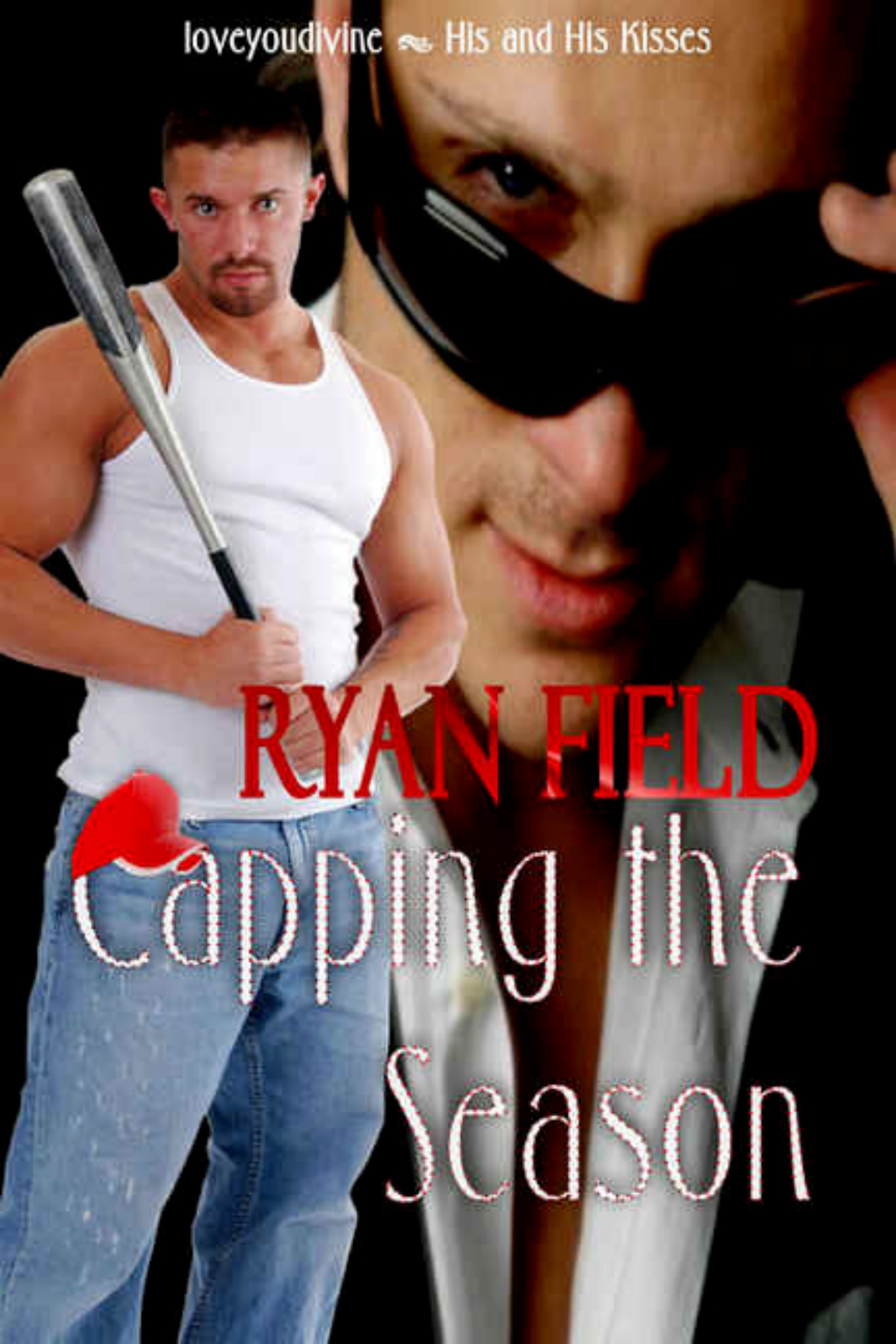


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**RYAN FIELD**

♥  
Capping the  
Season

Capping The Season  
*by Ryan Field*

**loveyoudivine**

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Capping the Season

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## **Capping The Season**

By

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The day Hunter sold the "big house" he took a deep breath and patted himself on the back as he signed the final contract. And it wasn't because he'd sucked off the hot, married real estate agent in the back seat of a black Mercedes SUV an hour earlier, either. A deep breath, because the atrocious Mac Mansion on six acres had swallowed his hard earned money for five years; and a silent pat on the back, because the sale actually helped him attain his original goal, which was to own a smaller home without a mortgage before turning thirty years old. With money he'd inherited from his grandfather, Hunter had purchased the "big house" with a small down payment and a huge mortgage a month after he'd landed his first job at a law firm. He'd known it would be a struggle, and that he'd have to make huge sacrifices, but he'd also suspected the investment would pay off in the end.

He walked away from settlement that morning in late September with the sweet taste of straight-guy dick in his mouth and a savory cashier's check for more than twice what he'd originally paid; a twenty-eight year old financial success, now the proud owner of a 3,000 square foot luxury townhouse that didn't have a claim against it.

The only thing he'd miss about the "big house" was the location: six acres of green lawn, the farthest rear section backing up to a baseball field that was part of a large corporate insurance complex. Not the typical baseball field, with sand, bare patches of unkempt grass and faded white lines. The field behind Hunter's house resembled a country

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club, with lush, emerald sod, thickly mulched, manicured gardens and perfect white lines connecting the bases. An expensive sprinkler system kept the field perpetually fresh; landscaping crews, with dirty young guys in baggy shorts and black sneakers, primped and prodded the faultless gardens daily. Because he couldn't afford a landscaping crew for his property, Hunter mowed his lawn and maintained his own simple gardens year round, never too shy to linger at the back of the property during baseball season wearing nothing but skimpy cotton shorts the landscaping boys could practically see through.

