



Games People Play: Slap and Tickle

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By Drew Zachary

Chapter One

Bars were bars were bars. They didn't change and, aside from the décor, were simply places to get drunk, have a few laughs, and maybe dance.

Jim spent time in and out of a lot of bars, both on the job and off. He knew about neighborhood watering holes, he knew about cocktail lounges, he knew about martini bars. He preferred to do his own drinking in cop bars, sitting at a long, polished wooden bar with tall stools.

He didn't really think about bars, much. He just knew that where there was booze there were drunks, so he had to be on his toes.

This, though; this was a whole other kind of bar.

Strip clubs were part of his job, too, and he wasn't blind and he wasn't dead, so he always looked at the dancers. He'd looked the first time he'd been in this particular bar, looked enough that he'd come back, off duty. And here he was again, having lost track of how many times he'd been in to see Candy Pants dance.

There was a three drink minimum which Craig, the owner, enforced vigilantly. Jim had memorized the order of the dancers, and he got there early enough to drink his three beers and get the buzz out of the way before Candy hit the stage. He wasted a lot of time waiting on Candy, but that's the way this thing had grabbed him. Nothing made sense about this -- and he was starting to gain a bit of weight from all the beer, too. That annoyed him.

Jim didn't bother sitting at a table when Candy's number approached. One more dancer, then Jim would see. He preferred to stand, just off to the side, one shoulder pressed up against a support beam. If he sat, he couldn't see it all, and if Jim was going to be a regular, he was going to see, God damn it.

Then the syncopated beat of *Tainted Love* sounded and a red strobe lit the stage. This was it; Candy Pants was about to come on stage and dance.

Something edgy and hot settled in Jim's gut and he shoved both his hands into his jeans pockets. He couldn't reach out and grab if he did that. He'd found that out the hard way, and it had only been a month or so since the bouncers had stopped staring at him.

The strobe flashed a few times and then suddenly there Candy was, six feet of red-leather covered man, gyrating against the silver pole.

Jim felt his breath catch in his chest. Candy looked good, all shiny with oil, muscles gleaming. The red leather was nice, too, stretched taut. But the hooting and hollering starting up all around him was calling for one thing. Everyone knew what Candy did best, what his best asset was.

And Jim was right there with the rest, staring hard at Candy's ass.

Oh, but Candy liked to tease them, and tease them Candy did. That ass shook at them, made large round circles, and little tight ones, and then Candy turned and started playing with his vest, slowly, oh, so very slowly, teasing it off his shoulders as Candy's hips did a bump and grind.

"Come on, come on," Jim muttered to himself, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. He'd made himself stay away for a week, mostly because of work and not will power, and he was eager to get to the good parts. Around him, hands were waving and guys at tables were starting to stand up, trying to entice Candy with cash and cat calls.

The vest slid down onto the ground and Candy touched himself, hands sliding over oiled muscles, fingers pinching the pretty little nipples. Then Candy turned again, bending and working his ass for them.

The yelling increased, along with wolf whistles so loud that the music got lost. The hot spot in Jim's belly moved south as his dick got hard. Without meaning to, he shifted forward, trying to get closer.

Candy straightened again but kept his back turned to the crowd. He grabbed his own ass, hands rubbing over the leather, the oil leaving it glistening. After a few moments of that, Candy grabbed the pole and began to grind against it, tightly leather-encased ass moving back and forth in a parody of fucking.

"Oh, God." Jim took a step forward and almost tripped on some accountant type. It was enough of a bump to make him blink and step back. The bouncers really would ban his ass if he made trouble, cop or not. Maybe *because* he was a cop. Candy would laugh at him.

Candy turned again, the bulge in his leather pants impressive as it shook at them.

The noise of the crowd just got louder when Candy started to undo his button fly. The man moved slowly, agonizingly slowly, and he had the full attention of every man in the place.

Jim held his breath. There was a lot more to the show than just what Candy was hiding in his pants -- though that was worth the price of admission, alone. It took a lot to make a man a headliner and Candy had it.

It took forever for Candy to get those pants undone and by the time he grabbed the waistband and pulled them right off, he had the crowd at a fever pitch. The red leather came off, revealing the tiny g-string that strained to contain Candy's assets, and the men in the bar went wild as Candy's gyrations took him in a slow three-sixty.

As fond as Jim was of Candy's cock, it was his ass that had Jim paying attention. Firm and round and muscled, it just begged for attention.

Candy grabbed the pole again, grinding against it a few more times, ass totally bare except for the thin thread along his crack. Looking back over his shoulder, Candy gave them a wide-eyed look, tongue tracing his lower lip.

The crowd went crazy and started to chant "Do it!" Every time they said the words, Candy would pop his hip one way and then the other, making that fine ass shake for them. When the chanting threatened to take the roof off the place, Candy bent over again and reached back, giving his right ass cheek a single, hard slap.

Jim's whole body went tight, his spine straightening up and his shoulders going back. "Yes," he said under his breath. "Do it again." Candy would, he knew. Candy always did.

And Jim always watched, amazed at himself and somehow not able to stay away. Every stereotypical stripper trick in the book, and Jim was so caught in Candy's world that he couldn't make himself stay away. He couldn't even laugh. All he wanted was more, to see more and hear more and to make his way backstage after. If he could walk.

Candy slapped his ass a couple more times and then turned and waved his finger, pointed to the thin string that was his waistband. The first man slipped a dollar in and Candy rolled his eyes, turned to tap his ass lightly with two fingers. The next man got a little grabby, but he also slipped in two twenties and Candy turned right around for them, gave them a real show with included two hard slaps to his ass.

It had taken Jim two weeks to realize he was going to go broke over Candy.

Luckily, Jim's momma hadn't raised a fool and his dad had raised a tightwad. The combination had convinced Jim that between the three drink minimum and the cover charge, it was totally okay to get off on just watching; he could let the other saps slip the money in as long as Jim got to watch Candy's ass get smacked.

Jim thought that maybe he had some serious issue he should be working through. Instead, he kept his hands in his pockets and tried not to come in his jeans, watching Candy's butt get pink.

A couple of guys tried to get in slaps of their own, but the bouncers quickly put a stop to that, even before Jim could get to the idiots and smack them stupid. Still, that seemed to signal the end, and Candy gathered his vest and his pants and blew them all kisses before shaking his ass one last time and heading off stage.

Jim made a beeline for the edge of the stage and the door there. Walking wasn't terribly easy, but he wasn't swaying and he wasn't sporting a big wet stain, so that was two points in his favor.

Tree was standing there, making sure no one got their hands on Candy Pants as the stripper made for the door. Candy plucked two bills out of his g-string and handed them over to Tree, petting the man's ample pecs before slipping behind him.

Jim nodded sharply and tried to follow, hoping everyone was going to play nice.

Tree put out a hand, and half-turned, saying something to Candy. The stripper peeked around one shoulder, eyes dancing when they saw him. Whispering something into Tree's ear, Candy gave him a wink and disappeared through the door Tree was guarding.

For a moment Jim thought that was it, and then Tree moved a half step to the side and gave him a wink.

"Jesus, you two." Jim rolled his eyes and went past. "See if I give you a holiday card this year." He hurried after Candy, trying to keep up through the press of other dancers and random people, even though he knew the way well enough. Candy seemed to be in a mood to tease. Not exactly a shock, really.

The door to the dressing room Candy shared with a couple of the other strippers was open an inch or so and he could hear the sound of flesh slapping on flesh.

Then Candy moaned.

Jim froze in place, his blood running cold. He wouldn't. He just... wouldn't. But he was.

"God damn it." Furious, Jim stormed in, ready to rend people apart. Then he stopped, once more frozen in place, not sure precisely what to do.

Candy Pants was looking right at him in the mirror, eyes just dancing. Bent over at the dresser, Candy's legs were spread and he was slowly spanking himself.

"You're a tease," Jim accused. It wasn't much of an accusation, because, duh. Still, Jim's brains were all in his balls, so it was the best he could come up with. He kicked the door closed behind him and advanced. "Not nice."

"Ooo, what's the big bad cop going to do?" Candy wiggled his ass enticingly, the bills still stuck in his waistband. "Spank me?"

Jim groaned, his hand flexing. "You'd like that too much."

Candy pouted, ass circling and pushing back toward him.

Swallowing hard, Jim rubbed at his own cock over his jeans. "You're bad," he said, barely above a whisper. Another step closer. He could feel the heat in his palm, his hand itchy and wanting to connect.

"I know. I've been a *very* bad boy." That pout translated into Candy's voice and the already pink ass pushed out toward him again.

"Should lock you up." Like that thought hadn't occurred to him before. Jim moved closer again, unable to stop himself. "Have a good time out there tonight?" His gaze was locked in on Candy's left butt cheek, the first place he was going to smack.

"Uh-huh. I knew you were here. I could feel you watching me." Candy's ass circled slowly.

"Even with all those other guys watching?" Jim bit his lip, his body revving up again. God, he wanted. He didn't even care if someone walked in. Candy knew all the buttons to push.

"Nobody looks like you do, Big Daddy." Moaning, Candy humped the air.

"Fuck." Jim spanked him, hard on the left cheek. His hand connected with a loud snap and Jim's cock throbbed.

"Jim!" Candy whimpered and pushed that beautiful ass back again. "Come on, Big Daddy, make me feel it."

"I'll make you feel it." It was a promise Jim hoped he could deliver on. He kept on spanking, one side and then the other, not holding back. Candy's butt was hard and hot, his whole body cut and chiseled. His ass was hard, too, and Jim's hand stung pretty damn fast.

Candy's head dropped between his shoulders and he pushed back into each and every spank, moans getting louder and louder.

"Feel that?" Jim spanked him again, low down to catch the top of Candy's thighs. "Think about it when you're dancing, or just when you're home, all alone?"

"You want me to, don't you, Jim?" Candy was breathless, sounds pouring out of him with every slap. "You want me to be thinking about you all the time. Just you and your hand and my ass."

"Me, my hand, your ass, *and* my cock," Jim corrected. He smacked Candy again, low on the other side. "Got that?"

"Got it! I got it. Gonna cock-whip me, Big Daddy?"

Jim groaned. "God. Shut up." He had to stop and wait, one hand gripping the edge of the make-up table. "Just. Shut up a minute."

Candy laughed, the sound breathless, and then a small package was handed over as Candy's ass rubbed up against his leg.

Jim didn't say a word, just ripped his button flies open and tore open the wrapper. He hoped Candy was ready; Jim was a little too far gone for much one-two-three with the fingers bullshit.

Candy reached back and spread himself open, fingers tugging the little string out of the way. The exposed hole glistened invitingly. "Come on. Teasing time's over."

"Shit, did you go out on stage like that?" No way was Jim going to be able to watch next time. Not without coming. He rolled the rubber on and lined up, feeling the heat pour off Candy's red cheeks.

"It's been a week, Jim. I was hoping you'd be here tonight." Candy pushed right back, taking the head of his cock in and hissing.

"Oh, *fuck*." Jim pushed in, hard, not able to stop himself. "God, don't move."

Either Candy wasn't taking orders tonight, or didn't count it as moving, but all the muscles in Candy's ass fluttered around Jim's cock, squeezing him from tip to base.

Jim grunted and held his breath. "Gonna spank you fucking raw one day," he said, starting to thrust. "Turn you right over my knee and go to town until you can't fucking walk."

"Fuck!" Candy met his thrusts, spurring him on.

"You and me. No fucking stage, no games, just you over my legs until you fucking come from it." Jim pounded into Candy's ass, his hands holding on tight to hard hips.

"Jim. Fuck." Candy's tight ass clamped down even tighter and then Candy wailed and came.

Growling, Jim fucked him through it, feeling the heat from his ass, those hot red cheeks, and the squeeze and pull of Candy's orgasm all over. When Candy was done, the smell of come filling the little room, Jim let go and filled the condom in short, fast pulses.

Candy rested his head against the make-up table, panting hard.

"We're so gonna get yelled at again." Jim groaned and pulled out slowly, then slapped Candy's ass. Hard. "You're a brat."

"I didn't scream *that* loudly." Candy wriggled back against him and then stood and turned, arms wrapping around his shoulders. "I know I'm a brat -- it's why you spanked me."

"That and because you're too fucking hot for words." Jim sighed and kissed Candy's mouth, long and slow. "It's been a long week."

"I thought you were mad at me." Candy clung and pouted.

"Work." Jim's hands drifted down to Candy's ass. "Are you ready to quit this gig yet?"

Candy started pulling the bills out of his g-string and sorting them. "And give up all this?"

"Well, yeah." Jim cleaned up and started doing up his buttons. "How much tonight?" Maybe he could find a way to balance the income.

"After I slip the rest of the bar staff a hundred? Eight hundred and twenty dollars."

Oh. Maybe not.

"There's other ways to make that kind of money," Jim said casually. Like drug dealing. Not a good second choice.

"Big Daddy, I'm *good* at shaking my ass."

"Well, yeah." Jim rolled his eyes. "But, jeez. Those guys out there are animals." And Candy was Jim's. Sort of.

Candy put his hands on his hips. "You're one of those guys."

"Which is how I know."

Candy laughed and patted his cheek. "Sugar, you're the only one I let spank me, hmm? *And* I don't even charge you."

"I'd have to arrest you if you did." Jim rolled his eyes and kissed Candy again. "I gotta go."

Candy's face fell, but there was soon a smile pasted back on it. "Okay, Big Daddy." He was given a kiss. "Don't wait a week to come back again."

"Work, kitten. Sorry. Can I take you to lunch tomorrow?"

That smile was real again. "You can."

Jim nodded, then had a thought. "Not in your working clothes this time. Please."

That had Candy pouting again. "But I look good in them."

"I know. Trust me, I know. But, baby. Cop. I can't take you out looking like that. I just can't."

"Fine. I'll find something else to wear." Candy tilted his head. "Where are you taking me?"

Jim shrugged. "Somewhere nice. We haven't been out in a long time. Want steak or seafood? We can go to Gino's?" He knew that Candy really appreciated a nice meal out. Appreciated it a lot. Jim liked Candy's appreciation.

Candy's eyes lit up. "Yes, please, Big Daddy."

Jim suddenly had an armful of cuddly stripper. "All right then." He grinned and got a handful of Candy's ass. "Gino's. I'll pick you up at noon."

Candy moaned and pushed into his hand, skin hot where he'd been spanked. "I'll be ready."

"You're ready now." Jim kissed him and then pushed Candy away. "I need to go to work. See you tomorrow. Be good."

Candy sighed and pulled on a silk dressing gown in bright blue. "Be safe out there, Big Daddy."

"Always, baby." Jim made sure he was all put away and done up, then left the dressing room. He half expected there to be a lineup of pissy strippers, mad at him for keeping them from their mirrors. But then he remembered that they didn't seem to care if he was in the middle of banging Candy -- they'd come in and do their thing anyway.

As he slipped back into the club he could hear several guys arguing with Tree, trying to get past him to see Candy.

Jim watched for a moment, then thought there was probably no harm in a little insurance. A couple of twenties in hand -- the ones he'd saved by not stuffing them in Candy's thong -- he went over to Tree. "Keep up the good work," he said, pressing the money into Tree's hand.

Tree met his eyes and nodded. "Nobody gets past me, man."

Jim gave him a tight smile. "Good work," he repeated. *Then* he left, heading off to the station and his shift, reasonably sure that Candy's ass was safe for the night.

Chapter Two

Candy put some black eyeliner around his eyes. Jim had said not to wear his work clothes, but this was just a tiny bit of make-up and it made him look hot. So he was doing it.

He checked himself out in the mirror. His pants were black, shiny, and skin-tight, his white shirt silk -- all soft and flowy. His hair was loose, hanging around his shoulders and framing his face. Not bad at all.

Candy Pants was in the house.

He went out to the porch, looking for Jim under the guise of checking the mail. His Big Daddy wasn't there yet, but the mail was.

All of it was addressed to Bill Grimsy. He stuck his tongue out at it. He needed to get it legally changed from that God-awful name to Candy Pants. There was just paperwork to fill out and stuff and it all seemed like so much boring work.

Candy didn't like boring work. It was why he stripped for a living. It was why he had a cleaning crew come in and make his pretty little bungalow shine once a week.

He checked his watch. Jim was late.

Candy went back to the bathroom and made his lips shiny with a clear gloss. The mascara was next if Jim didn't get his ass over here right now.

"Candy?" A hard knock at the front door signaled Big Daddy's arrival. "You ready? Sorry I'm late, I had to shower."

He flew to the door and flung it open. "Big Daddy!" He threw himself at the man.

"Whoa." Jim caught him, kissed him, then held him at an arm's length. "No working clothes, baby. Really."

Candy looked down at himself and frowned. "These *aren't* work clothes." Nothing tore away and he was covered from head to toe! He wasn't even wearing his thigh high boots.

Jim looked at him dubiously. "Are you sure? I mean, I totally want to ravish you. Am I going to spend lunch fending people off?"

He preened happily. Jim did say the nicest things. "You're *supposed* to want to ravish me, Big Daddy."

"Oh. Okay, then, it worked." Jim kissed him again. "Hate lip gloss, makes your mouth taste funny." Still, Jim did kiss him again.

And again.

"It makes my lips pretty, though," he whispered between kisses. He held on and rubbed himself against Jim's middle. He did love himself a big man. He was tall, Jim was taller. He was well-built, Jim was a stud. It worked for him.

"Your lips are always pretty." Jim's hands slapped down on Candy's ass, the sound of skin and leather a hard pop.

"Oh, Big Daddy!" He wriggled between muscled body and big hands. "I thought you wanted to go *out* for lunch."

"I do, baby." One hand slapped him again. "Just warming you up a bit."

"Warming me up a lot." He wasn't complaining, though. A hard on was a perfectly acceptable accessory in these pants.

"Okay. Good." Jim pushed him away and looked him over, then took a deep breath. "God, I must be insane, taking you out like this."

He wasn't going to *go* if Jim didn't stop being mean about his clothes. "You ever want to get lucky again, you're going to stop that right now."

"Okay, okay. Just... God. Cop. Stripper. This is so whacked." Jim shook his head. "C'mon, baby. Let's go eat something rich and expensive."

Candy's pout and annoyance faded in the wake of the Jim uttering the magic words: rich and expensive. He looped his hand around Jim's arm and let his Big Daddy escort him to the passenger side of the car. "We're not whacked, Big Daddy -- cop and stripper are classic. Cliché, almost."

"Don't be silly, baby. There's nothing cliché about us. Don't worry your pretty little head about it." Jim opened the car door for him and handed him in.

He sat and let Jim lean past him to do up his seat belt. Reaching out, he slid his hand over Jim's head. "You don't say we're whacked and I won't."

"All right." Jim rolled his eyes and kissed Candy before backing away. "I won't say it." He clearly intended to keep thinking it, though. "Are you working tonight?" Jim asked as he got in the driver's side.

