



Lust Bites

JACOB'S PONY

Jude Mason

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Jacob's Pony

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-melting*.

JACOB'S PONY

Jude Mason

Dedication

To Slither and Christine, the first of my ponies.

Chapter One

Jacob Scott stood looking through the tall, multi-paned window of his study, watching the many slaves bent forward, labouring in the fields. Hobbled in groups of six, the muscular men were forced to work as teams, eat only when their mates ate, sleep together, do everything together. Over time, the work slaves bonded, became more like brothers than the slaves they'd been sentenced as.

Criminals no longer filled the prisons. In the collapse of 2045, prison had been deemed an ineffectual way to deal with those who broke society's laws. The resources no longer existed to pamper them, and their labour could be used much more productively. Slowly the prisons emptied as guards cleaned the men up and sent them to newly built auction houses where they were sold to the highest bidder. Farming, mining, and mundane jobs were no longer done by machine, but by slave power. The young and good-looking found themselves in a different kind of bondage. Trained as male whores, they became the lunchtime playthings and subservient toys of anyone who could pay the pittance their owners charged. Unable to refuse a client's desires, the slaves became accustomed to being used and abused dozens of times a day.

Jacob thought about those early days, when the first few slaves appeared. A great many people had still thought of them as convicts and wanted revenge. Prices were high and the typical family couldn't afford the luxury of slave ownership. The poor sods were abused terribly until the citizenry realised that slavery was punishment enough in most cases.

When more slaves became available, prices went down and the average household could afford at least one. It became commonplace to see naked, or nearly naked, men going about the business of their Masters or Mistresses.

It was easy to spot a slave. Upon being sold, they were branded and collared. The collar could be changed, but the brand was permanent and always visible. It was incredibly rare for a slave to be given his freedom.

A large, white delivery dray pulled into the drive and stopped outside the front door. The eight draft slaves who'd drawn the vehicle staggered and gasped for breath, their bodies

slick with sweat from the hard climb to his home. Jacob's attention shifted from the men in the field to the back of that cart. He waited patiently for the driver to get out and open the back. Jacob knew what the cargo would be. He'd done the purchasing himself and was eager to see the four new slaves climb out.

The first clambered out and stumbled, nearly falling to the grass. The only thing that kept him erect was the chain joining his collar to that of his neighbour. Each man's hands were secured to their collar and each collar had a short length of chain joining him to another. All of them were nude and all of them were young, well-muscled male animals. In truth, that was exactly what each of them was. Their humanity had been stripped from them when the judge had declared them to be slaves.

"Master, you asked to be informed when the shipment arrived."

Jacob turned towards the soft masculine voice. "Thank you, Imp. Get my shoes and have them at the door for me."

The slave, Imp, bowed and rushed from the room. He'd been one of Jacob's first acquisitions and still served him well, although he was long past his prime. At least thirty-five, his body was no longer as firm or as smooth as it had been, but his cock still rose on command and he could keep from coming for as long as Jacob wanted. Years of training had definitely paid off with Imp.

Jacob watched the play of the slave's muscular arse and thighs as he hurried down the long, carpeted hall. Imp wasn't quite naked, but the tiny strip of cloth hanging from a string around his waist did little to conceal his genitals. Another perk of owning slaves, Jacob thought and smiled thinking of how many new slaves balked at the indecency of their attire.

When Imp vanished around the corner at the end of the hall, Jacob returned his attention to the window and the slaves disembarking.

All four were dark-haired and deeply tanned. They could have been related, and that was what he'd aimed for when he'd searched the auction house. The slaves stood side by side, and he noticed that even their cocks were about the same size and shape. Shaved as they were, he could see their balls also appeared similar, hanging low against their thighs.

When he was sure they were lined up properly and ready for his inspection, he headed into the hallway. At the end, he turned left and trotted down the curved staircase. The lower floor was luxurious, beautifully decorated in pale mauve and gold, the drapes matching the

brocade on the large couches and chaise lounges he'd chosen. Tile mixed with wood covered the floors, and mats covered them from the worst of the traffic. Large urns and flower arrangements were tucked away in corners or against the wall, strategically placed to better show off the beauty of the place. A small army of slaves kept it clean and the flowers fresh.

He strode to the large front door where Imp waited. The slave stood close to the wall, hands behind his head, his back arched, chest and groin thrust forward. The display was the typical 'at rest' pose most slaves were taught to use while waiting.

Jacob sat on the bench and lifted one foot. Imp dropped to his knees and quickly slid the soft leather boot on him. The second followed. A moment later, Jacob rose and stroked the kneeling man's head. "Good boy. You're still my Imp."

"Thank you, Master. I hope to be your Imp for many more years."

Jacob turned and waited while Imp opened the large wooden door before striding towards the waiting slave dray. The four new ones stood in the shade, lined up beside the side of the dray. They'd assumed the same pose as Imp had taken, and also spread their feet wide, completing the display position.

All of their bodies had been shaved and the brand was fresh on their left buttock. Jacob stopped in front of them and waited for the elderly, grey-haired delivery man to offer him the paperwork to sign. He checked it, making sure all four of the beasts were listed then scrawled his name. Handing the tablet back, he said, "Thanks. Do you need the collars back?"

"Nah, the boss said whenever you're in town to drop them off," the man replied cordially. He flipped Jacob a key that would no doubt open all of the collars, which he slid into his pocket.

"Good. I'll have them returned within a few days." Jacob returned his attention to the new team, ignoring the man who climbed into the driver's seat and moved his team ahead. They walked a circle and then Jacob heard the snap of a whip as the old fellow hurried the ponies on.

Jacob walked to the end of the line and stood before the largest slave. Just then, an enormous black stud, dressed in only a pair of very short shorts and a collar, came running from the stable. He stopped when he got within a metre or so of Jacob and dropped to his

knees, gasping for breath. "Sorry, Master, I was tending to one of the field slaves. He'd stepped on something and cut his foot pretty bad."

"Never mind, Sam," Jacob said, kindly. "What do you think of these?" He reached out and stroked the wide chest of the man in front of him. It was hot and sweaty, yet the beast's nipples rose to high peaks. Muscles rippled under the skin, and Jacob was sure he felt the heart beat racing. He slipped his hands lower, caressing the well-muscled belly, and the smooth, fleshy cock thrust towards him.

"Looks very good, Master. You're a good judge of man flesh, for sure." Sam climbed to his feet and went to look at the other three ponies.

Sam was the foreman, the top slave who had limited power over the others and kept Jacob in touch with any problems before they became either dangerous or harmful. He was young, blacker than any other man Jacob had ever seen, and unquestionably loyal. He also had his pick of bed-mates from the stables.

Jacob gave the pony's cock a squeeze and smiled when the flesh thickened instantly. A few moments later, he was holding the fully erect shaft and stroking it brusquely while the beast groaned. Before the slave erupted, Jacob released him and moved to the next. He repeated the procedure, chuckling when the stud gasped loudly at the sudden abandonment. Whether he came or not was completely up to Jacob.

