been trying so hard to conceal. Brandon went to work on Daniel's magnificent cock. He breathed in the intoxicating smell of his manly body and buried his face in Daniel's pubic hair. He moved slowly down, carefully tracing Daniel's cock with his tongue. Brandon carefully worked his way underneath the swelling member. He gave an appreciative wink when he took Daniel's large balls into his mouth.

Daniel's head thrust back hard at the intensity of the move, and banged against the brick wall. Upon seeing Daniel grab his head, Brandon paused.

"You want me to stop?"

"No, no, no," Daniel chanted in a sex-craved frenzy. The Marine was unwilling to give up a single moment of the pleasure that Brandon was giving him. His eyes closed as the leather-clad waiter worked his way up to his waiting lips. He

heard an unmistakable thud, as the leather shorts that Brandon had been wearing were kicked up against the wall.

Brandon whispered, "Fuck me, Sir. Please"

Daniel pulled back quickly.

"Here? Now?"

"Yes," Brandon hissed.

Daniel knew when a man was badly in need of a cock.

Brandon deftly opened a condom from the pocket of the shorts now lying in a heap on the ground, and slid it slowly onto Daniel with one fluid move.

Daniel pulled Brandon to him and cupped his hands under the waiter's magnificent ass. His cock jolted to life again as he felt the hard round muscles that formed probably the nicest ass he'd ever seen.

Brandon laughed softly at his expense. Daniel was sure this man knew how incredible his body was, and how much the Marine wanted it.

Daniel pulled him close and kissed Brandon passionately. Daniel moaned. "I need to fuck you. I need it bad."

Daniel couldn't believe the words himself—he was in a smelly alley behind a bar, with a man he barely knew. This wasn't him. He was safe. He was practically a damn Republican, he was so reliable and boring. Somehow this man had him so horny he didn't care where he was, as long as he could feel Brandon's flesh engulf his growing penis.

Brandon flipped around rubbing his ass against Daniel's throbbing erection.



Daniel, disappointed that the handsome man had turned away from him, violently turned him around and thrust his tongue in Brandon's mouth.

"I decide how this happens." Daniel growled, in testosterone-driven frenzy "I want to see your pretty face when I fuck you. Do you understand me, boy?"

"Yes, Sir!" was the only response from the intensely aroused man.

Daniel threw his shirt down on the ground, revealing the hard rippling pectoral muscles and ripped abs.

The lean young man gasped at the sight. His body shivered as Daniel pressed his rock-hard manhood against Brandon's stomach.

Daniel cupped his hands forcefully under Brandon's hard, beautiful ass and lifted him effortlessly against the wall. He pressed his cock against Brandon's surprisingly tight, pink ass. He pushed him harder against the cold brick wall of the bar.

As Brandon's body reacted to the heat of Daniel's blood-engorged member, the young man threw his head back hard, hitting it. Unable to resist the irony of the situation Daniel grinned, "Should I stop?"

The desperate waiter moaned. "No, damn you! No! *Please* do it! Please, please, please!"

"You don't have to beg, boy," Daniel replied, slipping into the familiar role of the dominant partner. It was a dance he had become strangely comfortable with.

As a young man, he'd never really thought of himself as a dominant guy, but it seemed to fit him. He liked to fuck. Due

to his size and mannerisms, it was a role he'd come to accept and later embrace as a necessary means to an end.

Brandon continued to chant, "please, please!"

Daniel was growing irritated at the barrage.

He placed his hands on the young man's mouth.

"Stop!"

"Yes, Sir."

Brandon's eyes grew wet, yet he remained silent.

Daniel knew he had no right to stop at this point. It would be wrong to invite this beautiful man to the height of ecstasy only to stop it now. He cupped the ass of this willing young man. In one quick move of sexual abandon, he slid the lubricated, condom-sheathed member into Brandon's ass with one hard thrust.

Brandon let out a yelp and pulled in tighter to the man who had given him the attention he so obviously needed. His eyes, now wet with tears, he kissed Daniel, hard.

Daniel drove his cock repeatedly into Brandon's ass. They were a mass of bodies lost in lust that no one could have broken apart. The Marine, with his impressive, muscular build, continued to pound into the willing body of the man he barely knew. Yet, somehow, he felt as if their bodies had always belonged together.

He cried out, "Oh God! I can't hold out any longer!"

The young man who now feverishly rode him, bore down even harder on the Marine's cock. He ran his tongue violently into Daniel's mouth. Daniel moaned loudly as the young man milked his cock.

"OH FUCK!" Daniel shouted as he pumped the condom full of his hot cum.

The Marine's rock-hard abs against Brandon's cock was more than the young man could stand. He came violently again and again, shooting all over Daniel's chest. It left a sticky trail from Daniel's face to his finely-chiseled stomach.

Brandon seemed sobered by the release of an orgasm so intense he didn't even really have the strength to speak. Quickly and carefully, he wiped away the sticky substance from Daniel's face and chest, apologizing repeatedly. He seemed to make a point of refusing to look Daniel in the eye.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Sir."

Lowering the young man to his feet, Daniel drew Brandon to him. He took Brandon's fingers, still sticky with his own cum, into his mouth, licked them clean, and asked, "*What* are you sorry for, boy? That was probably the best fuck I've ever had." He was still breathless from the intense encounter.

Brandon, still avoiding the man's gaze whispered, "I came, Sir. It was just so intense, Sir."

Daniel stopped him.

"Look, stop calling me Sir. That's ok for a fuck, but I'm Daniel. And you are Brandon, or at least I assume that's your name. That's what those no-necked jerks called you."

"Yes, Sir ... I mean Daniel," the young man said, as he quickly pulled the leather shorts back on.

Daniel laughed softly as he buttoned his jeans and pulled on the linen shirt, now dirty from the earlier exchange.

"I'll get that cleaned, Si—uh Daniel."

The young man gestured toward the expensive linen shirt Daniel had carelessly thrown on the ground.

Daniel pulled the man to him. His chest was still heaving from experiencing what was probably the best sex of his life.

"Goddamnit, stop apologizing. If I wanted to be with an apologetic wimp, I'd have hooked up with your buddy in the bathroom! You have spirit. That's what I liked about you. So, damn it. Stop it! And look me in the eye. Before I fucked you, you weren't like this..." His words trailed off, still puzzled at the shift in personality that so badly disappointed him.

Before the two could finish the conversation, they realized that the Denali brothers were standing in the shadows. Brandon, visibly shaken at their presence, pushed Daniel backward.

"You lousy fuck! Get out of here! I never wanna see you again!"

He shook violently as he pushed the much larger man again. He took his fist, and with everything in his body, hit Daniel in the face, causing the earlier injury to bleed again.

Dumbfounded Daniel staggered backward and mumbled under his breath, "Crazy fucker, what the hell've I done?"

He walked silently out of the alley to find his truck, go home and forget that this crazy coupling had ever taken place. As he walked away buttoning his shirt, now stained with his own blood, he heard Brandon coyly flirting with the now-silent Denali brothers.

"Vinnie, you know you've always wanted me. Now's your chance. Come on, guy; just don't tell your uncle. Please. Mario doesn't need to know."

Daniel shook his head.

"Goddamn slut." he muttered under his breath. He walked to the dark parking lot leaving the memory of this horrible night behind in the alley. The smell, however, of the young man's body and those eyes ... *Were those tears when I was fucking him?*

The onslaught of constant questions just wouldn't leave his mind.

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

## Chapter Two

A tear came to Daniel's eye as he sipped his coffee quietly watching his lover sleep. Even now, six months after meeting this beautiful man, Brandon remained a mystery to him.

He thought for a moment about the ridiculous ruse that the troubled young man had played out to save him from a trip to the emergency room. *Why would Brandon have done that? What was going through his mind? I was a lot better able to take on those guys than this gentle young man.*

Once again tears welled up in his eyes as he tried to remove the memory of the horrible night that had ended so violently....

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As Daniel walked to his truck, he couldn't help but feel like there was a part of him still in the alley with the handsome man. He was clearly trying to get another fuck in what Daniel was sure was a long line of dicks the whore was accustomed to having pound his ass. He plopped deliberately into the leather seat in his customized truck. Stroking the seat beside him, he slammed the door. He was frustrated that he'd let this little whore make him so crazy. He wanted to vomit from disgust.

*He's probably back there letting those no-necked morons fuck him at this very moment. So why am I sitting here beating myself up for letting the whore get to me? Why did I fuck him?*

But try as he might Daniel couldn't shake the feeling that despite the bravado Brandon put out there, he was no whore. He was no cock-hound. He was fragile. Something in Daniel's mind wouldn't let him write this man off, as badly as he wanted to. He just couldn't shake the feeling that Brandon somehow was the answer to many of his unspoken prayers.

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Daniel had long since given up on the idea of being happy or living "happily ever after." *It just doesn't happen for guys like me.*

He'd left the Marines because the "don't ask don't tell" policy was so unfair. Daniel couldn't—no he wouldn't—hide in the shadows simply to make the Corps comfortable. He was a goddamn good Marine. He'd saved many lives, taken many lives, all for God and Country. For his beloved Corps to discard him would be more than he could handle, so he left to save them the trouble.

Upon coming home, Daniel was no stranger to being a contradiction in terms. He'd only come out in the last couple of years. He'd endured the angry stares, the snickers, and the

general disgust that an openly gay man often endures living in a small town in Southern Georgia.

He finally had decided to save his family the continual burden of having to deal with the questions concerning his obvious lack of interest in women. He left his family and friends and moved to Atlanta.

The fact was that he was the youngest brother in a family of large, muscular, handsome men. Women were never a problem for Daniel. If he needed a date for a public function, finding a willing woman was easy. Deciding which one to take was difficult.

When he came out to his parents, the first question his father asked was, "Why?"

Big question, but one Daniel didn't care to explore. He didn't really care why; for him it just was.

While living in the same town with his parents, he chose to keep his sexual interests to himself. His obvious disinterest in sexual conquests was in stark contrast to his two brothers' seemingly endless exploits. Daniel once jokingly described his brothers dating lives as "sexual bombing strikes on the females in large metropolitan cities."

Life was lonely living away from anyone he knew, but it was simpler. And simplicity appealed to him. He'd left the Marines and moved away from his entire family just to make life easier for all involved.

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*So why the hell am I sitting in my truck outside a gay bar at 3:30 in the morning waiting for a man who makes me crazy just by his very existence?*

"Damn you fucking slut! Damn you!" Daniel shouted to the silence surrounding him inside the cab of his large pickup truck. He pounded his fist on the steering wheel. Still angry from the internal angst that this thoughtless man had caused him, Daniel climbed out of the truck ready to confront the little whore. He intended to make sure that the next time this slut tried to use his physical advantages—his uncanny good looks, beautifully proportioned body, even his blonde hair and perfect tan...

"Damn it!" Daniel shouted. "There I go again, letting this little whore screw with my head!" It was going to stop. No piece of ass, no matter how beautiful, no matter how charming, was going to make him this crazy.

A couple of hours had passed since the most sexually satisfying experience of his life had turned so badly wrong. During that time Daniel had poured over each detail of the exchange, and tried to figure out how he'd ended up in this unsettling and infuriating situation.

The bar had closed and most of the parking lot was empty. There was one car parked out in the lot. He wondered ... *Maybe that belongs to Brandon.* Once again he grew angry at his apparent inability to focus.

He was a damn Marine. *Why am I letting this man screw with my head?* Daniel let out a loud growl, which released

some of the frustration of the moment. He left his truck and looked into the bar window. There was no sign of anyone. As he walked silently back toward his truck, he noticed the small pathway around the building toward the alley where his sanity had been so violently ripped to shreds.

He decided to return to the "scene of the crime" so to speak. Maybe it would help him clear the young whore from his head. He refused to be held prisoner of the memory of some fairy-tale ending that would never be. He wanted to see the alley through the cold sober eyes of a man who was control of his senses, not a sex-craved animal driven to fuck by some self-centered.... His thoughts trailed off as he arrived at the rear of the building.

The smell of sex still lingered in the air. He tried to work up disgust, anger, or any emotion other than the feeling of loss that he felt in his stomach over this beautiful man. Daniel slunk sadly to the ground in the darkness, buried his face in his hands, and sighed deeply. He smelled another odor even through his hands—an unmistakable odor that he had tried to forget after his time in Iraq.

*Blood. Why do I smell blood?* he wondered. *No, it's just my imagination. Who could smell blood over the stench of urine in this damn alley anyhow? Wait—, there wasn't urine here before; I would have never been able to focus on sex with this odor in the alley. What the hell is this? I wasn't that drunk.*

Daniel stood and was about to turn and leave forever, and never again think about this place when he heard a low,

guttural moan. He remembered this sound all too well from his time in the trenches; someone was dying.

He shook back a violent flashback as he quickly ran to the side of the alley.

"Who's there?" Daniel shouted in a violent and forbidding tone, designed to scare the hell out of any unfortunate soul who thought he was going to stand still for being robbed.

A small, shaking voice said through broken sobs of hysteria, "Get out damn you! Let me die!"

He couldn't forget the voice. It was broken, it was shaking, but it was Brandon.

*Dear God,* Daniel thought. *What the hell's going on?*

Using the training he had long since abandoned, Daniel sorted through the rubbish, looking like a madman, tossing trash from side to side, trying to find out where the voice was coming from.

Brandon sobbed, "Leave me alone! I don't want you to see me. Just go away, I threw you out. Get *out!*"

Daniel found the crumpled form on the ground. The stench of the alley was obviously coming from Brandon. The young man was curled into the fetal position. Daniel scooped him up effortlessly

"Damn it! You're not doing this to me!" Daniel wasn't sure whether he was talking to the wounded man, or to himself. Whatever the motivation, his single goal was to get Brandon to safety.

Daniel held the sobbing form to his chest, Brandon's tears wetting the Marine's already blood-stained shirt. He opened the door to the truck and placed the wounded man on the

seat. The action reawakened the pain from the sharp blow Brandon had given him earlier.

As he placed Brandon on the seat, the young man grabbed a jacket lying and pulled it over his face.

A gasp escaped Daniel's throat as the light from the truck illuminated the bloody, bruised, urine-soaked body that earlier had taken him to levels of ecstasy he'd never known before.

"Jesus Christ, what the hell happened to you?"

Pulling the jacket back Daniel saw even more of a tragedy—the beautiful, flawless face swollen almost beyond recognition due to the unspeakable beating he'd received. He grimaced.

"Who did this? Damn it, Brandon! *Who* the fuck *did* this?"

"I broke the rules."

Brandon chanted it over and over, like a mantra of doom. As Daniel climbed into the cab of the truck, Brandon whispered, "Leave me alone. I'm not worth your time. I'm sorry; it's my all fault."

Daniel lifted the shivering, half-naked man who was now covered with a jacket large enough to wrap around him twice, and took his face into his hands.

"Don't! I smell! I'm hideous! Don't look at me! Please," Brandon sobbed.

Daniel kissed him full on the lips, very gently. He said with complete honesty that defied even his own logic, "It's not your fault. It's mine for leaving you. You're as hot as ever. *You are beautiful*, Brandon. Don't ever forget that. And I don't intend to make the mistake of leaving you again."

Brandon sobbed uncontrollably as he slumped into the seat, obviously not convinced of Daniel's proclamation of his beauty. As the engine turned over, Daniel gritted his teeth in anger, planning his revenge on the Denali brothers.

A violent rage filled the stoic Marine's eyes.

*How could someone do this?* he wondered. *Why?*

He drove quickly toward his comfortable home on the outskirts of town, where he intended to care for this beautiful man. He intended to figure out how to make up for allowing him to endure something that, for Daniel, seemed unimaginable.

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

## Chapter Three

Daniel sat quietly with his eyes closed, comfortably lounging nude in his oversized leather chair. It sat next to the large open window in his bedroom. Daniel had never been a particularly modest man. He figured if the neighbors didn't like the view, then they could close their damn curtains!

He continued to think about Brandon, about that night, about the weeks of convalescence Brandon had endured both physically and emotionally afterward. His jaw tightened again at the promise that Brandon had made him make that very night. *Why wouldn't he let me go and teach those overgrown bullies what a real man can...?* His fury continued to build as suddenly he was shocked back into reality. It was the intense pleasure, the warmth and comforting sensation Daniel associated with a carefully executed blowjob.

Brandon was extremely talented at taking his mind off things. The violent thoughts he'd been having collided with the present. He instinctively grabbed the face of the beautiful, muscular form that stretched out like a panther across his lap. He'd been so engrossed in thought, he'd not even realized Brandon was awake.

When the young man looked up into his partner's eyes, an instant wave of fear crossed his face. Brandon retreated quickly, backing up on his hands and knees. He seemed terrified at the rage blazing in Daniel's eyes.

Daniel's expression quickly changed to concern as he realized that he wasn't in the moment. He reminded himself

that he was *not* in the alley behind the bar picking up the crumpled body of the man whom he'd now learned to love—the man who now retreated so quickly from him.

Brandon said, "I'm sorry, Sir. I should have asked."

Daniel, now painfully aware that Brandon had sensed the fury building in him and had mistakenly assumed it was directed at him, chose his words carefully as so as to not make matters worse.

"Come here, Brandon."

"Yes, Sir," Brandon whispered.

"Brandon, I only allow that name when we're having sex. It's only a game. I never call you boy at any other time, do I?"

The young man looked at the floor. "No, Sir"

"Then don't call me sir at any other time, or damn it the game stops now! Do you understand me?"

He grasped Brandon's face in his calloused hands, pulling him close, and kissing him passionately.

"Yes, I understand, Daniel. But you were so mad. What did I do? I know I should have asked."

"Damn it, Brandon! How many languages do I have to use to make you understand? You don't have to ask me for anything; it's already yours. I'm so tired of trying to make you believe me," Daniel replied in a frustrated huff.

Brandon looked the Marine straight in the eye. Daniel was heartbroken as he continued.

"I love you, goddamn it!" He fought back the emotion that so violently struggled in his throat.

Brandon got up and ran from Daniel and flung himself onto the bed, burying his head under the pillows.

"Don't lie to me, man. That's not fair!" he moaned, muffled through the pile of pillows.

"Brandon," Daniel sat still-naked on the bed beside the now-hysterical form—this man to whom he had opened up his formerly-unavailable heart. "I would do many things in this life. But I would never, ever, ever, lie to you."

"I don't want you to love me, Daniel. I don't deserve someone as good as you. You deserve someone as handsome, as smart, as strong, as—well—good as you."

"You are the most handsome..." Daniel said, his words trailing off as he pulled the young man effortlessly from the pillows. "The most resourceful, the kindest soul, I have ever met. Someday I'll get you to understand that. But until then, you'll just have to believe that if I'm all that good, I don't lie. Now there's logic that even you can't argue with, big boy."

Brandon stared carefully into Daniel's eyes. Gone were the eyes of anger and hate. He looked into the eyes of a man in love, but that seemed to frighten him more than Daniel's violent outburst earlier.

"If you wouldn't lie to me, then tell me the truth. Why do you sometimes get so angry, and why won't you tell me why? You looked like you wanted to kill me, and all I wanted to do was to taste your cock. I love your cock—you know that, Daniel. I can't help myself. I want it in me; I want to taste it; I want to feel it; I want it to fill me."

Daniel looked pained and wouldn't return Brandon's gaze.



"I get angry when I think about how people have used you, have mistreated you. I get angry when I realize that the man you should be has been replaced by the man others have made you. Do you understand that? You refuse to tell me what even happened that night. I can't bear the thought of you being hurt like that while I was sitting in my truck being an asshole, feeling sorry for myself. I'm angry at myself, Brandon—not you. That's the truth."

Brandon sighed.

"There's not much to tell, Daniel. I just didn't want them to hurt you. I know you say you can take care of yourself, but they wanted to kill you—and there were two of them and only one of you."

"Why?" Daniel asked. "I know we weren't supposed to do that behind the bar and all, but fuck—why kill me? Why do what they did to you?"

"I needed that job, Daniel. I needed it bad. And I owed the owner of the club money. I basically came to town homeless, because I needed to get out of my hometown. And I can't talk about that now, so don't ask. Please, Daniel."

"I won't. Not until you're ready," Daniel said softly.

Brandon laid his head on the strong man's sturdy chest, softly rubbing his hand from side to side as he spoke.

"He took me in and gave me an apartment, some money and a *family*. I thought I'd found paradise. Nobody called me names, nobody hurt me, nobody used me for a punching bag, and I only got fucked when I wanted to. I know, that's too much information."

Brandon's tears dropped onto Daniel's chest, expressing pain too deep for words.

"Nobody will ever hurt you again, Baby. Not as long as I'm alive," Daniel said as he twirled the young man's wild blond locks in his fingers.

"You know I'm helpless when you do that to me, Daniel," Brandon said in a much lighter tone.

"That's the point." Daniel kissed him gently on the forehead.

Brandon continued.

"I had to work to keep up with the money I owed him. I worked days as a carpenter for the construction company that built the houses around here. By the way, I saw you several times before we met. That's why I was afraid of speaking to you at the bar that night. I wanted you badly, and I knew I couldn't handle it if you rejected me. Anyhow, I guess the Denali brothers figured I'd gotten a boyfriend to protect me. They wanted me to know what would happen if I didn't pay up. You were just an obstacle in their way. They would've thought nothing of doing you in. *You* didn't owe any money. They didn't have any reason to keep you around."

Daniel continued to massage Brandon's blond hair between his fingers, the rage once again building inside him. His breathing became heavy. He finally could be silent no more.

"*Why* didn't you let me protect you?"

Brandon looked sadly at him.

"I just couldn't bear to be in your debt, too. That's all. I didn't know what you'd want from me. It could've been worse."

Daniel grew more agitated.

"So you think that being with me is worse than having the shit beat out of you?"

Brandon replied matter-of-factly, "All I had to do for the Denali's was work, pay up, and sometimes fuck Mario, the fat hairy fuck who owned the place. Basically, he owned me."

"I had no idea that I was such a horrible guy! I can see how living with me is much worse than what you had!" Daniel screamed.

"You just want a pet, that's all. You want to be honest, Daniel? I'm convenient. And when you're done with me, you'll throw me out just like the rest."

The man's words rang in Daniel's ears like cannon. The months of caring, the sleepless nights, worried. *And this is how I'm repaid?*

Brandon continued.

"Well the joke's on you! I was using *you*! You're just a meal ticket! Deal with that!"

Before he could stop himself, Daniel hit Brandon hard, knocking him off the bed onto the floor and breaking the bedside lamp. Brandon jumped up and began to hit Daniel on the chest.

"Do it! Do it! Do it! That's what I deserve. Just get it over with. When you're done you can still fuck me! Just be honest. Hit me you bastard! I know that's what you want!"

Daniel drew back his open hand with every intention of slapping Brandon with every fiber in his being. A slap was what this ungrateful slut deserved, not a punch like a man—a bitch slap.

As he drew back his hand, he looked Brandon in the eyes. The man flinched, withdrawing into a posture that Daniel recognized as the reaction of a person who has been too long tortured, too long abused, and accustomed only to violence.

"Jesus Christ, what have I done?" Daniel cried as he grabbed Brandon by the arms.

Brandon withdrew, his eyes wild with fear, and shook violently as Daniel forced him to accept his affection. The quivering body was more frightening to Daniel than perhaps to Brandon himself.

*How could I be so ignorant?* Daniel wondered.

"You were just waiting for me to hurt you. That's what this has all been about."

"I wish I could say I'd never hurt you, but I have. I've done it. I can't change that. I'm a monster and *you* deserve better than me!" Daniel lamented.

Daniel held Brandon to his chest and finally felt the release of emotions that he'd known were somewhere deep within his soul. Yet he'd fought to keep them at bay. All the years of bravado, all the false machismo melted away as this large, hulking Marine sobbed uncontrollably. Daniel clung to Brandon as if his very life depended on it.

"Please forgive me, Brandon. I swear, I'll never touch you again."

He sobbed inconsolably.

Brandon seemed to hesitate, shock registering on his face as Daniel revealed a vulnerability that he'd never shown Brandon before. Brandon took Daniel's face into his hands,

looked carefully into the swollen red eyes, snot running from his nose, and laughed.

"Daniel, you should see yourself. No self respecting Marine should ever have snot running down his face."

Brandon wiped his own tears and as inappropriate as it seemed, Daniel laughed also.

"That's ex Marine to you, Recruit."

"It's a good fucking thing, cause you'd get your ass kicked if you were still in the Corps," Brandon joked.

"You're probably right, man. You're probably right." Daniel closed his eyes and lay back down carefully beside Brandon. Daniel laid his arm across Brandon and drifted softly to sleep.

\* \* \* \*



\* \* \* \*

Brandon lay quietly, waiting for Daniel to reach a level of sleep he'd come to recognize as near-unconsciousness. He laid his head on the wide, muscular chest he'd earlier been hitting with his fist, kissed the bruises, and whispered, "I love you too, Daniel."

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

## Chapter Four

Daniel woke early and whistled happily as he showered. He tried to put the previous night's drama into perspective. He thought to himself, *Why can't he see that I am what's good for him?*

The puzzled train of thought caused Daniel to stop whistling. He stood still in the shower allowing the steamy water wash over him.