"I am. Are you coming to see me?"

Jim groaned and drove. "Probably."

He bounced in place and clapped his hands. "Marvelous! I'll make sure to put in an extra bump and grind just for you." Jim didn't come see him nearly often enough, which would be every single time he stripped if he had his way.

"Great." Jim gave him a long suffering look. "You do know that when you do that, every other guy sees it, too, right?"

"Well, duh, but you'll *know*."

"I'll know." Jim put one big hand on Candy's thigh and squeezed. "Just for me."

"That's right." He spread his legs, smiling over at his beautiful man.

"Baby, you better be good..." Jim's hand traveled a bit. "We're so going to get kicked out of the restaurant."

Candy laughed, back arching a little bit. "You're the one feeling *me* up, Big Daddy!"

"You're just too much to resist." Jim gave him a nice long grope and then went back to driving with both hands. "Do we need rules for lunch in public?"

"We can have rules. As long as you promise to spank me if I forget them." He did love the way those big hands felt as they swatted his naked ass.

"Now, if I promise you that, what's your incentive to mind the rules?"

He pouted. Big Daddy did have a point.

"Tell you what." Jim gave him a sidelong look. "You be good and we get through this lunch without any incidents or events that could possibly lead to anyone's arrest for anything, I'll promise to give you a good spanking later. A proper spanking."

Candy whimpered, his cock starting to leak. "Oh, Big Daddy, you're so good to me."

"I know, baby." Jim reached over and gave him a little pat. "I know." He pulled up in front of Gino's and stopped the car. "Let's have a nice lunch, then I'll take you home and take care of you."

His whole body lit up at that. He knew what Jim meant when he said that. "I'll be good," he promised.

Jim got out and handed the keys to the valet guy, then came around and opened Candy's door. "Lunch, baby. Then dessert."

Candy grabbed Jim's arm as they went into the restaurant, and did his level best not to sway too much. He knew his ass could get him into trouble. Still. People looked. People always looked. Surely Big Daddy wouldn't mind *that*.

Jim gave his name to the maître d' and they were seated in a booth in a far corner. "Very nice," Jim said, picking up his menu. "I like it here."

Candy would have liked to have been seated somewhere less private. Like in the window. He wanted everyone to know he was with this stud of a man. However, he was out with his Big Daddy, about to have a wonderful meal, so he knew he shouldn't complain. "Will you order for me?"

"Sure, baby." Jim nodded and petted Candy's hand on the table. "I'll take care of it." He kept reading the menu, but his hand stayed on Candy's. "Wine?"

He did love the way Jim took care of him. "Whatever you want, Big Daddy."

"Good answer." Jim smiled right at him, clearly pleased. When the waiter came back he ordered them both a glass of wine and the sirloin, done medium. He didn't even look at Candy when he ordered, just made sure there would be a salad and a baked potato.

Candy watched Jim dreamily. They'd broken the mold when they'd made Jim -- there wasn't another man like him in the world. And Candy had seen a lot of men!

"I'm off for the next three days," Jim told him when the waiter had gone again. "But then I'm on for six."

His heart started fluttering. "I have the day after tomorrow off." Would Jim stay overnight?

"Yeah?" Jim looked right into his eyes. "I'm glad. Think I can keep you from getting bored?"

He wriggled in his seat, unable to keep still. "I think you'll be able to come up with something."

Jim smirked. "I suspect you're right. Coming up right now, actually."

"Been up since we left the house," Candy countered, spreading his legs again.

"Stay that way until we get *back* to the house." Jim moved a bit closer, though. "Can't be naughty."

Candy groaned, eyes dropping. He swallowed and touched Jim's leg with his foot.

"Candy. I said no." But he didn't move.

"What?" He gave Jim his very best wide-eyed look. He knew the kohl helped with that.

"Do you or do you not want me to take care of your ass when we leave here?" Jim was using his cop voice, all low-down growl.

Oh, Candy loved that voice. Absolutely adored it. He moaned, tongue coming out to lick his lips.

Jim pounced, kissing him hard and licking through Candy's mouth once before pulling back.
"No. Be good."

"I swear *I* didn't do a thing, Big Daddy." Jim was the one not being good -- using his cop voice and talking about being up, about taking care of his ass. Kissing him. Candy hoped very hard Jim continued to be naughty.

"You're going to eat your lunch." Jim growled at him again, his gaze fixed on Candy's mouth.
"And then we're going to leave, quick as we came."

"Yes, Big Daddy."

"Good boy." Jim touched his cheek and nodded. "Be good, now. And I'll be real good to you."

"Yes, Big Daddy." Candy hoped their food came quickly, because Candy didn't know how long he *could* be good. Not with the way Jim had him all worked up.

"I know you can do it." Jim nodded seriously at him and moved away a tiny bit. "Look. Here's our wine. Food will be here soon, I'm sure. You need to keep your strength up."

"You gonna use up all my energy, Big Daddy?"

"And then some." Jim leaned back while the wine was placed on the table, but he ignored everyone except for Candy.

Candy preened and stared back. Even up on stage, Candy didn't feel as much the center of attention as he did with Jim.

"Drink up, sweet. I think maybe lunch out was the wrong call, today. You're more an order in kind of date."

"I like being shown off." Of course, he liked getting fucked, too.

"Until you have a flashing sign with my name on it, I'm gonna go with 'order in,' just to be on the safe side." The growl was back.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Means it makes me nervous when Tree isn't around to keep hands off you."

"I can take care of myself, Big Daddy."

Jim smiled at him. "Uh-huh. I know. But you're mine and I want that clear to everyone. See? A sign."

"I could get a tattoo. Property of Jim Watson. Then everyone would know, Big Daddy."

"Right on that gorgeous ass." Jim's eyes lost focus for a moment.

"You want me to. I will for you." He would. And then everyone would see it every time he stripped. Everyone would know. The thought was exhilarating.

"Candy." Jim's voice wasn't even growling anymore. It was silky smooth but about three octaves lower than normal. "Do you suppose this place will box whole meals to go?"

"Does it matter? You can afford to waste a meal, right?" They could get all sorts of food delivered to his house.

"Cops don't make as much as strippers, baby. You know that."

Candy sighed. Jim was *so* frugal sometimes.

"I'll take care of it, Candy." Jim slipped out of the booth and headed for the maître d'.

Oh, Jim did love him. Candy watched, eating up that beautiful stud with his eyes.

A few moments later Jim came back to him, his hand outstretched. "Come on, baby. Time to go."

"Thank you, Big Daddy."

Jim smiled at him and took his hand. "We'll come back another time, when we're a bit calmer."

"I'd like that. Maybe next time you take me out to lunch you should come in first." He could take care of a few things, like Big Daddy's big cock.

"If I don't need to clean up after a shift, I think that's a plan. Maybe we should plan on suppers instead of lunches." Jim led him out of the place and handed the valet the ticket for the car. Then he pulled Candy up close to his hard body.

Candy went happily, rubbing a little. It was enough to get them into all sorts of trouble, he was sure, but he was just so turned on. "Anything you want, Big Daddy."

"Want you," Jim said into his ear. "Real bad. Be good for me."

"I'm *trying*." He didn't know anymore whether being good meant getting Jim all hot and bothered or being prim and proper.

"You're doing great." Jim nuzzled at him and then the car was there. "Home we go."

He slid into the passenger side and did his own belt up to save time. "Just be careful you don't get a ticket." That would probably be embarrassing for Jim, to be stopped by one of his fellow cops for speeding, and Candy had learned that things were much better when Jim *wasn't* embarrassed.

"Professional courtesy," Jim muttered as he tipped the valet and got in. "But even that would just waste time." He pulled away from the curb, one hand firmly on Candy's leg. "Tell me about this tattoo."

"Seriously? You want me to get it?" Jim wanted anyone who saw Candy to know they were together? For real? It made him moan and he spread, offering himself over to Jim, whatever the man wanted. "It'll go on one ass cheek. In a cursive font. *Property of Jim Watson*."

Jim's fingers dug in, hard. "Yes." He nodded, looking dead ahead as he drove. "Right there for everyone to see. My Candy."

"I didn't think you wanted..." He swallowed the words back. It didn't matter what Jim had said in the past. "I can get it done on Monday, perhaps." When he had a couple of days before he had to perform again so it could heal.

"If you're gonna be on stage.... If I can't get you *off* the stage... I want my name on you."

"I'm *good* at stripping, Big Daddy. And it's good money. Plus nobody touches me." He looked Jim up and down. "Unless I let them, of course."

"And that's just me." A muscle twitched at Jim's jaw and he took the next corner too fast. "Just me. No one but me gets to be this psychotically possessive."

Candy laughed. "Nobody but you *is*, Big Daddy." That's exactly how he liked his Jim.

"You tell me if that ever changes." Jim gave him a tight grin. "But for now, let's just get you home and we can discuss, in depth, why we're not having a perfectly lovely lunch out."

"In depth. I like the sound of that." He shifted his legs restlessly. He'd gone from horny to quite desperate and if Jim didn't get them home soon, Candy was going to jump him right here in the car.

"Deeply in depth." Jim turned onto Candy's street. "So deep that it's all you can think about."

Candy moaned, fingers already working the seatbelt.

Jim pulled into the driveway. "Candy. Give me something sweet."

He pushed into Jim's arms, ignoring the way that things like steering wheels and stick shifts got in the way, and brought their mouths together.

Jim fucked Candy's mouth with his tongue, hands grabbing and kneading at all the best spots. "In the house," Jim ordered. "Now."

"Yes, Big Daddy." He loved it when Jim got all growly and ordered him around.

Candy hightailed it out of the car and up the stairs. He opened the door and pushed his way inside.

Jim was right behind him, and when the door closed Big Daddy's hand landed on Candy's ass with a smack.

Candy cried out, stumbling a little. "Bedroom or dining room?" He had a big old table in the dining room that was the perfect height.

"Table." Jim's belt buckle rattled as he undid it.

Candy made a bee-line for it, tugging his shirt out of his tight pants and undoing the buttons and zipper on them.

"Hold on tight." For one horrified second, Candy thought Jim was going to hit him with the belt. That would leave all kinds of nasty welts and make it hard to shake his ass on stage. But it was warm hands that pulled his pants down over his hips, and a soft palm that caressed one cheek.

Oh, his Jim knew what he wanted, what he needed. Just a little slap and tickle to get them both revved up. Moaning, he pushed back into Jim's hand.

"My Candy." The hand cupped his butt and then Jim spanked him properly. "God. Nice." Jim sounded a little breathless.

"Yes! Yes!" He pushed his ass back, getting himself settled over the table so that his cock wouldn't be rubbing against anything.

"Such a *sweet* ass." Jim kept spanking him, both sides, again and again, faster and harder until he began to sting.

"Don't stop! Please, Big Daddy!" He wanted to feel it all day. He wanted his ass to already be red when he stripped tonight, so that each time he spanked himself he'd feel Jim's hands.

"Not stopping. God, not stopping." The next smack caught his ass just under the curve, hot and sharp. "I'm going to make you rosy."

"Yes, please." He needed it so much. Spreading his legs a little wider, Candy wrapped his fingers around the edge of the table and held on.

"You were good for me." Jim praised him and spanked him, pausing only to tease one finger over Candy's hole before spanking him again. "Come like this for me. I want to hear you."

"Oh! Please, Big Daddy, yes!" He loved it when Jim made him come just from the spanking. He starting humping back, pushing into each smack.

"God damn it." Jim growled at him and picked up the pace, each slap ringing off the walls. "Yes, Candy. Come on. That's it."

He cried out, cock hard and leaking. He was close, so very close. His breath left him in sobs, his toes curling as he searched for his release. Two more slaps, one on each cheek, and then a third, right in the middle. Fingers slapped down right over his hole, lighting him right up like a Roman candle, and Jim cursed in his ear. "My Candy. My ass."

He screamed as he came, crying out for his Big Daddy as he shot spunk out from his cock, his hole clenching tight.

"Yes." Jim hissed at him, the big hand ranging all over Candy's ass. "That it. That's good." He could feel his Big Daddy rubbing on him, Jim's thick cock still trapped in trousers. "Beautiful, baby."

"All yours." He pushed his ass back into Jim's hand, loving the burn of Jim's touch. "Take what's yours."

"Be still." Jim moved away enough to undo his pants, and Candy could hear the sound of a foil tearing. Cops, Boy Scouts -- they always had rubbers.

He would have laughed, would have teased, except he wanted Jim's cock inside him so badly and he wasn't going to do anything to jeopardize that.

"No lube." Jim groaned and swiped at the mess on Candy's thigh. "This'll do."

It would, Candy agreed. A little burn would match the way his ass cheeks were on fire. He pushed back in encouragement.

Fingers pushed in, a bit rough. Big Daddy seemed impatient.

Candy spread a little wider, got himself comfortable against the table. When big fingers rubbed across his prostate, his cock jerked and started filling again.

"Want me to fuck you?" Jim asked.

It must have been a rhetorical question. Or maybe Jim just wanted to hear him beg. "Yes, Big Daddy. Please. *Please.*"

"God, baby. You're going to be the end of me." Jim's big cock started in, though, pushing hard and steady, making his way.

"Uh-huh. Just don't stop." He wriggled and pushed back, squeezed his ass around Jim's cock.

"Still." Jim spanked him, the angle weird, and moaned. "Oh, fuck. Baby." He thrust in, not bothering to be even half-gentle about it.

Candy didn't care about gentle; he loved it when Jim lost control.

"Fucking love your ass." Jim leaned over him, pushing in hard and fast. "Hot and red, cherry from my hand."

"Yours. Yours, Big Daddy." All Jim's. He groaned, one hand letting go of the table so he could grab his cock and jack himself as Jim fucked him.

"Jesus. Gonna go again, Candy?" Big Daddy circled his hips, burying his hot cock deep.

"Yes! Yes! Fuck!" He so was.

"That's my baby. Make me proud." Big Daddy's hand joined in, over his own, holding and pumping away. "Next time, want to face you, baby boy. Want to watch your eyes when you come for me."

"Big Daddy!" Their fingers squeezed on his cock and he came, clamping down tight around Jim's cock.

"Fuck!" Jim pounded into him, but after two thrusts hard enough to rattle Candy's teeth, Jim stopped, his cock throbbing. "Yes. Yes. God, yes, sweet thing."

He lay against the table, Jim's big cock pressed deep, and panted, trying to catch his breath. God, he loved what his Big Daddy did to him.

"Baby." Jim rumbled at him. "Good. You okay?"

"Uh-huh." He giggled. "You melted your Candy Pants."

"I like my Candy sticky." Jim laughed, too, and eased out of him. "Think we can make it to the shower?"

"I just put out new towels this morning." He stood and turned, wrapping his arms around his Big Daddy's waist and lifting his face for a kiss.

"Pretty boy." Jim kissed him softly, holding him like he was precious. Hard or tender, that was Big Daddy. Not much in between. "You should get a treat."

He nodded, eyes wide. "I should!"

"Suggestions?" Jim kissed him again, keeping him close. "Maybe a new shirt? A night out?"

"You could go shopping with me, help me choose something." Then his Big Daddy wouldn't complain about what he was wearing.

"That." Jim nodded and Candy felt his cock flex. "We're doing that."

"Yes, Big Daddy." He lifted his face for another kiss, rubbing himself happily against Jim.

"Time for that shower, sweetness." Jim gave him the kiss, though, before moving them along. "And then we need to find some food. Can't have you stripping on an empty stomach, after all."

No, that wouldn't do at all.

Candy Pants needed his sustenance to shake his ass for the masses.

Chapter Three

Jim stood in his usual place and looked at the crowd more than he did the strippers. Candy wasn't on stage, so aside from noting what costume was lame and what costume wasn't too bad, Jim didn't care. He was there for Candy.

Of course, he thought maybe a lot of the other guys were, too, and Jim was making it his personal mission to ensure the safety of Candy Pants. Personal safety, in Candy's case, included picking out the guys who were a little too touchy so he could find out about them later. But Jim was a thorough kind of man, and he wasn't leaving out anyone in his surveillance. Not even the staff.

Trouble could be anywhere.

Once upon a time someone had told Jim he was a little too intense. Jim had taken it as a compliment.

Most of the guys were gawking at the strippers, a couple were flirting hard with each other. But there were also a couple of guys who looked bored. Those were the ones Jim watched the hardest.

How the hell anyone could look bored when there were strippers on stage, Jim didn't know. Unless they were just like him -- only there for Candy. He narrowed his eyes and kept them in his sights. Maybe he'd point them out to Tree, too.

Jim looked over that way. Tree was in his usual corner by the door to the dressing rooms, looming large, rather like his namesake. It looked like he was rather focused on the stage at the moment. Spitfire was dancing and Tree was taking it all in like he wanted to eat the dancer alive.

Well. That was interesting. Unhelpful, but interesting. Jim filed it away and looked around at the patrons again. Maybe he should just go and get closer to the bored ones. Just in case.

Spitfire's set ended and he left the stage to clapping and hooting from the audience. Candy Pants was next.

One of Jim's targets perked up and pulled a wad of bills from his pocket.

Uh-huh. Right. Jim moved. He had to push his way, but he got as close as he could, which wasn't that easy given the crowd and the fact that he had to keep an eye on the stage, too.

It wasn't like he could *miss* any of Candy's set, after all.

Candy Pants came out and everyone went wild. Candy really was one of the top draws. It was that ass. That beautiful ass that was already red, thanks to him.

Jim stopped moving, entranced. He had to remind himself not to reach out and smack it again, not to grab Candy and run. But, God, he wanted to.

He knew Candy's routine by heart, knew exactly how it went. He still watched avidly because Candy was a thing of beauty. Pure sex. The six-pack abs rolled and shifted beneath Candy's glistening skin, little dark nipples begging for his touch. Of course it was when Candy pulled off his pants and turned to let the audience watch as he smacked his own ass that the big cheers went up.

Then Candy began to take tips from the audience and spank himself some more.

Jim swallowed. Hard. He knew every guy there was probably just as stiff as he was, and that meant someone could get a bit too close. He watched Candy's gorgeous ass and tried to keep an eye out for the guy with the wad of bills. If he even tried to do more than shove money at Candy, Jim would take care of it.

A dozen guys stuffed bills into the string around Candy's waist and a dozen times Candy bent and smacked his own ass. It was getting really red. Someone gave Candy a one and Candy took the bill out, handed it back with a pout. It was returned along with a twenty and Candy laughed, the man forgiven for his initial insult.

Mr. Billwad pushed up to the front, pushing a bunch of bills at Jim's man. Candy beamed and shook his ass right in the man's face before spanking it several times.

Jim could feel himself snarl. He pushed through the crowd, actually pulling one or two guys back by their shoulders. That just wasn't the kind of thing he couldn't allow to go on.