He moved on until he got to the final new stud and smiled when he looked up at the handsome face. This was the one who'd captured his attention. This was the one who made him hard and eager. Tall, his dark hair trimmed so it just touched his shoulders, the rest curling around his face. Brown eyes framed by long, almost feminine lashes peered straight ahead. A deep cleft in his chin was the only thing that the other three studs didn't have. His wide chest and wash-board rippling stomach drew Jacob's hands to them. Jacob stroked him, possibly a little more possessively, a little more urgently, and the beast's cock rose even before it was touched.

"This one's eager," he said in a soft, husky voice. His own cock thickened, pushing against the soft material of his underpants.

Sam came to stand beside him and said, "Yeah, he seems to be looking forward to your touch, Master."

"As all good slaves should." Jacob slid his fingers around the base of the beast's cock and squeezed. It pulsed and lengthened even more. The large head rose higher, as if reaching for him.

"Slave, what do they call you?" He continued to manipulate the shaft. The skin moved easily up and down, and when Jacob increased the speed, the stud began to sweat.

"David, if it pleases you, Master," came the gruff reply.

"Yes, David will do." Jacob slid his fist higher then used the flat of his other palm to polish the large dome.

David grunted. The muscles in his belly writhed as he fought to remain still. He obviously had an incredibly sensitive crown.

"Are you straight or gay, slave?"

"Master, I'm whatever you want me to be," he gasped.

Beside him, Sam chuckled and said, "He's a smart one, Master. He'll do well, if he knows how to follow orders."

Jacob looked into the slave's eyes and asked, "Do you follow orders well?"

David squirmed, as if he didn't want to answer. His jaw clenched, but he finally mumbled, "Yes, Master."

Jacob wondered why he'd hesitated, but let it go for the moment. He was too caught up in exciting the slave. His hand became slick with pre-cum, and that made it easier to masturbate the beast. Tightening his fist, he slowly drew his hand up, stopping when his fingers touched the rim then he dragged it down. Pushing against the large ball sac, he felt the entire shaft pulse. The slave's testicles pushed against Jacob's hand, as if trying to ready themselves for release.

"Slave, you are not to come. Got that?"

Shuddering, gasping, David sputtered, "Yes, Master."

While Jacob continued to stroke and tease him, David's writhing became more pronounced. Jacob stopped polishing the head of the slave's cock and, instead, lightly scratched the sensitive flesh. He tickled the slit then ran his fingers around the ridge, gently tugging on it.

Judging the reaction, he waited until he was sure the slave was just about beyond the ability to control his climax then he stopped. He simple let go of the man and watched the cock bounce.

A look of wild desperation came over David's face. He opened his mouth, as if he was about to say something, but must have thought better of it and closed his lips tightly together.

"Sam, go behind this one and kneel." Jacob stepped back a pace and crossed his arms over his chest.

Sam slipped behind the new slave and knelt, his face no more than a foot from David's arse.

"Spread his cheeks," Jacob commanded and smiled.

David's face told it all – the shock, the excitement, the horror at his possible inability to control his orgasm.

"Don't move or I'll have you flogged," Jacob reminded the twitching slave. "You may groan and beg, if you must."

Dark eyes flashed, yet the beast strained to keep still as he'd been commanded. His breathing was harsh, sounding more like an old freight train than a man. His cock bobbed wildly, slapping his thighs as well as his belly in its wild dance of lust. His balls shifted, rose tight against his body.

"Sam, slide your finger over his hole. Don't penetrate, just tease him. I want to know what he does."

"Yes, Master," Sam replied.

An instant later, David moaned, and his mouth sagged open. His cock swung up and slapped his belly repeatedly while the slave behind him teased his hole. He grunted and sobbed, eyes flashing as a look of desperation crossed his face.

"Master, please, I –"

"Silence," Jacob barked and moved to the side. He wanted to see what Sam was doing.

The large black slave was holding the new slave's arse cheeks wide with his fingers and brushing his thumb over the tightly puckered hole. Every time his thumb crossed David's anus, the large butt muscles clenched.

"Virgin?" Jacob asked.

"Yes, Master. I believe so." Sam looked up at him and smiled.

"Good."

He returned to stand in front of the four slaves, his feet wide and hands on his hips. Each of them sported an impressive erection. He looked into each face, looking for any sign of disobedience to come, and found none. When he looked into David's eyes, he saw only lust, need, and frustration.

"As you've all probably gathered, I'm your new Master. That's all you need to know for now. You will obey me in all things. I own you. I have the power to do anything I want with you and to you. Each of you has been sentenced to slavery for crimes you've committed against society, and society has decided that the luxury of prison is too much to bear." He stated what the four men already knew, but he wanted to reinforce his control over them. He also wanted to reassure them that he wasn't a cruel Master, but he was just.

"If you obey me, and my man Sam here, you'll find me a reasonable Master. When you're told to do something, I don't expect to wait for you to decide. You will obey instantly, or you will be punished."

He wandered down the line, stopping at the end of the line farthest away from where David stood with Sam knelling behind him, tormenting his arse. Jacob looked into the eyes of the slave beast. "Do you understand?"

The slave instantly replied, "Yes, Master."

Nodding, Jacob moved to the left and looked into the next slave's eyes. "Nothing before your slavery matters to me. I don't care what crimes you were convicted of. I don't care if you had homes and fancy cars. You are now nothing but slaves." He glared into the slave's eyes. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master," the stud answered hurriedly.

Jacob looked downward, spotting the slave's cock pointing at him. "And who does that belong to?"

The slave looked down, and he replied, "It belongs to you, Master."

"It? What it? Tell me what belongs to me."

"My cock belongs to you, Master." A note of worry made the slave's voice tremble.

"Yes, your cock belongs to me. Your balls belong to me." He reached down and took hold of the large, dangling sac, squeezing it every so slightly. "Say it."

"Master, my balls belong to you. All of me belongs to you. Please, Master." The slave's tone had risen.

Jacob released him and moved to the next. The beast was trembling already. "And you, do you know who you belong to?"

"Yes, Master. I belong to you. All of me belongs to you, Master."

Jacob backed away. He was pleased with the new group. They were beautiful animals and didn't seem to be trouble makers, although only time would tell for sure. He looked at David. Sweat poured from the slave. A long strand of pre-cum dangled from the end of his cock and that pulsed wildly.

"Sam, you can stop now."

Sam climbed to his feet and stood in the slave rest position behind the line of new beasts, his own cock straining against the inside of the rough cotton shorts he wore. A large damp spot showed, and even from where he was, Jacob could see the spot growing bigger by the second.

"Thank you, Master."

"Have that one taken to my chambers. The rest, take them to the stables. Get them cleaned up and fed." He stepped forward and from his pocket pulled out the key the driver had left him. He unlocked David, setting him free of the others.

"Yes, Master." Sam stepped out from behind the line up.

"And Sam, don't fuck any of them."

Sam blinked and smiled, his white teeth sparkling in the sunlight. "No, Master. I wouldn't even if you hadn't said that. I'm a slave, and I know my place, Master."

"Go. Tell Imp to help you with this one." He nodded at David.

"Thank you, Master."

Sam turned and grabbed the chain still dangling from the collar of the first man. Jacob watched him march away, three men in tow and the fourth, David, following.