Daniel, in contrast to Brandon's smooth body, was more rugged in appearance, hair on his upper chest, neatly clipped. A fine trail of hair led down his muscular stomach revealing a well-groomed patch of dark hair crowning a spectacular cock.

At Brandon's request, he'd begun shaving his balls. He'd become quite fond of having hairless balls. Grinning, he began to wash again fondling them gently with the soapy water. Once again he stood back and let the water flow over his head and rinse him.

The attention he'd been paying to his genitals had caused him to rise to near full erection.

"Excuse me but I think that's *my* job."

Daniel jumped in shock.

Brandon stood nude outside the shower stall. Since it had a clear glass, door, Daniel's view was exceptional.

The doors were perhaps an exercise in vanity, but since Brandon stayed over often, Daniel couldn't resist watching the young man shower. So having them installed was a must.

Daniel turned off the water. He towel-dried his hair as stepped out of the shower. He held his raging hard cock with one hand precariously swinging it as he walked.

"Well my good man, you can certainly take over from here if you'd like"

Brandon looked at him and sighed.

"The mood has passed." He stepped past Daniel who stood drying off. Brandon grinned as he stepped into the shower.

Daniel watched helplessly as the young man began. He slowly worked the soap over his amazingly smooth, sculpted chest. He worked his way deliberately down his flat stomach, pausing for a moment at his growing cock. Brandon winked slyly at Daniel as he carefully massaged the soapy waters over the tan, well-rounded ass that begged to be fucked. The view made Daniel's cock rise to full mast.

"This is bullshit, Brandon," Daniel pleaded.

"Whatever do you mean?"

Brandon smiled as he continued to work each inch of his body. He took particular time cleaning his chest, then his cock.

Daniel loved looking at him. Although not overly large, his proportions were sublime. Not an ounce of fat to be found. Daniel had often mentally compared Brandon's body to the famous rendering of Michelangelo's David.

Brandon slowly turned, giving Daniel a view that was perhaps his best—his superb ass. His wide shoulders and muscular back tapered to a very shapely waist. Daniel moaned quietly at Brandon's magnificent ass—muscular yet perfectly round.

Daniel's mind was racing. Finally, he couldn't take it any longer. He stepped into the shower and turned off the water, he grabbed his lover from behind, allowing his raging hard on to press between the cheeks of that incredible bubble butt.

He put his hands around Brandon's waist and began to pull him harder toward him. Daniel kissed the back of Brandon's neck, teasing his cock from behind.

Brandon purred.

"Well someone's glad to see me this morning"

"Goddamn right I am. You're such a bad boy! I should spank your ass for teasing me," Daniel growled.

Brandon spun around, jumping quickly out of the shower.

"You'll have to catch me first!"

Sprinting out of the shower, Daniel followed Brandon, catching him before he reached the bathroom door.

"Not a problem my good man. I have no intention of going to work with this raging hard-on."

"Well I can take care of that for you if you'd like"

Brandon grasped Daniel's erect cock and pulled happily on it.

He kissed his way down Daniel's chest, twirling the curly hairs around his fingers. He traced the fine trail leading down Daniel's rock-hard stomach. In one swift move that never ceased to amaze Daniel, Brandon inhaled the entire nine and a half inch shaft down his throat.

Brandon continued to work Daniel's erection. Daniel felt as if his cock were on fire. The intense pleasure was driving him to the edge. Finally he shouted, "*No, Damn it!*"



Brandon stopped his happy pursuit of cock diving and pouted his lip.

*"But I wanna—"*

Daniel pushed him away forcefully.

"I want your ass, boy. You've been parading it around all morning. You know I can't resist that ass, so it's mine!"

Brandon smiled, and with his deepest southern drawl replied, "Why I had no idea..."

Daniel contemplated his options. It was his custom to fuck Brandon facing him. Daniel loved looking at him. At times it made prolonging the ecstasy of the moment incredibly difficult.

For Daniel there wasn't another man who physically could compare to the man he now held in his arms. Daniel knew of course there were others who were more perfect, or bigger, or whatever the newest fixation of the gay culture. For him, Brandon personified perfection.

Breaking with tradition Daniel pulled Brandon around to the bathroom counter. It was a large marble top that had ornate fixtures. Brandon had meticulously chosen each fixture in the handsome room. Daniel pushed Brandon forcefully, face first against the counter. He enjoyed the incredible view of his prey in the mirror.

Brandon's cock was now fully erect. His pecs heaved in anticipation of the sex to come. His face was engrossed in the moment. His eyes were drunk in a sex-driven frenzy.

Daniel pulled the young man tight to him. His cock pressed hard against the object of his admiration. His voice echoed in the tiled room.

"Boy, do you want this cock?"

Brandon quickly chanted, "Oh yes, Sir! More than anything, Sir!"

Daniel wanted badly to impale his lover immediately. Grinning, he couldn't resist making him wait a little longer. Daniel slowly worked his cock between Brandon's ass cheeks. He kissed his lover on the neck and worked his way luxuriously down the curve of Brandon's back. He paused briefly before quickly plunging his tongue into his lover's expectant hole. Brandon violently shook from the pleasure of the sudden violation of his ass.

Daniel felt absently on the counter for lotion. He massaged the young man's cock from behind, using the lotion to lubricate his own cock. He pushed, a liberal amount of the scented lotion encircling Brandon's beautiful ass.

Daniel continued to rub his cock against the now quivering lips of his lover's ass.

"I'm not convinced." He slapped his lover's ass. Brandon leapt at the smack. A trail of pre-cum ran down the counter from the tip of Brandon's cock.

Daniel knew his lover, perhaps better than he knew himself.

"Jesus! Please! Give it to me!" the quivering man squealed.

Daniel gave him another hard slap. It left a red print on Brandon's ass.

Brandon now lunged forward spreading his ass. He obviously wanted to give Daniel no choice.

Daniel fell forward. His cock plowed full breadth into Brandon's waiting ass. The intensity of the move nearly drove Daniel over the edge.

"Now that was not very nice, boy!"

Daniel tried to compose himself.

"I'm not ready to cum yet, boy so you'll have to wait."

Daniel pushed harder into the warm depths of Brandon's body and laid all his weight against the younger man. Daniel paused deliberately as held his lover.

His engorged cock pulsed in Brandon's body. His cock pounded with each beat of his heart.

Brandon moaned.

"Oh God, I want it, sir! Yes, oh yes, oh yes!"

Daniel kissed the back of his lover's neck. Slowly he churned his cock again and again into Brandon's waiting hole.

Daniel's body reacted, stimulated by the warmth and response of this magnificent man. He fought the emotion of the moment. He could feel his orgasm building. Daniel's thoughts were pierced by Brandon's cry.

"Fuck me harder! *Harder*, damn it!"

Daniel had almost forgotten how intense a good morning fuck could be.

Grabbing the impatient man by the hair softly, Daniel pulled Brandon's head slightly back, simply to express his ultimate control of the situation. He growled.

"You want it *hard*, boy? I'll *give* it to you hard!"

With that, Daniel plowed violently into the man's ass again and again. Brandon seemed lost completely in the ecstasy of

the moment. His pupils were dilated; his mouth hung open, gasping.

Brandon's ass pushed hard against Daniel's cock.

As Daniel gave a deep thrust, he pulled Brandon away from the counter top. With one hand around his waist, Daniel reached around and grabbed his lover's pulsating cock hard. His large hand wrapped around the base of Brandon's cock and balls. Gripping tightly, Daniel squeezed hard as he drove again and again into the ass that he'd been wanting all morning.

The moment had come that no man could have delayed. Daniel plowed one final time into the warm depths of his lover's body. His cock exploded violently into Brandon again and again.

His body convulsed involuntarily at the sheer intensity of the moment. He squeezed Brandon's cock so hard, he was amazed he hadn't ripped it off.

Daniel's violent thrusts sent Brandon's sexual response over the top. His cock shot a seemingly endless stream of cum all over the counter, the floor, and down Brandon's legs.

The two men fell in one loud thump against the counter.

Daniel looked up into the large gold-leaf mirror that adorned his bathroom counter. *Damn this boy knows how to get to me.*

He looked down at his lover's contented face. Brandon lay motionless on the countertop. Daniel released Brandon's cock realizing he still had the member in a death grip in his hand.

"Damn it, I'm so sorry" Daniel spun Brandon around. "Did I hurt you, Baby?"

"Sir, uh, I mean Daniel, You could never hurt me. Well ... Actually, I love it when you hurt me." He smiled and gave a naughty laugh.

"Brandon, I'm serious. Did I hurt you? I lost control for a second. I'm so sorry."

Brandon kissed Daniel on the lips.

"I've told you—if you ever really hurt me, I'll tell you to stop. I love it when you're rough with me. I love it that I can make you lose control. That's fucking amazing to me. That someone like you would lose control with someone like me. I mean, it's too wild."

Daniel thought for a second about his lover's confession. He realized that this was not the time for analytical conversation.

"I expect you to do that. If you want me be open with you, then you have to be honest with me."

Brandon smiled at him. He ran his fingers through Daniel's dark curly hair.

"You just think you're in charge, big man." He smiled a crooked smile, He kissed Daniel on the neck, and said, "You've made *me* late for work now."

\* \* \* \*



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Brandon quickly left the bathroom to get dressed. He deliberately avoided washing off the scent of his lover. He

made no attempt to cleanse the remnants of cum still warm in his body.

"You might need another shower after that, Brandon."

Brandon's eyes welled.

"You know I enjoy the feeling of knowing there was a part of you in me all day. It makes me feel ... safe."

Stability had been an elusive stranger to Brandon for most of his life. He was beginning to accept that Daniel wasn't going to simply vanish into the night as so many others before him had. It was dangerous for Brandon to trust again.

He pulled a tight, white tee shirt over his head. He tucked it neatly into the Levis that Daniel had cautioned him repeatedly to throw away. They were worn to the point of showing flesh in areas that caused more than one onlooker to pause, but Brandon loved the comfort and familiarity of those jeans. He'd insisted that he wasn't giving them up for anybody.

"You can just get over it big man."

Brandon raced about the bedroom looking for his work boots, finally tripping over one at the foot of the bed. He sat, quickly tying the tattered laces, then rose and ran to the bathroom and gave his blonde hair the usual quick spritz with a styling spray. This gave the appearance that the wild locks were actually a deliberate style, belying the truth. It was simply a haphazard attempt to look presentable.

Brandon grinned as Daniel watched him racing about, while Daniel dressed in his usual careful and deliberate manner. Finally, Brandon saw Daniel don his sport coat over the silk knit shirt and khaki slacks. Brandon realized the

conservative look had become Daniel's uniform for the consulting work he did. He worked with private companies seeking to do business with the military.

Brandon paused as he completed his morning ritual of racing about. Upon preparing to leave, he looked at Daniel's carefully cropped hair and tailored clothing.

"Mmmmm you look good enough to eat, but unfortunately I have work to do. That'll have to wait for another time."

Daniel sighed "I could say the same for you. I'm not sure I should let you leave looking that good. If you were working on my house, I wouldn't let you leave."

Brandon gave him a quick peck as he ran toward the door.

"See you later, cutie."

Daniel patted him on the behind.

"No, I'll see you later, handsome!"

Brandon frowned slightly. His expression made it clear that he didn't believe the compliment.

"Young man, didn't anyone ever tell you it isn't nice to lie?" he tossed off over his shoulder, slamming the door behind him.

Daniel sighed, staring frustrated at the closed door.

"I'm not sure if you're conceited or if you just have no clue how hot you are. *By the way, asshole, I love you, damn it.*"

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

## Chapter Five

Brandon drove silently toward the house he'd been working on for a couple of weeks. He allowed the gentle croonings of his favorite jazz CD to soothe his growing anxiety. He dreaded going to this job. It wasn't the kind of job he preferred. Generally most of his clients allowed him free reign to design the project according to his own vision. Brandon was talented at making his client's homes the envy of their neighbors. As he tried to hold his dread at bay, Brandon's mind slowly ran through the events of the last few months.

It had been tough for him to allow Daniel so much access into his heart. It would be much easier to just piss him off and let him go. That was what his head said, but his heart couldn't help but wonder if maybe this man, who was an enigma to Brandon, was truly sincere.

Daniel truly was a man of contradictions. A former Marine, he was large and very stern in appearance and demeanor. Daniel was certainly not your average "queer."

At first blush, most people assumed that he'd certainly be followed shortly by an attractive, tall, slender, blonde woman with an incredible body, and a face to match. Under the stern façade lay a kind gentle man, very much aware of himself. He was very loving, and in most ways far more in tune with his emotions than Brandon would ever be.

Brandon thought as he pulled into the long circular driveway, of the project he'd been dreading all morning, *I*



*wish I could just run away.* He sighed deeply as he turned off his dilapidated Dodge truck. His vehicle sat in stark contrast to the magnificent, shiny, large diesel that Daniel drove.

He walked resolutely toward the large, foreboding entrance to the house. Brandon composed himself as he used his passkey to unlock the door. Making a deliberate point of announcing his presence to potential occupants of the house, Brandon sighed deeply.

He'd promised Daniel that they'd have lunch together, but he decided he needed to finish this job today, so he sent a text message to Daniel. He let him know he'd be unable to meet him because he was swamped, reminding Daniel that their earlier tryst had thrown him behind. He said that he'd be at the house all day, and couldn't get away.

Sliding his phone back into his pocket, Brandon saw the man of the house coming out of the bedroom. The homeowner's wife's car was already gone from the driveway. He'd assumed they'd left together. The aging lawyer was naked except for towel draped across his head. His body was bloated from years of too many three-martini luncheons and too much sedentary resolve.

Brandon stammered "O-Oh God! M-Mr. Holland! I'm so sorry! I thought you were gone!" He backed quickly toward the door, repeating his apology.

The lawyer laughed.

"Yeah I'll just bet you're sorry! Don't leave now, boy, cause you've got work to do. You should've been here an hour ago, so don't let me stop you."

The lawyer's tone frightened Brandon. It was reminiscent of his days as a young boy. His body trembled in fear, remembering a much larger man's imposing figure lurking over him. A big, hairy, loud man and the cologne. The thought made Brandon violently ill. He felt the bile rising in his throat.

The large man at the top of the stairs bellowed, "Are you deaf? Get your ass to work!"

Brandon was unsure why he wasn't in his truck driving away from this horrible man. He solemnly went to the top of the stairs carefully passing the naked man standing with the towel now around his shoulders. The lawyer frowned as he shook his head.

Brandon quickly began removing the molding from the doorway that he'd come to repair. It was the final few touches on what had turned out to be a trying, if very lucrative job. He reassured himself. *I can finish this job.*

Brandon needed the money. He couldn't rely on Daniel's kindness forever. He needed to find a better place. The neighborhood that housed his apartment frightened Brandon. Living there alone was not easy for him. The drug dealers, prostitutes, and pimps made it a very dangerous place. Daniel had never been to his apartment, thankfully.

Brandon worked silently, deep in thought about the kind man he'd left at home preparing for work. A gruff voice jolted him into the moment.

"I see how you dress when you come to my house, boy. You want attention. It's in the way you carry yourself. Fuck,

boy, I can see your ass through those jeans. Why don't you come into my room and give me a better view?"

Brandon stammered. "B-but your w-wife, sir ... I d-don't understand, sir. I didn't mean to offend you with my clothes, I'll go home and change"

"It's a little late for that now, boy. Look—you've given me a hard-on and it wouldn't be polite to let me just go to work with that, now would it, boy?"

Brandon struggled to find a way out of this horrid situation. Even if he weren't in a relationship, this man made his skin crawl. It was if he was reliving his most vile and evil past. He backed toward the steps. The lawyer snarled, "I know your type. You tease and then you run away. Is that what you do with that fag you call a '*boyfriend*'?"

The reference to Daniel as "fag" infuriated him.

"Keep him out of this. He's a good man, and he's no goddamn fag!"

"Well *you* certainly are, boy. Now, you don't want the world to know what a *checkered past* you've had. Believe me, boy. I can find out everything! You'll never be trusted in this neighborhood again!"

Brandon's heart sank. He couldn't have his name ruined—not here, not with Daniel's reputation on the line, too.

He turned and asked the man, "What do you want?"

"I want you to do what all good fags do. Get me off, boy."

Brandon silently bowed his head as he followed the overweight lawyer to his bedroom. The portly man pushed Brandon to his knees and forced his bloated belly toward him, causing Brandon to gag on his cock.

The lawyer was obviously enjoying Brandon's discomfort.

"Get undressed, boy. Let me see what all the fucking fuss is about."

Brandon stood, pulling his shirt off first, and then dropping his favorite jeans to the floor.

"I should have known. No fucking underwear. You were hoping I'd fuck you. Weren't you? That's how you boys are."

The large man laughed as he pushed Brandon onto the bed. He pushed Brandon's legs apart and slapped him on the ass.

Brandon pleaded. "Anything but that, sir."

The young man had allowed Daniel to use his hand, as well as his belt many times on his ass. For Brandon it was the height of ecstasy to have his ass spanked by the man he ... Even now while being violated by this angry, vile man, the word seemed unreachable. Did he love Daniel?

He simply couldn't have that part of his sexual happiness taken from him too.

The fat man said loudly, "Whore! I want to fuck you, not spank your ass, boy." With that he spat on Brandon's ass and pushed what he could of his cock into Brandon's tight sphincter.

Brandon screamed in pain.

"You fuck!"

The man laughed as he spat.

"Goddamn you little whore, you've been fucked today haven't you? Am I fucking in someone else's cum? You better tell me I'm not, boy, or I'm gonna make you sorry!"

"No sir, I used a dildo earlier. That's all, sir." Brandon panicked, fearing the lawyer might make good on his threat.

The thought of this man violating him in such a cavalier manner, hours after having the most generous man he'd ever known, was more than Brandon could bear. He began to sob hysterically putting his face into the pillow to muffle the wails he couldn't suppress.

His horror wasn't simply the degradation of the rape, but the knowledge that this man had destroyed the memory of the wonderful exchange earlier that same day.

As quickly as he'd begun the fat man pulled out and spread his semen all over Brandon's ass.

A familiar voice tore through Brandon's consciousness.

"I had to see it to believe it!"

Brandon heard Daniel's furious voice from the doorway.

The lawyer laughed as he slapped Brandon on the ass again.

"I called your *boyfriend* to let him know what a whore you are. Just thought he should see it for himself."

Brandon heard a thump, followed by a high-pitched squeal from the lawyer, whose voice also reminded him of a pig.

"What do you have to say for yourself?"

Brandon lay lifelessly. He trembled at the sound of anger in the Marine's voice.

Daniel pulled Brandon off the bed by the hair, violently.

"I said, what do you have to say for—"

His words stopped abruptly. Brandon's eyes were swollen and red, his face contorted in a way he'd hoped Daniel would never see again.

"What the hell?"

Daniel sank down onto the bed. He seemed unsure what to think at this point. The lawyer was already on his way downstairs mumbling something about readying himself for a long day at work.

"Turn over, Brandon. *Do it now!*"

Daniel's tone was one that he knew better than to disregard, so Brandon turned over. He watched Daniel evaluate the scene. He felt blood trickle down his inner thigh.

"Why?" Daniel asked. "Why? You could easily have stopped this man. I've taught you how to defend yourself. For Christ's sake you're strong enough. You could have knocked his brains out. Shit, Brandon—you've knocked me on *my* ass a couple of times"

Brandon chuckled at his words.

"Damn it! I deserve an explanation!" Daniel thundered.

"I didn't want to embarrass you, Daniel. He said he'd make it hard for you. I knew he could make it where I'd never be able to work again, and I know I'm a whore but I just didn't want him to hurt you and..."

Brandon continued babbling on until Daniel put his hand across his mouth.

"Shut up. I just asked why."

Brandon thought carefully.

"He said I asked for it because I'm a fag and I wanted it, but I swear I didn't think my jeans were that bad. You can burn them, Daniel. Just don't make me leave. Don't leave me! I don't love him; I love you."

The words hung heavy in the air. He'd said it. *Jesus*, Brandon thought. *I've done it now. I said it.* He sat silent.

Daniel had turned away from Brandon. His arms were folded in a resolute way. Naked, Brandon dropped to his knees behind Daniel's silent form.

"Please forgive me, Sir, Please!"

Daniel turned, large puddles in both eyes as he pulled Brandon to his feet.

"Did you ask him to stop, Brandon?"

A tear streaming down Daniel's face startled Brandon.

"Yes, Sir. I swear I begged, Sir" Brandon looked sadly at the ground.

Daniel put his hand over Brandon's mouth.

"What have I told you about calling me that?"

"I begged him to stop, Sir. Um ... I mean Daniel. He wouldn't, so I just wanted it over. I did let him. He's right. I could've run, but I just couldn't let him hurt you."

"Goddamnit Brandon! You worry about you! I can take care of me, and as for this asshole, let me assure you—you won't have to worry about him anymore. He's not going to be causing you *or me* any problems. Now get dressed. Actually, take a fucking shower! I don't want you to have that cocksucker's smell on you! I'm going to vomit if I keep smelling it."

Brandon stammered. "H-he'll get m-mad if I use his b-bathroom."

"You let me worry about him. Now shower up, cutie."

Brandon was relieved at the euphemism.

Daniel left the room smiling softly at the man now entering the shower. Brandon heard the door shut to the bedroom.

That's curious, *Why would Daniel close the door?* He quickly began to wash, then stood motionless allowing the scalding waters to wash away all remnants of the earlier violence that he hoped to forget. He turned off the water when he heard the loud crash of broken glass, followed by footsteps leading back up to the bathroom.

\* \* \* \*



\* \* \* \*

Brandon hurriedly dressed as Daniel re-entered the room.

"What happened? Are you hurt?" He examined the large man, who was still breathing hard. Daniel was obviously trying hard to conceal his fury from him.

"You *are* hurt!" Brandon said with genuine concern. "You're bleeding. Your hand—What happened?"

"Never mind that. Let's go, ok?" Daniel kissed Brandon on the mouth.

Brandon couldn't help but sigh at the clear sign of forgiveness from his partner.

A sudden rush of dread spread over his mind.

"*Christ!* You killed him didn't you? *Oh God!*" Brandon nearly fainted at the thought.

"Don't be a drama queen, Brandon. I didn't kill him; I just reminded him that I know people *much* higher up than he



does, and if he so much as *looks* in your direction, *then*, I'll kill him!" Daniel gave a devilish wink.

"Oh, and here's your check. I'm sure he's quite satisfied with your work. However, Mr. Langley won't be requiring your services any longer."

Brandon *had* been thinking about the money, and how badly he needed it. Now he felt guilty taking it. It seemed as though he'd somehow brought all this on himself.

"I'm sorry, Daniel," he repeated as they went out the front door.

"I'm kind of growing tired of that, too. You didn't do anything wrong except failing to value yourself more than your reputation—or mine for, that matter." Daniel looked Brandon dead in the face. "Did you mean what you said to me? Or was that a way of getting me to forgive you?"

The words were harsh, but Brandon knew that his avoidance of that word would certainly become an issue at some point.

"I didn't want to say that to anyone, ever, Daniel," Brandon confessed.

"Well you said it to me. The question is, did you mean it?" Daniel looked carefully at his lover.

"Yes, Sir. It's true. I love you," Brandon said with his head on Daniel's broad shoulder.

He shook his head. "Sir, huh..."

"We'll have to work on that some other time. Let's go home, Baby."

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

## Chapter Six

Upon arriving back at the two-story colonial, Daniel looked at the handsome face he recognized as Brandon, waiting for him to pull in the driveway.

"Why didn't you just go in? It's cold out here," Daniel said as he quickly unlocked the door and ran inside.

"I don't like going into other people's houses without being invited."

Daniel looked sternly at his worried lover.

"We need to talk" .

Upon hearing those words, Brandon looked as if he'd been given a death sentence. He followed Daniel upstairs to his bedroom.

Brandon sat resolutely on the edge of the bed. It was the same bed in which they'd spent many hours exploring each other's bodies. He now looked as though he wished somehow he could just have the ground open up and swallow him. He seemed as though he'd been beaten down too many times to take another fight. Brandon had told Daniel that he'd learned as a young boy, it was easier to accept the inevitable than to fight.

"Brandon," Daniel began as the young man's heart sank deep within his chest, "You are a special, talented, and extremely handsome young man." The young man's eyes showed his obvious disbelief at Daniel's use of the word "handsome".

"I'm not handsome, Daniel. Please don't lie to me. It means you think I'm stupid too. You don't have to lie to me. You're handsome. Hell you're hot as hell! Me, not so much."

Brandon laughed nervously at himself.

It hurt Daniel that Brandon had become accustomed to making himself the brunt of his own jokes. He was sure it took the sting out before someone else could bring up his perceived shortcomings.

"Brandon," Daniel continued unshaken. "You are more than handsome. You're extraordinary, and men notice that. Hell, you work it—you just don't realize the weapon you're working. You turn heads everywhere you go. Don't you know that?"