Two big hands landed on his biceps, Tree growling in his ear. "You need to back off, man."

Jim turned his head and glared. "You know me, Tree. I'm just protecting."

"Not your job. Don't fight me on this, Jim, I'd hate to see you banned." Tree tugged, trying to pull him out of the crowd.

Candy had shot him a glare and was now dancing away, gyrating and spanking and giving the crowd a show.

Jim growled and let Tree pull him back a foot or so before he shook off the big hand. "God damn it." He folded his arms over his chest and made himself as big as he could. Maybe Mr. Billwad would be smart enough to know to back off on his own.

Maybe it didn't matter as Candy Pants shook his ass one more time before waving, shaking his package at them, and heading off stage.

Jim paused only long enough to glare at the money man and headed for the door beside the stage. Not cool. The whole thing just was not cool at all. Tree gave him a warning look, but let him through. When he got to Candy's dressing room, the door was closed.

He tried the knob and found it locked. "Candy!" That was a bit much. He knocked on the door, hard enough to be heard over the music. "Come on, Candy. Let me in."

The door flew open, Candy standing there, arms crossed, foot tapping, the stripper's glare shooting daggers at him.

Oh-oh.

Jim blinked. "Baby. I was just protecting. That guy would have been all over you."

"He didn't touch me -- not once! And he gave me a hundred dollars! Big time tippers get an extra wiggle, you *know* that. He didn't lay a finger on me!" The words were shot at him, Candy throwing up his hands at the end. "Bah!" Candy turned, back straight and stiff, ass so very red.

Jim reached out before he could stop himself and cupped one hot cheek. "He wanted to. He would have if he could have."

For a second that ass pushed back into his touch and then Candy stiffened again. Still, it was a good sign. "He *didn't*, Jim. Besides, it's not your job to keep anyone's hands off me when I dance. That's what the club pays Tree and the others for."

"But." Jim moved into the room a bit farther, trying to get them far enough that he could close the door. "But, baby. You're mine. See?" Really, it wasn't that complicated.

"I'm a stripper, Jim. People pay money to watch me spank myself." Candy whipped around -- still glaring. "That's how I make a living."

"Do you absolutely have to?" Jim knew he was probably whining about it. "Not that you aren't amazing at it. God, every cock out there was hard for you."

Candy looked at him like Jim was crazy. "I'm not going to have this figure forever, you know. I need to get my nest egg together while I can." Candy poked him hard in the chest. "You *know* all this."

Jim tried again. "Baby." He reached out for his Candy. "I know. But you know I go a little crazy when all those guys get too close. I can't help it."

"No one is allowed to touch me, Big Daddy." Oh, he was going to be forgiven. Candy stepped into his arms. "Nobody but you."

"Just me." Jim didn't let Candy change his mind. He pulled him up close and got a hand on Candy's ass. "Jesus, so hot, baby."

Candy wriggled into his hand. "You did most of that, I was hardly touching myself out there tonight!"

"You touched. I saw." He liked. "Did it hurt?" He hoped not. Well, not a lot, anyway.

"It stung." Candy rubbed against him. "It reminded me of you every time I did it."

"God, baby." Jim groaned and kicked the door closed. "What you do to me."

"Don't tell me the caveman act is saved just for me."

"Just for you. Only you." No one else made him crazy. Ever. "I promise." He cupped Candy's cheek and rubbed with his thumb. "You must ache."

Groaning, Candy pushed against him. "I do. For you, Big Daddy. I ache for you."

Jim shuddered. "I like the sound of that. You're always ready for me, aren't you, sweet thing?" With his free hand Jim thumbed open his jeans.

Candy vibrated as Jim started working his jeans open. "Always. God. I used flavored oil today. In case you wanted to taste."

Jim closed his eyes and breathed through his nose. "Always want to taste you, baby. Are you like Candy-floss?" His fingers itched to just turn Candy around and feast on those red, hot butt-cheeks.

"No." Candy grabbed his own package. "More like Candy Cane. A great big one all for you."

"Let me have it." Jim bared his teeth and growled. "Give it to me."

Candy pulled down the tiny covering, straining cock springing from the material. It was long and hard and the tip glistened, proof of Candy's excitement.

Jim grabbed Candy's hips and moved him back, a few steps and then two more until Candy was leaning on the make-up table. "Stay," Jim ordered. Then he went to his knees and started licking the oil on Candy's belly, avoiding his cock until Jim could make Candy beg.

"Big Daddy!" Candy's hands dropped onto his head, trying to find purchase in his high and tight.

"Stay," Jim barked. He licked again, his tongue dipping into Candy's belly button. Candy's cock was bumping him on the chin.

"I'm staying, I'm staying." Candy whimpered, hips pushing, bumping the hot cock on his chin again.

Jim grunted what could have been an acknowledgment and held onto Candy's rock-hard thighs. He nuzzled roughly at Candy's balls, smelling the sweet oil and sex, the combination making his own cock throb. "Good. Be good, baby."

He could hear Candy panting. "I'm trying, Big Daddy, I swear I'm trying."

Jim nodded, which made his face push even more into Candy's sweet spot. He lapped delicately at the soft skin where Candy's balls met his cock, just to see what would happen.

Candy cried out, hips pushing again as his Candy tried to get more.

Jim mouthed the root of Candy's cock, unable to resist the taste. His knees parted and he reached down to adjust himself, squeezing his prick hard as he moved it.

Candy's fingers wrapped around the table, holding on tight, and sweet whimpers rained down on him as Candy panted and begged.

Jim looked way, way up the hard body and very slowly made his way up Candy's dick, licking and sucking until he got to the salty tip. "Tell me what you want."

"Your mouth, Big Daddy. Please, I want that so much." Candy's eyes shone down at him, full of heat and need and love.

"Good boy." Jim nodded and took him in, sucking hard. He didn't do it often, so it was nice to have Candy's full attention when he was giving head.

He was pretty sure they must have heard the noise Candy made out in the bar.

Jim groaned and went to town. He held Candy's hips still and sucked his cock, licking and bobbing for all he was worth. Jim's own balls were feeling the ache, and he hoped Candy was willing to help him deal with that, too.

The oil and the salt made Candy a special treat, like all of the best snacks together.

Candy's cries continued, interspersed with needy whimpers. Jim could feel his baby's hips trembling, pushing, trying to move past his hold.

Bobbing his head, trying to take in as much as he could, Jim looked up at Candy's flat abs and finally let go of his baby's hips, letting Candy thrust.

"Daddy! Oh, Big Daddy!" Candy went to town, crying out and thrusting. It didn't take long at all before the cries turned into a scream. Candy froze, come spurting out of his cock.

Jim swallowed, again and again, then licked at as much of Candy as he could get to. The oil, the come, all of it was too much. He dug his fingers into Candy's thighs and licked there, too, his

cock throbbing. "Candy. I need." He felt like the top of his head -- or his cock -- was going to blow off.

"Fuck me, Big Daddy. I'm ready for you."

Climbing to his feet was an effort, but Jim did it. His cock was rigid, hot, ready. It only took a moment to smooth on a rubber, then he ordered, "Up." Jim shoved Candy up onto the table, Candy's legs apart, one thigh wrapping around Jim's hips as he guided his prick to Candy's hole. "Flavored oil there, too?"

"Yeah, Big Daddy. Just for you." Candy wriggled, trying to get his cock in.

Jim was too far gone to make a game of it. He pushed in fast and hard, letting the tight heat of Candy's ass take him to a new plane of existence. "God. So sweet."

Candy's ass burned against his thighs. "So big."

"So perfect--" Jim broke off and groaned, his balls pulling up. "Hold on." He pounded into Candy, his hips sawing back and forth. "Fuck. Fuck, yes. Baby. Gonna -- oh, fuck!" He closed his eyes, concentrating on the friction around his cock, the smell of Candy all around him.

Candy was doing something with that amazing ass, tightening it around his cock again and again. Leaning forward, Candy added sucking kisses at his throat to the sensations drawing him in.

Jim threw back his head and felt teeth at his throat as he started to come. "Yes!" he yelled, at least as loud as Candy had. "Baby, yes!"

Candy held him tight, ass and arms squeezing.

Jim shook and shot a bit more, riding it out. "Yeah. Like that. Sweetest ass in the world. Love you, baby."

Candy nodded, head buried in his neck. "Love you, too, Big Daddy."

Suddenly the assholes out in front of the stage didn't matter nearly as much as they had before.

Chapter Four

Candy smiled at himself in the mirror. He was wearing plain jeans and a simple white T-shirt. He almost looked butch. Big Daddy would be so pleased. Jim was coming over to take him shopping today for clothes that Big Daddy considered good for going out in.

He was probably going to get stuck with a suit and dress shirt and maybe even a tie. If it made Big Daddy happy, Candy would wear them, but clothes like that definitely hid all his best assets.

The doorbell rang and he flew to it, ready to leap into Jim's arms. Oh! Flowers! He grabbed them, laughing and smiling over them at... not Jim.

"Tree?"

The big man laughed and patted his arm. "They were sent to you at the club, I thought I'd bring them by, as you've got a few days off."

"Oh, thank you!" Tree was a love.

"There's a card with them."

"Thanks. You want to come in for a cup of coffee or something?" He was expecting Jim any minute, but it would be rude not to offer after the trouble Tree'd gone to to make sure he got the huge, beautiful bouquet.

"No, I've got to get back before the shows start."

"Okay. Thanks again." He blew Tree a kiss and let the door close, taking his prize into the kitchen. He had a vase somewhere. Actually, going by how huge the bouquet was, he needed two or three vases.

Boogying to the music playing, he arranged the flowers, putting them into four vases. They were bright and smelled good.

The doorbell rang again, and then there was a cheerful knock, like someone was getting impatient to see him. That *had* to be his Big Daddy. He bounced to the door and flung it open. It was indeed Big Daddy and he threw his arms around his lover, face raised for Jim's kiss.

"Hey, beautiful." Jim gave him the kiss and a bit of a grope, too. "Are you ready to go? I like the T-shirt, by the way. Makes your arms look hot."

"Does it?" He preened for Jim, did a little twirl so his jeans-encased ass could be admired as well. "Did you want anything before we go? Coffee? Tea? Me?"

"I always want you, you know that." Jim grinned at him. "Actually, if you have any water bottles, I wouldn't mind one for drinking in the car."

"I have water." He tugged Jim in and then sauntered toward the kitchen, ass swaying as he went.

His Big Daddy kept close, as he'd known Jim would. One hand skimmed over Candy's ass and Jim crowded into his personal space, all the way into the kitchen. Then he stopped dead. "Holy crap, that's a lot of flowers."

"I know! Aren't they beautiful." Candy laughed and bent to smell one. "Four vases full, can you believe it?"

"No." Jim's voice went flat. "Who are they from?"

"I don't know. Oh! There was a card." Now where had that gone? He went over to the little kitchen table and there it was. Leaning against the counter, he opened the card and read out loud. "Dear Candy Pants, These beautiful flowers reminded me of you, except that you are more beautiful by far, Love Brian Riverson. Oh, isn't that sweet?"

He did love being appreciated.

"Yeah. Sweet." Jim was pulling out his cell phone. "I'll make a call, baby."

Candy tilted his head, frowning. "A call? To who?" Jim was with *him* and shouldn't be calling other people.

"The station, of course. Some freaking asshole has your address and I'm putting regular patrols on. Also, you're staying with me until we get to the bottom of this."

Glaring, Candy grabbed the phone from Jim's hands and closed it. "There is *no* bottom to get to. First of all, he's obviously not an asshole -- the card is very sweet. Second, the flowers went to the club and Tree brought them over because he knew I wasn't going to be in for a couple of days and didn't want them dying." He got flowers from fans all the time at the club -- they made his dressing room cheerful.

"Candy. There's, like, three hundred dollars' worth of flowers here. Maybe more. I want to know who this guy is! Check him out." Jim made a grab for his phone. "I know better."

"So someone who has money wants to give me flowers. There's nothing wrong with that. Trust me, I know what creepy notes sound like and this one isn't." Candy shoved the phone down the front of his pants.

Big Daddy blinked at him, then stared at his crotch. "You're going to walk really funny if that thing starts to ring, baby."

Candy wriggled a bit to get it to shift over to somewhere slightly more comfortable. "I was hoping you had it set to vibrate."

"You are not going to distract me." Jim stood in front of him, doing his cop thing. Squared shoulders, legs wide spread. "I think that someone who sends you so many flowers should be made aware that you're appreciative but not... not... not someone who can be swayed by some asshole with a lot of money. Yeah, that." Jim nodded. "It's inappropriate."

"Inappropriate, my ass!" Jim might be his lover, but that didn't make the man his keeper.

Jim's eyebrows shot up. "Your ass is right."

Candy took a step into Jim's personal space and poked the strong chest. "You do not own me."

"I... what?" Jim looked baffled. He held his ground, though, not moving an inch. "I'm protecting you, baby. That's my job. Remember the whole police officer situation?"

Candy took a breath. Okay, Jim was overreacting because he was a cop and he saw bad stuff happen all the time. Candy handed over the card. "You're right, you're a cop, so you know about these kinds of things. So look at the note, read it. It doesn't sound like a stalker at all. There's no creepiness factor there."

Jim read the note over for himself, his gaze still filled with suspicion. "I'm going to run his name," he said, handing the card back. "I just am. But I won't put anyone on it, won't have a car come by your house any more often than normal."

"All right, that's a fair compromise. He won't know you ran his name, though, right?" Candy didn't want this poor man who was just trying to be nice to start feeling persecuted.

"Not unless I want him to know," Jim said under his breath. Then he smiled sweetly. "I mean. No."

Candy slapped Jim's arm. "It had better be no or I'm going to be very mad at you." He glared once, to make sure Jim knew he was serious, and then he pushed himself up against all those wonderful muscles. "Now, aren't you supposed to be taking me out and buying me clothes?"

Jim nodded. "I was thinking a suit, maybe. At the very least some nice dress shirts." He took Candy's hand and urged him away from the kitchen -- and all the flowers. "No making out in the dressing rooms." He didn't sound serious about that part. Not really, really serious.

"Suits aren't very sexy," Candy pointed out, letting Jim lead him toward the car.

"Sure they are." Jim opened the passenger door. "I think so."

"But they'll hide all my best features." He knew how much Jim liked his ass, and he also knew that a suit totally hid that part of the body.

Jim got him into the car and closed the door, then leaned in the open window. "I'll know what your ass looks like under the coattails. That's enough."

Candy laughed suddenly and patted Jim's cheek. His Big Daddy was just trying to stop *others* from seeing his best side. "I'll wear them because you want me to."

"That's good enough." Jim nodded, kissed Candy's nose, and then walked around the car to get in.

The drive downtown was pleasant enough; Big Daddy held his hand and told him all about the shops they could go to until Candy picked the block where they should stop. It was nice, being with a cop who could park illegally for an hour or so. Of course, it probably wasn't illegal to park down the alley beside the clothing stores, but still. It wasn't street parking, and it was hidden enough that Big Daddy would kiss him a lot before they went shopping.

Thanks to that, he was standing very much at attention by the time they got out of the car and headed to the stores, which was just how he liked it.

Jim smiled at him and held his hand as they walked down the street and then into the first shop. "You look amazing," he praised. "I can't wait to get you all dressed up for me." He led Candy through the store, past all the casual, boring clothes toward the back. "Something tailored, I think."

"Whatever you want, Big Daddy." He had to admit, whether the clothes were his style or not, it was nice having Jim take him shopping, dress him up.

They were joined almost immediately by a salesman, a very nice young man in a neat suit who didn't seem at all shocked at Jim buying clothes for Candy. He merely looked Candy up and down and asked, "Thirty-two inch inseam or thirty-three, sir?"

"Thirty-three." Candy was impressed. He liked people who were good at their jobs.

The salesman nodded again and started presenting Jim with clothes. He held things up to Candy and he offered colors; he discussed ties, fabrics, and the relative merits of natural fibers. All questions were directed at Jim unless they had to do with Candy's body specifically.

Jim was in his element. He seemed to become even bigger, pride making his back straighter. Finally he nodded and handed Candy a stack of clothes. "These first, baby. Tommy here can rustle up some more while you change."

Tommy nodded and zipped away, clearly on a mission to find shirts or pants or something.

Candy pushed close to Jim and smiled up at him. "I do love it when you take charge, Big Daddy."

"And I love it when you're a good boy and do what you're told." Jim kissed him, one hand finding its way to Candy's ass and squeezing. "Go change. Show me how pretty you are, okay?"

"Yes, Big Daddy." He wriggled against Jim and then headed into the changing room with his pile of clothes. He'd pulled off his T-shirt and jeans before he considered that maybe he shouldn't have gone commando today.

Chapter Five

Jim checked his look in the mirror. Suit was neat, tie was straight, hair was as high and tight as it could possibly be.

Good to go.

Candy had promised to wear his new clothes out for supper, and Jim had promised to get them a table that wasn't hidden away. It was a compromise. Jim could compromise. He could. He didn't once try to beat Tommy to death when he was measuring Candy for the alterations.

Of course, Tommy had been as good as gold and was giving off the straightest straight vibes possible. Not that it mattered. Jim was *sure* there were straight guys all over the city, stroking off thinking about Candy's ass.

Shaking his head at himself, Jim looked around the front hall of Candy's house and clapped his hands. "Candy? Baby, I'm going to start the car. Come on, time to go."

"Wait!" Candy came out, dressed in a light gray suit with a lilac shirt, matching tie all bunched up in one hand. "I can't make this thing work."

"Oh." Jim stared, and blinked, and stared some more. He'd seen it in the store, but *God*. "Um. Here. Let me do it." He reached for the tie, still staring at Candy. "Man, you look good."

Candy pushed the tie into his hand and then twirled for him. "Yeah? Everything feels so... loose."

"Loose can be good." Jim looped the tie around his own neck and knotted it, then slide the knot down. "Give you room to move. Here you go, baby. Put this on." He handed Candy back the tie, the knot still in place.

Candy put the tie around his own neck and pulled on one end to bring the knot up to his throat. "If everything else is so loose, why does this have to feel so tight?"

"So it leaves me with something to hold you still." Jim grinned. "Trust me. You look incredibly sexy."

"Okay, I trust you, Big Daddy." Candy took his hand. "Now you promised me supper somewhere fancy."

"I did." Jim couldn't wait. This was going to be amazing. Candy looked fine, better than fine. Candy looked hot and Jim was proud to be the guy with him. "Let's go."

They didn't have to fight traffic as they went back to Gino's and Jim made sure to tip the valet well to take care of the car. He didn't want to have a single thing to take his mind off Candy.

Candy, for his part, was walking like he was the king of England, obviously pleased as hell at the royal treatment Jim was giving him.