Hunter's sex appeal came in that innocent way dark, rough men always seem to notice. About five eleven, with blond hair and large blue eyes; a slim body frame enhanced by working out in the basement with free weights and push ups. Though his arms weren't particularly large, his chest muscles responded to bench presses and push ups to the point where they rounded and popped like unbreakable ostrich egg shells sliced directly in half. But most men noticed one thing first: his round ass, a protruding cushion begging to be pounded and slapped and plugged.

The landscaping guys, always on the down low, would furtively watch while he pruned and trimmed hedges, parading his naked torso, sometimes pulling the sheer shorts so far below his waist that half the crack of his smooth ass could be seen. Though it didn't happen often (most of the time this was just a show), when Hunter noticed one of the guys seriously watching, he'd gradually arch his back, stretch his arms and then nod toward the garden shed. The guy



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would follow him to a private place behind the shed, where Hunter would slip off his shorts and lay face down on a pile of mulch. He'd then spread his legs wide, arch his back so his engaging ass would be in the air, and the guy would pull down his zipper for a quick afternoon fuck. In a white enamel pail with chips around the rim, Hunter kept lube and a full supply of condoms. Once, on a rare, unforgettable afternoon, when four Spanish speaking studs had been drinking too much beer on the job, Hunter spread his legs and arched his back while all four took turns nailing him into the mulch pile. It took a week for the reddish hand prints, where they'd squeezed his supple ass so hard, to disappear.

Though he'd miss the summertime romps and capping off the baseball season with the landscaping boys, living a mortgage-free life was far more exciting. The new town house, in an exclusive community of only thirty large units, had year round landscapers included in the monthly community fees. Hunter would never have to push a lawn mower, dig with a shovel or rake a leaf again. He wouldn't have to work out at home in the basement anymore either; he could now afford to join a gym like all his friends, where he'd prance around naked in the locker room for men who were just as horny (and dirty) as the landscaping guys. He also predicted he'd be able to distract at least a few of the guys who landscaped in the new town house community, too, by walking around on his rear deck in nothing but a short towel.

He drove directly to the new town house after settlement and saw the moving crew had arrived on time. Three

overweight guys in Dodger baseball caps with yellow teeth and man breasts. In the back of his mind he'd been hoping for fierce and rugged moving men, with shaved heads and pierced nipples who would be only too happy to pull down their zippers while he sucked them all off in the back of the truck consecutively: an unfulfilled moving van fantasy that caused his hole to twitch.

