



Lust Bites
STIFF TRICK
Jude Mason

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Stiff Trick

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

STIFF TRICK

Jude Mason

Dedication

To Janice, my editor from...well, she's a darned fine wordsmith and I'm so glad she's there.

Chapter One

“If you want to stay, you’ll have to abide by the rules.”

Jason’s voice was barely loud enough for Nate to hear. Nate had known the ultimatum was coming but wasn’t sure he was ready for it.

“You know what I am. I can’t have you living with me if you’re still one of Sam’s boys.”

Snuggling into Jason’s arms, Nate took a moment to enjoy the slip and slide of his lover’s flesh against his own. Rumpled bedclothes tangled around both his and Jason’s feet from the exuberant fucking they’d just shared. Pillows lay here and there, one tucked beneath his hip, another at his feet. The rest they’d tossed on the floor while wrestling on the bed.

His ass hurt.

“I know, and I also know I’m ready to ditch Sam and his little empire,” he murmured, the soft downy fur on Jason’s chest tickling his lips as he spoke. He slid his hand over the man’s chest and down his well-muscled belly. The temptation to grab his cock was nearly overwhelming, but it wasn’t the time. That had passed. “Sam’s not going to let me go just because I want out, you know that.”

Jason turned onto his side, facing Nate. In the dimly lit room, the man’s eyes appeared as black as the hair he kept in a ponytail. A day old growth of beard added to the sinister look he’d apparently adopted for this undercover operation. It was also one of the things Nate had found so attractive about him. He loved ‘em big and rugged looking. Jason Kemp filled the bill, and more. He was a hunk. Well over six and a half feet tall and sporting a sneer at the slightest provocation, he’d gained a rep as a real hard ass.

Sam had liked his attitude and taken a real shine to the undercover narc. From their first meeting at the run down bar Sam Delany used as his store front, when Jason had tossed one of the drug lord’s bodyguards into the street for being less than polite, they’d gotten along like two peas in a pod. Nate had watched and understood the boss’ attraction, had felt it himself, yet he had wondered what was ‘that’ special about him.

Sam had hired Jason to take the place of that bodyguard, and his first order had been to 'take care of the man'. That meant Jason had to murder the discourteous slob.

Two days later, Jason had shown up at noon with a small metal box and handed it to Delany over his large plate of medium rare steak and pasta. Sam opened the lid then dropped it onto his plate.

"What the fuck!" Sam leapt to his feet, nearly dumping his chair in his mad scramble to back away from the table. He glared at Jason, who stood leaning against a nearby chair. The rest of the room's occupants shuffled to their feet and closed in on Jason.

"Mr. Delany, you did ask me to take care of things," Jason said in his lazy drawl. "I thought you'd like proof. That ring, it should look familiar. The guy was wearing it when I met him here and still had it on when I offed him."

Delany peered into the box and grinned. "Well, I'll be damned!"

Nate stepped forward, away from his usual place a few paces behind Sam's chair, and peered over the man's shoulder. Inside the small metal box, resting on a bed of some silky material, lay a finger. The nail was filthy and ragged from being chewed. But the ring, a large ornate affair with a sapphire embedded in gold, was unmistakably the one his former colleague had worn.

Nate blinked then brought his gaze up to rest on the new man. The hunk stared back and smiled. "Where's the rest of him?" Nate asked in an even tone.

"Bottom of the ocean. I didn't think you'd want me dragging a corpse in here." Jason's smile was pure animal.

Nate's heart hammered against his ribs. The man was gorgeous and must have balls the size of the city for pulling this stunt.

"So, how do we know this isn't just some bum's hand you tore a finger off?" one of the other goons asked.

"Cause if it was, I doubt the ring would fit so good. And..." Jason reached into the box and took the pale digit out. Pulling the ring off, he held both up. "I'm pretty sure the bum wouldn't have a tan line around his finger like this."

Sam chuckled then laughed uproariously as Jason tossed the finger and the ring back into the box. "Good answer." He knocked back the remains of his drink then slammed the glass down on the table in front of him. "Seems you have the job."

He gazed around, spotted Nate and grinned up at him. "Why don't you show our new guy the ropes?"

Nate's thoughts hit the gutter, and he gaped down at his boss. It took only a second to pull himself together, but it seemed like a very long second with his stout, grinning boss looking at him. "Yes, sir."

Nate looked across the table at Jason and nodded. "Let's get a drink. I'll bring you up to speed on what to do and what not to do around Mr. Delany."

Jason nodded. "Sounds good."

The two of them went to the bar and ordered. Nate was happily surprised when Jason requested a tall glass of soda water instead of an alcoholic beverage.

"At the end," Nate said, nodding towards where the bar met the far wall. He turned and headed that way, glancing over to the table where Sam sat, his other half dozen boys around him, talking. Nate sat and faced the room, his back to the wall. Jason left one stool empty and sat in the next.

The jeans and T-shirt fit tight and gave Jason the appearance of a man on the make. The boots and leather jacket gave him a sinister look.

That had been their first meeting, but it definitely had not been their last. It was also the tamest. Nate had explained the rules—never get in Sam's way, don't argue with him, make sure he had a lighter for the man's cigars and to do exactly what he was told without question. The pay was good, the perks—by way of girls or dope—were excellent. Sam was the biggest hoodlum in this part of the city, so longevity was pretty much guaranteed unless you screwed up. Like the guy with no finger had done.

That night, they'd teamed up to guard Sam on his way home. After a quick check of his digs, Jason had followed Nate to the ground floor and asked if he'd like to go for a real drink.

"Yeah, that'd be great," Nate had replied and breathed a little easier once they were out of Sam's earshot. "The man's okay to work for, but he's a real bitch when it comes to his rules and security." He opened the front door of the enormous house Sam lived in and walked outside, Jason a few steps behind him. "So, where'd he meet you?"

"Sam, you mean?"

"Yeah, he's never hired anyone that fast before."

"A mutual friend vouched for me. I never met the guy until the other day." Jason shifted his feet and looked uncomfortable. "Maybe he's got the hots for me."

Nate chuckled and swung his arm around Jason's shoulders. "Sam's about as straight as they come, sorry." Looking into the man's eyes, he added, "I, on the other hand, definitely have the hots for you." He held his breath, unsure if he'd taken things too far, too fast.

Jason smiled and moved a little closer. "Good. I was beginning to worry about being the only guy here who swung *that* way."

"You're not, but we're in the minority. One other guard is into guys, but he's a dick head, so you probably wouldn't have been interested, anyways."

Jason's smile got bigger, his hand bolder as he reached down and cupped Nate's package. "Speaking of dick heads, where can we go so I can get a peek at yours?"

Nate glanced around, spotting the limo he'd driven Sam home in and nodded towards it. "There's the car. Or, if you can hang on, my place ain't far."

"I can hang on to this for as long as you like." Jason gave Nate's cock a firm squeeze.

"Keep that up, and you'll get tackled, right here." Nate was really getting off on the sexy banter and thrust his stiffened cock into the man's hand.

"How far is your place? Do you have a car close by?" Jason stepped closer and rubbed his crotch against Nate's thigh.