Jim let him, smiling indulgently as the maître d' found their reservation and then showed them swiftly to their table. Near the middle of the room, under a chandelier. Perfect. Jim held Candy's chair back for him and then sat, knowing that they were the envy of the whole room.

Candy's eyes sparkled. "Oh, this is wonderful, Big Daddy. Thank you."

Jim smiled at him and wished they already had their wine poured instead of just water. "Enjoy, baby. It's our night." No big-money, flower-buying creeps there. Just him and his baby.

"You're so good to me." Candy's foot touched his under the table.

"Don't start with that," Jim said with a laugh. "I want to actually eat this time."

Candy fluttered eyelashes at him. "I want to eat, too. What are you going to order us tonight?"

"Well, I'm going to have that sirloin I missed out on. I think you're going to have a pasta, though. Perhaps something with seafood? We can share. Oh, lobster bisque." He nodded. "You're going to have lobster, I'm going to have steak, and we'll share. A half bottle of wine, and something decadent for dessert." That should be suitable, Jim thought. He hoped he wouldn't have to excuse himself to jack off halfway through the meal; watching Candy moan and sigh over good food was better than most porn.

The way Candy was making eyes at him, it wasn't going to take watching the man eat to get him too hot to sit. "Mmm, you always know just what to order."

Jim took a long drink from his water glass. "Baby. Turn it down. About three notches. Please." He picked up his menu and studied it, just in case there was something better than the steak. The waiter had better come soon. "Did you like trying on clothes today?" he asked, hoping to get the sex kitten onto something else.

Candy pouted at him at first, but was soon distracted by talking about clothes. "Next time we should go to one of my places. I'd love to see you done up head to toe in leather." Candy purred at him.

Jim tried not to laugh. He'd look like a big leather daddy, then, instead of a cop with the hots for a stripper. Oh, wait. "Okay," he said. "Sure." Right then the waiter arrived and he made a point of not looking at Candy's face as he ordered for them both, finishing off by asking for their wine right away, with the chef's choice of appetizers.

When he looked back up, Candy was sitting there, open mouthed, looking like he'd just been given the best gift ever.

"For your birthday, maybe." Jim thought maybe that would give him enough time to save up the money. "What do you think? I really do like that tie on you."

"Thank you." Candy preened for him. "And I think your birthday is sooner and I didn't know what to get you, but now I do."

Jim raised an eyebrow. "That's awfully extravagant of you, baby." The thought, though, made his belly warm. He did love his Candy Pants. The stripper with a heart of gold.

Candy raised an eyebrow. "Why do you think I like the big tippers so much?"

"Because they tip you enough that you can pay for your house and save for when you're not stripping?" That's what Candy always told him. "You'd shrivel up at an office job, baby. I get the need to save. I do." He just didn't like the ass shaking that led to the money to save.

"I would hate an office job." Candy shuddered. "A few more years at the top and I can retire, Big Daddy. Before I lose my good looks."

"You will never lose your good looks," Jim said automatically. It was true. "You'll always be beautiful."

"Oh, Big Daddy, you do love me." Candy beamed at him.

"Of course I do." Jim reached for Candy's hand. "Don't you ever forget that."

Candy squeezed his fingers. "I don't, Jim. Truly."

They were interrupted by the waiter clearing his throat and pouring wine for Jim to taste. When Jim had pronounced it acceptable, the waiter poured more, served their appetizers, and left them.

"You start, baby." Jim stood up and left his napkin on his seat. "I'll be right back."

Candy's hand reached out and touched his arm. "What? Where are you going?"

"Just to the bathroom." Jim laughed and kissed Candy's nose. "That's all. I'll be right back."

"Oh, okay." Candy looked him up and down and murmured. "You might need help in there."

"Are you offering me a hand?"

Candy nodded, eyes twinkling. "I am. At the very least."

Jim glanced around. For the moment, no one seemed to be paying them a lot of attention. "Give me a minute or two. Then come."

"Yes, Big Daddy."

Jim hurried off, wondering if just maybe he'd left his brain in the car. He was a *cop*. He did not have sex in public spaces. Candy's dressing room totally didn't count. Bathrooms in fancy restaurants did. Maybe they'd get lucky and the john would have stalls with floor to ceiling doors and no attendant.

He pulled out a twenty just in case, then another. Sure enough, he went into the bathroom and there was a man sitting at the little counter, ready to take his suit jacket.

"Anyone in there?" Jim asked, nodding to the corner and beyond it to the actual bathroom.

"No, sir." An eyebrow went up, but the guy didn't seem very confused.

"Ten minutes," Jim said, handing the man his forty dollars. "Guy coming in with a lilac shirt on. No one else."

The attendant looked at the money in his hand and shrugged. "Sixty."

Rolling his eyes, Jim gave him another twenty and kept going, scoping out the place while he waited for Candy.

A few minutes later Candy came waltzing in and Jim reached and grabbed. "Hey. Fancy meeting you here. We don't have much time."

"We don't need much time, Big Daddy." Candy pressed up against him, hands already working on his belt.

Jim let him work his magic. "I'm primed. All systems go."

"Oh yeah, I can see that, Big, Big Daddy." Candy opened Jim's belt and tugged down his zipper. Then one hand slid into his pants and pulled out his hard cock.

Jim looked down and nodded. He liked Candy's hand on him, liked the way it looked. "Fast, baby." He licked his lower lip. "Do it nice and fast."

"Oh, I will." Candy licked his lips, making them shine, and then dropped to his knees.

Holding back a moan, Jim guided his cock to Candy's mouth. "Lick," he whispered. "Just a little. Then suck me." God, he hoped the attendant was bought good and proper.

Candy's eyes stayed on his as Candy's tongue started at the base of his cock and slowly slid up along the whole length.

Jim's mouth went dry. "Yeah. Like that." He nodded as Candy's tongue swirled over the head. "Now suck it. As much as you can." His balls were already high, his whole body warm. "You've got such a pretty mouth, Candy."

"You like how it looks wrapped around your dick." Candy's mouth opened wide, taking him in.

"That's what I meant." Jim hissed through his teeth as he slid deep. Candy worked him like a pro, or like a lover who knew all the sweetest spots.

Cheeks hollowing out, Candy sucked hard on him, tongue rubbing wherever it could.

Careful not to mess Candy's hair too much, Jim put a hand on Candy's head and held him still, then started fucking Candy's mouth with long, even strokes. "Oh, yeah," he said, voice rough. "That's it, baby. Take it. I'm gonna give you a little before-dinner treat."

Candy moaned around his prick, eyes shining and hot as they gazed up at him.

Jim felt his breath catch in his chest, just as he rose up on his toes. "God, yes. There." His own eyes rolled back and heat rushed through him. Jamming his cock down Candy's throat, Jim came in long pulses, holding Candy there until Jim had to let Candy breathe.

Jim was shaking like a leaf when he leaned back again.

Pressing kisses to Jim's hips and cock, Candy beamed up at him. "Big Daddy liked?"

"Big Daddy fucking *loved*." Jim blinked down at his Candy and smiled. "Gorgeous. We better hurry up, though; they'll think we ran out on them."

"We can't have that. You promised me dinner, and tonight I plan on collecting." Candy slowly slid up along his body and leaned up for a kiss. Then he turned and walked out slowly.

Jim shook his head and grinned as he put his prick away. Damn, but he was a lucky man. And *damn*, but Candy looked fine in a suit.

Jim took a moment to smile at himself in the mirror and followed. The night was going just fine.

Chapter Six

Candy slipped Tree five twenties, patted one enormous bicep, and sauntered back to his dressing room. The sounds of the crowd faded as the door closed, getting even quieter when he went into his dressing room. There were flowers and chocolates on his table and Candy bounced and clapped his hands.

There was a card with the gifts and he opened it, smile growing wider as five hundreds slipped out when he pulled out the card.

Oh, someone was a big fan.

Dear Candy Pants

You are so beautiful. I come every night to watch you and I must confess that I'm growing fonder and fonder of you. In fact, I'm in love with you. I know you must hear this a lot, but if you could find a place in your heart to show me a little kindness, I would love to take you to dinner and plead my case."

There was a phone number next to the signature.

How sweet.

"Candy?" Jim's voice came from the doorway, then there was a knock and the door opened. "Hey, babydoll. That was a great show." He sounded breathless and eager, just like always.

Candy dumped the card, envelope, and bills on top of the chocolate and smiled up at Jim. "Hey, Big Daddy."

Jim gathered him up and kissed him. "Missed you today," he said when he let Candy go again.

"I know, me, too." He ran his hands over Jim's wonderful chest and pressed close. It always seemed harder when they'd had a few days in a row together.

"Yeah?" Jim sounded pleased. One big cop-hand slipped over Candy's ass. "That's good." Jim kissed him again. "Holy shit, someone shoved hundreds at you tonight?" Suddenly the hand was gone, pointing to the table.

"No, he put them in the card he sent with the flowers and chocolates."

Jim's eyes narrowed. "Oh." After a very brief moment he asked, "Is it the same man who sent the flowers last time? The ones Tree brought to your house?"

"Yes, I do believe it is." Candy put a finger across Jim's lips. "Now before you go off, you need to know two things. One -- he's in love with me, and two -- I'm not in love with him and I don't plan to encourage him at all, okay?"

Of course, that didn't mean he wasn't keeping the money.

Jim went a shade of red that simply couldn't be healthy. "He's *what*? How do you know this? Did he come back here?"

"Of course he didn't come back here! Tree knows better than that. There was a card. Now you need to calm down, Big Daddy, before you pop a vein." He petted Jim's chest.

"I'm calm," Jim snarled at him. "Really, I am." At least he wasn't pulling out his phone to call his police friends again. "Where's the card?"

"Why? Reading it is only going to upset you."

"I'm..." Jim blinked. "Okay. True. But I have to do something."

"Why?"

"Because." Jim cupped Candy's jaw gently and gave him a serious look. "Because not doing something hurts. Not having the whole world see just by looking at you that you're mine hurts. Knowing that some guy thinks he's in love with you sets off every alarm I have. He could be very, very dangerous, kitten. And it's my job to protect you; you're my Candy."

Oh, he needed to get that tattoo on his ass, so his Big Daddy knew that he was the most important man in Candy's life -- the only one who really counted.

He turned his head to kiss Jim's palm. "You're the only man for me, Big Daddy."

A growl rumbled, deep inside Jim. "Candy." He sounded a little anguished, a little desperate. "God, it kills me to watch you on stage, not allowed to touch. You know that?"

"Nobody touches me on stage -- that keeps me safe. And nobody but you touches me anywhere else." He wished he could do something to make Jim happier, but Jim himself had said it -- Candy would just die in an office job. And it wasn't like he was trained to do anything else.

"I don't get to touch you nearly enough." Jim kissed him again, not very gently. His Big Daddy could be so possessive.

Candy tilted his head back and opened his mouth, encouraging Jim to kiss him any way the man wanted to.

Big Daddy fucked Candy's mouth with his tongue and made that rumbling, growling sound again. Jim's hands didn't stay still, but moved from Candy's jaw to his hair, then down Candy's back to his butt. His Jim pulled them tight together and ground their hips together, showing Candy the present Jim had brought with him.

He did love it when his Big Daddy got all growly and possessive.

Candy ground right back, his own cock soon as hard as Jim's.

Jim manhandled him back to the table, until the edge was pushing at Candy's thighs, and then Jim's hand shoved the little g-string aside, freeing Candy's prick. "I want you." Big Daddy's hand curled around Candy's cock and stroked, far too slowly.

"I'm yours, Big Daddy. Any way you want me."

"Good." The hand tightened a bit and Jim's kiss grew fierce. Then Big Daddy went to his knees, both hands playing with Candy's cock and balls, and then back to his ass. "Any way?"

"Any way, Big Daddy." He trusted Jim completely.

Jim licked at Candy's balls and used his shoulder to spread Candy's legs wider, wide enough to lick behind Candy's balls. "What if I wanted to tie you up or something? Would you do that?"

"Not here, Big Daddy. But you take me home and you can." A shiver went through him. Jim wanted to tie him up? He thought maybe he liked the idea.

Jim licked him again, and teased at his hole with one finger. "Tie you to the bed? A chair? Anything?"

Whimpering, he pushed back, trying to get Jim's finger inside. "Anything, Big Daddy. Please."

"Can I use my cuffs? Fuck you when you're face down on the bed, handcuffed?" Jim looked up at him and opened his mouth for Candy's cock, his finger holding steady right at Candy's hole.

"Oh, God! Big Daddy!" Just the thought had him leaking and he pushed forward, his prick sliding into Jim's mouth.

The finger -- more than one, thank God -- pushed in at the same time and Jim sucked him hard, his tongue pushing and rubbing right under the flare of the head. He thought Jim would have growled again, if his mouth hadn't been so full.

Candy wrapped his hands around Jim's head, the short bristles of Jim's hair tickling against his palms. Watching Jim's face, Candy began to thrust, riding between mouth and fingers.

Jim stared up at him, unblinking, and the fingers probed deeper and deeper with every thrust, the angle changing.

When Jim hit his gland, Candy shouted. "Yes! Oh, fuck yes!"

Once Big Daddy found the spot, he was relentless. Again and again he pushed and pressed and rubbed, his mouth sucking hard, lips spread wide over Candy's cock.

"Gonna! Yes! Oh! One more!" Candy shouted again as he came, come shooting out of him and into Jim's mouth.

Swallowing, Jim took it all and kept on fingering him, though more slowly and gently as Candy shuddered and shook. A few sucks, a kiss to Candy's balls, and Jim struggled to his feet, panting. "Baby."

He leaned hard against Jim. "Yours, Big Daddy. Through and through."

"All mine." Jim kissed Candy, sharing the taste of come, and reached for the chocolates. "Please don't eat these. Unless the inside is sealed with plastic, okay?"

Candy picked up the box from Jim's fingers and tossed it into the trash can. There wasn't any chocolate that was worth upsetting his Big Daddy.

Jim beamed at him, his smile lighting up the whole room. "Come home with me tonight?"

Candy's eyes widened. Jim never invited him home. "Yes. Let me just throw on some clothes."

Jim nodded and stepped back so Candy could move. "I have to work at noon tomorrow, but I promise I'll get you home first."

Candy beamed at Jim and got dressed quickly. He gathered his tip money together, shoving it into his jeans along with the five hundred dollar bills. He slipped into a pair of sneakers and presented himself to Jim. "I'm ready to go."

Jim was still smiling, looking pleased as punch. "All right, then." He offered his arm and led Candy out, just as proud as could be. "Stage door? My car is around back."

"Unless you want everyone to see me on your arm as we go through the club, the stage door would be best." He didn't care, he was just so pleased Jim was taking him home.

"Right, then." Jim walked him back toward the club and where Tree was standing guard. "We won't linger, however. And the first person who reaches out to touch you will regret it."

"Nobody's going to even try when I'm so clearly already taken by the biggest stud in the place." He patted Jim's arm.

Jim preened. His shoulders got broader and he got taller, and they breezed right on past Tree into the club proper.

Candy didn't even look at anyone else -- he only had eyes for his Big Daddy.

They went through the crowd and he was sure people were calling to him, but it didn't matter. Someone else was on stage; they could look at the stripper, not him. Jim was guiding him and smiling at him, and then they were outside, walking along the sidewalk in the cool night air.

"Are you warm enough?" Jim asked him.

"As long as you keep me close, I will be."

Jim's arm was around his body and they walked a little faster, nestled together. "Just down here," Jim said, taking him around the building. "At the back. And my place is pretty close."

"You have supplies, don't you?" He didn't want to get to Jim's and find out his Big Daddy wasn't well-stocked.

Jim laughed softly. "Oh, yeah. I've got all kinds of stuff, baby. I'll take care of you." They walked around the corner and into the parking lot reserved for the staff and dancers, and apparently off-duty cops. "Lube, rubbers, toys, cuffs."

"I didn't know you were so into toys, Big Daddy." Not that Candy was complaining -- he was up, literally, for whatever Big Daddy had in mind.

If it weren't so dark and if Candy didn't know his Jim so well, he could have thought that Jim blushed. "Well. I was alone a long time before I found you, baby doll. I had to find ways to take care of my needs."

"Oh..." Candy felt his prick give a sharp jerk at the thought of what exactly Jim might have been doing to himself with toys.

Jim took him right to his car and unlocked the door with the remote. "Here you go, safe and sound," he said as he held the door for Candy. His cheeks definitely looked a little flushed, even by the yellow of the street light.

Candy sat and then reached, stroking Jim's ample cock where it strained against his slacks. "Thank you."

"Thank *you*." Jim pushed into his hand for a moment, then stepped back and closed the door. When he got in the driver's side and started the car, he said, "I'm going to have to ask you to keep your hands over there, baby. Just so we get home in one piece." He winked and backed out of the spot, heading to the street.

Candy figured if he started touching Jim, he wouldn't stop, so he sat on his hands.

Jim laughed, clearly delighted, and headed north. He moved very quickly through a short pattern of downtown streets and to one of the main thoroughfares, clearly used to the route. They drove for about five minutes to an older neighborhood of small houses and neat apartment buildings, and finally pulled up outside a row of brick-fronted townhouses.

"Here we are," Jim said when he shut off the car. "Mine is on the very end, and the people next to me fall asleep very early."

"Does that mean we're going to have to be quiet, Big Daddy?" Candy didn't like having to be quiet.

Unless of course they were in public, then he put up with it.

"Nope." Jim grinned at him. "The wall we share has double soundproofing. I added some, back when their place was full of college kids." He got out of the car and came around to open the door for Candy. "You can yell your pretty head off. Or I can gag you, I suppose."

His eyes went wide and he shook his head. "I'll be quiet if you need me to be, but please don't gag me, Big Daddy."

"Shhh." Jim reached for him. "I was teasing, baby. I won't do that. Promise."

He pushed into Jim's arms. "I don't like not being able to tell you how good things are." Or if he wanted something to stop.

"I won't." Jim kissed him slowly and closed the car door. "Come on. Let's go in and you can get used to the place."

"By get used to the place, do you mean suck you until you come down my throat?"

"No, more sprawl on my bed so I can fuck you through the mattress." Jim laughed and unlocked the front door. "Although now that you mention it, the other sounds good, too."

"Whatever you want, Big Daddy, you know that." Distracted though he was by visions of his own ass in the air, with Jim's cock buried deep, Candy still looked around, interested in the place Jim called home.

There were lights on, one each on tables at either end of a long leather couch. A flat screen TV was mounted on the wall, and there were almost no knick-knacks or pretty little things around. Through an arch Candy could see the kitchen, all gleaming and white.

"What do you think?" Jim asked. "It's a little... bare. Maybe."

"It could use a few loving touches," Candy admitted, hand sliding along a bare wall. "But then so did you when we first met."

"I could use a loving touch just about any time you're around." Jim took Candy's hand and pressed it into Jim's crotch. "See?"