The moving guys had been waiting for him to arrive from settlement, standing beside red brick front steps, with their hands in their pockets. They were talking with a fourth guy who stood out, wearing tight, white work out pants and a white cotton shirt that had the number 16 written across the back in blue letters; a specific uniform for baseball from what Hunter could see. The guy in white was smiling, and writing on small pieces of paper, using the back of his black leather brief case as a writing desk. Hunter didn't care; someone had parked a huge, black Cadillac Escalade behind the moving van and he didn't have a place to park his own small Jaguar convertible to remove the few boxes of personal items he'd wanted to transport himself. Parking in front, on the circle, was only for temporary loading and unloading.

Without a choice, he parked in the back, near his new garage, and walked around to meet the moving men. It was one of those perfect, brisk California days. The winds had finally died down and the sunshine reflected against the brass hardware of his black front door. He knew he'd made a wise decision with the town house; he'd looked at dozens, but this group of homes were classic, with red brick, white trim and black shutters; red brick walkways in a herringbone pattern

leading to front doors and garages, flanked with well trimmed ivy and juniper hedges. If you didn't know you were in Southern California you would have thought you were in Cambridge, MA.

He pulled two large boxes from the front seat of his car and walked around the side of the house, toward the front door where the moving men were waiting.

"Sorry I'm late, guys," Hunter said, noticing the guy in the white shorts was gone. "The settlement took longer than usual because the seller showed up late." It was a lie. Hunter had spent thirty minutes blowing the married, real estate agent. Poor guy, so eager and needy; and Hunter loved hungry dick.

"No problem," said one of the fat guys.

Hunter looked at the sidewalk, toward the Cadillac. "Does that car belong to you guys?"

"I wish," said another moving guy. "I'd kill for a car like that. It belongs to the guy who lives next door, Roddy Kent. We just got his autograph."

The comment caught him off guard. "Who's Roddy Kent?"

"Dude, Roddy Kent is only one of the best major league ball players who ever lived," said the third moving guy. His eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Oh," said Hunter, disappointed. He'd been hoping for a gay neighbor.

The moving guys worked fast and surprisingly well, and Hunter was all moved in by four o'clock that afternoon. When he walked them to the door, handing the leader a check, he noticed the black Escalade still parked out front. The next

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morning, just before Hunter left for the office, he looked out the front window and noticed his neighbor, Mr. Baseball, carrying the black briefcase and walking toward the car. Clearly, it had been parked there all night. As Mr. Baseball walked around to the driver's side he stopped and stared at the windshield for a moment. There was a piece of paper attached, a parking ticket, Hunter assumed. He yanked the ticket from the windshield, crumpled it up and tossed it over his shoulder.

That night, on his way home from work, Hunter stopped at a home decorating shop on Melrose for some new linen. It was Friday, payday, and he felt like spending money. He'd always been so cautious, shopping online at [smartpurchase.com](http://smartpurchase.com), selecting simple, inexpensive bedding. Now that he had the extra cash he wanted to splurge on real dupioni silk; something sexy and sheer, in dark gold and bronze that needed to be dry-cleaned, so when he slept naked the softness would rub against his shaved balls. But when he pulled up to his garage the good feeling suddenly disappeared. There sat the black Escalade, parked to the side on an angle; just far enough over to block Hunter from parking his own car.

One thing Hunter had learned in law school: handle a problem the minute it happens. Don't wait; be firm. So he walked around to his new neighbor's front door and knocked.

It took a moment, but Mr. Baseball finally came to the door wearing white boxer shorts and skimpy white ankle socks. Cute at a glance, for a straight guy in his late thirties, with a good, strong torso slightly covered with light brown

fleece. Not an articulate weight lifter, but large and athletic and powerful in a natural, manly way. His hairy legs, slightly bowed, were well proportioned. He had a minor belly, but didn't seem concerned about showing it to anyone. His short brown hair suggested the military.