He was hard, the shaft pressing firmly against Nate's leg.

"Two blocks that way." Nate nodded towards the apartment complex to the south. "No car, but it'll only take five minutes to get there walking."

"Then, let's walk...fast!"

Chapter Two

Nate took Jason's arm and headed down the nearest alley, going the fastest route he knew to get home. He skirted the trash bins, dragging the man along, and increased his pace when he crossed the last street before entering the complex's property. The driveway seemed much longer than usual, but they finally got to the scarred oak door that opened onto the small foyer. Done in dark wood and old style wallpaper, the place had a rustic feel to it, something Nate had loved when he first moved in a couple of years ago.

"Third floor," he said, forcing his voice to remain calm. "Elevator's over here." He nodded to the left and headed that way. Once inside and with the doors closed, he pulled Jason into his arms. "Sam's not the only one you've cast your spell over."

"He's my boss. You're something much better." Jason leaned in and pressed his lips to Nate's.

The bumping of the small car passing floors as it rose was the only sound as the men devoured each other's tongues and lips. Hands wandered and caressed as they explored each other's bodies. The rush of excitement took Nate's breath. By the time the elevator lurched to a stop and the doors rumbled open, he was more than ready to get to his apartment.

The kiss broken, he grabbed hold of Jason's hand and pulled him into the dimly lit hallway. "This way." Half a dozen steps to the left, they stood in front of the door to his place. He dug out his key and fumbled open the lock, pushing the door wide.

"Nice," Jason said breathlessly. "Where's the bedroom?"

Nate smiled and pulled the man farther inside then pushed the door shut behind them. Dark, scratched hardwood floors and wainscoting funnelled them down a hallway. To the right was the small kitchen and, on the left, the bathroom. A little farther along was the living room and another door which led to his bedroom. He pulled Jason across the room and through the entrance.

"Even nicer. Where'd you find this?" The tall, long-haired man moved towards the custom-made bed with its ornate iron headboard. The long rod at the end, with the rings set every six inches or so, seemed to capture his interest.

"Like it?" Nate moved into the room and suddenly felt a little uneasy. He usually didn't invite new friends over, not until they'd gotten to know each other a lot better. He glanced quickly around to make sure he hadn't left any tell-tale toys lying around. Nothing, thank Christ, and he breathed a sigh of relief.

"Yeah, like it a lot." Jason strode towards the bed, shucking his T-shirt and throwing it towards the overstuffed chair in the corner. "And the rings, I bet I've got a good idea what those are for."

Nate shrugged out of his sleek leather jacket and tossed it at the same chair. The T-shirt was next, and it, too, joined the growing pile of clothes. He sat on the foot of the bed and toed off his right boot then replied, "I bet you can. They haven't been used for a while."

Cocking his head, Jason looked down at Nate as if he were about to pounce. "Really? That's a shame."

"Yeah, I have to agree with you. Not easy to find the right person to play with, though." Nate's heart raced. This bantering was driving him crazy. Did the man know what he was talking about or simply fishing?

Jason knelt and took hold of Nate's other boot heel and pulled. Once the boot was off, he stood it beside its twin then placed his hands on Nate's knees. Slowly he slid them up to where Nate's leg joined his body, then he stopped. Looking up, his gaze fastened on Nate's, and he drew both hands towards the bulge threatening to burst from Nate's jeans. "Maybe I'll be the right person."

Nate clenched his jaw, trying to keep from groaning out loud. "Maybe." His voice came out in a gruff whisper. "Maybe we should finish getting out of our clothes."

Jason smiled and ran his palm over Nate's erection, grabbing it through the denim. "Yeah, that's not a bad idea. Why don't you strip for me?" He gave the shaft a firm squeeze then got to his feet.

His crotch was about level with Nate's eyes. It took all of Nate's willpower not to lean forward and nuzzle the tantalizingly close lump. Instead, he got to his feet and reached for his belt. The buckle came loose easily, the button not so much. His fingers seemed all thumbs, but he finally forced the fastening open and pulled down the zipper.

Jason went and sat on the edge of the chair, his legs spread, his hands slowly rubbing his crotch. "Not too fast. Shake your ass, boy. I want to see what you've got."

Nate's face grew warm, and he knew he was blushing. But, he wanted to please this guy, so he began moving his hips. Side to side first, then he thrust them forward as if he were fucking the air between them. He shuffled his feet and rubbed his hands up and down his torso while easing his way closer to the long haired man.

"Yeah, that's it." Jason leant down and pulled his boots off. Then, standing, he unfastened his jeans and pushed them and his stark white underpants down over his hips. It took some wriggling, but he was soon naked and again sitting in the chair. He spread his knees wide, allowing his erection to sway between his thighs, and held out his hands. "Bring it here. I want that cock of yours."

Nate smiled and swayed his body towards Jason but didn't step closer, yet. He jammed his thumbs into his jeans and shoved. Once they'd passed his hips, the going got easier. A moment later, he stepped out of them and kicked off his socks. Clad in just his tight black bikinis, he worked his hips, trying his best to tease Jason into reaching for him. The shaft of his cock lay sideways along his belly, the head near his hip and pushing the elastic waistband out. He cupped his balls and pressed his wrist and forearm against the length of his shaft. Sweat trickled down his sides.

"Come on, bring it here," Jason repeated a little more urgently. He reached for his own cock and palmed it, squeezing the base. The head leaked a clear ribbon of pre-cum.

"You're pretty bossy, aren't you?" Nate wanted more. He wanted Jason to order him to come closer. He wanted the man to take control, and just the thought sent a ripple of excitement down his spine. Yet, even as the shiver died, he realised what an ass he was being. Trust had to be earned, and that took time. In the world he lived in, he couldn't allow himself to be controlled, to be topped by just anyone.

"Yes, I'm very bossy, when it's appropriate."

Jason's response made Nate blink, and again a shudder gripped him. *It's been so damn long.* "Why don't you go climb on the bed?"

Jason glanced down at where Nate's hands toyed with the erection threatening to burst into the open. He nodded and, a moment later, was on the bed, crawling towards the pillows.

Nate turned and thrust his thumbs into the waistband of his bikinis. He wriggled them from side to side then pushed them down over his hips. He made sure to bend forward, thus

shielding himself from Jason's view for a few seconds longer. The groan coming from that direction was pure music to his ears, and he remained bent forward for a few extra moments.

The air on his ass felt cooler than it should. The tension in his balls was enormous. He wanted to pull on them, massage them until the need to come became more than he could bear. He smiled and straightened up, forcing his hands to remain at his sides.

"Oh yeah, baby, come to daddy," Jason murmured, his gaze fixed on the erection jutting from Nate's middle.

The few steps it took to get to the bed served as the foreplay. When Nate knelt at the foot then went to his hands and knees, he was close enough to Jason's cock to smell him. He crawled forward much quicker than he'd planned but hungry for a taste of the man he'd brought home.

Jason held his cock up, presenting Nate with the smooth, nearly hairless, round ball sac. The musky scent of the man drew Nate ahead. When he was within inches of his target, he dropped to his belly and squirmed forward. He nudged the sac with his nose and groaned when he heard the intake of Jason's breath.