Moaning, Candy nodded. "I do, Big Daddy. I think it's past time you showed me this bedroom of yours."

Jim held him by the wrist -- not too tight! -- and took him up a flight of stairs. There were three doors at the top and Jim pointed. "Bathroom. Guest room. Bedroom." Into the bedroom they went and Big Daddy turned on lamps in there.

The dressers were dark wood, the walls were light blue, and the huge bed had dark blue covers. It also had a sturdy headboard and posts at the four corners.

"Oh, look at this." Candy climbed onto the bed on his hands and knees and looked back over his shoulder as he wagged his ass. "My, what a big bed you have."

Jim started to unbutton his shirt, watching him with hot eyes. "Check the drawers of the night tables. Everything's there."

"What do you want me to get, besides the obvious of course?" Lube and condoms were the obvious and Candy trusted his Big Daddy would know that.

"There's a dildo in there," Jim said, sounding thoughtful. "The blue one. And some silk neckties."

A shiver went through Candy and he opened the drawer, pulling out everything they needed and the things Jim had asked for. He put them on the edge of the bed and rolled onto his back. He slid his hand down into the waistband of his tight pants.

Jim's shirt was gone and the top button of his jeans undone. He stood at the foot of the bed, watching Candy move. "Keep going. Take 'em off." His voice was low and smooth.

"Shirt or pants first, Big Daddy?" Candy writhed where he lay.

"Shirt."

"Yes, Big Daddy." Looked up at Jim through his lashes, Candy went up to his knees and began undoing buttons.

Jim's chest was rising and falling a bit more rapidly as he watched. "A little show, baby?" His hands were ranging over his own body, tweaking his nipples and rubbing over his stomach.

Candy groaned and nodded. He could put on a private show for his Big Daddy.

He circled his hips, and then pumped them a few times as he opened his shirt. He teased it open on one side, and then the other, before wriggling his shoulders and letting it fall to the bed.

Jim whispered, "God." Then he swallowed, hard enough for Candy to hear. "All for me."

"Just for you, Big Daddy." Naked from the waist up, Candy slowly circled, hips moving hard to keep his ass wriggling for Jim.

Jim thumbed his own fly and eased the zipper down. "More, baby."

"More for my Big Daddy." Candy went back on all fours and humped the air, his ass pushing back toward Jim again and again.

God, his pants were tight. Painfully so.

"Baby." Jim growled. "Pants. Show me. Please."

Turning back around and kneeling up, Candy slid his hands down his body, fingers lingering to play with his nipples before he reached for his buttons. He undid the top one and rubbed his fingertips up and down along the next four.

Jim groaned and rubbed his own cock, over his jeans. "Please," he begged. "Take 'em off."

"I am, Big Daddy." He was just taking his time, working to make his Big Daddy insane with lust. He popped the next button and then the next, gyrated his hips.

Jim's free hand reached out, but he snatched it back, fast. "Candy." The growl was back.

Laughing breathlessly, Candy looked up at Jim through his lashes again. "Yes, Big Daddy?"

"Don't make me arrest your ass." Jim shoved his own jeans down and off, then stood there, naked and hard, his cock standing right up toward his belly.

"You wanted a show," he reminded Jim as he licked his lips and moaned at the sight of that big, fat cock.

"Uh-huh." Jim jacked himself lazily. "And you've got me right where you want me."

Candy beamed at Jim. He did. He loved it. He undid the next two buttons and circled his hips as he slowly pulled the tight leather over his ass; he wasn't wearing any underwear.

Jim licked his lips, staring. "Move back. I'm coming up on the bed."

Candy flopped back onto his back and began wriggling like crazy, working the tight leather down his legs.

His Big Daddy crawled right over him and licked at his belly like a giant cat. "Get them off, Candy. Then I'm gonna get you off."

Moaning, he worked harder, finally getting the stubborn leather off his feet. He tossed the pants away, not caring where they landed.

Immediately Jim plastered himself on top of Candy, rocking and rubbing, his mouth hungry on Candy's neck and shoulders.

Candy wrapped his arms around Jim's strong shoulders and humped upward. He rubbed on all those great muscles, all of Jim's hot skin.

Jim's rocking grew harder, pushing Candy into the mattress. Candy could feel Jim's cock leaving hot, slippery smears on his hip and belly.

Moaning, Candy kissed whatever he could reach -- mostly Jim's shoulders.

"Want to fuck you," Jim said into Candy's ear. "Want to sink into your ass and stay there for about a week."

Candy whimpered. "Please. Please!"

"I want to tie you to the bed." Jim moved harder against him. "I want to open you up with the dildo and suck you off. I want to keep you here as long as I can."

"I don't have to be at work until nine tomorrow night."

Jim grunted and climbed off of him, panting. "God, baby." He reached down and tugged his own balls, hard. "You're one up on me." He reached for a tie, though, and held it in a tight fist. "Can I? Handcuffs hurt. I don't want to hurt you, not ever."

Candy beamed at Jim -- his Big Daddy was so good to him. He held out his hands together. "Whatever you want."

Winding a figure eight around Candy's wrists, Jim smiled at him. "Such a beautiful boy. You're really special, you know?" He tied the tie and ran the loose ends through his hands, shuddering slightly. His cock swelled even bigger.

Candy licked his lips and pushed toward Jim. "I'm your beautiful boy. All yours." He rubbed against Jim as best he could. "Now that you have me, what are you going to do with me?"

"Keep you forever." Jim blinked slowly. "Or until tomorrow, anyway." He eased Candy's arms back, over his head. "Can you reach the headboard? And if I tie you to it like this, will you be able to roll over?"

"Try me." Candy wriggled, reaching up and grabbing hold of the headboard, eyes on his sexy Big Daddy.

Jim tried him. Tried him, tied him, and kissed him so hard and deep that Candy almost saw stars. "Fuck, that's hot." Jim's voice was getting raspy.

"Yeah..." Candy was rather breathless and he was getting to this place where all he could do was react to the things Jim was doing to him.

Jim got the lube and squirted far too much into his hand. "Baby." He moved to between Candy's thighs, climbing over one leg and using his knees to spread Candy open. "God. So hot." Wet, cold fingers stroked Candy's balls and then the soft skin behind them. "Ready?"

"Uh-huh. Yes." He pushed up into Jim's touches, skin on fire.

Jim prodded lube all around his hole and grabbed the dildo, slicking it with a wonderfully obscene gesture. "This first." He put the tip to Candy's body and pushed, looking down at the action.

Whimpering at the cool latex, Candy spread his legs wider and bore down, trying to get the toy into him.

"That's it." Jim's voice rumbled. "Take it." His hand turned the rod, pushing it and angling it. "Like it?"

"Yes, Big Daddy, I do." He began rocking, trying to take more of the toy.

"Yeah." Jim fucked him with it, in and out and out and in. "It's my favorite." A warm hand curled around Candy's cock.

"This was inside you, too?" Candy's cock jerked at the thought, although he was sure the hot hand working him had a little to do with it as well.

"Uh-huh." Jim stroked his cock and fucked his ass with the toy. "Filled me up good."

"Oh, Big Daddy!" Candy rolled and rocked, working himself between Jim's hand and the dildo.

"Now I have you." Jim slammed it in harder and bent very low to lick the tip of Candy's prick. "And being inside you is better than anything."

"Big Daddy! Please!" Candy didn't even know what he was begging for, but it didn't matter.

Everything stopped, right then. The hand went away, the dildo stopped moving -- though it stayed inside -- and Jim was moving, reaching. "Hold on, baby."

He whimpered and bucked and begged. "Oh, God. Please."

"Shhh." Jim crooned at him. Then Candy saw the condom and knew what Jim was doing. "I'll take care of you. I'll always take care of you."

"You do, Big Daddy." Jim always did.

"Pull on the tie for me." Jim got the rubber on and started playing with the dildo again, nice and slow. "Show me."

Candy started pulling at his hands, then he started yanking, his whole body just writhing.

"Oh, fuck." Jim pulled the dildo out, leaving him empty. "Fuck, fuck, fuck. Yes, baby. Like that."

He almost sobbed, needing so badly. "Please. Oh, Big Daddy, please."

Jim thrust deep into him in one stroke, his cock ever so slightly bigger than the dildo, stretching Candy's ass. "Yes!"

"Fuck!" Candy arched, hands scrabbling at the headboard as he tried to pull them down and wrap his arms around Jim. "More!"

Jim seemed beyond words. His fingers dug into Candy's hips as he pounded into Candy's ass, each stroke ending with the slap of Jim's balls against Candy's body. "Mine," Jim told him. "Shoot on me. Make me come."

Candy screamed wordlessly, his whole body going tight as he shot all over Jim. His ass squeezed tight around Jim's cock.

Jim howled and roared, his cock feeling massive as the big body twitched and shuddered over Candy. He came for what might have been ages; it was hard for Candy to tell. Finally, though, Jim fell forward, one hand inching its way to the tie that bound Candy to the bed.

Candy lay limply beneath his Big Daddy, utterly melted. He didn't think he could have moved even if he wanted to.

"Love you," Jim mumbled as he tugged Candy's arms free. "Thank you."

"Love you, too, Big Daddy." Candy wrapped his arms around Jim and held on.

"Don't know what I'd do without you." Jim curled around him, his voice low and sleepy, his big body protecting Candy from the whole world.

Oh.

Candy petted Jim's chest and kissed the closest skin. "I'm here, Big Daddy. And I'm not going anywhere."

He wasn't.

Chapter Seven

Jim made his way through the cluster of desks and nodded to the people he knew. He wasn't really looking for a chat, so he didn't pause, just kept on walking. He dodged cops, suspects, people of interest, witnesses... whoever got in his way as he headed to a specific desk.

Being a cop had lots of benefits, and one of those was the ability to run a few discreet inquiries, unofficially. If this Brian Riverson jerk thought he was in love with Jim's Candy, Jim wanted all the information he could get.

Even if he was running the risk of Candy's ire.

It was the word "love" that had Jim worked up. He hadn't been happy about the flowers and candy; hell, no. But that had been rooted in envy, if he was totally honest with himself. Someone that could drop that much money on pretty things was someone who made a lot more than Jim did. Someone who could treat Candy right. Someone who might be able to tempt his Candy away.

But leaving a note using serious words like "in love with you" was a whole other realm of badness. That smacked of someone who was spending an unhealthy amount of time building a fantasy. It made Jim nervous, so he was going to have a friend lend him a hand and maybe get a peek at Mr. Riverson's personal life.

Sonny Berger glanced up at him as he came to a stop at the detective's desk. "Hello there, Jim. You look like a man on a mission."

"And you're just the man to help me." Jim offered his hand. "How's it going?"

Sonny shook his hand and shrugged. "The solve ratio has been very low this week -- makes for tough going."

Jim nodded, only half paying attention. "I need a favor, maybe. I'm thinking about a background check on a guy who's a bit too interested in an entertainer."

"Yeah? Your entertainer file a complaint?"

"Nope. And he won't."

"Hence the favor." Sonny leaned forward. "What makes you think this guy is too interested?"

Jim shrugged one shoulder. "Expensive, extravagant gifts, letters that claim love. Like, 'I'm in love with you,' not 'I love your work', you know?" Put like that, it sounded a little weak.

"Is the guy showing up at your entertainer's home? Making phone calls?"

Jim raised an eyebrow. "What's the big deal? Come on, Sonny. Just look into the guy, okay? See if he's got any priors, at least."

"You know I'll do it for you, Jim. It just seems pretty thin, you know?"

Jim sighed. "Yeah." He had to admit that. "Still. Who drops hundreds and hundreds of dollars on shit for a stripper they've never talked to?" Aside from the guys stuffing bills into his baby's g-string.

"Lonely men who don't have anyone to go home to." Sonny straightened and turned to his keyboard. "So what's your stalker's name?"

Jim closed his eyes. Lonely guys. Lonely guys who sent flowers, went to bars, gave away their money for a bit of a fun time, watching someone beautiful. It was sad, and he knew how it felt. He'd been there. Hell, he *was* there, except for some reason Candy had taken a shine to him. "You know what? Never mind. I'm still a bit worried about the whole 'I love you' thing, but I'll just sit on it for now. Might come back tomorrow."

"Okay, man, it's your dime. You know where to find me if you change your mind."

Jim stood there a moment longer, weighing the choice. If this Riverson jerk actually *did* something to Candy and Jim hadn't checked him out, Jim wouldn't be able to live with himself. "I'll... I need to think about this. I'll call you, maybe." He nodded and wandered away, thinking hard.

He pulled out his cell phone as he left the precinct and called Candy's home phone. Maybe he could just check in. If there was any more weirdness, he could go back in to Sonny.

"Hello, Big Daddy!" Candy sounded happy.

"Hey, baby." Jim smiled, unable to help it. "What are you doing?"

"Soaking in the tub." Candy's voice lowered, became husky. "Someone spanked me but good last night."

Jim almost stumbled. "Oh. Tub." He walked toward his car, a little faster. "Bubbles?"

"Yeah, soothing my poor red ass. You know, in case there's a repeat performance tonight."

"Well, I'm pretty sure there will be, if you're available. I get off my shift at eight." Jim knew he was grinning.

"And I'm not on until ten tonight. If we meet at the club, there should be plenty of time."

He could hear splashing. "I can send you out on stage all nice and rosy?" Oh, that had potential. Jim unlocked his car and got in.

"Yes, Big Daddy. You can."

Jim pushed the seat of his car all the way back. "I don't suppose Tree would have brought anything by the house, if you're working tonight." There wouldn't be any point. He wondered if they'd tell him at the club if Candy had any more deliveries.

"Huh?"

"Flowers, baby. Chocolates. I was just wondering if you got any more."

"You're not still worrying about that, are you, Big Daddy? You *know* I only have eyes for you. Not to mention the rest of me."

Jim smiled a little. "That's good to hear." It was. "I can hear you splashing, too. Don't drop the phone."

"Then you'd better not say anything to make me drop it!" Candy laughed huskily. "Although it might be more fun if you did."

Jim felt one of eyebrows go up. "Baby? What are you doing?" He looked around, suddenly aware of all the people who could potentially walk by his car and see him. Sitting there innocently talking in his phone. Why, then, did he suddenly feel like he was being naughty?

"What any red-hot-blooded male would be doing when sitting naked in the tub while on the phone with his lover." The splashing was becoming rhythmic.

"I really should have known, shouldn't I?" Jim leaned back and closed his eyes. "Really don't drop the phone. I want to hear."

"I want you to hear, too." The splashing got louder. "Talk to me, Big Daddy? Tell me what you're going to do to me this evening."

Jim swallowed and hoped that no one stopped to see what he was doing. He gripped the steering wheel with his free hand to keep from massaging his hard on -- he was *not* going to jack off in his car in broad daylight on a busy street by the police station. "I'm gonna put you over my knee," he told Candy. "Spank you properly."

Candy moaned for him.

"I'll... You're going to be draped right over my thighs. Your cock hanging down. And I'm going to spank your ass, hold you there across my legs. I'll spank you until your ass stings." Jim licked his lower lip, his feet shifting on the floorboards of the car as he tried to keep still. Humping air was just as bad as whacking off.

"Oh, Big Daddy!" Candy whimpered. "Are you going to let me come like that?"

Jim nodded then remembered Candy couldn't see him. "Yeah, baby. You can come like that, my hand on your ass, my fingers poking at your hole. You can come on my jeans. I'll watch you strip with it on me."

"Jim!" Candy shouted his name and he could tell his lover was coming and coming hard.

Jim groaned and finally let himself touch, pushing his hand against his own erection to ease the throbbing, just a little. "And then, baby? When you come off the stage? I'm going have you again."

"Yes, Big Daddy. Oh, please, yes. I want it to be exactly like that."

Jim nodded and forced himself to open his eyes and sit up properly. "I'll see you tonight, Candy. I promise. Be ready, okay?"

"I'll have bells on, Big Daddy."

Jim laughed. "Don't put them anywhere you might get hurt."

"Oh, you naughty, naughty man."

"I'm not the one who just got off in a tub." Jim grinned and started the car. "I need to go, pretty. Don't stay in there too long."

"No, it's all gross and come-y now."

Delighted, Jim laughed harder. "I love you."

"Yes, and I love you, Big Daddy. You be safe now."

"Bye, baby." Feeling much more cheerful and more than a little turned on, Jim headed off to work. Maybe he'd have an easy shift and he could get to Candy for some extra time.

Chapter Eight

Candy had spent the entire afternoon making himself ready for Jim. He'd taken forever to decide what to wear, and then had opened himself up, using one of Jim's favorite oils. He'd arrived at the club hours before he needed to be there. Then once again he was at the 'what to wear' state. Would Jim want him in the street clothes he'd worn, his candy red stripper outfit, or naked?

By the time eight o'clock rolled around he had a headache. By the time eight forty-five rolled around, it had doubled in strength and he was alternating between rage at Jim standing him up and tears at Jim standing him up.

A knock at the door turned his head and then Jim was walking in, his face set, firm. There was a line between his eyes that could have been anger or worry or something else. "I tried to call." He didn't even say hello first. "Your phone is off, and I couldn't get away. I'm sorry."

Candy flew into his Big Daddy's arms. "Oh, I was so worried." Which he had been -- worried that he'd been stood up.

"I was, too." Jim's big hands moved all over Candy, like he was making sure Candy was all there. "I thought maybe... maybe you'd been swept off your feet and carried away."

"What?" Candy's own worries and anger and even his headache were kind of derailed by that. "What are you talking about?" He'd *already* been swept off his feet, and while Jim hadn't exactly carried him away, he sort of had, right?

Jim's face was buried in Candy's neck, kissing and licking him. "Nothing," he said, his words muffled. "You're here, just your phone was off. No one came and took you away from me."

"Of course no one came and took me away from you -- I would never let that happen." He patted Jim's back. "I don't know why you think my phone is off." He tugged it out of his tight jeans' pocket and flipped it open. "Oh, damn it. It's out of juice."

Jim's mouth descended on his with a crushing kiss. "I'm sorry I'm late," he said when he let Candy have his tongue back. "I didn't mean to worry you."

"You're here now, though. And I don't go on for another... well, hour." Hopefully it was enough time between getting his rocks off and going on that he wouldn't be half-assed out there.

"That's not a lot of time." Jim's fingers brushed over Candy's face. "You're all ready to go out? Make up all done and stuff?"

Candy shook his head. "But I am ready for you -- all oiled up under my jeans."

Jim went still for a moment then his hands flew to Candy's zipper. "Still want to be spanked?"

Candy shouted and bounced, heat going through him, making his cock go hard just like that. "Yes!"

Jim laughed. "All right, then." He looked around and dragged Candy to the little couch at the back, then shoved the costumes to the end and sat down. "Jeans off, over my knee. Now."

Candy got out of his tight jeans faster than he'd ever managed before, then he threw himself down, naked, over Jim's lap with a needy whimper.