"I'm your new neighbor, Hunter." He spoke with purpose and conviction, as though he were just another straight dude talking to a buddy. Hunter was by no means feminine, but he didn't want Mr. Baseball to suspect he was a nelly queen.

"Waddaya want?" Mr. Baseball asked, his words slurred, one hand pressed against the doorknob, the other holding a martini glass; large hazel eyes cloudy and red.

Hunter smiled, always believing it best to be nice at first. "Hate to bother you, man, but your car is blocking my garage and I can't get inside."

"Hold on," said Mr. Baseball, leaving Hunter to stand at the open door while he walked back into his hallway. His head shook, as though he couldn't understand why he had so much trouble parking in the tight-assed community.

He returned a minute later. "Here's the keys. You can move it. As you can see I'm in no condition to drive." Mr. Baseball laughed, tossing the keys and slamming the door in Hunter's face.

It occurred to Hunter he was missing his old house, where although he had a huge mortgage he didn't have to deal with neighbors like Roddy Kent. It also occurred to him he could call the police and make a big deal out of it; however, in spite of the fact Roddy had been drunk and extremely rude, he had trusted Hunter with the keys to a very expensive automobile.

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The innocence this exuded made Hunter pause. So he moved the car himself and decided to wait before he did anything that might cause hard feelings. When he tried to return the keys no one answered the door, so he left them under the front mat and slipped a short note beneath the front door so Roddy wouldn't be alarmed the next day. He doubted the guy would remember anything.

That night, after putting his new bronze and gold silk bed together, Hunter decided to google Roddy Kent to see if he really was as well known and famous as the moving men had claimed. While Hunter enjoyed watching baseball (not to mention big, strong baseball players) every now and then, and knew the game, he'd never been a die hard fan who knew teams and names.

The things he read online about Roddy were outrageous. He'd gotten into fistfights during games, cursed and spit at umpires without a second thought, tossed his bat several times during a game in a fit that could only be described as a little-boy tantrum and he once got so mad at a comment a sports writer made that he pulled down his pants and mooned the press box on live TV. Worst of all, he attacked and berated his own teammates more than once. He'd been with six teams in his major league career, that year with the LA Dodgers. And it had been a bad year; forced to sit out the remainder of the season for a rib injury, and his wife of only one year (classic bimbo) had just filed for divorce. At first Hunter wondered if Roddy Kent was dangerous, and then, after reading between the lines, he surmised all the gossip and comments about him were based on the fact he had a hot

temper when pushed to the limit. From what Hunter concluded, thinking as a logical lawyer, every time Roddy had lost his temper it was because he'd been right (like when he ripped a team member last year for "not hustling the basepaths"); he just hadn't known how to be diplomatic, was all.

The following day, Saturday, Hunter spent unpacking boxes and getting the new place organized. He wanted the house set up and ready by the end of Sunday night. By four o'clock that afternoon, just when Hunter decided on a nap, there was a knock at the front door. He'd been working in his underwear all day, so he pulled on a pair of jeans and peeked through the side window next to the door to find Mr. Baseball standing at his doorstep.

Hunter opened the door and frowned. "Didn't you get my note?"

"Ah, yeah, man," said Roddy, "I just, yanno, wanted to apologize for yesterday." He wore a blue Dodgers shirt and white cotton shorts. The apology didn't come easily; his head bowed, hazel eyes staring at the brick steps. His voice was deep and throaty, but his words were surprisingly soft and humble.

Hunter smiled. "Well, thank you."

"I need a ride, man," Roddy said.

"But I put your keys under the mat," said Hunter.

"Oh, yeah, I got them, man" said Roddy, "I went to practice this morning but I sort of, I guess, forgot to get gas and now my car is down the road."

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He reminded Hunter of a bad little boy who'd forgotten his school lunch. "I have a gallon of gas in the garage. I'll go get it." One thing Hunter had learned from the "big house": a gallon of gas came in handy for a multitude of things, like weed whacking, lawn cutting, or even burning leaves.