Brandon stared at the floor.

"Maybe an old fat fuck like that lawyer...."

"Brandon, do you think I'm ugly? Or desperate?"

"Hell no! I told you, that you are without a doubt the hottest man I've ever fucking met! I nearly creamed my shorts the first time I saw you."

Brandon grinned.

"Then *why* would I need to be with someone who wasn't attractive to me?" Daniel asked pausing for a response.

"I just assumed you felt bad about what..."

Daniel stopped him.

"I *never* have felt sorry for you. I have regretted what has happened to you, but never have I been with you because I pity you. I have ten guys a week at work tell me if I decide I want to share you, keep them in mind."

Brandon sat up and with a child-like curiosity asked,  
"Really? Who?"

Daniel chuckled.

"It doesn't matter; I'm not going to share you. Certainly not with those guys!"

"So you would share me?" Brandon asked with a very sexual grin.

"Well, Baby, *only* if you wanted to be shared. That's the rule. Why? Did you have someone in mind?"

"Well if Brad Pitt wants to come to the other side, I'd have to think about it," Brandon said with a devilish smile.

Daniel laughed a large laugh and fell back onto the bed beside Brandon.

"If he comes to the other side, I'd certainly be ok with *that* threesome"

Brandon, in a move foreign to the pair, climbed across Daniel's chest and pushed him down onto the bed.

"I want to make you happy, big man. That's my goal."

He kissed Daniel hard on the lips and fell full weight against his chest.

They kissed and touched and caressed like schoolboys first discovering the wonders of sex but afraid to go too far. Neither man unzipped his pants. They simply enjoyed being together and the knowledge that for now, all was right in the world.

\* \* \* \*



\* \* \* \*

The long narrow southern road stretched out before Brandon in the early predawn hours of morning. He hadn't ever before paid attention to how beautiful the area that Daniel lived in was, in stark contrast to the cold, gray city area that was his own home. (If you could call a tiny dingy apartment in the worst of neighborhoods a home.) The handsome, self-conscious young man now drove slowly along the roads leading from the well-manicured suburbs toward the cold, harsh reality of the city that lay before him.

Brandon was still confused from the unbelievably intense make out session from the night before. Daniel had made him take charge. Though they hadn't had sex, it was perhaps the most sexual exchange he'd ever experienced. It had been a fantasy he'd been trying to suppress for a while. It was a fantasy that he'd found troubling for a number of reasons. Daniel had often accused him of "topping from the bottom".

This wasn't a revelation to the young man. He'd become talented at keeping even the most aggressive of tops in check. Brandon knew that a good bottom boy could manipulate the situation to work in his favor. He had convinced more than one muscle-bound jock that it was the top's idea to use his belt on him. Or to have the top man stop fucking him and let Brandon finish him with his hand, leaving his seed on the rock-hard abs of the crafty bottom boy.

In reality Brandon hated giving himself to someone who obviously didn't respect him at all. Although he was well

aware of his *talent*, Brandon didn't really use it to manipulate anyone. He'd just learned the art of self preservation.

That was all that had kept him sane. Years of dodging the emotional land-mines placed by others had found their way into his subconscious mind. But this was different. Brandon called the shots. Then it came to him, *Daniel* was topping from the bottom. *That bastard!* He thought, *He's using the same shit I use on him!*

Brandon chuckled to himself. He wasn't fond of having his own tricks used against him. The old truck pulled into the driveway of a large chemical company. Brandon had contracted with the company to replace all the plant bathroom stalls. Not terribly glamorous work, but it paid exceptionally well. He needed the work. More than that, he needed the money.

The handsome young man flashed his I.D. at the pleasant young woman at the reception desk. She smiled at him, making small talk as she buzzed him through the door.

He had been deep in thought and hadn't made his usual effort with the attractive woman. Brandon was a flirtatious man. He was accustomed to being able to use his charm to work a situation. He assumed that all the fuss about his looks was simply a ruse to make him feel better. He used the one tool he felt confident that was his strong suit—his unmistakable southern charm.

As he passed the desk, he heard the receptionist whisper, to another of her co-workers, "Mmmmmm.... what a shame. I heard he's gay. That cute, that sweet..." She sighed deeply "All the good ones're gay!"

The young woman looked startled as she noticed Brandon turn slightly at her words and smiled.

Visibly shaken, the young woman stammered, "Uhhmm is there something I can help you with, sweetie. Uh—I mean, sir?"

Brandon couldn't pass an opportunity to flirt, even if she most definitely wasn't his type. *For one, she was missing some important equipment*, he thought as he chuckled inwardly.

He walked back to the desk, leaned over, and whispered into the young woman's ear.

"Sweet heart, if you find some good ones I'd love to be introduced, because even the gay ones are giant pricks, too."

He flashed an impressive smile—perfectly white, straight teeth. He allowed his hand to brush her cheek as he rose from imparting his words of wisdom.

Embarrassed, still visibly affected by the handsome young man, the receptionist apologized again for her lack of professionalism.

Brandon smiled at her and said, "I'm sure there are much better looking guys coming in here day in and day out. You'll find your Prince Charming."

As Brandon continued on to work he heard the receptionist whisper again in the background, "It's a damn shame—a damn shame."

Brandon couldn't help having his ego stroked a bit. He didn't really believe that he was good looking, but turning a head or two, no matter how misguided, still made him feel strangely alive.

Daniel often accused him of being vain since he made a deliberate effort to keep his appearance up. He used moisturizers, hair products, practically worshiped the sun, and worked out voraciously to maintain the package that he'd learned to accept as the best that he could achieve.

Brandon continued on toward the work before him. He thought about his interaction earlier with Daniel. He was glad that he'd finally made peace with his lover.

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



## Chapter Seven

Daniel left shortly after his lover left for work. Brandon had hastily made his way to work that morning. Daniel wondered if Brandon might be home early? He really wanted to further explore their newfound roles.

Brandon seemed to enjoy being aggressive with him, and strangely enough, it had been wildly erotic for the normally obsessive and controlling Marine to allow this much smaller man to call the shots for once.

Daniel decided to make a quick trip home for lunch. He hinged his hopes on the slight chance that his lover might make it home early. He knew that Brandon was nearly done with the large job for the chemical company that he'd been trying to finish up.

Upon pulling into the driveway, Daniel tossed his keys on the floor of his large truck, slid out of the leather seat, and quickly made his way to the front door. He felt like a little kid, coming downstairs in the hopes that Santa had come and left him a surprise. He smiled broadly as he walked toward the door.

He knew that it was Brandon's practice to park behind the house, because he was still afraid that talk would get around that Daniel was shacking up with someone obviously beneath his "social standing."

Daniel tried in vain to make Brandon understand that he didn't give a shit about what *people* said. If anyone didn't like

his liaisons they could get a life of their own as far as he was concerned.

He turned the knob on the front of the house. He was surprised to find it open. If Brandon had come home earlier, he'd have gone in the back door. Since his old truck was not in the circular driveway, he obviously would not have opened the front door.

The Marine in Daniel went on point. He wished he had a gun. He steadied himself as he went in the door. He looked around, noticed nothing out of place. The house was obviously empty, so he settled down. *I must have left the door unlocked myself. I'm glad I came home for lunch. That could have been a big mistake, stupid!*

He carefully assessed the situation, confident that his lapse in judgment had been the culprit. As he walked to the kitchen and fixed himself a sandwich, he heard the unmistakable sound of the shower.

Daniel smiled and thought, *My baby's home!*

He picked up his cell phone and made a couple of quick calls to put off some afternoon appointments until another day. He loosened his tie, took off his jacket and hurriedly finished his sandwich, looking forward to continuing the tryst that had begun last night and ended in the two men falling asleep arm in arm, still half clothed.

Daniel walked up the stairs wondering if he should scare his lover or gently announce his presence, but as he entered his bedroom, he thought better of jolting Brandon. He was fearful how that might affect what he hoped would be an exotic afternoon of passionate lovemaking, perhaps finding

new and unexplored parts of his own sexual being. He wanted to explore every avenue open to the two lovers. Nothing was off limits with this incredible young man. Every fiber of his being longed to satisfy Brandon.

He heard the shower turn off and a pair of feet hit the floor of the bathroom. Daniel started to disrobe. He stood bare-chested with one leg in and one leg out of his pants. His cock rose in anticipation of the wonderful unknown that lie before him. He looked down, preparing to remove the other pants leg, and said gently so as to not startle the handsome man in his shower, "Baby, I'm home, and I want to run my tongue over every inch of that incredible body of yours!"

A voice that Daniel had not heard in over a year replied, "Me first." Daniel fell face-first into the bed, tripping over the pant leg now wrapped around his ankle. A tall slender man with dark hair, dark eyes, olive complexion and a smile that was as unsettling now as it had been a year ago, stood in the doorway of Daniel's bathroom.

It was Miguel, an immigrant from South America. He had shared Daniel's bed for the better portion of two years before Daniel met Brandon. Daniel stood up, flabbergasted at the sight of the man whom he'd assumed had either gone back to his country, or just decided to make himself a new life a long way away from him.

Daniel had made himself quite clear when he'd broken up with Miguel that it was over. There had been no love in that relationship—there had been dependence, there had been sexual chemistry for sure, but it was far from healthy for either of the men involved.

Miguel had come to Daniel almost immediately after he'd left the Corps. Daniel had been burned out. His time in Iraq had made him question everything he believed in—his country and the direction it was headed. The apparent disconnect between its citizens and its leadership. Most of all in his beloved Corps.

He'd spent the better portion of his adult life defending each of those with honor. Nothing made sense to him. He was angry and frustrated. It seemed upon coming home that he'd accomplished nothing more than destroying a country and its citizens, and he had no real explanation as to why.

His sexuality became an issue when he'd found himself in a sexual relationship with a handsome officer in the Army. Faced with a possible court martial for "inappropriate sexual behavior," his lover had denounced the relationship, and denied his sexual identity. For Daniel it was the final blow in a long line of betrayals. He simply refused to lie about who he was. His Commanding Officer, a long time friend, had allowed him to retire gracefully so he wouldn't lose his pension. He hated that the final humiliation was to help the Marines cover up his "deviant behavior."

Daniel had been angry with himself, and angry with the world. This fact had found fruition in his sex life upon leaving the Corps. He'd taken to wild explorations in situations with multiple partners. He'd become a "Master" to a number of "slaves" in a sexual dance that to this day caused Daniel to tremble in fear.

He didn't even know the man he'd been in those days. It had given him great pleasure to humiliate and degrade the

men who so willingly gave themselves to the well-built Marine. Somehow it seemed to make up for the pain of having his life's work in the military come to such an abrupt end.

Miguel was foremost amongst those men. He had become Daniel's property. It wasn't a fact he was proud of; it simply was. He'd found himself in a world he never even knew existed. What was worse, he'd found solace in that world. Daniel had felt alive in that world. This was the fact that scared him most. He had loved it. But yet, he hated that world, and the man he became in it.

He glared at the man now standing directly in front of him. Now naked, Daniel was completely flaccid. There was nothing sexual about this experience for him. He had closed the door on that world when he threw Miguel out.

Sure, Daniel rationalized, he'd played some light-hearted games with Brandon, having the younger man call him Sir, and occasionally spanking his incredible ass with a belt. But it was all in fun, and Brandon loved it. That's why he'd given in and played along when the young man pushed their sex life in that direction. It was a role that he could pull off, but he wasn't comfortable living in it. It came too naturally.

The dark eyed man pulled in closer to Daniel and kissed him on the lips. The Marine didn't flinch. He seemed paralyzed by the shock of the meeting.

"Are you going to at least say, 'hi, nice to see you again, darling,' or something?" Miguel said with a smile.

"Get the fuck out of my house, you fucking skank!"

"That's some welcome. I make all the effort to come here, get fixed up for you, and this is the thanks I get? By the way, love the collar and cuffs you had in your closet; thought they'd add a little something to the sex."

Daniel had been so shocked, he hadn't noticed the collar and arm bands the man was wearing. He'd placed them in a suit box that he kept in the bottom of his closet. They belonged to Brandon. The last time he'd seen them on was the night he'd brought his lover's bruised and beaten body home. He'd carefully removed the items to bathe the wounded man in his tub. He wasn't sure why he'd kept them, other than it was a reminder, albeit a painful one, of the handsome man and the first time he'd caught Daniel's eye in the bar. Brandon had seemed so empowered by them. Daniel couldn't part with them. He'd hoped sometime to find that spark in Brandon's eyes again.

Now this whore, Miguel, for whom Daniel had visible contempt, was wearing them. The Marine barked an order that the man knew was not to be ignored.

"Get that shit off right now, before I rip your fucking head off, you goddamn whore!"

The man pouted as he took the items off and threw them on the bed.

"Happy?" he said in an exaggerated tone meant to elicit some type of apology.

Daniel carefully picked the items up and walked into the closet, wrapped them again in the jacket that he'd wrapped his lover in, and placed all the items back in the box.

Upon re-entering the room, he asked, "Did you run out of men to fuck? Or did you just decide you wanted to come back to make me miserable again?"

"I know what you need, Sir," Miguel cooed. "You know you want me. Now take what belongs to you, Sir."

Daniel had long-since gotten past any feelings he had for this man. He was a selfish and twisted individual who reveled in his ability to drive the Marine to levels of anger and sexual passion that frightened both of them. Their sexual encounters were always passionate, the sex so intense at times that Daniel would lose touch with reality. Miguel would have to recount the particulars as the Marine was unaware of anything other than the intense feeling of release when it was over.

The last time they'd seen each other, Daniel caught Miguel fucking two other men in his bedroom. On this very bed. In hindsight, he knew the man had done it to enrage him and to push the sexual tension to another level, even more violent than before. Miguel obviously had known that his indiscretion, specifically the fact that he'd defiled his Master's bed, would be an offence that would mean sure and swift punishment, and that Daniel's anger would last for days. It was sentence that Miguel had happily orchestrated to achieve his need to be tortured and abused in new and more violent ways. Miguel was incapable of having a "normal" sexual relationship. If there was no violence involved, it bored him to the point of nausea. The slender man obviously intended to rekindle the Master/slave relationship that Daniel had summarily ended more than a year ago.

Dangerous Obsessions  
by Blake Deveraux

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\* \* \* \*

Knowing Daniel was a talent that Miguel took pride in. He'd been watching him for weeks, trying to decide just how to oust the new lover in his Master's bed, and find his way into what he knew could be an even more intense affair than before.

"I know you aren't going to tell me you'd rather have that blonde slut I saw leaving in that pathetic truck this morning, are you? I can do things for you that little gutter whore couldn't even consider, much less do."

The insult was more than Daniel could take. He pulled back his muscular arm and with all the force he could muster, he punched Miguel in the face. He knew he'd hurt Miguel as soon as he'd hit him; he felt his face give and saw blood shoot across the room.

"Get the fuck out!" Daniel shouted as he saw the man spit out a broken tooth onto the carpet.

"More!" the desperate man moaned. *"More!"*

Daniel, now furious that Miguel wouldn't just leave, struck the man again. Miguel fell to his knees and began sucking passionately on the Marine's cock.

Daniel bellowed, "Get up you fucking nut! I'm going to kill you if you don't leave!"



Miguel never let up, continuing to work his magic on Daniel's cock. Daniel worried that if he hit him again, he might lose his cock. He feared Miguel might bite it off, so he pulled the man up by the hair, forcing him to stand up. Miguel made a loud gasp as he lost suction on Daniel's now-erect cock. Daniel hated the fact that this man could make his body react even when his mind wanted to annihilate him.

"I want you out! *Now!*"

Miguel kissed him on the mouth. The taste of blood now on Daniel's lips caused him to pause. He didn't want to hurt this man or anyone else. Why did Miguel always push his buttons?

"You obviously want me, Baby, so *fuck me!*"

Daniel's cock, now at full mast stood erect between them. There was no denying there was chemistry there, but it was a dysfunctional chemistry that threatened his increasingly elusive grasp on sanity. Miguel flipped around and spread his ass, backing violently into Daniel's rock hard cock. The slender man screamed in pain as he impaled himself without warning on the rigid cock.

"*Yes! Fuck Me!*"

"You whore!" Daniel shouted, angry that he'd allowed this man to violate his resolve.

"You want fucked? Is that what you want? I'll fuck you till I split your ass wide open! You'll never want fucked again when I'm done with your crazy ass!"

Daniel, now wild with anger, passion, and a wave of emotions long suppressed, grabbed the man by the hair and drove himself mercilessly into his ass. Each thrust lifted the slender man off the ground.

"You fucking whore—you like it! Don't you, bitch?" The Marine seethed as he continued to pound the man's now-red, swollen ass. He slapped Miguel's ass violently, bruising it to a shade of violet. Daniel came explosively into the man's firey-hot ass.

Miguel screamed wildly throughout the entire event.

"Nobody can fuck me like you Sir!"

As soon as he'd come, Daniel realized he'd made a huge mistake. He pushed Miguel, who was panting wildly, onto his face on the floor and off of his cock.

"Get dressed and get out, I never want your sorry ass around here again!"

The slender man tried to reason with Daniel but it was to no avail.

"I ought to have your ass arrested. Instead, I'm going to forget this day ever happened, and I suggest you do the same, if you'd like to live to see another one," Daniel growled with deadly venom. His tone brooked no games.

Miguel turned and gasped, reacting to a figure standing silent in the doorway. Brandon placed his finger in front of his lips to let the man know he'd rather keep his presence silent for the moment. Brandon had witnessed the entire scene and was taking in all that he'd seen.

Daniel slumped sadly onto the bed, still unaware of Brandon's presence in the room. He covered his head with the decorative pillows that his handsome lover had placed there just that morning.

"I'm such a fucking idiot!" he screamed into the pillow.

A familiar voice whispered, "You're not an idiot. I just need to learn how to please you. I didn't know what you needed. It's okay, Daniel. I'll do better."

He felt Brandon stroking his dark hair, and was jolted into reality by this tender action.

*Christ*, he thought. *It can't be.*

He looked up to see his handsome lover sitting on the bed beside him.

"I, uh ... I, uh..." Daniel stammered.

"It's okay; I just haven't been taking care of your needs. I'll do better, Sir. I promise." Brandon smiled painfully.

"Miguel left his number, if you want it, Sir."

"I don't want that cunt's number! This was the stupidest thing I've ever done! You have every right to hate me. I don't know how, but I'll make it up to you somehow. I swear!"

Brandon softly touched his lover's head.

"I don't mind, Sir, I promise. It's my fault. I should have realized you needed more from me, Sir."

Daniel looked up, saddened at the realization that Brandon had not made eye contact with him since entering the room. The Marine sat up and lifted his lover's face.

"Look at me, Brandon. Please hit me! Scream at me! Do something!"

Brandon said softly "It's okay, Sir. I'll do better. I swear"

"*Damn it!* Stop calling me 'Sir'!" Daniel's anger at himself flowed over into the conversation. He grabbed Brandon by the arms and shook him violently.

"*Stop it! Goddamnit, Stop it!*" His fingers now dug deep into the young man's smooth, tan skin. Daniel began to shake violently. "Jesus Christ! What've I done?"

Brandon stood so still he seemed lifeless—unable, or unwilling to move or speak. Daniel, realizing that the young man was not going to respond, threw Brandon backwards against the bed, hoping to elicit an angered response.

Brandon still avoiding his glare replied, "Thank you, Sir."

Daniel fell to his knees at the beautiful man's feet. He began to weep like a small child.

Brandon sat back up. He began to stroke the Marine's curly, dark hair.

"I'll learn. I can become the man you deserve, Sir. I can be a good servant, Sir."

Daniel, heartbroken at the young man's words, realized he'd committed the greatest crime of his life. He'd broken the man's spirit. The one thing that had most attracted him to Brandon was gone with one incredibly stupid move. Daniel had destroyed this man. He couldn't stand. He couldn't move. His stupidity seemed to permeate every corner of the room. Broken, he whispered.

"Brandon, just find someone who loves you, Baby. You deserve better than me. Please, just go. Just go." He crawled up into a fetal position, unable to speak, and lay lifeless on the bed.

Brandon carefully pulled the blanket over his lover, kissed him on the forehead, stroked his hair, and whispered, "I'll be home later, Sir, and then we'll have some fun. Okay?"

The fact that his damaged lover, now broken to a new depth, considered his comfort made Daniel physically ill. He ran to the restroom and vomited violently. After he'd emptied the contents of his stomach and was unable to vomit anymore, he showered and returned to his bedroom.

Brandon was gone. Daniel was alone.

*This is what I deserve. I deserve to be alone.*

He fell, lifeless, into the bed, sure that he'd never again see the handsome young man who'd changed his world forever. He was to blame. There was no way out of it; he'd made this mess, and now he had to deal with it. He drifted into a hazy state of unconsciousness that came from the final acceptance of defeat.

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

## Chapter Eight

The large, broken, naked man slept restlessly for an hour or so. He was abruptly awakened by the ringing phone on the night stand next to the bed. Upon looking at the caller ID, a feeling of confusion overcame him. Daniel's brow furrowed deeply at number that was calling. He hadn't thought of that place in over a year. Why was someone from the "Pig Pen" calling him? He hoped that Miguel was smart enough not to call him, especially from that pit.

Daniel had decided that if he laid eyes on that bitch again he'd make sure Miguel would never again want to be in the same zip code, much less the same room as him. He pressed the button and in a short tone barked, "It's fucking midnight. This better be good."

He recognized a familiar voice from his past.

"Mr. Deveraux, This is Andrew." A long pause followed "...from The Pen."

Daniel recognized the voice. The "Pig Pen" was a leather bondage and S&M sex club. He'd spent far too much of his life after coming home from Iraq in that club. He'd allowed his rage to find a sexual outlet in that despicable place more times than he cared to admit. Daniel was practically a legend in the club. Even the most aggressive tops referred to him as "Mr. Deveraux." There was no one who disrespected him there. He'd proved on more than one occasion that he was not a man to be fucked with. Frankly, he was amazed that he'd never been arrested. He'd sent more than one man to

the hospital who'd foolishly challenged his place as the most aggressive top to ever enter the doors of The Pen. Master was not a title he wore with pride. He'd hoped that his life would be different after leaving that horrible place. Now here on this, the worst day of his life, the man who ran that pit was on his phone.

"Andrew, I don't mean to be rude but fuck off!" Daniel slammed the phone down violently. It rang again, almost immediately. Without even looking at it, he snatched it up.

"I'm coming down there to remove your fucking lungs with a goddamn spoon! If you have any fucking sense of self preservation *don't call me back!*"

The voice on the other end of the phone was audibly shaken.

"Sir, I swear I would never have called you but, *your boy* is here. I thought you'd want to know, before someone ... Sir, you know it's not safe for your slave to be here alone. Fucking Daniel Deveau's boy—it's what most tops would give a nut for. They'll assume you're done with him. They'll push him, and they won't take no, Sir. I'm afraid he'll be killed, Sir. That's all, Sir. I'm so sorry for calling again."

Daniel grinned. An unsettling sense of satisfaction passed his consciousness.

"It's fine with me. Let'em kill Miguel. It'd serve him right!"

Daniel's finger came to rest on the *end* button when the voice shouted, "No, Sir! Wait! It's the pretty one, Sir. He told me he was your slave, Sir. That's why I called. I don't think he has any idea what he's getting into."

Daniel sat up like a lightening bolt.

"Jesus Christ, Andrew. Brandon's there?"

"Yes, Sir, he's here. I thought you should know."

Daniel shifted his tone. He spoke very clearly.

"If anything happens to my boy before I get there, as God as my witness, I will make you wish for death long before I allow you to find it, Andrew. Do you understand me? *Answer me, you fucking bitch!*"

The quivering voice belonging to the hulking man on the other end of the phone replied, "I understand, Sir. I'll do whatever I have to do. But please hurry, Mr. Deveraux."

Daniel arrived in front of the large, metal building. It was non-descript and had no distinguishing marks other than the small painted sign, which boasted a leather-clad man holding a whip and a simple inscription *The Pig Pen*.

When Daniel got to the door, a slim man with pink hair wearing a dog collar and multiple facial piercings looked up from his book through the small viewing window.

"Yeah, man. What can I do for you?"

"Boy, let me in the building before I pull you out of the window through that tiny little hole, that's what you can do!"

The small man looked back down at his book.

"Sorry, man, members only."

Daniel turned, using his large, steel-toed boot, and forcefully kicked in the door. Indignantly he threw a hundred dollar bill at the startled man.

"Get that shit fixed."

The small man picked up the phone muttering something about calling the police. A larger man wearing a leather



jacket, chaps and more metal than cloth grabbed the phone from him.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Deveraux. This piece of shit didn't know."

"Andrew, where's my boy?" Daniel strode through the building like a panther waiting his prey.

"Sir, about that—come with me. We have a bit of a problem, Sir. Nothing's happened yet, Sir. But there is bidding."

"Take me." Daniel sighed deeply.

The two men walked down a small, narrow hallway with multiple doors on either side. The sounds of flesh being tortured hung heavily in the air. The smell of sex made Daniel's stomach churn. A handsome young man smiled at him. Daniel shot the young man a glare. The sight of bright red whelps and dried blood on the handsome man's back made Daniel quicken his pace toward the large room at the end of the narrow hallway.