Jim's hand smoothed over Candy's ass instead of hitting, but Candy could feel the thick line of Jim's erection. "Such a pretty boy," Jim said softly. "All smooth."

He wriggled back into Jim's touch. "Yes, Big Daddy."

"Stay still." Jim slapped him, hard, then went back to touching gently. "Spread your legs a little, baby."

Moaning, Candy did as he was told, his cock starting to leak. Spreading his legs put him a little off-balance, put all the control and power in Jim's hands. It made him moan happily.

"There we are." Jim seemed to be talking mostly to himself. He slid his hand between Candy's cheeks, one finger testing how well Candy had slicked himself up. "Good boy. My good boy." Then Jim's hand spanked him again, right on his left butt cheek. "Hold on tight, Candy." It was probably the only warning he was going to get.

Candy wrapped his arms around Jim's leg, holding tight as his toes curled. "Hurry, please."

Jim spanked him again, on the right cheek, then set up a brutal rhythm. One side and then the other, slap after slap, Jim's hand came down in four-four time.

Candy cried out and shouted, he screamed and tried to wriggle, but couldn't really, not the way he was spread out over Jim's lap. All he could do was take it. Harder and harder the blows came, with a pause now and then while Jim's fingers delved into Candy's hole or rubbed at his balls.

"So pretty and red," Jim said, his voice rough. "Glowing. I can see my finger marks, shining bright and pink." He spanked again, his hand wide and hard.

"Yes! Oh, please, Big Daddy!" Candy wailed. He loved every second of it. "All for you."

"Mine." His Jim could growl so big. The next spank caught his thigh, the edge of Candy's balls. "Baby. Yes."

"Please, Jim -- let me come." He wanted it to be on Jim's say-so today. Needed it to be.

"Not yet." Jim's fingers pushed in again and fucked him for a few strokes before vanishing once more. "Hold it for me." Jim slapped his ass again, hard. "On three."

He whimpered. "Yes, Big Daddy." He was never going to make it. Except that he was because Jim had asked him.

"One." Jim's hand came down on the right. Then the left. "Two." So hard. So sharp and bright. "Three." The slap covered him, both sides, shockingly loud and crisp, right over his ass, hole and balls.

Candy shouted out loud, spunk spraying from him all over Jim's legs. It seemed to go on and on and echoed in his stinging ass.

Jim was petting him, speaking softly and stroking his hands down Candy's back. "There you go, shhhhh. Good boy. So beautiful." His hands avoided Candy's ass, but touched him everywhere else. "Perfect, baby. Just perfect. Can you move?"

He whimpered and shook his head. He couldn't, not yet. He was still precariously balanced and all the bones in his body had melted clear away.

Jim laughed softly and kept on petting him. "Your ass is glowing. If I could I'd ram right in and fuck you, feel the heat pouring off your skin."

"Oh, Big Daddy, I wish we had the time!" It was so mean of Jim to say things like that when they really couldn't. He'd get fired if he couldn't go on and perform because he'd gotten too well-fucked by his lover before the show.

"I'm going to be thinking about you while you're stripping." Jim's fingers traced down Candy's spine. "And when you come off the stage, I'm coming right back here. You'll be ready." He sounded sure.

"I'm going to be thinking of you, too, Big Daddy. No one but you. And you better believe I'll be ready. More than ready." He wriggled, trying to get his legs back together as the position began to be uncomfortable.

Jim laughed and helped him get up, holding him steady. "Maybe you shouldn't do that, baby. It might get the audience a little *too* worked up, if you're... uh, worked up."

Candy laughed softly and kissed Jim soundly. "I'll be soft for a while after that one, Big Daddy." He wriggled his sore ass in Jim's face. "But I'll be ready by the time you come back."

Jim's fingers grabbed Candy's hips and held him still. "Good." Jim licked one hot, stinging cheek, then let him go. "Get ready for the show. I have to go buy that damn three drink minimum."

"I could talk to Craig if you wanted?" He'd be more than happy to arrange to pay for Jim's drinks if it meant his Big Daddy came to see him more often. And Jim didn't have to know that's how it was.

"Nah, don't worry about it." Jim smiled and kissed him. "Just save your best moves for me."

"I always do." He glanced at the little clock on his table and shrieked. "Get out! Get out! I have to get ready!"

"Going!" Jim laughed and took one more fast kiss before he headed to the door. "See you out there. You're gorgeous."

Candy beamed at Jim, even as he shoved the door closed behind his lover. Oh, he was a lucky, lucky man. With a little spring in his step -- a careful one because his ass was sore like crazy -- he got ready to go out and shake his thing.

Chapter Nine

Jim heard gasps when Candy came out, but that wasn't unusual. People were always floored by his baby, and that was good. But when Candy showed off his already red ass, the place went nuts.

Even Jim stared. There was something about the lights hitting Candy's ass that just made it look even hotter. And Jim could see the marks his fingers had left, individual lines right there. He could still feel the sting in his palm.

God, that was hot.

Jim rubbed his hand down the side of his cock and looked around, trying to see if there was anyone who looked like they might be named Brian Riverson hanging around. Sadly, no one had name tags on.

And everyone was drooling. Everyone looked like they wanted special attention or to grab Candy and take him right there on the stage floor. Candy wasn't paying anyone special attention, though, his baby was just working it, working the pole and the audience. Making money hand over fist.

Jim watched. He watched the crowd, he watched Candy, and he even watched Tree, to make sure Tree had his eye on the men with the money and not on Candy's ass. But more and more, Jim was just watching Candy. His body, his face, the way he was smiling, the careful way he was showing off but not showing too much.

When Candy's eyes met his gaze he nearly came on the spot.

Then his beautiful man looked away and began wrapping up the show, accepting the last, desperate wads of cash and shaking it, slapping one more time.

Jim headed to the back even before Candy was through the curtain.

He needed, God, he needed.

Tree raised an eyebrow, not moving away from the door. "You're quick off the mark, man. Anyone would think you weren't in his dressing room right before the show."

Jim stared at him. "So?"

"And now you want to be let in back before your man is even back there?"

Candy was suddenly there, slipping behind Tree to go through the door. His baby turned to look at him, Candy's eyes shining at him. Candy blew him a kiss and disappeared through the door.

"He's there *now* and waiting for me!" Jim gave Tree a pleading look. "Don't be like this."

Tree just laughed. "Oh, man, you have it *bad*." Still laughing, Tree finally stepped aside to let him through.

"God." Jim would have stayed to set Tree right, but he had a man to see. He hurried down the hall, dodging almost naked men in his hurry to get to the only one that mattered. The door was partly open, and he could hear Candy humming over the beat of the music from the front of the club. He thought it was "Someday My Prince Will Come."

Jim didn't even knock, just went in and pushed the door closed behind himself, his hand already thumbing the top button of his jeans open. "Candy." He had no idea what else to say. How could he tell Candy with words how much he wanted, how completely he needed Candy?

Candy was leaning over his table, absolutely naked, ass pushed back toward him. Turning his head, Candy smiled. "Hurry, Big Daddy. You promised me."

"Oh, God." Jim got his zipper down and walked forward. "So, so good." Jim had his cock in his hand. "Just like you said. God, you were so great out there." He looked for a rubber.

"I was. For you. Hurry, hurry, I *need* you."

"Christ." Jim moaned and stroked himself, his other hand going right to Candy's ass. He spotted a bright pink rubber on the table and grabbed it, tearing open the foil with his teeth. "Hold on." God, he needed in there. Rubber on, gaze fixed on Candy's face in the make-up mirror, Jim lined up and shoved in.

Candy's eyes closed as he sank in deep, his baby's face a study in pleasure. "Yes. Oh, yes."

Jim nodded, not really able to articulate. "Candy." His fingers held onto Candy's hips, his cock pushed deeper, and Jim's hips came to rest against Candy's pretty red ass. "So, so sweet."

"Fuck me, Big Daddy."

Jim felt his cock flex and groaned. "I want to fuck you forever." He pulled back, the hot pink rubber clashing horribly with the smacked-red of Candy's butt.

"Go for it!" Candy pushed back into each of his thrusts and moaned each time Jim hit that tanned ass.

Jim curled over Candy, one arm looping around and holding onto Candy, fingers teasing at Candy's nipples. He bent his knees and thrust up, hard and fast, jamming himself into Candy's ass with as much force as he could manage. If he was going to blow his load fast he was going to do it hard and dirty.

Candy stopped saying actual words about then. Instead his man kept groaning and moaning, letting him know with shouts and cries that he was totally into it.

Jim growled and thrust, circling his hips. He was almost there, his balls pulled up tight, aching for release. He tugged Candy's nipple and watched him in the mirror. So beautiful. So vital and vibrant and so, so perfect. Then he couldn't keep his eyes open any longer, his orgasm slamming into him and making him yell.

Candy's ass clamped down tight around his cock as he came, his sweet baby right there with him.

This time it was Jim who was all wobbly and unable to stand; he had to stay where he was, leaning over Candy and holding onto the table as he waited for his body to cooperate enough to hold him up. "God." It just kept getting better and better.

Candy's hand wrapped around his. "You're the best, Big Daddy."

"The best," Jim murmured, not quite following words yet. "That was the best." He held on tight. "Do you have to go on again tonight?"

Candy shook his head. "No."

Jim started to get his breath back, though he didn't move away. He stayed where he was, in his baby, holding tight. "You can leave? Now?"

"I only go on more than once on the weekend now."

Jim blinked slowly. "Yeah?" That was new. He eased out of Candy and took care of the rubber before coming back to pet Candy's sore ass with gentle fingers.

"Mmm..." Candy wriggled into his hands. "Yeah. The tips are better on the weekends anyway."

"When did this happen?" Jim pet over the curve of one hip. "You're still so warm. Does it sting?"

"I spoke to the boss the other day. And yes, yes, it stings. It feels *so* good."

Jim touched carefully, tracing his name out on one side. "How come, baby?"

Candy froze, and then took a breath. "It was time to start cutting back."

Jim kissed Candy's shoulder and looked at his face in the mirror. "How come?" he repeated. "You love what you do. You make a lot of money."

"I'm still doing what I do, I'm still making a ton of money doing it."

"That's not really answering the question, baby." Jim wrote his name on Candy's ass again. "Why are you stepping back?"

"Because you hate what I do!"

Jim stepped back and stared at him. "But." He blinked again. "I. Candy." He had no idea what to say. It was true. He also thought it was a little dangerous, given the craziness of the world. But Candy loved it, was good at it. "Wow."

Candy stood up and turned, pushing into his arms. "I don't like it when you're not happy, Jim."

Jim held him close. "Candy." He whispered, too stunned to do anything else. "But your savings. It's important. I can't... I don't make enough money to support you the way you like, baby." God, that hurt to say.

Candy patted his arm. "I only gave up a couple of small tip paying performances, Big Daddy. Besides," Candy giggled. "Craig was so worried I was going to quit outright he gave me a raise. So now I'm working less shows, making more money, and the tips are about the same as they've always been."

Jim stared at him again. "For real?" He started to grin. "Really?"

Candy nodded. "It worked out for the best. I even talked to Craig about phasing out the weekdays and just doing the weekends. He thinks it might actually up the audience on Fridays and Saturdays, but I made it clear I'd expect another raise, because then I'd be losing more tips."

Jim kissed him, long and slow. When he pulled back, his head almost buzzing on a Candy high, he asked, "And this is just because of me?"

"I want you to be happy, Big Daddy."

Jim nodded and looked into Candy's eyes. "I am. I really am." He smiled and kissed Candy again. There hadn't been any deliveries. Candy was stepping back from the limelight at no real financial price. And he was doing it for Jim. "I love you, baby."

"Oh, Big Daddy, I love you, too." Candy melted against him, offering another kiss.

"This isn't going to get us out of here." Jim didn't care. He tasted Candy's mouth again, touching Candy where he could, filling his hands.

"I'm not going anywhere until I'm dressed." Candy gave him an 'are you crazy' look. "You're the only one who gets to see my goodies for free."

"Damn right." Jim pet the goodies.

Candy giggled, his cock twitching manfully, but not filling.

"Come on, baby. It's time to take your home for the night." He kissed Candy once more before letting him go. "Thank you."

"You're welcome, Big Daddy." Candy gave him a smile and started getting dressed. The low moan as Candy pulled his tight as sin jeans up over his ass was very arousing.

"You know, if you work a little less we won't have to be so careful about marks." Jim grinned at him, only half joking.

Candy shot him a look. "Big Daddy!"

Jim laughed. "I'll be careful."

"Tease." As Candy did up the jeans and then pulled on a tight T-shirt, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" Candy called.

Tree poked his head around the door. "I've got flowers for you, Candy."

"Oh, I do love flowers!"

Jim stifled a sigh and moved to take them from Tree's arms. "Who are they from?" he asked.

Candy grabbed the card and slipped Tree a twenty. "Thanks, Tree. You take good care of me." He shot Jim a look. "No hissy-fits -- it's from the same guy."

Jim bit his tongue. Hard. "I don't have hissy-fits. I get protective. There's a difference."

Candy made a noise that might have been a snort, and then he put the flowers, complete with cut glass vase, on his make-up table, tossed the card into the garbage, and looped his hand through Jim's arm. "Take me home, Big Daddy."

"You're not even going to read the card?"

Candy shrugged. "I can if you want me to."

The cop in Jim wanted to know if there was any more disturbing language. The man in Jim was elated by Candy's reaction to the flowers and to the changes in Candy's schedule. "Let's go home, baby. But bring the card so I can look at it later. It's not because I don't trust you -- it's the job." He hoped Candy would understand that.

Candy rolled his eyes. "You want the card, you go get it. Candy Pants does *not* dig through the garbage."

Jim had to laugh. "Candy Pants *shouldn't* dig through the garbage. That's what you've got me for." He grabbed the card, jammed it in his pocket, and took Candy's hand. "Let's go, beautiful. I think I have one more in me before I fall asleep, spent and exhausted."

"I *know* you have one more in you."

With Candy pressing up against his side, they left the club.

Chapter Ten

Candy set the table -- that was the easy part.

He was having his Big Daddy over for a home-cooked meal. Unfortunately, Candy was good with appearances and less good with substance. So, the table looked amazing, but the food looked... well, he just hoped he didn't poison Jim.

He didn't think it was supposed to smell like a barbeque, either, not when he'd used the stove.

He'd just decided to run to the Italian restaurant down the road and get take out and put it on his fancy plates, when the doorbell rang. Damn it, this would be the day Jim was early. Sighing, he made his way to the front door.

Jim greeted him with a wide smile and huge kiss. And a big bouquet of flowers. "It smells wonderful in here, baby," Jim told him, apparently sincerely.

His man was *such* a sweetheart and so good to him. "It does now!" Candy took the flowers from Jim, admiring them. "I have just the vase for these." He'd thrown out the ones from Brian -- he wouldn't bring those home anymore. Besides, his dressing room needed cheering up far more than his beautiful home did.

"I knew you would." Jim followed him, one of his hands on Candy's ass. "I missed you today, prettiest."

Candy preened for Jim and wriggled back into that big, hot hand. "You had to work. And I had to make you supper." And try to burn the house down, apparently.

"What are we having?" Jim sounded curious. "Steak?"

"No, um... roast beef?" Candy opened the oven and watched the smoke come out. "Oh dear, I don't think it's supposed to be that color." Even the potatoes in around the meat were black. "How does pizza sound?"

Jim opened a window. Quickly. "Pizza sounds amazing." He smiled, but didn't laugh.

Candy felt his lower lip beginning to tremble and he blinked hard -- the smoke was making his eyes water.

Jim came to him and took the oven mitts out of his hand, then retrieved the roast and put it in the sink. "This can stay right here, baby." His voice was gentle. "And we'll order something nice."

For some reason, Jim being nice to him made him feel worse. "I'm sorry. I so wanted to make you something special."

Jim took off the silly, huge mitts and reached for him. "You did. Trust me, honey. That you even wanted to -- that you put effort into something for *me* is just fantastic. Thank you."

"You're not disappointed that we're going to have to order? Again?"

Jim looked honestly surprised. "What? No! Not at all, baby."

"Oh, Big Daddy." He wrapped his arms around Jim's middle. His lover was so good to him.

Jim held him close and rubbed his back. "I think that you gave me a real gift. You don't cook. Ever. But you tried to do it for me. That's really special."

"Thank you, Big Daddy." He was keeping Jim all to himself -- not everyone got a good one like his Big Daddy.

"Are you hungry?" Jim was still holding him nice and close. He smelled good, like the ocean shower gel he sometimes used.

"I am. I was going to run over to the Italian place and get take-out, but then you got here early." He didn't admit he was thinking of passing the food off as his own.

"I was in a rush to get to you." Jim kissed the top of his head. "Let's go, then. We can bring it back here, eat off your pretty dishes. Then I can say thank you properly."

"That works for me. But I'm going to have to change if we're going together." He needed to look his best if he was out with Jim.

"What? Why? You look... gorgeous." Jim was touching again, and doing something in his chest that might have been close to growling or even purring.

"I'm wearing my oldest jeans and a ratty T-shirt." Every time Jim's fingers brushed through the holes in the T-shirt to touch skin, it sent shivers through him.

"Are you?" Jim touched him again, teasing. "I hadn't noticed. You're beautiful."

"You're biased," Candy accused, giggling, trying to get away while at the same time encouraging more of the touches.

"Maybe so," Jim told him, fingers tracing along the edge of Candy's waistband, "but that's okay. Right?"

"Of course it's okay. But it also means that I still need to change." He headed slowly toward the bedroom, tugging Jim right along with him.

"I'll help," Jim offered cheerfully. "Naked is an option, right?"

"For going to pick up food? Out of doors? I may be a stripper, but the only one who sees my goodies is you, Big Daddy!"

"Oh. Well, can we do the naked part here in private before we make you all pretty as a peacock?" Jim grinned at him, hustling him right along. "I like the naked parts. And I flat out love the goodies."

Candy laughed, pleasure moving through him at Jim's words. "Anything for you." Of course, he was rather fond of Jim's goodies, too.

"Oh, now." Jim crowded closer, murmuring in his ear. "Anything is a really, really big word."

Candy giggled and wrapped his arms around Jim's neck. "You're a really, really big guy."

"This is true." Jim held him close and kissed Candy's mouth, then his jaw, all the way to his ear. "And I have a big appetite for you. You're my sweet."

"All yours," he agreed. Candy tilted his head to the side, giving Jim and his warm, wet tongue more skin to play with.

Jim's hands settled under Candy's ass, lifting him up a bit as Jim licked and bit. Candy could feel the restraint as Jim didn't suck up a mark; marks were bad. But Jim's teeth scraped, and his hands held Candy tight to the big body, and Jim rumbled in his chest.