Chapter Two

An hour later, Jacob sat at the desk in his room going over a pile of paperwork, and wishing he was somewhere, anywhere, else. Running the farm, even with all of the slave labour, was an enormous task. The food he produced made up over fifty percent of what the town nearby needed for the population. It was a huge responsibility.

A knock sounded at the door. Jacob laid down his pen and leaned back in his chair, stretching his spine. He turned the chair to face the door and pushed his feet out, crossing his legs at the ankles.

"Come."

The door opened, and a squeaky clean David walked in, followed by Imp.

"Master, Sam told me to bring this slave to you after he'd been cleaned and fed." Imp bowed low then assumed the correct position. David appeared to notice and followed suit, hands behind his head, chest and hips thrust and his legs spaced wide apart.

"Excellent. Thank you, Imp." Jacob rose to his feet and walked across the room to take a good look at his new acquisition. The slave was gorgeous, even more so now that he was cleaned up.

"Drag out the bench, park it in the middle of the room." Jacob watched Imp go to the storage room door and open it. Inside was an assortment of slave gear and the bench. As Imp wheeled it out, Jacob thought that it reminded him of a carpenter's saw horse, but with attachments. With its sturdy built, padded top padded and the slats on either side, the leather-covered bench was at the perfect height for kneeling on —and the perfect tool of initiating new slaves. Imp locked the wheels and turned to face him.

"You can go now. I'll get anything else I need."

Imp hurried from the room and quietly shut the door behind himself.

"Go and kneel beside the bench, legs spread, hands behind your head."

Again, for an instant, David looked as if he was about to say something, but didn't. He walked over to where the bench was and knelt beside it.

Jacob went to the door and opened it. Outside, standing across the hall, a muscular fellow in uniform stood at attention. He was one of the paid staff, a handler whose job it was to protect any free person from a slave who disobeyed or tried to escape. "Just checking. I've got a buzzer. Hear it, come running."

The man nodded. "Yes, sir. I'll be there if needed."

Closing the door, Jacob picked up the small buzzer and went to where David knelt. "There's a guard outside. Any difficulty and I'll call him."

David looked up. "Yes, Master. I don't intend to cause any trouble."

"Good." Jacob looked between the slave's legs. His cock was again soft, but even as he watched, it swelled and lifted its head. "Are you a virgin?"

"No, Master, I've had several women."

"Are you a virgin when it comes to men?"

There was a pause before he replied. "Yes, Master." He blushed and lowered his eyes.

"Excellent." Jacob's excitement rose. It'd been a long time since he'd had a virgin's arse. "Stand up and go to the end of the bench."

A quick look up, a hint of panic in his eyes, but David got to his feet and went to the correct end of the bench.

"You've never seen one of these, have you?"

"No, Master. But, I can guess what's going to happen."

"Yes, I bet you can." Jacob stood behind the slave and inhaled. The smell of fear was there, but he sensed excitement too. "What did you do to be enslaved?"

Again, David paused before replying, and Jacob was beginning to think he'd have to punish him for his sluggishness. Finally, he began to speak. "I was charged and convicted of breaking and entering, three times."

"I see, so maybe I should lock up the silver?"

"No, Master." David looked over his shoulder, peering into Jacob's eyes. "I didn't do it."

Anger gripped Jacob and he growled, "Get on the bench. Knees on the slats, arms down the front legs." Surely, David knew his guilt or innocence had already been decided. He must know that lying about it would just ensure punishment.

And yet, the look in the slave's eyes when Jacob had gazed into them spoke of trust, and something more. Desperation? He shook his head and watched David crawl over the bench. *Could he really be innocent?*

Jacob bent and grabbed one of the straps fastened to the leg of the slave bench and wrapped it around David's thigh. Another went around his ankle and once buckled, secured him on that side. He bound his other leg in the same manner and moved to the front of the device, where he fastened his arms to the front legs. Two straps per arm and one more went around his waist. The last, a simple eye-bolt, fastened the slave's collar to the front of the bench.

He returned to the slave's rear and eyed the taut smooth arse cheeks and the sleek muscles of his thighs. "Tell me why you think you're innocent, and why you think I'll believe you?"

"Master..." The slave let the word dangle, the sentence unspoken.

Jacob tried to be patient, but when nothing else was said, he reached out and took hold of the slave's balls. "I'm waiting." Tightening his fingers, he heard the slave grunt.

"Master, I know how it sounds. A great many slaves must profess their innocence trying to gain an easier life."

Jacob relaxed his grip, and instead caressed the large ball sac. The bench left the slave's arse and genitals free, and spread his arse cheeks for better access. He listened while exploring the beast's treasures.

"I come from a poor family. When I was arrested, I couldn't afford a lawyer, and the one appointed seemed to have other cases, more important clients, and spent next to no time helping me. I never broke into anyone's home." He suddenly stopped talking and gasped.

Jacob's index finger nudged the slave's anus. He still had hold of the slave's balls, steadying him for the slow torment and the insertion to come. "Go on. Who do you think did it? Why would the cops think it was you?"

Gasping, David replied, "I don't know why they would think it was me. There were no fingerprints. There couldn't be. I was never at any of the homes broken into."

Circling the tightly clenched hole, Jacob slowly increased the pressure against the soft membrane. The tip of his finger entered, and he carefully moved it around, stretching the anal muscles. He stopped and removed his hands. Going to his desk, he opened the top

drawer and pulled out a tube of lubricant. He squirted a large dollop into his palm and returned to David's rear. He put the buzzer on his desk, sure the slave was secured and he was safe.

"Interesting. Do you have any idea who might have pointed a finger in your direction?" He again gripped David's balls. Using a well-lubed finger, he pressed against the slave's anus. It entered easily but stopped when it reached the first knuckle. Moving his finger to the side, then around, he eased open the slave's hole.

"The only person I know of, who's been in any trouble with the law, is my cousin, Darren." David grunted with the finger almost fully inserted in his arse. "Master, please. I don't know..."

"You don't need to know anything. Just do as you're told and answer my questions." Jacob's hands shook slightly, his slacks were too tight, and his breath came in great gasps of excitement. He felt as if he was about to fuck his first lover, and it thrilled him. He gently worked his finger around, pulling it out, then pushing it back in deep.

"Yes, Master." David's hips churned as much as the straps allowed. The muscles inside his arse clenched and relaxed, as if they were trying to push the finger out.

"Your cousin, Darren. He's been in trouble before?"

"Yes, Master, about a year and a half ago, he was caught with stolen goods from a home invasion."

"And that was the only time?" He twirled his finger around, eliciting delicious sounds from his new slave.

"Yes, yes, Master, the only time I heard of."

Jacob noticed a sheen of sweat on the slave's back. The tan colour of his skin had taken on a hint of red.

"Did you and Darren get along?"

"We didn't see each other much. His father had money. Mine didn't. He didn't want to associate with what he called poor white trash."

"Ah, I see," Jacob murmured. He watched the beast closely, gauging his readiness for another finger. Sliding the one finger out, he joined it with another and eased them both in. "What did your uncle say about all of this?"

"Uh, oh fuck!" David's inner muscles clenched around the intruding fingers. "I don't know. Master, I don't know, he didn't talk to me. He never had time for me or his brother, my dad."