"Use your mouth, your tongue," the man urged and spread his legs even farther apart.

They brushed Nate's arms but didn't slow him down at all as took the offered balls into his mouth. He sucked at the sac, drawing one orb in then running his tongue over it. The pubic hair tickled his nose. He hummed, and Jason's thighs tensed.

"Fuck yeah. Do me, stud," Jason urged in a guttural tone.

His body trembled, his thighs tensed then relaxed against Nate's shoulders. Jason gripped Nate's head, pulling his face more firmly against his crotch. Nate laved the testicle with his tongue, stroking it as if it were some delicacy to be savoured for hours, as indeed, it was. Satisfied he'd lavished enough attention to one, he slipped it from his mouth and took in the other. As the treatment repeated, the trembling man before him seemed beside himself with pleasure.

Finally, reluctantly, Nate pulled back, wanting the man's pulsing meat in his mouth. He gazed upward, eyeing Jason's shaft hungrily.

"Please," he said, hoping Jason would understand and offer him the treat he craved.

Jason smiled down at him, his flushed face glowing with sweat, hair stuck to his cheek. "You want this?" He waved his cock around, slapping it against his thigh, his belly, while Nate followed it with his eyes.

Nodding, Nate kissed one thigh then the other and waited for the man to feed it to him.

"Ask for it," Jason said.

"Yes, give it to me, please." Nate ran his tongue over his lips, wetting them. He stuck it out, flicking at the base of the man's cock. "Feed it to me, please. I want to taste you. I want to suck the juices from your balls."

"Oh yeah, I like the way you think, stud," Jason whispered. He held the base and aimed the head at Nate's mouth.

Nate opened wide and leant forward, taking the head in. The smoothness of the fleshy dome slid across his teeth. The fat knob stretched his jaw. He licked it, tracing around the rim then over the head, dipping into the slit and tasting the warm saltiness.

"Don't back off." Jason's voice was firm, demanding.

Nate shivered. Breath rushed through his nose as he inhaled the man's sexy smell deep into his lungs.

"Yeah, like that," Jason urged and slid a hand behind Nate's neck, holding him in place. "Fuck yeah, you got an amazing mouth. Swipe that tongue around more, feels so good."

Nate obliged and swirled it around the head as he took even more of the shaft in. The girth surprised him, stretching his lips wide. He felt a vein pulse against his lower lip and licked at it. A guttural growl told him how much his new lover appreciated the attention.

His cock wept for its own share of attention, and Nate reached for it. None too gently, he gripped his shaft and squeezed until a flash of pain knifed into his mid-section. His shudder of near bliss must have triggered something in Jason, because the man pulled Nate's face towards his belly. Gagging, yet eager for the cock to fill his mouth, Nate allowed himself to be dragged forward. The head touched the back of his throat, and his gag reflex made him swallow. His throat muscles massaged Jason's cock head.

Tears formed and trickled down his cheeks as Jason pushed deeper. His cock was thicker than any Nate had taken before, and he loved every millimetre. Using his free hand, he cupped the man's balls and gently caressed the walnut-sized orbs. When they pulled up and nearly vanished, Jason groaned.

“Fuck, gotta stop or I’ll shoot.” Jason grabbed a handful of Nate’s hair and pulled his mouth off him. The cock bounced as it fell free, the head tapping Nate’s cheek. Looking down into Nate’s face, Jason asked, “Condoms, lube—you got them handy?”

With the hand still gripping his hair, Nate nodded towards the bedside table where the items sat in full view.

Jason released him and retrieved the lube and a foil packet. By the time he faced Nate again, he’d sheathed his cock and was caressing a palm-full of lube over his rod. “Face down, ass up. Suit you?”

Nate nodded enthusiastically and turned away. He lowered his upper body, laying his shoulders flat on the bed, his face looking to the side. The air against his ass felt cool, and when he spread his knees, his balls churned.

“Reach up and grab that headboard. Might as well get some use out of it.”

Nate pushed himself up the bed and reached for the metal rods. He’d just gotten settled when a finger pressed against his anus, pushing a dollop of lube into the hole. He clenched, trying to trap the finger, but was unsuccessful. In and out, the diligent digit thrust, then side to side, opening him for what he knew was to come. Anticipation made his breath catch.

“Please, do it now,” Nate whispered. “Jason, do it hard.”

“So, you like it rough, do you?”

The finger slipped out and, an instant later, his ass cheeks exploded with pain as Jason spanked him. He thought he’d come right then—at the unexpectedness of the act. The sheer bliss of a man’s strength used on him took his breath. Sweat trickled down his sides. A pool formed along his spine, the chill an added sensation.

“Yes, I like it rough, s...” He managed to stop himself before he said it. The ‘Sir’ was so close, and he knew it wasn’t right, not yet.

“How rough?”

Another slap, this one landing on his other butt cheek, drove Nate forward. His head jerked up, and he gritted his teeth to keep from bellowing.

“As rough as you like. I can take it.” He said it, but he wondered if Jason understood. He knew better than to take these risks. This guy could be dangerous. He could slit his throat—or worse.

Nothing happened for a few moments. Then the bed moved as Jason repositioned himself on the mattress behind Nate.

"I think we're going to have to talk, later," Jason said.

The tone made Nate look back. The man's face was thoughtful, his brow wrinkled.

Nate was about to say something, but Jason's sudden grip on his haunches stopped him. The soft tip of a cock slid across the back of his thigh. The bed shifted again, a hand left his bottom, and the man's cock was positioned at his hole. The head popped in easily.

He clenched, stopping any further advance for the moment. The beating of his heart drummed so loudly in his ears he wasn't sure if he'd ever hear anything else again. His mouth sagged open. The pleasure, pain, was excruciatingly sweet. His anal muscles clenched again then relaxed, allowing a little of the shaft to slide in.

That seemed to be all Jason needed. His hand returned to Nate's hip. It took but a moment for him to gather himself then thrust.

"Oh my God!" Nate's knees slid ahead. His cock pulsed. The familiar feeling of being filled tore at his senses. When the man's belly pressed against Nate's ass, Nate breathed an enormous sigh of relief. Stretched to the max, he didn't dare move. Yet, he ached to move away, to feel that incredible stretching and pulling of the withdrawal. He waited, holding his breath, until he couldn't stand it, then growled, "Fuck me, for God sakes, please, fuck me."

A warm chuckle coming from behind and the slow easing back of the man's body sent him into a shuddering moment of bliss. His cock twitched, the head tapped his belly then dragged across the bedding as his body moved. When Jason stopped, his cock barely touching Nate's outer ring, Nate thought he'd cry out for the fucking he so desperately wanted. He didn't have to. The man leant forward and filled him again in one long, hard thrust.

That began it, the dance of lust the men fought together, won together and revelled in while the music lasted. The slap of damp flesh hitting damp flesh was their tempo, the soft grunts as his ass hit Jason's belly, the harmony.

"Yes, come for me," Jason growled and slammed into him. His cock pulsed and seemed to grow even more.