A large crowd was gathered around the doorway. Daniel pushed the men violently from his path, as he entered the area designated for public humiliation. Brandon lay nude and submissive, strapped spread-eagle in a leather and chain swing. The men lined the walls of what had become known as *The Torture Room*.

*If he wanted to, he'd never be able to break loose.*

"Give me a minute with my boy, Andrew." His glare caused the men surrounding Brandon to scurry from the room. Daniel slammed the door behind the large foreboding man as Andrew helped the last of the spectators from the room.

Daniel's gruff, violent tone immediately shifted with the closing door. He walked over to Brandon who lay still, waiting for whatever horrors the patrons of *The Pen* chose to impart upon him.

Daniel loosened the straps and allowed Brandon's arms to fall free. He whispered into Brandon's ear.

"Listen to me, do not speak, do you understand?"

Brandon nodded his head.

"I know why you're doing this. I never wanted this for you, Brandon. This is a world you should never have seen, much less experienced. I'm going to get you out of here one way or the other. This is not the kind of place you just walk out of, Brandon. *Damn it!* If I try we'll both end up dead, do you understand me? *This is not a game!*"

Many times the two men had toyed with the notion of bondage, and Daniel had always insisted, "It's just a game. It ends when the sex is over."

Brandon began to cry.

"I don't think I can be the man you need. I've angered you again, Daniel. Please just leave me and find someone else."

Daniel put his hand over Brandon's mouth "*I told you to shut the fuck up!* If these people think I'm in here negotiating with you, we're both dead. Do you get that?"

With that Daniel took off his belt and reared it back wildly through the air.

"When you hear the belt scream like a bitch, Brandon! Do you understand?"

Brandon began to shake violently in fear. Daniel reared back and struck his own thigh with a slap that sounded like

thunder. Daniel bit his lip in pain kicking Brandon to elicit the desired scream.

"I'm sorry, Baby, but I have to make a mark or they'll know I didn't hit you. I'll make it small, but scream louder, okay?"

Daniel took the belt and, his eyes full of tears, he struck the beautiful young man on the leg. Brandon dutifully screamed.

Daniel fell on the ground and began striking himself repeatedly with the belt. Brandon begged him repeatedly to stop. Daniel knew that to the listeners outside the door the assumption would be that he was punishing his boy.

Daniel was, perhaps, trying to ease his own horror at placing the long red mark on Brandon's unblemished thigh. Maybe he wanted to make the ruse more believable. He walked to the sink to wash his face, then turned and looked down on his beloved Brandon lying sobbing in the swing.

"That's good, Baby. They'll think I did that to you."

Brandon's eyes were swollen from the tears. He seemed inconsolable at the sight of his lover torturing himself so violently.

Daniel re-fastened Brandon's restraints. "Do exactly as I tell you and we'll both come out of this alive, understand? And for God's sake call me Sir here, or I'll never be able to get you out of here."

Brandon sobbed, "Yes, Sir. This is all my fault. Just leave me, Sir"

Daniel leaned down to kissed his lover.

"Never."

The leather-clad Marine walked to the door. Opening it he viewed a host of characters straight out a "B" grade gay porno flick. He laughed as he looked at the pathetic group of sex-crazed men.

"Anybody 'wanna see what happens when Mr. Deveraux is crossed? My boy's a cooperative sort. He took his beating like a man, so I want to reward him. Who's willing to serve Mr. Deveraux?"

A large top man stepped forward.

"I'd like to buy your boy from you, and I'll trade both of my boys."

The huge man pointed to two men on either side. One man was standing wearing a leather harness and a butt plug up his ass. The other man, kneeling at his feet, had what could be best described as a tail. It was a long leather strap attached to a dildo shoved far into the smooth rectum of the handsome young man leaving only the long leather strap to retrieve it dangling between his legs. He was on all fours. A dog collar tightly encircled his throat. The enormous man held the leash.

Daniel sized up the two men.

"Good looking boys you have there, but nope. This one's a keeper. However, I do think I'll take your boys anyhow."

The man lashed out in fury.

"Who the fuck do you think you are?"

Daniel took the leash as he led the two men into the room. The man grabbed Daniel by the arm. He attempted unsuccessfully to turn Daniel around.

Daniel laughed a hearty laugh and spun on his heels. He grabbed the man by the throat. Wielding a switchblade he

kept hidden in his boots, Daniel placed the blade precariously under the man's leather-clad genitals hanging freely from the chaps he wore.

The man squeaked an apology. He gasped, attempting in vain to speak. Daniel held him suspended with one hand on his throat. Daniel knew if he lost his grip on this man's throat, the razor sharp knife would castrate him in one swift movement.

"That's *Mr.* Deveraux to you ... *Boy!*"

Daniel eased the man down, allowing the knife to slide effortlessly across the man's stomach and up to his neck.

"Any questions?"

Daniel's gaze surveyed the crowd, posing the question not only to the man nearing castration, but the entire congregation of men. Almost in unison all the men standing by replied, "No, Sir."

Daniel allowed the large man to compose himself. He shook the man's hand.

The puzzled man looked as if he'd seen a ghost.

Daniel looked him square in the eye.

"You are a true man. There wasn't another pussy in this building willing to stand up to me. You did. It wasn't your smartest move, but you did it none-the-less. It showed balls. If anyone here ever tries to fuck with you, they'll have to fuck with me first." Once again he addressed the room "Is that understood boys?"

Again the room replied in unison, "Yes, Sir."

"Now, what's your name?"

"Name's James, uh, Sir."

Daniel growled. "That's not necessary, James. To you I'm Daniel."

The man smiled broadly, proud of his newfound status in the club.

"Although, James—I still intend to use your boys tonight. I assume that won't be a problem?"

"Keep 'em if you want 'em, Daniel."

"That won't be necessary, but my boy's had a rough night, and I intend to show him a good time. I think your boys are just what we need to take care of that. You can stay and watch if you'd like, but no interference will be tolerated from anyone."

His tone rose toward the end of the sentence once again allowing all witnessing this strange transaction to know that *he* was still in charge. He wanted all the men to realize that anyone caring to challenge his authority would regret it quickly.

James grinned broadly, grabbing a stray man by the collar.

"No, I think I'll use this boy right now. I'll check in later to see if you need any help."

Daniel growled at the onlookers.

"You're making my boy nervous. Take it outside or get in the back of the room, but don't be lurking."

The men dispersed quickly. Most of them retreated to the back of the room. Several men left hurriedly, expressing fear of the wrath of the Dom who was so obviously in charge of the situation. The remaining men waited quietly in the doorway hoping to see what Daniel had in store for the three men now surrounding him.

Daniel released his lover from the harness. Brandon sighed heavily. Daniel took him by the hand and lifted him out of the swing.

"Enough of that, boy. I'll fuck you later, but for now—I want to use you for my amusement"

Daniel turned to the men in the doorway.

"Get me a fucking chair, you low-life parasites!"

Two men scampered down the hallway retrieving a leather desk chair. It belonged to the front man who had greeted Daniel when he arrived. They slid the chair into the room.

"Sir, will that do?"

Daniel acknowledged the obedient man who now stared down at the ground. Daniel patted him on his naked ass.

"Yeah, boy. That'll do. As a matter of fact, the rest of these low-lifes are not allowed to touch their dicks while my boy gets off. But you have pleased me. You may jack off, but not before my boy tells you to!"

The man beamed, obviously proud he'd made his mark with the impressive Marine.

Daniel sat slowly down, and looked at the three men in front of him.

"For the purposes of our little experiment here, I will be calling the two of you faggot and bitch. Is that acceptable to both of you?" Daniel queried knowing that there was no other acceptable answer than the one given.

"Yes, Sir!"

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

## Chapter Nine

Daniel looked squarely at Brandon, now leaning against the wall looking at himself in the mirror. He was trying to salvage what could be considered the worst "hair day" of his life. Daniel smiled at his attempt to be *presentable* for him.

"Boy, don't worry about your fucking hair. Come to me now."

Brandon abandoned the mirror walking quickly to his lover's side. Daniel ordered, "Kiss me, boy!"

Brandon smiled gratefully at Daniel, straddled his lap and kissed him long and hard playing with Daniel's cock all the while. As he worked his way around the Marine's neck, Daniel whispered, "I love you, Baby," in Brandon's ear. The words hung in his throat as he fought back the emotion of the moment. God how he loved this man.

Daniel watched as Brandon choked back tears at this obvious break in the dance they'd begun. Daniel, snapping quickly back into role, ordered Brandon up.

"Lie down on the bed, boy." Daniel turned to the prettier of the other men. "Now bitch, get my boy hard or else!"

"Faggot!" He turned to the older, more effeminate man, still wearing a dog collar and leash, "Get that shit off your neck. My boy isn't gonna fuck a goddamn dog!"

Brandon lay silently on the bed. Daniel noticed a tear on Brandon's cheek as he enjoyed the oral attention the handsome young suitor was giving him. Upon hearing Daniel's



comment concerning the upcoming event, Brandon shot Daniel a frightened, almost panicked, look.

"Before the night is over, you both will know what it's like to have another bottom boy fuck the shit out of you. You like that, boys?"

Both men chimed in unison "Yes, Sir!"

Daniel knew that Brandon was not the type to fuck. He'd grown up in a small town, gone to college in rural North Carolina. He'd told Daniel that he'd fucked a couple of college buddies in school. He'd really only done it to make the guy feel better about his lagging self esteem. Brandon was drawn to damaged people. *Is that why he's with me?* The thought saddened him as he remembered the events that had brought them to this place.

Brandon's panicked look caused Daniel to pause. He reassured his lover with a wink. He wanted Brandon to know that he had no intention of placing him in a situation that he couldn't manage.

Despite his reassurance Daniel could read the fear in Brandon's eyes. He knew his lover too well. Daniel could read the hundreds of questions racing through Brandon's mind. What if he couldn't get it up? What if they laughed? He wouldn't be sure at all what to do.

Daniel had gone over this scenario in his head. Somehow he had to keep appearances up while allowing Brandon to know that he was doing this for him alone. As he sat there, the older of the two men Daniel had taken from James had crept over and begun to lick the Marine's boots.

"Faggot, I don't think I told you to do shit now, did I?"

The kneeling man cowered. "No, Sir."

"Get over to the bed, boy, and lie down face first, ass in the air! *Now!*"

The man crept on all fours toward the bed. Daniel wanted to reinforce the dominance he held in the room (mostly for his and his lover's safety). He snarled "*Now* you pig!" He grabbed the man forcefully by the hair and threw him face down on the bed.

The force of the blow caused the handsome young man crouched between Brandon's legs to lose his balance and allow his teeth to scrape Brandon's engorged member.

Brandon wailed "God that hurt!" The young man pulled quickly away from the object of his attention. Daniel struck a hard blow, backhanding the man, knocking him backward away from Brandon causing his mouth to seep blood.

"Did he hurt you, boy?" Daniel asked Brandon in a business-like manner.

Brandon replied apologetically "It's not bad, Sir. He just..."

Daniel growled "*Did* he fucking hurt you?"

"Yes, Sir." Brandon's gaze was fixed on the stained tile floor.

Daniel walked to the man who still nursed a bruised, bleeding lip, and shouted "*Get up!*" He glared at the man. "You want me to fuck you, don't you, bitch?"

"Yes, Sir!", the excited man gasped.

In a seemingly uncharacteristic move of kindness, Daniel said softly, "Turn around. Let me see if your ass is worthy of this" Daniel pointed to his impressive semi-hard cock. The man quickly turned around. Daniel smiled at the man's

attractive bubble butt. He rubbed it gently, and the man moaned.

Daniel growled sexily, "Umm ... Nice boy."

The man now had his ass turned provocatively toward Daniel's growing cock. Daniel angrily jerked the man toward him, nearly forcing his cock full throttle toward his ass. He barely missed the hole and slid the heated member upwards between his cheeks, and resting in the small of the quivering man's back.

Daniel grabbed the man's cock. It was throbbing and so engorged with blood that its purple color was only exceeded by its heat. Daniel twirled the man around, ordering him to step back. He wanted to get a better look at him.

He was a very handsome Latino. His flawless olive skin, dark piercing eyes made him an enviable conquest. He possessed a rather impressive cock, and a well-toned body. Daniel looked at him for a moment, smiling, then with one quick motion took his hand and struck the man's rock hard penis with his open palm.

The sound appeared to frighten Brandon who'd been watching all this with curiosity, probably wondering where it was leading. Brandon had a curious look that revealed concern. He undoubtedly wondered whether Daniel intended to fuck the handsome man.

Daniel stared at the two men. This one was handsome for sure, but Brandon's looks were so classically beautiful, it was eerie at times to Daniel.

The Latino man screamed in agony. He grasped his cock and doubled over from the intense pain. His pained

expression looked as if his cock hadn't just been slapped, but that the aggressive man had removed it.

Daniel grabbed the man by the hair. "If you hurt my boy again, that's only a sample of what I can do, understand?"

The handsome Latino nodded his head, apparently unable to utter a word due to the excruciating pain. His cock however, was as hard as ever. He was obviously satisfied being the recipient of Daniel's attention.

"Stand up straight and don't touch your cock till I say you can! *You understand me, boy?*"

Once again the man nodded.

"Stand in the corner till I call you! Now onto further business." Daniel returned to the two men now sitting side by side on the bed. Brandon sat motionless next to the older, more effeminate man.

"Now, faggot," Daniel continued. "I want my boy to spank you. You are not allowed to shout. You may not cry. There is no safe word, and my boy decides when he's done with you. Boy, do you want to fuck this piece of shit? Or would you rather have that pretty boy in the corner?"

Brandon's expression of fear belied his calm tone.

"Sir, I'm not sure what you want me to say. I'm sorry, Sir."

"You should know your master better than that, boy! When I ask you a question it's because I want an answer! *Now!*"

"I'd rather fuck him."

Brandon pointed to the handsome man in the corner.

The Latino man's cock jumped at the suggestion. "Thank you, Sir!"

The Marine thundered, "*Bitch*, you'd better thank *him*. If I wasn't in a good mood, the best thing you'd get to fuck you is this piece of shit here." Daniel pointed toward the disappointed man sitting next to Brandon.

"Now, Bitch, you stay put for right now. Faggot has not been paying attention. My boy's cock is getting soft, and no one's getting fucked if my boy doesn't get hard. *Right Boy?*"

Brandon whispered, "No, Sir."

"I think you should punish this piece of shit."

Daniel unbuckled his belt, removing it in one swift movement. It made a loud snap upon leaving his final belt loop. Both Brandon and the man seated next to him reacted quickly. The sound made both of the men's cocks jump to attention.

"I knew my boy liked getting his ass spanked, but apparently 'Faggot,' here, likes it just as well." Daniel paced like a caged panther. "Get up, boy!" He grabbed Brandon forcefully. He placed his hands on the young man's shoulders, placing the belt in Brandon's hands. "You decide how to punish this piece of shit"

Brandon turned away from the others in the room. Only Daniel could see his face. The look of panic written there scared Daniel. He increased his foreboding glare until it penetrated Brandon's fear.

"Do it! This isn't a game, boy. *Do as you're goddamn told!*" His tone was deliberate and forceful while allowing a bit of reassurance to permeate his words.

Brandon turned toward the older of the two men, now lying face down, ass presented, rock hard cock pressed hard

against his belly underneath him. Brandon seemed unsure what was expected of him. Daniel grinned as Brandon made a feeble attempt to imitate what he thought a real top would do.

Brandon walked over to the man lying on the bed. He walked beside the older man, pulling his face out of the dingy sheets that covered the sexual playground upon which the man was lying. Brandon yanked the man up by his graying locks of hair. The older man yelped loudly. He held the man up, suspended by his hair and growled in a tone that surprised Daniel "You want me to fuck you. Don't you, boy?"

The man replied "Yes, Sir!"

Brandon hissed. "Fat fucking chance!" He released the man from his grasp allowing him to fall forcefully onto the stained mattress.

Daniel laughed at the callous response from his frightened lover.

"You tell him, boy!"

Brandon quickly turned his attention to the man's ass. Grasping the belt by the buckle he allowed the full length of the weapon to hiss through the air as it made contact with the ass so tantalizingly spread before him. The man yelped.

Brandon's amazing lips pouted as he turned to Daniel.

"I don't like that, Sir. He's making too much noise!"

"That's not my problem, boy. He's yours. You decide how to handle that."

Brandon stood looking reflective for a second. Daniel puzzled as he wondered what his lover was up to. Suddenly Brandon grabbed the jockstrap that was lying on the floor—

the same jockstrap that had earlier housed Daniel's impressive cock. It bore the stains of his earlier excitement. Brandon shoved it violently into the older man's mouth, causing him to gag.

*"Stop that shit or I'll make you sorry!"*

Daniel sat lazily back watching the scene with amazement. He always knew Brandon had spirit, but this was a side even he didn't expect. Brandon went back to work on the man's ass, repeatedly slapping it with the leather-studded belt formerly adorning Daniel's waist. He walked over to the older man, pulled the now saliva-soaked jock from his mouth.

"Boy, you like that don't you?"

The man worked up the strength to reply, "Yes, Sir—very much!"

This seemed to infuriate the young man wielding the leather weapon. Brandon stood beside the man and struck him hard across the back leaving a huge red whelp across his shoulders and back. Daniel, now growing concerned at the intensity of the beating taking place, sat up a bit and continued watching.

The young man returned to his position behind the man still on all fours on the bed, ass cherry red, and rock hard cock dangling between his legs begging to be touched. Brandon walked over to the man, rubbed his ass with his hand and rubbed his hand length wise along the man's engorged penis. The tender action was apparently the culmination of the older man's lust as he came furiously all over the sheet below him.

Daniel laughed heartily.

"My boy's still got it!"

Brandon, now seemed lost in a haze. He wailed the belt over and over across the man's back legs and ass.

*"Did I tell you to cum? You fucking bastard! You like young boys, don't you?"*

Daniel slid to the end of his chair fearing that Brandon may be loosing control. He relaxed a bit as the young man suddenly stood frozen. The older man now bruised badly, with a stream of cum connecting his cock to the bed smiled.

Brandon hissed, "You like young guys like me don't you, you piece of shit?"

The man happily chanted "Yes, Sir!"

This response made Brandon's eyes flash with a level of anger Daniel knew too well from his own unpleasant past. The young man continued, "You can't get it up unless it's with a helpless kid can you?"

He struck the man with each accusation.

*"You get off on shoving things into them!"* Slap.

*"Humiliating them!"* Slap.

*"Burning them, making them suck your goddamn hairy-ass nasty old man's cock. That's what you like. Don't you, you worthless piece of shit?"*

Brandon had the belt drawn back about the strike the man again. Every muscle in his body gleamed with sweat. His biceps bulged with the intensity of his anger. Daniel knew this was no longer about the man on the bed. He fought back the need to embrace his damaged lover. He wanted to make his pain go away, but there was no time for that right now. He



had to put a stop to the beating before Brandon seriously injured the man.

Daniel took hold of the hand wielding the belt.

"Boy, that's enough."

Brandon stood bleary-eyed, like a man in a drug-induced fog, his eyes wild with anger. His body shook violently until he ran to the corner where the younger man sat silently watching the spectacle. Brandon reached for the small metal trash can and vomited.

Daniel rose quickly, not wanting the situation to be viewed as out of control. He summarily ordered the spectators out of the room, and bolted the door. Then he ordered the handsome Latino man to see about the other man's needs. The dark-skinned young man took a rag, wet it, and carefully wiped off the older man now lying face down and bleeding from the beating.

Daniel went to the corner of the room and knelt down beside Brandon.

"Are you okay, Baby?" He whispered, not wanting his concern to be evident to the other two men in the room.

Brandon replied quickly as he rose. "Yes, Sir. I'm fine."

Daniel pulled Brandon close.

"You need to pull it together. You can't lose control like that; you'll end up in jail."

Brandon looked over Daniel's shoulder. He watched as the young Latino man nursing the older man's many whelps left from the beating. Brandon looked carefully at the harmless form shaking on the bed.

"Did I do that, Sir?" His tone suggested he didn't believe he'd been present for the beating.

"Yes, and you need to back off. I'm not sure what happened back there, but it has to be reined in."

"I'm fine, Sir."

Daniel returned to his chair and pensively watched his lover return to the two men on the bed. Brandon stared lengthily at the older man, as if to make sure he wasn't dreaming. Brandon seemed to know this man, even though Daniel knew that wasn't possible.

Daniel knew that Brandon had allowed his demons to cause him to hurt this innocent man. The younger man looked as though he wanted to cry. Suddenly he stiffened his posture. Daniel exhaled, relieved that Brandon had realized that this was not the place or time. He seemed to remember Daniel's caution, as he carefully considered his next move. He slowly sat down next to the older man.

"You were very good, boy," Brandon said soothingly. "I think you've earned a reward."

"Sir," the young man said softly to Daniel. "I'd like to reward the boy if it's ok."

Daniel, now relieved that his lover had regained his composure, slumped comfortably into his chair. He couldn't help wonder, though, how tortured Brandon's mind must be. The things he was shouting at this man—What hell had this young man endured in his life?

The thought made Daniel shudder. He wanted to rush over, scoop his lover up, and take him away. He wanted to protect him from the cruel harsh world, to erase all the

horrors of Brandon's past. He wasn't even sure he could handle knowing all the things that haunted his lover. He knew, however, that Brandon had to come to grips with his past, the same as Daniel was trying to do. He knew now though, that there were levels of horror that this young man had endured that even his most violent of experiences couldn't touch. For now Daniel put those thoughts out of his mind and returned to the moment at hand.

Brandon smiled at the handsome Latino.

"Of course you can reward the boy." Daniel remarked soothingly.

Daniel knew that Brandon couldn't bring himself to use the name that Daniel had tagged the older man with, since it was a missile of hate that had been directed at him many times as a young boy, and later as a man. He'd seemed to prefer to keep it generic. "Boy" seemed to suit the situation for him fine. Brandon's deliberate avoidance of the word made Daniel regret it's earlier use.

"Come here." Brandon motioned for the younger Latino man to come over to where he sat. "I want you to make him feel better. If you do a good job, I might help you out myself."

The Latino man returned to the bed, and softly massaged the older man's back and ass, carefully moving slowly over the red whelps left there by the Brandon's rage.

Brandon kissed the Latino man softly on the lips and ran his fingers over the smooth shapely chest exposed under the leather chest harness the man wore. The older of the two men moaned as the Latino man's cock grew larger and now

pressing hard against his thigh between his ass and balls. Brandon, now straddling the older man, was in a passionate embrace with the handsome Latino, his own cock bobbing precariously in front of the older man's face. The man older man, apparently unable to take the temptation any longer, swallowed the large phallus to the hilt. Brandon gasped at the man's sudden move.

Daniel watched all of this with a level of satisfaction and curiosity, and massaged his own growing erection. The sight of the two handsome men in a passionate embrace fueled his passion.

"I don't believe my boy gave you permission to touch him, now did he?" Daniel paused just short of using the slur he'd previously tagged the older man with.

The man immediately spit the cock out as quickly as he'd engulfed it.

Brandon gasped again at the abrupt disruption. Noticeably agitated, he took the man by the hair.

"Boy, don't start something you can't finish!" He shoved his raging hard-on down toward the older man's face.

The man's eyes flashed wildly as he looked toward Daniel for confirmation that he was acting according to his master's will. Daniel nodded affirmatively. The older man smiled as he bobbed up and down on the large cock.

Daniel had often commented what a shame it was that Brandon was a bottom boy with such an impressive cock. When completely erect, his cock was just about an inch shorter than Daniel's. Brandon sported a respectable eight and a half inches. Though his cock was shorter than Daniel's,

when completely erect, the younger man's cock was more than a mouthful. It was more than five inches in diameter. On the rare occasions that Brandon had allowed Daniel to suck his cock, He'd barely been able to take it all into his mouth. The older man, obviously an experienced cock-sucker, was enjoying the meal intensely.

Daniel continued stroking his cock at this erotic scene. The two younger men were a very pleasing sight, indeed. Daniel never failed to be in awe of his lover's beautiful body, and even more impressive face.

Brandon's newfound toy, the Latino man, although not as flawless as Brandon, was truly exceptional in his own right. The three men were now in a sexual pyramid. The older man on the bottom was grinding his ass against the Latino man's cock while Brandon's cock bobbed in and out of the older man's mouth.

Brandon, now aware of the exceptional prowess the man possessed as he worked on his cock, stopped and pulled away from the Latino man, and pulled the older man off his cock.

"I'm not ready for that. I don't cum until my Master says so."

Brandon looked lovingly at Daniel who was now working his cock more quickly at the scene before him.

"Sir, when you want to cum may I have your cock? I'll do anything you want, just please let me have your cum when you're ready."

Daniel laughed heartily.

"Keep getting me hard, boy, and you'll have as much cock *and* cum as you can handle! You're doing a pretty good job. Keep on working it, boy!"