"Easy boy. It's all right. You're doing fine." He crooned the words as he slowly pushed the two fingers in deeper. "You're not lying to me, are you?" For some reason, he was sure the slave was telling the truth. He'd heard confessions and pleas of innocence before but they'd never made him think twice. Something in this slave struck a cord in him.

"Master," the slave cried, obviously overcome by the experience. He took a deep, shuddering breath and tried again, perhaps sensing his Master's understanding. "Master, forgive me. I'm not lying. I know what can happen if I'm caught lying. I saw a slave castrated in the auction house. I won't lie."

The slave's anus had loosened enough to accept another finger and Jacob eased it in. He could see the strain, the tense muscles and the quivering cheeks of the slave's arse as he worked those three fingers around, then in and out. "I won't castrate you."

He slid the hand that he'd been teasing the beast's balls with forward to the shaft of his engorged cock. It pulsed and jerked against his palm, as if trying to escape any further sensation. Yet, the groans and sighs of pleasure Jacob heard made his blood race and his own cock lurch inside his pants.

He pulled his fingers away and stepped back. His lube-slick hands went to his clothes, tearing at them to get them off as fast as he could. He wanted the slave, and he wanted him now. Shirt, jeans and underpants hit the floor on top of rolled up socks and soft-soled slippers.

Stroking the length of his cock from tip to groin, Jacob approached the bound slave. "No, I won't castrate you. I have plans for that cock of yours."

He stood behind David, still holding his shaft. Gripping it tightly, he ran it over the tanned cheeks then up and down the furrow between them. When he brushed over the puckered hole, he shuddered, anticipation almost getting the best of him. Pre-cum drooled from his slit, anointing the well-lubricated hole with its own brand of slickness.

"Relax, push out, and I promise it won't hurt." Using his free hand, he pulled David's buttocks apart, making his target that much easier to see, easier to plunge into. Thrusting his hips forward, he groaned as the tip of his cock entered the tight hole. The outer ring of

muscle clenched around him, gripping him tightly, holding him. His cock pulsed, sending a thrill down his spine.

"Yes, that's it. Relax and let me in," he murmured as he slowly eased his way deeper into the slave's tight arse. Taking hold of the beast's muscular hips, he pushed himself ahead. *So tight, he's so damn tight*, he repeated silently. Revelling in the sweet sensation of being squeezed, he buried himself, balls deep. He stopped there, letting the slave become accustomed to the feeling of being filled, while he basked in the clenching buttocks.

Jacob leaned forward, resting his belly against the smooth, muscular arse and back of the slave. Reaching beneath the beast, he slipped his fingers around the swollen cock. It wasn't fully erect, but it hadn't lost all of its girth or fleshy fullness. He slowly pumped it, urging it to full erection again, while he worked his hips.

"You all right?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes, Master." The slave's voice was soft and held a note of uncertainty, or so Jacob thought.

"You belong to me. You have no choice but to accept me and my cock into your body."

"Yes, Master. I know. But..." He fell silent.

Jacob waited for him to go on. When a minute had passed and David remained silent, Jacob asked, "But?"

"Master. I knew you'd do this. I'm shocked that it doesn't hurt. I'm more shocked that I like it."

"Did you lie to me, slave?" Jacob asked suddenly.

"No, Master, I didn't lie."

Jacob eased out until the anal ring gripped the head of his cock, clenching and releasing rhythmically. He fucked the slave then, brusquely, then slowly, alternating between deep stroking and shallow thrusting. He continued to stroke the slave's cock, drawing him along on the ride to Nirvana.

When Jacob was a heartbeat away from filling the slave's arse with his cum, the beast cried out, "Master, fuck, Master, I need to come. Please!"

Jacob grunted and buried his cock deep and held there. The slave's cock throbbed. It was so erect it no longer dangled beneath him, but had risen up to slap at his belly. Reaching back, Jacob cupped the crinkled sac holding the slave's balls and pulled on them.

"Yes, slave, come for your Master." Again, he thrust his hips, swinging them back and forth, slamming his belly against David's arse. The sound of flesh on flesh invigorated him, and the clenching of the slave's butt around his cock took him over the edge. He growled as his cock swelled. He grunted when a stream of cum erupted, filling the warm arse.

"Yes, thank you, Master," David roared as he too shot a load of cum across the floor beneath the bench. Twice more he sent a stream of white onto the tile, shuddering after each emission.

Jacob collapsed across David's back and lay gasping while his heartbeat slowed. It'd been a very long time since he'd felt so exhausted from a single session. But, he swore to himself, it would take place again, very soon.

When he'd caught his breath, Jacob eased out of the slave's arse. He staggered to his desk and sat down. There was the buzzer, sitting right where he'd left it on the corner of his desk. He pushed it.

The door flew open and the guard rushed in. "Sir?" he asked, looked across the room at where David lay still secured.

"Send Sam up. The slave needs some rest."

"Yes, sir." The man spun on his heel and marched out of the room.

He took a moment longer to get his thoughts together. He went to the pile of clothing he'd tossed on the floor and pulled on his shorts. Then, he went to where David lay gasping still and whispered, "You were spectacular."

"Thank you, Master."

Kissing the slave's shoulder, he added, "There's something about you..."

A tapping on the door drew his attention, the sentence unfinished.

"Yes, come."

Sam entered and came straight to him. "Master, you sent for me?" He went into the proper position.

"Yes, take this slave and feed him if he's hungry—same with water. Make him comfortable." Jacob stepped aside and watched Sam kneel beside the bench.

"Yes, there's something about you," he said only to himself.

Chapter Three

"Vic, hi," he said into the receiver. "It's Jacob Scott here. I've got a job for you."

"Yeah, that's great, Mr. Scott." The voice on the other end sounded tired. "I can use the work."

"This shouldn't take long or be too difficult."

"You know I'll do what I can, sir. Do you want me to come out or can you give me the details over the phone?"

Jacob leaned back in his chair and looked through the large window overlooking the training field. The four new slaves were training, David among them. The carriage they were hitched to was large, cumbersome, and would teach them the ins and outs of being a pony. Their gear was also new to them and would take a week or two of getting used to.

Returning his attention to the phone, Jacob said, "No need to make the trip. I'll sign all your paperwork when you've found out the information I need."

"Good enough." A rustling of paper followed then Vic went on. "What is it you're after, Mr. Scott?"

"I've just acquired a new slave. His name is David, last name used to be Richards. We both know there are a lot of slaves who say they're innocent, but this one, for some weird reason, I believe. He was convicted of breaking and entering, three times. There didn't seem to be a great deal of evidence, but the guy didn't have money for a decent lawyer either. I figure someone, and it looks like it might have been a relative, put the finger on him."

He watched the big, black stable master, Sam, climb into the driver's seat and gather up the reins in one hand. In his other, he held the training whip. Sam raised the whip and, after giving the voice command, brought it down sharply across the lead pony's arse. Luckily, David wasn't the lead, at that time. Jacob knew they'd take turns in that position until Sam decided who worked best there. The unlucky beast leapt forward instantly, and the others quickly followed. They had little choice, harnessed as they were. With their wrists cuffed to the back of their wide training collars and the harness, which kept them beautifully erect and bound to each other, they would learn to move as one. Each pony's collar had a long leather

strap leading down to the towing bar. Sam had adjusted the straps, ensuring each was tight and kept the beasts from slouching forward. A leather strap around their waists was what they actually pulled the carriage with—the rest was all for show.