Nate saw stars and knew he was a heartbeat away from exploding. The burn of his ass wasn't nearly as much as he'd hoped for, but Jason's body slamming into his made up for it,

almost. When his cock pulsed and dribbled out the first stream of cum, it was as if the man read his mind. A hand landed on his butt cheek so hard he shot forward, and only his fingers gripping the headboard stopped him. Fire lanced through him, and another stream of cum landed on the bedding.

"Yes, yes, fuck me, hit my ass, fuck yeah. Harder, fuck, hard." His words made no sense, but he couldn't stop them.

The cock in his ass expanded, pulsed then pulsed again. Jason gasped and slammed into him, holding himself buried to the hilt while he came.

Moments later, Jason collapsed onto Nate's back. His cheek rested on Nate's shoulder, his lips brushed an ear. "Fan-fucking-tastic!"

Nate fell forward, driving his cock over the cum-streaked bedding. He landed in a pool of it, the spunk cold against his stomach. "Wet spot," he mumbled then chuckled. The weight of the man shifted, slid off him, out of him. He turned and lay on his side, grinning at his lover. "You okay?"

Jason smiled back and nodded. "Yeah. Which way's the bathroom?"

Relaxing his grip on the headboard, Nate pointed. "Out the door and turn right. Keep turning 'til you run into another door."

"Back in a flash," Jason said and climbed off the bed.

Nate watched his ass twitch as he walked away.

Chapter Three

After that first night together, Jason and Nate had been inseparable. The next day they'd talked for hours, about their desires, Jason's to dominate, Nate's to submit. The trust necessary for them to grow together had begun from there. It had taken a full month before Jason truly opened up to him. But when he did, it was like a bomb exploding.

They'd been in bed, where they seemed to spend a great deal of their time, and they'd just had a mind blowing bout of sex. Nate's ass was sore, both inside and out, and Jason had become very quiet. The arm Nate's head rested on moved. Nate wound up on his side, Jason facing him.

"We have to talk," Jason said. He reached up and stroked Nate's face.

"I thought we'd been doing that for the past month or so." Nate pushed a stray strand of hair off Jason's face. He loved to run his fingers through the man's mane.

"True, we have. And it's shown me how much I can care about someone." Jason's face grew serious, lines formed on his brow. "I think I'm falling for you, hard."

Nate smiled. He felt the same way but had been afraid to say the words until then. "I know I'm falling for you. The L word comes to mind."

Jason smiled, but it wasn't a happy smile. That's when the bombshell hit. "I'm a cop, babe. Undercover."

Nate's heart stopped. "Cop? What the fuck?" He rolled out of bed, winding up squatting beside it, naked and pissed. "I've been fucking a fucking cop." Jumping to his feet, he glared down at the man. How could he not have known? How could he have been fooled so damned easily? *What about Sam? What is Sam going to do?*

Jason smiled, a weak, forlorn smile that tore at Nate's heart.

"Actually, the cop has been fucking you, and falling for you."

"Shut the fuck up, pig," Nate snarled and stormed from the room. He wound up in the kitchen, leaning over the sink and cursing the day he'd met Jason. How could Sam have been such an idiot? *What am I going to do?*

"Nate, listen to me, please." Jason's voice came from the bedroom door.

A sudden thought flashed into Nate's mind. "That finger, the ring. Where the fuck... How did you... Who's fucking finger was that?"

Taking a deep breath, Jason replied in an even tone, "A bum died a couple of days before I had to do the deed. Was easy enough to get the digit and the ring fit."

"Well, fuck me running." Nate turned away and tried to gather his thoughts.

"Nate, please, let me explain."

Nate turned and looked at the man he'd thought was going to be part of his life. Heart breaking, he growled, "You got nothing else to say to me, cop."

"Yeah, I do." Jason, still naked, walked towards him. When he was a couple of feet away, he raised his hands and laid them on Nate's shoulders. "This wasn't how I planned things to happen. This was supposed to be a simple sting operation. Get in, find the dope and make a date with my Commanding Officer to nail Sam."

"Yeah, well, just let me know when, and I'll make sure I'm away that day." Nate pushed Jason's hands off him and turned back to the sink. He felt as if he'd been kicked in the stomach. Sam wasn't a friend. Hell, if he could get clear of the drug lord, he'd have done it ages ago. The man had eyes and guns all over. *If only...*

Jason stepped closer, his body pressing against Nate's back and ass. "I can help you get away from this crap."

Nate didn't dare let his hopes rise. He'd been burned a time or two over the years and had pretty much resigned himself to being one of Sam's lackeys for the duration. He turned, his face mere inches from Jason's, their bodies touching. "And just how in Hell do you think you can get me clear of this? The cops'll want me for a dozen gun related events. If I snitch and Sam finds out, he'll have me killed."

"If you're dead, or they all think you are, there won't be any questions or threats from Sam's crew."

Nate's stomach lurched. *Dead?* But how could he live if he couldn't use his I.D.?

Lost in thought, the next thing he became aware of was Jason leaning forward and pressing his lips to the crook of his neck. The man's stubbly chin scratched his chest in a way that made him shudder.

"But, you're a fucking cop," he mumbled, and even to his own ears it sounded like such a lame thing to say.

"Yeah, I am. A damn good one, too." Jason slid his lips a little higher and licked Nate's earlobe.

A shiver sent a thrill of pleasure straight to Nate's cock. The man was driving him crazy. "So, what the fuck got you interested in me?"

"Might have been your good looks. Maybe it was the colour of your eyes. I'm a sucker for dark brown eyes. Could be that ass of yours. I love a tight ass on my guy." After each short sentence, Jason kissed Nate's neck, getting closer to his chin and his lips each time.

"And, just how am I going to get dead without really dying?"

Jason stepped back and crossed his arms over his chest. "Do you trust me?"

Nate thought about that for a second. *Do I?* "Yes. Maybe. I'm not sure."

"On your knees." Jason's tone was stern, demanding.

Nate took a deep breath. It was a command he'd heard and complied with many times over the past month. The man had filled his life with the domination he'd only dreamed about. Could their blossoming relationship continue?

Closing his eyes, Nate let his thoughts wander. He desperately wanted out of the world Sam had forced him into. Threats against his mother and his younger sister had driven him to do things he'd never dreamed he was capable of.

He pushed those thoughts away and sank to his knees. As soon as his legs touched the floor, he experienced such an enormous sense of relief, he felt light-headed. He automatically spread his thighs and placed his hands behind his back, one gripping the wrist of the other. Spine straight, he found himself looking at Jason's thick shaft and large ball sac.

"Do you trust me?" Jason repeated in a voice that was much softer.

Nate looked up, the cock and balls obscuring some of his view, yet he still got the full effect of Jason's eyes as the man gazed down at him. "Yes, I trust you. God knows why, but I do."

Jason chuckled and slipped his fingers through Nate's hair. He gripped it and pulled Nate's head back. "Do you trust me enough to live with me, permanently?"

With his heart in his throat, Nate replied, "Yes."

"Damn." Jason smiled and released the hair. "I wasn't sure you'd say it."