God, Jim was strong. It was such a fucking turn-on. Moaning, Candy let his hands roam over the broad shoulders, as he wrapped his legs around Jim's waist.

"That's it." Jim carried him into the bedroom, fingers kneading and working at Candy's ass. "Hungry for you. Want to just eat you up."

Candy rubbed against Jim's belly and wished they were already undressed; Jim had a magnificent six-pack. "Candy Pants as the appetizer. That sounds just right. As long as I get to be dessert, too."

"You're the only meal for me." Jim got them to the bed and put them both down, Candy flat on his back and Jim right on top of him, pushing him down into the mattress and rubbing away. "You need this shirt?"

He shook his head. "It's old and ratty."

"Good." Jim got his fingers into one of the holes in front and tore the T-shirt open, only really struggling with it at the neck. Even there, though, the fabric was worn enough that Jim just balled up the two halves and shredded the shirt with a grunt.

"Oh, Big Daddy." Moaning, Candy ran his hands along Jim's shoulders to his arms. "What big muscles you have."

Jim grinned down at him, showing his teeth. "Got something else for you, too. Want it?"

"Please, Big Daddy, I do." He reached down for Jim's belt buckle, fingers fumbling with it.

Jim braced himself up on his hands and looked down to watch. "That's it. Get it out, baby. All for you."

"Makes me so hot when you tell me what to do, when you talk dirty to me." He got the belt undone and the top button, too.

Jim made a sound that could have been a groan and rocked his hips down, dragging over Candy's erection. "Do it, get my cock out. Touch me."

"Yes, Big Daddy." He finally got the zipper down, Jim's pants pulled open. Reaching in, he grabbed the big cock with both hands. Fuck, Jim was hot.

"There." Jim's voice was rough, but he was nodding his head. "That's it, baby. Now stroke me. Just a little. All over." He rocked, thrusting shallowly into Candy's hand.

Candy brought his other hand into play, too, stroking Jim all over, rubbing his palm against the head.

"Oh, fuck." Jim moaned and got into it, pushing a bit harder. "Don't make me come. Not yet. God, that's nice, baby."

Candy worked one hand down to cup Jim's balls. "If you're going to come, let me know and I'll stop it." He tugged the warm balls so Jim knew what he meant.

"Uh-huh." Jim nodded at him and pushed down. "Want to come in your ass." He was breathing faster, harder, staring intently. "Oh, nice."

"My ass wants you to come in it, too." It so did, he could feel his muscles clenching in anticipation of being filled by Jim's big one.

"Now?" Jim lowered himself down and licked at Candy's neck. "You want me now?"

"Yes, Big Daddy!" God, Jim was so big and sexy.

"Okay." Jim heaved himself up and off, leaving Candy's hands empty. "Strip." He was pulling his own shirt off, so fast it was fluttering.

Candy decided that now was the not the time to put on a nice, slow show, so he undid his jeans and wiggled out of them. The T-shirt had been taken care of, thanks to his Big Daddy's big muscles. He was going commando, as usual, so he was undressed first, his cock bobbing over his belly.

"Get the stuff." Jim's voice had gone even raspier, and he was kicking off his own jeans into an untidy heap on the floor. "And then back on the bed. Hurry, now."

Candy didn't have to get off the bed, he had stuff in the bedside drawer. He did climb onto his hands and knees and crawl up to reach it, though.

"Oh, God." Jim groaned and a huge hand landed on Candy's ass with a hard smack.

"Big Daddy!" Candy gasped and pushed back. His cock started to leak immediately.

"Pass me the lube," Jim said evenly, his hand rubbing over the hot spot. "And a rubber."

Candy got the drawer open despite the very lovely distractions going on around his posterior, and he half twisted to pass them back to Jim; it wouldn't do to turn completely, not with Jim's hand right where he liked it.

"Now." Jim caressed him again and slapped him far too lightly. "Spread nice and wide for me, okay?" Jim took the lube and the foil packet, crawling onto the bed right behind him.

Candy spread his knees as far apart as he could, and then, resting his head on the bed, he reached back and spread his cheeks apart.

It earned him a hard slap, a loud groan, and Jim scrambling around behind him before wet, cool fingers pushed right in. "God damn it, Candy. You're almost too much for me."

"Almost, but not quite." He pushed back, riding Jim's fingers eagerly.

"Right. Almost, but not quite. Thank God." Jim fingered him and licked up his spine. "Need you, Candy. More than anything." The fingers slipped away and the blunt head of Jim's cock nudged at his hole.

"Yes. Yes, please. God. Jim." He pushed back again and the heat of Jim's cockhead slowly spread him open.

"So, so pretty," Jim panted, almost in Candy's ear. "I can't see you without wanting you. I can't talk to you on the phone without getting hard. I live to make you smile."

"You do, Big Daddy. You make me smile so very much."

"That makes me happy." Jim thrust hard, slamming in and pushing Candy forward. "Anything for you. Right?"

Moaning, he tried to nod, he tried to speak, but he couldn't say anything. It felt so good -- it was so good, knowing how Jim felt about him.

"And you're my baby, right?" Jim didn't sound like he doubted it. He dragged his big cock back out, one hand heavy on Candy's back.

Candy managed a faint "yes," his entire focus on his ass, on how empty it was without Jim inside him.

"Good boy." Jim spanked him then, twice. Hard. Really hard.

Candy gasped and cried out, then pushed his ass back toward Jim as he moaned.

"That's right." Jim took him again, splitting him open. "Mine." He felt huge, so big and hard. "My pretty, pretty boy." Jim gasped out the last word, his cock deep inside Candy, not moving at all once he was in.

"Uh-huh." He was. He was all Jim's. Candy squeezed his ass tight around Jim's cock.

"Oh, fuck me." Jim's voice had dropped to a whisper. "I love you, baby. Hold on." He started moving again, fucking Candy with short, hard jabs.

Candy rode back happily. He made noises and kept squeezing, encouraging Jim to fuck him harder.

"Candy." Jim's voice grew desperate. "Sweet. My Candy." One hand closed around Candy's cock, stroking him firmly. "Want to smell you, taste you, eat you all up."

"Yes! Yes!" He jerked and rode between cock and hand. Jim knew exactly how to touch him, how to push him fast toward his orgasm.

"When I say. Come when I say." Jim's thumb rubbed over the wet head of Candy's prick, smoothing fluid around.

He closed his eyes and curled his fists tight. He had to hold on, to wait.

"Not yet." Jim thrust in and circled his hips, the head of his cock making lights go off behind Candy's eyelids. "Almost." He plunged in again, his hand getting tight around Candy's cock. "Oh, God. Now. Now, baby. Come for me."

All he needed was his Big Daddy's order. Candy came hard, the pleasure pouring out of him. He whimpered as his ass squeezed tight around Jim's cock again and again.

"Yes, yes, yes," Jim chanted. "Give it up for me, honey. God, yes." Candy had barely stopped shooting when Jim moved again, fucking him for three or four strokes before freezing, his cock twitching madly in Candy's ass. "Yeah."

"Big Daddy." He whispered the name and squeezed his ass again for Jim's pleasure.

"Candy." Jim groaned and folded himself around Candy's body, getting heavy. "Love you."

Candy let himself fall to the bed, Jim's strength and weight so good.

"I love you, too, Big Daddy. Always."

"Oh, good." Jim nuzzled against him, a bit of stubble scratching. "That's all I need. You're all I need. And maybe supper, when we can move."

He laughed and found Jim's hand. He held onto it. "When we can move."

It was probably going to take a while.

Chapter Eleven

Jim made his way once more toward Sonny Berger's desk at the station, his hands jammed into his pockets. He had to do this, he knew; if there were *anything* going on that could lead to Candy being in danger and Jim *hadn't* checked it out, he'd never forgive himself.

If things checked out, though, maybe Jim could lose the itchy feeling between his shoulders. He didn't like to see Candy pouting at him, and he didn't like himself when he nagged and ruined Candy's joy over something as simple as flowers.

It wasn't Candy's fault he was beautiful. And it wasn't Candy's fault that Jim didn't make a fortune.

Jim smiled to himself, thinking about Candy's choice to work less. His *choice*, not even Jim's idea or suggestion. That was nice; nice enough to make Jim feel lighter and happier than he had since the first massive bouquets of flowers had shown up.

"Sonny," Jim said as he approached the desk. Sonny's head had been down, pouring over paperwork.

Sonny grunted and held up a hand. A moment later, he closed the file folder in front of him and looked up. "Jim. What can I do for you?"

"Remember that favor I was in here about last time?" Jim grabbed a chair and dragged it over. "I just need a couple of things checked, not even a full background."

Sonny met his eyes. "You're sure?"

"Uh-huh." Jim nodded and passed a scrap of paper across the desk. "The name is Brian Riverson, and he likes a very pretty stripper named Candy Pants. All I need to know is if the man has a record or not -- and if it's violent or for anything more than a parking ticket I want to see it. It would also be really good to know if he's got a lot of disposable income." He lifted an eyebrow at Sonny. "It's one thing to spend hundreds of dollars on a guy if you have the money. It's another thing if you're going without food to do that, you know what I mean?"

"Yep, I do." Sonny took the scrap of paper from him and looked at it. "You think he's a stalker?"

Jim spoke carefully, thinking it through. "I have nothing to base that on. This is more... eliminating even the suspicion of that. If you come back and tell me he's a sweet old rich guy who happens to have a thing for Candy and has zero history of anything other than trying to dodge a speeding ticket years ago, I'll drop it."

"And if it's something else?"

"Then I'll take a closer look and talk to Candy." Jim stood up. "It wouldn't be a good idea for me to go poking around this guy if he's okay. I don't know if I'd be able to stop myself until I knew all I could, and that's a line I don't want to cross. I like my ethics where they are."

"You did the right thing bringing it to me, man. Keeps you a step removed from it, yeah?" Sonny patted the piece of paper. "I'll give you a call when I have something."

"Thanks." Jim offered his hand and then backed away after they shook. "Make it soon, yeah?"

"I'll put it ahead of the paperwork -- I promise." Sonny offered him a wink and a thumbs up.

Jim grinned and nodded. "I'm sure you're heartbroken over that." He turned and left the station, secure in the knowledge that he was doing the right thing the right way. Candy would be safe, Riverson wouldn't be bothered if he wasn't a threat, and Jim didn't have to be tempted to pry too deep. Really, it felt good.

Could feel better though.

On the street he pulled out his phone, calling Candy's house with only a little frisson of déjà vu.

"Hello, Big Daddy." Candy's voice was low and husky. "How is my man?"

"Missing you, baby. Do you work tonight?" So what if it was only ten in the morning?

"Missing me already?" There was a definite purr in his baby's voice. Candy liked that.

"Always." Jim grinned and headed to his car. He'd parked way at the back of the lot this time, between a dumpster and a guard rail. It was a bitch of a spot to pull out of, but no one would wander by and look in at him. "Woke up thinking about you and your mouth."

Candy's soft whimper was clear across the line. "I woke up thinking about your cock in my mouth."

"You sound like you're thinking about that right now." Jim unlocked his car and slid into the driver's seat, pushing it all the way back. With the door closed it was like they were in their own little world. "You're not in the tub again are you?"

"No, I'm still in bed, Big Daddy."

Which meant Candy was utterly naked.

"Did you just wake up now, thinking about my cock?" Jim switched the phone to his other hand and undid his trousers. He didn't touch yet, though, wanting to hear Candy for as long as he could stand to make himself wait.

"Uh-huh. I was having this dream where I was going down on you and then the phone rang."

"Where were we, in your dream? Do you remember?" Jim closed his eyes and pictured Candy's bed, with all its pillows and Candy splayed out on top.

"Right here in bed, Big Daddy. And you were on top of me -- knees holding my shoulders down as you fucked my mouth with that magnificent cock of yours." Candy's words ended with a moan.

Jim's cock throbbed at the image and the sound that went with it. "I would, you know. Feed it to you, inch by inch. I'd tell you to get it all wet, to lick me all over."

Candy moaned for him. "That's what you did in my dream, Big Daddy. And you were leaking from the tip, the taste of you on my tongue was so strong."

Jim's hand crept into his pants, under the waistband of his boxers. Yep, tip was wet. He tasted it. "Salt and musk. Not as sweet as yours."

"You're tasting? Oh, Big Daddy. I'm going to touch myself."

Jim could hardly argue with that. "Nice and slow, baby. Like I am. Tight hand, long, slow stroke."

"Yes, Big Daddy." He did love it when Candy said those words like that, all submissive and wanton. He could imagine Candy's big blue eyes staring up at him from beneath long lashes. God, the man was a master at seduction.

"What you do to me," Jim said softly. Then he shook his head and brought himself back around to business with a flick of his wrist and the tug in his groin. "Do something for me. I want you to keep stroking, nice and slow, and I want you to pinch your nipple. Hard. I want to hear you, baby, okay?"

"Yes, Big Daddy." Candy moaned softly and then suddenly gasped. "Oh. Oh, Jim..."

Jim's cock lurched and he gripped himself more firmly, low down. "That's it." He had to lick his suddenly dry lips. "Do it again, baby. Think about me fucking your mouth and do it again." His hand sped up without his permission, but he couldn't quite make himself slow down.

More moans and gasps sounded, Candy clearly obeying his every command, even over the phone.

Oh, God. Jim listened and stroked and rubbed his thumb under the head of his cock and felt his own hips jump up. "I'd slide in deep, so deep I'd hit the back of your throat. I'd hold your hands up and pin you down with my knees and fuck your face, Candy. Your sweet, sweet mouth."

"Yes! Yes, God. Jim. Big Daddy. Oh, fuck." Candy cried out and he swore he could hear come hitting the smooth skin of Candy's chest.

Jim's hips rocked up and he groaned, unable to make words as he chased his orgasm, his hand flying over his cock. He shot hard, grunting with each pulse, and knew without even looking that he'd have to go home and change before he made it back to his desk. "Good morning, baby," he said unevenly. "Wow."

"Morning." He heard Candy blow him a noisy kiss. "You know, if you'd stay the night we could wake up to the real thing..."

"Okay." Jim blinked. Usually he at least hesitated, but there it was. "I'd like that. A lot."

He could literally hear Candy bolt into an upright position on the bed. "Really? You'll stay over more often?"

Jim nodded and wiped his hand off on his shirt. It was a mess anyway. "Yeah. Yeah, I will. I want to wake up with you. I want to fall asleep with you."

"Oh, Big Daddy, you're making me the happiest man in the world!"

Jim tried to do up his pants one-handed. "Candy." He paused, not sure what he really wanted to say. "I love you. All I want is for you to be happy and healthy. Well, and to be near you. I like seeing you happy, I like being what makes you smile. I want to see you smile in the mornings and kiss you before I go to work."

"Are you saying you want to move in with me, Jim? Because if you are, you can. I want you to."

They were supposed to be together when they talked about this. Jim was supposed to take Candy's hands and propose or something, and there would be flowers and music and some really, really hot sex. But there he was, covered in come in his car, half a city away from his beloved.

"Yeah," Jim said, grinning foolishly. "Yeah, I want to. Let's do that, baby. I'll move in."

Candy laughed. "Yes! Oh, Big Daddy, I love you."

"I love you back." Jim laughed, too, suddenly a little weak in the knees. "I do. I will. We'll talk about it tonight, make plans, okay?"

"Okay. I only have the one show tonight," Candy reminded him.

"I'll be there." God, he would. "You'll know."

"I will. I can always feel your eyes on me, Big Daddy."

Jim nodded. "Good. I like that." He looked down finally, and winced at the mess he'd made. "I have to go, baby. I'll see you tonight. Promise. I love you."

"And I love you, Big Daddy." He got another noisy air kiss and then the connection closed.

"Heh." Jim grinned at his phone and turned it off. "So far, today does not suck. Not one bit." He wiped his hand again, did up his pants, and set about trying to free his car from its awkward parking slot. He had flowers to send to the club and moving boxes to procure.

And new pants to change into. That was first.

Chapter Twelve

Candy watched as Jim drove up with the little rented truck containing, well, all Jim's worldly goods, he supposed. It suddenly occurred to him that maybe he didn't want *all* of Jim's worldly goods in his perfect little house and he went to meet Jim as he stepped down off truck. "We need to talk a minute, Big Daddy."

"Yeah?" Jim wiped his face with the hem of his t-shirt, flashing his abs. "What's up, sweetheart?"

"Mmm." His hands went automatically to Jim's bared abs, fingers stroking.

Jim grinned at him, his eyes dilating. "Baby. Wait until I get this stuff in the house."

"Oh! That's what I wanted to talk to you about." Candy bit his lower lip. "You don't have any furniture in there, do you?"

One of Jim's eyebrows arched. "Some. Well, just my chair for watching the games, and an end table, and the dresser from my bedroom." He looked thoughtful for a moment. "A pie safe isn't furniture, is it? I got rid of the bed, yours is bigger. Oh, there's my TV, and the bar stools. Why?"

"I'm just not sure where it'll all go." He smiled suddenly and hugged Jim. "We'll find somewhere for everything, I'm sure." It was worth a little sacrifice, having Jim with him full time.

Jim held him tight. "I was fibbing about the bar stools," he whispered. "But my chair and my big TV? Totally keeping. We'll put them in the guest room if we have to." He was chuckling as he said it, one hand petting Candy's bum.

"If yours is bigger, it can go in the den." He had a room with a TV and stereo. He wanted to get a pool table for it, now that Jim was moving in. "I do want you to feel at home here, Big Daddy." It was just that he'd had, well, a couple of years to work on getting the place exactly how he liked it.

Jim nodded and kissed the tip of Candy's nose. "It'll take a bit of getting used to for both of us, baby. But it'll happen. I promise. I won't leave my clothes all over the place and I'll rinse my coffee mug."

"I'll pick up after you if you do, but I probably will bitch about it, too." He gave Jim another kiss. "Is there any light stuff I can help carry?"

"Uh-huh." Jim took him around to the back of the truck and opened it up. "Those garment bags are my suits for work, if you wouldn't mind putting them away for me."

"I can do that!" He admired Jim's ass for a moment, and then took one of the garment bags and carried it to the house.

"I know you can. You're my baby." Jim sounded so proud when he said. He followed Candy in, carrying two boxes. "Where do books go, honey? Non-fiction."

"There's bookcases in the den."

Jim veered off, whistling. He seemed so happy to be moving in. Candy was pretty happy, too. The only hiccup was having someone else to have to discuss where things went, etc, but he thought the pluses would far outweigh a little thing like that.

He hung the garment bag in the closet where he'd cleared a small space for Jim's things and then went back out for the next one. There had only been three -- they should fit nicely.

Jim kept up with him, moving in box after box. Wow, there really were a lot of them. His townhouse had seemed so... spare and empty when Candy had been there. He tried not to freak out -- he really, really did. He would wait and see what happened when everything was unpacked and set in its place.