“Mr. Scott, are you still with me?” came the rather loud voice of Vic Stark into Jacob’s ear.

Smiling, Jacob replied, “Yes, sorry. I was watching the new ponies training. Quite a sight.”

“Ah yes, I bet it is. So, this David Richards might have enemies, or at least someone who’s willing to have him enslaved, and you want to know if it’s true.”

“That’s it in a nutshell. To be honest, I tend to believe him, but I’ve heard it before.”

Outside, one of the ponies stumbled, and the rest faltered while it fought its way upright. Jacob wondered if it had been David then he chastised himself for being concerned about a mere slave.

“I’ll get right on this, sir. The usual prices and perks all right with you?”

“Of course. And a nice bonus if you get it done within a week.” He knew Vic had a family and his P.I. job was their only income. A bonus went a long way to ensure the man was always available for him when Jacob needed him.

“I’ll have it for you before the week is out. And, Mr. Scott, if this guy is innocent, I’ll make sure it stands up in court.”

“Thanks Vic. I knew I could count on you.”

“You bet. Thanks for the business, sir. I’ll get in touch when I have something.”

“Excellent. I’ll look forward to your call.” Jacob hung up the phone and rose from his desk. He stood with his arms across his chest and watched Sam put the naked pony boys through their paces. The bits in each of the ponies’ mouths kept them mostly silent, but he knew there’d be the occasional grunt when the whip struck or when they were guided into a particularly difficult manoeuvre.

Jacob loved watching the slaves train. Ever since he’d taken over the estate, he’d relished buying new slaves, working with Sam to get the best out of them and, in some cases, re-selling the beasts to others.

Checking his calendar, he saw that his business was done for the morning. He was free to see how the new team was coming along. It'd been four days since they'd arrived, and Sam had done wonders, as usual.

Heading down the stairs, he passed Imp and noticed his arse was adorned with a few stripes from the flogger. He stopped, turned at the foot of the stairs and called, "Imp, come here."

The slave stopped at the top and looked worried. "Yes, Master," he said and hurried down to stand before Jacob, in perfect position.

"I notice you're wearing a few extra stripes this morning. What for?" Jacob circled the quivering slave and ran his hand over the slope of his arse. The marks were fresh, the skin swollen along the length of each stripe.

"Master, I was told by the kitchen slave to pick out some fresh fruit for the morning meal. I'm afraid I didn't pick the best. One of the apples was badly bruised. He reported me to the slave master."

"Ah, so you'll pay more attention to your kitchen duties in future." He raised his hand and smiled as he brought it down sharply directly on the most obvious of the red stripes.

"Oww!" Imp wailed, jumping forward. "Yes, Master!"

Jacob laughed and headed for the front door. Over his shoulder, he called, "I'd better not hear of you slacking off again. Now, get moving. I assume you're on an errand."

"Yes, Master," replied the harried slave. "Thank you, Master." He turned and fled up the stairs, the red handprint on his arse a blazing brand.

Jacob left the house and wandered over to the training ring. He raised his hand and waved at the driver. The carriage drew closer, and when Sam spotted him, he nodded and pulled the team to a halt a few feet away. All four ponies gasped for breath, their bodies covered in sweat, their legs trembling from the exertion.

Jacob approached the carriage and looked up at Sam. "How are they doing?"

Sam clambered from the driver's seat and knelt, facing Jacob. "Really well, Master. You chose excellent slave flesh, as you normally do."

"Do you think they're ready for me to take them on a run?" He turned away from Sam and went to where David stood panting in his place behind the lead pony.

"Yes, Master, they're good enough. I'm sure you'll be pleased with them."

He reached out and slid his hand over David's shoulder, feeling the heat and sweat. The unmistakable feeling of lust and something more, made his heart race. The beast had made an impression right from the first time Jacob had seen him. He couldn't put his finger on why, but he didn't shy away from it either. Each night, he'd had the pony sent to his bed freshly cleaned and fed. Each night, he'd explored the new slave's body and learned what made him cry out with pleasure. They'd talked a little, but as the beast's Master, it wasn't really appropriate for him to let the slave know his feelings. Yet, he longed to take the man in his arms.

Yes, he's a man, and I'm falling for him.

"How's this one doing?" He slid his hand over the smooth, round arse and shivered when the pony clenched his cheeks.

"He's doing very well, Master. He might be the lead. There's him and the one beside him. Both seem stronger, more aware of what's going on around them." Sam spoke from his place. He hadn't been told to join his Master, and he knew better than to move without permission.

"Good. What about in the stables, at night? Are they getting along?" The teams were always together, secured by the collar by a chain to the centre of their stall.

"So far, they've kept their distance, but that's pretty normal, Master, as you know. They'll warm to each other. They're young and horny. With no females available, they don't have a choice. They've each been told not to touch themselves."

Jacob smiled and slipped his hand around to David's cock. Gripping it, he whispered into the pony's ear, "Do you want to join me again tonight?"

With the bit between his teeth, the only way David could reply was by either nodding or shaking his head. A few moments passed, and Jacob spent the time easing the flesh up and down the pony's shaft. Finally, David groaned and nodded.

"Good, I'll be looking forward to seeing you." The slave's cock swelled, the shaft filling Jacob's palm. "Do you think you can work with your brother ponies?"

Again, David nodded, the reins slapping at his neck and making a soft sound.

Releasing him, Jacob turned to the slave beside David and reached for the beast's cock. He stroked it for a few moments, smiling when it swelled and grew in his palm. He rubbed a thumb over the crown, feeling the shaft jerk in response.

"A virile pair, for sure. Either would be a wonderful lead."

"Yes, Master. All four get erections more than normal. That might change once they form a relationship."

"True. Sam, excite the other two."

Sam leapt to his feet and hurried to the second pair of ponies. He took a cock in each hand and gently caressed them. His fists moved up and down, drawing the skin over the shafts, rubbing his thumbs over the soft heads, until they'd swelled and rose to full erection.

"Enough," Jacob said when he saw the clear drop of pre-cum emerge from one of the slaves. "I'll take them for a lap. Let's see how they handle this treatment."

Jacob climbed into the driver's seat and took up the reins. The whip he left in its holder, but he was ready to draw it out if need be. Raising his arms, he brought the reins down smartly, causing the leather strips to slap the shoulders of each pony. Instantly, they leapt ahead. Their gait wasn't even, not for the first dozen or so paces. Then it smoothed out and their gait was perfectly in tune. He walked them for a little bit, but then urged them to greater speed with another slap of the reins.

From his vantage point, he couldn't see the slap of the pony's erections against their bodies, but he heard it. He also heard the groans of the beasts when their pace was increased. He kept them moving at a fast jog for several minutes, manoeuvring them around the course Sam had laid out earlier.