"I didn't know you were going to ask." Nate's thoughts were crazy. A cop's slave, submissive, whatever it was called. Could he really do it? Did he truly want it? *Yes, it's what I've dreamed about.*

"It should be pretty simple to carry it out. How's your acting?" Jason took hold of his cock and slowly worked the skin up and down the shaft. The thing rose, thickened, the head expanding until it brushed Nate's cheek.

"Acting. Man, you are confusing the hell out of me. I've never acted." Nate moved his face, bringing his lips to rest on Jason's dick head. The softness slid over his mouth. The eye tempted him to slip his tongue out, into the tiny opening. He resisted. Even turning his head had been disobedient. Jason might let it go, he might not.

"You've been acting ever since Sam grabbed you...how long ago?" Jason dragged his cock back and forth, brushing Nate's lips with the crown.

With his lips still pressed to the head of Jason's shaft, Nate replied, "Since I was sixteen. Eight years." Jason was right. He'd acted pleased, proud of his place in Sam's guard. All the while, he'd secretly yearned for a way to break free. Now, perhaps, he'd found a way out.

"Such a sexy slave." Jason pushed his hips forward, pressing the soft dome more firmly against Nate's lips. "Such a sexy mouth." He slid his cock to the side, dragging it across Nate's cheek. He drew a circle then moved the mammoth dick under Nate's chin where he used it to lift the man's head even higher. "Tell me you want to suck me."

Nate grew more excited by the second. He loved it when Jason had him talk nasty. Loved it even more when the man reciprocated. "Oh yeah, I want to suck your cock. I want to taste the pre-cum oozing out of the slit. I want to stick my tongue in there, lick up all that juicy cream. I want to suck just the head in. Run my tongue around the rim and very gently bite the rubbery head."

Jason groaned and squeezed the shaft but continued dragging his cock across Nate's face. Soon enough, there was a slick trail of pre-cum around his nose and lips. "That's it, make it hot. Make me want to fuck you. You do want that, don't you?"

Scarcely able to get his breath he was so excited, Nate simply kept rambling. "Yes, Sir. I want you to fuck me. I want to feel your hands on my hips holding me in place. I want you to push this monster into my hole and ram it in as hard as you can. Please, Sir. Fuck me."

“Not yet. First, I want to come up with a name for you. If Nate is going to die, we’ll need to call you something else.”

It took Nate a moment to realise what he meant. When he did, the surprise was complete. He pulled his mouth from its place and, still fuzzy headed, asked, “Name? Me?”

“Dumbass! If we’re going to get you out of Sam’s clutches, we’ve got to give you a new name. Dumbass works, but it’s not a great name in mixed company.”

Nate must have looked completely blank, because before he could gather his wits, Jason was laughing his butt off. The world had taken too many turns that day for Nate to keep up, and Jason wasn’t helping.

“Did I tell you to move your mouth?” Jason grinned down at him, yet the words were said firmly, another demand.

Pressing his lips again to Jason’s cock head, Nate answered, “No, Sir. I’m sorry, Sir.”

“Do you like the name, Dumbass?” Jason stroked his fingers along Nate’s jaw then insinuated his index finger into his mouth.

Nate bit back the angry retort he had all ready to let fly. “No, Sir. Of course, if you like it, I’ll be happy to have you call me that.”

“Nah, it’s not my favourite.” Jason pushed his hips forward, bruising Nate’s lips. “Open wide.”

Thankfully, Nate parted them. The smooth dome popped inside, and he slathered it with his tongue. Jason kept pushing until the entire length filled Nate’s mouth, the head nudging the back of his throat.

“Yeah, that’s it,” Jason murmured, his hand again stroking Nate’s face. “Use your tongue, your teeth. Real careful now, I don’t want any damage.”

Nate followed directions, working his tongue up and down the shaft, massaging the great beast. He used his teeth as best as he could, but having the head buried in his throat made it nearly impossible. Jason seemed to understand and pulled back until just half of his cock was in Nate’s mouth. Teeth bared, Nate grazed the shaft while turning his head this way and that. A guttural moan told him he’d done right and urged him on to even more exploration.

“Bet your own dick is in need of attention, hey stud? Bet you’d like it if someone touched it or sucked it. Maybe we’ll have old Sam down there sucking on you.” Jason

chuckled at his own joke, but only for a second. Nate's mouth seemed to be working the magic he craved, and only moments later, he thrust his hips forward, hard.

"Umph," Nate managed, but that was all. He desperately wanted someone to touch him. Having Jason say it reminded him of how horny he was. He was close to grabbing his cock when Jason pulled his free of Nate's mouth. The head loomed inches from his face, a slick ribbon of pre-cum still joining it to Nate's lips.

"So, a name. I suppose I could simply call you slave, but it's got no ring to it. Nate, that's short for what, Nathaniel?"

Nodding, Nate focused on the cock pointing at him. A name was the last thing on his mind.

Jason reached down and grabbed himself, right at the base, and squeezed. The head pulsed and grew, and a drop of pre-cum oozed. "Nathan. Ever been called that?"

Again, Nate nodded, remembering an uncle who used to refer to him as Nathan, saying he didn't look like a Nate. He also remembered liking the uncle, who played softball with him.

"Well, that's a possibility, slave."

"Yes, Sir." He leant forward, trying to reach Jason's glans with his tongue.

"Stand up, slave boy." Jason stepped back, giving him room to get to his feet.

"Hold your cock out." Jason's tone was firm, demanding.

Nate moved his right hand down and grabbed his erection at the base. After taking a deep breath, he held up his shaft and thrust his hips forward. He gritted his teeth, knowing from the past month's experience that Jason was about to slap his cock.

He waited and waited, not daring to move.

Jason walked around him, his own dick in his hand, casually masturbating. When he'd circled once, he slowed his pace, stopping when he was right behind Nate. "Bend over and don't let go of your cock."

Confused, yet relieved he wasn't going to be slapped, Nate leant forward. He had to ease his legs apart a little more to accommodate his swollen ball sac. The pose wasn't uncomfortable, but it made him self-conscious. His bottom jutted out, and he knew he was fully exposed.

"Nice. I love your tight ass, slave boy."

"Yes, Sir." A thrill of pleasure raced up his spine.

"Want to stroke that big dick of yours, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir." He held his cock tight, hoping Jason would give his permission.

"Not the right answer."

An instant later, Nate's head shot back, and he yelped in surprise. His butt was on fire. Jason's hand, large and calloused, lay on his right buttock amidst the scorching pain of the first smack. Another followed to his other cheek. He groaned and reached inside himself for the right answer. Two more swats landed before he gasped out a response. "Please, Sir. I want to stroke my cock, but only if you want me to."

Jason's hand landed gently on his ass and stayed there. He caressed the sore buttock and said, "Better. Next time, think before you speak. Or not!" He raised the hand and brought it down four more times, alternating buttocks with each stroke.

"Hey!" Nate, shocked at the continuation of punishment, arched his back and nearly reached behind himself to cover his ass. Before he could move, Jason's hand was again resting on his bum. The flesh tingled, itched from the warming, and he would have loved to sooth the abused skin but didn't.

"Good slave. Cock still hard?" Jason resumed his caressing touch, working the fingers into the crease of Nate's ass.