He had to take some deep breaths, though.

Jim gave Candy's bum a pat as they passed in the hall. "Almost done, baby." He was smiling, looking so happy. "I have a few boxes of files and stuff that don't really need to be unpacked, just put in a closet somewhere. Okay?"

"There's a utility closet in the hall, just off the kitchen." He watched Jim a moment longer. Okay, he wouldn't freak out -- he liked happy on Jim.

"Fantastic." He got a fast kiss. "Do you want to come with me to return the truck, or do you want to start unpacking? Maybe you'll find the porn." Jim laughed, probably teasing. Probably.

And if he unpacked, he could have control over what went where. "I'll unpack, Big Daddy. I hate having all these boxes everywhere."

"Okay." Jim didn't seem bothered by the idea of Candy putting all his things away. "The only request I have is that I can find my clothes without too much trouble." He smiled again and kissed Candy's mouth. "Other than that, I'll wait for you to give me a tour." He kissed Candy again. And again. "I'll be back in an hour or so to help."

"Okay, Big Daddy." He wrapped his arms around his lover's body and sank against all that strength. "I'm really glad you're here." He meant it, too. He was already over having his space invaded.

Jim held him close, really tight. "Me, too, Candy. I really am." His voice was so low and serious that the weight of it went right through Candy. "So you just put things where you want them, okay? Anywhere is fine. We'll get used to it. It's worth it."

He nodded and raised his head for another kiss. He did love his Big Daddy so.

Kissing him back, Jim made soft, reassuring sounds. "We'll get used to it all," Jim said again, when he pulled away. "Let me just get those file boxes in, okay? You keep kissing me, we'll fall behind and I'll be late with the truck." He winked and didn't let go. "Then, of course, the world will come to an end."

Candy giggled and rubbed against Jim. "I could always just... swallow the late fee."

His Big Daddy made a rumbling sound that vibrated against Candy's chest. "I do like it when you swallow." Jim's smile grew a sharp edge and his body started reacting with interest. Candy could feel it, pressed up close. "Time for a moving break?"

Candy nodded eagerly and if they hadn't been in the great big outdoors just at that moment, he would have dropped to his knees on the spot.

"Want to go in?" Jim asked, whispering into his ear, "or do you want to get into the back of the truck?"

While there was something naughty about climbing into the back of the truck -- he'd seen it and it was dirty and not the fun spanky kind of dirty, but real grime dirty. "Inside, Big Daddy. Double time!" He gave Jim a quick kiss and turned to run inside, looking for a chase.

"Double time?" Jim seemed a little startled, and a bit amused. Then he started running, his steps heavy and loud as he dashed behind Candy, laughing.

They flew through the door and Candy slowed down, turning into the living room where there was a nice carpet that would feel good on his knees.

"Caught you!" Except Jim missed, his fingers only tangling with Candy's clothes for a moment before slipping away. "Whoops!" He laughed hard and tried again, this time pulling Candy close to him. "There! That's better."

Candy laughed and pretended to try to get away, but he wasn't serious about it. He *was* serious about sucking Jim, though, so he dropped to his knees and started on Jim's belt, button, and zipper, eager to free the best cock he'd ever seen.

"Or maybe you caught me." Jim's fingers traced along Candy's jaw. "So good to me." Jim spread his legs a bit, balancing himself as he slid his hand around to cup the back of Candy's head.

He beamed up at Jim and then was distracted by the hard cock that popped out of Jim's pants. Yeah, that's what he'd been looking for. Candy licked his lips, and then licked the tip of Jim's cock.

His Big Daddy rumbled again and the hand on the back of Candy's head tightened, pulling him forward. "Such a pretty mouth. Love to see it full."

Candy opened slowly, letting Jim's cock push in between his lips. There was nothing like having his Big Daddy in his mouth. Hot, silky, and with a delicious musk. He could hear Jim holding his breath, right up until the moment Candy had taken him in most of the way; then the breath came out in a long sigh and Big Daddy rocked slowly out, letting Candy lick and tease. Moaning, Candy wrapped his hands around Jim's hips and encouraged them to move.

"Baby." Jim whispered it, but he started to thrust, holding Candy's head in place as he rocked his hips. "Take it, okay? Open up."

That was the plan -- Jim always knew just what he needed. Candy increased his suction and opened his throat, letting Jim's big cock all the way in.

"Oh, fuck. Yes." Jim hissed and started thrusting faster, deeper. His hand was heavy and firm, pulling Candy onto Jim's cock, setting the pace. "Yeah. Good, baby. So good."

It was. Candy was hard inside his own tight pants and he swallowed around Jim's cock every time it pushed deep, which squeezed the tip.

Jim was panting within moments, his big thighs starting to shake. "Candy. God, just a little more, baby. Gonna come so hard for you--" He gasped, the sound almost a moan, and pushed in deep. "There, there, there -- ah, fuck!" Jim's cock throbbed in Candy's mouth, swelling even bigger just before he started to shoot.

Moaning around the hard silk, Candy swallowed and swallowed, eager to take in every last drop.

His Big Daddy was still shaking when he was done, the trembles only just starting to taper off. "God, baby." His eyes were big and his hands were gentle as he pulled Candy up. "Love you." He kissed Candy and started working on Candy's clothes, his fingers fumbling.

Candy kissed Jim back and rubbed against his lover's fingers. He didn't care how he got off right now -- just that he did.

"Easy," Jim coaxed. "Let me -- just--" Jim's warm hand curled around Candy's prick and started pumping. "There you go." He sounded all mellow and happy, his other hand on Candy's ass, holding him tight.

Leaning against Jim, Candy closed his eyes and let Jim's hand work its magic.

"Such a beautiful, beautiful man," Jim told him. "Your skin, your eyes, your spirit. I love how you always, always see good. I love how happy you are. You make my world bright." His thumb dragged over the tip of Candy's cock, spreading what he was leaking.

"Jim!" He gasped and pressed closer. "Love you, Big Daddy. Love you." Then he was coming, heat spraying out over Jim's hand.

"Love you, too." Jim's mouth covered his, kissing him while Jim brought him down and held him up at the same time. "So much."

Making happy noises, Candy kissed Jim until the return of the van was very, very late.

Chapter Thirteen

Jim waited a while before going to find Sonny. He assumed that if anything came up on the check he'd asked for, Sonny would call him.

Still. It wasn't like he could just put the whole thing out of his mind without hearing it from Sonny himself.

The station was its usual riot of noise and ringing phones and talking people as he made his way to Sonny's desk. Jim had his hands jammed into his pockets, mostly out of nervous energy; he wasn't sure what he'd do if there *were* something for him to hear.

"Hey, Sonny," Jim said as he sat down, not waiting for an invitation.

"Hey, Jim. How are you? Have a seat." Sonny relaxed and gave him a wink.

"Thanks." Jim stretched out his legs, almost tripping a uniformed cop walking past, and fixed Sonny with a long look. "Been quiet."

Sonny laughed and leaned forward, going through the files on his desk. "You are not a subtle man, Jim."

Jim rolled his eyes. "No. No, I'm not. I'm more the break down doors to get at what I want kind of man." He smiled, showing his teeth. "So."

Sonny finally found the folder he wanted and he sat back again, flipping through it. "I've got a credit report and that's all. The man's got a parking ticket from a couple of years ago and that's it." Sonny closed the folder and passed it over. "He's also got a sizable bank account and is a member of an online dating service."

Jim chewed the inside of his lip. "No complaints about him? How sizable is the bank account? Is the online thing recent or is it an account he's had for ages and hasn't found anyone yet?"

"Doesn't have to work' sizable, though it looks like he's involved with some charity groups. And he's been a member of the online thing for less than a year." Sonny shrugged. "I even went and talked to the people at the downtown soup kitchen where he volunteers and they all say he's a nice guy."

Jim blinked. "He... volunteers at the soup kitchen." That was just too good. Next Sonny would be saying he goes to the hospital to read to the patients or rock the babies to sleep.

"He's a good guy, Jim. My guess is he's lonely and is legitimately trying to woo."

"Yeah." Jim sighed. He'd have to try to get Candy to maybe tell this guy to try his dating site a bit more. "Thanks, Sonny." The good news, at least, was that the guy seemed harmless and Candy wasn't in danger.

And Candy was doing his very best to make Jim feel like he was the only guy Candy could see. That was nice. That was nicer than nice.

"Hey," Jim said, trying once more for subtle. "I moved, did you hear? The townhouse is available if you know anyone looking."

"Yeah? Things going well for you then, I take it?"

Jim nodded and stood up. "Better and better every day." He held out his hand. "Thanks, Sonny. You helped a lot."

Sonny reached out and shook his hand. "Anytime, man. And by that I mean you now owe me one."

"I'll write it down somewhere." Jim grinned and left, knowing that he owed Sonny more than one. His heart felt lighter with every step, all of his worries falling away.

Candy loved him. *Him*. And it was real and it was good, and Jim could let go of his insecurity and jealousy and just love Candy back. He could.

He was a strong man. And he was brave enough to put his trust in the one man who deserved it, who had earned it. His Candy.

Candy cleared away the plates and put them in the dishwasher. He might not be able to cook, but that didn't mean they couldn't enjoy their food on proper plates, with silverware and everything. He hummed as he cleared away the take-out containers and then arranged dessert along with a couple of plates and two cups of coffee on the tray. He was still humming as he brought the tray out to the dining room where Jim still sat at the table, waiting for him.

Oh, Candy was enjoying having Jim live with him. All those boxes had taken up a lot less space than he'd expected once they were unpacked and it was so good to have Jim around more often, to be able to wake up with his Big Daddy.

Candy giggled as he put the tray down -- he hadn't been able to sit properly since Jim had moved in. "Lap?" he asked hopefully.

Jim beamed at him and pushed his chair back. "C'mere, honey. Bring the coffee with you."

Laughing happily, Candy handed Jim one of the coffees, and then grabbed the gooey dessert and a fork and sat across Jim's legs.

"Share with me?" Jim fluttered his eyelids outrageously, his hands going around Candy to hold him tight. One hand around Candy's waist, one on Candy's thigh, and there wasn't a free hand for dessert.

Candy loved it when Jim flirted with him. Giggling, he dipped the fork into the white chocolate concoction and held it to Jim's lips.

Obediently, Jim opened his mouth, taking the bite with far more sensuality than eating really called for. "You take such good care of me," Jim said, his hand sliding up Candy's thigh.

"And you take such good care of me." Candy wriggled and rubbed their crotches together.

"I could take even better of care of you if there weren't clothes in the way. But dessert is so fine it would be a shame to waste it."

"You can have me as dessert's dessert."

"Well, then." Jim opened his mouth for another bite, the hand at Candy's waist urging him forward before it slid down to cup his ass. "We better not take too long. You might escape."

"You think I'm going to try to run away from my Big Daddy?" As if.

Jim smiled at him, the brilliant one that was just happiness and love. "No. No, I don't. Kiss me."

Candy leaned back long enough to put the dessert back on the table and then wrapped his arms around Jim's neck. He pressed their lips together.

His Big Daddy took over the kiss almost immediately, apparently unable to just taste when he could feast. His tongue pushed in, his hands held fast, and Jim kissed Candy like it was his primary mission in life. Candy could get behind that concept, and he opened wide, letting Jim in and in.

Jim pulled Candy even closer, the kisses getting sloppy, and then one hand slapped Candy's ass - - awkwardly, but hard.

Candy jerked, their covered pricks sliding together.

Laughing softly, Jim did it again and then stood up, holding Candy tight to him, hands under Candy's ass. "Where do you want to do this, baby?" His voice was smooth like brandy, his cock hard as steel.

"In the den." It was the room with the most changes -- Jim's TV and easy chair taking pride of place. Candy wanted it to smell like them both. "In your TV watching chair."

"Over my lap?" Jim was already walking that way.

His cock jerked inside his pants. "Yes, please, Big Daddy." He wriggled and rubbed against Jim's belly, trusting his Big Daddy not to drop him.

"And then?" Jim headed down the hallway. "When your ass is hot and I want to fuck you? Think we can do it without breaking the chair?"

"If that chair can't hold us while we fuck, what's it doing in the house?"

Jim laughed breathlessly. "Good point." He got them through the door of the den and put Candy down, rubbing on Candy as he did so. "Okay. How fast can you get out of your pants?"

Candy performed the request in about three point four seconds. "I am a stripper, you know."

"You know, I think I knew that." Jim's hands were on him already, petting and stroking. "Get my jeans undone. When I want you, I want to be ready, baby."

Whimpering, he tugged open the top button of Jim's jeans and then worked down the zipper. He could feel the heat of Jim's prick, pushing against Jim's cotton briefs.

"There we go." Jim kissed him again, hard, then more or less dragged Candy the few steps to his chair. "Over my knee. I want to play with you, sweet thing."

"Good, because I want to be played with." As soon as Jim sat, Candy flounced over his lap.

"I had a feeling this might happen eventually," Jim told him, one big hand petting Candy's ass. "I came prepared." From the side pocket of the chair, where the *TV Guide* lived, Jim produced a tube of lube. "Hold onto this for me." He then spanked Candy, a nice big slap that made him jump.

He cried out happily and wriggled until his cock was between Jim's legs, his fingers curled around the lube. "Again, Big Daddy!"

Jim didn't let him down. No, his Big Daddy spanked him, again and again, all over his ass. Sometimes hard, sometimes stinging, up and down and all over. Candy's cock sawed back and forth between Jim's legs as he moved, trying to meet each swat as it landed.

"Lube," Jim growled at him, his hand landing with a sharp slap that covered Candy's left cheek.

Whimpering, Candy reached back, offering the tube that was now squished every which way from his fingers.

"Stay still." Jim's hand felt hot on the small of Candy's back and then it was gone, opening the lube. "How does your ass feel?" he asked, the wet sound of lube squirting punctuating the question.

Candy tried very, very hard not to move. Very hard. But it wasn't easy, that was for sure. "It's on fire, Big Daddy."

"Hot?" Cool, slick fingers invaded, right in the middle of the heat.

"Yes!" He wasn't sure if he was agreeing with the question or encouraging Jim to touch him. Maybe it was both.

"You so are." Jim's words were rough and his fingers were insistent, probing deep. "Your ass is bright red, baby. I can see my finger marks."

Candy groaned. "Need a mirror in here." Then he could see, too. See his Big Daddy's finger marks on his skin.

"Oh, fuck." Under him, Jim's body lurched. "Yeah. That." The fingers vanished from inside him, dragging out, and then Jim spanked him again. "Or maybe a video camera."

"Jim! Oh!" He nodded, ass pushing back.

"Red like a cherry. Finger marks stay white, and you're getting all shiny with lube." Jim's hand met Candy's ass right where his butt curved to meet his leg. "Want to just pound right into you, baby doll."

"Yes, please, Big Daddy -- that's what I want, too."

Jim spanked him once more then squeezed the hot flesh. "Up you get, then. Ride me." His hands were everywhere, which didn't make it very easy to do what he said.

Candy finally managed to get himself upright, though, and he sat on Jim's lap, back to Jim's chest, his legs straddling Jim's. "Guide me on, Big Daddy."

One hand clamped on Candy's hip, moving him a little to the right and pulling him back. "God," Jim whispered. "So fucking sexy, baby." The crown of Jim's cock breached him and Jim groaned. "There. Come on, honey. Sit back."

Reaching back, Candy got his hands around Jim's neck and then he slowly lowered himself down on Jim's cock. Hot and hard, Jim stretched him open. "Oh, God."

"Uh-huh." Jim's breath was hot on Candy's ear. "Can you move? Can you fuck yourself on me?" Inside, Jim's cock throbbed hard enough for Candy to feel.

He nodded. He could do that. He used his thighs and his arms, lifting himself and then dropping back down again. "Oh, Big Daddy, feels so good."

Jim only moaned, and the next time Candy lowered himself down, Jim thrust up with a grunt.

"Fuck!" He began moving faster.

"Candy." Jim's voice broke on the second syllable. "God, yes." His hips met Candy's, his cock going deep, hitting the best spots.

"Yes. More. More." He rose and fell, the sting in his ass adding wonderful heat every time their bodies connected.

Jim's fingers trailed down his back, not quite scratching. "Fuck, baby." He sounded almost drugged. "So, so fine. You're gonna make me..." He trailed off, but Candy could feel Jim's legs shifting as he found traction. "God. Yes. More for you." He pounded up, one hand reaching around to tug at Candy's cock.

"Yes!" He bounced a little bit longer and then shouted as he came, spunk shooting out of him.

Jim yelled, his free arm suddenly clamped around Candy's waist and keeping him close. "Yes!" He was growling as he came, his whole body starting to jerk with it even before Candy had finished.

Candy collapsed back against Jim, panting and melted.

"Baby." Jim was breathing hard, too. "Didn't break the chair."

"Oh, good. It can stay then." He wriggled a little, groaned. "And so can you."

"I'm not ever gonna leave, honey. Not unless you say." Jim held him close and kissed his shoulder. "I love you."

He leaned his head back and up and took a kiss. "And I love you, Big Daddy. Always will."

Man, he had a good life.

And Candy Pants thought that was just fine.

Epilogue

Jim collected his drink at the bar -- soda. He wasn't even sure when that had happened, really, just one night he noticed that the three drink minimum didn't seem to apply to him anymore, and if he had to work a late shift the bartender always knew and he got soda.

He supposed he was kind of a regular.

Smirking, Jim moved closer to the stage, clinically assessing the new stripper. He was good -- pretty, but not too pretty, and he knew how to move his body. But he sure as hell wasn't any Candy Pants.

Jim glanced over at Tree and nodded. He knew full well that Tree had heard him in the dressing room with Candy. He usually did.

Jim liked that.

The music reached its peak and the dancer shook his ass and there were bills all over the place, but a lot of the crowd were still holding back. Waiting.

Jim was waiting, too. He never missed a show if he could help it.

Finally, the new guy left the stage and the lights changed. The whole crowd seemed to move forward about three feet and Jim looked at Tree again.

The man didn't meet his eyes this time, Tree was too busy watching the crowd. Good. Candy only danced Friday and Saturday nights now and it meant guaranteed crowds for Craig, all coming to see Candy shake his cherry red ass at them.

Jim found himself smirking again. That was all on him. He supposed he'd become part of the act, over the years; making sure to give his baby what he needed, spanking him in the dressing room and warming him up. Taking care of him. Candy's red ass, as red as his cherry red pants, perfect for the crowd to see.

But never, ever touch. Jim was the only one who got to touch the goodies. Candy said it, and that's how it was. Jim and Candy. No one else. It worked for them; he'd never seen his Candy so happy as he'd been since they'd moved in together.

The roar of the crowd went up as Candy's music started, and then there was Candy himself, red leather clinging to him in all the best ways.

The pretty eyes flashed his way, and Candy smiled just for him.

Then the show began.