Brandon rose and walked around behind the Latino boy who was still grinding against the ass before him. Brandon picked up the belt and ordered the younger man, "*Fuck Him! Do it now!*"

The older man pushed his ass against the raging cock. The younger man now lost in lust shoved his cock effortlessly, now lubed with pre cum to its hilt in the man's experienced ass.

Brandon grinned.

"You like that, boy?"

"Yes, Sir! It's fucking great, Sir!" The handsome Latino smiled as he plowed mercilessly into the older man.

"How 'bout you, boy?" Brandon asked.

"Oh yeah!!! Oh yeah!!!"

The Latino continued pushing harder and harder. His thrusts forced the older man into the wall at the head of the bed.

Daniel smiled at Brandon.

"Are you going to accept that answer?"

Brandon seemed to take his cue from Daniel. He took the belt and gave a quick slap to the tanned ass belonging to the man who was pounding the cunt now begging for harder and deeper thrusts.

The loud smack caused the Latino man to squeal, "*Oh Fuck!*"

"What?" Brandon asked the Latino man was practically crazed with lust, his cock pulsing violently inside his lover's ass. The older man's muffled cries for more filled the room.

The Latino man turned quickly, "Yes, Sir. I'm sorry, Sir. I was bad, Sir."

Brandon, obviously familiar with the intense pleasure that having a good spanking while in the height of passion can bring, slapped the man again with the belt.

"Oh God, Sir. May I cum, Sir? May I cum?" the Latino man chanted.

Brandon moved back to his earlier position. His cock dangled in front of the bottom man's face. He shoved it all the way down the man's throat. He grabbed the handsome younger man around the middle and shoved his tongue into the man's moaning mouth. Moving slowly, kissing toward his neck, he whispered softly into his ear.

"Go ahead. Breed the boy's ass."

This tender gesture was more than the Latino man could take. He spewed his seed into the bottom man's ass. Feeling the rush of cum that filled him, the older man moaned happily as the Latino man's seed spilled down his thighs. He continued sucking Brandon's cock as he moaned a muffled request allowing him to pleasure himself. Brandon pulled out of his mouth, and ordered him to flip over on his back.

"Now you, pretty boy, suck him off. And don't spill a drop or I'll make sure your ass looks like his before I'm done!"

The Latino man dove quickly onto the cock of the older man. It was a long slender cock and the Latino man, much

younger and not as experienced as his counterpart only took half of the seven and half inch member.

Brandon said, "That'll never do." He shoved the younger man's face downward till the handsome man gagged. "That's better, boy." Brandon appeared tired of the men before him as he walked over to Daniel.

"May I please you, Sir?"

Daniel now feverishly pumping his cock moaned breathlessly, "I want you now!"

Not wanting to wait, Brandon lowered himself in one quick, albeit painful move onto Daniel's cock. He settled onto the throbbing cock and kissed the Marine's chest. The moans from the bed were growing louder. Daniel looked at the two men now feverishly in a 69 position.

"Looks like you've gotten our boys excited."

Brandon smiled.

"Glad I could help. It seems as though I've done a little something for you too, Sir!"

Daniel leaned into his lover while thrusting deep into his love tunnel. He whispered to avoid being heard by the two men across from them.

"You always do it for me, Baby." Daniel grabbed his lover's cock and pumped it with his large hands.

Brandon's face was lost in the intense pleasure of having the throbbing erection in his body, as well as the forceful hand job that he was receiving. He fell with a plop on the muscular chest of the man seated under him. Daniel was still shoving his cock into the young man's thirsty hole.



Brandon could barely speak, but forced out the words, "Oh God, Sir I need to cum! *Please* let me cum, Sir!"

Daniel kissed his lover on the lips knowing that this in conjunction with a forceful thrust deep into his ass would send the young man over the top.

Just as quickly as the thought had crossed Daniel's mind, Brandon's cock shot a volcano of white-hot semen between the two men. The fluid melded the two men's bodies together. Daniel convulsed involuntarily into his lover. As the two men fell into each other, they realized that the other men on the bed were moaning loudly.

Daniel shouted, "Get it done, boys! I'm tired of you both. You can go."

The two men simultaneously filled each other's throat with the hot, sticky reward for their efforts, and Daniel summarily dismissed them. They quickly stumbled out.

The audience filed back into the room, and Daniel roared, "For Christ's sake, I want my boy to myself! Get the fuck out! *All* of you!"

The disappointed men quietly shuffled out and carefully shut the door behind them. Brandon now lay luxuriously across his lover's chest, panting from the overwhelming relief of the orgasm he'd so badly needed. Daniel pushed Brandon back away from him, although he held the man by the hips, still impaled on his now-subsiding erection.

Brandon, assuming that Daniel was done with him, began to move away. Daniel whispered, "Not so fast."

He licked the cum that was smeared on Brandon's chest—the smooth, tan canvas that to Daniel was perhaps the most

beautiful, and satisfying work of art he'd had the pleasure of encountering, and Brandon shook from the overload of sexual stimulation one has following a long-overdue orgasm.

Daniel, after licking his lover clean said, "It's time to go. I want you to promise me you'll *never* do this to yourself or me again. I never want to come back here again. This is not the life you deserve. You deserve a lot better than this. Promise me that, Brandon. Promise me."

Daniel's words seemed to perplex Brandon.

"Why? I thought you wanted this? Miguel ... the belt ... I just thought...." His words trailed off as he stared at Daniel.

"We'll talk about it later, but if you truly care about me, you will forgive me for my weakness, and make me this one promise. I swear that I'll never again give you a reason to worry."

Brandon ran his fingers through Daniel's short, black hair and replied, "I promise, I guess. But I don't think you'll ever be happy without this place."

Daniel didn't have the words to explain to Brandon that this place wasn't a sexual outlet, as strange and contradictory as that seemed. It was a place he'd come to exorcize his demons, to vent his anger at the seemingly mindless violence he'd encountered in time in Iraq. He'd come to realize that all this place did was make him feel more removed from life, love, or any humanity he'd ever hoped to achieve. Daniel hoped that he hadn't made a huge mistake by allowing Brandon to have a small sample of the depravity that had been his past.

He simply wanted Brandon to be able to understand why this "game" was so dangerous for both of them. He didn't need to use violence to experience life. He needed to find a way to connect with this man as a human, as a lover, as someone who needed to be loved as much as he did. He knew that what he needed was Brandon.

The two men walked out of *The Pen*, passing the endless rooms of sexual perversions, deviance, and misplaced passion that the other men present were reveling in. Daniel didn't miss this place. He felt a deep pang of sadness that his lover was now fully aware of his unhealthy tendencies and violent past. He simply hoped that somehow Brandon would let him forever close the door on the darkest period in his life.

Before leaving, Daniel, in a ceremonious fashion unfastened the leather harness around his chest, and spotting the man he'd nearly castrated earlier, tossed the leather item toward him.

"I won't be needing this anymore"

The proud new owner of Daniel Deveraux's leather equipment said to the men now watching the departure, "That's a fucking man right there. You boys'll have to take your orders from me from now on." He called after Daniel. "You take care of your boy there, Daniel."

As Daniel opened his truck door, he said loudly to the shock of the onlookers, "He's not my property; he's my lover. If anybody's a *boy* in this truck, then it's me." The men now slowly filtered back into the building. Daniel leaned over and kissed his lover.

"Andrew is having your truck brought to my house."

Brandon slumped down into the seat beside the large man and rubbed his chest, twirling the fine hairs on the man's stomach.

"What did you mean, you're the boy?"

Daniel smiled coyly.

"You'll just have to figure that one out for yourself. But I never, ever, want you to call me Sir again. I'm nobody's master and *you* most certainly are no one's slave or property. If you love me, you'll accept that we are lovers, not Sir and boy, or Master and slave. That's not what's in my heart, and I refuse to accept anything less than a real life with you. You and I, between us, have had enough pain for one lifetime—probably more than one. I never want anything but what makes you happy. That's all I need. When I get you home, I want to spend the rest of my life trying to do just that."

Daniel looked down as he slowly navigated the road and noticed his exhausted lover sleeping peacefully beside him. He drew in a deep breath, as the large truck pulled slowly into the circular driveway in front of his house.

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

## Chapter Ten

Several days had passed since that strange and eventful night when Brandon was awakened to new levels of rage, and when Daniel was exposed to new levels of vulnerability. Brandon had no idea how raw, and how painful that night had been for his lover. He was still trying to sort out his own feelings of confusion, and a certain degree of disillusionment with the whole "S&M" scene. The young man had always enjoyed a good spanking, especially from Daniel, but the "Pig Pen" truly lived up to its name. Brandon wasn't sure even what a pig pen had to do with a domination and discipline club, but at this point that was the least of his concerns. He wasn't sure what Daniel wanted from him. Did he want a slave? Did Daniel want him to become like Miguel, a mindless recipient of his rage?

Daniel had refused to allow Brandon to return to his own apartment since that night when he had tucked him into the large bed the two men often shared. To Brandon, this begged the question, *Am I already Daniel's slave?*

It certainly wasn't the worst thing that Brandon could think of happening. He'd spent most of his life as someone's "whipping boy." Why would he deny this amazing man his right to "own" him? Daniel was the finest man Brandon had ever known.

He was also the most frightening at times. No matter how hard he tried, it seemed the situation was spiraling out of control. Neither of the men had discussed that night. All of

these questions burned deep inside of the young man's troubled mind. Brandon thought that twenty six was awfully young to just "give up." But was it really giving up to have the most amazing man he'd ever encountered want only him? He desperately wanted to be the lover Daniel needed, but Brandon just wasn't sure he was up to the job.

Daniel was still sleeping soundly as Brandon watched him. He'd made a point of finishing up some contracts on his laptop and he'd stayed awake uncharacteristically late to do so. Brandon was accustomed to waking to an empty bed with Daniel long since having showered and dressed. He was generally half way through his morning ritual of grapefruit, coffee, toast and a bowl of plain oatmeal when Brandon awoke. (A truly nasty combination in the young man's estimation—healthy maybe, but *nasty*!)

The fact that Daniel had not laid a hand on him since that fateful night, and had made no other sexual overture stronger than a friendly hello or goodbye or goodnight kiss, especially confused him.

*Well, Brandon thought. It's Saturday morning, I'm up, let's make use of ourselves why don't we?*

As was his custom, Brandon slept nude. During the night he was certain it was an unconscious move on his lover's part, but he'd felt Daniel lie against him, his morning wood pressed firmly into Brandon's back, and his large heavy hand precariously cupping Brandon's cock.

Brandon had wondered, *Am I ever going to get lucky again?* Well today was the day, the handsome man had decided. The games were afoot!

He stood naked and jumped quietly into the guest bath shower so as not to awaken his sleeping lover. He went downstairs nude, his tanned body glowing from the heat of the shower, and his muscles rippled with the pent-up testosterone of a man on a long sexual dry spell. He'd made a point not to masturbate so that if Daniel had made a move, he'd be up to the challenge immediately. Unfortunately the abstinence had made the young man so horny that simply thinking about the handsome Marine's cock made his own jump to attention and ache for release.

Brandon entered the large and impressive kitchen. Amongst his lover's other talents Daniel was an extraordinary cook. He had a large stainless steel stove with massive burners that, to Brandon, looked as though you could serve the entire Marine Corps. His thoughts drifted to the time Daniel had shown him the Marine Corps band on their trip to DC. Brandon loved the music, but he especially loved those handsome Marines, with their spines straight as an arrow, their arms clad in the starched white uniforms, the trousers, cut as if they were born to wear them covering what Brandon was sure was an incredible lineup of Marine Corps meat.

"*Shit!*" The young man thought as he saw his erection practically touching his stomach. *That bastard better fuck me today or I'm going to find out why! I better take care of this before I cook breakfast or I'll end up setting it on fire.*

Brandon could just hear the 911 call now.

"Sir, what is your emergency?"

"Well, my boyfriend wouldn't fuck me for about a week or so, and I had this erection, see. And you'd be amazed at how flammable pubic hair can be."

Oh yeah that'd be a problem.

The young man searched through the drawers and found an apron appropriately sporting the caption "Fuck the Cook—Kiss the wiener!"

Of course when worn by Daniel, it had another meaning all together, but as for Brandon, he'd take either one.

He chuckled. *Yeah, like Daniel would get fucked!* Although they'd never formally discussed it, Brandon had asked once if he'd had always known he was a top guy preferring to fuck rather than getting fucked. Daniel had muttered something about not really wanting to discuss it. For him, Brandon knew that although he could certainly oblige a willing candidate, it was simply to satisfy his partner's needs, not for his own pleasure. He drew far too much pleasure from the closeness and feeling of surrender associated with a good old fashioned fucking.

His mind snapped back to the present as he tied the apron around his waist. Still nude, except for the apron, the young man, try as he might couldn't subdue the tent that his morning erection created in the apron. He sighed. He'd already peed; that hadn't helped. So If Daniel refused to satisfy him today, he'd have to take matters in to his own hands, so to speak.

Brandon was no cook. Honestly, he could barely manage the microwave, but being determined, he was going to make breakfast today. No grapefruit, oatmeal and dry toast this



morning! He flipped on the "Food Network" and a flamboyant French chef was beginning a show on the perfect topic for this morning—a quick, romantic breakfast in bed.

He feverishly followed the chef's instructions. Well, he tried to follow them, but he had no idea what lemon zest, meringue, or a spring-form pan were. How the hell to manage to get egg whites without the damn yellow in them was perhaps the most puzzling.

After destroying all twelve eggs in the formerly immaculate kitchen, the show was coming to an end, and Brandon was no closer to a perfect "romantic" breakfast in bed than he had been an hour ago. He had managed to make coffee using the expensive machine on the counter, although it looked *very* black.

He tried adding water to make it look presentable, but then it was too light. He decided the safest way to make Daniel his favorite brew of coffee was the way he made his—boil a cup of water in the microwave and put the coffee in the cup, let the 90 seconds in the amazing silver box do it's magic.

Toast, he could manage. He popped two pieces of bread into the toaster but was dismayed when he realized that it wouldn't release the bread. As the microwave chimed, the young man took the only method he could figure out to retrieve the toast. He turned the toaster upside down producing the blackened substance that used to be bread. Of course it fell unceremoniously into the floor and disintegrated immediately in to tiny, charred ashes.

"*Fuck!*" he said loudly. "I'll have to start over!"

Dangerous Obsessions  
*by Blake Deveraux*

\* \* \* \*



\* \* \* \*

Daniel stood in the kitchen door taking in the scene. He was too amused to stop the obvious spiral of downward motion that the well-meaning young man's efforts had wrought. Upon hearing his lover's decision to "start over" and viewing the wreckage that used to be his kitchen, he felt a wave of panic. He smiled at the view of his handsome friend facing away from him, his tapered waist adorned by the strings of Daniel's favorite apron, the strings dangling precariously between the cheeks that led to a vacation spot that Daniel longed to visit. As the young man scratched his head pondered his next move, Daniel admired the statuesque pose that his lover now adopted, his arms slightly glistening from the heat of the kitchen. It was nearly more than he could handle. He at least needed to feel the warmth of his lover's flesh.

Silently, with the deftness of his Marine training, Daniel slid quietly behind the young man and wrapped his arms around the apron-clad waist.

Brandon gasped.

"Need some help there, guy?"

Brandon flipped around, and with a flourish, stamped his foot like an angry toddler.

"I wanted to surprise you!"

"Oh I'm surprised. I'm not sure this is what I had in mind when I mentioned redoing the kitchen, though." Daniel caught himself laughing.

Brandon's face fell.

"I fuck up everything I touch!"

Daniel quickly kissed his lover and reassured him.

"Baby, I don't need a cook—I need you."

Brandon smiled back.

"I was beginning to wonder if you wanted me anymore."

His words seemed more of a question than a statement, and hung heavily in the air. Daniel had known the subject would come up but he'd really not known how to approach it.

Tact was not a character trait with which Brandon was blessed.

"You don't want me anymore do you?"

"Does my cock not answer that question without my having to?"

Daniel smiled.

"At least have your coffee. I made the kind you like!"

Brandon handed the steaming cup to him, and Daniel took a small sip.

With the grounds from the coffee still swirling in his mouth, he asked, "Did you *brew* this coffee?"

"Of course not, silly. I couldn't figure out that damned machine. I made it like mine, in the microwave." Brandon had taken a spoonful of the expensive ground Columbian beans put it in a glass of water. He'd heated the water in the microwave, and when it didn't turn black, continued to cook it until it did. The result was something that could only be

described as sewage. Daniel, not being able to swallow the horrid concoction, spit it into the sink.

"See! I fuck up everything!" Brandon angrily crossed his arms.

"Make me some of *your* coffee, Baby. That'll be fine, I've never tried yours," Daniel remarked honestly.

Daniel hated instant coffee, but it had to be better than the concoction he'd spit in the sink. He sat in a chair waiting for the microwave to ding, thankfully distracted by the handsome man clad only in his apron, his muscles smeared with the different substances that had earlier been part of his attempt at breakfast. Daniel made a special effort not to obsess on the ruin that now was his kitchen. As he sipped the flavored instant coffee that Brandon adored, he smiled.

"Now that's better."

The two men sat drinking their coffee, and staring into each other's eyes, silent for more than five minutes.

Finally Brandon blurted out, "Do you want me to leave? If I can't cook, and you obviously don't want me for sex anymore, then what kind of slave or boy or whatever you want to call me do I make anyway? What's in it for you?"

Daniel drew in a long labored breath. His eyes revealed an intense concentration that the young man correctly interpreted as his attempt to reach his lover without speaking to him.

Finally Daniel spoke.

"I couldn't want you more sexually if my cock were in your ass, Brandon. I want to feel every inch of your body. I want to touch you, love you, kiss you, make love to you, to fuck

you, to ... Well, you name it, and I want to do it with you. As for cooking, if a cook was what I was looking for, I'm quite sure I could find some homely fellow to cook for me. Just having your amazing body and beautiful face greet me this morning in my own apron and nothing else ... Well, honestly, I came all over my boxers while I stood there watching you. And you've got me hard as a rock again!"

"Then, Sir, please fuck me. I'm your boy to do with as you please. Sir, if you'd like to spank me first or even hit me ... Sir, I just need your cock. It's so unfair to make me wait like this, Sir. I...."

Daniel interrupted the tirade that had been building for the better part of two weeks. He placed his hand on Brandon's mouth.

"I never wanted you to see that place, or the person I was when I went there, Brandon. I'm not that man anymore. You've made me a better man. That man is a giant fuck-up—a monster, a genuine son of a bitch. I want you to be my lover, not my property. If I can't have that, Brandon, I don't want anything. As much as I'd love to bend you over this table right now and fuck you mercilessly, as much as my *cock* would love that, my heart won't let me do that."

Daniel spoke with the conviction of a man about to lose his very life.

"I've hurt you more than any person I've ever known. Even if you kill someone, you don't kill their spirit. That lives on because the people left behind have the memory of the amazing person they were. I've done far worse than that; I've killed your spirit, your fight, your very being. I'm not sure if I

can ever forgive myself for that, much less allow you to forgive me. There is no way that I can ever take back what you've seen, the man you know that I was, the horrors you know that I'm capable of, and the fact that I could have gotten you killed by letting you go there. I just...."

Daniel let the words drift into the air.

Brandon looked puzzled as he carefully listened to what Daniel had said.

"You really don't want to fuck me anymore, Sir?"

"The fact that you can't call me Daniel anymore answers my question, Brandon. Not like this, I can't fuck you. No, I won't. I love you too much for that. You deserve to be with someone who's your equal. I am so far below the man you are, that there's no reconciling that fact."

Daniel stood and left the room to retreat in his sadness to the bedroom where the two men had shared some of the happiest moments of his life.

Confused Brandon sank into the leather-clad kitchen chair.

"I just wanted to make breakfast!" Brandon shouted to his broken lover. "I just wanted to make you breakfast!"

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

## Chapter Eleven

Daniel lay in a slumped position on his bed waiting for the handsome man to come collect his things and move on with what certainly would be a better life without the horrible man he'd discovered Daniel was.

He grew angrier at himself for the many shortcomings in his dealings with this young man, the primary one being his allowing that whore from his past to rekindle the rage that was now responsible for ending the single most satisfying relationship of his life.

He'd lost the most wonderful man he'd ever before met, or would ever meet again. There was no other man who again could compare to Brandon. After having that amazing man, his fire, his passion, and of course his fantastic body, no one would ever even come close in Daniel's eyes.

Daniel roused at the sound of the bedroom door opening. Brandon stood motionless inside the doorway. "Do you really want me to go? I will if that's what you want. If you want Miguel, I'll understand. He's better looking than me and he is much better at sex I'm sure, and—"

Daniel cut him off abruptly.

"Damn it *Stop it!* Come here!" Daniel sat up on the bed and patted the bed beside him. "Why do you think you're not handsome? I used to think it was a game to get compliments from me, but when I compliment you, it only seems to make you more convinced that you're some kind of circus freak."

Brandon looked down into the bed, "You deserve some answers, I guess."

Daniel listened as Brandon rattled off a tale that he could scarcely bear to hear.

"I always knew there was something different about me. My brother is everything I'm not. He's a football player, a jock. My father's proud of him."

"I'm sure your father's proud of you."

"No." Brandon looked sadly at the carpet. "He isn't. I was around six or seven when *he* came to stay at my parent's house. I'm not really sure who he was or why he was there. I just remember bits and pieces. I remember a really tall bed. I remember the way he smelled. I remember being disgusted by the hair on his back. I remember the smell of his cock. He fucked me. I remember that. I remember the pain. I remember the blood. I remember he told me I was bad for making him want to do that. It was my fault. Faggots like me were what was wrong with the world. He told me he would tell everyone I was a liar if I told. They would have believed him."

Brandon's expression remained unchanged. Daniel studied the young man's expression, unsure whether to hug him or to cry. Brandon seemed to be hypnotized.

"I guess that's why later when my family moved, I was a fairly obvious target for the *Thompson boys*. My father sent me to boarding school to '*make a man*' out of me. I think he'd pretty much guessed the obvious by that time. I was twelve and I didn't show signs of being the All-American boy my brother was. I guess he had no choice. His career and all."



"What does that mean? What career? What does your father do?"

"That's something I don't want to discuss. It's too hard, Daniel. He doesn't need me fucking up his life anymore than I have."

The insinuation that somehow Brandon had ruined his father's life infuriated Daniel. He chose however to allow Brandon to continue without pushing for more details.

"Anyhow, at the military academy, there were these two brothers who hated me. I'm not sure why, other than I was different. It started as soon as I got on campus. The first day they invited me to their *secret place*. Stupid me, I went."

"Stop it now. I won't have you calling yourself stupid."

"I am."

Daniel growled angrily. "Stop it!"

Undaunted, Brandon continued.

"Vincent was the older of the two brothers. When we got to the secret place, Andrew, the younger brother pushed me into the back of the old shed. He asked me if I thought that they were going to allow a faggot like me to be part of their school. He said I was going to ruin everything for them, and because of queers like me, the military was going to be destroyed. I tried to tell them that I didn't want to be there, but that made Vincent even madder. He kicked me hard in the knee and then when I was on the ground he kicked me in the side. I remember I started to cough up blood."

"Please, Brandon, stop. I don't want you to continue." Daniel couldn't bear to hear anymore.

"I wanted to be like Vincent. He was handsome and sixteen. Everyone liked him. I thought if I did what he asked, he'd be nice to me. Anyway, he made me sit up and asked me if I sucked dick. I said no, but he knew I was lying somehow. I don't know if I understood at that time what he wanted, but I figured it out pretty quick. Vincent got undressed, and he was amazing. Daniel, he was a god to me. I wanted to be him. I'm not sure if I wanted to have sex with him, but I wanted to be him. That's stupid I know."

"Brandon, I've known people like that, and no it's not stupid. But you need to know, I've never met a more handsome man than you. Ever."

Brandon's expression showed his disbelief of the comment.

"Anyway, Vincent told me to stand up, Andrew pulled down my pants, and I guess seeing Vincent like that gave me an erection, because Andrew laughed at my dick since it was small. He said nobody would ever want a tiny little dick like that, especially from someone as ugly as me. I should be thankful he was hard up and needed to fuck."

"Please, no more," Daniel pleaded. "I've heard enough."

Brandon continued as if in a trance.

"Vincent slapped me for having an erection. He said I wasn't worthy of his cock. He told me to get on my hands and knees like a dog. When I didn't do it right away he kicked me in the side again. I figured I should do as I was told. He told his younger brother to let me suck him off. So Andrew pulled out his dick, it was still soft, and he said he knew what the faggot needed. He pissed in my mouth. I didn't know how to

take it then, I've learned since how to accept that, even though I don't like it."

"Brandon, no one has the right to do that to you if you don't want it. Shit, this makes me want to kill someone." Daniel's fury began to eat at his insides. The anger grew like a furnace in his gut.