He loved watching the beasts strain, the sweat pour off them as they ran ahead. He flicked the reins one more time and the pace quickened instantly. When he brought the team around to where Sam knelt waiting, he eased them to a stop. The ponies gasped for breath, but they'd run well, and Jacob was impressed with them all.

He wound the reins around the brake and hopped down, causing the carriage to shift. A pony groaned when it bounced back and Jacob realised the pressure it must put on their bodies when it moved.

Walking around to the front of the team, he was pleased to see that although their erections had waned somewhat, each of them still sported a nice thick cock. He nodded, and his smile widened when he felt his own manhood swell. His slacks grew at the crotch.

"Sam, how much longer will they be out here?" He turned and faced the stable master.

"Another couple of hours, Master."

"Keep them excited until they're done out here then return them to the stables. All except him." Jacob pointed at David, who stood red-faced among the other ponies.

"Yes, Master. Would you like them cleaned and watered, or just bedded down for the rest of the day?"

Jacob thought about it for a minute. "Let them clean each other. Watch them carefully, though. I don't want them touching themselves. Water them but don't feed them until later."

"Yes, Master."

Jacob turned on his heel and headed back to the house, his thoughts on what the P.I. would find, and on his growing feelings for David.

* * * *

"No, don't stop there. Come to the foot of the bed." Jacob watched David walk towards where he lay sprawled across the covers of his king-sized bed. He'd had time to meet with a client interested in making a purchase of several of his slaves before showering. Thoughts of David and the rest of his team inspired wild thoughts of how the trio must be fighting their natural male urges, and how he'd give David no choice to do the same.

"Master?" David stood at the foot of the bed, quickly assuming the correct posture. His muscular torso and thighs strained, his belly rippled with tension. His erection had faded, but even as Jacob watched, his cock rose to face him, the shaft thickening as the plum shaped head jerked upward.

"Tonight, you're to call me Jacob." He'd made that decision earlier and hoped it was the right one. He'd never allowed a slave so much familiarity, but he'd never felt this way about anyone before, either.

"Yes, Master...Jacob." The beast smiled, obviously knowing he'd touched his Master in some way.

"Get on the bed, hands and knees." Jacob pointed to a spot in the centre of the bed. "Right there." He waited for David to crawl onto the bed and position himself.

"You're free to speak tonight, David. No matter what you say, you won't be punished." He rose and knelt beside the man. "You have my word."

"Honestly?" David turned his face to the side and looked directly into Jacob's eyes.

"Yes, honestly. I think you and I have some talking to do." Jacob laid his palm on David's back and felt a tremor run through the man.

"May I ask a question then?"

Brown eyes bore into Jacob's as he slipped his hand over the smooth expanse of the man's back and shoulders. The muscles bunched then relaxed. He slid his hand down again, moving side to side then even farther to the slope of David's arse.

"Why me?" The look in David's eyes was haunting, confused. "Out of all the slaves you have here, why did you pick me?"

"When I saw you at the auction house, I saw something exciting, different." Jacob closed his eyes and remembered that first sighting. "You seemed stronger than the beasts around you. More sure of yourself somehow." He opened his eyes and looked into David's. "Not what I expected from a three-time loser."

David's jaw muscles writhed, and Jacob knew he'd hit a nerve, one he hoped to have resolved within a few days. "I'm not a loser."

"Possibly." Jacob ran his fingers down the cleft of David's arse, exploring the deep furrow and the clenched swirl in the centre. "Have you decided yet if you like male on male sex?"

David looked thoughtful for all of about thirty seconds before he grunted and replied in a deep voice, "Yes. I never thought I would. But you've made me love it."

"I'm glad. Do you still think you'd prefer women?"

Again there were a few moments of silence, and Jacob took the opportunity to slip a fingertip into the kneeling man's arse.

"I don't know. Honestly, I love what you do to me. You're like..." The sentence trailed off, and the man pushed back as if trying to impale himself on the exploring digit.

"I'm like what?" Jacob pulled his finger free and reached for the lube on his side table.

"You're not like anyone I've ever known. I know that sounds dumb. You're my Master and I...I'm a slave. Damn, that's still hard to digest." David lowered his head, as if contemplating the life he found himself in. "I can't believe I was convicted, sentenced to slavery."

"You still say you're innocent?" Jacob dropped the tube on the table and approached David's rear.

"Yes, I'm sorry, but yes. I can't lie about that. No matter what happens. I know I'm not guilty." He hissed when Jacob's well-lubed finger entered him.

"How do you feel about me?" Jacob asked and wasn't sure he was ready for the answer. He'd grown too fond of the slave and knew it. How could he imagine the man felt anything for him? "Not the Master but me, the man."

David blinked, apparently surprised by the request. "I've only known you as my Master. But...you make me feel..." He seemed lost for words and let the sentence trail off.

"Different. Special?" Jacob suggested, hopefully. He'd known the man four days, not even that when you considered how little time they actually spent together. Nights they fucked their brains out, but come daylight, David returned to his pony training and Jacob returned to his chores as the owner. The Master. He shuddered.

David twisted his body, looking up at him, and said, "Yes, special and different. Inexplicably. You are my Master; I must obey you in all things. Yet, there's something more."

"You felt it too, then?" Jacob slipped his finger deeper, knowing his slave would relish the feeling of it. He knew David better than he'd known another man ever. This beast, for some reason wasn't just another hole to fuck, another brute to train. He was a man, and even thinking it surprised him, but thrilled him too.

"Too, you mean...?"

"Yes, me too," Jacob replied, his heart racing. He smiled, couldn't help the rush of pleasure rushing through him. "Me too," he whispered, and twirled his finger around, stretching David's hole. "Tonight, we're going to make love. Tonight, you're free, David."

"What?"

"You heard me," Jacob said and chuckled. It was true, he'd never done anything like it before. Slaves talked, so David must know it. "Tonight, while you're here, you're free."

"And you won't punish me later, right?" His voice was uncertain, tentative.

"That's right. Well, as long as you don't decide to beat the crap out of me." He chuckled again, but for an instant thought about it. David had been treated as a slave. Would he want retribution?

Suddenly, the man sank back, impaling himself on Jacob's finger, groaning all the way. "Why are you doing this? You know it's going to make it doubly hard for me to return to the stables in the morning."

"Yes, I know. I'm sorry, but I wanted this."

"And you are the Master."

"Not tonight."

With a moan of pleasure, David pulled off Jacob's finger and turned around. Rising so they were face to face, he said, "I want you to suck me." Reaching out, he drew Jacob into his arms.

Jacob slid his arms around David and pulled him close. Their lips met, their tongues fought in the age old battle of taste and need. A hand slid down Jacob's back and cupped his arse cheek, and he knew what was coming. He groaned, suddenly wanting the touch, the insertion. A finger trailed along the crack of his arse, stopping for an instant at the clenched hole before moving on.

David pulled his lips away and whispered, huskily, "You've never taken a man, have you?"

"Not in the arse." His own voice sounded like he'd run a mile. Sweat trickled down his sides; his cock was so hard it ached.

David smiled and gripped Jacob by the upper arms, easing him down to the bed. "First I want to suck you, have you suck me. I've wanted this for days." He laughed then, obviously realising they'd only known each other for days. "Okay, ever since I saw you, I wanted to see my cock in your mouth."