"Yes, Sir," Nate replied but realised that wasn't quite true and added, "Almost. The spanking kind of surprised me, and I went a little soft."

"Get it up again." Jason's fingers brushed Nate's anus, lingering there for a heartbeat before slipping lower between his thighs.

Nate masturbated, taking only a half dozen strokes to bring himself to full erection. When he was there, he stopped sliding his fingers up and down his shaft and simply held it as he'd been told to before the punishment had begun. A soft chuckle from Jason told him he'd done it right.

"Excellent. Now, pull your buttocks apart. I want a clear shot at you."

Nate's face burned, but he instantly reached back and pried his ass cheeks open. A soft groan came from his lover then the most glorious feeling of a tongue sliding along his crease. It stopped and circled his outer ring then pressed its tip into his hole.

"Oh fuck," he murmured, feeling light headed with pleasure.

Jason's tongue pulled out, his mouth withdrew, and his voice, sounding muffled, admonished him. "Shut the fuck up and hold still."

Biting his lip, Nate did as told. Wallowing in the sheer bliss of his lover's tongue, he concentrated on keeping his balance. The man used his mouth to wet him, to lubricate and massage the outer ring of muscle, preparing him for the pounding Nate hoped would follow. Fingers jointed the tongue, sliding in and out, one, then two, then three, then shockingly, none.

He groaned his frustration, but remained in position. He heard Jason walk away and turned in time to see him with a foil packet in his hand. The man tore into it, and a condom popped into view. Jason slid the latex glove on then spat into his palm and stroked his length as if teasing Nate with his slow, determined pumping.

"Ready, slave?" Jason asked in a husky voice.

"Yes, Sir," Nate replied then quickly added, "If you want me to be."

"Good catch. Now face the sink and hold onto it."

He turned and grabbed the sink, his knuckles white with pressure.

Jason gripped Nate's hips and pulled him back, forcing him to take a step. Apparently not satisfied, he kicked Nate's feet apart then pressed a hand against his upper back.

Nate leant forward, displaying his spread ass cheeks and the cleft separating them.

"A very sexy ass, slave. *Sklave*. Do you know the word?"

Nate delved into his memory, searching for the meaning but came up empty. "No, Sir. I can't recall ever hearing it."

"It's German. A word I heard years ago in one of those gay dungeons back east. It means 'male slave'." Jason released his grip on Nate's hips, and a moment later, the soft dome of his cock pressed against the pucker.

Nate's heart raced, blood roared in his ears. His breath caught, and he couldn't think of anything but how the man's dick was about to spear him. A gentle nudge and it slipped inside, the bulbous head encased just inside his hole.

"Oh, yeah. *Sklave*, my slave. I like it." Jason eased forward, the head sliding none too easily down the length of Nate's anus. Thumbs, pressed against each side of his hole, pried Nate wide, helping him accept the hot shaft more easily. The sight must have excited Jason,

because he kept moaning and rambling on about his *Sklave* and how much he liked fucking him.

When Jason's cock touched bottom and his balls pressed against the bump just behind his own, Nate let out his own long, drawn out moan of pleasure. Filled to the edge of pain, he did his best to relax the muscles in his ass and accept the large rod. A few moments later, Jason slid out—but not far and not for long. A slow, see-sawing motion quickly brought them both to the brink. Movements became jerky, Jason's fingers dug into the tender flesh of Nate's bottom, and both of them sounded like they were running a marathon. Gasping, softly cursing, each of them slammed into the other in the attempt to drive the pleasure higher.

"Yes, Sir. Please, fuck me hard, please!" Nate hissed and churned his hips. His cock slapped his thighs and the counter, the head leaked a long, silvery ribbon of pre-cum. He ached to grab hold of the flailing organ and tug it to release but dared not move.

As if Jason had heard him, the man released his hold on Nate's ass and reached for his cock. "Come on, *Sklave*, permission to come is granted. Five strokes and not one more. Come then or not at all."

Long, luxurious caresses dragged Nate to the apex of release. The fourth nearly had him over the top. Jason held him there, fingers tight just below the head, massaging him.

Sweat ran into Nate's eyes and down his cheeks, dripped off his chin. He sobbed his need, bit his lip trying to bring on enough sensation to fling him over the edge.

"Now, my sexy *Sklave*, come for me, show me how you will obey me."

Words crooned into his ear, the fingers dragged down this shaft. He growled, and his hips lurched forward. Cum, like a white ribbon of silk, shot from his cock.

A low moan came from deep inside Nate as his body went into spasms of release. His belly clenched so hard, the muscles felt like granite. He shuddered, his hips thrust, and another stream of cum hit the counter. The fingers so deftly holding his cock massaged him for a moment longer then released him to pulse and throb in the air.

"Oh yeah, that's it." Jason thrust into him.

Nate felt the big man's cock spasm and knew the condom was being filled with his Sir's load. Again and again, the man slammed hard against him, holding tight to his body between each mighty thrust. Finally, with a great sigh of completion, Jason collapsed onto Nate's back. Sweat slick skin slid as soft lips pressed against the back of his neck.

"Thank you, Sir," Nate murmured. His knees were weak, and he prayed he wouldn't sink to the floor.

"Sexy *Sklave*, I believe I've decided on your new name." Jason chuckled and slowly eased out of Nate's ass. "Stay put."

Nate glanced over his shoulder just in time to see Jason pull off the used rubber. The man hurried to the bathroom and returned a few minutes later with a damp cloth. To Nate's surprise, Jason cleaned himself rather than asking Nate to.

"There," Jason whispered and tossed the cloth into the sink. He slipped his arms around Nate and pulled him close, chest to chest. "Now, let's get a move on. We both need a shower, and I don't plan on being late to work, not today." He looked into Nate's eyes and said, in a serious tone, "You just remember to do what I tell you."

Nate tucked his arms under Jason's and felt incredibly protected, loved. The 'L' word didn't scare him, not any more. "You've made some plans or something, haven't you?"

Jason smiled and nodded but didn't tell him any more about it. "Just trust me, all right?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then get into the shower and quit jabberin'."

Nate smiled and headed for the bathroom. His ass was sore, but in a good way.

Chapter Four

Nate climbed out of the shower and listened for Jason. He heard him talking and wondered who'd come calling. He hadn't heard the doorbell. He cinched a towel around his waist, grabbed another to dry himself with and left the bathroom. When he walked into the living room and saw Jason on the phone, he stopped.

"Just make sure you locate me before you start firing," Jason said then spotted Nate and nodded. "Be right with you," he mouthed then turned away and wound up his conversation.

Nate couldn't hear it all, but he did catch, "Yeah, he'll be there, and he'll be dirty."

Dirty? What the hell was Jason doing?

He was about to ask when Jason broke the connection and turned to face him.

"Business is taken care of. Better get dressed, stud. Sam ain't a patient man, as we both know."

"What —"

"Never mind 'what'. It's late. Move it!"

Jason walked away, leaving Nate standing in the kitchen feeling somehow abandoned.

A little confused, Nate went into the bedroom and pulled on his clothing. Clean underwear, the black silk things Jason liked him in, socks, jeans and a T-shirt tucked in, followed by the shoulder harness and the .44 mag. tucked under his arm. Lastly, he pulled on the leather jacket he always wore.