"It's just that I threw up, and that made Vincent mad. He pushed my face in it, and made me get a rag and clean it up. He dragged me by my hair to the back of the shed, and made me suck off Andrew. I don't think he was into it, because he really didn't get hard. Vincent kept slapping me telling me I wasn't doing it right, or his brother would be hard. He said if I weren't such an ugly fairy, then maybe I'd get his brother off."

Daniel remembered the verbal assault he'd launched at Brandon the night they'd first met. The same words, the same rejection. Daniel felt violently ill. How could he have said those things? He'd reinforced the hate that this damaged soul had endured his entire life.

"Suddenly, I felt something cold on my ass. I realized that Vincent had moved behind me and spit on me. I assumed he just wanted to embarrass me, but I soon found out why he did it."

"Brandon, you don't have to finish this. I understand."

"You need to know why I'm so fucked up. It's not really their fault though, because I kind of asked for it. I did like Vincent. I thought he was cute. I shouldn't have looked at him like that."

"Fuck! Stop that now!" Daniel wanted to physically restrain Brandon. To remove any thoughts of the horrors of his past. He knew that it wasn't possible, but he still wanted to try.

"I felt a pain that I didn't understand but it was so intense I sort of blacked out. I don't remember much else except I remember when it was over, feeling his cum and my blood running down my legs. He kicked me for bleeding on his dick. Andrew laughed. They left me alone there. I didn't leave the shed for two days. I was afraid people would know what I did. I knew I brought it on myself, and I was ashamed. In a way I wanted it, I guess. I wanted Vincent. I just wanted him to like me. To want to be with me. I didn't really understand what that meant then. I learned then that the way to get people to like you is to let them do what they want, and don't complain." Brandon cleared his throat nervously.

"Anyhow, when Vincent came back he was mad. He said that everyone was looking for me. He told me to get my ass cleaned up and back to school or he'd make me sorry. I told him I didn't want to be his friend anymore. Vincent smoked. I thought it made him look cool. He grabbed me by the throat and held me against the wall. He burned me with the cigarette, down there..."

Brandon's eyes were downcast, the eyes of a wounded child. Daniel's heart broke. The anger he felt was fueled by the innocence that had been stolen from his lover.

"He told me to remember that pain. It was only a sample of what I'd get if I told, or if I tried to break it off with him. I was there for his pleasure when he needed me. Since there were no girls in school, he said an ugly faggot would have to

do. That went on for about three years till I finally got transferred. Sometimes it was both of them, sometimes just Vincent. He liked to use other stuff like a golf club or bat. That was really bad," he stated matter-of-factly. "My dad made me pay him back for the surgery to *fix things* when I was eighteen. I guess he figured it was my fault that it happened."

Brandon had endured a lifetime of hatred and abuse, culminating in the alley when Daniel had verbally assaulted him by calling him *fairy* and insinuating that he wasn't good looking enough for him.

With the horrible details of his lover's past, things made sense. Daniel knew why Brandon had grown frightened when his friends had caused him to briefly take up the habit of cigarette smoking. That was why his lover flinched when he moved anywhere near him with a cigarette. Brandon had tried desperately to hide the scars on his genitals from Daniel. Not only had the young man been tortured, his torturers knew to keep the scars out of the prying eyes of the world.

Daniel's heart ached, that's why Brandon had shown so much rage toward the older man at the club. After hearing the horrible tales of sexual childhood abuse, Daniel's throat felt as though it would close. Unfortunately, Daniel was sure Brandon had left out many of the more horrid details.

Brandon seemed sure that Daniel would be somehow unwilling to accept such a damaged man as himself. Daniel only had one question for the young man who'd just described a life that most people would assume was fiction.

"Why didn't your family see what was happening? Was it your family too?"

Brandon quickly replied, "*Oh no!* My father never touched me, *ever!* He's a good man, but they always treated me different. I think they knew I was different and it disappointed them, especially my dad. That's why I left home—so I wouldn't embarrass them anymore. My dad's a very important man, Daniel—*very*. If the world knew his son was a *cock-sucker ...* Well, the Republicans wouldn't like it much."

Daniel shouted, angry at Brandon's negative self-commentary, "*Stop it!* You mean your family doesn't know? Let me re-phrase that Brandon, obviously they didn't care."

"I've never talked to them about it, but my mother told me once when she caught me with one of my friends that my father would never forgive me. She said she wasn't going to tell but it better not happen again. I knew from that time on, if they found out the truth about the other stuff that was happening to me, they'd probably think it was my fault, 'cause I asked for it, being gay and all..."

Daniel sat with his mouth agape.

"Do you really think you asked to be raped at seven years old? Do you really think a twelve year old asks to have his genitals burned with cigarettes? Or to be sodomized with any available implement? Jesus, Brandon, you can't believe that?"

Brandon sat, staring at the floor, silent.

"Do you think you asked for what those two assholes did to you in the alley?"

The young man with his eyes welling sniffed "I should have done what they told me."

Brandon now avoided Daniel's gaze, obviously fearful that the truth of his life would forever change his feelings for him.

Daniel quietly comforted his lover. He leaned over and pulled Brandon to his side.

"I love you. That's a fact that will never change. If you want to leave me, I'll understand. God knows I've given you plenty of reasons to do so. But if you stay, I plan on making it my mission in life to make sure neither you or I have to relive any of the horrors of our past. Our lives should start here. Today. Not in some hell hole in Iraq or in the garage being tortured by teenage bullies, in that fucking alley behind the bar, or most especially not in that fucking sewer that I allowed you to enter the other night. Would you please start over with me, Baby?"

Brandon laid his head on Daniel's chest and smiled, "You really think I'm handsome?"

"I'd step on Brad Pitt's face to get to you, Baby." Daniel laughed.

"Well, I guess that's saying something." Brandon grinned. "Because if Brad Pitt wants me, honey, you'll have to wait for him to get done with me!" The two men laughed heartily, thankful for the comfort only kindred souls feel.

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

## Chapter Twelve

Daniel reflected on the conversation he'd had with Brandon. The two men lay together, Daniel in his boxers and Brandon still clad in his lover's favorite apron. Brandon sat up abruptly and removed the apron, and tossed it across the room. He then straddled Daniel, and with all the gusto he could muster in one movement removed his lover's unwanted apparel.

Daniel quipped, "My, my, you are anxious today, aren't you?"

Brandon kissed his way down the bulky, massive chest of the Marine. He looked up and replied, "I'm horny as fuck, Big Man. I need your dick!"

With that confession out of the way, Brandon slid carefully down onto his lover's legs lying prone across them, used his hands to caress the sculpted abs above the object of his desire.

He feverishly devoured his lover's cock. He tasted it with the voracious appetite of a man starved for weeks. He wanted each inch of its incredible meat in this mouth and later in his body. He wanted to feel the heat of passion he'd been missing. He needed the feeling of completion of having his lover collapse from releasing his very life force deep inside of him. Brandon was so caught up in the moment he barely paused when he heard his lover's voice.

"No, Brandon! Not yet! I don't want to come. Not yet!"



Brandon, now feeling Daniel's hands pulling his face off his cock, looked up with a disappointed frown at his lover.

".... but I want it. *Please!*"

Daniel pulled Brandon up against him so that they lie with the young man draped across his body full length, face to face.

"Brandon, Baby, the only way I want to go on is if we level the field."

The young man looked puzzled.

"What d'you mean?"

"I haven't been fucked but one time in my life, and I didn't ask for that. It was taken. I know you'll understand why that's not something I want to go into. I was very young and I still hate the man. But, I've allowed that to shape who I am and what I do. Everything in my life seems to be about keeping everybody in *my* control. I have to have the final say so. I don't want our lives to be about that, Baby. I want you in every way possible. I want you *in* me," Daniel said. "I *need* you in me. I need to let go."

His eyes were now deep puddles as Brandon looked into the face that normally seemed stern and very forceful. To Brandon now, Daniel seemed to be pleading, and vulnerable—yet extremely passionate at the same time. This was truly a first for them.

Brandon kissed Daniel on the lips and felt the huge cock underneath him press into his stomach.

"Are you sure you don't want me to ride that mammoth woody you have going on there?" Brandon chuckled.

"This isn't a joke, Brandon. I need you. I need this. I'm asking you to please fuck me. Don't ask any more questions. Just do it. *Please*, I need it!" Daniel begged.

Brandon was convinced this was some sort of wild erotic dream from which he would certainly soon awake. Nonetheless he decided to go with it. He kissed his lover again hard. He touched Daniel in a way he'd never touched him, like a man possessed. He pulled the Marine to him and became one with the massive man.

Daniel moaned with delight at the forceful overtures from his lover. The logistics of the request though now puzzled Brandon. How would he manage it? Daniel was much larger than he. Daniel apparently hadn't really thought that through.

Seeming to understand his angst, Daniel flipped over onto his stomach to allow Brandon to mount him. Brandon thought carefully about the gesture.

"This will never do! I want to see every inch of that fantastic cock while I fuck you, Big man. I want to see the look on your face while I fuck you." He turned Daniel back around to face him.

Brandon took hold of the situation deciding, *Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!* He pulled his lover to him and spread the man's legs. Daniel wrapped his legs around Brandon, who lubricated his dick very well prior to positioning himself—although it probably wasn't necessary due to the long trail of pre-cum that led from his dick to Daniel's tight sphincter. Brandon pressed his wide cock tightly against the most guarded of his lover's sexual zones. He realized that

Daniel had never allowed himself to be this exposed, this vulnerable to anyone.

Daniel begged.

"Please, *goddamnit*, Brandon. Do it! Just fuck me, please!"

His tone was more desperate with each moment.

Brandon now trying to work in a little fun asked, "Does my boy want my cock? Do you think you can take it? It's pretty big there, boy."

Daniel, now apparently lost in lust, used his massive legs to pull Brandon in one move deep inside his ass. He gasped loudly. Brandon, knowing that the move had caused his lover pain, pulled out quickly.

Daniel shouted, "*Jesus! No! Don't stop! Do it! Please, I want it! I can take it!*"

Brandon, now drunk with the sexual tension in the room, dove headlong back into the waiting tunnel presented to him. Daniel's body tightly gripped his massive cock in the long-forbidden passage.

Daniel worked Brandon's throbbing cock. He used his tight muscular ass in a way Brandon had never considered to drive his lover wild. His muscular prowess was phenomenal.

Brandon fucked furiously, drunk with passion.

Daniel moaned.

"Please, Sir. Fuck me! *More!* I want it deeper! Harder! *Just do me, Baby!*"

Brandon, now completely unable to control any impulse that came to him, grabbed Daniel by the hips and drove harder into the tight receptacle that now milked his cock mercilessly. Unaccustomed to having to control this part of

the sexual tryst, he lost all control, and screamed, "I'm 'gonna fill your ass up, boy! You want it?"

Daniel, apparently so lost in passion and forgetting his own strength, pulled Brandon closer to him with his legs. He wrapped his massive arms around the man's back, nearly crushing him. He kissed Brandon deeply and bore down on his cock, now engorged to the point of explosion.

Brandon could take no more and convulsed with the most violent orgasm of his life. He feared he might lose consciousness, as he pumped hot spurts of his seed deep within his lover until he could feel it seeping out between them. He felt Daniel's cock pumping a hot, massive load between their two bodies.

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Daniel had been so enraptured with the man he loved, so overwhelmed at the sensation he'd denied himself for so long, that he'd not even noticed his own massive orgasm.

"Do you love me, Brandon?" he asked. "Really? If you don't, I understand. I just need to know."

The young man collapsed lifelessly on his. He laughed uncontrollably, and sat up on Daniel's lap, looking him dead in the eye.

"If I didn't love you, I wouldn't have given you the best fuck of your life, now would I?"

Daniel seemed unwilling or unable to argue the logic.

"No, Baby. I guess you wouldn't."

The two men lay together quietly. They spent the rest of that night exploring each other's bodies with the newfound curiosity of young men just discovering the wonders of sex.

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

## Chapter Thirteen

Daniel and Brandon showered together still giddy from the eventful night behind them. Daniel felt like a college frat boy with a newfound sexual awareness that one generally associates with adolescence. It was a feeling unlike any he'd experienced.

The sexual part of it certainly was intense. He'd so long associated being penetrated with a violation—an act of humiliation and violence—that it seemed incomprehensible to him now that he'd missed such a fulfilling part of the sexual experience. Far more important was the emotional release of allowing this young man to be in charge, to allow Brandon the power to hurt him, the power to leave him. Perhaps it was true that to love someone you had to give them the freedom to leave. In his former relationships, *he* had been in charge. The object of his obsession left when *he* was good and ready for them to go. For him this new freedom was both liberating and, at the same time, terrifying.

Brandon displayed his usual carefree penchant for the dramatic as he began singing in the shower, using the showerhead as his mock microphone. Daniel laughed heartily as he stepped out of the enclosure, leaving his handsome lover to his performance. Brandon had a very soothing voice, one that had lulled Daniel to sleep many times with its soft yet deep, lilting timbre. Daniel, recognizing the tune, began singing along.

"Somewhere over the rainbow...."

Brandon's voice swelled louder. Daniel couldn't help but think that Brandon should try out for one of those reality shows to become a pop music icon or something. He certainly had the looks, and his voice was eerily similar to a young Frank Sinatra.

Daniel, lost in his "American Idol" dreams for his lover, failed to notice he was now singing alone. Brandon stood dumbfounded, nude, soaking wet, shower off, and smiling like a Cheshire cat at Daniel who belted out the show tune alone.

"That is *such* a fucking stereotype I can't even talk about it, dude ... A big old gay dude singing a lavish Judy Garland show tune ... I mean *really*!!! And *very* badly, I might add."

Brandon teased Daniel about his complete inability to carry a tune. Tone deafness was probably the best description of his musical abilities.

Daniel laughed heartily. He winked at his handsome suitor, still wet and dripping.

"I'll have to keep you around to serenade me, since I'm obviously not up to the task." He slapped Brandon's adorable ass quickly as the young man began toweling off.

"I'm in the mood for a change, Baby." Daniel smiled, dropping the notion into the conversation.

Brandon scratched his head, obviously unsure of the direction the conversation had turned.

"My hair, you idiot," Daniel said impatiently.

"Well, I could stand a change myself, cutie." Brandon smiled back. An unsettling change in his posture made it clear he was glad that Daniel hadn't meant something more

sinister. Daniel slapped his lover on the ass again, this time giving it a playful squeeze afterwards.

"Don't change anything, you can't fix perfection!"

"I might let Quinton go crazy—maybe dye it pink!"

Brandon grinned playfully. "Meet you in the car, Big Man!"

The two men hurriedly got dressed. After leaving Brandon to finish his morning ritual, Daniel pulled his BMW out of the garage to the front entrance. He seldom drove the flashy Z-4. Brandon often commented how sad it was to have such a magnificent vehicle gathering dust.

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Brandon gasped upon closing the front door. As he spotted Daniel, top down in the sparkling black Beamer, he mumbled quietly, "God, what a man!"

Daniel shouted, "Let's get going. We've got lots to do today!"

Brandon saw the approval in Daniel's eyes. He was wearing a skin tight A & F tee shirt, faded blue jeans, and snakeskin boots. His hair stood at attention as always, a carefully designed mess.

"Perfect" Daniel whispered "just perfect."

Brandon looked quizzically at him; Daniel leaned over and kissed him full on, commenting definitively, "*Perfect!*"

Brandon smiled widely. "Well I try."



"Jesus, Baby, you accepted a compliment; that's impressive! I do love you, you know," Daniel answered with amazement.

Brandon chirped in an apparent attempt to avoid becoming serious.

"You only worship my cock, you slut!"

Daniel smiled as he drove on toward the historic downtown area of the Atlanta suburb. Their destination was the impressive hair salon owned by friends of Brandon's, Ben and Quinton.

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The salon was a large, impressive building nestled carefully in the bedroom community that housed Daniel's comfortable home. Daniel had chosen the area since for him since the suburb was a perfect respite from the busy lifestyle and general pandemonium of Atlanta. He pulled the sports car to a halt in front of the large columns that encircled the front of the Romanesque entrance to the salon.

"Vive" was the chic center for the gay goings and comings in the small bedroom community Daniel called home. It was a well-known fact the owners were an "old married" gay couple. Old might be a stretch since the older of the two men was not yet forty. Quinton and Ben had never formally "taken vows" since Georgia hadn't gotten past the homophobic fear of gay

marriage quite yet. For the two men in their hearts, they were married nonetheless. Daniel and Brandon opened the door of the fashionable salon walked in. As they passed the large marble statue and ornate furnishings adorning the foyer, a shriek pierced the loud club music that filled the salon.

"*Ohhh, Dahhhling ... Whhhhhhat* have you brought me?" Quinton, the more outspoken of the pair, grabbed Brandon, hugging him tightly. "Where have you been keeping that *fine* hunk of man?" he cooed, motioning toward Daniel.

Brandon smiled broadly.

"Daniel, *this* is the man responsible for keeping me in fine fashion!" The young man made a flourish as if he were a game show host, "He keeps me presentable."

Then nodding in Daniel's direction, Brandon chirped, "I'm not going to tell you what *he's* responsible for!"

Daniel noticed that Brandon's face burned red with embarrassment.

"Well," the hairdresser continued, "I can see he's certainly been good for you."

"Thank you, I'd like to think so," Daniel said, nodding appreciatively.

Brandon and the hairdresser left toward the back leaving Daniel standing alone watching them. They truly were an odd paring, but both exceptional men, not to be ignored.

Quinton was a sturdy man. Not overweight but not slim either, he seemed to be a formidable man. His demeanor belied the more masculine appearance that he possessed. His clothing and hair were specifically masculine. At first glance

you'd assume he worked on a construction site, or perhaps a saw mill. He was certainly no flaming queen, but only a few moments into meeting Quinton, his sexual interests became fairly obvious. He made no effort to hide his effeminate mannerisms. He seemed to enjoy making "the breeders" nervous.

Daniel realized a man was watching him from the corner of the salon. Slimmer, and more stylish, Ben stood teasing a mane of hair belonging to a middle-aged woman in an expensive outfit Daniel recognized as a Dolce and Gabanna. The outfit was not a cheap knock off.

Daniel thought, *Hmmm not a bad setup here.*

The hairdresser was now leaning over chatting with a cheaply-dressed gay man who busied himself with the more mundane tasks of hairdressing. It was fairly obvious to Daniel *he* was the topic of discussion.

The assistant was over made-up, over dressed, over done in general. He was obviously grasping for attention—any attention. It was a common malady amongst men in the gay culture. To some, being noticed was more important than the reason they were being noticed.

Daniel had never fallen into that category. Simplicity was the call of the day. It was apparent in his clothing, his hair and in his life.

Ben, however, was immaculately dressed, obviously well designed, carefully clipped hair, accessories just odd enough to be edgy, but not over the top. He looked as though he should be starring on one of those shows on the *Style* network.

Daniel, no longer comfortable being discussed by the assistant and the slim hair dresser, decided it was time to introduce himself. He walked over to the stylish man.

"Hi, we haven't been introduced. My name is Daniel. I'm Brandon's friend"

"Yes you are!" the man said with a flourish. "Ben." The hairdresser extended his hand with the simple remark.

Daniel was taken aback, surprised at the firm and businesslike handshake that this flamboyant hairdresser possessed.

"Nice place you have here," Daniel remarked, looking around the stylish shop. The hairdresser finished spraying the mane of hair on the attractive woman in his chair.

"The bomb, girl. You know you got it, *work it, girl!*"

The woman, unable to mask her pleasure at the compliment, smiled.

"Benjamin, you've worked your magic as always!" The attractive woman placed two one hundred dollar bills in the sharply dressed man's pocket and turned toward Daniel.

"It's such a shame. This is the best looking man in Cobb County, and he's gay. All the best ones are!"

"Well that's what I've heard."

The woman patted Ben on the ass as she confidently strutted from the shop.

Ben took Daniel by the hand and pushed him into his chair.

"Baby, that has *got* to go." He mussed up the overgrown mass of curly hair on the Marine's head.

Without conversation, or even permission, he began feverishly clipping, cutting, and styling Daniel's unkempt hair.

Daniel paused as he considered how his preoccupation with Brandon had caused him to abandon his usual need to keep his hair neatly cropped.

Generally Daniel preferred a close cut military style, but recently Brandon had begged him to let it grow out because he loved the fact that it was curly. Brandon commented that he loved falling asleep running his hands through Daniel's hair.

Brandon and Quinton stood chatting by the stylist's chair.

Daniel overheard Brandon say, "Quint, I want something different. Just go nuts."

Quinton, ignoring Brandon, as was his practice, gave him a quick clean up and adjusted the cut that he'd designed for the young man months ago. It was perfect for him—no muss, no fuss, and it made him in Quinton's words, "A hot little number."

Daniel realized this was high praise from Quinton. He rarely gave Brandon a compliment. Brandon had said that Quinton "busted his chops" regularly. That was perhaps what Brandon liked most about the hairdresser. Brandon was far more comfortable with criticism than compliments.

Quinton flipped Brandon around for a quick look in the mirror. Brandon pouted in a disappointed tone "what happened to going wild?"

Quinton put his hand on his hip.

"Who's the fucking hairdresser here? If I need a board sawed or whatever it is that you do, I'll call you. Why don't you leave the hair to me? Your hair is perfect. *Don't* fuck with perfection, sweetheart."

Daniel knew Brandon's friend was right. He should leave those decisions to people with an objective opinion of his appearance, since to Brandon, it made little difference what he did—the reflection he saw never changed. He wasn't impressed. He did like his hair now, though.

Daniel knew that Brandon loved Quinton. Not in a sexual way, but he loved his honesty. The two men had spent countless hours arguing on many occasions over the most inane and useless of topics. Ben commented many times that the two men worried him because they were so similar. Ben knew the two men were very close yet seemed to argue with a venom usually reserved for angry rivals.

Quinton was not the sort to be told who to be friends with or how to handle those friendships. But theirs was a volatile friendship. The hairdresser often introduced the young man as "The one client he had who'd given him total permission to be rude."

Quinton often slid on the edge of rudeness, but more often than not, he just possessed an uncanny ability to find the truth and expose it, even if it was painful. A curious pair, Quinton and Brandon approached Ben, now finishing up Daniel's carefully-clipped style.

Brandon toyed with Ben after seeing the very becoming style he'd given Daniel.

"He's gonna' *kill* you, Honey! He *is* a Marine!"

"Do you think I'm worried about his big old corn-fed ass? He's gonna' have every man in this place creaming in his drawers when I get done with him, so he'll thank me."

With that he sprayed a final spritz of hairspray, and leaned the chair back with a fluid movement. Daniel felt a warm sensation between his eyebrows. Before he could ask what was going on, the slender man placed a strip of fabric between Daniel's eyes, and *rip*.

"*Fuck!* What was that about?"

He rubbed the freshly-waxed flesh on his face.

Brandon leaned over and kissed him softly on the reddened skin between his now-separate eyebrows.

"No more uni-brow! Bless you, Ben!"

Daniel had never felt anything even close to that before.

Quinton grinned provocatively.

"Now you know what us 'girls' go through just to keep you boys interested."

Daniel furrowed his brow, puzzled at the comment.

Brandon replied, "You don't think I wake up this slick do you? I get that done *all* over, Big Man."

Daniel smiled at Brandon appreciatively. He had newfound respect for his lover's obviously superior tolerance for pain.

"You do that for me?" Brandon kissed him again, this time on the lips, smiling broadly as Daniel struggled to regain his composure. He sat up and glanced in the mirror. The reflection he saw wasn't the punked-up wild hair he'd imagined. He had a carefully cropped, very professional style that would easily lend itself to either the boardroom or the club. He was very impressed.

"Thank you. It's perfect."

"You sound surprised." Ben put his hands on his hips in a move of obvious displeasure. "What? Did you think I'd make

you look like a drag queen? Not fucking likely. Not a tasty piece of military meat like you. *Mmmmmm.*"

"Down boy," Quinton warned.

Daniel and Brandon rose and began walking toward the door when Daniel remembered he hadn't paid Ben. He dug in his pocket when Quinton quipped, "Don't worry handsome, you're taken care of.

Brandon smiled.

"You paid for me? How sweet. I owe you one."

Brandon grinned broadly as they left the salon. "I'm quite sure I'll figure out a way to be repaid."

As Daniel and Brandon exited the salon, Daniel held the door open for Brandon. Closing the door beside his lover, he circled the car to climb into the driver's seat. He overheard the salon owners talking.

Ben sighed deeply.

"Now there's a real man, um hum...."

"I can certainly arrange that if you want."

Ben leaned in to his partner. "I love you."

As he backed out of the parking lot, Daniel saw Quinton slap Ben on the ass, and shoot him a tender smile that said far more than any words he could have uttered.

"I know you do!"

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



## Chapter Fourteen

Brandon breathed deeply, taking in the warm summer Georgia air. He noticed that they were headed toward town.

"Where are we going Daniel?"

"We're going to your place."

Brandon's mood shifted quickly to angry seething. The sun was beginning to wane in the distance, and suddenly he wished that he could disappear into the night also.

"So where do I turn, Baby?" Daniel patted his thigh.

"This isn't funny, Daniel," Brandon replied.