Later that night, around seven, there was another knock on Hunter's door. When he opened it he looked down and saw the red gas container filled to the top and an expensive bottle of vodka with a card that read, "Thanks, Rod". There was something both awkward and adorable about the gesture; the way the items had been placed so cautiously. The handwriting on the note was large, bold script ... masculine, without frilly corkscrews or wisps. Funny, Hunter thought, as he walked the gas container to the garage, the guy is a famous baseball hero, everyone who loves baseball is terrified of him, and he's nothing more than a lost little boy.

On Sunday afternoon Hunter decided to stop working and take advantage of his new rear deck. With all the work he'd done at the old house, there'd been very few days for lying in the sun and relaxing. He hadn't even purchased outdoor furniture yet, but all he needed was a bath towel and sunscreen. At first he'd opted to wear a Speedo, but then he looked around and realized no one could see him; a huge wooden fence separated his deck from Roddy's. The only way his neighbor could see anything was from an upstairs window, and he doubted the man would care one way or the other if he decided to suntan in the nude. Roddy, he figured, was probably drunk and passed out on the sofa, poor bastard.



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Two hours later, turning on his stomach and spreading his legs so he wouldn't get little white tan lines beneath his ass cheeks, a loud crash came from Roddy's deck. He heard a shout: "Fuck me bitch, damn it!"

Hunter rose to his feet and wrapped the leopard print bath towel around his waist. He walked to the other side and cautiously knocked on the fence. "Is everything okay?"

"I cut my fucking finger," Roddy answered through the wooden slats, "I don't know; I might need fucking stitches; won't stop fucking bleeding. It's bad."

Hunter frowned, wishing he hadn't heard the crash, or the pejoratives. "Why don't I come over and take a look?"

Each deck had a rear gate, so Hunter tightened the towel around his waist and walked next door. When he opened the gate he saw Mr. Baseball sitting on a black iron chair holding his right arm in the air with his left hand. He'd anticipated a bloody mess, and Roddy delirious, but aside from a broken glass vase, things looked normal. Except for all the boxes of baseballs; twenty or more, stacked neatly and ready to be autographed for Roddy's adoring fans. There was an open box; the aroma of new baseballs smelled of leather and chalk. It wasn't the type of deck you'd expect a major league ballplayer to have; no hot tub for trashy, fake-titty bimbos, not a plastic palm tree in sight.

"Let me take a look," Hunter said, kindly taking Roddy's right arm in the palm of his hand. He noticed Roddy was still wearing the same white boxer shorts and white ankle socks, unwashed with dried yellow pee stains near the fly.

"I need stitches, man ... fuck, I hate the sight of blood. This is all I need, first the broken rib and now my pitching arm."

Hunter's brow creased. "It's hardly a scrape. I thought you'd sliced off your finger. This is nothing more than a prick on your middle finger." He was amazed at how strong Mr. Baseball fretted over a small cut.

"Do you have band aids and alcohol?" Hunter asked.

"No band aids, but plenty of alcohol," Roddy replied, joking about his full supply of booze. He wasn't drunk; Hunter could tell by the way he spoke.

"Just sit tight," Hunter said. He went next door for a band aid and rubbing alcohol.

When he returned Roddy was still holding his arm in the air as though it were ready for a tourniquet. "Can't you just put on the band aid, man? The alcohol will hurt."

"Don't be a pussy," Hunter scolded. He gently took hold of Roddy's pitching arm as though he were handling fine porcelain and began to dab the small cut with alcohol. Roddy's large fingers were thick.

"That doesn't hurt at all," said Roddy. "Feels kind of nice." His voice was soft and deep; not a hint of panic ... he seemed to enjoy the attention.

Hunter smiled. "I think you'll live." Then he carefully wrapped a small band aid around the wound and gently pressed it to make sure it wouldn't fall off. While he was still leaning over, Roddy reached around with his left arm and slowly began to run the palm of his rough hand up Hunter's smooth leg, under the towel, resting it on Hunter's bare ass.

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"How come you're being so nice to me?" Roddy asked, his hand now gently patting Hunter's ass. "I've been such a pain in the butt to you since you moved in."