"Nice. You always look good enough to eat, you know that, *Slave?*"

Nate grinned and turned to face Jason, who stood in the doorway. "What was the phone call about?" He bent down and dragged a boot on then worked on the other.

"There's going to be a sting today."

Nate's belly clenched. He'd known it was going to happen, but it just seemed to be snowballing. Too much, too soon—or was it? That very morning, Jason had laid down the law. 'If you want to stay, you'll have to abide by the rules'. Jason's voice had been barely loud enough for him to hear, but it had echoed in his head for quite awhile.

Nate had finally replied, "Yeah, I know."

His heart had been in overdrive ever since. Whatever was going to happen, he needed Jason to know how he felt. He crossed the room, his boots clomping on the hardwood floor until he stood directly in front of the man who had stolen his heart and who warmed his ass in the most delicious way. "Sir, may I speak?"

Jason cocked his head to the side and folded his arms over his chest. "Yes, *Sklave*."

"I know you've got something going today, something that's most likely dangerous. I want to talk to you before it all begins." He stopped there, not quite sure how to say it.

"Okay, dive in and tell me, then," Jason urged, a smile on his face.

"Well, Sir," Nate began and stopped. Suddenly, he dropped to his knees. He swung his arms behind his back and grabbed one wrist. *Yes, that's better*. With his eyes on the crotch of Jason's jeans, he said, "Sir, no matter what happens today, I just wanted you to know, I trust you. Not just for our play, but with my life. I am your *Sklave*. I love you."

A gasp came from the man in front of him, then hands gripped his arms and pulled him to his feet.

"Nate, my sex *Sklave*, you really know the right thing to say." Jason pulled him into his arms and kissed the top of his head. "Today, I need you to listen to me, very carefully, and to do exactly what I say. No questions, just obey me."

Jason's hands ran down Nate's back then cupped his ass, pulling himself even more snugly against the man's muscular body.

"I will," Nate replied. He felt like the world was closing in and Jason was the only thing that could protect him.

"I love you, too, *Sklave*." Jason held Nate close for a few moments longer then pushed him away. "Let's get this show on the road. Sam's expecting us. Can't go anywhere without his bodyguards, can he?"

"No, I suppose not."

Jason grabbed his jacket and headed for the door, Nate on his heels.

The feeling of impending doom lingered.

* * * *

"Where the fuck have you two fucktards been? I tol' ya to be ready to go at noon. Not one, or one-thirty, noon. Dumbass dickheads!" Sam roared his anger as he paced behind the limo he loved to be chauffeured around in.

"Sorry, boss." Nate hurried to get the door open. Being raved at in public wasn't something he enjoyed, and he was pretty sure Jason felt the same by the look of rage on his face.

Sam stomped over to the side of the car and snarled, "The meet's set for two, and we'll barely make it if you can drive better than you tell fucking time." He slumped into the backseat and immediately reached for a bottle Nate kept ready for him.

"You bet, Sam." Nate closed the door, being careful not to slam it. *Why tempt fate?* he thought and looked at Jason.

"Better get movin'," Jason urged and reached for his mobile. He headed for the back of the car, quickly punching the phone to life. He said something into it and flipped it closed before opening the passenger's side door. "Remember what I said earlier."

Nate's belly did a flip, but he nodded, opened the driver's door and climbed behind the wheel. The window behind him was closed, so he felt relatively safe talking to Jason, as long as he kept his voice down. "What's going on?" he whispered as he slid the key into the ignition.

"Just do everything like normal, but listen for my signal." Jason winked and smiled. A strained grin, but still reassuring.

Nate nodded and started the engine. A loud tapping on the glass separating the front seat from the rear got his attention. He quickly hit the button, and the window slid down.

"Slide by Joey's. Him and Hook'll be there. We'll pick them up on the way," growled a still angry Sam.

Nate glanced back and, with a quick nod, replied, "You got it, Sam. We'll be there in loads of time. No worries." He put the car in gear and gunned it, heading for the street and Joey's dive.

Five minutes later, the two goons climbed into the backseat with Sam, and they were once again on their way. Traffic was heavy, so Nate took a side street or two, getting them to the warehouse district in under forty-five minutes, which he thought was damn good.

At the rear of the building lay the car park, and he pulled in there as he normally did. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary, so he shut off the engine and turned to face Sam. The three men looked at him. Sam's scowl had softened to a mild frown. The other two passengers looked cowed, as they usually did in such close proximity to the boss.

"Jason and I'll get out and check around. Okay, Sam?" Nate reached for the door handle.

"Yeah, but make it fast. The shipment'll be here any minute."

"Okay, Sam. We'll be back in a flash."

"No worries, Mr. Delany," Jason reassured him then climbed out onto the pavement. He glanced across the hood at Nate and nodded towards the building a dozen yards away.

"Got it." Nate hurried towards the big, sliding doors and pushed one open just enough to gain entry, Jason right behind him. As soon as he was sure they were out of Sam's line of sight, Nate turned and grabbed Jason by the shoulders. "What's going down?" He glanced around but couldn't see anything out of order. Inside the warehouse were stacks of crates lined up from one end to the other. The rafters could hide a small army, and he'd never know it without a thorough search, which they didn't have time for.

"Take a breath, *Sklave*." Jason took hold of Nate's arms and pushed them down. "You just listen for my voice and do what I tell you." He released his grip and turned to one of the closest crates. Without hesitation, Jason wrestled one of the slats open and reached inside. Nate watched him pull something out then return the strip of wood to its original place.

"What the fuck?" Nate couldn't believe his eyes when Jason held up a handgun.

"It's okay. I needed the special cartridge in this one." He opened the action, showing Nate a large, silver tube.

"Well, you got me. I have no idea what that is." Nate reached out, but Jason tucked the handgun into the back of his jeans before Nate could touch it.

"No need." Jason tugged his jacket over the grip and straightened the line of the garment. "Okay, *Sklave*, listen up. When I yell '*Sklave*', you hit the ground, and you don't move. I don't care if a dozen men run over you with hobnailed boots. Don't you move until I tell you."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

The blare of a car's horn halted any further conversation. Jason grabbed him by the arm and looked him in the eyes. "Do you understand, *Sklave*?"

"Yes, Sir," Nate replied quickly. Heart pounding, he pulled out of Jason's hands and raced for the door.

Outside, Sam stood beside the open driver's door and glared towards the warehouse.

"What the fuck is taking you two so long? Getting a piece of ass, maybe?" He chuckled at his poor joke and beckoned them to hurry up.

"Sam, let me just zip around the building, make sure there's no one around." Nate turned to go to the hidden side of the warehouse.

"Never mind, the trucks only a block away. They'll be here before you can check it out, so just get your ass over here."

With Jason right behind him, Nate walked out into the sunlight and made his way back to the limo. Sam closed the driver's door, and the two other men in the back climbed out a second later. They were big but not overly bright—that was how Sam seemed to like his muscle. Each of them simply stood looking around rather than taking up positions to protect their boss.

A large, white semi pulled into the lot and headed straight for them.