"Baby, I want to share your life, too. I'm beginning to think you're ashamed of me."

"Don't be a dick, Daniel. You know I'm not ashamed of you."

"Then why don't you share your life with me? I've never even stepped foot into your apartment." Daniel seemed to carefully consider his next question. "Is there someone else? Do you have a *sugar daddy*? Or are you a married man just getting the gay guy all worked up?" The Marine posed the questions as if he were half joking, yet fearful there might be more truth to his questions than he'd like to think.

Brandon looked angrily at Daniel.

"You've *got* to be fucking kidding! Fine! Turn on Fifth street, asshole" Brandon crossed his arms and glared with a look of determination on his face.

Brandon felt Daniel's gaze on him as he fumed and tapped his foot on the floor of the BMW. Daniel looked a bit worried

as he turned the expensive convertible down the dirty street. The buildings were growing more and more run down, and a theme of depression seemed to hang heavily in the air.

"What is this, Brandon? Is this your idea of a joke?"

Brandon smirked, "Next building on the right."

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Daniel's eyebrows rose. A feeling of regret and dread filled his stomach as he pulled dutifully in front of the old Victorian building. It had been impressive in its day. It was surrounded by large utilitarian buildings, housing the masses that Daniel noticed lurking on the littered streets surrounding them.

Despite the fact that he was a large Marine, he suddenly felt very uneasy. He didn't like the situation in the least. He didn't want to upset Brandon, but this was a bad idea. Two gay men in a BMW convertible in what Daniel would describe as a "slum."

"Why in hell are we *here*?" Daniel turned impatiently toward his defiant lover.

"You wanted to see where the other half lives. Ta da! We're here!"

Brandon rose and shut the door on the expensive car, leaned over and whispered, "If I were you, I'd put the top up and lock the doors, Sweetheart." Brandon's voice dripped with sarcasm as he turned headed toward the building.

Daniel spotted a large black man with a familiar tattoo.

"Simper Fi!" The Marine belted. An older black gentleman turned and extended a callused hand to Daniel.

The large black man introduced himself.

"Otis is the name. And you are?"

"Daniel," he replied, showing the older man his matching tattoo.

"You with that crazy white boy up there?" Otis asked, pointing at the handsome man now unlocking the gate in front of the Victorian building.

"Yeah, I guess I am. Not sure why right now, but yeah I'm with him. Why do you call him *crazy*?"

"Any pretty white boy like that living by himself in this goddamn neighborhood's 'gotta be crazy. I kinda feel bad for him since what happened to him when he moved in here."

Daniel considered asking more, but decided to let the man finish his thought uninterrupted.

"I keep my eye out so he don't get messed up like that again. It was a shame, Mr. A Fuckin shame. I don't got no use for queers myself, but there wasn't no sense in what they did to him. He nearly bled to death before I found him."

Otis obviously forgetting for a moment that Daniel had arrived with the *crazy white boy*, apologized for his lapse intact.

"Look, Mr., I didn't mean no harm 'bout queers and all. You're alright by me. You wear the uniform, you can fuck whoever you want."

Daniel laughed. He extended his hand again. Otis gripped it firmly. "Man, I really am sorry bout what I said, I'm just an old jarhead. Ya know?"

"No problem, Otis. I gotta go. Do me a favor, though. I don't think my car has a very healthy life expectancy out here. You mind?"

Daniel reached into his pocket digging for money; the large black man's eyes became harsh.

"Aint no need for that, Mr. I know a man who's seen combat. 'Nam. myself. You in Iraq?"

"Two tours."

"Any man who's dodged bullets for his country aint gotta bribe me"

Daniel shook the man's hand again, slipping his business card into the old man's palm.

"Otis, here's my card. If you need *anything*, you call me, you hear? At least let me buy you some coffee for keeping my car alive." Daniel chuckled.

"Alright, Mr." Otis reluctantly submitted to Daniel's kindness. Sensing the man's obvious compromised financial condition, Daniel slid a hundred dollar bill into the man's tattered shirt pocket, hoping that he wouldn't find it until later when he and Brandon were gone. He hurried to the door where Brandon stood tapping his foot.

"Have a nice chat there, buddy?" he asked impatiently.

Daniel stared at his lover in a cautioning way.

"We'll talk about this later. I can't believe you'd live here when you could be staying with me. This makes me want to hit you. Why would you live somewhere like this? You can do

better than this. You're so talented. I want to drag your ass up to whatever hell hole you have been calling home in this dump and get your shit and pull your ass out of here so fast—"

"Daniel, shut the fuck up," was Brandon's only response.

They walked silently up to the third floor to a door in the middle of the hall. Daniel noticed it was smooth, and carefully painted. A stark contrast to the peeling distressed hallway in which it was housed.

"Here we are, home crap home."

Brandon opened the door. He tossed his key on the counter. Immediately upon closing it, he methodically latched the menagerie of locks on the inside of the polished wooden door.

Daniel looked around at the small apartment with astonishment.

"This is amazing, Brandon."

The apartment looked as though it had been ripped out of a designer catalogue. Somehow in the midst of this horrible place, his lover had carved a palace. Each surface was carefully finished, the moldings all lovingly refurbished. The furniture appeared to be hand-carved pieces, but not by any designer Daniel was aware of.

"Is this a *Casa De Villagro* piece?"

"No darling, it's a *Casa De Brandon* piece. Those who can, do, those who can't, make do."

Brandon's growing impatience became clear.

Daniel continued to walk around, taking in each corner of the apartment.

"Why would you keep me from seeing this? This place is unbelievable. Honestly, it makes my house seem like a dump."

"Don't patronize me, Daniel. Your house is worth more than I'll ever make in the rest of my lifetime. This place is just a dump that I've made livable." He absently checked his machine for messages.

"Is this what you do for other people?" Daniel asked, still amazed at the apartment and its contents.

Brandon looked puzzled. "What do you mean?"

Daniel took his lover by the arm.

"You could be amazing, man. Do you realize how much it costs just to get somebody to walk into your house and give you a couple of ideas? For you to be able to see this magnificent home, in the midst of this..." Daniel thought better of finishing the thought.

"You can say it. I know it's a shit-hole." Brandon looked sadly at the ground. "It's all I can afford right now."

"Brandon, if you let me set you up with a couple of people—Shit man, you can write your own ticket. This apartment will sell your ideas better than *anything* I could ever say."

Daniel took out his camera phone and began madly clicking photos of the carefully appointed rooms.

"Daniel, what are you up to?"

Daniel kept punching in numbers into his phone, mindlessly working the email options and feverishly chatting with people.

Brandon's expression was mixed with frustration and confusion.

Daniel turned definitively to Brandon, "I want the keys. Pack your things. You're not coming back here. I won't have you killed before you can make a name for yourself properly in the design world. Take what you can and I'll send for the rest."

Brandon stood stiffly.

"No! It's my place! I'm not leaving."

Daniel took his lover by the arms. He looked at Brandon with an intensity that he hoped would convey his fear for his lover's safety and happiness.

"For once, Brandon, trust someone. Believe in someone besides yourself. Accept that someone might want what's best for you. *Now* give me the goddamn keys! Pack a fucking bag and let's get out of here before we both get raped, robbed, or shot, ok?"

Brandon, ever the oblivious child, angrily shoveled clothing and toiletries in a bag.

"What about my stuff, Daniel? I can't just leave my stuff. I want my things. And where the hell do you think I'm going to live? I want my own house. I've been saving for a year."

He walked to a small shelf on the wall. Taking down three large vases, he emptied the contents in front of Daniel. Large piles of cash poured out onto the counter.

Daniel gasped.

"There must be five thousand dollars here."

"Eighteen thousand, three hundred and seventy five actually. As I said, I've been saving."

"I can see that. Does anybody else know you have that in this house?" Daniel looked nervously around the empty apartment.

"I'm not stupid, Daniel. Nobody but Otis. And he's sweet. I make him supper three times a week. I don't think he has anyone, so when I come home from your place I make dinner for him." Brandon paused, a sudden expression of concern on his face. "I promise he wouldn't hurt me. He, well ... he helped me when I first moved in...." Brandon's eyes welled with tears.

Daniel kissed his lover on the forehead.

"Otis is your friend, I'll give you that."

Brandon continued, "I hope you won't be mad, but when it's cold, I let Otis sleep here. He lost his place a while back."

Daniel thought he'd realized the depth of compassion this man felt, yet he never stopped being amazed at how kind this damaged young man was. He'd been used and abused, yet he still refused to write off the most damaged of society. Daniel grinned at Brandon as he held his lover tight, "Got a thing for Marines do you?"

Brandon cooed. "The few, the proud..."

"Get your shit together ... we're going home." Daniel impatiently scooped up the mounds of cash into a bag. He stuffed it into Brandon's luggage, then turned to his lover "We've got to go. You have an early morning meeting."

Upon leaving the Victorian building, Daniel chivalrously opened the door for his young lover, then walked over to Otis who watched this exchange with curiosity. He chatted for a few moments with the man, handed the keys to Brandon's



apartment to him, and continued to the car. He patted Brandon on the leg.

"It's going to be ok. Otis is going to keep an eye on your things till we find a place."

"I can't afford a place, Daniel. Not yet!"

"I didn't say *you*, Brandon; I said *we*. I'm selling my place. It's too small for us anyhow. I want a place that's *our* home. You can pitch in—you've been saving, I see." Daniel patted the bag in Brandon's lap.

"I don't know about all that. How would that work, Daniel? I can't just give you my money, and you get mad and throw me out. I'd be, well I know you wouldn't, but..."

Daniel looked at the terrified young man.

"Baby, I didn't say I was going to buy a place. *We* are going to buy a place and I can't throw you out of *your* house. Understand?"

Daniel knew Brandon's trepidation had nothing to do with their relationship. It was rooted in years of misused trust. Brandon had been used more times than not, and couldn't bear the thought of yet another bad ending.

"I guess so, I guess. You really want to?" He wept like a child. He put the bag on the back seat and buried his head in Daniel's lap, the tears of overwhelmed emotion soaking the Marine's slacks.

Daniel pulled the car off the road.

"Brandon, Sweetheart, I've fucked up a lot in my life, and I don't intend to fuck up the one thing I've gotten right so far. I want you with me when I'm old."

Brandon laughed softly through his tears.

"That shouldn't take long." He poked fun at the fact that Daniel was ten years his senior.

"You've made me want to be a better man. I want to prove to you that I can be that man, Brandon. Let me prove it to you."

"I just want you to want me. That's all, Daniel. You can do whatever you want. If you get tired of me, it's ok. Just tell me. I'll go. I swear I can take it."

Daniel pushed Brandon up from his lap, and held his face firmly between his strong hands.

"I am not now nor will I ever get tired of you. Do you understand? I can find a piece of ass on any street corner. You are the man I want to share my life with."

"I hope you still want to share your cock with me, too." Brandon said, smiling.

Daniel laughed. "Yes, I want to share everything with you."

"Who's the appointment with, Daniel?"

"You have a meeting with a design firm. I sent your pictures to a friend of mine, and I have a feeling you'll have an offer in the morning." Daniel said confidently.

Brandon scoffed. "Get the fuck out of here!"

Daniel pulled the convertible back onto the busy street, smiled at his partner's comments, and rumbled the carefully-messed hair Quinton had sprayed.

"Ohhh! Quint's gonna kill you!" Brandon scolded.

"Let him try." Daniel drove into the night, happy he'd reached his lover on a level he'd never expected.

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

## Chapter Fifteen

Daniel dropped the handsome young man in front of the large Atlanta high rise. Brandon stood anxiously in front of the massive building, waiting for Daniel to appear.

Daniel took his partner and led him toward the doors. He held his hand firmly behind Brandon's lower back.

Brandon had defiantly dressed in his usual cavalier way stating matter-of-factly that, "If the uptight asshole didn't like what he was wearing he could suck his dick."

Daniel had replied to the vulgar retort, "I'm not sure who you're trying to convince but, Brandon, you look just fine."

Brandon looked uncomfortable now reviewing his choice of jeans, sheer muscle shirt, and linen over-shirt.

"Brandon, I think it's quite appropriate that you look different. Look at all these people stuffed in their suits and ties. That's not you. You, my handsome man, are no desk jockey. You are an artist, and in my never-be-humble opinion, you should look like one!"

"Let's just go. This is a big mistake," Brandon said, as he tried to exit the elevator they had just entered.

Daniel grabbed the young man by the back of his metal-studded belt and pulled him back inside.

A handsome man in the rear of the elevator laughed.

"On the way to the dentist are we?"

Daniel laughed. "No, worse, a partnership meeting."

"A *what?*" Brandon shouted in horror. "What the fuck does that mean? A partnership meeting? I don't get it."

Daniel straightened Brandon's clothing. "You'll do fine. Victoria owes me a favor, she's looking for an associate, and if you play your cards right, in a few months you'll have your name on the door."

"So she's hiring me to make you happy? Nice!" Brandon said sarcastically. "Now I *know* I'm gonna leave!"

"Look, Victoria Bell is the biggest name in the industry, at least in Atlanta. She would not waste her time if she thought you were some half-assed hack. I went out on a limb here, sent her pictures of your apartment, as well as the names of some of the jobs you'd done. *She* asked to meet with *you*. That doesn't happen. She has more work than she can do. *She chooses* her clients. She wants to work with someone with as much vision as she has, and buddy boy, it looks like you're the man. *So get off your ass* and don't fuck this up!" Daniel practically pushed the young man off the elevator in front of the office.

A pleasant looking woman in the reception area greeted the men. Brandon signed in while Daniel assessed the office. The woman noting the name that Brandon had scribbled on the sign in sheet said in a questioning tone. "Mr.... uhhmmm. Well I just have Brandon."

"That's because that's my name. There's no Mr. It's Brandon."

Daniel frowned at the young man.

"Mr. Deveraux and Mr. Winslow to see Ms. Bell."

Brandon scowled back at Daniel.

"I'm not Mr. Winslow, my father is. Well, actually he's not, but ... Never mind." Brandon paced nervously in front of the desk.

Daniel pulled the young man backward toward the leather sofa.

"Sit down before I slap you." Daniel smiled as he fussed over the young man. "You'll do fine, Baby. She's a little intimidating but you'll do fine."

The tall, slender receptionist stood and walked toward the two men.

"Ms. Bell will see you now."

Daniel whispered into Brandon's ear. "Just in case she mentions it, we were once engaged."

As the two men walked into the office, Daniel was beaming with pride. Brandon stood motionless and shouted as the door closed behind him "*Engaged?*"

Daniel nearly fell over the oversized coffee table centered in the middle of the room. A sumptuous Oriental rug surrounded the ornate furnishings that decorated the office. The attractive woman behind the desk laughed heartily, and walked past Daniel, now rubbing his shin from the collision with the marble table.

"Victoria Bell. You must be Brandon." The woman extended her hand to the dumbfounded young man. "What stories have you been telling this poor young man?" She glared impatiently at Daniel, and led Brandon back to the overstuffed sofa. She put a meticulously manicured hand on his thigh.

"Let me assure you, that was many, *many* years ago. Daniel and I are simply good friends. I suspected long before our engagement that his interests were ... hmmm. Shall I say, other than female? I knew how he looked at other men. I was the one who made him face up to the fact he wouldn't be happy settling for the life his family wanted for him. I basically threw his ass out!"

She laughed again.

Daniel said in a playful tone, "Well I don't know if I'd have put it quite like that, but I do love this woman. She's largely the reason that I'm the man I am. She gave me the freedom to be true to myself. She is truly a special woman."

"Stop that you bad, bad man. You know how to make me melt, and it's not fair to a poor girl like me."

Daniel laughed.

"You've spit out more men than I've ever had."

"Touché, Daniel. You know me too well. Now on to business."

She turned back to Brandon.

"I've seen some of your work, and it's spectacular. You just need to think bigger, Brandon. You have big ideas. That apartment you designed—where is it? The photos were breathtaking, I *must* have it. I'll buy it now."

Daniel laughed heartily.

"No, Victoria, you won't. It's a rental for starters"

"I'll buy the damn building, but it is too perfect!" she gushed. "It would be a perfect getaway here in the city when I don't want to go all the way to Buckhead." She referred to her stately home in the historic district of Atlanta.

Brandon, ever the optimist, replied, "It's in the Morgan building on Fifth." He showed her the picture of the front of the building on Daniel's phone.

The attractive woman sank into the sofa next to the handsome young man. Her eyes intensely probed Brandon's eyes. "You saw that kind of beauty in this sad, dilapidated building?"

"Yes, Ma-am. It's a cool building. That's why I rented the apartment. Well, that and I could afford the rent."

The woman stood, and straightened her skirt. "I hope you'll understand why I can't really purchase a building in *that* neighborhood. However, that does cement the offer in my mind. If you want to work with me, Brandon, you have a place at Bell Interiors. If you work well with me, I'll help you build a name for yourself. You already have a following. You shouldn't be installing toilets, you talented man. These hands", Victoria rose and faced Brandon, grasping both his hands open in hers "should be designing palaces. With my help you will make us *both* a lot of money. Do we have a deal?"

Brandon stood taking in the scene and asked, "Is this because of him?" he said pointing to his proud partner.

"No actually, it's in spite of him. Frankly, Daniel doesn't know a duvet from a dust ruffle, so when he emailed me that he'd found my new protégé, you can understand my angst. But, darling, I've been aware of your work for some time; our customers run in the same circles. I've honestly cursed you on a number of occasions because your bathrooms make my

living rooms look simple. *That* is simply unacceptable."

Victoria laughed again. "So do we have a deal or not?"

Brandon looked at the woman "Do I have to wear a suit?"

"If you wear a suit, I'll rip it off your rather magnificent ass! You dress just like you are. You look like an eccentric designer. That's what people want. That's part of the package, darling. Everything—I mean *everything*, is a sales call. In the final analysis, everyone—including your incredibly boring lover, is a salesman. We're just all selling something different. I dress like this because I have to deal with assholes like Daniel every day."

"Hey!" Daniel huffed, displeased at the negative role she'd placed him in, accurate or not. "I resent that, you hard-ass bitch." A smile curled from his lips.

Brandon said, "I guess we have a deal then."

Brandon and Victoria shook hands as they walked toward the elevator. "I have a client for you tomorrow. It's a quickie, but I can't get to him. Be a darling and meet him at this address. Just tell him I sent you."

The elevator doors closed on the quick exchange. Daniel turned to Brandon.

"I don't know that I've ever seen her more impressed. You must've done something right." He paused reflectively. "I guess she isn't impressed with people who're impressed by her. Hmmm, maybe that's what I did wrong." Daniel scratched his head.

Brandon sensing the irony of the comment, replied, "Well I don't give a shit what you did wrong. I'm just glad you did."

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



## Chapter Sixteen

Daniel and Brandon stood quietly in front of the old Victorian building that had been the young man's home since he'd moved to the large southern city. Brandon hated the fact that he felt obligated to his former boss Mario, who owned the building. Despite the fact that he'd made the horrid apartment far better than it was when he'd moved in, Mario had continually reminded him that he'd given him the place rent free while he'd worked at the club. In fact, Brandon now realized that Mario had charged him twice the rent he'd charged the rest of the residents when he stopped working there. Now his belongings were loaded on a large orange rental truck in front of the building. The entire situation seemed surreal to Brandon.

He experienced a feeling of loss even though he'd always feared for his safety upon entering the sanctuary he'd created in the dangerous neighborhood.

Otis came out of the building.

"Man, I appreciate your talking to the building owner, Daniel. That was way too much, man."

Daniel, armed with the knowledge of Mario's less than legal enterprises, and the fact that he'd prefer to keep those activities quiet, had arranged for Otis to keep the sumptuous apartment that Brandon had designed. He'd be able to live there in exchange for keeping the tenants from destroying the building, as well as collecting rent and performing repairs. The formerly-homeless man could have the place rent free,

and earn some spending money along the way. He hugged Brandon with an intensity that frightened the young man.

"I appreciate all those hot meals you made for me. You keep in touch, man, you hear me? Nobody was good to me around this hole but you. You looked past the old ratty clothes and saw a man. I don't forget a kindness paid to me."

"And you," Otis said pointing to Daniel. "You've got somebody to have your back any day. You just call old Otis, and I'll be there! Don't take no shit, you hear me? And don't let nobody hurt my friend, here, or I'll make sure you'll regret it."

Daniel slapped the man on the back.

"Otis, you're a good man. I'm gonna take really good care of this fella here. But don't take my word for it. Come see us soon." Daniel held out his hand with a crumpled piece of paper. "It's our new address."

Brandon reached out and kissed the old, hardened black man on the cheek. "You're sweet." His tone reflected his deep affection for Otis.

Otis looked around, as if to see if anyone had noticed the exchange. He leaned over and whispered, "You're pretty okay yourself, man."

Brandon and Daniel climbed back into the large orange truck and followed the darkened streets back to the circular driveway of Daniel's two story colonial. Daniel looked at the house now barren except for the boxes lining the windows inside. He turned to Brandon.

"I guess it's one last night in this house, huh?"

"I want to make it count. I'm kind of sad to leave. Some of the best sex of my life happened here," Brandon said quietly. He began playing with his lover's crotch. He unzipped the khaki pants housing the growing erection in his lover's lap. Brandon engulfed the massive cock with his mouth, and he voraciously sucked the magnificent piece of meat for what seemed like hours. He feverishly lavished the raging hard-on with attention, bathing his lover in kisses, and lovingly caressing his aching balls. He would bring Daniel to the peak of orgasm, just to slowly work him back up. Brandon loved having his lover's cock helpless in his control.

Daniel moaned.

"Not here, Baby, not here."

Brandon, knowing his lover's unequaled ability to rise to the occasion very quickly even after he'd given him a particularly satisfying blow job, ignored his lover's request and drove the Marine to an intense release. He used the skills he'd learned working on Daniel's large cock, taking it to the hilt within his throat causing his lover's hot fluids to pump his throat full of load after load of his manhood.

Daniel looked at his lover still voraciously swallowing his cock. "I wanted you, too, Brandon. That's no fair!" After tongue bathing his slowly retreating erection, Brandon zipped his partner's khaki pants. He slid over into the seat beside Daniel, and gave him a kiss, a hint of the Marine's cum still in his mouth.

Daniel again moaned.

"Oh don't worry, Big Man," Brandon replied. "I'm not nearly done with you."

He left Daniel sitting limply in the large van parked in the driveway. He walked quietly toward the house to wait for Daniel, as he got out of the truck and joined Brandon at the doorway. Daniel angrily unlocked the door.

"You have a key, why didn't you go in?"

"It's not my house," Brandon replied.

"Well, tomorrow you won't have that excuse because the new deed has your name on it, too." Daniel smiled, looking satisfied.

"Well for tonight, I'm just hanging out with a guy I met in a moving van. You know how us sex hungry sluts can be."

With that, Brandon ran through the rooms now filled with boxes and covered furniture, awaiting the movers tomorrow morning.

"Better catch me before some good looking mover finds me and fucks me silly." He laughed.

"You don't have to worry about that. I hired the ugliest movers I could find, big boy, just so I wouldn't have to worry about you hooking up with 'em!"

"You haven't even met the movers yet!" Brandon chided. "You hired them over the phone!"

By the time Daniel reached the bedroom, Brandon had shucked his clothes and now nude, lay temptingly across the bed, his growing erection lying across his flat stomach. He rolled onto his side and rubbed his tanned buttocks. With a quick, loud slap that made Daniel jump, he asked, "What'cha gonna do about this?"

"I'm not sure what I can do after that mind-blowing orgasm in the van. But by God, I intend to explore every option."

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

## Chapter Seventeen

Daniel approached the bed with a cat-like stride. He looked as though he was still spent from the attention Brandon had paid him earlier on, but he seemed unwilling to ignore the temptation in his bed. He removed his pants revealing a growing erection, and Brandon pulled him onto the bed, ripping the shirt from his body.

"I want me some of that," he said playfully.

Brandon pushed Daniel onto his back straddling his crotch, and tenderly kissed Daniel's chest and abs. Toying with his nipples, Brandon nibbled skillfully at his lover's underarms and sides. He rocked back and forth massaging Daniel's cock with his ass.

Daniel moaned.

"Baby, it's only been half an hour. I don't think I'm up to it."

"Let me worry about that, big man. Besides—what makes you think I won't fuck that tight little ass of yours, huh? You've made a dick-hound out of me, Baby. Or didn't you know that?"

Brandon was exaggerating slightly. He had enjoyed the intense experience of fucking Daniel, but it was more of a psychological high than a physical one. Brandon had certainly enjoyed it, but for him it would never replace the intense feeling of having that amazing cock of Daniel's carefully nestled inside his body.

He continued working his lover's cock between his ass cheeks while kissing him deeply. He swiftly moved down toward Daniel's ass. Brandon had never allowed himself to orally stimulate a man's ass, but Daniel's strong rear seemed to beg for it.

Brandon quickly worked his way from his cock and balls and thrust his tongue deeply into the Marine's quivering hole. Daniel involuntarily wrapped his legs around his lover's head and pulled him deeper into him.