Hunter stopped breathing. When he looked down to where Roddy was sitting, he noticed a huge erection had pitched a tent in Roddy's pee-stained boxers. His brawny hairy legs were spread wide, moving back and forth as though he were ready to jump up and pounce on fresh kill.

"I don't remember giving you permission to put your hand on my ass, Mr. Baseball," Hunter said.

"I'll remove it if you want," Roddy said, sliding the tip of his thick middle finger toward Hunter's pink hole, lightly circling the opening.

Hunter didn't respond, and Roddy knew from the size of the erection poking through the bath towel that Hunter wouldn't resist.

Roddy stood; a thick, eight inch donkey dick popped from the opening in the unwashed boxer shorts; he smiled, proud of his big baseball bat. "C'mon, let's go upstairs."

He placed his palm on the small of Hunter's back as they silently walked through the first floor and headed upstairs to the master bedroom. The room was a smelly mess. Unwashed jock straps and soiled underwear tossed on the floor and furniture; dirty sweat socks and used athletic cups piled near the end of the rumpled bed. Leaning against a large glass desk were three baseball bats covered with autographs. Hunter felt as though he were actually standing in a locker room inhaling the ripe onion and vinegar aroma of sweaty

baseball players ... a combination of unwashed dick and hairy arm pits.

They didn't waste time with, "what are you into, man?" or the other banal questions so often asked before sex between men. For Hunter this was unusually simple. He let the leopard print towel drop to the floor, and then slowly went down to his knees. Placing the palms of his hands gently on the hard, hairy thighs of the baseball player, he buried his face in the pee-stained boxer shorts, inhaling the acid aroma as though it were worth a thousand dollars an ounce. Then he cautiously placed the wide dick back inside and lowered the shorts; Roddy stepped out of them awkwardly, prancing on his large feet in a rough and tumble manner. Hunter began to lick the soft, hairy place on the inside of Mr. Baseball's right thigh, licking upward, until he reached a heavy ball sack. He carefully inhaled both bull sized balls and rolled them around in his warm mouth, tasting the salt and sweat.

The moist balls eventually slid from his mouth and he placed them in the palm of his left hand. Hunter then wrapped his warm lips around the tip of Roddy's cock, a large dick head with a wide slit that reminded him of a frozen mushroom. His lips slowly went down the shaft, sucking the hard bat all the way to the back of his throat, and then with his tongue he began rhythmic suction, as though his mouth were an electronic machine designed to suck big baseball player cock. Roddy's pre-cum oozed and Hunter swallowed each small, sweet drip.

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When he finally released the big sopping dick he placed his hands just below Roddy's slight pot belly, pushing the strong baseball player onto the bed.

"We have to go easy, Baby," said Roddy, "I have a broken rib and this thirty-eight year old body is more like forty-eight."

Hunter smiled. It occurred to him that Roddy needed to be treated like a king ... in charge, but pampered and babied and adored. Normally Hunter liked his sex fast and coarse, with lots of dirty talk and ass slapping, but with Roddy he only wanted to be placid and articulate. There was something about Roddy, his jarring baseball player movements, the way he crushed the floor like an awkward teenage jock when he walked through a room, which turned Hunter on so much he didn't need rough slaps on the ass or orders to "suck my dick, bitch."

"Don't worry, Rod," he whispered, "the only thing you have to do is lie back and close your eyes. I promise I'll take very good care of you. And, I'm clean, man ... no diseases."

"Me too," said Roddy.

When Roddy was on his back Hunter climbed on top and straddled the rock firm dick. He then spit into his hand and began to lather the erection that rested on the crack of his ass; his hole already wet and begging for cock, but he wanted the meat to slide in easily so that when Roddy felt the inside of the warm, velvet hole he'd gasp. Men always did that when they entered Hunter's ass; his tight box was always referred to as a velvet cock trap.