Jacob spun around, so when David joined him, they were head to tail, or mouth to genitals. Clean-shaven, the hefty cock he faced was a little intimidating. Yet, his mouth watered, and he reached for it. "Is that all you wanted?" he asked, knowing it wasn't.

"Of course not. Not when I've felt you inside me. Not when I've been naked for days. Shaved. Excited when it was convenient for you. I wanted so much more. I want to make you feel the frustration of wanting to come so bad you'd screw anything, but you can't. Most of all, I just wanted to come when I wanted to. And I wanted to fuck you."

Lips pressed against Jacob's cock head, opened and took it in. No more talk, it seemed. It was time for action. Jacob opened his mouth and leaned in. The moist head touched his lips, brushing against them, pulsing. Tentatively, he slid his tongue out, licking at the soft flesh. Salty, a tang that wasn't unpleasant, filled his senses. Encouraged, he took the entire

crown into his mouth and sucked. Running his tongue around the diameter, he nearly cried out when David mirrored him. Whatever he did, David repeated an instant later.

Jacob's mind reeled. He'd learn what it felt like to have a man suck him, not a slave who had no choice, not someone he had to beware of. They'd both experience it together. He slipped the tip of his tongue into the slit and groaned when it was done to him. The pleasure made his thighs tremble. He reached and cupped David's balls, and an instant later, his own were gently held and caressed.

Lifting his leg, he gave David as much access to his genitals as he could. His lover did the same. Inhaling, he got the rich scent of a male and nuzzled his nose against the soft round sac. David did the same, nearly sending him over the edge, and they hadn't even started yet.

He sucked the shaft in, taking as much as he could and flicking his tongue over and around it. The large vein pulsed under his tongue. Feeling the same being done to his own cock, he tried to take in more. He wanted to swallow the man's cock, to feel his own slide down David's throat.

He withdrew until he held only the tip between his lips then slowly sucked the shaft in, hoping to take it all. The girth stopped his breath, but he persevered, managing to take all but a couple of inches. The hairless belly brushed his nose, and for a moment, he wondered how David felt about that sensation. The sensation of a nose pressing against his own bush tore his thoughts from him as he wallowed in pleasure. His cock touched the back of David's throat, and he knew that if he gave a gentle shove, it would go deeper. He dared not move though, for fear of his own throat being invaded by the giant in his mouth.

He suckled and slowly pulled away. Nearly free, the cock pulsed, and he pushed downward, taking still more of it. In and out, gasping for air, revelling in breathtaking bliss, he nearly forgot that David wanted more. It was only when the cock was torn from his lips that he remembered and smiled.

"You want my arse. You're planning to stick that monster in me, aren't you?" Jacob wanted it. He was nervous. He'd never allowed a slave to fuck him. But his thoughts kept going to how it felt to have a finger there.

"Yes, I'm going to fuck you," David gasped and, with a hand on Jacob's hip, rolled him onto his belly. "And you're going to love it." David got behind Jacob and slid an arm under him, lifting until he was on his knees.

Jacob's clenched his arse and felt his cock pulse. A movement behind him made him crane his neck to see what his lover was doing. The tube of lubricant was in one hand. He squeezed a large dollop into his other palm then tossed the tube onto the table.

David looked at him. "Relax," he said. "You'll have to trust me this time."

Jacob nodded and closed his eyes.

The touch shocked him, and he groaned. Cool, slick fingers circled his anus, gently pressing in. A feeling of fullness, of stretching and pressure followed. An exciting feeling he wanted more of, but was unwilling to ask for. *Not yet*, he thought. *But fuck, I want more.*

When the bed shifted again, he knew it was almost time. Flesh pressed against the backs of his thighs warned him. Yet, the soft touch of a cock against his well-prepared anus took his breath. The pressure of it pushing against his pucker made him gasp. When it entered him, his world vanished, and he was in a place of ecstasy. His cock pulsed, yet he didn't touch it. He was too lost in bliss to think about moving.

"There, that's it. Just relax and let me do it all," David crooned from behind him. Hands grabbed his hips, held him still while a rod filled him then pulled out, nearly leaving him completely. The outer ring of his anus fluttered, trying to grab David's cock. He sobbed, desperate to pull him back, to feel that sweet fullness and pressure on all the right spots. His mouth hung open, his breath came in short, sharp gasps when he remember to breathe. Nothing mattered except getting David to fuck him.

"More," he grunted and pushed back. The cock head popped in and his body shuddered. "Yess," he hissed, blind with bliss when David pushed in deeper.

"That's it. You're nearly there, aren't you? Nearly ready to shoot your load."

The grip on his hips tightened and the tempo of David's fucking increased. Jacob heard his lover's breathing. The great gasps he took and the slapping of flesh on flesh were like music to Jacob's ears. When he felt David's cock swell even more inside him, he knew that climax was close, his own right behind it.

He pushed back and held still while his lover pounded into him, desperation in his movements. Finally, with one mighty shove and a deep growl of pleasure, David erupted, filling his arse.

Jacob's own climax was imminent then. He reached down and managed to stroke himself a half dozen times then he shattered. His heart raced, and gut-wrenching release took

hold of him and, like waves, washed over him. Again and again, he cried out and exploded. When his climax abated, he couldn't stay on his knees a moment longer and collapsed on the bed, dragging David along with him.

Still connected at the arse and cock, David nuzzled his shoulder. "Thank you, Jacob. I never knew it could be like this. Thank you." And in a softer, nearly silent whisper, he added, "Thank you, my lover."

"Neither did I. Neither did I, my sexy stud. Thank you for taking me there." He turned his head and kissed David on the cheek. "Now drag the covers over us. I'm not moving yet."

He was asleep before the blankets covered him.

Chapter Four

Four days later, Jacob sat staring through the window of his office and thinking about the man he'd grown to love. David, the slave, was all he wanted in a man. He was strong and determined to do his best, no matter the situation he found himself in. He was honest and that meant more to Jacob than almost anything else. The more time they spent together, and that was every night, the more they talked and became closer. He knew he was being an idiot. Falling for a slave was stupid, plain and simple, but he couldn't seem to help it.

From what David told him, he felt the same.

The phone rang and he nearly leapt from his chair, he'd been so lost in thought. Gathering himself, he picked up the receiver and said, "Hello, Jacob Scott speaking."

"It's Vic Stark, Mr. Scott. I've sent a runner with news for you. He should be there shortly."

Since the collapse, gas-powered vehicles were a rarity. Long-legged young slaves were trained as runners and used by many businesses to deliver important messages or mail. Vic was one of those businesses.

"I'll keep my eyes open for him." Jacob peered through the window at the drive, but it was empty. "Did you find what I was looking for? Proof?"

Jacob's thoughts reeled. He knew Vic would be fast, but he'd pushed the investigation to the back of his mind. *Do I really want to know?*

"Yeah, there's proof. The runner has it all." That was all he said for a moment. "I've also sent my bill in there. The usual rate and expenses."

"Vic, you'll get that bonus too. Thanks. I'll be in touch." Jacob hung up the phone and noticed his hand trembling.