Brandon continued exploring this new area of his lover's body. He never had tried this odd pursuit before but for him this was simply an experiment gone terribly right.

Brandon seemed to enjoy the rather pleasant feeling of warmth of being engulfed in his lover's loins. It was wild. The incredible sensation made his lover writhe with pleasure. It appeared to give Brandon an intense feeling of power.

Daniel moaned, "Brandon, stop, I'm not sure I can take any more, please, Baby. I need you now. Fuck me now please!"

Brandon slowly worked his way up Daniel's back, pausing at his neck. He whispered in his lover's ear. "I want your ass now."

Daniel almost pinned Brandon to the bed as he flipped over quickly to allow Brandon access to his ass.

Brandon thought for a moment.

"You want it now, big boy? You want it?" Daniel moaned like a man possessed. The young man moved quickly toward the waiting man's well-lubed hole. Brandon pressed his engorged cock against the waiting man's ass hard.

"You want it? Beg for it, boy," Brandon ordered.

Daniel moaned.

"*Please*, Baby. Give it to me! Fuck me! Please don't make me wait! Please!"

Brandon seemed drunk with power as he gave his lover a rapid plunge of pleasure. He lay against his lover and pushed his ass against the covers. He placed one hand under Daniel and with the other guided his substantial cock into his lover's tight love tunnel.

Daniel, lost in the passion of the movement, buried his face in the pillows. Brandon powered into the Marine's ass again.

"I need you in me! Fill me with your cum. Breed my ass, Baby!" Daniel begged. He pushed back into Brandon's cock. Daniel was milking his cock for all he was worth. He seemed to have no intention of allowing Brandon's enormous piece of heaven to escape his hungry body.

Brandon however, had other plans. He pulled out of his lover's writhing hole.

Daniel moaned violently, disappointed at the sudden move.

"What the..."

"Hang on, big boy. I'm not done yet." Brandon grinned.

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As Daniel lay silently waiting, he heard his lover digging around in the covers. He felt Brandon's hot body lie against him pressing him hard into the bed.

"Just relax; you'll like it I promise."

Daniel was concerned but yet unwilling to stop the event, He felt Brandon's hands massaging his buttocks and using his fingers to stretch the Marine's now well-plowed tunnel. Daniel moaned insatiably begging for Brandon's cock again.

Daniel suddenly felt a jolt of pain followed by the most intense feeling of pleasure, pain, and fullness he'd ever experienced. He felt a strange need to urinate even though he was in the full state of erectness. His cock couldn't have let him pee if his life depended on it.

Daniel groaned loudly, confused by the intense feelings of having his body invaded so painfully yet the intense pleasure it gave his prostate.

"Baby, what did you do to me? I think I'm going to pee on myself!" Daniel said loudly.

Brandon laughed a sexy laugh. "Don't worry about that, Baby. Turn over."

Daniel now realized that his lover had impaled him with a huge anal plug. Brandon obviously had no intention of allowing the sizable erection that Daniel now possessed go to waste.

Lying on his back, Daniel continued moaning for his lover's attention. Brandon deftly slid a pillow under the man's buttocks, forcing the tapered invader deeper into his body.

Brandon smiled. "You like that, Big Man?" Daniel knew that he wouldn't be able to hold off cumming with the massive

plug invading him. He'd never had the feeling of helpless surrender to an impending orgasm before. It was if it were a train headed for him and there was no escaping its path. Excited by the sight of his impressive lover now straddling him, Daniel moaned, "I can't take much more of this. I'm gonna blow, Baby!"

Brandon quickly straddled Daniel's swollen cock and lowered himself fully onto the raging erection presented to him.

Daniel, unable to control any of his bodily functions, shouted, "*Jesus Brandon!* I can't handle it! I'm going to cum!"

Brandon quickly withdrew Daniel's swelling cock from his ass and deftly went to work on extending the pleasurable sensation. He took his thumb and forefinger and gently added pressure to the foreskin of the now-pulsating cock. After a few minutes of this attention, Daniel breathed more steadily. His erection, although still very sturdy, was not so intense that Daniel was at the threshold of losing his mind.

Brandon slowly lowered himself onto the white-hot cock and lay motionless against Daniel's chest. The young man's cock now pressed firmly into Daniel's rippled abdominal muscles. The two men lay face to face. Daniel, completely helpless in his lover's grasp, was speechless.

Brandon whispered, "I want you in me now. Make me yours. I'm yours, so take me, fill me up. I want to carry you with me tomorrow. I want to feel your cum inside me while we move to our new home, Baby."

Hearing his lover use the word "our" to describe the house the two men had purchased just a few weeks earlier was

more than Daniel could handle. A wave of overwhelming relief as well as an amazing consuming feeling of love overtook him in a way he wasn't prepared for. He wept with the intensity of his feelings. He moved with strong deep thrusts, filling his lover over and over with deep shots of his molten body fluids.

Brandon quickly removed himself from the Marine's cock, and in one quick movement that made Daniel yelp, removed the anal plug from his ass.

Daniel was about to exclaim his displeasure with the hasty action when in an unexpected move, Brandon impaled his lover with his engorged cock. His breathing became very shallow and rapid as he battered Daniel's hole. He forced himself deep inside the warmth of his body, filling Daniel with spasm after spasm of hot jets of his thick cum. Daniel moaned again.

Brandon leaned toward his lover, and kissed him on the chest as he continued fucking him furiously. Daniel shot long streams of white, hot fluid on the young man's chest.

Daniel had never been multi orgasmic but whatever had happened here had obviously sent him to a place even he didn't know existed. The two men fell spent, together on the bed, Brandon's cock still partially in his lover's hole.

Brandon said softly "Now that's what I call ending on a high note."

The two men fell asleep, exhausted from the sexual marathon that had surprised them both with its intensity.

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

## Chapter Eighteen

The two hairdressers, now dressed in what Quinton described as "grubbies," stood patiently at the foot of the two men's bed. Daniel and Brandon had been so anxious to get upstairs, they'd both forgotten they had left the front door standing wide open.

Quinton, watching the two men sleep commented to Ben, "Who've thought our little man was packing that kind of heat?"

"Well *he's* no slouch himself," Ben replied dryly, motioning toward Daniel.

Daniel heard the conversation through his pleasant, sex-induced sleep and sat bolt upright in bed.

Quinton smiled coyly.

"Hi, cutie, nice wood you're sporting there, Should we leave and let you boys get back to what obviously was a *long night?*"

Quinton winked, acknowledging the large anal plug and lubricant still lying between the two men.

"Quinton, stop being such a bitch," Ben said. "He's just jealous cause Brandon's shown him up." He pointed to the sizable erection rising between the handsome man's thighs.

"Like you can touch that," Quinton said in a catty tone pointing out the disparity between Daniel's cock and Ben's.

"Quinton, I've always been able to handle your ass, haven't I?"

The hairdresser patted his partner on the aforementioned ass. Quinton tossed the embarrassed Marine the sheet lying on the floor. Daniel quickly covered himself and roused Brandon.

Brandon appeared to barely acknowledge the presence of the two men, and made no effort to dress. Slowly, he rose and walked sleepily past Quinton. He patted him in a sleepy way on the chest, yawned broadly and said, "I've gotta pee, honey. So give me a min or two. Oh, and thanks for coming."

Daniel asked, "How the hell did you get in here? I'm glad you're here to help, mind you, but damn! I'm not accustomed to having people wake me up in the morning at the foot of my bed."

Quinton, now standing in the hall, chimed in, "You might want to close your front door before having a wild sexual romp in the bedroom, sweetheart!"

"Jesus, I left the front door open?" Daniel looked shocked at his lapse of judgment.

Daniel stood up naked and headed toward the bathroom. Ben took a moment to take in the sight of the handsome Marine only to see Brandon lean out the bathroom door, "Keep your eyes in your head, you slut!"

Brandon laughed as he slipped back into the bathroom.

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Daniel rounded up clothing from the boxes lying around the bedroom.

Two large muscular men stood in the hallway. They were wearing jeans and tight tee shirts. One of them entered the room, looking down at a clipboard. The bulky man looked up from his paperwork and said flatly, "Mr. Deveraux?"

Looking up from the clipboard, the startled man turned a shade of purple that Daniel wasn't sure was healthy at all.

"Yes, I'm Mr. Deveraux."

Daniel walked over, cock swinging and arm extended.

"Come on in. Everyone else has!"

"I'm so sorry, sir," the embarrassed man continued, backing out of the bedroom door. "The door was open—we just assumed—God, I'm so sorry!"

"Don't worry about it, but if you don't mind—actually if *all* of you don't mind—Brandon and I would like to get dressed so we can start moving."

"Yes, sir." The response came in unison from the bulky moving men.

Daniel closed the door behind the men, and fell limply against it. Brandon, peeking out from the bathroom said, "That's a hoot! Oh, and by the way, the movers are tooooo tasty. *You*, big man, are a big old fat liar. I bet you hired him so you could ogle his ass, huh?"

"Actually, Handsome, just in case you haven't noticed I prefer my men lean, mean, and devilishly handsome. Those gentlemen are just big old muscle-bound beef. I believe that's *your* favorite meal."

Brandon stepped out of the bathroom, still drying himself from his shower.

"Touché, my good man. But I have all the grade A certified beef I can handle right here." He grabbed Daniel's crotch provocatively.

Daniel grabbed Brandon playfully, his dick now semi hard from watching his lover's nude form casually strolling through the bedroom as he dried himself. He pulled Brandon tightly to him and pressed his cock hard against him.

"You best remember that, Cutie-pie. I ought to give you a taste right now."

Brandon pouted pushing Daniel away.

"Don't tease me, you bad man!"

Daniel, now fully erect and ready to fuck said, "You get your ass over here right now!"

Massaging his own cock to erection, Brandon said in his best southern drawl, "Who? 'Lil ole me?"

Unable to maintain his composure any longer, Daniel lunged at Brandon like a lion on a gazelle.

"I'm gonna give you the fuck of your life, Boy, and you're gonna take it! You hear me?" Daniel grabbed Brandon and pushed him hard against the wall.

Suddenly, Daniel paused, stepped back and said softly. "I'm sorry, Brandon, I shouldn't have called you that."

He realized he'd reverted to the role of the "dominant" partner.

Brandon grabbed Daniel by the cock and whispered, "Big man, it's a game. I love it. I know you'll never hurt me again, but—" He paused as if to think about his next words. "But,

*Sir*, if you don't fuck me right now, I'm gonna have to go and get one of those big hunks of meat out there to take care of this *Boy's* ass!"

Daniel smiled with a knowing grin.

"Boy, you aren't gonna want any cock after I get done with you! I'm gonna fuck you till you can't walk straight the rest of the day."

Daniel pinned Brandon against the wall, his cock pressed hard against his lover's now-pulsating erection.

Brandon leapt into his lover's grasp, wrapping his legs around Daniel's waist. Brandon's waiting hole was pressed precariously against Daniel's raging hard on.

Daniel remembered fondly his first amazing experience with Brandon behind the bar. He couldn't help feeling intensely aroused at the similarity of their roles here today—Brandon's beautiful body waiting for his burning cock.

Brandon leaned into Daniel and begged.

"Please, sir! Give it to me. *Please* don't make me wait any longer!" Brandon wrapped his legs around Daniel's waist, suspended by his lover's grasp.

Daniel's cock now felt as though it had grown to the size of his leg. Brandon's flesh was hot and inviting, and the stream of pre cum on Daniel's cock provided the lubrication for its destination.

Brandon, apparently unwilling to wait any longer, shifted his weight quickly up, and then pushed hard into Daniel's crotch, forcing the enormous phallus to its hilt in one violent movement.

Brandon screamed out loudly.



"*Fuck me, Sir!* Goddamnit just do it! *Please!*" The young man threw his head back knocking it against the drywall.

Daniel couldn't resist the irony.

"Should I stop?" he asked, mimicking their first encounter.

Brandon, in no mood for jokes, leaned into him, bit his nipple, and bore down hard on Daniel's cock with his ass.

Daniel shouted out, "*Christ!* Brandon I can't take that! You know that!"

Brandon bore down even harder on Daniel's cock, while sucking on the nipple. He wasn't sure it was possible, but it felt like the young man's ass was going to devour his most prized possession. The intensity of the move drove Daniel to the edge.

"You fucking bitch! I'm gonna cum! *Oh Christ!*"

Brandon smiled, passionately kissing Daniel on the lips. He whispered while still giving his lover the ride of his life, "Give it your worst, Big Man. I can't wait for you to fill me up again."

Daniel pushed Brandon higher onto the wall, driving his cock deeper as he shot load after load of cum into his lover's relaxed body. He pulled Brandon away from the wall and carried him, still suspended by his cock, to the bed. His waning erection slipped from Brandon's ass. Daniel plopped Brandon onto the bed, allowing his cock to escape.

Brandon lay spread eagle on his back, his stiff cock bobbing precariously in front of him, satisfied that he'd received the "going away present" he'd hoped for. A good morning fuck.

Daniel smiled at Brandon, eyes closed, sprawled with his stiff cock standing straight up, and made a swift move. He dove head first onto Brandon's cock. Daniel rarely satisfied his lover this way, primarily because he always felt his skills inadequate compared with Brandon's unequaled ability to drive him to levels of ecstasy that he'd never thought possible. Brandon was truly a talented man in that regard.

Nonetheless, Daniel couldn't resist releasing Brandon's morning wood. He loved the taste and smell of his lover even if he wasn't able to give the skilled blowjob that the young man could. Daniel decided that he didn't care how much unpleasant noise he made, he intended to take the oversized meal to its hilt.

In a fluid movement he swallowed Brandon's cock whole while running his hands fluidly under the sublime form of his ass. Daniel dug his fingers hard into Brandon's muscular, tanned cheeks. The young man sat bolt upright in bed and gasped. Brandon grabbed Daniel and involuntarily pushed his head further onto the enormous cock.

Daniel now pleased he'd been able to relax enough to take the entirety of the monstrous cock into his throat, feverishly sucked on the burning erection filling his mouth. He refused to let up. He barely breathed as he voraciously devoured Brandon's pulsating cock.

Daniel recognized Brandon's expression as he looked up into his sex-glazed eyes. Daniel wanted every ounce of his lover's fluids. He didn't want to lose a drop. He dove once again deeply into Brandon's lap.

This sudden movement caused Brandon to grab Daniel by the hair and shove his cock down the Marine's throat. He shot what felt like gallons of hot lava down Daniel's throat. He was shocked that the fluid so easily flowed from his lover to him. He'd not gagged, he'd not paused—it was if the two men had joined into one organism. It pleased Daniel immensely. He felt as though he might make a decent "cocksucker" after all.

Brandon fell back onto the bed. He asked breathlessly, "When the fuck did you learn to do that?"

Daniel crawled up between Brandon's legs and kissed him full on.

"I learned from the master!"

Brandon smiled a crooked smile.

"I am good, aren't I?"

Daniel whispered while standing to get dressed, "The best, Baby, the best."

The two men hurriedly dressed, realizing that the others were probably half way through moving their stuff by now. Daniel felt embarrassed at the selfishness of his actions.

"Fuck it, I don't know a man alive who could pass up that fine piece of ass," he finally said, looking at the handsome man now standing beside him as he opened the door to exit the room.

The men both gasped as they were greeted by the two movers, Quinton, and Ben. The four men all stood leaning against the wall of the hallway outside the bedroom, arms folded.

Quinton spoke first, breaking the awkward silence, since he was known for his lack of tact.

"Well I hope the two of *you* had fun. We boys are all out here waiting for our orders, and you two are about to make these two boys cum in their shorts!" He grinned sexily pointing to the two movers whose tight jeans were both pushed to their limits by the massive erections they were sporting.

The movers seemed embarrassed. The one with the clipboard said, "Uh, sir, would you like us to come back later?"

Daniel smiled him.

"What's your name, son?"

"Charles, Sir." The man desperately avoided Daniel's gaze.

Tired of the whole embarrassing scene, Brandon attempted to make his way past Daniel, who stood eye to eye with the handsome mover. Clad in his favorite jeans, more tattered than ever, Brandon had tantalizing peeks of flesh shining in the most provocative of locations. It was August in Georgia, and he had refused to even address the idea of wearing a shirt in this oppressive heat. His tanned flesh was still damp, glowing from their morning fuck.

Daniel watched as the handsome man worked his way through the onlookers in the hallway. He couldn't help thinking that Brandon looked stunning.

Then he turned to the mover.

"Charles, if you had *that* man in your bedroom you wouldn't have passed it up, either. Admit it, son."

He slapped Brandon on the ass as he walked past. Brandon passed the mover, seeming completely oblivious to the slack-jawed stare he got.

"No, Sir," Charles said quietly. "I believe you're right. Mind if I excuse myself for a moment?"

Daniel laughed.

"No problem, man. First door on the right."

Quinton snapped, "That asshole. I guess the rest of us have to walk around with a hard-on all day, huh?"

Ben kissed him gently.

"Don't worry, Quint. *I'll* take care of that later"

The men walked together to meet Brandon downstairs. He was already on the moving truck riding the furniture dollies from front to back. He shouted playfully, "It's about time you lazy men get to work!"

Daniel climbed into the back of the truck to stop Brandon's relentless trips from the back to the front of the truck on the dolly. He kissed Brandon on the lips and said softly, "Thanks again, Cutie. That was fucking awesome!"

Brandon grinned.

"It doesn't get much better than that, so I think it's a sign. *Time to go!*"

Ben stood at the back of the truck holding a large box.

"Are you two gonna christen the fucking truck, too?"

Brandon jumped out of the back of the truck and landed squarely beside Ben. He leaned over and gave him a friendly peck on the cheek.

"It's too late for that, Darling. Been there! Done that!"

Ben tossed the box on the back of the truck, and they watched the happy man running back toward the house. He looked at Daniel and smiled.

"You've got a handful there, Daniel."

Daniel, in an uncharacteristic move, leaned over and in the same playful manner as Brandon, gave Ben a friendly kiss. Ben looked at the Marine, apparently stunned. Daniel said, "Ben you have no idea *how* big a handful that man is."

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

## Chapter Nineteen

The two men stood quietly inside the foyer of the two story colonial that had been Daniel's home since he had moved to the affluent suburb of the sprawling metropolis.

The emptiness of the house saddened Brandon. He said he felt as if he had lost a friend. This had been a place where he'd felt safe from all the insanity in his life.

"Even though it really wasn't my home, Daniel, I always felt *at home* here. It's the closest thing I've had to a home since my grandmother tucked me in at night. Her sheets were always fresh and they smelled like sunshine and the heat from her iron." He walked from room to room carefully closing the doors, and pausing for a moment outside the door of the bedroom in which the two men had shared many happy as well as quite a few painful emotional moments. Daniel interrupted his thoughts.

"Brandon Baby, Quint and Ben, and the movers're already at the new place. We really need to go." He lovingly caressed Brandon's back as the young man sat Indian-style in the dark, in the middle of their bedroom floor.

"Daniel, do you really want this? I mean I'm kind of crazy, you know. And you ... Well, you're a sweet guy. You like life to be smooth, and no headaches, and well ... I guess what I'm saying is, I know I'm a pain in the ass. If you want out of this, I understand. I'll let you have the house. I just don't want to force you into my craziness."

\* \* \* \*



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Daniel stood and walked to the doorway and turned on the lights. He could see Brandon's reddened puffy eyes. Despite that, Brandon simply took the man's breath away. Daniel sat back down and put his lover's head into his lap.

It seemed to Daniel that the less Brandon did to enhance his appearance, the more breathtaking he was. Truly, there was no time when his lover was more handsome to him than when he was naked fresh from the shower, or on a day like today—disheveled, dirty, tired from a long day's work, and in general just looking a mess.

Certainly he was a man who turned heads when they went out clubbing dressed to the nines. Daniel was always proud to go out with Brandon because he knew his lover drew great satisfaction from being the center of attention. It was a fact that Brandon couldn't change if he wanted to.

He simply drew people to him. Daniel had been drawn to him the first time he laid eyes on him in that club. The Marine sighed.... It had been a long time since that fateful night. Perhaps the most surprising thing to Daniel had been and still continued to be, the amazing man behind the handsome façade.

Daniel continued stroking Brandon's hair. Brandon sighed deeply, and Daniel felt his gratitude for the tender affection and love he was lavishing on the younger man. He felt



Brandon's tears dampen his lap as his handsome lover cried silently.

Daniel knew, of course, that even as his looks weren't what they had been ten years ago, one day Brandon's looks would fade as well. Daniel couldn't help but believe that a lot of the reason people were drawn to this man, the reason *he* was drawn to this man—had nothing to do with his amazing body or handsome face.

Daniel thought for a moment about the hundreds of times he'd found out something about Brandon from out of the blue. He remembered how Brandon had taken the large surly black man into his home simply because he needed a warm place to sleep.

He remembered the time that Brandon had gone without eating for two days and lied to Daniel about being on a "food fast." When he'd come to Daniel's house after the two day "fast," he'd nearly made himself sick eating an entire box of Ritz crackers. Later that same night Daniel answered his lover's ringing cell phone and took a message from the Southern Food Bank. Brandon had taken all the groceries in his house to the food bank, because he'd heard the men at the shelter wouldn't have food for the cold nights ahead.

He'd wondered why Brandon refused to spend Thanksgiving Day with him, fearing that he was ashamed of him or wondering if he didn't want to deal with the drama with Daniel's family. Although they accepted Brandon, they didn't acknowledge him as his "partner." Daniel's family was a kind one, but not very accepting of his choices in life. He'd found out that Brandon had volunteered to sing and entertain

the children in the Atlanta Children's Burn center since they couldn't spend the holiday at together at his parents' home.

Daniel had decided to surprise his lover only a few weeks ago by coming to meet him for dinner, just the two of them. Otis told Daniel that Brandon was at the soup kitchen. He said that Brandon often spent the whole day seeing that every man received as much food as he wanted.

Daniel looked at the frightened man next to him. Brandon always prepared for the worst. He generally pushed the situation so that he could get the "worst" over with. He looked up at Daniel with the fear of a man about to be executed. Daniel wanted to reassure his lover but wasn't sure how. He took Brandon by the hand.

"I want to know if you're going to want to get rid of me, Brandon—when I'm fat, when I'm wrinkled, or when I can't make you scream with passion anymore."

"I couldn't stop loving you if you grew another head, and went bald!" Brandon replied, obviously relieved that the conversation hadn't taken a more sinister turn. "Actually, now that I think of it, you do have another head. And by the way, Baby, it's bald!"

Daniel looked solemnly at his partner.

"This isn't a joke, I want an answer."

Brandon met Daniel's eyes.

"If you'll have me, I want to get old, fat and nasty together. That way when nobody else wants us, we can make big old nasty fat-man sex together!"

Daniel laughed heartily. "I guess that'll have to do!"

"Let's get out of here. We've got a life to start. What do you say, big boy?" Brandon smiled as he leapt out of the room running toward the waiting BMW outside the empty house.

Daniel walked to the front door, and closed it for the final time, making sure to have left the keys on the kitchen counter. He walked toward the waiting man sitting smiling in the front seat. He had a feeling of contentment he'd not known in a long time. He felt like *he* was going home. He was excited and scared at the same time. The two men drove into the distance. The magnificent colors of the sunset made the world seem like a wonderland, as if all the sadness of their past were simply a bad nightmare and they were about to awaken to a new day.

Brandon sang happily along with the CD blaring from the BMW's speakers. "Somewhere over the rainbow...." Daniel joined in with the handsome young man.

"You still can't sing, man ... You still can't sing!" Brandon grinned.

"Shut up and sing!" Daniel shouted happily.

The two men pulled into the neighborhood that housed their new home, to the puzzled gazes of the neighbors now being subjected to a truly sad rendition of the Judy Garland Classic by the handsome duo.

They smiled broadly at the families as they passed.

"I think I'm gonna like it here," Brandon said happily.

Daniel patted Brandon on the thigh, contented. He smiled as he noticed one of the neighbors singing along. He replied happily.

Dangerous Obsessions  
*by Blake Deveraux*

"Yeah, Baby. Me, too."

The End

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

**[blakedeveraux.googlepages.com/](http://blakedeveraux.googlepages.com/)**

*Author Bio:*

I know alot of you readers, assume that the person writing the books you read is really some soccer mom or a relusive hermit.... I'm sure some are, but as for me, I'm a real guy with a real life. I'm a fun guy who loves his job! I have been writing for many years, but only recently with the prodding of my partner of many years decided to take a dive into the romance/erotic novel field. I hope that my readers enjoy my books, I have been accepted on redrosepublishing.com as a new author.

My books have an edge that most erotic books in the "gay" genre generally don't have. For one they are actually written by a man. I genuinely enjoy other authors as well but felt that there was something missing from the work. My partner basically told me "either shut up or put up!" so I did. Soon my first book will be available titled "Dangerous Obsessions" I have submitted a follow up book "Dangerous Liasons" I hope that it will follow shortly. My books are not all romance and flowers. There is definetly a "hard" edge to them, but they do I think reveal that even with an edge, men do love, and love deeply. I hope you will enjoy my work as much as I enjoyed writing it!