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Hunter pressed the tip of the large cock head to the pink opening and slowly pushed it past taut anal lips. With the head inside, Hunter arched his back and lowered his ass gently so the entire dick would be sucked into his body. As predicted, though his eyes were closed and his brows knitted together, Mr. Baseball moaned and sighed when the cock reached bottom. Hunter cupped and squeezed his own chest, always sensitive and orgasmic when there was dick up his ass.

Roddy opened his eyes and stared. "God, I've never felt anything so soft and so tight at the same time. Hot tits, man, I wanna bite them."

"Close your eyes, Buddy," Hunter said, as he slowly began to rock back and forth, squeezing and releasing the big hard baseball bat as though his hole were giving Roddy a blow job.

While Roddy sighed, now paralyzed, Hunter continued to rock, holding his own erection. He looked down and noticed a large black and blue bruise on Roddy's torso; the broken rib he assumed. He stopped rocking, spread his legs wider and leaned forward to gently lick the sore spot.

"That was nice," Roddy said, raising his eyebrows, "I didn't expect that."

"Close your eyes, handsome," said Hunter, his ass slowly beginning to rock and suck and squeeze the baseball player dick toward what he hoped would be a stunning climax. Hunter suspected it had been a long time, if ever, since anyone had treated the poor guy so affectionately.

The rocking and ass fucking intensified, to a point where Roddy began to wiggle his large feet as men do just before

they are ready to blow a full load. Hunter did all the work; his legs spread wide, a smooth ass riding large cock toward climax. Roddy didn't need to move a muscle, or return any of the fucking motions; just lay still and bust a nut up Hunter's ass.

"I'm close, dude," Roddy whispered; his eyebrows knitted together, toes beginning to curl.

"Go, Buddy," Hunter said while he began to jerk his own cock in the same rhythm as the fucking.

Roddy leaned forward to squeeze Hunter's round chest muscles, closed his eyes evenly and moaned, "Ah ... Ah ... Ah." The baseball player went into spasms, his hairy legs vibrated, while Hunter drained every last ounce of juice. A full load of cream that Hunter could feel splashing inside his body. Barely jerking his own dick, Hunter climaxed with Roddy's great hands squeezing his tits ... a double orgasm as the large cock banged against his prostate.

Roddy threw his arms behind his head, exposing hairy underarms, and stared at the ceiling for a moment. "Man that really was good. Dude, I needed that." He seemed surprised, as though he'd never had an orgasm.

Hunter lifted his right leg and eased the cock from his ass, cum mixed with ass juice now dripping down his ass crack toward his balls. "Don't move. I'll go into the bathroom and get a wet towel."

"Wait," Roddy said. "C'mere." He leaned up, placed his palm on the back of Hunter's blond head and pulled him forward so they could kiss. Not a peck; he stuck a thick, sloppy tongue down Hunter's throat and shoved it around for

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a minute. Rough, five o'clock shadow felt like sandpaper against Hunter's smooth face while they swapped spit.

After the kiss Hunter went into the muddled bathroom, noticing dark yellow pee stains on the rim of the toilet, and he wet two small towels with very hot water; one for cleaning the cum and ass juice, and the other for massaging and relaxing Roddy's empty balls.

"I like that," Roddy said while Hunter ran the hot wet towel inside his groin and all around his balls. "No one ever did that. Damn, it's almost as good as fucking."

"Take a nap now," Hunter said. "You need rest." For some reason he felt the need to take care of him, to protect Roddy from the world and himself.

"My body is tired," he said. "I won't argue; that's all I ever do. Later we're going out to dinner for a couple of big juicy steaks."

"If you're not tired," Hunter said. He meant it, too. Though he wasn't sure whether or not he and Roddy would ever become an actual couple, he was sure they would become very good friends.

"Oh, no," Roddy said, drifting off to sleep. "We're going."

"But you have to get up early tomorrow for practice. You'll be capping off the season soon; we'll have plenty of time for steaks." He reached down and removed Roddy's sweat socks, lightly massaging his feet.

"Fuck that. I'm capping the season off with your hot ass and a couple of juicy steaks tonight."

Hunter licked the bottoms of Roddy's feet. "We'll see, man."



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