He pushed himself to his feet and paced to the door then back to the window. Time passed slowly, yet when he spotted the runner, it was as if time suddenly raced ahead. He left his office and hurried to the entry. Imp had just opened the door and retrieved a large manila envelope from an unfamiliar slave. The slender runner gasped, his naked body trembling with exhaustion.

"Sit on the steps and I'll get you some water," Imp said kindly to the slave.

The runner collapsed on the upper step, his back resting against the railing.

Imp turned and gasped. "Master, I'm sorry. I didn't hear you."

"It's all right, Imp. I'm expecting that." Jacob held out his hand and took the bulging envelope from the surprised slave. "Get the runner some water. He looks like he needs it."

Bowing, Imp replied, "Thank you, Master. The poor beast couldn't even talk." He turned and rushed towards the kitchen, his round bottom jiggling.

With the envelope tucked under his arm, Jacob went back to his office and sat behind the desk. His trembling had passed, but he had that stomach-tightening nervousness about what he'd find.

"Damn," he grumbled and took out a long, sleek letter opener. A moment later, he dumped the contents onto the desk. Papers slid across the polished surface, and he slapped his hand down on them before they tumbled to the floor. A ring rattled across the desk and he grabbed it. It was a man's ring, with the letters D. R. engraved in fancy script beneath a brilliant ruby.

Sitting back, he looked at the ring closer, noticing it was also engraved on the inside of the band. He pocketed it and turned his attention to the papers.

There were three lists, one for each of the break and enters David had been charged with. He glanced down all of them and whistled. Quite a bundle of money if it had been fenced. The court papers were also there, and he tucked in.

Hours fled. Imp came in and brought him coffee mid-afternoon, but left again without saying a word. Jacob drank and read, and felt his anger rise. He had copies of the police reports and the transcripts from each trial – witness statements as well as character references from employers and friends. By the time he was finished reading, he was fuming.

He stomped over to the window and peered out into the darkness. The black sky matched his mood. Reaching into his pocket, he discovered the ring and pulled it out. Holding it up, he admired the cut of the stone and again, read the inscription.

"Fuck!" he mumbled and thrust the ring back into his pocket.

He strode to the door and, opening it, yelled, "Imp, get your skinny arse in here." Before he'd closed the door, Imp came racing up the stairs.

"Yes, Master. Would you like dinner brought up?" The slave stopped directly in front of Jacob and went into position. He obviously sensed his Master's displeasure and didn't want to be among the casualties.

"No, fuck dinner. I want David brought up here. Now!"

"Yes, Master," Imp cried and raced for the stairs. He glanced over his shoulder once, and quickly swung his head forward. He hit the steps at a run and didn't slow down.

"Fuck!" Jacob yelled and went back into his office, slamming the door. He'd just sat at his desk when there was a knock on the door.

"Come," he bellowed.

Imp came in, followed by a confused David.

Both slaves straightened and put their hands behind their heads, thrusting their chest and hips forward. "Master, here he is. Will there be anything else?" Imp asked in a subdued voice.

"No, get out." Jacob growled.

Imp raced from the room, closing the door behind him.

"You," he nodded at David then at a chair he'd placed facing him, "sit there."

David hurried to do as Jacob commanded, still looking baffled. "Yes, Master." He sat, looking uncomfortable.

"I'm Jacob, call me that."

"All right, Jacob." He looked at the pile of papers on the desk. "Did I do something wrong?"

"Hell no. But I think you're the only one who didn't."

"Huh? I mean, I'm sorry. Would you care to explain?"

Getting to his feet, Jacob paced across the room to the door and back again. He chewed his lip, and when he stood beside David's chair, he laid his hands on the man's shoulders. "David, I hired a private investigator to look into your trials, the charges against you. All that."

Spinning around, David looked up into Jacob's eyes. "You did? But..."

"But, nothing. I've got money. I can do this sort of thing. Apparently, others had money, too. And you suffered because of it."

Rising to his feet, David looked him squarely in the eyes and asked, "Did you find out anything?"

"You know I did. I want to ask you one thing before I tell you anything else." He reached into his pocket and pulled out the ring. "Do you know whose this is?"

David took the ring and looked at it carefully, then read the inscription. "Yes, it's Darren's. It says, 'To Darren. Love Mom and Dad' inside the band."

"You've seen him wear this ring?" Jacob's thoughts were in turmoil. He had the proof that his lover, this wonderful man before him, was innocent.

"Sure, he wore it whenever I saw him. His parents gave it to him when he turned twenty-one."

"Do you remember what happened with it at the last trial?"

David's eyes darkened, and Jacob saw anger he'd never seen before in his lover's face. "Yes, when it was presented as evidence, my lawyer didn't say anything. It was found inside the house that I'd supposedly broken into. The prosecutor said it was mine."

"And did you try to straighten that out?"

"Yeah, but I was silenced. I tried to tell the judge there was no way I or my family could afford something like that. He wouldn't listen. He had me gagged."

"Fuck!" Jacob let David go and turned to again pace the floor. He stopped when he stood before his lover again and said, "I've seen all of the paperwork. Your alibis were never checked. The evidence was non-existent against you. There were fingerprints found and a hair sample. Neither of which was presented in court."

"What?"

Jacob took David in his arms and smiled at the man's rage. "Yes, and this evidence proves someone else was there. Not you. Darren, your cousin, was there."

"My god! But how?" David's face was flushed and his eyes shone with excitement.

"This P.I. I use, he's very good. I have bank statements. It seems a couple of lawyers, as well as a judge, were paid off. Now, who do we know who has that kind of money?"

"My uncle. Darren's father."

"You got it." He took the ring back and slipped it into his pocket.

"So, what does that mean, exactly?" It didn't appear as if David was ready to hope for his freedom. Too much had happened.

"I've got enough evidence here to take to a really good lawyer. Ever heard the term mistrial?" He smiled and kissed David on the tip of his nose.

"Yes, a new trial. Does that mean I could be...?"

"I believe the word you're looking for is 'free'." He kissed David on the lips, barely brushing them with his own.

"Are you serious? I could be free again? What about the brand, the papers and all that?"

"David, my love, you're innocent, and I can prove it. I've got the money to hire good lawyers, and the judge who was bought off will face charges of his own. Trust me."

David's eyes shone brightly, and his lips quivered. Leaning in, he wrapped his arms around Jacob and whispered, "Always. I love you, Jacob."

"You'll stay with me, won't you?"

"Yes, always. I'm your pony, remember."

Chuckling, Jacob replied, "Yes, and I'll ride you every night."

"Well, unless I decide it's time to ride you."

Reaching up, Jacob unfastened the collar from around his lover's neck. Tossing it aside, he whispered, "I love you, David."

About the Author

Jude's imagination frequently leads her astray and she eagerly follows while trying to keep out of trouble, or at least, not get caught. For those who know her, you'll know that's not always easy. A picture, a smell, an unexpected glimpse of flesh, or a load of soil in the back of a pick-up, are all fodder for her writing. Her male characters run the gamut from the dominant male ruling his women with an iron fist, to a simpering purple-clad boy-toy whose only desire is to please. As diverse and richly depicted, her women find themselves in a myriad of exotic and erotic locations.

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