Sam leant against the front of the car and smiled. The drug dealer appeared pretty happy with how this was going, and even though the area hadn't been checked over as well as it should have been, he seemed at ease. He crossed his arms and perched his ass on the shiny hood of the car, waiting for the truck to reach them.

"Get the suitcase out of the back, Joey," Sam said loudly.

One of the hoods nodded and reached inside the back door. His hand came out with a silver metal suitcase. He placed it on the tarmac at his feet.

Nate slid his hand inside his jacket, his fingers curling around the grip of the .44. Beside him, Jason also reached inside his jacket, hand going for the gun Nate knew he carried there.

The truck pulled to a stop, and the driver's door swung open. The man who climbed down wore what looked like military garb, but the unshaven face and filth was enough to nix any thought of him actually being in the forces. A cigar stub hung out of the corner of his mouth, and when he hit the ground, he turned and spat it onto the pavement.

The passenger's side door creaked open, and another grimy character climbed out. Both men ambled towards the rear of the truck.

Sam, Nate and Jason followed. Behind them, Joey and Hook brought the suitcase. They reached the rear at just about the same time as Ugly Number One hoisted the door up.

Inside, Nate saw the usual small crates that the dope arrived in. Disguised as antiques, the shipment was rarely opened and, even if it were checked carefully, had so far never been discovered.

"Any trouble?" Sam asked conversationally.

"Nope, not a thing. Went as smooth as a whore's ass," the cigar smoking hoodlum replied.

All hell broke loose.

Sirens blared as a dozen unmarked cars screamed into the parking lot from every direction. Shots rang out. Sam bolted from behind the truck and raced for the warehouse. Joey, swinging the silver suitcase, was on his heels.

Nate pulled his handgun and ducked down beside the rear tyre of the truck. He kept his eyes on Sam but didn't follow, determining he'd have a better chance of knowing whatever Jason was doing if he stayed close to the man.

Jason grabbed Nate by the shoulders and pulled him to his feet. "Get back to the car. Don't do anything else, just go to the car and listen for me to call your name."

His face held a seriousness Nate had never seen before.

Nate wanted to protest. He could help. He could go after Sam or cover Jason's back, something. But, one look into those eyes and he swallowed his argument. A quick nod and he turned and raced towards the car.

Behind him, gunfire blazed from a half dozen locations, but he kept going straight for the vehicle. He nearly made it. A sharp slap against his shoulder and the word '*Sklave*' yelled from somewhere to his rear dropped him.

He hit the ground and slid. His right side burned as pavement tore through his clothing and chewed into his flesh. Agony knifed into his arm, another drove like a hatchet into his forehead. Vision blurring, he groaned but didn't try to rise. His shoulder felt like someone had slammed him with a baseball bat.

He tried to inhale and found it a new torment. Sharp, stabbing pain lanced into his side with each breath.

Shot. I fucking got shot.

He groaned again.

The gunfire raged for several minutes. Men yelled, cursed and screamed all around him. A loudspeaker came to life. A male voice declared the cops had indeed arrived. The ultimatum to surrender went ignored for a few more minutes. More cries of pain, a few more vile curses from men Nate knew. Then came a silence that frightened him.

The pavement beneath his cheek cooled the pain in his face. The sharp stab of agony in his side became like a rabid dog gnawing at him. His shoulder throbbed. Something wet ran across his neck.

Footsteps approached.

Nate froze, remembering what Jason had said. With his eyes closed, he couldn't see who stopped beside him. He heard something, the scraping of shoes on tarmac, the slithering of clothing as the person moved. Fingers touched him, dug at the pain in his shoulder. He bit the inside of his mouth, determined not to move.

"Slave." A whispered word, Jason's voice, from the person examining him. *"Stay put. Move your eyes if you're all right."*

Nate, eyes still closed, moved them side to side. Adrenalin seared through him, and he prayed he'd be able to pull this charade off.

"Ten minutes and we'll be done. You can do this." Jason patted his arm, then his face. He rose and walked away, calling, *"This one's done for."*

"I'll get the meat wagon out here," a man's voice replied loudly.

"Where's Delany?" Jason called, his voice receding as he moved farther away.

"That way. Sarge got him."

Nate lay quietly for the next hour, year, it felt like forever. His nose itched, and that made him bite back a smile. He heard moans, curses and the clink of handcuffs. Men walked by him, some hurrying, others staggering. None stopped, thank whatever gods there were. He wasn't sure he'd be able to pass a close examination.

Finally, cars pulled out and drove away. There were fewer voices, fewer curses and growls of anger.

Footsteps approached again.

Nate strained to remain still. Someone crouched down beside him, and he heard the creak of leather. A hand slid over his face.

"Slave, you did good. Almost over now. Sarge and two regulars are just getting ready to leave. I told 'em I'd see to you."

"You're the only casualty, by the way. Sam and the others all came out of this in pretty decent shape." Jason stopped talking then and got to his feet.

A car drove passed them.

"See you at the office, Sarge," Jason called and walked a few paces away.

The car's tyres chirped when they hit the road. No sirens this time, just the acceleration as it headed towards the main part of town.

Jason was back, squatting down at Nate's side. *"Give it another couple of seconds. They're almost out of sight."*

Nate complied but did breathe an enormous sigh of relief. *"Jason, what the fuck was that?"*

"What?"

"Something hit my shoulder. Felt like someone creamed me with a club." He shifted a little and groaned. He'd be sore for days.

"The cartridge I picked up earlier. A special load. Next to no powder, just enough oomph to get that special load to its target. The thing has fake blood, designed to break when it hits the target—you—and spread so it looks like you were shot."

"Well, I'll be damned." Nate grinned and worked his shoulders. Sorer than hell, but he'd live.

"The Sarge knows. He had to, or I'd have had to call the paramedics. This was all to get you clear of Sam."

"What about—"

"It's fine. As far as Sam and his gang know, you're dead. You're out of it, free and clear."

Nate didn't know what to say. It was like a dream come true for him.

"Here, you can get up, now." Jason hooked his fingers under Nate's arm and helped him sit up. *"Are you hurt anywhere?"*

"My side feels like I've got some gravel rash. Head smacked the pavement some, but I'll be all right. So, you shot me."

"Yeah, I did. Nice shot, too, don't you think?" He checked Nate's side and brushed the hair from his face then peered at the bump on his head. "Nothing a cold compress won't fix."

Nate looked down at his leather coat and sighed. "My jacket's had it. The slide tore it up pretty bad, but it saved my hide."

"Here, let me help you." Jason rose to his feet and held out his hand for Nate to grab. The cop carefully pulled him to his feet, steadying him until the world stopped spinning.

The next thing Nate knew, he was in Jason's arms. A warm breath of air brushed his cheek when his lover's mouth got near.

"We made it. You're dead, my sexy *Sklave*."

Nate couldn't stop the smile. "Yes, I guess I am, Sir."

Jason pulled him close, their bodies melding together as Nate hoped their lives would.

"I love you, Sir."

"Yes, I know you do." Jason replied in a gruff voice. Leaning close, he kissed the flesh just below Nate's ear and whispered, "I love you, too. Let's go home."

About the Author

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

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